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# THE REBELS OF THE REMOVE!

A New, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.  
at Greyfriars School.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



"Gentlemen," began Billy Bunter, "I suggest that Wharton be called upon by the meeting to make some changes in the team, and to play me——" "You! Ha, ha, ha!" (See Chapter 3.)

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Sheer Cheek!

"CHEEK!"

That word was uttered by four voices at once; the voices of Harry Wharton, captain of the Remove, and his chums Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull.

And their voices were loud and indignant.

And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the fifth member of

the celebrated Co., added, with equal emphasis and indignation, in his wonderful English:

"The cheekfulness is terrific!"

It was cheek, there was no doubt about that.

Pure, unadulterated, undiluted cheek!

The Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove had come in from footer practice. They had observed a group of fellows gathered before the notice-board in the Hall, most of whom were grinning. They had strolled along

to see what was on the board that was of special interest. Then they saw—it!

There were a good many papers on the board. There was one signed by the august and revered Head, referring to school bounds; there was one signed by George Wingate, the captain of the school, concerning the First Eleven. There was one from Coker of the Fifth about the Fifth Form Stage Club, which wound up "Sined Horace Coker." There was one from Temple of the Fourth referring to the Fourth Form Debating Society. There were several others—all of no interest whatever from a Remove point of view. The eyes of the Famous Five did not linger upon them.

The doings of the First Eleven and the Fifth Form Stage Club and the Fourth Form Debating Society interested them but slightly.

It was a notice in a boyish hand, adorned with large capital letters to attract attention, and pinned in a prominent position on the board, that drew their indignant gaze.

They knew that hand; it was that of Dick Rake of the Remove.

And a perusal of the notice caused them to utter ejaculations which expressed their opinion of the paper and of its author, of Dick Rake and all his works. For the notice ran:

"ATTENTION!

"Notice to the Remove Form.

"Whereas it is evident to all concerned that things are getting slack in the Lower Fourth, especially considering the lickings lately sustained on the football field, and, whereas, it is the opinion of the under-signed that things require BUCKING UP in the Remove, and WHEREAS I consider that the individuals known as the Frabjous Five are rather played-out and incapable of bucking up the Remove as aforesaid:

"I HEREBY call a meeting of the Remove in the Rag at six o'clock to take into consideration the state of affairs generally, and discuss ways and means for bucking up the Remove as required and aforesaid. The Remove are requested to roll up in their thousands.

(Signed) RICHARD RAKE, of the Remove."

No wonder Harry Wharton & Co. ejaculated "Cheek!"—no wonder Hurree Singh declared that the cheekfulness was terrific.

"Blessed cheek!" repeated Bob Cherry. "Who's Rake?"

"Echo answers who!" said Nugent.

"Practically a new kid," said Johnny Bull.

"A mere nobody, anyway," said Wharton.

"I'll give him Frabjous Five!" grunted Johnny Bull. "That's meant for us, of course!"

There was a chuckle from the Removites who were grouped before the board. They seemed to be tickled by the way the Famous Five took it.

"I guess that hits you where you live," remarked Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior. "Frabjous Five! Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter.

"It's quite true!" said Hazeldene. "Things are getting slack! We've lost our last three matches."

"Well, you played in one of them," said Bob Cherry. "That accounts for one!"

"Why, you silly ass——" said Hazeldene.

"And we've been jayed by Ponsonby of Highcliffe, no end," said Russell.

"We've given him as good as he gave us!" growled Wharton.

"Some chaps think too much of picnicking with girls from Cliff House, and too little of footer practice," said Skinner.

"How much footer practice do you do, Skinner?"

"The fact is things are getting slack," said Billy Bunter. "Rake's quite right! I'm backing up Rake!"

"Lot of good that will do Rake," said Johnny Bull, with a snort. "The cheeky young ass! Of course, the Remove will ignore this rot! Nobody will go to his silly meeting."

"Of course!" said Wharton, with a glance round.

"I'm going," said Bolsover major positively.

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"I'm going," said Billy Bunter.

"I guess I shall hop in," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Same here!" said Russell, chuckling. "Why not?"

"Why not?" grinned Ogilvy. "I'm going!"

"Hear, hear!" said half-a-dozen voices.

Harry Wharton frowned.

He was captain of the Remove, and it was usually agreed on all hands that he was as good a captain as the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars could produce. But the best of captains was bound to have his critics. Fellows who were left out of the football eleven attributed to that fact, and that fact alone, the recent ill-luck of the Remove team in the footer field. And the Remove team had sustained three defeats in succession lately—from Redclyffe, from Claremont, and from St. Jude's. Luck had been against them, though their luck was as a rule phenomenally good.

Naturally, there had been some "grousing."

But probably it was more the novelty of the thing that attracted the Removites than anything else—the Famous Five were the admitted leaders of the Form, and to "give them a fall" struck the juniors as interesting and humorous.

As Skinner remarked in an undertone, it would do them good to show them that they were not monarchs of all they surveyed.

So there was a general chorus in favour of attending the meeting called by Rake of the Remove.

"We'll turn up in force," said Bolsover major, in his most dictatorial tone. "I'll jolly well see that the fellows come in. This Form ain't the private property of No. 1 Study, that I know of!"

"And if you don't like it, Wharton, you can lump it!" said Snoop, withdrawing behind Bolsover's bulky form before he made that remark, however.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You can go to the meeting, or you can go and eat coke!" he replied; and he shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

That shrug of the shoulders did it.

Sometimes that shrug of the shoulders irritated fellows who liked Wharton, and it had a most exasperating effect on fellows who did not like him.

"We'll all go!" growled Bolsover major. "It's time those bounders were told that they're not little tin gods!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I don't see why we shouldn't elect a new Form captain," said Bolsover, encouraged. "How many of you would vote for me?"

There was a unanimous silence, and Bolsover frowned and stalked away. If Wharton, like Lucifer Son of the Morning, fell from his high estate, certainly he was not likely to be replaced by the bully of the Form.

The Famous Five had gone up to the Remove passage to No. 1 Study for tea. Harry Wharton's brows were knitted. Bob Cherry, who took everything smiling, was grinning.

"Cheek!" he remarked. "Young Rake is a good sort, and he's a good footballer. But he's got too much cheek!"

"The too-muchfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bob!"

"He might have played in the last matches," said Johnny Bull.

"I thought of him," said Harry. "But we had a good team without him. Can't play everybody. If I put in everybody who thought he ought to go in we should have a team like an old-fashioned Rugger side of thirty or forty."

"My idea is that Rake ought to be nipped in the bud," said Bob Cherry. "Rake is a nice chap, but he can't be allowed to run wild. Let's go and see him, and talk to him like Dutch uncles."

"Oh, blow Rake!" said Harry. "Let's have tea!"

"My dear chap, don't get up on your pedestal!" implored Bob. "Keep your temper, you know!"

Wharton flushed.

"Who's losing his temper?" he demanded.

"You are," said Bob coolly. "And you're jolly well not going to quarrel with me, old scout! Come along the passage and quarrel with Rake!"

Wharton burst into a laugh in spite of himself.



The ball was in the net, and Hazeldene was glaring with a brow of thunder, for the girls had scored first.  
 "This must be a giddy dream—a blessed nightmare!" stuttered Rake. (See Chapter 13.)

"Well, it's rotten, you'll admit that!" he said.  
 "What's the good of the fellows grouching over a licking or two? We generally win, but we can't expect to win every blessed match!"

"Quite so. Let's go and see Rake, and talk to him prettily."

"Oh, all right!"

And the Famous Five, postponing tea in the study for the present, went along the Remove passage to Rake's door, where Bob Cherry announced their arrival with a tremendous kick, that caused the door to fly open as if struck by a battering-ram.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Study Rag!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"Hallo! Is that an earthquake?" asked Rake, looking round.

Rake was not alone in the study. His three study-mates were there—Wibley, Micky Desmond, and Morgan. The four juniors were talking together when the Famous Five arrived, and chuckling as they talked. It was clear that they were discussing the forthcoming meeting in the Rag.

"Faith, is that a Zeppelin bomb, or only Bob Cherry's feet?" asked Micky Desmond.

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"Never mind my feet," said Bob gruffly. "We came here to talk to you, Rake."

"Go ahead!" said Rake, looking at his watch. "I can give you five minutes."

"What?"

"I'm rather busy," explained Rake. "I've got a rather important meeting coming off at six."

"You cheeky ass!" exclaimed Bob. "That's what we've come to talk to you about."

"Nothing to talk about, that I can see," replied Rake. "You can talk at the meeting, if you like. You will be allowed to come."

"Allowed to come!" gasped Bob.

"Certainly. All the Remove will be admitted. In fact, I shall be pleased to see you there," said Rake graciously.

"You cheeky duffer—"

"Good-bye!"

"You thumping ass—"

"Shut the door after you," said Rake unmoved.

"You burbling jabberwock—" roared Bob.

"Nice weather, ain't it?" said Rake cheerily.

"You—you—you—"

"For the time of year, I mean, of course," remarked Rake calmly.

Rake's study-mates chuckled.

"It's no good talking to him," gasped Bob Cherry. "I don't know where he's got this cheek from all of a

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sudden. But I know we're not going to stand it. Let's wipe up the study with him!"

"Bow-wow!" said Rake.

"Look here, Rake!" said Harry Wharton, half-laughing and half-angry. "What's the little game? What do you mean by that notice on the board?"

"Can't you read?" asked Rake.

"Yes, ass!"

"Well, then, read the notice, and you'll see what it means," said Rake.

"Sure, it's plain enough!" chuckled Micky Desmond.

"It's as plain as ye're face, Bob Cherry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The fact is," said Rake, "we've been turning it over in our minds. You bounders have had a good run, and, upon the whole, we think the time's come for a change. No ill-feeling, you know; not the slightest. We like you, personally."

"Thanks!" said Wharton sarcastically.

"The thankfulness is terrific, my esteemed fathead!"

"Not at all," said Rake coolly. "We like you all right—respect you no end, and so on. But we think that things are getting a bit slack. We've talked it over, and decided that this study really ought to be top study in the Remove. You see, brains ought to come to the top!"

"Hear, hear!" said the study with one voice.

"So you're all in this?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Must back up one's own study," said Wibley. "You chaps think I can't play footer, or do anything but amateur theatricals. Well, you lose matches, don't you?"

"Sure, you've had three lickings on end——"

"And what you needed was me in goal, look you!" said Morgan.

"And myself in the front line," remarked Rake. "I fancy we should have beaten St. Jude's, then."

"Fathead!" said Wharton. "You've played often enough in the Form eleven. You can't expect to get a show every time."

"That's where we differ, you see. I don't think it a good idea to leave out your best player on any occasion at all."

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Haven't you ever heard that self-praise is no recommendation?" demanded Wharton.

Rake laughed.

"Oh, there's no false modesty about me!" he said.

"Besides, it isn't only footer. You've let the Highcliffe chaps score over you. You've been downed by the Court-field chaps. In fact, you're N.G.!"

"What?"

"N.G.!" said Rake calmly. "What we want is fresh blood, you know. This study is going to supply it."

"Number One Study is played out," remarked Morgan.

"Number Ten is going to be top dog—see?"

"I could make up an eleven in the Remove that would beat you hollow, I think," went on Rake. "Of course, I should captain it."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"You're welcome to," he said. "Go ahead with your blessed meeting. And you can go and eat coke!"

"Thanks!"

"Look here! My idea is that these kids want putting in their place," said Bob Cherry. "This is mutiny, and mutiny ought to be nipped in the bud. Wipe up the study!"

"Yes, that's a jolly good idea," said Johnny Bull heartily. "Come on!"

Rake jumped up.

"Fair play's a jewel!" he exclaimed. "Man to man, you know, and you can go ahead with your wiping!"

"You can see fair-play, Inky," said Wharton.

"I would rather bestow the lickfulness upon the esteemed cheeky Rake."

"No; stand out," said Harry.

And the obliging Nabob of Bhanipur complied. He took up a position in the doorway.

"Now we're four to four," said Bob Cherry, "and we're going to wreck you, and wreck the study. No ill-feeling, you know, as you remarked yourself—only just to show new kids that they mustn't put on airs."

"Go on!" grinned Rake.

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Bob Cherry led the rush.

In about half a second No. 10 Study was the scene of a wild and whirling fray.

There was a shout along the Remove passage, and a crowd of fellows came hurrying to the doorway. The passage was soon crammed outside the study.

"Go it!" yelled the juniors.

"Two to one on No. 1 Study!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Pile in, Rake!"

"Hurrah!"

The onlookers were enjoying the scene. The combat within the walls of No. 10 was truly terrific.

Harry Wharton and Rake were grasping one another and staggering about; Bob Cherry and Morgan were hammering away like smiths; Nugent and Wibley were sparring furiously in a corner; Johnny Bull was sitting on Micky Desmond, who was struggling and roaring ferociously.

"Play up!" roared Bolsover major. "Give 'em beans!"

"Wipe up the study!" shouted Squiff.

"Here, you dry up!" said Bolsover major, with a glare at the Australian junior. "I'm backing up this study! Get off the grass!"

"I'm backing up Number One," grinned Sampson Quincy Iffley Field. "Take your face away, Bolsover, or I shall thump it!"

No more was needed; in a second Squiff and Bolsover major were added to the number of combatants, and they had a separate battle of their own in the doorway. Bolsover was a burly fellow, but he had his hands quite full with the Australian junior.

Crash! rang through the study, as the table was hurled into the fender. Chairs had been kicked over, and the bookcase was reclining on one side.

There was a sudden shout of warning from Hazeldene.

"Cave!"

"Here comes Quelch!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

Squiff and Bolsover major separated as if by magic; but the combat was still going strong when Mr. Quelch arrived on the scene. The master of the Remove stared at the whirling scene in astonishment.

"Boys!" he thundered.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Chuck it!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The combat ceased. Eight dusty and dilapidated juniors, gasping for breath, blinked at the Form-master.

Mr. Quelch surveyed them with a brow of thunder. Buctions in the Remove were not infrequent; but a battle royal in a study, like this, was the limit. Mr. Quelch was, naturally, wrathful.

"What does this mean?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

"Wharton, you are head boy of the Form. Answer me!"

"Ahem!" gasped Wharton.

"You are fighting——"

"N-n-not exactly fighting, sir," stammered Bob Cherry.

"What! What were you doing, then?"

"Only—only a little scrap, sir."

"What were you quarrelling about?"

"We weren't quarrelling, sir."

"You were not quarrelling!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Do you mean to say that you were scrapping, as you call it, without any cause?"

Bob Cherry rubbed his nose.

"Well, yes, sir. We haven't quarrelled, have we, Rake?"

"Not at all!" grinned Rake.

"Best of friends, sir," said Micky Desmond. "Sure, we were only walloping these omadhauns for their own good, sir."

"We were licking them for their own good, sir," said Nugent.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch icily. "I do not profess to understand your peculiar reasons for making such a scene, but I shall see that there is no repetition of it. Each of you will take three hundred lines!"

"Oh!"

"And if there is any further disturbance I shall cane you all severely!" said the Form-master sternly. "I shall make a special note of your names. Now, let there be no more of this. I shall expect your impositions to-morrow."

Mr. Quelch swept away, with rustling gown.

The late combatants looked at one another rather ruefully. All of them bore very visible signs of battle.

"Just like Quelchy to hop in at the wrong moment!" growled Bob. "We hadn't finished mopping up the study!"

"In another couple of minutes you'd have been chucked out on your necks!" said Rake regretfully.

"Why, you ass, you couldn't have chucked us out in a couple of weeks!"

"You couldn't have mopped up the study in a couple of centuries!"

"Why, I'll——"

"Peace, my esteemed chums!" purred Hurree Singh.

"The august Quelchy is still within hearfulness."

"Oh, my hat, we don't want Quelchy back again!" said Bob, dabbing at his nose with his handkerchief. "Kim on!"

The Famous Five quitted the study. It was really unfortunate that the Form-master's intervention had come just then, for No. 1 Study were convinced that in a few minutes more they would have "mopped up" No. 10, and No. 10 were convinced that in a few minutes more the invaders would have departed on their necks.

As it was, the combat ended with that question undecided, and each of the combatants was the richer by three hundred lines.

Dick Rake dabbed his nose, and rubbed his eye, and smoothed his ruffled hair. Then he looked at his watch.

"Time for the meeting!" he announced.

And, in a somewhat dusty state, No. 10 Study proceeded to the Rag.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### A Stormy Meeting!

**T**HE Rag was crowded. Nearly all the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars—had turned up.

Rake's new departure had caused general interest among the juniors, and quite a number of the Remove were there to back up the rebel.

Dick Rake was a popular fellow; he was good-natured, cheerful, a good footballer and boxer, and generally a decent chap in every way. As a rule, he was on the best of terms with the Famous Five. Indeed, he was still on the best of terms with them, in a sense. As he had said, there was no ill-feeling. He simply had the conviction in his mind that his study ought to be top study—a conviction which his study-mates naturally shared.

As it happened, too, Rake had been left out of the Form eleven in the last three matches. The Remove was a footballing Form, and could easily muster more than a score of good players, and evidently they could not all play at once. Harry Wharton, as footer captain in the Remove, found the task of selection sometimes difficult. He had to give everybody a chance, so far as the exigencies of the game allowed, but he was expected to win matches. Fellows who grumbled because they were left out of the team would have grumbled just the same if matches had been lost owing to their inclusion in the ranks.

Wharton did his best, and did very well upon the whole. There were some players who could not be spared from the eleven, such as Bob Cherry and Squiff, and they always had a place, unless the match was a very easy one. But players like Skinner and Stott never had a chance, unless it was a match with the Third Form. The Remove record had to be considered.

Slackers like Skinner and Stott and Snoop hinted that Wharton made up the eleven of his own friends, and cold-shouldered fellows whom he did not like. The accusation was quite unjust, but it found believers. Fisher T. Fish and Billy Bunter, for instance, could see no reason excepting personal jealousy for their exclusion from the eleven. They could not be expected to realise that their play would have been a disgrace to a Second-Form team.

Then the second-rate players like Bolsover major and Hazeldene and Wibley could never really understand that

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they were second-rate, and could only be played in matches which did not call for the full strength of the Remove.

So, naturally, there were malcontents.

Dick Rake, however, was not a malcontent. He was too cheery to be anything of the kind. It happened that his study had been passed over for the last three matches, and all three had ended in defeat. It was only human nature that Rake & Co. should attribute those defeats to the exclusion of No. 10.

As a matter of fact, Wharton had given Hazeldene a chance in goal in the St. Jude's match, somewhat against his better judgment, and he could not deny that he would have done better to play Morgan. But Hazeldene had waited long for his chance, and Wharton was perhaps all the more willing to give him one, because he did not like Hazeldene personally. He was, perhaps, a little sensitive to Skinner & Co.'s insinuations.

Errors of judgment will happen in the best-regulated footer teams. It was acknowledged that, upon the whole, the captain of the Remove did remarkably well.

But that, as Rake maintained, was no reason why the Remove should not do better. Rake was prepared to take matters in hand, and do them better.

Hence the rebellion of No. 10 Study.

And No. 10 Study, having risen in revolt, as it were, they found plenty of backers among all the malcontents, with whom they generally had very little in common.

So all the Remove turned up to Rake's meeting—Wharton's friends to back up the captain of the Remove, Rake's friends to back up Rake, and the malcontents to throw all their weight into the scale against the captain of the Form.

Rake & Co. found the Rag crowded when they came in. A cheer greeted their appearance. Bolsover major cheered at the top of his stentorian voice. Not that he cared a snap of the finger for No. 10 Study, but he was up against the Famous Five, and wished to make that fact quite clear.

Rake jumped on a chair, and surveyed the numerous meeting. Harry Wharton & Co. were standing in a group. Squiff and Tom Brown, and Vernon-Smith and Peter Todd, and Mark Linley and Penfold were with them. They were the great players of the Remove eleven, and they felt that the new movement was as much against them as against the captain of the Form.

"Gentlemen!" began Rake.

"Hear, hear!" roared Bolsover major.

"Order!" shouted Skinner.

"Gentlemen, this meeting has been called——"

"A set of duffers!" came from Bob Cherry.

There was a laugh.

"This meeting has been called to take into consideration the state of affairs in the Remove," said Rake. "Gentlemen, things are getting slack——"

"Hear, hear!"

"The Remove eleven has been licked three times——"

"Shame!"

"We have a good footer captain—a very good footer captain—and a good team——"

"Oh!"

"But we might have a better footer captain and a better team——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Certain persons have hitherto regarded themselves as monarchs of all they survey in the Lower Fourth. They are all nice chaps, and I like 'em——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But the nicest fellows sometimes suffer from swelled heads——"

"Hear, hear!"

"And fellows we all like sometimes regard themselves as the salt of the earth. They get used to the limelight, and don't like to part with it."

**No. 3 OUT TO-DAY!**

**The GREYFRIARS**

**No. 3. HERALD.**

Edited by Harry Wharton & Co of Study I. Greyfriars School.

**OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS BUMPER NUMBER NEXT MONDAY. ORDER AT ONCE!**

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They get an idea into their heads that their study is top study in the Remove. Now, this is quite a mistake——"

"Right on the wicket!" said Peter Todd. "No. 7 Study is top study!"

"Shut up, Toddy!"

"Gentlemen, No. 10 Study is prepared to take matters in hand and run them to the general satisfaction——"

"Bow-wow!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Rats!"

"Bravo!"

The response was certainly somewhat mixed, every fellow shouting at once, according to his own ideas on the subject.

"Gentlemen, discussion is invited."

Fisher T. Fish jumped on a chair.

"Gentlemen, I guess I've got a few words to say. I suggest that Wharton is given the order of the boot——"

"Hear, hear!" from Skinner & Co.

"And that you elect me Form captain!" continued Fisher T. Fish, encouraged.

"Rats!"

"Shut up!"

"Bump him over!"

"I guess—— Here, hands off! Yaroooooh! Oh, Jerusalem crickets!"

Fisher T. Fish disappeared from public view as the chair was kicked from underneath him.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter was the next speaker. He mounted on the table and blinked at the Removites through his big glasses. "I say——"

"Cheese it, Bunter!"

"Gentleman, everybody knows that the best player in the Remove has been systematically left out on account of personal jealousy. What has been the result? Lickings for the Remove, right and left. Gentlemen, I suggest that Wharton be called upon by the meeting to make some changes in the team, and to play me——"

"You! Ha, ha, ha!"

A roar of laughter greeted William George Bunter's valuable suggestion.

"I say, you fellows—— Oh, yooooop!"

A cushion whizzed through the air, and it caught Billy Bunter on his ample waist. Bunter rolled off the table amid yells of laughter.

Bolsover major, and Russell, and Ogilvy all started speaking at once. Rake hammered on the table and shouted for silence. Wibley and Micky Desmond and Morgan roared for order. The meeting was getting a little disorderly. Several humorous youths were opening fire with pea-shooters upon anybody and everybody, and one or two fights were already in progress.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "If this is Rake's sort of Form meeting, he can keep his blessed meeting for himself. I'm off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co., laughing, quitted the meeting. They left the Rag in a roar. Half-a-dozen speakers were trying to drown one another's voices; half-a-dozen pairs of excited fellows were punching one another, and the din was terrific. As they walked away to the Remove passage, the Co. observed Wingate of the Sixth making for the Rag with a cane in his hand and a frown on his face.

"Looks like trouble for the meeting," grinned Nugent. It did!

The roar of voices in the Rag was suddenly changed for loud and wrathful howling, and Rake's meeting came to a sudden conclusion. Apparently nothing had been decided upon concerning the bucking-up of the Remove.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Tea at Cliff House!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came out of the School House the following afternoon looking very cheerful. It was Wednesday, and a half-holiday, and the Famous Five were going over to Cliff House to tea.

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NO. 3 "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 1D., OUT TO-DAY! BUY IT!

Rake of the Remove met them in the quad as they were walking towards the bike shed. He was looking very thoughtful.

"How's the giddy rebellion getting on, kid?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Staggering humanity, what?" asked Nugent.

"Setting the Thames on fire?" suggested Johnny Bull.

"Oh, we're going strong!" said Rake confidently.

"You fellows can consider that your number is up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to raise a new eleven in the Remove," said Rake. "My study, of course, takes the lead—that's four. I've got Hazeldene for goal——"

"You're welcome to him."

"Tom Dutton at half—he's a good half."

"Good enough," agreed Harry Wharton.

"Now I'm looking for recruits," said Rake. "Six good men is pretty good to start with. When my team's complete——"

"Then you're going to stagger humanity?"

"We're going to show you fellows what footer's like," said Rake loftily. "I fancy we shall be a bit ahead of your eleven."

"Queer fancies fellows have!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"We'll challenge you to a match, if you like," said Rake warmly, "and if we lick you——"

"If!" grinned Wharton.

"I should say, when we lick you, you'll have to own up that you're beaten, anyway."

"Fathead!" said Wharton. "Why don't you chuck it? You get a fair share of the game, and you ought to be satisfied."

"Oh, I'm satisfied, as far as that goes," explained Rake. "I'm not thinking of myself principally, but the Form, you know. I think things want bucking up, and that I'm the chap to do it."

"Bow-wow!"

"I suppose you're playing Fishy and Bunter, and the other great sports?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"No jolly fear!" said Rake promptly. "They had the cheek to ask me, but I jolly soon put the stopper on that. I'm going to make up a really good team. My idea is to give you fellows the kybosh."

"Hear, hear!"

"You see, you can't complain," said Rake. "When you came here, Wharton, the Remove hadn't an eleven of its own—they played in the junior eleven with the Fourth. I've heard that you started the Remove eleven on its own, and got up the fixtures and so forth."

"Quite so."

"Well, that was all right. The Fourth call themselves the junior eleven, but the Remove have quite knocked them out, and beaten them hollow. Well, my idea is to do the same thing over again. Why shouldn't there be two Remove elevens?"

"My hat!"

"I don't want to interfere with you and your crowd," said Rake magnanimously. "What I want is a show myself, and for my study. You knocked Temple & Co. out. I'm going to knock you out in the same way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Perhaps you won't cackle at the finish," said Rake darkly. "I mean business. Cold business from the word 'go,' as Fishy puts it. You run one eleven, and I'm going to run another. I'm going to make outside fixtures, too."

"Great Scott!"

"A regular set of fixtures," said Rake, with a nod. "No objection, I suppose?"

"None at all," said Wharton laughing. "Go ahead!"

"I'm going to. If you fellows get put in the shade, you can't complain. It's only the same kind of thing that you handed out to Temple."

"Oh, we won't complain," said Wharton. "Go ahead!"

And the Famous Five went on to the bike shed, leaving Rake to look for his recruits.

The chums of the Remove wheeled their machines out, and pedalled away for Cliff House. Bob Cherry was looking unusually thoughtful.

"It's all blessed rot," he said at last.

"About Rake's eleven?" asked Wharton with a smile.

"Yes," said Bob warmly. "It won't do, you know. Rake is a good player, and he will get together all the

best men outside the Form eleven. That means that all our reserves will be bagged. It means weakening the Remove team."

"Yes, it looks like that."

"We don't want to play the same eleven all the time—and we can't, as fellows are crocked, or off their form, sometimes. But if Rake bags all the reserves for his eleven, we can't have them when we want them. We don't want to have to fall back on duffers like Bunter and Fish, I suppose."

"Ha, ha! No!"

"So the cheeky young ass has got to be given the kybosh," said Bob.

"He's got to go ahead," said Jonny Bull. "I don't see how he's to be stopped. Licking him's no good."

Bob Cherry grunted.

"Rot! What's the good of calling ourselves top dogs in the Remove if we can't think of a way of giving a cheeky kid the kybosh. It's got to be did!"

"But how?"

"Oh, we'll find a way. Make the silly eleven look as silly as it is, and then it will fall to pieces," said Bob. "We want Rake himself for the Form eleven, too. It's rather a pity he wasn't played last time."

"Well, somebody had to stand out," said Harry.

"Yes, quite so. But we can't have old Rake standing out all the time. We may want him for the Highcliffe match, and we don't want him to be playing with his silly new eleven when we're playing Courtenay's team."

"That's so, but——"

"It's got to be did!" said Bob.

The Remove chums rode on thoughtfully. They agreed with Bob that it had to be "did," but exactly how it was to be "did" was another matter.

Certainly Rake's new move made matters awkward for the Remove team. If he made up his eleven successfully, he would bag the reserves; and, as they would be playing on the same dates as the Remove team, the reserves would not be available if wanted. And, of course, they were frequently wanted. Then Rake's own services could not very well be dispensed with, though he had been unluckily passed over on the last three occasions. Wharton had, in fact, decided in his own mind that Rake was to have more of a show in the future, when Rake's rebellion bade fair to nip those good intentions in the bud.

The Famous Five arrived at Cliff House, still thinking about the problem.

Marjorie Hazeldene and Miss Clara greeted them cordially.

It was in the School Room that the Cliff House girls entertained their schoolboy chums to tea. Marjorie and Clara were smiling, and the juniors guessed that Hazeldene had told them of the state of affairs in the Remove at Greyfriars last time he had seen his sister.

"So there is mutiny in the ranks—what?" said Miss Clara.

"Rank mutiny," grinned Johnny Bull. "A new eleven coming along to try to knock the old eleven sky-high."

"Rake is a nice boy," said Miss Clara meditatively.

"One of the best!" said Harry Wharton, at once. "We all like Rake. But the best of fellows gets his ears up now and then."

"The earfulness of the esteemed Rake is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "He thinks that things are slowful, and that we want bucking up. He is going to administer the buck-upfulness."

"A rival eleven in the Remove?" said Marjorie, smiling. "Won't that make it rather awkward for the Form eleven sometimes?"

"Jolly awkward!" said Harry. "But it seems that we've got to give Rake his head. I dare say the idea will die a natural death some day. But he's talking about getting up fixtures with outside schools. That means that our reserves may be booked when we need them. It may mean lickings for the Remove."

"Hard cheese!" said Miss Clara. "My hat!"

Miss Clara uttered that boyish ejaculation suddenly, and her cheeks dimpled with smiles.

"Yes?" said Wharton.

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EVERY  
MONDAY

The "Magnet"  
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ONE  
PENNY.

"I've got an idea!"

Miss Clara made that statement impressively, and the Remove fellows ceased for a moment their active operations on the cake, and looked duly impressed.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Miss Clara's Idea!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. waited for Miss Clara to propound her idea. They could see that Marjorie and Clara knew all about the matter, and understood how awkward the new state of affairs might prove for their schoolboy chums. It was really very kind of Miss Clara to have thought out an "idea" for the use of the Removites. They prepared to listen to it with great politeness, if not with enthusiasm. Perhaps, deep down in their hearts, they did not think it probable that a girl would be able to think of a "wheeze" that they had been unable to hit upon themselves. Boys will be boys!

"Go it!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly.

Miss Clara looked at him sharply.

"You don't think it's a good idea!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I haven't heard it yet," said Bob cautiously.

Clara tossed her golden locks.

"That is just like a boy!" she remarked. "I sha'n't tell you the idea at all!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Please!" said Wharton meekly.

"Please, pretty!" murmured Johnny Bull.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh rose to his feet, and bent double before Miss Clara in a respectful salaam.

"Esteemed and glorious miss, take pity on your humble slaves, and propoundfully explicate the wonderful idea!" he begged.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is a first-class, tip-top, top-hole wheeze," said Miss Clara. "It will give them the skybosh!"

"Ha, ha! The kybosh, you mean!" roared Bob Cherry.

"I don't see much difference between a skybosh and a kybosh," said Miss Clara, with asperity. "I don't believe there is such a thing as kybesh, either."

"But the idea?" urged Wharton.

"We are on the tenterhooks," said Inky persuasively.

"Very well, I will tell you," said Miss Clara graciously.

"Now when Rake has made up his eleven he is going to play matches. Suppose he received a challenge from us?"

"Fuf-fuf-from you?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Yes. We would play him, and beat him," said Miss Clara firmly. "Of course you think we can't play football. Boys are so ridiculous."

"Oh, my hat!"

"And boys have such funny ideas, that they would feel very small at being beaten by a girls' school, as if it were not the most natural thing in the world," said Miss Clara. "That would give the new eleven the skybosh—I mean, the kybosh."

"Oh, scissors!" murmured Johnny Bull. "But—but you can't play footer, you know!"

"And why can't we?" demanded Miss Clara warmly.

"Your feet ain't big enough," said Bob Cherry triumphantly.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. Miss Clara condescended to smile.

"But I think it's a good idea," she declared. "When we beat them, that will give them the sky—kybosh. I am sure of it."

"It jolly well would!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I don't think Rake's eleven would last much longer if it were beaten by a girls' school. But, of—of course, you could play footer—ahem!—rippingly; but I don't think you could beat Rake. You see, he will have some pretty good players."

"And you will only have good pretty players!" said Bob Cherry, brilliantly.

Miss Clara pursed her lips.

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"Well, I think that is a good idea," she said. "I could make up a team. I should skip it myself."

"You would whatter?"

"Skip it. I mean, I should be skipper. A skipper skips, doesn't he?"

"Ye-e-es, I suppose so."

"Well, I should skip. I should make Marjorie wicket-keeper."

"Wicket-keeper!" shrieked the juniors.

"Certainly. Marjorie could keep wicket quite as well as any boy. Then there is Paula; she would make a splendid longstop-back."

"A—a—a longstop-back!" said Wharton dazedly.

"And Susan Jones would do for a point-cover."

"D-d-do you mean cover-point?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I don't see any difference."

"B-b-but you're talking about cricket."

"I am talking about football," said Miss Clara calmly. "Perhaps you are not well up in football terms?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you are going to laugh at me, I shall not tell you anything more about it," said Miss Clara loftily.

"Oh, dear! Sorry! But—but Rake wouldn't accept a challenge from a girls' school to a footer match," stuttered Wharton. "He—he—he wouldn't take it on."

"You mean, he would be afraid of a licking!" said Miss Clara scornfully.

"Ahem!"

"That is just like boys. My belief is that we should make rings round them," said Miss Clara.

"The ringfulness would be simply terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But the esteemed Rake would shrink from the combat. He would never dare to face a team with a longstop-back, and a point-cover, and a skip."

"Never!" said Wharton solemnly. "I don't know that even the Remove eleven would face it. It would want a lot of nerve."

"Why not play Rake with the Remove eleven?" asked Miss Marjorie.

"N.G.!" said Bob. "We should beat the young duffer, of course; but that wouldn't put the lid on him. He would bob up again, and keep it up. My hat! I wish he could be beaten by a girls' school. That would squash the whole game."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's dusky eyes glittered.

"My esteemed chums, I have a wheezy good idea!" he exclaimed.

"Go it, Inky!"

"Suppose the esteemed Rake received a challenge from a school at a distance from Greyfriars—a school he has never heard of before—"

"But he won't."

"Suppose he did. He would acceptfully take it—"

"Of course he would," said Harry. "He would be glad to get a fixture, to show that his one-eyed eleven could get fixtures. But—"

"And suppose the team, when it arrived at Greyfriars, should turn out to be a team from a girls' school—"

"What?"

"Then Rake would have to play them," said Inky, his eyes glistening. "They would insist upon it."

"But—"

"And Rake could not refuse, after accepting the challenge. And suppose that challenge was really sent by our honourable selves—a spoof challenge—"

"Eh?"

"And suppose the girls' team was really our esteemed selves, wolves in sheep's clothing—"

"My hat!"

"With our faces made up to look beautiful, like the esteemed Miss Clara's," said Hurree Singh, "and beautiful wigs on our esteemed heads, like Miss Marjorie's lovely hair—"

"Oh, scissors!"

"Then we should play the esteemed Rake, and beat him, and keep our noble identity a deadful secret—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" roared Bob Cherry. "What a lark!"

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"The esteemed Remove Dramatic Society is equal to it," said Hurree Singh. "Rake would not know us from the august and lamented Adam."

"He would know your beautiful complexion, at least!" howled Johnny Bull.

The nabob nodded.

"I should be regretfully compelled to stand out," he assented, "but the rest of you could make up girlfully."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, what a game!" grinned Nugent. "Inky, you're worth your weight in copper tacks! We'll do it!"

Marjorie laughed.

"It would not be easy to make yourselves look like girls," she said doubtfully.

"Oh, we could do it!" said Wharton confidently. "We make up in all sorts of ways in our private theatricals, you know. It's a ripping idea!"

"And it will make Rake hide his diminished head!" chuckled Bob. "What a really stunning idea!"

"Now perhaps you won't say that girls don't have good ideas!" said Miss Clara triumphantly.

"Eh?"

"That is my idea."

"Your idea?"

"Certainly!"

"The esteemed Miss Clara's idea, with slight variations," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I suggest that we pass a vote of thankfulness to Miss Clara for her ripping idea!"

"Passed unanimously!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Nem. con.!" said Nugent.

"You are welcome to it," said Miss Clara generously. "When you are in a fix you should always get a girl to think things out for you."

"We will," said Wharton solemnly. "It—it's really ripping of you to get us out of a fix like this!"

"The rippingfulness is—"

"Terrific!" said Bob.

And till tea was over the heroes of the Remove discussed that ripping idea, and Miss Clara and Marjorie promised to come over and see the match when it came off. And when they left Cliff House the juniors discussed ways and means on the way home, and they arrived at Greyfriars in great spirits.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Rake's Progress!

"IT'S going strong!"

Rake of the Remove made that remark in No. 10 Study. Rake's face wore an expression of considerable satisfaction.

He had a paper before him on the table, and a pencil in his hand. He was making up his footer list.

"Hazeldene in goal," he said; "that's one. Of course, he isn't so good as Bulstrode; still, he's a good goal. Not so good as you, Morgan, old scout, but I want you in the back line."

"Anywhere you like," said Morgan.

"You and Bolsover will be the backs, and I think that will be pretty strong," said Rake. "Then the halves. I've got Tom Dutton down as centre-half. He's deaf, but he's a good player, either half or forward. He's promised to play. He's a reserve for the Form eleven. The Form eleven can whistle for reserves!"

"Let 'em whistle!" agreed Wibley.

"Russell and Ogilvy will be halves, too. They're reserves, but they don't get much chance in Wharton's eleven. I'm going to give 'em a chance."

"Well, they're good!" said Wibley.

"Then the front line," said Rake, wrinkling his brows a little. "There's myself at centre. You'll be outside-right, Wib."

"Right-ho!"

"Desmond has agreed to play at inside-right. About the left wing I'm not full up yet, but we can bag a couple more forwards."

"I should think so."

"Skinner can play after a fashion," said Rake. "He's awfully keen to back up against No. 1 Study. That's



"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter joined Rake & Co. "If any of you feel inclined to stand out and make room for a good player—you, for instance, Bolsover——" "Scat!" roared Bolsover major ferociously. (See Chapter 9.)

rotten, of course. No. 1 Study are all right, only they think too much of themselves. But I think I could give Skinner a chance. Skinner and Stott, unless somebody better turns up."

"That's the lot," said Micky Desmond gleefully. "Sure, we've got an eleven, anyway."

"It's bagging the reserves of the Form team," said Morgan. "It may leave them in a fix some time."

Rake nodded.

"I'm sorry for that, but it can't be helped," he said. "Later on, when we've shown our quality, I may amalgamate with the Form team. We don't want to keep this up for ever, so long as this study gets a really good show in the footer."

"Let's challenge Wharton's team, and beat them, for a start."

"Not for a start," said Rake cautiously. "You see, we've got no prestige so far. A defeat to begin with might knock the eleven all to pieces. We've got a fair-to-middling team, but I wouldn't say it's quite up to the form of Wharton's crowd. We'll challenge them later, when we're right on our feet. At first we'll try outside matches. We can knock up a fixture with somebody."

"Some easy team that we can beat," agreed Wibley. "We've got to start with a win, or we shall be grinned to death."

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"Exactly!" said Rake. "Hallo! Come in!" he added, as a knock came at the door.

It was Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior, who entered. He bestowed a genial grin upon the chums of No. 10.

"I guess you expected to see me?" he remarked.

"Can't say I did," replied Rake.

"Ain't you making up a footer eleven?"

"Yes."

"I guess that's just where I live," said Fish impressively. "You may be aware that Wharton has kept me out of the Form eleven. Not that I care much about footer, but I'd like to show you galoots how to play the game! Wharton's a mugwump!"

"What on earth's a mugwump?"

"He's left me out consistently," said Fish. "Now, a real American never gets left. I guess I'm going to make Wharton sorry for himself!"

"Go hon!"

"By playing for your team," explained Fish.

"By Jove! Are you?"

"Yep! We'll knock 'em sky-high!" said Fish confidently. "We won't leave a grease-spot of 'em, sir! We'll crawl all over 'em! Now, where are you putting me?"

"In the passage, if anywhere!" said Rake.

"I guess I'm slick at centre-forward."

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"Centre-forwards not wanted."

"I reckon I should be spry in goal."

"Nothing doing."

"Look hyer, you don't mean to say that you don't want a player like me in the team?" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish, in astonishment.

"You've guessed it."

"Why, you jay——"

Rake pointed to the door with his pencil.

"We're rather busy," he remarked. "Would you mind shutting the door after you, Fishy. We've no time for American humour now."

"You mugwump!" roared Fish. "I guess I'm not joking."

"I guess you are. Good-bye!"

"Look hyer——"

"Oh, travel along!"

"I calculate I'm not going till this is settled," said Fisher T. Fish firmly. "I've made up my mind to play in the new eleven, and give Wharton's crowd the kybosh! Now, where are you going to put me, Rake?"

Rake answered that question in deeds, not in words. He rose from his chair, seized Fisher T. Fish by the collar, and lifted him through the study doorway. Fisher T. Fish was put in the passage with a loud bump.

"Waal, I swow!" ejaculated Fish wrathfully.

The door slammed on him. Fisher T. Fish jumped up, and bawled through the keyhole:

"You cheeky mugwump! I guess I'll make potato-scrapings of you! Come out hyer and be mopped up, you jay!"

"I'm coming!" called out Rake.

Rake opened the door again, but Fisher T. Fish retired hastily down the passage. He had decided not to make potato-scrapings of Rake, after all.

Rake grinned, and returned to the table and took up his list again. A few minutes later a fat face and a pair of big glasses glimmered in at the door.

"All serene!" said Billy Bunter, as Rake pointed to the passage with his pencil. "I've come to see you about the footer, Rake."

"Another recruit!" grinned Wibley.

"I think it's a jolly good idea to give those bounders in No. 1 Study the kybosh," said Bunter, blinking at Rake. "They're too swanky by half! I used to be in their study, you know, but I had to leave. I couldn't stand 'em! I've been kept out of the Form eleven by personal jealousy. You fellows know how I play."

"We do," said Rake; "we does!"

"I'm willing to play for your team," said Bunter, "but my suggestion is that I should be skipper."

"Wha-at!"

"Skipper!" said Bunter. "It's the place I'm most suited for, you see. As the poet says, there are some fellows who are born to command, and others who are born to obey. I'm one of the kind that are born to command. Now, as skipper, I should put all you fellows in the team—the whole study."

"Would you?" gasped Rake. "You're awfully good."

"Not at all. Of course, you're not quite up to my style of play, but, under my lead, there's no reason why you shouldn't do quite well. I shall play centre-forward. I rather fancy that position. Of course, I'm good in goal!"

"You would be," agreed Rake. "With you between the sticks, there wouldn't be much room for the ball to pass in."

"Would there be room for Bunter between the goal-posts?" asked Wibley doubtfully.

Billy Bunter snorted. Certainly his circumference was ample, but it was not so ample as all that.

"Oh, don't be funny!" he said. "What do you say, Rake? I should make you outside left. I think you'd do pretty well there."

"What do I say?" murmured Rake. "Oh, crumbs! I'll pay half your fare to the nearest lunatic asylum. That's the best I can do for you."

"Oh, really, Rake——"

"Now, roll along, Bunter; we're busy."

"You don't want me to skipper the team?"

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Well, I don't mind playing without that," said

Bunter. "I'm used to jealousy. You'd better play me at centre-half."

"There wouldn't be room on the field for the other halves," said Wibley. "They'd be squeezed into touch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fat junior blinked ferociously at the humorous Wib.

"You silly ass!" he roared. "You skinny specimen out of a museum, if you're jealous of a chap with a figure, you needn't show it like that. Look here, Rake——"

Rake wiped his eyes.

"Don't, old scout!" he said. "You'll be the death of me. Roll away. I'm not playing any barrels in my team."

"I could take practically any position. Inside right, if you like. I'm very good there—or outside——"

"Outside!" said Rake. "That's it. You can't be inside right, or outside left, but you can be left outside."

"Left outside!" stuttered Bunter.

"That's it—left outside the team," said Rake cheerily. "Now, roll along, and shut the door after you."

Billy Bunter shook a fat fist within a foot of Rake's nose.

"You silly chump——"

"Thanks. Good-bye!"

"You howling ignoramus——"

"Run away!"

"What do you know about footer? You can't play for toffee. It would be an honour to you to play a chap like me in your team."

"I'm too modest!" said Rake. "I'm not looking for whacking honours like that."

"Well, I refuse to play for you now!" said Bunter. "If you come to me on your bended knees, I shall refuse."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter retired, and closed the door with a slam. He left No. 10 Study chuckling.

The fat junior rolled away wrathfully, and met the Famous Five as they came in, on their return from Cliff House. Billy Bunter stopped to speak to them.

"I say, you fellows—don't walk away while I'm talking to you, Wharton—I've got something to tell you. That cad Rake ought to be put down."

"Well, he's going to be put down!" said Bob Cherry. "But what are you calling him names for, you owl?"

"He's an utter rotter!" said Bunter. "I'm up against him. I'm going to back you up, Wharton."

"Thanks awfully!"

"I'll help you to put that cheeky beast in his place," said Bunter. "I'll come to tea with you, and we'll talk it over—what?"

"We've had tea; and the pleasure of a conversation with you, Bunter, would be too much for us. Ta-ta."

The Famous Five went on their way, leaving Billy Bunter snorting. Neither of the rivals of the Remove seemed to have any use for Billy Bunter; the valuable services of William George were going begging. Bunter rolled away discontentedly to No. 7, where he found Peter and Alonzo Todd and Tom Dutton, his study-mates.

"Hallo, what's the matter with you, Tubby?" asked Peter.

"That fellow Rake's a rotter, and I'm not backing him up," said Bunter.

"Alas for Rake!" said Peter humorously.

"Wharton's another rotter, and I'm not backing him up, either."

"Alas for Wharton!"

"And you're a rotter, too!" roared Bunter angrily. "And what I say is—— Yow-wow-wow! Leggo my ear, you beast!"

Billy Bunter retired from the study rubbing his fat ear, leaving Peter Todd chuckling.

## ANSWERS

**D**URING the next two or three days Rake of the Remove was very busy with his new eleven.

Rake was a good skipper, and he knew how to keep his men up to practice. He had some difficulties with Skinner and Stott, who were born slackers, but the rest of the team were pretty keen.

The split in the Remove was quite definite now. Most of the fellows wondered how the Famous Five would take it, and looked for trouble between the rival parties.

But Harry Wharton & Co. took it quite good-humouredly.

Since the battle in Rake's study, there had been no trouble. Indeed, the members of the Co. were quite friendly to Rake.

They asked him frequently how his eleven was getting on, and whether he had received any challenges from the Corinthians, or Tottenham Hotspur, or Manchester United.

They sometimes came down to see the new eleven at practice, and gave Skinner and Stott some valuable advice on the subject of "chucking up" smoking.

The split in the Form did not seem to trouble them at all.

In No. 1 Study, there were sometimes meetings of the old firm, and there was a good deal of chuckling at those meetings.

Inky's idea—or Miss Clara's idea, whichever it was—was being carefully elaborated and mapped out.

All the members of the Form eleven came into the scheme very heartily, and all of them, of course, kept it a dead secret.

Of that little scheme Rake & Co. had not the slightest suspicion.

Rake had decided to put a notice in the "Friardale Gazette" requesting football fixtures from neighbouring clubs.

That advertisement was drawn up very carefully in No. 10 Study, and duly appeared in the columns of the local paper.

This proof that the rebels of the Remove were in deadly earnest was expected to produce its effect upon No. 1 Study.

But it did not seem to have any effect whatever.

No. 1 Study went on its way smiling, and made no sign.

Bolsover major took the trouble to show them a copy of the paper with the notice in it, and the Famous Five read it gravely and nodded over it.

"You don't think we shall get any fixtures—what?" growled Bolsover major surlily.

"Why not?" said Wharton blandly. "I think you'll get some, very likely. When that splendid eleven gets heard of, there will be a rush to bag fixtures. I shouldn't wonder if you get letters from eager footer secretaries in heaps."

"We're jolly well going to put your rotten eleven in the shade, anyway," said Bolsover.

"I wish you luck, dear boy."

"Oh, rats!" said Bolsover.

That afternoon Rake dropped into No. 1 Study. Rake himself was a little puzzled by the calmness with which the Co. accepted the new state of affairs.

"You've heard about my notice in the paper?" asked Rake.

"We have," said Wharton.

"We has!" agreed Nugent.

"I shall be getting some fixtures soon, I expect."

"Good luck to you!"

"I suppose you mean that?" said Rake, eyeing the chums of the Remove doubtfully.

"Certainly. I hope you'll get a fixture right away."

"Well, we hope so," said Rake. "But there will have to be some arrangement made about the ground. You see, space is limited, and there isn't room for two Remove elevens to play at home on the same day. We shall have to arrange it."

Wharton nodded.

"I don't want to be unreasonable," went on Rake. "I'm willing to concede that the Form eleven has first claim on the ground."

"Thanks."

"We'll fix it up to play our matches when your team is playing away, or when you haven't any match on."

"That's a good idea," assented Wharton.

"Well, what about Wednesday?" asked Rake. "There isn't anything on the Remove list for Wednesday, think."

"Nothing, only a practice match."

"Well a practice match can't expect to bag the ground when there's an eleven wanting to play a game."

"True, O King!"

"You've got a fixture for Wednesday?" asked Nugent.

"Well, no, but probably we shall have one. If we have one, we want the ground. No objection to that, I suppose?"

"None at all," said Wharton cordially. "We agree to that. If you have a fixture at home for Wednesday, we'll go out biking for a change, and leave you the ground. If you haven't a fixture, we use the ground."

"Well, that's all right," said Rake. "I'm glad to see you taking it in this reasonable way, Wharton."

"We're trying to be reasonable," said Wharton blandly. "By the way, we're playing Courtenay's team from Highcliffe again on Saturday next. How would you like to play for the Remove, Rake?"

Rake knit his brows.

"You want me in the Form eleven?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Hum!" said Rake thoughtfully.

Rake was silent for some moments. Then he shook his head.

"Can't be did!" he said. "I'm captain of the new eleven now, and we shall be playing away, perhaps, if we get a second fixture. I'm sorry."

"Well, you're a reserve for the Form eleven, you know. So are most of your team, as a matter of fact—all that are good, anyway."

"That's all U P," said Rake warmly. "You're not bagging my team as reserves. If any of your men are away, or crooked, you must do the best you can. Try Fishy or Bunter."

"We'll leave Fishy and Bunter to you!" said Harry laughing. "I dare say we shall pull through somehow. But the place is open to you if you change your mind, Rake. Not because you've been playing the giddy ox in this way, you know—only on your merits."

"Thanks! But it can't be did, now. I'll let you know as soon as I can whether we get a home fixture for Wednesday. If we're playing away, of course, we sha'n't want the ground."

"Right-ho!"

Rake departed, still feeling perplexed. All the rebels had expected active opposition from the Co., and they were not getting it. The Famous Five were taking it "lying down."

After Rake had gone, Wharton and Nugent looked at one another with smiles.

"Rake will get his fixture for Wednesday," said Wharton.

"Yes, rather!"

"It's time the things came from the printer's," said Harry. "Hallo, here's Bob!"

Bob Cherry came into the study with a packet in his hand, which he tossed upon the table.

"I called for it," he said. "It's all serene!"

Harry Wharton opened the packet. It contained about a quire of notepaper, with a heading nicely engraved. The heading was, "Blackwood School, Lantham, Kent."

"Ripping!" said Wharton.

"It's a jolly long way to Lantham!" remarked Nugent.

"All the better. Nobody in the Remove knows whether there's a Blackwood School at Lantham or not," said Wharton, laughing.

"They'll know there is when they see a letter written on that notepaper!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to be awfully careful about the fist," said Harry thoughtfully. "Rake is pretty keen, and we don't want him to smell a rat."

"That's all right. We'll get one of the Courtfield chaps to write it," said Nugent. "We can draw up the letter in this study, and take it down to Courtfield to be copied out."

"That's a good idea."

"And I'll buzz over to Lantham on my bike to-morrow to post it," said Bob Cherry. "It's a bit of a ride, but I can do it."

"Good! And there won't be time for Rake to write back," said Harry. "His reply will have to be by telephone."

"Exactly. Ha, ha, ha!"

"That means having a chap at Lantham on Wednesday to take the telephone call," said Nugent.

"Easy enough. One of the chaps can buzz off to Lantham immediately after lessons on Wednesday morning, and take the call there. Easy as falling off a form. We've arranged about using the telephone at Lantham Tea Rooms."

Bob Cherry rubbed his hands.

"Blessed if it isn't the best jape we've ever japed!" he said. "The cheeky bounders won't have the slightest suspish. Let's get that letter done, and take it down to Courtfield, and call on old Lazarus about the props. He promised to have them ready to-day."

For the next half-hour several heads were bent together over the study table in No. 1 in the concoction of the letter from "Blackwood School, Lantham."

When it was finished to the satisfaction of the juniors, Wharton slipped it into his pocket, with a supply of notepaper.

Then the juniors wheeled out their bikes and pedalled away to Courtfield.

They called upon Dick Trumper, of Courtfield School, and Trumper, when the little game was explained to him, cheerfully undertook to write out the letter.

The letter was duly written, sealed up in an envelope, and addressed. Then the juniors called upon Mr. Lazarus.

Mr. Lazarus was the gentleman who usually supplied the "props" for the Remove Dramatic Society, and he frequently had quite considerable orders from them. But never had he got so extensive an order as on the present occasion.

"Got the things?" asked Wharton.

Mr. Lazarus smiled.

"Yeth, Master Wharton. They are all ready in my parlour."

"Oh, good!"

The juniors went into the parlour, and proceeded to examine the new property of the Dramatic Society. Eleven skirts and blouses and hats and pairs of stockings and boots, and eleven wigs of different hues, were there, with several parasols. The juniors grinned as they surveyed them.

"Ripping!" said Bob Cherry. "It will work like a charm. We've got to arrange about a brake, too. We can change here, and the brake can pick us up. A brake coming from Lantham might come through Courtfield, so that will be all right."

"Right as rain!"

The juniors left Mr. Lazarus' shop greatly satisfied. When they came back to Greyfriars, Rake & Co. were at footer practice on Little Side. The chums of the Remove stopped to look on for a few minutes. Rake was shouting at Skinner, and Skinner was looking sulky.

"A rift in the lute!" grinned Bob Cherry.

And the chums sauntered away, smiling. Rake was hammering his team into shape ready for his first fixture, when it came off. Little did he dream of what a peculiar variety that fixture was to prove.

The next day, Bob Cherry cycled to Lantham, where the letter was duly dropped into the post.

And the Famous Five waited with great equanimity for the result.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. The Letter From Lantham!

**R**AKE of the Remove wore a somewhat thoughtful look when he came down on Wednesday morning.

It was Wednesday, and that afternoon he had hoped that the first fixture of the new eleven would come off.

But the fixture had not yet materialised.

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True, his notice had only appeared in the paper on Monday, and, naturally, he could not expect football secretaries to be hanging up, as it were, waiting for him to mention that he was in need of matches.

Doubtless, in a week or so offers would come along in abundance. It was really too soon to expect one now. But he had hoped there would be something. He had arranged with the Remove skipper for the use of the ground, if needed. Unfortunately, it looked as if it would not be needed.

He glanced at the letter-rack, but the letters were not in yet.

"May be a letter by the morning's post," said Wibley encouragingly. "After all, the advertisement has been out nearly two days."

"It's rather too soon to expect anything," said Morgan, with a shake of the head.

"Well, I suppose it is," admitted Rake. "I'd have liked a match to-day, all the same. The team is in good form. Excepting Skinner and Stott, it's a jolly good team, and we've licked those two slackers into shake a bit, too. I'm rather keen to get to work, you know."

"Well, there may be a letter after brekker," said Micky Desmond comfortingly.

After breakfast Rake made for the letter-rack, with a faint hope that there might be a letter for him, on the subject of his notice in the local paper. He started a little as he spotted a letter addressed to himself.

"My hat!"

"Begorra, it's a letter, anyway!" said Micky jubilantly.

"May be from home," said Morgan.

"I don't know the fist," said Rake, taking down the letter. "We'll jolly soon see, anyway."

He opened the letter eagerly, and glanced over it, and gave a whoop of triumph.

"Hurrah!"

"Phwat is it intirely?"

"Let's see it!" exclaimed Wibley.

"Look here!"

Rake held up the letter, and the chums of No. 10 Study read it together, with great glee.

It was all they could have expected. Their dearest hopes had been realised. Already, in less than two days after the appearance of Rake's notice in the "Friardale Gazette," there was a fixture to be had for the trouble of accepting it.

For the letter ran:

"Blackwood School,  
Lantham, Kent.

"Dear Sir,—I have seen your notice in the 'Friardale Gazette,' and shall be glad to arrange a match with you if agreeable. We have to-morrow (Wednesday) afternoon open. We are a junior team, average age fifteen. Our ground is in use to-morrow, but we should be glad to come over in our brake.

"I know this is rather short notice, and there will be no time for you to reply by letter, but you can ring us up on Wednesday afternoon early. 'Phone 101 Latham. If you are booked to-morrow we may be able to arrange some other date. Anyway, ring us up and let us know. I shall be waiting for your call at half-past two.—Yours sincerely,  
V. SHARP."

Rake's eyes danced. He waved the letter in the air exultantly.

"What price that?" he chortled.

"Hurrah!"

"Arrah! And it's a sthroke of luck intirely!"

"Oh, ripping!" said Morgan. "Just the team we want. I don't remember hearing of them before."

"Blackwood School!" said Rake thoughtfully. "I don't know whether it's a public school; I've never heard of it. But I don't care twopence. They've got a junior team, and the junior team's going to play us, and there you are!"

"Topping!" chuckled Wibley. "Let's tell the fellows."

The new eleven were speedily gathered together to hear the exciting news. The letter from Lantham was read, and re-read, and re-re-read with immense satisfaction.

"What topping luck!" said Skinner. "We get a fixture the very first half-holiday, or the second, anyway. I wonder what Wharton will say to this?"

"Those bounders thought we shouldn't get any fixtures," said Ogilvy, "and we've bagged one right at the start. We might turn this into a regular fixture with Blackwood."

"Yes, if they're any good," said Rake. "We haven't seen them yet."

"Well, it sounds all right. Average age fifteen!"

"They must be hard up for matches to come all the way from Lantham for a game," remarked Bolsover major.

"I don't know. Perhaps a match has fallen through, and they don't want to waste the afternoon," said Rake. "That would show they're pretty keen. Anyway, whatever sort of team they are, it's a beginning for us. And if they're a bit weak in the knees we shall be sure of beating them, and we want to begin with a win, for lots of reasons."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry and his chums bore down on the joyous group in the passage. "What's the glorious news? Something from the Front?"

"Bow-wow!" said Rake. "Better than that! Wharton, we shall want the ground this afternoon, after all."

"Not a fixture?" smiled Wharton.

"Oh, yes!"

"By Jove!"

"Blackwood have asked us to play," said Rake carelessly.

"Blackwood," said Johnny Bull. "I've never heard of it. Where the dickens is Blackwood?"

"It's a school at Lantham."

"And they've asked you to play, and your blessed notice in the paper is only just out?" exclaimed Johnny Bull, with an air of incredulity.

"They jolly well have!"

"Well, if you're going over to Lantham, you won't want the ground this afternoon," said Nugent innocently.

"We're not going over; they're coming over here," said Rake.

"Then it's a real team," said Johnny Bull, as if he had doubted it.

Rake sniffed.

"Do you think we can't get fixtures quite as well as your mouldy old Form eleven?" he demanded warmly.

"Well, it's rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Blackwood happened to have the date open. They've offered to come over, and I'm going to 'phone to them to come," said Rake. "If you duffers want to see what real footer is like you can see the match this afternoon."

"I dare say we shall see it," said Wharton, with a nod. "We're going out, as it happens, but we'll try to get back in time for the match."

"The tryfulness will be terrific, my esteemed Rake!" purred Hurree Singh. "The esteemed match will be worth watchfulness!"

"Congratulations, old scout," said Bob Cherry cordially. "We'll do our best to come and see you licked."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You jolly well won't see us licked!" said Rake disdainfully. "I fancy the new eleven will be able to hold its own against most junior school teams."

"Yes, rather," said Bolsover major; "and some swanking asses will be put in the shade, too."

"And when we've won a few matches, the Remove may think twice about keeping on a skipper who loses 'em!" jeered Skinner. "This may mean that your number's up, Wharton."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Well, we'll see the match," he said. "It's bound to be interesting. Better chuck up cigarettes for to-day, Skinner; you'll need your wind, you know."

And the Famous Five walked on, smiling. Rake & Co. were left rejoicing. The offer from Lantham had come like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years, and Rake & Co. had ample cause for satisfaction.

They looked forward to that afternoon with great keenness.

So did Harry Wharton & Co.

So all parties were pleased.

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## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

All Serene!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & Co. wheeled out their bicycles immediately after dinner.

The cyclists were quite a large party.

In addition to the Co., there were Bulstrode, Tom Brown, Squiff, Peter Todd, Vernon-Smith, Mark Linley, Penfold. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh did not join the cyclists.

"Not coming, Inky?" called out Bob Cherry.

The nabob shook his head.

"I am stayfully remaining to see the esteemed match," he replied.

"Shows your sense, Inky," remarked Rake. "You'll see something worth seeing, I can promise you that."

"The scefulness is the believfulness," said the nabob.

"It is with great pleasure that I shall behold it. Also the esteemed misses from Cliff House will come to behold the great Rake."

"Really?" said Rake, much interested.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh nodded solemnly.

"The august Marjorie has expressed a wish to behold the match," he explained. "As my esteemed chums are going out cyclefully, I am going to fetch the beautiful misses from Cliff House. They will behold the match with great joyfulness."

"Jolly good idea," said Rake, considerably flattered. "Bring 'em over early, Inky. We shall kick off as soon as the Lanthan chaps get here."

Harry Wharton & Co. grinned as they wheeled their bikes out. They were aware of the reason why the Cliff House chums were coming over. They wanted to see the Blackwood team in their uncommon guise.

Hurree Singh was not to be in that team; his beautiful complexion stood in the way of disguise.

The nabob watched his chums off with a smiling face. Rake and his men went down to the footer ground to punt the ball about a little—a sort of preliminary canter before the match. It was not yet time for Rake to ring up V. Sharp, of Blackwood School, the time having been fixed for half-past two. And it would be a good hour after that, he calculated, before the Blackwood brake could get over from Lantham. The match would not begin, therefore, till half-past three at least.

The knowledge that Marjorie and Clara were coming over to see the match was very flattering to the new eleven. Even Skinner had resolved to buck up, and play the game of his life.

Rake was a little anxious about it. If the new eleven started with a win, well and good, but if they started with a defeat, Rake knew that it would be difficult to hold the team together afterwards. A defeat in the first fixture would be very discouraging.

So, although Rake liked a hard and well-fought game, he would not have been displeased if the Blackwood team turned out a somewhat "soft" eleven. It was very necessary to his programme to beat them.

Harry Wharton & Co. rode away cheerfully from the gates of Greyfriars. They took the road to Courtfield.

"Working like a charm," Bob Cherry remarked, with an explosive chuckle. Bob was in great spirits.

"Not a single suspish," said Vernon-Smith, laughing.

"It's almost too bad on Rake," said Mark Linley.

"Why, we're doing him a good turn," said Bob. "He would never have got a fixture for this afternoon if he hadn't received this offer from Lantham."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he's going to get a good match—a better match than he anticipates," said Squiff. "Quite a tough match."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it's all the better for Rake if his scheme is knocked on the head," Wharton remarked. "If this split is kept up, it may wreck the Remove footer for the season. Besides, we want Rake in the Form eleven."

"Besides, it's a howling good jape," said Tom Brown.

The juniors reached Courtfield, and stopped at the station. Wharton had been poring over time-tables the previous day. He was in good time to catch the express for Lantham.

# THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, $\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>d</sup>.

No. 3 Out To-day.



FRANK NUGENT,  
Art Editor.



H. VERNON SMITH,  
Sports Editor.



HARRY WHARTON,  
Editor.



BOB CHERRY,  
Fighting Editor.



MARK LINLEY,  
Sub-Editor.

Edited by Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

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"So-long, you chaps!" he said. "You take my bike, Bob. I'll see you again at Lazarus' place, soon after three."

"Right-ho!"

Wharton went into the station, and caught his train, and was soon buzzing away for Lantham as fast as the express could take him.

Arrived at Lantham, he proceeded at once to the tea-rooms, where arrangements had been made in advance for the use of the telephone.

Meanwhile, his chums went for a spin in the sunny lanes about Courtfield and Highcliffe, to pass the time away.

At three o'clock, however, they gathered at Mr. Lazarus' establishment, and were taken into the parlour, where they proceeded to invest themselves with their extraordinary garb as the footballers from "Blackwood School."

Meanwhile, Rake & Co. had knocked off practice, and were waiting. Promptly at half-past two Rake of the Remove proceeded to Mr. Quelch's study. He had already obtained permission from the Form-master to use the telephone there, having explained the matter to Mr. Quelch.

Mr. Quelch was not in his study. Rake went at once to the telephone, and took up the receiver.

"Number, please?" came over the wires.

"One - nought - one Lantham," said Rake. Buzz!

He was "through" almost at once. A voice came from the other—a somewhat high-pitched voice:

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" replied Rake. "Is that one-nought-one Lantham?"

"Yes. Is that Greyfriars?"

"Yes; Rake speaking. I had your letter this morning."

"Good! I've been waiting for you to ring up. Are you playing us this afternoon?"

"Yes."

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"Right-ho!"

"Jolly glad to see you," said the high-pitched voice on the wires cheerily. "It's a good step from Lantham to Greyfriars, but we don't mind."

"You are coming in a brake?"

"Yes; about an hour from here, I think," said the voice. "The quickest way is through Courtfield, isn't it?"

"Well, that way is the best road for a brake," said Rake. "You'd better come through Courtfield. Then we can expect you about half-past three?"

"Yes, about that."

"By the way, I seem to know your voice," said Rake. "Have we ever met before, Sharp? My hat, he's rung off!"

Rake hung up the receiver, and quitted the study.

"Well?" said his comrades, meeting him in the passage.

"All serene!" said Rake. "They're coming over in a brake, by the Courtfield Road, and they'll get here at half-past three. You fellows keep ready; we shall kick-off as soon as they get here."

"Is it all satisfactorily arranged?" asked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a glimmer in his dusky eyes.

"Right as rain!" said Rake. "You'd better buzz off to Cliff House, Inky, or Miss Hazeldene won't be here for the start."

"I shall buzzfully proceed at once," said the nabob.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh pedalled away on his bike for Cliff House. Rake & Co. waited eagerly for the arrival of the Blackwood brake.

"Those rotters are still out," remarked Bolsover major, referring in that complimentary manner to Harry Wharton & Co. "They mean to give our match the go-by."

"Jealousy!" said Skinner.

"Oh, rot!" said Rake, in his direct way. "I don't see why they should bother to see our match if they don't want to. As for being jealous, that's all piffle!"

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Miss Sharp evidently meant business, for she squared up to Rake in quite a scientific manner, and the alarmed skipper of the new eleven backed away and dodged. There was a howl of enjoyment from the crowd. "Go it, miss!" (See Chapter 12.)

"I say, you fellows," Billy Bunter joined them. "If any of you feel inclined to stand out and make room for a good player—you, f'rinstance, Bolsover——"

"Scat!" roared Bolsover major ferociously.

And Billy Bunter "scatted"!

Half-past three rang out from the clock tower, and three cyclists arrived at Greyfriars. They were Marjorie and Clara and Hurree

Rake greeted Marjorie and Clara warmly, and found them camp-chairs outside the pavilion. He told them that there was going to be a good match, and Miss Clara replied, "What-ho!" quite emphatically. Evidently the Cliff House chums were expecting to see an interesting match, and so did Inky.

"Time that Blackwood brake was here," growled Bolsover major.

The Blackwood team had not yet appeared. Several of the new eleven went down to the gates to watch the road, like Sister Anne.

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## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Wo'ves in Sheep's Clothing!

**H**ARRY WHARTON came out of the tea-rooms at Lantham with a smile upon his face. He looked at his watch, and hurried to the railway-station. He had timed himself well, and he caught the train to Courtfield easily. In the train he read "Chuckles," till the express boomed into Courtfield Junction.

Ten minutes more, and he was entering Mr. Lazarus' shop.

The old gentleman greeted him with a nod and a grin. Mr. Lazarus had often lent a hand to his best customers in helping them with their amateur theatricals. More than once they had made-up at his establishment for a Remove Dramatic Society performance, or for a school fancy-dress affair. Mr. Lazarus concluded that the present scheme was another of the same sort, and certainly did not suspect that the disguised juniors were

to enter Greyfriars, unknown to the fellows there, and under the guise of a football team from Lantham.

"They are in the parlour, Master Wharton," said the old gentleman. "My son is at home now, and he will help you make-up, if you like."

"Thanks; we'll be glad!" said Harry, and he passed into the parlour at the back.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!" said Bob Cherry.

"All serene?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"The sereneness is terrific, as Inky would say," said Harry, laughing. "The telephoneness was also great. Everything in the garden is lovely!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What about your dulcet tones—they weren't recognised?"

"I pitched my voice high. By the way, you'd better all pitch your voices a bit high when we get to Greyfriars. Must keep up the game."

"How will this do?" asked Bob, speaking in a high falsetto, somewhat like the tones of Punch's helpmate, Judy, in the show.

"Oh, don't; not a blessed squeak!" said Wharton.

"And don't say 'My hat!' or 'By gum!' Make it 'Goodness gracious!'"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"And not 'Oh, crumbs!' either. Make it 'Dear me!'"

"Oh, dear!"

"Yes, 'Oh, dear!' will do," said Harry. "Goodness gracious! You are getting on rippingly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nicely!" said Bob reprovingly. "Not 'rippingly'—'nicely'!"

"I think football is a sweet game, don't you, dears?" said Peter Todd, in a squeak, which he fondly imagined was like a feminine voice.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By Chove!" said Solly Lazarus, coming into the room. "You do look a thet of beauties, by Chove!"

"Lend us a hand, Solly," said Wharton. "You are a dab at making up chivvies."

"Pleasure, dear boy," said Solly.

Most of the juniors were well under way with their new guise. Clad in skirts, and blouses, and stockings, and girls' boots, they certainly looked very oddly assorted. The boots were evidently the largest sizes in girls' boots. As they were intended for football, however, this was all to the good.

Solly Lazarus lent his skilled aid in making-up the faces.

Some of the juniors made-up remarkably well, especially Nugent, who had a very smooth, handsome face. But some of them made decidedly brawny and masculine-looking girls—especially Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull.

"Of course, they won't expect a footballing team of girls to look like Marjorie and Clara," Bob remarked, as he grinned at his reflection in the glass. "It doesn't matter if we look a bit like Suffragettes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't know whether anybody could quite believe that those feet belonged to a girl," remarked Squiff, glancing at Bob Cherry's boots.

"Oh, rats!" said Bob. "Let my feet alone. How's anybody to believe that your face could belong to a girl, if you come to that. Girls are generally good-looking."

"Now, about the hair," said Wharton. "We shall have to get the hair fixed on pretty strong. We don't want it to come off in the game."

"My hat! That would make 'em open their eyes," grinned Bob.

The wigs were fastened on with excessive care. Then the juniors looked at one another, with broad grins.

They were utterly unrecognisable.

Their nearest and dearest relations would never have suspected their identity.

And, masculine as they looked, for girls, they did not look masculine enough for boys. The disguise was very skilful and effective.

"Suppose they notice that our faces are made up a bit?" remarked Penfold.

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"Well, girls sometimes dab red on their faces," said Vernon-Smith.

"Ahem! Not nice girls!"

"Well, we're not setting up to be nice girls."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't suppose Rake & Co. will think we're very nice, anyway, by the time we've done with them," said Wharton. "If they notice that our complexions are touched up a bit, they'll put it down to feminine vanity."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now we're all ready, and the brake's waiting," said Harry. "Got the bags with the jerseys? Thanks awfully, Solly!"

"Not at all!" grinned Solly. "By Chove, you all look so thweet, I should like to kith you for good-bye!"

The chuckling juniors left the parlour, and passed out into the street, where the brake was waiting.

The driver was in his place. He had been engaged to convey a party of young ladies to Greyfriars, so he was not surprised by the sight of a bevy of schoolgirls. Harry Wharton & Co. mounted into the brake.

"Greyfriars!" said Harry.

The brake moved off down the High Street of Courtfield and came out into the lane to Greyfriars School. It was a quarter to four.

As the brake rolled onwards towards the school, two cyclists came into sight, pedalling along at a leisurely pace. The juniors recognised them; Courtenay and De Courcy, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe, their old acquaintances.

Bob Cherry, without stopping to reflect, hailed them cheerily.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

The two Highcliffe juniors almost fell off their machines as they were hailed from the brake by one who appeared to them a rather heavily-built schoolgirl with very red cheeks and a mop of flaxen hair.

"By gad!" said the Caterpillar.

"What the dickens—" said Courtenay.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the brake, as the two Highcliffians stared at the crowd therein, raising their caps mechanically.

"What the dooce are they laughin' at, Franky?" murmured the Caterpillar.

"Blessed if I know!" said Courtenay.

Wharton signed to the driver to pause, and the brake halted.

"Glad to see you," he said.

"By gad, you're awfully good!" said De Courcy, getting off his machine. "Franky, are these some of your girl friends?"

"Not that I know of," said the puzzled Courtenay. "I'm sorry, miss, I don't remember—"

"Oh, Franky!" said Bob Cherry reproachfully.

Courtenay jumped.

"Have you forgotten me, Franky, dear?" asked Bob. The Caterpillar chuckled.

"Oh, Franky!" he murmured. "Oh, you Lothario! I never knew you were a lady-killer! Oh, Franky!"

Frank Courtenay coloured.

"But—but I don't know—" he stammered.

"You don't know me, Franky?" asked Bob Cherry sorrowfully.

"No. I'm sorry!"

"You've forgotten me since the last time we had tea in the study. Men are faithless creatures!" said Bob seriously; and the whole brake roared with laughter.

"Tea in the study!" ejaculated Courtenay. "I haven't had tea at a girls' school that I remember, excepting once at Cliff House."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him see your feet, and then he'll know you, Bob!" chuckled Squiff. "There isn't another pair like 'em in Kent!"

"Let my feet alone, I tell you, you silly ass!" roared Bob Cherry.

Courtenay recognised his voice, as Bob spoke in his natural tones, and he jumped almost clear of the ground.

"Bob Cherry!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, by gad!" said the Caterpillar.  
 "The whole family!" grinned Wharton. "This is the latest—the very latest—a little surprise for Greyfriars! Glad you didn't recognise us! Ta-ta!"

The brake rolled on, leaving the two Highcliffe juniors holding on to their machines and staring blankly after it.

"What a lucky meeting!" said Nugent. "It's been put to the test now. They didn't know us from Adam. And Rake & Co. won't, either!"

The juniors rolled on to Greyfriars in great spirits. The chance meeting with Courtenay and the Caterpillar had proved the effectiveness of their disguises. They were assured now of passing muster at Greyfriars.

The school came in sight at last. A Remove fellow was sauntering in the road, and he glanced at the brake as it passed. It was Monty Newland of the Remove.

Wharton called out to him.

"Excuse me! Is that Greyfriars yonder?"

"Yes, miss," said Newland, raising his cap.

"Thank you!"

Newland looked after the brake, wondering what that cargo of schoolgirls had to do there. He had never dreamed of recognising them.

"It's more natural than life!" asserted Bob Cherry. "Now for it, my infants! Remember 'Good gracious!' and 'Oh, dear!' and don't talk more than you can help!"

"Why, you fathead——"

"Shush!" said Squiff. "Girls don't call one another fatheads!"

"Here we are!" said Wharton, as the brake rolled up to the gates. "Now, mind your eye—there's a lot of chaps at the gate. Looking for us, I suppose."

And the Remove footballers composed their faces into expressions of girlish modesty as near as they could, and the brake halted at the gates of Greyfriars.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Something Like a Surprise!

**B**OLSOVER MAJOR was looking out into the road with Micky Desmond and Morgan and Skinner. They were waiting for a brake to arrive, and they had stared at the brake from Courtfield inquiringly as it came up. But as they saw it was full of schoolgirls, they concluded naturally that it wasn't the brake from Blackwood.

But it halted, and the bevy of fair damsels alighted. "This is Greyfriars?"

Bolsover major raised his cap. It was rather a good-looking young lady who addressed him, though somewhat sturdy for a girl.

"Yes, miss," he said.

"Good! Are you Rake?"

Bolsover stared.

"No, I'm not Rake. Do you want to see Rake?"

"Yes, indeed. We have come over to play his team!"

Bolsover major jumped.

"Play his team, miss?"

"Yes!"

"P-p-play his team?" stuttered Micky Desmond. "Sure, there's some mistake intirely!"

"I do not see how there can be a mistake! Isn't Rake expecting a football team from Blackwood School?"

"Yes!" gasped Bolsover.

"Well, then——"

"You—you—you are from Blackwood?" stammered Morgan dazedly.

"We are the Blackwood team, certainly!"

"B-b-but——"

"But what?"

"Is Blackwood a girls' school?" shrieked Bolsover major.

"Were you not aware of that?"

"Aware of it! My only hat, no! A girls' school—that idiot, Rake, has arranged to play a girls' school! Oh, my sainted aunt!"

"But—but that chap Sharp who wrote the letter?" stammered Micky Desmond. "He can't be a girl, I suppose!"

"I am Sharp!"

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"You—you—you are Sharp—V. Sharp?" yelled Bolsover.

"Certainly!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The Greyfriars juniors looked at one another blankly. This was the fixture, then! Rake, in his ignorance of Blackwood School, and all that appertained thereto, had accepted a challenge from a girls' school! He had not even known that Blackwood was a girls' school! Indeed, it would have been difficult for him to know that as he had never heard the name even of that school before receiving the letter from V. Sharp. Naturally, he had never thought of inquiring. How on earth was a fellow to have guessed that it was a girls' school that had offered a football fixture?

Miss Sharp was looking at the astonished and dismayed Bolsover with an expression of polite inquiry. Apparently, she could see no cause of surprise.

"Well, Rake is here somewhere, I suppose?" she said somewhat sharply.

"Oh, ye-e-es, he's here!" said Bolsover.

"Well, you might show us where he is."

"Sus-sus-certainly!" stammered Bolsover. "C-c-come along with me. Oh, my hat!"

Bolsover major almost staggered away in the direction of the football ground with his companions. The Blackwood eleven followed him.

The sight of eleven girls, some of them carrying bags, following Bolsover major along the quad, drew attention from all sides.

There was a buzz of surprise among the Greyfriars fellows as they looked on.

As they approached the football-ground the feminine eleven were the cynosure of all eyes. The crowd that had gathered on the field stared at them blankly.

Marjorie and Clara and Hurree Singh smiled at the sight of them. But all the others stared blankly, not understanding.

"Here, Rake!" called out Bolsover, in quite a feeble voice.

"Hallo!" said Rake. "Seen anything of Blackwood yet?"

"By gum! Yes."

"Have they arrived?" asked Wibley.

"Here they are!" gasped Bolsover.

"Here!" said Rake. He looked round; the dreadful truth was slow to dawn upon him. "Here! Where?"

Bolsover made a gesture towards Miss V. Sharp and Company.

"Here!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"It's a girls' school!"

"A—a—a which?"

"Girls' school, bejabbers!" stuttered Micky Desmond. "Oh, you fathead, Rake! Oh, you dotty omadhaun! Oh, you—you blithering jabberwock! You've fixed up a match with a girls' school!"

Rake's jaw dropped.

"A—a girls' school! Blackwood's a girls' school!" he stuttered.

"Yes!" roared Bolsover wrathfully. "Is that the kind of footer captain you are, Dick Rake? Do you get up fixtures with girls' schools? Oh, my hat!"

"Oh, dear!" said Rake. "I—I never dreamed of—of such a thing! You—you are sure—you're sure that—that——"

"Ask 'em yourself!"

Rake looked almost wildly at the eleven young ladies. They were looking at him with chilling politeness. Apparently they regarded the surprised and dismayed remarks of the Greyfriars juniors as being in the worst of taste.

"I—I say," stuttered Rake, "are you—are you really the Blackwood team?"

"Certainly!" said the captain of the surprising eleven, whose name was V. Sharp. Bolsover had supposed that V. stood for Vera or Violet, but, as a matter of fact, it stood for "Very."

"And—and are you the skipper?"

"I am."

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"But—but that chap Sharp——"

"I am that chap Sharp!"

"You!"

"Certainly!"

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" groaned the unfortunate Rake.

"He, he, he!" cackled Billy Bunter. "Oh, crumbs! Rake's eleven is going to play a girls' school! He, he, he! Under the circumstances, Rake, I withdraw my offer to play in your team!"

But Rake did not heed the Owl of the Remove. He was blinking dazedly at the businesslike Miss Sharp.

"A—a—a girls' school!" he repeated, like a fellow in a dream. "But girls can't play football, you know!"

Miss Sharp sniffed contemptuously.

"Nonsense!"

"But—but you can't, you know," stammered Rake. "I'm sorry, you chaps, but the fixture is off; we sha'n't get a match to-day. We can't play a team of girls."

"Of course we can't!" growled Morgan. "Oh, you ass, Rake!"

"'Twasn't my fault! How was I to know that a girl would have the cheek to send me a footer challenge?"

"It was a captain's business to know!" grunted Bolsover major. "What's a captain for?"

"I—I never thought——"

"Sure, you ought to have thought!" said Micky Desmond.

"I'm sure I don't want to interrupt," said Miss Sharp icily, "but may I point out that we have come over for a football match, and that you are keeping us waiting?"

"But we can't play you!" howled Rake desperately.

"You can't play us, after asking us to come over from Lantham—an hour's journey!"

"Nunno! We—we didn't know you were a girls' team!"

"That is your business!"

"Why didn't you mention it on the telephone?" demanded Rake.

"Why didn't you ask me?" returned Miss Sharp.

"Well, of course I never thought—I—I've never heard of a girls' school playing footer," mumbled Rake.

"I suppose you think girls can't play footer!" said Miss V. Sharp sarcastically.

"Of course they can't!" said Rake warmly.

"Well, you will see when we have beaten you on your own ground!" said the young lady tartly. "We will overlook your rudeness as we have come over for a match!"

"But there's not going to be a match!" yelled Rake. "It's scratched!"

"Do you mean to say that you will not play us, after asking us here for a game?"

"Yes, I do!" growled Rake.

"Is that what you call politeness and good manners at Greyfriars?" asked Miss Sharp crushingly.

Rake crimsoned.

"We can't play a team of schoolgirls," he stammered. "It would be ridiculous. We're not going to be laughed at!"

"Sure, ye can't be impolite to a lady, ye gossoon!" whispered Micky Desmond. "You've landed us in this,

Rake. Play 'em, if they like. Tare and 'ouns, there's such a thing as politeness!"

"We shall insist upon playing!" said Miss Sharp finally. And all her team nodded their heads affirmatively. "We have not come here for nothing. Unless you play us, Master Rake, of course Blackwood is considered to have won the match."

"Consider what you like!" said Rake. "We're not playing schoolgirls!"

"The mannerfulness of the esteemed Rake leaves much to be desirably wished!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Miss Clara.

Marjorie looked on smiling, but wonderingly. She wondered how it was going to end. Rake seemed determined in his refusal. He was not going to ruin the career of his new eleven with a match with a set of schoolgirls. Not that he thought of defeat—defeat, of course, would be impossible. At least, he thought so, not knowing what doughty footballers the Blackwood team really were. It was the ridicule he feared. Rake had a high opinion of the fair sex generally, but not as footballers.

There was a pause, while Rake & Co. looked exasperated and sheepish, and the fair damsels from Blackwood looked annoyed and shook their flaxen curls.

Rake felt that he was wanting in politeness, but what help was there? He simply couldn't play a schoolgirl team at a game like football.

If it had been cricket it would have been different. Schoolgirls could have played cricket in one way or another. But football!

It was unthinkable.

Already a huge crowd was gathered round the ground, grinning with great enjoyment. Coker of the Fifth had come along with Potter and Greene, and they were roaring with laughter. Some of the Sixth, who were going down to Big Side for practice, paused to look on in astonishment at the sight of eleven young ladies on Little Side, and when they learned the state of affairs they roared as loudly as Coker.

"Play up!" Coker was shouting. "We're waiting to see you, you Remove kids!"

Miss Sharp looked inquiringly at Rake.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"No!" howled Rake. "You can call the match a win for your side if you like. But we're not playing!"

"You mean that, you rude boy?"

"Yes, I do," said Rake desperately.

"Then I shall lick you for your rudeness!"

"Wha-a-t!"

"We are not coming over here for nothing," said Miss Sharp firmly. "You will play us, as you have arranged, or I shall lick you!"

"My hat!"

Rake backed away, in amazement and alarm, as the young lady from Blackwood squared up to him.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Forced to Play!

MISS SHARP evidently meant business.

She squared up to Rake in quite a scientific manner, and the alarmed skipper of the new eleven backed away and dodged.

There was a howl of enjoyment from the crowd.

"Go it, miss!"

"Punch him, ma'am!"

"Lick him hollow, old girl!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kuk-kuk-keep off!" panted Rake, dodging wildly. "I—I'm not going to fight a girl! Oh, my hat! Oh, dear! K-k-keep off!"

"Come on!" shrieked Miss Sharp.

"Go it, Sally!" chirruped one of the Blackwood team. "My hat—I mean goodness gracious! Give him one on the boko!"

"Keep off!" shrieked Rake.

"Are you going to play?"

"No! No! NO!"

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"Then put your hands up!"

"I won't!" howled Rake.

Tap!

"Yaroooh!"

It was a tap on Rake's nose, from the knuckles of the Blackwood skipper. Rake roared, and the crowd roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him beans, Sally!"

"Why don't you play?" yelled Coker of the Fifth. "We're waiting to see you play. Haven't you fags got any manners?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, crumbs! Leggo!" moaned Rake, as Miss Sharp seized him and got his head into chancery.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, are you going to play?" demanded Miss Sharp, in a very high-pitched voice. "Unless you do, we shall lick the whole team. Go for them, girls!"

"Here, hold on!" roared Bolsover major, as a flaxen-haired damsel with very large feet made for him.

"Sure, we're not going to fight them!" gasped Micky Desmond. "Kape off, me darlings; kape off, for the love of St. Pathrick! We'll play you; we'll do anything you like—any old thing—only kape off!"

"Better play 'em, Rake!" gasped Wibley. "We can't have a dog-fight here, with a set of schoolgirls. After all, you asked 'em over."

"Blessed she-cats!" said Bolsover major, actively dodging the flaxen-haired young lady. "Oh, what a go! Better play 'em, Rake!"

"Leggo!" roared Rake, who was still in the powerful grasp of Miss Sharp. "Do leggo! We'll play you if you like! Anything! Leggo!"

Rake was in an unfortunate position. He could not very well hammer the young lady, and he did not want to be hammered by her. And the scene was growing too ridiculous. Playing the Blackwood team was better than this. Anything was better than a rough-and-tumble scrimmage on the football-field with eleven exasperated young ladies.

Rake had to admit that they had cause for exasperation.

They had come a long way to play Greyfriars, and naturally they did not want to have their journey for nothing. Rake could have kicked himself for booking a match with Blackwood without knowing anything about the place. But it was too late to think about that now.

"You'll play?" snapped Miss Sharp.

"Yes—oh, yes—yes!" mumbled the hapless Rake.

"Very well! We're ready."

The truculent young lady released Rake, who jumped away from her, very red and flustered.

"We've wasted enough time," said Miss Sharp. "We shall beat you this time, but we shall certainly never play you again. We don't like your manners."

"That you never will, for a cert!" murmured Rake. He was not likely to renew that fixture.

"Oh, get into the field, do!"

"We—we're ready when you are."

"Where is the dressing-room? I suppose you have a dressing-room?"

"Of course we have. Here you are."

"Come on, girls!" said Miss Sharp.

"Yes, my dear!" said the girls.

And the Blackwood team disappeared into the dressing-room.

Rake rubbed his nose and blinked at his comrades. The howls of laughter from all round the field were rather disconcerting.

"We've got to play them," he mumbled.

"Oh, what a game!" groaned Wibley.

"Set of blessed duffers we shall look, playing a set of blessed schoolgirls!" snorted Bolsover major.

"Well, it will be a win, anyway," said Russell. "You wanted to begin with a win, Rake."

Rake groaned.

"It's enough to give the whole thing the kybosh," he said. "Fancy a girls' school being planted on us like this! But it can't be helped. Of course, they can't play for toffee."

"Of course they can't!" agreed the team.

"Mind you don't hurt 'em," said Rake. "Let 'em do anything they like, only don't let 'em score any goals. We'll take one goal ourselves, to make it a win, or we

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shall be grinned to death. Mind you don't bump 'em over, or charge 'em, or hurt the silly duffers."

"Let 'em take their chance, if they choose to play footer," growled Bolsover major.

"Rot! You keep in your place, and don't jaw!"

"Sure, we won't hurt a hair of their lovely heads," said Micky. "What are all those chortling spalpeens chuckling about? 'Tain't funny!"

"Here they come!" said Ogilvy.

Miss Sharp & Co. came out of the dressing-room, their blouses changed for jerseys, in which they certainly looked very fit and well.

Rake's eleven greeted them with lugubrious looks.

"We're ready!" announced Miss Sharp.

"S-s-so are we!" mumbled Rake, and he spun the coin with the Blackwood skipper. The kick-off fell to Greyfriars.

Round Little Side the throng was thick; in fact, swarming. Such a match had never been seen on the Greyfriars ground before, and nearly all Greyfriars had gathered to witness it. Even Wingate and many of the high and mighty Sixth had come to look on, grinning hugely. From the Sixth Form to the Second, all Greyfriars appeared to have gathered to see that remarkable match.

Hobson, of the Shell, who was referee, grinned as he blew the whistle. The ball rolled from Miss Sharp's foot.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Beaten to the Wide!

**R**AKE & CO. had expected, at least, an easy victory.

They intended to play through the game, since there was no getting out of it, and to win as a matter of course. A defeat would have been too utterly ridiculous. They had to win; but their idea was that when a goal had been taken they would content themselves with fumbling through the game, only taking care after that not to do any damage to their opponents. Bolsover major was not quite so particular as the rest about the damage he did.

But to their astonishment, Rake & Co. found that the victory was not so easily within their grasp as they supposed.

That single goal, which was all they wanted, was not so easy to bag.

For within a minute of the kick-off Blackwood had the leather, and they were bringing it through the home half in great style.

With their curls flying in the wind, the feminine forwards came up the field, passing the ball in a style that Rake would never have believed girls were capable of, if he had not seen it with his own eyes.

The Remove defence seemed nowhere.

They were too astounded, too utterly taken by surprise, to put up much of a defence. The Blackwooders came through them like a knife through cheese.

In a few minutes there was a hot attack on goal.

The astounded Hazel, who had not expected to have to defend at all in that peculiar match, found that he had all he could do to keep the leather out of his citadel.

He drove it out, however, and Morgan cleared, and the juniors pulled themselves together a little.

"My only hat!" gasped Rake, in wonder. "They can play!"

"They—they know the game!" stuttered Wibley.

"They can play footer—blessed girls!" said Russell.

"Who'd have thought it! We shall have to look out after all!"

"On the ball!" roared the crowd. "Go it, girls!"

Rake rapped out directions to his men. That brisk attack from Blackwood, which had very nearly materialised in a goal, showed him that he had good players to deal with. Apparently, girls as they were, the Blackwooders knew how to play football.

The bare possibility of a defeat made Rake shudder.

He knew that that would be the finish of his new eleven—beaten by schoolgirls in a football match!

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Ten minutes ago he would have laughed at the idea, as impossible. It did not seem quite so impossible now.

The juniors played up in earnest now, putting their very best into the game. All of them realised how much was at stake.

In the struggle that ensued it was impossible for Rake & Co. to keep to their generous resolve to avoid any kind of roughness. In a serious football match there was bound to be a certain amount of roughness; and surely they could not be expected to allow themselves to be beaten from a sense of chivalry! That would be carrying chivalry a little too far.

The Blackwood girls had chosen to play, and they were evidently playing for victory. The Remove players were entitled to do their best, as against a masculine team.

And they did! They settled down to a hard game, and did not stand upon ceremony.

Then, with Rake & Co. doing their level best, the girl players ought to have been scattered like chaff before the wind. But they weren't!

They played up tremendously.

They did not shriek when they were charged, though some of the charges were heavy. They did not stop in the middle of the match to do their hair. They did not seem to mind whether they were muddy or not.

In fact, they did not do anything at all that might have been naturally expected of them.

It was the unexpected that happened. They played up like Trojans. And Rake & Co., forcing the attack, found their attack bottled up, and found the Blackwooders advancing, and had to fall back to defend their goal. And they found, to their dismay and astonishment, that they defended it in vain.

For the leather went in from the foot of Miss Sharp, with a sure shot that beat Hazeldene to the wide, and it lodged in the net.

There was a roar from the delighted spectators.

"Goal! Goal!"

"Bravo, girls!"

"Goal! Hurrah!"

Rake panted, and rubbed his eyes. It was a goal; there was no doubt about that. The ball was in the net, and Hazeldene was glaring with a brow of thunder. The girls had scored first!

"This must be a giddy dream—a blessed nightmare!" stammered Rake.

Hazeldene tossed the leather out, and the teams lined up again. The girls were looking a little untidy and muddy, but as keen as ever. Some of them were observed to put their hands to their hair in a very careful sort of way.

"Play up for all you're worth!" murmured Rake.

Rake kicked off.

The tussle that followed was hard and fast. But, to the amazement of the crowd, it was clearly evident that Rake's team were outclassed by their opponents.

Incredible as it seemed, the team from Blackwood had a better knowledge and a better grip of the game. Their passing was much finer, their kicking much more steady and reliable, and they worked together like clockwork. It was clear enough that they had played the game often, and played it well, and that the team had learned to act together like a carefully-constructed piece of mechanism.

Try as the juniors would, they could not get through, and even when they had a chance at goal the Blackwood goal-keeper was always "there." The somewhat burly young lady in goal was never found wanting.

Rake & Co. attacked desperately, almost infuriated by the bare possibility of a defeat at the hands of mere schoolgirls.

But they spent themselves in vain.

Hobson blew the whistle at last for the interval, and the score was still unchanged—Blackwood one up.

The rest was much needed by Rake's team. Rake himself was pretty fresh, but some of his men looked nearly on their last legs. Skinner was staggering; his latest cigarettes were telling on him. Stott was exhausted. The rest were ready to go on, but the gruelling had told on them.

And—wonder of wonders—the girls were as fresh as daisies. It had seemed quite certain to Rake that the

first half must tire out the girls. Surely they could not stand such a gruelling game, and come up smiling!

But they did! It was plain to all eyes that they were much fresher than Rake's team. It was incredible, but there it was!

"I suppose we shall wake up after this!" said Rake, half-believing that it was all a dream. "Did you ever?"

"No, never!" gasped Wibley. "What a sell!"

"Oh, dear!" mumbled Skinner. "I—I'm afraid I can't stick it out, Rake. I—I never looked for anything like this, you know. Those blessed Amazons would give the Corinthians a tussle, I verily believe!"

"Never saw girls like 'em before," mumbled Russell. "They ain't very good-looking, but they're good players. Looks like a licking for us! Oh, you idiot, Rake!"

"You fathead, Rake!"

"You burbling ass, Rake!"

The whistle interrupted the stream of compliments Rake was receiving from his team. The sides lined up again.

Rake kicked off.

If the home players had nourished a faint hope that the girls would be fagged by the first half, they were undeceived now.

Miss Sharp & Co. played hard from the whistle.

The attack was all in the home half, and it was but seldom that Rake & Co. succeeded in getting across the half-way line, and they never came anywhere near the Blackwood goal.

And, defend as they might, they could not keep the enemy out. There was another roar from the crowd as a flaxen-haired young lady put the ball in.

"Goal! Goal!"

"Two up!" gasped Rake. "Oh, what a sell!"

It was with despair in their hearts that the new eleven lined up again. Their gloomy forebodings were justified. Within ten minutes of time, the leather went in again, and Blackwood were three up.

After that, Rake packed his goal, his only hope being to keep down the margin of defeat.

But even that hope proved illusory, for, close on time, the leather whizzed in again and the fourth goal was greeted with enthusiastic cheers from the crowd.

Then Hobson blew the whistle.

Skinner and Stott had already crawled off the field. When the whistle went, the rest of the team followed them, utterly spent. Rake was the only fellow who felt that he could have gone on for another five minutes.

Fresh as daisies, to judge by appearance, the girl footballers tripped off the field, and disappeared into their dressing-room, followed by loud cheers.

"Four goals to nil!" laughed Miss Clara, clapping her hands. "Who will say after this that girls cannot play football?"

Marjorie laughed merrily.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### The End of the Rebellion!

**A** CHEERING crowd gathered round to see the Blackwood brake off. Rake & Co. were not among the cheerers. They hadn't any breath left for cheering.

The game had been the hardest of their experience, and it had ended in an overwhelming defeat.

They had been beaten by a schoolgirl team!

The new eleven simply writhed under it. The blow had fairly knocked them out. They had hoped to begin their new career with a win. They might have survived a defeat at the start—any defeat but this! But a defeat at the hands of a girls' school!

When the team recovered their breath, the first use they made of it was to say things. The things they said were all about Rake, and they were not complimentary.

The hapless Rake had retired to his study after changing. Fortune had not smiled upon his new enterprise. He knew that it was all up with the new eleven. His team could not survive that crushing blow.

He was still in the study, about an hour later, when there was a tramp of feet in the passage. Rake looked round rather apprehensively. The door was flung open,

and Bolsover major appeared, at the head of the exasperated footballers. They had come to see Rake. Their looks indicated that the interview was likely to be a stormy one.

"Here he is!" roared Bolsover.

"Here's the silly ass!" hooted Russell.

"Here's the thumping idiot who plays a girls' school and gets licked."

"Bump him!"

"Rag him!"

"Snatch him bald-headed!"

Rake jumped up, and backed round the table. He had led a revolt against the leaders of the Form. Now his own followers were revolting against him. It was what he might have expected. What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander.

"You understand?" roared Bolsover major, thumping forcibly on the table, to lend emphasis to his observations. "We resign from your silly team! I resign! I'd rather be a back for a lunatic in an asylum."

"I resign!" yelled Ogilvy. "Licked by a girls' school, by gum! We shall never hear the end of this."

"I resign!" shrieked Skinner.

"And I, you fathead!"

"And I, you chump!"

"Scrag him!"

"Resign and be hanged!" said Rake hotly. "If you'd played a better game, we shouldn't have been licked!"

"Licked by a girls' school!" hooted Russell. "The fags are chipping us to death about it already. What did you want to play a girls' school for?"

"How should I know?" said the hapless Rake.

"Ain't it a football captain's business to know?" demanded Bolsover major. "You've made us all look silly fools, with all the school looking on."

"I couldn't make you look bigger fools than you are!" retorted Rake bitterly. "A better team would have beaten them."

"With a better skipper, you mean!" hooted Morgan.

"I wish I'd let Bunter have my place!" howled Ogilvy.

"He asked me. He can have it next time, by gum!"

"There won't be any next time!" said Rake recklessly. "I wouldn't captain such a team of duffers again at any price!"

"Hark at him!" roared the incensed Bolsover. "He's got us into this scrape—the whole school's laughing at us—and now he puts it on us! We shall never hear the end of it. Those Fourth-Form cads are making up a song about it!"

"You should have seen Coker," said Micky Desmond. "Simply killing himself laughing! Coker's never been licked by a girls' school, anyway!"

"Scrag the silly ass!"

"Bump him!"

With a rush, the infuriated footballers were upon Rake. The unfortunate Rake was not really so very much to blame. After all, the girls' team had won on their merits. If they had been boys, they couldn't have been beaten. But the footballers were not in a reasonable mood. All Greyfriars was chortling at the team which had been beaten by a girls' school.

Rake was the cause of it, whether it was his fault or not. And the exasperated juniors proceeded to demonstrate to Rake what they thought of him and his new ideas.

The Famous Five, with all their faults and shortcomings, had never got them into a scrape like this. For whole terms it would be remembered that they had been beaten on the football field by a girls' school.

They meant to give Rake something to remember, too.

"Hands off, you silly chumps!" shouted Rake, and he hit out hard as the new eleven closed on him.

Rake was a hard hitter. Bolsover major rolled on the floor with a roar, and Skinner bumped down on him, and Stott sprawled across the two of them.

But that was all Rake had time to do. Many hands grasped him on all sides, and he was swept off his feet.

Bump!

"Yaroooh!" roared Rake.

"Give him jip!" spluttered Bolsover, scrambling up and dabbing furiously at his nose. "Scrag him! Give him beans!"

The unfortunate Rake was given beans, in large measures. It was ten minutes before the raggers left No. 10 Study.

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Then they left their captain in a parlous condition.

As the beaten team, somewhat solaced by the punishment they had administered to the cause of all the trouble, streamed out of the study, Rake sat up and gasped.

His collar and tie were gone, his hair was like a mop, and full of cinders, and his face was caked with dust and soot.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!" gasped Rake. "Oh, dear! Oh, crikey! Groooh! Silly idiots! Grooooh! 'Twasn't my fault—yooooop! Groooh! Yow! Catch me trying to buck up the Remove again! Yow-ow-ow-ow—"

Rake gathered himself up, and when he had his second wind, he limped out of the study in search of soap and water. A merry crowd was coming upstairs to the Remove passage. In No. 1 Study Hurree Singh and Marjorie and Clara had been getting tea ready. Harry Wharton & Co. had just returned, quite ready for tea.

The eleven juniors seemed in great spirits. Here and there a trace of grease-paint might have been detected on their faces, if Rake had thought of looking for it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry, as he spotted the hapless Rake in the passage. "What on earth's that? A chimney-sweep—"

"Ha, ha! It's Rake!"

"What the merry dickens have you been up to, Rake?" demanded Harry Wharton.

Rake groaned.

"Yow-wow! I've been ragged! Oh, dear!"

"What for?"

"We lost the match!" groaned Rake. "Oh, crumbs! Ow!"

"Oh, you played the match?" asked Wharton, his eyes glimmering, and his comrades burst into a roar.

"Yes. It turned out to be a girls' school!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You don't mean to say you let a girls' school beat you?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"They were a good team," confessed Rake. "I'd never have thought girls could play like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They beat us, and everybody's chipping us about it!" mumbled Rake. "We couldn't help being beaten, as they were the better team. But everybody seems to think there's something funny in being beaten by a girls' school."

Apparently Harry Wharton & Co. thought it funny, too. They yelled.

"I don't see it myself," said Rake. "Yow-ow! I don't feel funny now, anyway. The chaps have been chipped till they're wild, and they've taken it out of me. Catch me captaining them again, that's all! I wouldn't be found dead on the same footer ground with them! Oh, crikey!"

"Then the new eleven's all U P?" asked Squiff.

"Yes, rather! Oh, dear!"

Rake limped away to a bath-room, leaving the chums of the Remove yelling. Harry Wharton called after him.

"We're going to have a big feed, Rake, old scout. Come as soon as you've got the soot off. Besides, we've got something to tell you."

"Oh, all right!" mumbled Rake.

For the next half-hour Rake of the Remove was busy with soap and water, and then he changed his clothes. He was feeling better when he made his way to No. 1 Study.

No. 1 Study was crowded. But the juniors greeted Rake warmly, and made room for him.

"Here we are again!" said Bob Cherry. "Mustn't chip poor old Rake, you chaps, though he's been licked by a girls' school."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is really too bad!" said Marjorie, laughing. "I think you ought to tell Rake."

"Oh, we're going to!" said Wharton. "Pile in, Rake! Don't lose your appetite, even if you lose your matches!"

Rake grinned, and piled in. He was too cheery by nature to be down-hearted for long.

(Continued in Page 26, Col. 2.)



# The Rubies of Sheba.

- - By - -  
**EDWIN WOOTON.**

**THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF A GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY  
OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Race for Five Millions!

"The safe is empty, sir!"

The words, quietly spoken by Tom Hereward, one of the juniors in the service of the Great Southern Bank, and addressed to its manager, Sir William Cranston, acted as a verbal bomb, depriving the financier of self-possession.

To understand the situation we must look back for some few minutes. As the clock-hands were pointing to the hour of ten, there walked into the public office three men, all of the substantial type. One of these, dark and full-faced, placed a card on the counter, and said, in a tone remarkably guttural:

"Is Sir William Cranston within?"

The clerk addressed made no immediate reply, but scrutinised the name on the card—Mr. Carl Schofield—rather dubiously.

"Have you an appointment?" he asked.

The words implied that it was presumptuous to suppose that members of the general public could be admitted on demand to the presence of one of the greatest financiers in London.

The person thus reminded of his lowliness was about to reply in the negative, when one of his two companions, a stout, florid man, broke in:

"We are the managers of the Byzantine Gem Syndicate, and our business, which has reference to the gems, is urgent in the extreme."

"Sure!" exclaimed the third member of the trio, whose bearing, accent, and features registered him an American.

In a tone that had changed to something like awe, the bank official muttered an apology, and sent a message through the house 'phone.

The Byzantine Gem Syndicate! Why, it was wealthier than the Great Southern itself!

Perhaps ten seconds later, as the clerk was giving an order for the callers to be conducted to the manager's office, there entered at the great doorway, and strode across the floor to an inner door, two men who gave one the impression of knowing exactly what they wanted, and meaning to have it. One of them placed a finger on an electric button, kept it there until a messenger had opened the door, and darted the words:

"Sir William is within. We must see him instantly. It is a legal matter."

"I am not sure that Sir William is disengaged," returned the bank-messenger, a youth named William Sallowby, but known to everyone as "Will."

The two new-comers exchanged glances. One seemed to convey a question, the other a reply, for it was accompanied by a nod. Then the man who had summoned the messenger said incisively:

"There is no time to ask," and with this pushed forward; but Will tried to bar his passage.

"In the King's name!"

The words rang out as a warning and command. It is no light thing to demand admission to a great storehouse of gold, but it is a graver matter to refuse admission when the applicant is backed by and is the mouthpiece of the British Empire.

Will Sallowby began some confused protest. It was cut short by the man who had previously addressed him saying sharply:

"Lead the way!"

Not one of the clerks behind the counter, not one of the men coming and going on the business of Mammon, guessed that a race was being run—a race whose stakes were worth five millions sterling; one that made the manners and the speech of convention negligible.

At the doorway of the manager's office Will attempted to flutter his last rag of official dignity.

"What names, gentlemen?" he asked.

The previous spokesman allowed a smile to play upon a face that seemed carved from wood. Without force, but with command in the gesture, he placed one arm before the messenger, turned the door-handle, and entered, followed by his companion.

At the same moment another door was thrown wide, and there strode in the three callers who had announced themselves before the bank-counter as members of the Byzantine Gem Syndicate.

Sir William Cranston was seated at a table in the centre of the room. He had the type of face associated with great finance. The trio of callers had received permission to enter; of the others he knew nothing, and he turned upon them with suspicion and inquiry, while one foot moved to where a button was situated below a mat, at touch of which clerks, police, and messengers would learn that instant aid was needed.

Tom Hereward, a youth of Will's age—that is, in his eighteenth year—who had been engaged in his customary occupation at this hour—that of taking down in shorthand instructions for the day—looked up, and braced himself for action. He scented danger, and flashed a question at Will, between whom and himself was a staunch friendship.

It was Carl Schofield who spoke first. His words came hurriedly and huskily, the while he scowled—not at Sir William Cranston, but at the men who had come in by the other doorway.

"We are here," he said, "to redress possession of der Byzantine gems. Probably you recognise us, und your recid. I haf id."

Sir William was not listening. He knew perfectly well the

business of the trio, and could himself have identified them as leading members of the syndicate. It was the business of the other two that he did not understand.

The man who had pressed the button opened a paper he was holding, and read aloud:

“GEORGE REX.

“Whereas acting under the powers conferred by Act of Parliament known as the Defence of the Realm Act, his Majesty's Privy Council have been pleased to direct that the rubies known as the Byzantine Gems, now in the possession of the Great Southern Bank, shall be delivered by the said bank to whosoever the Council may appoint, and whereas it has been further ordered by the Council that the custody of the said gems shall be entrusted to Alexander Colquhoun, one of his Majesty's clerks of the Treasury, for delivery to the Bank of England.

“Now this is to command all connected with the Great Southern Bank, be they governors, managers or other officials, to deliver without let or hindrance the said gems to the aforesaid Alexander Colquhoun, and to afford him all reasonable protection in the execution of his trust.

“GOD SAVE THE KING!”

“And this is a copy of the Order in Council,” said the reader, as he placed the paper before Sir William.

“Id a svindle is! Id oudrageous is!” spluttered Mr. Schofield, his English more Teutonic than ever.

Sir William paid no heed to the words. He scrutinised the paper. Then he looked at the man who had delivered it to him, and put the very pertinent question:

“Are you Mr. Colquhoun?”

“No, Sir William. I am a detective-inspector attached to his Majesty's Treasury, and my name is Wilder. This gentleman”—indicating his companion—“is the custodian named in the Order.”

“Very well. I do not dispute your credentials. It only remains for me to deliver up the gems.”

At this the trio of the syndicate broke into a confused hubbub of protests.

Sir William turned upon them sternly.

“This matter can be settled only by the law,” he said. “The turn events have taken has not been through any action of mine.”

“Bud id our broberdy is! Id is our broberdy ve vand! Vad has der law to do mid id?” This from Mr. Schofield, whose Germanic birth was making itself increasingly obvious.

The Treasury clerk spoke up:

“To prevent all misunderstanding, I may explain that the Order in Council is based on the belief that the stones were about to be removed to Germany by way of a neutral country. The gems will be held only until such time as peace is declared, or the Courts are satisfied that the gems will not be taken out of the country.”

“That ain't so bad. Best not kick, Schofield. Guess you can't take anything out of the jaws of the British Lion without running the risk of being chawed considerable,” voiced the American.

“Vill you a receid to us gif?” demanded the Teuton of Colquhoun.

“By all means! Why not?” The clerk was feeling bored.

“Just so,” said Sir William. “As the bulk is not great, the box can be brought here, and the formalities completed.” Then, having touched a gong on the desk, he said to Will, the attending messenger: “Tell Mr. Delaville, the chief cashier, that I wish to see him.”

Will Sallowby bowed in manner as one entrusted with a life-and-death commission, and bestowed a secret wink on Tom.

His withdrawal was followed a minute later by the entry of the bank official named, a dark and unusually handsome man of about forty-five, who walked with a slight limp. The new-comer was the real keeper of the bank's gold.

Very tersely Sir William explained the situation, and followed this by handing the cashier a key, with a slip to which his signature had been added and on which was the typed lettering, “Safe K.” Then, turning to Hereward, he said sharply:

“Go with Mr. Delaville.”

The minutes crawled with torturing slowness. Sir William, in commonplace courtesy, made a conventional remark about the weather, which failed to rouse interest. Only the New Yorker uttered a return comment, and this a snarlingly humorous criticism of British weather in general.

Then Hereward re-entered, carrying the key. Sir William gazed past him for the expected chief cashier and the porter, but no one followed.

“Well?” queried the manager, with hard, supercilious surprise.

On the face of Tom Hereward also there was surprise—more, there was some resentment as he spoke the words with which this history opens:

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“The safe is empty, sir!”

“Reckon you looked in the wrong safe!” snapped the American.

The light of hope played for an instant on Sir William's face, but it faded as Hereward returned:

“Mr. Delaville assured me it was the right one.”

The German's eyes were scarcely visible between his narrowed lids as he snarled:

“Ve haf noddings to do mit your right safes und wrong safes. Ve vand der stones to see.”

“Where is Mr. Delaville?” questioned Sir William.

“Outside the strong-room, with Peter Sallowby, the porter, awaiting your instructions,” returned Tom Hereward.

Sir William rose, strode to an open bookcase, pulled therefrom a volume, rapidly turned the manuscript leaves, and speaking the words, “Read that!” pointed to the entry:

“May 8th, 1914. One box, marked ‘Byzantine Gem Syndicate,’ placed in Safe K. Contents, rubies. Value, five millions sterling. Contents and value verified by the bank.”

“Tell Mr. Delaville I wish to see him,” said the manager, addressing Tom.

The syndicate trio had broken into a fusillade of questions. Inspector Wilder was looking unpleasantly thoughtful. The financier's head lifted itself more haughtily, and the set of his features became harder. Of all that was said and looked he took no more notice than had he been dealing with a discharged office-boy.

Delaville, the cashier, came in two minutes later, and fixed his eyes questioningly on his chief.

“Have you an explanation?” demanded Sir William.

“I think it just possible that the box has been transferred to another safe,” the cashier answered.

Sir William took another volume from the shelf, and rapidly ran over the entries.

“There is no record of any such transference,” he said coldly.

The faces of the syndicate men and those of the Government officials expressed one conviction. Either Sir William Cranston or the chief cashier had set himself to perpetrate a gigantic fraud.

“We can search all the safes,” said Delaville, half by way of filling a silence that seemed to demand speech.

“Certainly!” Sir William returned. “The bank must make very sure the stones are not in the strong-room before taking further action.”

One by one the safes were opened, but no sign of the stones could be seen.

An exclamation sprang from the cashier as the last safe door was closed. He saw his suburban villa passing into a regretted thing of the past, and himself in the streets selling matches. But it was only a momentary ruffling of his calm. So collected and self-masterful was he that when he slightly stumbled against the German he uttered the words, “Excuse me! The light is rather dazzling,” in a smooth, courteous voice.

It goaded the alien beyond endurance, and he broke out:

“Ve vand our broberdy, nod your shdumbles und bolide-ness! Ve vand—”

“The way out!” completed Sir William, pointing.

Then he switched off the light, made his exit, and while the slab was being again placed in position, and the wall door secured, scribbled some words on a page of his notebook, tore out the leaf, and handed it to Hereward, with the verbal order:

“Phone this at once.”

“Well, what are you going to do about it? Let us know straight just how we stand,” said the American, when the office had been reached.

“I haven't the remotest idea how you stand, but I presume it is in the same way as most other people,” returned the manager cuttingly. “I have exceeded my plain duty to show you that the box has been removed from the safe where it was placed,” he continued. “Who has taken it and where it now is are questions that only the Government has a right to ask; and that the questions will be asked, and the matter sifted until the truth is known, there can be very little doubt.”

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Dark Hints and Quick Retorts.

“Does the robbery really mean ruin to you, sir?” asked Tom, some time later, when he and Delaville were sitting in the latter's drawing-room.

“Absolutely, Tom, in the near future,” replied Delaville. “It will smash the bank.”

"That settles it, Mr. Delaville. I was never cut out for a clerk, and I am too young to go to the Front. What I have resolved to do is to find and restore the gems."

Charles Delaville broke into laughter. To him it was the height of absurdity that a smooth-faced boy of seventeen should calmly state his intention of carrying out a task that threatened to defy all the skill of Scotland Yard. But, then, you see, he did not quite understand Tom.

"My lad," he said presently, "if you could do that you would be serving your country more than by shooting a few Huns. The smashing of the Great Southern will scare capital out of England. But don't be foolish, Tom; and, above all, don't let any of the honest folk who do their humble work about the bank see that you suspect them. Peter Sallowby and Will are honesty itself."

"Oh, the Sallowbys are out of it, of course!" returned Tom rather impatiently.

He had the warmest feeling of friendship for Will, dating from a time some six months since when Will had come to his aid in a rather dangerous street row, and the two had fought side by side.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Delaville, as a knock came at the door.

"If you please, sir," said a maid, "there's a gentleman asking for you."

Mr. Delaville read the card handed him. The lines of his face set more grimly as he did so. It was the fighting look, and Tom, seeing it, asked the question:

"What is it, sir?"

"A detective named Marsella has called, and is now downstairs, waiting the pleasure of my society. They have not wasted much time. Come, Tom! Let us face the music. The tragedy of the Byzantine gems is about to open."

The two made their way to the room in which Marsella, the detective, was waiting.

"Well, sir, what is it?" questioned Mr. Delaville.

Marsella, who had been turning over the leaves of an illustrated book, removed his gaze reluctantly and smilingly from one of the views, and said "Good-evening!" in a tone that bordered on cordiality.

"I have been engaged to investigate the case of the missing gems," he said.

"Really?" said Delaville.

"Yes," said Marsella. "And I thought that if we had a few words together it might save a lot of needless trouble."

The final word was emphasised. Then came a pause, and Delaville filled the gap with:

"Did you?"

Such a dry remark—neither a query nor an exclamation—a remark whose tone might occasion doubt as to what the speaker wished to convey.

Marsella did not seem to like it. His face hardened, the habitual smile fading to the vanishing-point.

When he next spoke his tones were very quiet, clear, and incisive. He conveyed to Tom the impression of giving a lesson, of which each word was to be kept in memory.

"I have ascertained," he said, "that the gems in the box numbered about seven thousand. Some were very large—too large, in fact, for personal adornment. Others were quite small. They were catalogued by the syndicate, and all had this peculiarity—they were cut in the ancient manner, being smooth and nearly hemispherical on the one side, and flat on the other.

"Such stones, looking at first sight more like common carbuncles than rubies, could be identified without difficulty. They might be marketable in the first attempted deal—at a rubbish price; but they could not continue on the market without being traced. That is true of all the more important gems.

"Were you, for instance"—addressing Dora, Tom's sister, who was sitting in a corner of the room—"to submit that garnet—or whatever it is—in your bracelet to an expert, he would be able to identify it subsequently among a thousand others. Allow me to see the stone, and I will explain why."

Dora handed the bracelet to Marsella.

"This stone, you will observe," went on the detective, "is rather more heart-shaped than hemispherical. Its most prominent part is not in the centre, but near what we may call the base of the heart. Close by the pointed end, or apex, is a peculiar play of light, which a novice might think indicated a flaw. It is not due to a flaw, but is produced by a difference in the chemical constitution of the part. It is a very beautiful stone."

"My father bought it for me," returned Dora, smiling happily in possessing such a treasure.

Marsella returned the bracelet.

"Now," he continued, "let us assume that someone in the bank has managed to appropriate the gems. At the present moment he will be either keeping the things hidden, or selling them at less than a tithe of their value. Putting

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all considerations of right and wrong on one side, any man of sense must see that the procedure is blind folly."

"Yes; I shall not dispute that point," agreed Mr. Delaville.

"I felt sure you would not. But the offender may not have thought of these things when committing his mad act. If made to think of them, he may be willing to seize a chance of escaping punishment, and that chance offers. All that Sir William wishes is to save the bank. All that the Government people want is to get the stones. I may say that the syndicate people are equally unanimous in their desire that the stones shall be restored, rather than that any risk shall be run by making the arrest of the offender the prime consideration. As you know, it is illegal to compound a felony; but if the stones are received at the Bank of England within forty-eight hours from now there will be no attempt to discover the identity of the sender."

Charles Delaville's face had hardened. It looked quiet; but Tom knew that the almost immobile features pointed to the calm of anger.

"You appear to assume that I know the thief!" cried the cashier.

"No, sir. I assume nothing."

It was Tom's turn to voice indignation.

"How dare you!" he said hotly. "Your despicable hints and insinuations are worse than a downright accusation of thief, and they mean the same thing!"

Marsella did not reply verbally. He measured the lad with his eyes, now like polished steel; then deliberately turned his back on him, and made one step towards the door.

"As your suspicions can have for foundation only imaginary facts, will you have the goodness to keep in mind that you cannot again enter this house unless you come either with a search-warrant or one for my arrest?"

"We shall see," said Marsella; and with that he took his departure.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Tom Defends His Guardian.

The Fates must have made Peter Sallowby a bank porter because of his possessing a disposition that could not be disturbed by commercial convulsions. Peter was, indeed, more bright of eye and cheerful of manner than in the memory of man when, on a certain afternoon one week subsequent to the strong-room discovery, he stood outside a portal the while on the inner side some of London's financiers were hopelessly striving to avert ruin.

That the chief cashier, now coming along the corridor, stood in danger of losing position, salary, and fortune, and that he himself would probably be without employment before another week had passed, seemed to be regarded by Peter as incidents of a pleasant and amusing character.

Peter had received the advance of the cashier with a salute. Had one observed closely, he might have detected something other than the salute—an added gleam of exultation in the momentarily lifted eyes.

Charles Delaville did not return the salute. During fifteen years he had used Peter for the bank's legitimate purposes, just as he had used the telephone or his padded chair. Peter differed from other bank requisites merely in the fact that he could understand spoken commands.

The men on whom Delaville's eyes lighted as he entered the chamber were not calm, and did not appear to be pleased. One, a Sir Samuel Abrams, chairman of the board of directors, had his lips protruded, and his face almost apoplectic. His hands were plunged deeply in his trousers pockets, his legs were outstretched, and he glared as one whose free indulgence in liquor has made quarrelsome.

Charles Delaville's customary seat was at the foot of the table. He walked to the place, passing Tom Hereward as he did so, and unbuttoning his gloves with complete self-possession.

Some thirty seconds later Marsella, the detective, came in. To do him justice, one may say that his expression was quite free from petty vindictiveness or triumph. Once only he looked at Delaville, and then it was in scarcely disguised pity. Marsella was an officer who knew that sometimes the best men fall before strong temptation.

"Tell your story," Sir Samuel ordered, addressing the detective.

"About five days before I was called to the bank," said Marsella, "a friend of mine who does private work where there are weddings, and who is a connoisseur in gems, told me that a young lady guest at a South Kensington party was wearing in a bracelet one of the most beautiful stones he had ever seen.



The man who had summoned the messenger said incisively: "There is no time to ask!" and with this pushed forward. Will Suilowby tried to bar his passage. "In the King's name!" The words rang out as a warning and command. (See page 22.)

"To me it looks a true pigeon's blood ruby," he said, "and an antique. Must have been dug up from some place or prigged from a museum." Of course, I laughed at the chatter; but when, on interviewing one of the syndicate, I was told that the stolen rubies were antiques, I thought it worth while to ask for further details. To be brief, I obtained a list of the more important stones. Then I made it my business to find out the name of the bracelet wearer. The young lady was the ward of Mr. Delaville. I called on Mr. Delaville for, let us say, an explanation. I saw the bracelet, and examined the stone. Mr. Delaville did not think proper to tender any explanation."

A man who had been sitting near the wall rose.

"As you know, I represent the Gem Syndicate," he put in. "Every stone has passed through my hands, and each has been weighed, and the weight registered. Show me this bracelet, and—"

"And what?" queried Delaville, quietly producing the article from a pocket, and extending it to the last speaker.

"It is one of the stones, or my name is not Grant Bennett!" said the syndicate member emphatically, as he scrutinised the ruby.

Something like a gasp went up from the directors. The cashier's action had come upon them as a dramatic surprise. Was he going to confess?

Sir William Cranston had chosen to remain silent hitherto, possibly because he felt that he was rather in the position of one under suspicion than that of a judge. But

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now he demanded with a warmth that sprang from relieved tension:

"Is that the truth?"

The question was addressed to Delaville.

"I haven't the remotest idea."

The reply came drawlingly, almost in a tone of boredom. "You know where and how you obtained it?" said the manager.

"Certainly! I bought it of a man named Brockley—a dealer, to the best of my belief."

"His address?" queried Marsella.

"I don't know it." The answer came sharply, almost as a retort.

"Probably not," commented Marsella. He drew a typed sheet from a pocket, and ran one finger over its lines. "There is no gem dealer in London bearing that name," he said, in a tone of finality.

"Where did you buy it?" asked Sir William. He was a just man, willing to give his subordinate every opportunity of righting himself.

"That, I am afraid, it is not in my power to say."

There came from one or two of those present a jeering laugh, only half audible; its repression indicating refinement of manner rather than pity.

And with the laugh Tom Hereward rose.

"If you will permit me, sir," he began, his gaze catching that of his guardian.

Delaville frowned. He hated dramatic scenes, and he had it in his mind that this lad was about to appeal for him.

**OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS BUMPER NUMBER NEXT MONDAY. ORDER AT ONCE!**

"What I have to say, gentlemen," went on Tom, "will not occupy much time, and will be found very much to the point. As you have been told, Mr. Marsella paid my guardian a visit, and professed to identify one of the stones. To be quite candid, Mr. Delaville was highly indignant. He not only refused the detective any information, but declined to give me any particulars whatever.

"This was on the evening of Mr. Marsella's visit. On the ensuing day I did learn something, and at first it staggered me; Mr. Delaville said that if his life depended on it he could not say where the stone had been purchased. Now that at the first hearing may sound incredible, but I think that a little consideration will show it comes within the category of things possible.

"It was bought on the second Monday in July—that is, at a time when a few hundred pounds meant less to the purchaser than as many shillings mean under the present stress. It was bought on a day when Mr. Delaville was in the City, calling on no fewer than sixteen brokers, and others interested in banking. It was bought in a hurry, and finally there came—as you will admit—an unusual pressure of work, sufficient, I submit, to drive such a matter to the back of one's brain, or out of it altogether.

"Well, I accepted all these statements as facts, and, without Mr. Delaville's knowledge, I went to work on his behalf. I knew him to be too proud to trouble in the matter, and I foresaw that without a satisfactory explanation trouble of a graver character might be forced upon him. My diary helped me a lot, for I had jotted down in it one or two facts my guardian had let fall. Sir William, may I ask you to use the telephone. Fortunately, it is one with two receivers, and what you hear can be verified by any other gentleman present."

"To whom do you wish me to speak?" questioned the manager. He was eyeing the boy with interest.

"To a firm you know quite well—Jansen & Field, the stockbrokers."

A few seconds delay; then Sir William said:

"I have them."

Sir Samuel had the second receiver.

"Ask them," went on Tom, "whether at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the second Monday in July Mr. Delaville did any business in their office."

Sir William complied.

"Well?" queried one of the directors impatiently.

It was Sir William who replied.

"Jansen," he said, "affirms that Mr. Delaville did call on the day in question, and met the man Brockley by chance. He states that Brockley was a stranger, but represented himself to be a traveller for a firm of jewellers. He forgets the name."

"Ask him, please, whether the firm is that of Gilman Brothers, of Clerkenwell," said Tom.

Sir William complied.

"Yes," came back promptly.

"Are they on the telephone?" snapped the Syndicate man.

"This is their number," returned Tom Hereward, as he handed a slip of paper to Sir William.

Again a wait. Then the manager, turning to Hereward, said sharply:

"Take my receiver, and stenograph the replies to Sir Samuel."

"We wish to speak to a traveller named Brockley," was the first request.

"Then you'd better look for him. He doesn't board here," came over the wire.

"Look where?"

"Oh, what's the use of asking! The man is on his travelling round. Try Ford & Wheeler, of Fuller Street. He said something about calling on them."

Communication was obtained with Messrs Ford & Wheeler, and upon it being discovered that Brockley was in the office, he was requested to call round at the Great Southern Bank immediately.

Some fifteen minutes later the visitor appeared. He took in all the occupants of the chamber with a swift but not discourteous sweep of his eyes.

Sir Samuel came to the point at once.

"Is it true," he asked, "that six weeksh ago you shold a ruby to Mr. Delaville?"

Brockley frowned, as if trying to gather half-forgotten facts.

"Delaville—Delaville—six weeks!" he echoed; then, his gaze lighting on the cashier. "I recollect the affair perfectly. This gentleman"—indicating Delaville—"did purchase such a stone. He paid me three hundred for it."

(Another splendid, long instalment of this grand new serial in next week's Christmas Double Number of the MAGNET, which will be on sale next Monday. Price 2d.)

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## THE REBELS OF THE REMOVE!

(Continued from page 21.)

"Besides, you played a jolly good match," said Bob Cherry. "If all your team had been as good, you'd have had a chance."

"But you didn't see it?" said Rake.

"Oh, yes, we saw it!"

"I didn't see you on the ground," said Rake, puzzled. "I looked round to see if you were there, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You saw us right enough!"

"Blessed if I did!" said Rake. "Pass the jam, Wharton!"

"Here you are, my son. By the way, what do you think about coming into the Remove eleven for the Highcliffe match on Saturday?" smiled Harry.

Rake looked dubious.

"I decline that," he said. "I suppose you don't want a player who's being laughed to death for being beaten by a girls' school."

"Oh, yes, we do!" said Wharton. "The place is open to you, if you choose to take it."

Rake brightened up considerably. His downfall had been hard and heavy; but his inclusion in the Form team would enable him to hold up his head again.

"Is it a go?" asked Harry.

"What-ho!" said Rake heartily. "And it's very decent of you to do it, considering that I've been trying to mop you off your perch."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Never mind that," he said. "We've got to pull together to get a good record for the Remove Football Club this season. It's a go! I hope you don't feel any malice towards Miss Sharp?"

"N-no," said Rake. "She was a bit of a cough-drop, but—well, I suppose we brought it on ourselves."

"That's lucky, for she's here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here?" ejaculated Rake, in astonishment.

Rake looked round the study in bewilderment, but he could see no sign of Miss V. Sharp.

"Blessed if I understand!" he said. "Is there a joke on? If Miss Sharp is here, where is she?"

Wharton rose, and bowed gracefully.

"Here," he said cheerfully. "V. Sharp, otherwise Very Sharp, at your service!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Don't you tumble, Rake, you ass? You've played the Remove eleven!"

"The—the Remove eleven?" stuttered Rake.

"Yes; in feminine clobber."

Crash! Rake dropped his teacup. He sat astounded, heedless of the tea that streamed over his trousers.

"Mum-mum-my hat!" he gasped, at last.

"Got it?" chuckled Bob.

"You spoofing rotters——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you gammoning bounders——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rake rose to his feet, and sat down again.

"Whose idea was it?" he asked. "I dare say it was a ripping wheeze, but I think I ought to punch the fellow's head who thought of it. Whose idea?"

"Mine!" said Miss Clara demurely.

"Oh!" gasped Rake. "Sorry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And tea finished in No. 1 Study quite amicably.

The Rebels of the Remove were rebels no longer.

Rake's team had declared unanimously that they were fed up with Rake, and there wasn't the slightest doubt that Rake was fed up with them.

And on Saturday Rake played in the Remove eleven, and this time it was a win!

THE END.

(Next Monday's Great Christmas Double Number will contain a grand, extra long, complete story of Greyfriars, entitled, "Harry Wharton & Co.'s Pantomime!" Order early.)

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**Roughness of skin and all forms of skin and complexion trouble.**

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Simply fill in and post the form below, together with

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Photo:

Dover Street Studios.

*The ideal of a beautiful complexion, smooth white hands and arms is assured by the use of the delightful "Astine" Vanishing Cream. Test it free by sending the Coupon below.*

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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Threefold "Astine" Beauty Gift as described above. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

MAGNET, Dec. 4th, 1915.

# MY READERS' PAGE

**OUR COMPANION PAPERS:** "THE BOYS' FRIEND," 1d., Every Monday. "THE GEM" LIBRARY, 1d., Every Wednesday. "THE BOYS' FRIEND" 3d. COMPLETE LIBRARY. "THE PENNY POPULAR," 1d., Every Friday. "CHUCKLES," Price 1d., Every Saturday.

The Editor is always pleased to hear from his chums, at home or abroad, and is only too willing to give his best advice to them if they are in difficulty or in trouble. . . . Whom to write to: Editor, The "Magnet" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.



**NEXT MONDAY'S GRAND CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER!**

**ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS GO BY THE BOARD!**

every reader of this paper should detach it, and keep it in his or her possession, as in future no queries concerning names and ages will be answered in the Replies in Brief.

Then there will be a tousing long instalment of our new serial story,

**"THE RUBIES OF SHEBA!"**

and at least two pages of chat by your Editor.

I need hardly add that it would be sheer folly to miss such a glorious number as next Monday's, which will, without exaggeration, put every other Double Number entirely in the shade. Do not join the ranks of the disappointed ones, but order your copy of the superb twopenny Double Number of the "MAGNET" Library TO-DAY!

**"SCHOOL AND SPORT!" OUT ON FRIDAY!**

**Have You Ordered Your Copy?**

There is still time to make certain of obtaining Frank Richards' great new threepenny book story of Harry Wharton & Co. and their rivals, and those boys and girls who have not yet ordered their copies are strongly advised to do so at once, and thus ensure getting the treat of their lives.

For the benefit of new readers who are not "in the know," I would repeat that

**"SCHOOL AND SPORT;  
or, THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY,"**

By Frank Richards,

deals with a gigantic Sports Meeting held between Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars, Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's, Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, Frank Courtenay & Co. of Highcliffe, Dick Trumper & Co. of Courtfield, and Gordon Gay & Co. of Rylcombe Grammar School.

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**TO-DAY'S SUPERB ATTRACTION!**

**"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," 1d., GOES GREAT GUNS!**

Number Three of the most novel little journal the world has ever known, "THE GREYFRIARS-HERALD," is now on sale, and is quite as good, if not better, than previous issues. For the modest sum of one halfpenny, which does not hamper the pocket to any great extent, the following fine features are offered in Number Three:

**"EDITORIAL CHAT,"**  
By Harry Wharton;

(Continued on page iv. of Cover.)

MONDAY of next week will be a day dear to the heart of every British boy and girl, for a magnificent Christmas Double Number of the MAGNET Library will appear, causing a considerable stir throughout the length and breadth of the country.

My chums are usually on tenterhooks to learn what is in store for them, and they shall not be disappointed on this occasion. First of all, our Double Number is garbed in a

**SEASONABLE AND STRIKING COVER,**

executed in colours by a world-famous artist.

Then comes the extra-long, complete story of the chums of Greyfriars School, which is—and I say it without spoof or bunkum—the very best story Frank Richards has ever penned! Over four hundred stories have been devised by his wonderful brain in the past, and, towering like a giant sentinel over all of them, is

**"HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S PANTOMIME!"**

Filled with an earnest desire to spend the Christmas vacation by doing war-work, Harry Wharton and his immediate chums secure engagements with a well-known touring company, and decide to devote their salaries to the worthy object of providing hampers for British prisoners of war in Germany. Many and exciting are their experiences of the footlights, and one of them—whose name I leave you to guess—falls violently in love with a charming lady actress. The way in which the extraordinary affair develops cannot fail to interest every reader of the MAGNET Library; and I feel quite assured, in my own mind, that

**"HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S PANTOMIME!"**

will make the hit of the century.

Another great attraction which will thrill every Magnetite with the keenest pride is the

**SPECIAL SONG FOR "MAGNET" READERS,**

which has been printed and published at enormous expense. My chums may now congratulate themselves that theirs is the only boys' paper which boasts a song of its own, with a rousing chorus which will "catch on" like magic among my readers. The tune, with a marching rhythm, is the work of Mr. Frank Witty, a very skilful composer; and the words are by Mr. G. R. Samways. Don't forget, boys, to detach this great song, and get your sisters and girl chums to play it over to you. You will be enraptured by the delightfully catchy tune.

Yet another fine feature is the introduction of a

**SPLENDID FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,**

which deals exhaustively with Greyfriars School, and all the characters. No longer need curious readers write up and ask their Editor how old this person is, or what is the Christian name of that. They will find all such information in next Monday's supplement, which will also contain

**A PLAN OF GREYFRIARS AND DISTRICT,**

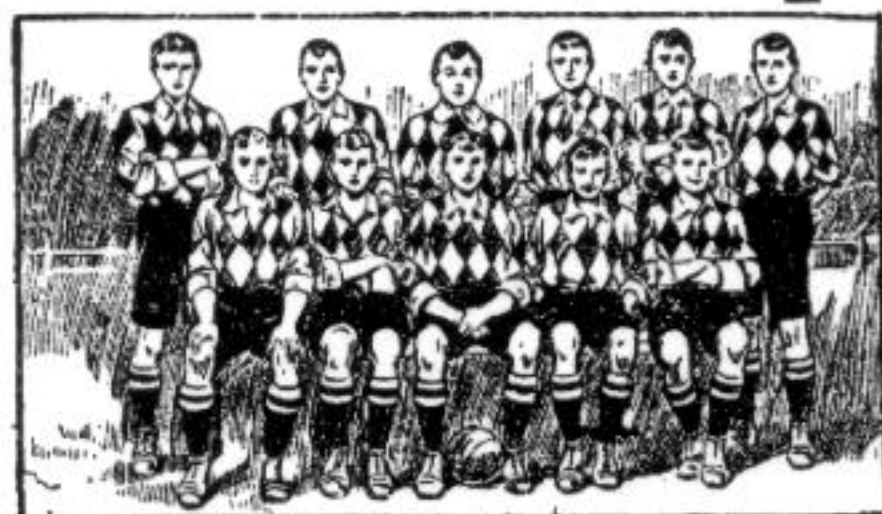
together with the rules of the school. As a budget of reference, the supplement will be found invaluable, and

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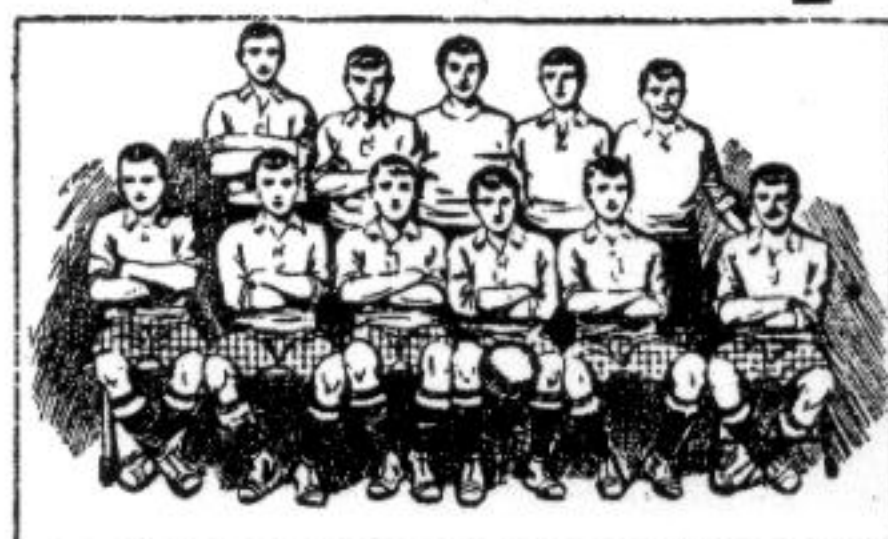
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views on passing events at Greyfriars;

**"SHOTS AT GOAL!"**

A Column of Football Comments, Conducted by  
H. Vernon-Smith;

**"THE ROLICKING REVELS OF BUBBLE AND SQUEAK!"**

Being a Page of Screamingly Funny Pictures,  
By Frank Nugent;

**THE WEEKLY CARTOON,**

—Drawn by Johnny Bull;

**"SKORNEO BY THE SKOOL!"**

A Most Amusing Serial Story,  
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**"THE TERRIFIC MISTAKEFULNESS!"**

An Amazing Story, written in the best Oriental language,  
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A Splendid and Laughable Complete Story, dealing with the  
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Representative.

There is also a

**MAGNIFICENT COMPETITION, OPEN TO ALL.**

in which a cash prize and marvellous hampers of tuck are  
awarded. Obtain your copy of the "GREYFRIARS  
HERALD" NOW, and share in the general rejoicing!

**ANOTHER GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER.****Invest a Penny in "Chuckles" on Friday.**

On Friday of this week the grand and altogether unpre-  
cedented Christmas Double Number of our little companion  
paper, "CHUCKLES," makes its appearance. The chief  
features of this super-grand pennyworth will be

**THE COMICAL ADVENTURES OF BREEZY BEN AND DISMAL DUTCHY,**

which never fail to attract;

**THE "CHUCKLES" COLOURED CINEMA,**

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A Most Wonderful and Exciting Serial Story.

Order your copy of "CHUCKLES" (1d.) now, and share  
in the general rejoicing!

## REPLIES IN BRIEF.

T. W. Senior (Yorks).—Very many thanks for your letter.  
I am always pleased to hear from my married readers.

John S. (Glasgow).—Sorry, John, but the numbers you  
mention are long since out of print.

T. G. Blackwood and Chums (Glasgow).—There are no  
such places as those you name. Much obliged to you for  
your loyal letter.

John S. (Accrington).—Many thanks for the splendid work  
you are doing on behalf of the "Greyfriars Herald." Yes,  
Morgan is still at Greyfriars.

W. H. Garfield.—The cover of the "Magnet" Library was  
changed to white because of the shortage of aniline dye in  
this country. Most of my chums seem to think it is a change  
for the better. Your letter interested me very much. Best  
wishes!

F. S. G. (South Wales).—Your suggestion is a good one  
and has been handed on to Mr. Frank Richards.

"Nil Desperandum" (Scarborough).—I no longer give  
particulars as to the names and ages of characters in the  
Replies in Brief. All such information will be contained in  
the special four-page supplement in our Christmas Double  
Number, on sale everywhere next Monday.

"Jessie" (Richmond).—For your wonderful enthusiasm and  
loyalty, many thanks! Yes, we must certainly have more  
tales with Vernon-Smith as the outstanding character. The  
Boulder has long been a universal favourite. Your other  
suggestion, as to the serial, shall also be considered.

"Jim" (West Hartlepool).—Glad to hear that your readers'  
club promises so well. Both you and Master Herbert seem  
to be fellows with plenty of enterprise, and you have my  
very best wishes for success. I no longer wonder why the  
"Magnet" Library flourishes so well at West Hartlepool.

"A Reader" (Catford).—I am surprised that you cannot  
hit upon a more original nom-de-plume. The matter you  
mention shall be discussed with Mr. Richards when he is  
next in town.

N. L. (Lowestoft).—You will be glad to learn that a plan  
of Greyfriars School will be published with next week's  
special supplement. Ferrers Locke is the Head's nephew.  
You will find all the information about the club in question  
in "Chuckles," one halfpenny, on sale every Friday.

N. A. (Bolton).—Sorry I cannot help you in the direction  
you name.

Sergeant George F. Rumbol, B Company, 24th Battalion,  
6th Brigade, A.I.F., will be pleased to receive copies of the  
companion papers from fellow-readers in the "Old Country."

Fred Field (Kidderminster).—Many thanks for the six-year-  
old copy of the "Magnet" you sent me. It revived many  
pleasant recollections of days gone by.

"Some Magnetite" (Bow).—A great barging-out story  
will appear on Wednesday week in the "Gem" Library.

E. P. B. Duncan (Earlsfield).—Thank you very much for  
your loyal promise of support in connection with the com-  
panion papers.

H. S. (Morley).—Hope the "Herald" exceeded your highest  
expectations. Don't forget to talk about it in your district.

W. R. Nicholas (Cornwall).—Good man! Stick to the  
"Magnet" Library through storm and shine, and you will  
never have cause to regret so doing.

"Mac & Co."—I will bear your suggestion in mind, but  
can make no definite promise that it will be carried out.

F. R. A. C. and B. W. M. (Harlesden).—I will consider  
your idea, and see what can be done. I do not think,  
however, that the majority of my readers are mad on  
mechanics.

T. M. W. (Bradford).—Thank you very much for your  
long and loyal letter.

*Your Editor*

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