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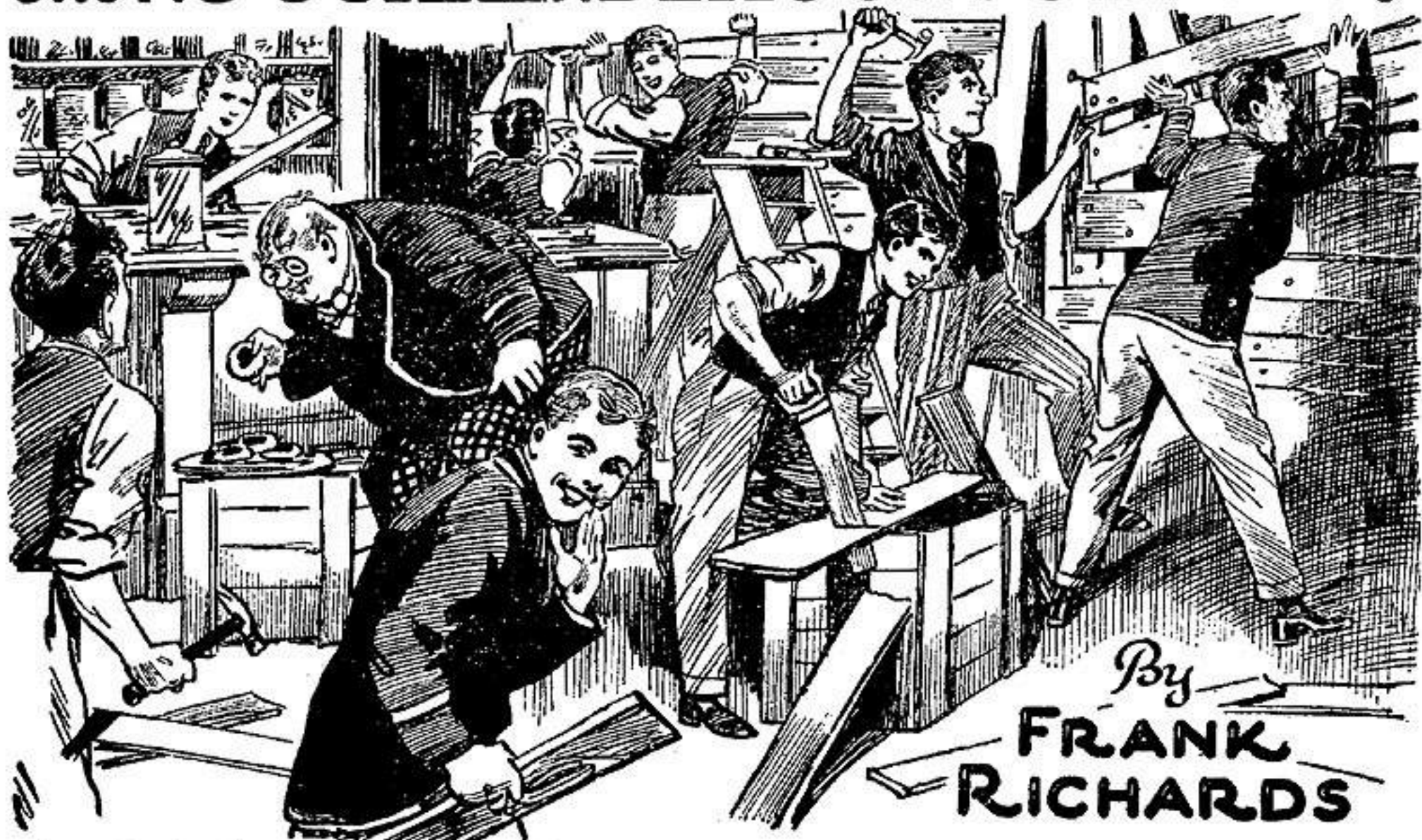
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NOT NICE *for the* **NEW HEAD!**

BARRICADING THEMSELVES IN THE SCHOOL TUCKSHOP, THE STAY-IN STRIKERS OF GREYFRIARS DETERMINE TO HOLD THE FORT AT ALL COSTS!

The **NO-SURRENDER SCHOOLBOYS!**



By
**FRANK
RICHARDS**

A Breathlessly Exciting Story of HARRY WHARTON & CO., the World-Famous Chums of GREYFRIARS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Beans for Bunter!

I'M hungry. Billy Bunter made that statement for the umpteenth time.

He seemed, indeed, to be making a habit of it. Again and again he said it! And nobody seemed to care.

Other fellows were hungry as well as Bunter. Every fellow in the Remove Form-room at Greyfriars was hungry. It was a cold winter's afternoon, and the keen air gave an edge to a fellow's appetite. But there was nothing to eat! There had been no dinner! There was going to be no tea! It was not nice for anybody, but for Bunter it was awful—and growing more awful!

Billy Bunter liked meals between meals! Now he had missed a meal—and looked like missing the next—and the next after that! It was no wonder that the fat Owl of the Remove stated, with the regularity of a minute-gun, that he was hungry!

"I say, you fellows——" wailed Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton & Co., with one voice.

"I'm hungry!"

"Think we're not?" snorted Johnny Bull.

"I could eat the hind leg off a mule!" said Bob Cherry.

"The emptiness of my esteemed self is like that of a ridiculous drum!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh sadly.

Grunt, from Bunter! It was just like these selfish fellows, to be thinking about themselves—the sort of thing Bunter expected of them!

"You hungry, Mauly?" asked Frank Nugent, with a grin.

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Lord Mauleverer nodded.

"Yaas!" he assented.

"It's all Mauly's fault!" wailed Bunter. "I thought it was a jolly good idea at first, to have a stay-in strike! We get out of lessons! But getting out of work ain't everything! I want some grub!"

"Go on wanting, you fat frog!" suggested the Bounder.

"Beast!" groaned Billy Bunter. "That idiot Mauly ought to be kicked for proposing a stay-in strike! You fellows ought to be kicked for backing him up. I'd rather have whoppings from Hacker, and whoppings from Carne, than miss my dinner! And what about tea?"

"Nothing about tea!" said Harry Wharton.

"And what about supper?" howled Bunter.

"Nothing about supper, either."

"You—you—you idiot!" gasped Bunter. He gave the captain of the Remove a devastating glare through his big spectacles. "You—you dummy! You chump! You burling, blithering blockhead!"

Harry Wharton stepped on a form, placed under the window, to look out into the quadrangle. There was a gleam of wintry sunshine, and plenty of fellows were to be seen there—at a distance!

Nearer at hand, Loder and Carne and Walker, three prefects of the Sixth Form, were walking up and down, with their ashplants under their arms. They were on sentry-go, to cut off communications between the "strikers" in the Remove-room, and the rest of the school.

Plenty of fellows sympathised with the Form that had gone on strike—and would have lent a helping hand. But

Mr. Hacker, temporary headmaster of Greyfriars, had taken care of that.

The door of the Remove Form-room was locked and barricaded to keep Hacker out. The window was watched by the prefects! Mr. Hacker, having failed to reduce the strikers to obedience, seemed to be waiting for a shortage of foodstuffs to deliver them into his hands. And the most determined fellow in the rebel Form had to admit that the outlook was serious.

Billy Bunter was loudest in complaint. But Skinner and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish ran him close. Most of the fellows looked glum. The Famous Five were as determined as ever—the Bounder equally so. But only Lord Mauleverer retained his accustomed placid calm. Mauly, no doubt, was as hungry as the other fellows. But he was not the man to grouse.

"It's getting thick!" remarked Peter Todd.

"Well, we shall be getting thin, so that's all right!" said Bob Cherry, with a rueful grin.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I'm hungry!"

Herbert Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, picked up a pointer. Lord Mauleverer gently interposed.

"Let him rip, Smithy, old man!" said Mauly. "Bunter feels it more than we do!"

Harry Wharton turned back from the window. It was a half-holiday, that day, at Greyfriars, and all the Forms, except the Remove, were out.

A Fifth Form pick-up was going on, on Big Side. Some of the Sixth were at football practice. But most of the fellows were watching the Remove windows, from afar, wondering what the

next development would be, in this extraordinary state of affairs. But for the watching prefects, it would have been easy for some friend outside to throw a bundle of tuck in at the window. Now there was no chance of that.

"Look here, you men!" said Harry Wharton quietly. "It's tough—and there's no getting out of that. But we can't give in! We put up a stay-in strike for good reasons. Hacker's Head in the place of Dr. Locke, and he's got a down on us. If Quelch hadn't been away it would be different. But Mr. Quelch is away ill, and—"

"And while the cat's away, the mice will play!" said Bob.

"Hacker put Carne over us, till a new master comes. Carne's a bully and a brute! We couldn't stand him! I know this is tough, but if we give in, it means Carne again—and worse than ever! And that's not all! Hacker's sacked four men in the Form—myself, Smithy, Inky, and Skinner! He means that! Unless we hold out, those four will be turfed out of Greyfriars, the rest flogged, and handed over to Carne of the Sixth! Better go hungry for a bit."

"For a bit—yes!" said Hazeldene. "But this looks like being rather more than a bit!"

"I guess it's the bee's knee!" mumbled Fisher T. Fish. "I'll tell a man I'd rather be flogged!"

"The Form has got to stick together," said the captain of the Remove. "I know we can't live without grub. But something will turn up."

"I wish a steak-and-kidney pie would turn up!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"What did that fool Mauly suppose would happen when he suggested this fat-headed strike?" sneered Skinner. "Did he think that Hacker would send in our dinner?"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"It never occurred to you that we should get hungry?" asked Hazel.

"Yaas!"

"Well, what are we to do, then?"

"Without!"

"You silly ass!"

Lord Mauleverer smiled.

"Brace up, you men!" he said. "I thought that declarin' a stay-in strike would make Hacker see reason! Instead of that, he goes off at the deep end! Not my fault! Hacker's fault! One thing leads to another—and things have gone from bad to worse! We never wanted to set up a jolly old rebellion—only a peaceful stay-in strike; but Hacker made us! Now it's come to not only Carne of the Sixth now. Hacker's started expellin' fellows, and we've got to stand by them, and keep it up till Hacker climbs down! Brace up!"

"Can we stick here without grub?" hooted Snoop.

"Yaas."

"You fathead!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm hungry!" wailed Billy Bunter. "It's hours since dinner-time, and I haven't had my dinner! Oh lor'! I say, I'm hungry!"

"You're better off than us, old fat

man!" said Bob Cherry. "You could live on your fat for weeks, like a polar bear."

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "I say, have you fellows any toffee? Haven't you got any chocolate? Just a bit of butterscotch! Haven't you got anything you can give a chap?"

"Like some beans?" asked the Bounder.

Bunter gave an eager jump.

"Yes, rather, Smithy! I could eat anything! If you've got any beans, I could eat them raw. I say, if you've got any beans, you give them to me."

"Right-ho!" said the Bounder.

He made a stride at Bunter, grasped him by the collar, and hooked him off the form he was sitting on. With his other hand, he raised the pointer. It came down on the tightest trousers at Greyfriars, with a whack that rang through the Form-room like a pistol-shot.

"Ow!" roared Bunter.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!" Bunter roared, and struggled frantically. "You mad ass, wharrer you at? What are you up to, you idiot?"

"Giving you beans!" answered Smithy, still swiping.

Whack, whack!

Unyielding severity is Mr. Hacker's method of dealing with the stay-in strikers of the Greyfriars Remove. But it won't wash with Harry Wharton & Co.—they're all out to bring the tyrant Head to heel!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroo! Stoppit!" yelled Bunter.

"I say, you fellows, draggin' off! Whooooop!"

Whack, whack!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Had enough beans, Bunter?" grinned the Bounder.

"Ow! Wow! Yes! Beast! Leggo! Yow-ow-ow! Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter wriggled away. He had had enough beans—that kind of beans! And for a good five minutes Bunter did not mention again that he was hungry. He did not want to be given more beans!

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Last Time of Asking!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Hacker!"

"The Acid Drop!"

There was a rush of the Remove fellows to the windows of the Form-room. Mr. Hacker, the master of the Shell—temporary headmaster of Greyfriars School—had appeared in sight.

The thin, acid-featured master of the

Shell never looked very genial. Now he looked harsher and grimmer than was his wont. He spoke to the three prefects in the quadrangle, and then came towards the Remove windows. The middle window was open, and it was crammed with faces, at once, looking out.

Most of the fellows rather hoped that Mr. Hacker was going to take active measures. A scrap would have enlivened things, at least, and they were prepared to defend the Remove room against all comers. What had started as a stay-in strike had developed into a rebellion—owing to Mr. Hacker refusing to see reason, as the Removites regarded it. Now that some of the rebels had been sentenced to expulsion it was impossible to give in. Not more than two or three of the Form would have been willing to yield and leave the leaders to their fate.

Herbert Vernon-Smith gripped a Latin dictionary in his hand as Mr. Hacker came striding up.

Harry Wharton pulled his arm back.

"Chuck that, Smithy!" he said.

"I'm going to!"

"Don't be an ass! If Hacker's come here to talk sense, give him a chance! He's got something to say."

"Catch him talking sense!" sneered the Bounder. "Still, let him run on." And Smithy put the dictionary behind him.

Mr. Hacker stared up at the crowded faces in the window.

His face was dark and bitter. Horace Hacker had had no doubt that wielding the headmaster's authority in Dr. Locke's absence, he would run Greyfriars very much better than the old Head. Unyielding severity was his method—which did not seem to have been very successful so far. He was deeply and intensely annoyed by an outbreak of trouble in the school so early in the new reign. Hard severity having caused it, harder severity was going to end it—at least, Mr. Hacker thought so.

The bell had rung for the school tea—a sad sound to the fat ears of Billy Bunter! Bunter thought of the "door-steps and dishwater" in Hall with deep longing. So, in fact, did a good many other fellows in the Remove. The crowd in the quad cleared off at tea-time—but a few fellows remained, staring.

The juniors noticed that nearly all the Sixth Form prefects had come out of the House—eight or nine stalwart men of the Sixth, headed by Wingate, with their ashplants under their arms. But they remained at a little distance, and Mr. Hacker came to the window alone.

"I shall now give you one more opportunity to cease this riot before sterner measures are used!" said Mr. Hacker. "Listen to me—"

"We're listening, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

Mr. Hacker gave him a steely look.

"You need not speak, Wharton! You are an expelled boy, and you will be sent away from the school immediately you are in my hands. The same applies to Vernon-Smith, Hurree Singh, and Skinner."

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MORE TO FOLLOW!

"And you fancied he was going to talk sense, Wharton!" said the Bounder, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Too much to expect, I suppose!" said Harry.

"The too-muchfulness was terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head. "The sensefulness of the esteemed and absurd Hacker is not great."

"Silence!" hooted Mr. Hacker.

"Silence yourself!" retorted the Bounder. "Think any fellow here wants to listen to your burling?"

Hacker's face crimsoned with wrath.

"Let him get it off his chest, dear man!" murmured Lord Mauleverer. "Please continue, Mr. Hacker! We're listenin'!"

"I have given you time to reflect—" said Mr. Hacker.

"Because you couldn't handle us!" said Vernon-Smith. "Fat lot of time you'd have given us if you could have helped it."

"Will you be silent, Vernon-Smith?" roared Mr. Hacker.

"Not unless I choose!" said the Bounder. "You've tried starving us out, and you haven't got by with it. We're keeping up this strike till you talk sense—if there's any sense in your silly head."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm hungry—"

"Kick Bunter!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Carry on, Hacker!" said the Bounder.

Mr. Hacker gave him a deadly look. The Removites could guess, easily enough, that he had hoped and expected that the food shortage would induce surrender. Now, it seemed, other methods were in his mind. He went on in sharp, bitter tones:

"I lay the blame for this riot on the ringleaders, whom I have expelled, and who will be sent away from Greyfriars to-day. The rest of this Form will be pardoned if they return to their duty at once."

"It isn't long since you were going to lick the lot!" sneered the Bounder. "Beginnin' to understand that you've bitten off more than you can chew?"

"Be silent, Vernon-Smith!"

"Rats!"

"The ratfulness is terrific!"

"Chuck it, Hacker!" said Peter Todd. "We don't let men down in the Remove!"

"Go home, Hacker!" bawled Bolsover major.

"That's all very well," said Snoop, "but—"

Sidney James Snoop got no further. Russell and Ogilvy, who were near him, collared him together and banged his head on a desk.

Snoop's subsequent remarks were limited to a series of anguished howls. And Fisher T. Fish, who had been about to speak, decided that silence was golden.

"Is that the lot, Hacker?" asked Vernon-Smith. "If it is you can hear what we've got to say. We'll call this strike off if you come to our terms—no sackings, no floggings, and no more bullying by your precious pet Carne! If you're not going to agree to that you can save your breath and take your face away! It's ugly and it worries a chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Hacker breathed hard through his long, thin nose.

"You are expelled, Vernon-Smith!" he gasped. "You—"

"You've said that before, Hacker! You're repeating yourself, old bean!"

"Won't you listen to reason, sir?" asked Lord Mauleverer gently. "We

really don't want this trouble to go on—"

"Silence, Mauleverer! I give you ten minutes to come out of that Form-room, all of you!" said Mr. Hacker. "After that severe measures will be taken if you persist in this defiance of authority."

"Are you going to send the prefects to handle us?" grinned the Bounder. "Set 'em on as soon as you like! They'll get damaged!"

"I have said my last word!" hooted Mr. Hacker. "You will all submit to authority or take the consequences."

"We'll take what's coming to us without howling!" said the Bounder contemptuously. "And you can take what's coming to you, Hacker! Here it is!"

Up went Smithy's hand, and the dictionary flew from the window. It landed, with a crash, on Mr. Hacker. He sat down with a sudden bump.

"Smithy, you ass—" exclaimed Nugent.

"Smithy, you fathead—"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Hacker. "Oooh!" He staggered to his feet. "Vernon-Smith, you—you—you— Oh!"

"Hand me an inkpot!" shouted the Bounder.

Mr. Hacker did not wait for the inkpot. The dictionary seemed to have been enough for him. He backed quickly away out of effective range.

"Well, that's that!" said Harry Wharton. "Not much chance of coming to terms after that! Not that there was much chance, anyhow."

"Look out for squalls now!" said Bob Cherry.

"We can keep the prefects off!" said Vernon-Smith. "They'd be too hefty for us in the open, but it's a different matter here. Let them come on as soon as they like!"

"Yes, rather!"

"We're ready!"

The Removites packed the windows, ready and waiting.

They had no doubt that when the ten minutes' grace had expired, it was Mr. Hacker's intention to order the prefects to deal forcibly with the stay-in strikers. The Sixth Form men stood in a group, and evidently they were not there for nothing. But the Greyfriars strikers had no doubt about being able to beat off an attack, even by the stalwart men of the Sixth.

Moreover, they did not believe that Wingate and his fellow prefects were fearfully keen on carrying out Hacker's orders, though they could not refuse to obey.

Anyhow, the strikers were ready for the attack, if it came, and quite confident of the result.

But it did not come.

Mr. Hacker joined the group of seniors. He was seen speaking to Carne, who immediately left the group and hurried away in the direction of the porter's lodge. He came back in a few minutes, followed by old Gosling. Some of the Removites grinned at the idea of that ancient and gnarled gentleman joining in a scrap. But they ceased to grin as they saw that Gosling was rolling a garden hose along with him.

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Look!"

"That's the game!" said the Bounder between his teeth. "Hacker knows as well as we do that we could hold this Form-room against anybody he could chuck at us. And that's his game."

Gosling, standing with his thumb on the nozzle of the hose, glanced at the crowded windows, with a crusty grin on his ancient face. The prefects looked on in silence. Farther off, other fellows were watching.

Mr. Hacker called out sharply:

"For the last time, will you leave that Form-room?"

"No!" shouted the Bounder. "Go and eat coke!"

"Proceed, Gosling!"

And Gosling proceeded, and there was a sudden scampering back of the juniors from the window, as a powerful jet of water streamed in.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wet!

SPLASH! Swish! Swoooooosh! The stream of water shot in through the open window, splashing all over the Form-room within. Fellows scampered back, and dodged, to escape it.

There was a wild yell from Billy Bunter as the stream caught him in a fat ear and bowled him over. Yells rose from the other fellows, too. They skipped and jumped like kangaroos to escape the showering water.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Hacker's going it!"

Splash! Swish! Swoosh! Splash!

"Aw! Wake snakes!" howled Fisher T. Fish, as the stream caught him under his bony chin and he staggered and sat down. "Aw! Carry me home to die!"

The Bounder, gritting his teeth, faced the rush of water to jam shut the window-sash. It was a powerful stream from a large hose and it hit him hard, as he stood at the window, and in a second he was drenched to the skin. But he stood it, getting the window shut.

"That won't help much!" said Squiff.

The Australian junior was right. Gosling, for a moment, shut down the nozzle, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Hacker. Hacker signed to him to proceed.

Damage had to be done to get the strikers under. Hacker was prepared to face the damages. The Greyfriars porter turned the hose on again, and the jet dashed and crashed on the window-panes, with more than sufficient force to break them in. There was a crashing and smashing of glass: and the stream shot into the Form-room again.

"Go nearer, Gosling!" Mr. Hacker was heard to snap.

Gosling came closer to the window, playing the hose. The stream dashed on the Form-room ceiling, and descended in showers. It dashed on the wall opposite the window, and splashed off again, right and left. All over the room it splashed, as Gosling swayed the nozzle.

"Anybody getting wet?" gasped Bob Cherry, dashing water from his face.

"The wetfulness is terrific."

"Look here, we can't stand this!" yelled Snoop.

"I've had enough of this!" shouted Hazeldene.

"Shut up, you cads!" roared Bolsover major. "Who cares for a spot of wet?"

"Stick it out!" said the Bounder.

Splash! Swish!

The Bounder ran to the window, trampling on broken glass, with an inkpot in his hand. He glared out at Gosling, and hurled the inkpot with deadly aim.

Luckily—not for Gosling—he was within range. There was a fearful howl from the old Greyfriars porter, as the inkpot crashed on his ancient nose.

"Yooo-hoop!"

Gosling went over backwards, as if a bullet instead of an inkpot had

smitten him. The hose fell from his hands. But it did not cease to pour. The nozzle fell in the direction of the group of Sixth Form prefects.

There was a yell from the Sixth Form men as they got the stream. They hopped out of the way in a great hurry, all of them splashed, and some of them drenched.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wingate.

"Look out, you old fool!" yelled Loder.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Gosling!" shouted Mr. Hacker angrily. "Gosling! Get up at once! What are you doing, Gosling?"

"Oooogh!" spluttered Gosling, sitting up dizzily. "Wooogh! What I says is this 'ere—oooogh!"

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer. "This is gettin' damp!"

"Dampish!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows, I'm wet, I'm soaked, I'm drenched—ow!"

"Aw! Wake snakes—"

"Oh crikey!"

Five or six fellows, braving the stream, rushed to the window, with inkpots and school books and other missiles to hurl at the enemy.

But they had no chance! Carne of the Sixth was rather more wary than Gosling. Immediately a face appeared the watchful Carne turned the full force of the hose right into it.

The Bounder was knocked headlong backwards. Harry Wharton, before he could hurl the missile in his hand, got

and with expressions of amazement on their faces, went in again. Prout, the master of the Fifth, snorted as he went. During Dr. Locke's absence, the governors of the school had chosen to appoint Mr. Hacker to carry on as headmaster, passing over Prout. Mr. Prout grimly wished them joy of the result!

"Unparalleled!" said Mr. Prout to the other beaks: and the other masters agreed that it was quite unparalleled!

Certainly a headmaster who could only maintain his authority by turning the hose on rebels was a new kind of headmaster in the history of Greyfriars School!

But Hacker was the man for drastic measures! His authority and his prestige were at stake! The stay-in



"Yooo-hooop!" There was a fearful howl from Gosling as the inkpot crashed on his ancient nose. The old Greyfriars porter went over backwards, and the hose fell from his hands, the nozzle pointing in the direction of the Sixth Form prefects. There was a yell as they got the stream.

"Take up that hose at once! Do you hear me, Gosling?"

"Urrrrggh!"

Gosling sat rubbing his nose. His nose felt damaged. He seemed more concerned about his ancient nose than about Mr. Hacker's commands.

"Do you hear me, Gosling?" shrieked Mr. Hacker. "Will you obey my orders or not, Gosling? Do you wish to be discharged?"

"Look 'ere, sir!" hooted Gosling, "I'm 'urt! My blooming nose is broke, I believe! I'm 'urt 'orrid! Ooooh!"

"Carne, take up that hose!" exclaimed Mr. Hacker.

Arthur Carne picked up the hose. It was swamping the earth all round the spot, forming a pool of water. Gosling evidently was "hors de combat" for a time.

The bully of the Sixth turned the nozzle on the Remove windows again. The Bounder's grinning face disappeared.

Once more the stream of water flooded into the Remove-room, drenching the Greyfriars strikers from head to foot.

the stream under his chin, and joined the Bounder on the floor with a bump. Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Frank Nugent suffered the same fate. The force of the hose was irresistible, the stream fairly swept them off their feet.

Driven from the window, the juniors could only back away from the water, and dodge it as well as they could, and keep on dodging it.

By that time, the Remove room was flooded. Water soaked the ceiling, ran down the walls, and ran in rivulets all over the floor. Desks and forms were dripping, and every fellow in the room was drenched to the skin.

From the quadrangle came a buzz of excited voices. Most of the school had been at tea when the waterworks started; but the news quickly spread, and all Greyfriars rushed out to watch what was going on. But they had to watch from a distance. A glare from Mr. Hacker kept them from approaching too near.

Mr. Prout, Mr. Capper, and Mr. Wiggins came out to see what was up,

strikers had taken possession of the "works," and to leave them in possession was as good as an abdication of command. Hacker was going to subdue them, by any means that came to hand. And the method he had chosen was certainly an efficacious one!

Carne of the Sixth was grinning as he played the hose. He had been roughly handled by the strikers, and he was enjoying getting his own back.

The other prefects—most of them drenched—looked on in grim silence. They were there to deal with the rebels, when the latter were forced into surrender. There seemed little doubt that surrender was indicated. Obviously, they could not last long.

Carne advanced nearer and nearer to the window. Again and again some of the rebels appeared at the window, missiles in hand. But every time the watchful Carne got them with the jet and knocked them back. Missiles flung out at random dropped round him unheeded.

"Loder," rapped Mr. Hacker, "place the step-ladder at the window!" Loder of the Sixth carried forward the step-ladder, and jammed it under the window-sill. Carne mounted it, and stood looking in at the window, pouring a rushing stream of water into the room.

He now had the rebels under his eye, and they dodged in vain. Herbert Vernon-Smith made a desperate rush at him, with a pointer in his hand; but the jet caught him under the chin and bowled him over. Bob Cherry, hurling a dictionary, was bowled over before it left his hand.

Carne was as watchful as a cat. He stood at the window, grinning, and drenching the hapless rebels. They were driven into the farthest corner of the Form-room—and still the stream played on them—and even upon the Bounder's desperate mind it dawned that the game was up.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Washout!

MR. HACKER'S grim, acid face appeared at the window beside Carne. He looked into the flooded Form-room, with a cold and ruthless eye. A bitter smile dawned on his hard, harsh visage, as he looked at the crowd of drenched, shivering juniors across the room.

"Stop, Carne!" he said.

Carne, rather reluctantly, shut down the nozzle, and the stream ceased to play on the Greyfriars strikers.

Gasps and gurgles and splutters came from the hapless Removites.

They glared at Hacker with watery glares.

"Now——" said Mr. Hacker.

"Oh, you rotter!" panted the Bounder.

"You terrific and execrable worm!" gasped Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Silence!" roared Mr. Hacker. "I have shown you, I think, that my authority is not to be trifled with. I order you to leave this Form-room immediately."

"Rats!" said Smithy.

"I say, you fellows——" wailed Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"If you are still defiant, Carne will proceed!" said Mr. Hacker grimly. "I will give you one minute in which to make up your minds."

"Look here, you fellows——" moaned Snoop.

"Kick him!" said the Bounder.

"We can't stand this!" muttered Bolsover major.

Bolsover had been one of the most belligerent of the rebels. But he was drenched and shivering, and now in a much more subdued mood.

Mr. Hacker turned his head and called to the prefects in the quad:

"Wingate, Gwynne, Loder, please come here!"

The three came up.

"Step in at this window," said Mr. Hacker, "and remove the barricade from the door."

"Very well, sir!" said Wingate quietly.

The Greyfriars captain was the first to clamber in.

Vernon-Smith gripped his pointer.

"Come on!" he said, between his teeth.

He rushed towards Wingate, as he

clambered in, and the Famous Five and Lord Mauleverer followed him. Instantly Carne turned on the hose again, and the splashing stream of water drove them back, panting and breathless.

Wingate dropped inside. Gwynne and Loder dropped after him. The Bounder, still unsubdued, jumped at Wingate with the pointer. The captain of Greyfriars grasped him by the collar.

"Chuck that, you young ass!" he grunted.

In Wingate's powerful grip, the Bounder had no choice about "chucking" it. Mr. Hacker called to the other prefects in the quad, and they went into the House. The tramp of their feet was heard in the corridor outside the door of the Form-room.

Gwynne and Loder were already dragging away the desks and forms piled at the door. Smithy, struggling in Wingate's grasp, yelled to the juniors:

"Back up!"

"Come on, you fellows!" said Harry Wharton.

And there was a rush—though only a few of the juniors joined in it.

It was futile, for the stream of water from the hose started again at once and drove them back. Under that barrage, Gwynne and Loder proceeded undeterred, and the barricade was dragged away.

In a few minutes the door was open.

Mr. Hacker disappeared from the window. A minute later he appeared at the door. He strode into the Form-room.

The Greyfriars strikers eyed him almost wolfishly, but in silence. Behind defences, they could have stalled off any attack, but at close quarters they had no chance in a tussle with the hefty men of the Sixth. The game was up now!

"All of you leave this Form-room at once!" barked Mr. Hacker. "You will go to your dormitory and change into dry clothes immediately!"

That was an order the strikers were not unwilling to obey. Drenched and dripping clothes, on a cold February day, were far from comfortable.

In silence, the strikers trailed out of the Form-room.

At Mr. Hacker's order, Wingate and other prefects followed them. The rebels, having been subdued, were not to be given a chance of another outbreak. The Bounder, at least, was thinking of locking the dormitory door and carrying on the strike in a new stronghold. But Mr. Hacker had put "paid" to that in advance.

With four stalwart Sixth Formers standing at the dormitory door, the hapless strikers wiped themselves dry and changed into fresh clothes. That, at least, was a relief.

By the time they had finished changing, Mr. Hacker appeared on the scene. He stepped in at the dormitory door.

"Wharton, Vernon-Smith, Hurree Singh, and Skinner will pack their boxes!" he said, or, rather, barked. "Those four boys leave Greyfriars today. The others will go down to the detention-room."

"I—I say, I'm hungry!" wailed Billy Bunter.

"Silence, Bunter! If you have chosen to miss the regular meals of the school, that is entirely your own affair, and you will certainly have nothing till supper-time."

"Oh crikey!" groaned Bunter.

"Pack your boxes at once, the four

BILLY BUNTER

gets the boot!



Expelled from Greyfriars! Such is the ignominious fate that overtakes the one - and - only William George Bunter. But the Owl of the Remove refuses to go. What happens? You simply must read all about it in this great yarn of Harry Wharton & Co.

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boys I have named, who are expelled from the school!" said Mr. Hacker.

"Don't be an ass, Hacker!" said the Bouncer coolly.

Herbert Vernon-Smith, evidently, was not in a subdued mood.

Mr. Hacker's eyes glinted at him.

"We're not going!" went on Smithy.

"We shan't pack our boxes, and we're not going! Got that, Hacker?"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific!"

"We shall certainly not leave Greyfriars, Mr. Hacker!" said the captain of the Remove. "And if we are forced to leave, we shall come back!"

Mr. Hacker's thin lips set hard.

"That is enough!" he said.

"Silence! Another word, and I will flog you before you go! You four will remain here to pack your boxes. Wingate, see that the rest of the Form go to the detention-room."

"May I speak a word, sir?" asked the captain of Greyfriars quietly.

Mr. Hacker stared at him.

"There is nothing for you to say, Wingate," he answered.

"I will speak, all the same!" said Wingate. "May I suggest, sir, that the boys should not be expelled? Some other punishment—"

"You may suggest nothing of the kind, Wingate! You may carry out my instructions and remain silent!" snapped Mr. Hacker. "See that all these boys, with the exception of the four I have named, go down to the detention-room!"

Wingate compressed his lips and said no more.

"Get a move on!" rapped Loder, swishing his ashplant.

The strikers exchanged glances. Bob Cherry clenched his fists, but the captain of the Remove pulled at his arm.

"Nothing doing now, old chap!" he said quietly. "We've got to toe the line, for the present."

"We're not giving in!" muttered Bob.

"We're not beginning to give in!" answered Harry.

"No fear!" said Lord Mauleverer. "The Acid Drop's got the upper hand now, but this strike has hardly started yet!"

In silence, the juniors filed out of the dormitory. The four expelled Removites remained—three of them grimly defiant, but Skinner in a state of dismayed funk. Lord Mauleverer remained with them.

"Now then, get out, Mauleverer!" snapped Loder.

"I'm stayin', Loder!" answered his lordship mildly. "Would you mind sackin' me, too, Mr. Hacker?"

"What?" thundered Mr. Hacker.

"You see," explained Mauleverer placidly, "this stay-in strike was my idea. I suggested it, and the other fellows played up. If there's to be any sackin', you really ought not to leave me out."

"Leave this dormitory at once, Mauleverer!" snapped Mr. Hacker.

With four Greyfriars fellows expelled already, probably even Mr. Hacker was unwilling to add to the number.

"Rats!" said Lord Mauleverer calmly.

"If you don't want to sack me, Hacker, I shall have to make you! Shut up!"

"Wha-a-t!"

"You might as well shut up, as you only talk rot when you open your silly mouth!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm sorry to say that you're an old ass, sir!"

"Go it, Mauly!" grinned the Bouncer.

"Yaas—I'm goin' it!" said his lordship. "Sorry to be lackin' in politeness, sir, to a gent of your age, but I really can't let you leave me off the

sackin' list! You're an awful old ass, sir!"

"Boy!" gasped Mr. Hacker.

"The trouble with you, sir, is that it's rather got into your head, steppin' into Dr. Locke's shoes!" said Mauleverer calmly. "You're not bad as a Form beak, but you're no good as headmaster—no good at all. A man has to have a lot of sense and judgment to be a headmaster—and you're not cut out for the part at all. You're one of the blokes born to play second fiddle, and when you take control, you only make a silly ass of yourself."

There was a gurgle from the prefects as they tried to suppress a chuckle.

Mr. Hacker gazed at Lord Mauleverer speechlessly.

"Sorry to have to tell you these unpleasant truths, sir," said Lord Mauleverer, "but you've asked for it! None of this trouble would have cropped up, sir, if you'd had the faintest idea how to carry on as headmaster. The fact is, sir, that headmasters, like poets, are born, and not made! It's a job rather too big for you, and if you'd take friendly advice, you'd chuck it before you make a bigger fool of yourself."

Mr. Hacker found his voice.

"Mauleverer! Silence! Loder, how dare you laugh! Mauleverer, you are expelled!"

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"Good egg!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"All serene, Hacker!"

"You will pack your box with the others, Mauleverer!" thundered Mr. Hacker.

"Just about as much as the others, sir!"

"Wingate! If you regard this as a laughing matter, Wingate, I shall have to consider seriously whether I can allow you to remain a prefect! Take those five boys—"

"If you please, sir—" groaned Skinner.

"You need say nothing, Skinner! I will listen to no appeal."

"But I never wanted to have a hand in it, sir!" howled Skinner. "They made me join up, sir—"

"Shut up, you cad!" growled the Bouncer.

"I won't, you rotter!" howled Skinner. "I'm not going to be sacked to please you. I was forced into this, sir—I swear I was—they all jolly well know that I never wanted—"

Mr. Hacker looked at him.

"Very well, Skinner," he said, "I will reduce your sentence to a flogging! You may go to my study, and remain there till I come."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Skinner. And he scuttled out of the dormitory.

"Now," said Mr. Hacker, his glinting eyes on the four that remained, "will you pack your boxes immediately?"

"No!" answered Wharton, Hurree Singh, Smithy, and Lord Mauleverer, with one voice.

"Very well; your boxes will be sent

after you. Wingate, take those boys down—they leave the school at once. Loder, Carne, Walker, go with them. If there is any resistance, take them by their collars."

The four "sacked" Removites followed Wingate down the stairs.

~~~~~

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Expelled!**

**"SACKED!"**

"Bunked!"

"Four of them!"

"Hacker's going it!"

"Here they come!"

The Greyfriars quadrangle swarmed with excited fellows. Excitement reached fever-heat as four Removites, in coats and caps, were seen to emerge from the House in company with Wingate of the Sixth.

All the school had wondered how the "stay-in strike" would end. It seemed to have ended in overwhelming defeat for the strikers.

Most of the rebel Form were now in the detention-room. Skinner was in Mr. Hacker's study, taking his flogging—and his howls could be heard in the quad. Wharton, Smithy, Mauleverer, and the Nabob of Bhanipur were starting for the station with a prefect to see them into their train for home. A taxi-cab from Courtfield had been telephoned for, and was now waiting to convey them to the railway station. With the exception of the detained Form, all Greyfriars gathered round to see them off. It was one of the biggest sensations the school had ever known.

"Rough luck, you chaps!" said Hobson of the Shell sympathetically.

"Sorry you're going!" said Temple of the Fourth. "Still, what the dooce did you expect, you know? Hacker's Head, after all."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney of the Fourth.

"Hacker's an ass!" said Fry of the Fourth, after a glance round to make sure that the new headmaster was not in the offing. "I jolly well wish that you fellows had been able to pull that strike off."

"That's all right," said the Bouncer, "we're pulling it off yet!"

"Eh? You're going!" said Fry.

"You'll see us again, old bean."

"The seefulness will be terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "The esteemed and ridiculous Hacker has not done with our absurd selves."

"Hardly!" drawled Lord Mauleverer.

"Now, then, that's enough!" said Wingate. "Get into the cab!"

The Bouncer looked at him. Nobody wanted trouble with old Wingate, the most popular man in the school—not even the Bouncer. Neither would resistance have been of any use, for three or four prefects were hovering on the spot, ready to deal with it. Herbert Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"All serene, Wingate!" he answered. "Come on, you men! It's nice of Wingate to take us on a joy-ride, isn't it?"

"Four fellows sacked in a bunch!" said Coker of the Fifth. "I wonder what the Head would think of that! Hacker's a fool!"

The four juniors packed themselves in the taxi, and Wingate followed. It was not a pleasant task for the Greyfriars captain, but he was head prefect, and a prefect had to carry out a headmaster's orders. His face was clouded as he sat down, and the chauffeur drove away.

A crowd of fellows watched the taxi off from the gates.

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Mr. Hacker—having finished with Skinner—watched from his study window with a bitter grin in his acid face. He was done, now, with the ring-leaders of the revolt—and the Remove had been brought to heel. It was not likely that there would be any more rebelliousness after the drastic fate that had fallen on the four. So, at least, it seemed to Horace Hacker.

That he had seen the last of the four who had driven away in the taxicab with Wingate, the master of the Shell did not doubt for one moment. Fellows who were sacked from a school were not likely to reappear, like spectres revisiting the glimpses of the moon. It did not occur to Mr. Hacker, for a moment, that the quartette were not gone for good! He was to learn that later!

Most of the Remove knew, or guessed. But Wingate, as he sat in the taxi with the four, had no doubts. He had to take them to the station, to get their tickets, to pack them off home, and it was a disagreeable business to a good-natured fellow like Wingate. He was rather surprised to see that the four juniors were not unduly downcast.

"Look here, you kids!" said the Greyfriars captain, as the taxi bowed away along the road over Courtfield Common. "I'm sorry for this! You've got to go—but in a few weeks the Head will be back and your Form-master Mr. Quelch—and I think very likely your people will be able to arrange the matter then. That's something to look forward to."

"You're a good chap, Wingate!" said Harry Wharton, smiling. "But we shall be coming back long before the Head and Quelch."

"I'm afraid Mr. Hacker has made up his mind!" said the prefect, shaking his head. "You've got on the wrong side of him. I know it's not easy to keep on the right side of a man like Hacker—but there it is! You've no chance, so long as he is in Dr. Locke's place."

"Think again, old bean!" grinned the Bounder. "We're not going home at all."

Wingate stared at him.

"What do you mean, Vernon-Smith?"

"Exactly what I say! Tell the cabby to stop, will you?" asked Smithy.

"We're not going as far as Courtfield."

"You're going to the railway station, you young ass!"

"Your mistake!" said the Bounder.

"The mistakefulness is terrific."

"That will do!" said Wingate, frowning. He was kind and good-natured, but he had no use for cheek from juniors.

"You see——" began Harry Wharton.

"I've said that will do!" grunted Wingate.

"My dear man," murmured Lord Mauleverer, "lend me your ears, as the sportsman says in the jolly old play. We've been waitin' to get clear of the happy family of prefects. Now we're clear of them, we're goin' no farther."

"Stop!" called out Vernon-Smith to the driver.

The chauffeur looked round.

"Go on!" rapped Wingate. "Keep on to Courtfield Station!"

"Yessir." The taxi-driver drove on.

The four juniors exchanged glances. Lord Mauleverer sighed. He disliked the idea of handling Wingate, and still more he disliked exertion. But the taxi was now half-way across the common, and the four had no idea of going farther.

"You won't stop, Wingate?" asked Mauly.

"No. Shut up!"

"Then we shall have to make you, old bean," said his lordship amiably.

"Hate the idea—but if you ask for it, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,512.

what's a fellow to do? May I point out to you that we're a mile from the school now, and the other prefects can't lend you a hand—and we're four to one? Do be a sensible chap! We all like you, Wingate, and don't want to hurt you."

"Hurt me!" gasped Wingate. "You cheeky young ass——"

"Nuff said!" rapped the Bounder. "We're going no farther, Wingate! Stop this taxi, and let us get out! You'll be handled, otherwise, and sharp."

Wingate gave him a look. He realised that if the four juniors were bent on resistance he had little chance. Stalwart and strong as he was, four to one were long odds—too long for the heftiest fellow. But he had not the remotest idea of taking orders from juniors.

"Be a sensible chap, Wingate!" urged Harry Wharton.

"Hold your tongue!" rapped Wingate.

"Will you stop the taxi?"

"No!"

"That does it!" said Vernon-Smith. He jumped up. "Back up, you men!" And the Bounder hurled himself at the captain of Greyfriars.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Upper Hand!

WINGATE gave a roar of wrath. He grasped the Bounder, who would have crumpled up in his grip in a few seconds.

But the other three backed up the Bounder promptly enough. All three scrambled at the Sixth Former, and grasped him.

With four pairs of hands on him, Wingate found himself very busy. There was not much room in a taxicab for five fellows to struggle, and it was not easy for all four of the juniors to get hold of Wingate all at once. But they all contrived to get a grip, and the captain of Greyfriars rolled off his seat, resisting furiously, and rolled on the floor.

The driver blinked round, with bulging eyes. He stared blankly at the battle royal going on inside his vehicle.

"Oh gum!" he ejaculated; and he drew the taxi to a halt at the side of the road. Five fellows, mixed up almost like eels, were struggling and rolling and wriggling inside the cab, and there was danger of doors flying open. The driver prudently halted to wait for the finish.

Wingate put all his beef into it. But the four were too many for him, though for a time they had their hands full.

The Sixth Former was down on his back at last, with every ounce of breath knocked out of him, dishevelled, covered with dust, and gasping spasmodically. The Bounder was kneeling on his chest, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh on his legs, and Harry Wharton had hold of his neck.

Lord Mauleverer opened the door of the taxi, and stepped out.

"Giving in, Wingate?" grinned the Bounder.

"Urrgh! No! I'll thrash you!" spluttered Wingate.

"Call it a day, old man!" urged Lord Mauleverer.

"Wait till I get loose!" panted Wingate.

"The waitfulness will be terrific, esteemed and absurd Wingate! Yank him out rollfully!" gasped the Nabob of Bhanipur.

The juniors jumped out after Lord Mauleverer. Vernon-Smith, grasping

Wingate by the ankles, dragged him bodily out through the doorway, and he bumped on the ground.

"Oh gum!" repeated the astonished taxi-driver. He sat at his wheel, looking on. It was no business of his, and he did not think of interfering; but clearly he was very much interested.

Wingate made an attempt to scramble to his feet. Four fellows grasped him at once, and pinned him down. Hefty as he was, the Greyfriars captain could not deal with the four, and that was that.

He collapsed in the grass beside the road, and the Bounder, Wharton, and Hurree Singh sat on him.

Lord Mauleverer, seeing that he was safely held, turned to the staring, grinning taxi-driver.

"What's the fare?" he asked.

"Ain't that young gentleman paying the fare?" asked the chauffeur, with a nod towards the wriggling, spluttering Sixth Former.

"That young gentleman is rather busy at the present moment," said Lord Mauleverer urbane. "Never mind that young gentleman. We shan't want the cab any further, so you may as well cut off. Of course, if you're not keen about your fare, we needn't bother about it!" added his lordship considerably. "Just as you like!"

The taximan blinked at him. There was not much doubt that he was keen about his fare. Indeed, to the taxi-driver, that seemed the most important thing in the whole affair.

"My eye!" said the taxi-driver. "It'll be six shillings, sir! But I think I'd better wait for that young gentleman, as the cab was engaged to go to the station."

"That young gentleman will be walking back to Greyfriars when we're done with him!" said Lord Mauleverer. "But wait, if you like. It's a free country."

Leaving the taximan staring, Lord Mauleverer joined the group in the grass by the roadside. Wingate, breathless, untidy, tousled, and muddy, was still trying to struggle.

"Won't you call it a day, Wingate?" asked his lordship gently.

"I'll whop you all round!" gasped Wingate.

"Will you walk back peaceably to the school, if we let you go? Say 'Yes,' like a good little man."

"No!" roared Wingate.

"Then I'm sure you'll excuse us for usin' drastic measures, in the awkward circumstances," said Lord Mauleverer. "Hold the dear man while I tie up his fins, dear boys."

"Go it, Mauly!"

Wingate resisted desperately. He nearly succeeded in heaving the juniors off. But they rallied, and squashed him down again. In spite of his struggles, he was rolled over in the grass and his hands pulled behind him.

Taking the prefect's own handkerchief, Mauleverer twisted it, and then carefully knotted it round his wrists. He tied the knots with scientific care, and the Greyfriars captain was a helpless prisoner.

"Now you can let him get up!" said Mauleverer.

Wingate was released. He scrambled and stumbled, and Lord Mauleverer politely gave him a helping hand. He stood on his feet at last, wrenching desperately at his bound hands. But they were too tightly bound for him to have a chance of wrenching them loose.

"You—you—you young scoundrels!" panted Wingate. "Untie my hands at once! Do you hear me? Untie me!"





Wingate jumped as Vernon-Smith approached him with the pin. "If you dare—" he gasped. "Are you going?" "No!" roared Wingate. The next moment he gave a roar, as the Bounder jabbed with the pin. Then, gasping for breath, with crimson face, the captain of Greyfriars started for the school, his hands bound behind him!

"My dear man," said Lord Mauleverer gently, "you don't imagine that we've taken all that trouble for nothin', do you?"

"You young rascal!"

"That's all right. If it gives you any relief to blow off steam, you can call us all the names you fancy," said Mauleverer. He glanced round at his friends. "I'm sure nobody here objects to Wingate blowin' off steam."

"Not at all!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Go it, Wingate!" grinned the Bounder.

"You—you—you—" gasped Wingate.

"Sorry to have to handle you like this, old man!" said Lord Mauleverer apologetically. "Nothing personal, as I'm sure you know."

"The sorrowfulness is terrific, esteemed Wingate."

"Will you let me loose?" roared Wingate. "I'm taking you to the station in that taxi, as you jolly well know, you young scoundrels!"

"Guess again!" chuckled the Bounder. "Start him for Greyfriars, you men. Take his other arm, Inky."

The Bounder and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh took Wingate's arms, and walked him into the road. There they set him with his face towards the distant school.

"Going?" asked Smithy.

"No!" panted the Greyfriars captain. "I shall start you with my boot, then!"

"Hold on, Smithy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton hastily. "No booting for old Wingate!"

"He's got to go!" growled the Bounder.

"Yaas, he's got to go!" assented Lord Mauleverer. "But none of your bootin', Smithy! Stickin' a pin in him will work the oracle."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vernon-Smith sorted out a pin from the lapel of his jacket. Wingate jumped away as he approached with it between finger and thumb.

"If you dare—" he gasped.

"Are you going?"

"No!" roared Wingate.

The next moment he gave another roar as the Bounder jabbed with the pin.

A quarter of an inch of it was enough for Wingate, determined as he was. He started. In fact, now that his hands were tied, and the juniors had indisputably the upper hand, it was not much use to linger. Angry as he was, Wingate had to realise that he was not going to get the expelled four to the station that afternoon.

He started for the distant school—Harry Wharton putting his hat on for him as he went. Gasping for breath, with crimson face, the captain of Greyfriars tramped away, his hands bound behind him.

"My eye!" said the taxi-driver.

Lord Mauleverer turned to him again.

"That young gentleman is gone," he remarked, "and we're goin'. Like to have your fare paid first? Of course, if you'd rather go on waitin' here, nobody wants to stop you."

The taximan grinned.

"I'll have my fare, and get back to the rank, thank you, sir!" he said.

Lord Mauleverer handed him a ten-shilling note, and he drove away for Courtfield. Ten-shilling notes were as plentiful with Mauly, as "tanners" with less fortunate fellows.

The taxi disappeared in one direction, Wingate in the other. The four expelled juniors were left on their own.

The early February dusk was thickening over Courtfield Common. Through the falling dusk the four Removites started walking in the same

direction as Wingate—at a leisurely pace. They were rather breathless, and they had collected some damages in the tussle; but they looked cheerful enough. Mr. Hacker, contrary to his belief, had not done with the expelled quartette.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Not Gone!

"I SAY, you fellows!" moaned Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, you fat Owl!" growled Bolsover major.

"Oh dear! Oh crikey! Oh lor'!" moaned Bunter.

Nobody in the detention-room was looking happy.

All the Remove fellows were fearfully hungry. Mr. Hacker took the view that they had missed meals of their own accord, and that they could take the consequences. As he had the upper hand, and had—as he believed, at least—quelled the schoolboys' strike, Mr. Hacker might have been a little more generous to the vanquished. But there was no relenting in that hard, acidulated nature. Having had no dinner and no tea, the juniors had to wait until supper-time for a meal; and never had they longed so intensely for supper.

Meanwhile, they were in detention. Skinner had the face of a demon in a pantomime, as he wriggled on his seat. He had escaped the "sack," but Hacker had a heavy hand with a flogging, and he had made Skinner fairly squirm. Harold Skinner, at least, was not likely to go on strike again, if he could help it.

Monsieur Charpentier, the French master, had charge of the detention class. Mossos was a kind little gentleman, and he was very considerate. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,512.



But never had Mossoo had so orderly a class—especially in detention. Even Bolsover major was unwilling to risk bringing Hacker on the scene with his cane. Nobody doubted that the new headmaster had an ear open for any sound of disturbances from the detention-room.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent looked very grim. Two members of the famous Co. were gone. But the three who remained knew that this was not the finish. The missing two were coming back—they knew that. And they were ready to get going again when the time came.

There were other fellows equally determined—Peter Todd and Squiff, and Tom Brown, Monty Newland and Dick Penfold, and others. But to a good many of the Form it seemed that the game was up for good. Skinner and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish shuddered at the idea of a further "strike." As for Billy Bunter, his thoughts were wholly concentrated on food. There was an aching void inside Bunter. He thought of food—any sort of food—with an intense and pathetic longing. He realised what shipwrecked seamen felt like in an open boat at sea. He counted the minutes and the seconds till supper.

"I say, you fellows, haven't you a scrap of toffee, or—or anything?" moaned the fat Owl.

"Taisez-vous, Buntair!" said Monsieur Charpentier mildly. "Zat you be silent in ze class."

The detention class were doing the "Henriade." But never had they been less interested in "cet heros qui regnait sur la France." Any fellow would have given the "Henriade" for a chunk of toffee, with its author, the grand Voltaire, thrown in.

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter.

"Ow!" mumbled Skinner. "Wow!"

"I'm fed-up with this," murmured Peter Todd.

"I wish I was fed-up," said Bob Cherry ruefully. "I feel as if I hadn't fed for a week. Getting peckish, Bunter?"

"I'm famished!" moaned Bunter. "Ravenous!"

"Silence!" called out Mossoo.

He called for silence, without much expectation of getting it. But the voices died away. The Remove were on unusually good behaviour—for the present. Apart from their desire not to draw Hacker, they were too hungry to think of ragging.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob suddenly. "There's something going on in the quad."

A sudden buzz of voices floated in at the window of the detention-room. The dusk was falling, but it was not yet lock-up, and plenty of fellows were out of the House. All of them seemed to be buzzing with excitement all of a sudden.

The detention class exchanged glances. Billy Bunter gave no heed; he was too hungry to heed anything. But the other fellows sat up and took notice. Three or four of them left their places, to stare from the windows and see what was on.

"Zat you keep ze place!" called out Monsieur Charpentier.

But this time he was not heeded. The fellows at the window forgot Hacker—they even forgot that they were hungry.

"Wingate!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"He's been through it!" exclaimed Nugent.

"He never got them to the station,"

you bet!" chortled Johnny Bull. "He looks as if he's been dust collecting."

"Something's happened to him," grinned Wibley.

There was a rush of the detention class to the windows. Monsieur Charpentier shouted to them in vain. Hardly three or four remained in their seats.

The windows were crowded with faces, staring out. In the quadrangle a swarm of fellows were staring at Wingate of the Sixth. Most of them were laughing.

The Greyfriars captain undoubtedly looked as if he had been "through it." He had succeeded in getting his hands released by a passer-by before he arrived at the school. But he looked as if he had been out hunting trouble, and finding a lot of it. His collar and tie were gone, his coat was split up the back, and he was smothered with mud from head to foot, and there was a trickle of crimson from his nose. Seldom, or never, had a Greyfriars prefect been seen in public in such a state.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Coker of the Fifth. "Been under a lorry Wingate?"

"What on earth's happened, Wingate?" exclaimed Gwynne. "Did you get those young rascals off?"

"Do I look as if I had?" grunted Wingate.

"Oh, my hat!" roared Coker. "He's let those fags mop him up like this. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Hacker!" chortled Bob, at the crowded window of the detention-room. "The old bean looks shirty."

Mr. Hacker strode out of the House. Evidently he had spotted Wingate arriving in that dishevelled and dilapidated state, and guessed that something had gone amiss.

"Wingate, what is that?" he rapped. "What has happened? I trust those juniors gave you no trouble on the way to the station?"

"What a trusting nature!" murmured Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Zat you seat yourself down," wailed Monsieur Charpentier. "Mes garçons, come away from zat window, and seat yourselves down."

But nobody heeded Mossoo. Bob Cherry opened the window, and a dozen fellows leaned out, to look on and listen.

"You placed the expelled boys in the train, Wingate?" demanded Mr. Hacker. Probably he already guessed that Wingate hadn't.

"No, sir."

"What—what?" exclaimed Mr. Hacker. "What do you mean, Wingate? Why have you failed to carry out my instructions? Tell me at once what you mean?"

"I mean that four fellows were too many for me!" snapped Wingate. His own temper was not at its best just then. "I mean that they got the upper hand, and got away, and never went to Courtfield at all."

"And you allowed them to do so?" thundered Mr. Hacker.

Wingate breathed hard.

"How could I help it?" he hooted. "They tied my hands behind me, and stuck a pin in me till I started back."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Hacker. "Silence. Wingate, do you seriously tell me that you allowed Lower Fourth juniors to deal with you in such a manner?"

"Yes, I do!" growled Wingate. "And as I couldn't help it. I don't

see that I'm to blame. You might have guessed that there would be trouble, in the circumstances, and sent a couple of the Sixth with me."

"Do not be impertinent, Wingate! You have failed to do your duty! I regret now that I did not send Carne in your place."

"I jolly well wish you had!" snapped Wingate. "Carne would have been more than welcome to what I've been through."

"Where are the boys now?"

"I don't know!"

"You do not know where the boys are, when I placed them in your charge, Wingate?" thundered Mr. Hacker.

"How should I know?" roared Wingate. "All I know is that I left them on Courtfield Common, and they said they were coming back."

"C-c-coming back!" stuttered Mr. Hacker blankly. "D-d-did you say c-c-coming back, Wingate?"

"That's what they said!"

"Upon my word! I shall be glad to see them!" gasped Mr. Hacker. "I shall see that they are placed in safer hands to be sent away. I shall not trust you again, Wingate."

Wingate gave him a glare. He came very near at that moment to telling Mr. Hacker what he thought of him. But he restrained that natural desire and stamped away into the House. A wash and a change were what the captain of Greyfriars chiefly needed just then.

The Greyfriars fellows in the quad were grinning and chuckling. That the expelled fellows had stated that they would come back was known to all the school, and it looked as if they were going to keep their word. Evidently the schoolboys' strike was not ended yet—it was very far from the end!

"Zat you seat yourselves down!" howled Monsieur Charpentier. "Is it zat you desire Mistair Hackair to come here viz himself?"

The detention class resumed their places—and French. Most of them were grinning now.

"They're coming back!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Of course they are—Hacker must be an ass to fancy he could get by with it! I wonder when they'll blow in?"

"After dark, most likely!" said Nugent. "They won't want the prefects to spot them. I don't know what Wharton's got up his sleeve, but whatever it is we're backing him up."

"Yes, rather!" said Johnny Bull emphatically.

"All along the line!" said Squiff.

"Hear, hear!"

"Taisez-vous—zat you be silent!" yapped Monsieur Charpentier.

And the detained juniors gave more or less attention to French—rather less than more—till, at long last, the hour of dismissal came and they were able to get away and scrounge supper.

Nothing by that time had been seen or heard of the four expelled fellows who had announced that they were coming back. But that they would be as good as their word, and that they were coming, nobody in the Remove doubted, and as the evening advanced the excitement grew more and more intense.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Maully Takes Control!

"UP to you, Maully!" said the Bounder, with a grin.

"Eh?"

"The upfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a dusky smile.

Lord Mauleverer sat up and took notice.



All Greyfriars was wondering where the four expelled Removites were and what they were doing. They were, as a matter of fact, seated in Uncle Clegg's shop at Friardale, where they had disposed of a combined tea and supper, and felt no end better for it.

Mr. Clegg was very pleased to serve four such excellent customers, but he was rather puzzled to see them there. He knew that it was lock-up at Greyfriars, and that all Greyfriars fellows were supposed to be within gates. Uncle Clegg had heard nothing of the new and exciting state of affairs at the old school. However, puzzled as he was, Mr. Clegg turned out his best provender, and the four juniors did full justice to it, with appetites almost worthy of Billy Bunter.

Now Lord Mauleverer was leaning back in his chair, with his eyes half closed, and looked half-asleep. Wharton, Smithy, and Hurree Singh discussed the next step in the peculiar campaign, his lordship remaining silent. Mauly was a fellow of few words, and he always cheerfully left the conversation to other fellows.

"Go it, Mauly!" said Harry Wharton, smiling. "The stay-in strike was your stunt, you know. What next?"

"We're going back!" said the Bounder. "We're carrying on the strike! That's a fixture!"

"The fixfulness is a deadly cert!" agreed the Nabob of Bhanipur. "But the howfulness is a preposterous puzzle."

"Any ideas, Mauly?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"Yaas!"

"Cough 'em up, then, old bean!"

"I've been thinkin'—!" said Mauly.

"You haven't been asleep?" asked the Bounder sarcastically.

"No—just thinkin'. Napoleon—I dare say you fellows have heard of a sportsman named Napoleon Bonaparte—"

"I sort of seem to have heard the name!" said the Bounder.

"Well, Napoleon—I think it was Napoleon; anyhow, it was somebody—said that an army marches on its stomach!" said Mauleverer. "Which, bein' interpreted, means that the grub question is the important one. Not so important as Bunter thinks, but jolly important, all the same."

"I think we all found that out to-day," said Harry.

"Yaas! Now, if Hacker had come round and seen sense when we went on strike it would have been all right. But that man hasn't much sense! Anyhow, he didn't come round. We got jolly hungry. That would have washed out the strike, even if he hadn't washed us out with the hose—what?"

"I suppose you're coming to something?" asked Smithy.

"Yaas!"

"Well, come to it, then! We can't sit here for ever."

"Lots of time!" said Mauleverer.

"We can't pay an early call at the school. We're goin' back, of course, but I hardly think we'd better ring up Gosling to let us in and knock at the front door."

"Fathead! Get on!"

"We're goin' back rather quietly—droppin' in over the Cloister wall—what? We're stayin' on strike—but the jolly old question arises, where are we goin' to stay? And what about grub while we're stayin'?"

"There's the rub!" said Harry.

"That's what I've been thinkin' out!" explained Mauleverer. "I wouldn't butt in while you fellows were talkin', as you're all so much brighter than I am. But if you leave it to me—"

"Leave it to you, partner!" said Harry.

"If you'll come to the point!" grunted Vernon-Smith.

"Comin'," said Lord Mauleverer.

"What about the school shop?"

"The what?" ejaculated Smithy.

"Mrs. Mimbble's jolly little shop in the corner of the quad! Lots of grub there to last us half the term, if we want it."

The three stared at Mauleverer.

That they were going to carry on the strike at Greyfriars was a settled thing. But the next move in the game was a bit of a problem. Lord Mauleverer, apparently, had thought that out, to his own satisfaction, at least.

"You think Mrs. Mimbble will let us take possession of her shop and house?" asked the Bounder, with a snort.

"Yaas!"

"Then you're an ass!"

"My dear man," said Lord Mauleverer mildly. "I'm not askin' to butt in as leader. I'll shut up on the spot and follow your lead if you like, or Wharton's, or Inky's. In fact, I'd rather. All this thinkin' gives me a tired feelin'!"

"Rot!" said Harry. "Carry on, Mauly!"

"Go it, my esteemed and absurd Mauly!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur encouragingly. "Proceed with the idiotic words of ridiculous wisdom."

"Oh, get on, for goodness' sake!" snapped the Bounder.

"Right-ho!" yawned Mauleverer.

"Well, look at it—the Mimbble establishment is just what we want. There's the tuckshop, stacked with grub—the big room behind where the high an' mighty seniors sit in state—a good many rooms, and a big attic at the top that could be used as a dormitory. Cellars underneath—last line of defence if we're carried by assault! Jolly thick walls—I dare say you know that the buildin' wasn't a tuckshop in the old days when the Tudors were kings. It was a prior's house, and the shop has been built on to it to meet modern needs. It stands alone—just what we want! We pull up the floorboards—"

"Eh?"

"And nail 'em over the windows to put paid to Hacker's garden-hose stunts."

"Oh, my hat!"

"The only drawback that I can see," went on Mauleverer thoughtfully, "is that we shall have to dispossess the happy Mimbble family—Mr. and Mrs. Mimbble and the small Mimbble. I hate the idea of causin' anybody trouble, but we can make it worth their while to shift. Takin' over the whole stock at a liberal figure will be an inducement."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've no doubt I could persuade them if you men will leave it to me," said Lord Mauleverer. "Then we make the school shop our jolly old fortress and stay in on strike—and carry on till Hacker sees sense. Carry on is the word!"

"You think Hacker will let you drop in and make your arrangements with the Mimbble family?" asked Smithy.

"Yaas!"

"And Carne and the other prefects?"

"Yaas!"

"Finished talking rot?" yapped the Bounder.

Lord Mauleverer raised his eyebrows.

"Have I been talkin' rot?" he asked innocently. "Sorry! I'll shut up, if you like! Carry on, and I'll follow!"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Mauly's got more in his head than he's explained," he said. "If you've thought out a plan of campaign, Mauly, let's—"

"Yaas. But it's such a fag talkin'," said his lordship plaintively. "I haven't a chin like Bunter's, you know."

"Hacker will butt in the minute we step into the school!" snapped Smithy.

"Think so?" asked Mauleverer.

"Don't you, you ass?"

"Well, I dare say he would, if we let him!" assented Mauleverer. "But I was thinkin' of stoppin' him. Hacker's no end of a butter-in, but I don't see how he's goin' to butt into anythin', if he's tied to a chair in his study."

"Wha-a-t?"

"With a duster in his mouth to keep him quiet—"

"Oh crikey!"

"Or somethin' of that sort!" said Mauleverer. "And suppose Carne is tied by the neck to a leg of his study table, how's he goin' to barge in?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bounder.

"Mauly, old man—" gasped Wharton.

"Don't you like the idea?" asked his lordship. "Wash it out, then—I keep on tellin' you I don't want to take the lead!"

"No fear!" chuckled the Bounder.

"Mauly, old man, you're a born leader—you're the man to do things! I'm backin' you up all along the line!"

"Same here," said Harry, laughing.

"The samefulness is terrific."

"If you're sure about that," said Mauleverer doubtfully. "I'm afraid I'm not much of a leader—I'd rather follow—"

"Fathead! Let's get going!" exclaimed the Bounder, jumping up.

Lord Mauleverer detached himself from his seat in a more leisurely manner. All his lordship's movements were leisurely. He stepped to the counter, and the Bounder, already at the door, called to him:

"Buck up!"

(Continued on next page.)

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"Yaas! We've got to buy a few things; I've been thinkin' out a list. Can you let us have some bags to carry them in, Mr. Clegg?"

Mr. Clegg's establishment was not a large one, but its stock was very varied. A customer so extremely well-provided with currency notes as Lord Mauleverer was able to obtain most of the things he wanted.

It was quite a rush of custom for Uncle Clegg. He did more business that evening than he was accustomed to doing in a month.

Four spacious bags were provided, and when Mauly's purchases were completed the bags were full. The juniors took one each and left the village shop. In the deep February darkness, they walked down Friardale Lane to Greyfriars.

To clamber in over the Cloister wall was easy enough. The bags were stacked out of sight behind the ivy. Then the four juniors went into the dusky quad—three of them keenly excited, but Lord Mauleverer his calm and placid self. Most of the Greyfriars fellows, in the House, were wondering when the expelled juniors were coming back—unaware that they had come!

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### In Ambush!

**M**R. HACKER started.

Crash!

The new headmaster of Greyfriars was seated in his study, ruminating.

He was feeling in rather a satisfied mood.

His new headmastership had been marked by an outbreak of rebellion in a Junior Form, but that rebellion had been put down with a stern hand.

Four members of that Form had been expelled, and were gone; the others reduced to submission. Mr. Hacker expected no more trouble from the Remove.

As for the message brought by Wingate that the expelled fellows would come back, he treated that with the contempt he considered it deserved.

They had been guilty of a last act of rebellious ruffianism, as Mr. Hacker regarded it, in handling the prefect in charge of them, on the way to the station. After that, he had no doubt, they had gone home.

What else could they have done? Certainly they had not reappeared at the school; had they done so, it would only have been to be sent away again, under an escort they could not have handled.

Mr. Hacker was satisfied that all was well. He prided himself on ruling with a strong hand. There was criticism in Common-room, he knew; the other masters did not approve. For such criticism he cared nothing, upheld by the narrowminded obstinacy which he mistook for a strict sense of duty. He was in supreme authority at Greyfriars, and he was not the man to exercise authority mildly. He was the man to stretch it to its utmost extent—to breaking-point! He had no doubt that the lesson he had given to the Remove would be a wholesome one for the whole school. If there was more trouble, he was prepared to deal with it in the same drastic manner! But there was going to be no more trouble—he was assured of that!

In that state of satisfaction it was very startling to Mr. Hacker to hear

the crash of breaking glass at his study window. That was a hint, and quite a plain hint, that the trouble was not so thoroughly over as he had fancied.

He fairly bounded to his feet.

He jumped to the window.

A whole pane had gone—apparently under the lash of a stick from outside. Scattered fragments of glass lay all over the floor.

Through the smashed pane, the new headmaster of Greyfriars stared blankly into the February dimness outside.

He could see nobody. Dim darkness and a shadowy mist met his eyes. Whoever had knocked in that pane of glass had departed promptly.

Mr. Hacker's face set hard.

This was the act of some Remove boy, he had no doubt of that. The young rascal had slipped out of the House surreptitiously, and done this. One of the friends of the expelled boys—Cherry, or Bull, or Nugent, probably. Mr. Hacker's eyes glinted with a deadly glint.

For a long moment he stood staring out into the dark quadrangle.

But he realised that there was no time to lose if he was to catch the delinquent. Already, no doubt, the young rascal was scuttling back into the House, and once he got back among the Remove, how was he to be detected?

Mr. Hacker rushed across to the door and hurried out of the study. Carne of the Sixth met him in the passage.

"I heard, sir—" began Carne.

"Someone has broken a pane of glass in my window, Carne!" said Mr. Hacker, between his closed lips. "The Remove are still at preparation, I think?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then it should be easy to ascertain which boy is missing from the studies. Follow me, Carne."

They hurried up to the Remove.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hacker's study, which he had left deserted, did not remain so deserted as he naturally supposed.

A few moments after the master of the Shell had left the study, a face appeared at the broken pane in the window. A hand was put through, from a fellow kneeling on the sill, and the catch released. That, if Mr. Hacker had only known it, was why the pane had been knocked in.

The windows were thrust open.

"Follow on, you men!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

He dropped into the room. Wharton, Vernon-Smith, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh climbed in swiftly after him. Mr. Hacker had left the door ajar—Mauly stepped quickly across and closed it. Wharton shut the windows.

"Here we are again!" chuckled the Bounder. "We're in!"

"Yaas."

"I fancy dear old Hacker thinks that some chap got out and busted his window to make him jump!" grinned Smithy. "He hasn't guessed it was little us."

"He will guess that one when he comes back to the study," remarked Harry Wharton. He drew the blinds across the window. "We're ready for Hacker when he walks in."

"The readiness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "and the surprisefulness of the esteemed Hacker will be enormous."

"Mind, treat him as respectfully as possible!" said Lord Mauleverer. "After all, he's a beak! Mustn't punch a beak, or anythin' disrespectful like

that! Just pin him peaceably and gently."

"Hacker's sure to take it peaceably!" chuckled Smithy.

"Well, if he asks for anythin', of course he will have to have it!" said Mauleverer. "But gently does it, Smithy! You stick behind the door, old bean, and lock it immediately he steps in."

"What-ho!"

"You other men get out of sight. Hacker mustn't smell a rat till the rat bites. We've got to be a bit strategic, you know. If he was able to call a crowd here, we should be dished and done."

"No doubt about that," said Harry Wharton.

"Strategy's the thing! Inky, will you stoop under the table? You get behind that screen, Wharton. I'll sit in the armchair—"

"What?"

"It's all right—I'll turn its back towards the door. He won't spot me when he comes in," said Lord Mauleverer.

The juniors grinned and took up the places assigned them by their noble leader. After the exertions of that strenuous day, an armchair had a strong appeal for Lord Mauleverer. He turned the chair a little, so that the high back would screen its occupant, and sat down with a gentle sigh of relief.

Harry Wharton backed behind the screen in the corner; Hurree Jamset Ram Singh stooped below the level of the writing-table; Herbert Vernon-Smith stood behind the door, so that it would screen him as it opened. All was ready now for Mr. Hacker's return to his study; and, as the minutes slowly passed, the four juniors remained silent, watchful in ambush.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Trapped!

**H**ALLO, hallo, hallo! What's up?"

"Something!" said Mark Linley, laying down his pen.

Bob Cherry opened the door of Study No. 13, in the Remove passage, and looked out. Other doors were opening along the passage—some fellows were looking out, and some had come out of the studies.

Prep was on in the Remove—rather in a desultory way. But all the fellows had gone to their studies at the usual hour. The more determined spirits were keen to carry on the strike; but until they had word from their absent leaders they could only mark time. But there was a general belief in the Remove that something would be heard from the expelled four that evening.

Something, it was clear, was up now. Mr. Hacker, with a grim brow, was coming up the passage. Carne of the Sixth stood on the landing at the end, ashplant under arm, apparently on guard. Hacker, as he came, threw open door after door, and looked into the studies, ordering the occupants out into the passage.

More and more fellows turned out, wondering what it meant.

"Anything happened, sir?" asked Bob Cherry meekly, as the new headmaster reached Study No. 13.

"Step out of the study!" snapped Mr. Hacker, in reply.

"Yes, sir."

Bob, and Mark Linley, and little





Wun Lung, stepped out. Mr. Hacker went on to Study No. 14, the last study in the passage, and called in—and Johnny Bull, Squiff, and Fisher T. Fish came out.

All the Remove were now in the passage, with the exception of the four members of the Form who had been sent away that afternoon.

Mr. Hacker called the names, as if he were taking roll in Hall. "Adsum!" came in answer to every name.

The master of the Shell set his lips. It seemed impossible that, if that pane had been smashed by a Remove boy, the young rascal could have got back into the House, and into his study, before Hacker arrived on the spot. Certainly, he had lost no time in getting there. Yet all the Form were present, under his eye. Had it not been, after all, a Remove boy? Was the example of insubordination spreading to other Forms?

"You may return to your studies!" rapped Mr. Hacker.

The Removites went into the studies again, wondering what was the cause of that sudden and unexpected visit.

Mr. Hacker joined Carne on the landing.

"It does not appear to have been a Remove boy, Carne!" he said. "He can have had no time to return here. But if it was a boy in another Form—"

Mr. Hacker paused, biting his lip hard.

He knew that if the delinquent had been a boy in another Form, that delinquent had had ample time, now, to get back, while Hacker was searching in the Remove. It was intensely annoying to the temporary headmaster of Greyfriars.

But there was already another suspicion in Carne's sharp mind.

"It may have been one of those four, sir—" he suggested.

"What?" snapped Mr. Hacker.

"What?"

"One of the expelled juniors, sir—" "Nonsense!" This was a very unwelcome suggestion to Mr. Hacker, who felt certain, and wanted to continue feeling certain, that he had quite done with those four. "Nonsense, Carne!"

"They told Wingate they'd be coming back, sir, and I've heard since that a lot of the Remove expected to see them again," persisted Carne.

"Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Hacker, but rather less decidedly. He began to realise that it was possible, at least.

"They must have gone home long ago, Carne."

"Very well, if you think so, of course," said Carne submissively. "But it would be easy enough for one of the young rascals to get in over a wall—and I can't help thinking—"



"Hobby, chuck that cad out!" said Wharton. Hobson grasped Fisher T. Fish and heaved him out of the window. "Catch!" he yelled. There was a protesting howl from the junior from New York as he dropped among the fellows under the window of the Rag.

"I cannot believe so," said Mr. Hacker—"I cannot believe so for a moment, Carne. They would not have the impudence—the insolence! But it is, I suppose, within the bounds of possibility."

Hacker made that admission grudgingly.

"If you'd like me to look round, sir—"

"I do not desire a report to spread through the school, Carne, that these impudent young rascals have carried out their insolent threat of returning to the school from which they have been expelled. You may, I think, make a search outside the House, and ascertain whether anything is to be seen of them. But say nothing on the subject."

"Very well, sir."

"If you should find that any of them have returned, Carne, report to me in my study at once."

"Yes, sir."

The new headmaster and his pet prefect went down the stairs together. Carne of the Sixth left the House to

scout in the dusky quad, and Mr. Hacker returned to his study.

He frowned as he went. He had pooh-poohed Carne's suggestion; but the more he thought of it, the more probable it seemed to him. Vernon-Smith, at least, if not the others, was reckless enough for this—Mr. Hacker realised that. He resolved grimly that if Herbert Vernon-Smith was discovered within the walls of Greyfriars, he should receive an exemplary flogging before he was sent away again—such a flogging that he would never be likely to set an unbidden foot within the precincts of Greyfriars School again!

In that amiable mood, Horace Hacker reached his study. He opened the door and walked in, shutting the door behind him.

What happened next made him jump.

While the door was open it concealed, of course, the fellow standing behind it.

(Continued on page 16.)

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## No-SURRENDER SCHOOLBOYS!



FRANK  
RICHARDS

(Continued from page 13.)

But as Mr. Hacker shut it, he saw the Bounder.

Even as his eyes fell on that unexpected figure, Smithy reached at the lock and turned the key. Mr. Hacker stood staring at him in blank amazement. In his startled astonishment at seeing the Bounder there at all, he hardly noticed his action.

"You!" stuttered Mr. Hacker. "You here, Vernon-Smith!"

It had already occurred to him that Vernon-Smith might be lurking in the dusky quadrangle. But he certainly had never dreamed that he would find the scapegrace of Greyfriars in his study.

"Adsum!" grinned the Bounder.

"You—you—how did you get here? You could not have obtained admission to the House—you got in at the window, then!" gasped Mr. Hacker.

"What a brain!" said Smithy. "Guessed now that that was why the pane was broken—to get at the catch, Hacker?"

Mr. Hacker gasped with wrath. His next proceeding, undoubtedly, would have been to clutch up the cane from his study table and jump at the Bounder, and give him such a thrashing as Smithy had never experienced before—but Mr. Hacker was not left at liberty to proceed with that proceeding.

For as he stood facing the Bounder, three figures emerged from cover—Wharton from behind the screen, Hurree Singh from beneath the table, and Lord Mauleverer from the armchair! They converged on Hacker, on tiptoe, from behind. It had not yet dawned on Hacker that the Bounder was not alone in the study. He learned it now—as three pairs of hands were suddenly laid on him from behind and he was tipped over on his back.

"What—who—" spluttered Hacker.

He said no more. A folded duster was thrust into his open mouth, and secured by means of a handkerchief. Hacker's voice died away in a suffocated gurgle.

Crimson with fury, the master of the Shell wrenched at the hands that grasped him. He exerted every ounce of his strength in that desperate effort.

But it failed. Harry Wharton had his right arm, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had his left, and they held on grimly. Lord Mauleverer planted a knee on his waistcoat, Hacker glaring up at him wolfishly.

"Sorry, sir!" said Mauleverer gently. "No personal disrespect intended, sir—I'm sure you quite understand that. But as you've left us only this way, you will see that we haven't any choice in the matter—what?"

"Gurrgh!" gurgled Mr. Hacker faintly.

He wrenched desperately to free himself. But the fellows who had handled the stalwart captain of Greyfriars successfully, had no difficulty in handling Horace Hacker. He was

very far from being so doughty an opponent as Wingate of the Sixth.

Lord Mauleverer took a coil of cord from his pocket—one of his many purchases at Uncle Clegg's in Friardale.

"I hope you'll excuse me, sir," he said politely, "but we've got to make you safe. You see that, I'm sure."

"Get on with it, fathead!" grunted the Bounder. "Tie the old bird up like a giddy turkey! Don't stand on ceremony with the cheeky old goat!"

"Your methods are rather crude, my dear man!" said Lord Mauleverer imperturbably. "We're bound to respect a member of Dr. Locke's staff—so far as he will let us, of course. Please keep still, Mr. Hacker—for one thing, it's no use to wriggle, and for another, I have to kneel on you rather hard, which is, I am sure, as painful and unpleasant to you as it is to me."

"Or more so!" chuckled Wharton.

"The morefulness is probably terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Hacker heaved frantically. But he heaved in vain. And Lord Mauleverer, having apologised handsomely for the painful necessity, tied his hands together and then his feet. Then Mr. Hacker was lifted into his armchair—the considerate Mauly desiring to make him as comfortable as was possible in these painful circumstances!

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Horrid for Hacker!

**L**ORD MAULEVERER stood gazing thoughtfully at Mr. Hacker as he sat in the armchair.

Harry Wharton and Hurree Singh, a little breathless after their exertions, stood breathing rather hard. The Bounder, taking the remainder of the coil of cord and cutting it into lengths, tied Hacker to the armchair for additional security.

He did not spare the cord, and there were plenty of knots, and if Mr. Hacker had hoped to wriggle loose, that hope now departed. The new headmaster of Greyfriars was a fixture in that armchair until he was found and released. And as the study door was locked, and nobody in the school knew what had happened to him, his release was not likely to take place soon.

The expression on his face would have put the fabled Gorgon to the blush.

Mr. Hacker seemed hardly able to believe that this awful thing really had happened—that he had been collared in his study by rebel juniors and bound and gagged. His face, which had been crimson, was now pale with rage, his eyes baleful. But he had given up struggling. Struggling could not free him, but it made the knotted cords pinch rather painfully.

"We've got the jolly old bean!" grinned Vernon-Smith. "Bit of a surprise for you, Hacker, what?"

Hacker could only glare vengeance.

"Did you think we were gone?" bantered the Bounder. "Did you think you'd get by with sackin' us, you ass? I fancy you'll leave Greyfriars before we do! What do you think the governors will think of all this when they hear about it? More likely to boot you than us, Hacker!"

"Shut up, Smithy!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Now, Mr. Hacker, will you be so kind as to give me your attention?"

Mr. Hacker, whose furious glare had been turned on Smithy, turned it on Lord Mauleverer.

Mauly had his attention.

"We're awfully sorry for all this, sir!" went on Mauly.

"We're not!" interjected the Bounder.

"Shut up, Smithy! We're awfully sorry it's come to this, Mr. Hacker. When I first proposed a stay-in strike, I hoped that you would do the sensible thing. I see now that it was too much to hope!" added Mauleverer sadly.

There was a chuckle from the other three. Mr. Hacker could not answer in words, but his look was quite eloquent.

"Now, sir, we're willin'—more than willin'—to come to terms, if you are!" urged Lord Mauleverer. "We're prepared to call off the strike, if you'll come to reasonable terms. Wash out everythin', and start fresh, what? No sackin's or anythin' of that sort—and leave the Remove up to Wingate of the Sixth till a new beak blows in, or Mr. Quelch comes back. If you agree, nod your head! Sorry I can't let you speak, but you might yowl out, you know."

Mr. Hacker did not nod his head.

Lord Mauleverer was quite serious, though his comrades were grinning. If Mauly hoped that Hacker, in his present state, was likely to see reason and come to reasonable terms, it showed that his lordship had a very hopeful nature.

"Noddin' your napper?" asked Mauleverer.

An infuriated glare was the only response.

"Well, if he won't, he won't!" said Mauleverer. "He can't say we've not given him a chance. If he wants this to go on, we can keep it up as long as he does!"

"Quite!" assented Harry Wharton.

"I'm afraid Hacker's an obstinate man!" said Mauleverer. "That's the real trouble. When a man's silly and obstinate, what's a fellow to do? I hope you've got it clear, Mr. Hacker, that anythin' that happens now is entirely your own fault?"

Hacker could only glare! But his glare was fearfully expressive.

"What about up-ending the inkpot over him?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Certainly not!" said Mauleverer. "Hacker's a silly ass, and an obstinate mule, but he's a member of Dr. Locke's staff. No disrespect."

"You don't call this disrespectful, so far?" asked the Bounder sarcastically.

"What can't be helped, can't be helped, old bean! Hacker's asked for this, and got it! He hasn't asked for the inkpot! Let that inkpot alone, Smithy! You touch it, and I'll punch your head!"

"Will you?" said the Bounder, with a warlike look.

"Yaas! You've made me leader, and if I'm going to be skipper, I'm goin' to skip on a full ticket!" answered Lord Mauleverer calmly. "Leave that inkpot alone!"

"Play up, Smithy!" said Harry Wharton.

"Mauly is our esteemed and idiotic leader," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The playfulness of the game is the proper caper, Smithy."

Vernon-Smith granted, but he relinquished the inkpot—much to Mr. Hacker's relief. The master of the Shell was not enjoying himself, but there was no doubt that an inkpot up-ended over his head would have made matters worse.

"Well, what next?" snapped the Bounder. "Are we going to stay here for ever listening to Mauly chin-wagging?"

"Carne next!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Hacker's safe, and we've got to make Carne safe! I don't think the other prefects are fearfully keen to barge in



without Hacker pushin' them on. But we've got to see that dear old Carne is put where he can't worry us."

Maully switched off the light in the study.

Then he stepped to the window and opened it.

One by one, the four juniors dropped out over the sill. The windows were closed after them.

Mr. Hacker was left alone, in the dark, boiling with a rage to which he was quite unable to give any audible expression.

Nobody was likely to come to his study—unless Carne came to report the result of his search in the quad. And from what he had heard the juniors saying, he knew that they were going to look for Carne—who was looking for them! If they met, what had happened to Hacker showed what was likely to happen to Carne of the Sixth!

Hacker had only a very faint hope that Carne would arrive at his study with a report.

Nobody else was likely to come. No other master was likely to drop in—relations were strained in Common-room, since Hacker had assumed the headmastership. Even the chatty Prout would not come in for a chat, his portly dignity having been severely wounded by the master of the Shell being appointed over his head. There was no help for Hacker!

Hacker chewed on the folded duster and boiled with silent rage. What were those young rascals doing while he sat silent and helpless? He could only wonder with growing fury. He could guess that they had some plan to carry out, and had placed him "hors de combat" while they carried it out. But he could not begin to guess what it was.

Tap!

Hacker gave a start.

Unexpectedly, a tap came at his study door. Was it Carne, after all? He strove desperately to move, to make a sound. But he could make no sound, and he could not stir a limb—hardly a finger, so thoroughly had the Bouncer done his work.

The door-handle turned. The door, of course, did not open. If it was Carne, would he guess that something had happened? How could he? Finding the door locked, and no light on, he could only conclude that Mr. Hacker was not there!

Tap again!

"Are you there, sir?" came a voice. It was the voice of Skinner of the Remove.

Hacker wondered, for a moment, what could have brought a Remove junior to his study. Then he remembered the lines. Every fellow in the Remove had a stack of lines on hand—though few had given them any attention. Skinner's flogging that day had apparently been lesson enough to Skinner to toe the line very carefully.

"He's not there!" came another voice, that of Snoop of the Remove. "The door's locked. There's no light, either."

"He told us to bring the lines!" muttered Skinner, his muttering voice audible to the bound man in the study. "It means more trouble if they're not taken in."

"I guess this is the bee's knee!" came another voice. "Say, what's the pesky door locked for, I'm asking you guys. We always left the gol-darned lines on the table for Quelch if he wasn't at home. What's this hyer stunt, I'm asking you?"

Three of the Remove were there—with lines. They had brought them down after prep, expecting to find Mr. Hacker in his study, or, at all events,

to be able to leave their lines on his table, as they had been accustomed to do for Mr. Quelch. Evidently they were perplexed and annoyed.

"Isn't Hacker there?" came another voice. This time it was Hazeldene's. Hazel, too, had arrived with lines. "What are you waiting there for?"

Mr. Hacker might have felt satisfaction at knowing that four members of the Remove, at least, were in a submissive state—to the extent of having done their lines. But he was not in a mood to feel satisfaction at the moment.

"Hacker's not here!" snapped Skinner. "He told us to bring our lines before dorm; but he's not here, and his door's locked. The old ass!"

The door being locked, and no sign of a light from the study, Skinner, of course, took it for granted that Hacker was not there. Otherwise, he certainly would not have alluded to the new headmaster in that uncomplimentary way. He little dreamed what ears heard him within. Hacker could not

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move, and he could not speak, but he could hear quite distinctly.

"The slabsided old mugwump!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess this gets my goat! Dog-gone him!"

"What has the old fool locked his door for?" came Hazel's voice. "Quelch never did."

"Afraid somebody might rag in the study, I suppose?" said Snoop. "I dare say somebody might—some fat-head like Cherry or Bull. They're wild at their pals being sacked. Anyhow, the old goat isn't here."

"Bother him!" grunted Hazel. "We shall have to come back later with the lines, I suppose, unless we hunt for the old dummy all over the House. I'm not going to, for one."

"Nor I," said Skinner. "I'd rather dot the old blighter in the eye, any day, than take him lines. Silly old ass—playing at headmaster! If Dr. Locke knew how the old goat was carrying on, he'd have a fit!"

"You said it, big boy!" growled Fisher T. Fish. "I'll tell the world that old mugwump, Hacker, gets my goat, a few, and then some I'd sure like to hand him a sockdolager on the frontispiece!"

There was a sound of receding footsteps. The juniors departed, without

the remotest idea that Hacker was in the study. Mr. Hacker had had the benefit of hearing just what they thought of him, and he made a mental note to bestow a record caning on Hazeldene, Skinner, Snoop, and Fisher T. Fish as soon as he was free to handle a cane again. But how long that was going to be Horace Hacker could not guess.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Catching Carne!

"**Q**UIET!" murmured Lord Mauleverer.

"Oh, get a move on!"

"Shut up, Smithy! Quiet, you ass!"

Mauleverer grasped the Bouncer's arm with one hand; and with the other pointed to gleam of light in the darkness of the quadrangle. Someone was rooting about in the misty dark with a flash-lamp.

"Oh!" breathed the Bouncer. He realised the need for caution.

"Cover!" murmured Harry Wharton. The four juniors, after leaving Hacker's study, had gathered under the Sixth Form windows.

Carne of the Sixth had to be disposed of, and they had scanned his study window to ascertain whether he was there. Carne's study was dark, from which they supposed that he was probably in the prefects' room. Lord Mauleverer was calmly considering the next step; Wharton and Inky waiting patiently, and the Bouncer impatiently, when Maully spotted the moving light in the quad.

It was at a little distance, but it was coming towards the juniors. They moved away from Carne's window, and backed into the shadow of the elm that grew near the door of the Sixth Form lobby.

Deep in the shadow of the tree they watched the glimmering light as it winked from the gloom.

"Somebody searching for something," muttered Harry Wharton.

"Yaas. Lookin' for the sportsman who busted Hacker's window, most likely," murmured Lord Mauleverer.

The night was dark. The juniors could catch only the vaguest glimpse of the moving figure behind the light. But it was clear that, whoever it was, he was in search of somebody or something.

Suddenly the figure passed into the light from a lighted window. Then all four of the juniors breathed a name at once.

"Carne!"

"By gum! Askin' for it!" muttered the Bouncer, with gleaming eyes.

The figure passed on out of sight. But they knew who it was now. It was Carne of the Sixth, who was rooting about with the flash-lamp. It was easy to guess that he was in search of the fellow who had knocked in a pane of Hacker's window.

The light disappeared round an angle of the buildings; but it reappeared again. Carne was making an extensive search.

"We're going to bag him!" muttered the Bouncer.

"Yaas. But we're not goin' to let him howl out that we're here," murmured Lord Mauleverer. "We don't want half a dozen prefects on our necks, dear boy."

"We shall have to risk that."

"Not at all. We're goin' to trap that sportsman," said his lordship calmly. "You men get behind this

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trunk and keep doggo, while I attract the giddy quarry."

"Think he's goin' to walk into our hands to please you, fathead?"

"Yaas."

"Look here, Mauly, you ass——"

"Leave it to Mauly!" said Harry Wharton. "Mauly's leader!"

Grunt from the Bounder. He was impatient to get going.

"Well, how are you going to get him here, ass?" he snapped.

"You know how they hunt tigers in Inky's country," said Lord Mauleverer gently. "They tie up a kid in the jungle, and it bleats, and the jolly old tiger hears it bleatin', and comes hiking along for his supper; and then they get him—see? I'm the kid that's goin' to bleat, and you're the hunters in ambush. Get behind that trunk, and leave off talkin', if you don't mind, Smithy. You're a delightful conversationalist, but at the moment we shall have to dispense with the pleasure of listenin' to you."

"Idiot!" grunted the Bounder; and there was a subdued chuckle from Wharton and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The three juniors obeyed Lord Mauleverer's directions. Leaving his lordship standing alone, they blotted themselves from sight behind the massive trunk of the ancient elm.

Lord Mauleverer coughed.

The light in Carne's hand was passing at a distance. But as that cough became audible in the silence of the misty night, the light suddenly stopped.

Evidently Carne had heard it.

The flash-lamp turned directly towards the elm.

Lord Mauleverer coughed again. The light came swiftly towards the elm, Carne's eyes glinting watchfully over it. He knew that someone was there. He could have no doubt that it was the fellow he sought.

A few moments more, and the beam of the flash-lamp shone full on Lord Mauleverer's face, with Carne grinning over it in triumph.

"Oh, you!" exclaimed Carne. "So I've found you, Mauleverer!"

"Been lookin' for me, Carne?" asked his lordship innocently.

"I knew it was one of you," grinned Carne. "Hacker thought somebody had got out of the House, and cracked his window; but I knew what it was. So you've come back, you young rascal!"

"Yaas."

"Where are the other young scoundrels? Have they gone home, or come back here with you?"

Carne flashed the light round. But it revealed nothing but Lord Mauleverer and the frosty trunk of the elm. Behind that trunk the three hidden juniors hardly breathed.

"Have the others come back or not?" snapped Carne.

"Find out, old bean!" said Mauleverer cheerfully.

"Well, I've got you, at any rate," said Carne. "You can expect the biggest licking of your life before you're kicked out again, Mauleverer! I'm taking you to Hacker now."

Carne reached out to grasp Mauleverer by the collar. His lordship promptly backed away.

"Awf'ly good of you, Carne!" he remarked. "But I'd rather not go to Hacker, if it's all the same to you."

"Stop, you young idiot!" growled Carne, following him up. "Do you think you can dodge me, now I've spotted you?"

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Lord Mauleverer backed as far as the tree-trunk. There he stopped. Carne closed in on him, grinning. He had the schoolboy earl now. With his free hand he reached at him, and grasped him by the collar.

"Better come quietly," he grinned. "If you give me any trouble, I'll bang your silly head—like that!"

"Ow!" gasped Lord Mauleverer, as the prefect banged his head on the elm. "Wow! Oh, you rotter! Wow!"

Carne chuckled, and led him away by the collar. He was quite unaware that that was exactly what Mauleverer wanted him to do.

As he turned his back on the elm three hidden figures leaped out, and, before Carne could begin to guess what was happening, he was down on his back, pinned by three assailants, and a hand was forcibly jammed over his mouth. He let go Mauleverer's collar as he went down, and Mauly turned on him to help his comrades.

A faint gurgle came from Carne; but that was all. Harry Wharton's hand was hard and heavy on his mouth, silencing him.

"Got him!" breathed the Bounder.

"Yaas, sort of!" agreed Mauleverer.

"Mind he doesn't squeak!"

"I'm taking care of that," said Wharton. "He won't squeak in a hurry! Hold the brute!"

Carne was struggling desperately. But the juniors did not stand on ceremony with the bully of the Sixth—least of all, the Bounder. Lord Mauleverer had insisted upon as much respect for Mr. Hacker as the peculiar circumstances permitted, but he had none to waste on Carne. He stepped on Carne's legs to keep him from kicking. The Bounder grabbed the flash-lamp away and turned it off. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had one of the prefect's arms, Smithy the other. And as the bully of the Sixth resisted, Smithy twisted the arm he held.

"Keep quiet, Carne!" said the Bounder coolly. "Every time you wriggle, I'm going to twist your arm!"

Carne's struggles suddenly ceased. One twist was enough for him. It was a rather painful one.

"Now stick somethin' into his mouth!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Mustn't let him put up any vocal exercises!"

"Shove in this duster, Mauly, while I get his jaws open!" said Wharton.

"Yaas, old bean!"

Carne would gladly have yelled when the gripping hand was withdrawn from his mouth. He was near enough to the window of the prefects' room for Sixth Form men to have heard a yell.

But he was given no chance. The juniors could not afford to take risks. And Carne, who was the chief cause of the trouble that had led to the Greyfriars strike, did not deserve much consideration at their hands.

Harry Wharton grasped his nose and his chin, and forced his mouth open, Mauly holding the duster ready. Immediately the folded duster was shoved in. The bully of the Sixth could only gurgle, and his gurgle was instantly shut off.

Quickly the gag was tied into place, and Carne's hands dragged behind him and bound together. Then he was allowed to get on his feet, Smithy and Hurree Singh holding his arms. If looks could have slain, the glare that Carne gave his captors might have caused four sudden fatalities. Fortunately, looks couldn't. In the grasp of the Removites, Carne was walked away from the spot.

He made one attempt at resistance—but only one. A hefty kick from the Bounder helped him on from behind. After that Carne went like a lamb.

He was led away in the direction of the school shop. In front of that establishment, now closed for the night and quite dark, was a tree with a bench under it. Carne was plumped down on the bench and tied to it.

"Sorry to have to leave you here, Carne!" said Lord Mauleverer politely. "It's a bit parky, I know. Let's hope it won't rain—what?"

Carne could only glare. He was left glaring.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Rally Round, Remove!

"I SAY, you fellows, it's a queer thing——" said Billy Bunter.

"Talking about yourself, as usual?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

The Removites were in the Rag after prep. Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent were standing in a group by the fire, with rather worried faces. They were thinking of the two absent members of the Co.

They had not doubted for a moment that the expelled juniors would come back, and that, somehow or other, the Greyfriars strike would be carried on. But it was growing late now, and nothing had been seen or heard of the missing four.

Many of the fellows had come to the conclusion that the "sacked" juniors had found that there was nothing doing, and had gone home. The Co. did not think so, but they were getting worried.

Billy Bunter rolled into the Rag, blinked round through his big spectacles, and joined the group by the fire. He announced that it was a "queer thing," though to what he alluded they did not know, and were not particularly desirous of knowing.

"I say, it's queer about Hacker!" went on Bunter.

"Hacker! What's that old ass up to now?" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Blessed if I know!" said Bunter. "But it's jolly queer! I say, some of the fellows have done their lines and taken them in to Hacker, but they can't find him."

"Isn't he in his study, fathead?"

"He can't be," answered Bunter. "I've been there, and the study's dark and the door locked. I haven't done my lines, you know, and I was going to ask Hacker if I could leave them till to-morrow, because I've hurt my finger and can't hold a pen. That worked all right with Quelch once, you know, and I don't see why it shouldn't work with Hacker—once, at least. What do you fellows think?"

"I think you're a lying toad!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"I think you're a prevaricating porpoise!" said Bob Cherry.

"I think you ought to be kicked!" said Frank Nugent.

"Oh, really, you fellows! I say, Hazel and Skinner, and Fish and Snoopy took their lines in, but they couldn't find Hacker! I say, I looked into Common-room, but he wasn't there! I say, he can't whop us for not taking in our lines, can he, when he's not there to take them?"

"Blow Hacker!" growled Johnny Bull. "I know I'm jolly well not going to do any lines for him!"

"Same here!" said Frank Nugent.

"I say, you fellows, it's a queer thing, though!" said Billy Bunter. "Hacker seems to have vanished since





"You see, Mrs. Mimble," said Lord Mauleverer, "we're carrying on our strike, and we've got to camp somewhere where there's plenty of grub, and this tuckshop is the spot." "Oh!" gasped Mr. Mimble. "The fellows may be here any minute now," continued his lordship. "Do let me persuade you to take a holiday at my expense!"

he came up to the Remove. Nobody seems to know where he is."

"Bother him, anyhow!" said Bob Cherry.

Tap!

Every fellow in the Rag gave a jump as that sudden tap came at the window. Every face was turned towards the window.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" breathed Bob Cherry. "Who—"

Tap!

"They've come back!" breathed Nugent.

He cut across to the door of the Rag, shut it, and turned the key promptly.

There was a buzz of excitement among the juniors in the room. Nearly all the Remove were there, as well as some of the Fourth and the Shell. They all guessed at once what that tap at the window meant. The expelled Removites had returned.

"It's Wharton!" exclaimed Bob.

"And Smithy!"

"They're back!"

Bob Cherry rushed to the window. He dragged back the blinds and pulled up the sash. A crowd of fellows crowded after him, staring out into the dim February night. From the gloom three faces looked up.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Wharton, old man!"

"Inky, old black bean!"

"Smithy!"

"Where's Mauly?" exclaimed Nugent. "Hasn't Mauly come back with you?"

"Mauly's busy," said Harry Wharton. "He's here all right. You fellows ready to back up?"

"What-ho!" answered Bob promptly.

"You bet!" said Peter Todd. "But what's the game?"

"The gamefulness is terrific, my esteemed Toddy!" chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, his dusky face grinning up from the darkness. "We

are putting paid to the preposterous Hacker!"

"Come out, all of you!" said Vernon-Smith. "Drop from that window!"

"But what—" exclaimed Bolsover major.

"No time for talk!" said Harry Wharton. "We've got it all cut and dried—at least, Mauly has. Mauly's leader, and we're backing him up."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Come on, Bunter!" grinned the Bounder. "Bet you Bunter will be the keenest of the lot when he knows where Mauly is waiting."

"Eh—where is he waiting?" asked Bunter.

"In the tuckshop!"

"In the tuckshop!" repeated a dozen voices.

"Yes; come on!"

"I say, you fellows, is it a spread—at this time of night?" exclaimed Billy Bunter, his little round eyes glistening behind his big round spectacles. "That's all right! Fine! But, I say, what about having it here? Hacker will jump on us if we get out of the House, you know."

"Hacker won't do any jumping just yet awhile, fatty!" said the Bounder. "He can't jump at present, unless he lifts an armchair with him! You see, he's tied to it!"

"Oh crikey!"

"Hacker is!" gasped Peter.

"Oh, my hat!" stuttered Bob.

"You've—"

"Hacker and Carne are both safe for the present!" said Harry. "Come on out, all of you! Rally round!"

Bob Cherry was already clambering out. After him went Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent, Peter Todd and Squiff. After them there was a rush. More and more fellows dropped out of the window of the Rag. Billy Bunter hesitated a moment, but only for a moment. The tuckshop drew him like a magnet. He

dropped among the crowd under the windows of the Rag.

Shell fellows and Fourth Formers stared on, grinning. Skinner and Snoop were in their study, but all the rest of the Remove were in the Rag. In a few minutes they were all outside, with the exception of Fisher T. Fish. Wild adventures of this sort did not appeal to Fishy.

"All out?" asked Harry Wharton, glancing over the crowd in the glimmering light from the window.

"All but Fishy," said Bob.

"Come on, Fishy!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"I guess not!" answered Fisher T. Fish, shaking his head. "I'll say you can leave me out of this stunt! Yep!"

"You worm, follow on!" hooted Bolsover major.

"Not in your lifetime!" answered Fishy. "I guess I've had all the trouble I want with Hacker, and a few over! Give it a miss, big boy."

"Hobby, chuck that cad out!" said Harry Wharton.

Hobson of the Shell grinned.

"Ain't you backing up your Form, Fish?" he asked.

"Nope!" answered Fisher T. Fish. "Not so's you'd notice it."

"Your mistake!" said Hobby. "You are!" And he grasped the junior from New York, and heaved him out of the window. "Catch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a protesting howl from Fisher T. Fish. But he went. He dropped among the fellows outside.

"Look yere," gasped Fishy, as he scrambled to his feet. "I'm telling you—"

"Shut up!" snapped Harry Wharton. "Quiet, my esteemed and funky Fishy!"

"I'm telling you guys—"

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"Bang his silly head!" hissed the Bouncer.

Bang!

"Wow!"

"Will you shut up now?"

"Ow! Yep! Sure! I'll tell a man! Wow!"

"There's two fellows in the studies," said Nugent. "Skinner and Snoop—"

"Never mind them now!" said Harry Wharton. "Come on! Keep this dark, you fellows in there, mum's the word, you know!"

"Yes, rather!" grinned Hobson. "Best of luck, old man!"

"Rely on us!" chuckled Temple of the Fourth. "Carry on!"

The window was shut again. Harry Wharton led the way, and the crowd of Removites tramped across the dark quadrangle, Fisher T. Fish rubbing his bony head as he went.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER!

### Taking Possession!

"**H**IS lordship!" ejaculated Mr. Mimble in astonishment.

"His lordship!" repeated Mrs. Mimble.

"My eye!" said the small boy Mimble, staring past his parents, at the elegant figure at the side door of the school shop.

The three were all surprised.

Mr. Mimble, the Head's gardener, and Mrs. Mimble, who kept the school shop, had been sitting by their fireside, discussing the late exciting events at Greyfriars. Safe from Mr. Hacker's ears, they told one another what they thought of Mr. Hacker and his goings on, especially his sending away that nice boy Mauleverer. Small Mimble had been sitting up, with a stick of toffee in one hand, and a "Holiday Annual" in the other, the latter having been given him by Lord Mauleverer at the beginning of the term. For which reason the small Mimble was of opinion that Mauleverer was a very agreeable "bloke."

A knock at the side door surprised the Mimble family: and Mr. Mimble came to open it, expecting to see Gosling, who sometimes came in for a chat, though seldom so late.

His astonished ejaculation at the sight of Lord Mauleverer brought Mrs. Mimble out of the parlour; and after her, the small Mimble. Now they all regarded his lordship blankly.

"His lordship!" repeated Mrs. Mimble.

Not only because Mauly was a nice boy, but because he was the best customer at the school shop, had Mrs. Mimble been sorry to hear that he was sent away from the school. She was pleased as well as surprised to see him again.

"Yaas." Lord Mauleverer lifted his cap very politely to Mrs. Mimble. Mauly had greeted duchesses in his time, but he was as polite to a charwoman as to a duchess. In fact, all women were duchesses in Mauly's eyes. "Awf'ly sorry to disturb you, madam, at this hour, and you, too, Mr. Mimble. I hope you'll excuse me, in the circumstances."

"You've come back, sir!" said the gardener. "I 'card some of the young gentlemen saying you would come back! I 'ope Mr. Hacker will allow you to stop, sir."

"I think we shall persuade Mr. Hacker, in the long run, not to send any fellow away!" said Mauleverer. "In fact, he's bound to let us stop."

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There was a double meaning to this remark which was lost on the Mimble family. Certainly they were not likely to guess that the temporary headmaster of Greyfriars was bound to the armchair in his study!

"I'm glad to hear it, sir!" said Mrs. Mimble. "I said to Alfred that it was a shame, and so it is, my lord."

"That's very good of you, madam!" said Mauleverer. "May I step inside?"

"Please come in, sir!" said Mr. Mimble; and his lordship followed the Mimble family into their parlour. The door was left ajar.

They were puzzled, not being able to guess why his lordship had called. They were pleased to see him back at Greyfriars: both from a personal and a business point of view. But why he had come to their side door was rather a mystery, which his lordship, however, proceeded to elucidate.

"I'm sure you're glad to see me back," began Mauly.

"Very glad and thankful, sir!" said Mr. Mimble.

"And I feel sure, too, that you'd do anythin' you could to help me to stop on, what?" said Mauleverer.

"Anything we could, sir," said Mrs. Mimble. "But what—"

"How'd you like a holiday?"

"Eh?"

"It's a bit early in the year for the seaside, of course," said Mauleverer, as they gazed at him. "But you can get very nice rooms at the Anchor, in Pegg, overlookin' the sea and the beach, and on fine days our young friend here would have no end of a time among the boats, what?"

"But—" gasped Mr. Mimble.

"You'd stay there as my guests, all expenses paid, of course," went on Lord Mauleverer. "You've got a phone here, and if you agree, I'll ring up the Anchor and fix it up. And a taxi to take you over, with your bags and things. What?"

The Mimble family gazed at him. Perhaps they wondered whether the exciting events in the Remove had caused Lord Mauleverer to wander in his mind a little.

His lordship continued imperturbably: "As for your stock here, that will be taken over—lock, stock, and barrel! You can give me a rough idea of the value, Mrs. Mimble."

"Bless my heart!" said Mrs. Mimble.

"Of course, you can work it out exactly afterwards," said Mauleverer, "But speakin' roughly, I should say about a hundred pounds, what?"

The Mimbles could only gaze at Lord Mauleverer. They were aware that the schoolboy earl was a millionaire; and that his guardian, who had unlimited faith in Mauly's judgment and steady character, allowed him to draw all the cash he wanted from the bank at Courtfield. Still, it was rather astonishing to hear a Lower Fourth junior talking of a hundred pounds as any other fellow might have talked of half-a-crown.

"I'll give you a cheque, if that's right!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I dare say you can lend me a pen and ink, and a bit of paper."

"Your lordship!" stuttered Mr. Mimble.

"Oh, sir!" gasped Mrs. Mimble.

"My eye!" said the small Mimble.

"Is it a go?" asked Mauleverer. "Of course, we hand the whole show over again when this little trouble's ended. I hate disturbin' you like this, but anythin' in the way of compensation will be all right. I'm afraid you'd be still more disturbed stayin' here with about thirty fellows—"

"Thirty fellers!" repeated Mr. Mimble, like a man in a dream.

"Yaas."

"I hope your lordship isn't unwell!" said Mrs. Mimble anxiously.

Mauleverer grinned.

"Sane as ever, madam," he answered. "I forgot to mention that we're carryin' on our strike and we've got to camp somewhere where there's plenty of grub, and this is the spot."

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Mimble.

"The fellows may be here any minute now!" continued his lordship. "Do let me persuade you to take a holiday at my expense, you'll be fearfully crowded with all the Remove parked in the place—"

"He, he!" came in a sort of explosion from the small boy Mimble. That youth seemed to find the Earl of Mauleverer entertaining. "Oh, my eye! He, he, he!"

"And I most earnestly advise you to sell your stock in a lump!" went on Mauleverer. "As soon as Bunter gets here he won't bother about whose stock it is, and I foresee heavy losses for you, madam, if you don't accept my offer."

"But—but—but—" stammered Mrs. Mimble.

"You see, ma'am, we're carrying on this strike till Mr. Hacker comes round, or the governors butt in, or the Head comes back!" explained Lord Mauleverer. "I'm sure you don't want a chap like me to be hoofed out of Greyfriars by a tick like Hacker, what?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Mimble. "I said it was a shame, and I'd tell Mr. Hacker so, too. But—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a cheery voice along the side passage by the school shop.

The Removites were arriving.

"That's Cherry!" remarked Lord Mauleverer. He glanced out into the passage. The door was wide open again and the juniors crowding in. "They're comin'. Perhaps you'll think over my offer, madam, and make up your mind. Of course, we shall be delighted if you'll stay on and hold the fort with us, but what I'm afraid of is that you'd find it rather noisy and disturbin'."

"Goodness, gracious!" gasped Mrs. Mimble.

"He, he!" said Master Mimble.

Mr. Mimble just blinked. His breath seemed to be taken away.

Leaving them to think it over, Lord Mauleverer joined the Removites in the passage. They were crowding in, with grinning faces. There was a door from that passage into the shop. Billy Bunter was through that door almost in a twinkling. The light flashed on in the shop.

How long the strikers would be able to "stay in" in their new quarters, and whether they would be able to stay in at all, Bunter did not know. So Billy Bunter lost no time.

It was the first time that Bunter had had the free and undisturbed run of a tuckshop! He was not likely to let such opportunities like the sunbeams pass him by!

Lord Mauleverer stepped back into the Mimble parlour. The Famous Five followed him in, smiling. Other fellows crowded at the door. Others were going up the stairs and spreading over the establishment.

Whether to accept the extraordinary offer Lord Mauleverer had made was rather a puzzle to Mr. and Mrs. Mimble. But really, they did not seem to have much choice in the matter. The rebel Remove were there, and clearly were going to stay there. Bunter could be heard in the shop—and several other fellows had joined him. Obviously there



were going to be heavy losses of stock if Lord Mauleverer's offer was declined. The good couple blinked at the juniors, and blinked at one another, in a state of great astonishment—while Master Mimblo grinned.

A sudden yell came from the side passage.

"Look out! 'Ware prefects!"  
"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.  
"It's the jolly old enemy already! Come on!"

And there was a rush to the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Mimblo were left in their parlour, still blinking in astonishment.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Going Strong!

**W**INGATE of the Sixth stood staring in at the side door of the school shop. His face expressed angry amazement. A crowd of fellows stared out at him, most of them grinning.

"You young rascals!" exclaimed the Greyfriars captain. "What does this mean?"

"Guess!" suggested Peter Todd.  
"Come out of that at once!" rapped Wingate.

"I don't think!"  
"What the dickens are you up to?" exclaimed Wingate. "I spotted you clearing off—I happened to be looking out of the window of the prefects' room. I've come to take you back! How dare you leave the House after lock-up!"

"Bow-wow!"  
"Rats!"  
"Run away and play, Wingate!"  
"You young asses!" exclaimed Wingate. "Cut back at once before Hacker hears of this! Do any more of you want to be sacked?"  
"The sackfulness will not be terrific, my esteemed Wingate!"  
The Greyfriars captain jumped at that voice. Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh's dusky face grinned from the crowd within.

"Oh! Then you've come back, Hurree Singh!"  
"The come-backfulness is preposterous, esteemed Wingate!"  
"Are the other young rascals there, then?"  
"Here we are, Wingate!" chortled the Bounder.

"Here!" said Harry Wharton.  
"Yaas, here we are, old bean!" said Lord Mauleverer. "We're carryin' on the strike here, Wingate. Don't barge in, old man—we rather like you, you know, and we don't want to have to handle you again."  
"Well, my hat!" said Wingate blankly. "Look here, you young sweeps, go back to the House at once. Otherwise I shall have to report this to Hacker. Now then!"

"Don't be an ass, Wingate!" said the Bounder. "Haven't you got it into your head yet that the Remove is on strike?"  
"That will do, Vernon-Smith!" said Wingate, frowning. "Will you young rascals go back to the House at once, or do you want me to call Hacker here?"

"Just what we don't want at present!" said the Bounder. "And you're not going to call Hacker, either! Nobody asked you to barge in, Wingate, and now you've done it you can take what's coming to you. Back up, you men!"

"Yaas, bag him!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Sorry, Wingate, an' all that, but we've got to keep you out of harm's way till we're ready for business."

"Stand back!" roared Wingate, as a dozen Removites rushed at him. He

(Continued on next page.)

# The STately HOMES of GREYFRIARS

## THE AQUARIUM

By

The Greyfriars Rhymester



(1)

I kinder guess it's situated  
Right up town in Noo Yark, sure!  
Close against the Elevated!  
Trains and trolleys pass the door!  
By the present owner's wishes  
"The Aquarium," it's named,  
It's the home of many Fishes,  
Mostly wild, or partly tamed!

(2)

Built by Fishy's granddad, Otis,  
Gee, is this a stately home?  
Not, believe me, so's you'd notice!  
Big Boy, this ain't ancient Rome!  
Put it down in ink on paper,  
It's a penthouse, nothing less!  
On an eighty-floor skyscraper,  
Built upon the roof, I guess!

(4)

Elevators, fast expresses,  
Take an hour to reach the roof!  
Fishy's popper kinder guesses  
That a bonehead or a goof  
Might live in the sidewalk's hustle.  
But for him the air is clear  
Up above the noise and bustle,  
Somewhere in the stratosphere!

(6)

That most cute of all our scholars,  
Fisher T., the son of Fish,  
Loves Noo Yark and all its dollars;  
Noise to him is "just his dish!"  
How he hates to grope and grovel  
On the ground, like you and I;  
Give him his ancestral hovel  
Up above the world so high!

(8)

Just to hear the peanut vendors  
Howling in Italian style,  
Just to see the black bar-tenders  
Mixing sodas, with a smile,  
Just to dodge a gangster's battle—  
Snakes, who wouldn't love Noo Yark!  
Oh, the sweet, the tender rattle  
Of the sub-machine-gun's bark!

Fisher T. Fish, of the Greyfriars Remove, comes from the great city of New York, where the ancestral home of the Fishes is humorously called "The Aquarium."

(3)

A penthouse is a sort of hovel  
On the roof above the street;  
Rich men think them rather novel,  
Millionaires have found them sweet!  
There they live a fearful distance  
Far above the madding crowd,  
In a countrified existence,  
Blotted out by banks of cloud!

(5)

When the streets are rushing rivers,  
And the tempest gives you shocks,  
How that building shakes and quivers,  
Thirty feet the penthouse rocks!  
One day we shall see it dwindling  
Out of sight towards the stars!  
Fishy then will live by swindling  
Those inhabitants of Mars!

(7)

Gee, how Fishy's heart is yearning  
For the Broadway's peaceful night!  
See, the million lights are burning!  
Gosh, ain't that a dandy sight?  
Oh, to see the people teeming  
Everywhere a guy can look!  
Oh, to hear the sirens screaming  
As the cop cars chase the crook!

(9)

Thus thinks Fishy, sadly gazing  
At green fields and rotten trees,  
Fields where beastly cows are grazing,  
Trees which rustle in the breeze!  
After all, we share his feeling:  
Be it in the east or west,  
In New York Japan, or Ealing,  
Home to everyone is best!

Next Week: The HEAD'S HOUSE.



swished his ashplant round with vigour, and there were yells on all sides as it landed.

But the swiping ash did not stop the rush. A swarm of fellows closed on the Greyfriars captain, his ashplant was wrenched away, and Wingate, struggling frantically, went over, with a tumbling heap of juniors sprawling on him.

"Bag him!" yelled the Bounder.

"Collar him!"

"Oh! Wow! You young villains!" gasped Wingate, heaving and struggling under the swarm. "I'll—Owl! I'll—I'll—Oooogh!"

"Bring him in!" said Lord Mauleverer calmly. "We've got to keep him quiet for a bit! Don't damage him more than you can help—but roll him in!"

Wingate was a hefty man, and he resisted strenuously. But innumerable hands were grasping him, and he was rolled headlong in at the doorway, and the door was shut.

In the passage he put up another struggle. But it bootied not. With arms and legs held by many hands, Wingate was rolled and dragged along the passage into the parlour at the end.

The Mimble family gazed at him.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Mimble.

"G-g-good gracious!" stuttered Mrs. Mimble.

"He, he!" gurgled the small Mimble.

"You—you—you—" spluttered the Greyfriars captain, as he was whirled in. "You—you—Owl! You young scoundrels! Oooogh! I'll—Oooogh!"

He wrenched wildly at the grasping hands. But he wrenched in vain.

Lord Mauleverer produced a cord.

"Better tie his fists!" he remarked.

"He's too jolly dangerous to leave loose. Sorry, Wingate, old man; you can put all this down to Hacker's account, you know."

"All Hacker's fault, Wingate!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Let me go!" roared Wingate.

"I'll—Gerroff! Leggo!"

He resisted up to the last moment. But resistance was futile against such heavy odds. He was safely held while the Bounder tied his wrists together, and, for additional security, tied the end of the cord to the leg of a sofa.

The Greyfriars captain sprawled on the floor, helpless. He yelled desperately to the staring gardener.

"Mimble, let me loose! Do you hear?"

"I 'ear, sir," said Mr. Mimble, "but—"

"Mr. Mimble isn't taking a hand in this game, old bean," said the Bounder. "Mr. Mimble doesn't want us to hold his head under his own tap, do you, Mr. Mimble?"

"Oh dear! No!" gasped Mr. Mimble.

"Then you'd better not interfere, old thing! Shut up, Wingate!"

"You young rascal!" roared Wingate.

"I said shut up!" remarked the Bounder. "If you'd rather I shoved a handful of cinders in your mouth, keep on yowling."

Wingate gave him a look, but he decided to shut up. The Bounder was more than ready to suit the action to the word, and Wingate certainly did not want his mouth stuffed with cinders.

"That's right, old man!" said Lord Mauleverer. "I hate to see your improvin' conversation cut off like this, Wingate, but we're rather busy at the moment, and I'm doin' the talkin'. Smithy, take three fellows and cut out to the Cloisters and bring in those bags!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" grinned the Bounder, saluting.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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Smithy, Redwing, Peter Todd and Harree Singh hurried out to fetch in the bags that had been left hidden in the Cloisters.

Except for Wingate, the alarm had not been given yet. Wingate was safe now—as safe as Carne or Mr. Hacker. But every moment was precious to the rebels of the Remove. There was much to be done before they were prepared to carry on the stay-in strike in their new quarters.

"Now, I want six men—" went on Lord Mauleverer, when the Bounder and his party had started for the Cloisters.

"Who the dickens are you to be giving orders?" demanded Bolsover major.

"Mauly's leader!" said Harry Wharton.

"Rot!" said Bolsover. "I'm not taking any orders from anybody, I can jolly well tell you that!"

"Did anybody pick up Wingate's ash?" asked Mauleverer.

"Yes; here it is, Mauly!" answered Frank Nugent.

"Good! Wharton, Bull, put Bolsover across that table! You, Nugent, give him six for arguin' with his commander-in-chief!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major gave a roar of wrath. The burly Removite was heart and soul in the rebellion; but he was not going to take orders from anybody, if he could help it. He was going to discover that he could not help it.

He clenched his big fists and glared defiance.

"I'd like to see anybody give me six!" he bellowed.

"Yaas; you're goin' to see it!" assented Lord Mauleverer. "Glad you like the prospect, old bean! Put him over!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull jumped at Bolsover major. Squiff and Tom Brown lent them willing hands. Bolsover, resisting desperately, was up-ended over the table.

Pinned there, face down, he wriggled and roared.

"Six of the best, Nugent!" said Lord Mauleverer, looking on with his hands in his pockets. "Must have discipline, you know, or the thing will go to pot!"

"Leave it to me!" said Nugent, swishing the ash.

"You dare to whop me!" shrieked Bolsover major.

"Commander's orders, old bean!"

"You dare to—Yaroooh!" roared Bolsover, as the ash came down.

Four pairs of hands held him pinned.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Oh! I'll—Yoo-hoop!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooooh!"

"Are you goin' to toe the line now, old fellow?" asked Lord Mauleverer.

"No!" yelled Bolsover.

"Give him six more!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Owl! Stoppit!" shrieked Bolsover major. "I—I—I'll do as you like! Stoppit! Oh crikey! You silly ass—Owl! Chuck it!"

"Toein' the line, old chap?"

"Owl! Yes! Wow!"

"Good! That's all right, then!" said Lord Mauleverer placidly. "Sorry, old thing, but discipline must be maintained! If the fellows want another leader, I'm ready to resign on the spot—"

"No fear! Carry on, Mauly!" said Harry Wharton. "We're backing you up all along the line, old bean."

"Right-ho! So long as I'm leader,

every man who kicks against orders will get six!" said Lord Mauleverer cheerfully.

"Hear, hear!"

Bolsover major rolled off the table with a face like unto that of a demon in a pantomime. He looked powerfully inclined to rush at Lord Mauleverer, hitting out right and left. But he restrained that desire; it was only too clear what would happen if he did. He wriggled in sulky silence.

"Now," proceeded Mauleverer calmly, "I want six men. Squiff, Browney, Bull, Nugent, Cherry, Ogilvy will do."

"Waiting for orders, sir!" grinned Bob.

"Yaas! Go back to the House, get in at the window of the Rag-Hobby will let you in if you tap—and go up to the Remove dorm."

"And go to bed?" asked Ogilvy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No! Make bundles of all the bed-clothes, and drop them out of the dormitory window."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Six men will wait below to bring the things here—Wharton, Wibley, Russell, Morgan, Desmond and Newland."

"Right-ho!"

"Lose no time!" added Lord Mauleverer. "Goodness knows how long it will be before the jolly old enemy gets going! Hacker won't stay tied up for ever."

"Come on, you men!" grinned Bob.

A dozen fellows hurried out by the side door.

"The rest of you," added Lord Mauleverer, "walk round making sure of doors and windows in this jolly old buildin'."

"I say, you fellows!" A jammy face looked through the doorway from the shop. "I say, you try these tarts! They're prime!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Mimble looked at Billy Bunter. Evidently her stock was being reduced already. Bunter was jammy and sticky and happy, and clearly had been going strong. His mouth was full, and he had a tart in each hand as he blinked in from the shop.

"Prime!" he repeated. "I say, you fellows, is anybody going to pay for these things? I'm ready to stand my whack, of course. I'm expecting a postal order to-morrow."

And the fat Owl went back into the shop, gobbling jam-tarts as he went.

Lord Mauleverer grinned. It was probable that Mrs. Mimble would prefer to close on his lordship's offer, rather than wait for the arrival of Billy Bunter's celebrated postal order!

## THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

### In Possession!

"COURTFIELD AND COUNTY  
BANK, LTD.  
High Street,  
Courtfield.

PAY Mrs. Mimble  
One Hundred Pounds.  
£100.

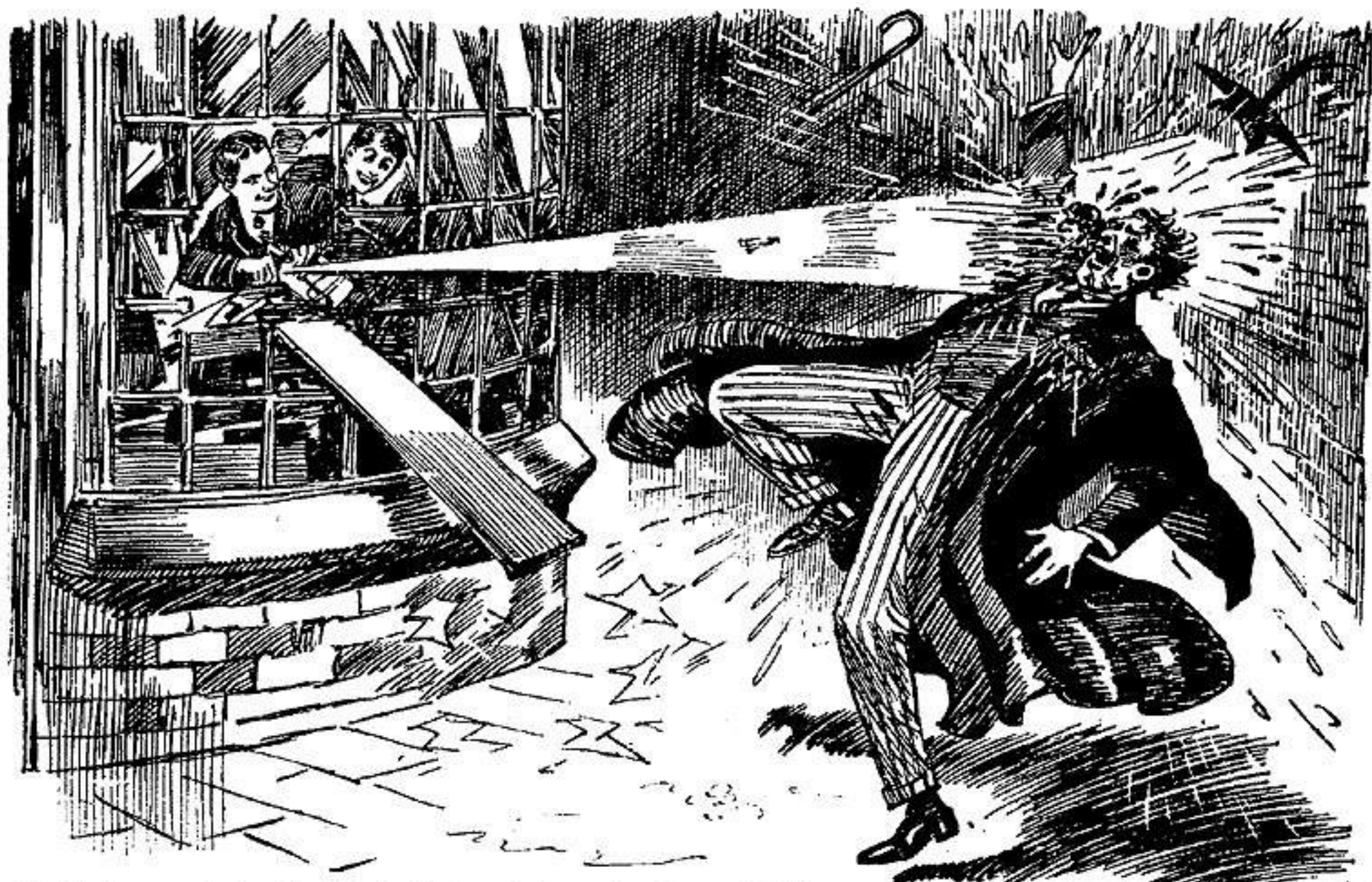
MAULEVERER."

**L**ORD MAULEVERER wrote out that interesting document on a sheet from a writing-pad, and affixed a twopenny stamp to it.

Although not on the usual printed form, it constituted a cheque, and was good for the amount stated, at the bank in Courtfield.

Mrs. Mimble gazed at it on her parlour table, and listened to the sounds in the adjoining shop, where





Mr. Hacker was glaring through the broken window, when Vernon-Smith pressed the nozzle of the soda siphon. **Swissssh!** **Swoosh!** A jet of soda-water caught the new headmaster of Greyfriars full in his enraged countenance. **Splash!** "Oooooch!" gasped Mr. Hacker. "Woooooch! Oooooogh!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Greyfriars strikers.

Billy Bunter was going strong, ably seconded by several other members of the Remove. And the good dame made up her mind.

The Greyfriars strikers were in possession, and intended to remain in possession unless Mr. Hacker was able to turn them out by force. Mrs. Mimble, naturally, had no desire to stand a siege with the schoolboy strikers. Neither had Mr. Mimble. That gentleman was past the age for exciting adventures. Both of them, as a matter of fact, hoped that Lord Mauleverer would succeed in staying on at Greyfriars, in spite of Hacker and all his works.

They liked Mauly, and did not like Hacker. So, taking one consideration with another, as it were, Mrs. Mimble decided to accept Mauly's offer—which really was a generous one.

Mrs. Mimble having decided, Mr. Mimble decided as a matter of course, being in a proper state of discipline. So it was settled.

It was clear that "business as usual" could not be carried on, with the school shop turned into a strikers' stronghold. Selling off the whole stock in a lump was rather a catch, in those circumstances. Much of the stock was perishable—and, in fact, was perishing fast under Billy Bunter's attacks.

Mrs. Mimble picked up the schoolboy millionaire's cheque, and tucked it away. It was going to be cashed on the morrow—and that was that!

"Pack, Alfred!" said Mrs. Mimble. Alfred proceeded to pack. Mrs. Mimble proceeded to pack. Mauleverer rang up a taxi for them.

By that time, indeed, the Mimbles were rather anxious to get going. The place was full of scampering schoolboys locking and bolting doors, fastening windows, dragging furniture about.

Smithy had returned with the bags from the Cloisters. A supply of tools and enormous quantities of nails and

screws were turned out, among other things.

Interior doors were being removed from their hinges, to be nailed and screwed across windows!

In such a state of affairs, it was clear that the place was no residence for an orderly lady like Mrs. Mimble, and that Alfred, if he remained, would miss all his usual little comforts!

They packed bags and trunks. Three or four fellows, under Mauleverer's direction, heaved the parlour table up to the parlour window, and nailed it there, with a liberal allowance of nails.

"All damage will be paid for, madam," said Lord Mauleverer as Mrs. Mimble gazed at the hammers. "You will make up a little bill, and I am sure you can trust me to settle."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Mimble. "Certainly, your lordship! But this will cost your lordship a pretty penny!"

"Yaas!" assented Lord Mauleverer.

And it was left at that! Lord Mauleverer was in the happy position of not having to count his cash! Undoubtedly a leader so well supplied with the sinews of war was very useful in a strike!

By the time the Mimble family had finished packing their personal possessions, Gosling was knocking at the side door.

It was opened on the chain. "There's a taxi at the gate," said Gosling, peering in. "Called for Mr. Mimble, so the man says, says he. You here, Alfred?"

Gosling stared blankly at Lord Mauleverer and a crowd of juniors behind him. It was his first glimpse of the new state of affairs.

"My eye!" he said. "Wot I says, is this 'ere, wot are all you young rapscallions doing 'ere, I says?"

"Seeing the family off, old bean," answered Lord Mauleverer amiably. "Help Alfred carry his luggage to the taxi, will you, Gosling? And perhaps

you wouldn't mind taking this pound note for your trouble."

Gosling did not mind at all. Gosling liked pound notes!

"Suttingly, your lordship!" said Gosling, his crusty glare changing to a genial grin on the spot. "Very kind of your lordship! I 'ope you've come back to stay, sir."

"I trust," said Mauleverer gravely, "that your hope is well-founded, Gosling. Here's the baggago."

Willing hands conveyed the baggage out at the door. Gosling and Mr. Mimble conveyed it to the taxi. Mrs. Mimble followed with the small Mimble, who remarked, once more, "Ho, he!" as he went.

Then the Mimbles were gone. Lord Mauleverer had put through a call to the Anchor, at Pegg, and arrangements were already made there for the reception of the Mimble family. It was likely, as Mrs. Mimble remarked, to cost his lordship a pretty penny. But that, fortunately, was a matter of very small moment to his lordship.

During these proceedings, Wingate of the Sixth sat on the floor, powerless to interfere, in a state of growing astonishment and wrath. It was now bed-time for the Remove; but they did not seem to have been missed from the House yet.

That, however, was not surprising, as it was Carne's duty that night to see lights out for the Remove; and Carne, sitting tied to a bench under the tree, was not in a position to do it. Neither was Mr. Hacker in a position to intervene. Hacker, no doubt, would have had an eye open for that troublesome Form—but Hacker was "hors de combat."

There was a tap at the side door, and it was opened on the chain again.

Lord Mauleverer glanced out at a crowd of fellows bearing large bundles. He removed the chain and opened the door, with a cheery grin.

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"All serene?" he asked.

"Right as rain!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Worked like a charm. Hobby let us in at the window of the Rag, and came up to the dorm to lend us a hand."

"Good man!"

"We've got every blessed rag from the dorm!" grinned Ogilvy. "Nobody even noticed us going up, only old Prout."

The bundles were carried in and dumped down.

Lord Mauleverer glanced out into the dusky quad.

Lights could be seen through the gloom from dormitory windows. Junior Forms were going to bed now. There was no light from the Remove dormitory windows, however. Members of that Form were not thinking of bed. Neither Carne nor Hacker was there to inquire what had become of the Remove—neither was the head prefect. Still, it was certain that the other prefects would miss them before long, now that it was bed-time, and that they would be looked for. But that mattered nothing now.

Lord Mauleverer smiled cheerfully.

He went back to the little parlour, where Wingate greeted him with a glare.

"We're through now, old bean," said his lordship. "Like to travel?"

"You young rascal! I'll—"

"Keep your temper, old fellow!" said Mauly. "What's the good of slangin'? You don't like the Hacker man any more than we do, really! What? Will you go quietly, if we let you hop?"

"I'll thrash you!" roared Wingate.

"I think not!" said Mauleverer, shaking his head. "If you won't go quietly, you'll go with your paws tied. Make it pax, and we'll let you loose. Say which."

Wingate breathed hard and deep.

"Let me loose!" he growled.

"You'll go without a shindy?"

"Yes, you young sweep!"

"Let him rip, you men!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Wingate was freed. He gave the grinning juniors a long look, and tramped down the passage to the side

door. Lord Mauleverer followed, to let him out.

"You might collect Carne as you go, Wingate," he remarked.

"Carne?" repeated the Greyfriars captain.

"Yaas—he's tied to the bench under that tree yonder."

"Oh, my hat!"

Wingate tramped away. The door closed on him, and the bolts were shot. On the bench under the tree he found a still figure, silent; but glaring like a demon. Carne was released, and he tore the gag from his mouth.

"Those young scoundrels—" he gasped.

He dashed away to the House to give the alarm to Mr. Hacker. Wingate followed him more slowly.

## THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

### At Last!

MR. HACKER wriggled.

He wriggled and wriggled.

For a long time—it seemed like centuries to Horace Hacker—he had been able to do nothing but wriggle.

Every minute seemed an hour, or longer, to the hapless new headmaster of Greyfriars, as he sat in his chair in the dark study—and waited!

He could only wait.

Nobody came to the study. Carne had not come with that report. Hacker had little doubt, or, rather, none, that those young rascals had secured Carne of the Sixth. Many times he had heard footsteps pass his door—footsteps of other masters going to their studies. One howl would have called their attention. But he could not utter even a gurgle.

He waited—his temper boiling. Mentally, he promised the young rascals all sorts of things for this. But he had to content himself, so far, with mental promises.

He heard half-past nine from the clock tower. That was bed-time for the junior Forms. It was a quarter of an hour later that he heard hurried footsteps outside, and a knock at his door.

He wriggled.

Knock, knock!

The door-handle turned and rattled. Then, knock, knock, knock!

"Are you here, sir?"

It was Carne's voice.

Frantically Mr. Hacker strove to reply. But he could utter no sound. He wrenched wildly at his bonds. His efforts only succeeded in making the armchair shift on its castors.

Carne, outside the door, evidently heard some sound, and knew that there was someone in the study.

"Mr. Hacker!" he called.

Wriggle!

"Mr. Hacker, if you're there, let me in! Those four young rascals have come back, sir!"

The wriggling Hacker was only too well aware of that.

"They got me in the quad, sir, and tied me to a bench! I couldn't get away till Wingate found me. Please open your door, sir!"

Wriggle!

"Mr. Hacker, are you there?" shouted Carne, puzzled and mystified.

Wriggle!

Knock, knock, knock!

Carne of the Sixth fairly banged on the study door.

Mr. Prout looked out of his study farther up the passage, frowning.

"What is all that noise?" boomed Prout. "Carne, why are you making that disturbance?"

"I want Mr. Hacker, sir!"

"Mr. Hacker is not deaf, I suppose!" snapped Prout. "There is no need to make all that uproar, Carne!"

Mr. Capper looked out of another study.

"Carne, cease that uproar!" he snapped. "Mr. Hacker cannot be in his study if he does not answer you! What do you mean, Carne?"

"Somebody's in there, sir—I'm sure I heard somebody move—I can't make it out," said the mystified Carne. "Do you know where Mr. Hacker is, if he's not in his study, sir?"

"I do not. I have not seen him all the evening. Kindly do not continue to make that noise here, Carne."

Carne tramped away, to look into Common-room. Hacker was not there, and he tramped to the prefects' room. There was a buzz of very unusual excitement in that august apartment. Wingate had come in, and told the others what was going on at the school shop. Carne stared in at the door.

"Any of you know where Hacker is?" he demanded.

"Haven't seen the dear old bird," drawled Gwynne. "I dare say he's whopping somebody!"

"Listen for some fag yelling," suggested Sykes.

"Look here! I've got to find Hacker!" hooted Carne. "I can't find him anywhere, or anybody who's seen him. Can those young ruffians have got hold of him?"

"Oh, my hat! I shouldn't wonder!" exclaimed Wingate. "They got hold of you—and me! They may have looked after Hacker, too!"

"His study door's locked, and there's no light on!" said Carne. "I'm certain I heard something move there, though."

"Oh crumbs!" said Gwynne. "Let's go and see!"

Half a dozen of the Sixth went along to Mr. Hacker's study. They knocked at the door and listened. A faint sound, as of someone wriggling uncomfortably in a chair, could be heard.

"Somebody's there!" said Wingate.

"Must be Hacker!" said Gwynne.

"But why doesn't he answer or open the door?" asked Sykes.

# Looking after Lowther!

When Monty Lowther of the Shell Form is led away by the black sheep of St. Jim's, Tom Merry & Co. determine to save their chum from his weakness and folly. But Lowther resents their interference, and, in consequence, there's more than a little fun, excitement and adventure in looking after Lowther!

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"Looks as if he can't!" grinned Gwynne.

"I'll cut round to the window!" exclaimed Carne. "Hacker's window was broken this evening; they may have got in by the window."

Arthur Carne dashed out of the House. He reached Mr. Hacker's study window. It was closed, but not fastened.

He pushed it open and clambered in. "Mr. Hacker! Are you here?" he exclaimed.

There was a faint wriggling sound. Carne groped across the dark study to the switch at the door, and turned it on. Then he jumped!

His eyes bulged at the sight of Mr. Hacker, tied in the armchair, with the duster crammed in his mouth and fastened there.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Carne. "Is he there, Carne?" came Wingate's voice, from the outer side of the door.

"Oh, gad! Yes!" The key was in the lock. Carne turned it back, and opened the door. Half a dozen Sixth Form men stared in—at Hacker.

"Oh!" gasped Wingate. "Great pip!"

Mr. Hacker was glaring at them with an almost frenzied glare. They hurried across to him. Carne untied the handkerchief and removed the gag. Mr. Hacker was able to speak.

"Oooooooooogh!" was his first remark. "Wooooogh!"

"They—they did this, sir?" gasped Carne.

"Urrgh! Yes! Wharton, Mauleverer, Hurree Singh, and Vernon-Smith! Have you secured them?" spluttered Mr. Hacker.

"No, sir! You see—"

"Will you release me? Why are you wasting time? Are you a fool, Carne? Are you a fool, Wingate? Will you release me or not?" roared Mr. Hacker. His temper seemed to have suffered considerably.

The Sixth Form men fumbled with knots. But there was plenty of cord on Hacker, and almost innumerable knots. It was not easy work.

"Cut the cord!" shrieked Mr. Hacker. "Have you no penknife, Wingate? Have you no sense? Will you release me immediately?"

Wingate opened a penknife to saw at the cords. They snapped one after another. Hacker was able to wriggle a little more freely. He wriggled, and gave a fearful yell.

"Fool! You are sticking that penknife into me! Are you mad, Wingate? How dare you stick that penknife into me!"

"Really, sir, you'd better keep still while I cut the cords—"

"Fool!"

"Really, Mr. Hacker—"

"Imbecile! Release me instantly! Idiot!"

Wingate made no reply to that. He was not there to enter into a slanging match with the infuriated master of the Shell. He gashed and gashed at the innumerable windings of knotted cords.

"What is all this?" Mr. Prout looked in at the door. "Bless my soul! Is—is—that Mr. Hacker? Upon my word!"

Hacker gave him an almost fiendish glare. He did not want any other member of the staff to see him in this ridiculous position.

"Goodness gracious!" Mr. Capper looked in. "What has happened? Have you been tied in that chair, Hacker?"

It was rather a superfluous question.

"Cannot you see that I have been tied

in this chair, Mr. Capper?" raved Hacker. "Are you an idiot, sir?"

"Mr. Hacker! Such language—" gasped the master of the Fourth. "Really, sir— Upon my word, Mr. Hacker—"

"Mon Dieu!" Monsieur Charpentier looked in. "Qu'est-que-c'est, cela? Est-il, Monsieur Hackair! Mon Dieu!"

"What is it?" Mr. Wiggins came up. "Has anything happened to Hacker? Why—what—what—what—"

The master of the Third jumped at the sight of Hacker.

Horace Hacker almost foamed. Beak after beak was gathering at the door, gazing in at him.

Mr. Prout's plump face had a sardonic look. The governors had chosen to appoint Hacker over Prout's head when Dr. Locke went. Prout wondered sardonically what the governors would have thought of this, could they have seen it!

"Go away!" howled Mr. Hacker. "I do not desire your presence here! Kindly go away at once!"

"Really, Hacker—" boomed Prout.

"Will you go? You will kindly remember, Mr. Prout, that I am headmaster, with power to dismiss members of the staff! Go!"

Prout gave him a look that spoke volumes, and went. The other beaks followed. Mr. Hacker was certain that he heard a chuckle float back as they went.

"How long are you going to fumble with those cords, Wingate?" hissed Mr. Hacker. "Will you hasten? Will you release me? You are a clumsy fool, Wingate!"

"I'm getting on as fast as I can, sir—"

"Hold your tongue! Release me! I order you to release me! If you do not release me instantly, Wingate, I shall deprive you of your prefectship and your Sixth Form privileges! Fool! Be quick!"

That, really, was not the way to hasten matters. It was several more minutes before Mr. Hacker, with a final wrench, got out of that armchair. Then the Sixth Form men left his study, considerably refraining from grinning till they were out of Mr. Hacker's sight.

Mr. Hacker bounded to the table and clutched up a cane. He was fearfully anxious to get going with that cane. And it was undoubtedly fortunate for the Greyfriars strikers that they were out of reach of Hacker and his cane.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

### No Surrender!

**B**ANG! Hammer! Clang! Bang! Loud it rang over the dusky old quad.

Busy hands, with hammers, were hard at work, and the din was tremendous. Every corner of Greyfriars School echoed with it. Shell, and Fourth, Third and Second, were in their dormitories, but not a fellow in any of those Forms was asleep. The terrific uproar from the direction of the school shop had, like Macbeth, murdered sleep!

Bang! Clang! Crash! Thump! Bang!

A dozen hammers, at least, were going all at once. Furniture was being dragged about. Doors were being taken off their hinges—all the interior doors in the building—to be nailed and screwed over windows. Floorboards were wrenched up for the same purpose.

Many hands made light work. Even

Billy Bunter was helping. He was not, perhaps, a very willing helper; Bunter did not like work, and he did like jam tarts, cream puffs, and meringues. But two or three boots helped Bunter away from the food supplies, and were ready to help him again if he slacked down. So the fat Owl of the Remove worked with the rest.

Only Lord Mauleverer had his hands in his pockets. But Mauly was giving orders and directions.

Bang, bang! went the hammers merrily. Now that there was no longer any need of caution, the Greyfriars strikers let themselves go. Mauly had cleared out Uncle Clegg's shop in the village of its whole supply of tools, nails, screws, and such things. All of them came in useful now. Planks nailed across doors and windows were fast transforming the little building into a fortress. Most of the windows lost their glass in the process. But that was only a small item in a big bill of damages.

In the various dormitories in the School House, fellows of all Forms turned out of bed, to stare from the windows in the direction of the school shop, far off in the corner of the Cloisters.

It was easily to be seen, for lights had been turned on in every room, and it glared and glowed through the night.

From the window of the Fifth Form games study a crowd of the Fifth stared out. Most of them were laughing.

"Pretty state of affairs!" remarked Blundell, the captain of the Fifth.

Coker gave an emphatic snort.

"I wonder what the Head would think?" he said. "Cheeky young scoundrels, if you like! But it's all Hacker's fault!"

"Well, nothing of this kind happened before Hacker took over," said Blundell. "I fancy that's how the jolly old governors will look at it when they hear."

Sixth Form men were gathered at the doorway, looking out. Mr. Hacker passed them rather like a whirlwind, striding out, cane in hand.

The news that the Remove were all out of the House, and barricading themselves in the school shop, in company with the expelled four, had brought Mr. Hacker to the verge of apoplexy. This was the Form that he had believed that he had reduced to obedient submission by his drastic measures.

The new headmaster of Greyfriars strode out into the dusk, and hurried, almost running, towards Mrs. Minble's shop.

Dark as the February night was, it was quite light in front of that establishment, with illumination streaming from every window.

The shop was brightly lit, and within Mr. Hacker could see a number of juniors dragging planks to the window, which others placed in position and nailed. The end of a plank came crashing through a pane as Mr. Hacker arrived, and fragments of glass scattered at his feet.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Hacker!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, as the infuriated face was seen glaring in.

Mr. Hacker glared in at the broken window. He was almost too enraged to speak. Vernon-Smith put down his hammer, and sorted out a siphon of soda-water.

"Hold on, Smithy!" Lord Mauleverer came up. "Is that you, Mr. Hacker? Good-evenin', sir!"

"You—you—you—" Mr. Hacker could only stutter.

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"Take your time, sir!" said Mauleverer politely. "If you've got anythin' to say we'll give you a hearin', with pleasure! Leave off that knockin' for a bit, you men, Hacker wants to talk!"

"Oh, blow Hacker!" growled Bolsover maj. "— a jainjar at his ugly mug and shut him up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!" rapped Mauleverer. "Now then, Mr. Hacker! Go it, but I might ask you to cut it short; you see, we're rather busy here!"

"What—what—what is going on here?" gasped Mr. Hacker.

"Stay in strike, sir! Same old strike!"

"You young rascal!"

"We're ready to call it off any minute, sir, if you come to terms. I assure you I'd rather go to bed than sit up directin' a strike."

"Rot!" said the Bounder. "Let Hacker keep it up as long as he likes! This is no end of a lark!"

"Shut up, Smithy! Have you come here to tell us that you're comin' to terms, Mr. Hacker?"

"He looks it!" murmured Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've come here to order the Remove to their dormitory!" roared Mr. Hacker. "Every boy in the Form will be flogged!"

"What an inducement to give in!" remarked Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The four expelled boys will be locked up in the punishment-room and sent away in the morning! I order you to come out of that building at once!"

"I'm givin' orders here, sir!" said Lord Mauleverer mildly. "If that's all you've got to say you may as well trickle off. Perhaps you may be in a more reasonable frame of mind in the mornin'!"

"Cherry!" roared Mr. Hacker.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob cheerfully.

"Open that door at once, or I shall sentence you to expulsion and send you away with the boys already expelled."

"Dear man!" said Bob affably.

"Will you obey me, Cherry?"

"Not this evening, sir!"

"You are expelled, Cherry!"

"Thanks!"

"Nugent—" shrieked Mr. Hacker.

"Sacking me, too, sir?" asked Frank.

"Go it! Why not sack the whole Form? It will save your breath, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Hacker gurgled with rage.

"You are expelled, Nugent!"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent.

"Me, too, sir?" asked Johnny Bull cheerfully. "Don't leave me out, Hacker! When you've finished talking rot, old bean, take your silly face away, will you? It's not nice, and it worries a chap!"

"You are expelled, Bull!" foamed Mr. Hacker.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Are you keeping count, sir?" he asked. "You're rather going it, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently the "sack"—that final and most crushing punishment—had lost its terrors.

In fact, the juniors were aware that wholesale expulsions like this were not likely to materialise, even if Hacker got the upper hand.

Seven expulsions in one Form, immediately following Mr. Hacker's

appointment as temporary headmaster, would certainly have made the Governing Board sit up and take notice. They were less likely to believe that the Remove were an ungovernable Form than that Horace Hacker was unfit to govern Greyfriars. Perhaps that dawned on Mr. Hacker's own mind, for he ceased to hand out dire sentences.

He stood stuttering with rage.

"Is that the lot, sir?" asked Mauly politely.

"For the last time, I order you to cease this riot!" panted Mr. Hacker, husky with fury.

"Thank goodness it's the last time!" said Bob Cherry. "Now run away!"

"Yes; run away and play, Hacker!" said Johnny Bull.

"I order you—" gurgled Mr. Hacker.

"You're repeatin' yourself, sir!" Mauleverer pointed out gently. "The rest of the speech may be taken as read, if you don't mind!"

Mr. Hacker reached suddenly through the broken window with his cane. He had time for one lash before Lord Mauleverer jumped back out of reach.

"Yooo-hooooop!" roared Mauly as he jumped.

The Bounder ran forward with the soda siphon in his hand. Mr. Hacker was glaring in, in the hope of reaching another victim with the cane.

Swisssh! Swooooosh!

A jet of soda-water from the siphon caught Mr. Hacker full in his enraged countenance.

Splash!

"Ooooooch!" gasped Mr. Hacker.

"Woooooch! Oooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Greyfriars strikers.

"Urrrghh!"

Swooooosh!

Mr. Hacker staggered back, gurgling. The jet of soda-water followed him as he staggered. It played over his face and shot into his neck.

"Oooooogh!" spluttered Hacker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Hacker bounded back, drenched and dripping. As he stood gasping for breath and dabbing at his face, a tomato flew through the window and landed on his nose. It squashed there, with a horrid squash.

"Ooooooh! Oh! Oooogh!"

Mr. Hacker disappeared from view in the dusk of the quad. He seemed to have had enough for the present. And a cheery sound of banging and crashing followed him as the Greyfriars strikers resumed their labours.

## THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER

### "Rescue, Remove!"

"WINGATE!"

"Yes, sir!"

"How many of the Remove boys are still in the House?"

"Two, sir."

"Two!" repeated Mr. Hacker. "Only two, in a Form numbering thirty boys! Do you mean to say, Wingate, that all the rest of the Form have been allowed to leave the House, undeterred by my prefects—"

"I went after them, sir, but they collared me—"

"Nonsense!"

"I was tied up—"

"You should have allowed nothing of the kind, Wingate! Are you a fool? Are you a coward?"

Wingate's eyes gleamed. He was very near the limit of his patience with Mr. Hacker. He answered tartly:

"You seem to have allowed them to do the same to you, sir, judging by the way we found you in your study."

"Do not be insolent, Wingate!" snarled Mr. Hacker. "You should not have allowed the boys to leave the House. You are either stupid or undutiful—if, indeed, you are not hand-in-glove with the young rascals."

"Oh, rubbish!" said Wingate, losing patience.

"What—what did you say, Wingate?" gasped Mr. Hacker.

"I said rubbish—and I repeat, rubbish, sir!" retorted Wingate, and he walked away, with that, leaving the new headmaster of Greyfriars to digest it.

"Wingate!" roared Mr. Hacker.

The Greyfriars captain went into the prefects' room and shut the door—hard. Mr. Hacker made a stride after him; but he paused. Possibly he realised that he had sufficient trouble on hand with the Remove, without any more added with the Sixth Form.

"Skinner! Snoop!" He spotted those two youths on the staircase—the only two of the Remove who remained in the House. "What are you doing there? Why are you not in your dormitory, at past ten o'clock?"

"There's no bedclothes, sir," said Skinner.

"What—what?"

"Everything's been cleared off, sir!" said Snoop.

"Carne!" Mr. Hacker called to his pet prefect, who was hovering at hand. "Carne! What does this mean? Has anything happened in the Remove dormitory?"

"Yes, sir!" answered Carne. "The young rascals seem to have cleared off with all the bedclothes—they've stripped every bed. I fancy they must have bundled the things out of the window, as nobody seems to have noticed them taking anything out of the House—"

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Hacker.

He realised that the strikers had not been idle during the time he had sat in his study, tied in the armchair.

"What are we to do, sir?" asked Skinner, carefully suppressing a grin.

Mr. Hacker looked at him, and at Snoop.

As those two excellent youths had not joined in the latest outbreak, Hacker ought really to have been pleased with them. But he was hardly in a mood to be pleased with anybody just then. He remembered the remarks that had been made at his study door.

"You will go to my study!" said Mr. Hacker savagely. "You are two of the boys who came here with lines, and I heard what you said. Follow me to my study, at once!"

"Oh!" gasped Skinner.

"Oh, crumbs!" breathed Snoop.

Mr. Hacker strode away to his study. Skinner and Snoop looked after him, and looked at one another. They realised that Hacker must have overheard their unfortunate remarks at his door. They realised, too, that that gave Hacker the excuse he wanted for "taking it out" of somebody!

The two slackers of the Remove had fancied that they were going to steer



clear of trouble by keeping clear of the "strike." Instead of which, it was evident that they had landed right in it. They gazed at one another in dismay.

"Now, then!" snapped Carne. "Didn't you hear what Hacker said? Get along to his study at once!"

Skinner gave a glance at the open doorway, where some of the Sixth were still standing, gazing towards the flaring windows of the school shop. He whispered to Snoop:

"Cut!"

Sidney James Snoop hesitated for a moment, but only for a moment. Anything was better than a caning from Hacker, in Hacker's present temper.

"Come on!" he breathed.

And they made a dash for the doorway. Carne stared after them, and then rushed in pursuit. Skinner and Snoop flew.

"Stop them!" yelled Carne, to the fellows in the doorway. "Sykes—Gwynne—you silly asses, stop them, I tell you!"

Perhaps the prefects were not specially keen on stopping the fugitives. Anyhow, Skinner and Snoop dodged out, and ran. Carne came charging through the doorway after them. Gwynne, who had failed to get into the way of Skinner and Snoop, somehow got in Carne's way, and there was a collision. Gwynne stood like a rock, and Carne staggered and rolled down the steps.

There was a chuckle from the Sixth Form men. Carne was not popular in the Sixth, especially since he had become Hacker's pet.

He scrambled to his feet, panting, and glared up at the seniors in the doorway.

"You rotter!" yelled Carne. "You did that on purpose!"

"Dear me!" said Gwynne.

Carne gave him a furious glare and turned, to rush in pursuit of two shadowy forms racing away across the quad.

Skinner and Snoop were no sprinters, as a rule; but they put on a wonderful turn of speed now.

They reached the school shop, and banged at the door. But that door was shut, bolted, and barricaded. They thumped frantically.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came a shout from within. "Is that Hacker again?"

"Let us in!" shrieked Skinner. "Oh, for goodness' sake, let us in! Carne's after us! Rescue!"

"Rescue!" yelled Snoop.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" Bob Cherry put his head out of a paneless aperture in the shop window. "You two slackers come to join up, after all?"

"Yes—yes—yes—let us in!" howled Skinner.

"Leave them out!" said the Bounder. "They stayed out of their own accord—leave them to it!"

Carne came speeding up.

Between the planks nailed across the window, a dozen fellows looked out. There was not much glass left in the window by that time. There was room for a fellow to squeeze in between the planks. But Skinner and Snoop had no time. Carne reached them with a rush, and grabbed them by their collars.

"Now, then!" he panted.

"Rescue. Remove!" yelled the two hapless slackers, as Carne started dragging them away by their collars.

"Pile in!" said Lord Mauleverer.

Bob Cherry was the first to jump from the window. Harry Wharton followed him, and the rest of the Co., and four or five other fellows.

Skinner and Snoop, seeing rescue at

hand, struggled in Carne's grasp, resisting and kicking.

"Help!" yelled Skinner.

"Rescue!" howled Snoop.

The next moment, Carne had to release them, as half a dozen Removites arrived with a rush.

They collared Carne on all sides, and he went over with a crash. Skinner and Snoop did not stay to help. The moment they were released, they bolted for the window, and scrambled breathlessly in.

But six or seven Removites handled Carne of the Sixth quite effectually. They bumped him, rolled him in a puddle, and banged his head on the quad, amid fearful howls and yells from the bully of the Sixth. When they let go, Carne was glad to start for the House, and he did the quad as if it were the cinder-path.

The juniors scrambled back through the window.

"That swab Hacker was going to take it out of us!" Snoop was gasping, "so we—we came to join up—"

"We were coming, anyhow, of course!" said Skinner hastily.

"Oh!" gasped Snoop. "Yes, of—of course!"

"Gammon!" growled the Bounder.

"Well, you've come!" said Lord Mauleverer mildly. "Better late than never! But you ought to have come before. I think you'd better be kicked."

"Look here——"

"Somebody kick them!" said Mauleverer.

Five or six fellows obliged at once. The next two or three minutes were quite painful to Skinner and Snoop.

## THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

### An Attack in Force!

"A.L. hands on deck!" grinned Bob Cherry.

It was morning at Greyfriars—a cold and frosty morning.

Until the bell rang for morning school, crowds of fellows in the quad had gathered to stare at the strikers' stronghold from a distance, most of them laughing. Now, however, the various Forms had gone into the Form-rooms, and the quad was deserted, for a time! And from the House, Mr. Hacker came into sight, and following him, came the whole body of Sixth Form prefects.

Immediately the Remove were on the alert.

"They're coming!" said Harry Wharton, watching from a window. "They don't look as if they're going to enjoy it."

"Let 'em come!" grinned the

(Continued on next page.)

## COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS AND GIRLS!

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### OTHER MATTERS.

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plimented me on our 'ast series of Greyfriars yarns, I tender my thanks. As you all know my one aim is—and always has been—to give full possible

### VALUE FOR MONEY.

Our present series of Greyfriars yarns, dealing with Harry Wharton & Co.'s stay-in strike, has started off with a "big bang"—and will certainly add to Frank Richards' laurels.

Forced to take such drastic steps as revolting against authority, the chums of the Remove look like proving a rod in pickles for the tyrannical Mr. Hacker. The "Acid Drop" has asked for it—and he's not going to be disappointed! With the Remove garrisoned in the school tuck-shop, Hacker has been quite at a loss how to deal with the rebellion he has provoked. In next week's yarn:

### "HOLDING THE FORT!"

he plays his trump card in the hope of striking terror to the hearts of the strikers. And it's a fair corker, too! Never before has there been a swifter-moving or more exciting school yarn than the one in store for you next Saturday. Laugh—you ought to see a doctor if you don't!

The snappy verses by our clever Greyfriars Rhymester are written around Dr. Locke's house and the garden so carefully tended by Mumble, the gardener. How many juniors have "hopped" over the wall into the sacred precincts of the garden and partaken of delicious apples and pears? And how many times has the Head's cucumber frame been wrecked by Soccer players who think they ought to have a place in the Greyfriars first eleven?

Next we come to the "Greyfriars Herald" in which will be found the first chapters of a side-splitting serial of the chums of St. Sam's, written by the greatest of schoolboy "orthers," Dicky Nugent. You'll be fairly tickled to death when you read it!

A final word of advice, order next Saturday's BUMPER FREE GIFT ISSUE of the MAGNET to-day!

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1512.







## BOWLING OUT BIRCHEMALL!

The laugh of the week—this last instalment of  
Dicky Nugent's latest serial:

### "DR. BIRCHEMALL'S RESOLUTIONS!"

JACK JOLLY'S WHEEZE!  
"Friends, Romans, country-  
men! Lend me your  
ears!"

I come to berry Seezer  
—not to praise him!"

Mr. Lickham of the

Fourth Form at St. Sam's

grinned. He had just poked

his head into the Junior

Common-room, to find Jack

Jolly standing on a chair,

bellowing out these words

for all he was worth. Merry

and Bright and Fearless

were standing round their

leader, each engrossed in a

copy of "Julius Seezer."

"Eggscuse me, boys!"

called out Mr. Lickham.

Jolly broke off in the

middle of his speech and

glanced towards the door.

"Why, it's Mr. Lickham!"

he eggscimed. "Trot in,

sir! I'm just rehearsing

my lines for the fourth-

coming production of

"Julius Seezer!"

"So I heard, Jolly,"

grinned Mr. Lickham. "It's

one of my favorite plays.

I always consider it one of

Bernard Shaw's best."

Jack Jolly chuckled.

"You mean Shakespeare's,

don't you, sir?"

"No, I don't mean

Shakespeare's!" snapped Mr.

Lickham. "Bernard Shaw

was the man who wrote

"Julius Seezer." Any fool

knows that. I know it

myself."

"All screen, sir! Have it

your own way, then!"

"But I didn't come here

to discuss Julius

Seezer," went on Mr.

Lickham. "I wanted to

see you, Jolly, about a

much more important

person—namely, Doctor

Birchemall!"

"The Head, eh?" larfed

the kaptin of the Fourth.

"What's the latest trouble

you're having with him,

sir?"

"Unfortunatly, it's the

same trouble—those

wretched New Year resolu-

tions of his!" groaned

Mr. Lickham. "He's

sticking to them like glue—

and while he sticks to his

resolutions, we masters have

to keep on giving half-a-

crown a week each to the

Distressed Headmasters' Fund!"

"It's ruff on you, sir,

and no mistake!" grinned

Jack Jolly. "But how do

I come into it?"

"Because, Jolly, you are

the best japer in the skool!"

Mr. Lickham looked round

furtively to make sure that

they were alone, then went

on: "The fact is, Jolly,

the masters have authorised

me to offer you a cash prize

of five shillings if you can

think of a way by which

we can bowl out the Head!"

"The dickens they have!"

"Five whole shillings all

for yourself, if you can only

bring your brane to bear

on this problem!" said

Mr. Lickham impressively.

"It's a big prize; but

we've decided that it will

be worth it to us to get

rid of this crushing financial

burden! Do you think you

can manidge it, Jolly?"



No. 226.

EDITED BY HARRY WHARTON.

February 6th, 1937.

# The GREY FRIARS HERALD



## HEAVY DAMAGES AGAINST FAITHLESS REMOVITE! SENSATIONAL BREACH OF PROMISE CASE!

Amazing scenes were witnessed in the Remove  
High Court recently, when Miss Barbara Redfern,  
of Cliff House, brought an action against Mr. Tom  
Brown for breach of promise to take her to the

Courtfield Cinema. Members of the public  
interrupted with loud boos and hisses and  
catcalls whenever the defendant or his  
solicitor, Mr. Peter Todd, addressed the  
jury. On the other hand, whenever the  
plaintiff or her solicitor, Mr. Vernon-Smith,  
came into the limelight, they all cheered.

Defendant pleaded (1) that he didn't  
make the promise; or, alternatively  
(2) that he ran short of funds on the after-  
noon of the appointment; or, alternatively,  
(3) that Quelchy detained him for the  
afternoon, so he couldn't turn up, anyway.

Speaking with great emotion, Miss  
Redfern declared that defendant's callous  
conduct had humiliated her in the eyes of  
her friends, who afterwards asked her  
questions about the programme, to which  
she was unable to reply.

Mr. Vernon-Smith, in a powerful speech,  
said he was sorry to have to say anything  
against an old pal, but he had to admit, on  
the evidence, that Mr. Brown was a poisonous  
reptile beside whom a viper paled into  
insignificance. He demanded damages  
that would compensate this beautiful and  
talented lady (loud cheers) for the grievous  
mental agony she had suffered.

Mr. Peter Todd, defending, urged that  
no harm had been done and the maximum  
amount that should be awarded in the way  
of damages was one farthing.

The jury, without retiring, found for the  
plaintiff and awarded her a million pounds  
damages, which Miss Redfern at once said  
she would give to the Home for Lost Dogs.

It was afterwards found that defendant  
had not quite a million pounds on him.  
Mr. Justice Wharton thereupon ordered  
that the damages should be remitted, and  
defendant imprisoned in the woodshed for  
half-an-hour and well bumped.

unconshus; see? I shan't  
hurt you a bit, in actual  
fact. But you'll fall down  
just as though it's a fare  
nock-out."

"Well, to tell you the

truth, sir, that's eggscactly

what it sounds like to me—

a fare nock-out!" said

Burleigh, with a larf. "I

can't make out why you

want me to do it."

"You'll know in time,

my dear Burleigh. Going

to do it, then? I'll natcher-

"Thank's awfully!"

grinned the Head. Aside,

he gave Burleigh two pennies

and whispered "Cut!"

And after that he led

Sir Frederick back to the

skool for some much-needed

refreshment.

That ended the affair of

the Head's resolutions; and

the general opinion was that

it wasn't a bad ending,

either. The masters had

had their munny returned;

Jack Jolly was ten shillings



ally reward you for your

assistance."

"All screen, then, sir!"

grinned Burleigh, who hap-

pened to be rather hard up.

And he followed the Head.

Shortly afterwards, a

ruffly-dressed, villainous-

looking carrickter, whom

nobody could possibly have

reckernised as Burleigh of

the Sixth, mite have been

seen shambling along toward

the old crypt of St. Sam's.

He nelt down by the flag-

stone that covered the

entrance to the crypt and

pulled on the iron ring.

The flagstone swung back.

From below came a

yewman cry.

"So you have returned,

you scoundrell! Help!

Reskow!"

"I'm coming, Sir

Frederick!"

It was the Head. He

jumped out from behind a

pillar and dealt the dis-

in pocket; and Burleigh

had gained tuppence.

But, of course, the Head—

as usual—had had the last

larf out of it!

THE END.

(Look out for another

rollicking fine St. Sam's

yarn next week!)

## BUNTER GETS THE ORDER OF THE BATH!

By PETER TODD

Those of you who have  
followed the career of Mr.  
W. G. Bunter, of the  
Remove, will hear with  
unadulterated pleasure the  
news that he has at last  
received the Order of the  
Bath.

Nobody who knows Mr.  
Bunter can doubt for a  
moment that this honour  
is one that should have  
been awarded him a long  
time ago.

For years Mr. Bunter has  
done his best to obtain  
this recognition of his  
particular forte. Now it  
has come; and, tardy  
though it may be, his  
colleagues and friends will  
rejoice. They may truly  
say of him, as far as the  
Order of the Bath is con-  
cerned, that he asked for it,  
he deserved it, and he got it!

Mr. Bunter received his  
new dignity with fitting  
ceremonial immediately  
the new term commenced.  
in the bath-room.

Heralds announced  
him with a fanfare of  
mouth-organs and a  
Court of Honour, com-  
posed of Messrs. Cherry,  
Brown, Bolsover and  
Vernon-Smith, greeted  
him with the traditional  
bombardment of wet  
sponges and knotted towels.

Lord Mauleverer, hur-  
riedly yanked out of bed  
for the purpose, sleepily  
read out a list of Mr. Bunter's  
gifts. Great stress was laid  
as befitted the occasion, on  
Mr. Bunter's heroic refusal,  
even in the face of school  
orders, to take a bath in  
cold weather.

Clad only in a pair of



footer shorts, Mr. Bunter  
was then placed in a hot  
bath and scrubbed by  
officials of the Court, while  
the crowd cheered heartily.  
I tried to interview Mr.  
Bunter after the ceremony  
in the hope that he might  
have a message to give to  
"Greyfriars Herald." Un-  
fortunately, I was unable  
to get him to speak.  
He seemed to be too over-  
come by emotion to say  
anything.

and the others. The Head  
would chuck up those resolu-  
tions immediately, wouldn't  
he?"

"Yes, rather!" grinned

Frank Fearless. "If the

trowth is told, the only

distressed headmaster that's

getting any benefit out

of the Fund is Doctor

Birchemall himself. If the

Head stops receiving the

subs., he'll drop his New

Year resolutions like a hot

brick!"