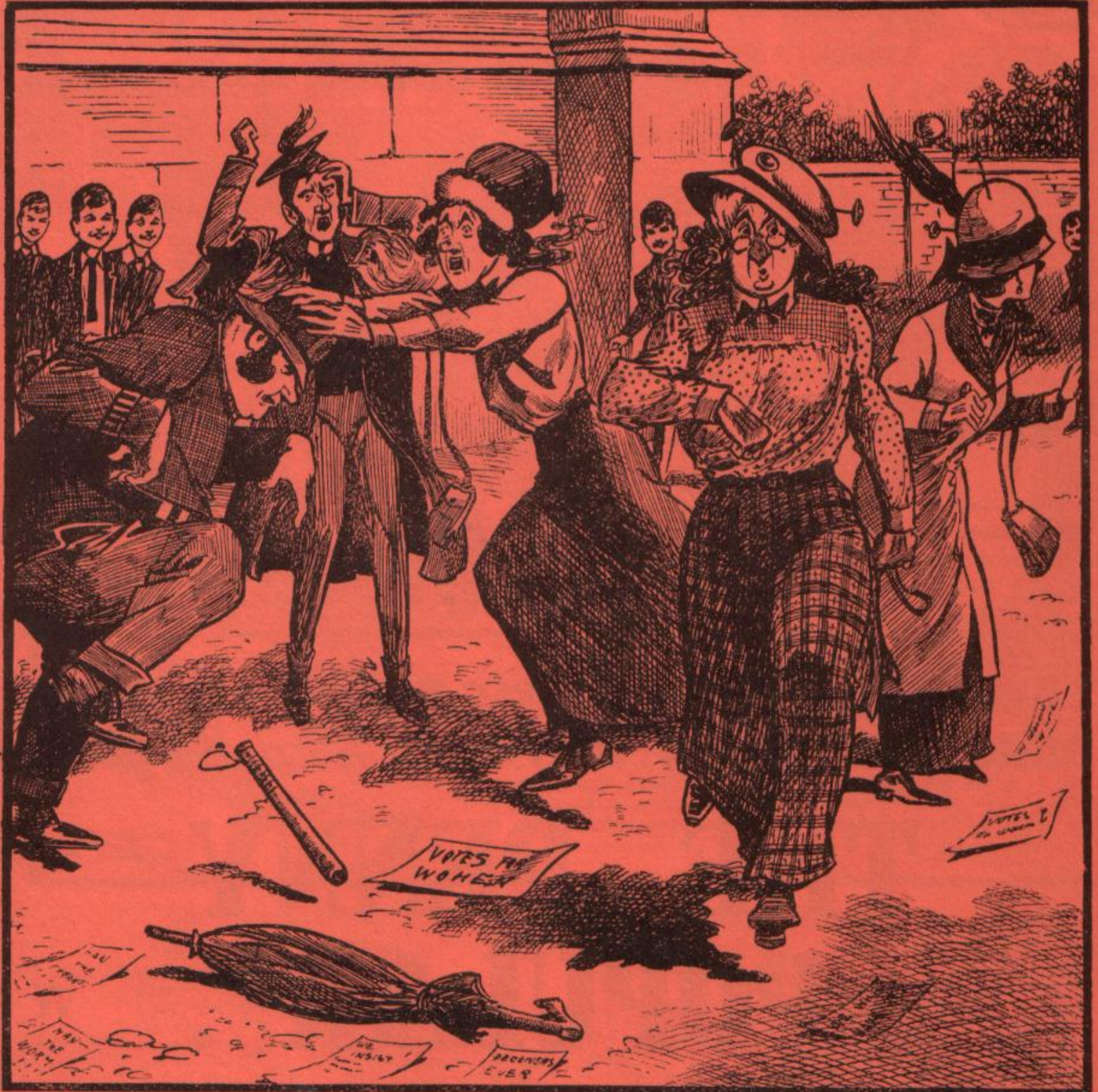


WILD WOMEN AT GREYFRIARS!

A Screamingly Funny Complete School Story of Harry Wharton & Co.



No. 341. Vol. 8. August 22nd, 1914.



Mr. Tozer whirled over as the three Suffragettes rushed upon him. He bumped down on his back, with his helmet knocked over his eyes. "Huh-huh! Groogh!" he gurgled.



TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL



Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Direct from Factory, without one penny deposit. Highest grade British-made All-Steel MEAD SUPERB **'COVENTRY FLYERS'** WARRANTED FIFTEEN YEARS. Defiance Puncture-Resisting or Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddles, Coasters, Speed-Gears, etc. **£2-15 to £6-19-6** CASH OR EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Winner of Cycling's Gold Medal—44,366 miles in 305 days. **World's Record!!** Tyres and Accessories at half usual prices. **Shop-Sold & Second-hand Cycles from 15/-** Write at once for **Free Art Catalogue**, **Marvellous Offers** and details of **World's Record Ride**. **Rider Agents Wanted**. Motor-Cycles and Cycle-Cars at Factory Prices.

Est. 25 yrs. **MEAD CYCLE Co., Dept. 92C**
11-13 Paradise St., LIVERPOOL.

SUITS ON EASY TERMS 5/- MONTHLY.

Masters, Ltd., will make you a smart suit to measure, and you can pay monthly while wearing it. We guarantee perfect cut, style, wear, and finish. Masters' Suits fit as they should fit, and keep their shape until the last. Prices from **34/6**. Easy Terms to approved customers, **5/- monthly**. Write to-day for our grand selection of patterns, and simple home measurement form, and Fashion Plate post free. Gents' Boots **13/6**, Easy Terms **2/6 monthly**. Boot List Free.



2 RINGS FOR 30/-

Solid 22-ct. Gold Wedding Ring, and Real Gold Ruby and Diamond Ring. Price **30/-** on Easy Terms to approved customers.



Easy Terms—Send 2/6 with size, pay 2/6 on delivery, and 8/- monthly; or 17/- cash. Engraving 2/- extra. Ring List Free. Money returned if not satisfied.

J. H. MASTERS, LTD., 5, HOPE STORES, RYE, ENG. Estd. 1860.

IF YOU WANT Good Cheap Photographic Material or Cameras, send postcard for **Samples and Catalogue FREE**.—Works: **JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.**

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.

Any Boy, Girl, or Adult can earn £1 to £10 spare time. No Outlay. Particulars—**Samuel Driver, Beeston Road, Leeds.**

6/6 each The "LORD ROBERTS" TARGET PISTOL.



Beautifully plated and finished. May be carried in the pocket. Trains the eye and cultivates the judgment. Range 100 yards. Targets 9d. per 100. Noiseless Ball Cartridges, 9d. per 100. Shot, 1/6 per 100. Send for list. **CROWN GUN WORKS, 6, Whittall Street, BIRMINGHAM.**

Applications with regard to **Advertisement Space** in this Paper should be addressed: **Advertisement Manager, "Pluck" Series, The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.**



DAISY AIR RIFLE.

Every boy (and every boy's father) should send a postcard to us for a **Free Copy of "The Diary of a Daisy Boy,"** written by a man who knows boy nature thoroughly. Sixteen pages of wholesome humour, happily illustrated, and in addition a "Manual of Arms," "A Few Hints on Shooting," and "The Target and How to Score." Of course it tells about the Daisy Air Rifle, a "real" gun for boys, that furnishes endless amusement and at the same time gives that true training and development of hand, nerve and eye that makes for healthy, successful manhood. The "Daisy" is modelled after the latest hammerless rifle and shoots accurately, using compressed air instead of powder. No smoke, no noise, and perfectly safe in the hands of any boy.

"1,000 SHOT DAISY," an Automatic Magazine Rifle	10/6
"500 SHOT DAISY," Do.	7/6
"20th CENTURY DAISY," Single Shot	3/6

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers everywhere, or delivered free anywhere in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of price by **WM. E. PECK & CO. (Dept. S) 31, Bartholomew Close, LONDON, E.C.**



VENTRILQUIST'S Double Throat; fits roof of mouth; astonishes and mystifies; sing like a canary, whine like a puppy, and imitate birds and beasts. Ventriloquism Treatise free. Sixpence each, four for 1s.—**BENSON (Dept. G), 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.**



FREE RIDING TRIAL

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. The Old Reliable **Royal Ajax Cycles** Warranted 15 Years. Dunlop Tyres, Brooks' Saddles, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed Gears, &c. **£2-15 to £6-19-6** Shop-soiled and Second-hand Cycles from 15/- Write for **Free Art Catalogue** and **Special Offer** on Sample Machine. Agents Wanted. Est. 1887. **BRITISH Cycle Mfg. Co. Dept. C 503** Paradise Street, Liverpool

Three Splendid Complete Stories of Sexton Blake, Tom Merry, and Jack, Sam, & Pete in

THE PENNY POPULAR.

Now on Sale. Price One Penny.

A Complete School-
Story Book, attractive
to all readers.

The Magnet 1^o Library

The Editor will be
obliged if you will
hand this book, when
finished with, to a
friend.

WILD WOMEN AT GREYFRIARS!

A New and Amusing, Long, Complete Tale of HARRY WHARTON & CO.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Miss Boxer charged at Gosling, and the unhappy porter squirmed out of her way under a shower of blows. "Oh, my heye!" gasped Gosling. "Keep ort!" (See Chap. 6.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Chance of a Lifetime!

"WHARTON, old chap—"
"Rats! Don't bother!"
"I say, Bob Cherry—"
"Oh, sheer off!"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry rushed down the stairs, in the School House at Greyfriars. Billy Bunter had just time to jump out of the way, or he would certainly have been rushed over. Wharton and Bob disappeared, at top speed, and Bunter blinked after them in astonishment through his big spectacles.

"What the dickens is on?" he ejaculated. "Hallo,

Johnny Bull! I say, Johnny, old chap, it's tea time, and —"

Johnny Bull did not stop to listen. He rushed past Bunter and vanished downstairs.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the Indian junior, was following him, and Bunter caught the dusky youth by the arm.

"I say, Inky—"

"Leggo! The hurriffulness is terrific!" exclaimed Hurree Singh.

"But what—yow!"

Hurree Singh shoved the fat junior back against the wall, and rushed on. As Bunter staggered, gasping, Frank Nugent came tearing down the stairs, and vanished. Billy Bunter opened his little round eyes bigger and rounder. Something

was evidently "on," to account for the hurry of the Famous Five of the Remove, but what it was, Bunter could not guess.

There was no cricket going on—nothing unusual was happening at Greyfriars—and yet the juniors were dashing down the stairs and out of the house as if the building had been on fire.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Bunter. "What the deuce—here's another! I say, Toddy—"

Peter Todd, who was Bunter's study-mate, might have stopped to explain, if he had had time. But apparently he hadn't! At all events, he dodged Billy Bunter's outstretched podgy hand, and sped down the stairs.

"I say, is there a fire?" roared Bunter.

But Todd did not reply; he was gone. Bunter slowly made his way upstairs, in a state of great astonishment and annoyance. It was tea time, and Bunter was hungry; and he was looking for someone to ask him to tea. But, apparently, invitations to tea were off—and the Remove fellows were off, too. Bunter had reached the top of the stairs when he heard Tom Brown shouting—

"Come on, you fellows! We shall miss it!"

And Tom Brown, the New Zealander, cannoned into Bunter, and very nearly knocked him headlong down the stairs.

"You ass!" shouted Tom Brown, "why don't you look where you're going! Yah!"

Bunter clung to the banisters and gasped for breath.

"Groo-hooh! Wharrer marrer—"

But the New Zealander junior did not reply. He rushed past Bunter, and Bulstrode and Hazeldene rushed after him. Then came Bolsover major, and Russell, and Micky Desmond, at top speed. Then came Fisher T. Fish, the American junior, his long, thin legs simply flying. Bunter made a clutch at him.

"I say, Fishy, old man—"

"Gerroff! I guess I'm not going to be left!"

"But what—"

But Fisher T. Fish was gone.

"Well, that beats it!" muttered Bunter, in amazement. "I think the whole blessed Form must be off their silly rockers. Here's another of the maniacs."

Vernon-Smith came racing along the passage, and bolted downstairs. Skinner and Snoop tore after him. They vanished in their turn. And, below, Bunter heard the deep voice of Coker of the Fifth:

"Come on, Potter! Come on, Greene! We can't miss this!"

And as Bunter stood blinking, Esmond and Stott, and Ogilvy, of the Remove, dashed past him, and tore downstairs.

"The silly asses!" muttered Bunter. "It's tea-time—and they're all going out! Todd's gone out, the rotter—never caring whether I want my tea or not! And there's nothing in the study cupboard—and I'm hungry! Beasts!"

Then a fat grin overspread Billy Bunter's visage, and his little round eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

"My hat! I'm jolly well going to have tea—what?"

And Bunter rolled into No. 1 Study. Tea was laid on the table for Wharton and Nugent, to whom the study belonged. Bunter smiled a beaming smile, and sat down to the prepared tea-table. In one second he was busy! There were eggs newly-boiled, there was ham, and there was a pot of jam, and a dish of toast. As Bunter piled into eggs and ham and toast, he heard a pattering of feet in the passage. More juniors were rushing out—for what purpose he could not guess—and he did not care. The house was not on fire, anyway—and nothing short of a conflagration would have driven William George Bunter away from the well-spread table in No. 1 Study.

With his mouth full of ham, Bunter rolled to the study window, and blinked out. Fellows, seniors and juniors, were running across the Close towards the gates. He caught sight of Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth, simply racing. After them went Nugent minor, and a crowd of the Second. Tubb, of the Third, hatless, and with a bun in his hand, came tearing out of the house, and dashed off. Bunter returned

to the tea-table for a fresh supply, and with his mouth full stood at the study window watching that extraordinary exodus of Greyfriars fellows.

Something was evidently going on—somewhere—but little cared Billy Bunter. What was going on in No. 1 Study was of more interest to him. The study tea-table was well-spread when Billy Bunter started. In five minutes it was denuded. Bunter left hardly a crumb—and, then, like Alexander of old, he sighed for new worlds to conquer. New worlds to conquer, in Bunter's sense, were not far away. He rolled into the next study, which belonged to Bulstrode, and Brown, and Hazeldene. They had left in the middle of their tea. Bunter finished their tea for them, and left the table quite bare. Billy Bunter had an appetite that was equal to all demands. He was very hungry—and the looting of two studies had only whetted his appetite. Seldom or never had such an opportunity come Bunter's way—and he was not the fellow to neglect it. From No. 2 he rolled on to No. 13, Bob Cherry's study. Bob and Mark Linley, and Hurree Singh, and Wun Lung had been at tea—but the study was empty now. Bunter chuckled and sat down to feed.

By the time he had cleared the table in No. 13 the edge had been taken off his Gargantuan appetite. Then he entered the next study, and cheerfully devoured the provisions Johnny Bull and Fisher T. Fish had left on the table. Vernon-Smith's study was his next objective. Vernon-Smith had not begun tea when he was called away—but his study cupboard was always well supplied—the Bounder of Greyfriars "did" himself remarkably well. Billy Bunter grinned ecstatically as he opened the cupboard door.

He did not trouble to convey the good things to the table. He stood at the cupboard, tucking in to ham and tongue, pudding and pie, his face growing redder and shinier with every mouthful. The cupboard was so well supplied that even Billy Bunter's efforts began to slacken.

"By gum!" Bunter murmured. "What a chance—what a giddy opportunity! Fancy the silly asses all rushing out at tea-time—and leaving me here! He, he, he!"

His active jaws were not still for a moment. Plentiful as the supply was, Billy Bunter contrived to "scoff" it to the last article.

He felt somewhat uncomfortable as he moved away from the cupboard. A slightly-troubled sensation within worried him.

"Grooh!" he murmured. "Perhaps—perhaps that last pot of jam was overdoing it!"

As that last pot had contained three pounds of jam, it was barely possible that Bunter had overdone it.

He moved slowly and painfully towards the door of the study. There was no sign yet of the return of the Removes; but Bunter did not want to risk being caught raiding. But he found it impossible to move quickly. He had a strange feeling as if he were on a Channel steamer in unusually rough weather. Decidedly, that last pot of jam had overdone it.

He rolled slowly and painfully into Micky Desmond's study. But the toast and eggs and cake on the table hardly tempted him now. He blinked at them, and slowly shook his head. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. Billy Bunter had reached a point at which he could not eat any more.

But he took the cake under his arm as he left the study. And in spite of the growing qualms within, he visited several more studies, and appropriated cake and biscuits and jars of jam or honey, and tins of sardines. He was not hungry now, but he would be hungry again that evening; and Bunter believed in laying things by for a rainy day.

As he came out of the last study, with his pockets bulging with plunder, he paused, and leaned on the wall, his fat face going green, and his breath coming thick and fast.

"Ow!" he murmured. "Ow-ow! I—I do feel queer! I don't believe that was good jam—ow! Perhaps jam doesn't go well with pickles—ow! Or it may have been the rabbit-pie along with the sardines! Ow! I—I do feel queer—Ow!"

Undoubtedly, Billy Bunter had overdone it.

He crawled into his own study, and collapsed into the arm-chair—and lay there, with his little fat legs spread out, and his fat face streaming with perspiration—and that troublous feeling growing worse and worse within, and his complexion gradually changing to all the hues of the rainbow one after another! If anyone had seen the Owl of the Remove at that moment, he would not have had the slightest doubt that Billy Bunter had overdone it!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Seeing the Fun!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! We're in time! Here they are!"

The Famous Five had dashed out of the school gates, and run all the way to Courtfield.

There was a great crowd in the street. All Courtfield and half the neighbourhood seemed to have turned out.

M	"THE GEM" LIBRARY
	FREE CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE
341	COUPON.
	To be enclosed, with coupon taken from page 2, GEM, No. 341, with all requests for correspondents. This may only be used by readers in Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Canada, India, or other of our Colonies.
	<i>See Page 27, "The Gem" Library, Number 341.</i>

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, Every Wednesday. "THE PENNY POPULAR," Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," 1d. Every Saturday, 2



There was a sudden yell of alarm. "Look out! Here comes Miss Boxer!" A rain of blows from the Suffragette's umbrella descended upon Coker and Co., in whose grip the unhappy Joseph was squirming. (See Chapter 7.)

The juniors were soon wedged in the crowd. There was a roar of voices, cheering, hooting, and yelling. Over the crowd in the High Street floated several torn and tattered banners.

On the banners that were not too torn for the inscriptions to be legible, words in large letters could be read:

"VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

"WE DEMAND JUSTICE!"

"NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION!"

Crash! Crash! Crash! Crash!

"My hat! They're going it!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, as the crash of breaking glass rang through the clamour of voices.

"Going strong!" grinned Bob. "Jolly lucky we got here in time! Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Grimey! He looks as if he'd been in the wars!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Inspector Grimes, who was well known to the juniors, appeared for a moment in a surge of the crowd. His cap had been torn off, his nose was swollen, and his fat face was spattered with mud.

It was not surprising that the juniors had rushed out to see the fun. For the first time in its history, the quiet town

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

of Courtfield was in the throes of a Suffragette demonstration.

Courtfield was a market town, and on market days it was thronged. On other days it had an appearance of going to sleep. To-day was a market-day—the occasion having been specially chosen by the determined lady who was the prime mover of the new suffrage society in the district.

That terrible lady, Miss Zenobia Boxer, a lady of uncertain years and extremely uncertain temper, had determined to address a meeting in the market square on market-day. The local authorities had promptly forbidden it, from the absurd notion that the market's business could not very well be put off while Miss Boxer aired her grievances against the Government, the male sex, and the world generally.

But Miss Boxer was resolute. It needed only one glance at her square jaw to see how resolute she was. It was a bold man indeed who would have ventured to oppose Miss Boxer in anything. Perhaps that was one reason why she was still Miss Boxer.

A tremendous procession had halted in the square, and Miss Boxer proceeded to address the crowd. Upon which the policemen had chipped in, and attempted to move them on. Miss Boxer and her followers resolutely declined to move on. And trouble arose. And Fry of the Fourth, who happened to be in Courtfield on his bike, came tearing back

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

to Greyfriars to report that the Suffragettes were "going it." Hence the exodus of Greyfriars fellows which had so surprised Billy Bunter.

The Suffragettes certainly were going it. Inspector Grimes and his two or three men had been severely handled. As they could not very well use their truncheons on the gentle sex, they were at a disadvantage. So far, Miss Boxer was holding her own, and her powerful voice could be still heard over the din of the crowd. Detached fragments of her speech came to the ears of the juniors:

"This cowardly Government—votes for women—franchise—votes—rights of a human being—this Government—broken pledges—votes—we demand—"

"Yah!"

"Go 'ome!"

"Go an' look arter yer ole man!"

"Who's mindin' the bloomin' baby?"

"Yah!"

Crash! Crash! Crash!

"They're breaking the windows of the town-hall," said Frank Nugent cheerfully. "I suppose that's a sort of accompaniment. The duffers! There will be a rush soon, and some of them will get hurt!"

There was no doubt that the temper of the crowd was very much against the Suffragettes.

People who were at the market on business somehow or other did not want their business to be interrupted, even for the pleasure of hearing Miss Boxer's dulcet tones. There had been some rushes already, and several banners had been torn up. The breaking of the town-hall windows was apparently intended to emphasise Miss Boxer's remarks about the fitness of women in general, and herself and her followers in particular, to be entrusted with responsibility and a "whack" in whatever was going.

"Rush 'em!"

"'Ave the 'ole cat outer that there cart!"

"Duck 'em!"

A shrieking lady was borne away in the arms of two exasperated policemen, struggling and scratching, towards the lock-up.

"By Jove! This is rotten!" said Harry, his brow clouding.

"Beastly!" agreed Bob. "But I suppose the poor old bobbies must do their duty! If that woman were a man, they'd be giving her the frog's-march. Hallo, hallo, hallo! There they go!"

The crowd swayed and roared and rushed.

There was a terrific uproar, and in the midst of it the remaining banners disappeared, the bunting being torn to fragments, and the poles smashed. The cart in which Miss Boxer was mounted was overturned, and the determined lady came to the ground. Her followers were scattered by the rush, and whirled in all directions. Half a dozen hooligans, glad of a chance of disorder, grasped Miss Boxer, and her hat was torn off, and her hair came down. There was a yell:

"Duck her!"

"Chuck her in the river!"

Unfortunately, the river was close at hand. Down River Street went the hooligans and Miss Boxer, with an excited crowd yelling round them.

"Phew!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "That's too thick! They're jolly well not going to duck the old donkey!"

"Hold on, Bob!"

"Rats! Follow me!"

Bob Cherry rushed off with the crowd, and the Co. rushed after him. They elbowed their way freely, and reached the torn and dishevelled lady just as she was rushed down to the riverside. A half-intoxicated bargee and another rough fellow were about to pitch her into the water, when Wharton and Bob Cherry grasped the unlucky champion of feminine rights, and dragged her back.

"Hold on!" panted Wharton. "Don't do that!"

"Let her go!" shouted Bob.

"Get out of this!" roared the bargee. "Let go, you cheezy rats! Let go, or I'll lam you!"

"Lam away!" said Johnny Bull, putting up his solid fists; and the bargee was as good as his words.

He rushed at Johnny Bull, and the sturdy junior stood up to him pluckily. Johnny got in one heavy drive, which made his bulky antagonist stagger, and then he was swept off his feet. Nugent and Hurree Singh rushed to his aid at once, and hurled back the bargee as he was about to use his boots on the fallen junior.

Fortunately, three or four policemen rushed up at that moment, and rescued the tattered and almost fainting Miss Boxer. She was carried away, scratching her rescuers. But for the timely interference of the Greyfriars juniors, she would certainly have been ducked, and the Co.'s chivalrous chipping in had brought trouble upon themselves. The

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

rough crowd closed round them, and closed in with threatening looks.

"Rush 'em!"

"Duck 'em!"

"Chuck 'em in!"

"Shoulder to shoulder!" exclaimed Harry Wharton; and the Famous Five stood together, like a British square facing the enemy, hitting out with all their force.

But the odds against them were too great. In a few moments they would have been rushed over, and very severely handled, had not help been at hand.

"Buck up! We're backing you up!" shouted a voice they knew well; and Dick Trumper, of Courtfield Council School, the old rival of the Greyfriars Co., came running up, with half a dozen of his comrades at his heels.

"Rescue!" shouted Wharton.

"Shoulder to shoulder this time—what?" grinned Trumper, as he reached Wharton, and knocked down a rough who was swinging up a stick over the junior's head. "Pile in, you fellows. Get back to the square! There are bobbies there!"

Hand to hand the juniors fought their way back to the square. The Suffragette procession was flying in all directions now, and more police were arriving on the scene. Greyfriars fellows came up on all sides to back up the Co., and the roughs surged off, to look for easier victims. Harry Wharton clapped Trumper on the shoulder when they were left at last.

"Thanks!" he gasped. "Those brutes would have been too many for us!"

Trumper chuckled.

"That's all right. But what were you rowing with them for? You don't belong to the Suffragette gang, surely?"

"No fear! Only we weren't going to let them duck a woman!"

"Hear, hear!" said Trumper. "Quite right! My hat! What a nose you've got!"

Wharton felt his nose. He had a feeling there as if his nose had been knocked off; but, as a matter of fact, it was there, and much larger than usual. He grinned faintly.

"I got a bony set of knuckles on it," he said. "You've got a black eye, Trumper."

"Never mind; all for the good of the cause!" chuckled Trumper. "Jolly glad we got there in time to lend you a hand. This has been an afternoon, and no mistake!"

The police were clearing the square now, and a surge of the crowd carried the juniors away. Harry Wharton & Co. escaped from the throng as soon as they could, and took their way back to Greyfriars.

On the road outside the town they looked at one another, and grinned ruefully. They had come out to see the fun, but the fun had turned out to be of a rather serious nature. Wharton's nose was swollen, Bob Cherry had a black eye, Nugent had two, Johnny Bull had a cut on his forehead, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh was mopping his nose with a handkerchief already crimson. Their collars and jackets had been torn, and they were smothered with mud and dust.

"Well, we do look a precious set of scarecrows, and no mistake!" said Bob Cherry. "I hope we sha'n't meet the Head as we go in—what!"

"My hat! I hope not!" said Wharton. "But we've got to chance it. Come on!"

They hurried back to the school, perhaps a little repentant of their desire to see the fun in Courtfield. They reached the school gates, and Gosling, the porter, stared at them as they came in.

"My heye!" ejaculated Gosling. "Wot's 'append? Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"The Suffragettes have happened," grinned Bob Cherry. And the juniors hurried on across the Close, their dilapidated appearance evoking loud laughter from all the fellows who saw them. They hoped to be able to slip into the House and up to the dormitory unseen, but their luck was out. As they mounted the steps of the School House, an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown stood before them, and they halted. It was the Head of Greyfriars.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

After the Feast, the Reckoning.

DR. LOCKE looked at the Famous Five, and the juniors looked at Dr. Locke. The expression upon the doctor's face was growing terrific. For a few moments there was silence. Harry Wharton put his hand over his swollen nose involuntarily, and Bob Cherry closed his black eye.

"Boys!" ejaculated the Head at last.

"Yes, sir!" murmured Wharton.

"How comes it that you are in this state?"

"Ahem!"

"How comes it," continued the Head, his voice deepening to a rumble like distant thunder, "that I see you entering the House in the state of hooligans and ruffians—torn, and bruised, and dishevelled?"

"Ahem!"

"Have you been fighting with one another?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"You have been fighting with someone else?"

"Ye-es, sir!"

"With whom, pray?"

"Ahem! Some roughs at Courtfield, sir!" said Wharton reluctantly.

The Head's expression relaxed a little.

"If you have been attacked by roughs, Wharton, and have only defended yourselves, I shall take that as an excuse, of course. I know there are some very rough characters there; though you should have avoided them. If you assure me that none of you began the conflict, I shall accept your word."

"Ahem!"

The juniors could hardly say that they had not begun it, when they had chipped in to save the unfortunate Suffragette leader from being ducked. They had certainly started the row with the roughs—though in a good cause. But that they could not very well explain to the Head. They did not wish to represent themselves in the light of heroic rescuers, for one thing. And they were pretty certain that the Head would not sympathise with their desire to "see the fun," which had led them to rush down at top speed to Courtfield. He was more likely to issue an order "gating" the whole school on the dates of all Suffragette demonstrations in the future.

Dr. Locke's brow grew sterner.

"You cannot say, then, that you were attacked in the first place?" he exclaimed.

"Well, sir, we—we didn't really look for trouble, only——"

"Who struck the first blow?"

"I did, sir," said Johnny Bull.

"That is enough. You will all follow me to my study. You must learn to avoid such disgraceful scenes as this. What would a Governor of the School think, do you suppose, if he should come here at this moment and see five Greyfriars boys in such a dilapidated and disgraceful state? Do you imagine that you are fit to be seen?"

"I—I suppose we look rather dusty, sir," muttered Nugent.

"You look disgraceful—unspeakably disgraceful—in fact, revolting!" said the Head. "Follow me to my study at once."

The Head strode away majestically. The chums of the Remove exchanged a rueful glance, and followed in his footsteps. They were in for it. After their severe handling by the Courtfield roughs, they did not really feel inclined for further punishment—but there was no help for it. The Head was in a "wax," there was no doubt about that.

Dr. Locke swept into his study with rustling gown, and the unfortunate Removites followed him in. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, had just come in, looking a little less respectable than usual. There was a splash of mud on his cheek, and his hat was dented at the side. Evidently the Form-master had been in Courtfield.

He hurried after the juniors to the Head's study. Dr. Locke was selecting his stoutest cane, when the Remove-master looked in.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Quelch.

Dr. Locke gave him a look.

"You wish to speak to me, Mr. Quelch?" He laid down the cane. "Pray come in! These boys can wait!"

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Bob Cherry, under his breath. "The old sport might as well get it over. It isn't a giddy happy anticipation."

"There is something I think I ought to mention to you, sir, with regard to these boys," said Mr. Quelch. "I have just come from Courtfield, and was unfortunately caught in the crowd there. There has been a Suffragette demonstration and a riot!"

"I trust you were not hurt."

"I was somewhat hustled in the crowd. I saw these boys engaged in a conflict with a gang of roughs, from a distance, being too far off to interfere."

"I am about to punish them for their conduct, Mr. Quelch!"

"Punish them, sir?"

"Yes, most severely. I am glad you have reported the matter to me; but, as a matter of fact, I met them coming into the House in this disgusting state." The Head took up the cane again. "Now, Wharton?"

"One moment, sir," said Mr. Quelch hastily. "I have not made myself clear. I did not intend to report these boys for punishment."

"Oh, good!" murmured Nugent.

"In fact, I meant to mention them to you, sir, because I thought that their conduct deserved commendation from the headmaster of their school."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

Dr. Locke looked puzzled.

"I do not quite follow you," he said. "What is there to commend in these boys having engaged in a struggle with a gang of roughs, of their own accord, and having returned to Greyfriars in this state?"

"They have not told you the circumstances, then, sir?"

"Only that they began the trouble," said the Head.

"You should have told Dr. Locke all about it, Wharton. However, I approve of your disinclination to glorify your conduct," said Mr. Quelch, with a kindly glance at the juniors. "The facts are these, sir. A foolish and excited woman persisted in addressing the crowd in spite of the police, and was seized by a body of roughs, who dragged her to the riverside to duck her in the water."

"Shocking!" exclaimed the Head.

"Wharton and the rest went to her aid, and succeeded in rescuing her until the police arrived on the scene. It is impossible to approve of the foolish woman's conduct, but the boys acted very bravely in helping her, I think. It was a chivalrous action, and they seem to have suffered somewhat severely for it."

Dr. Locke laid down the cane once more.

"I am glad you have told me this in time, Mr. Quelch. So these injuries were received in defence of a woman, Wharton?"

"Well, yes, sir," admitted Wharton. "She was an awfully silly duffer, sir, but—but we couldn't very well let those brutes duck her, sir."

Dr. Locke smiled.

"You should have told me," he said. "I should certainly not punish you for fighting in such a cause. You have acted very nobly. You may go!"

"Thank you, sir," said Wharton, much relieved. "Thank you, sir," he added, to Mr. Quelch. "It was very kind of you to speak up for us."

And the juniors left the study, very satisfied with the way the matter had turned out, having suddenly been transformed from culprits into heroes.

"Quelch is a giddy brick," said Bob Cherry, as they went down the passage. "It was jolly decent of him to get us off that licking. And goodness knows we've been licked enough already. I feel as if I'd been through a mill."

"Same here," grunted Johnny Bull; and Hurree Singh remarked that the samefulness in his case was terrific.

Harry Wharton & Co. proceeded to the Remove dormitory, where they changed their clothes, and removed as much as possible of the signs of the conflict. Black eyes and swollen noses and thick ears, however, could not be removed, and the juniors still looked much the worse for wear when they came down. They were very late for tea, and they were ravenously hungry. They hurried to their studies to make up for lost time.

"By Jove! I could eat a giddy rocking-horse!" Nugent remarked, as he and Wharton entered No. 1 Study. "Well, tea's ready—Hullo! My hat! Where's our tea?"

The two juniors gazed at the study table.

It was bare.

Hardly a crumb was left to indicate that there had been any tea there at all. They looked into the cupboard, but it was equally bare.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Wharton. "What's become of our tea?"

"Somebody's raided it while we've been out!" roared Nugent.

"Oh, the rotter! I'm famished!"

"I'm perishing with hunger. Why, I'll——"

"Hullo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry looked into the study. "Do you know who's been in my room? Somebody's cleared off all my grub, and we're as hungry as hunters."

"You, too?" grinned Wharton. "Look at our table! We left our tea here!"

"There's been some beastly cad raiding us while we've been out!" exclaimed Bob. "I thought all the fellows were out. Some unspeakable beast has stayed behind and scooped our tommy."

There was a yell along the passage, and the Bouncer came dashing out of his study.

"Who's been scoffing my grub?" he yelled.

"Hullo, hallo, hallo! You, too?"

Tom Brown came out of his study.

"Where's the giddy joker who's been scoffing my grub?" he demanded.

And half a dozen more voices were heard at the same time, all demanding to know who had "scooped" their provisions during their absence.

"It's a regular raid!" exclaimed Mark Linley. "Some beast has been in nearly all the studies, scoffing everything he could lay hands on."

"I guess I'm going to scalp somebody!" roared Fisher

T. Fish. "Where's my grub—what? What slab-sided mugwump has been raiding my tea? Where are my saveloys!"

"Where's my cake?"

"Where's my jam?"

"Who was it?"

"Who was it?" hooted Johnny Bull. "Bunter, of course."

"Bunter!"

"Of course. Just like him to stay behind and wolf our grub." Johnny Bull made a rush for Bunter's study, and the angry Removites followed him. Their tea-tables had been cleared, and it was hours too late for tea in Hall. And they were very hungry. After the feast generally comes the reckoning, and there was a big reckoning in store for the Owl of the Remove.

An angry crowd of Removites burst into No. 7 Study. Peter Todd and Tom Dutton, who shared that study with Billy Bunter, were there, and they were gazing at Bunter, who was stretched in the armchair, with a green-and-yellow complexion, groaning faintly. They looked round as the juniors swarmed in.

"Here he is!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

"Rag him!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "What's the row? Don't touch Bunter; the fat bounder seems to be ill."

"Ill!" snorted Johnny Bull. "I should say he was rather ill, if he's eaten all the grub he's taken from our studies."

"Where's my cake, Bunter?"

"Where are my tarts?"

"Where are my saveloys, you mugwump?"

"Where's my jam?"

"Where's my ham and eggs?"

Billy Bunter groaned deeply. After his tremendous feed, he did not seem to be in a happy state. Peter Todd whistled.

"So that's it?" he said. "Have you been raiding the grub, Bunter?"

Groan.

"What have you done with my tommy?" yelled Vernon-Smith.

Groan.

"Where are my pickles?"

Groan.

"If he's got the jam, pickles, cake, saveloys, eggs, ham, toast, and the rest, inside him, he must be feeling rather bad, I should say," remarked Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll make him feel badder!" roared Bolsover major, grasping the fat junior, and jerking him out of the armchair, and shaking him. "Why, my hat—look there!"

At every shake, plunder jerked out of Bunter's pockets. The juniors swooped upon him, and turned his pockets out, and discovered cakes and apples and nuts and biscuits, and all kinds of provender. Bunter did not make any resistance. He was too far gone to do anything but groan. Bolsover major flung him into the chair again, and Bunter collapsed there like a sack.

"That's proof enough that it was Bunter!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess we are going to make him wriggle, just a few."

"Bump him!"

"Squelch him!"

Peter Todd held up his hand.

"Gentlemen—"

"Oh, don't jaw!" growled Bolsover major. "We're going to make an example of that fat beast."

Peter Todd pushed back the big Removite.

"Gentlemen—" he began again.

"Oh, dry up!"

"Ring off, Toddy!"

"If you chip in, we'll squash you, too! Get away!"

"Gentlemen!" said Peter Todd coolly, planting himself before Bunter, and keeping back the angry crowd of Removites. "Gentlemen, Bunter is not in a state to be bumped, squashed, or ragged. But he ought to be punished. I think every gentleman present agrees that he ought to be punished."

"Yes, rather, you ass!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific, my esteemed Toddy."

"Then leave it to me," said Todd. "As head of this study, it's my business to keep Bunter in order. Bunter has raided all the grub. Bunter's appetite is a danger to the community at large."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bunter must learn to keep his wolfish appetite in check. I have a good idea for impressing upon Bunter that gorging can be carried too far. Gentlemen, Bunter has eaten everything he could lay his hands on, and pocketed all the rest. I suggest that Bunter be made to eat all the rest of the grub he has looted."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on," exclaimed Bolsover major. "He's had enough of mine, and he's jolly well not going to have any more."

"Gentlemen, there is an old saying that the punishment should be made to fit the crime. I suggest that Bunter's punishment be made to fit Bunter's crime. We will start with the cake."

"Hear, hear!"

The idea caught on at once. Certainly, in Bunter's present state, there could be no severer punishment than being compelled to eat more. Even Bolsover major grinned, and gave his assent. Peter Todd took the cake, and held it out to Bunter.

"Eat!" he said.

Bunter blinked at the cake with horror in his face.

"I—I—c-c-can't!" he gasped.

"Eat!" roared Peter.

And the raided Removites crowded round Billy Bunter with threatening gestures, and yelled in chorus:

"Eat! Eat, you bounder! Eat, you octopus! Eat, you toad!"

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Forcible Feeding.

BILLY BUNTER groaned, and closed his eyes.

For once the fat junior could not eat. His resources in that line were great. As a rule, he could eat till further orders. No meal had ever been known to satisfy Bunter. When he was in funds, he would roll into the tuck-shop immediately after an ample dinner, and eat till his funds were exhausted. And then he was always ready for another feed, if he could induce anyone to pay for it. His appetite was tremendous; his stowage capacity seemed to be inexhaustible. But for once, he had reached the limit—he had reached a state when to eat more was a horror and a torment. Peter Todd's idea of making the punishment fit the crime was very ingenious.

Bunter's unwillingness to be punished that way made some of the juniors open their eyes. They had hardly credited that a moment could possibly come when Bunter would rather be licked than eat! But the moment had come! Bunter turned away from the cake with horror and loathing. Jam and pickles, sardines and saveloys, cake and apples, were disagreeing violently inside Bunter. The mere thought of eating made his complexion turn greener and yellower.

But the angry juniors were not to be denied. Bunter had devoured the greater part of their provisions, and raided the rest. It was a fitting punishment that he should be compelled to devour the lot.

"Eat, you fat rotter!"

"Gorge, you boa-constrictor!"

"Devour, you wolf!"

"Scoff, you toad!"

"I—I—c-c-can't!" groaned Bunter. "I—I don't feel well! It was that last pot of jam did it! Ow! Lemme alone!"

"Eat!"

"I can't! I won't! Yarooop! Lemme alone! I'm ill! Ow!"

"In the case of the Suffragettes, those who won't eat have forcible feeding," said Peter Todd. "Do you want forcible feeding, Bunter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll open his jaws for him," said Bolsover major. "You shove the cake in, Toddy!"

Bunter wriggled and groaned.

"Grooh! D-d-don't! Ow-yow-yow!"

Bolsover major grasped the fat junior by the nose and chin, and forced his mouth open. Peter Todd jammed in the cake.

"Eat!"

"Grooch!"

"I'll squeeze your proboscis till you eat!" said Bolsover major, tweaking Bunter's little fat nose. "Say when!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow—ow! Grooh! Leggo! Led go by dose!" mumbled Bunter. "I—I'll try!"

"Pile in, then!"

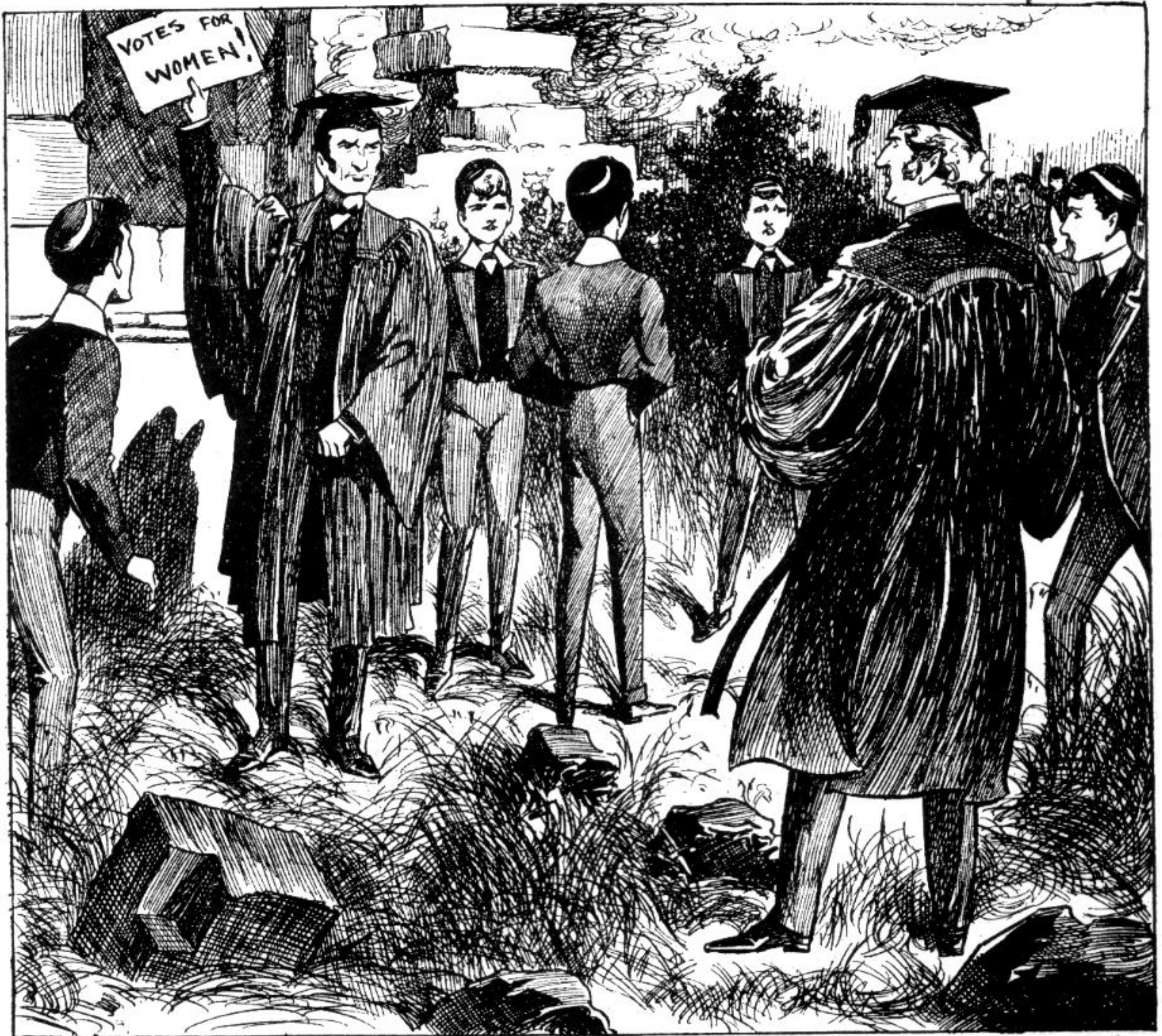
Bunter groaned, and made an effort, and munched the cake. The juniors watched him, grinning. Bunter made slow progress with the cake. The peculiar changes in his face as he ate were entertaining. It was really a very nice cake, and at any other time Bunter would have polished it off at top speed. But now every mouthful seemed on the point of choking him. But the cake vanished at last.

"Now the biscuits!" said Bob Cherry. "Nice, sugary biscuits, Bunter!"

Groan!

"Let him have the sardines along with them," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"



Mr. Quelch had picked up a large sheet of cardboard from the wreck. He held it up, and all could read what was scrawled upon it. "VOTES FOR WOMEN!" "Oh, great pip!" gasped Bob Cherry. "It's the Suffragettes!" (See Chapter 6.)

"And dip 'em in the pickles!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Bunter shuddered.
"I—I say, you fellows, don't be such awful beasts, you know. I—I think I'm dying! I've got an awful feeling inside. I—I—groo—led go by dose!"
Bolsover major tweaked the fat nose till Bunter started munching the biscuits. The juniors watched him with keen interest. Bunter had raided several pounds of biscuits, and if he ate them all it would be marvellous where he found room to put them. Peter Todd fed him with biscuits, one after another, but mercifully refrained from dipping them in the pickles. Biscuit after biscuit vanished.
"My hat," ejaculated Bob Cherry, "Bunter must have a patent elastic inside, or else he's descended from a boa-constrictor! Where is he putting 'em?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Gerraway!" panted Bunter at last, his face changing from green and yellow to a sickly white. "I—I c-c-an't eat any more! I'm dying! Ow!"
"Eat!"
"Say when!" said Bolsover major, beginning again on the fat nose.
"Grooh! Help! Murder!" shrieked Bunter desperately.
"Help—help!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think perhaps he's reached the limit," said Peter Todd, laying down the bag of biscuits. "Are you sorry, Bunter?"
"Groogh! Help! Fire!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
There was a heavy footstep in the passage, and Loder, of the Sixth, looked into the crowded study. Loder, the bully of the Sixth, was always on the look-out for a chance of catching the Remove fellows, so to speak. Loder took in the scene at a glance, and his eyes gleamed.
"What is all this?" he exclaimed, in his most bullying tones. "What are you doing to Bunter?"
"Only feeding him," said Peter Todd meekly. "Bunter's past feeding himself, so we're feeding him. Nothing the matter."
"Ow! Grooh! Help! Stop 'em, Loder! Yow-ow!"
"I can see you are ragging him," said Loder. "Forcing him to eat, are you? Disgusting!"
"Oh, rats!" said Harry Wharton angrily. "Bunter's raided all our grub, and we're punishing him! It's no business of yours!"
"Take fifty lines for impertinence, Wharton! If Bunter has stolen anything belonging to you, you can complain to me, as a prefect; but you must not take the law into your own hands, as you know very well."
The juniors glared at Loder. That was just like Loder. Of course, Bunter's raiding, exasperating as it was, did not come

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY— "COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

under the head of stealing, nor had any fellow there the slightest desire to "sneak" to anyone in authority on the subject. But that was Loder's way—to put the juniors in the wrong. It would have been a great pleasure to the Sixth Form bully to put Harry Wharton & Co. in the position of having sneaked about one of their Form fellows.

"Well?" said Loder.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"I understand, Wharton, that you complain of Bunter's having taken food belonging to you?"

"You don't understand anything of the sort," said Wharton savagely, "and you know you don't! I explained to you why we were feeding Bunter, that's all, and you know it."

"I shall punish Bunter, as you have informed me that he has taken your property," said Loder calmly. "Bunter, you will take a hundred lines, and you will pay Wharton for what you have taken of his!"

"No, he won't!" said Wharton. "Mind your own business, Loder!"

"Another word of impertinence, Wharton, and I shall take you to your Form-master! You hear what I say, Bunter?"

"Grooh!"

"Every boy in this room will take a hundred lines for bullying!" went on Loder. "I shall expect the lines to-night! This food, which you have been using for a disgusting purpose, will be confiscated and destroyed!"

"What!"

Loder coolly gathered up the provisions on the table into a bundle. The juniors watched him, aghast. Loder was acting quite within his rights as a prefect; but the Remove fellows knew very well that the food was to be confiscated for Loder's personal use, and not in the least to be destroyed. But resistance was impossible. The prefect had authority over them, and, in case of resistance, he had only to call upon their Form-master to support him. And, just and ingenious as was Todd's idea of making the punishment fit the crime, it was pretty certain that Mr. Quelch would not approve of it. He was more likely to cane Bunter and all the other fellows all round, not sharing by any means the Removites' sense of humour.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Do you mean to say that you are going to bone all our grub, Loder?"

"Two hundred lines, Cherry!"

"You rotten, bullying beast!" howled Bolsover major.

"Let my jam alone, you beast!"

"Two hundred lines, Bolsover!"

The other juniors held their tongues. It was not much use piling up lines; and Loder had to be allowed to have his own way. The prefect gathered up his plunder, and left the study.

"No more ragging here, or I shall report the matter to your Form-master at once," he said, as he left.

And the bully of the Sixth walked away, laden—and grinning to himself. Loder had Carne and Walker of the Sixth coming to supper in his study that evening, and he was short of funds. The raid on the Remove quarters had supplied him with ample provisions at no cost to himself.

"Well, that takes the cake!" gasped Johnny Bull. "The beast has actually collared all the tommy!"

"It's all Bunter's fault!" growled Bolsover major. "Bump the fat beast!"

"'Nuff's as good as a feast!" said Peter Todd. "Gentlemen, Bunter's performance is now over."

"Look here—"

"What I have said, I have said!" retorted Peter Todd. "Buzz off!"

The juniors crowded out of the study. Bunter had exasperated them; but he had been punished, and it was not fair to visit Loder's sins on his head. But the feelings of the Removites towards Loder of the Sixth were almost too deep for words.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Good Time for Loder.

BOB CHERRY groaned dismally. He was seated in his study grinding out lines. Bob Cherry was not a great hand at lines, and two hundred was a big imposition.

But they had to be done, and Bob ground them out dismally. Mark Linley and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had finished their hundred each, and they were regarding their chum sympathetically.

"How many more, Bob?" asked Mark.

"I've done about ninety!" grunted Bob. "Oh, the beast! There ought to be a bye-law or something allowing juniors to scrag prefects!"

Mark smiled.

"I wish I could help you," he said. "But Loder will look

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

over them too carefully. No good being ordered to do the lot over again."

"No good at all," said Bob. "But we'll make Loder sit up somehow for this. What is the beast always down on us for—nice boys like us. He would walk a mile to get a chance to jump on us. He doesn't care twopence whether we feed Bunter forcibly or not. It was just his chance at us, and he took it."

"And he took the grub, too, worse luck!" said Mark.

"And he's going to devour it in his den," said Bob ferociously. "It's all bunkum about destroying it. He'll stand a feed to the other beasts in the Sixth with it. That's his little game. It's sheer burglary."

"The sheerfulness is terrific!"

"And we've got to supply him with lines, as well as grub," growled Bob. "What good are the lines to him? He can't eat 'em. He might be satisfied with the tarts and the cake and the sardines and things. But that wouldn't be Loder! He wants to make us sit up. We'll jolly well make him sit up, that's all!"

And Bob wired into his lines again, in a state of great depression of spirits.

Lines galore had to be taken in to Loder that evening. The juniors had gone to the school shop for their tea; and those who were short of funds had had a very frugal meal.

That was Bunter's fault; but Bunter had been punished. The lines that followed were Gerald Loder's fault; and Loder had to be punished too, somehow.

But how it was not easy to determine. A prefect was not an easy person to tackle. He was vested with authority. When Coker of the Fifth was high-handed with the juniors—as he generally was—the juniors would rag Coker cheerfully. But it was out of the question to rag a prefect of the Sixth. If Wingate or Courtney, or any popular prefect, had punished them, the Removites would have taken it philosophically. But it was different with Loder. He was "down" on them—and he had confiscated their good things for his own greedy use.

That was the unkindest cut of all. Wingate, or Courtney, or North would not have done that, but it was just Loder's way. And the juniors, burning with indignation as they were, could not see any method of making Loder suffer for his sins. It looked as if they would have to grin and bear it—or bear it, at all events, even if they did not grin.

Half an hour before bedtime a procession of juniors made their way to Gerald Loder's study in the Sixth-Form passage, laden with lines.

The Famous Five arrived first in a body. Harry Wharton knocked at the door, and Loder's voice growled to him to come in.

The juniors entered. Loder and Walker and Carne were at supper. The table was well-spread. Identification, in the case of cakes and tarts and tins of sardines, was difficult; but the juniors knew very well that the table was spread with the plunder of the Remove. Loder grinned at them across the festive board; he knew that they recognised Remove property there, and he knew that they were helpless, so he was feeling very pleased.

"Our lines!" said Wharton, with an effort.

"Put them on my desk," said Loder, with a wave of the hand.

"I hope you're enjoying our grub!" said Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Get out!"

The juniors got out.

In the passage, Bob Cherry clenched his big fists, and brandished them in the air. He found some slight solace in shaking them at Loder's door.

"I'd give a term's pocket-money to have that rotter in the Remove for a day or two!" said Bob vengefully.

Bolsover major came along the passage with his lines in his hand.

"Taken in your lines?" he asked.

"Yes. They're scoffing our grub now!"

"If they're scoffing mine they'll hear from me!" growled Bolsover. "'Tain't part of a prefect's duty to eat our grub, that I know of."

"Nothing to be done, though," said Frank Nugent.

Bolsover grunted, and went into Loder's study. He glanced at the tea-table.

"Put 'em on my desk," said Loder.

"Where did you get that pot of jam?" demanded Bolsover truculently.

ANSWERS

Loder stared at him.
"Get out of my study!" he said.
"That's my pot of jam!" said Bolsover doggedly. "I'd know it again anywhere. I know that smudge on the label."

Carne and Walker grinned, and Loder frowned. He rose to his feet, and pointed to the door.

Bolsover major was a tremendously big and powerful fellow for a junior, and Loder was not so keen to rag or cuff him as in the case of smaller fags.

"Get out!" he said.

"I'm not going without my jam!" said Bolsover.

Loder made a sign to Carne and Walker, and they rose to the occasion. The three seniors closed on Bolsover, who had made a grab at the jam-jar.

"Chuck him out!" said Loder.

"Yah! Rotters! Thieves!" howled Bolsover, struggling furiously. But, powerful as he was, the burly Removite could not hold his own against three of the Sixth. He was swung off his feet and tossed into the passage, where he landed with a bump, and Loder slammed the door after him.

Bolsover picked himself up, and limped away, with a brow like thunder. He was inclined to charge into Loder's study like a bull, but he realised that it would not do.

"That awful beast's bolting my jam!" he said, in a suffocated voice, as he joined the Famous Five at the end of the passage. "They chucked me out because I asked for it! And it's my jam! I paid a bob for that jam!" said Bolsover, almost breathless with indignation. "My own jam, you know—strawberry-jam!"

Bob Cherry grinned.

"It's hard lines," he agreed. "But there's nothing doing."

"I'll make him squirm for it, somehow!" snorted Bolsover, clenching his fists. "I've a jolly good mind to go to Quelch, and tell him Loder's stolen my jam."

"No good sneaking," said Wharton. "Besides, Loder would say it wasn't your jam, and you can't prove it was. One pot of jam's very like another. He's got Johnny Bull's sardines there, but we can't prove they were Bull's."

"I guess I'm going to ask Loder for my saveloys," said Fisher T. Fish, joining them. "I guess there is going to be trouble if I don't get my saveloys back."

"Oh, rats!" growled Bolsover.

Fisher T. Fish was a great warrior with his tongue, but his fighting powers ended there. Fish sniffed, and went along to Loder's study, and took in his lines. He looked round for his saveloys, but they had already vanished.

"Well, what are you looking for?" snapped Loder.

"My saveloys, I guess."

"Get out!"

"I calculate I want my property," said the Yankee junior. "I kinder guess I don't spend my dollars in standing feeds for prefects, Loder. Not F. T. Fish, sir! I reckon you'll hand over those saveloys, Loder, unless you want Quelch on your neck!"

It would have been extremely difficult for Gerald Loder to hand over the saveloys, as they had been already eaten. But he did not waste words in argument with the Yankee junior. He rose to his feet, took Fisher T. Fish by the scruff of the neck, and pitched him bodily out of the doorway.

Fisher T. Fish howled as he landed in the passage. He was hurt.

"Yow! Ow! You—you mugwump! You slab-sided galoot from Galootsville! I guess I'll kinder come in and make potato-scrapings of you!"

Loder came out into the passage, and raised his boot. Fisher T. Fish changed his mind about making potato-scrapings of Loder. He dashed along the passage, helped on by a powerful kick behind from the prefect's boot. Loder grinned and went into his study, and closed the door.

"Well, has Loder given up the stolen goods?" queried Bob Cherry, as Fisher T. Fish joined the Removites, panting.

"Ow!" groaned Fish. "I guess I'll scalp him one of these days! The awful nerve, to kick a free American citizen! In our country, sir, that sort of thing couldn't happen. We'd make short work of Loder over there, by gum!"

"Go in and make short work of him now," suggested Nugent.

Fish shook his head.

"I guess I despise him too much," he remarked. "I guess I'm going to treat Loder with silent contempt."

And he did, which was very prudent of him. It was far safer to treat Loder with silent contempt than to attempt to make short work of him. Fisher T. Fish evidently believed that discretion was the better part of valour.

One after another the Removites took in their lines, and came away burning with indignation from the sight of the feast in Loder's study. And there were furious councils of war in the Remove studies, and in the junior common-room, but the general indignation seemed destined to burn itself

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

out. Loder of the Sixth had had the best of it, and Bob Cherry ruefully confessed that it seemed that there was no getting at him. The Removites went savagely to bed, and their only solace was the contemplation of Billy Bunter's sickly face. The Owl of the Remove had not yet quite recovered from the forcible feeding.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Wild Women!

BANG!

Greyfriars was at morning lessons. In the various Form-rooms, the fellows were at work as usual.

The old Close lay quiet and deserted in the fresh morning sunshine. There was silence on the school, save for the occasional hum of voices in the Form-rooms.

The silence was suddenly broken by that terrific, deafening bang.

In the Remove-room, Mr. Quelch dropped his book, in his surprise, and opened his eyes wide.

The juniors jumped.

It was an explosion—and close at hand.

What it could mean—what was the cause of it—was a mystery; but every fellow was excited at once. Never before had such an interruption to lessons occurred in the history of Greyfriars.

Bang! rolled back in a thousand echoes from every quarter of the buildings.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What the dickens—"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "That was—was an explosion—an explosion of gunpowder! Dear me! What can it possibly mean? Keep your places, boys."

Mr. Quelch ran from the Form-room, his gown rustling behind him, to ascertain the cause of that extraordinary explosion.

There were footsteps in the passage already; the Head and the other masters had come rushing out.

Mr. Quelch had told the Removites to keep their places, but, under the circumstances, it was not likely that they would do so. The moment the Form-master was out of the room, the juniors were out of their places, and there was a buzz of excited voices.

"What's happened?"

"What the deuce—"

"Begad! There's something up, my dear fellows!"

"The upfulness is terrific!" ejaculated Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "It looks like the gunpowder plotfulness of the esteemed Guy Fawkes."

Harry Wharton ran to the Form-room window, and mounted on a chair and looked out. Then he gave a shout.

"It's the old tower—I can see the smoke."

There was a rush of the juniors to the windows. And there was a babel of voices as they saw a volume of smoke pouring from the old tower in the distance.

That ancient building was partly in ruins. It was one of the most antique portions of the Greyfriars buildings, the foundations dating from early Saxon times, the walls from the reign of Stephen. The upper part of the tower had been shattered by cannon in the Parliamentary wars. The remains of the old tower were a precious historical relic, and carefully preserved by the School authorities. Antiquaries sometimes came to Greyfriars to blink through large spectacles, and wag bald heads over that interesting relic of ancient times.

The old tower was visible from the windows of the Remove Form-room, though at a considerable distance. From the doorway and the shattered old window apertures thick smoke was rolling in clouds. The explosion had taken place there—though how, and why, was an extraordinary mystery; for certainly no explosives of any sort were kept in the old place.

The juniors gazed in wonder. Distant as the tower was, they could see that part of the old wall had been blown out by the explosion, and there was a scattered heap of fragments on the ground. A new gap had been added to the many gaps in the ancient structure.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Nugent. "That beats the band! How on earth did that happen?"

"Must have been a jolly powerful explosive to do that!" said Vernon-Smith. "Surely no idiot has been sticking gun powder there for any reason?"

"It's been done on purpose," said Peter Todd. "Some lunatic, I suppose. The gunpowder couldn't have got there by accident."

"But who on earth could want to blow up our old tower?"

"Goodness knows!"

"There goes the Head!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

Dr. Locke could be seen crossing the Close, with agitated steps, in the direction of the old tower. Mr. Quelch and Mr. Prout and Mr. Capper were hurrying along with him. Wingate of the Sixth followed, and then a number of other fellows, who had slipped out of their Form-rooms.

"I'm jolly well going, too!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I don't see why we should stay here. Quelch can only give us lines, anyway!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"The come-onfulness is terrific!"

The Remove rushed out in a crowd. They were intensely curious to know the why and the wherefore of that extraordinary happening. Their feelings were shared by the rest of Greyfriars. The masters having gone out, the boys were following. The Form-room passage was crowded with fellows, all running in the same direction.

An army of Greyfriars fellows, seniors and juniors, rushed off towards the old tower. The Famous Five were among the first on the scene.

As they arrived at the old tower they could see that the damage was greater than it had appeared from a distance. A large portion of the wall had been blown out, and lay in shattered fragments. The Head was contemplating the ruin with an eye of anguish.

That ancient building was dear to his heart. Mr. Quelch had picked up a large sheet of cardboard from the wreck. He held it up, and all could read what had been scrawled upon it:

"VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

"Oh, great pip!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Votes for giddy women! It's the Suffragettes!"

"The Suffragettes!"

"Great Scott!"

The Greyfriars fellows simply gasped.

They had read and heard, of course, of the peculiar activities of the gentle ladies who burn houses and blow up churches by way of demonstrating their fitness for the franchise; but that anything of the kind would ever happen at Greyfriars they had never dreamed. But it had happened.

Scattered about were a good many samples of the "literature" devoted to the great cause. The fellows gathered them up with wondering exclamations.

"Good heavens!" the Head was exclaiming. "Is it possible? Can it be possible that anyone could be foolish and wicked enough—"

Words failed the old gentleman.

It was evidently possible. While the school was at lessons some "wild woman" had crept into the old tower, and placed an explosive there. Probably the intention was to blow the ancient structure to ruins. But fortunately, as is usually the case with bombs placed by feminine hands, the result had not worked out according to the intention. Damage had been done, but the greater part of the old building was still intact.

"Infamous!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Shocking!"

"Ontrageous!"

"Rotten!" growled Coker of the Fifth. "What do they want to blow up our old tower for, the silly asses? We can't give 'em any blessed votes!"

"Haven't a single one about me!" grinned Potter. "No good coming here for 'em! Don't the Head look awfully cut up?"

"It's a beastly shame!" said Coker. "I say, perhaps the idiot is still here! Let's look round. P'r'aps it's a man, you know; and if it is, we'll duck him in the fountain, and rag him bald-headed!"

"Hooray!"

The suggestion was enough. The fellows scattered in all directions, looking for the author of the outrage. If it was a Suffragette, it was not quite clear what they could do, as they could not very well duck or rag a woman, however unreasonable and troublesome; but if it was a male Suffragist, they knew what they would do.

There was a sudden yell from Temple of the Fourth:

"This way! Gosling's got her!"

The whole crowd rushed whooping in the direction of the gates. Gosling the porter had been alarmed by the explosion, and he had rushed out of his lodge just in time to intercept the angular female who was hurrying to the gates. Gosling had planted himself in her way, and the explosive Suffragette was stopped.

Temple had announced that Gosling had "got her"; but a more correct statement would have been that she had got Gosling, for the irate lady was brandishing a large umbrella, and driving the unfortunate school porter before her.

"Miss Boxer!" roared Bob Cherry.

Miss Zenobia Boxer swung round, and flourished the umbrella, and the fellows scattered back at once. That umbrella looked dangerous, and Miss Boxer's square chin and gleaming eyes looked more dangerous still.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton. "Blessed if I'm not sorry we didn't let them duck her now! What have you been blowing us up for, ma'am?"

Miss Boxer did not reply. She charged at Gosling, and the unhappy porter squirmed out of her way under a shower of blows.

"Oh, my heye!" gasped Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere—if you was a man, ma'am, I'd wallop you till you couldn't 'owl! Oh, crumbs! Keep orf!"

Gosling fled into his lodge, and the leader of the local Suffragettes continued her triumphant march to the gateway. But she did not go out. She was looking round anxiously, and the fellows guessed that there was another enemy within the gates who had not yet escaped.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "There he is! It's a man! After him!"

A pale-faced young man in glasses, with thin cheeks and light-coloured hair, had run from behind the elms, and was making for the gates. And the Greyfriars fellows, glad of having a man to deal with, rushed to intercept him. The young man was evidently in a very nervous state, not at all sharing the resolute nature of the terrible Miss Boxer. He dodged as the Greyfriars fellows intercepted him, doubled like a hare, and raced away across the Close.

"After him!" shrieked Coker.

Like a pack of hounds in full cry, fifty fellows dashed in pursuit of the accomplice of Miss Boxer.

"Joseph," shrieked Miss Boxer, "come here!"

But Joseph did not come there. Joseph was running as fast as his long, thin legs could carry him. He was headed off from the gates, and he did not feel inclined to attempt charging through the pursuing crowd.

"So there were two of them, and one's a man," chuckled Bob Cherry. "We can't rag the Boxer bird, but we can rag this chap—what?"

"What-ho!"

"The ragfulness will be terrific!"

The Head was calling out in the distance, but in the roar of voices his words could not be distinguished. Nor did the juniors want to hear what he was saying. It was no time for law and order. If the enemy had taken the law into their own hands, there was no reason why the Greyfriars fellows shouldn't do the same. Miss Boxer was protected by her sex; but the fellows meant to give Joseph the time of his life.

The unhappy Joseph, white with terror, and panting for breath, doubled round the school buildings; but there he was headed off by a fresh party, and he doubled back—right into the arms of the Famous Five.

And their hands closed upon him at once.

"Yaroo!" roared Joseph, struggling wildly. "Let me go! Oh, dear!"

"Got him!"

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Bob Cherry's Idea.

"GOT him!"

"Hooray!"

"Bump him! Bump him!"

Joseph wriggled in the grasp of the juniors, rather than struggled. He did not seem to have a struggle in him. Joseph was a great man in his way. He was the editor of "Rebel Woman," a weekly paper, and no end of Suffragist tracts and pamphlets had come from Joseph's gifted hand.

Joseph had a large and powerful brain, which, to judge by the shape of his forehead, was in perpetual danger of bulging out into view. But at "scrapping" Joseph was simply no good.

The pen is said to be mightier than the sword, and with the pen Joseph was a mighty warrior. But in a commonplace "scrap" he was nowhere. Any one of the Famous Five could have handled him without the slightest difficulty. Joseph had no more chance now than a rat in the jaws of a terrier.

"Got the beast?" said Bob Cherry grimly. "Now, you pink-eyed rat, what have you been blowing up our old tower for?"

"Oh, dear!"

"What did you do it for, you putty-coloured beetle?"

"Grooh! Help! Police!" shrieked Joseph.

"Well, that's cool!" grinned Nugent. "You're up against the police, my son, and it's not playing the game to call for them to help you out. And there aren't any bobbies here. We don't keep a police force ready in the school to protect lunatics who come here blowing the place up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Police! Lemme go!"

"Got him?" roared Coker of the Fifth, arriving breathless on the scene. "Hand him over! I'll handle him!"



"Look here, if you touch me I shall hit out!" exclaimed Loder desperately. "Hark to the coward!" shrieked Miss Bunkhurst. "Bah! Scratch him!" The three Suffragettes made a rush at Loder, and the prefect dodged round Carne and Walker. (See Chapter 9.)

"You sheer off, Coker!" exclaimed Wharton indignantly. "It's ours! We caught it, and it belongs to us."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific, my esteemer Coker."

"Look here, you hand him over," exclaimed Coker wrathfully. "I'm going to duck the thing in the fountain."

"Rats! We're going to duck it!"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"Look here, Coker—"

The rival claimants to the unfortunate Joseph were too excited for argument. Horace Coker grasped Joseph by the shoulders to yank him away, and the Famous Five grasped him by the legs and arms. In the tug-of-war that ensued, Joseph seemed to suffer considerably, judging by his wild howls. His glasses had fallen off, and he was blinking wildly; his pale-coloured hair was ruffled and tousled, his collar was torn out, and his black coat was split up the back. The excited disputants seemed to have forgotten that Joseph was alive at all—and indeed, it did not seem likely that he would be alive long, if the struggle for the possession of him continued.

Coker wound Joseph's head under his arm in order to get a better grip on him. But the juniors had his arms and legs, and they held on manfully. They had caught Joseph, and they were going to duck him: they were evidently quite

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

within their rights. But Coker of the Fifth was always high-handed.

"Let go, you young rotters—"

"Let go, you silly ass!"

"Halves!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooohoooh!" came faintly from Joseph's head, tucked under Coker's powerful arm. "Groogh! Lemmo go! Murder! Police! Ow!"

More and more fellows were crowding on the scene, and all of them were anxious to get a grip on Joseph. But there was a sudden yell of alarm.

"Look out! Here comes Boxer!"

"Yow! Keep that umbrella away!"

"Yaroooh!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe!

Miss Boxer was coming to the rescue of her unfortunate confederate. A big and powerful lady armed with a heavy umbrella was not an antagonist to be despised. A rain of blows descended upon Coker and the juniors, and they had to let go Joseph. Joseph fell in a tattered and tumbled heap to the ground, and lay squirming and gasping. Miss Boxer stood over him and brandished her umbrella, and the fellows stood round in a furious crowd, yelling.

"Duck her, too!" yelled Bolsover major, who was holding his head in both hands, where the umbrella had smitten him.

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Wharton. "Miss Boxer, will you be good enough to clear off? We are going to duck that cad!"

"Ow, ow, ow!" groaned Joseph.

"My poor, dear Joseph!" said Miss Boxer, picking up the squirming figure and taking no notice of the crowd. "Have they hurt you? Come with me!"

"Ow, ow, ow!"

Miss Boxer led the gasping Joseph away. But that was too much. The crowd made a sudden rush, and they were torn apart. Coker and Bob Cherry seized Joseph, and he was rushed away towards the fountain in the middle of the Close. There was a mighty splash as Joseph was tossed bodily into the big granite basin.

Splash!

"Groooooogh!"

The Greyfriars fellows yelled with laughter as a drenched and dripping figure crawled out of the fountain. Joseph took to his heels, fleeing for the gates, and the crowd yelled on his track once more. But fear lent Joseph wings. He ran like the wind, and vanished out of gates, leaving a track of water behind him. Miss Boxer followed him, with a last defiant flourish of her umbrella.

The masters had been too busy examining the damage done to the old tower to interfere—or perhaps they were not unwilling to let Joseph suffer for his sins. But now the prefects shepherded the fellows back into the School House. The Removites returned to their Form-room.

But lessons were merely a farce for the remainder of the morning. The fellows were too excited to settle down to work.

And when the school was dismissed at last, there was only one topic at Greyfriars—the Suffragette raid, and the exciting incidents that had followed. The visit of "wild women" to the old school had shaken up Greyfriars as it had never been shaken up before. And while the Famous Five were discussing the matter over refreshing ginger-beer in the school tuckshop, Bob Cherry gave a sudden yell.

"Ha, ha, ha! I've got it!"

"Eh?"

"I've got it! Got the giddy wheeze! Got the scheme! This is where Loder gets it in the neck!"

"Ass!" said Wharton politely. "Leave off gassing, and tell us what you've got in your silly napper!"

Bob Cherry chuckled gleefully.

"I've got the idea!" He lowered his voice cautiously. "Miss Boxer put it into my head."

"Miss Boxer?"

"Exactly. The Suffragettes have been here—well, why shouldn't they come again?"

"I shouldn't wonder if they did," said Wharton. "The Head is going to have the place guarded. The gates are going to be kept locked. They won't find it so easy to get in next time. But what—"

"Easy enough to get in," said Bob serenely. "My idea is that two or three Suffragettes should come here and rag Loder."

Bob's chums stared at him in blank amazement.

"I jolly well wish they would!" said Nugent. "We can't rag the beast—but the Suffragettes could if they wanted to. But why should they want to?"

"Well, Loder's got an uncle who's a Member of Parliament," said Bob. "That's a good reason, ain't it? Loder's uncle won't hand out any votes, so they come and rag Loder. That's a good reason—as good a reason as the Suffragettes ever give for anything they do, anyway."

"Quite so; but they won't come!"

"It's rot!" said Johnny Bull. "Why should they pick out Loder to rag, just to please us?"

Bob Cherry smiled a pitying smile.

"Have you fellows ever or never heard of an institution called the Remove Dramatic Society?" he asked.

"What the deuce—"

"If we can make ourselves up at Hamlet, and Othello, and Macbeth, and Jack Sheppard—why can't we make ourselves up as Suffragettes?"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"My hat!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

For a moment or two the chums of the Remove simply gasped. Then they gave a whoop of joy as Bob Cherry's beautiful scheme dawned upon their minds. They rushed upon Bob and fairly hugged him. As Bob had a glass of ginger-beer in his hand, that demonstration of appreciation came at rather an awkward moment. The ginger-beer was deposited upon Bob Cherry's waistcoat, and Bob gave a roar.

"Yow-ow! Gerroff! Chuck it! Yah!"

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

"Oh, ripping!" gasped Wharton. "Topping! Tophole! Sublime!"

"The sublimeness is terrific!" chortled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed Bob has all the brainfulness of the Co."

Bob Cherry mopped the ginger-beer from his waistcoat.

"But keep it dark!" he chuckled. "Keep it very dark. It won't do for Loder to have a single suspish—not till the Suffragettes dawn on him, and rag him bald-headed because his uncle won't give them any votes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Famous Five finished their ginger-beer in a state of supreme satisfaction. With the unintentional assistance of Miss Boxer, they had at last hit upon a scheme for paying off all old scores against Loder of the Sixth—with interest.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Getting Ready for Loder.

HARRY WHARTON & Co. wore cheerful looks at lessons that afternoon. The excitement caused by the raid of the Suffragettes had died away, and the normal quiet and calm reigned at Greyfriars.

The Head had taken measures, so far as was in his power, to prevent a repetition of the occurrence. The school gates were to be kept locked, so long as the wild women were active in the vicinity. The police had been informed of the outrage, and the Head had sent for his solicitor to consider the advisability of taking legal action against the aggressors. But as legal action would probably be followed by a regular epidemic of Suffragette raids on the school, Dr. Locke would have preferred to let the matter drop if he could have been assured of peace in the future.

The curious thing was that the Head, whose elder daughter belonged to one of the milder Suffrage societies, was in favour of the franchise for women, and had been so for many years; but since the explosion in the tower his views on the subject were modifying. The peculiar policy of the militant Suffragettes, in attacking friends as well as foes, had its natural effect. How any cause on earth could be served by burning a house or a church, or blowing up an old tower, was a question it would have been exceedingly difficult to answer. Hitherto the Head's views on the subject had been calm and judicial; as militancy had never come into the neighbourhood before. But it was hardly possible to be calm and judicial when dangerous explosives were used instead of arguments.

The Head fervently hoped that the excitable ladies would be satisfied with the damage done, and turn their peculiar activities in some other direction. His feelings were not wholly shared by the boys, however. They were by no means averse to the excitement of an interruption of lessons and a chase of Suffragists. They only hoped that if there were more raids masculine Suffragists would come instead of the female variety. As Bob Cherry remarked, chasing Joseph was worth giving up any amount of grinding Latin in the Form-room. But all the fellows had to confess that if Miss Boxer came they would not know how to deal with her. A lady who assumed the manners and customs of the roughest part of the masculine sex, and at the same time claimed all the privileges of the gentler sex, was indeed a difficult person to deal with.

But whether the Militant Society of Courtfield gave Greyfriars any further attention or not, there was going to be another Suffragette raid that day, as Harry Wharton & Co. knew for certain. And Loder of the Sixth was going to be the object of it. And the locked gates would not keep out a gang of Suffragettes who started from No. 1 Study, the headquarters of the Remove Dramatic Society.

The Co. were very anxious for lessons to be over that day. They were very keen to get to work. Some of the Remove, who could be fully trusted to keep the secret, were taken into the scheme after lessons.

Tom Brown and Bolsover major, Linley and Penfold, and Vernon-Smith accompanied the Famous Five to No. 1 Study, and over tea the details of the scheme were planned out.

Tea was quickly disposed of, and then the juniors set to work.

"How many giddy damsels? That's the first question," remarked Bob Cherry.

"We want enough to deal with Loder, but not a crowd," said Wharton thoughtfully. "Three, I should say."

"Three of us, of course?" remarked Nugent.

"Ahem! I think we'd better make Bolsover a Suffragette," said Harry. "You see, he's the biggest chap in the Remove—and the bigger the better when we're handling a chap like Loder. Bolsover is nearly as big as Miss Boxer herself, and nearly as strong, and he would make up beautifully as a Suffragette."

"I'm on!" grinned Bolsover.

"Yes, but I was thinking—" began Nugent. Nugent had anticipated a great deal of pleasure in ragging Loder in his study.

Wharton shook his head. "No good, Franky. You're too good-looking for the part. Bolsover will make a topping Suffragette, with his face."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Bolsover turned red. He was not beautiful certainly, but he did not like being selected for a part simply for that reason.

"Look here, you let my face alone!" he exclaimed. "My dear chap, I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole!" Wharton assured him politely. "Now, don't let's have any personalities; let's get to bizney. Bolsover won't want much making-up—he looks the part already. A square jaw, a prominent nose, a bullying manner—that's practically all that's wanted."

"Look here—" "Bob is the next selection," went on the captain of the Remove, without heeding Bolsover major's interruption. "It was Bob's idea, and he has a right to be in it. Besides, he's got jolly big feet."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Never mind my feet!," growled Bob. "I know I can do the bizney all right, and that's enough."

"Quite enough! You don't look the part so much as Bolsover, but with your feet you'll do. And I'm the third man—I mean, woman."

"And what are your qualifications for the part?" snorted Bolsover major.

"Brains, my son. Brains are needed, as well as square jaws and big feet."

"Rats! Real Suffragettes don't have any brains." "Granted! But we're not real Suffragettes, so there you are. Now, the sooner we three make up the better."

"Where do I come in?" inquired Johnny Bull.

"Can't have a crowd, old chap. Besides, your feet are not big enough, and your face doesn't look as if a lawn-mower had gone over it—"

"Look here—" roared Bolsover major, exasperated. "I—"

"This is where we get to work," said Wharton briskly. "All you fellows who ain't Suffragettes must be on the scene as soon as the fun starts, in case you're wanted. Loder isn't very bright, but he might possibly spot us; and then there will be trouble. Besides, you must try to keep people from interfering. Not that I see how we can be interfered with; as we shall be women—wild women—we can do as we like. Fellows can't punch women, you know. I dare say Loder will be ready to punch anybody—man or woman—when he's started on; but we shall be three to one, so he won't have much chance. We'll make him sorry he wolfed our grub yesterday."

"The sorrowfulness will be terrific!" murmured Hurreo Jamsset Ram Singh.

The Removites lost no time. The property-box in No. 1 Study was well supplied. The Remove amateur actors had recently made purchases of striking costumes for a forthcoming comedy they were planning, entitled "The Char-Ladies!" The costumes intended for the adornment of several juniors as char-ladies came in very handy now. In order to increase their bulk the three Removites kept on their own clothes under those which they donned for their new characters. In blue skirts, somewhat tight round the ankles, red blouses, and green belts, they looked somewhat stout figures, and certainly very unlike Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Bolsover major of the Remove.

Nugent, who was a master in the art of make-up, started work on their faces. He did not trouble to make them good-looking. That, as the juniors agreed, would be quite out of place. He gave them sallow complexions, dark bushy eyebrows, and reddish noses. He skilfully shaded the hint of a moustache upon their upper lips. Then he blacked out some of their front teeth, and the effect was very striking. The three juniors scarcely knew themselves as they looked in the glass.

"My only hat!" chuckled Tom Brown. "Mind you don't crack the glass, Bolsover!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I say, you needn't have made me such a horror!" said Bolsover major rather resentfully. "No need to be so ugly as all that!"

"Quite necessary," said Nugent. "I've made you as like Miss Boxer as I could. Of course, I couldn't make you quite like her."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "What about the mops?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Plenty to choose from," said Wharton, turning a variety of wigs out of the box. "Stick 'em on, Franky—and mind you stick 'em tight. We may have to handle Loder, and we don't want our hair to come off."

Nugent selected a greyish short wig for Wharton, and fastened it on. It was the last touch to the disguise, and it was perfect. A gingery wig made Bolsover major the last

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.
FOR NEXT MONDAY— "COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

EVERY MONDAY, The "Magnet" LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

word in ugliness. Bob Cherry, who was made up to look younger than the others, was given a curly flaxen head of hair.

The juniors grinned at their reflections in the glass. "Well, our best-beloved uncles wouldn't know us now," Bob Cherry remarked. "I wonder what Aunt Jemima would say if she could see me now?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Now, we'll wait here till the coast is clear," said Wharton. "You clear off and report, Tommy."

The New Zealand junior departed grinning; and returned in a few minutes to report that the coast was clear.

The three disguised juniors left No. 1 Study. The hour had come for the Suffragette raid on Gerald Loder's quarters.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. More Wild Women.

L ODER of the Sixth was at tea in his study, with his chums Carne and Walker. Loder was in cheerful spirits. His recent triumph over his old enemies in the Remove cheered him. The tea-table was spread with what remained of the plunder of the juniors. The talk of the three seniors ran on horses, races, and odds—that being the direction in which their taste lay. They were thinking of anything but the Suffragettes.

"What's all that doocid row about?" Walker exclaimed, as a buzz of voices became audible in the distance, mingled with loud laughter.

"Some of the fags, I suppose," said Loder indifferently. "Now, about Bonnie Boy's chance for the Summer Handicap, what I think is—"

"Seems to be a row of some sort," said Carne, rising. "I wonder if it's some more of the giddy Suffragettes?"

"Can't be," said Loder. "The gates are kept locked now."

"Well, those enterprising females get into lots of places that are locked up," remarked Carne. "It would be no joke if they started blowing up the School House while we're in it, instead of the old tower."

"Oh, they wouldn't do that! They picked the tower because there was nobody there. They always do that."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar down the passage. "This way, ladies! Loder's study is in this passage. Ha, ha, ha!"

The three Sixth-Formers looked at one another in surprise.

"Ladies to see you, Loder, it seems," Walker remarked.

"Oh, rot!" said Loder.

But he rose and opened the door of his study and looked out into the passage. There was a crowd there, following three feminine forms that strode along, tripping a little in their skirts. The crowd was composed mostly of juniors, and they were all laughing. There was a yell as they caught sight of Loder looking out of his study.

"Here's Loder!" "Visitors for you, Loder."

Wingate looked out of his study, which was next to Loder's. The captain of Greyfriars wore an angry frown.

"What's all this row about?" he exclaimed sharply. "Why, my hat, who—who are you?" He stared at the three females.

The leading lady, who was of very large proportions, glared at him.

"Are you Loder?" she demanded, in a deep voice, "Gerald Loder?"

"Nunno; I'm Wingate!"

"Then we do not want to see you. Where is Gerald Loder, the nephew of Major Loder, Member of Parliament for Slumpton?"

"There he is, ma'am!" yelled Temple of the Fourth. "There's Loder!"

The big lady strode on towards Gerald Loder, who stared at her in amazement.

"You are Loder?" she demanded.

"Ye-es!" stammered Loder, taken aback. "What's wanted?"

"You are!" "Yes, rather!" said another of the ladies. "I—I mean, yes, indeed! We want you."

"Who are you?" ejaculated Loder. "And what the deuce do you want?"

The big lady snorted. "I am Miss Bunkhurst, of the Woman's Property-Smashing League!" she announced. "This is Miss Puncher, and this is Miss Jorkins. You know us now?"

"Blessed if I know you!" said Loder. "I've never heard of you. Who are you, and where did you get those faces?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Your despised uncle, then, the associate of the tyrants of

13
A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

Westminster, has never mentioned us to you!" exclaimed Miss Bunkhurst. "You are the nephew of Major Loder, the Member for Slumpton?"

"Yes."

"Very well! As members of the Woman's Property-Smashing League, it is our duty to punish all the miscreants who deny the vote to women, and all their relations. Now do you understand?"

"Suffragettes, by jingo!" exclaimed Loder.

"Scratch him!" yelled Miss Puncher.

"Here, I say, hold on!" exclaimed Loder, jumping back.

"Draw it mild! What do you want to scratch me for? Go and scratch my uncle!"

"Your uncle is too well guarded by the base slaves of the law," said Miss Bunkhurst scornfully. "Therefore we have come to you."

"My hat! For goodness' sake get out!" exclaimed the alarmed Loder. "I believe in votes for women—I assure you I do. If I ever become Prime Minister, I'll give every woman a vote, or half a dozen votes, if you like. Sheer off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go for him, old lady!"

"Scratch him!"

"Pile in!"

Loder retreated into his study, in a state of great alarm. He backed round the tea-table, and put up his hands. Carne and Walker dodged away.

"Look here, if you touch me, I shall hit out!" Loder exclaimed desperately.

"Hark to the coward, the poltroon!" shrieked Miss Bunkhurst. "The coward who will strike a woman! Bah! Scratch him!"

The three Suffragettes made a rush at Loder.

The prefect dodged round Carne and Walker.

"Stand by me, you chaps!" he panted.

"Scratch them!" shrieked Miss Jorkins.

Miss Bunkhurst grasped the tongs from the grate, and rushed to the attack. Carne and Walker promptly bolted from the study, thankful at the moment that they were not nephews to a Member of Parliament who denied votes to women. Loder would gladly have followed them, but the three wild women piled on him and dragged him back. Loder struggled in their grasp, yelling for help.

"Bump him—I mean scratch him!" panted Miss Puncher.

Loder began to hit out furiously. Chivalry was all very well; but it had its limits, and chivalry did not require a



The ambition to become a great musician is one which many musically-inclined "Magnetites" no doubt secretly harbour. The great master of violin or piano has ready to his hand the means of rising to fame and fortune, and also of giving intense pleasure to large audiences of people—surely a worthy ambition!



"Dear me! I assure you——!" said Mr. Quelch, feebly. "Away!" Miss Bunkhurst made a lunge with the tongs, and Mr. Quelch sprang back. "Base tyrant! Away!" cried the wild woman. (See Chapter 9.)

fellow to submit quietly to being bumped and scratched. Loder put up a good fight, but the three Suffragettes were too many for him. Miss Puncher and Miss Jorkins soon had him down on the carpet, and Miss Bunkhurst, flourishing the tongs, kept back the fellows who crowded the passage outside the doorway. Not that they wanted to enter. They were mostly juniors, and they were not at all averse to seeing Loder ragged—by Suffragettes or by anybody. They had come there to enjoy the fun, and they were enjoying it. There were loud yells to the Suffragettes to "Go it!" But the three wild women did not need encouragement. They were going it.

"Hold the unmanly ruffian—the ruffian who would strike women!" panted Miss Bunkhurst. "Hold him!"

"We've got him, Bol—ahem—Miss Bunkhurst! We've got him!"

"Bump his head on the floor if he struggles!"

Bump! Bump!

"Ow, ow!" yelled Loder.

Miss Bunkhurst cleared the table of butter, jam, pickles, and other sticky delicacies, and jammed them over Loder's face and hair, and he wriggled in the grasp of his captors.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

The prefect shrieked and gasped, but there was no escape for him.

The juniors outside yelled with delight. It was seldom that they had enjoyed such a treat.

"Give him the marmalade, old lady!"

"Let him have some ink!"

"And some soot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Bunkhurst took that kindly advice. Loder, almost suffocated, looked a horrible object under the fearful compound that was jammed on his face and hair and collar. He was almost unrecognisable by this time. But he had ceased to struggle. Every struggle led to his head being bumped on the floor, and Loder found it painful.

Miss Puncher was sitting on his chest, and Miss Jorkins was standing on his legs. The prefect wriggled, but he could not get away.

"Ow, ow, ow! Lemme alone! Gerroff! 'Taint my fault! Leave off! Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Smash! Crash! Smash, smash, smash!

Miss Bunkhurst was making a clearance of the crockery

now. She hurled plates and cups and saucers in all directions in the study, and they fell in fragments on the floor. The glass over the mantelpiece was shattered by the impact of the teapot, and the teapot fell in a hundred pieces. The table was overturned, and hurled into a corner, the bookcase dragged away from the wall and hurled upon it. The study carpet was dragged up and added to the heap. Loder's study began to look as if it had been struck by a cyclone. Miss Bunkhurst turned out the cupboard, and all the articles contained therein were hurled about the study. Then she looked with a fiery eye, as if in search of fresh damage to be done.

There was a surge of the closely-packed juniors in the passage, and Mr. Quelch came striding into view. The Remove-master looked into the study with a thunderous frown.

"What does this mean?" he shouted. "How dare you come here, you—you female hooligans?"

"Ow! Help!" groaned Loder.

Mr. Quelch strode into the study. He strode back again in a great hurry as Miss Bunkhurst flourished the tongs within an inch of his nose.

"Take care, madam!" he stuttered. "You—you will do some—some damage!"

"Back! Don't dare to interfere with members of the Woman's Property-Smashing League, engaged in doing their duty!" thundered Miss Bunkhurst.

"My dear madam—oh—pray keep those tongs away! You—you must really not come here!" gasped Mr. Quelch, backing out of the study. "You—you must release that boy! I insist upon it—at once!"

Miss Bunkhurst charged at him with the tongs, and Mr. Quelch skipped into the passage.

"Good—goodness gracious!" ejaculated the Form-master. "What—whatever is to be done! This is—is intolerable! Woman! If you do not instantly leave this house, I shall telephone for the police!"

"Telephone and be blowed!" was the unladylike retort of Miss Bunkhurst. "Let the base slaves of the law come—they will find us ready!"

"Walker's gone on his bike for the police, sir!" said a voice from the passage.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Miss Puncher. "Then it's time we cleared!"

"They—they shall be arrested!" panted Mr. Quelch. "They shall be punished! Bless my soul! This is—is unparalleled!"

"Give us the vote, then!" howled Miss Bunkhurst.

"My good woman, I cannot possibly give you the vote," said the distressed Form-master. "The power to do so is not—ahem—vested in my hands! I beg you leave this place."

"Bah!"

"You are liable to imprisonment for this conduct—"

"Bah-hah! Imprison us—fine us—and we shall go on! We shall continue till there is no property unsmashed in the kingdom! Let the tyrant Man tremble! The Woman's Property-Smashing League is on his track! Let him tremble!"

"Dear me! I assure you—" said Mr. Quelch feebly.

"Away!" Miss Bunkhurst made a lunge at the Form-master with the tongs, and Mr. Quelch sprang back. "Base tyrant! Away!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Smash up the room!" roared Miss Bunkhurst. "Smash everything! This is a great day for the women of England! Let the tyrant Asquith hear of it, and tremble! Let Lloyd George learn of it, and shiver in his shoes! Bah!"

Crash! Crash! Crash!

Pane after pane flew out of the window under the slashes of the tongs, in Miss Bunkhurst's powerful hand.

"Oh, crumbs!" muttered Miss Puncher. "Draw it mild, old man—I mean old girl! You mustn't destroy the school property."

Crash! Crash! Crash! If Miss Bunkhurst had been a real and genuine Suffragette of the most red-hot militant variety, she could not have been more thorough. There was a sudden shout from the passage.

"Here comes Tozer!"

As if Loder of the Sixth had suddenly become red-hot, Miss Puncher and Miss Jorkins let him go, and made a bound for the door. The portly form of P.-c. Tozer had been sighted entering the school gates; the majesty of the Law was about to appear on the scene. Miss Bunkhurst followed the other two. The fellows in the passage crowded back to give the three wild women room to pass. They did not care for a personal encounter with three such muscular members of the Woman's Property-Smashing League.

Loder of the Sixth staggered to his feet. Jam and marmalade and pickles and soot and ink were mixed upon his face, and he was gasping and snorting wildly. He gouged the horrible mixture out of his eyes, and glared with fury.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, "THE PENNY POPULAR," "CHUCKLES," 1d. Every Wednesday. Every Friday. Every Saturday, 2d.

"Arrest them!" he gurgled. "Have 'em taken to prison! I'll prosecute 'em! I'll have 'em locked up! Ow, ow! Groogh! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd of Greyfriars fellows followed on the track of the Suffragettes. They were curious to see how P.-c. Tozer would handle them. Certainly the three raiders did not look easy to handle.

But some of the Removites were looking grave—those who knew the real identity of the three members of the Woman's Property-Smashing League. The arrival of Mr. Tozer on the scene had not been foreseen by the jokers of the Remove, and Miss Bunkhurst & Co. realised that they were in a dangerous position. For, excellent as that jape undoubtedly was, and richly as Loder of the Sixth deserved his punishment, there was no doubt that the Head would take the severest possible view of the matter, if the facts came to light, and very little doubt that Wharton and Bob Cherry and Bolsover major would be flogged, and most likely expelled from Greyfriars.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Narrow Escape.

POLICE-CONSTABLE TOZER came across the Close with a majestic tread, that solemn and heavy tread of the police force, which, as a humorist once remarked, is so useful to burglars, as a hint that it is time to pack up and be gone. Walker had met Mr. Tozer on his rounds, and brought him promptly to the school; but Mr. Tozer himself had no very clear idea of how he was to deal with the trouble there. Mr. Tozer certainly had his own views on the Suffragette question—his view being that all Suffragettes ought to be "drowned." But as that drastic measure was not within the bounds of possibility, his course of action was very doubtful. He could not use his truncheon against women, and how he was to deal with three unreasonable and infuriated females, unarmed, was a mystery. Unless he could quell them with the glance of his eye, as wild animals are said to be quelled, it was not at all clear of what use Mr. Tozer would be. And what would members of the Woman's Property-Smashing League care for the terror of his glance? Not much, probably. So Mr. Tozer's steps were slow, as well as stately, as he crossed the Close.

From the School House doorway three wild women came dashing out. One of them, hampered by her tight skirt, stumbled and fell, amid a roar of laughter. She picked herself up at once, murmuring something emphatically on the subject of tight skirts, and the intelligence of the sex that invented them.

The alarm of the three Suffragettes at the arrival of Mr. Tozer surprised the Greyfriars fellows. Such wild and irresponsible persons might have been expected to care nothing for the police. But it was not of Mr. Tozer himself that the Suffragettes were afraid. They were afraid of their real identity coming to light. If they should be "run in" by Mr. Tozer the game would be up. Hunger strikes were not in their line.

"Go for him, girls!" yelled Coker of the Fifth. "He's more afraid of you than you are of him. Have his helmet off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My word!" gasped Mr. Tozer, and he stopped dead at the sight of the three wild women, and wished that he was anywhere else in the world at that moment.

The Suffragettes paused, too. They did not know what to do. The original intention had been to slip out of gates, and get the disguises off in the wood, after the raid on Loder's study. But the arrival of the representative of law and order spoiled the scheme. Mr. Tozer had to be dealt with now.

"Take them in charge, Mr. Tozer!" shouted Mr. Quelch, hurrying out of the house. "I give them into custody on a charge of wilful damage and assault."

"Yessir," murmured Mr. Tozer, eyeing the Suffragettes uneasily. "Now, you come alonger me, ladies, and I won't 'urt you."

Mr. Tozer spoke in his most persuasive tones. But the Suffragettes had no intention whatever of going along with Mr. Tozer, if they could help it.

"Stand back, and let us pass, base slave of a cowardly Government!" exclaimed Miss Puncher. "Our duty is done. We will go!"

"You 'eard wot Mr. Quelch said," replied Mr. Tozer. "I gotter take you in charge."

"Take them into custody, Tozer! I will accompany you to the station," cried Mr. Quelch.

"You 'ear that, ladies! Now, come along quietly."

"Charge him over, and run for it!" whispered Miss Puncher, otherwise Harry Wharton.

Matters were growing serious. All Greyfriars had gathered round them, and the Head could be seen looking out of his study window.

Mr. Tozer backed away a little. He did not like the looks of the Suffragettes. He glanced round at the grinning crowd.

"Which I calls upon you in the name of the lor to 'elp me seize these 'ere lor-breakers!" he exclaimed. "It's your dooty to 'elp an officer of the lor when called upon. I calls on you, Master Coker, Master Wingate, Master Walker—I calls on all of you, in the name of the lor!"

The Greyfriars fellows looked serious at that. Certainly they were bound by the law of the land to help a policeman if called upon to assist him in the execution of his duty.

"Dash it all," exclaimed Wingate, "I'm not going to fight with women, Tozer!"

"No jolly fear!" said Coker. "Trot out a man Suffragist, and I'll smash him! But I ain't fighting women!"

"I calls on you in the name of the lor!" yelled Mr. Tozer, as the three Suffragettes, having decided upon their plan of action, charged at him.

"You must help Mr. Tozer!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I command you! You must help Tozer in the execution of his duty."

Thus commanded, the fellows had to obey. But they advanced reluctantly. It was a critical moment for the three heroes of the Remove, for if they had been seized and made prisoners, it would not have taken long for their identity to transpire.

But they were desperate now, and Mr. Tozer was not built to withstand a desperate charge. He whirled over as the three Suffragettes rushed upon him, and bumped down on his back, with his helmet knocked over his eyes.

"Huh—huh! Groogh!" gurgled Mr. Tozer, making vain endeavours to get his head out of his jammed helmet, as the three Suffragettes made a wild break for the gates.

The crowd of Greyfriars fellows rushed after them; but they had a start, and they ran well, though impeded by their skirts. In the gateway, Miss Puncher stumbled and fell, but jumped up and ran on, with a burst skirt. The Greyfriars fellows stopped in the gateway, and the three Suffragettes raced on down the road. Mr. Tozer, with a battered helmet, came puffing out into the road, feeling much braver now that the enemy were in full flight, and there was little prospect of overtaking them.

"After 'em, Tozer!" grinned Coker of the Fifth. "Your prisoners are getting away, old chap."

"Which I 'ope they will!" groaned Mr. Tozer, as he stepped out in pursuit.

"Ha, ha, ha! Go it, Tozer! Put it on!"

Down the road went the three Suffragettes at top speed. Bob Cherry looked back over his shoulder, and saw Mr. Tozer lumbering heavily in pursuit.

"He won't catch us!" Bob gasped. "My hat! That was a narrow escape! I can't run in this beastly skirt. What do the idiots wear tight skirts for, I wonder?"

"To show their superior intelligence, and fitness for the vote, I suppose," growled Wharton. "I've been over half a dozen times in this fatheaded thing! If Tozer could run he would have us now."

"Put it on," panted Bolsover. "My hat! What would happen if the Head found us out?"

"The sack, I fancy!" grinned Bob.

The three disguised juniors ran on as fast as the absurd skirts would allow, and cleared the stile in the lane, and dashed into the wood. There they were safe from Mr. Tozer. That stout gentleman was not likely to seek them any further.

In a deep glade in the wood they removed their disguises, and washed the make-up from their faces in a stream. Glad enough were the practical jokers to get rid of their encumbrances. The joke on Loder had been first-class, no doubt, but the risk it entailed was extremely serious, and the juniors were much relieved to have finished with Miss Bunkhurst, Miss Puncher, and Miss Jorkins.

"Glad to be out of that," gasped Bob, as he flung down the troublesome skirt. "If they ask me for votes, I won't let 'em have any till they stop wearing those fool things!"

The disguises were made up into a bundle, and concealed in a hollow tree, to be taken away at some future date. Then the three juniors, restored to their own proper persons once more, strolled back towards Greyfriars. In the lane they encountered P.-c. Tozer, mopping his red and perspiring face with a handkerchief.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Tozer!" said Wharton politely. "Warm weather—what?"

"'Orrid warm!" said Mr. Tozer. "'Orrid warm weather for running. I s'pose you young gents ain't seed anything of three werry ugly and ill-tempered-looking females about 'ere?"

"Friends of yours?" asked Bob Cherry innocently.

Mr. Tozer snorted.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

"No, they ain't," he replied. "They're Suffragettes, and they been doing some more damage at Greyfriars. Broken nearly all the winders in the 'ouse, and assaulted Mr. Quelch with a pair of tongs."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Which it ain't a laughing matter, young gentlemen," said Mr. Tozer, with asperity. "I'm looking for them shemales to take 'em into custody, and if you've seed 'em, it's your dooty to tell me so."

"What were they like?" grinned Wharton, wondering what Mr. Tozer would think if he could have guessed that he was talking to those three identical "shemales."

"One was a 'orrid-looking brute, about your size, Master Bolsover, as hugly as hugly could be!" said Mr. Tozer.

"Oh, rubbish!" growled Bolsover, and he strode away.

Mr. Tozer glanced after him in surprise. He did not see anything in his remark to make Bolsover angry.

"And one was a cross-looking 'orror, about as tall as you, Master Wharton, with a nose like yourn, or huglier, if possible—"

Wharton's nose, still swollen from the fight in Courtfield, was not a thing of beauty at that moment, certainly. But Mr. Tozer's remark was not pleasing.

"Oh, rats!" he said.

"And the huther, Master Cherry, was an angular-lookin' she-cat, with enormous feet—"

"Ass!" said Bob Cherry.

The juniors walked on, leaving Mr. Tozer considerably astonished. He did not see anything for them to be angry about in his description of the three objectionable females.

"Lucky Tozer didn't know us, anyway," grinned Bob, as they walked on to the school. "The make-up didn't quite cover my damaged optics, I think. But we've come through it all right; and all's well that ends well. I'm anxious to see Loder again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The three juniors sauntered in carelessly at the school gates.

"Hallo, you fellows been out!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, meeting them in the Close. "I guess you've missed all the fun."

"Anything happened?" asked Wharton.

"I guess so—more Suffragettes! They came here and ragged Loder because he's the nephew of a Member of Parliament," chuckled Fisher T. Fish. "You should have seen him! He was a picture, I calculate. Old Quelch's got his hair off. He started ragging Gosling for letting the women in, but Gossy swears they never came in at the gates. Must have climbed over the wall, I guess."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yep! It's funny, ain't it?" grinned Fish. "Nice state of things going on in this old island—what? I guess we shouldn't allow it over there—not in the Yewnited States, sir. I kinder guess—"

"Oh, rats!"

Harry Wharton and his comrades entered the School House. They found the house in a buzz of excited talk on the subject of the Suffragette raid. But they could not see Loder. The bully of the Sixth was still engaged in scrubbing off the fearful mixture with which Miss Bunkhurst and Miss Puncher and Miss Jorkins had anointed him.

Loder had very little sympathy—and none at all from the Remove. All the Remove grinned over that raid on Loder—but in No. 1 Study the merriment was greatest. The Famous Five had scored, and the only drawback to their enjoyment was the fact that they could not tell Loder the real identity of Miss Bunkhurst & Co. But that, of course, would never have done.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Pie for Two!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as he came into No. 13 Study a few days later. "At it again—what?"

Billy Bunter swung round from the study cupboard, and blinked at Bob in alarm through his big glasses. Bob had just come in from the cricket-field, and the Owl of the Remove was taken by surprise.

"I—I say, I—I just looked in to see you, you know!" murmured Bunter, keeping a wary eye on Bob. "I—I want to speak to you very particularly, Cherry, old chap."

"And you were looking for me in the cupboard?" said Bob sarcastically.

"Ahem! I—I was just admiring that pie, that's all," said Bunter. "That's a beautiful pie you've got there. I'll come to tea if you like. What are you looking for, Bob, old chap?"

Bob Cherry was glancing round the study as if in search of something.

"Sendee Wun Lung away!" he exclaimed.
 "Yes, at once, you wretched boy!"
 "Wun Lung velly solly. Wun Lung velly bad boy—no tellee tluth," said Wun Lung meekly. "No wantee makee handsome Mr. Quelch velly angly. Wun Lung tellee whoppee."

"What!"
 "Not lat-poison!" said Wun Lung cheerfully. "That a whoppee. Wun Lung sayee lat-poison to flighten Bunttee. Teachee no stealee pie."

"Oh!" gasped Bob Cherry. "The little villain was lying! We ought to have known that. He can't tell the truth if he tries."

"And he never tries!" grinned Nugent.
 Mr. Quelch grasped the little Chinese by the shoulder and shook him. Wun Lung wriggled.

"Tell me the truth, you—you extraordinary boy! What is it that you have administered to these boys?"

"Little powdee—Chinee powdee," stammered Wun Lung.
 "Not dangalous. Me takee sometimes. Allee light! No dangel. Givee painee if takee too much; passee off in timee. Allee light."

"Then why did you state that it was rat-poison?"
 "Wantee flighten Bunttee."

"You—you young rascal! Have you no idea of the truth at all?" thundered Mr. Quelch, very much relieved, and at the same time very angry.

Wun Lung shook his head.
 "Me velly bad boy—tellee whoppee," he murmured.
 "All Chinee tellee whoppee! No tellee tluth like English boy. Allee samee in China. Wun Lung velly solly. No wantee makee handsome Mr. Quelchee angly."

"The—the boy is incorrigible!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Do you know that you will be punished for telling lies, Wun Lung?"

"Velly solly."
 "I—I feel better now," gasped Bolsover major, sitting up in the armchair. "Of course, I didn't really believe the young rotter was telling the truth. You fellows needn't fancy that I was frightened."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, you are very properly punished for taking a pie that does not belong to you. Wun Lung, you must not play such tricks; and I shall punish you severely for telling untruths. Follow me to my study."

"Velly pleasee follow handsome Mr. Quelch."
 The Remove-master strode away, and Wun Lung followed on his track. So long as the Form-master's eye was upon him, Wun Lung had looked meek and penitent, but he was grinning now. The little Oriental was as tough as leather, and punishment did not affect him very much. He had often shown an insensibility to pain that astonished his Form-fellows.

But a few minutes later loud yells were heard proceeding from Mr. Quelch's study, which seemed to indicate that Wun Lung's feelings had been touched at last. From the terrific yelling, it might have been supposed that the Chinese was being massacred.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Quelchy is giving it to him this time! Serve him jolly well right, for telling lies! But, by Jove, he is going through it!"
 Yell, yell, yell!

Then the Form-master's door opened, and Wun Lung came out, almost doubled up. Harry Wharton & Co. gave him sympathetic looks. The caning that had elicited such terrific yelling from the tough little Chinese must have been very severe indeed, they thought. To their astonishment, Wun Lung grinned as he rejoined them. There was no sign of pain in the expression of his yellow face.

"Have you had it bad?" demanded Johnny Bull.
 "Not muchee."
 "Aren't you hurt?" exclaimed Bob, in astonishment.
 "No hurtee."

"Then what was that frightful row about?"
 Wun Lung chuckled.
 "Makee Mr. Quelch leavee off," he explained calmly.
 "If Mr. Quelchee keepee on, he hurtee Wun Lung! Wun Lung makee low—flightful low, and Mr. Quelchee leavee off whackee. Allee light."

And the little Chinese ambled away, leaving the chums of the Remove almost overcome by that sample of the wiliness of the Oriental mind. But the young rascal did not wholly escape punishment. Bolsover major, relieved of his fears, was himself again. He had kicked Bunter out of the study—to go and groan somewhere else, as he explained it—and he was waiting for Wun Lung. Bolsover major was still suffering from internal pains, but he was thinking less of them than of vengeance. As Wun Lung came sidling along the Remove passage, Bolsover major rushed out on him and

seized him. And before Bob Cherry and Mark Linley could rescue the little Chinese from the grasp of the bully of the Remove, Wun Lung had suffered severely. They pitched Bolsover back into his study, and bore Wun Lung away to No. 13 Study, where he sank into the armchair and groaned.

"Ow, ow, ow! Wun Lung hurtee velly bad! Ow, ow!"
 "Serve you right," said Mark unsympathetically. "You shouldn't tell lies!"

But Wun Lung only grunted in reply to that.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Straw.

"LOOK at that! Who's done this?"

"My hat!"
 "What blessed villain——"
 "What howling rotter——"

"What unspeakable Goth and Vandal——"
 Words failed the chums of the Remove. They frowned and gritted their teeth and clenched their fists with wild wrath.

It was a sudden shock to them. Their looks were almost homicidal as they gazed at the destruction before them, and glanced round in search of a victim.

It was Saturday afternoon, and that afternoon the Remove cricket eleven were to play the Upper Fourth. Before dinner the juniors had been down to the pitch, and had rolled it, a matter they generally attended to themselves. The stumps were to be pitched soon after dinner; and when Harry Wharton & Co. came out of the School House, they strolled down to the cricket-ground. There was a surprise awaiting them—a most painful surprise, which enraged them as they had seldom been enraged before.

While the school was at dinner, and the grounds were deserted, some wily intruder had evidently entered the precincts of Greyfriars, and had attended to the cricket-pitch for them. The turf had been hacked up in the cruellest manner. Several hands had probably been at work, and choppers and rakes had seemingly been used. The pitch was a wreck. As much damage as could be done had been savagely done. And the juniors gazed at the spoiled cricket-pitch with feelings almost too deep for words.

"What utter beast has done this?" gasped Wharton.
 "What awful rotter——"

"Look there!" roared Bob Cherry.
 Sticking to the front of the pavilion was a notice in large capital letters:

"VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

The juniors stared at it. For the moment they could hardly believe their eyes. That any stranger could be idiotic enough to sneak into the place, and cut up their cricket-pitch, for no object whatever, seemed incredible. But the placard on the pavilion told who were the authors of the outrage. Miss Boxer's noble army of militant Suffragettes in Courtfield were responsible for it.

During the past few days Zenobia Boxer & Co. had been very busy. The public cricket-pitch on Courtfield Common had been cut up. The Courtfield golf-links had been damaged. The windows of the town-hall and the police-station had been broken, and the editor of the "Courtfield Times" had been walloped in his office by a strong-minded and extremely strong-limbed lady in search of a vote. But as nobody at Greyfriars had ever by any chance done anything to draw down the wrath of the militant ladies, the fellows had supposed that Greyfriars would keep clear of them. The Head had allowed the attempt to blow up the old tower to fall into oblivion, instead of prosecuting. Perhaps the rough handling of Joseph by the Greyfriars fellows had exasperated the Boxerites. Perhaps they felt that they were bound to do something to keep before the public. Perhaps they were simply advertising their great demonstration planned for that afternoon by a new crop of foolish outrages. Whatever their reason, they had cut up the cricket-pitch on Little Side, and the junior Form match was very much "off."

Wharton could almost have cried as he looked at the torn and mangled pitch. A new thought came into his mind, and he hurried into the pavilion, which was not locked. The stumps and nets were there, and some of the juniors' bats. Wharton gave a yell of wrath as he strode in. One of the first objects that met his view was his own favourite bat, hacked by a chopper.

"Look at that!"
 "And look at the stumps!" howled Bob Cherry.
 "Smashed, by gum!"
 "And the net—slashed to bits!"
 "Oh, my hat! The rotters!"

"The rotteness!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh mournfully. "My esteemed chums, we shall not be able to play cricketfully this afternoon."

Bob Cherry clenched his big fists.

"If they were here now," he muttered, "I'd—I'd—"

"No, you wouldn't," said Wharton moodily. "The rotters know they're safe, because we can't hit them. They're beastly mean!"

"I'd jolly well hit them, if I could get at them!" growled Bulstrode savagely. "What are we going to do? Look at my bat!"

"Look at mine!"

"The pavilion ought to have been locked," said Mark Linley. "But, of course, we couldn't foresee—"

"We'll keep it locked after this," said Peter Todd. "After the horse is stolen it's the usual custom to lock the stable door. Oh, what rotten luck! I wonder if they've been on Big Side, too?"

"Phew! I wonder!"

The juniors ran out of the pavilion. The First Eleven were meeting a visiting team from Redclyffe that afternoon, and if the pitch had been cut up it would be a more serious matter than in the case of the juniors. There was an excited group of seniors on Big Side, exclaiming and gesticulating. The raiders had evidently been there.

Wingate of the Sixth, with a pale and distressed face, evidently very much moved by the disaster, called out to Wharton:

"Do you know who's been doing this, kid?"

"The Suffragettes, I suppose," said Harry. "They've been here on our side."

"It's a rotten, dirty trick!" said Wingate, almost with tears in his eyes. "What the deuce are we going to do when Redclyffe get here? Oh, it's sickening!"

"They ought to be mobbed!" howled Eoder. "By George, if I found 'em doing it, I wouldn't stand on ceremony with the blessed cats!"

The seniors' ground was in even worse plight than the juniors'. And, as if by way of a joke, the turf had been hacked up in the form of large letters, reading "VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth arrived upon Little Side, but there was no cricket to be played just then. Nor were the juniors thinking so much of cricket as of schemes of punishment to be wreaked on the marauders.

Harry Wharton & Co. returned to the School House, with black brows. They were furious. The injury was so cruel and so unprovoked that they could be excused for feeling vengeful. The Removites held a wrathful meeting in the Rag, and Bolsover major had a suggestion to make.

"They're holding a big meeting in the Assembly Rooms at Courtfield this afternoon," he said. "Let's go! They've mucked up our cricket. Let's go and muck up their meeting."

"Hear, hear!" chorused the juniors.

Wharton's eyes gleamed.

"That's the best idea so far!" he exclaimed. "If we all go we can pretty well muck up the meeting, I should think. We'll take pea-shooters and mouth-organs and whistles and things, and keep up a frightful row all the time."

"And get chucked out on our necks!" growled Ogilvy.

"They won't find it so jolly easy to chuck us out," said Bob Cherry. "Dash it all! They go to other people's meetings and muck them up. Why shouldn't they be served the same?"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific, my esteemed chums."

"We'll get a crowd of the Fourth and the Third to go with us, and some of the Fifth," said Nugent eagerly. "We'll plant a hundred chaps on them. A hundred fellows who mean business can muck up a meeting easily enough."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

"But I say, really, you know, I've got an idea."

"Go and boil it!" growled Bolsover major.

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at Bolsover. Bunter really had an idea, and as he did not often have one he was anxious to air it. Billy Bunter dearly loved the limelight, and he had thought of a scheme of securing all the limelight for once, with the eyes of all the Form upon him.

"I say, Wharton—" he persisted.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Harry. "Gather up all the Form, you fellows, and we'll march down to Courtfield. Get as many of the other fellows as you can."

"What-ho!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

"I say, you fellows!" bawled Bunter. "I tell you I've got an idea for mucking up the rotten meeting. I tell you I can do it."

"Well, get it off your chest!" said Wharton impatiently. "I don't suppose it's worth anything, but get it out. Sharp's the word!"

"Look here, you fellows know what a splendid ventriloquist I am—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"You fat duffer!" roared Bob Cherry wrathfully. "Do you think we've got time to stand here listening to your gas now? Go and chop chips! Biff him, somebody!"

"But, I say—I mean, I—"

"Never mind Bunter. Come on!" said Wharton.

"Hold on a tick!" exclaimed Peter Todd, while Bunter was making frantic attempts to get a hearing. "Perhaps Bunter's got something to say. I think I can see what he's driving at. Silence for Bunter! Give him a chance."

Nobody was willing to listen to Bunter; but Peter Todd was a person of greater weight, and the excited juniors paused. Bunter panted for breath.

"Now, get it out, Bunter!" rapped out Todd.

"I was going to say, you fellows know that I'm a ripping ventriloquist—"

"We've heard all that. Cut the cackle and get to the hosses!" growled Johnny Bull.

"You know how I imitated old Mossoo's voice and got you fellows out of a scrape once? You know I can imitate anybody's chirp—"

"Get to the point!" howled Bob Cherry.

"How can I get to the point when you keep on interrupting me?" snorted Bunter. "My idea is for me to take the lead in this affair—"

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Come off!"

"Go home!"

"I say, you fellows, I mean I'll come along with you and help," amended Bunter. "Get me a seat near the platform—one of you fellows can pay for it—and I'll give 'em some ventriloquial tricks. They've got delegates from other fool societies coming to jaw with them at the meeting, and if I begin on 'em, you'll see—"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Wharton, understanding at last. "It's not a bad idea. After all, the fat idiot is a ripping ventriloquist, though he can't do anything else."

"Oh, really, Wharton! It's a gift, and—"

"I know it's a gift, Tubby. If it required brains, you couldn't do it."

"Look here—"

"It's a topping wheeze!" exclaimed Peter Todd. "We'll take Bunter, and get him a seat near the speechifying platform. All the rest of the fellows can be packed in the back of the hall, and we'll wind up the proceedings with a general row. Before we come away we'll smash up every blessed thing we can lay our hands on."

"Hurrah!"

"Come on, Bunter!"

"Don't you begin a row till I've had my chance," said Bunter. "I tell you I'm going to make them sit up—"

"'Nuff said! Come on!"

A quarter of an hour later, quite an army of Greyfriars fellows were marching on Courtfield, bound for the Assembly Rooms. Nearly all the Remove and the Fourth, and a crowd of fags from the Third and Second Forms, and Coker & Co., and a contingent of the Fifth, and Hobson & Co. of the Shell, streamed off to take part in the Suffragette meeting—more than a hundred fellows in all. Suffragette meetings in Courtfield had been very exciting of late, but it was pretty certain that that afternoon's meeting would be the most exciting of all in the history of the Courtfield Branch of the Feminine Franchise and Explosive Union.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER. An Excited Meeting.

HARRY WHARTON & CO. and the rest of the Greyfriars crowd reached the Assembly Rooms in Courtfield half an hour before the time fixed for the meeting. There was already a crowd outside the hall, and a considerable amount of "booming." The public were admitted to the meeting, but they seemed to prefer remaining outside and booming the various members of the militant society as they

arrived. There were a considerable number of men in the hall, but very few of the gentler sex, when Harry Wharton & Co. obtained admittance, and they had no difficulty in getting good seats. The seats on the platform were as yet unoccupied; but they were to be occupied later by various delegates from other parts of the country, who had come to cheer on their Courtfield comrades with stirring tales of deeds done in various quarters, of golf-links cut up, and cricket pavilions burned to the ground, and windows smashed, and Cabinet Ministers ragged, and meetings interrupted, and houses blown up.

It was a great day in the history of the Courtfield Branch. Outside the hall there were a number of policemen keeping order. The unfortunate men in blue—some of them still bearing scratches won at Miss Boxer's last meeting—were there to keep the public from anything more forcible than booing. These slaves of a corrupt and cowardly Government, as Miss Boxer described them, had their use, after all, even from a Suffragette point of view. For, but for the sturdy men in blue, Miss Boxer & Co. would certainly have been sadly ragged as they reached the hall. As it was, there were several ugly rushes as the cabs arrived one after another; and two or three of the speakers came in with their hats battered or their coats torn, and, naturally, in a state of great indignation. With a process of reasoning peculiar to the advanced woman, they resented any interruption of free speech, excepting when they were themselves the interrupters.

The hall gradually filled. There were women of all ages, and all enthusiastic, most of them dressed in weird colours, and all of them hampered in their movements by uncomfortably tight skirts—that last and crowning proof of the superiority of feminine intelligence. Men came in in twos or threes; but from their looks it appeared that they had come chiefly to be amused, and not to be convinced. But there was a sprinkling of male Suffragists. The seats filled, and the hall was crowded at last, the late comers finding standing room only. Then the seats on the platform were filled, the great Miss Boxer taking the chair.

There was a buzz from the Greyfriars fellows as they recognised Joseph Juggins on the platform—the pale young man who had taken part in the first raid on Greyfriars, and who had suffered so severely in consequence.

Miss Boxer opened the proceedings, presenting Mrs. Clubbem, a formidable-looking lady, who made a fiery speech, telling of deeds of daring in the way of ragging Ministers of the Crown, and calling on the women of Courtfield to "rise."

What they were to do when they had arisen Mrs. Clubbem did not explain; and she forgot to mention what especial purpose would be served by their rising. But upon one point she was very clear and emphatic indeed, and that was that they were to rise.

And there was frenzied applause from all quarters, mingled with booing and groaning from the mere men, when Mrs. Clubbem sat down, breathless and extremely well satisfied with herself.

Joseph was the next speaker. Mr. Juggins had a somewhat simpering manner of addressing the audience, which was very pleasing to the feminine part thereof, but made the mere masculine portion sniff. And Joseph was interrupted.

Two or three juniors had been nudging Bunter, as a sign that it was time to begin; and Billy Bunter cleared his fat little throat and prepared for business at last. He had carefully studied and memorised the gruff voice of Mrs. Clubbem, and was able to reproduce it without difficulty.

"And I think all present will agree with me," Joseph was meandering on, "that the time has now arrived for the conferring of the franchise on women! There are some, my friends, who recommend universal suffrage, which would mean the franchise of all women and all men. Such is not the object of our society. Far from it! Far be it from us to recommend votes for all women. We demand representation for the feminine intelligence and capacity of the country—for the women who matter. In a word, for the members of our society."

"Hear, hear!"
"Upon this point we are determined," went on Joseph unctuously; "and this afternoon we are here to talk—"

"Nonsense!"
If that interruption had come from the body of the hall Joseph would have smiled indulgently and proceeded. But it came from his very elbow, and in a voice that there was no mistaking. Joseph's mouth shut suddenly like a rat-trap, and he stared helplessly at Mrs. Clubbem over his glasses.

"My dear madam—" he said feebly.
"Oh, shut up!"

"M-m-my dear—" faltered Joseph.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Pray do not interrupt the speaker, Mrs. Clubbem!" said Miss Boxer, in surprise, and in a tone of great asperity.

Mrs. Clubbem stared at her.
"I—I did not interrupt!"
"Yes, you did, you old parrot!" came a voice so remarkably like Joseph's that Joseph stared round in helpless bewilderment, and wondered for a moment whether he had indeed spoken.

Mrs. Clubbem jumped up, red with wrath.
"What?" she exclaimed. "What did you call me?"
"Silly old parrot! Go home!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the audience, surprised and delighted by this disagreement between the speakers. "Go it, Joseph! Speak up! Give it to her!"

"Did I come here to be insulted?" roared Mrs. Clubbem, in a stentorian voice. "Why, you miserable, pale-faced apology for a man—"

"M-m-my dear madam—" gasped Joseph.
"Order! Order, I beg!" exclaimed Miss Boxer. "Mr. Juggins, you must withdraw that remark!"

"I—I—I—"
"You have applied an opprobrious epithet to Mrs. Clubbem, our esteemed visitor and colleague in the great work of abolishing the tyranny of man."

"But I—I—I—"
"You must withdraw it, Mr. Juggins."

And Miss Boxer sat down majestically. But her voice, to her own great astonishment, went on:

"Of course she is a silly old parrot and a fat duffer; but you mustn't tell her so here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Miss Boxer," shrieked Mrs. Clubbem, "you are insulting! From this moment I disclaim and disown any connection with the Courtfield branch! Cat!"

"Madam—"
"Cat!"

That offensive epithet was not really uttered by Mrs. Clubbem; but Miss Boxer did not know that a ventriloquist was at work, and she was naturally indignant.

"Silence, madam!" exclaimed Miss Boxer, with crushing dignity. "If you have no sense of the proprieties—"
"Shut up!"

200

SHILLINGS

For Reading

PUZZLE

PICTURES

An easy competition which is open to everyone. NO ENTRANCE FEE. Only eight pictures to solve. Full particulars in

PLUCK (1d.)

BOYS' FRIEND (1d.)

BOYS' REALM (1d.)

SPORTS LIBRARY (½d.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FRANK RICHARDS Contributes a Splendid, Complete School Tale "CHUCKLES," ½d. in our New Saturday Companion Paper—

"Mrs. Clubbem, how dare you address me in such a manner! I command you to leave this platform!"

"Or I will throw you out!" came in Joseph's thin, meek voice.

And Mrs. Clubbem turned upon him like a fury.

"You will throw me out, you—you lath!" shouted the fat lady.

"I—I did not speak, I assure you! Oh, dear, I—I must be dreaming! My dearest madam, I do assure you—Oh—ow!"

Joseph backed away and dodged round the platform seats as the excited and indignant Mrs. Clubbem rushed at him. The big lady who had defied Cabinet Ministers on their own golf-greens was not likely to be intimidated by the unfortunate Joseph. The truculent temper which had not yielded to forcible feeding was hardly likely to stand such a threat from the miserable Joseph. It was in vain that Mr. Juggins yelled out in terror that he had not spoken. The infuriated Mrs. Clubbem chased him round the platform, and Joseph had to jump down among the audience to escape.

There were yells of laughter, and shouts of "Go it!" from all quarters of the hall. The women were shrieking, and the men laughing. Mrs. Clubbem stood panting on the platform, glaring after the victim who had narrowly escaped her powerful hands. Miss Boxer was almost in despair. This meeting, which was to have marked an epoch in the history of the Franchise and Explosive Society, seemed to be degenerating into a commonplace "row" among the speakers.

"Mrs. Clubbem, calm yourself, I beg—" gasped Miss Boxer.

And the Greyfriars ventriloquist went on in the same voice:

"Or I will pull your hair down, you cat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pull my hair down!" shrieked Mrs. Clubbem. "Miss Boxer, you forget yourself! But at least my hair could be pulled down! Your own could not, for it is false!"

The latter part of that speech was due to the ventriloquist. But it had touched Miss Boxer on the raw, and she shook a big fist in Mrs. Clubbem's face.

All the members on the platform were on their feet now, all speaking at once. But Miss Boxer and Mrs. Clubbem had forgotten the meeting and the great Cause and everything else, excepting their mutual disdain and rage. There was no further need for ventriloquism to infuriate them. They were face to face now, red with rage, and hurling the most discourteous remarks at one another.

"My hair false, you—you wretched woman? What of your own teeth?"

"You—you low person! Away, or I will box your ears!"

"Go it!" roared the delighted audience, as Miss Boxer clawed at Mrs. Clubbem, and Mrs. Clubbem clawed back.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pile in!"

"Go for her mop!"

"Give her beans!"

The hall was in a state of the wildest excitement now. All the members on the platform rushed upon the two infuriated ladies to separate them, but it was no easy task. Anger was rising on all sides, and two or three more excited ladies joined in the clawing. The platform was soon an excited mass of struggling and dishevelled womenkind. Both Miss Boxer and Mrs. Clubbem were shrieking for the police; but the police did not seem anxious to arrive upon the scene—for which they could hardly be blamed.

"Hurrah! Go it!" roared Bob Cherry, in great delight. "Bunter, old man, you're a giddy jewel! This is topping! Go it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play up, Boxer!"

"On the ball, Clubbem!"

"This is where the fun begins!" chuckled Bolsover major. "We'll serve their giddy hall the same as they've served our cricket-pitch!"

"Yes, rather! Pile in!"

Some of the audience were streaming out of the doors. With such wild excitement raging on the platform the rest were free to do as they liked. And the Greyfriars fellows had come there bent on mischief.

And mischief was soon raging far and wide.

If the policemen had wanted to come in, they could not have done so, with the excited and hysterical crowd pouring out of the doors. The hall was half empty by this time, and those whose remained were mostly masculine. They stamped and shouted, and yelled, and pitched over the chairs, and soon the crashing of glass was added to the din. Joseph Juggins was spotted attempting to sidle out of a door, and a horde of juniors rushed upon him and seized him.

"Bump him!" roared Coker.

"Ow! Help! Please—yow—don't—yah—oh! Oh, oh!"

Bump, bump, bump!

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

EVERY
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"
LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Joseph broke away, and fled for the platform, and an excited crowd followed him there. The male members of the Franchise and Explosive Society had succeeded in separating Miss Boxer from Mrs. Clubbem at last. Mrs. Clubbem was carried away in hysterics, and Miss Boxer, who was made of sterner stuff, made an attempt to rally her followers and restore order. But the invasion of the platform came at the same moment, and Miss Boxer, with her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders, strove in vain to stem the tide.

"Order, order!" she shrieked. "Throw these ruffians out! Police! Where are the police?"

"Looking after their scratches, ma'am!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "O—ow—yow!" he added, as Miss Boxer smote him. "Yaroo! Paws off! Oh, my hat!"

The masculine Suffragists lined up desperately, and strove to clear the platform. But they were collared and bumped and ragged, and were soon glad to take to their heels. Not so Miss Boxer. That terrible lady laid about her with undiminished pluck and energy, and as the juniors did not feel inclined to hit back in her case, they scattered before her. The chairs on the platform had been smashed, and nearly everyone but Miss Boxer had fled, and the Greyfriars fellows considered it was time for them to go, too.

"I think we're about level now," grinned Bob Cherry, as they made for the doors. But by Jove, I wish Miss Boxer was Mr. Boxer—"

"So do I!" groaned Nugent, feeling his head to feel whether he had any hair left. "The awful old cat has clawed me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The policemen had gained an entrance at last, and they were clearing the hall. Harry Wharton & Co. marched off, feeling quite satisfied with the afternoon's entertainment. The Greyfriars fellows streamed out of the hall, some of them in a somewhat damaged condition, but all feeling exhilarated and triumphant. They had avenged the damage to the cricket-pitch at Greyfriars.

Outside the hall a great crowd was booing and hissing. The boos and hisses redoubled, and were mingled with yells of laughter as a cab drove away with the unfortunate Mrs. Clubbem in it—showing only too plainly the signs of her conflict with the President of the Courtfield Branch of the Feminine Franchise and Explosive Society. And there were more yells as Miss Boxer was seen, with much evidence in her personal appearance of the prowess of Mrs. Clubbem.

"Well, it has been a giddy afternoon," grinned Bob Cherry, as the juniors tramped away for Greyfriars. "Perhaps after this the Idiotic and Hysterical Union, or whatever they call it, will leave our cricket-pitch alone!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps!"

The juniors returned to Greyfriars in great spirits. But the Head of Greyfriars did not look at the matter in the same light as the juniors. When he heard of the scene in the Assembly Rooms, he imposed a hundred lines upon each of the fellows who had been present, and added a severe lecture, which the juniors bore as philosophically as they could.

"Never mind! It was worth it!" said Bob Cherry. "And lines or no lines, if they go for us again, we'll jolly well go for them, and we'll see who gets tired first!"

"Hear, hear!"

But the Courtfield Branch of the Franchise and Explosive Society did not "go for" Greyfriars again.

The public dispute between Miss Boxer and Mrs. Clubbem bore its fruits. The Branch split into two rival camps on the subject—and the Boxerites and the Clubbemites were too busy ragging one another, for a long time afterwards, to have any time to spare for ragging anybody else.

For which the Greyfriars fellows were duly thankful. And they were glad to hear shortly afterwards that Miss Zenobia Boxer, her influence being gone, had left Courtfield for other fields of activity; and after the departure of that tremendous lady, the Courtfield Suffragettes ceased to be so actively militant. And for that great benefit to the town of Courtfield, and the district generally, the heroes of the Remove took the credit to themselves, though Billy Bunter, with his usual modesty, declared that it was to himself, and to himself alone, that there was no longer any danger of Wild Women at Greyfriars.

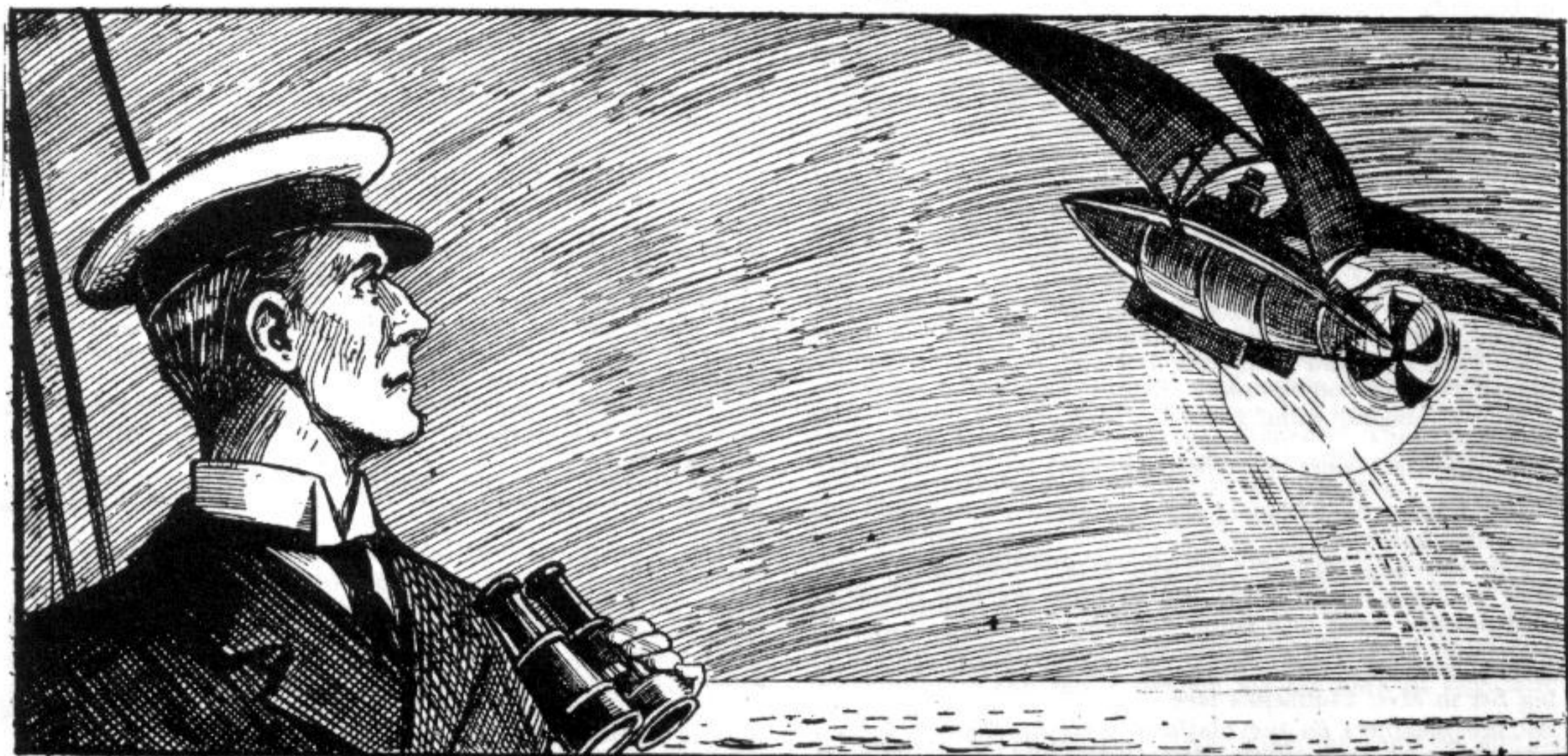
THE END.

(Another splendid, long, complete tale of Harry Wharton and Co. next Monday, entitled: "Coker's Conquests!" by Frank Richards. Order in advance.)

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

Our Grand New *SIDNEY DREW* Serial.

THE UNCONQUERABLE!



A Magnificent Story of Thrilling Adventure.

By **SIDNEY DREW.**

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the renowned multi-millionaire and scientist, once again has a surprise prepared for his faithful band of friends and followers! Ching-Lung (the Chinese prince), Rupert Thurston, Gan-Waga (the Esquimo), Prout, Maddock, and Barry O'Rooney—all are gathered together again, and conducted on board the latest vessel which the mighty brains of Lord and Hal Honour, his engineer, have produced. The vessel, which appears to be a peculiarly constructed submarine, bears the proud name Unconquerable. By its amazingly ingenious mechanism, it steers and controls itself perfectly, both above and below water. Then comes the crowning moment of this astonishing trial trip. "All hands on deck!" shouts the millionaire. "Hold fast!" Then came the miracle. The Unconquerable leapt clear of the water, and, spreading out four vast wings, she righted herself, and skimmed along like a gigantic flying-fish a full hundred yards above the placid sea. The trial is a wonderful success, and the Unconquerable is taken back to the cave in the rocks which serves as a hiding-place. Meanwhile, a vessel runs on Windmill Rocks, and the crew are rescued by Ferrers Lord and his men. Gan-Waga goes fishing, but, while hauling in a big fish, overbalances and falls into the sea. He comes to the surface in time to see a boat floating past, and, jumping in, is staggered to see the bound forms of Prout and Schwartz, who were supposed to be guarding the Unconquerable! They say that two masked men came into the cave, pressed revolvers to their heads, and forced them to enter a boat. A search is quickly made, and Ferrers Lord finds that his wonderful craft has disappeared. He orders the Lord of the Deep to be got ready. Gan Waga, despite the seriousness of the occasion, prepares a practical joke on Joe. The Lord of the Deep actually sights the Unconquerable in the air, and Ferrers Lord argues that something must be wrong with the airship's machinery, otherwise the thieves would have taken her right away. Lord keeps on in chase of the Unconquerable. Maddock and Prout are at the wheel of the Lord of the Deep, when Barry appears, asking for Gan-Waga. "What has he done now?" asks Maddock.

(Now go on with the story.)

A Stirring Message.

"Bedad, ut isn't pwhat he's been doin'," said Barry; "ut's phwat we're goin' to do to him, the blatherskite! Doin', is ut? Turned me bed into a fish-shop, and ut's the same wid Joe's. Joe is sarchin' for the reptoile wid a gun and a bottle of vermin-killer. Av he comes this way, howld him toight, will ye?"

"We will, by honey!" snarled the steersman. "We'll make a necklace of them fish, and make the terror wear 'em a solid month!"

Barry's head, arms, and shoulders disappeared with such violence that it was obvious that he had either side-slipped badly or had been jerked from his perch by some cruel assassin below. They could not leave their posts to investigate the mystery, but the chorus of mingled threats and groans that floated upwards told plainly enough that the bould bhoj from Ballybunion was not dancing with delight.

"Arrah, ut's half the nose he's scraped off me!" he yelled. "Oi'll bate ye pink and purple, Gan-Waga! Joe! Howld him, Joe!"

Barry's voice died away.

"Keep her down, Tommy, or we'll lose our peepin'-tube," said Ben. "Souise me, I'd like the job of grilling that Eskimo! I'd fair enjoy it!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

Herr Schwartz and his staff were busy, for there were many mouths to feed, and few things were allowed to interfere with the routine of the ship. All night long Hal Honour and Ferrers Lord and a dozen skilled artificers were at work. Clothed in asbestos and masked, they toiled on. The heat of the work-room was almost intolerable, and the glare of the electric furnaces would have blinded them, except for the rose-coloured goggles that protected their eyes.

The millionaire wiped his grimy hand, and went to the telephone.

"You have seen nothing of her?"

"Nothing, sir," answered the gruff voice of Tom Prout. "The dawn's just breakin', sir, and it's a fine, clear mornin'."

"Rise, then, and we'll have a breath of fresh air."

He made a sign, and the men gladly shed their masks and aprons. They wrapped themselves up warmly, to avoid taking a chill. They seized the odd-looking, drum-shaped apparatus on which they had spent so much labour, and carried it to the lift.

"Go and sleep, Hal," said Ferrers Lord. "You have done more than all of us put together. Your hands are all blistered. I can attend to the rest. Go and sleep."

OUR COMPANION PAPERS: "THE GEM" LIBRARY, Every Wednesday, "THE PENNY POPULAR," Every Friday, "CHUCKLES," 1/1. Every Saturday, 2

"To-morrow," said the engineer. "Soon enough." The drum was fixed well forward. There was a good deal of shipping visible, but the Lord of the Deep lay so low that she attracted no attention. Prout and Barry O'Rooney, weighed down by their massive diving-suits, were helped across the deck, and lowered over the side. They sank together, and alighted gently. Barry placed the lamp between them.

"Ut's cruelty to helpless infants to pick us out afther a slapeless noight!" said O'Rooney. "Och! And fancy givin' a grown-up man a thing loike that to play wid!"

The article referred to resembled an overgrown coffee-mill. The disgusted Irishman gave the handle a few turns.

"U-r-r-r-r!" it rattled. "U-r-r-r-r!" "Stow it—stow it, by honey!" shrieked Prout. "I can't put my fingers in my ears, you beast! 'Ere, how do you like that?"

Clang! Clang-a-lang-a-lang! Clang, clang, clang! Clang-a-lang!

Prout's instrument of torture silenced the rattle. Barry drew his axe, and brandished it murderously.

"Soilence, or Oi'll lave your shudderin' corpse to the whelks and the other snacks of fish and chips. Ring off, Oi tell ye! Remember, there's nobody about barrin' that wall-oiced lobster to see me do the deed. Don't do ut, darlint, and O'll give ye a lovely buttonhole! There he is, growin' on the rock behind ye, a beautiful cross between an onion blossom and a cabbage-rose."

"Then leave him there, for those blossoms sting like wasps," advised the steersman. "What's the time now, Barry boy?"

"Eighteen minutes to six p.m. by the watertight grandfather's clock, Thomas. The band doesn't begin to play till six. Alone wid you for fifteen minutes! Did Oi say ut was cruelty to tame tittlebats? Bedad, ut's ferocious torture. Aha! Here's your brother comin' to look for ye, Tom. Watch me part his hair in the middle. The top o' the mornin' to ye, swate Juliet. Don't be bashful, acushla. Stick your face out and smile at me."

"Let the poor thing alone, can't you?" said Prout. "It only takes you for a worm, by honey, so why be unkind?"

"Faith, d'ye want me to kiss it, then? Oi've a tender heart, but ut doesn't run to kissin' eels."

The conger retreated into his dark, rocky lair, and Barry only succeeded in striking the rock with a force that jarred his hands. There was a silence.

"Dead or asleep, which are you?" inquired Prout finally. "Naythur. I was composing a poem, entitled, 'Down where the winkles whisper, down where the lobsters lob.'"

"Then you ought to be dead," said Prout viciously. "Keep on composin', but don't recite it to me, by honey, or I'll bowl you a lob that will out you."

Another silence. The bubbles from their helmets streamed upwards, and a shoal of whiting-pout came sailing over the rocks.

"Faith, here's a football team," said Barry, for the striped skins of the fish bore an extraordinary likeness to football jerseys. "Must be Newcastle United. Open your mouth, Tom, and they'll take ut for the goal. Bedad, every single wan of them wears a beard. Here's the place to start a barber's shop."

The shoal swam on. Once more Barry glanced at his clumsy watch. He thrust the axe back into his belt, and seized the handle of his curious rattle.

"I will now," he said, "proceed to play ye a few selections from that successful opera, wrote and composed by Rice Pudding, Esquire, and entitled, as you may be aware, 'The Last Howl of the Hashed Hambone.' Oi unfortunately left the music on the clothes-loine, so plaze excuse mistakes."

"U-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!" "Lovely!" said Barry. "Now, you wid the mouth-organ. This is a touchin' bit, and where you have to shine."

"Clang! Clang-a-lang-a-lang! Clang!" boomed Prout's bell, almost deafening both of them. "Clang, clang!"

"Whisht, whisht!" said Barry, holding up the big chronometer. "Toime, sir, toime! Bedad, ut's so deaf Oi am, Oi can't hear meself thinkin'."

Far away in the saloon of the Lord of the Deep sat Ferrers Lord and Hal Honour with receivers to their ears. The hands of the clock pointed to six.

"The rattle," said the engineer. "The bell," said Ferrers Lord. "Another success, Honour. May it lead to the great success we are aiming at."

They shook hands. The sounds were not loud, but they were perfectly audible. As the instrument that transmitted them had been planned out and built within the space of a few hours the result was little less than a triumph. Hal Honour whistled, and beckoned to Ferrers Lord to take the receiver. The bell was sounding again, but there was regularity about each note, far different from the previous uproar.

It was sending an urgent message that both men read as easily as if it had been printed before their eyes.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT
MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

"Submarine—just—passed—over—us—moving—east."
"PROUT."

An instant later, with her headlights blazing through the grey-green water, the Lord of the Deep was rushing at full speed towards the submerged rocks.

The Mysterious Light—A Diver—Prout's Fatal Thoughtlessness—A Close Shave—The Trawl and What It Caught.

Barry O'Rooney and Tom Prout gazed upward and forward. The overturned lamp lay at their feet, still alight. Barry's voice shook with excitement.

"Av they've only heard, av they've only heard ye, Tom. Troth, Oi can hardly belave that ugly ould dhrum arrangement can do ut," he said. "But, bedad, when Hal and the chafe are as thick as thaves over a job—Ye're sure ut was her? Phwat would ut be? Yes, ut was the Unconquerable right enough. Whisht! Phwat's that showin' there? By me Aunt Biddy's ould goat, she's there, Tom—she's there!"

"More like some silly fish wi' his warpaint on," said Prout. "They all dab themselves wi' luminous paint down here, by honey."

"Stop where you are, Tom," said the fearless Irishman, grasping his axe. "Oi'll go and look, and av it's a fish playin' the fool wid us, Oi'll tache him manners."

"Thank you kindly, gentle sir, but, much as I dislike you, I'll go as well," said Prout. "What would your ma say if I lost you?"

"Don't make a noise, thin. Put your fate down gintly. Troth, phwat would ma say to you, me bhoy, av ye woke up the slumberin' infant, Oi'm axin'?"

Beyond the isolated cluster of rocks the ocean bed consisted of firm sand. Prout had taken his bearings by compass, for they had learned that no depth of water deflected the needle from the mysterious influence of the magnetic North—that strange power which every man who goes down to the sea in ships has made his servant, but which no man has ever rightly understood.

"Ut's no fish," said Harry. "Maybe, they're salvin' a wreck, and ut's a diver's lamp. Aisy, Tom, ut's movin' now. Ut's a diver for Barcelona nuts."

They stopped. The light disappeared, but they could still see a nebulous ring, as if the person who carried the lamp had turned his back on them.

"Thunder and turnips!" gasped Barry. "Look at that!" There were two lights now, and they understood. The second light gleamed from the conning-tower of the stolen aero-submarine. It flashed aft across her deck. The figure of a diver was standing under the huge propeller. He was reaching up, and pulling at something.

"By honey, are you man enough to sneak along and grab him?" hissed Prout. "That's Arkland by the size of him, and he be wearin' one of Ching's diving-suits. Pinched out of the stores, I'll wager. That storekeeper wants scalpin' for not missing it. Keep out of the light. By honey, they've fouled the screw, and he's tryin' to clear it. Slip up on the left, and we'll pounce on him tog—"

In his excitement, Prout had spoken too loudly. He had forgotten that the stolen diving-suit gave Martin Arkland ears. The man dropped his lamp, and scuttled away over the sand. Howling like two hungry wolves robbed of their prey, and swinging their axes, Prout and O'Rooney sped in pursuit. They reached the ladder just as the door of the diving-chamber shut to upon their quarry and their hopes.

"Back wid ye—back wid ye!" shouted Barry. "Upon me shoulders, and hammer the flukes off her. We'll sthop her yet, Tom. Up, up!"

The idea was as mad as it was perilous. Their flimsy axes could make no impression on those great masses of metal. They might as well have tried to knock down the Tower of London with a tack hammer. Still, they were desperate. Prout took off his weight bag, after tying a cord round his ankle. He rose in the water, Barry holding the cord, and lashed at the lower fluke with might and main. The axe was torn from his hand, and he was flung back like a leaf before a gust of wind. Barry staggered and rocked, and scraped through the sand on the toes of his lead-soled boots, but he did not let go.

"Faith," he gasped, "thank me that ye didn't go to the top loike a balloon, Tommy. Me oies is so full of perspiration that Oi can't see no betther than the blind cat we had whin Oi was a bhoy at sweet Ballybunion. Oi skinned ut and sould ut to Widdy M'Gallaghan for a rabbit, and she said she'd niver tasted a betther wan. Oi've your shotbag anchored to me, thank our luck. Get howld of ut. Can you see? Where is the spalpeen?"

The water was turgid with sand, churned up by the sudden revolution of the propeller. It settled down slowly.

"By honey, that propeller came near enough to shave me," said Prout, breathing hard. "You nearly lost your darling boy, Barry."

"Sure, av ut had shaved ye, they wouldn't have axed for the miney," laughed the buoyant-hearted Irishman. "Ye must remimber that. Bad eggs to the reptiles! I thought we were going to nail wan o' thim. Whoy don't you brush yourself—you're all over sand? Och, we did our best," he added. "There's many a slip betwixt the orange-peel and the pavement, me son. She got off quick enough, but there's somethin' wrong wid her, and that's hopeful."

"Not a lot wrong," growled the steersman. "She jumped off like a two-year-old. By honey, the swirl she made hit me like a cannon-ball."

They had each a lamp now, and Barry recovered the lost

"We're a couple of bat-eared asses!" snapped out the steersman.

"Excuse me, Oi'm not related to ye, Tom," said Barry. "You're a bat-cared ass, are ye? Oi niver denoied ut, did Oi? Prithee, Tommy, till me whoy?"

"We ought to have gone for one of the pinions, not that propeller. We might have twisted one of them, by honey, and stopped her from flyin'. Asses! Absolute asses! 'Ammering at a propeller a bit 'arder than your conscience! By honey, I could lynch myself!"

"Oi'll till ye when we come to a three, and thin ye can do ut," said Barry. "Och, kape a good hearrt, man. Oi reckon the wings of the baste aren't so soft as ye came to think. Ye may be roight afther all, but we didn't. Let's sthroll back to the lovely home for conger-eels."

"Give me time to find the bearings!" growled the steersman. "I don't suppose they'll be along for another ten minutes."

"Oi'll bet ye on ut," said Barry. "Why, here the ould girrl is in wance!"

A wave of light poured down aslant from behind, casting their shadows in clear outline on the sand. The next instant they were scooped up and flung together, the lamps shining like stars through the meshes of a huge net. The net rose swiftly, and broke through the surface of the sea with the water streaming from it. It rose higher still. The two divers saw nothing. They lay pressed together in their ocean armour with the blood pouring from their nostrils. The upward rush had overstrained the valves. The net dangled at its ropes as the stolen Unconquerable skimmed through the air.

Three faces looked down from an opening in the rounded keel.

"Slash through the ropes and let the dirt drown, Arkland!" said a voice.

"Not yet. One of them may know what I don't know. When they have taught me that, they'll drown soon enough. Get to the windlass!"

The net went up, foot by foot. It fell back, torn and empty. The Unconquerable sank gently and gracefully, and dived out of sight.

Prisoners and Prison Fare—How to Make a Knife out of a Tea-Cup—A Booby-Trap and a Candlestick—Hot Work—The Sniffing under the Door.

Barry O'Rooney tasted the watery-looking gruel very gingerly, and then put down the spoon. He had only his left arm at liberty, for the right one was lashed to his side, and, to make the whole thing more secure, the knots had been whipped over with waxed twine. The gruel was not only thin but burnt.

"Och!" said Barry. "Av ye could cook as well as ye can toie a man up, ye'd be chafe of the kitchen at Windsor Castle. D'ye mane to pizen us?"

"Take it or leave it. Why should I cook for dirt like you two? Durn, I'd sooner cook for a dog! Think I care whether he has it or not?"

The steersman, tied as Barry was tied, seized a chair to hurl at their gaoler. Prout's heart was good, but his muscles betrayed him. And he looked as weak as he felt. Barry had rallied wonderfully. Except for a headache and a soreness about the chest, the Irishman was little the worse for one of the most astounding adventures that two human beings had ever gone through and lived.

Their gaoler was a big, loose-jointed fellow, with a thatch of greasy red hair. The black mask he wore—a home-made article cut out of a piece of tarpaulin—made his hair look even redder. His brawny arms were bare, his braces were knotted round his waist, his shirt was unbuttoned, and his feet were thrust as far as they would go into a pair of worn carpet slippers. He took the candle away with him, leaving them in utter darkness.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FRANK RICHARDS

Contributes a Splendid, Complete School Tale
in our New Saturday Companion Paper—

"CHUCKLES," ½^d.

"How long have we been here, Barry?" asked the steersman feebly.

"Now ye puzzle me, ould bhoy. Sure, Oi couldn't tell ye from Adam. Av ut wasn't for the chain on me leg Oi'd come over and sit alongsoide ye. How d'ye feel, at all, at all? Betther or worse?"

"By honey, I feel just rotten! My heart's goin' like a saw. We're on the Unconquerable, ain't we? I'm blest if I'm quite sartin!"

There was a shuffling sound, followed by a clank. Barry was feeling his way towards the couch. There was no noise or vibration, so it was plain that the aero-submarine was not in motion.

"Where do you think we are?"

"Playin' 'possum at the bottom of the say, Tommy. They're in a tangle about somethin'. Murther! Phwat have Oi hit me head against? Kape aisy, Oi'm not dead. Oi'm doin' a crawl as far as the chain'll let me. Ut was only the leg of the table. Bedad, Oi can smell cigars! Hooray!"

Barry struck a wax vesta, and held it up. He had found the matchbox on the floor. There were cigars and cigarettes there in profusion, and also a couple of silver candlesticks that had shed their candles. Barry lay down at full length. He was a big man, and he had a lengthy reach. He opened the door of the beautifully-carved cellarette. It was filled with bottles, and as they fitted into stands they had not been overturned.

"Port-woine, Tommy!" he chuckled. "Three parrts of a bottle, and the corrk'll come out aisy wi' your teeth. Field it, ould man!"

He rolled the bottle across the carpet, and placed the lighted candle beside him.

"Woine-biscuits, too," he went on; "a whole massive hall-marked, solid-silver box of 'em, the darlints! Field again, ye spalpeen! Here's a glass!"

Prout rolled the bottle back, and soaked a couple of the biscuits in the rich old wine. Presently his head sank back, and he was asleep. Barry made several journeys between the cellarette and the davenport that was his couch. He discovered that the easiest method of progression was to squirm along on his back. He concealed the loot as well as he could. Then, blowing out the candle, he lay down to smoke a cigar and to ponder. Prout breathed regularly and easily.

"Phwat wouldn't Oi give for a knoife?" he muttered. "Phwat—whoy, Oi'm mad!"

He felt for the glass, and plunged the glowing tip of the cigar into the dregs of the wine. He had a weapon at his disposal almost as effective as a steel blade, but hideously dangerous. If they detected the smell of smoke they would rob him of that weapon.

"Oi'll lave ut till to-morrow," he said drowsily. "Tommy'll be betther then, and ut won't sting me so much whin Oi catch me breath. To-morrow'll do."

When the boy from Ballybunion opened his drowsy eyes they encountered the masked face of their red-headed warder. He put the guttering candle on the table, shambled out, and returned with two cups of coffee and two plates of dried-up bacon, on each of which lay a lump of stale bread.

"No knives and forrks and no napkins," said Barry, "not even a spoon? Bedad, this is a purty sort of a hotel, mister!"

"Fingers are good enough for you!" snarled the gaoler. "When we've cut your throats you won't be so durn particular! I'd like to do it now."

He showed his teeth, and then, without warning, struck Barry a stinging blow across the cheek with his open hand. He went away cursing.

"Faith, Oi'll jot that down in me notebook," said Barry to himself; "in ink, that nothing'll scratch out! Poor Tom can't ate and dhrink this filth, and he can't live on biscuits and port-woine in the state he is, dear lad. Barry, ut rists wid you now. Ye must act quick."

He smelled the coffee, tasted it, and made a wry face. The man had left the candle behind, but out of his reach. Barry was only wearing his thick woollen wrapping and diver's cap. He took out the matchbox and looked at his bound arm. Bending his wrist outwards, he put the flame to the end.

"Bedad, av Oi burrn meself too much Oi shall be as bad off as ever wid only wan useful arm to— Ugh! That's hot! Ut's too— Och, ye blatherskite!"

He dropped the match, not because he had scorched himself, but for a very different reason. For two long minutes he sat there calling himself under his breath all the numskulls and brainless idiots that ever disgraced the long and ancient family-tree of the O'Rooneys. Then he gulped down the coffee, wrapped his cap round the cup, and tapped it against the wall. The cup broke, and Barry possessed a knife.

It was slow work, but little by little the sharp edges of the

broken cup bit through strand after strand. With both hands free, Barry was not afraid of the chain. Prout slept on. Barry had never troubled as yet to examine his leg-fastening. He did so now, and grinned. There were no leg-irons aboard the Unconquerable, but his gaolers were inventive. Strand after strand of copper-wire had been passed through the top link of the chain, and wrapped round his ankle. The ends had then been twisted round and soldered, and the whole ring had been covered with cloth.

Barry pulled the soldering away like so much putty after a few attempts, and uncoiled the wire. He was free. He crept to the door and bolted it. Then he rubbed his numbed arm with brandy until the life came back. He tiptoed across the room and pulled out the drawer of the writing-table. It was not loot these men were after; at least, not loot on a paltry scale, for there was a bundle of banknotes in the drawer. Barry was not searching for banknotes. He chuckled. He had found what he wanted—a little revolver. It was loaded, and there was a box of cartridges at the back of the drawer.

"By honey, what are you doing, Barry?"
"Whisht, whisht!" said Barry, down on hands and knees. "O'im layin' a booby-thrap. Tom, Oi've wriggled out of ut."

"You mean——" began Prout excitedly, as Barry began to unfasten his cords.

"Shut up, you haythin! Oi've put some woine and biscuits nixt ye. Ate and dhrink a bit firrst. Oi don't belave there's more than four of 'em, the bastes! Kape calm. You're ill, ye see, darlint, so lave ut to me. Oi've got a barker for you, so av ut's a foigt you can loie down and do ut in luxury. You're at a noice angle for the dure, and ut's a noice convanient distance. Bedad, ye couldn't miss av ye throied. Arrah, ut's joyous! Are ye ateing?"

"Y-yes!"
"Well, get on wid ut. No ateing, no revolver, and consequently no foighting, me bould bhoy!" whispered Barry, still at work. "That's the ultimatum. Oi've got a big silver candlestick. Oi intend to present that to our waither when he arrives. Tommy, we own this ship. Whoy, darlint, ut's a gift, but no shootin' till Oi tell ye. This little Chinese puzzle O'im makin' 'll puzzle. Look at ut. D'ye lajke ut?"

Prout was weak and weary, but he grinned. Barry had utilised the copper wire by fastening it to the heavy furniture nine inches from the floor. He gave the revolver to the steersman, and softly unbolted the door. He padded the candlestick with a strip torn from one of his blankets, drew up a chair, put his feet on the table, and boldly lighted a cigarette.

"By honey," said Tom Prout, with colour in his cheeks once more, "there's plenty of cushions and rugs! He'll fall wi' a bang, and they might 'ear it, Barry."

"The oidea is worthy of an O'Rooney, uncle," said Barry, again fastening the door. "Oi'll do ut. Oi wouldn't loike to hurt him, Oi do not think, the hog!"

Prout's eyes were bright, and shining with hope. He envied Barry and the candlestick, but he was almost too weak to sit up.

"Whisht!"

Barry grasped the candlestick, and strained his ears as he placed his feet on the floor. In the draught caused by the opening door the candle guttered.

"Faith, that's a bullseye!" said Barry coolly.

The candlestick swept down, and a man pitched forward with a sharp twang of breaking wire, and fell prone on the heap of rugs and cushions.

"Four little nigger bhoys cloimbin' up a tree, Oi knocked wan down wallop, and then there were three!" trilled the burly Irishman. "Bedad, Oi mustn't forget to fasthen the dure! Let's look at ye, ye tyke!"

He rolled the senseless man over, and tore away the mask.

"By honey, I've seed him before or else his twin!" said Prout. "I know that face."

"Sure, ut isn't a face ye'd be loikely to forget. Oi know ut, too, but Oi can't waste the toime to think where and when. That mask'll do for a gag. Gimme that rope, and Oi'll soon have him quiet. Arrah, he's as heavy as me Uncle Dinnis's proize pig. Under the table wid ye! Phew! That's warmish! He's bust me beautiful musical instrhument—the G-flat sthring and the X-sharp—wid his great feet. That manes more repairs."

EVERY MONDAY, **The "Magnet"** LIBRARY. ONE PENNY.

The famous smile of the cat who had just eaten the canary was tearful compared with Barry's.

"Whoy, of all the idiots," he said, "did ye ever see the loike? They'd never kape a job as prison-warders foive minutes. They're in throuble, that's phwat ut is, Tom. Oi don't belave we've shifted an inch since last noight. They've got her in a mess. Oi woke up wance, and Oi could hear hammerin'. Oi'll do all hammerin' necessary wid this candlestick. Bedad, ut's a long toime since Oi felt so plased wid meself. Where's little nigger-bhoy the twoth?"

"Job," shouted a voice, "come and give us a hand!"
"He can't; he's restin'!" grinned Barry O'Rooney. "Come here, and Oi'll give ye a solid silver candlestick! O, do come, do! Hurry up, whoile there's a few left! Ould Job's in bed and aslape—ain't ye, Job? Oi hate to be unkoind, Tom, but Oi can't help smoilin'—faith, I raly can't, lad!"

"Job! Job Sanday! Job! We want you at the pump, Job!"

The voice was nearer and louder. Barry brandished the candlestick joyfully.

"Job!"
"He's aslape!" hissed Barry. "And—and—cosh!—so are you! 'Three little nigger-bhoys, they were all the crew; wan tasted candlestick, and then there were two!' By thump, ut's Arkland this toime! We look loike makin' a bag, Tom! Troth, he's only a little wan, and Oi hope Oi didn't hit too harrd!"

"Not you," answered the steersman. "By honey, he's the one to watch. The little ones are always the worst. Rope him up tight, Barry, and take good advice. And search him, too. If he can take the chief and Hal Honour in, what chance is there for chaps like us? Keep your heye on that misery."

Barry nodded, and placed the senseless figure on the table. He found a revolver, a knife, and a bundle of papers.

"Och," he said, "ut sames cruel to hit a thing loike that—ut sames cowardly. We're out of sthring, aren't we? Here's the knife, mate, so hack cff some blanket. Oi belave O've kilt him, Tom. A head that size won't stand bangin'. Musha, Oi never meant to do ut!"

Arkland looked a pitiful object in the weak, unsteady light.

"By honey, you've forgotten the door!" yelled Prout. "Duck!"

Two shots rang out almost simultaneously, and a shattered mirror dropped piece by piece out of its frame. The saloon was filled with the smoke of gunpowder. There was another shot that clipped the brown splinters from the edge of the mahogany door, a flash from the revolver, a yell of agony, and then a bayoneted rifle whizzed over Barry's shoulders and crashed through the panels of the sideboard.

"It's a nigger," cried Prout, "and I've winged him! By honey, if I could only get up! Take the barker, and after him! After him, Barry!"

"Oi'm not tacklin' that," he said. "That can wait. Ugh! You winged him roight enough, ould never-miss. Oi chase no niggers in the darrk."

Barry looked out, but all was as dark as a pit. There were wet splashes on the door. Barry wiped his stained fingers on the web of blanket, and proceeded to tie up Martin Arkland. The candle guttered down in its socket. He lighted another one.

"There's wan thing about it, Tom," he said. "We've got the pull, and we're two to two. Ut's a fairish two to two, all considerin' you're not quite fit, for the other ain't fit either. Faith, they'll be along makin' terms wid us in no toime. Oi was a fool not to shut the dure, but they'll come."

"By honey, I'm not grumblin'," said Thomas Prout, "but couldn't I eat a big steak!"

The man who lay under the table began to utter hideous, choking grunts. Barry knelt down to remove the useless gag. Prout started up and levelled his revolver. A sound came from under the door like the sniffing of some huge beast of prey.

(Another splendid long instalment of this grand new serial next Monday.)

BUY "THE PENNY POPULAR."

NOW ON SALE.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 341.

FOR NEXT MONDAY—

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.



My Readers' Page

WHOM TO WRITE TO:
EDITOR,
"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY,
 THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,
 FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS
"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
 EVERY WEDNESDAY
"THE PENNY POPULAR"
 EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor
 is always
 pleased to
 hear from
 his Chums,
 at home or
 abroad.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

In this grand, long, amusing, complete tale, Horace Coker, the great man of the Fifth Form at Greyfriars, develops a new peculiarity, which causes Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove a great deal of entertainment.

Coker has not hitherto been considered much of a "ladies' man," but the advent of a pretty cousin in the neighbourhood gives rise to tender feelings in Coker's manly breast, and brings about a great change in his personal appearance.

Unfortunately, the pretty cousin is guarded by a determined aunt, so that Coker has to proceed cautiously.

He seeks the aid of no less a person than Billy Bunter in his extremity, and between them the two evolve a scheme.

The scheme succeeds—up to a point! The amazing result, however, draws the attention of the whole of Greyfriars to the humorous situation caused by

"COKER'S CONQUESTS!"

REDUCED TERMS FOR READERS.

I am able this week to announce to all my chums particulars of a special holiday scheme which I have been able to arrange for their benefit. In collaboration with my friend the Editor of "Answers," the famous home journal, I have entered a special agreement with the proprietors of one of the most popular and delightful institutions in England—Kingscliffe Holiday Camp, Scarborough—whereby readers of this paper may enjoy all the advantages of this magnificent camp on considerably reduced terms.

Kingscliffe Camp is right on the cliffs of the South Bay at Scarborough, with magnificent views of Filey Brigg and Flamborough Head, and is an absolutely ideal place for a jolly and healthy holiday; in the months of August and September, Scarborough is a particularly delightful place.

The ordinary terms for a stay at Kingscliffe Camp are 27s. 6d. per week, and there are no extras.

But any of my chums, provided they are regular readers of "The Magnet" Library, may visit the camp for 24s. per week only. Thus I am enabled virtually to make my chums a present of 3s. 6d. per week towards their holiday expenses. To take advantage of this favourable offer, all you have to do is to fill up the form printed below, and forward it, with a deposit of 5s., to the Manager, Kingscliffe Holiday Camp, Scarborough.

A descriptive guide, giving full particulars of the jolly life at the camp, and containing all necessary information, may also be had on application from the manager.

KINGSCLIFFE HOLIDAY CAMP.

This Voucher entitles the Holder to 7/- A FORTNIGHT,
 3/6 A WEEK, or 6d. A DAY.

Please credit me with the equivalent of 6d. a day, to be deducted with the enclosed deposit of 5/- from my bill during my forthcoming visit to the above camp. I am a regular reader of "THE MAGNET" Library.

Name _____

Address _____

PREPARING THE ENGINE.

When the repairs to all the ticketed coaches are completed they are sent out from the shops and are shunted to a siding,

where each is carefully inspected to see if the necessary repairs to each coach have been properly carried out.

Then the express is once more made up, and the complete train of coaches, all polished and clean, is sent to a siding to wait until it is time to dispatch it to the departure platform at Paddington. In the meanwhile, the great engine that is to take the train across England at the rate of 60 or 70 miles an hour has been going through her toilet at the engine depot at Westbourne Park.

There is a strange fascination in watching these giants of the railroad being prepared for their daily work. It seems difficult to realise that that six foot, eight coupled monster of the Atbara type, the embodiment of such immense force and power, can be completely and readily controlled by the dried up, dirt begrimed little man, not weighing ten stone, who is leaning nonchalantly against the front wheel with his hands in his pockets; in an hour's time that little man will be standing in the cab of the great engine, rattling her along at seventy miles an hour to Exeter, but if required to do so, he could bring the train to a standstill in 30 seconds.

Upon this absolute authority of the driver over his engine depends the safety of hundreds of human lives, and it is a matter of first importance with all railway companies to see that this authority is maintained absolutely unimpaired.

Getting Up Steam.

When the driver arrives with his engine at the Westbourne Park depot from Paddington, he makes a report on the condition of his engine to the foreman, and if any repairs are necessary they are promptly carried out.

Having made his report, the driver departs, and the engine is taken charge of by a yard driver, who takes it to a siding where the chimney is thoroughly swept out.

Then it is moved to another siding, and the immense tender is filled with coal, then it is shunted to a siding outside a long shed. Here the engine fires are completely raked out, and the firebox carefully cleaned.

After this operation, the express engine is pushed by a pilot engine into the shed where a number of engines may be seen undergoing trifling repairs.

Here the engine goes through a most minute and careful examination to see if any repairs are required.

If the inspection results in the engine being "passed" for traffic, it is first of all "watered," and then moved up the shed until it comes to a standstill opposite a recess in the wall, from which proceeds a dull, roaring sound. An order is given, and an iron curtain rises in the recess, disclosing a huge red furnace.

A couple of grimy-faced stokers appear at the same moment armed with long shovels, and in a few minutes they have filled the firebox of the engine with blazing fuel from the furnace. The engine is then shunted out of the shed to a siding to wait until it "steams."

Some engines steam, by the way, more rapidly than others, a fact for which no one has yet found a satisfactory reason.

The yard driver now departs, and the driver who is to take the engine on its next trip comes on the scene, and half an hour later takes his engine to the departure platform at Paddington to where the coaches of the express have been already dispatched from the West London depot.

On an average 160 engines come into the Westbourne Park depot every day, and about thirty of those have to undergo repairs of varying importance.

An untrained eye views the repairs to an engine as important in proportion to the labour involved in carrying them out, but this is not really the case by any means. On the one hand you may see an engine that has been apparently taken almost to pieces, and yet it is only undergoing repairs of a very trifling character, which can be finished in a day. whilst, on the same siding, there may be a well-conditioned looking engine undergoing an apparently trifling repair to a wheel which will, however, take ten days' hard labour to complete.

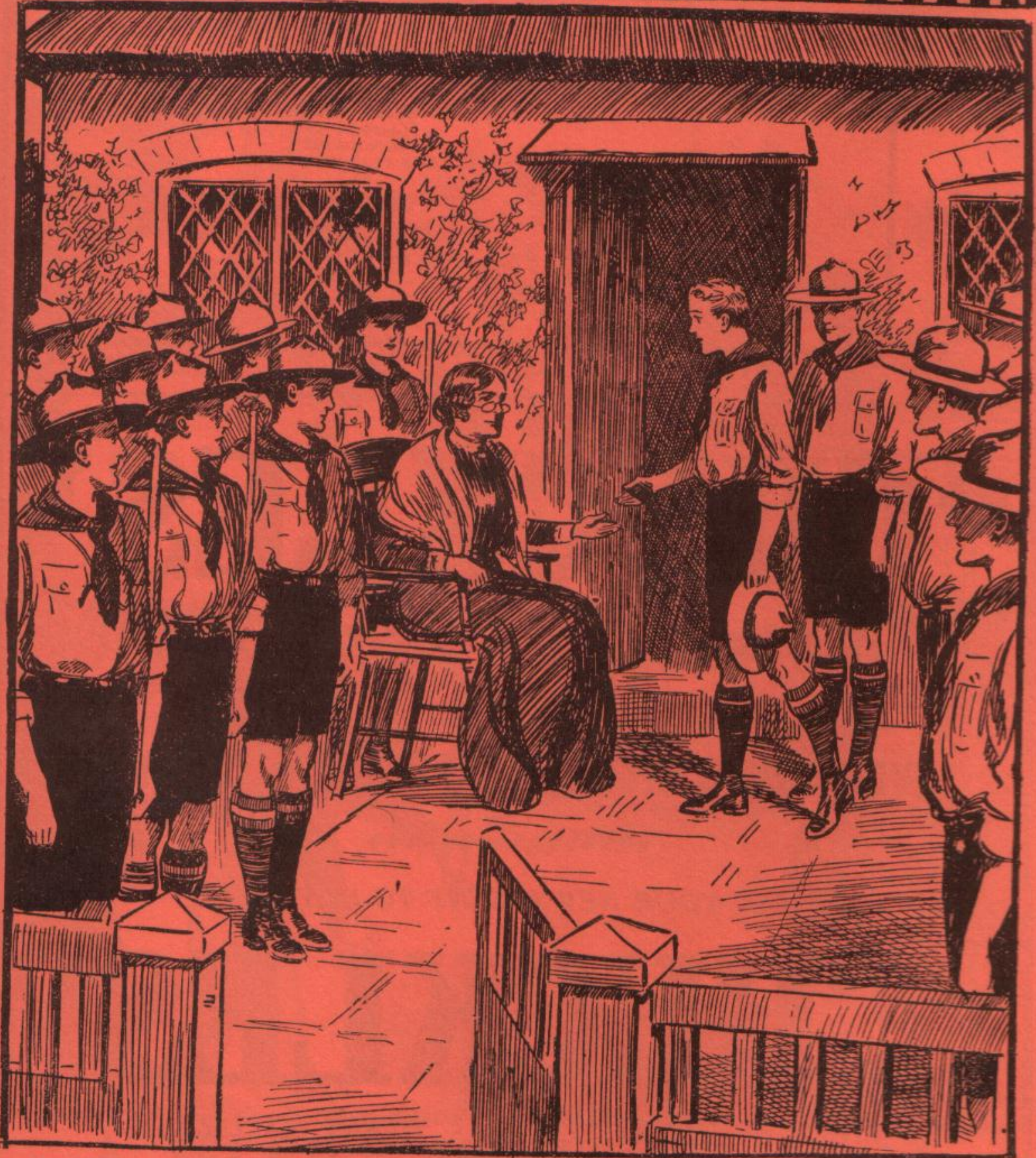
(Another Grand
 Article
 next week.)

The Editor

A STORY-PAPER OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO ALL.

The
NOW
ON
SALE.

1^D POPULAR



A STIRRING SCENE IN "THE SCOUTS GIFT!"

OUR GRAND COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE.

**3 NEW
STORY-BOOKS
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS!**



**NOW ON SALE!
"THE BOYS' FRIEND"
3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.**

No. 271 :

"THE MIDDIES IN MOROCCO!"

A Splendid Complete Story of the Fighting Fleet.
By JOHN TREGELLIS.

No. 272 :

"PETE'S AERIAL TREASURE HUNT!"

A Magnificent NEW, Long Complete Story of
JACK, SAM & PETE.
By S. CLARKE HOOK.

No. 273 :

"THE THREE SCAPEGRACES!"

An Amusing, Long Complete Tale of School Life
and Adventure.
By SIDNEY BREW.

You must ask your newsagent for

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY.

"CHUCKLES"

The Champion Coloured Paper,

CONTAINS

EVERYTHING OF THE BEST—AND ALL FOR $\frac{1}{2}$ D.



ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY FOR

"CHUCKLES"

ONE HALFPENNY. - - EVERY SATURDAY.