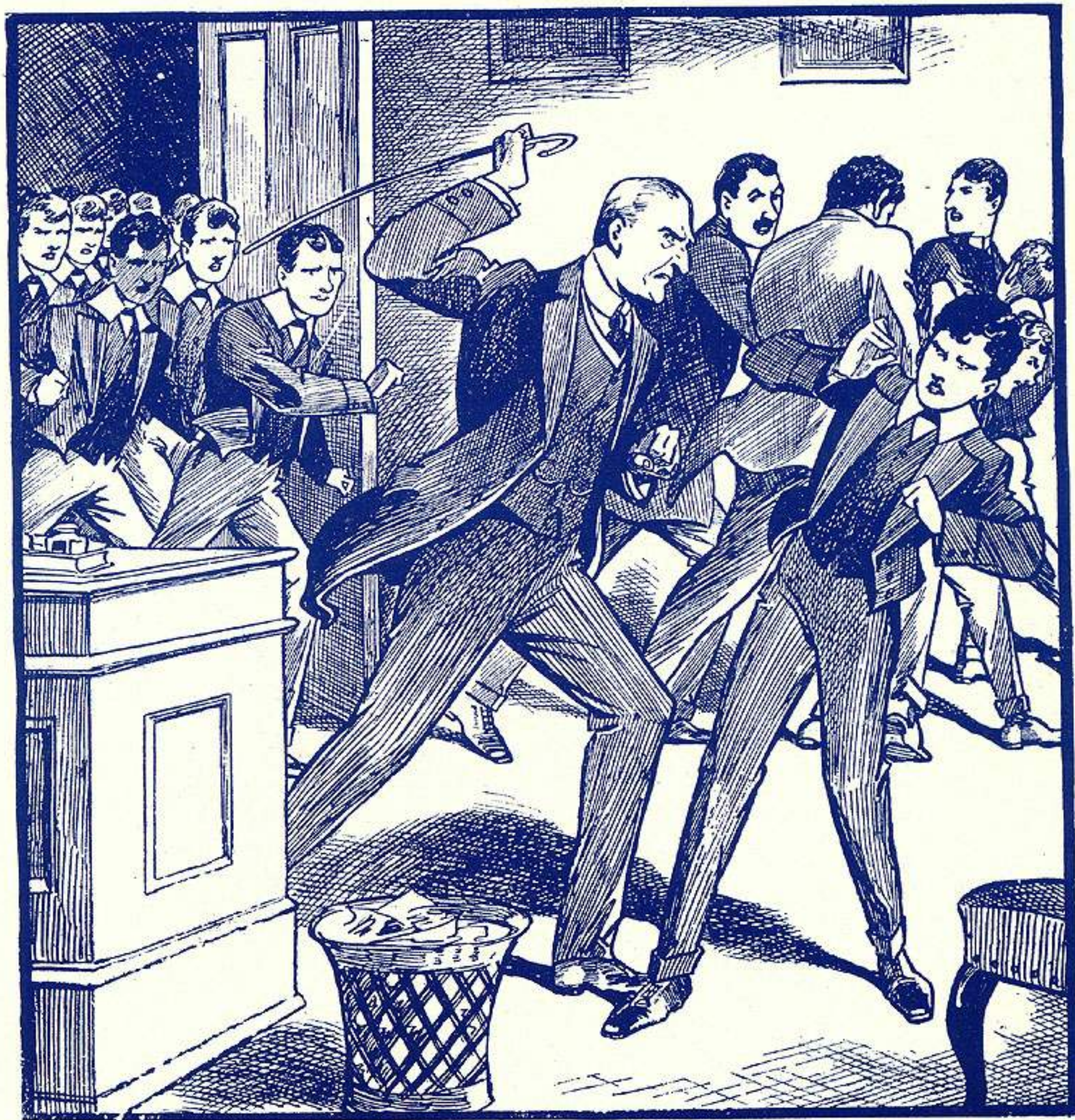


THE BARRING-OUT AT GREYFRIARS!



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REMOVE TO THE RESCUE!

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

THE BARRING-OUT AT GREYFRIARS!

By
Frank
Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Revolt in the Remove! LIGHTS OUT!

LIGHTS OUT!
There was a buzz of voices in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars.

It was half-past nine, the usual bedtime for the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form of Greyfriars. But the Removites were still fully dressed, and showed no sign whatever of intending to go to bed.

Instead of turning in as usual, the Greyfriars Remove were holding an excited discussion, most of the fellows talking at once.

Loder of the Sixth frowned as he strode in.

"Lights out!" he growled.

"Rats!"

That was the reply from half the Remove. It was evident that the voice of the prefect had lost its authority.

"Why aren't you in bed?" demanded Loder.

"Go and eat coke!"

Loder fixed his eyes upon Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove.

Wharton was standing by his bed, talking with his chums, Nugent, Johnny Bull, Bob Cherry, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. The Famous Five had not even looked round at Loder.

"Wharton!" thundered Loder.

Harry Wharton glanced at him.

"Well?" he said.

"Why are you not in bed?"

"That's my business!"

"Yes! Shut up, Loder!" said Bob Cherry. "Don't bother!"

Loder glared.

Juniors were not supposed to tell a prefect not to bother.

"You five will need a night's rest," said Loder, with a sneer. "You've got a journey before you in the morning, as you're expelled from the school."

Wharton looked at him calmly.

"We're not going!" he said.

"What?"

"Getting deaf?" asked Bob Cherry pleasantly. "We're not going to leave Greyfriars, Loder. We don't recognise the right of Mr. Jeffreys to expel us, and we're going to wait till Dr. Locke comes home!"

Loder stared blankly at the Famous Five. He had wondered how that celebrated Co. would take the sentence of expulsion from the school, pronounced by Mr. Jeffreys, the acting headmaster. But certainly he had not expected them to take it like this.

"You're not going?" stuttered Loder, at last.

"The notfulness is terrific, my esteemed beastly Loder!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "You can put that in your pipe smokefully!"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the Remove.

"And we're backing them up, Loder," said Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. "You can go to Jeffreys and tell him that this time he's bitten off more than he can chew!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly young asses!" roared Loder. "If you make any fuss about going you'll be taken by the ear!"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Frank Nugent. "Buzz off, Loder! You make us tired!"

"Will you turn in?" demanded Loder.

"No!"

"Do you want me to call Mr. Jeffreys here?"

"Certainly, if you like!"

Vernon-Smith jumped on to a bed, and addressed the excited Removites.

"Gentlemen—"

"Go it, Smithy!"

"In the absence of our respected headmaster, Dr. Locke, Mr. Jeffreys has taken it upon himself to expel five members of the Remove. Mr. Jeffreys is a mere temporary headmaster—in fact, a spurious imitation, and not the genuine article at all—"

"Hear, hear!"

"We don't recognise his right to do anything of the kind—"

"Never!"

"And, we the Greyfriars Remove, refuse to allow any members of the Form to be expelled from the school during the absence of Dr. Locke, our Head, and Mr. Quelch, our Form-master."

"Hurrah!"

"I move that Loder takes that as a message to Jeffreys, with the addition that he can go and eat coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Passed unanimously!" said Squiff.

"You hear, Loder?" demanded the Bounder.

"You cheeky young idiot!" gasped Loder. "If Mr. Jeffreys hears that, you will be sacked along with those five young rotters!"

"The more the merrier," said the Bounder coolly. "I shan't go, Loder. We're all standing together in this."

"The togetherness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Singh.

"Shoulder to shoulder!" said Tom Brown, the New Zealander. "Jeffreys has got to sack the whole Form if he sacks anybody, Loder. And nobody will take any notice. You can tell Jeffreys we've done with him!"

"Look here—"

"Shut up, Loder!"

"Get out!"

"Yes, buzz off, Loder!" chimed in Billy Bunter, blinking at the prefect through his big glasses. "You talk too much, Loder. Get out while you're safe!"

Even Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, was on the side of the rebels. And feeling safe in numbers, Bunter had indulged in the unaccustomed luxury of checking a prefect to his face with great enjoyment.

But Loder, though he did not care to interfere with the Famous Five, was not to be checked with impunity by the fat Owl of the Remove.

He made a rush at Bunter, and grasped his ear.

"Yow!" howled Bunter as his fat ear was savagely twisted. "Yoop!"

Leggo! I—I was only joking, Loder! Yaroooh! Rescue! Oh, crikey!"

"Rescue!" bawled Bob Cherry. Bob led a rush, with his chums at his heels, and the whole Remove closed in on Loder.

The prefect was seized on all sides, and dragged away from Bunter.

He came down on the dormitory floor with a terrific bump and a loud roar.

"Frog's march!" yelled Squiff.

"Hurrah!"

Evidently, the Remove were quite out of hand. The tyranny of the new Head of Greyfriars had gone too far, and his victims had been driven to the point of resistance. And now that they were determined on resistance they went the whole hog.

Loder, grasped on all sides by the excited juniors, was swept up, struggling frantically, but in vain.

Bump, bump, bump!

Smiting the floor with Loder at every other step, the Removites marched him out of the dormitory and down the passage to the staircase.

"Cave!" shouted Dick Penfold.

"Here comes Schwartz!"

Mr. Schwartz, the master of the Remove, came striding along from the stairs, and he met the shouting procession in full career.

For a second there was a pause.

The juniors specially disliked the new Remove-master, because he was a bully, and because he was of German descent. Schwartz was Mr. Jeffreys' right-hand man in instituting a system of tyranny in the old school on the Prussian model. Disliked as he was, however, he was a Form-master; and the juniors were accustomed to treating their masters with respect. But the pause was only momentary. Then Bolsover major roared:

"Biff him!"

"Down with the Hun!" yelled Ogilvy.

"What is this disturbance?" shouted Mr. Schwartz angrily. "Stop at once! Go back to your dormitory!"

"Oh! Ah! Yah!"

The Remove rushed on.

Loder, struggling and kicking, was biffed right at the new Form-master, and he smote Mr. Schwartz on the waistcoat like a battering-ram.

Mr. Schwartz went staggering backwards, clasping his waistcoat in anguish, and he collapsed on the floor, and Loder sprawled over him.

"Kick 'em downstairs!" howled Johnny Bull.

"Hurrah!"

Loder sprang up breathlessly, and ran for the stairs. He had had enough. But three or four boots crashed behind him as he ran, and he rolled down. Mr. Schwartz, collared by a dozen excited juniors, was rolled down the stairs after him, spluttering wildly.

The two arrived on the next landing in a ruffled, dishevelled, and breathless condition. They lay there gasping.

From the upper landing a roar from the Remove followed them.

"Come back, if you like!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Come on, Loder!"

"Come on, you Hun!"

Neither Loder nor Mr. Schwartz accepted the invitation. As soon as they could move they scuttled down the lower stairs, anxious only to get away from the unruly Removites.

The Remove returned to their dormitory in triumph.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath, "gentlemen, chaps, and fellows, we've done it now!"

"Jacta est alea!" grinned the Bounder.

And the Bounder was right. The die was cast!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Fall of the Mighty!

THERE were some serious faces in the Remove dormitory when the excitement had died down a little.

The most reckless of the juniors had to recognise the fact that the situation was a serious one.

The Form was in revolt!

But—from the point of view of the Remove, at least—they had had no choice in the matter. Harry Wharton could say with truth that he had done his best to keep matters from coming to this point. While Dr. Locke was away ill, the captain of the Remove had been extremely unwilling to take open and drastic measures.

But Mr. Jeffreys did not understand Greyfriars, and he had gone on from bad to worse. Canings, detentions, floggings, were the order of the day, and every Form was in a case of deep discontent. Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master, had been sent away, and a man of German race installed in his place. Wingate, the head prefect, had been replaced by Loder, the bully of the Sixth. The climax had been reached when Harry Wharton & Co. were sentenced to the sack in a body, as a warning to the discontented school.

Whether Mr. Jeffreys, as a merely acting headmaster, had the power to expel them, was a doubtful point. But one point was not doubtful, and that was that they did not intend to submit to the sentence of expulsion.

The Famous Five had resolved on that.

And the Remove backed them up whole-heartedly. Even Skinner and Snoop and Fish concurred.

For all of them realised that the case of the Famous Five was their own case. The chopper might come down on any fellow after that. Either they had to bow down, and submit to the Prussian school system which Mr. Jeffreys desired to introduce, or they had to back-up and take their punishment. But, as the Bounder had quietly pointed out, so long as the Form stood together, they could not be sacked. Even Mr. Jeffreys could not have thought of expelling the whole Lower Fourth.

The Removites stayed in the dormitory, discussing the position in low tones, and waiting. What would happen after the handling of Loder and Mr. Schwartz they did not know; but they expected a visit from Mr. Jeffreys.

Skinner and Snoop crept quietly into bed. When Mr. Jeffreys came, they did not want to interview him, if they could help it. Fish followed their example, and then Stott and then Bunter. But all the rest of the Remove remained, somewhat subdued, but prepared for what was to happen.

It was some time before footsteps were heard in the passage.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's the cheery old bird!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The heavy footsteps came up to the door, and it was thrown open. The new Head of Greyfriars rustled into the dormitory.

There was a breathless silence. Mr. Jeffreys' hard, cold face was crimson with anger now.

"You are not in bed!" he rasped out. "You have dared to assault a prefect and a Form-master! I am quite aware who is responsible for this!"

"Go hon!" murmured Squiff.

Mr. Jeffreys raised his hand, and pointed to the Famous Five.

"Wharton, Bull, Nugent, Hurree Singh, Cherry!" he rapped. "Go downstairs at once to the punishment-room. I shall confine you there until you are sent away from Greyfriars in the morning!"

The five juniors did not stir.

"Don't go!" said the Bounder quietly.

"We don't mean to!" said Wharton.

"You hear me, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go at once!"

"I will not, sir!"

"What! You refuse to obey me, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bravo!" chortled Squiff.

"The refusefulness is terrific, esteemed sahib!" said Hurree Singh, in his purring tones. "Our esteemed backs are up, sir!"

Mr. Jeffreys clenched his hands, and strode towards the five.

"I shall remove you with my own hands, Wharton, if you do not go!" he said, in concentrated tones.

Wharton eyed him quietly.

"I shall resist," he said.

"Same here," said Bob Cherry. "Go it!"

The Famous Five lined up, evidently prepared to resist. Mr. Jeffreys looked at them, and doubtless realised that he would not be of much use against five. He stepped to the door again, and called:

"Loder!"

"Yes, sir!" came the prefect's voice.

"Call Walker, Carne, Wingate, and Gwynne, and come here with them!"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Jeffreys stood, with knitted brows, in the doorway, while he waited for the Sixth-Formers to arrive. The Removites gathered round Harry Wharton & Co. They did not intend to yield to force.

Loder arrived, followed by his comrades, Carne and Walker, and by Wingate and Gwynne. The latter two were looking gloomy and restive. They liked the tyrant of Greyfriars no better than the juniors did.

"Remove those juniors by force to the punishment-room!" said the new Head, pointing to the Co.

Wingate and Gwynne exchanged quick looks.

"Kindly leave me out, sir!" said Wingate.

"What! What do you mean, Wingate?"

"I mean that I decline to take a hand in anything of the kind," said the captain of Greyfriars steadily. "I think Gwynne agrees with me."

"Sure, I do!" said Gwynne at once.

"Do you dare to disobey my orders?"

"Yes, sir, in this case."

And with that, Wingate and Gwynne walked back the way they had come, and the Remove sent a ringing cheer after them. Mr. Jeffreys stood quite still for some moments. It was the first intimation he had had that the Sixth Form were growing fed up with his tyranny.

Loder and Carne and Walker remained, looking very uneasy. They were not at all disposed to tackle the unruly Removites.

"Carry out my order, Loder!" said Mr. Jeffreys at last. "I will assist you, if necessary."

The three seniors advanced into the room. There was a whiz, as a pillow flew through the air, and Loder staggered back and sat down.

"Charge!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah! Give 'em socks!"

The Removites rushed forward. Loder and Carne and Walker were fairly swept away. They hit out savagely, and some of the juniors were knocked spinning; but the numbers were too great. The three seniors were hustled and punched back to the doorway.

Mr. Jeffreys rushed to their aid, lashing out fiercely with his cane.

A bolster, wielded by the Bounder, caught the new Head under the chin, and almost lifted him off his feet.

"Give him socks!" roared Bolsover major, starting with a pillow.

"G-g-good heavens! Help! Oh! Ah!" spluttered the Head.

Pillows and bolsters swiped on him from all sides, and he was driven out of the dormitory under a shower of blows.

Loder & Co. fairly took to their heels.

They had had enough.

Mr. Jeffreys, hardly knowing what was happening in his confusion and excitement, reeled away down the passage, with bolsters and pillows thumping on him, till he reached the stairs.

There a boot was planted behind him, and he rolled down.

"B-b-bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Jeffreys, apparently unable to believe the evidence of his senses, as he sat on the next landing. "Bless my soul! This is—is mutiny! I will flog you! I will expel you! Oh dear!"

A pillow whizzed down, and Mr. Jeffreys flattened out on the landing. Then he leaped up, and descended the lower staircase in a great hurry.

In the passage, the Remove raised a loud cheer. They had won the second round. Cheering loudly, they marched back into the dormitory. From end to end of Greyfriars their shouts could be heard, awakening the fellows in the other dormitories, and making them rub their eyes. It was half-past ten, but nobody in the Remove was thinking of sleep.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Revolutionary Committee!

"GENTLEMEN of the Remove

"Go it, Smithy!"

The Bounder stood on his bed, his eyes glistening, and a flush in his cheeks. The Bounder, at least, was thoroughly enjoying the situation. The defiance of authority came hard to a thoughtful fellow like Wharton, but lawlessness of any kind was like new wine to the Bounder.

"Gentlemen, we are on the war-path—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Britons never shall be slaves—"

"Never!"

"The neverfulness is terrific!"

"Gentlemen, the Remove have determined unanimously that no member of the Form shall be expelled by Jeffreys—"

"Hear, hear!"

"We have unfurled the flag of revolt," continued the Bounder eloquently. "Long may it wave!"

"Bravo!"

"Like the merry Russian revolutionists, we have downed our Tsar—"

"Hear, hear!"

"And we mean to keep him down! The Remove is in a state of revolution—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I therefore suggest the appointment of a Revolutionary Committee—"

"Oh!"

"To lead the revolt against tyranny," continued the Bounder. "If Jeffreys wants peace by negotiations, he can have it. We will state our terms, and if he

agrees to them there can be peace. Otherwise, not."

"Bravo!"

"All very well," remarked Skinner, from his bed. "But you can't keep this up to-morrow. The Sixth won't stand it."

"I shouldn't wonder if Jeffreys called in the police to-morrow," remarked Snoop. "What are you going to do then?"

"Let 'em all come!" said Bolsover major truculently. "He can call in the military if he likes. We're not going to give in!"

"No fear!"

"There's only one thing to be done in the circumstances," said the Bounder. "That's a barring-out!"

"Oh!"

"It's the only way. We don't intend to let our Form captain be sacked, nor any member of the Form. Jeffreys has got to draw in his horns! Well, to-morrow Jeffreys will begin again. He may catch Wharton separately, and get him hiked out of the school by a couple of prefects. If we go in to lessons to-morrow, he may get us separated, and deal with us. He may get the Sixth to back him up, and we can't tackle the Sixth. They don't like him, but the Sixth are very strong on discipline. Gentlemen, the only way to win is by a barring-out, and holding the fort till Jeffreys agrees to our terms or leaves Greyfriars."

"Hear, hear!"

"What do you say, Wharton?" demanded a dozen voices. The Bounder had taken the lead, but it was for the captain of the Remove to decide.

"I agree with Smithy all the way," said Wharton at once. "It's come to a fight now. Either we've got to give in, or Jeffreys has got to. Five of us have been sacked. We're not going!"

"Hurrah!"

"But the same thing may happen to anybody else next; it's pretty certain to happen to Smithy and Bolsover, after swiping Jeffreys with pillows. Unless we stand together some of us will be sacked, and the rest flogged—and all will be under Jeffreys' heel. I vote for a barring-out!"

"Same here!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"The samefulness is terrific!"

"Hands up for a barring-out!" called out the Bounder.

A forest of hands went up. Even Billy Bunter's fat hand went up, as he sat up in bed.

"Now, hands up against it!"

No hand was raised. Sidney James Snoop hesitated a moment, but he cast in his lot with the rest. The Remove were of one mind.

"That's agreed!" said the Bounder.

"Wharton, old scout, you take the lead, and we're at your orders."

"I say, you fellows," piped Billy Bunter. "We'd better have a committee, you know. I don't mind being chairman."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dry up, Bunter!"

"A committee's a good idea," said Bolsover major. "I'll be a member."

"I guess I'll be another," remarked Fisher T. Fish.

"We don't want a committee of the whole Form," said Vernon-Smith.

"Wharton can appoint the members."

"Look here——" began Bolsover.

"Gentlemen——"

"Go it, Wharton! Dry up, Bolsover!"

"Gentlemen, I suggest a committee of three members to form a General Staff——"

"Hear, hear!"

"The three members to be freely elected by the whole Form," added

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 504.

Harry Wharton. "I will take my chance with the rest."

"Done!"

"And the election will be held at once. Lock the door."

Wharton's suggestion was adopted at once, and the door was locked, and the Remove proceeded to the election of a Revolutionary Committee.

There was a limited number of candidates.

It was quite apparent that, if the revolution in the Remove proved to be a failure, the Revolutionary Committee would be singled out as the ringleaders, to receive the direst punishment. It was a position of danger as well as of glory. Some of the fellows were not keen for it. Others preferred to back up the captain of the Form.

There were, after considerable discussion, only six candidates—Wharton, the Bounder, Bolsover major, Squiff, Peter Todd, and Billy Bunter. The last-named was very keen on it. Bunter had not thought of the danger of the position so far; he was only thinking of the lime-light. But it was safe to say that the Owl of the Remove was not likely to register any vote but his own.

As the committee was to consist of three members, each of the voters made a list of three, as suited his fancy. The lists were scribbled down on the backs of old envelopes and scraps of paper.

Lord Mauleverer was given the task of counting the votes and announcing the result. His lordship performed the task to satisfaction.

"Gentlemen, Wharton receives thirty votes——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Smithy scores the second total of twenty-seven——"

"Bravo, Smithy!"

"Field takes the third, of twenty-five——"

"Good old Squiff!"

"Hallo! Where do I come in?" demanded Bolsover major wrathfully.

"Five for you, dear boy," said his lordship mildly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, what about me?"

"One for Bunter—his own——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I get left?" asked Peter Todd.

"You're left with twenty, begad!"

"It's a loss to the Remove!" said Peter, with a shake of the head.

"Which we'll try to survive," said the Bounder, laughing. "Anybody want to examine the votes?"

"Yes, I do!" growled Bolsover major.

But the count was found to be correct. A majority of the papers were written with the three names: Wharton, Smithy, Squiff. Nearly all the Remove had voted for Wharton, first on the list, the second and third names being varied.

"Gentlemen," said the Bounder, "the Revolutionary Committee is now duly elected—Wharton, Squiff, and my humble self. You can depend upon us to lead you to victory, and not to make peace with the Hun till he has had it fairly in the neck."

"Hear, hear!"

There was a tap at the door.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Who's there?"

"My dear boys!" It was the voice of Mr. Capper, the master of the Fourth, sounding mild after the stormy tones of the acting Head. "Pray go to bed. It is very late."

"Sorry if we've disturbed you, sir," said Wharton respectfully. "We'll be a bit quieter."

"You had better go to bed, my boys!"

"Can't be done, sir—no disrespect to you, of course! We've decided to have nothing more to do with Jeffreys, and to

do no lessons while he remains at Greyfriars."

"Ahem!"

Mr. Capper retreated. It was no business of his, and he was wondering how Mr. Jeffreys would quell the riot that had been raised by his tyranny. It looked to Mr. Capper as if the new Head would have considerable difficulty in quelling it.

"What's the next order, O King?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I'm going to bed," grunted Bolsover major.

"Same here," yawned Skinner. "Don't make too much row, you fellows. A fellow wants some sleep."

"Shut up, Skinner!"

A good many of the Removeites were getting sleepy; the hour was late. But the committee were not thinking of sleep. There was too much to be done before they thought of slumber.

"The committee will deliberate," said Squiff, with quiet dignity.

"My hat! That's a good word!"

"You fellows can turn in if you like. We'll call you when you're wanted," said Wharton. "There won't be much sleep to-night for anybody, if we're going to begin to-morrow with a barring-out."

Some of the juniors lay down on the beds in their clothes; others gathered round the committee to hear their deliberations. And the Revolutionary Committee of the Remove proceeded to deliberate.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

No Backers!

HARRY WHARTON and his fellow committee members were not long over their deliberations. In fact, the discussion did not take five minutes. It was a time for action, not for words.

"We've got to get the other fellows in this game if we can," said the Bounder. "It concerns the Fourth and the Shell as much as ourselves."

"Let's go and see them about it," said Squiff. "I don't suppose they're asleep, after the thumping row we've been making."

"And the Fifth?" said Wharton.

"The seniors won't join us," said the Bounder, with a shake of the head. "Not unless we let them take the lead, anyway. And we shouldn't do that."

"No fear."

"We'll begin with the Fourth and the Shell, and then try the Fifth," suggested Wharton. "If the whole school stood together the Head wouldn't have a leg to stand on."

"Well, we can try."

"But it's understood, of course, that if the other Forms stand out the Remove goes it alone."

"Hear, hear!"

And the committee left the dormitory to proceed at once to the Fourth-Form quarters. They kept a wary eye open outside their own room, but there was no enemy in sight.

Loder & Co had had enough; and Mr. Jeffreys was keeping his distance, for the present, at least.

Harry Wharton opened the door of the Fourth-Form dormitory. A buzz of voices showed that the Fourth were not asleep.

"Hallo! Who's that?" came the voice of Cecil Reginald Temple, the captain of the Fourth, as the door opened.

"The Revolutionary Committee of the Remove," replied the Bounder.

"Wha-a-at?"

"My hat!"

Vernon-Smith struck a match. The Fourth-Formers, sitting up in bed, looked curiously at the emissaries of the Remove.

"Is that a joke?" asked Fry.

"Not at all!" said Harry Wharton. "The Remove has decided upon a barring-out, to bring Jeffreys to his senses."

"Great Scott!"

"We want you to join us."

"That's rather a big order," said Dabney.

"I suppose you're as fed up with Jeffreys as we are," said Squiff. "It ought to be Greyfriars against the merry tyrant."

The match went out, and Squiff struck another. Cecil Reginald Temple was looking quite thoughtful. He had a flogging and several severe canings to put down to Mr. Jeffreys' account.

"It's not a bad idea!" he said. "You've come here to ask me to take command, of course?"

"No fear!" said Squiff promptly.

"We'll give you a seat on the committee," said Wharton.

Temple shook his head.

Swank was a leading characteristic of Cecil Reginald Temple. Playing second fiddle was not at all in accordance with his lofty ideas.

"Committees are no good," he said. "Look at the Russian revolutionists—overrun with committees playing the giddy ox! What they need is a Dictator, you know!"

"Rats!" said Squiff. "They had a Dictator—the cheery old Tsar—and they booted him out."

"Well, I don't think a rebellion has much chance unless there's a chap in authority," said Temple. "A Dictator is my idea. I'm quite willing to be Dictator."

"Bow-wow!"

"Now, look here——"

"The Fourth would naturally take the lead over a lower Form," remarked Fry casually.

"Rats!"

"Well, they're our terms," said Temple. "Put yourselves under my lead, and I'll see you through. You want a strong, silent man——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Temple wrathfully.

Cecil Reginald rather fancied himself in the role of a "strong, silent man," who was to give orders to unquestioning followers. He was prepared to enforce rigorous discipline, and to exercise undisputed sway, and, in fact, to be almost as complete a tyrant as the one the rebels wanted to get rid of. Revolutions have a way of throwing up amateur tyrants, like rubbish cast up by the waves; and evidently the schoolboy revolt at Greyfriars was no exception to the rule.

"Cackling at a silly ass!" said Squiff agreeably. "We're not looking for a fat-headed Dictator. Jeffreys has done all the dictatorial bizney we can stand. You can go and eat coke!"

"Then we're not taking a hand in your fag nonsense!" said Temple loftily.

"Rats!"

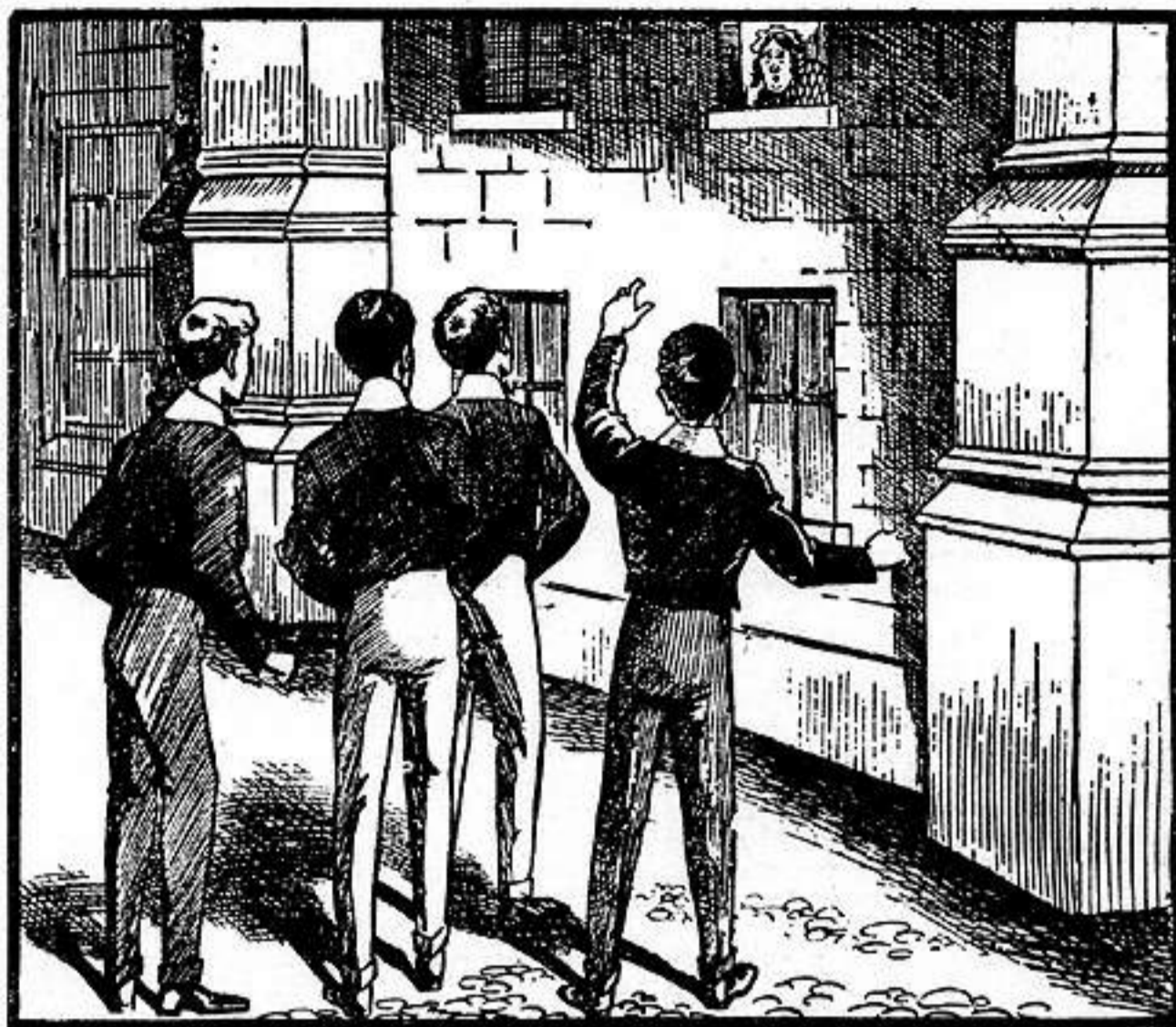
The committee marched out of the dormitory, leaving the Fourth in excited discussion.

Some of the Fourth agreed with Temple, some didn't. But a good many were of opinion that a barring-out was a very risky proceeding, and that it would be wise to see how it worked before taking a hand in it.

Harry Wharton & Co. proceeded next to the Shell dormitory, and they found the Shell wide awake, too. The noise from the Remove had effectually banished sleep all over Greyfriars.

Hobson, captain of the Shell, heard what the emissaries had to say. His answer was a snort.

"Barring-out!" he snorted. "Barring-outs are out of date. I'll bet you ninepence to fourpence that you fags will go



Called up at midnight! (See Chapter 6.)

in to lessons to-morrow morning as meek as Mary's little lamb.

"We mean business, fathead!"

"Bosh!"

"Look here, you cheeky ass——"

"Oh, travel!" said Hobson disdainfully. "Like your cheek to come and ask Shell fellows to back you up! We might possibly allow you to back us up, if you behaved yourselves, if we decided to put a stopper on Jeffreys. But I warn you that you'd have to obey orders, and do as you're told, and——"

"Great pip!" ejaculated Squiff. "This is Temple over again, only more so. You want bumping, Hobby!"

"Look here—— Oh, my hat!"

Hobson rolled out of bed in the grasp of the Australian junior, and bumped on the floor. The embassy left him tangled up in his bedclothes, and quitted the dormitory, followed by remarks from the Shell fellows that were certainly not fraternal.

In the passage the committee paused.

"Not much good trying the Fifth after that," said Vernon-Smith, with a grin.

"Well, it won't hurt us to give them a look-in," said Harry. "We should be in a stronger position with some seniors backing us up."

"Oh, all right!"

So the deputation marched on to the Fifth-Form dormitory. A light was burning there, and there were many voices. The door was open, and Coker of the Fifth was looking out. Evidently the Fifth Form were not thinking of sleep.

"Hallo! Here are some of the noisy young rotters!" exclaimed Coker, as the committee came up.

"Ahem!" said Wharton. "Let's come in, Coker——"

Horace Coker blocked up the doorway with his bulky person.

"What do you want here?" demanded Coker.

"We want to speak to Blundell."

"Hallo, what's that?" came the voice of Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, from within the dormitory. Blundell was in bed.

"We want you to join us, Blundell, you and the rest."

"What?"

"We're starting a barring-out to-morrow——"

"You young ass!"

"We want the Fifth to join up——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a roar of laughter from the Fifth. Apparently the seniors did not take the proposition with due seriousness.

"Yes or no!" snapped Wharton.

"Ha, ha! No!" roared Blundell.

"Ha, ha, ha! Cut off to bed before a prefect comes along and spansks you! That's my advice."

"Barring-out, eh?" exclaimed Coker wrathfully. "Well, the cheek of these fags! The fact is, that you haven't had half the licking you need. Go back to your dorm, and stop this rot, or you'll have me down on you!"

The three emissaries were getting exasperated by this time. Coker's lordly command was the last straw. Like one man, the committee seized Horace Coker and bumped him over in the doorway. They bumped him once, twice, thrice, and left him roaring, and the rest of the Fifth laughing.

Then they returned to the Remove dormitory. The mission had not been a success!

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Consolidating the Position!

"WELL?"

A dozen voices uttered that monosyllabic query as the Revolutionary Committee came in.

"N. G.!" said Squiff cheerily. "The other Forms don't seem to want to have a hand in the bizney."

"They've got some sense!" remarked Snoop.

"What?"

"Well, it's too jolly risky," said Sidney James Snoop argumentatively. "It may end in other fellows being sacked as well as Wharton and that lot. I don't see it, myself."

"So you object?" demanded Squiff.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 504

"Yes, I do!"

"So we've got a conscientious objector here, have we?" roared Bolsover major, sitting up in bed.

"No fear!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Snoopey may be an objector; but he can't be called conscientious."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major rolled out of bed.

"I'll jolly soon stop his objections!" he remarked.

"Hold on!" said Wharton quietly. "No bullying."

"It isn't bullying to squash an objector!" roared Bolsover. "I'm going to smash him, unless he stops objecting!"

"I—I say, I don't object!" stuttered Snoop. "Of—of course I agree with you fellows. I'm backing you up, you know!"

"Better keep to that!" growled Bolsover major. "Don't give us any more of your chinwag, then."

And Sidney James Snoop did not give utterance to any further objections, conscientious or unconscientious.

"So it looks as if we've got to go through it on our own," remarked Frank Nugent. "Well, the Remove can do it. The other Forms can go and chop chips!"

"Hear, hear!"

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Yes; it's the Remove against the Hun. I dare say the other fellows will join up later, when they see we mean business. We've got to start the ball rolling. It's agreed that we begin the barring-out to-morrow morning."

"Yes, rather!"

"But where are we going to hold the fort?" asked Tom Brown. "Not much good barring ourselves in the dorm."

"No good at all!"

"We can't collar the whole School House," remarked Hazeldene. "Not without turning out the other Forms."

"And that isn't quite possible," remarked Monty Newland. "What's the orders, Wharton?"

"The Remove passage," said Wharton. "That's my idea."

"And that's the best idea," said the Bouncer. "The Remove passage can be shut off from the rest of the place, and we can fortify it easily enough."

"Good egg!" said Squiff.

"And when do we begin?" asked Johnny Bull.

"No time like the present. If we're going to hold the fort to-morrow morning, we've got to get ready over-night."

"I'm sleepy!" remarked Lord Maulverer.

"Shut up Mauly!"

"No time to be wasted," said Wharton decidedly. "It isn't only Jeffreys we've got to hold out against. He may get the Sixth to back him up. They don't like him, but they'd most likely help him put down a junior rebellion. He may get help in—bobbies, perhaps. We've got to be ready to defend ourselves when we run up the revolutionary flag."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"So get a move on!" said Harry.

"No sleep for us here. We can take a snooze in our new quarters when we're ready. Wake up, Bunter!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!"

Bump!

Bob Cherry rolled Bunter out of bed, and effectually awakened him. It was a case of all hands to the mill. And there were to be no slackers.

The committee were brisk and business-like, and their instructions were issued swiftly, and obeyed promptly.

Bedclothes were stripped from the beds, including the mattresses, and the

Removites, thus laden, marched downstairs to the Remove passage.

Those necessary supplies were deposited in the Remove studies.

Wharton had chosen the place well.

The wide passage was occupied only by the studies belonging to the Lower Fourth. At the end were a box-room, two bath-rooms, and a narrow staircase leading to the garrets. It was a position that could be easily defended, after a little preparation.

Windows, first of all, were secured, both study windows and the big passage windows. Then tables and chairs and other articles of furniture were dragged out of the studies to barricade the staircase, which led from a wide landing to the Remove passage.

A working party, under Squiff's direction, saw to the barricading of the stairs. The Australian junior was thorough. Tool-chests were dragged out. Nails and hammers produced in great numbers. Lumber from the box-rooms was broken up, and planks, boards, and beams nailed across the stairs, to secure the furniture piled there.

There was an incessant sound of hammering.

Naturally, the noise, and the fact that the lights were on in the Remove quarters, brought observers to the spot.

Fourth-Formers and fags of the Third and Second crept out of their dormitories to watch the proceedings.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, came along from his bed-room, in a dressing-gown, with a very red face.

He looked up the Remove staircase from the landing below, as if scarcely able to believe his eyes.

"What—what—what is all this?" exclaimed Mr. Prout.

"It's a barring-out, sir!" said Squiff cheerfully.

"What? What?"

Mr. Prout wondered whether he was dreaming.

"You boys should be in bed," he exclaimed. "Bless my soul! What a state of disorder! Go back to bed at once!"

"Can't be done, sir."

"I shall have to call Mr. Jeffreys here!"

"Certainly, sir! Tell him we'll give him a jolly good bumping if he comes."

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Prout rustled away. The hammering and thumping on the staircase continued. The first object of the rebels was to make their position secure at that vulnerable point, in case of an attack.

In the middle of the staircase, a huge trunk belonging to Lord Maulverer was fixed, with several nails driven through its bottom into the stairs under it. His lordship cheerfully acquiesced in that damage to his trunk. Round the big trunk boards were nailed, and chairs and tables piled.

The barricade grew swiftly in size.

Mr. Jeffreys, with a worried face and glinting eyes, was discerned ascending the lower stairs.

"Here comes the Jeffreys bird!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Give him a jolly good yell!"

"Yah!"

Mr. Jeffreys reached the landing, and looked up the staircase, bristling with the legs of tables and chairs.

"What does this mean?" he gasped.

"It's a barring-out, cocky!" replied Squiff.

"You young villain!"

"Same to you, you old villain!"

"You—you—you—"

"Go it!"

"Cease this at once!"

"Bow-wow!"

"You will be expelled, Field!"

"Rats!"

Whiz!

A pillow flew over the barricade and caught Mr. Jeffreys upon the nose. He disappeared down the lower steps with a series of bumps.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come back again!" roared Bolsover major.

But Mr. Jeffreys did not return. He retreated to his room, but probably not to sleep. He had the task before him of dealing with the revolt his tyranny had caused; and for the present, at least, he found that task beyond his powers.

On the Remove staircase the hammering of nails and the bumping of furniture went on unceasingly.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Great Preparations!

MEANWHILE, Harry Wharton was busy in another direction. Like a good general, one of his first cares was for the provisioning of the garrison under his orders.

The Bouncer, with half a dozen other fellows, had been sent into the regions below to raid the larder.

Harry Wharton, with three or four more, had slipped out into the quadrangle by a rope from the window of Study No. 1. They made for the school shop in the opposite corner of the quadrangle.

Harry Wharton knocked loudly at the door, and at last a window above opened, and Mrs. Mible looked out.

That good dame was quite unaware of the exciting events going on in the school, and she was alarmed.

"Is it Zeppelins?" came a quivering voice from the window. "Oh, dear! Them awful Huns—"

"All serene, ma'am!" called out Wharton. "It isn't Zepps! It's us."

"Deary me! What are you doing out of doors at this time of night, Master Wharton?"

"We've come to buy some things, Mrs. Mible."

"At midnight, Master Wharton?"

"Can't be helped!"

"Go back to bed, you bad boys!" said Mrs. Mible, with asperity. "To think that I would come down and serve you at this hour!"

Slam!

The window was closed.

"Mrs. Mible doesn't catch on!" grinned Nugent. "Wake her up again!"

Bang, bang, bang! at the door.

The window reopened.

"Master Wharton!"

"Sorry, ma'am!" said Harry politely.

"We simply must come in! The fact is we're having a barring-out—"

"Goodness gracious!"

"We shall have to stand a siege—"

"You foolish boy!"

"And we want all the grub you've got in the place," continued Wharton.

"We'll pay for it, ma'am; that's all right!"

"I can't let you in."

"Then we shall have to break in the door, ma'am, and help ourselves!" said Wharton. "Sorry, but war-time, you know!"

"W-w-wait a minute, and I'll come down!" gasped the dame, in a great hurry.

"Right-ho!"

Mrs. Mible's minute lasted five, but the door opened at last. The juniors crowded into the tuckshop.

"Sorry to disturb you," said Harry.

"But we're not standing Jeffreys any longer, and we've got no choice, Mrs. Mible. We'll help ourselves, if you like, and make up a list and settle afterwards."

"I will make up the list, Master Wharton."

"All serene!"

Mrs. Mimble, though greatly flurried, had an eye to business. Several baskets and bags were produced, and Mrs. Mimble listed the goods that were packed into them.

Wharton had collected a considerable sum of cash among the rebels—from each according to his means, since it was necessary to have the provisions, and equally necessary to pay for them. But the cash in hand was not sufficient for the purpose, and the payment for the rest had to be left over.

"You take my word for the rest, ma'am," said Harry. "I undertake to see every penny paid."

"But—but—"

"I'm afraid we've got to have the stuff, anyway."

"I can take your word, Master Wharton! Dear me, what will Mr. Jeffreys say to all this?" exclaimed the flurried lady.

"Anything he likes—we don't mind! Stack those things up, you fellows!"

Baskets and bags were crammed. Tinned and potted and bottled goods were the chief articles, with ginger-beer and aerated waters, and tins and boxes of biscuits. Things that would keep were essential.

The half dozen juniors marched out heavily laden, leaving Wharton still selecting more goods.

They arrived under the window of Study No. 1 in the Remove, where Johnny Bull was on the watch.

One after another the baskets and bags were attached to the rope, and Johnny Bull pulled them in and unpacked them.

The empty bags were tossed out, and the provisioners returned to the tuck-shop. There Harry Wharton had a fresh supply ready for carrying off.

The second supply was borne away, and drawn up into Study No. 1 in the same manner.

Mrs. Mimble, in a flurried and amazed frame of mind, accepted the five pounds on account, which Wharton had brought with him, and Wharton duly gave her a note for the remaining fifteen pounds ten shillings. Such was the total value of the provisions laid in from the tuck-shop.

It was a considerable sum, but not large when spread over the whole Remove; and Mrs. Mimble knew Wharton well enough to be sure that it would be paid. Had the Bounder been present, it might have been paid on the spot. But he was engaged on other business.

The last of the provisions having been drawn up into the study window, Harry Wharton & Co. followed by means of the rope. They found the Bounder in the study. Vernon-Smith had returned with the plunder of the school larder.

Food of all kinds was stacked in the study; and Billy Bunter, forgetting that he was sleepy, had already started on a tin of sweet biscuits. Bob Cherry spotted him, and took him by a fat ear.

"Groogh!" gasped Bunter, nearly swallowing a biscuit whole as he jumped. "Leggo! Gurrgh!"

"Stop it, you greedy Hun!" growled Bob. "What about the grub rules?"

"I say, you fellows, we're going to chuck the grub rules, ain't we?" demanded Bunter. "Why, we've got lots and lots—"

"Bump him!"

"Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter smote the floor twice with his plump person, as a warning that the food regulations were to be respected, in spite of the state of revolt that existed in Greyfriars.

"The fat beast has scoffed two or three pounds of biskers!" growled Bob.

"They'll come out of his allowance," said Wharton grimly.

"Yow-ow!" gasped Bunter. "Look here, you fellows, if I'm not going to be fed properly, I refuse to have a hand—yaroooh!—in your rotten barring-out!"

Bump!

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Kick him out!"

Billy Bunter rolled along the passage outside in a state of breathless wrath and indignation. Bunter had been looking forward to unlimited tuck as long as the supplies lasted. But it was clear now to the Owl of the Remove that he was not to enjoy the beatitude of a pig in clover.

Harry Wharton joined Squiff at the end of the passage. The barricade on the staircase was nearly finished now, and Wharton surveyed it with satisfaction.

"Jolly good!" he remarked. "They won't get over that in a hurry!"

"I fancy not!" grinned Squiff. "I've laid in a supply of brooms, too, to deal with them if they try."

"Good egg!"

"And we'll have some jugs of water here, too," remarked the Bounder. "And we might collect a few bags of soot."

"Hear, hear! Let's appoint Smithy Minister of Munitions!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The preparations were completed, and it was nearly one o'clock. Many of the Removites had already gone to sleep on the beds made up in the studies. Harry Wharton & Co. followed their example now. But, in case of a surprise, the Famous Five laid their mattresses in the passage, close to the barricade, and turned in there.

But there was no alarm. The garrison of the Remove passage slept soundly till the rising-bell rang out over Greyfriars in the morning.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Barring-out!

CLANG, clang, clang!

Gosling was ringing the rising-bell as usual, unconscious of the state of affairs in the School House.

The Remove fellows sat up drowsily and rubbed their eyes. Some of them turned over and slept again. There was no need for the rebels to get up unless they chose to do so.

But the Famous Five were early astir, and they had the first run on the bathrooms. By orders of the committee, the big box-room at the end of the passage was turned into a kitchen. A fire was built in the wide, open grate. The supply of coal was limited, but there was plenty of wood, old lumber being broken up for fuel; and, as the Bounder remarked, they would not run out of fuel so long as there were doors and floors to the studies. Smithy was prepared to go the whole hog with a vengeance. The Bounder was enjoying the peculiar situation with the greatest zest.

Billy Bunter, taking a second snooze in great comfort in Study No. 7, found Bob Cherry's boot applied to his fat ribs.

"Ugh! Yow!" howled Bunter.

"Lemme alone!"

"Rising-bell, fathead!"

"Blow rising-bell! I'm not going to get up! Yaroooh! Keep your hoof away, you beast!" roared Bunter.

"You've been appointed head cook and bottle-washer!" said Bob severely.

"Up you get!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Biff!

Billy Bunter decided to get up.

He jammed his spectacles on his fat little nose, and gave Bob Cherry a glare that almost cracked the glasses.

"Look here, you beast—" he began.

"Kim on!" said Bob.

"I'm going to do as I like!" roared Bunter. "Ain't we in a state of revolution, you silly idiot?"

"Revolutionists have to listen to the call of duty, my fat tulip!" said Bob. "You won't be any use when it comes to scrapping, but you can cook all right. You're going to be head cook."

Billy Bunter looked a little more satisfied.

"Well, I don't mind cooking," he said. "Of course, a fellow who does the cooking will expect to have an extra snack now and then. I'm on!"

And Bunter rolled away to the box-room, whence a savoury scent of frying bacon soon spread along the Remove passage.

There was an ample breakfast that morning.

It was taken in the box-room, or the passage, or the studies, as the spirit moved the Removites.

If the barring-out lasted long, the garrison would soon be reduced to tinned and potted goods; but for the first day or two, at all events, there were eggs and bacon, and the rebels did them full justice.

While they were at breakfast, crowds of fellows came along the lower passages and stairs to look at them, and at the barricade, with many grins and chuckles. Loder came and looked, and went away without a word, but with knitted brows. Mr. Schwartz also came and looked, and an egg, which had been found too ancient for breakfast, caught Mr. Schwartz under the chin, and induced him to execute a hurried retreat from the spot.

"By gad! They're really at it!" remarked Temple of the Fourth, as he came along with a crowd of his Form-fellows. "Cheeky young bounders!"

"Going to join up, Temple?" called Bob Cherry over the barricade.

"I might take the lead—"

"Guess again!" said Bob.

"How long are you keeping this up, you young asses?"

"Till Jeffreys agrees to the terms of peace."

"Rats! You'll be sneaking into your Form-room in an hour's time!" said Temple, with lofty scorn.

Mr. Capper came along.

"Kindly go into the Form-room, Temple, and the rest!" said the master of the Fourth.

"Yes, sir!"

The Fourth-Formers trooped away. Mr. Capper glanced up the Remove staircase.

"Wharton!"

"Yes, sir?" said Harry, looking at Mr. Capper over the sea of table-legs and chair-legs on the stairs.

"What does this mean?"

"A barring-out, sir!"

"Come, come! That is all nonsense, Wharton!" said the Fourth Form-master. "I advise you strongly to submit to authority, and return to your obedience."

"We can't obey Jeffreys or Schwartz, sir! When Jeffreys is ready for peace by negotiations, we're ready to state our terms."

Mr. Capper coughed, and walked away.

At the usual time the Forms were in their rooms, with the various Form-masters, with the exception of the Remove. That unruly Form was enjoying an unaccustomed liberty. Billy Bunter, replete with many snacks, snoozed in the box-room in a state of great comfort and enjoyment. Skinner and Snoop had withdrawn to a quiet corner for a game of banker. But most

of the fellows were gathered near the barricade, waiting for a move from the enemy.

Mr. Jeffreys came to the barricade at last, with a furious gleam in his narrow eyes.

"Wharton!" he ground out.

"Hullo?"

"Wharton, how dare you reply to me like that!"

"Oh, rats!"

Mr. Jeffreys breathed hard.

"Wharton, you are under sentence of expulsion from the school! You have no right here!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Yes, dry up!" said the Bounder. "You talk too much, Jeffreys!"

The new Head clenched his hands with rage. This unceremonious mode of address showed in what deadly earnest the rebels were. They had, as it were, burned their boats behind them. Between them and the Hun of Greyfriars it was now war to the knife.

"Anything more to say, cocky?" inquired Squiff.

"I—I—I— You insolent young scoundrel—"

"Better language, old scout, unless you want this egg!" said Squiff.

Mr. Jeffreys hastily ducked, and there was a ripple of laughter from behind the barricade.

"Boys," he gasped, "I order you to demolish this—this barricade, and go into your Form-room at once!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Otherwise, force will be used!" thundered the new Head.

"Go ahead and use it!" grinned Bob Cherry. "We're ready!"

"Every boy taking part in this rebellion will be severely flogged, and the ringleaders will be expelled!" said Mr. Jeffreys. "That is, unless you cease this tomfoolery instantly!"

"Oh, ring off!"

"Force will be used, then, and you shall suffer for this impudence!" shouted the new Head.

"Well, go ahead, old scout, and take that as a beginning!" said Squiff, and the egg flew down the staircase.

Squash!

"Gerrooogh!"

Mr. Jeffreys backed away, but not in time. The egg smashed on his prominent nose, and the yolk streamed down over him as he hastily retreated. A roar of laughter followed him.

"That means the sack for me, too, if Jeffreys downs us!" remarked Squiff coolly. "We're all earning that merry distinction one after another. I don't quite see what force Jeffreys is going to use at present. I can't quite imagine old Prout and Capper clambering over that barricade."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites yelled at the idea.

They waited for the enemy to come in sight. Loder and Carne and Walker appeared on the lower landing, not looking as if they were enjoying the prospect before them. Gosling, the porter, joined them there, looking very surly. Mr. Schwartz was the next to arrive.

They stood and stared up at the garrison, without making a move to attack. Apparently they were waiting for reinforcements. Mr. Jeffreys, in fact, was making a round of the school, looking for recruits. But he found a plentiful lack of enthusiasm on the part of the masters.

Mr. Prout told him quite tartly that at his age he was not prepared to enter into a rough-and-tumble combat with schoolboys. Mr. Capper politely explained that he was far from feeling equal to the enterprise. Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell, declined to have

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 504.

anything to do with it. He added that the Remove had never given such trouble when Mr. Quelch was there to control them, and advised Mr. Jeffreys to recall the old Remove-master to his duties. Mr. Jeffreys replied to that good advice only with an angry snort.

Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, was even plainer in his reply. He told Mr. Jeffreys that he was not surprised that the "garçons" had got out of hand, under the circumstances, and he refused absolutely to interfere. Mr. Jeffreys tried Herr Gans, the German master, next. As Herr Gans was a German, he might have been expected to be willing to back up tyranny of any kind. But the "Gander," though a German, was a very mild kind of Hun, and all his sympathy was with the schoolboy rebels.

"My chooty in dis school is to teach Cherman, not to fight mit chunions," said Herr Gans. "I peg you to eggscuse me, Herr Jeffreys."

And Herr Jeffreys had to "eggscuse" him

Almost in desperation Mr. Jeffreys made an appeal to the Sixth Form to back up his authority. But Wingate, the real captain of the school, was against interference on the part of the seniors, and Gwynne and Courtney and others supported him. Excepting Loder, Carne, and Walker, Mr. Jeffreys had no support to expect from the Sixth.

He had told the rebels that force would be used, but it began to be a puzzling question where the force was to come from.

When the new Head arrived on the scene of action at last he brought only two recruits with him—Mimble, the gardener, and Trotter, the page. And both of them had evidently come because they did not dare to refuse.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked down on the motley gathering on the landing, and grinned. They did not fear an attack from such a force.

But the new Head had resolved to use it for what it was worth. He pointed up the staircase.

"Destroy that barricade at once, and bring the juniors down to the Form-room!" he commanded.

And Loder & Co. very unwillingly started upon the difficult enterprise.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

holding the Fort!

MR. JEFFREYS did not take part in the attack. Perhaps he preferred to act as directing genius behind the lines; or, perhaps, like the celebrated Duke of Plaza-Toro, "he led his regiment from behind, he found it less exciting." At all events, he stood back while the storming-party rushed to get over the top.

Loder & Co., feeling that they were in for it, did their best. Gosling backed them up well. But Mr. Mimble probably felt that his middle-aged limbs were not suitable for sprawling over barricades on staircases, for he turned and walked down the lower stairs.

Mr. Jeffreys shouted after him, but the gardener was apparently deaf. He disappeared without even turning his head.

Trotter joined in, as he did not dare to bolt under Mr. Jeffreys' gleaming eye. But he contrived to fall down at the foot of the barricade, and stay there. Mr. Schwartz, with obvious reluctance, followed Loder & Co.

Loder dragged savagely at the barricade, to make a way through.

Carne and Walker sprawled over chairs and tables, trying to climb over and get at the juniors above.

The Bounder reached out with a long

broom and caught Carne fairly on the nose with a set of tough bristles.

At the same moment a cricket-bat clumped on Walker's head, and Walker saw more stars than any astronomer ever dreamed of.

Both the seniors sprawled back more hurriedly than they had sprawled forward, roaring with pain.

Sloosh!

A bucket of water, tintured with soot and ink, swamped over Loder as he tore vainly at the nailed furniture.

"Yoocooogh!" spluttered Loder.

He staggered back blindly, and as he did so a couple of eggs, selected from the most ancient of Mrs. Mimble's stock by the Remove Minister of Munitions, smashed on his face.

Another missile of the same kind caught Gosling in the left ear.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling. "Oh crikey! I've 'ad enough of this! Wot I says is this 'ere, I've 'ad enough of it!"

And the porter, mopping at his ear, beat a retreat.

Mr. Jeffreys almost danced with rage on the landing.

"Go forward!" he shouted. "I command you! Ascend the stairs at once! Immediately!"

"Groogh!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Grurrrgggh!"

Such were the replies of Mr. Jeffreys' hardly-used followers. They did not seem eager for further combat.

Only Mr. Schwartz was still clambering on, and that was because the Removites were not stopping him. They waited till the new Form-master was fairly landed on the top of the barricade and it was difficult for him to retreat.

Then a fusillade began.

Water and soot and ancient eggs flew in volleys upon the unhappy Schwartz, and he dodged and ducked and roared in vain.

"Give him jip!" roared Bob Cherry.

"The jipfulness is terrific!"

"Hurrah! Give him some more!"

Whizz, whizz! Splash! Sloosh!

Mr. Schwartz scrambled furiously back, trying to escape. But it was not easy to get back over the piled furniture. He was tangled among the upturned legs of tables and chairs, and he floundered clumsily. The Removites, yelling with laughter, pelted him with every missile that came to hand.

By the time Mr. Schwartz got back to the landing below he was an extraordinary object to the view.

The new Head clenched his hands and gritted his teeth as he watched the defeat of his storming-party. The Remove howled defiance behind the barricade.

Mr. Jeffreys caught Loder by the shoulder as he was sneaking off down the lower stairs.

"Where are you going?" he thundered.

"Groogh! I'm going to get a wash."

"Never mind that. Go up again!"

"I—I can't!" stammered Loder. "They—they won't let me!"

"Nonsense! Let us have no cowardice!"

This was rather cool of Mr. Jeffreys, who had not taken part in the attack. Loder gouged water and soot out of his eyes, and glared at him. It was all very well for Mr. Jeffreys to instal him as head prefect, and make a favourite of him, but this was too much of a good thing. Loder would have preferred to dispense with favouritism if it meant that he was to clamber over piled furniture while a swarm of juniors pelted him.

"I can't do any more!" he said sullenly. "There's nothing doing!"

"Carne! Walker!"

Carne and Walker hurried downstairs, pretending not to hear. Trotter had already slipped away quietly.

Mr. Jeffreys gave it up.

His trusty followers had been ingloriously defeated, and it was evidently of no use to urge them to further efforts.

He turned and glared at the grinning Removites, and shook his fist at them.

"You shall suffer for this!" he shouted.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I will flog every one of you——"

"Rats!"

"Go home!"

"I—I will—I will—— Oh! Groogh!"

A garden-squirt, in the hands of the Bouncer, ejected a sudden jet of inky water.

It caught Mr. Jeffreys on his angry face, and his mouth, open to shout threats at the rebels, received a goodly portion of the stream.

The new Head choked and gasped, and scuttled away after Loder & Co. Mr. Schwartz followed him, caught on the back of the head by a bursting egg as he went.

From the Remove passage there rose a thunderous cheer, which rang through every corner and nook of Greyfriars.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Our win!" roared Bob Cherry. "Extra special! Another great victory over the Huns! British line held against all comers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hurrah!"

The fellows in the Form-rooms heard the cheering of the victorious Removites, and there was not much attention given to lessons that morning.

But none of the masters, not even Mr. Hacker, ventured to be severe with his class that day. They were only too pleased if their Forms did not follow the example of the rebellious Remove. The example of rebellion is contagious. It was only too likely that most of the school would follow the Remove lead if the rebels were successful. And they were successful so far, that was certain.

Mr. Jeffreys had retired to his study, like Achilles to his tent. The first round had been fought and won—and the Remove had won it. And the victorious juniors cheered till every echo of the ancient walls of Greyfriars answered them.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Official!

A BUZZ of excitement pervaded Greyfriars School after morning lessons. The fellows crowded out of the Form-rooms discussing the rebellion of the Lower Fourth. Crowds of them went to stare at the barricaded staircase, till the prefects cleared them away.

The Remove rebellion was a thrilling excitement for the old school, and everybody was wondering how it would end. Certainly the tyrant of Greyfriars seemed unable to deal with it.

Mr. Jeffreys was pacing his study with a knitted brow, puzzled and furious. In spite of many warnings, he had not foreseen that his tyranny would drive the Greyfriars fellows into resistance. Now that it had happened, he was at a loss. The maintenance of order in a school, as in a regiment, depends upon the habit of obedience. That habit, once broken, order is at an end. Numbers are irresistibly on the side of the rebels. So long as the rebels held together they were unconquerable.

Mr. Jeffreys could only hope that the weaker spirits would flag and falter, and enfeeble the resistance of the rest. But it did not seem likely in the case of the Removites.

What was to be done was a perplexing question. The new Head had taken counsel with the masters, but they had no

advice to give. Matters had gone too far for advice to be of much use.

Certainly the Head could have recalled Mr. Quelch, and asked him to deal with his Form. But that would have been surrender, and a complete victory for the schoolboy rebels.

Yet the present state of affairs could not be allowed to continue. It was too probable that the example of the Remove would prove infectious.

Mr. Jeffreys had been appointed in Dr. Locke's place by the Board of Governors, during the Head's illness. But he could guess what the governors would have thought of affairs coming to this pass under his headship. Mr. Jeffreys was very anxious that the governors of the school should not hear of it.

But what was to be done? The force at his disposal was not sufficient to deal with the rebellious Removites. And to allow the barring-out to continue was practically to abdicate all authority.

When the bell rang for afternoon classes the Removites were picnicking in

and ward at the barred staircase. Strict discipline was maintained in the ranks of the rebels.

Billy Bunter and some others wanted to chuck the food regulations; but the Revolutionary Committee put their foot down very firmly on that. Meals were allowed as strictly as ever. The barring-out was not to be made an opportunity for food-hogging.

Skinner and Snoop and Scott, enjoying their freedom from restraint, began a game of banker in the passage after dinner, with money clinking and cigarettes going. The Revolutionary Committee descended upon them like a hurricane.

The cards were torn up, the cigarettes squashed, and Skinner & Co. frog-marched up and down the passage till they roared for mercy. That was the end of the sporting diversions of Skinner & Co.

There was a discontented minority among the rebels, but it was only a small minority, and it did not count.

During the afternoon Trotter, the



Repelling an attack! (See Chapter 8.)

their passage, and the other junior Forms showed some unwillingness to turn up in the class-rooms.

The spirit of revolt was spreading. Temple, Dabney & Co. were beginning to wish they had joined up after all. In fact, Scott and Wilkinson and two or three more of the Fourth had clambered over the barricade and joined the rebels, greeted heartily by the Removites.

When the Fourth assembled for lessons Mr. Capper found that several of his Form were absent, and inquired after them.

When he learned where they were he let the matter drop. The Fourth were in a humour to join the rebels in a body, and Mr. Capper did not want that to happen. And he had not the slightest intention of compromising his dignity by entering into a scrap with juniors. Mr. Jeffreys had brought about this state of affairs, and Mr. Jeffreys had to find some solution to it. Mr. Capper wished him joy of his task.

Harry Wharton & Co. remained in possession of their fort, keeping watch

page, came cautiously up the lower stairs.

"Master Wharton!" he called up, in a whisper.

"Hallo?"

"The 'Ead's telephoning to the police-station, sir!" whispered Trotter. "I thort I'd tip you the wink, Master Wharton."

And Trotter scuttled away before he could be discovered by Mr. Jeffreys conveying that warning to the rebels.

"Phew!" said Bob Cherry.

"The police!" ejaculated Skinner. "The game's up, then!"

Wharton gave him a contemptuous look.

"The game's not up," he said quietly. "What difference does it make?"

"I suppose you're not going to punch a policeman?" sneered Skinner. "I'm not going to have a hand in it, anyway!"

"You take good care not to have much of a hand in the scrapping anyhow!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 504.

growled Johnny Bull. "Shut up, Skinner, or I'll biff you!"

"The biff-fulness will be terrific, my esteemed funky Skinner!"

"Bedad! What are we goin' to do with the bobbies, if they come?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

Harry Wharton looked thoughtful.

"The police can't interfere in a matter of this kind," he said. "Jeffreys has no right to call them in."

"But he's done it," said Hazeldene.

"Yes; and that only means that he will tip old Tozer to try to scare us into surrendering. And we're not afraid of Tozer."

"No jolly fear!"

The Removites waited with a good deal of equanimity. The Police Force was represented in Friardale by Police-constable Tozer, whom they did not regard as a very dangerous or terrifying character.

Peter Todd, whose father was a solicitor, and who was supposed to have an extensive and peculiar knowledge of the law, declared that Mr. Tozer would be exceeding his official powers by interfering with follows within the precincts of the school. It was, in fact, a dodge of the baffled Head to frighten the rebels by the sight of an official uniform. And the rebels were not to be frightened so easily as all that.

Tom Brown, who was on watch at the window of Study No. 1, called out a warning as soon as the portly figure of Mr. Tozer entered at the school gates. There was a rush to the window.

The fat constable had arrived in answer to the Head's appeal. He came tramping across the quadrangle, and disappeared into the porch of the School House.

"Now we sha'n't be long!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The rebels gathered behind the barricade once more, to wait for Tozer. In about ten minutes Mr. Jeffreys came up, followed by the fat officer, wheezing after him as he mounted the stairs.

Some of the rebels looked rather serious as the constable came wheezing up to the barricade. But the Revolutionary Committee never turned a hair. They were quite prepared to deal with Mr. Tozer.

The Bounder dipped a mop into a pail of sooty water, ready.

Mr. Tozer halted on the landing, puffed, blew, and stared at the line of faces manning the barricade.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry affably. "How are you getting on, Tozer? Did you walk here?"

"Yes, Master Cherry, I walked 'ere," said Mr. Tozer.

"And you didn't have an attack of apoplexy on the way?" asked Bob, in surprise. "How's that, Tozer?"

Mr. Tozer's red complexion became purple.

"Look 'ere—" he began.

Peter Todd raised his hand.

"Tozer!" he rapped out.

"Eh?"

"You've no right here. You're overstepping your official powers. Unless you clear off, we shall have to consider whether to report you to your superiors!"

"My heye!" ejaculated Mr. Tozer.

"However, as you are here, kindly take that man into custody!" said Peter, pointing to Mr. Jeffreys.

"Wot?"

"I charge that man with assault and battery, in the form of canings and floggings, and also with attempting to introduce a Prussian system into this school—which amounts to high treason in war-time!" said Peter Todd. "Take him into custody at once!"

"My heye!"

Mr. Jeffreys' face was a study. His expression made the Removites roar.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 504.

"You impertinent young scoundrel!" roared the new Head.

"I charge him also with offensive language, calculated to cause a breach of the peace," said Peter Todd. "I call you as a witness, Tozer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Tozer blinked at the Head, suppressing a grin that was creeping over his fat face. As a matter of fact, Mr. Tozer had not much respect for a schoolmaster who could not manage his school more efficiently than this. And he was well aware that he could do nothing if the rebels declined to be scared into submission by the sight of his uniform.

Mr. Jeffreys, in fact, had had to slip a pound note into Mr. Tozer's official hand to induce him to interfere at all.

"H'm!" said Mr. Tozer, coughing. "Look 'ere, young gents, this 'ere won't do!"

"Bow-wow!"

"You got to come down at once, and obey your 'eadmaster!" said Mr. Tozer, in as lofty and official a manner as he could assume. But it was difficult to be lofty and dignified with the grinning juniors evidently bent on making fun of him.

"Rats!"

"Now, look 'ere—"

"Tozer," thundered Peter Todd, "are you going to take that man Jeffreys into custody, or are you not?"

"Course I hain't, you young ass!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

"Then you're sacked from the Force on the spot!" said Peter severely.

"Take off that uniform!"

"My heye!"

"Todd, you shall be expelled from the school!" shouted Mr. Jeffreys.

"Oh, dry up, Jeffreys!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Cheese it! Ring off! Take a bight in your jawing tackle!" said Peter explicitly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, look 'ere, young gents," said Mr. Tozer, "this 'ere won't do, not at all. If you don't come hout, I've got to fetch you hout!"

There was a yell of defiance from the Remove.

"Come on!"

"Mind, I'm coming for yer, if you don't come down at once!" said Mr. Tozer threateningly.

"Come on, Tozer!"

Mr. Tozer hesitated a moment. But he had great faith in the terrifying influence of a uniform and a helmet, and he felt that he had to do something to earn Mr. Jeffreys' tip. So he came tramping on to the barricade, with a very determined expression upon his fat face.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

A Warm Reception!

"STAND by to repel boarders!" sang out the Bounder.

"Back-up, Remove!"

"Come on, Tozer!"

Brooms, mops, and cricket-stumps were brandished behind the barricade. But Mr. Tozer did not believe that the defenders would venture to use them upon his official and sacred person.

He grasped at the barricade, and began to clamber slowly and painfully over it, seeking at the same time to quell the garrison with the terror of his eye.

But the terror of Mr. Tozer's eye did not produce the slightest effect upon the schoolboy rebels.

As soon as the clambering officer came within reach the Bounder lunged out with his weapon.

The mop, dripping with sooty water, was shoved fairly into Mr. Tozer's sacred face. There was a gurgling howl from

Mr. Tozer as the mop clumped upon his official nose.

"Groooooch!"

Bang! A broom landed on Mr. Tozer's official helmet, nearly knocking it off, and causing Mr. Tozer to see whole galaxies of stars of the first magnitude.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

He clambered on desperately.

He was, in fact, so tangled among the piled furniture that it was difficult to retreat.

He plunged recklessly forward, amid thrusting mops and brooms and stumps, with battered helmet, and face reeking with soot and water.

The juniors, in mercy, forbore to smite as he came closer—a concession to Mr. Tozer's pluck.

But as he clambered within reach a dozen pairs of hands grasped him, and he was dragged over, with a bump, into the Remove passage.

There he sprawled on the floor, with the Removites sitting on him.

"Where's Bunter?" roared Bob Cherry. "Bring Bunter here, and squash him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Sit on him, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter was shoved forward, and the fat junior sat on Mr. Tozer's manly chest. After that Mr. Tozer simply collapsed. Bunter's weight was not to be argued with.

Mr. Jeffreys, from the lower landing, watched this capture of his official ally with helpless rage. He did not venture to follow where the fat constable had led.

Under the swarming juniors Mr. Tozer moaned faintly.

"Leave orf! Let up! Give over! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I give in!" moaned Mr. Tozer. "Ow, dear! Gerroff! I'm bein' squashed, I ham! Give over, young gents!"

"Do you surrender?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Yow-ow! Yes!"

"Are you sorry you came?"

"Yoop! Yes! Grooh! Give over!"

"Will you take Jeffreys into custody if we let you go?" demanded Peter Todd.

"Yow-ow! Yes! Hanythink!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold him a bit," said the Bounder. "He came here for a lesson, and he's going to have it. Keep your face still, Tozer, while I improve your complexion."

"Groogh!"

Mr. Tozer's complexion was very red. It changed to black as the Bounder rubbed a handful of soot upon his perspiring face.

"Give over!" he moaned faintly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gurrrrrrg!" spluttered Mr. Tozer, as some of the soot went into his mouth.

"Ow-ow! Yurrrrrrggh!"

"Now, will you clear off, and behave yourself like a good little policeman?" demanded the Bounder.

"Groogh! Yes! Hanythink! Take that blooming helefant orf me!" moaned the unhappy Tozer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Roll off, Bunter! Tozer, you're given one minute to get clear," said Harry Wharton. "If you're within reach after that you get it hot!"

"Hop it, Tozer!"

The unfortunate official was released, and he staggered up. Brooms and mops and stumps and bats flourished round him. His helmet and his truncheon were pitched downstairs, Mr. Jeffreys dodging them as they flew. Mr. Tozer glared round with his sooty face at the grinning juniors, and seemed for a moment inclined to run amuck.

"One minute to get clear!" said the

Bounder warningly. "After that we'll shave your head and paint you up with indelible ink!"

Mr. Tozer made a rush for the barricade, and clambered frantically. In his wild haste he received several jabs from chair-legs and table-legs. The barricade creaked and groaned under the fat policemen's weight.

"Time's up!" rapped out Wharton. "Give him beans!"

"Yaroo!" roared Mr. Tozer, as the garrison reached after him, and lunged and poked and prodded.

He plunged headlong down, and rolled off the barricade on to the landing, and sprawled at Mr. Jeffreys' feet.

"Oh, crumbs! Oh, my heye!" gasped Mr. Tozer. "Oh dear! Young varmint! Ow!"

"You fool!" shouted Mr. Jeffreys, in a tearing rage. "Go up again!"

Mr. Tozer scrambled to his feet, and gave the Head a glare resembling that of the fabled basilisk.

"No blinking fear!" said Mr. Tozer emphatically. "I'm done with 'em! Go up yourself and 'andle 'em, if you want to! Huh!" Mr. Tozer snorted with fury. "I've 'ad enough of your school, sir, and your blinking boys, and you, too! Huh!"

And Mr. Tozer stamped away furiously down the lower stairs, gathering up his truncheon and helmet as he went.

"Good-bye, Tozer!" roared the Removites.

"Come back when you want some more!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Mr. Tozer vanished. It was quite certain that he was not coming back, and that he did not want any more.

"Fire!" said the Bounder.

A fusillade began across the barricade, and Mr. Jeffreys dodged and fled. A yell of derision followed him.

The defeated tyrant of Greyfriars hurried downstairs, breathless, splashed with soot and water and eggs. In the lower hall he came upon a group of Fourth-Formers, who were listening to the din from above, afternoon lessons being now over.

Mr. Jeffreys was badly in need of victims upon whom to wreak his fury, and the Fourth-Formers came handy for that purpose. He stopped and glared at them.

"Temple, what are you laughing at?" he thundered.

Cecil Reginald Temple promptly backed away. He did not like the look in the new Head's eye.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"You were laughing, too, Fry!"

"I—I—" stuttered Fry.

"Hold out your hands!"

Mr. Jeffreys' cane swished as he advanced upon the dismayed juniors. Temple backed farther away, and made a rush upstairs. He did not intend to take a terrific caning because the Head had been defeated by the rebels. Temple had been debating whether to join in the rebellion. Mr. Jeffreys' unprovoked attack decided him.

"Come on, you fellows!" panted Temple.

The Fourth-Formers rushed up the staircase.

Mr. Jeffreys dashed after them, lashing out with his cane. Loud whacks sounded on the shoulders of the juniors as they fled, and loud yells of anguish answered the whacks.

"Come back!" shouted the headmaster, panting up the stairs behind the fugitives, and still lashing out with the cane.

Temple & Co. dashed on.

They would rather have faced a wild Hun than the enraged headmaster just then.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry, as the panting fugitives reached

the barricade. "Here's some more merry recruits!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, Temple!" shouted Wharton.

The Bounder clambered on the barricade as the fugitives came scrambling across it. Mr. Jeffreys pursued Temple & Co. to the barrier, and lashed at them as they scrambled across. Then the Bounder's mop came into play. He drove it full into the tyrant's face, and Mr. Jeffreys went over like a ninepin. Temple & Co. scrambled down on the Remove side without any further attentions from Mr. Jeffreys.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Temple.

"Like a giddy wild beast—what? We've come to join you! Oh, crumbs!"

"Oh, rather!" gasped Dabney.

Mr. Jeffreys picked himself up, and retired hurriedly, with missiles following him.

During the next half-hour more and more of the Fourth, as they heard of Temple's joining up, came up the staircase and clambered over to join the rebels, and ere long most of the Fourth Form were in the Remove passage. The rebellion was spreading!

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Deputation!

"HALLO, Wingate!"

Dusk was falling on Greyfriars, and the electric light was on in the Remove passage. The rebels of the Remove and the Fourth were playing leap-frog up and down the passage when the captain of Greyfriars came along.

George Wingate's face was very grave. The juniors crammed the barricade, and gave Wingate a shout of welcome.

They knew that the Greyfriars captain had stood up, to the very limit of his powers, against the tyranny of the new headmaster. He had done all he could to prevent this trouble.

"Have you come to join us, old scout?" asked Bob Cherry.

"We'll make you leader, Wingate," said Wharton.

"Come on, Wingate!" shouted the juniors.

Wingate smiled, and shook his head.

"I've come to speak to you," he said.

"Go ahead! Always a pleasure to have a chat with you, Wingate," said the Bounder affably.

"Mr. Jeffreys has asked me to come."

"Is the old bounder giving in?" inquired Nugent.

"He thinks I may have some influence over you," said Wingate. "Now, this affair has gone far enough, you know. It isn't quite the thing to be kicking up a shindy like this while the Head's away ill, is it?"

"No," said Wharton. "That's why we stood Jeffreys till we couldn't stand him any longer. But we've struck now, and we're going to see it through!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific my esteemed, ludicrous Wingate."

"Of course, we're ready for peace by negotiations," said Squiff. "We don't mind meeting Mr. Jeffreys in a sort of Stockholm Conference to discuss terms of peace."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quitò so," agreed Wharton. "No need for war to go on for ever. We only want our rights—no more lickings, no more unfair detentions, and Mr. Quelch to come back. That's reasonable."

"I'm afraid the Head won't agree to conditions," said Wingate. "But if you drop all this at once, he's willing to pass it over as if it hadn't happened, and he will rescind the expulsions."

"Not good enough!" said Wharton. "We've got to have security before we make peace. There is going to be no next time, you know, as the political chin-waggers say."

"This kind of thing won't do the school any good," said Wingate, with a worried look. "We shall have the governors down here next."

"Let 'em all come!"

"Well, I told Mr. Jeffreys I would do all I could," said Wingate. "Now, on what terms will you chuck up this tomfoolery? I'll take your message to Mr. Jeffreys, if it's not too cheeky."

"Right-ho! We'll state our terms of peace," said Wharton. "No objection to that. We can state our terms without stuttering."

"We shall not sheath the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until the tyranny of the Jeffreys bird is totally and finally destroyed!" said Peter Todd, in grave imitation of a celebrated statesman.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, cut it short," said Wingate. "I want to see an end of all this. It's a bad state of affairs for Greyfriars."

"That's so," said Harry. "Well, these are the terms we insist on: No punishment for the barring-out; no expulsions; no floggings; Mr. Schwartz to be sent away, and Mr. Quelch to be recalled, without any more interference from Jeffreys."

"That's good enough!" said Temple of the Fourth.

"Hear, hear!"

"If Jeffreys will agree to that, we're open to meet him, at Stockholm or nearer home, and discuss terms of peace. Otherwise, not!"

"I'll tell him!" said Wingate.

And he departed.

"Begad, it looks as if the cheery old bird is gettin' fed up," remarked Lord Mauleverer.

"Well, he couldn't let it go on for ever," grinned Bob Cherry. "This looks like a victory for the Remove."

"The Fourth, you mean," said Temple.

"Rats!"

"Now, look here—"

"Shush!" said Wharton. "Don't rag till we've downed Jeffreys. That's the bizney on hand. Unity, my infants, unity!"

The Removites waited for Wingate to return. But he did not come back. Instead of Wingate, it was Loder who came on the scene. A howl greeted Gerald Loder. He was not "persona grata" there.

"Buzz off, Loder!"

"Take your face away!"

"Give him the soot!"

Loder hastily held up his hand.

"I've got a message from Mr. Jeffreys," he said.

"Oh, all right! You can deliver it!"

"Wingate's brought your message to the Head," said Loder. "Mr. Jeffreys is prepared to receive a deputation in his study, and discuss the matter without

*Eat less
Bread*

ill-feeling. He wants to end this state of affairs."

"Oh!"

"I may as well give you the tip that Mr. Jeffreys is ready to be quite reasonable if you kids don't crow," said Loder. "You can't expect him to stand any cheek. But if you send a deputation to his study, I've no doubt you'll come to an agreement, if you're respectful."

"Tell him we'll do it," said Wharton, at once.

"Right-ho!" said Loder, and he walked away.

There was a loud cheer in the Remove passage.

"Our win!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Bravo!"

There was keen enthusiasm among the rebels, Remove and Fourth alike. They had hoped for victory; but they never expected so early and complete a victory as this. Only the Bounder looked dissatisfied.

Bob Cherry clapped him on the shoulder.

"It's all right, Smithy! We've won, and that's all we wanted!"

The Bounder smiled sarcastically.

"I'm not so jolly sure of it!" he said.

"Well, Jeffreys couldn't very well say more than he's said," remarked Wharton.

"It's a win all along the line. The committee had better go as a deputation—you fellows ready?"

"Ready, O Chief!" said Squiff.

"Leave me out," said the Bounder.

"But you'd better come, as a committee-man," said Squiff.

"I'm jolly well not going, and I advise you fellows to think twice before you go," said the Bounder. "I don't trust Jeffreys!"

Harry Wharton started.

"Dash it all, Smithy, you don't mean—"

"I mean what I say. I don't trust him! I don't believe for a minute that he means to give in; but I do believe he wants to get the ringleaders in his paws, where the rest can't help them."

"My hat!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Bob Cherry incredulously. "That would be dirty treachery, only fit for a Prussian."

"Well, Jeffreys is a good bit of a Prussian. What do you think, Wharton?"

"I think you're a bit too suspicious, Smithy. The man couldn't be such a mean rotter!" said Wharton. "It's all right!"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"You'll see!" he remarked.

"You're not coming, then?"

"No fear!"

"Well, I'm going," said Wharton.

"You, too, Squiff? Bob and Toddy can come, too. Four will be enough for a deputation."

And the four juniors clambered down over the barricade without delay, and started for the Head's study. Loder was waiting for them below, and he led them away.

"Smithy, you surely can't believe that the Head would play a dirty trick, and go for them?" exclaimed Mark Linley.

"I do!" said the Bounder quietly.

"It's a trick to get hold of the ringleaders separately. We shan't see them again."

"We oughtn't to have let them go," said Nugent uneasily. "It seems too jolly thick. But—"

"I may be right, or I may be wrong," said the Bounder quietly. "If I'm right, those silly asses will get collared in Jeffreys' study. Who'll come with me and see them through, if it's a trick?"

"But—but—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 504.

"It won't do any harm, if Jeffreys means fair play," said the Bounder. "A dozen of us can scout outside his study in case—"

"Good egg!" said Johnny Bull. "I'm your man!"

"The goodness is terrific. I will come, my esteemed Smithy!"

No one quite agreed with the Bounder's view; but he had his way. Tom Brown and Delarey, Bull and Hurree Singh, Nugent and Linley, Russell and Ogilvy, Bolsover and Newland, Temple and Fry, clambered down the barred staircase, and followed the Bounder—eyed rather curiously by Shell fellows and Fifth-Formers, whom they passed in the passages. Vernon-Smith & Co. did not heed them.

They moved on quickly to the Head's study. The Bounder, at least, was convinced that they would be needed there!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Trick That Failed!

MR. JEFFREYS' eyes glittered as Loder opened the door of the study and showed in the rebel deputation.

Wharton, Bob Cherry, Peter Todd, and Sampson Field walked quietly in.

Their manner was outwardly respectful.

They were quite aware that the Head, even in the act of surrendering, desired to save his face; and they did not mind, so long as he surrendered. There was no desire on their part to crow over the defeated headmaster.

Gerald Loder closed the door after the juniors were within the study, and stood by it. There was a lurking grin on his face.

"Well, sir, we have come," said Wharton.

"Quite so! Am I to understand, Wharton, that the mutinous juniors are prepared to return to their duty—yourself included?"

"Yes, sir, if terms can be arranged."

The headmaster's lip curled.

"Terms are hardly likely to be discussed between a headmaster and a mob of insubordinate juniors!" he said, with a sneer.

"I understood that you wished a deputation to come here to discuss terms, sir," said Harry very quietly.

"I have no time, and no inclination, to bandy words with you," said Mr. Jeffreys. "You, Wharton, are under sentence of expulsion from the school, as is Cherry. You will both be taken directly to the station, and put on the train for your homes. The other two will be confined in the punishment-room for the present. I trust that these measures will be a warning to the rest!"

Wharton's eyes blazed.

"Then Smithy was right—this is a trick!" he exclaimed.

"Seize them!" commanded Jeffreys.

He did not attempt to justify his trickery. That would have been difficult. The ringleaders of the rebellion were in his hands, and he did not intend to let them escape.

"Come on!" shouted Wharton.

The four juniors made a rush for the door. Loder had his back to it. From behind a screen in the corner of the room Carne and Walker made a sudden dash, and Mr. Schwartz stepped quickly from his place of concealment behind the window-curtains. Too late the juniors realised that they had walked into a trap!

They grasped Loder to drag him aside; but Carne and Walker and the Form-master were upon them.

Three big seniors and a Form-master were too much for the four juniors,

doughty as they were. Their blood was up, and they resisted fiercely, hitting with all their force, but they were dragged back and secured. Breathless and panting, they still struggled in the grasp of their captors, but they struggled in vain.

Mr. Jeffreys took a cane from his desk, with a cruel glitter in his narrow eyes.

"Your punishment will now be administered," he said icily. "You first, Wharton! Hold out your hand!"

"You rotter!" panted Wharton.

Lash! The cane came down across Wharton's shoulders as he struggled in Loder's powerful grasp.

"Rescue!" roared Bob Cherry, in the faint hope that his voice might reach to the Remove quarters.

The door was thrown open.

"Come on!" shouted the Bounder.

Vernon-Smith rushed into the study with the staunch dozen at his heels.

Never had Harry Wharton been so glad to see the Bounder.

"Smithy!" he panted. "Back up, you fellows!"

"Give 'em socks!" roared Johnny Bull.

Loder & Co. released their captives to defend themselves. But their defence was not much use against the rush of the Removites. Mr. Jeffreys stood transfixed with rage.

His scheme to seize the ringleaders of the revolt had been treacherous, but it had been cunning. Only the Bounder had suspected his duplicity; and but for the Bounder's suspicions the scheme would have succeeded perfectly. Wharton and Bob Cherry would have been packed off home, Squiff and Peter Todd imprisoned in the punishment-room. That heavy blow might very well have broken down the resistance of the rebels. But the Bounder had frustrated the new Head's knavish tricks.

Loder and Carne, Walker and Mr. Schwartz, were bowled over like nine-pins, and the juniors bumped them and rolled them till they roared. Mr. Jeffreys dashed into the fray, lashing out with his cane; and Harry Wharton met him with a drive from the shoulder that sent him reeling. Three or four juniors seized him as he reeled, and he came down with a crash.

Bob Cherry tore the inkpot from his desk and emptied it over his head. Vernon-Smith added the ashpan from the grate.

The Head, the Form-master, and the three prefects rolled on the floor at the mercy of the swarming juniors, and they were roughly handled before Wharton gave the signal for retreat.

Then the juniors crowded out of the study, and marched away to their own quarters with their rescued leaders.

Mr. Jeffreys sat up, gouging ink and ashes from his face, and blinked round the disordered study.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Ow! Oh! Ah!"

"Groogh!" came from Mr. Schwartz.

"Oh, dear! Really, Mr. Jeffreys—"

"Oh!"

"Loder—Carne—Walker! Go after them! Pursue them! I—I—"

Loder & Co. went. But they did not go after the rebels. They had had quite enough of them. Mr. Schwartz followed them, grunting and gasping. The Head was left alone, gritting his teeth with helpless rage. His trick had failed, and it was not likely to succeed a second time. He had been defeated. What was to be done now? And the tyrant of Greyfriars, in helpless fury, had to confess that he did not see what was to be done! It was a defeat all along the line!

Harry Wharton & Co. were secure in

the Remove passage again. There was a buzz of indignant wrath when the rebel juniors learned of what had happened in the Head's study.

"The rotter!"

"The sneak!"

"The Prussian!"

"Lucky the Bounder spotted the little game," said Wharton. "Jeffreys won't trick us like that again!"

"No fear!"

"The nofearfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh emphatically.

"But if we cannot trust the word of the esteemed and dishonourable Jeffreys, my worthy chums, how can we make peace with him at all?"

"Phew! That's a poer!" said Bob Cherry. "We can't trust him, that's a cert. And you can't make peace with a rotter you can't trust!"

"The barring-out goes on!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "And we don't give in till Jeffreys clears out of Greyfriars! That's the only way! That's the chief item in the terms of peace—

that Jeffreys goes! Until then, the barring-out goes on!"

"Hurrah!"

The Greyfriars rebels cheered that decision. It was passed unanimously. But how that amazing state of affairs was to end was a question to which none of the merry rebels could find an answer.

(Don't miss "VICTORY!"—next Monday's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co., by Frank Richards.)

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 40.—MARJORIE HAZELDENE.

WHEN the Greyfriars Gallery was started, which is getting on for a year ago—the articles did not appear quite every week at first—no one foresaw the length to which it would run. The intention at the outset was to give perhaps a couple of dozen or so of the leading figures in the stories. But the series caught on at once, and it soon became evident that our readers generally were keenly interested in others besides the chief characters. Some of them have favourites who are not in the very front rank; and all seem to welcome articles dealing with minor characters.

And, indeed, there is enough of interest in these. All are drawn with the sure hand of a man who knows human nature; and if some come into the picture but seldom, they are themselves when they do come in. The stories could go on without Mr. Prout or Gosling, Mr. Capper or Gwynne, P.-c. Tozer or Hoskins, say; but all of these have their places and their appeal to readers.

The stories could go on without the Cliff House girls; but they would lose some of their charm if gentle Marjorie Hazeldene, bright, outspoken Clara Trevlyn, and high-spirited Phyllis Howell dropped out of them. Miss Wilhelmina, Teutonic and Bunterish, has disappeared, and so has a Miss Alice—surname unknown—who figured in the earlier stories. But we cannot spare Marjorie, Clara, and Phyllis!

Some of our girl readers say they don't like Marjorie. She is too gentle and self-sacrificing—not up-to-date enough—hasn't sufficient go in her—those are some of the complaints.

There is not much in them. To most of us, one thinks, there is something essentially lovable in Marjorie Hazeldene, with her bright, girlish face, her soft brown hair and brown eyes; Marjorie of the loyal heart, without a trace of snobbishness in her, and as nearly without a trace of selfishness as can be expected in imperfect human nature. Who can fail to admire her staunch affection for her wayward, weak brother, who might have been utterly worthless ere now but for her—and for those who have been his friends mainly for her sake—her readiness to give up her pocket-money or her pleasures for him, her very real courage at times of crisis?

Spirit enough there! More than once she has faced the Head of Greyfriars or the stern Mr. Quelch because, though she was ready to sacrifice herself for Hazel, she would not suffer others to be sacrificed. A big ordeal, this, for a girl of more than common sensitiveness! Kindness from the Head and the Remove Form-master has never failed her, it is true. How could it? But she could not count on their receiving her in the way they did. They might have been angry; and that would have been far more dreadful to gentle Marjorie than to Miss Clara, though one doubts whether there is as much real courage in Clara Trevlyn—perhaps not even in Phyllis Howell—as in Marjorie!

Cliff House is by no means to be compared with Greyfriars in point of antiquity. Readers of the very earliest stories may remember its opening. They will certainly remember its temporary desertion on account of fears as to the security of the foundations, and how the girls came to Greyfriars for a white—and, it must be confessed, behaved in



rather an arbitrary manner. The Remove dormitory was given up to them, and the Removites turned in with the Upper Fourth. And notices were put up along the passages—"No boys allowed this way!" So far was this carried that the juniors found on the first morning that they could not get downstairs at all without infringing the law! There were three ways down; but it appeared that no boys were allowed to use any of them!

Marjorie presented a bouquet to Mr. Quelch, in whose Form the girls were placed. He was surprised; but she explained that Miss Primrose found such little attentions gratifying, and Mr. Quelch thanked her quite nicely. He did not find it gratifying when, upon smelling the flowers, he began at once to sneeze. But it was Wun Lung who had added the pepper; that sort of thing is not in Marjorie's line.

Then there was the girls' meeting in the box-room—no boys admitted, of course! But Bulstrode, Skinner, Stott, and Snoop, burning with curiosity, hid themselves in a big packing-case that they might hear what was said. And the girls screwed that packing-case up, and Wun Lung poured ink in through the holes made for breathing.

Do you remember the cricket-match when Cliff House beat the Remove—on their form, as Marjorie mistakenly believed? Miss Clara wanted to bowl at both ends. She was the best bowler, and she did not see why she should not. But Marjorie did. Marjorie told her it would be off-side if she did!

Memories crowd in upon one—memories with a fragrance of their own that belongs to Marjorie alone. Memories of a friendly little hand stretched out to fellows down on their luck—fellows so different in type as Mark Linley and Vernon-Smith, besides Dick Penfold and others. Penfold may be the son of the village cobbler, and Dick Trumper the son of an old tarry-breeched fisherman; but Marjorie can count them at their true worth, and number them among her friends, along with the aristocratic Mauly, and brainy Peter Todd, and candid, sturdy Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh,

with the pride of an old warrior race in him, and graceful Frank Nugent, and the all too obliging Alonzo.

Alonzo saved Marjorie's life once, you know. But, of course, Harry Wharton stands first, and Bob Cherry next, with his loyal, almost doglike devotion. "Marjorie's nice to everyone," said Bob once. "She's nice even to me, though I never know how to talk to her, because she's heaps cleverer than I am."

But Marjorie knows how to snub—gently, maybe, but unmistakably—pushing bounders like the Highcliffe nuts and absurd swankers like the egregious fat Bunter. Perhaps Bunter will never quite get over his delusion that Marjorie is "gone on him." But she knows better.

More memories crowd—Marjorie breaking bounds to get materials for a dormitory feed, and being frightened by a tramp, and rescued by Harry Wharton, who had himself gone out by night because his "ward," Toddles, was ill, and calling for him—Marjorie made a stumbling-block for the feet of such old chums as Harry and Bob through the craft of the Hun Rattenstein—quarrels in the Remove through Marjorie's name being bandied about unpleasantly by the cads—picnics up-river and in the woods—teas in Study No. 1—a sea-trip and a camp in the caves through the schooner getting cast away—holiday times—Marjorie playing the ministering angel to Peter Todd after the Highcliffe nuts had treated him so badly—Marjorie healing feuds—these and much more—and through all Marjorie doing her great-hearted best for her brother Peter, who is not worth it, but—let us hope—may be so some day!

NOTICES.

LEAGUES, Etc.

H. Beckman, 10, Old Montague Street, Brick Lane, E. 1, wants Colonial members for Colonial stamp club. Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

Jas. Chisholm, 15, Marmion Street, Maryhill, Glasgow, is forming a league. Glad to hear from anyone interested. Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

By R. Morgan, 19, Coventry Road, Nun-eaton.—First 220 numbers of "Gem" and MAGNET—double price offered. First 14 numbers of "Penny Popular." First 37 numbers of "Nelson Lee Library."

By Alfred Goundry, 28, Tennyson Terrace, Crook, Co. Durham.—MAGNET, numbers 300-350.

By Harold Makin, 12, Whitby Street, Tuebrook, Liverpool.—Good price offered for back numbers of MAGNET.

By W. J. H. Fayers, 54, Prince Edward's Road, Gibraltar.—MAGNET Christmas Number, 1915, including supplement.

By B. Allott, The Green, Ossett, Yorks.—MAGNET and "Gem," 250-300, and Christmas Numbers, 1910 to 1914.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 504.

Extracts from "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" and "TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY."

RACKE'S RUSE!

By H. MANNERS.

I.

BAGGY TRIMBLE came into our study with a grub-hunting grin upon his face.

Tom had been putting in some extra work upon the "Weekly," and was wiring into a belated tea like a Trojan.

Monty Lowther was sitting near the fire, and chuckling spasmodically over his latest contribution to the comic column. If no one else enjoys that column, Monty does. I won't say no one else does, but my own private opinion is (suppressed!—T.M.).

As for myself, I believe I was putting fresh plates in my camera, but I couldn't be sure, and it really doesn't matter. You may hardly credit it—I couldn't myself at first—but most of the idiots here take no more interest in photography than an old woman does in football!

Anyway, you can see that Baggy's company was not wanted.

"I'll have a cream bun, if you don't mind," said Baggy, eyeing his favourite delicacy hungrily.

"Take one, then, and get out!" growled Tom.

Baggy took two, and sat down.

"I could put you chaps up to something if I liked," he said mysteriously.

"Get out!" we roared.

Baggy assumed a lofty air.

"Oh, well," he said, "if you want to be diddled and done by a measly war-profitteer like Racke—"

"Racke? What's Racke up to now?" said Tom quickly. "Go easy with those cream buns, you fat rotter!"

"You know Lathom's going away for a few days—"

"Well?"

"And a chap called Chicken-pox or Mumps or something or other is coming to take his place—"

"Feaver is the joker's name."

"Well, as it happens," said Baggy, starting on the bread-and-butter, "this Measles-Feaver, I mean—is a relation of Racke's. In the Form-room this afternoon Railton asked Racke if he would meet his relative at the station, but the rotter said he had another appointment. From what I gather, he isn't very proud of his relation to Mr. Feaver, who is a bit of a poverty-stricken bounder. He's in about the same position as the Rackes were before the war, you know. He, he, he! And then old Railton asked you to go, Merry—"

"Yes; I'm to meet him at the station at Friardale to-morrow afternoon," said Tom, with a nod. "But I don't see—"

Trimble lowered his voice.

"Mr. Feaver will have to change at Wayland," he said, "and Racke is going over to meet him there. His wheeze is to keep him there for the afternoon—show him round the town, and all that—and Crooke, got up to resemble him a little, will catch the Friardale train from Wayland. You will take him for Mr. Feaver, and bring him along here."

"The awful spoofers!"

"You see, his game is to get into your study—he will probably ask for a little refreshment after his 'long' journey—and incidentally wreck the study—you know, shove the table over as if by accident, or sit on Manners' camera—"

"Will he, by gum?" I said grimly.

"Or use Lowther's comic contribution to light his pipe with—"

"We'll see about that!" said Monty darkly.

"But how did you come to know all this?" interrupted Tom. "They haven't taken you into their confidence, I suppose?"

"Well, I—er—you see, I noticed Racke and Crooke go into Racke's study, and I naturally supposed they were going to arrange a picnic. Of course, it had nothing to do with me, so I walked straight past the study."

"Eh?"

"That is to say," corrected Baggy Trimble, "I was just going past the study when I chanced to see a pin lying on the floor outside the door. You have heard that it is lucky to pick up a pin, and I am a firm believer in that superstition. I bent down to pick it up, and as my ear was just opposite the keyhole I happened to hear—"

"Oh!"

"But if I were you chaps," said Baggy eagerly, "I'd get Mr. Feaver—Crooke, you know—into this study, and give him it hot! The rotter caught me outside the study, and—and thought that I had been playing eavesdropper, and kicked me along the passage."

"Serves you jolly well right!" I said emphatically. "We won't hang, draw, and quarter you this time, Trimble, as you have probably saved our bacon, but you may rest assured that we shall make things hot for Crooke! Now scat!"

And Baggy chuckled as he left the study.

Later on, when we chanced to see Racke and Crooke whispering together, we easily guessed the cause of their amusement—especially when they dried up suddenly at our approach.

The next day, a half-holiday, we were not surprised to see the precious pair—Crooke carrying a bag—make off together in the direction of Wayland. We wondered what Crooke would look like in his new role!

II.

MR. FEAVER cut a very queer figure by the side of Tom as they entered the gates.

We noticed that he was about the size of Crooke. He wore very baggy trousers, a rusty black frock-coat, a bashed-in kind of bowler hat, and the kind of spectacles that seem to glimmer half a mile away. As he drew nearer we saw that his face was just about a fair match for his clobber.

"Crooke's made a good job of it!" I murmured. "He must have been an hour before the glass."

"More likely to have had an experienced hand at the job," said Monty, who knows a good deal about theatricals. "He couldn't have arranged such an effective make-up himself. Let's toddle him into the study."

We ran down the steps to meet the pair.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Feaver, sir!" said Monty, raising his cap and bowing low. "I hope, sir, you find the weather favourable, sir?"

"Very favourable, I thank you, my boy," said Mr. Feaver, in mild, rather high-pitched tones.

Monty resented the "my boy," and mentally resolved to make Crooke suffer for his cheek.

I grinned, and Monty turned to Tom.

"I trust, Thomas, you have behaved politely to Mr. Feaver?"

"I have, Montague," replied Tom solemnly. Monty heaved a sigh.

"That, Thomas, takes a load off my mind. Does it not off yours, Henry?"

"Montague, it does," I said, with profound gravity.

Monty winked at us, and said:

"Mr. Feaver, sir, I trust you will accompany us, sir, to our study, where a little tea is prepared, sir?"

"Certainly, I have no objection," assented Mr. Feaver. "I am—ahem!—a trifle hungry after the train journey."

"I thought you would be, sir," said Monty, with a wink at the skies. "Follow us, sir. Henry, lead the way!"

Tea was ready laid in the study. Tom and I sat down, whilst Monty acted as host.

"Pray take a seat, sir!" said Monty, drawing a chair up to the table.

To be brief, Mr. Feaver was made to sit down. Monty pulled the chair away. Mr. Feaver flopped upon the floor.

"Ow! Oh!"

"Sorry, sir—very sorry, sir!" said Monty, as he helped him up, with a smile.

"You—you are very careless!" gasped Mr. Feaver, making sure of the seat as he sat down this time.

"Have some tea, sir?" said Monty cheerfully, swamping the hot beverage over Mr. Feaver's trousers.

"Yoop! Oh!"

Mr. Feaver jumped on to his feet, and went red in the face. We expected him to fly at us, or smash up the crockery and things, but he kept a wonderful check on his temper.

He called Monty a "very careless little boy," and seemingly took it as an accident.

"Pass a vanilla, Montague!" said Tom, when we had been seated a few minutes.

"Certainly! Here you are, Thomas!"

Whether Monty was a very erratic thrower, or whether the thing was purposely done, I leave you to guess. But the fact remains that the squashy vanilla landed in Mr. Feaver's optic instead of Tom's plate.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We couldn't stifle our laughter this time.

Anyway, after this Crooke could no longer think that we hadn't tumbled to his identity, so what did it matter?

"Pile in!" chirruped Monty.

Mr. Feaver had opened his mouth to speak, and I flung a jam-tart into it.

We were fairly excited now. Monty plastered him up with jam, and Tom poured a shovelful of soot over his head.

"Sling him out of the window!" I cried. "You're fairly bowled out, Crooke!"

We dragged our unrecognisable guest across the room. Monty flung up the sash.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Look—look here, you chaps!"

With startled eyes we looked out of the window.

Two figures were crossing the Close. One was Racke, and the other was Crooke!

We had been done—absolutely done brown! It was the real Mr. Feaver we had been ragging all along!

Baggy Trimble was in the deep, dark plot. Racke and Crooke had bribed him—with grub—to tell us that rigmarole of lies about listening at their study door.

Racke and Crooke, of course, had gone no nearer to Wayland than the Green Man.

Racke detested his poor relation, who had given the Racke family his candid opinion on making piles of spondulicks out of the war; and Racke never did love us, so the scheme cut both ways.

Mr. Feaver had been made to suffer at our hands, and now it remained for us to suffer at Mr. Feaver's hands!

Mr. Feaver, however, proved a very decent sort. That probably accounted for a great deal of Racke's dislike of him.

When we apologised humbly and sincerely to him, and told him of the unfortunate mistake—being careful to mention no names, of course—the good little chap actually let us off scot-free!

During his stay with us we found him to be one of the best sorts possible. The only chap who didn't really like him was his lofty relative Racke, who had a thick ear and a discoloured eye for some time thereafter.

We were sorry when the time came for Mr. Feaver to depart. On his last day with us the Shell had a whip-round, and with the sum collected we bought him quite a decent gold watch. But we had no end of trouble in getting him to take it. He did at last because we insisted. Decent little chap, Feaver!

THE END.

BUNTER THE CRAFTY!

By FRANK NUGENT.

"I SAY, you giddy ox, if you've been japing—"

"Rats! I tell you I saw it drop out of Bunter's letter—a fiver as sure as I'm alive! Might be bad, of course—you can't be too sure when you are dealing with the De Bunters—but a fiver of sorts it was!"

"Won't the Owl just be delighted at the chance of paying off some of his debts!" Bob Cherry gurgled. "They must have weighed on his conscience—I don't think!"

Cherry and Todd made a bee-line for No. 7. William George Bunter, Esq., was at home, but didn't seem too pleased to see his visitors.

"Really, you chaps—" he began.

"Pay me that thou owest!" said Bob solemnly, pointing at him.

"Oh, really, Cherry, I was just coming round to ask you for a trifling loan! Yaroooh!"

Bob gripped his arm in a mighty grip, and pointed to the table, on which lay a nice, crisp fiver.

"Hallo!" he said. "What have we here?"

Bunter's attempt to look innocent was a sad failure.

"Oh, yes; I remember now! Stop pinching me, Cherry, you beast! That's only just come, and I was so busy I forgot all about it!"

He blinked at them over the top of his spectacles.

Unless you know Bunter you really wouldn't believe what whackers he tells. Why, grub and cash are the two most important things in life to him. And as for forgetting he was in funds—that was about as likely as the Kaiser forgetting a certain contemptible little army!

"Bunter," said Todd gravely, "you owe the assembled company two quid. Shell out, my hearty!"

"But really, you chaps," protested the porpoise, "I promised my uncle—I mean my father—that I would put it all in the War Loan. It's all got to go into that."

But he had to shell out. He was quite surprisingly resigned to it, too. He pointed out that he had no change, but that he was going into Courtfield that afternoon, and would get change there. His creditors kindly offered to accompany him. It was the only safe way.

The procession to Courtfield that afternoon looked rather like bobbies escorting a dangerous character to gaol. The prisoner—Bunter, of course—walked in the middle, Todd in front, and Cherry and Wharton brought up the rear.

Some little way out the Owl suggested a short cut.

"That footpath," he said, "cuts off at least two miles—I mean, it ought to cut off a lot; at least, when I went along before it seemed much shorter this way."

"Bunter, you rotter!" said Todd. "I have been along here before, and it didn't take me to Courtfield. Far from it! It leads to Greyfriars!"

"Oh, really, Toddy, you don't know everything! You have to leave it and turn to the right through the wood, and that brings you nearly to the high-road. You have to climb a hedge, though."

"Great Scott!" said Bob Cherry. "I suppose this is where we come in. How are you going to get over that, porpoise?"

"Expects us to lift him, I suppose!" growled Todd. "We ought to have brought a steam crane, though."

However, they thought it rather decent of Bunter to give them the tip. They had expected the Owl to put off stumping up as long as possible. But perhaps he only wanted to save his own legs.

The path led through the woods, and it seemed to go on a precious long way before it came to the turning-off place.

Todd was getting jolly doubtful about that short cut, and he told Bunter so.

"Look here, you porpoise," he began; "if we end up at Greyfriars instead of Courtfield, you'll get bumped! Our time's too valuable to be wasted like this!"

"Oh, really, Toddy—"

"Cut it short! How far on is the turning?"

"It's just through here," Bunter mumbled—"through the undergrowth. I'll show you the way."

Then, before they could stop him, he bolted. He crashed through the shrubs like

a blessed tank. But the others were after him like a flash.

Suddenly he dodged to the right, and then to the left again. The other three dashed across to cut him off. Then, before you could say "Jack Robinson," the ground below seemed to open, and they fell, tumbling over one another into a pit!

They were quite unhurt, for their fall was broken by the dried leaves which covered the bottom. Besides, the pit was not more than twelve feet deep. The opening at the top was a dozen feet in width, and screened by bushes that grew all round it. The sides were sandy, and sloped outwards at an angle of something like sixty degrees.

It seemed quite impossible to get out. The three had several shots at it, but each time they slid down to the bottom again.

They did try standing on each other's shoulders, but without coming anywhere near the top. The slope of the sides spoiled any chance of getting out that way.

It was no good—at least, without wings or a rope!

From above there came a squeak of glee, and there was the Owl, jumping about like a Jack-in-the-box.

"He, he, he!" he sniggered. "So you want my fiver, do you?"

Then it dawned on his victims that Bunter must have known all about that pit all along—in fact, the whole thing was a put-up job!

"You measly rotters!" the Owl continued. "Come up and get the cash if you can!" He blinked down vindictively. "He, he, he! You think yourselves mighty clever, don't you? Fancy walking right into it like that! A baby-in-arms would have had more sense!"

His victims glowered at him speechlessly. "Look here," continued the Owl, "if you'll promise to leave me and my fiver alone, I'll go and get a rope now. But just as you like. It doesn't matter to me if you stay there all night, you know."

Pride goes, they say, before a fall. As Bunter got excited he drew too near the treacherous slope. He slipped, and landed with a tremendous thud at the company's feet. It was dropping in to call with a vengeance!

They bumped him, of course; but they only bumped him half-heartedly. They were too jolly concerned about their safety to give him all he deserved.

For now their only means of communication with the outer world had been cut off. It seemed more than likely that all four would have to spend the night there.

Todd suggested that everyone should shout. It was not the slightest good, of course. They were far off from the main road.

At the thought of the pangs of hunger he would have to endure, and of the fiver that was wasting its sweetness in his pocket, Billy Bunter howled. Like Rachel, he lifted up his voice and wept. Todd couldn't stand that. He told the Owl what he thought of him. That did no good. Then he sat on his head, and that did no good either. Todd, you see, is very light and thin. If it had been the other way round, and Bunter had sat on Todd, it would have put the kybosh on him completely.

They started shouting again. The weird row, mingled as it was with Bunter's blubbering, was enough to give that wood the reputation of being haunted.

At last, to their intense relief, an ugly head peered over the side of the pit.

It was a tramp, probably the trampiest tramp on record. He wore a dirty billycock hat, tilted over one eye, boots gaping at the toes, and clothes that were filthy and ragged beyond words.

"Hallo!" he observed. "Nice little picnic, ain't it? Any room for a little 'un?"

They yelled to him to get a rope. He seemed doubtful. Then he started a chat about a wife and chillun and his bein' a pore workin' man. It would be robbing his family, he said, to help them out under a quid!

After a great deal of chaffering the bargain was struck. Anything was better than spending the night in that pit. Besides, the others remembered that Bunter was the only one who had any money. So Bunter would have to pay.

The tramp went off to get his rope, and the three waited anxiously.

After a long time they heard a husky shout. Then the rope dropped, and caught Bunter on the ear.

Toddy was hauled up first. He is the lightest. He was rather bruised in the process, for the tramp didn't seem too strong, and hauled clumsily. He dropped Toddy down to the bottom again once or twice.

It was all right for Wharton and Cherry, for Todd took the job off the man's hands when once he was up. But when it came to Bunter's turn to be hauled up—he had been left till last so that everyone could bear a hand with him—the tramp grew suspicious.

"'Ere, what ababt that there quid?" he asked gruffly.

Todd pointed down the pit. "It's there," he said. "That mass of alleged humanity you see below has it. You can get him and the quid out yourself. He let us into this hole, and we aren't going to bother any more about him."

The tramp made a threatening movement in Toddy's direction, and Toddy hit the tramp on the nose. The "pore workin' man" fell on the grass and howled.

It was not gratitude, but they really had not much to be grateful for. The man had got them out, it was true, but he had refused to help except at an extortionate price.

The tramp lay on the grass, and the three strolled off.

They didn't really mean to desert Bunter, but they thought a fright would do him no harm.

They returned to a transformation scene. Bunter stood on the edge of the sand-pit, blinking down at the tramp, who was now at the bottom. The Owl was flushed and triumphant.

The tramp was explaining in picturesque and highly improper language exactly what he thought of Bunter.

They hauled the man out; they could scarcely leave him there. Bunter, no doubt, would have done so; but then, he's a regular Prussian when his grub supply is threatened.

The tramp departed in peace, though without his quid. The three had practically no money on them, and Billy Bunter refused to fork out. In any case, he had only the fiver, and the tramp couldn't change it.

They never really knew how Bunter had turned the tables on the tramp. He gave his account of it, but I don't think it was altogether reliable.

He said that the tramp had hauled him up, and had started maltreating him straight away in revenge for Todd's blow. He had also declared his intention of confiscating the fiver, which Bunter had been so unwise as to show him.

That was all right, so far. But he went on to describe how he had fought a most terrific battle of fifteen rounds—there or thereabouts—and had knocked out the man in the last with a drive on the point of the jaw. He had then thrown him down the pit again.

As a matter of fact, the Owl had probably shoved him down when his back was turned.

But the more the three thought about it the more the Owl seemed to them to have scored all along the line. Unaided, he had got himself out of an awkward position, and he had kept his fiver.

Of course, he had not dug the pit himself. He must have hit upon it by accident. But he had been crafty enough to make use of it.

But the most wonderful thing of all is yet to be related.

When they reminded Bunter of his debt he actually forked out the two quid without grumbling or trying to get out of it.

Peter Todd has not recovered from the shock of surprise yet. I fancy, after his and their experiences, the Owl thought that just paying up might be best after all!

THE END.

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT!

If you are unable to obtain this publication regularly, please tell any news-vendor to get it from

Messageries HACHETTE et Cie.,
111, Rue Reaumur,
PARIS.

GREYFRIARS AT THE FRONT!

VII.—BOCHE!

By DICK RAKE.

THE Boche was captured. He turned his bulging eyes upon the two Tommies who had detained him at the moment that he was preparing to make a splendid dash for home to tell his people the news of the "great victory."

And the most marvellous thing about it was that his captors were Privates Wun Lung and Fisher T. Fish.

How they managed it is another story. The fact remained that they had done so.

"I guess I don't know what to do with you," Fisher T. Fish drawled.

"Chopee offee nosee!" clicked Wun Lung. Fish frowned.

"I guess your freedom's worth something to you, kamerad?" he suggested, his usual "business" instincts coming to the fore.

"Let me runee thlough with bayonet!" Wun Lung purred.

The Boche shivered.

"How much are you willing to pay if I let you go free?"

"Lot of money—yes!" murmured the Boche.

Wun Lung fingered his rifle.

"Quiet, you heathen!" hissed Fish. "I guess it's up to us to teach these Huns what kultur is. I kinder calc'late we can show them what mercy is if they know what's what."

"Chopee offee almee!"

"I guess that fifty dollars——" suggested Fish.

He paused as Wun Lung started sharpening his bayonet on his boot.

The Hun was shivering badly—too badly for a business deal.

"Look hyet!" howled Fish desperately.

"Stop that, Wun Lung!"

"Chopee offee headdee!" purred Wun Lung.

"Savee fulthel touble!"

"I guess you won't do anything of the sort!"

Wun Lung continued to strop his bayonet lovingly. Fish saw that things were coming to a desperate pass.

"Say," he muttered, "you'd better strike a bargain quick! I guess I'll let you go for forty dollars. You ain't much use to anyone," he added for the comfort of his conscience.

"No lettee goee," muttered Wun Lung.

"Bayonet nearly leady!"

"Rats!"

"Chopee uepee plenty quick!"

The Hun shivered again. Fish saw that his companion was inexorable.

"I—I guess we can't let you go—for money," he said. "But I'll tell you what I will do. Here's a real, gilt-edged, double-barrelled stunt. I'll insure your life against death or injury, and then we'll give you a sporting chance—see?"

The Boche goggled at Fish.

"You pay me twenty dollars premium," Fish pursued smoothly. "Then we give you a run for your money, and if Wun Lung gets you with the bayonet, I guess this firm sends your nearest relatives one hundred dollars by the next mail."

Wun Lung made a movement forward. Fish sprang on to him in the nick of time. He was thinking of his client's life. The premium had not yet been paid.

The result was that the Hun saw his chance and took it. But, fortunately, his liberty was only short. Wharton encountered him within fifty yards, and the Hun was thankful to have escaped from such preservers!

—:o:—

VIII.—MAULEVERER SAVES THE TRENCH!

By PETER TODD.

EVEN as gunner in the Machine Gun Corps, Private Lord Mauleverer was tired.

He carried out his duties satisfactorily on most occasions, because they made him wake up and get on with it.

But the hard work tired him immensely for all that. And whenever he had the chance he stretched himself in the trench and dropped off to sleep—just to get up his strength again, as he said.

He had been sleeping for the whole afternoon when the Huns carried out a surprise raid. Mauleverer's station was behind the concealed machine-gun at the end of the trench. His companion was keeping watch at the moment that the raid was made.

And that was how it happened. The Huns were very strong, you see—about ten to one—and for the moment they made things impossible.

The trench had to be abandoned.

Mauleverer's companion at the machine-gun had the bad luck to be knocked out by a bullet, and the remainder of the fellows were pretty badly shaken by a shell which exploded near. Only Mauleverer, who was lying full length, escaped injury. But he was too sound asleep, and when the trench was deserted he was left there with the Huns.

Naturally enough, the Boches did not trouble about him. They did not think that he was very dangerous. They filled the trench, and then commenced preparing their meal of German sausage and sauerkraut.

It was the smell of this that woke Mauly. But he did not sit up suddenly. He murmured:

"Go away, you fellows! I'm tired!"

Fortunately, the Huns did not hear him. And opening his eyes cautiously, Mauly saw that his friends were gone, and he was in the very unsavoury company of the Boches.

"Begad!" he murmured.

What to do how was a riddle which baffled solution for the moment. They were about thirty to one, and that was long odds. To show that he was alive would mean that the exhibition would certainly be only temporary.

Mauly groaned.

He realised what his position would be, also, if the trench were recaptured by our troops. He would be charged with being asleep at his post of duty. That thought, if nothing else, was rather alarming.

It was just then that another event happened. Mauly had decided that the only thing was to take another nap, when something thudded on the ground beside him.

It was a smoking hand-grenade!

"Spolt my beastly sleep!" Mauly muttered, realising in a second what would happen when the fuse went off.

Quick as thought he leant forward and caught the grenade. Then, with a deft movement, he threw it amongst the Huns.

It went off with a crash and a cloud of smoke. And, in the ensuing pandemonium, Mauly jumped to his feet, and returned to his station at the concealed machine-gun.

The only thing to do was to clear the trench of the Huns if his sleep was not to be interrupted again. He touched the handle.

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!

The gun spat forth its hail of lead and death. The Huns sprang to their feet, and as many as could leapt over the parapet and returned to their own quarters.

Mauleverer sighed thankfully.

"It's a lot of trouble to go to for a nap!" he muttered. "But I suppose it's got to be done!"

—:o:—

THE TEAM THAT DIDN'T PLAY;

Or, How We Lost the Match.

By ROBERT OGILVY.

Eleven Greyfriars cricketers, famous fighting-men—

Smithy played the "giddy ox," and then there were ten!

Ten right good cricketers, qualified to shine—Singh went back to Bhanipur, and then there were nine!

Nine splendid cricketers, stout 'gainst any fate—

Toddy took to "grinding" law, and then there were eight!

Eight right staunch cricketers—left out of eleven—

Bulstrode spoke Squiff's name in full, and then there were seven!

Seven puzzled cricketers, getting in a fix—Linley swotted much too hard, and then there were six!

Six jolly cricketers, very much alive—Cherry laughed until he split, and then there were five!

Five sturdy cricketers, still good for a score—Squiff bowled, and broke a leg, and then there were four!

Four sporting cricketers, longing for their tea—

Brown ate too much toffee, and then there were three!

Three mighty cricketers, looking rather blue—Bull sailed for the Sunny South, and then there were two!

Two gloomy cricketers—'twasn't too much fun—

Wharton took up editing, and then there was one!

One lonely cricketer, looking like a Hun—Nugent went to help his chief, and so there was none!

Eleven Greyfriars cricketers—they ought to have been smacked—

The team was made up from reserves, and so the team got whacked!

The Editor's Chat.

For Next Monday :

"VICTORY!"

By Frank Richards.

No need to say whose victory! I leave the answer to that question to the intelligence of my readers, and have no doubt that it will be equal to the strain.

This is the last of a series of five ripping good yarns. And it is in some ways the best of the five, though it would be hard to beat the mingled fun and deadly seriousness of last week's story—"The Greyfriars Inquisition."

When you have got next week's number, and have read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested it, you might do something for which I shall be grateful, and which will do the old paper a good turn.

Take those five numbers—beginning with "Judge Jeffreys" and ending with "Victory!"—number them in proper order so that there can be no possible mistake, and lend them to some friend who does not read the paper. Tell him, or her—as the case may be—that these are the kind of yarns the MAGNET gives, and ask him or her whether it would not be quite a good notion if he or she—not mixed yet, but it's getting difficult—bought the paper every week, as long as he or she was satisfied with it. And, after all, no one can be expected to go on longer than that; and I really don't know that I want anyone to, either.

GOOD NEWS!

The special Double Numbers of former years have been much missed during this year of war. It has been absolutely necessary—both in our own interests and those of our readers—to practise economy in the use of paper; but some of my loyal supporters have seemed unable to comprehend this, and have sent in urgent demands for double numbers at Easter, in the summer, and so on.

The thing could not be done. But Christmas is a time like no other, and special Christmas numbers were published long before anyone thought of bringing out special issues at any other time in the year. Also, virtue is its own reward. And our practice of the virtue of economy has had its part in enabling me to make the announcement with which I am now going to gladden the hearts of my readers. There will be

SPECIAL BUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBERS

of both my papers, not to mention more particularly the "Boys' Friend," which I do not control, but which I regard with friendly eyes as an allied paper.

The dates will be announced later. The "Gem" will be first in the field, I may say. But that is usual.

Your Editor