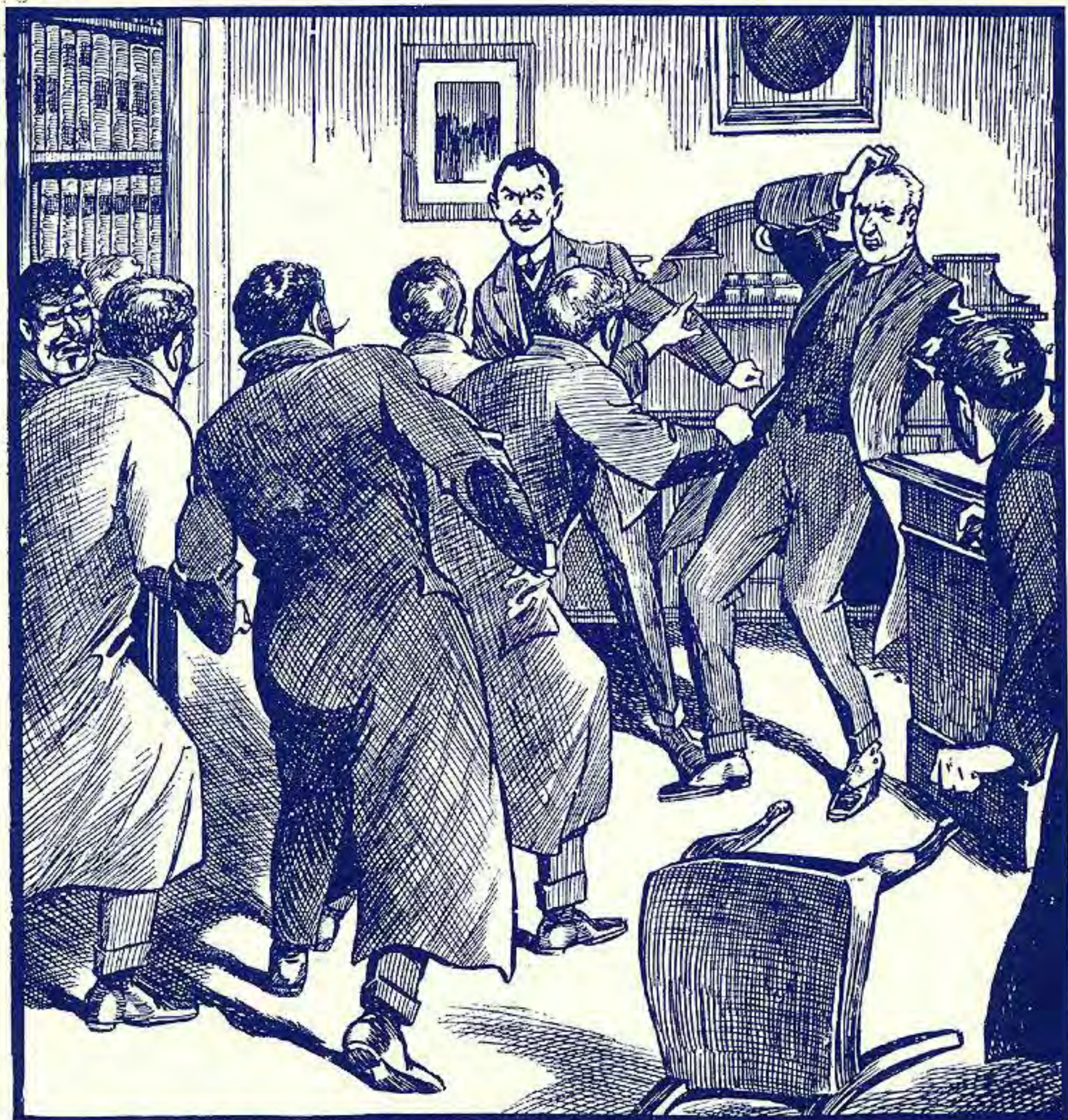


THE GREYFRIARS INQUISITION!



CALLING UPON THE HEAD!

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

THE GREYFRIARS INQUISITION!

By
Frank
Richards.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Not To Be Stood!

"GENTLEMEN!"
"Hear, hear!"
The roar of cheering interrupted the honourable speaker. Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove Form at Greyfriars, was standing on a chair in the Rag addressing an overflowing meeting.

The Rag was crowded. It was an indignation meeting. There was indignation, and there was wrath in every face.

The Remove were there to a man. Even Billy Bunter and Snoop and Fisher T. Fish had turned up. And the Upper Fourth were nearly all there, headed by the elegant and nutty Cecil Reginald Temple. There was a good sprinkling of the Third, and Nugent minor had brought in a gang of the fags of the Second.

It was certainly a representative meeting, so far as the Lower School of Greyfriars was concerned.

And the meeting was very excited. Rows were common enough in the Rag between the Remove and the Upper Fourth; but they were not rowing now. The same spirit of indignation moved all the juniors.

Even Temple and Co., of the Upper Fourth, cheered Harry Wharton as he stood up to address the gathering.

Evidently it was a case of the lion and the lamb getting on chummy terms.

"Gentlemen—"
"Go it!" roared Johnny Bull.
"Silence!"
"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, this meeting of the Lower School of Greyfriars has—has met—"

"Hear, hear!"
"For a very important purpose. Gentlemen, I put it to the meeting—are we going to stand it?"

"Never!" roared Bob Cherry.
"The neverfulness is terrific!" chirruped Hurroo Jamsset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Well, hardly ever!" grinned Skinner.
"Britons never shall be slaves," continued the orator.

"Hear, hear!"
"You know how the matter stands—"

"So you needn't tell us!" remarked Skinner.

"Shut up, Skinner!"
"Order!"
"Go it, Wharton!"

Bob Cherry displayed a formidable set of knuckles under Skinner's nose; and that humorous junior decided to shut up. It was really no time for Skinner's flippant remarks.

"You know how the matter stands!" resumed Wharton victoriously. "Dr. Locke, our respected headmaster, has gone away for his health—"

"Good old Head!"
"Mr. Jeffreys, who has taken his place, is a Hun!"

There were deep groans for Mr.

Jeffreys, the temporary Head of Greyfriars. The groaning was long and dismal, and indicated the feelings of the Greyfriars juniors towards their headmaster pro tem. Evidently Mr. Jeffreys was not popular.

"A regular, beastly Hun, only one degree less rotten than a real Prussian!" continued Wharton eloquently.

"Hear, hear!"
"I say, you fellows—" began Billy Bunter, who was near the door. There was a shout at once:

"Shut up Bunter!"
"But I say, you fellows—" "Dry up!"
"Yes, but I say—" "Sit on him, somebody!"

"Yaroor!" roared Bunter, as Squiff of the Remove flattened him down and sat on him. "Gerroff! Yah! There goes my waistcoat buttons— Yaroor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!"
"Gentlemen," resumed Wharton—the Owl of the Remove having been thus effectually silenced—"gentlemen, the position is serious!"

"Hear, hear!"
"Mr. Quelch, our respected Form-master, has been sacked by the new Head, and he won't come back till Dr. Locke comes home, which may be ever so long—"

"It may be for years, and it may be for ever!" sang Skinner.

"Shut up, Skinner!"
"Wingate, our skipper, has been chucked out, and Loder, the worst bully at Greyfriars, has been made skipper in his place!"

"Shame!"
"The Remove have had all holidays cancelled till the end of the term—"

Deep groans from the Removes.
"The Fourth and the Shell haven't come off so badly, because they have stood Jeffreys' rot more patiently than we have—"

"Why, you silly ass!" exclaimed Cecil Reginald Temple.

"You cheeky fag!" roared Hobson of the Shell.

"Order!"
"But we have all suffered severely under Jeffreys, and the question before the meeting is, are we going to stand it?"

"Never!"
"Down with Jeffreys!"
"I say you fellows," gasped Bunter, squirming under Squiff's weight, "I was going to say—"

"Ring off!"
"Old Jeffreys—" "Chuck it!"
"He's just outside—" "Wha-a-at?"

"Oh, my hat!"
"Groat pip!" gasped Temple. "Then—then he's heard us!"

"Always sneaking about on tiptoe!" said Bob Cherry fiercely. "Let him hear! It may do him good!"

But silence fell on most of the juniors.

Even Harry Wharton's fiery eloquence seemed to taper off.

And in the hush the big door of the Rag opened, and Mr. Jeffreys strode into the room.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Going Through It!

MR. JEFFREYS' brow was thunderous, and his narrow little eyes were glittering under his bent brows.

The juniors stared at him. Wharton was still standing on the chair, a prominent figure.

Mr. Jeffreys' eyes, looking like sharp pin-points, glittered at him.

"Wharton!"
"Yes, sir?"
"Get down at once!"

The captain of the Remove hesitated for one moment. Then he obeyed, and stepped down from his rostrum.

The sharp eyes of the new headmaster roved over the dismayed faces of the juniors.

Wharton did not shrink from his look, and Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, met his eyes with a sarcastic curl of the lip.

But some of the fellows, to whom Mr. Jeffreys' back was turned, slipped quietly out of the Rag, to escape the storm that was evidently coming.

The silence could almost be felt.
"It appears," said Mr. Jeffreys, breaking the grim silence at last, "that you have chosen to hold a disorderly meeting here, and to utter disrespectful references to your headmaster?"

No answer.
"Fish!" rapped out Mr. Jeffreys.
"Yep?" gasped Fisher T. Fish.
"Go and tell Loder, of the Sixth Form, to come here!"

"Yep!"
"Tell him to bring a stout cane."
"Yep!"

"Tell Wingate also."
Fish hurried out of the Rag. In a few minutes the two prefects arrived. Fishy did not return with them, however. He had prudently remained away, hoping that his absence would be overlooked.

George Wingate's face was dark. He had been captain of Greyfriars and head prefect until Mr. Jeffreys became Head. Now Loder, the bully of the Sixth, was head prefect in his place. Cherry, rugged old Wingate did not please the new headmaster, somehow.

"Wingate," said Mr. Jeffreys, "you will take that cane, please!"

"For what purpose, sir?" asked Wingate quietly.

"To administer punishment to these riotous juniors!"

"Oh!"

"You will stand by the door, please, and cane each boy as he leaves," said Mr. Jeffreys. "All of you form up in line."

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Wingate's cheeks flushed. He was well aware that the tyrant of Greyfriars resented his popularity with the juniors.

and he could guess Mr. Jeffreys' motive for choosing him as executioner.

Loder grinned. He rather enjoyed the situation.

"Excuse me, sir," said Wingate, "but I cannot do as you ask!"

"What?" thundered Mr. Jeffreys.

"I beg you to excuse me, sir."

"I did not ask you, Wingate—I ordered you!" said the Head harshly.

"I cannot do it, sir."

"Take care, Wingate!"

The old captain of Greyfriars did not reply.

"Very well, Wingate! You are no longer a prefect," said Mr. Jeffreys. "I shall make Carne a prefect in your place. You may go!"

Wingate went without a word.

"Loder, you will kindly carry out my directions," said Mr. Jeffreys.

"Certainly, sir!"

Gerald Loder was not at all unwilling. He took up his position by the doorway, cane in hand.

"You will all leave this room one at a time," said Mr. Jeffreys, his narrow eyes glaring at the juniors. "Each of you will receive two strokes from Loder. Any boy who refuses will be expelled from Greyfriars on the spot!"

It was a tyrant's trump card. There were plenty of fellows there who would have faced a flogging; but expulsion from the school was quite a different matter. To be sent home in disgrace was a punishment it was not easy to face.

Yet there was hesitation for some moments.

But Skinner led the way, received his two cuts, and went squirming out of the Rag.

After that there was a regular procession.

Loder's cane was kept busy.

It was congenial work to the bully of Greyfriars; but even Loder's arm must have ached by the time the Rag was emptied.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

The sound was almost incessant, till the indignation meeting had filed out, and disappeared down the passage squeezing their hands.

Mr. Jeffreys looked after the last of them with a grim smile. He flattered himself that he knew how to deal with insubordination. Since Mr. Quelch had been dismissed the new Head had taken his place as master of the Remove, pending the arrival of a new master, and the Remove had given a good deal of trouble. The tyrant of Greyfriars was quite convinced that he would break their spirit in time.

"That will do, Loder! Thank you!"

Mr. Jeffreys rustled away.

Loder strolled back to his study. He cuffed Bunter and Stott and Cecil Reginald Temple on his way, for no better reason than that they happened to be within reach. Bunter yelled, Stott scowled, and the lofty Cecil Reginald gave Loder a deadly look.

"By gad, we've made asses of ourselves!" mumbled Fry of the Fourth, as Temple and Dabney joined him in their study. "After yelling out that we weren't going to stand it, we—we—"

"Stood it!" growled Temple.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "I say, indignation meetings are off. We've got to toe the line till Dr. Locke comes back, and we may as well take it smiling."

"The Remove have been bucking up a bit," said Temple.

"And they've been getting it in the neck more than we have. What's the good?"

There was much the same opinion in Study No. 1, to which the Famous Five had retired to squeeze their hands at their leisure.

"We're off-side, you know," said Bob

Cherry dismally. "The beast is Head, after all, and he's got the sack to hold over our heads. Expelled from school! It doesn't sound nice for people to know, does it?"

"He's got us there!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"The gotfulness is terrific!" groaned Hurree Jamsot Ram Singh. "The esteemed Jeffreys is a venerable Hun, but he has the upful hand."

"Yow-ow!" was Frank Nugent's contribution to the discussion.

Harry Wharton's eyes flashed.

"He couldn't sack us, if we all stood together. The question is, will all the fellows agree to stand shoulder to shoulder against him?" he exclaimed.

"A jolly big question, too," said Bob. "Ask us another! I don't know the answer to that one."

Bolsover major looked into the study.

"You thumping ass, Wharton!" he growled.

"What?"

"Blow your blessed meetings! No more of them for me! You can get licked as much as you like! I don't like it! Br-r-r-r!"

"Look here—"

"Won't stand it, won't we?" sneered Bolsover major. "Gas! We've got to stand it. You're standing it like the rest, after all your chinwag! Yah!"

And Bolsover major stalked away.

But several other fellows looked into Study No. 1 in turn, to tell the captain of the Remove what they thought of his indignation meetings. What they thought did not seem at all flattering. It was evident that indignation meetings were off; and it looked as if the tyrant of Greyfriars had the upper hand, and was to keep it.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Hun!

"IT'S the new master this morning!" Bob Cherry remarked after breakfast the next day.

"May be a bit more decent than Jeffreys," said Tom Brown hopefully.

"Couldn't be worse," agreed Bob.

"Most likely a chap of Jeffreys' cut," said Vernon-Smith. "Jeffreys will have picked him out to harry us."

"What a merry prospect!"

There was considerable interest among the Remove on the subject of their new Form-master, who was to take the place of the "late lamented Quelch," as Bob Cherry expressed it.

Mr. Quelch was certainly lamented by his Form. He had been a severe master, but the Remove would have been glad to have him back. They did not enjoy the instruction of the new Head.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You know all about the merry Form-master, of course, Bunter. What keyhole have you been at?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I happened to hear old Jeffreys mention him to Carne. He came last night, you know. Guess his name!"

"Bother his name! How can we guess his name, fathead?"

"It'll surprise you!" grinned Bunter.

"What do you think of Schwartz?"

"Schwartz!" howled the Removites.

"That's it!"

"A German!" exclaimed Wharton. Bunter chortled.

"Oh, no—genuine British, you know—some naturalised beast!"

"I guess I'm not going to work for a German Form-master!" exclaimed Fisher T. Fish indignantly. "I calculate Jeffreys is coming it too strong!"

"I suppose the fellow's legally

English," said Harry Wharton. "He may be decent—some Germans are."

"Precious few, I guess!"

"Well, our German master, old Gans, isn't a bad sort," said Nugent. "Of course, he isn't a Prussian—he's Saxon, or something. Did you find out what kind of a Hun Schwartz is, Bunter, while you were at the keyhole?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's the bell!"

The Removites trooped into their Form-room. They were keen enough to see the new Form-master. That he was a specially Hunnish kind of Hun they had little doubt, as he had been selected for the post by Mr. Jeffreys. But they did not like Huns, anyway, whether naturalised or not.

Mr. Schwartz came into the Form-room with the Head. Every eye was upon him immediately.

He did not look much like the typical German. He was thin and dark. He had a hard, bony face, and eyes like a hawk. Certainly he did not look as if he had a large share of the milk of human kindness in his composition.

"Boys!"

There was silence.

"This is your new Form-master, Mr. Schwartz. I shall leave you in his charge. Let me hear no complaints of you."

"May I speak, sir?" asked Vernon Smith, with cool assurance.

Mr. Jeffreys frowned at him.

"What have you to say, Vernon-Smith?"

"Under the circumstances, sir, I do not think that Dr. Locke would allow a German to become our Form-master if he were here."

The juniors gasped.

"Vernon-Smith!" thundered the Head.

"Yes, sir? Of course, I have nothing to say against Herr Schwartz—"

"Mr. Schwartz, Vernon-Smith."

"Does not Herr Schwartz wish to be called Herr Schwartz, sir?" asked the Bounder, with cool insolence.

"Mr. Schwartz is a British subject, Vernon-Smith, born in this country! You will treat him with every respect."

"Sorry, sir! I did not know that Schwartz was an English name," said the Bounder.

Some of the juniors grinned. They wondered where the Bounder found the nerve to talk to the tyrant of Greyfriars in that way. But his nerve had to be answered for. Mr. Jeffreys took a cane from the desk and handed it to Mr. Schwartz.

"I leave you to maintain respect and discipline in your class, Mr. Schwartz," he said. "I rely upon you."

"I shall not fail you, sir," said Mr. Schwartz. Somewhat to the surprise of the juniors, he spoke English without any German accent. "Vernon-Smith, you will come here!"

The Bounder came out.

"Hold out your hand!"

The Bounder measured him with his eye. It was quite evident that resistance was in his mind. The Bounder was utterly reckless, and he would have started a rebellion in the Form with the coolest unconcern. But he thought better of it, and held out his hand.

Swish!

The blow that descended upon his palm made the Bounder wince, hard as he was. Mr. Jeffreys looked on approvingly. Evidently the new Remove-master was a man after his own heart.

"The other hand!" said Mr. Schwartz harshly.

Swish!

"Now go back to your place, and be more careful of your manners, my boy!"

Vernon-Smith went quietly back to his desk with burning eyes.

Mr. Jeffreys left the Form-room, and the morning lessons began. The Removites had hoped for an improvement upon Jeffreys in the new Form-master; but they were disappointed. It was clear from the beginning that Mr. Schwartz, wherever he had been born, and whatever nationality he fancied, was a Prussian Hun of the most thoroughly Prussian variety.

The juniors were well aware that it was the new Head's intention to break them in, and they could easily guess that he had chosen this man as a useful instrument for the purpose.

And Mr. Schwartz certainly was to be relied upon, so far as that went. That morning more punishments were handed out in the Remove-room than Mr. Quelch had been accustomed to hand out in a week.

When the class was dismissed the juniors streamed out with sullen faces and glinting eyes.

Bob Cherry rubbed his hands in the quad.

"Well, what do you think of him?" he asked.

"Like Jeffreys, only more so!" groaned Nugent.

"The morosefulness is terrific!"

"Fancy being whopped by a beastly Hun, when we've all got relations out in Flanders killing Huns!" growled Johnny Bull. "I suppose it's against the law to kill this Hun, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Mustn't even wring his neck," said Squiff. "I don't believe in making these silly distinctions between one Hun and another. I'd give a week's pocket-money to punch his Prussian nose!"

"I guess it ain't good enough!" grumbled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess my popper would be real mad if he knew I was being bulldozed by a Prussian! Yow-ow!"

There was deep indignation in the Remove. It was the last drop in the cup, as it were, for a German to be selected as their Form-master. The fact that his German parents had doubtless been naturalised made no impression on them. As Bob Cherry remarked, if a pig was born in a stable, it was a pig, not a horse. A German born in England was therefore a German all the same. At least, that was Bob's view—all the more because Mr. Schwartz undoubtedly was a Prussian by nature.

Mr. Schwartz was equally unpleasant at afternoon lessons. The Removites had to be very wary to keep clear of the pointer. And all their wariness did not save them, for the estimable Form-master seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in rapping knuckles.

After lessons that day the Famous Five agreed, nem. con., that something would have to be done. But what was to be done was a problem.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Bounder's Scheme!

VERNON-SMITH came into Study No. 1 at tea-time. The Famous Five were seated round the table at a dismal tea.

The Bounder regarded them rather sarcastically.

"Enjoying life—what?" he asked.

"Oh, rats!"

"Feel inclined to buck against the merry tyrant?"

"Yes, ass! But there's nothing doing."

"It's no good talking of a barring-out, Smithy," said Harry Wharton quietly.

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"It may come to that, but the fellows aren't up to that pitch yet. Jeffreys can expel a chap if he likes. He would pick out the leaders at once and kick them out of the school. It's not good enough. I don't want my uncle in Flanders to get a letter saying that I've been expelled from Greyfriars."

"Same with my pater," said Bob.

"We can't buck unless we all stand together and refuse to let any member of the Form be expelled," said Wharton. "And that's not an easy bizney. I think the fellows will come to it in time."

"I've got another idea," said the Bounder.

There was a chorus from five at once: "Out with it!"

The Bounder closed the study door.

"Jeffreys has the whip hand of us, because he can pick out any chap who takes the lead and brand him for life as a fellow expelled from school," he said. "He knows he's got us there. The school isn't ripe for a rebellion. But there's more than one way of killing a cat. Suppose we get our own back on those rotters—Loder, Carne, Walker, Schwartz, and old Jeffreys himself—without letting them know it comes from us?"

"Eh?"

"You don't catch on?"

"Blessed if I do!" said Bob, shaking his head.

"Suppose you explicate explainfully, my esteemed Smithy?" suggested the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Right! You've heard of the Inquisition, I suppose?"

"The—the what?"

"The Spanish Inquisition," said the Bounder.

The Famous Five stared at him blankly.

"The—the—the Spanish Inquisition?" stuttered Bob Cherry.

"In the name of all that's idiotic," said Wharton, "what has the Spanish Inquisition to do with us or old Jeffreys?"

"Lots! You've had it in the history lesson," said the Bounder. "You remember how the merry Holy Office was run? Chap was suspected of something—what did they call it? Not dyspepsia—"

"Heresy," said Wharton, laughing.

"Yes, that's it—heresy. Well, the Inquisitors suspected a chap of being a heretic, and he suddenly disappeared, without leaving a trace behind. He was whisked off somewhere, tried in secret, and put to the torture, and had a jolly time generally with those cheery old Inquisitors. Now, this is my idea. Why not start an Inquisition at Greyfriars?"

"Wha-a-a-at?"

Bob Cherry tapped his forehead significantly.

"Poor old Smithy!" he said. "Has this been coming on long?"

"Fathead!" said Vernon-Smith. "I think it's a good idea. We can't buck up against Jeffreys openly. He's got us by the short hairs, as Fishy puts it. But a secret society—"

"Oh!"

"An Inquisition, in fact, could deal with all the rotters one after another," said Vernon-Smith, his eyes gleaming. The Bounder was evidently very much taken with his extraordinary idea.

"Fellows with masked faces—"

"Masked faces!" yelled Nugent.

"Yes."

"Penny plain and tuppence coloured!" grunted Johnny Bull. "Deadwood Dick, Buffalo Bill, and the Blood-bedabbled Brigade! Rats!"

"Oh, let me get on!" said the Bounder. "We've got old Guy Fawkes masks left over from last year—a lot of

them in the box-room. Well, take Loder, for example. If we collar him, and rag him, as he's asking us to do, we get called up by Jeffreys, and flogged till we can't crawl, and socked if we resist. That's not good enough!"

"Not quite."

"But suppose Loder is collared one evening by half a dozen chaps with masks—Guy Fawkes masks—on their chivvies, and taken away somewhere on the quiet—"

"Oh!"

"And put on his trial as a heretic—I mean as a rotter—same as the victims of the Spanish Inquisition. The Greyfriars Inquisitors give him a fair trial, find him guilty, and punish him."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Loder goes through it," continued the Bounder. "He can rage afterwards as much as he likes, but he doesn't know who handled him, and he can't even guess. Nobody can be punished, even by Jeffreys."

"He would jolly well guess that this study had a hand in it, I fancy!" said Harry Wharton.

"Quite so. But this study can keep clear of the bizney at first, you see. We can take some of the Shell and some of the Fourth into the scheme, and the members of the Inquisition can be different fellows each time. We can work it so that the Inquisitors can't possibly be found out. And then I fancy that rotter will have a lesson. If Loder's lesson isn't enough, we give Carne a lesson next, and then Schwartz—"

"Schwartz! My hat!"

"And Jeffreys himself, too!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Why not?" said the Bounder coolly. "It's all done in secret, and I suppose even Jeffreys couldn't sack the whole school on suspicion."

"Ha, ha! No."

"By Jove! It's a ripping wheeze!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Smithy, you're a giddy genius."

Harry Wharton nodded.

Now that he reflected on it, there certainly did seem to be something in the Bounder's peculiar wheeze.

Certainly it appeared to be the only way of hitting back at the common enemy. It was worth a trial, at all events.

"We'll see Temple and Hobson, and jaw it over with them," said Nugent. "They're as ratty with Jeffreys & Co. as we are. Hobby can't get over the Shell being fagged."

"And he's been flogged for biffing Carne, when Carne cuffed him," said Vernon-Smith. "Hobson will be keen enough."

"It's a jolly good idea!" said Wharton. "We shall have to be jolly careful not to let our voices be recognised. Let's have a council of war in the study, and keep it dark. We don't want it talked about up and down the school."

And no time was lost in calling the council of war.

Ten minutes later Hobson and Hoskins of the Shell, and Temple, Dabney, Fry, and Scott of the Fourth were in the study, deep in discussion with the Famous Five and the Bounder. Squiff, Tom Brown, Delarey, Peter Todd, and Mark Linley of the Remove were also admitted to the secret council.

The more the juniors discussed the scheme the better they liked it. For it was unanimously agreed that something had to be done, and, unless the drastic sentence of the sack was to be faced, that something had to be done without the identity of the doers transpiring. The Greyfriars Inquisition was, in fact, a long-felt want, as Cecil Reginald Temple remarked.

That evening there were many preparations in dead secret among the members of the inquisitorial body.

Outside their own circle not a word was said. It was safer for few to know the secret, and better for fellows who might be questioned to know nothing about it, and to be able to say so.

And, the arrangements having been made, the Greyfriars Inquisitors were eager to get to work; and it was agreed that on the following day the dread blow should fall, as Bob Cherry dramatically expressed it.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Blow Falls!

THE next day was a half-holiday at Greyfriars; but for the Remove there was no half-holiday. Their insubordination, as the new Head was pleased to term it, was punished by gating till the end of the term. The cancelling of holidays meant playing ducks and drakes with the games when the football fixtures came along; but something had to be done before then. Harry Wharton & Co. had high hopes that the Greyfriars Inquisition would be an effectual something.

In class that day Mr. Schwartz was as heavy-handed as ever. The new Form-master had evidently modelled himself upon the new Head, and his servility to Mr. Jeffreys was only equalled by his tyranny over the Remove. That afternoon, while the rest of the school was at liberty, the Remove went grinding on in the Form-room under Mr. Schwartz's hawkish eye.

There was deep discontent in the class, and punishments were frequent. The Remove were growing more and more restive under the iron rule.

But Harry Wharton & Co. were very quiet and orderly. It looked as if they had made up their minds to grin and bear it. The Bounder, too, refrained from the slightest impertinence to Mr. Schwartz. Probably the new Form-master flattered himself that he was already bringing those unruly youths well to heel.

After lessons the chums of the Remove were not yet free. Under Mr. Jeffreys' rule fagging for the Remove had been reinstituted, and Loder & Co. found great satisfaction in enforcing it. Loder called Wharton and Bob Cherry into his study to prepare his tea—probably expecting refusal, and an excuse for reporting them for severe punishment.

To his surprise the two juniors came in, as meekly as lambs.

They prepared Loder's tea in such a satisfactory way that even the bully of the Sixth could not grumble when he came in with Carne and Walker.

"Well, that's all right," said Loder grudgingly.

"So glad you're pleased, Loder," said Bob meekly.

Carne chuckled.

"I fancy we're getting the fags into a bit better order," he remarked. "You young scoundrels are coming to your senses, I think!"

"Well, you can get out now!" growled Loder, somewhat disappointed that there was nothing to find fault with.

"Thank you, Loder."

"Not so much of 'Thank you, Loder!'" growled the bully. "If that's meant for cheek—"

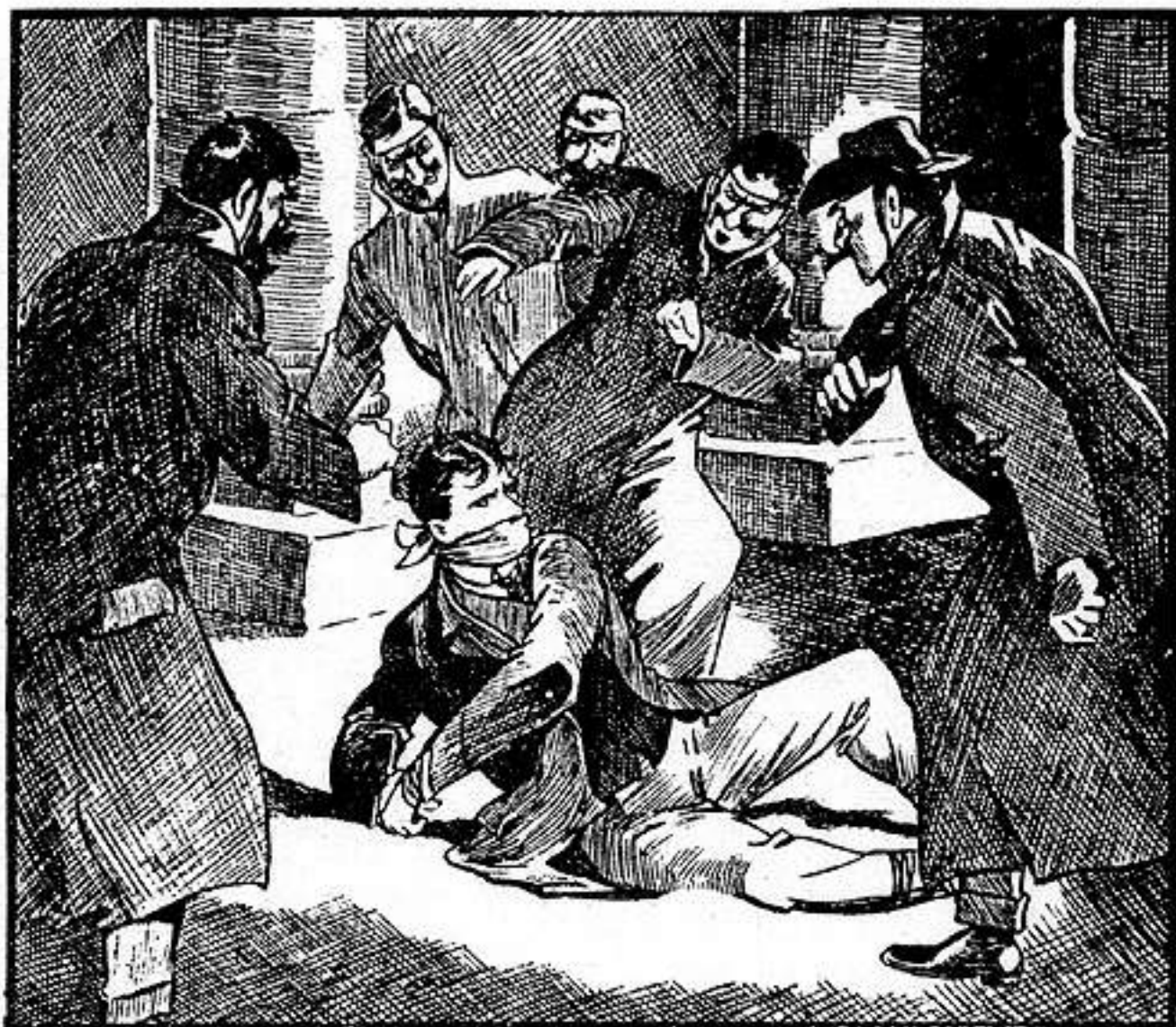
"Oh, Loder!"

"Chuck me over that cane, Walker!" Walker of the Sixth grunted.

"For goodness' sake let the kids alone, Loder!" he exclaimed. "They've done nothing!"

"Rats!" said Loder.

He picked up the cane.



Loder is trapped! (See Chapter 6.)

"Hold out your hand, Wharton?"

"What for?" asked Harry quietly.

"Cheek! Now, then—sharp!"

Wharton clenched his hand, instead of holding it out. Bob Cherry pressed his arm quickly.

The captain of the Remove, controlling his feelings, held out his hand without a word.

Swish!

"Now you, Cherry!"

Swish!

"Now get out!" snapped Loder, throwing down the cane.

The two juniors got out.

"By gad, they've been brought to order, and no mistake!" said Carne, in wonder. "I never expected to see those two young bounders come to heel like this!"

"Oh, I knew what they wanted all along!" said Loder. "Plenty of lickings, well laid on. I hope Dr. Locke will keep away for good. My idea is that things go much better with Jeffreys here."

"For us, at least!" grinned Carne.

And Loder chuckled. Under Mr. Jeffreys' rule the bully of the Sixth had been able to spread himself, to his intense satisfaction. His frown was a terror to the fags. Even the unruly Removites had begun to regard him with awe. Like most persons who are cowards at heart, Loder liked to make himself terrible.

Loder would not have been quite so satisfied, however, if he had been aware of the true cause of the Removites' meekness. There was a rod in pickle for Gerald Loder which he was far from suspecting.

After tea Loder let himself out of the side gate and walked down to Friardale. Even Mr. Jeffreys would have been incensed if he had known that his favourite prefect's destination was the billiard-room at the Cross Keys. But Loder was very careful to keep matters of that kind very dark. As a prefect Loder had a key to the side gate, and could let himself in and out as he liked, neither was he bound to turn up for calling-over.

It was a good hour after roll-call when Loder's key clicked in the lock of the little gate and he came into the dark

quadrangle. It was very dark there, under the shadowy elm that grew near the gate. Without a thought of danger, Loder closed the gate, and swung away towards the House.

As he did so there was a sudden rush of feet.

Before Loder knew what was happening he was swept over and bumped on the ground. A knee was planted in the small of his back, pinning him down. Hands grasped him on all sides. His mouth, as he opened it to yell, was stuffed with a smelly cake of soap. In astonishment and rage, Loder gurgled and struggled, but quite unavailingly. Slip-nooses were whisked over his wrists and ankles and drawn tight. A ragged cloth that smelt of oil—evidently a rag from the bike-shed—was tied over his face, to keep the soap in his gasping mouth. Then he was lifted in three or four pairs of arms and borne away in the darkness.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

In the Hands of the Inquisition!

GERALD LODER wondered whether he was dreaming.

If he was, it was certainly the severest kind of a nightmare.

He bumped against several trees in the darkness, his captors apparently not thinking that it mattered.

Then they turned into the Cloisters—a very lonely spot after dark. The old Cloisters were a good distance from the school buildings, and the loudest shout there could hardly have been heard in the School House.

Bump!

Gerald Loder was bumped on the ground at the extremity of the Cloisters, where the old stone arches shut out every ray of starlight.

He rolled over, and sat up dazedly.

Dimly, in the gloom, he made out five figures that surrounded him. The faint glimpse he caught of their faces gave him a startling shock. The dim, half-seen faces were hideous to the last degree, and hardly looked human.

Loder scarcely breathed for a moment or two. Into what hands had he fallen?

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 503.

An electric pocket-lamp gleamed out in a fan of light that fell upon the bound and helpless prefect.

His face was pale, his eyes gleamed with fear. But in a moment more he was relieved, as he saw that the fearful visages that surrounded him were simply Fifth of November masks, completely hiding the faces they covered.

The prefect's fear changed to rage.

"You young hounds!" he stuttered, as the cloth was pulled away and he ejected the soapy gag. "Let me go!"

"Silence!" said a deep voice—so deep that Loder knew at once it was disguised.

"Let me go!"

"Gerald Loder!" The deep voice was awe-inspiring, though Loder knew he must be in the hands of Greyfriars fellows. "Gerald Loder, bully and miscreant, do you know where you are?"

"Hang you! I—I— Let me go, or I'll shout, and bring the whole school here!" hissed Loder, struggling with the cords that secured him.

"If you speak loudly, Gerald Loder, you will be punished. Silence!"

"Help!" spluttered Loder.

Immediately hands were laid on him.

Bump!

Loder's head came into violent contact with the stone pillar behind him. He yelled with pain.

Bump!

This time Loder did not yell, though he was hurt. He understood that every yell had to be paid for.

"Will you be silent now, Gerald Loder?"

"Ow! Oh! Ow! Yes! You young fiends! Ow!" groaned Loder.

"Good! Gerald Loder, do you know where you are?" The deep voice repeated the question.

"Hang you!"

"You are in the hands of the Greyfriars Inquisition, Gerald Loder."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Look at me! I am the Grand Inquisitor!"

Loder looked at him. He dimly made out the figure of the Grand Inquisitor. That individual wore an ancient overcoat, evidently a man's discarded coat, which covered him to the ankles. His clothes could not be seen, and the hideous mask hid his face. There was nothing about him for Loder to recognise.

"You are charged with high crimes and misdemeanours," went on the deep voice. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Hang you!"

Bump!

Loder's head came in contact with the stone pillar once more. It was pretty plain that the Inquisitors did not mean to stand on ceremony with him.

"Ow-ow-ow!" moaned Loder. He did not dare to yell.

"Will you answer now?"

"Yow-ow!"

"That is not an answer, Gerald Loder. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"N-n-not guilty!" stammered Loder, putting his pride in his pocket as he realised his helplessness. "Look here; let me go, and I'll say nothing more about this. I—I'll take it as a joke."

"You will find that it is not a joke, Gerald Loder. The prisoner pleads not guilty. Witness, step forward," said the Grand Inquisitor.

One of the dim figures moved into the radius of the light. Loder scanned him savagely. But the witness, too, was masked and enveloped in an old ulster, and there was nothing about him to be identified.

"Witness of the Inquisition, speak!" said the Grand Inquisitor.

"The guiltfulness of the esteemed Loder is terrific!" said the witness.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 503.

Loder started.

The voice was a deep bass, skilfully assumed. But there was no mistaking that peculiar flow of language.

There was only one fellow at Greyfriars who took such extraordinary liberties with the King's English. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh had learned the Imperial language under the best native masters in Bhanipur. Nobody else at Greyfriars had had that inestimable advantage.

"That dashed nigger!" muttered Loder.

"Silence!"

Loder was silent.

"Witness, proceed!"

"The esteemed and disgusting Loder is a beastly bully!" said the witness. "He has chased fags kickfully down the passage, under my own and original eyes. He has handed out much linefulness to the juniors, and a considerable amount of lickfulness. He has taken it upon himself swankfully to fag the honourable Remove."

"Gerald Loder, do you deny this?"

Loder trembled with rage.

"I know you now!" he hissed. "Wait till I report this— Yow-ow!"

Bump!

Loder's head dashed against the hard stone. He broke off with a yelp of anguish.

"Gerald Loder, do you deny the evidence of this witness?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Speak!"

"No!" howled Loder. "And I'll make you suffer for this, Wharton!"

"The prisoner pleads guilty," said the Grand Inquisitor calmly. "Brothers, what is the sentence?"

"Torture!" said a chorus of deep voices.

"Gerald Loder, you hear your sentence?"

"Ow-ow!"

"You are condemned to the tortures of the Inquisition. Brothers, bring the fire and the thumb-screws."

Loder shuddered.

He knew that he was in reckless hands. He knew what he deserved at the hands of the juniors. Was it possible—

"L-look here!" gasped Loder. "If—if—I say—"

"Do you repent of your sins, Gerald Loder?"

"Ye-es!" gasped Loder.

"So be it! The Inquisition has mercy upon a repentant sinner. You will receive only three dozen strokes by way of punishment!"

"What?" howled Loder.

"Brothers, administer the punishment!"

Loder was grasped again, and flattened down on his face. A member of the Inquisition sat on his shoulders and another on his legs. Then the Grand Inquisitor produced a cricket-stump from under his coat.

Loder was in an attitude very suitable for punishment. The cricket-stump rose and fell.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

Loder howled and gurgled. But the cake of soap was jammed into his mouth again, and his face kept pressed to the mossy flagstones. He gurgled wildly and spasmodically as the cricket-stump lashed and lashed.

Whether the Greyfriars Inquisition was to be taken seriously or not, there was no doubt that the Inquisitors were in deadly earnest over the punishment. Not till three dozen hearty strokes had fallen did the cricket-stump cease to resound.

It was a more severe flogging than anybody at Greyfriars had ever received from the Head. Since his junior days Loder had almost forgotten what a flogging was like, though he had certainly

merited a good many. His present experience revived the recollection of earlier days when he had received his deserts.

"Gerald Loder!"

"Yow-ow! Grooogh!"

"Gerald Loder, your sentence has been carried out. Let this be a lesson to you to mend your ways. The Inquisition strikes in secret—its eye is always upon you. Any further high crimes and misdemeanours will be punished still more severely. Bear that in mind, Gerald Loder, and warn your fellow-reprobates!"

"Gurrrrrg!"

"Brothers, our work is done! Let us go!" said the Grand Inquisitor, dramatic to the last.

The light was shut off instantly. The cord was jerked from Loder's hands, and he was left alone. As he sat up, wildly groping at the soap in his mouth, he heard the faint sound of receding foot-falls.

He tore savagely at the cord about his ankles. But it was five minutes before he was free. Gasping for breath, wriggling with pain, crimson with rage, Loder of the Sixth stamped away towards the school, to burst into the Head's study with the astounding story of his treatment at the hands of the Greyfriars Inquisition.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Not ky!

"HURREE SINGH!"

"Inky!"

"Where's Inky?"

Up and down Greyfriars School voices were inquiring for Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

Carne and Walker scouted in the Remove passage for him, but he was not there. His own study, No. 13, was drawn blank. So was Study No. 1. Mr. Schwartz sought for him in the Common-room and the corridors, but found him not. Fags went to and fro calling his name, and variations of it.

And in the midst of the search the door of the French master's study opened, and Hurree Singh politely bade Monsieur Charpentier good-evening, and walked smilingly down the passage.

There was a shout as he was seen.

"Here's Inky!"

"Here he is!"

"You're wanted, Inky!" shouted Johnny Bull.

Carne of the Sixth rushed up, and caught the dusky junior roughly by the shoulder.

"Where have you been hiding, you young rascal?"

"I have not been hiding, my esteemed and ludicrous Carne," said the nabob meekly.

"Where have you been?"

"In the honourable apartment of the revered Moosoo, mugfully studying the excellent and venerable French language."

"Don't tell lies! Come with me!" snapped Carne.

Hurree Singh smiled his dusky smile, and walked away, with the prefect's heavy hand on his shoulder. The juniors were left in a buzz of excitement.

Straight to Mr. Jeffreys' study the Nabob of Bhanipur was marched. Gerald Loder was there, and Mr. Schwartz. Black looks were turned on the nabob, who did not look in the least disturbed.

"You sent for me, esteemed sahib?" he purred.

"I sent for you, Hurree Singh!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys.

"I am here, sir."

"You will be flogged, Hurree Singh—as severe a flogging as I can inflict, and then expelled from the school!"

"My dear sir—"

"But first you will name your associates in this infamous outrage upon a prefect!" the headmaster thundered.

Hurree Singh looked blank.

"But I have not been infamously outrageous, revered sahib!" he objected. "I came alongfully as soon as the esteemed Carne asked me."

"I am not alluding to Carne, as you know very well! I am speaking of the assault upon Loder."

"Has the excellent Loder been assaulted, sir?"

Mr. Jeffreys clenched his hand.

"You know it well enough, Hurree Singh, as you took part in the assault. Dare you deny it?"

"Certainly!"

"You deny it?" panted Loder.

"The denyfulness is terrific!"

"Loder, you are sure—"

"I heard him speak, sir!" hissed Loder. "It was exactly as I told you. I cannot identify the others, as they wore Guy Fawkes masks, though I can guess that they were Hurree Singh's friends. But Hurree Singh I swear to. I heard him speak, and only he speaks in that idiotic way."

"My esteemed speech is not idiotic!" exclaimed Hurree Singh warmly. "Before I came to this esteemed and ridiculous country I studied the noble and disgusting English language under the best native masters in Bhanipur. The English as spoken in this esteemed school does not come up to the standard of the native college in Bhanipur."

"Silence!" snapped Mr. Jeffreys savagely.

"Certainly, sahib. But it is misleading, and in the manner of an ignoramus, for the disgusting Loder to describe my ridiculous speech as idiotic."

"There can be no mistake!" said the Head. "Hurree Singh, I order you to name your companions!"

"My companions at what time, sir?"

"Half an hour ago!" hissed Loder.

"Certainly. There was only one."

"What?"

"His name is Henri Charpentier, sir."

"What?" thundered the Head. "You dare to suggest that Monsieur Charpentier was associated with you in this ruffianly outrage?"

"Not at allfully," said the nabob calmly. "I suggestively remark that the esteemed Mossou was my companion half an hour ago, as I have been in his study for a whole hour studying the absurd French language."

"How dare you utter so palpable a falsehood, boy!"

"But it is the truthfulness, sir. The excellent Mossou will bear me outfully if you question him askfully!"

Mr. Jeffreys stared hard at the dusky face before him. Hurree Singh's manner was simple and confident. It was impossible to suppose that he was telling a falsehood, which could be instantly disproved by calling the French master into the room.

Even Loder was staggered. But he remembered the peculiar speech of the "Witness of the Inquisition," and he broke out:

"He is lying, sir! I heard him talking! How could I be mistaken? Nobody else at Greyfriars talks broken English."

"My esteemed English is not broken!" exclaimed the nabob indignantly. "It is your English, my worthy and ludicrous Loder, which is not elegant and up to sample!"

"Carne, request Monsieur Charpentier to step here immediately!" exclaimed the Head.

"Yes, sir!"

Arthur Carne returned in a few minutes with the French master.

"Monsieur Charpentier," rapped out

Mr. Jeffreys, "has Hurree Singh been with you this evening?"

"Mais, oui!" said Mossou at once. "He come to me for help with ze verbs, and I give him zat help, isn't it?"

"How long ago did he leave you?"

"Two-three minutes, monsieur."

Mr. Jeffreys knitted his brows.

"You are certain, Monsieur Charpentier, that Hurree Singh has been with you for the last hour?"

"Mais certainment!" said the Frenchman, in wonder. "How is it zat I could make a mistake, when zat he is in my study vis me?"

"Hurree Singh is accused of having helped in an attack upon Loder of the Sixth in the Cloisters less than half an hour ago."

Monsieur Charpentier shook his head.

"Zat is not possible, monsieur. Zat garçon, he come to my study at seven o'clock, and he leave me at eight o'clock just."

"When were you attacked, Loder?"

"Soon after half-past seven, sir!" stammered Loder, utterly taken aback.

The prefect could not, of course, doubt Monsieur Charpentier's statement. The French master knew whether Hurree Singh had been in his study or not.

But if Hurree Singh had been mugging up French verbs with Mossou, how had he been in the Cloisters to take part in the proceedings of the Greyfriars Inquisition at the same time?

Evidently he could not have been in both places at once. And it was clear that he had been with the French master.

Mr. Jeffreys gave the prefect a dark look.

"It appears that you were mistaken, Loder!" he snapped harshly.

"I—I—I—" Loder stammered.

He simply did not know what to say.

"Hurree Singh is clearly innocent," said the Head, biting his lip. "Hurree Singh, you may go. Thank you, Monsieur Charpentier—that is all!"

The French master and Hurree Singh left the study together. The dusky nabob was smiling cheerfully.

"Loder, you have made a very serious mistake," said the Head, in a grinding voice. "You see for yourself that Hurree Singh cannot have been concerned in the attack you have described to me."

"It—it seems so, sir!" stuttered Loder helplessly.

"Can you speak as to any of the others?"

"I—I don't know, sir. I—I supposed they were Hurree Singh's friends, but if he was not there—"

"You know now that he was not there!" snapped Mr. Jeffreys.

"Ye-e-e-es!"

"It is impossible to proceed upon vague suspicion, Loder. If you can, however, discover that any other boys were, without doubt, out of the House at the time, I will take the matter up again."

"Very well, sir."

Loder almost limped from the study. His mind was all at sea. He would have been enlightened if he could have heard a grinning conversation that was going on in low tones in the study of Hobson of the Shell.

"The best part of the wheeze," said Hobson, "was Scott putting on an imitation of Inky's queer lingo, and Inky arranging to be with Mossou for extra toot at the time. That was a corker! I rather fancy that dear old Loder is feeling a bit puzzled by this time."

"And after scooting off on the wrong track, he won't get on the right track so jolly easy!" chortled Scott of the Fourth.

And the sapient Scott was right.

Till bed-time that night Gerald Loder was making fierce inquiries on all sides.

He only learned that the Famous Five, whom he suspected, had all been in the Common-room at the time, with the exception of the nabob, who was with the French master. Squiff and Peter Todd had been boxing in the gym, with a crowd round them, and Vernon-Smith had been doing Schiller with the German master. Loder was completely baffled.

He had naturally suspected his old enemies of the Remove. And his savage investigations had had the effect of proving that they could not possibly have had a hand in the proceedings of the Greyfriars Inquisition!

Loder had to give it up.

To find the Inquisitors he had about two hundred fellows to choose from, and he was at liberty to take his choice. And for the life of him he could not guess. It dawned upon his mind, later, that one of the party had deliberately imitated Hurree Singh's weird English in order to put him on the wrong tack, and to discredit him with the headmaster. But who had done it? Loder could not find an answer to that question.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Stern Justice!

THE next day there was only one topic of conversation in Greyfriars.

It was the Greyfriars Inquisition.

Loder, assured that he had a clue to the merry Inquisitors, had talked quite freely, fully expecting to see the young rascals hauled up before the Head. His clue had turned out a mistaken one, and the young rascals, whoever they were, remained in secure obscurity.

But it was not only from Loder's furious inquiries on the subject that the details were known. The Inquisitors themselves, joining in the general discussions, had let out many details—which, of course, could not be traced to them. Any fellow who knew anything was supposed to have heard it from another fellow, or from Loder.

All the school knew that Loder of the Sixth had been tied up and thrashed; and the Lower School howled over it with unconcealed merriment and satisfaction; and even the Sixth grinned over the story. Loder's own pals, Walker and Carne, grinned.

There was not a junior at Greyfriars who did not wish good luck to the self-constituted Inquisition. Endless was the guessing as to who the five members could be. The Famous Five were thought of at once, but Loder's own inquiries had proved beyond a doubt that all of them had been otherwise occupied at the time.

After lessons that day Skinner cornered the Famous Five in the quad, and asked them point-blank if they knew anything about it.

A dozen ears were listening for their answer, and it was necessary to be tactful. The Famous Five certainly knew a good deal, though the proceedings had been carried out by Hobson, Hoskins, Fry, Dabney, and Scott.

"Well, I fancy I know something," said Bob Cherry, with a mysterious air. "But you wouldn't care for me to blurt it out here, would you, Skinner?"

"Eh? Why should I mind?" asked Skinner.

"Well, if Loder got on your track—"

"My track?" yelled Skinner.

"Yes," said Bob innocently. "If Loder guessed you were one of the gang who walloped him—"

"My hat! Were you in it, Skinner?" exclaimed Hazeldene.

"No, I wasn't!" yelled Skinner, in

rage and alarm. "I don't know anything about it. How should I?"

"Well, you seem mighty interested in it for a fellow who doesn't know anything about it," said Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head. "Not much good your denying it, either, if Loder gets on the track. He knows what an awful liar you are, Skinner!"

"I—I didn't—I—I wasn't—" gasped Skinner.

"By gad! Where did you get the nerve from, Skinner?" chimed in the Bounder. "It really was a bit above your weight, I should have thought."

"I don't know anything about it!" howled Skinner. "I was only asking these chaps if they knew anything."

"Well, it looks suspicious to me," said Bob imperturbably. "I advise you to let the subject drop, Skinner. If you go about asking these questions it will look as if you're nervous of being bowled out. That's a tip."

Skinner did let the subject drop.

The bare idea of being suspected of having had a hand in Loder's punishment made him shiver. He knew, too, that Loder would not wait for much proof. He was keen to punish somebody.

That day Loder of the Sixth was somewhat subdued. The impunity of the Inquisitors scared him a little. They had not been found out or punished, and he did not know who they were—he could not even make a guess. The blow might fall again—with equal impunity. That day Gerald Loder did not fag the Removites, and he did not cuff any of the juniors in the passages.

The juniors grinned as they noted that change in Loder. The Greyfriars Inquisition was already having its effect.

But the Remove had a bad time in the Form-room.

Mr. Schwartz was in a specially bad temper that day. Someone—probably Skinner—had chalked a picture on the looking-glass in his study. The picture represented a Hun being lifted on the bayonet of a British Tommy. And the face of the Hun bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Schwartz's own ill-favoured countenance.

The new Remove-master took it out of the whole Form. And when Bolsover major, after three canings, refused to take a fourth, he was marched in to the Head, and given such a terrific thrashing, that he was white and limp for the rest of the day.

Mr. Schwartz had heard all about Gerald Loder's adventure. But it never even crossed his mind that the Greyfriars Inquisition would dream of laying a finger upon the person of a Form-master.

He was destined to have his eyes opened!

Greyfriars went to bed at the usual hour, and Mr. Schwartz sat up in his study, reading, rather late. There was still a light in the Head's study. But the house was very silent, when Mr. Schwartz heard a shuffling sound outside his study door.

He looked up from his book, expecting to hear a tap at the door. He supposed the sound he had heard meant a late visitor to his study.

The door opened without a tap.

Then the Form-master sprang to his feet.

Five figures appeared in the doorway. Each was clad in an old coat, or ulster, reaching to the feet, and each had his face covered by a Guy Fawkes mask.

Mr. Schwartz stared at them blankly, his book dropping from his hand.

He had no time to speak.

With a swift rush, four of the five were upon him, while the fifth hastily closed

the door and turned the key in the lock.

"Good—good heavens!" gasped Mr. Schwartz, as he went down on the carpet in the grasp of four pairs of hands.

The next moment a hand was over his mouth.

The Form-master struggled furiously.

But he had five foes to deal with, and they handled him without ceremony. One was kneeling on him, one trampling recklessly on his legs. Another grasped his wrists. All the time the hand was held on his mouth, keeping back the yell for help he strove to utter.

"Bind the Prussian dog!" said a deep voice.

"What—ho!"

It seemed like an awful nightmare to the tyrant of the Remove. A cord was knotted round his wrists and ankles, and then secured to his armchair. Mr. Schwartz sat in the chair, fastened there helplessly. His eyes fairly burned at the masked figures. He could not call for help—a twisted duster was thrust into his mouth, and fastened there with a cord that was wound round and round his head.

He breathed stertorously through his nose, gurgling faintly.

"Prussian dog," said the deep voice, "do you know in whose hands you are?"

Gurgle!

"We are the Greyfriars Inquisition!" The Form-master's eyes dilated.

It seemed incredible that he, a Form-master, was going through the same experience as Gerald Loder. But it was so, and already he felt the cricket-stump lashing, in his apprehension.

And there was no help.

The audacity of the Inquisitors in tackling him in his own study took his breath away.

Yet it was safe enough.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and it was extremely unlikely that anyone would visit his study at that hour, even if anyone was still out of bed.

So long as no noise was made, the Greyfriars Inquisition could proceed with as much security as if they were in the quiet Cloisters. And they had taken good precautions against Mr. Schwartz making any noise. He could not move, and he could not speak.

His eyes flamed at them. He knew they must have crept down from their dormitory, whoever they were, to make this amazing attack. But from which dormitory? Were they members of his own Form, or the Fourth, or the Shell, or the Third? He could not guess even. The loose, over-large coats and ulsters disguised them so effectually that he could not tell whether they belonged to the Third or the Shell from their size. He suspected that they were Removites, but he could not tell.

All he could see of them was the glittering eyes that looked from the holes in the grotesque masks.

"Prussian dog!" The deep voice was full of menace. "The hour of your punishment has struck! The Greyfriars Inquisition has no mercy upon foreign malefactors!"

"None!" came in a deep whisper from the rest.

"You are accused of being a filthy Hun, prisoner. You are further accused of being born in this country, and thereby bringing disgrace upon it. Furthermore, you are accused of acting like a vile Hun in the school. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

The prisoner was silent, for a good reason. He could not have uttered a word to save his life.

"For the last time, guilty or not guilty?" demanded the Grand Inquisitor.

No answer.

"The dog of a Prussian pleads guilty by silence," said the Grand Inquisitor, somewhat unreasonably in the circumstances.

"Guilty!" whispered the terrifying circle of Inquisitors.

"Brothers, are you satisfied of the guilt of this cringing, squirming Prussian worm?"

"We are satisfied!"

Mr. Schwartz almost choked with rage. This dramatic scene was doubtless entertaining to the Inquisitors; but it was bitterly humiliating to the Form-master.

"Administer the Prussian brute's punishment!" said the Grand Inquisitor.

The Form-master wriggled spasmodically.

As he was bound to his chair in a sitting position, he could not be punished as Loder had been. But one of his hands was released. He struck out with it savagely, and received a sharp rap on the knuckles.

"Prisoner, hold out your hand!"

The Grand Inquisitor took Mr. Schwartz' own cane from the table. The bound man shivered with rage and apprehension. He was to be caned—as he had caned half the Remove that day in the Form-room!

He did not obey the command.

"Induce the prisoner to hold out his hand!" commanded the Grand Inquisitor.

One of the Inquisitors took a pin from his coat. The Form-master's eyes dilated as it approached him.

"Prisoner, every time you refuse to hold out your hand the pin will be run into your leg," said the Grand Inquisitor. "Obey!"

Still the Form-master did not move. He gurgled wildly as the pin pierced him. He could not yell, but his gurgle was eloquent.

"Now obey, you Prussian dog!"

The pin was drawn back for a second lunge. Mr. Schwartz hastily held out his free hand. Caning was better than the pin, and he realised now that the Inquisitors were in deadly earnest.

Swish!

Instinctively the Form-master jerked back his hand. The cane descended upon his knee instead, and he gave a convulsive jump.

"You will hold out your hand for twelve strokes!" said the Grand Inquisitor. "If you prefer them on the knee, that is your business."

Swish, swish, swish!

After two more strokes had landed on his knee, with cutting force, the Form-master decided to hold out his hand for them. The cuts were a little less painful on the palm.

His face was white with rage, his eyes flaming, when the twelve strokes had been administered. Then his free hand was ruthlessly tied up again.

"Dog of a Prussian!" The Grand Inquisitor seemed rather taken with that description of the naturalised gentleman. "Dog of a Prussian! For the present, justice is satisfied. But if you do not leave Greyfriars to-morrow, you will be dealt with again by the Inquisition. Remember!"

The light was turned out, and in the darkness the squirming Form-master heard the Inquisitors shuffling softly out of the study.

The door closed.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

By Whose Hand?

MR. SCHWARTZ writhed and wriggled in the cords that secured him in his armchair.

But he could not get loose.

The Inquisitors had not ventured to

release him after punishment had been administered. They needed time to dispose of their disguises and to return to their sleeping quarters. The discomfort of the bound Form-master was a mere trifle in comparison.

With frantic energy Mr. Schwartz writhed and struggled, at the same time chewing desperately at the duster in his mouth.

All this time the Inquisitors were getting away in safety; stealing silently through the dark passages. In a few minutes, he knew, they must be in bed again—and every possible chance of identifying them lost.

More than a few minutes elapsed. It was half an hour before the frantic man

the sleeping-quarters were at a distance. But there was a footstep in the passage at last.

"Ach!" came a mumbling voice. "Vas ist das?"

It was the voice of Herr Gans, the German master at Greyfriars. The shouts of the Remove-master had awakened him and brought him down.

"Help!"

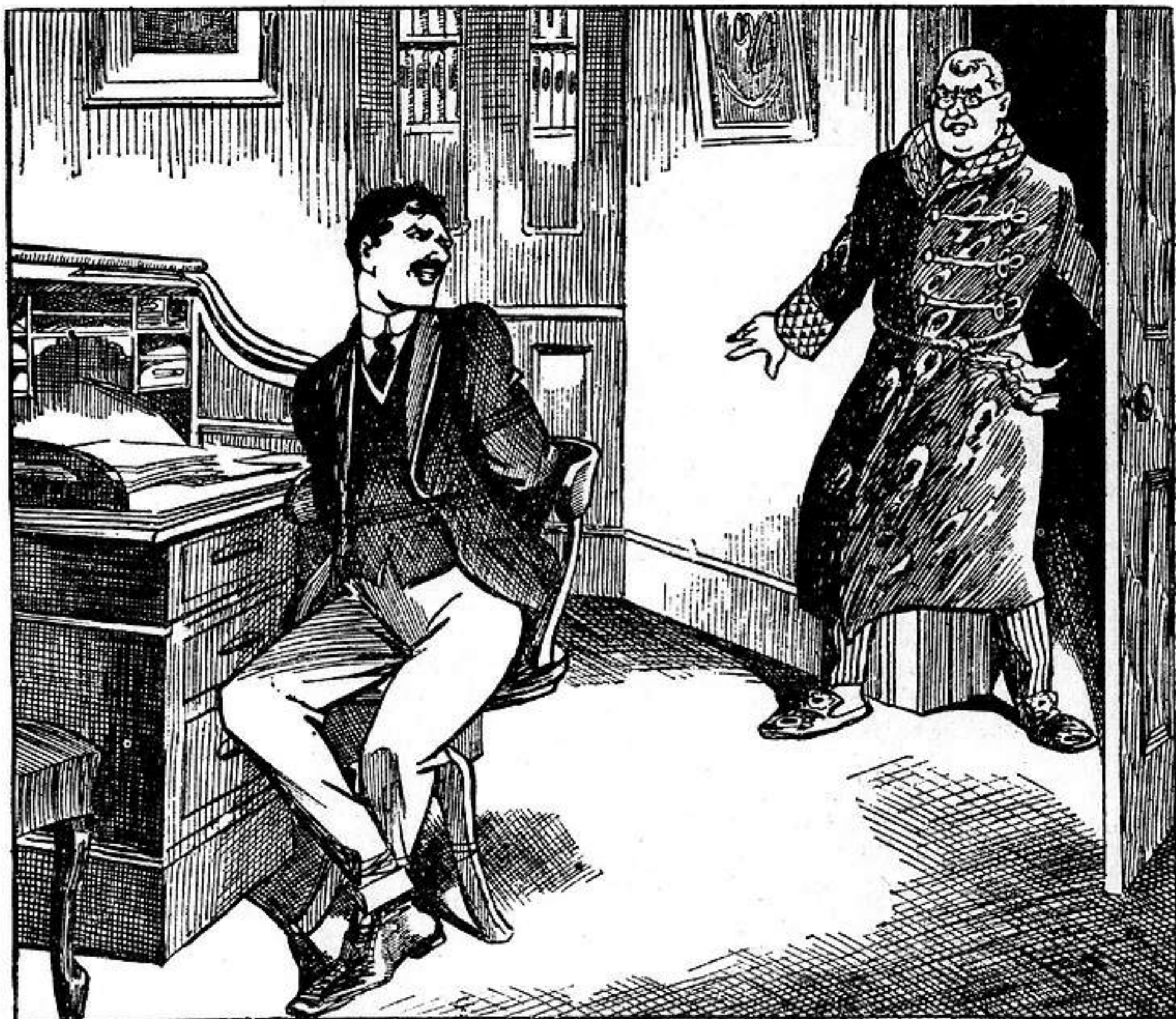
The door opened, and the electric light was switched on.

Herr Gans, in gorgeous dressing-gown and carpet slippers, with his glasses perched on his fat nose, stood in the doorway and blinked at the bound Form-master in blank astonishment.

"Mein Gott!" he ejaculated.

been supposed to exist a sympathy between them. But there was nothing of the kind. Herr Gans was a Saxon, and, like many Saxons, nourished a deep hatred for all Prussians. Mr. Schwartz was a Prussian, and that made all the difference. Herr Gans' feelings towards England were those of loving kindness in comparison with his feelings towards Prussia, the oppressor and despoiler of his own country in Germany. Herr Gans, too, was a kind-hearted man, and he strongly disapproved of Mr. Schwartz' Prussian methods with his class.

Mr. Schwartz noted the suppressed amusement of the German master, and his eyes glinted with wrath.



Schwartz in the toils! (See Chapter 8.)

had chewed the duster sufficiently to get rid of it, and to be able to gasp freely. His jaws were sore and aching, and for some minutes longer he was only able to gasp for breath.

But at last he found his voice, and shouted. He could not possibly undo the cords—they were tied behind the chair, and so securely that all his struggling and wriggling hardly loosened them at all. Unless he could summon help he had to remain in that uncomfortable position all night.

"Help! Help!"

His shouts rang through the silent house.

For some time there was no response. Everyone else seemed to be in bed, and

Herr Gans' glasses almost fell off in his astonishment.

"Help me!" panted Mr. Schwartz.

"Gott in Himmel!" stuttered Herr Gans. "Vy for is it tat you tie yourself in your chair in tat manner, Mister Schwartz?"

"I did not tie myself!" hissed Mr. Schwartz. "I have been attacked. Release me, please!"

"Mein Gott!"

Herr Gans came into the study, and fumbled with the cords.

There was a lurking grin on his fat face now.

As Herr Gans was a German and the Form-master a Hun, there might have

"Will you be quick?" he panted. "I am cramped!"

"Tat is pad," said Herr Gans. "I am as quick as can be mit dem knots, Mister Schwartz. Dey haf tied you up feery tight."

"Cut the cords, then."

"Haben sie ein messer?"

"There is a knife in the drawer."

"Ferry goot."

Herr Gans found the knife and opened it, and began to saw at the cords. Mr. Schwartz gave a yell.

"Yaroo! Be careful."

"Mein Gott! Vat is te matter?"

"You have pricked my arm."

"Is tat so?" asked Herr Gans calmly.

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"Yaroo! You are cutting my ankle! ssh!"

"Ach! I'm ferry sorry for tat! Perhaps it is besser tat you keep still, and not viggie like vun worm, isn't it?"

Mr. Schwartz, suppressing his feelings, kept very still. The severed cords fell from him at last.

"Tat is a ferry peculiar state of affairs, nicht war," remarked Herr Gans. "I am ferry blease tat I hear and gum down. Odervise, you shall be ferry ungomfortable mit yourself in tat chair all te night. But who is it, mein Herr, tat have tied you up in tat manner?"

"I do not know; but I will find out!" The Form-master ground his teeth. "I will discover them, and—and——"

He choked with fury.

Herr Gans blinked at him over his glasses. There was a lurking twinkle in his blue eyes.

"It is tat Inquisitors tat have trashed Loder, hein?" he said. "Dose ferry vicked poys! Mein Herr, perhaps you shall be villing to hear vun word of advice from me on tat subject."

"If you can help me to discover them——"

"Not at all, mein Herr. I suggest tat you treat English poys in the English vay, and not like te wretched poys in te schools in Prussia," said Herr Gans calmly. "Tat is a mistake, to try te Prussian method in dis country. British boys do not love Prussian customs."

"Herr Gans!"

"Tat is goot advice tat I giff you, Herr Schwartz. In Chermanny many years ago I have experience of Prussian pigs, and I come to England to get away from dem long ago. It is not a bleasure to me to see Prussianism in dis school. Some day, Herr Schwartz, te Saxons rise up and fall on te Prussian pigs and giff dem vat te English call te kybosh!"

With that Herr Gans whisked away, leaving the Form-master stuttering with rage. It was Herr Gans' favourite theory that some day his own country, Saxony, would rise up and smite the Prussian tyrant to the dust. He was very pleased to impart his views to a Prussian. The Greyfriars fellows were all aware of the good Herr's dream, and they admitted that "old Gans" was the least objectionable kind of Hun.

As Mr. Schwartz was legally a Briton, there was really no reason why Herr Gans' remarks should annoy him; but he seemed very much annoyed all the same.

"Fool!" he snarled, as the German master plodded away upstairs. "Fool! Dotard!"

Which was all the gratitude Mr. Schwartz felt for the assistance he had received!

The Form-master rubbed his caned hand again and again. It was aching severely, as hitherto only the hands of his victims had been accustomed to ache. He strode to the door, with the intention of calling the Head; but he paused.

Mr. Jeffreys was not likely to be pleased at being awakened after midnight.

The Form-master decided to leave the tale of his wrongs untold till the morning.

He went up to his bed-room instead, and carefully locked the door before he turned in.

He did not sleep very soundly, however.

His aches and pains, added to his fury, kept him awake most of the night, and he was up before the rising-bell clanged out over Greyfriars.

In the Remove dormitory the Removites turned out at the clang of the

bell as usual, some of them in a state of suppressed excitement.

Harry Wharton & Co., at least, were not surprised when the dormitory door opened and Mr. Jeffreys strode in, followed by Mr. Schwartz.

The half-dressed juniors stood to attention at once, most of them wondering what this unusual visit portended.

"Boys!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys. "I have received a most astounding report from Mr. Schwartz! He was attacked in his study last night by a number of boys."

"Oh!" gasped the Remove.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the boys in question were members of M. Schwartz' Form."

Silence.

"Wharton, were you out of the dormitory last night?"

"No, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"Were you, Vernon-Smith?"

"No, sir."

"And you, Cherry?"

"No, sir."

There was a pause. Mr. Schwartz eyed the juniors, and the Head's eyes glittered at them like a cat's. But the Remove were all quiet and self-possessed. They faced the two angry masters calmly.

The Head was at a loss.

He felt that Wharton and Cherry, at least, would not lie. He was observant enough for that. But he could not be sure about everybody else. To question the whole school from end to end would bring forth a whole crop of denials, some of which would be false. It would not bring him any nearer to discovering the delinquents.

The tyrant of Greyfriars was baffled.

"The matter will be strictly investigated!" he growled out at last. "Punishment will be inflicted! For the present I shall consider."

He quitted the dormitory, and Mr. Schwartz followed him.

"So the Greyfriars Inquisition have been after Schwartz!" grinned the Bounder. "It was his turn! I fancy dear old Jeffreys won't find the merry Inquisitors."

"I say, Smithy, were you one of them?" chortled Bunter.

"Didn't you hear me tell Jeffreys I wasn't, you fat frog?"

"He, he, he! Were you there, Bob Cherry? Yooop!" added Bunter, as a wet sponge squashed on his fat face.

Harry Wharton and his chums were down from the dormitory early. In the quadrangle they met Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth, Temple & Co. seemed in high good-humour.

"All serene?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Right as rain!" said Cecil Reginald, with a chuckle. "Has the Jeffreys bird been after you yet?"

"Yes, rather. We had nothing to tell him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your turn next, though," said Temple. "They may begin to suspect the Fourth and the Shell soon."

"Our turn next!" agreed Wharton. "Smithy's wheeze is a corker! I fancy the Greyfriars Inquisition is going to be a success."

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

The Warning!

THERE was intense excitement in Greyfriars School that morning. The punishment of the unpopular Remove-master at the hands of the mysterious Inquisition was the one topic.

That any fellows should have the nerve to tie up a Form-master in his study and cane him with his own cane was amazing, and it took the school's breath away.

There was not much sympathy for Mr. Schwartz, who had certainly asked for all that he had received, and more; but there was a great deal of sympathy for the Inquisitors—if they should be found.

But it did not seem possible to find them.

They had left no trace behind—not the slightest clue. Even Mr. Schwartz could not guess who they were.

The masters understood that there must be a secret movement in the school, including fellows in more than one Form; but who those fellows were was a question they could not answer.

And the impunity of the offenders alarmed Mr. Schwartz, as it had alarmed Loder of the Sixth before him.

He had been warned to get out of Greyfriars that day, or his punishment would be repeated. There seemed no reason why it should not be repeated easily enough, since the delinquents had escaped undiscovered and unpunished.

The Remove-master was very subdued at lessons that morning.

The cane did not come into use once during all the morning's lessons, and the Remove, in great relief, blessed the mysterious Inquisitors.

Many times Mr. Schwartz' eyes dwelt on the Famous Five with a savage glitter in them.

He suspected them, and the Head suspected them. Yet it had been proved that they had not been personally concerned in the attack upon Loder, and in his heart Mr. Schwartz believed their statement that they had not been out of the Remove dormitory the night he was handled in his study.

He came to the conclusion that they knew something about it, and that others—perhaps many others—were concerned in the plot.

But the lesson had not been lost on the Prussian, and he did not select them for punishment. Morning lessons passed off quite cheerfully.

"Begad!" Lord Mauleverer remarked, when the Remove came out. "We owe that merry Inquisition a dashed vote of thanks, my dear fellows! The Prussian bird is gettin' quite tame."

"He's been tamed!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Perhaps Jeffreys will be tamed next, if he doesn't mend his manners."

"Oh, begad!" said Mauleverer.

"Loder and Carne have got jolly civil all of a sudden," remarked Bob Cherry, as the two prefects passed them, carefully taking no notice of them. "They don't seem in a hurry to fag the Remove, now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Long live the Greyfriars Inquisition!" chuckled Hazledene. "It's a ripping institution. But I fancy Jeffreys will come down heavy on somebody all the same."

Most of the juniors expected that. But there came no movement from

*Eat less
Bread*

Mr. Jeffreys. He was puzzled and perplexed, and in fact did not know what step to take.

The daring of the Inquisitors made him suspect, too, that seniors had a hand in the affair, and he gave Wingate many searching looks.

He called the ex-captain of Greyfriars into his study and questioned him that day. But as Wingate knew nothing, he could tell nothing—and probably would have told nothing in any case.

That day nothing transpired, save that the new Remove-master was very tactful with his Form.

He did not intend to leave Greyfriars; but he was conciliatory.

As a matter of fact, the Prussian bully had been cowed.

Tyranny in the Form-room meant a repetition of his punishment—he was assured of that. At any unguarded moment he might be seized by the hidden Inquisitors and brought to judgment.

The change in the Remove Form-room was a welcome relief.

Even carelessness with lessons was not punished now. Fellows who deserved the cane did not receive it, so thorough was the effect of the lesson administered to the estimable Schwartz.

The difference was, in fact, tremendous. There was no more fagging or bullying by Loder & Co. There was no more brutality in the Form-room.

But for Mr. Jeffreys himself, all would have been calm and bright, as Bob Cherry expressed it. But the gating of the Remove still continued.

On Saturday afternoon they had to turn up to lessons, instead of enjoying the half-holiday with the rest of the school.

But the Inquisitors had taken counsel on that subject, too.

Success had encouraged them, and the next step came on Saturday.

Mr. Jeffreys, returning to his study after lunch, found a card pinned to his desk.

There was a type-written message on the card pinned to his desk.

It gave no clue to the writer. And the message ran:

"All gatings are to be cancelled. Unless this is done at once, be prepared to take the consequences."

"Signed,

"THE GRAND INQUISITOR."

Mr. Jeffreys stared at that message, with his eyes almost starting from his head.

He was threatened!

The Greyfriars Inquisition, rejoicing in their impunity, encouraged by their success over smaller game, were venturing to tackle the Head himself!

For some minutes Mr. Jeffreys stared at the card, unable to speak. Then he rang the bell violently, and sent Trotter for Mr. Schwartz and Loder.

The Form-master and the prefect arrived together.

"Look at that!" gasped the Head.

They looked.

"That must proceed from boys in the Remove," said Mr. Jeffreys. "Only the Remove are gated."

"It certainly appears so," said Mr. Schwartz uneasily.

"It—it looks like it, sir," muttered Loder.

"Can you suggest who might have placed that card here, Loder?"

"Not at all, sir," said Loder hastily.

"I—I haven't the faintest idea, sir."

"Can you, Mr. Schwartz?"

"I cannot even make a guess, sir."

Mr. Jeffreys looked at them with a bitterly sarcastic smile.

It was only too plain that even his most faithful henchman would fail him

unless the mysterious Inquisitors were found out and suppressed.

"I suspect Wharton of being concerned in it," he said. "He is, I believe, the ringleader in his Form."

"Ahem!"

"Bring Wharton here, Loder, with Cherry, Bull, Nugent, and Hurree Singh."

"Ye-es, sir," muttered Loder.

The head prefect went on that errand very unwillingly.

He more than suspected that the Famous Five were concerned in the mysterious proceedings of the Greyfriars Inquisition, and that any move against them would be followed by punishment at the hands of the pitiless Inquisitors. But he had to obey the Head, and he went in search of the Co.

He found them in the quadrangle, chatting cheerily.

"Mr. Jeffreys wants you," said Loder abruptly.

"Does he?" said Wharton, eyeing the prefect.

"I've got nothing to do with it," said Loder. "Nothing at all! He simply sent me for you. That's all."

And Loder walked away.

The Famous Five exchanged grinning glances.

It was plain that the bully of the Sixth had learned his lesson, and did not want any more trouble.

"I suppose Smithy's put the card in the study," said Wharton, in a low voice.

"Well, we'd better go."

The Famous Five presented themselves in the Head's study without Loder.

With a black frown, Mr. Jeffreys signed to them to come in. He pointed to a card on his desk.

"Did you place that card there, Wharton?"

"No, sir."

"Did any of you?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know who did?"

Silence.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Climax!

MR. JEFFREYS' eyes glittered. The five juniors stood before him with compressed lips, dumb.

The new Head had them at a disadvantage. He was a judge of character sufficiently to know that Harry Wharton & Co. would disdain to lie. It was not fair play to ask them to sneak about a schoolfellow, but considerations of fair play did not trouble Mr. Jeffreys.

He waited.

The juniors did not speak.

"I asked you a question!" said Mr. Jeffreys, at last.

"We heard you, sir."

"Do you know, Wharton, who placed that card on my desk?"

"Do you expect me to betray a fellow, if I know, and sneak about him?" asked Harry Wharton quietly.

"I command you to answer me!"

Silence.

"I take it," said the Head, "that you know who placed that card there. I order you to give me his name!"

No reply.

"Pray hand me a cane, Mr. Schwartz. Boys, unless you answer me, I shall cane you as severely as possible!"

Grim silence.

"Your caning will be repeated every day until you give me the information I require!"

The juniors set their teeth. But they did not speak.

"Very well! Hold out your hands!"

The caning that followed was severe enough.

Mr. Jeffreys did not cease till his arm was aching.

Then he pointed to the door with the cane.

"You had better confess before to-morrow," he said grimly. "I shall call you here again to-morrow. Go!"

The juniors went.

The Remove remained at lessons that afternoon.

The threat of the Grand Inquisitor had made no difference to Mr. Jeffreys.

It was not a happy afternoon for the Famous Five. They were aching from their castigation.

Mr. Schwartz, too, resumed a good deal of his old ways that afternoon. He felt that the Head was on the track of the Inquisition at last, and some of his arrogance returned.

Possibly, Mr. Jeffreys was specially on his guard against the chance of being handled as the Remove-master had been. He kept Mr. Schwartz with him that evening, and when he went to bed some of the juniors heard him lock and bolt his door.

The Inquisition, if they had intended to act, were frustrated for that night.

The next day was Sunday. But the fact made no difference to the Greyfriars tyrant's malevolence.

The Famous Five were called before him and questioned, and as they had nothing to say, they were caned upon their still aching hands with as much severity as before, and dismissed looking white and furious.

Vernon-Smith joined them when they came out into the quad, quivering with pain.

"This isn't good enough!" said the Bounder abruptly. "You fellows can't keep on going through it like this!"

"We've got to," said Bob Cherry, twisting his hands.

"It's time for the merry Inquisition to get to work again—on Jeffreys!"

"Not to-day," said Wharton.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"But you're going to get it in the neck again to-morrow, unless you give away the whole show," he said.

Wharton nodded.

"The merry Inquisition isn't such a howling success if the beast is going to hand out punishments right and left on suspicion," said Johnny Bull dismally.

"He may alter his tune when he's had his lesson," said the Bounder. "It made a lot of difference to Loder and Schwartz. We shall see."

It was not a happy Sunday for the Famous Five. They recovered a little in the afternoon, and went over to Cliff House to tea. There was much discussion that evening among the members of the secret Inquisition. Mr. Jeffreys' new method had alarmed the whole body of enterprising Inquisitors. Either the new Head had to be brought to reason or the mysterious brotherhood had to go out of business—that was certain.

It was time for the Greyfriars Inquisition to strike, and strike hard. After morning lessons on Monday, the Famous Five were called into the Head's study once more.

"Have you decided to confess?" asked Mr. Jeffreys, eyeing them grimly.

Silence.

"I am convinced that you know the identity of the boys who had perpetrated outrages upon Loder and Mr. Schwartz, and insulted me!" said Mr. Jeffreys. "I give you one more opportunity to acquaint me with their names."

Still no reply.

"Very well! I think I shall break down your obstinacy in time!" said the new Head grimly.

Swish, swish, swish!

The Famous Five bore the infliction.

with stoical patience. It was the last one they meant to suffer.

Mr. Schwartz was quite his old self in the Form-room that day. His fear of the secret Inquisition had almost disappeared. Nothing had been heard of the Inquisitors for days now, and Mr. Schwartz decided that they had been frightened out of existence.

In the evening he joined Mr. Jeffreys in the Head's study. Until the secret society was definitely broken up, and the members thereof expelled from the school, both the masters preferred not to remain alone in the evening. Mr. Jeffreys looked up irritably as a tap came at the door a little later. He supposed that it was Loder coming with a report.

"Come in!" he said.

The door opened.

Then there was a rush of feet.

The Head and Mr. Schwartz leaped up in amazement and alarm.

A dozen figures had rushed into the study, all of them enveloped in heavy coats and wearing Guy Fawkes masks.

The door was slammed by the last to enter, and the key turned.

Without a second's pause the masked juniors rushed to the attack.

Mr. Schwartz, rooted to the floor with alarm, was bowled over at the first rush, and two of the assailants sat on him and pinned him down.

Mr. Jeffreys was a tougher customer.

He caught up a cane from the desk, and lashed round him furiously, at the same time shouting for help.

But the juniors swarmed over him.

The cane was snatched away, and the headmaster went down with a crash, under five or six fellows clinging to him like cats.

He still struggled on the floor till a heavy knee was planted on his chest, and a handkerchief crammed into his mouth, and a cord knotted round his ankles and wrists.

Then he lay helpless, crimson and gurgling.

Mr. Schwartz, a little wiser, realised that he had no chance, and did not struggle after he was once down. He was tied up unresisting, gagged with a chalky duster, and rolled under the table out of the way. The business of the Greyfriars Inquisition was with the Head.

Mr. Jeffreys lay with burning eyes, unable to speak, scarcely able to move a finger.

The grotesque masks gathered round him, looking down upon him.

He was in the hands of the Inquisition, and at their mercy. And his savage eyes counted twelve in the party. The Inquisitors had come in force this time.

The audacity of it was amazing. At any moment a master or a prefect might tap at the door to speak to the Head. It was still early in the evening. The fag Forms were at prep in their rooms with their Form-masters; the other fellows in their studies.

The Inquisitors had had to take chances—and they had taken them!

And certainly they had succeeded so far. The Head lay helpless, hoping that someone had heard the few shouts he had been able to utter. The masked Inquisitors were listening, too. There was the sound of a door opening in the distance.

One of the Inquisitors took the poker, and thrust it between the bars of the grate. Mr. Jeffreys watched him, his very heart quaking.

A slow and heavy step came along the passage.

"Prouty!" muttered a voice.

The stately step of Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was well known. He was coming to the study.

The Inquisitors looked at one another

as the footsteps came nearer. The leader drew the poker from the fire. The end was glowing hot.

Mr. Jeffreys shuddered as the glowing end approached his face. With his left hand the Grand Inquisitor removed the duster-handkerchief from his mouth.

"Tell Mr. Prout you cannot see him!" he said, in a low, tense voice. "If he finds out what is going on, your face will be marked for life."

Mr. Jeffreys panted.

The glowing end of the poker was within an inch of his nose, and he felt the intense heat of it. The eyes that gleamed from the grotesque mask were deadly in their intensity. For a second a yell for help trembled on the lips of the tyrant. But he dared not!

That yell was not uttered.

Tap!

It was Mr. Prout's hand on the locked door outside.

"Did you call, sir?" came Mr. Prout's wheezy voice, as he turned the handle of the door. "I fancy I heard a call—Dear me, the door is locked!"

Mr. Jeffreys struggled for breath. The eyes from the hideous mask glittered down at him—the red-hot poker came closer to his quivering face.

"It is all right, Mr. Prout!" The words seemed wrung from the cowed bully. "There is nothing the matter! I am very busy just now—"

"I thought I heard a call, sir—"

"Not at all."

"Very well, sir! I am sorry to have disturbed you, if you are busy."

And, to the relief of the Inquisitors, Mr. Prout's heavy footsteps died away down the passage again.

It was a relief to Mr. Jeffreys also. The threatening poker was scorching his skin. He wondered afterwards whether the threat would have been carried out, but what was quite certain was that he dared not risk it.

The Grand Inquisitor drew a deep breath. The poker was withdrawn, and the handkerchief stuffed into Mr. Jeffreys' mouth again.

The Grand Inquisitor rose.

"Brothers," he said, in a deep voice, "to work!"

Mr. Schwartz shivered under the table. It was not the same Grand Inquisitor who had taken the chief part in the proceedings on the previous occasion. He could not recognise the disguised voice, but he knew that it was different. He was trembling, and wondering whether his own turn was coming after the Head's. But the Inquisitors did not take heed of him.

Mr. Jeffreys was dragged up and bumped into his chair. Then the Greyfriars Inquisition gathered round him, to judge him, watched with burning eyes by the tyrant of Greyfriars.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Going Through It!

"**B**ROTHERS"—the deep voice of the Grand Inquisitor was quite thrilling—"here is the culprit! He stands before you—"

"Sits!" remarked one of the Inquisitors.

"Order!"

"He stands before you," said the Grand Inquisitor sternly, "accused of many and multifarious crimes and misdemeanours. He has acted as a tyrant within the ancient walls of Greyfriars, where generations of freemen have received classic instruction—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Not content with introducing Prussian tyranny into a free school in a free country, he has actually engaged a real, horrid Prussian as a Form-master in the said school. Brothers of the mask and

the cloak, what is the sentence upon the prisoner?"

"Death!"

The sentence was pronounced in deep voices on all sides. Mr. Jeffreys started, and glared savagely at the Inquisitors.

"Prisoner, you hear your sentence?"

Glare!

"Have you anything to say in extenuation of your manifold crimes?"

Glare!

"Prisoner, as this is the first time you have been brought up for trial, the Inquisition will be merciful. Your sentence will be commuted to a flogging, to be administered on the spot!"

Glare!

Some of the Inquisitors were heard to chuckle. In spite of masks and cloaks and deep voices and death-sentences, it seemed that some of them, at least, were taking the proceedings in a humorous spirit.

"Silence!" said the Grand Inquisitor sternly. "This is not a laughing matter!"

"Not for Jeffreys!" murmured an Inquisitor.

"Place the prisoner on the rug!"

Mr. Jeffreys wriggled as he was whirled out of the chair and bumped, face down, on the hearthrug. His eyes rolled with rage as the Grand Inquisitor took his own birch from its place.

The commutation of the sentence did not please him at all. The death-sentence was a joke, but a flogging was no joke!

And it was perfectly clear that he was going to get a flogging.

As he was so fond of administering corporal punishment, it might have been expected that Mr. Jeffreys would be prepared to receive it with fortitude. But that was not the case at all. He writhed with terrible apprehension as the Grand Inquisitor approached with the birch.

No time was lost. The Grand Inquisitor had a powerful arm, and he gave it full play. The birch rose and fell.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Every lash of the birch told. Even as Mr. Jeffreys had done to others, so he was done by—with interest. The handkerchief in his mouth silenced his attempts at yelling. He could only gurgle feebly. His eyes rolled, and his hard face was red and white by turns. His teeth bit savagely through the gag. And all the time the birch rose and fell with lashing force.

The Inquisitors stood round in a circle, counting as the blows fell. They counted in a whispering chorus, with aparent relish.

"Fifty!"

That was the total. The Grand Inquisitor thrust the birch into the fire when he had finished. That particular instrument of torture would never be used at Greyfriars again.

"Brothers, our work is done!"

"Hear, hear!" murmured the Inquisitors.

"Let us depart!"

"What-ho!"

The electric light was turned off.

In the darkness the Head could hear, as he lay wriggling on the rug, sounds that indicated that the Inquisitors were removing their coats and masks. But he could not see them.

The door was unlocked. He heard it close again, and footsteps died faintly away in the distance.

The writhing man still lay on the rug. He struggled in vain with his bonds. Mr. Schwartz rolled out from under the table, mumbling and gurgling. Neither of the masters could rise to his feet, but both of them had the same idea—that of

rolling to the door, and there endeavouring to attract attention. Naturally, they rolled together, and there was a still more emphatic gurgle from Mr. Jeffreys as Mr. Schwartz' hard head smote him.

They rolled and wriggled, and found themselves at the door at last, after a quarter of an hour of wriggling and rolling. They bumped on the door as well as they could. They could not open it. How long it would be before they drew attention to the spot they could not surmise. But there was a step in the passage at last.

Tap!

Gurgle! Bump!

"Bless my soul!" It was Mr. Prout's voice. "Dear me! Are you there, Mr. Jeffreys?"

Gurgle!

The door opened. There was a terrific gurgle from Mr. Schwartz as the door banged on his head.

"Gurrrrrg!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Prout, blinking in the darkness. "Is anything wrong, Mr. Jeffreys? I perceive there is no light, yet I hear—Bless my soul! For some time past I have been under the impression that very extraordinary sounds were proceeding from this study, as of animals dragging themselves about. Can you hear me, sir? Are you there?"

Gurgle!

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Prout groped for the electric light switch and turned it on. He almost fell down at the sight of the two masters sprawling in their bonds at his feet.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Prout. "Mr. Jeffreys—Mr. Schwartz—gentlemen—Bless my soul! Wingate—Loder—Gwynne—Help! Oh, dear!"

Mr. Prout staggered back into the passage. His shouts soon brought a crowd to the spot.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Sacked!

"WHAT'S going to happen?" That was the burning question at Greyfriars. The amazing story was known to all. The new Head had been

seized in his own study and flogged by the Greyfriars Inquisition! It was impossible to suppose that the tyrant of Greyfriars would take it lying down. But there was no trace of the culprits to be discovered. As in the previous cases, the Inquisitors had vanished without leaving a trace behind.

Who were they?

Follows looked at one another, and asked the question without being able to answer it. Those who knew kept their own counsel.

It was close upon bed-time when Loder of the Sixth looked into the junior Common-room with a grim face.

"Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Hurree Singh!" he said. "Follow me!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Are we wanted?" asked Bob Cherry, looking up from the chess-table, where he was playing with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yes; at once!"

"All serene! Follow in your father's footsteps, dear boys!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five marched out of the Common-room after Loder. It was to the Head's study that they were taken.

Mr. Jeffreys was there, his face white, and his eyes burning. His eyes seemed to flame as they were fixed upon the five juniors. Harry Wharton & Co. stood before him, silent and calm.

"Wharton—and the rest——" Mr. Jeffreys almost choked. "You took part in the outrage in this study an hour ago."

"Really, sir?" said Wharton quietly.

"Was there an outrage?"

"You know there was!"

"Indeed, sir?"

Mr. Jeffreys raised his hand.

"I ask you, had you a hand in it, or had you not?"

"You have no right to put such a question, sir," said Wharton quietly. "If we had, we could not admit it. You are asking us simply to tell lies, if it should be as you suppose."

"Do you deny it?"

"I have nothing to say."

The headmaster clenched his hands.

"If you were not concerned in it, you know the names of those who were. Give me a list of the names, and I will dismiss you unpunished."

"I am not an informer!" said Wharton contemptuously.

"Very well!" Mr. Jeffreys breathed hard. "I take it that you are guilty. The others I shall discover later. You five I take as guilty. I condemn you to expulsion from the school!"

"Oh!"

The Famous Five stood silent after that ejaculation. Smithy's wheeze had not served its purpose after all, successful as it had been at first. But even the keen Bouncer had not foreseen that the tyrant would take the extreme step of expelling fellows from the school upon bare suspicion.

The juniors' eyes were gleaming now. Truly, this would make an end of the proceedings of the Greyfriars Inquisition, if every punishment administered by that mysterious body was followed by reckless expulsion. Five expulsions in one day was unheard-of; but Mr. Jeffreys was reckless. Either the Greyfriars Inquisition had to be suppressed or he had to cease to rule in the school. It was the only way.

There was a pause; then the headmaster pointed to the door.

"Go! You are expelled from the school! You will leave for your homes by the earliest train in the morning! This is the last night you will spend under the roof of Greyfriars! Go!"

Harry Wharton & Co. left the study. In the passage they paused to look at one another grimly.

"Sacked!" said Bob Cherry, with a whistle. "Sacked on suspicion! That's a bit thick, even for Jeffreys."

Wharton set his lips.

"We haven't gone yet!" he said quietly.

Dismay fell upon the Greyfriars Remove when the Head's sentence was known. The Famous Five—the heroes of the Remove—were sacked! In the morning they were to go!

But, though Mr. Jeffreys did not know it, much was to happen before that autumn morning dawned upon Greyfriars School!

(Don't miss "THE BARRING-OUT AT GREYFRIARS!"—next Monday's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co., by Frank Richards.)

The Editor's Chat.

For Next Monday:

"THE BARRING-OUT AT GREYFRIARS!"

By Frank Richards.

For a long time past readers have been begging for another barring-out story. Next week they will have it, and if they are not satisfied with it—well, I shall give up believing that I know what they like, that's all! And I am not going to say more about it, for I don't wish to discount in any way the treat you have in store.

THE "GEM" SERIAL.

You are all reading it, I hope. If you are not, you ought to be. Its title is

"THE TWINS FROM TASMANIA!"

and it's all right!

TWO LETTERS.

I print exactly as received the letter which follows, though I don't agree with a word of it. It had no address, and it may not have been written by an officer in the King's service at all. If it was, I should say that both in that capacity and as a schoolmaster the writer should abstain from sneering at

shopboys—there is no cause for shame in being a shopboy.

"Sir,—With reference to an article under the heading of 'Pompous Rubbish,' which appeared in the August 11th issue of your MAGNET, I must say that I quite agree with what Mr. A. E. Coleman has to say. For, after all, who are the readers of such books? Shopboys, loafers, etc. You must admit that such scrap-heaps of literature will not be found in any decent home. The boy who tries to make his way in the world shuns such rubbish."

"I trust you will give this letter the same publication as that of Mr. Coleman. In civilian life I'm a schoolmaster, so I'm writing from experience. At present I'm lying in hospital, suffering from wounds received out there.—Yours,

"FRANK BRADLEY, Lieut."

I should have answered this letter by post had the opportunity been given me. In reply to it I have only to say here that I do not admit that there is the slightest shadow of justification for the styling my papers "Scrap-heaps of literature," and that when Lieutenant Bradley says that they cannot be found in any decent home he is making one of those large and unfounded statements that prejudiced people are all too apt to make. It is simple untrue!

Now for the other letter.

"Sir,—I happened to pick up a copy of the MAGNET, and was vastly amused by the letter so aptly described by you as 'Pompous Rubbish.'"

"Some years ago I was chairman of the managers of two of the largest Board schools

in London, and I made it my business to find out for myself the class of light literature that appealed to the youngsters. By observation and by inquiries at small newspaper shops I found that the MAGNET, 'Gem,' 'Sexton Blake,' and the exploits of a young engineer—Frank Reid, if I remember—were all exceedingly popular. I bought and read many copies, and I did not find in one a single sentence with any harmful meaning. On the contrary, invariably vice was punished and virtue was rewarded. The stories are light and amusing, and, in my opinion, are filling an obvious want among the juvenile population.

"The statement of Boy Coleman that 'Judges have remarked upon the bad influence of your papers' requires some substantiation."

"I am glad to see that in Coleman's last paragraph he admits that he has no 'more' time to waste, thus admitting that his efforts were a waste of time! THE MAJOR."

The writer of this letter encloses his name and address. In reference to the statement to which he takes objection, I may say that Coleman cannot substantiate it. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the evil influence of the MAGNET and "Gem" has never been pleaded in any court of law—I don't see how it could be, since it is impossible that their influence should be evil—much less commented upon by judges.

The "Major's" letter is a very effective answer to the Lieutenant's, I consider, though, as a matter of fact, it came to hand ten days at least before it.

YOUR EDITOR,

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 503.

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 39.—ARTHUR COURTNEY.

COURTNEY of the Sixth has never been one of the most prominent figures in the stories of Greyfriars. One can find but one yarn in which he played the leading part. But he has figured to advantage in several stories; and whenever we have a glimpse of him it shows him as a good fellow, a staunch chum, and a gentleman. Higher praise than that no one need seek.

As a prefect he has a considerable measure of responsibility, which he recognises. He plays his part with dignity, but without tyranny or pomposity. The office in his hands is not twisted to the indulgence of bullying, as it is with Loder and Carne. He simply does his duty, not always enjoying it.

Courtney and Loder do not often hunt in couples; but it chanced to fall to them to deal with the Bounder when, in his very early days at Greyfriars, he refused to arise until the spirit moved him. Loder and Courtney moved him a trifle earlier than that, and took him down to the breakfast-table in his pyjamas.

Rupert Valence is not a special chum of Courtney's. But there is a strong friendship between Courtney and Violet Valence, the pretty sister of Rupert. Doubtless it was more for Vi's sake than for her brother's that Arthur, Courtney endured so much to get Valence out of a scrape.

Valence had been going the pace recklessly with Loder and the other black sheep of the Sixth. His sister asked Courtney to give him a friendly warning; and Bob Cherry, concealed in the prefects' room for the purpose of a trick on Loder, overheard them.

Courtney stood between the junior and the savage anger of Valence upon discovering him, and the result was a quarrel between the two seniors. Then Courtney fell into the trap prepared for Valence by Bob and his chums, and received a painful of such mixture as the Remove delight to make for their foes. Wingate found out who the culprits were, and also that their intended victim was Valence—not Courtney. The question why the Removites should have expected Valence at such an hour—between eleven and midnight—arose; and Courtney confessed to the skipper that he knew Valence had been poaching on Sir Hilton Popper's preserves.

Caught red-handed by the keepers, Valence gave Courtney's name instead of his own. Then he escaped. Next day the head-keeper came along with a letter from Sir Hilton. He believed Courtney to be the poacher, for Valence had blackened his face as a disguise. In his letter Sir Hilton gave the schoolboy poacher the choice of report, and certain expulsion, or taking a flogging. Valence dared not face the flogging. He had confessed to Courtney the rascally use of his name; and, for Vi's sake, Arthur Courtney went along and took a most unmerciful thrashing at the hands of the irate old baronet. But the pain of it was not the worst. The humiliation was far harder to bear than that, though the pain was so great that he was found by Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry fainting in the road. Through Bob, Vi Valence came to know the whole truth; and her gratitude was deep.

Courtney is not the officious type of prefect. When he comes into the Common-room and finds Bob Cherry attending to Bolsover, who has kicked Russell when he was down, he merely says that there must be less row. But he is keen-eyed enough. When several members of the Remove, having business later on, go to bed only half undressed, and Courtney comes along to turn out the lights, he spots what is going on.

"Feeling sleepy, Bulstrode?" he asks. "In a hurry to get to bed, eh? I suppose that's why you haven't taken your trousers off. Where are your trousers, Cherry? Dirty habit to sleep in your socks, Nugent! Unhealthy sleeping in your underclothing, Wharton!"

Wingate and Courtney have always been great chums. When the Greyfriars skipper fell in love with Miss Paula Bell—Little Red Riding-Hood of the pantomime—Courtney spoke out plainly to him as to the folly of



it, and the bad result his slackness was having upon the school. But he consented to take charge of the juniors in his chum's absence; and a snowball battle with Dick Trumper and his merry men was carried right up to the gates; for Courtney is not Wingate, and at a time of crisis has not quite Wingate's commanding influence.

The Head was angry, and became more so when he learned, through treachery, of Wingate's vagaries. Courtney sat up for Wingate when the latter stayed out very late one night, and there were words—and worse—between them when the skipper came in. Furious at his chum's suggestion that Miss Bell might merely be amusing herself with him, Wingate struck Courtney. But Courtney did not hit back. Into his mind flooded memories of their long friendship—fagging days, terms together in the Remove, years of close comradeship till they had come to the highest places in the school—and, though he believed the friendship ended for ever, he would not have it end in a fight.

It did not end. Courtney spoke up manfully to the Head for Wingate, and made him see that at worst there was nothing more than folly in the love-affair. And the two came together again.

The spirit of self-sacrifice is strong in Arthur Courtney, and so is the spirit of loyalty. Not merely does he refuse to profit by the ill-fortune of a chum, but that ill-fortune only makes his chum the dearer to him. Do you remember how he refused to stand for the captaincy when Wingate had been deprived not only of that, but also of his prefectship, and how hotly he resented the caddish arrogance of Loder in telling Wingate that he has no right in the prefects' room? Courtney would make a good skipper; but he would rather see the bumptious Coker parading as captain than stand himself in Wingate's place.

When Sergeant Sharp played the tyrant at Greyfriars the prefects were in a very unpleasant position. They stand always for law and order, of course; and that means backing up constituted authority—until the time comes when their sense of fair play and justice rebels absolutely. Courtney was sent to fetch the Remove back when they had gone out in sympathy with Harry Wharton—sentenced, like Coker, to expulsion for refusing to knuckle under to Sharp. It was a difficult task for the prefect; but he did the right thing. He gave the message he had been charged with, but refused to advise either way.

A good all-round athlete, Courtney is a shining light of both footer and cricket teams. One recalls his doing the hat-trick against the Old Boys' Eleven.

THE TRAGEDY OF TRIMBLE By TOM MERRY.

It chanced one day that grub was short,
And Baggy Trimble felt
He'd have to get a great deal more—
Or tighten up his belt!

He went to Study No. 1,
And looked at Lorne and Jones;
He said: "If I don't have some grub
I'll be a bag of bones!"
Jones smiled, and then gave Lorne a wink.
He said: "You will—I do not think!
It won't hurt you a bit to shrink.
Clear out of this, you missing link!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before.

He went to Study No. 2,
And Mellish frowned at him.
Said Trimble: "Wish we'd got some grub!
I'm getting awful thin!"
"A good thing, too," said Mellish, "for
One day you won't get through the door!
You eat just like a blessed boar;
And grub is scarce now we're at war!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!

He went to Study No. 3.
Macdonald looked at Bates;
While Trimble said he must have food
(Although to beg he hates!)
Macdonald said "Ye ken, I fear
Ye're off the track to butt in here!
To keep ye fat, it would appear,
In war-time will be awfu' dear!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!

He went to Study No. 4.
Mulvaney shook his head,
And Tompkins frowned when Trimble said
That he was nearly dead.
"P'r'aps!" Tompkins said: "I'm much afraid
There ain't a scrap for you to raid!
Your hunger here can't be allayed;
Lord Rhondda's rules must be obeyed!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!

He went to Study No. 5,
And told the chaps within
That if he had no food his death
Would count to them as sin!
Snapped Kerruish: "Now we sha'n't be
long!"
Dick Julian said: "Don't make a song!"
And Hammond jeered: "Bow-wow! Ding-dong!"
Quoth Kelly: "Sure! Just shift along!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!

He went to Study No. 6.
The four had finished tea;
And Trimble gasped: "I hope you've left
A little bit for me!"
Blake, smiling, said: "You hope a lot!"
Herries remarked: "The answer's—Not!"
And Gusay said: "Pway don't talk wot!"
Growled Dig: "Just try another spot!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!

He went to Study No. 7,
And Contarini scowled.
Poor Trimble trembled at the threat
Which Smith (Smith minor) growled.
Baggy's high hopes received a jar!
"Shift on!" said Smith. "You know we bar
Fat corpses here. We really are
Above a bit particular!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!

He went to Study No. 8,
Where Lumley-Lumley sat
With Wyatt. When his face appeared
The two both roared out: "Scat!"
"I'm awfully bad!" was Trimble's groan.
"We've found that out all on our own!
And if you've come our grub to bone,"
Said Wyatt, "cut! Leave us alone!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!

He went to study No. 9,
And Clive and Cardew grinned
As Levison's unerring aim
Smote Baggy in the wind!
"Vamoose!" said Clive. "Our funds are
low—
But lower still are you, you know!
In search of grub you'd better go
To Mother Taggles' little show!"
And Baggy Trimble slammed the door
And felt as hungry as before!



GEORGE COXALL,
Wigan.



HARRY BOBBITT,
Peterboro'.



A SOUTH WALES CHUM.



WILLIAM SMITH,
Birmingham.



W. E. GRANT,
Gillingham.



A KEEN READER.



W. SMITH, Cleator.



A LOYAL READER.



A KEEN MAGNETITE.



FRANK CHECKLAND.



J. C.,
Wigan.



A HOWARD.



A MUMBLES READER.



R. H. J. MOORE,
South Africa.



A LOYAL LOWESTOFT
READER.



W. FYFE,
Saltcoats.



A CANADIAN READER.



Wm. W. TANN,
Wymondham.



A. J. L.,
Ayr.



A KEEN READER.



HENRY BROWN,



HAROLD G. EARNEY,
Bournemouth.



A. HILL,
Alvaston.



A LOYAL READER.



S. HOBBS,
Devonport.



JACK LEWIS,
Australia.



M. BEIGLER,
Stepney Green.



D. KIDDIE,
Gravesend.



AN ARDENT READER.



WILFRED SIBSON

Extracts from "The Greyfriars Herald."

GREYFRIARS AT THE FRONT!

IV.—KOKER'S KULTURED KAPTIVE!

By S. Q. I. FIELD.

THE day came when the colonel had to decide whether Coker should become a corporal or a criminal.

It happened in Coker's usual style. He swore that he did not disobey an order, but followed a better plan—his own. The colonel held the reverse view. But in view of the fact that Coker's raiding party, meeting with greater success than he had ever done in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, wiped out the occupants of a trench and brought back a couple of machine-guns, the offence was overlooked, and the offender cautioned for disobedience and promoted for valour.

The two stripes on his arm helped the ever-modest Coker to realise what a mighty personage he was. For several days he disdained taking any prisoners, as he was looking for the Kaiser himself. Then, hearing that his special prize was indisposed, he searched for the Crown Prince.

In both of these noble ambitions he was doomed to disappointment. Hearing that Coker was very much on the war-path, the Crown Prince took a violent distaste to the district, and moved on to a safer spot. Coker growled something about teaching puppies a lesson, and, for the time being, postponed his lofty intentions.

The following day there was a surprise attack, and the Huns were forced back. In the consequent rush Coker was well to the front, and in a shell-hole he found a fat but blackened figure simply waiting to be captured.

"Come out of that!" he roared. There came a groan from the shell-hole. "Come out of that!" Coker repeated. The figure did not move, so Coker stooped and pulled his Hun out.

"Groogh!" roared the Hun. "You've got to come with me, my son!" Coker said. "What's your name?" "Walla-walla!" growled the Hun. "Eh?" snapped Coker. "What regiment do you belong to?" "Scollimolligoggivitch!" said the Hun sullenly.

"I don't want any bad language!" Coker replied sternly.

"Gillabullawaddyboff!" chattered the captive.

"Humph!" ejaculated the corporal. "Pity they couldn't teach you to speak English! You're a pretty specimen! Come along this way!"

He dragged the Hun to his feet. The Hun was heavy—very heavy, in fact. Coker felt the perspiration trickling off his forehead.

"And then they say you Huns haven't got any food!" he growled. "You've eaten enough to support an army for a month, I should think! What do you live on?"

The Hun shivered.

"Kamerad! Kultur!" he said feebly.

"Live on your kamerads, do you?" shouted Horace the corporal. "Then I've bagged a blessed cannibal!"

He dragged his prisoner along the ground for a few yards, and then paused. Private Hazeldene was just coming up.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "What are you doing with Bunter?"

"Bunter!" echoed Coker.

The fat Hun rubbed his blackened face with his hand and grunted. Coker suddenly saw the mistake he had made.

"Bunter," he roared, "what the dickens were you doing in that shell-hole?"

"I'm the first line of defence!" the Owl grunted. "I was just digging in!"

"More likely tucking in!" said Hazeldene. "Oh, really, Hazel—" Bunter began.

Coker interrupted.

"Why didn't you answer me when I spoke to you?" he snapped. "You spoke like a blessed Boche!"

Bunter blinked reproachfully.

"I thought you were a Hun yourself, by

the way you were carrying on, Coker!" he said, with dignity. "That was strategy. I answered you in German to put you off the track. If you'd been a proper Hun you'd have left me alone at once—see?"

Coker looked as though he was about to burst.

"Thought I was a blessed Hun!" he gasped. "Well, of all the cheek—"

Hazel interrupted him.

"You've missed the charge," he said.

"Come, along! This fat toad isn't worth worrying about."

Coker allowed himself to be led away.

"I'm not sorry I found out in time," he said. "He was a pretty good weight! But I'll bring back his avoirdupois worth of Huns!"

And Coker did. It took seven!

(This is a forlshod. I onnly way 18 stoan.—W. G. B.)

—:o:—

V.—DRAWING!

By HURREE SINGH.

SAPPER SKINNER was in badful odour, and his unpopularity was terrific. That was not surprisingly to be wondered at.

Skinner did not obediently carry out the lawful commands of the esteemed corporal. He amusefully entertained the honourable fellows in his company by drawing pictures of the said esteemed corporal, and, as the ludicrous colonel remarked, the proof of the pudding is never too late to mend.

On this auspicious occasion the Engineers had a big job on hand—in fact, the bigfulness of the esteemed job was terrific. And the corporal was annoyfully worried.

He was just thoughtfully trying to hit upon a scheme when he saw another picture which the ludicrous Skinner had drawfully scrawled upon a biscuit-tin.

"Ha, ha!" he growled. "I will makefully cause the punishment to be sauce for the gander!"

He sent for Skinner.

"Can you draw?" he asked.

Skinner smiled grinfully.

"Yes," he said.

"Then," said the corporal, "you will drawfully pull this cart of biscuits to the next camp. The heavifulness is terrific."

Skinner groaned.

But he had askfully demanded it. He received a drawful lesson free of charge.

The esteemed moral is: Don't count your chickens before they are worth two in the bush.

—:o:—

VI.—NEWS IN BRIEF!

By PETER TODD.

Mr. Prout has been decorated with the P.T.O. He shot at the advancing Germans and brought down an aeroplane.

Fisher T. Fish had joined a bombing corps, having insured the lives of all the Huns in the vicinity. Now he's trying to endorse their policies.

Tom Dutton has been appointed an interpreter because he can always guess at what the captured Huns mean. It is expected that he will be awarded the R.S.V.P.

Through an unfortunate mistake over his name, Wun Lung had only half a gas-mask issued to him. It is understood that the mistake will be rectified.

Skinner, Stott, and Snoop, we learn, are not in the Flying Corps after all. The rumour started on account of an incident which happened when they thought the Huns were going to attack.

Vernon-Smith is likely to be made a sergeant. He's Bounder do well.

It has been established to the satisfaction—or dissatisfaction—of at least one person that a mail-boat lost in the Channel was loaded chiefly with postal-orders for him.

This is particularly distressing, as some of them had been lost in the post for several years.

In an endeavour to remember what Greyfriars was like several fellows have formed the habit of getting into a brown study.

Alonzo Todd was under the impression at first that "bully beef" was supplied exclusively to people like Bolsover. And the first duff that he received made the meaning of "trench mortar" plain to him—so he said.

NOTICES.

FOOTBALL.

Players wanted by West Ham team—16-17—A. Mansell, 43, Meeson Road, Portway West Ham, E.

E. C. Collander, 26, Streatfield Street, Burdett Road, Limehouse, E. 14, would like to join team in his locality.

J. Boothroyd, 33, Willoughby Avenue, Holbeck—16—wants to join team in Leeds district.

Matches Wanted By:

A Liverpool Club—16-17—players also needed.—E. Jones, 6, Scholar Street, Smithdown Road, Liverpool.

UPPER NORWOOD ATHLETIC—15—3 mile radius.—J. Dudley, 20, Woodland Road, Upper Norwood, S.E. 10.

WENTWORTH ROVERS—3 mile radius.—A. Poples, 39, Eric Street, Mile End, E. 3.

MANSFORD STAR—13½—Hackney Marshes or neighbourhood.—Hon. Sec., 19, Spring Hill, Clapton, N.E.

CLOCK HOUSE—16—4 mile radius.—D. Semark, 45, Blandford Road, Beckenham.

44TH LIVERPOOL BOYS' BRIGADE—14½.—W. Lathean, 26, Cornice Road, Stoneycroft, Liverpool.

STANDARD—5 mile radius.—J. G. White, 7, Sheldon Road, Silver Street, Upper Edmonston, N. 18.

AMALGAMATED PRESS.—A. W. Clark, 78, Chewton Road, Walthamstow, E. 17.

GARTH JUNIORS—15-16—8 mile radius.—E. Parker, 1, Salem Terrace, Gwaedod-y-Garth, Taffs Well, near Cardiff.

BLACKHEATH INVICTA B TEAM—14½—also want two good players.—W. E. Chapman, 5, Elmira Street, Lewisham, S.E. 13.

BRUNSWICK ALBION—15-16—5 mile radius.—O. Thompson, 21, Thomas Street, Sheffield.

LEAGUES, Etc.

F. R. Sullivan, 16, Bachelors' Walk, Dublin, wants more members for the Star Stamp Exchange Club.

C. Willis, 91, F Block, Ossington Buildings, Paddington Street, W., wants more members for his club. Stamped and addressed envelope, please.

Ernest Cook, 34, Ridley Street, Felling-on-Tyne, wants to join club running magazine.

The Empire Correspondence Exchange wants members. Stamped and addressed envelope, please.—Clifford W. Jones, 1, Tower Gardens Road, Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N. 17.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

By L. Goodson, 121, Crouch Hill, Crouch End, N.—60-75; "Nelson Lee Library"; 224, "Penny Popular"; 467, MAGNET; 467, "Gem." Double price offered. Must be clean.

By Geo. McKinley, 8, Langford Street, Belfast.—"Bunter the Boxer" and "Great Postal Order Conspiracy."

By G. R. Baker, 11, Dirlerton Road, Portway, West Ham.—"Bunter the Boxer," and the stories of the Bounder when he first came.

By H. H. Hemus, 166, Hubert Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham.—Back numbers of MAGNET generally.

By B. G. Austin, 197, Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, N.—"Rebels of the Remove," "Rake's Rival," "His Own Fault."

By W. Smith, 6, Shinglers Row, Stowe Street, Lichfield.—"Hurree Singh's Peril."