READ HOW HANDY LEADS REVOLT IN THIS WEEK'S STORY!

THE NELSON LEE Library

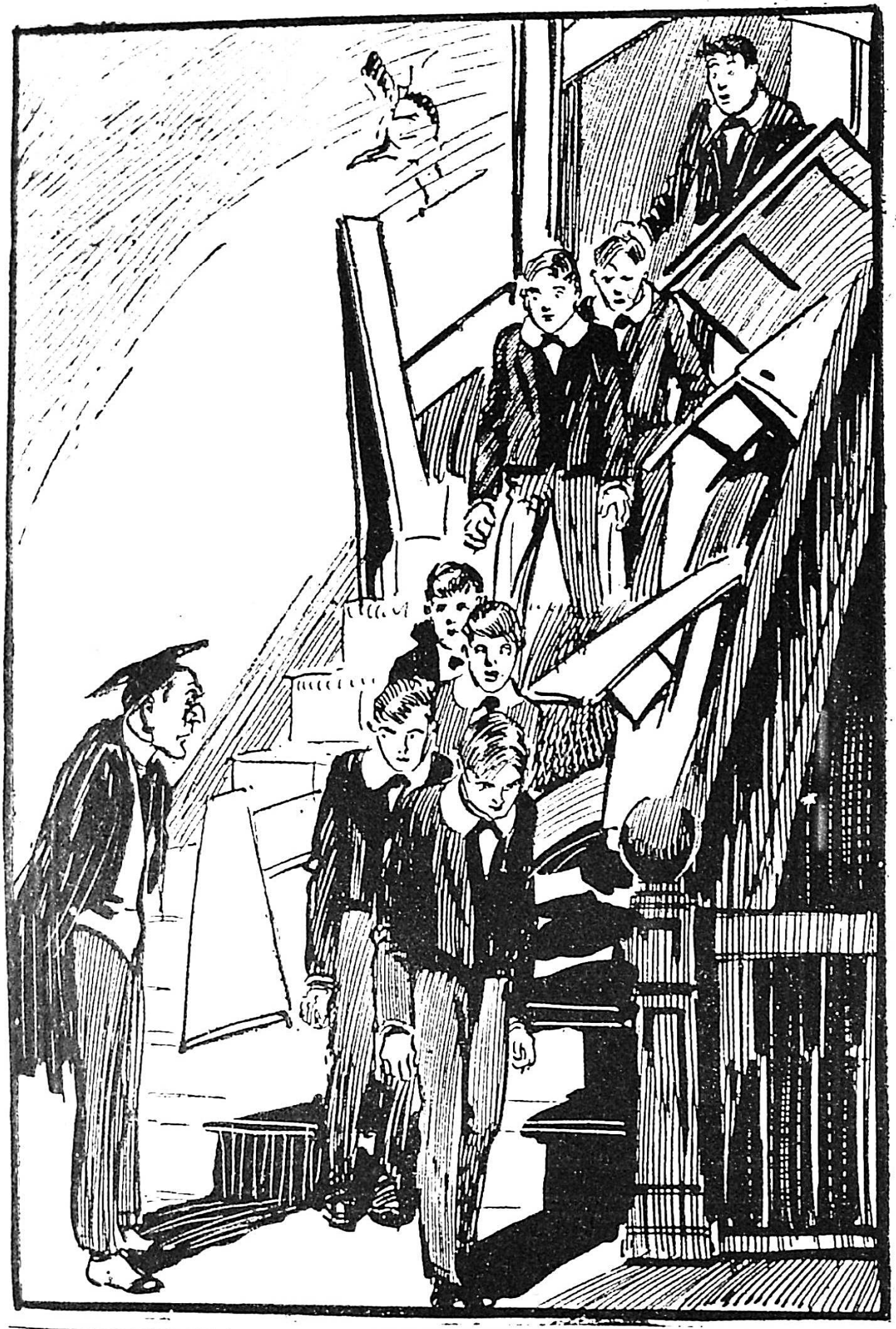
AND ST FRANK'S MAGAZINE.

"Upon my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Small. "What—what are you boys doing up there?"

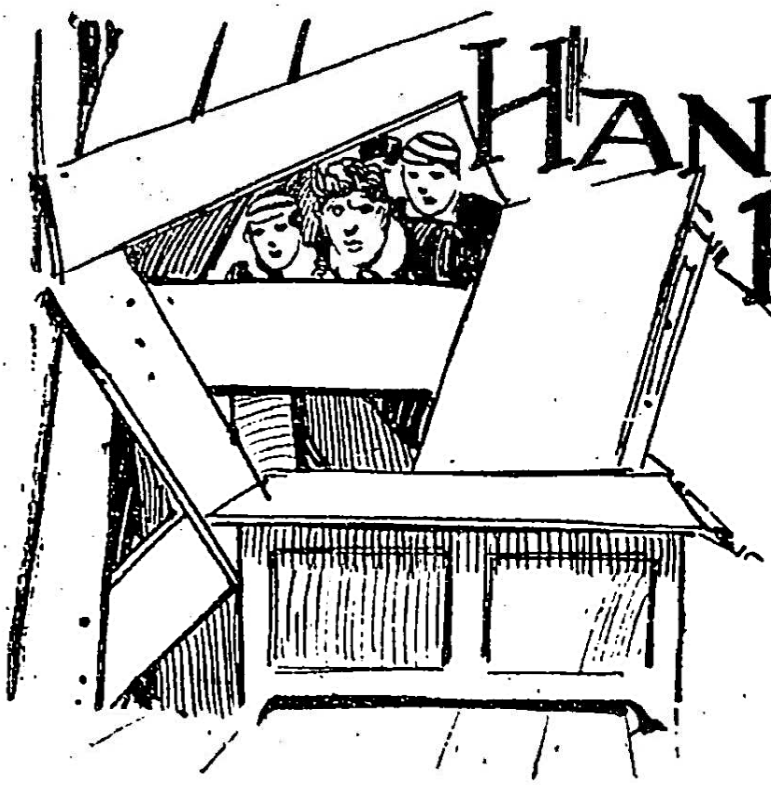
The Picture Above is a scene from This Week's story:—

Handforth's Rebellion!

No. 458. EVERY WEDNESDAY March 15. 1924.



Mr. Small stood at the foot of the stairs, intense satisfaction glowing within him. And the rebels came down in single file, subdued, and deeming them



HANDFORTH'S REBELLION!

St. Frank's and the adjoining estates of Bellton, stretching down to the seaport of Caistowe, have been acquired by Mr. W. K. Smith, a German-American multi-millionaire, for the purpose of establishing a manufacturing town on a big scale, introducing foreign labour, and dumping his cheap goods on the British markets. The boys at St. Frank's are justly incensed at Mr. Smith's encroachments on the school preserves by his ugly factories and noisy works, not to mention the number of foreign labourers quartered near the old school. Besides, Dr. Stafford has been compelled to resign the Headmastership, and Mr. Ponsonby Small has been appointed by Mr. Smith as the new Head. Angry meetings have been held by the Remove, and the impetuous Handforth has decided to wage war without delay against the millionaire. He has succeeded in gathering a number of stormy supporters for a revolt, which, whether it succeeds or fails, will certainly arouse considerable excitement.

THE EDITOR.

The Narrative Related by Nipper and Set Down by E. Searles Brooks

CHAPTER I.

DRASTIC ACTION!

"MIDNIGHT!" said Handforth solemnly.

The Remove dormitory of the Ancient House at St. Frank's remained absolutely still and silent as the chimes boomed out. And when the last stroke had died away Handforth went on.

"We can reckon that the rebellion starts from this minute," he said. "You've accepted me as leader, and I'm going to carry you through to complete victory. We've got the chance now, and we'll seize it!"

"Good old Handy!"

The Remove was wide awake, and most of the fellows were, indeed, out of bed. Many of them were half-dressed.

Outside, the Triangle lay quiet and still, and beyond the countryside looked peaceful—except in the direction of Cyclone City, that new blot on the landscape which was the William K. Smith Manufacturing Company's building camp. Here there were dim echoes of activity, lights were gleaming, and the spidery structure of cranes and iron girders were outlined against the March sky.

The rest of St. Frank's lay in slumber whilst the Remove talked excitedly and seditiously of revolt. And Edward Oswald Handforth, the celebrated leader of Study D, now found himself leader of the entire crowd. It was a responsibility which he had accepted lightly.

"We've got plenty of time before us," he said, standing on a chair, and addressing the throng. "But I just want to put the whole position in front of you, so that there can be no mistakes. We want to be certain of ourselves. And I declare that we're perfectly justified in holding this barring-out."

"Hear, hear!"

The juniors listened eagerly, for they were worked up to a high pitch of excitement and nervous tension. They were feel-

ing utterly reckless, and Handforth was just the fellow to incite them further. Just he could make a good speech, when he put his mind to it, and he did not worry his audience with uncomfortable details. He went straight to the point.

For an hour past the Remove had seethed in silence, for it had been too risky to start any activity until midnight chimed out. By this hour it was assumed that all the masters, including the Head himself, would be in bed.

"There's no need for me to go over the events of the last few weeks," said Handforth, settling down to his speech. "You all know how this rotten German-American, William K. Smith, swooped down on the district like a whirlwind—that's why he's called Cyclone Smith. He's bought up most of the land between here and Caistowe, and he's brought thousands of men, and he's dumped his camp right next to the school grounds."

"And he's building a power station, and a factory," said Armstrong. "We knew all this—years ago! Smith means to turn out motor cars like sausages as soon as his factory's up. But he's nothing to do with this rebellion, so why drag him in?"

Handforth glared.

"I'm making this speech!" he said tartly. "And when I want any interruptions, I'll ask for 'em! Smith's connected with this affair because the Remove started giving him trouble as soon as ever his rotten workmen arrived. So he made Dr. Stafford resign—goodness knows how—and foisted his knock-kneed worm of a Ponsonby Small on to us."

"That's right enough," agreed Owen major.

"And Ponsonby Small has taken all the liberties of the Remove away," continued Handforth hotly. "We're confined to gates, all our studies have been taken away from us, and he's a beast in every way. Only this evening, as you know, he flogged Church and McClure and me—after keeping us locked up all day in a cupboard, and starving us for twenty-four hours."

"The beast!"

"We won't stand him any longer!"

"I don't want you fellows to say that I've usurped Nipper's position as captain," went on Handforth. "I put it to him squarely, and he refused to have anything to do with the revolt——"

"Hold on!" I interrupted grimly. "That's wrong!"

"Wait till I've finished," said Handforth. "Nipper refused to have anything to do with the revolt, and so the whole crowd of you supported me. We had a vote, and I was elected captain by an almost unanimous majority. So I feel that I've got the support of you all."

"So you have, old man," said Griffith. "We'll back you up!"

"To the end!" said Armstrong. "Onwards to freedom!"

"Hurrah!"

"Down with Ponsonby Small and his tyranny!"

"Not so loud—not so loud!" warned Handforth. "My scheme is to start this rebellion to-night, so that it will hit Ponsonby a fearful smack in the morning. The time is ripe, and we'll strike the blow for liberty!"

There was further subdued cheering, and Handforth felt that he was thoroughly justified in carrying on as he had outlined. And then I got on the chair, and faced the crowd. Most of them were hostile, and looked at me with angry eyes. But I didn't care.

"You won't like what I'm going to say, but I feel that it's my duty, as late skipper, to give you a word of warning," I said quietly.

"We don't want to hear it!"

"Stand down, you watery rotter! You're washed out!"

"We've got a live skipper now—and you're dead!"

"Not quite dead," I disagreed. "And before expiring, I'll do my best to make you impulsive idiots see some commonsense. All I ask is a fair hearing—for five minutes. If you're sportsmen, you'll listen without interrupting."

"Get down—we don't want to hear you!"

"Yah! You're a wash-out!"

"You're all for delay—clear off!"

"Wait a minute!" put in Handforth grimly. "The first chap who interrupts again will be biffed. Ain't you got any sense of fair play? Nipper's asked for five minutes—so give it to him! Let him have a hearing!"

The interrupters—such fellows as Long and Fullwood and Merrell—were silenced. And I began again.

"First of all, I'm going to condemn this barring-out in the strongest terms I can," I declared gravely. "I know you don't like to hear it, and you think I'm a weakling. But later on, if you ignore me, you'll remember this little warning of mine, and you'll be sorry you didn't heed. Calm down a bit, and consider the position from every standpoint. If you do that, you'll realise that this barring-out is doomed to certain failure."

"Rot!"

"You've lost your nerve, my lad!"

"It's better to lose one's nerve than to lose one's head!" I replied tartly. "You're proposing to start a barring-out without making any preliminary arrangements—in fact, I've never known the Remove to be more unprepared for a revolt than it is at this moment. It's simply a reckless, wild-cat scheme. How can you hope to succeed when you haven't any plans. Why, even the Monks know nothing, so you won't have their support."

The Remove was rather silent.

"Bob Christine—Yorke—Boots—all those fellows," I went on. "Don't you think they'd be interested in a barring-out? Just because they're in the College House, it doesn't mean to say they're not interested. They ought to be informed, and the whole barring-out ought to be properly organised. For I can tell you straight out that without organisation nothing can succeed."

"Oh, draw it mild, Nipper!" protested Jack Grey.

"I'm drawing it as mild as I can," I replied. "My advice to you fellows is to drop this scheme at once—and to wait for a few days. I won't attempt to get back the leadership. Handforth's captain now, and I'll work heart and soul to support him, and give him the benefit of my advice. But I tell you frankly that if you go ahead to-night, I'll wash my hands of the whole affair."

"All the better if you do!" suggested Gulliver.

"You can call me a traitor if you like, but you can't say I haven't given you warning," I went on. "But I absolutely refuse to have anything to do with a mad scheme that isn't even developed. Delay matters for a few days, and I'm with you—precipitate the barring-out at once, and I have nothing whatever to do with it. That's all I've got to say."

I stood down from the chair, and a few low groans arose. I wasn't surprised, for my remarks must have been most unpopular. Fired up with the desire to act this very night, the Remove didn't like to hear the voice of wisdom. For I certainly prided myself that I was wise in advocating a delay.

Handforth at once jumped up.

"We want to be fair!" he said. "Goodness knows, I'm open-minded. Perhaps there's something in what Nipper says—perhaps it would be better to wait a few days. Personally, I think it's all rot—and I'm all in favour of going straight ahead—but I want to feel certain that I'm well supported."

"We'll back you up, Handy!"

"Rather!"

"With regard to being unprepared, Nipper doesn't know that I've got my plan already cut and dried," went on Handforth. "As for the Monks, it doesn't matter a hang about them."

"Oh, doesn't it?" said Reggie Pitt. "They could help a lot."

"And so they will help," said Handforth calmly. "In the morning this barring-out will be public knowledge, and are you going to tell me that the Monks won't join us? Of course they will! And so will the Third—and so will the Fifth—and so will the Sixth!"

"By jingo! I believe they will!" said Armstrong breathlessly.

"There's no believing about it—it's a cert," said Handforth, with confidence. "The Remove isn't the only Form that's in a ferment. The whole school's ready for revolt. It's only necessary for us to lead the way, and the others will follow. You mark my words—the barring-out will be a short one. By to-morrow evening we shall have won the day, and Ponsonby Small will have been kicked out. All we need is to make one swift, decisive move, and the rest will be easy. The Remove leads—others follow!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Handy's right!"

"Let's start the rebellion now—straight off!"

"No delay—no delay!"

"Hold on!" I broke in. "What guarantee have you got, Handforth, that the rest of the school will back up the Remove? It's only fair to the fellows to point out that your optimism may be a bit too sanguine——"

"Dry up, you croaker!"

I was howled down by a perfect storm of voices.

"All right!" I shouted, a sudden wave of anger sweeping over me. "Go your own road! But I finish with you! I'm not going to take any hand in this rank idiocy! Who supports me?"

"I do!" said Reggie Pitt promptly. "They're all mad!"

"Dear old boy, you're right!" said Sir Montie Tregellis-West. "I'm out, too."

"Same here," said Tommy Watson.

"And I think I'll join you chaps," said Jack Grey, who had been half inclined to support the barring-out. "It seems a bit mad."

"Dashed good!" observed Archie Glenthorne. "I'm frightfully keen on any move against oppression, by gad, but it seems to strike the old bean that this thing is a bit on the rough side. I mean to say, Nipper's a bally brainy cove, and I'll dashed well stick to him!"

Archie, the Genial Ass of the Remove, usually slept in his own bed-room, but he had been dragged from between the sheets an hour earlier, and forced to join in the meeting.

"Any more?" asked Handforth grimly.

I was disappointed, for there were no further supporters of prudence. Even fellows like Singleton and Burton and Levi and Jerry Dodd—sound, decent chaps—were carried away by Handforth's eloquence, and the thought of swift, startling success.

"Six of them!" said Handforth, with a sniff. "They say they won't have anything to do with the barring-out—so I think we'd better get 'em out of the way. Grab them, you chaps! This is no time for gentle methods! And we don't want any interference from these blacklegs!"

"Hold on!" I said hurriedly. "You'd better think carefully——"

But I was not allowed to speak further. The whole crowd of fellows, glad enough

that action of some kind had commenced, swamped the six of us in a moment. We were swept off our feet, held down, and bound up.

And then, without any compunction, we were hustled along the corridor, and pushed into a box-room. The rebels, however, were considerate enough to supply us with plenty of blankets.

"Now you're settled!" said Handforth gruffly. "This is what happens to traitors! I'll give you one chance! If you promise to join in the barring-out, and back me up, I'll let you free. Is it a go?"

"No, it isn't!" I replied curtly. "We won't join you!"

The other five promptly supported my statement.

"All right—you'll be left here!" said Handforth. "We're not going to be hindered by you fellows! And if you attempt to escape——"

"You needn't worry," I interrupted. "We'll do nothing."

But when the rebels went out they locked us securely in the box-room, and the barring-out could be regarded as having fairly started.

CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLT!

EXCITEMENT ran high in the Remove dormitory.

"What next?" asked Armstrong eagerly. "It wouldn't be a bad idea if we barricaded the door, so that nobody can get at us——"

"I'm leading this revolt!" broke in Handforth curtly. "You don't think I'd be mad enough to stay here, do you? I've got a much better plan than that. Our idea is to force Ponsonby Small to surrender."

"Yes, but how?" asked a dozen voices.

"Simply by barring everybody out until we have our terms met," said Handforth. "Of course, as soon as the school gets to hear of the position, everybody will join in with us. But we've got to make our own position secure, or we'll be whacked in the first hour. And we've got to hold out for a certain amount of time, so that the rest of the chaps can join."

"That's reasonable enough," said Griffith. "What's the plan?"

Handforth looked mysterious.

"What about the top floor?" he asked.

"The top floor?" repeated Church.

"The rooms nearest the roof!" said Handforth sarcastically. "You know as well as I do that there are three attics up there, all on the same landing. They can only be reached by a narrow staircase."

"By jingo! That's true!"

"These attics are used as lumber rooms," went on Handforth. "They're too small and dilapidated for anything else. But they're plenty large enough to hold the whole crowd of us—after all the stuff's got out."

"But where are we going to put the lumber?"

"Ah! That's just where my generalship comes in!" said Handforth triumphantly. "The lumber, my lads, will be used to make the barricades. All we've got to do is to build up a powerful barrier on the attic stairs, and nobody can possibly get at us."

"My hat! That's great!"

"Ripping!"

"A brain-wave, if you like!"

The juniors were enthusiastic at the idea. To their excited minds it seemed a perfect scheme. Attics, only reached by a single staircase—and that staircase barricaded! It was not only good, but ideal.

As I had proved on many an occasion, the majority of the fellows were amazingly short-sighted. They saw only as far as their own noses, and did not trouble to think about even the immediate future. Their thoughts were for the moment, and they were liable to work themselves into a great pitch of enthusiasm over a scheme that was not worth a cent. An analysis of the proposal would have revealed many flaws, but nobody took the trouble to analyse.

Handforth, who had mooted the suggestion, was convinced of its perfection. And, supported by a crowd of thoughtless, excited fellows, he pushed on with his plans at all speed.

The juniors dressed completely, even to their boots. And then, eager to be at work, they passed out of the dormitory, and made their way upstairs to the next landing. And they had to be cautious, for some of the prefects' bed-rooms were up here. But they moved very carefully, and at length arrived at the narrow attic stairs.

In single file, the rebels crept up, with Handforth leading the way. The attics were provided with electric light, so matters were simplified. And after a brief examination, it was found that all the old lumber would make an ideal barricade. There were plenty of old forms, broken chairs, planks, odd bits of furniture, etc. The very stuff for the work in hand.

And it commenced without delay.

"I say, wait a minute!" exclaimed Fatty Little, with a start that made him go pale. "I've just thought of something! Great pancakes! Fancy me forgetting until now—me, you know!"

"Oh, dry up, Fatty——"

"Grub!" said Fatty tragically. "What about grub,"

"Eh?"

Handforth started, and stared at the fat junior.

"Breakfast!" said Fatty Little hoarsely. "Bread, you know—bread-and-butter, tea, condensed milk, and all that sort of thing! Sardines—biscuits! We can't work without food! We must have breakfast——"

"Dry up!" commanded Handforth, with a

kind of gulp. "By George! You go like a loud-speaker! What do you take me for? Do you think I hadn't remembered food?"

Fatty Little stared.

"But you'd started building the barricade!" he pointed out. "And that giddy thing works two ways, you know! If nobody can get up at us, we're imprisoned in these attics! And how about grub then?"

Handforth thought rapidly. He was rather startled. He had completely forgotten about food, but he didn't like to admit it. Such an admission, indeed, would have been a bad beginning to his leadership. And food was highly necessary. He knew this more than anybody else.

During the previous day he and Church and McClure had been starved, and even now, after a snack in the dormitory, the trio were still hungry. The very thought of food, indeed, made Handforth put his tongue round his mouth.

"Of course, we shall get some grub," he said slowly. "Enough to last over to morrow, anyhow. More won't be necessary, because the barring-out will be victorious by the evening."

"Hadn't we better be prepared for three days?" asked Church cautiously.

"Certainly not!" said Handforth. "What's the good of carting food up here for nothing? I tell you the whole school will join in, and we may not find it necessary to stay up here for more than an hour after breakfast. Still, we'll get a decent bit of grub up."

"Where from?" asked McClure practically.

Handforth gave him a pitying look.

"Where from?" he repeated. "Where do you think—the coal-cellar? What about the store-rooms—and the larders? What we've got to do, my lads," he added calmly, "is to get up a raiding-party."

"Good wheeze!" said Armstrong, nodding.

"Let me go down and choose the stuff!" said Fatty eagerly.

"Well, on the whole, I think I can trust you to take charge of this party," said Handforth. "I can't go personally—I've got to remain in command here. Eight of you will be enough—and for goodness' sake be cautious. Take your boots off, and creep down like shadows."

It was, perhaps, fortunate that Handforth did not lead the party which set off to raid the school larders. Handforth was clumsy, and the expedition might have met with disaster.

As it was, after the lapse of half an hour, the party returned. Handforth had been getting very anxious, and had even thought about going downstairs himself, when word came that the raid was a success.

Fatty and his men arrived, carrying boxes, sacks, and all manner of parcels, filled with foodstuffs. The only disappointment was that the larders had resisted their onslaught. They had not been able to get any

Mr. Small pressed his lips together as he noticed the dishevelled condition of the long sleeping apartment.

bread, or cooked meat, or cakes, or other recently made provisions.

But one of the store-rooms had succumbed to their attacks, and they had found plenty of biscuits, jams, tinned foods, and so forth. So there was no prospect of starving.

"Good!" said Handforth with delight. "By George! You've brought enough!"

"No bread, though," grumbled Fatty. "Still, we've got a whole side of bacon, and biscuits galore."

"Food," said Handforth, "is food. At a time like this, we can't pick and choose. Shove the stuff in one of the rooms, and then come and give a hand. But any minute we might be heard, and if the alarm is given we want to be ready."

More by luck than anything else, the rebels had worked in peace so far. Even they themselves were surprised that nobody had been aroused.

"Everything's going fine!" said Armstrong. "As soon as we've got the barricades up we'll be as safe as houses. I must say, Handy, that you're doing the thing properly."

Handforth grinned.

"You don't think I'd do it any other way, do you?" he asked. "Now then, no more hanging about! All hands to the pump!"

And for the next hour the juniors gave their full attention to fixing up the barricade. Their minds dwelt only upon this. They seemed capable of thinking of but one thing at a time.

And this concentration certainly had one good result.

For the barricade, when completed, was a work of art. All the old lumber, including forms and planks, and chests of drawers,

and other miscellaneous furniture, was rammed on the stairs so tightly that nothing short of a steam-driven battering-ram would have shifted it.

Handforth had been cunning, for no loose objects were placed in the front of the defences. If this had been the case, the enemy could easily have pulled the small things away, thus weakening the whole structure.

As it had been built, nothing could be shifted from the other side, and there was no doubt whatever that the juniors had protected themselves in such a perfect way that they were fast prisoners. If Ponsonby Small couldn't get at them, it was equally certain that Handforth and his rebels were unable to get at Mr. Ponsonby Small.

Handforth had done well—his mighty brain had planned this affair, and the Remove was full of enthusiasm. They had never believed him capable of getting up such a scheme. The support for him was unanimous. And his followers had complete faith in his ability to achieve final victory.

Sleep was not thought of. The excitement was so great that all the juniors could now do was to wait for the inevitable discovery. And this period of waiting was not likely to be prolonged.

For the big preparations had taken several hours, the time passing so rapidly that the juniors were startled when they heard sounds of activity from outside—proving that the domestic staff was already stirring.

But they didn't care now.

Previously, they had been full of anxiety lest their movements should be overheard. Now they were all agog for the discovery to be made. They wanted the tension to be over, and longed for the hours to pass.

"Why not start singing, or something?" suggested Armstrong. "It doesn't matter about attracting attention now—in fact, all the better. Let's rouse the school, and create a bit of excitement."

"Good idea!"

"Come on—we'll sing one of the latest songs," grinned Owen major.

Handforth glared.

"There'll be no singing while I'm skipper!" he said grimly. "You asses! Haven't you got any sense? If you want to do anything, squat down for a bit, and take a rest!"

"Singing can't do any harm," growled Armstrong.

"Oh, can't it?" retorted Handforth. "A fat lot of sympathy we shall get from the seniors if we disturb their beauty sleep! They'll call us a lot of cheeky infants, and won't even look at us! We want to gain their support—not their enmity!"

The rebels were rather impressed, and decided that Handforth had given a further proof of his excellent generalship. And they agreed that it would be better, after all, to let the discovery come in the ordinary way.

It was glorious to realise that the real rising had really taken place, and that before many hours had passed the Monks would join in with them, with the Fifth and the Sixth in active support.

But was this the case—or would it prove to be an idle dream?

CHAPTER III.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLOT!

FENTON, of the Sixth, paused at the head of the stairs.

"Better go and give those Remove youngsters a tickling up," he suggested. "The young beggars haven't shown any signs of appearing yet. If they're late, the Head will scalp the whole crowd."

Morrow grinned.

"All right! I'll stir them up," he replied.

The school captain had been rather surprised to see no members of the Remove downstairs, although it was long past the usual time for the juniors to start their customary noisiness. It was the silence, in fact, which had first attracted Fenton's attention.

And so he had come upstairs, and passed on the word to Morrow—who now went along to the Remove dormitory. The prefect felt rather sympathetic towards the Remove, because he felt they were being harshly treated by this imitation Headmaster—as Mr. Ponsonby Small was disrespectfully termed.

Morrow entered the dormitory, paused; and opened his mouth. He looked round with staring eyes.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed blankly.

For the Remove dormitory was empty. Not empty in the ordinary sense, as it would be if all the juniors had gone downstairs.

It was in a state of great confusion; some of the mattresses being missing, even. There was an air about the place which suggested an unusually hasty vacation.

Morrow turned, went out, and walked slowly along the corridor to the head of the stairs. Glancing down, he saw Fenton in the lobby, chatting with a couple of Fifth-formers.

"Anybody seen the Remove?" asked Morrow anxiously.

The three seniors in the hall looked up.

"What do you mean—seen the Remove?" asked Fenton. "The young beggars aren't down yet. There's no sign of them outside!"

"And no sign of them in the dormitory, either," said Morrow.

"What is that?" came a voice at his elbow.

Morrow turned and found Mr. Ponsonby Small near him. The Headmaster was looking ill-tempered and sour. Possibly he had slept badly. And if that happened, he always vented his spite on perfectly innocent people.

"Talking about the Remove, sir," said Morrow. "All the juniors seemed to have vanished!"

"Vanished!" echoed Mr. Small harshly. "What nonsense is this? Are you deliberately attempting to be impertinent to me, boy? I will not permit such levity!"

Morrow turned rather red.

"Better go and look in the Remove dormitory, sir," he suggested coldly. "Fenton says there's no sign of the Remove downstairs, and I can't quite make it out. There's something queer about it, sir!"

Mr. Small, having given Morrow a sharp look, strode to the Remove dormitory, and paused in the doorway, with Morrow at his side. Mr. Small pressed his thin lips together as he noted the dishevelled condition of the long sleeping-apartment. He turned to the prefect.

"What are you making a mystery out of nothing for?" he asked curtly. "The boys have gone down——"

"Well, they must have been very quiet about it, sir," interrupted Morrow. "And it's strange that any of the juniors are not to be seen——"

He paused as he saw Willy Handforth, of the Third, come whizzing down the upper stairs like some acrobat in a circus. Willy took the simple method of sliding down the balustrade, and he landed with a thud on the landing. His face was flushed with excitement.

"Hi, Juicy!" he said breathlessly. "Come upstairs—quick! There's a barricade fixed up near the old attics! I believe those Remove fatheads have been and gone and done it! A giddy barring-out, or something!"

"What is that disgraceful noise?" demanded Mr. Small, turning.

He was just in time to see Lemon, of the Third—known among his intimates as Juicy—shoot upstairs from the lobby. But before he and Willy could get further, Mr. Small descended upon them.

"What is all this excitement about," asked the Head curtly.

"Oh, nothing, sir," replied Willy. "Sorry, sir. It's only the Remove."

"Only the Remove?" snapped Mr. Small. "What do you mean?"

"Why, the Remove!" said Willy innocently. "You know—those chaps who've been dished out of their studies!"

Morrow grinned behind Mr. Small's back, and Mr. Small scowled with sudden anger. He grabbed Willy by the shoulder.

"Are you deliberately impertinent, young man?" he asked harshly.

"Impertinent, sir?" repeated Willy, looking at the Head with wide, injured eyes. "Oh, sir! Just as if I'd be impertinent to you, sir! Might as well think of the world coming to an end. But it does look as if those Remove chaps have done it on you!"

"Done—done it on me!" stuttered the Head. "Good gracious! What language is this?"

"English, sir," said Willy. "What I mean to say is, the Remove has locked itself up in the attics, or something, and started a barring-out. Good luck to 'em! I—I mean —— Sorry, sir! Just a slip, you know, sir," he added hastily.

Mr. Ponsonby Small was so startled by what Willy had said that he allowed his grip to relax. The next second Handforth minor had apparently ceased to exist. Morrow certainly saw a streak whizzing round the stairs, and he heard a kind of thud, but Willy had gone—apparently believing that he would be safer at a distance.

"I think we'd better look into this, sir," said Morrow respectfully

The Head made no reply, but strode forward, his face set and grim, and he arrived at the narrow stairs which led to the attics. He stood back, breathing hard. His face was convulsed with anger.

"Good Heavens!" he shouted. "Have these boys had the utter audacity to defy me openly? How dare they? How dare they? The ringleaders of this mad enterprise shall live to regret this work!"

"They seem to have done it pretty thoroughly, sir," remarked Morrow critically.

"Don't be a fool, sir!" roared the Head. "And don't stand there gaping! Pull down that barricade at once!"

"I don't happen to be a steam crane, sir," said Morrow coldly. "Quite apart from that, it is no portion of my duty to act as a furniture remover! Sorry, sir," he added contemptuously.

The Head nearly choked.

"What is this?" he asked thickly. "Are you daring to defy my orders, Morrow? You—a prefect?"

"There's no question of defiance, sir," growled Morrow. "But what can I do? Wouldn't it be more sensible to see if these Remove boys are really here? Hi, there!" he added, raising his voice. "Anybody up in these attics?"

"Come down at once—at once!" raved Mr. Small.

There were sudden sounds from behind the barricades, and then, above the conglomeration of lumber, two or three heads appeared. Handforth and Armstrong and Church and a few other juniors looked down. They were all grim and determined, with no sign of nervousness. On the contrary, they possessed a confidence that was rather startling.

"Upon my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Small fairly agape. "What—what are you boys doing up there?"

"If you had any sense, instead of being fooled, you'd know in a tick!" replied Handforth boldly. "We're barring-out, and we're not going to give in until you resign and leave the school."

"Hear, hear!" shouted Church and McClure, obviously primed for this effect.

"Hurrah!" roared the rebels, glad enough to exercise their lungs at last. "Good old Handy! Down with Ponsonby Small!"

"This—this is too much!" gasped the Head, standing on the stairs and glaring up at the heads over the barricade. "You wretched young whelps! Come down at once! I will give you five minutes to surrender!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

He walked away, leaving Mr. Ponsonby Small absolutely speechless. For the Head knew well enough that he could not treat Morrow as he would treat a junior. A rousing cheer went up as Morrow vanished—for the prefect's very action proved that he was in sympathy with the rebellion.

"You young fools!" snarled the Head, nearly beside himself. "I will give you only one minute. And the ringleader will be expelled from the school——"

Mr. Small paused. He didn't pause because he lacked words, but because a tomato at that moment whizzed down from above, struck him in the face, and burst with disastrous effect.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The rebels laughed uproariously.

"This—this is beyond all endurance!" grated Mr. Small, turning to the prefect. "Do you hear them, Morrow?"

"Yes, sir," said Morrow. "It looks pretty serious."

"Serious!" shouted the Head. "I have never experienced such a disgraceful thing in all my life! Come and help me, Morrow, to pull this barricade down! Don't stand there like an idiot!"

"Don't you do it, Morrow!" shouted Handforth.

"I'm not going to," replied Morrow shortly.

Some of the rebels roared, but Handforth quickly turned, frowning with annoyance. He saw Fullwood about to throw another tomato.

"Stop that!" shouted Handforth angrily.

"What?" said Fullwood, staring. "Ain't we allowed to have some fun——"

"There's no fun in behaving like a hooligan!" retorted Handforth sharply. "I'm leading this barring-out, and I won't have any ruffianly behaviour! Drop those tomatoes at once, or I'll knock you down!"

Fullwood looked defiant for a moment, and so did Gulliver and Bell, who were also preparing to hurl a few ancient articles of fruit.

But Handforth's expression was so grim that the cads of Study A gave up the scheme.

Mr. Small, half-blinded with tomato-juice, stumbled down the stairs to the landing, and was horrified to see that a crowd of fellows were looking on.

To tell the absolute truth, Willy Handforth had spread the news round that something worth seeing was about to happen on the upper landing. And Handforth minor himself was well to the fore now. He rushed forward, eager and full of concern.

"Here's a duster, sir!" he said obligingly.

Mr. Small grabbed it, wiped his face down, and flung the duster on the floor, quite unconscious of the fact that his face was now smeared with large blobs of ink. His appearance was ludicrous. But Willy's face was as straight and as innocent as a baby's.

"That's better, sir!" he said brightly. "I had a tomato on my face once. Doesn't it give you a rotten feeling, sir?"

"Boy!" snarled Mr. Small. "Go away!"

"Oh, all right," said Willy. "Anything to oblige, sir."

He scooted back, and got out of sight, taking care to have the duster with him. He wanted no evidence left in Mr. Small's hand. The Head turned, and gazed up at the rebels once more.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The sight of Mr. Small's face sent the Remove into a roar of hilarity. If there was one thing calculated to deprive the Head of his last shred of dignity, it was for him to appear publicly in this bedaubed condition. And the more the Remove laughed, the more Mr. Small raved.

But his words were of no avail.

"We're not going to move out of here until you give in!" declared Handforth. "We're fighting for liberty—for freedom! Until you leave St. Frank's we'll defy you!"

The Head turned, and forced himself to regain some of his calmness. Dimly, he realised that his attitude was most unbecoming. He pulled himself together, and strode down the short corridor. The crowd vanished like mist as he came along.

In the main passage he came face to face with Nelson Lee, the Housemaster, and Mr. Crowell. They both looked at the Head in surprise.

"You, Mr. Lee, are the Housemaster of this House!" panted the Head. "Go at once, and command those boys to surrender. Do you hear me, sir? Go at once, I command it!"

Nelson Lee remained perfectly unmoved.

"I regret, Mr. Small, that I cannot see my way clear to obey your commands," he said coldly. "If the boys will not heed their own Headmaster, I am afraid my own efforts would be futile. And let me advise you, Mr. Small, to pay an immediate visit to the bath-room."

"The bath-room!" shouted the Head shrilly. "What do you mean?"

"Your face, sir," put in Mr. Crowell.

The Head remembered the tomato, and rushed away. He got a big shock when he saw his reflection in the mirror. And he got a bigger shock when, after washing himself, his instructions to the Sixth Form were flatly ignored. Mr. Small issued orders that the Sixth should at once tear down the Remove barricade.

And the Sixth politely replied that it was no part of their work to act in such a capacity.

The situation seemed acute—as, indeed, it was.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEAD GETS HIS ORDERS!

"HALLO! What's this? What's this?" Morrow, of the Sixth, paused outside the door of one of the box-rooms. Mr. Small had just rushed along to have another argument with the rebels, for he was in very much of a panic.

Morrow had heard sounds from the box-room, and an investigation proved that the door was locked. There was no key visible, and Morrow tried the door uselessly.

"I'll bet those six Remove fellows are in there," said Wilson, coming along.

"What six Remove fellows?" asked Morrow.

"I've just had a word with Handforth," said the other prefect. "He says that Nipper and Glenthorne, and four other fellows were locked in a box-room because they jibbed against the revolt."

"Better smash the door down," suggested Morrow.

He heaved himself against the door, and the lock gave way after the second charge. Morrow, stumbling in, found himself face to face with Tregellis-West and Watson, Pitt, Grey, Archie, and myself. We were all fully dressed, very much awake, and fully alive to the commotion that had been going on.

"Have they been dragged out yet?" I asked.

"Dragged out—no!" said Morrow. "What's the idea of this Nipper?" he went on curiously. "Aren't you in sympathy with this business?"

"In sympathy with it—yes," I replied. "But in agreement with the present barring out—no. It's too much of a gamble, and Mr. Small holds the trumps."

Morrow looked at me curiously.

"I've got an idea you're right," he said, nodding. "Handforth seems to be in command of this rebel crowd, and that's enough to satisfy me. Handforth's too much of a blunderer to make a success of the thing."

"All the same, we hope he will," I went

ed. "If he hadn't locked us up in this box-room, we should have been in the revolt, too. But as he took such high-handed measures, we'll just remain neutral."

"It'll be safer," said the prefect grimly. "Well, you'd better shoot downstairs and see about some breakfast. Have a wash first, though. I don't know about lessons this morning——"

"Dear old onion, kindly excuse me if I make a burst into the offing," put in Archie Glenthorne. "I mean to say, the tissues are being somewhat strained, and the old joints are dashed creaky. It strikes me that a hot bath and a massage would be somewhat priceless."

But Archie was not allowed to go just yet, although he was acutely conscious of his untidy condition. For Mr. Small came along at this minute, and he fairly chirruped with gloating joy as he saw us.

"Ah!" he panted. "What is this? Upon my soul! So you have the audacity to appear openly, eh? You wretched boys! You insubordinate young scoundrels! I will punish you——"

"Just a minute, sir!" said Morrow. "These juniors——"

"Be silent! How dare you interrupt me!" snapped the Head. "I will deal with these boys myself, Morrow!"

"But they're not rebels, sir."

"What?" The light of triumph died from Mr. Small's eyes. "Not rebels!"

"You seem to be disappointed, sir," I said sweetly.

He glared at me balefully.

"If you are not rebels, you at least know the full facts concerning this scandalous uprising!" he exclaimed. "I demand a full account of the affair—and at once! Speak, you wretched boy!"

"Considering that these juniors were locked up in a box-room last night, sir, I don't think they can tell you much," put in Morrow. "They've had no hand in the rebellion at all."

And the prefect explained how we had been found, and went into further details. It was very decent of him, for he realised that he would be listened to, while Mr. Small would have ignored us. And in his present frantic state, the Head might have expelled one or two of us out of sheer spite.

"So you see, sir, these juniors are to be highly commended for maintaining discipline and order," concluded Morrow diplomatically. "They refused to participate in the plot, and were roughly treated in consequence. They remained faithful to duty, sir, and deserve nothing but praise."

The Head swallowed hard. His disappointment was keen. He had been hoping that he would be able to vent his rage upon us, but this was now impossible.

"Quite so—quite so," he said harshly. "I fully understand, Morrow. Boys, you can get yourselves washed, and then descend to breakfast. One moment, though. What can you tell me of this revolt?"

"Nothing, sir!" I replied.

"But, surely, you can name the ring-leaders?"

"Absolutely not, sir!" declared Archie.

Although Mr. Small questioned us further, he got absolutely no satisfaction. It galled him that we should go unscathed. And he warned us grimly that if we had the slightest communication with the rebels, we should be regarded as sympathisers, and treated as though we were rebels ourselves.

And then Mr. Small rushed downstairs, and paced up and down his study for a few minutes. He was in a difficult position. The Remove had taken no notice of his orders, the Sixth-formers would not use force, and the barricades of the rebel stronghold were so secure that the position was practically impregnable. The narrow staircase made it impossible for more than two or three people to make an attack at the same time.

And at last, in desperation, the Head grabbed the telephone.

He was soon talking with Mr. William K. Smith, the Chicago multi-millionaire who was responsible for all the building operations in the district. And Mr. William K. Smith listened without comment until the Head had finished.

"What am I to do, sir?" bleated the Head, at last. "I appeal to you for advice, Mr. Smith. Perhaps you will be able to suggest some——"

"I'll be right there!" interrupted Mr. Smith curtly.

In his own office, within the old River House School, he jammed the receiver on its hook, and sat back in his chair, scowling. The big cigar in his mouth was rolled from one side of his face to the other.

"Those cursed boys!" he snarled to himself. "By heck! They're causing more trouble than a thousand workmen! Small's a fool—that's the trouble! I've got to settle this thing with speed."

He touched a bell, one of his clerks entered the inner office, and Mr. Smith gave instructions for his car to be ready in one minute. It was ready in thirty seconds. Mr. Smith's employees knew better than to keep him waiting. He paid high wages, and he demanded service. Anybody who failed him once was never given a second chance.

Entering his luxurious car, he was whirled up the lane to St. Frank's and arrived in a minute or two. He found Mr. Ponsonby Small waiting on the doorstep, for the Head's anxiety was so great that he could not remain in his study.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Smith," he said eagerly. "I am hoping that you will come with me to these boys, and talk to them——"

"My business is private, Mr. Small,"

snapped the millionaire. "I don't talk here."

There was something cold and grim about his tone, and the Head felt vaguely uneasy. Until this second he had been hoping for Mr. Smith's active support. But now he had a few doubts.

He led the way into his study, his knees trembling. Mr. Ponsonby Small was a capable scholar, and a learned man—there was no question on this point. But hitherto he had only held the position of under master in any big school. He was incapable of directing the destinies of a great establishment like St. Frank's. As an underling he was an excellent man, but as a principal he was hopeless. At the first big difficulty, he was appealing to the man above him—the man who had pitchforked him into the Headmastership of St. Frank's.

"What's the trouble?" demanded Mr. Smith, when they were alone.

"These boys—these wretched, insubordinate young demons of the Remove!" exclaimed Mr. Small, his words pouring out rapidly. "In the night they left their dormitory, seized the attic floor of the Ancient House, and there they have barricaded themselves. And they defy my authority! They declare that they will not surrender until I resign from the Headmastership."

Cyclone Smith pursed his lips.

"Say, what are you, anyway?" he asked contemptuously.

"I—I don't understand!"

"Then I guess I'll make myself clear," said Mr. Smith. "You're the Headmaster of this school, and I have no use for a man who can't do his job. Either you settle this affair, or quit!"

"But, Mr. Smith—listen!" gasped the Head. "I have done everything——"

"Nonsense!"

"And I appeal to you for advice——"

"Say, listen to me!" broke in the millionaire. "You're a schoolmaster, and I'm a business man. Boys don't interest me any. It's your job, Small, and you've got to get busy on it. Get that! And unless this revolt is over and settled by nightfall—you quit!"

"But, my dear sir, pray consider——"

"You—quit!" interrupted Mr. Smith, with grim relentlessness.

He didn't even look at the Head again, but picked up his hat from the table, walked out, and a minute later Mr. Small saw the car gliding out of the Triangle. The Head gazed out of his window in a kind of daze.

"Unless the revolt is over by nightfall—I'm dismissed!" he muttered huskily. "The cur—the unreasonable, confounded hound! He means it, too! Not a word of advice—not a single suggestion!"

Mr. Small proceeded to curse his employer roundly—not that this did much

One of the upper windows flew open and the Head leaned out, his eyes gleaming, and his whole expression vicious. He had a knife in his hand, and with one swift flash he cut through the rope.

good. His feelings were somewhat relieved, but the situation remained unchanged. And Mr. Ponsonby Small was in a fine state of panic.

However, as he continued to sit in his study, he grew calmer. He began to realise the gravity of his position. Cyclone Smith was not the kind of man to make an idle threat. He had said little, but he had meant it all. Unless the revolt was over by nightfall, Mr. Ponsonby Small would be pitched headlong out of his exalted position.

And Mr. Small sat there for a full hour—until, indeed, his anger and panic had entirely vanished, and until he was in a calm, scheming mood. And he told himself that the position was not so acute as he had first imagined.

No good would come of hasty action. Violence on his part—futile attempts to break down the barricade—would only make him look ridiculous in the eyes of the whole school.

This rebellion was to be beaten by cunning, and not by violence. It will thus be seen that Mr. Smith's terse behaviour was having a good result. It had brought up the Head with a jar, and had made him realise the true perspective of the outlook.

"Yes, I'll leave these young fools alone for the morning," muttered Mr. Small, rising from his chair, and pacing up and down. "I'll let them think they are enjoying their freedom! They'll believe that I am beaten—and they'll expect me to surrender. But I'll find a way to make them come crawling out in complete subjection, and then——"

Mr. Small dwelt for a few minutes upon the happy events that were to follow the Remove's surrender. His face positively glowed as he pictured himself dealing with the ringleaders.

But Mr. Small didn't indulge this fancy for long. He touched his bell, and after a few minutes Phipps appeared—for Phipps put in some of his time in the capacity of the Head's butler.

"Ah, Phipps!" said Mr. Small. "I want you to send Greggs to me at once. The matter is of the utmost importance, so move yourself."

Phipps bowed, and departed, being a man of few words. And five minutes later Greggs appeared, looking rather scared. Greggs was one of the under-servants—a man employed in the school garage, to clean cars, and to make himself generally handy.

"Greggs, I have some work for you," said the Head. "Possibly you have heard that a number of Remove boys are revolting against my authority?"

"They do say as summat like that 'as happened, sir," said Greggs.

"I intend to set you on watch," continued Mr. Small.

And he gave the man careful instructions in his new duties, and soon afterwards Greggs was on the top landing of the Ancient House, gazing up at the barricade. And there he watched and waited—although he took very good care not to expose himself.

The Head had formed a plan—but what was it?

CHAPTER V.

THE FOLLY OF UNPREPAREDNESS!

EDWARD OSWALD HANDFORTH looked round with gleaming eyes, and his face was flushed.

"Now then!" he said triumphantly. "Who's right, eh? Nipper and those other fatheads held out, because they said the rebellion was all wrong. But I'll show 'em! We've as good as won already!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Good old Handy!"

"It was lovely, the way old Small was beaten!" said Armstrong.

The rebels, in their barricaded stronghold, were exuberant and full of high spirits. The mere defiance of Mr. Small was like a tonic. Hitherto they had been obliged to obey his every command. And it thrilled them with victory to be able to be in a position to tell Mr. Ponsonby Small to go and eat coke. They had always longed to openly say what they thought of him. And now they could do it with impunity—because he would be gone by the time they emerged from their fastness.

"Everything's going well," declared Handforth. "It'll only be a matter of hours before Ponsonby gives in. And in the meantime the Fifth and the Sixth will join us—to say nothing of Boots and Christine and all the other Monks."

"They don't seem very eager to show themselves, anyhow," remarked Owen major. "It looks as if they're not going to join."

"Oh, rot!" said Handforth. "It's hardly time for lessons yet, and the school's in a ferment. I'll bet the seniors are holding meetings by the dozen, and we shall soon see the result."

If Handforth had known the actual truth he would not have been quite so optimistic. He was too prone to take things for granted—to believe that certain events would happen, and to base all his plans upon the assumption that they would happen.

The Fifth and Sixth, to be perfectly blunt, were almost indifferent.

They went about their usual business with hardly a sign that anything unusual was afoot. A few of the Fifth-formers got a bit excited, but they were soon calmed down.

And the senior school decided that the juniors were a set of young asses, and that

they'd soon be made to pay dearly for this piece of idiocy. The Remove fellows of the College House were startled to hear the news, but displayed no frantic desire to join in with the uprising. And the Third took Willy Handforth's advice, and steered clear of all trouble.

But Handforth, with great ideas of a general rebellion, could picture the enthusiasm spreading like wildfire throughout St. Frank's. He was so certain of it that he half expected to see crowds of fellows cheering in the Triangle.

He glanced out of the windows once or twice, and was a bit disappointed to notice that everything was calm and unruffled, without even a single indignation meeting. But even this didn't dispel Handforth's visions.

"It's only a matter of hours," he repeated confidently. "I don't suppose there'll be any lessons this morning. When it comes to the point, the chaps'll simply refuse to work. The Remove leads—others follow!"

"Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea to get a little sleep," suggested Church, yawning. "We've hardly had a wink all night, and I suggest that half of us take a nap as soon as Fatty's got breakfast ready."

"I suppose you mean as soon as we've eaten breakfast?" growled Handforth. "That's the very thing I was going to suggest. I don't want any advice from you, my son. I'm skipper, and I've got to be treated as skipper!"

Hubert Jarrow nodded.

"Skippers, of course, are very tasty," he said. "I'm referring to the sardines. It's rather a pity we haven't got a supply here, because they'd just come in handy now. Talking about Handy, I'd like to point out that he seems to have forgotten something."

"Forgotten something?" said Handforth. "Look here, my lad——"

"Blankets," said Jarrow. "I know that sleep is quite possible without blankets, but you must admit that blankets add to a fellow's comfort. To sleep properly you must have warmth, and what with no fires, and a stiff March wind outside, the temperature isn't any too high. And that cheese we took from the store-room is high enough, now I come to think of it. Cheese is good stuff to eat, and it's very healthy. Some people say it's almost as good as a medicine. Personally, I don't believe in medicine. There's nothing to beat nature, and a good juicy apple is far better than a dose of salts. I don't believe we remembered any salt or pepper! That's a pity, because things taste so flat without salt——"

"You'll be looking flat in two seconds, if you don't dry up!" said Handforth tartly. "My hat! When you start talking, you go on for ever! No wonder you can write articles for the Mag.——"

"I'm in the middle of one now," said Jarrow, nodding. "I don't know if the Mag. 'll come out this week, because things are so upside down. I saw that chap Onions upside-down this morning. He was walking on his hands, and Bertie Onions was looking at him. It's a pity we haven't got any onions with our grub, because they're very nutritious, although the effect is not always desirable. What I mean is, a fellow's breath is affected——"

"Shut up!" howled Handforth desperately. "I've been trying to speak for five minutes, and you won't let me get a word in edgeways! You were saying something about blankets. Where are the blankets? Why didn't somebody bring a big supply up here? There's going to be a row about this!"

"My hat! Haven't we got any blankets?" asked Griffith, staring.

"Not even a sheet!" said Armstrong. "Not even a mattress! Nothing but bare boards—and it's like ice up here! We haven't felt the cold much because we've been moving about."

This remark was the literal truth. There had been such a lot to do that the rebels had given no thought to minor details. And they had been so actively engaged, one way and another, that they had had no chance to feel cold.

But now a lull had set in—much to Handforth's mystification. He had been expecting wild excitement throughout the school, futile attempts to break down the barricades, and a hundred and one other thrilling events. The leader of the rebels felt rather slighted at being left alone like this. It wasn't in accordance with his prearranged plan.

"My only hat! No blankets!" said Somerton. "And most of us are feeling frightfully tired, too. Handy, old man, you failed there——"

"I've failed!" bawled Handforth.

"Well, about the blankets——"

"Have I got to think of everything?" demanded Handforth wrathfully. "I was engaged with more important matters, and some of you chaps ought to have grabbed some mattresses and blankets, and brought them up."

The other juniors glared.

"Why, you rotter!" snorted Armstrong. "You told us to leave everything to you! If we made any suggestion, you told us to dry up, and you said that everything would be O.K.!"

"That doesn't matter——"

"Oh, doesn't it?" put in one of the others. "You're leader, and you were supposed to think of everything. You can't shift the blame on to anybody else, so don't try it on!"

Handforth was made to fully understand that he was captain of the Remove, the leader of the rebellion, and the responsible party in all things.

"Don't you admit that?" asked Armstrong.

"Of course I do!" replied Handforth. "And if any fellow tries to say I'm not the leader, he'll get biffed!"

"Then, having accepted the responsibility, you can't get out of it," retorted Armstrong. "So what the dickens do you mean by bringing us up here, and not providing us with anything to sleep on? You're a fine leader! We shall find something else wrong soon, I'll bet!"

The grumbles were general, and Handforth was taken aback.

"You rotters!" he exclaimed. "I do everything I can to secure victory, and at the first opportunity you turn on me——"

"Water!" gasped Fatty Little, rushing up. "Water!"

"What's up—something caught fire?"

"We've no water!" panted Fatty, his face expressive of sheer dismay.

"No water!"

"I've just discovered it!" gasped Fatty Little. "I wanted to make some coffee, and then I remembered that there's not a single drop of water up here! No tap, or anything!"

Handforth blinked.

"But—but there's plenty of grub!" he said weakly.

"What's the good of grub?" snorted Griffith. "People die of thirst sooner than they do of hunger! No water! Oh, my goodness!"

"And there's no fire, either," put in Fatty Little angrily. "Even if we had the water, I couldn't make coffee. There's no fuel, no fire-place—and not even a spirit-stove!"

"Great Scott!"

"It's all Handy's fault!"

"Of course it is—he's the leader!"

"My fault!" howled Handforth. "Hasn't anybody else got any brains? It's a pity if some of you chaps couldn't think of a few trivial details! My mind was occupied with more important matters."

Fatty Little went purple.

"Trivial details!" he roared. "D'you call water a trivial detail? We're all thirsty now—and unless we get a supply by teatime we shall be forced to surrender! I've got tons of tea and cocoa and condensed milk, but not a drop of water to make anything with!"

"What are you going to do, Handy?" asked Armstrong grimly.

"Eh?" said Handforth. "What are you coming to me for?"

"You're the leader, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"That's why we've come to you," said Armstrong.

Handforth took a deep breath. He had nothing to say. The responsibilities of leadership were apparently far greater han he had imagined. He was beginning to taste the first fruits of unpreparedness, and they were decidedly bitter. Until this moment Handforth had not realised that he had committed an act of sheer folly by goading the Remove on to rebellion.

And even now he only had the idea in the back of his mind, and wouldn't allow it any consideration. He walked up and down the little room, and gazed at the piles of foodstuffs.

"Making a fuss over nothing!" he growled. "There's plenty of grub here—and what about these tins of fruit? We can drink the juice, can't we? That'll be just as good as water!"

The other juniors looked at him blankly.

"Well, I always thought you had nerve, but this is the limit!" exclaimed Brent. "You know as well as we do that water is more important than food. Instead of trying to make excuses, you ought to devise some plan whereby we can get a supply."

"Are you dictating to me?" asked Handforth darkly.

"Oh, my hat!" said Brent. "You accuse us of neglecting things, and ask why we can't make suggestions, and as soon as we open our mouths, you jump down our throats!"

"Let him do all the leading," growled Armstrong. "The best thing is to say nothing at all—let him have his own way. Then he can't lay the blame on any shoulders but his own."

Handforth strode out, and stood in the little passage, glaring over the barricade. He was feeling irritable and upset. These little things ought to have been thought of!

But, although he bitterly accused his companions of failure, he knew, in his own mind, that the real fault was his. He had consented to take command of this revolt, and, as leader, all responsibility was his.

And he was beginning to find that generalship wasn't so easy. Now that it was too late, he was beginning to remember all sorts of vital details. He had not even planned a way of escape in case the barricade was broken down.

The rebels, in fact, were packed up in those attics like rats in a trap. For any fellow to venture down, in the hope of evading the enemy, was an enterprise that could end in nothing but failure.

Everything was quiet on the landing below, but it was almost certain that Mr. Ponsonby Small had got somebody on the watch. To think of sending down a raiding party, therefore, was out of the question.

"Why the dickens didn't some of the chaps remember these things?" growled Handforth. "It's all very well blaming me, but——"

"You're always ready to blame Nipper, if anything goes wrong with one of his plans," put in Church gruffly. "Remember the last barring-out we had? Nipper was leader then, and everything went as smooth as glass. And why?"

"Because Nipper was prepared," said McClure.

"Exactly!" agreed Church. "Instead of rushing into the thing at a minute's notice, he kept everybody waiting, and Handy was full of accusations all the time. Yet Nipper was right. By thinking out everything in advance, he made victory certain from the very start."

"Dry up, blow you!" growled Handforth.

"I don't see why I should!" said Church defiantly. "Even in this affair Nipper nearly made himself hoarse, trying to persuade you fellows to give the whole thing up."

"Nipper's a traitor!" said Handforth bitterly.

"That's just where you're wrong," objected McClure. "By refusing to countenance this rebellion, Nipper proved that he was loyal to the Remove. He didn't want to lead the chaps into a trap. And that's what you've done, Handy—you can't deny it."

"Why, you blithering ass——"

"You can't!" insisted McClure. "Didn't Nipper tell us that it would be better to wait a week and appoint an advisory committee, and get all the plans cut and dried in advance? Didn't Nipper tell us that hasty action is always a folly, and could bring nothing but disaster?"

"If you mention Nipper again, I'll smash you!" said Handforth fiercely.

McClure glared.

"Oh, will you?" he asked. "Well, it so happens that you won't have the chance! All the fellows will back me up in this, and if you start any rot they'll pounce on you, and chuck you out of the captaincy."

Handforth was so staggered at this insubordination that he could do nothing but stare. And McClure, seizing his opportunity, proceeded to ram home a few more truths. It was high time that Handforth had his eyes opened.

"Just think how you sneered at Nipper, and said that his policy of delay was all wrong!" exclaimed McClure scornfully. "And yet Nipper was right! There's dead proof of it—here, on the spot! No water—no blankets—and there's not a sign that the rest of the school is going to back us up."

"How can you expect them to back us up when they knew nothing about it?" asked Church. "I'm blessed if this doesn't remind me of history."

"History!" put in Brent, who was listening.

"Yes," said Church. "Remember how the Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis in sixteen hundred and something, and talked about pinching the English crown? What happened? Monmouth collected a crowd of country clods round him, and at the first giddy battle he was defeated. And, finally," he added, with a significant glance at Handforth, "he was executed."

McClure nodded.

"Yes, we're like the country clods!" he growled. "And Handy's like Monmouth—he'll be executed. That Monmouth rebellion was sprung all of a sudden, without telling any of the population in advance. And yet the Duke thought that he'd be able to march to London with a terrific army, collecting men as he went along. It's just the same here, on a small scale. Instead of telling the school in advance, he left it to find out afterwards."

Handforth clenched his fists.

"I've had enough of this!" he snorted. "The next chap who speaks will get punched on the nose! I'm skipper, and I'm going to be obeyed! Who wants to grumble now?"

"I do!" said Griffith. "I think that——"

Biff!

Griffith went over, howling. One or two other juniors interrupted angrily, and Handforth, worked up to a fine pitch of rage, simply sailed in for all he was worth, and he succeeded in restoring order by fistic methods.

He would not have been so angry, perhaps, if these grumbles were untrue. But he knew, within him, that the fellows were justified, and it simply made him see red.

His one determination, now, was to prove to these fainthearts that they were all wrong, and that the rebellion was certain of success. But was Handforth's optimism justified?

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIGNAL FROM THE ATTIC WINDOW!

JOHN BUSTERFIELD BOOTS looked serious.

"But who told the sses to take such a step?" he asked curiously.

"Handforth," replied Reggie Pitt.

"And do you mean to tell me that all the Fossils, except you six, followed Handforth's lead into this blundering affair?" asked Buster Boots.

"Yes," I replied.

"Then you ought to have had more sense than to allow it!" said Buster, with all his usual self-importance. "Why, I'm amazed at you! Remove skipper, and you can't do better than let those fatheads get themselves into this unholy mess!"

"That's what I say!" put in Bob Christine.

We were standing near the gymnasium, and it was not quite time for morning lessons to begin. In fact, we were doubtful if there would be any lessons at the usual hour.

A crowd of College House fellows had come round, demanding to know all the details, and were now discussing the affair. Quite a number of the Monks had excitedly suggested joining the rebels—but these fellows were of the same thoughtless calibre as Handforth's crew.

"You don't know Handforth as well as we do," I pointed out to Buster Boots. "He's one of the best chaps breathing, on the whole, but he's excitable, and it's rather unfortunate that he's capable of making a first-class speech. He can work himself up into a great pitch of enthusiasm, and spread it through a crowd in no time."

"Yes, but I don't see——" began Christine.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I did my utmost to make the fellows see common sense. And then Handforth made another speech, got the chaps all excited, and they pledged themselves to this rebellion. On the whole, I'm not sorry, because it'll teach the idiots a lesson they won't forget in a hurry."

"But the result might be awfully serious," said Boots grimly. "Of course, I sympathise with the rebels, because we all hate Ponsonby Small. But what on earth's the good of locking themselves up in an attic?"

"The fellows seemed to think it was a marvellous idea," said Reggie Pitt. "Queer, how they get such delusions. I agree with Nipper, and I reckon that Handforth and his supporters need a sharp lesson."

"They'll get it all right," declared Buster. "Why, this revolt'll be over in a few hours. They'll be routed out!"

"It's their own fault for acting in haste," I said quietly. "After this, perhaps, they won't be so ram-headed and impulsive. I was sneered at and shouted down, and told that I was a weak, dallying fool. Everybody wanted me to act on the instant, and because I wouldn't they turned on me. So Handforth rushed the thing through, and started the rebellion without any preparation, and nothing firmer under his feet than his own optimism."

"Yes, my Jingo, he deserves a lesson," said Bob Christine. "But I'm a bit sorry for the ass. He's bound to get the sack!"

"Of course," I agreed calmly.

"You don't seem to be very upset about it," said Buster, staring.

"I'm not," I replied. "If Handforth is sacked it won't matter much, because he'll soon be back. There will be a general rising in a short time, and I'm making my preparations already. There's just a chance, of course, that Ponsonby Small will be scared by this affair, and bring about a general alteration. But I hardly hope for that. The revolt will probably have the opposite effect upon him."

"Make him worse, you mean?"

"Yes," I replied. "The squashing of the revolt will give him the idea that he can do just as he likes, and that'll be all the better perhaps. Because he'll fool himself into believing that we're cowed, and he'll have no suspicion of the big rebellion until it actually happens."

"By Jingo!" said Bob Christine, "there's some excitement coming then!"

"There is—but not this week, I said. "And there's another point you haven't considered. The big rising won't be against Ponsonby Small at all. It'll be against our energetic friend, Mr. William K. Smith."

The juniors stared.

"Against Smith?" repeated Buster Boots. "What the dickens for?"

"This is sad!" I said, with a sigh. "Even you, the businesslike Boots, with your great ideas for getting on top, fail to see further than your nose! You lack foresight! You don't appreciate——"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Buster. "What are you getting at?"

"Simply this," I replied grimly. "Ponsonby Small is no more than a tool in Smith's hands. It's worse than useless to rebel against his authority. The man we've got to fight against is Smith—because he's the real enemy."

The Monks looked keenly interested and eager.

"By Jove, you're right!" said Bob Christine slowly. "Smith's the man behind all these rotten restrictions! If we go for him, and win the day we shall have done something worth boasting about."

Buster Boots looked dubious.

"But Smith!" he said. "My hat! Smith, you know! With all his millions, and his thousands of men! How on earth can we ever hope to beat a man like that? It's like a rabbit going for a lion!"

Reggie Pitt nodded.

"Or a mouse going for an elephant!" he said. "But it's the mouse that wins, my son!"

"Well, let's hope——"

Boots broke off, and we weren't allowed to hear what he hoped. He was staring up at one of the topmost windows of the Ancient House. We all looked up there, too, and saw that something unusual was taking place.

A handkerchief, in fact, was waving from a little window.

Standing there in a group, we watched, and had no difficulty in realising what the signal meant. The window was one of the attics—the stronghold of the rebels.

"My only hat!" said Christine blankly. "The white flag!"

"I don't think so," I said. "It's only meant as a signal to us. I expect they want to ask you fellows when you're going to join in. I suppose we might as well go over and hear what they've got to say."

Handforth and Co., watching from the

three windows, were not highly gratified to note the leisurely manner in which we crossed the Triangle. There was no enthusiastic rush, as Handforth had expected.

Perhaps there would have been if I hadn't issued a word of warning. Some of the Monks had been prepared to run, but I stopped them.

"We don't want to attract attention," I said quickly. "Let's stroll over in twos and threes. Ponsonby Small might drop on us heavily for even daring to speak to the strikers."

And so we crossed the Triangle, and stood beneath those three attic windows. It was in a quiet corner, near the cloisters. And we were not overlooked by the windows of of the Head's house.

"Hi! You chaps!" came Handforth's voice from above.

"Ready to surrender yet?" shouted Buster Boots.

"You fathead!" exclaimed Handforth. "We'll never surrender! We're out for victory—and we mean to have victory! When are you fellows going to join us? And how about the Fifth and Sixth?"

The Monks grinned.

"Sorry, Handy, but there's nothing doing," said Buster. "This rebellion doesn't strike us as being quite promising enough. Don't count on us. We've decided to remain strictly neutral."

There were several startled exclamations from the rebels.

"You rotters!" shouted Handforth fiercely. "You weaklings! You mean to desert us, and leave us to fight the battle alone!"

"That's it!" agreed Buster calmly. "If we thought there was any hope we'd back you up in a minute. But why should we get ourselves into trouble for nothing? The sooner this business is over the better!"

"Hear, hear!" said the other Monks.

"Traitors!" stormed Handforth, leaning so far out of the window that he was in danger of toppling over. "We were relying on you! You're a lot of cads—you're a lot of miserable worms! We want you to do us a favour!"

Bob Christine grinned.

"Well, that's a good way to begin," he said. "You call us miserable worms, and traitors, and then want favours! As far as I know, cads don't do favours to anybody!"

Handforth gulped, and several of his supporters urged him to apologise quickly, fearing that we should all walk away, insulted. But there was no fear of this. We knew Handy, and took no notice of his nonsense.

"I—I didn't mean that, exactly," said Handforth hastily. "The fact is we're in a bit of a hole."

"Go hon!" said Reggie Pitt, in surprise. "Really? We learn fresh pieces of news every hour!"

"The hole you're in now is only a pillbox compared to the one you're on the edge of!"

"Good Heavens!" he said tensely. And there was reason enough for Sir Edward's startled exclamation. For Handforth's back was an ugly mass of weals.

called up Buster Boots cheerfully. "But what's the idea?"

"We've got no water!" said Handforth anxiously.

"No water!"

"Not a drop!" shouted Fatty Little, his voice quivering with apprehension. "We've got no fires either, and no blankets, and I can't make any coffee, or tea, and all we've got to eat is biscuits and sardines, and things like that! And we're all dying of thirst!"

"The position," said Pitt, "appears to be acute."

"So we want you chaps to throw some water up to us!" said Handforth.

"Oh, certainly," said Reggie. "How would you like it—in small parcels, or in bulk? And, before going any further, perhaps you'd be good enough to suggest how this miracle is to be performed?"

"We're leaving that to you," said Handforth obligingly.

"How about getting a hose, and squirting it in the window?" asked Pitt.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We all roared, and the rebels looked down at us fiercely.

Somehow, we couldn't possibly take this affair in the serious light it apparently deserved. Handforth and his band had been even more unprepared than we had suspected. They had actually started this barring-out without providing themselves with the bare necessities of existence. And the situation was quite amusing.

"Got any rope up there?" I asked briskly.

"Yes—plenty!"

"All right, let down a line," I said. "We can't send up more than a pailful, but that'll do to be going on with. Perhaps we'll be able to get some more up to you later on."

"Oh, good!"

"There you are—Nipper does the thing in a trice!" said Church.

Buster Boots looked at me dubiously.

"I say, this is a bit risky, isn't it?" he asked. "If we're spotted, we shall be promptly jumped on for aiding and abetting the fatheads. And it'll be nothing less than a flogging all round."

I looked at Boots sadly.

"My lad, this is one of those occasions when we are bound to take all risks," I said. "We don't agree with this rebellion, and we think it's going to be a failure. At the same time, if it's successful, nothing but good can come of it—so we'll lend a hand. Besides, just imagine those poor chaps up there, barred in, and slowly dying of thirst!"

Boots looked penitent.

"All right, we'll go ahead!" he said briskly.

Pitt and Tommy Watson hurried off to obtain a pail of water. And they presently returned with it from the tool-shed, smuggling it across the Triangle, concealed in an old piece of sacking.

But, as it happened, these precautions were futile.

For Mr. Ponsonby Small was watching.

This was most unfortunate. By a sheer piece of ill-luck—or, as Mr. Ponsonby Smith called it, a sheer piece of luck—he was passing along one of the upper corridors in the Ancient House. And he chanced to see a rope dangling outside the window. A very brief investigation showed him the crowd below, and he knew all that was necessary.

He waited, grim and vindictive.

Instead of going down and stopping this affair at once, he took quite another course—and one that pleased him. He waited until the pail of water had left the ground, and was being gently hauled up.

The rebels were already gloating, for they could see some long drinks in sight. And they had been further heartened by the news that Pitt had hurried off to get his spirit-stove and a supply of fuel. Even such impossible heights as hot tea and coffee could now be reached.

And then the blow descended.

One of the upper windows flew open, and the Head leaned out, his eyes gleaming, and his whole expression vicious. He had a knife in his hand, and, with one swift flash he cut the rope.

Swish!

The pail of water overturned instantly as it descended. A wild chorus of yells went up, for that flashing cascade of water simply drenched Reggie Pitt and Buster Boots and Sir Montie and the rest of us. Not only this, but the falling pail narrowly missed braining Tommy Watson.

He dodged in the nick of time, and the pail crashed to the ground.

"Every boy stand there!" shouted the Head fiercely. "I know you all, and if you attempt to escape, your punishment will be doubled!"

He vanished, and we looked at one another, indignant and alarmed.

"The beast!" gasped Boots. "I'm soaked!"

"What about me?" demanded Tommy Watson. "I might have been killed! The rotter ought to be arrested for doing a thing like that!"

There was no doubt that Mr. Small had taken a very wrong step and one that would have got him into grave trouble if Tommy Watson had been injured. Behaviour of this kind more than proved Mr. Small's unsuitability for the position of Headmaster.

He appeared a moment later, fairly dancing out of the Ancient House. At this moment, very fortunately, the bell started ringing for morning lessons. A shadow passed across Mr. Small's face as he heard it.

"There is no need for any explanations or excuses!" he grated, as he came up. "You were deliberately attempting to aid those young scoundrels in the attic! You will all write me one thousand lines!"

The punishment was received with relief—we had expected something much worse.

"Furthermore," snapped the Head, "this section of the Triangle is now strictly out of bounds. Any boy approaching this wall, for whatever reason, will be instantly expelled!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE SURRENDER!

GREGGS, the Head's temporary spy, was at his post.

His job was not quite so tedious as one might assume, for the conversation from upstairs proved to be most diverting. Greggs had been listening, and he could tell, by this time, that all was not well in the rebel camp.

From the very first minute of his vigil he had heard grumbles.

And these grumbles had been steadily increasing until he now heard scarcely anything else. It was as clear as daylight that Handforth and his crowd were by no means in the best of spirits.

It was now afternoon, and the hours had dragged monotonously.

The total absence of any action palled upon the rebels until they were almost on the point of tearing down the barricades and giving themselves up. They had been expecting a battle. They had thought it an absolute certainty that Mr. Small would attempt to get them out of their fortress by sheer force.

But no. Mr Ponsonby Small had remained indifferent. After his first frantic excite-

ment, the rebels had seen no more of him. And to be left alone like this right into the afternoon was a kind of insult.

And the grumbles, plentiful enough in the morning, had now become continuous—a kind of hymn of hate against Handforth. Edward Oswald proved that he had far more patience than most of the fellows suspected.

"I'm sick of you!" he said bitterly, for the twentieth time. "Just because things have gone a bit wrong, all you can do is to turn on me, and say I've let you down! You're a lot of tadpoles! In fact, I've seen better things than you squirming in a stagnant pond!"

"You—you rotter!" shouted Armstrong.

"I've seen more handsome creatures come up out of the ground after a thunderstorm!" said Handforth witheringly. "I've got more respect for the inmates of a Stilton cheese!"

The rebels took these insults meekly, except for one or two feeble protests—thus proving that they were not very much better than Handforth's description conveyed. And it cannot be said that a born leader is usually as tactless with his supporters as this.

"It's rotten!" said Armstrong disgustedly. "We've had nothing to eat except beastly biscuits, and tinned salmon, and sardines, and tinned peaches, and all that sort of muck! And we're as thirsty as fish! I'm simply dying for a drink!"

"Same here!" said Gulliver. "We were blithering idiots to join in this rebellion at all. Goodness knows how it'll end!"

"Well, there's only one thing for it—we shall have to surrender by tea-time!" said Fatty Little. "It's pretty ghastly, but what else can we do? Great pancakes! There's only enough food to last until the morning, anyhow! My throat's as dry as a chunk of leather!"

The rest of the juniors were just as despondent.

The cold, unpalatable food was more than they had bargained for. The absence of any water or other drink was positively alarming. Under no circumstances could they hope to carry on without drink of some kind. The very fact that no water was available made their thirsts ten-fold worse. They absolutely craved for drink.

And what hope was there of getting any?

The discontent was general—not one rebel out of the whole crowd uttered a word of optimism—except, of course, Handforth.

"There's no need for you chaps to worry a bit," he said tartly. "I never knew such a crowd—of miserable funks! It's only a question of a few hours! As soon as it gets dark, we can go out on a raid!"

"Oh, can we?" growled Jerry Dodd. "How?"

"How?" snapped Handforth. "By moving a part of the barricade, of course."

"That's a good idea!" sneered Armstrong. "There's bound to be somebody on the watch. And as we creep down, we'll be pounced on and captured. No, we're caught like fish in a net up here."

And Armstrong voiced the opinion of the others. Nobody shared Handforth's cheerfulness. Indeed, it was only a mask that Handforth wore himself. In his heart he knew that nothing could be done.

The fellows were tired, too—tired and sleepy and cross. Handforth had overlooked the fact, when starting this barring-out, that food and sleeping accommodation are two of the most important points to consider. After having had no sleep during the night, the rebels were worn out.

Some of them had been sitting on the floor, dozing fitfully, and waking up now and again, shivering with cold. There was not an atom of comfort. Even a cup of hot tea would have been hailed as a wonderful blessing. But there was nothing to be consumed except hard biscuits and tinned foods, and all sorts of uncooked provender. In fact, a large amount of the rebels' food supply was absolutely uneatable without a cooking stove. Even the bacon—and they had plenty of it—couldn't be touched.

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that the grumbles increased as the minutes sped by.

"The fact is, Handforth's a wash-out!" said Armstrong. "We followed him into this rebellion, and he's let us down! Nipper was right all along, and we ought to have taken his advice. I'll never listen to Handy again—he's an absolute frost!"

"Hear, hear!"

"He's dragged us into this rotten position, and goodness knows what'll happen to us!" wailed Bell. "I think we ought to surrender at once—and then perhaps Mr. Small will let us off."

"Cowards!" said Handforth curtly.

"We're not cowards!" shouted Armstrong. "If you had conducted this barring-out properly, everything would have been all right. You made us all sorts of promises which you haven't kept. You've messed the whole thing up from start to finish, and you're nothing better than a lunatic!"

Handforth pushed back his sleeves.

"By George!" he said thickly. "I'll smash you for that!"

"Try it!" jeered Armstrong. "If you try to touch me, you'll be dragged off, and jolly well bumped! We're sick of you!"

Handforth did try it, and before he could reach Armstrong, he was seized by a dozen hands, and whirled upside down. After being dropped on the floor five or six times, and generally knocked about until he was breathless, Handforth concluded that violence was hardly a paying game.

His position was a mere farce. Captain of the Remove, and leader of this barring-out! And he was sneered at, jeered at, handled with brute force, and insulted right and left.

And after he had gained a little of his breath, he burst out:

"You cads!" he said huskily. "You miserable rotters! You put all the blame

on to me! Didn't you join in this rebellion of your own free will? Didn't you back me up enthusiastically and heartily?"

"No," said Armstrong. "You forced us into it!"

Handforth gaped.

"Forced you into it!" he roared. "By George! It's the first time I knew I was strong enough to compel a crowd of chaps like you into obeying my orders! You spineless worms! Just because things have gone wrong, you turn on me, and accuse me of everything!"

"Well, aren't you the leader?" demanded Gulliver.

"You wouldn't be so ready to call me the leader if everything had gone victoriously for us," snapped Handforth. "You'd have claimed the credit for yourselves! Oh, it's very nice to have a chap you can all pile on to, and vent your spite on! I haven't failed any more than we've all failed! I didn't ask you to join me—you came of your own free will! And if you've got an atom of decency, you'll stop all this rotten grumbling! What's the good of it! It only makes matters worse!"

"He's right there, you chaps," said Somerton. "And I don't blame Handy any more than I blame myself. The fact is, we were too excited last night—and too wilful to take any notice of Nipper's good advice. That's the whole trouble—we ought to have stuck to old Nipper!"

"Hear, hear!" said Jerry Dodd.

"And now it's too late!" wailed Gulliver. "We'll all be sacked!"

"Why not surrender at once?" asked Teddy Long fearfully.

And there were many fellows who agreed with this proposal. In vain, Handforth pointed out that all was not yet lost—that unseen opportunities might present themselves after dark. He argued that the Monks, or some of the other fellows, might get up a scheme of their own later on. But the rebels were despondent, and their backbone had gone.

And Greggs, on guard, hearing all this, came to certain conclusions of his own. He was a pretty shrewd fellow, for he went straight down to the Headmaster's study, and reported to Mr. Ponsonby Small. He explained a great deal that he had overheard, and Mr. Small listened with interest.

"If you ask me, sir, I reckon them kids is just about ready to give in," declared Greggs. "Half a word, sir, an' they'll knuckle under without no trouble at all. But I reckon I'd let 'em off pretty light, sir," he added. "Leastways, I would if they was willin' to give in at once."

The Head frowned.

"When I want your advice, Greggs, I will ask for it," he said curtly. "I do not think you will be necessary any longer. You may go."

Greggs went, rather pleased to be relieved of the responsibility. And Mr. Small paced up and down his study for a few minutes, considering.

He was thinking of William K. Smith's warning, and it occurred to him that it would pay him to be careful. If he promised the rebels that no punishment would follow if they surrendered, the barring-out would probably collapse.

But if he visited the juniors with drastic chastisement, a great many others in the school might object—and the rebellion, instead of being quashed, might break out into a rising that would be beyond the Head's control.

So, although he wanted to indulge his evil nature, and punish the rebels with the utmost severity, he finally concluded that this would a be tactical blunder. He wanted peace more than anything else—for his very position depended upon it.

So he went upstairs, determined to make capital out of his enforced position. He would show the school that he was generous and forgiving—and, perhaps, he would earn a little approval. This would be a novelty, and even Mr. Small glowed somewhat at the prospect of it.

Arriving at the attic staircase, he paused for a moment, and stood listening. He could hear sounds of wrangling from above, but no distinct words, for there happened to be none of the rebels outside on the landing, and no voices were raised.

The Head smiled grimly to himself, and called loudly.

"Handforth! Handforth!" he shouted curtly.

In the attics, the rebels started, and listened.

"It's old Small!" whispered Armstrong. "Let's go and see what he wants."

There was an immediate rush, for after the inactivity of the day, the juniors heartily welcomed any kind of diversion. They found Mr. Small standing on the stairs, and looking up at the barricade.

And the Head was now very different. He was no longer red with fury, but calm, collected, and there was no appearance of vindictiveness about his expression. He waited until Handforth showed his face above the barrier.

"I take it, Handforth, that you are the leader of this—this unwarrantable act of insubordination?" asked Mr. Ponsonby Small smoothly.

"Yes, sir," replied Handforth. "I take full responsibility."

"I have been considering this matter carefully, and I have decided to be ridiculously lonient," pursued the Head. "It has occurred to me that you acted in a moment of excitement and with the desire for revenge. Perhaps I was a little too harsh with you yesterday, when you were kept locked up without food. And, under the circumstances, I have decided to be generous in this matter."

"We shan't be sacked, sir, shall we?" asked Gulliver anxiously.

"That depends upon your attitude at this moment," replied Mr. Ponsonby Small. "I have very little to say, and I will be as brief as possible. If you surrender at once, and march downstairs in orderly fashion, I will allow you to resume your normal standing in the school without the infliction of any punishment."

"Oh!" said the rebels, utterly surprised.

"But if you defy me further, I shall not be in this lenient mood again," continued the Head. "I warn you that I will use every endeavour to force your surrender, and the punishment will be drastic, indeed. So you must make up your minds at once."

The rebels broke out into a babble of excited talk.

"Do you promise that we won't be punished, sir?" asked Armstrong eagerly.

"I have given my word—that is enough!" said the Head curtly.

"Hurrah!"

"No punishments!"

"Tea, you chaps—tea and decent grub!"

"Hurrah!"

The barring-out collapsed like a house of cards. Before Handforth could say a word—and he, indeed, should have answered for his men—a dozen fellows began tearing at the obstructions.

And in response to their united efforts, a portion of the barricade was torn aside. And as soon as the space was sufficiently large, the surrender became an actuality.

Mr. Small stood at the foot of the stairs, intense satisfaction glowing within him. And the rebels came down in single file, subdued, and deeming themselves amazingly lucky. Mr. Small was pleased because he would be able to make a satisfactory report to William K. Smith.

But Handforth, seeing this ignominious finish to the great adventure, raved at his companions furiously. He might just as well have spoken to the bare walls, for all the notice that was taken.

The rebels had a chance to surrender, and to escape all consequences of their insubordinate act. And they seized upon that chance without hesitation. They descended, one by one, until Handforth was the only fellow left.

He stood there, almost white with mortification. If he had had an ounce of commonsense, he would have bowed to this inevitable result. Even Church and McClure had left him—thinking that he would follow. But Handforth's obstinacy was even greater than his own chums believed.

For he acted with amazing indiscretion.

"Come, Handforth," prompted Mr. Small. "I am waiting!"

"You'll have to wait, sir," retorted Handforth thickly. "I'm not coming! I don't surrender! These fellows acted without my authority!"

The rebels heard this announcement with consternation, and concern for Handforth.

"Handy!" gasped Church. "Are you dotty?"

"I don't surrender!" repeated Handforth, his voice grim and obstinate. "If you want me, Mr. Small, you'll have to get me! I'm the captain of the Remove, and I'm the leader of this revolt, and I've been basely deserted by my supporters. But I don't surrender!"

Mr. Ponsonby Small smiled. He smiled with sheer gratification.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PUBLIC EXAMPLE!

HANDFORTH had acted with the utmost folly.

His own commonsense ought to have told him that the odds were all against him, and that defiance, after the rebels had surrendered, was simply another way of asking for fearful trouble.

The whole school was astonished at Mr. Small's leniency. It could not be realised that the rebels were allowed to take their usual places in the school absolutely unpunished.

But St. Frank's didn't know that Mr. Ponsonby Small's very position depended upon the collapse of the rebellion, and that he had offered immunity from punishment in order to ensure the safety of his own skin.

The rebels had surrendered, as he had hoped. To let them go unscathed made him inwardly writhe, but there had been no help for it. And then, like a blue spot in a murky sky, Handforth's obstinacy had given Mr. Small renewed hope. For Handforth was the ringleader, and his point-blank insubordination enabled Mr. Small to chastise him as a public example.

And the school, knowing all the facts, could only blame Handforth himself. For if ever a fellow had deliberately asked for punishment, Handforth did. When the easy path lay before him, he had chosen the thorny one.

Of course, his solitary rebellion didn't last five minutes.

He defiantly said that he would have to be fetched—and he was fetched. Two or three of the servants were sent for, the rest of the barricade was hauled down, and Handforth was dragged out, and forthwith hurried off to the punishment room.

In vain had Handforth yelled for rescue. His followers regarded him coldly, and plainly told him that he was not only off his rocker, but stark, staring mad.

And in solitary confinement Handforth cooled down, and rather blankly realised that he had made a mess of things. If he had capitulated with the rest he would have been free to make fresh plans. But now, in the words of Reginald Pitt, his goose was cooked. He couldn't hope for a flogging.

Nothing short of expulsion would be his fate.

The Head himself was in high good humour.

He had fulfilled Mr. William K. Smith's wish, and the school was now normal—as Mr. Small lost no time in communicating to the millionaire. And on the top of this, Handforth's stubbornness gave Mr. Small a chance that he was only too pleased to seize upon.

Directly after tea the order went round that the school was to collect in Big Hall. Everybody knew the reason. There was to be no announcement, but something far more drastic. And Handforth received no sympathy—except, perhaps, from Church and McClure and fellows like Archie and Pitt and myself. We knew him and his little ways, and could fully appreciate that he was now extremely sorry for himself.

But the rest of the school declared that he deserved all he got. He had been given the chance of honourable surrender, and he had refused. He had rebelled against authority, he had defied his own Headmaster, and he was the recognised ringleader of the revolt. And yet, in spite of all this, had he possessed a grain of sense, he would have got off scot-free.

And he had chosen to arouse Mr. Small's ire! Whatever the result, Handforth himself was to blame, and nine fellows out of ten had no patience with him. If he was expelled, it would serve him right.

That was the feeling of the school, and I wasn't at all surprised. I was angry and impatient with Handforth for being such an amazing idiot. Yet, knowing his peculiarities, I realised that his defiance was absolutely characteristic. Now that it was too late, he was probably as sorry as anybody else.

The school gathered together, and they watched with interest when Handforth was brought on to the platform by the two prefects—who were by no means averse to this duty. They felt that Handforth deserved a lesson.

Mr. Small, grave and serious, addressed the school.

"There is no necessity for me to dwell upon this unfortunate affair," he said. "I think you all know the facts, and I should like to emphasise the point that I was not only merciful towards these insubordinate juniors, but lenient in the extreme——"

"Hear, hear!"

"I decided that peace is absolutely necessary in a big school like St. Frank's, and rather than have this rebellion continue, with endless strife, I allowed all the boys to return to their usual places in the school without punishment. I think you'll agree with me that I was very generous."

There was a murmur of approval. For the first time since he had arrived at St. Frank's Mr. Ponsonby Small was getting a little sympathy. If the school had known the full facts, perhaps Mr. Small's reception would have been different.

"Handforth, for some foolish reason, defied me after his companions had agreed to my terms," continued the Head. "His refusal to surrender was point-blank, and I have no alternative but to make an example of him. He had the opportunity to escape unscathed, but he cast this aside. And in consequence of his foolish defiance, I have decided that he must leave the school!"

"Oh!" muttered Church and McClure.

"Serves him right!" came several other voices.

"He asked for it!" murmured some others.

"Handforth will be expelled from St. Frank's in disgrace," continued Mr. Ponsonby Small, with obvious relish. "Knowing all the facts as you do, I am convinced that you will approve of my decision. For under no circumstances can I maintain control and discipline if a junior boy is allowed to defy his Headmaster in such a flagrant manner. Handforth will also be flogged!"

And, without any further waste of time, the grim business commenced.

Handforth, still defiant and grim, was subjected to one of the most brutal floggings that the school had ever witnessed. He was held by two of the underservants, his jacket was removed, and Mr. Ponsonby Small wielded the birch with a fury and a viciousness that was obvious to all.

He seemed to have worked himself up into such a passion that his strength was doubled. And there was apparently something different about the birch, too. It was a special instrument, and the flogging was cruelly harsh.

And yet Handforth uttered no sound.

By the time it was all over he was looking pale, his eyes were rather bloodshot, and his mouth was drawn. But, in spite of all this, he managed to smile in a defiant kind of way as he was marched away.

There was some show of indignation in the Remove.

Even those fellows who declared that Handforth deserved all he got—even these were excited and hot with anger by the time the flogging had finished. Considering that Handforth was to be expelled, it was a shame that he should be subjected to this brutal ignominy.

But it was also apparent that Mr. Small was visiting the full vials of his wrath upon this one boy. The other rebels had got off scot-free, and so Handforth suffered for the lot. He had received all Mr. Small's concentrated hate.

Nobody knew exactly what had happened to him after the school was dismissed. Some of the Removites talked about getting up a big meeting to condemn the expulsion, but it came to nothing.

Revolting was too risky!

They had Handforth as an example of.

what would happen to the ringleader of another insurrection. The Head may have been a miserable, insignificant specimen of humanity, but he was, after all, the Head.

Handforth himself was almost indifferent regarding his fate.

Left in the punishment-room, he was racked with pain, and all he wanted was to be left alone. He was tired, too—utterly weary after the excitements of the barring-out, and heavy from the lack of sleep. This flogging on the top of it all reduced Handforth's fiery spirit to a mere spark of its normal self.

And within half an hour, before it was even dark, he was hustled into his overcoat and cap, and escorted through the Head's house to the outer door. A minute later he was in Mr. Small's enclosed car, with the Head beside him.

The affair had been well timed.

The car reached the station three minutes before the London express arrived. Handforth's ticket was bought, he was placed in the train, and Mr. Small informed him that he was telegraphing to his father.

And thus Handforth was expelled in disgrace from St. Frank's. Church and McClure, vaguely suspecting that some form of trickery was being planned, kept a careful watch. They saw the car glide out of the Triangle, and by a piece of luck caught a glimpse of their fallen leader.

Two minutes later they were riding down the lane like mad on their bicycles. But they reached the station too late for the train. Even as they arrived, it was gliding out. And the unhappy juniors returned to St. Frank's utterly miserable and forlorn.

CHAPTER IX.

FATHER AND SON!

SIR EDWARD HANDFORTH, looked up from his evening paper as the door opened and the butler appeared. It was late in the evening, and Sir Edward was taking his ease in the library of his big London house.

Sir Edward brought his fist down with a crash on the table. "You are wrong!" he repeated grimly.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked brusquely.

"Master Edward, sir, has arrived," said the butler.

Handforth senior dropped his paper and rose to his feet. There was an expression of grim astonishment on his rugged face. And he turned his attention to a figure that lurked in the background.

"Edward!" he exclaimed. "Come here, sir!"

Edward Oswald Handforth entered the library with none of his usual assurance. He looked absolutely spent, and his face was haggard.

"It's all right, dad—don't make a fuss!" he growled. "It's over, and there's no sense in ragging me about it. Goodness knows, I've been through enough to-day!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded Sir Edward.

"I'm sacked, of course," said Handforth. "Chucked out of St. Frank's!"

His father paled, and was glad that the butler had gone. He wouldn't like this piece of news to get round the household. And Sir Edward's expression became grim and stormy.

"Expelled!" he thundered. "My son expelled in disgrace! You young rascal! What is the meaning of this? What mischief have you been up to that led to such a disgraceful——"

"Oh, help!" groaned Handy. "Don't rub it in, dad! Didn't you get the Head's telegram?"

"Telegram? I got no telegram!"

"Then he's a liar, as well as a beast," said Handforth wearily. "I suppose he looked upon it as a joke. The awful rotter! He meant me to come home like this, and give you a surprise!"

Handforth sank into a chair, and his father suddenly checked an outburst of violence. He was very much like his son, breaking out into outbursts of violence upon small provocation. But his mature years gave him better control of his emotions.

"I will be patient!" he said thickly. "In the absence of any report from your Headmaster, I will hear what you have to say. And let it be the truth, Edward—let it be the absolute truth! Good Heavens! That one of my sons should bring this terrible disgrace on the family!"

He paced up and down for a few moments in order to quell his agitation, and to gain a firmer control of his temper. In the meantime, Handforth sat looking at his father in some anxiety. All the way up, in the train, the junior had been dreading this interview—although he had expected to find his father prepared. It made matters worse that Sir Edward received the first news of the disaster from the junior himself.

"Well, sir?" demanded Sir Edward. "I am waiting!"

"Oh can't we leave it till to-morrow, dad?" asked Handforth. "I feel rotten—I'm tired and groggy. It's no good talking now—I'm sacked, and there's an end of it."

"There is not an end of it!" snapped his father. "I must know the truth of this—and now, at once! Why were you expelled from the school? What rascally mischief did you indulge in that has resulted in this appalling sequel? Tell me, Edward, or, by George, I will thrash you within an inch of your life!"

Sir Edward was absolutely furious, and he was fast losing control.

"I was the ringleader of a revolt!" growled Handforth.

"What?" shouted his father. "A revolt! Great Heaven! This is even worse than I suspected! What insane story is this you are telling me? What madness has your recklessness led you into?"

"I've told you once, dad," muttered Handforth. "A lot of the fellows jibbed against the Head, and we got up a rebellion. I was the leader of it, and the whole thing petered out. Those cads surrendered, and left me alone. Oh, it's my own fault—I had a chance to escape punishment, but I defied old Small to his face. And now I'm sacked!"

Sir Edward breathed hard.

"Edward, this is a greater blow to me than you can possibly imagine," he said quietly. "You have ruined your career, and the disgrace of it will reflect not only upon your younger brother, but upon the whole family. You young scoundrel! You shall suffer dearly for this!"

The glare he bestowed upon Handforth was terrible, but the junior scarcely noticed it. He was nearly on the point of bursting out into sobs, but by a supreme effort he held himself in check. His lack of sleep, his untiring vigilance during the rebellion, the absence of proper food, and that brutal flogging on the top of all, had weakened Handforth enormously. But in spite of all this he clenched his teeth, and kept a bold front.

Something of his anguish was probably reflected on his face, for Sir Edward's temper faded, and he crossed over to his son's side. He laid a hand upon the junior's shoulder.

And Handforth shrank back with a cry of pain.

"Ooooh!" he exclamed agonisedly.

Sir Edward stared. His hand was by no means light, but he had not delivered a slap, by any means. He moved his hand from his son's shoulder, and gazed down curiously.

"Are you in pain, Edward?" he asked sharply.

"Nun-no—it's nothing, dad!" faltered Handforth.

But the deep flush which suffused his face for a moment told a different story. Sir Edward was no fool, and he jumped to the obvious conclusion at once.

"You have been flogged!" he said sternly.

Handforth hung his head.

"Edward, remove your jacket and waistcoast at once!" commanded his father.

"What—what for?" asked Edward Oswald, starting up. "Oh, don't make a fuss, dad! It's nothing! Of course I've been flogged—I deserved it! Old Small was a beast, though—he swiped into me like a slave-driver!"

"Remove your jacket and waistcoat!"

repeated Sir Edward curtly. "I am convinced that you have been brutally treated. You are not the boy to cry out in pain over a trifle. I will get to the bottom of this business."

In spite of all Handforth's protests, he was compelled to remove his clothing, even to his collar, shirt, and undervest. He stood there, bare to the waist, with the full electric lights gleaming on his skin. And Sir Edward gazed at him grimly.

"Good Heavens!" he said tensely.

And there was reason enough for Sir Edward's startled exclamation. Handforth's back was an ugly mass of cruel weals—great raised discoloured bruises, caused by the repeated lashing of the birch. It was clearly obvious that he had suffered a flogging that was not only brutal, but absolutely without precedent in Sir Edward's experience. The exhibition of Handforth's back in any police court would have secured for Mr. Ponsonby Small a long term of imprisonment.

Sir Edward said very little while his son painfully got back into his vest and shirt. He was not allowed to dress further. Sir Edward made him sit back in a chair, smothered in rugs.

"I will have you attended to very soon, Edward," said his father softly. "Forgive me, my boy, for being so harsh with you. But I had no idea of this—you should have told me at the outset."

"I—didn't like to, dad," muttered Handforth.

And then, at this point, his mother entered. She was astonished to see her son, and filled with anxiety and deep concern when she noticed his drawn face, and his bloodshot eyes. And for fully half-an-hour, Handforth was subjected to gentle treatment, in which soothing ointment, and soft pillows had a large part. Finally, he told the full story.

Handforth began at the beginning, explaining what had happened to him and several other juniors—how they had been locked in a cupboard for twenty-four hours—without food, without blankets, without water. Handy explained that this was really the cause of the revolt, and he maintained that he had been justified in doing his utmost to force Mr. Small's resignation.

And by the time the junior had completely finished, his mother and father were looking less worried. Sir Edward, indeed, had assumed a grim expression, and his eyes were glittering with determination.

"You don't blame me much, do you, mater?" asked Handforth, at length. "Of course, it was my own fault for being so obstinate——"

"You were at fault, my boy, but nothing can excuse your Headmaster's brutality," said his mother indignantly. "And if your father doesn't take instant action, I shall go to St. Frank's——"

"One moment, my dear—one moment," interrupted Sir Edward mildly. "You need not imagine that I shall allow this matter to stand. To-morrow morning, Edward, we will travel down to St. Frank's by the very first train. And if this matter is not set right you may call me a fool!"

Handforth felt his heart throb with a sudden wild hope. Never for an instant had he believed there was a possibility of reinstatement. But he knew his father, and he knew what his father could do, when once aroused.

And that night he slept soundly.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEAKLING!

WILLY HANDFORTH came across the Triangle, and strode up to Church and McClure with a grim look in his eye.

It was morning—and Willy had spent a sleepless night. Church and McClure were in no better condition. They looked about the most miserable pair under the sun, and they were indifferent to Willy's approach. But he soon electrified them into attention.

"You rotters!" said Willy scathingly. "You worms!"

Church and McClure stared. For a mere fag to address Remove fellows in this uncomplimentary manner was unprecedented. But there was something in Willy's eyes that almost made the pair quail.

"Look here——" began Church.

"It was all your fault!" interrupted Willy. "Ted's gone now—sacked! And if there was any justice in this world, you'd be strung up on one of these trees, and left there for the crows to feed on!"

"Why, you—you young sweep!" snorted McClure. "If you talk to us like that, I'll——"

"Oh, don't be offended," said Willy impatiently, as though he had been paying them compliments. "I'm just telling the truth—that's all. What are you chaps made of to allow Ted to make such a hash of things? Ain't you supposed to be his chums? And yet you calmly stand still, and see him swiped by the Head until he nearly faints, and then you see him sacked!"

"Don't be a young idiot!" snapped Church. "What could we do?"

"What could you do?" retorted Willy. "I don't suppose it's much good talking now, but if I'd been there when you chaps surrendered, I'll bet Ted wouldn't have got it in the neck like this. He ought to have been forced down those stairs past the barricade, so that he couldn't have an opportunity to be stubborn!"

"We thought he was coming after us," said McClure.

"You thought!" said Willy contemptuously. "Don't you know Ted better than that? It's no good thinking where he's concerned. Taking a thing for granted is fatal with Ted. You ought to have got behind him, and given him a terrific shove, and sent him down. Once past that barrier he wouldn't have been idiot enough to defy the Head."

"We never thought of that," said Church lamely.

The Third former sniffed.

"I'm not surprised," he said, with a sigh. "Before a chap thinks, he needs something to think with! And I'm blessed if you fellows haven't got heads like empty cocoanut shells! It's a wonder you don't rattle as you walk?"

"Look here——"

"I don't want to—it makes me feel bad!" said Willy tartly.

He turned on his heel, took a couple of steps, and then came to an abrupt standstill. For two figures had just entered the gateway on foot. One was Sir Edward Handforth, M.P., and the other was Edward Oswald. Willy gave one yell, and leapt forward like a streak of lightning.

"Dad!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"I have no time to waste with you, Willy!" said Sir Edward, frowning. "Come, Edward! Unless we hurry there will be a crowd gathering! Infernal nuisance, no taxi-cabs at the station! This county is dead!"

Before Willy could put any questions, his father and brother had entered the porch of the Head's house, and Willy was afraid to follow. But his face was flushed with excitement as he turned to the eager Church and McClure.

"Everything's all serene now," said Willy breathlessly. "You'd better be ready for a few explosions and earthquakes. When my dad starts a rumpus, the whole district quivers. Don't be surprised if you see Ponsonby Small come head first through his own window like a sack of coal!"

And Willy took up his stand there, apparently expecting that this diverting scene would actually take place. Church and McClure waited, too, not quite so optimistic, but eager and anxious.

And in the meantime Sir Edward and his son had been admitted by Tubbs, the page boy. He informed the visitors that Mr. Ponsonby Small was alone in his study. And this was quite enough for Sir Edward. He reached the study door, thrust it open, and strode in.

Mr. Ponsonby Small was sitting at his desk, in the act of opening a letter. He half rose to his feet as Sir Edward walked forward in a menacing manner.

"You cur!" said Sir Edward thunderously. "You infernal bully, sir!"

"What—what does this mean?" gasped Mr. Small, who had never previously had the doubtful pleasure of meeting Handforth's pater. "How dare you intrude in this unwarrantable manner——"

"Fiddlesticks, sir!" said Sir Edward fiercely. "Fiddlesticks! I do not regard this as an intrusion! You, I take it, are Mr. Ponsonby Small?"

"Yes, I——"

"Then what in the name of all that's infamous do you mean by thrashing my son until his back is a mass of sores?" stormed Sir Edward. "By gad, sir, I will inform the police at once if you do not instantly agree to reinstate this boy with full honours."

"I regret——"

"You have acted like a criminal, sir!" roared Sir Edward. "Do you hear me? A criminal! You infernal ruffian! I shall complain to the Governors for this base abuse of your duties. When Dr. Stafford was here all went well, and it seems to me that you are deliberately attempting to incite the whole school to rebellion."

"That, sir, is not your business," snapped Mr. Small.

"Possibly not—possibly not!" retorted the other. "But when my son is concerned, it is my business! And if you imagine for one moment that you can act the part of a bully and a tyrant, allow me to inform you that you are wrong."

Sir Edward brought his fist down with a crash on the table.

"You are wrong!" he repeated grimly.

The Head nearly choked.

"I will give you just two minutes to leave, sir!" he exclaimed harshly. "Unless you take your departure by that time, I will have you thrown out of this building!"

Sir Edward breathed hard.

"I shall be most happy to knock down any one of your myrmidons who attempts any such task!" he said thickly. "You appear to imagine that you can bully me as you have bullied my son. But you cannot, Mr. Small. I have come here for satisfaction, and unless I receive it, my first call will be to the police-station at Bannington."

"The—the police-station?" gasped the Head shakily.

"Yes, sir—the police-station!"

"I regret that I am unable to——"

"You will reinstate my son without any further punishment, and with full honours!" continued Sir Edward grimly. "And do not imagine that I will allow your refusal to have any weight with me. And do not think for a moment that I shall go to the police if you refuse, he added harshly. "Not at all! I shall deal with this matter personally—here on the spot!"

"But you just said——"

"Never mind what I just said!" thundered Sir Edward. "Let me inform you, Mr. Small, that I either obtain the satisfaction for which I have come, or I will thrash you within an inch of your life!"

He stood back, his eyes gleaming, and his jaw set—looking for all the world like

Handy himself. He not only looked like his son, but he acted like him. It mattered nothing to Sir Edward that he had contradicted his own statements.

"Yes, sir—within an inch of your life!" repeated Sir Edward. "I am here to be obeyed—not to be defied! Understand me, once and for all, that I am in deadly earnest."

And the enraged M.P. leaned over towards Mr. Small, and thrust his fist almost into the Head's face—exactly as Handy might have thrust his fist into McClure's face. Mr. Small cowered back in his chair, scared at last. His bluff had not worked.

For even while he had been storming at Sir Edward, his heart had nearly failed him, and he had had a despairing hope that firmness might win the day. For he was thinking of Mr. William K. Smith, and wondering what would happen to him if he reinstated Handforth, as his father demanded.

"I beseech you, sir, to be calm!" gasped the Head.

"I am calm, confound you!" shouted Sir Edward.

"There—there is no need for these threats!" protested Mr. Small tremulously. "If—if I have been unduly severe with your son, I will reconsider my decision. But I can assure you, Sir Edward, that you are entirely and absolutely wrong regarding the boy's character. He has been lying to you."

"Oh, have I?" shouted Handforth. "Look here——"

"Leave this in my hands, Edward!" snapped his father. "Is my son lying, Mr. Small, when he tells me that you took him and several other boys and locked them in a cupboard for twenty-four hours, without food and water? Are my own eyes wrong when I see the results of your vicious temper on the lad's back? If this matter ever became public, you would be hounded from the district—you would be ostracised by your fellow men——"

"Please, sir—please!" panted the Head. "I—I——"

"But you may be easy in mind," pursued Sir Edward grimly. "This disgraceful affair will not become public—I have too great an opinion of the honour of the school. But, by gad, if you refuse to see that justice is done to this boy of mine, I will take you out of that chair, and I will whip you as though you were a cur! Now, sir! Which is it to be? I am in no mood for delay! Your answer, Mr. Small—at once!"

Sir Edward Handforth bent over the Head so menacingly that Mr. Small really thought for a moment that he was going to be yanked out of the chair by his coat-collar and spanked. It was a horrifying thought. He hastily gathered the shreds of his dignity together, and rose to his feet.

"In consequence of your attitude, Sir Edward, I will comply with your request," he said coldly. "The boy shall be reinstated from this minute, and all black marks against him in the school records will be expunged."

Handforth drew a deep breath.

"Oh, good!" he breathed. "It's all serene, then."

"It is just as well, Mr. Small, that you have seen wisdom," exclaimed Sir Edward, sourly. "My only regret is that I shall not have the satisfaction of thrashing you. Let me warn you that if I hear of any further ill-treatment I will come down at once, and you will not have an opportunity of escaping."

And Sir Edward, without another word, stormed out of the study. Handforth hesitated a moment, and looked at Mr. Small. The Head was regarding him with glowering, vindictive eyes.

"Go!" he said harshly. "Take your place in the Remove as usual. I have nothing further to say to you."

Handforth certainly had no wish to hear any more.

Sir Edward only remained a few minutes longer in the school. He had a few words with Willy, and Willy managed, by some miracle, to wangle a ten-shilling note out of his father, and then Sir Edward left—feeling that he had ably upheld the traditions of the Handforth family.

Directly after morning lessons, the whole school was called together, and the Head glibly explained that he had reconsidered his decision and he had decided to be merciful.

The Head believed that he would thus be able to gain a feeling of regard in the school. But his optimism was misplaced. The school knew of Sir Edward's visit—Handforth saw to that—and nobody was deceived for long.

And it really seemed that events would now go on as before. The rebellion had failed, and the Remove's plight was in no way improved.

But, as a matter of fact, the real excitement had not yet started!

THE END.

In next week's story,

"THE RISING OF THE REMOVE!"

you will read how the Remove, this time led by Nipper, starts the real "barring-out," which for Mr. Ponsonby Small is a very much more serious affair than Handforth's ill-fated revolt.

MY AMERICAN NOTE-BOOK

By the Author of our St Frank's Stories.

No. 14. NEW YORK MUSIC HALLS

IT is only to make my meaning clear that I have headed this little article "New York Music Halls." As a matter of fact, one never hears of a music-hall in America. The term is not used at all. The variety houses are always called by their correct name—vaudeville theatres. Thus, you see "The Palace—Keith's Vaudeville," or "Proctor's Vaudeville." There are a large number of the Keith theatres in New York—and hundreds, I think, in the United States and Canada.

Without question, the New York variety theatres are on a higher level than London's. In these notes of mine I am perfectly frank, and my aim is to set down my impressions without the slightest prejudice. And any Englishman who has been in America will probably agree with me that our own music-halls are far behind the American vaudeville theatres.

In these latter there are no "twice nightly" programmes. But there are two performances daily—one at 2.30 in the afternoon, and another at 8 o'clock in the evening—very much after the style of our London Coliseum, which is admittedly our most select variety theatre.

But in New York all the variety theatres are the same—the Palace, Keith's Riverside, Keith's 125th Street, and all the others. They provide a full three-hour entertainment, and although the quality of the programme is not always tip-top—but, in fairness, I must add that I never saw a poor show in New York—there is something select and refined about it.

The theatres themselves are comfortable, draughtless, and quite artistic, and, of course, up-to-date in every possible way. The prices are very reasonable, the best orchestra stalls being about a dollar (4s.) in the evening, and fifty cents (2s.) in the afternoon. The other parts of the house are cheaper, and there is no gallery as we know it here.

As a consequence, the vaudeville houses are quite "classy." And you always see the topical news on the screen, and perhaps an animated cartoon, such as "Felix, the Cat."

Smoking is strictly prohibited in all variety theatres in America.

This may seem a drawback to smokers, and at first I was rather disappointed. But I soon came to like this form of prohibition, for it not only adds to the enjoyment of the whole programme, but allows these vaudeville houses to retain their refinement.

No matter when you enter, the air is crystal clear, and the arc-lights—or, rather, the beams—are hardly visible. In our own music-halls, as you know, the beams of the spot-lights just slice through the smoke until it seems that the theatre is filled with fog.

Another excellent result of the no-smoking regulation is that you seldom hear coughing in the American theatres. This, of course, all adds to the enjoyment of the programme. Since being back in London, I have been greatly struck by the almost continuous coughing in our music-halls. And I honestly believe that it is largely due to the fumes of tobacco smoke.

I have nothing particular to say about the fare that the American variety theatres provide. They have turns like ours—although they never call them turns. They use the word "act" instead. They refer to a "variety act" or a "vaudeville act." Painted comedians are scarce, except, perhaps, for the black-faced kind, and there are many of these.

Programmes—of course—are given away. And they are not really necessary, for instead of a number flashing up to announce a turn—pardon, act—an illuminated card automatically drops into position on either side of the stage, bearing the names of the artistes then performing.

As in the ordinary theatres, ice-water is to be obtained ad lib., and there are always luxurious and comfortable smoking-rooms to go to in the interval—or, as they call it in America, the intermission.

Yes, I must admit that I rather miss the New York vaudeville theatres—and the picture theatres, too. But I shall have something to say about these latter next week.

THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS READERS!

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St. Frank's Magazine

CONSILIO ET ANIMIS

FAMILIAR PHRASES FROM FICTION

As Seen By Our Artist.

HE WAS A BRICK!

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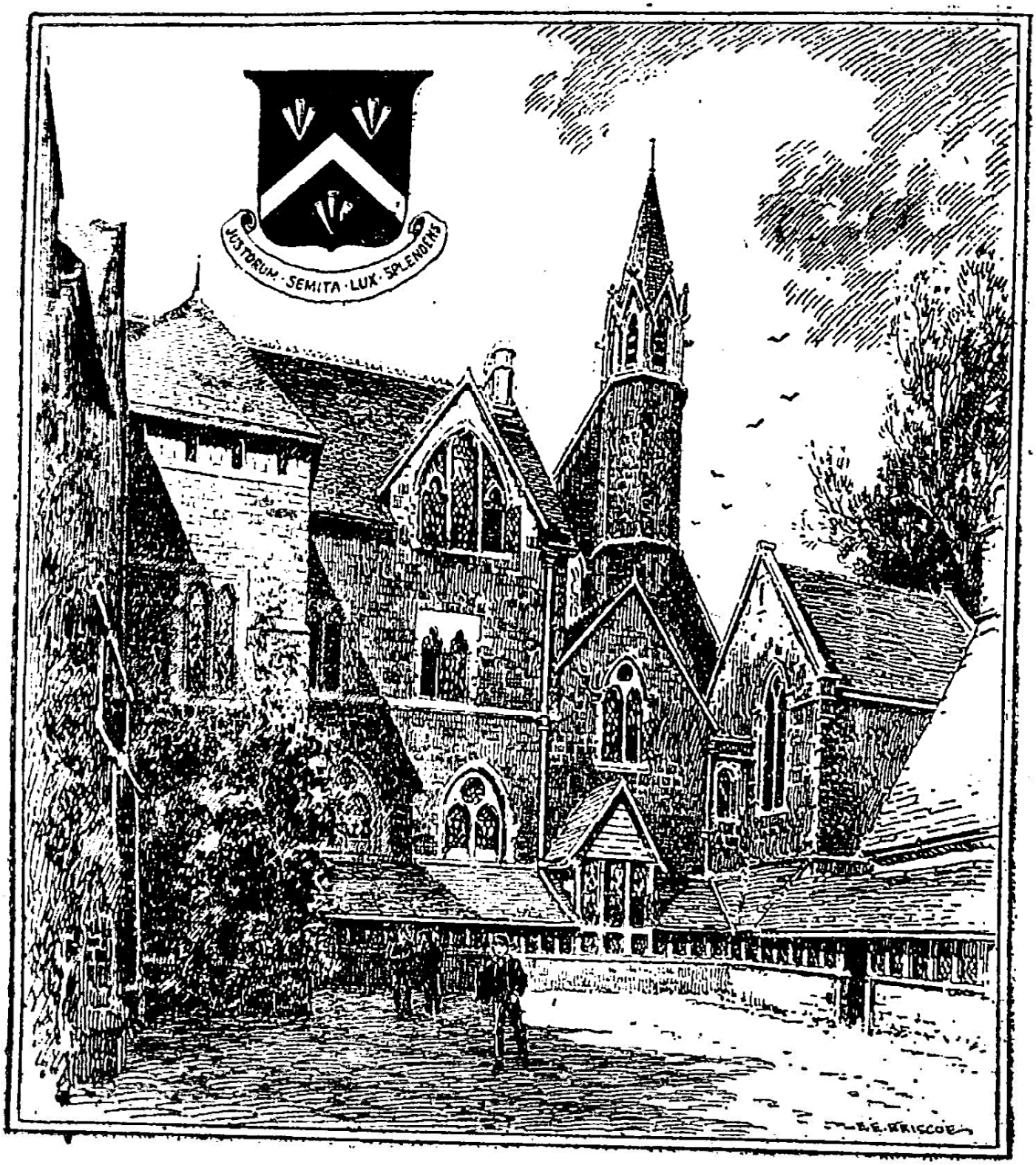
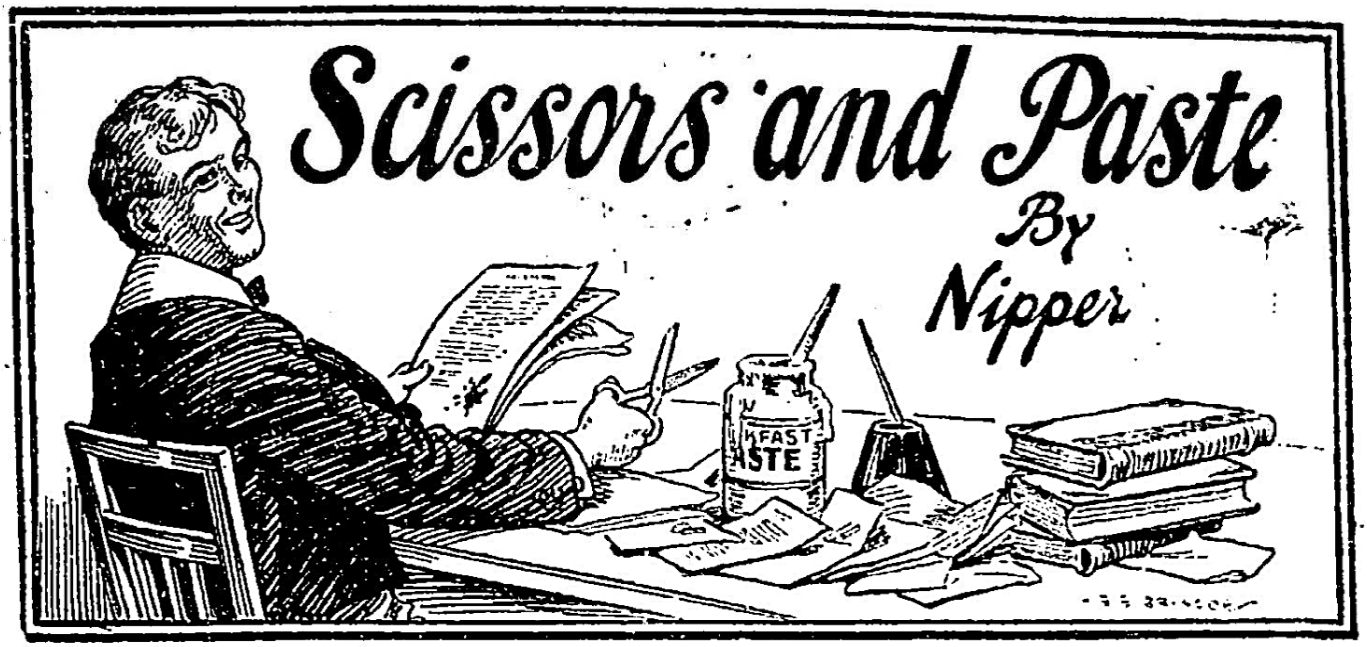
No. 18. ALL SAINTS' SCHOOL (Bloxham)



The above charming sketch of the Quadrangle of All Saints' School (Bloxham) has been made from a photograph kindly sent in by a reader, who is a boy at the school. The original sketch has accordingly been presented, duly signed by Mr. Briscoe, to this reader, to whom I am also indebted for the following interesting facts concerning his school. All Saints' School is one of the Woodard Schools, belonging to the same foundation as Lancing, Denstone, Taunton, and Hurstpierpoint. Its motto, translated into English, is: "The path of the just is as a shining light." Founded in 1860, the school contains to-day from about 250 to 300 boys.



Editorial Office,
Study C,
St. Frank's.

My dear Chums,

It is with a heavy heart that I take up my pen for the last time as Editor of the Mag. Since the first number appeared, a few weeks before Christmas, I have had nothing but praise and encouragement from the majority of my readers. Unfortunately, during the past few weeks, one of my regular contributors, Edward Oswald Handforth, has been showing me by persistent argument how the Mag. ought to be edited. Possibly, if I submitted to Handforth's dictation, I might enjoy a little peace, but it would be at the expense of my reputation. I have talked the matter over with my staff, who have patiently endured with me Handy's scathing criticism, and we have decided that the only thing to do is to hand the paper over to the tender mercies of the great E.O.H.

THE NEW EDITOR.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I bear no personal ill-will against my successor, and, I believe, on his part, that his criticisms, whatever their value, are quite sincere. Handy honestly thinks that by running the Mag. himself he will be doing a great service to the paper. Nothing ever does convince him that he might be wrong, until it is too late.

WHY THE MAG. WILL NOT SUFFER.

Some of you, my chums, may reproach me for jeopardising the future of the Mag. by resigning the editorship in favour of Handforth. To this I would answer that I do not think Handy is capable of doing the Mag. any harm. For one thing, I shall be surprised if he can keep it going for more than one week. Anyhow, if Handforth has no objection to making a laughing-stock of himself, I have none. The Mag., edited by Handforth, will be sure to create a big sensation and a corresponding circulation. That is all to the good, and that is why I am giving Handy an opportunity of proving what he can do.

TO MY CONTRIBUTORS.

Before I bid you all farewell, I must say a few words of appreciation for those fellows who have entertained you these many weeks by their good-humoured articles and stories. I know that they all put their very best efforts into their work, which is one of the secrets of the high level of excellence they have always maintained. We shall all miss the words of wisdom contained in E. Sopp's Fables, and the Mag. will seem strange without the Painful Parodies of Clarence Fellowe. As for Hubert Jarrow, it is a pity that he overwrote himself this week by a few hundred words, for this time they will be wasted. To the above and other contributors, my very great thanks for your valuable co-operation in making the Mag. a credit to the Old School.

A FINAL WORD.

With the passing of the last page of this number, the Editorial Office will be transferred to that haven of peace and restfulness—Study D. Though I have severed my connection with the Mag., I shall, nevertheless, give it my full support as a reader—and a critic—and I ask you, my chums, as a final request, to do the same.

Goodbyee everyone!

Your old pal,
NIPPER.

St Frank's Magazine

On Anything and Everything

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK

By HUBERT JARROW

WELL, we seem to be getting on, and, really, there's all sorts of things doing. What I mean is, it's really time some new arrangement was made about these River House fellows. I'm all in favour of doing the chaps a good turn, but I think we all agree that the present situation is a bit too thick. I mean, that's just what we feel.

And feelings, when you come to think of it, are important. As I mentioned last week, it's frightfully awkward to get along without any studies, and I can tell you candidly that the Editorial Staff is going through a rotten time. No editor can do his best work after he's been practically kicked out of his office, and has to set up temporary quarters in a gymnasium.

Personally, I consider that a gymnasium is an absolute necessity in any school. But it can't be regarded as an ideal place for concentrated thought. I think Nipper is to be highly commended for carrying on, considering all these handicaps and other troubles. That, I mean, is just what I think.

And if Nipper is to be commended, what about the contributors? The Editor is a nice ornament to any paper, but, after all, he doesn't do much. He just puts the contributions in their right order, and dashes the copy off to the printer. At a pinch, the paper could get along without any Editor at all. But if the paper got along without any contributors, the result would be pretty ghastly. I mean, you'd see nothing but blank sheets. Because, to tell the perfect truth, the contributor is the backbone. And during the last week or so, this backbone has been pushed about so much that it's rather bent. And I shall be perfectly ready to excuse any contribution that isn't up to the mark.

And these marks, you know, are an absolute farce. Just imagine what it would be like if the good old pound came down to the same level. It would be a bit awful if you went into a shop for a currant bun, and had to pay about five hundred thousand pounds for it! Yet that's what they're doing with the marks. Picture yourself buying a new pair of boots, and paying ten million quid for them! I mean, it's a good thing our Government's stable.

Stables, as everybody knows, are used for putting horses in—and sometimes donkeys. Therefore, in a way, quite a number of the Fifth Form studies can be practically described as stables. I hope the Fifth Formers will understand me, and realise that I don't mean to be offensive.

And it's high time that we took it. That is to say, the offensive. It's all very well waiting about, and standing all these restrictions of our liberty, but everybody gets fed up in time. I'm not preaching rebellion, because that sort of thing wouldn't do in the Magazine; but I do think we ought to rally round, and pull ourselves together, and get something done. I mean, if we all pull together, and show enough pushfulness, the thing will be easy.

And pushfulness is a fine quality in any fellow. Now, look at Handforth. Of course, you needn't look for long, because it might be distressing, but you know what I mean. But look at him. He's a pushful chap. He pushes everywhere, and really doesn't care what happens to anybody else while he's doing it. Perhaps it would be better to call him punchful. In fact, he can almost be described as the Gentleman With the Knuckle Duster. When Handforth punches a fellow, an earthquake isn't in it.

I hear we had an earthquake in the Midlands, or somewhere, not long ago. It's a good thing they don't have any round Golder's Green, or Norbury, or those places. Because some of these new houses are so quickly shoved up that a little earthquake would shove them down in half the time. And look what you've got to pay for them, too! Two or three hundred pounds before you go in, and then a huge lot of interest, and you're allowed to pay

(*Continued on page* 11.)

ONLY A PRICELESS OLD PRO.!

A Splendid Yarn of the League, Cup, Belt, Badge, Turf, Ring and all that sort of thing.

By ARCHIE GLENTHORNE

PERCY PLUMP stood outside the jolly old footer ground, and smiled like anything. He was a topping sort of lad, and frightfully strong. He was absolutely an athlete.

He could run and walk, and box and row, and play footer and cricket, and ride, and all that kind of thing.

I mean to say he was utterly the goods when it came to anything in the sporting line, as you might say.

That was why he was grinning. For at three o'clock his team were to play the Astonbury Broadway in the final at the Crystal Stadium.

Percy Plump was captain, so to speak, of Muttenham Tuesday, and he was absolutely the jolly old limit in footer boots.

"What-ho, old pineapple!" he said to Marmaduke Mush, who appeared at that moment. "Feeling in the pink, as they say?"

"Absolutely, old bean!" replied Marmaduke, the hefty wicketkeeper. "We'd better get along and change our clobber."

So the two trotted into the changing-room, and prepared for the fray, as you might say.

Of course, there were a lot of other chappies who were going to play, too. I mean to say, the Muttenham Tuesday were a frightfully keen lot, and always turned out a topping kind of side. They had all sorts of internationals and reserves and what not.

But Percy Plump was the most ripping of them all. He weighed over seventeen stone in his bath without counting the soap. I mean he was a whacking great fellow, if you follow me.

And just then there was a positive roar of the jolly old welcome as Percy led out the Tuesday. He had won the toss, so to speak, and had chosen to defend the goals.

He was an awfully wily kind of old bean. He knew that the lump of hotness—I mean to say the sun—would shine in the Broadway's faces. And he knew that the wind and all that would blow at them.

So he chose to defend the goals.

He trickled out at the head of his priceless team, and just then someone in the shilling seats tapped him on the arm. Perce looked round and all that. It was the completest kind of stranger.

"You're only a jolly old pro.," sneered the stranger in a voice that sounded like a disguise.

Of course the dear old lad took absolutely no notice. But his cheeks did the blushing business and all that. I mean to say, the fellow was absolutely rude and what not.

But Perce walked straight on as though he had not heard. He led the Tuesday right into the middle of the field, where the band was playing a martial air, if you follow me.

"Hop it, you dear old pricelesslies," Perce sang out. "Make way for the League and Cup and all that."

So the band pushed off to the refreshment tent, and the referee got out his gong.

"Seconds out!" he snapped, as you might phrase it.

Then the jolly old fray began.

The Tuesday were absolutely out for blood. From the word "go" they flung themselves upon the Broadway.

Perce kicked off, and the ball sailed into the old ether. He was the best man on

the field. He was absolutely the goods. He caught it before it could reach the ground.

"How's that!" roared the spectators.

"Out!" shouted the referee, as excited as anybody else.

The Tuesday were a goal up in half a second, as it were.

The referee fired his pistol and the Tuesday raced off like the jolly old wind. Perce led the whole field after the first lap.

At the bend he feinted with his left, and the Broadway took a count of nine.

"You clever lads," yelled the crowd on the banks.

But the Broadway were not beaten yet.

They rose up like one man and dashed for the winning-post. Perce saw that he was the only man who could stop the Broadway.

At that moment he was absolutely a human whirlwind. He slipped nimbly under the ropes and aimed a straight left at the centre-forward.

The Broadway collapsed in a heap, but Perce did not stop.

"You're only a jolly old pro," sneered the stranger, in a voice that sounded like a disguise.

For the first time in the game he used his spurs, and the spectators roared with excitement.

"Broadway wins!" they howled, throwing their caps into the air.

It was wonderful, and all that rot. But dear old Perce simply never took the slightest notice.

He swiped a full pitch to the ropes and faced the demon bowler with a smile on his lips. The next ball he hit hard to leg. And the one after that hit him on the chin.

But Perce never turned a hair.

He fell into a clinch and the referee blew his whistle.

"Foul!" yelled the Broadway supporters.

"I mean to say, absolutely not," gasped Perce.

But at that moment the gong went, and brought him a welcome breathing space.

His seconds massaged him and all that, and by half-time he was as fit as ever. He struggled to his feet and pressed his knees closer against the sides of his mount.

"They're off!" yelled the crowd, mad with wonder.

Most of them were. But not Perce. He hung on for dear life and dashed along the course.

Out of the corner of his optic, so to speak, he saw the Broadway goal, and he realised that only he could score the winning hit.

With his free hand he held the sphere tightly. He leapt off his jolly old horse and took a short run. The leather sped from his hand and hurtled straight for the middle stump.

The goalkeeper was ready, his eyes glued on the ball. His seconds stood behind, one of them already waving a towel.

It was a positive miracle. The old lad dashed down the pitch, his bat trailing along the ground.

"Well run!" roared the spectators.

But Perce was not finished yet.

Ere the shouts had died away he had slipped under the ropes, and, dazed as he was, he landed a terrific right hook at Broadway.

The Umpire began to count ten. But Perce never heard. He was absolutely done in. He swayed slightly as he leant against the wickets.

As in a mist, he heard the linesman shouting. The winning-post seemed to float towards him out of a mist.

"The Tuesday win!" shouted the crowd.

But Perce never heard. He had led his team to victory but in the very moment of triumph he had collapsed!

. . . . . .

Tender hands held him. It was five minutes later, if you follow me.

The Mayor of Muttenham stood on a raised platform and Perce was being led before him. The old lad fairly staggered as the Mayor held out his hand.

"My fine fellow," said the Mayor. "It is my great pleasure to present you with these little souvenirs of an afternoon's sport."

As he spoke the jolly old Mayor handed out the Cup and the League, which Perce caught hold of.

"There are more to come, old fruit," went on the Mayor. "You have won also the Badge, the Belt, the Turf, and the Ring."

Perce absolutely wilted. I mean to say he was a modest kind of chap. He had never won more than a cigarette card in his life before. He was going to refuse them, when a figure dashed forward with a priceless sneer on his mouth.

"You're only a pro.!" the chappie snarled.

At the words all Perce's strength came back.

"I'll take them all," he cried, holding out both arms, if you follow me.

The Mayor understood. He presented all the things Perce had won.

And with cheers and what not ringing in his ears, Perce made his way to the changing-room. He was now Champion of the League, the Cup, the Belt, the Turf, the Badge, and the Ring.

He did a quick-change, as you might term it. And then, with his jolly old arms full of his triumphs, he staggered out into the night. He was going home, as it were.

The good old blackness lay all around. I mean to say, there was no moon, or that kind of thing.

And suddenly, as he trickled along, weighed down by his prizes, a figure dashed out upon him from behind a rosebush.

The jolly old sportsman never wilted an inch, if I may put it like that.

Perce stood his ground, with great chunks of bravery and what not. I mean he presented his attacker with a great chunk of courage.

And then the moonlight started to trickle through the clouds. One of the beams fell upon the villain's face. And Perce saw that it was the stranger who had already sneered at him twice that day.

"That settles it, old fruit!" gasped our hero. I mean to say, it was a bit thick the sneering chappie keeping on popping out from behind bushes and all that. Perce was a decent chap, and what not, but his blood fairly started boiling.

He dropped his prizes and rolled up his sleeves. The next moment a crack smote the air like a pistol shot. Perce had smacked the rotter's face.

"You'll never be able to sneer again with that face!" Perce said.

Then picking up the League, the Cup, the Belt, the Turf, the Badge, and the Ring, he staggered homewards through the gathering shadows. Absolutely!

THE END.

He had led his team to victory, but in the very moment of triumph he had collapsed.

E. Sopp's Fables

By Edgar Sopp of the Fifth

No. 16.—The Fable of The Israelite and the Go-getter.

IT chanced that a certain Youthful Merchant of St. Frank's one day happened to receive a Bulky Parcel. And with Much Satisfaction he carried it forthwith into his abode, known as a Study, and proceeded to unwrap it. Now, this Youthful Merchant was also an Israelite, and he was known among his Fellows as Solomon Levi. He was also famed in the land as

SOLLY, THE TWISTER.

And this, let it be said, was a Most Undeserving slight, for Solly was a Jolly Good Chap, and even if he had a Slight Weakness for Making Profit, this was perfectly honourable, and, forsooth, told of Budding Business Ability. But Solly was of the same Race of People as the Celebrated Gentleman named Shylock, who, on a Certain Occasion was rash enough to demand

A POUND OF FLESH.

And, alas, this Young Israelite, like many another, was credited, or discredited, with the Ways and Habits of the Bloodthirsty Venetian Merchant aforementioned. Thus Solly's companions came to look upon him with a certain amount of Mistrust when he was Bent on a Sale, and this was a Painful Handicap. However, Solomon was now mightily pleased, for, behold, the parcel contained a Large Number of glittering Silver Pencils, of

A NEW PATENT DESIGN.

And the Youthful Israelite allowed his eyes to glitter as he gazed upon his newly-arrived Merchandise. For these pencils were Top Holers, and were fitted with Propelling Leads, Chased Barrels, and Pocket Clips, all complete. Except for a slight discolouration here and there, they were Perfect—being, in fact, part of a stock which had recently been Salvaged from a Fire. Thus, although the Right Price was Half-a-Crown, Solly had obtained them for

NINEPENCE EACH.

And it was a purely Businesslike Undertaking to sell them to the Chaps for the Modest Figure of Eighteenpence Each. Indeed Solly considered that he was doing the Fellows a Good Turn by selling them at such a Cut Rate—and doing himself a Good Turn at the same time. Eighteenpence was the Cost Price, so Solly was certain of doing Brisk Business. And forthwith he sallied out in search of Victims—that is to say, of Customers. But, apparently, it was

HIS UNLUCKY DAY.

And his heart was Saddened as he went from Study to Study and emerged in each case with his stock Undiminished. It seemed that cash was Scarce, and although many Would Be customers suggested Paying on Saturday, Solly turned these down, and with Good Reason, for he had been Stung like that before. And it came to pass that he wandered, presently, into the Study of Ulysses Spencer Adams,

THE GUY FROM NEW YORK.

And Adams listened to Solly's story with a Pitying Smile and with considerable Patience, for the Young Israelite was a Painstaking Salesman, and he went into all details concerning the Silver Pencils, describing how they Worked, and how essential it was for Every Sensible Chap to buy one. And Adams asked him how many Pencils he had sold, and he was forced to admit that he had sold None. Thereupon, Adams laughed mightily, and said that it was

ENTIRELY HIS OWN FAULT.

And he proceeded further, saying that Solomon needed Pep. In order to be a Salesman, a Feller had to be a Snappy Guy, and it was also necessary to Show some speed. Adams contemptuously declared that he knew how to Pull a Line of Bull that would Knock everybody Cold. Solly didn't know how to Hand out the Dope, and Adams expressed his willingness to show him how it Ought To Be Done. In this World you sure had to be a Go-Getter, or you were Left Outside. And Adams took the Pencils and advised Solly to Stand Around and

KEEP HIS LAMPS OPEN.

And they went to the Fifth-Form passage, Adams guessing that the seniors had Bigger Wads than the juniors, and he was

sure Gonna lift it out of their pockets. And while Solly stood outside, Ulysses proceeded to Hustle Some. Being a true Go-Getter, he wasted no time, but Got Busy Pronto. In other words, having entered the study, he was proceeding to

MAKE IT SNAPPY.

And it came to pass that the two seniors in the Study were Simms and Hodder, and they stared with Indignation as Ulysses slammed one of the Pencils down on the table, and rattled off a Long List of the Pencils' qualities, which under No Circumstances could have been Absolutely Accurate. But this Go-Getter was just showing Solomon how to reduce the Bank Rolls of these Poor Simps, and how to make them

COME ACROSS WITH THE READY.

And Simms and Hodder, not to be outdone, just showed the Go-Getter how Hustling was done in the Fifth. It must be recorded that they Hustled so Energetically that they pushed Ulysses to the door, and delivered him with rather Unnecessary Violence on the passage floor. And it was perhaps unfortunate that the Snappy Guy reached the floor by way of his face. And he was Far too Much occupied in Sorting himself Out to observe

SOLLY'S HAPPY SMILE.

And Solly helped him to his feet, and was Concerned, asking if this Go-Getting business was not rather Strenuous. And Adams spake, saying unto the Israelite that Simms and Hodder was sure a couple of Dumbbells. Not to be beaten, he entered another study, and found himself face to face with

CHAMBERS AND CO.

And Chambers and Co. gazed at Ulysses, and they gazed at the Pencil, and they gazed at One Another. And after Ulysses had reeled out a Line of Snappy Talk, they arose in their Wrath and did hurl the Intruder

OUT ON HIS NECK.

And, behold, Ulysses came to the conclusion that his Go-Getting Methods were not Profitable, since he had sold no Pencils, and since he now needed a New Collar and a New Jacket. And, with Much Disgust, he came to the Conclusion that all these English Guys were Hard Boiled Eggs, and Cheap Skates, anyway. And Solly smiled and went on his way. And by much Persistence and Untold Patience he sold his Pencils, thus proving that Quiet Methods are always better than Go-Getting.

MORAL: ASSURANCE IS AN ASSET, BUT OVER-ASSURANCE IS AN ABOMINATION.

PAINFUL PARODIES

PERPETRATED By *Clarence Fellowe*

SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING!

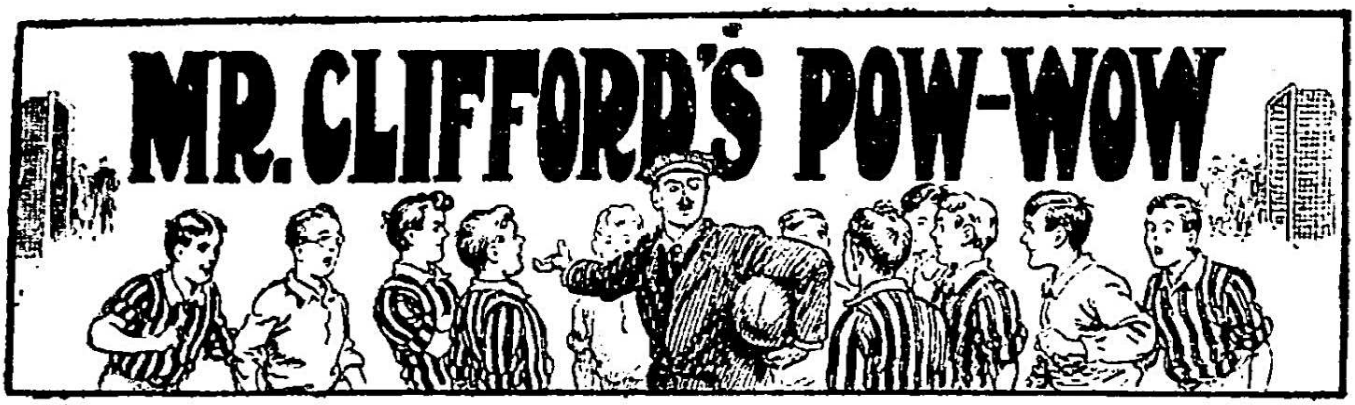
(With apologies to the popular song.)

Dusk, and the shadows falling,
O'er Study D,
Handy has started bawling,
Bawling for tea.
Dusk, and that voice appalling,
Rises to "C,"
Somewhere a voice is calling,
Calling for tea!

Phipps, o'er your work a-singing,
Faithful and true,
Slowly the time goes winging,
Winging like dew.
Phipps, to your work you're clinging,
But it won't do;
Somewhere a bell is ringing,
Ringing for you!

Fullwood & Co. all choosing,
Gee-gees to win,
School orders they're abusing,
Abusing agin.
Fullwood & Co. accusing
Bookies of sin,
But somewhere a horse is losing,
Losing their tin!

Night, and the stars are gleaming,
In friendly mood;
Fatty, with face all beaming,
Slumber has wooed—
Patties and puddings steaming,
Onions just stewed—
Only old Fatty dreaming,
Dreaming of food!



No. 6. The Art of Passing

WE had a chat last week about goal-scoring, which is the most necessary factor in football. This week, with your gracious permission, we'll make the subject of our pow-wow passing—a phase of the game which, in its way, is almost as important as goal-scoring. And if I have space at the end of the pow-wow I'll answer the first of the series of questions I put to you in the form of an examination-paper when we commenced these weekly chats.

I have said that passing is important. It is. You can't attack without passing—you cannot score goals without passing. Yet, unless you are careful, passing can prove as big a danger to your side as it can be an asset, for there are many young forwards whose passion for passing and fancy-pattern-weaving on the field of play has become an obsession. Always remember that passing, like every other branch of the great winter game, is just a means to achieve an end—and that end, first, last, and always, is the getting of goals.

There are lessons in football which cannot be learned by any amount of articles and book-reading. There are similar lessons in every walk of life, and they can only be learned by experience. One of them applies to this passing. Your own intuition should tell you when to pass and when to keep the ball to yourself. If you are a wing man and your partner shouts to you to pass, satisfy yourself first that it will be to the advantage of your side for you to pass at that moment, and do not do it just because he asks you. On the other hand, do not keep the ball to yourself if you see another of your men better placed than you are to make use of it.

Discretion and Unselfishness.

It is all a matter of discretion and unselfishness. The game itself will show you when to pass and when not to pass, but if you always think of the team—and think of yourself as a cog in the machinery of that team, instead of an individual bent on showing the crowd how brilliant you can be—you will not go far wrong.

You know the two methods of attack in which passing is such a big factor. One is the short-passing game and the other the long-passing. But it is no earthly use trying the short-passing style unless every member of your forward line is adept at it, and it is no use trying, either, unless you can pass rapidly. Another thing I would impress on you in talking about this short-passing game is that you should see your wing men are fed every bit as much as your insides, as I have often noticed a disposition to starve wingers when these movements are being carried out. Instead, I would impress it upon you never to forget your wingers. They are as much a part of the attacking force as the centre-forward or the inside-right, and very often, by reason of their position, they are unmarked. Always keep an eye upon your nearest wing man, and whenever possible give the ball to him.

The best form of making a pass—and the only form which you should cultivate—is that given with the side of the boot, striking the ball fairly with that portion of the foot that starts at the sole and ends at the ankle-bone. A pass delivered thus ensures direction, and keeps the ball low. Kicking the ball in the air is of no use, as the uncertainty of knowing where it will fall and and what actual moment it will fall is liable to put the man you intend to pass to reach off his guard, and so let one of the opposition in. Also, if a wind happens to be blowing, the ball is very liable to be carried backwards whilst in the air, and thereby break up what might be a smart piece of combination.

How to Pass.

For this style of attack you should see that your forwards charge in a straight line across the field, your outside men being a shade in advance of the rest of the line. And in actual passing it is most effective to make your passes diagonal—that is, you should kick the ball slightly in advance of the man to whom you intend to pass.

I have little more to say about passing. The long-passing game, though perhaps not being as pretty as the short-passing, is usually equally effective, and, as a rule, is much easier to play, seeing that it does not call for the speed that the short-passing game requires. It all depends, of course, upon the combination you are up against, and that, again, you can only discover by experience. If you find that the short-passing game does not pay in the first half, then try with the long-passing game in the second. Cultivate good passing, and remember the little points I have told you.

Now to answer those questions. I wonder how many of you got them right?

Question 1.—A player may not leave the field during the course of a game except for two reasons—sudden illness or accident.

Question 2.—One yard.

Question 3.—Order the kick-off to be taken again.

Question 4.—Not unless the whole of the ball passed over the line.

Question 5.—The ball would still be in play.

Question 6.—The referee's best position would be at the side of the net.

Question 7.—115 yards by 75 yards.

Question 8.—Size: Circumference not less than 27 inches, or more than 28 inches. Weight: From 13 to 15 ozs.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

(*Continued from page 4*)

off the balance in the form of rent for about eighty-five years. And, of course, by the end of that time the house has fallen to pieces. This is rather good, because there's no more rent to pay after that, and at least the ground is yours.

Reviewing the past week as a whole, I think we have plenty of grounds of complaint. I'm not talking about coffee, but you probably know what I mean. At least, I hope you do, because I mean just that.

We hasten to explode the rumour that Church is going grey, owing to his constant association with Handforth. The white streaks recently observed in his hair were merely the remains of the paste which Handforth anointed him with in a playful moment.

RESULT OF "Footballers' Names" Competition.

OVER 1,660 PRIZES WON BY READERS!

In this competition the total 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 re-arrangement of prizes has, therefore, been necessary. The whole value of our 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, 31, Plashet Grove, East Ham.

W. STANLEY, 50, Market Road, Nantyglo.

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

—o—

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. Classon, 9, Werburgh Street, Dublin; A. E. Cookson, 18, Irvine Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool; R. Coubrough, 80, Thistle Street, South Side, Glasgow.

Mr. C. H. Denley, 63, Suffolk Place, Porthcawl, 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 Road, Felixstowe.

Mr. J. Glmblett, 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, 13, St. John Street, Whitchurch, Salop; Mr. V. R. Hampson, 263, Pendlebury Road, Pendlebury, Manchester; Mr. C. F 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 St., 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, Glengyle, The Mead, Darlington; Mr. F. Richardson, Fire Station, Horsham, Sussex; Mr. D. Rees, 43, Glanmer Road, Llanelly, S. Wales; J. O. Roper, 12, Serloy Rise, Carlton Road, Nottingham.

W. Shuttleworth, 33, Main Street, Hornby, Lancaster; Mr. A. Smith, 106, Burnt Oak Road, Gillingham, Kent; J. A. Stevens, 21, Great Hermitage Street, Wapping, E.1.

J. Thompson, 88, Foyle Rd., 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 Cotts., East Peckham, Padock Wood, Kent.

(Names of more prize-winners next week.)

—o—

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

(Continued on page iii of cover.)

"Footballers' Names" Solutions

(continued from page 12)

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

Owing to misprints which occurred in certain of the printed lists of names used in the contest, and which affected pictures Nos. 20 and 35, solutions to these two puzzles were disregarded in the adjudication.

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