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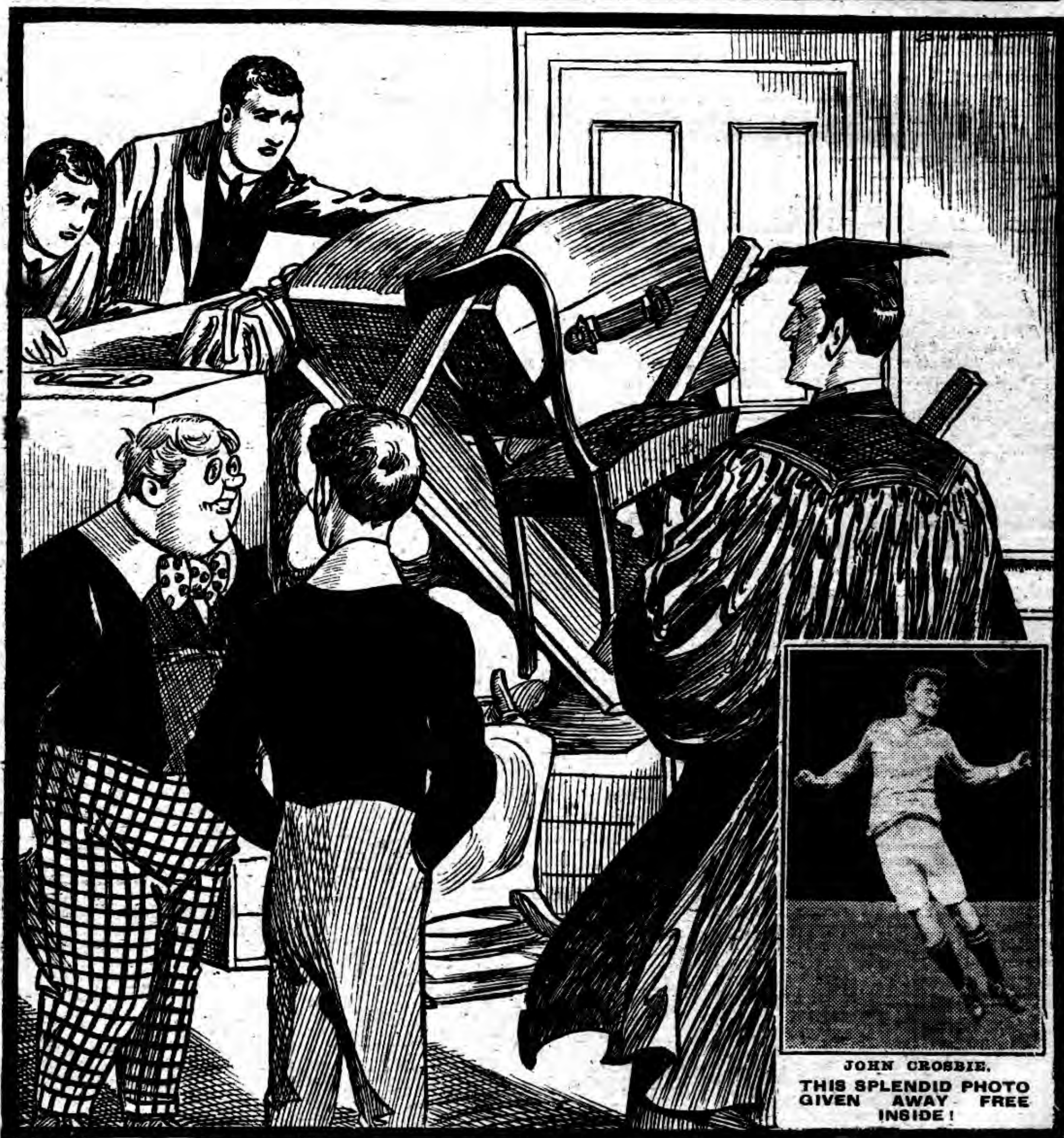
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The Magnet ^{1 1/2}

Library

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."



JOHN CROSBIE.
THIS SPLENDID PHOTO
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INSIDE!

The Commencement of the Great Sixth-Form Rebellion!

(An Amazing episode from the long complete story in this issue.)



Address your letters to: The Editor, THE MAGNET LIBRARY, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

FOR NEXT MONDAY.

"THE GREYFRIARS BARRING-OUT!"

By Frank Richards.

That is the title of our next grand, long, complete story of the chums of Greyfriars. Tremendously exciting scenes take place in the old school, for by this time juniors and seniors alike are absolutely disgusted with Dr. Carnforth and his methods. They bar themselves out against him, and no effort can displace them. But the end comes—comes just as Dr. Carnforth thinks he has a great chance of quelling the rebels.

No reader of the MAGNET LIBRARY can afford to miss this wonderful story.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

There is to be a special number of Harry Wharton & Co.'s little paper next Monday. They are calling it a Special Open-Air Number, and from the title you can guess the nature of the contents of the supplement.

I can assure all readers that this number is going to be one of the most popular "Heralds" ever published. There is one particularly funny story in it. I, myself, think it is the best any Greyfriars contributor has ever written.

Order your copy of the MAGNET LIBRARY now!

ALBUMS FOR YOUR PHOTOS!

I have received many hundreds of letters from readers of this paper who desire to have albums for their photos of famous footballers and boxers. As usual, I have given the matter very careful consideration, and am now able to make a definite announcement on the subject.

Readers of the Companion Papers can obtain albums for the FREE REAL PHOTOS now being given away if they apply to

The MAGNET Album Office,
7-9, Pilgrim Street,
Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.

The charge for these albums, which will hold 48 cards, is sixpence, post free. The payment should be made by postal-order or twopenny stamps. I must warn readers that loose money must not on any account be enclosed in an envelope, and letters containing coins will be refused at the Album Office.

Photo cards cannot be sent, but if readers are desirous of obtaining a certain card, he can obtain same by ordering the issue of the periodical in which it appeared. The charge for these copies is twopence-halfpenny, which includes the cost of postage.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Readers sending for albums are earnestly requested not to forget to put their names and addresses distinctly upon their letter of application. It stands to reason that if a letter is forwarded without your name and address, the album

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cannot be sent, neither can the money be returned—obviously.

Therefore, the first thing you want to do is to write your own name and address distinctly upon the top of your letter of application, and you will get your album just as soon as it can be sent off, although no guarantee is given that it will be sent by return of post. There will be thousands of applications, remember, and they will be dealt with in strict rotation.

TWO REAL PHOTOS of Famous Footballers!

J. E. DAVISON
of
Sheffield
Wednesday
F. C.



DANNY
SHEA
of
Fulham
F. C.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THIS WEEK'S FREE GIFTS.

In this issue you will have found a splendid FREE REAL PHOTO of John Crosbie in action on the field of play. Every reader will agree that this is a wonderful photo of a wonderful footballer.

In the "Gem Library" this week there will be given away TWO splendid real photos of Alec Donaldson and Robert Kelly. The "Gem Library" will be on sale on Wednesday morning. Mind you are round at the newsagent's early, or better still, order a copy to be saved for you in case anything should happen to keep you from getting to the shop in time.

The "Boys' Friend" is giving away a splendid FREE REAL PHOTO of Johnny Brown, who is considered a

likely champion in the near future. This is the second of a fine series of "Rising Boxing Stars."

Our companion paper the "Popular" is giving away yet another magnificent COLOURED ENGINE PLATE. There is still time for new readers to obtain a splendid collection of these wonderfully popular plates.

Every reader of the MAGNET LIBRARY should make a point of getting all the Companion papers. FIVE GRAND FREE GIFTS are presented to readers, remember!

NOTICES.

Correspondence.

Frank Kennie, 207, Firhill Road, Glasgow, wishes to contribute to amateur magazines. Will editors communicate with him?

Walter C. Baker, Box 220, P.O. Mimico, Ont., Canada, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere; ages 18 upwards.

Miss Gladys Holton, Fullarton Road, Highgate, South Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 21-23.

Miss Ivy Lee, 29, Gladstone Street, Kew, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16.

Walter F. Standon, 21, Day Street, Old Swan, Liverpool, wishes to hear from readers anywhere.

Bert Grey, 42, Clinton Street, Orange, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Roy Edmonds, Post Office, Cobar, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere.

Jack Stapleton, 186, Nicholson Road, Subiaco, Perth, Western Australia, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 15-17, interested in photography and stamps. All letters answered.

William Watson, Greencroft Cottage, c.o., Post Office, Toronto, Lake Macquarie, N.S.W., Australia, wishes to hear from any readers in England or America (ages 20-21) interested in flute playing. All letters answered.

C. Howard Gibbons, Box 14, Renmark, River Murray, South Australia, wishes to hear from Horace Bray, also from readers interested in athletics.

Charles Bowden, jun., 4, Waterloo Street, Limehouse, London, E., 14, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-15, in the British Isles, Europe and Asia, interested in stamps.

Mair Thomas, 90, Carlisle Street, Splott, Cardiff, wishes to correspond with readers anywhere, ages 14-16.

W. Armstrong, 75, Charles Street, Richmond, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16.

R. Oates, 39, Coppin Street, Richmond, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 14-16.

"Hopeful," 64, Charles Street, Norwood, South Australia, wishes to hear from readers interested in stamps.

George Williams, 15, Cordley Street, West Bromwich, would like to correspond with readers, ages 13-15, interested in stamps.

Colin Arthur Edwards, 20, Holland Street, Southwark, South Australia, wishes to hear from readers of the MAGNET.

Henry R. Kiwi, 8, Warabala House, Tamvissasie Street, Cape Coast, also Kaw Amankra, and Amankra Kuofi, of the same address, wish to correspond with readers, ages 21-22.

Your Editor.



A Magnificent, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing in the "POPULAR".)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Waxy!

"IT'S a row!"

"They're going it!"

"Phew!"

The Remove fellows spoke with bated breath.

It was quite a new thing at Greyfriars; the oldest inhabitant could not remember anything of the kind having happened before.

Indeed, Harry Wharton & Co. could scarcely believe their ears.

The Famous Five and a crowd of other Remove fellows were gathered at the corner of the Form-room passage.

It was just on time for lessons, and the juniors had been on their way to the Form-room when the sound of voices in altercation reached their ears.

One voice was that of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. The other was the sharp, metallic voice of Mr. James Carnforth, the new headmaster of Greyfriars School.

And they were going it!

It was amazing—in fact, incredible—but there it was! A "row" between a Form-master and the headmaster was unheard-of—hardly to be believed. But it actually was going on!

There was no mistake about it. Mr. Quelch's voice was raised in anger, and Mr. Carnforth's was raised yet more loudly in commanding—or, rather, in bullying—tones.

The juniors looked at one another.

They sagely did not enter the Form-room passage, but kept back out of sight round the corner. It was not a judicious moment for intruding upon the two masters.

The crowd thickened at the corner, and all the fellows listened to the two angry voices.

In Dr. Locke's time such a scene would have been impossible at Greyfriars. But many novel things had happened since the new headmaster had arrived. Lord Mauleverer of the Remove had declared that the new Head was "no gentleman," and all the Remove agreed with Mauly.

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed with excitement behind his big spectacles. "I say, suppose they come to punching! Punching one another's noses, you know—what!"

Bunter's look was ecstatic at the thought.

Bob Cherry chuckled softly.

"They'll draw the line at that, fat-head! But, my hat, they are going it! Quiet!"

"Better not butt in just now!" murmured Johnny Bull.

From the direction of the Form-room, at the door of which the two masters were standing, came Mr. Quelch's deep voice.

"I protest, sir! I object very strongly. This interference with my duties—"

A sharp, metallic voice interrupted.

"Is it necessary for me to point out to you, Mr. Quelch, that I am headmaster of this school?"

"You have pointed that out, sir, a sufficient number of times, although you have been only a few days at Greyfriars."

"Then the fact should be sufficiently impressed upon your mind, Mr. Quelch, by this time."

"Sarc!" murmured Bob Cherry. "The beast's being sarcastic! I wish Quelch would punch him!"

"Shush!"

"As for interfering with your duties," went on Mr. Carnforth, "I shall certainly interfere wherever and whenever I am not satisfied. And I am not satisfied with the state of the Remove."

"Dr. Locke had no fault to find, sir."

"Dr. Locke's methods are not mine."

"No, sir; that is only too true!" retorted Mr. Quelch. "His methods most decidedly were not yours! Dr. Locke was a headmaster respected by the whole school."

"That's one for his nob!" murmured Nugent.

"Several boys in the Remove were insolent to me on the day of my arrival!" said Mr. Carnforth. "I hesitate to believe that they were encouraged by their Form-master! But have a care, sir—have a care!"

"Sir, if you insinuate—"

"I insinuate nothing, Mr. Quelch. And kindly do not speak in that tone to me."

"I shall speak, sir, in whatever tone may seem to me advisable."

"Mr. Quelch!"

"Mr. Carnforth!"

The Removites round the corner looked almost scared now. Really, the two excited gentlemen seemed to be getting within measurable distance of nose-punching.

"Enough said, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Carnforth. "I decline, sir—in fact, I refuse—refuse absolutely to argue with a subordinate. As I have told you, it is my intention to take the Remove, and introduce my own methods, sir, into the Form-room. You will have the kindness to be present and observe, sir, the way in which I require the class to be conducted."

"I shall have no such kindness, sir!" hooted the Remove master. "At my age, sir, and with my experience, sir, I have no lessons to learn from a man, sir, younger than myself and less experienced, sir, and apparently unacquainted, sir, with the administration of a public school of the standing of Greyfriars!"

"Have a care, Mr. Quelch!" thundered the new Head.

"Nonsense, sir!"

"What?"

"I repeat, sir—nonsense!" almost stuttered Mr. Quelch in his wrath and indignation. "If you take my class out of my hands, sir, I shall withdraw from the scene, and certainly shall not be a witness to your methods, as you term them—methods, sir, more suited to a reformatory than to a public school! I shall have to consider my future course of action, sir—I shall have to consider it very seriously! I—"

"He, he, he!"

That sudden cachinnation broke from Billy Bunter, and it interrupted Mr. Quelch in the full flow of his eloquence.

For the first time it dawned upon the Form-master that the scene had witnesses—or, at least, hearers.

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His face flushed crimson, and he became suddenly silent and calm. Never so long as the Removites had known him had Mr. Quelch forgotten himself in the presence of his pupils. He realised only too clearly how his dignity was impaired by this scene. Bunter had cackled—and he had given Bunter the right to cackle! The unfortunate gentleman stood dumbfounded.

Without a word more to the new Head, Mr. Quelch turned and rustled away—and he went in the opposite direction from the corner where, as he now realised, the Removites were gathered.

His cheeks were flaming as he went.

But Mr. Carnforth did not stir. A sense of shame was not among Mr. James Carnforth's gifts. He stood and glanced towards the corner and called out in his sharp, angry voice:

"Come here, all of you!"

"You fathead, Bunter!" muttered Harry Wharton. "What did you want to go off like an alarm clock for?"

had given offence to Mr. Carnforth and his hawk-eye had been specially directed towards the Remove. Now he was going to take them, and introduce his own methods into their Form-room. And the juniors knew only too well what his methods were like. On his first day at Greyfriars he had caned Coker of the Fifth, though it was an unwritten law that seniors were never caned. If that was how he handled the Fifth, how was he likely to handle the Lower Fourth?

Fellows who had "scamped" their prep the previous evening now wished, fervently, that they had given it their very best attention. To be caught out by Quelch was not pleasant. But to be caught out by Mr. Carnforth was simply terrifying.

Billy Bunter almost trembled. Bunter's construe was generally the worst in the Remove, though sometimes Mr. Quelch had condescended

them averred that Mr. Quelch was a "beast." But there were degrees in beasts. Compared with Mr. Carnforth, Quelch was a tame and harmless white rabbit, so to speak.

Mr. Carnforth's brows were contracted, to begin with. He had desired the Remove master to be present, and his desire had been disregarded. That had an annoying effect upon the tyrant of Greyfriars. It was his little way to regard his slightest wish as a law to his subordinates, and Mr. Quelch had disregarded his express command. Even the Greyfriars tyrant could not cane a Form-master, but he looked as if he had an intention of "taking it out" of Mr. Quelch's pupils.

Wharton, as head boy in the form, was called upon to inform Mr. Carnforth of the "place."

"Æneid, Book Seven, sir!" said the captain of the Remove. "We begin at 107, Æneas primique—"

JOHN CROSBIE, OF BIRMINGHAM.

All about the Famous Footballer who forms the subject of our Free Real Photo.

OF present-day footballers it would be difficult to find a man whose play is more typical of the real Scottish style than that of John Crosbie, the Birmingham inside-right. Although he has now been left his native country for more than two years, and has had that length of experience in English football, he is still all-Scotch in his methods. This means that he has very little use for the kick-and-rush type of game, but prefers to play the sport in a purely scientific way, beating opponents by the skill of his feet and the cunning of his brain rather than by the use of sheer weight or speed.

Still, it is safe to say that Crosbie is faster than he was when he came to England at first, for he confesses that when he turned out for Birmingham he found the pace at which football was played in England much faster than that to which he had been accustomed. It has often been said, though, and with a great deal of truth, that the man who learns his football in the Scottish school, and then comes to England to complete his education, gets nearest to being the

ideal footballer, and we might well describe Crosbie to-day as the real thing in the way of artistic effectiveness. He can beat his man by going round the rim of sixpence, as the saying goes, and his passes are of that low, well-placed variety, which make it easy for his colleagues to get the ball under control. In fact, he might be described as the brains of the Birmingham attack.

Born at Glenbuck, Crosbie took to football as a duck takes to water, and at a very early age was gaining local fame with a team which bore the rather curious name of the Glenbuck Cherry-pickers. And in those days John Crosbie got some beauties home, which turned the goalkeepers he played against into pickers—of the ball out of the net.

Then the management of the Ayr United club induced him to throw in his lot with them, and right well did he perform for many seasons, getting goals regularly; and, eventually, in 1919, gaining recognition from the International selection authorities when he was called upon to play for Scotland in a "Victory" match. In the following season he played

in an International match proper against Wales, and then he was transferred to Birmingham for a transfer-fee which was certainly beyond three thousand pounds. But, unlike some players who could be mentioned, Crosbie has proved well worth the money, for in his first season with Birmingham he never missed a match from start to finish, and materially assisted the side to win the Championship of the Second Division.

Early in the season just closed, he was not at all well for some time, but he stuck to the game pluckily, until it was discovered that for some days after a big match he was quite exhausted. So it became necessary for him to take a fairly long rest. However, about Christmas-time he came back again, strong, and in his best form; and last April he realised his ambition when he was given a place in the Scottish team in the biggest match of the season—that against England. Stands five feet nine inches, and weighs an ounce or two over eleven stone. A fine footballer, and a popular favourite with the people of the Birmingham district.

"You hear me?" rapped out Mr. Carnforth.

And the Removites came into the Form-room passage, every member of the crowd doing his best not to catch the eye of the new headmaster.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Trouble in the Form-room!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. filed into the Remove-room, under the eye of Mr. James Carnforth. They were not in a happy mood. The news that the new Head was to "take" them was dismaying. The Remove had been congratulating themselves that, as a junior form, they were not likely to come much in contact with the new Head. That was a pleasure chiefly reserved for the Sixth, and Wingate and his Form-fellows were welcome to it.

But apparently they had made a little mistake. Already the Famous Five

to smile at it. He had smiled when Bunter turned "Est in conspectu Tenedos" into "He was expecting a tenner." Mr. Carnforth was not likely to smile. Bunter's time for prep the evening before had been spent in making toffee and in disposing of it internally when made. Bunter wished now from the bottom of his podgy heart that he had revelled in Virgil instead of toffee. He did not even remember the section that he was supposed to have prepared, and he could only hope against hope that Mr. Carnforth would not call on him. It was a comfort to reflect that Mr. Carnforth already had a grudge against Wharton and Bob Cherry and Bull and Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Possibly he would devote his attention to them chiefly, and they would take off the edge of his wrath. Bunter fervently hoped so.

It was a very still and silent class that faced Mr. Carnforth when he stood in Mr. Quelch's place.

Fellows had often grumbled at Mr. Quelch for his severity, and many of

"Very good."

Wharton expected to be called upon to begin, but probably Mr. Carnforth knew that he was well up in the Form work; and he was looking for faults to find. His glittering eye roved over the class, and he signed to William George Bunter.

Bunter trembled.

His evil star had found him out. Instead of escaping the hawk's eye of the new master, he was called upon to distinguish himself first of all. Deeply did the Owl of the Remove repent the toffee-making now.

"Bunter, you will construe!"

"Yes, sir!" mumbled the fat junior. He blinked despairingly at his Virgil through his big spectacles.

"Are you not ready, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir—ready and—and waiting! Very keen, indeed, sir!" gasped the terrified Owl.

"If you do not immediately proceed, Bunter—"

"I—I am finding the place, sir!" groaned Bunter.

"You should have found the place

already, Bunter. Did you not prepare this passage yesterday evening?"

"Certainly, sir—I—I—"

Mr. Carnforth picked up the cane from the Form-master's desk. While his back was turned for a second, Vernon-Smith pointed out the place to the hapless Owl. Bunter was ready as Mr. Carnforth turned back with the cane in his hand. He knew where to begin. Unfortunately, he did not know how to begin.

From Bunter's point of view, Latin was "all rot," and P. Virgilius Maro was only one among many rotters who had been born specially to worry school-boys.

To learn as little as he could and to escape the consequences by all sorts of wary dodges, was Bunter's valuable system, which had caused him much more trouble than a fair allowance of work could possibly have caused.

Now it was going to cause him more!

Mr. Carnforth's glittering eye seemed to be boring a hole in Bunter. Even if the fat Owl had been equal to his work, that glittering eye would have disconcerted and confused him. And he was not equal to it—very far, indeed, from that! He had not even looked at the passage that he was supposed to have learned, and without the assistance of a crib, and much cogitation added thereto, Bunter was not equal to the simplest translation. Even Eutropius had deep puzzles for him.

"Æneas primique duces et pulcher Julius"

"Corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altæ—"

"Construe!" snapped Mr. Carnforth.

"Æneas!" began Bunter. He was sure of that word, at least.

Bunter's eyes blinked hopelessly at "Æneas, primique duces et pulcher Julius." He knew that Æneas was the name of the Trojan adventurer, and he knew that "et" meant "and." He had a vague idea that "duces" was something to do with dukes—or was it ducks? "Julus," of course, was a proper name—one of the beasts mentioned in the poem. Bunter would have loved to take Æneas and Julius by the scruff of the neck, and knock their Trojan heads together.

"Æneas—" Bunter started again after the interval, and from somewhere in the recesses of his fat brain came the happy recollection that "primus" was "first," and that "que" as a suffix meant "and" just as much as "et" did. He went on brightly:

"Æneas and the first ducks—"

"What!" thundered Mr. Carnforth. And in spite of the unnerving presence of the new Head, some of the juniors could not resist a grin. "Æneas and the ducks" was good—even for Bunter!

"I—I mean!" gasped Bunter, realising that he was on the wrong tack, "Æneas and—and the first dukes—"

"The what?"

"Isn't it dukes?" groaned Bunter. "I—I mean—" He caught a whisper from behind, from a benevolent Removeite. "Æneas and the chief leaders—"

Fortunately Mr. Carnforth had not caught the benevolent whisper.

"That is better, Bunter," he said. "You may continue."

"Thank you, sir!" gasped Bunter, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"Don't be a fool, boy. Continue."

"Æneas and the first ducks—I mean Æneas and the chief captains and—and—and—" stuttered Bunter, "punched Julius—"

"Wha-a-at?"



Mr. Carnforth made an angry stride at Bunter, who was still backing away, with the cane in the air. Bunter fairly turned and ran for it. He dodged frantically round the desks. "Boy!" roared Mr. Carnforth. "Come here at once! Wharton, seize that boy and bring him here!" (See Chapter 2.)

"Punched Julius," said Bunter.

"You may cease, Bunter," said Mr. Carnforth.

"Oh, good! I mean thank you, sir!"

"You have obviously not prepared this lesson, Bunter. You will stand out before the class."

Mr. Carnforth swished the cane.

With a deep and dismal groan, Billy Bunter rolled out to take his medicine.

Certainly he deserved punishment for his idleness; but it was pretty clear that he was going to get a punishment far out of proportion to the offence.

Swish!

"Yaroooh!"

"Silence, boy! The other hand!"

Swish!

"Yoooooop!" yelled Bunter.

"Hold out your hand again, Bunter."

Bunter simply couldn't! Two vicious cuts had taken out of him all his powers of endurance. He backed away, gasping.

"Come here, Bunter!" thundered the new Head.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"I command you to come here, Bunter."

"Wow-ow-ow!"

"Do you hear me, boy?"

"Wow-ow-ow-ow!"

Mr. Carnforth made an angry stride at Bunter, who was still backing away, with the cane in the air. Bunter fairly turned and ran for it. He dodged frantically round the desks.

"Boy!" roared Mr. Carnforth, "Come here at once."

"Ow! ow! ow!"

"Wharton, seize that boy and bring him here."

Harry Wharton breathed hard, and sat tight. In ordinary circumstances, it would have been his duty to obey the command. But it was not his duty to help the Greyfriars tyrant to inflict a cruel punishment on a fellow already over-punished.

"Do you hear me, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"Obey me at once."

Wharton did not answer or move. There was a breathless silence in the Form—broken by Bunter's painful howls.

"Do you venture to disobey me, Wharton?" thundered the new Head.

No answer.

"Very well! I see that I was right in supposing that this unruly form required drastic treatment," said Mr. Carnforth. "You will come here, Wharton, and I shall cane you with the utmost severity for your disobedience."

Wharton obeyed that order. He came out quietly before the class. The Removeites watched him breathlessly.

"Hold out your hand!"

The captain of the Remove held out his hand.

Swish!

With all his self-control, Wharton could not repress a cry of pain as the savage stroke landed on his palm. Mr. Carnforth smiled grimly.

"Now the other hand," he said. He was not finished yet.

For a second Wharton hesitated; then he held out the other hand. With still more cruel force than before, the cane came thrashing down—and as it came, the junior jerked back his hand. There was a loud sounding crack as the sweeping cane, meeting with no resistance,

came with a crash on Mr. Carnforth's own leg.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Woooooooooooooooooh!" came in a frantic yell from Mr. Carnforth, and he dropped the cane, and staggered back to the Form-master's desk, leaning on it, and howling with anguish.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Happy Expectations!

HARRY WHARTON stood staring at the new headmaster, surprised by his own action. He had not exactly intended it—by sheer instinct he had jerked back his hand from the savage lash. It was the savage force of the blow that had caused it to produce such an effect on Mr. Carnforth—he was suffering for the vigour he had put into the stroke.

But the captain of the Remove did not regret what he had done. Whatsoever came of it, he was glad that he had escaped the cruel lash; and glad that Mr. Carnforth had received a taste of his own medicine.

The Removites fairly gasped as they looked on. Billy Bunter even forgot to howl.

The silence in the Form-room was broken only by the painful gaspings of the new headmaster.

Leaning on the high desk, he gasped and stuttered with pain, and tenderly caressed his damaged calf.

For a full minute Mr. Carnforth was thus occupied, the Removites watching him as if fascinated.

The headmaster straightened up at last. His face was pale with pain and rage, and his eyes almost blazed at Wharton.

"You—you—" he spluttered. "I—I— Wretched boy! You shall suffer for this! You—you shall—"

He broke off with a gasp as a twinge from his leg caught him. With another glare at the captain of the Remove he turned and limped away and left the Form-room. There was a bruise forming on his leg, and it required attention—and the delinquent had to wait. He was content to wait!

A buzz broke out immediately Mr. Carnforth disappeared.

"You've done it now, Wharton!" Skinner remarked pleasantly.

"Good for you, old bean!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "My hat! His face was worth a guinea a box. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes."

The voices died away quickly enough, as there was a step at the Form-room door.

But it was not Mr. Carnforth who came in. It was Mr. Quelch.

Apparently word had been conveyed to the Remove master that his Form required his attention, and he had returned to take up his task—Mr. James Carnforth being now busily engaged in applying embrocation to his leg.

Mr. Quelch's face was very set and grim.

"Kindly tell me exactly what happened here in my absence, Wharton!" he said after lessons.

The captain of the Remove explained quietly.

"Show me your hand."

Wharton held up the hand that had been caned. The palm was swollen, testifying to the cruelty of the one cut he had received. Mr. Quelch looked at it long and thoughtfully, and knitted his brows.

"Very well!" he said at last. "You may go, Wharton."

The junior followed the rest of the Remove from the Form-room. He left Mr. Quelch looking still more thoughtful and morose. In the passage, there was a buzz of voices—all the Removites were discussing the happenings of the morning, and fellows of other Forms wanted to know all about it. The Third and the Shell knew that something had happened in the Remove-room, and they all wanted particulars.

Coker of the Fifth came along to ask questions, too, and grinned at the account of the accident to Mr. Carnforth's leg. Coker even forgot to tell the Removites that they were cheeky fags. Coker of the Fifth had been caned by the new Head, and he had not forgotten it.

"Serve him jolly well right!" said Coker heartily. "You'll get a terrific flogging, Wharton; but it was worth it."

Wharton smiled faintly. Doubtless it was worth it from Coker's point of view, but Wharton himself did not feel so sure about it. A flogging in prospect was not pleasant—especially a flogging administered by James Carnforth. It was quite certain that the new Head would not spare the rod. Harry Wharton went

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with next week's
MAGNET!**

out into the quad with his chums, not in a happy frame of mind. A little later Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, bore down on him. Evidently the news of the incident had reached the prefects. Wingate wanted to know about it, and Wharton explained once more.

The Famous Five came in to dinner with the rest of the Remove in a doubtful frame of mind. Wharton had not yet heard from the Head, and the suspense was worrying, to himself and to his chums. It was impossible to suppose that James Carnforth had forgotten or forgiven the incident in the Remove-room. Apparently it pleased him to keep his prospective victim on tenter-hooks.

Mr. Quelch took his class in the afternoon. Mr. Carnforth did not appear, but Mr. Quelch had an announcement to make in his place.

"Wharton, you are to go to the Head's study after lessons!" he said.

"Yes, sir!" said Harry. "For punishment?"

"Yes."

"Very well, sir."

The thought of the birch was in Harry's mind as lessons proceeded. It was not a happy afternoon.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Coming to a Crisis!

JAMES CARNFORTH came into the Sixth Form room.

The Sixth were all in their places, with grave looks and in deep silence. Times were changed now, since Dr. Locke had left. Even the slackers in the Sixth, fellows like Loder and Carne, had liked Dr. Locke, and had found even Greek tolerable with him. It was different with the new Head. James Carnforth had a sharp and bitter tongue, and he did not spare it. As yet, he had not ventured to use the cane in the Sixth Form room, though he had made references to it that made the Sixth grit their teeth. What they would do, if the new Head actually proceeded to that length, the Sixth did not know. They hoped that matters would not come to such a pass—that some saving atom of commonsense would keep the new Head within bounds of reason. But there really was no telling what James Carnforth might or might not do.

Mr. Carnforth was evidently in a very bad temper that afternoon. In spite of liberal applications of Elliman's, his leg was still smarting and aching, and the pain affected his temper, never good. The Sixth noticed that he brought in a cane with him and laid it on his desk. A cane was quite out of place in that august apartment; its mere presence was an insult to the Sixth. The seniors looked at one another when they saw the cane, and their looks grew grayer and grimmer.

The lesson was Greek, and the subject was the "Epta epi Thebas" of Æschylus. It was not easy work under the best conditions; but Dr. Locke could have made it entertaining to the Sixth. Indeed, the kind old doctor had often allowed whole quarters of an hour to pass while he discoursed learnedly from his deep stores of classical knowledge, almost forgetting the subject in hand, and the Sixth would take a well-earned rest. And then the old gentleman would ejaculate: "But we must not forget our author." And the Sixth would turn to the fray again, as it were. Even so, very often longing eyes had been turned on the clock. But with Mr. Carnforth in control, every minute seemed an hour, and an hour an endless length of time. James Carnforth's desire seemed not so much to impart knowledge as to pick faults and find an excuse for lashing an unfortunate victim with his bitter tongue. Every fellow in the Sixth had had to sit under that tongue—lashing, silent, and furious.

Mr. Carnforth's keen, searching eyes seemed here, there, and everywhere. He had the wonderful gift of making every fellow in his presence feel uneasy and disconcerted. It was Loder of the Sixth that he found fault with as a start. Loder was a good deal of a slacker; he had always been content to scrape through somehow, and Mr. Carnforth had found out the weak spots in his armour. So, being desirous of finding a victim, Mr. Carnforth gave his special attention to Gerald Loder, and was soon holding him up to the Form as a model of ignorance.

"We are a little beyond our depth, Loder, I fear!" said Mr. Carnforth, in his most satirical tone. "We must go back a little, Loder, and find something more suited to the state of your knowledge, Loder. You will take pen and paper, Loder, and your grammar, Loder." His repetition of his victim's

name was exasperating, as he intended it to be. "For the present, Loder, you leave Æschylus severely alone, and you shall have a task suited to your powers."

"Yes, sir!" murmured Loder in a choking voice.

"Let me see, Loder, whether you are capable of writing out the forms of the definite article, Loder."

Loder bit his lip hard.

He sat apart from the class, and began to write out ho, he, to, etc.—in the Greek letters, of course. His face was furious as he scribbled. The absurd task was set him simply as a method of humiliating him, and even Loder's caution nearly failed him. But he restrained his rage, and scribbled out the thirty forms of the definite article to the end. Then he took the paper to Mr. Carnforth.

The new Head glanced at it. Loder had written carelessly enough, and the Greek letters left much to be desired. So Mr. Carnforth found the opportunity he was looking for.

"So you do not know the difference between the accusative and the genitive of the masculine singular, Loder," he rapped out.

"Yes, sir, certainly," said Loder.

"You have written 'ton' for the accusative—"

"Isn't that correct, sir?"

"That is correct; but you have also written 'ton' for the genitive."

"No, sir; tou!" said Loder.

"You have written 'ton'!" thundered Mr. Carnforth. "Do you mean to tell me that that letter is upsilon and not nu?"

"Yes, sir; it's meant for upsilon," said the hapless Loder.

But Mr. Carnforth had his advantage now, and he pursued it. It is easy enough for a careless scribbler to make the Greek "u" look very like the "n," and Loder's "upsilon" looked like enough to "nu" for Mr. Carnforth's purpose.

"What it may be meant for," said Mr. Carnforth. "I do not know—and I do not care very much. I fear, Loder, that you are even more densely ignorant than I have supposed, and that you are prevaricating, Loder, to cover up your ignorance."

Loder trembled with rage. He was a slacker, and he did not aspire to be known as a scholar. But for a fellow in the Sixth to be adjudged ignorant of the distinction between the accusative and the genitive, in the masculine singular of the definite article, was too much. Loder could not possibly have been ignorant of it, if he had wanted to be. It was a case of the wolf and the lamb over again—though Loder, as a rule, was much more like a wolf than a lamb himself. But in this case he was the lamb, and James Carnforth was the wolf.

Mr. Carnforth picked up the cane from the desk.

All the Sixth breathed hard.

It was coming at last!

The outsider, the rotter, the ruffian, the beast—they had many names for James Carnforth—was going to cane a member of the Sixth, and a prefect at that! Loder turned quite pale.

Through a silent, scarcely breathing Form-room, Mr. Carnforth's metallic voice rang:

"Hold out your hand, Loder."

Loder gasped.

"You—you—you're not going to cane me, sir."

"Most decidedly, Loder."

"The Sixth are never caned, sir."

Loder's hand remained at his side. He

was no hero; not in the least the fellow to throw himself into the breach, and beard the tyrant. But he simply could not hold out his hand to be caned like a fag.

"You hear me, Loder?"

"Yes," gasped Loder.

"Obey me at once."

"I—I—I—"

"I warn you, Loder, that rebellion against your headmaster's authority will be followed by instant expulsion from the school."

Gerald Loder gasped.

Mr. Carnforth swished the cane.

"For the last time, Loder, hold out your hand."

With black fury in his face, Loder began to hold out his hand—very slowly—very slowly indeed. But before it was held out, George Wingate, captain of Greyfriars, rose in his place.

"Don't!" he called out.

Loder's hand dropped to his side again at once.

Mr. Carnforth looked round at Wingate.

"Wingate—you dare—"

"Yes, sir!" said Wingate calmly and resolutely. "Loder, I advise you—in fact I direct you, as captain of the school and head of the Sixth, not to submit to be caned. I take the responsibility."

Loder, without a word, went back to his desk and sat down. George Wingate stepped out before the class, and stood facing Mr. Carnforth. And for a full minute, a pin might have been heard to drop in the Sixth Form room.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Revolt of the Sixth!

MR. CARNFORTH struggled for speech. He might have expected what had happened; but it was obvious that he had expected nothing of the sort. Wingate, a little pale, but cool and calm, stood facing him, and the new Head was quite at a loss how to deal with the stalwart captain of Greyfriars. He found his voice at last and stuttered:

"Wingate! Go back to your place! I shall deal with you later!"

"Do you persist in caning Loder, sir?"

"Certainly I do!" shouted Mr. Carnforth.

"The Sixth will not allow it, sir."

"Not allow it!" gasped Mr. Carnforth, as if he could scarcely believe his ears.

"No, sir!"

"You insolent young rascal!" roared Mr. Carnforth. "I shall cane you, Wingate, to teach you a lesson."

"You will not cane me, sir!" said Wingate quietly.

"Hold out your hand!" thundered the new Head.

"Nonsense, sir."

There was a grin on several faces in the Sixth now. The new Head, evidently, had bitten off more than he could chew!

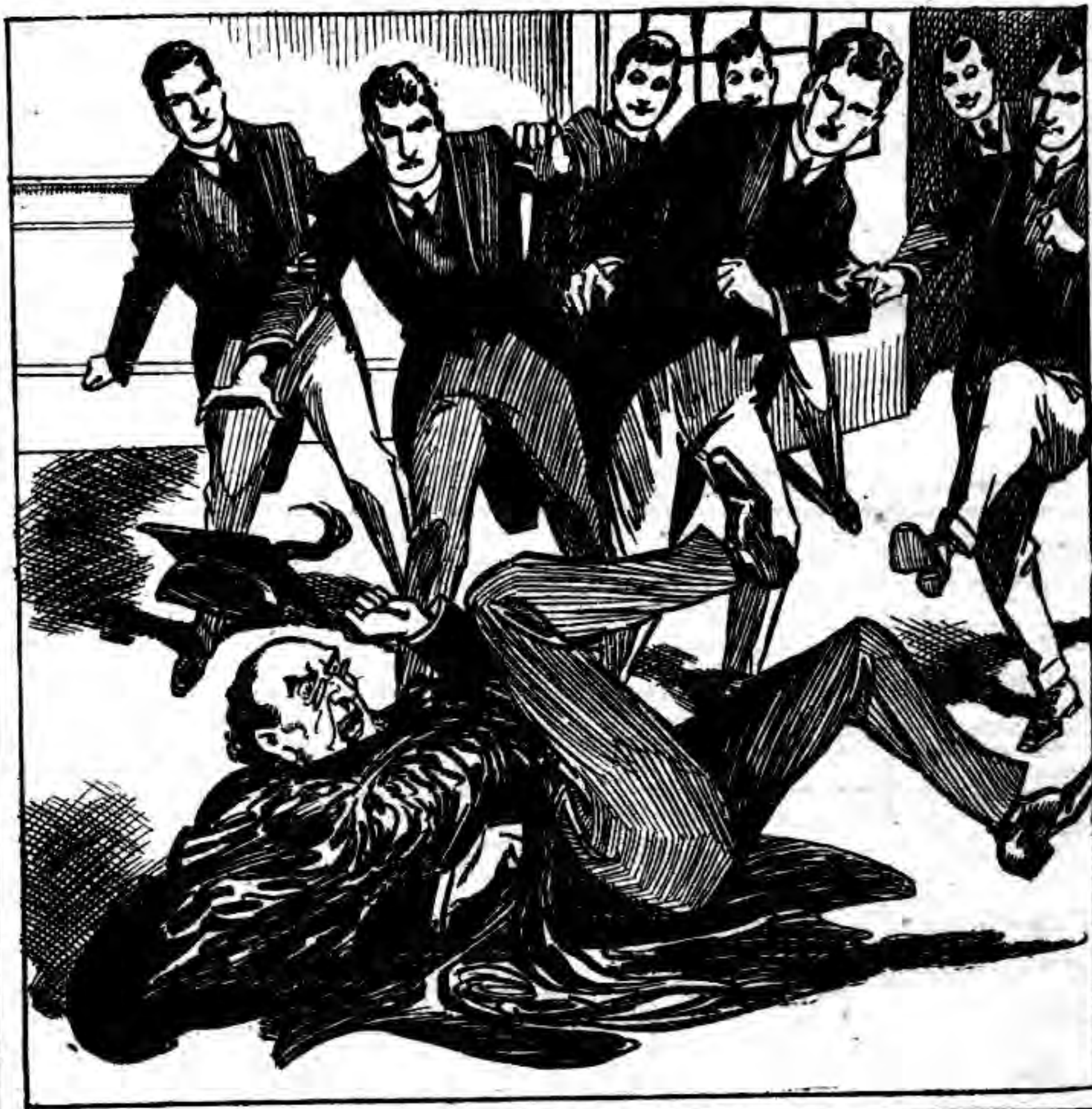
He was palpitating with rage as he looked at Wingate.

"You—you refuse—"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you are expelled from Greyfriars!" thundered Mr. Carnforth.

"Nonsense."



"Turn him out of the room!" shouted Gwynne. "We've had too much of Carnforth!" Five or six fellows collared Mr. Carnforth on all sides and hustled him to the door. Carne threw open the door and the new Head was thrown into the passage. He sprawled full length on the floor, gasping and spluttering. (See Chapter 5.)

NEXT MONDAY: "THE GREYFRIARS BARRING-OUT!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS. THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 744.

"Wha-a-at?"

"I shall refuse to leave Greyfriars!" said Wingate coolly. "You have no right whatever, sir, to expel me for no offence."

"You—you—you will—will refuse to—!" stammered the new Head.

"I do refuse."

Mr. Carnforth pointed to the door with his cane.

"Leave this Form-room! Pack your belongings at once, and prepare to take the next train from Friardale."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Good old Wingate!" roared Gwynne of the Sixth. "We're standing by you, old man."

"We'll back you up, Wingate!" shouted North.

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Carnforth furiously. "Silence, I say! As for you, Wingate, I shall punish you for your insolence—I shall thrash you, sir, like an impertinent Lower boy—"

"Better not, sir!" said Wingate, as Mr. Carnforth lifted his cane.

The angry headmaster did not heed. He lashed out with the cane, and it came slashing across Wingate's shoulder.

The next moment Wingate had closed on him, the cane was wrenched from his hand, and tossed across the room. Mr. Carnforth staggered back, gasping.

"You—you—you have dared to lay hands upon your headmaster!" he stammered.

"You asked for it!" said Wingate.

Gwynne jumped up

"Turn him out of the room!" he shouted. "We've had too much of Carnforth! Turn him out."

"Turn him out!" roared half-a-dozen of the Sixth.

Five or six fellows were on their feet now, and they rushed out before the desks. Mr. Carnforth, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, was collared on all sides, and hustled to the door. Carnie threw open the door—Gwynne and Walker and North hustled the new Head through it—and Loder, with a vengeful grin, shot out his boot, and drove Mr. Carnforth into the passage with a well-aimed kick.

Crash!

The new headmaster sprawled in the passage at full length.

He sat up with a dazed look.

The door slammed on the new headmaster. He stood for some moments staring at the closed door, like a man in a dream. He really seemed unable quite to comprehend what had happened. He had asked for it, certainly, but now that it had come, he was quite unable to deal with it. The Sixth Form were in open rebellion, and they were not Lower boys that could be dealt with. Almost any fellow in the Sixth could have "handled" Mr. Carnforth. George Wingate or Gwynne could have tossed him across the Form-room. He had brought himself into a position in which only force could help him, and the force was on the other side!

Still with a dazed look on his face, Mr. Carnforth limped away down the corridor, gasping for breath.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Glorious!

"**H** EARD, you fellows?"

"The Sixth, you know!"

"It's a fact!"

"Honest Injun, you know!"

"The Sixth—the merry old Sixth!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Oh, my only summer bonnet! The jolly old palladium of the school, you know! Kicking over the traces like naughty little fags! Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry roared.

Immediately after lessons, the news was all over Greyfriars. Even in the Form-rooms the juniors had realised that something was "on." After lessons they knew!

Several of the Sixth had confided to friends in the Fifth what had happened. And their friends in the Fifth naturally did not keep such startling news to themselves. Moreover, there were other sources of information. Temple of the Fourth had been out of his Form-room fetching a book for Mr. Capper when it happened. He had seen—seen with his own eyes—James Carnforth bundled out of the Sixth Form room "on his neck," as Temple of the Fourth described it. Trotter, the page, had seen Mr. Carnforth limping to his study with

his gown dusty and torn, and Trotter made the fact known. Billy Bunter rolled away to Wingate's study in search of first-hand information, and was very surprised and indignant when the captain of Greyfriars boxed his ears and bundled him out, without any first-hand or second-hand information. He could only inform the other fellows that Wingate was in a frightful wax.

From one source or another, the events of the afternoon were soon fully known; and they were discussed breathlessly up and down Greyfriars.

The Sixth were only too conscious of the calamitous state of affairs—a state of affairs which had forced even the prefects, the guardians of law and order, to turn rebels. They realised that matters were serious—awfully serious; indeed, frightfully so. It is much to be regretted that the Lower School did not see eye to eye with them. Instead of seeing how lamentably serious the matter was, almost the whole of the Lower School looked upon the happening as a tremendous lark!

"The jolly old palladium, you know!" chortled Bob Cherry, in great merriment. "Setting little us an example, you know!"

"They'd better not come the prefect with us, after this!" said Skinner. "If they can cheek the Head, we can cheek the prefects."

"Yes, rather!" chortled Billy Bunter. "We needn't take any notice of the prefects after this! If they rag us, let's punch 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, I can see you punching a prefect!" chuckled Bob. "But fancy the giddy old Sixth in rebellion! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors roared with glee.

"And they're the giddy guardians of law and order!" chuckled Skinner. "They're the chaps who keep us in order and bring us up in the way we should go."

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" chuckled the Bounder; and there was another roar.

In their studies the rebellious Sixth could hear the loud merriment of the Lower School, and they did not need telling its reason. To the Sixth it was anything but a lark. Wingate and Gwynne looked at one another, and looked from a window upon a yelling crowd in the quad—the whole crowd obviously in a state of frantic delight.

"This won't do!" muttered Wingate.

"It won't!" agreed Gwynne. "The cheeky little sweeps!"

"I—I wonder if we ought to have knuckled under," muttered the captain of Greyfriars unhappily. "Almost anything's better than the Sixth defying the Head. It's simply unheard-of."

"But we couldn't stand it."

"I—I suppose we couldn't."

"Carnforth asked for it, and, faith, he's got it!" said Gwynne. "We've got to see it through now."

Wingate nodded silently. He glanced towards the window again, and towards his ashplant. But he realised very clearly that the power of the ashplant was broken. Prefects in rebellion against their headmaster could not hope to enforce their own authority on the Lower School. Their authority was derived from the headmaster, and they had risen in rebellion against him! It was useless now to "come the prefect," as Skinner had expressed it.

Wingate realised it, but there were other members of the Sixth not so wise. Loder looked out of his study window.

(Continued on page 13.)

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The GREYFRIARS HERALD



Supplement No. 72.

Week Ending May 13th, 1922.

EDITORIAL!

By Harry Wharton.

I have had trouble this week with Alonzo Todd.

Alonzo thinks he can write. I don't. Hence the trouble!

What would you do with a fellow who came into your sanctum, when you were in the middle of a very important task, and dangled an "Ode to an Expiring Blackbeetle" under your nose? You'd feel like taking him by the scruff of the neck and heaving him out into the passage, wouldn't you?

Well, Alonzo brought his precious Ode to me—on press day, of all days!—and he wanted to convince me that it was the work of a heaven-sent genius.

"My dear Wharton," he said, "if you publish these moving verses, the popularity of the 'Greyfriars Herald' will go up by leaps and bounds!"

"My dear old duffer," I retorted, "if you don't take that atrocity away and bury it, I shall slay you!"

"It is about a poor maimed black-beetle—"

"Get out!"

"Some heavy-footed, heartless hooligan trod upon it in the passage—"

"Scat!"

"I witnessed its last expiring kick, and then went straight to my study and composed these touching verses! The pathos of them would melt a heart of stone."

My patience was exhausted. I proceeded from words to deeds. Snatching up a cricket stump, I chased Alonzo from the study, along the passage, up two flights of stairs, then down again, and finally I sent him scuttling across the Close like a frightened rabbit. I had been able to get in one or two taps with the cricket stump—light ones, but I bet they hurt!

I saw nothing more of Alonzo. For the remainder of that day he left me alone.

I have since learnt that Billy Bunter has accepted the "Ode to an Expiring Blackbeetle" for his "Weekly"; so if my readers are curious, they will find the "moving verses" in the "Popular."

If Alonzo Todd dares to inflict any more of his perpetrations upon me there will be a dead Duffer found lying about! And then, I suppose, some giddy genius will give us an Ode to an Expiring Todd!

HARRY WHARTON.

Supplement i.]

The Coming of Cricket!

By Dick Penfold.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The birds are twittering with glee;
For summer joys will soon be here—
Hence their melodious minstrelsy.
The fields take on a tint of green,
And so do every copse and thicket,
To hail his majesty serene—
King Cricket!

Old Joseph Mimble rolls the pitch;
We see him stagger to and fro.
He stops, and says, "I've got the stitch,
An' the rheumatics in each toe!"
Poor Joe! He will not be consoled—
He simply has to grin and stick it.
'Tis vital that the pitch be rolled
For cricket!

The bats, that in the box-room lay
Through the long, dreary winter spell,
Are once again brought into play;
The nets are all rigged up as well.
The practice matches will begin
As soon as we can get a wicket;
For summer is a-coming in—
And cricket!

Soon we shall see the smiters smite
And the perspiring fielders field.
What ecstasies of sheer delight
The grand old summer game will yield!
The umpire solemnly will stand
Like some stern sentinel or picket.
One phrase we'll hear on every hand—
"King Cricket!"

The football, punctured and perplexed,
Despondently will limp away.
No doubt he'll be distinctly vexed;
But what of that? He's had his day.
Down with the goalposts! Let their place
Be taken by the yellow wicket.
We'll take our pleasure for a space
In cricket!

HOW I SEE OTHER FELLOWS!

By Frank Nugent.



GEORGE WINGATE.

Personal Pars!

By Peter Todd.

Billy Bunter, by some miraculous means, won a consolation prize this week in a picture-puzzle competition. Billy was fearfully excited when a parcel came for him; but, on opening it, he found that the prize was a book, entitled "Temperance in Eating and Drinking," by C. R. Ank. Billy asked the Competition Editor to take the prize back, and send him its equivalent in cash, but there was nothing doing!

Great alarm was experienced in the Remove the other day when Lord Maul-everer contracted an attack of sleeping sickness. Dr. Robert Cherry, however, assisted by Dr. John Bull, effected a wonderful cure by means of cricket stumps!

Monty Newland, who has taken up amateur photography, was caught trespassing on Sir Hilton Popper's estate on Wednesday afternoon. The following dialogue ensued:

Sir Hilton: "What are you doing on my property—hey?"

Newland: "Only taking photographs, sir."

Sir Hilton: "Then mind you put 'em back again, you young rascal!"

There is no Masonic body at Greyfriars. But Bob Cherry declares there is. He says that in Study No. 7 there is often a meeting of the "Todd-fellows"!

Mr. Joseph Mimble, the gardener and odd-job man, who has been engaged in rolling the cricket-pitch for some days past, has now had to suspend operations owing to the roller breaking down. We suggest that Billy Bunter would make a jolly good substitute!

Fisher T. Fish took a trip to London last week-end. On his return he was heard to remark that London wasn't a bad little fishing-village!

Bolsover major is always fuming and fretting of late. In fact, his chief hobby seems to be fret-work! Chuck it, Bolsy! It's a "vice" not to be cheerful!

Mrs. Mimble announces a decrease in prices at the tuckshop. Loud cheers! When prices are lowered, our spirits are always raised!

Napoleon Dupont, the French junior, has been trying to revive the once-popular game of diabolo. He gave a performance in the Close, and his diabolo-reel went sailing through the window of Quelch's study. Poor old Napoleon received a castigation on his bony part!

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By
S. Q. I. FIELD
REMOVE-FORM.

BILLY BUNTER was rolling along the Remove passage, when he was suddenly waylaid by Mr. Quelch. "Ah, Bunter!" said the Remove master. "Will you be going down to the village this afternoon?"

"Yessir. I shall be going to the bank to draw the interest on my fifteen-and-sixpenny War Savings Certificate."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Then may I trouble you to deliver this note to Mr. Tuggett, the dentist?"

Billy Bunter made a grimace. He disliked dentists in general, and Mr. Tuggett in particular.

It would not be wise, however, to say "No" to Mr. Quelch. The Remove master had a habit of remembering fellows who had shown themselves to be disobliging.

"I'll take it with pleasure, sir!" said Billy Bunter.

"Thank you, my boy!"

Mr. Quelch handed the note to the fat junior and passed on.

Billy Bunter stood frowning at the sealed envelope.

"If I take this to old Tuggett," he muttered, "I know what'll happen. The beast will insist on examining my teeth, and he'll pull half a dozen out, most likely. I don't trust these beastly dentists!"

At this point, Sammy Bunter rolled into view along the passage.

"What's wrong, Billy?" he inquired of his major. "You look like a fellow who's lost a tanner and found a used postage-stamp."

"I've got to go on an errand," growled Billy, "and I don't want to! Quelch wants me to take this note to old Tuggett, in Friar-dale. I'd take it cheerfully, only it happens that I'm booked up this afternoon. I'm attending the Remove's first cricket practice. I say, Sammy! Be a sport, and relieve me of this job!"

Sammy's brotherly love was not equal to the task.

"I'll only take that note on condition you make it worth my while," he said.

"How much do you want?" growled Billy.

"A tanner."

"I've only got twopence-ha'penny."

"Never mind! That will do to be going on with."

Billy Bunter reluctantly handed over his last remaining coppers—and the note. And Sammy grinned cheerfully and scuttled away on his mission.

"Beastly little brat!" growled Billy, glaring after his minor's retreating figure. "He's always on the make! I hope old Tuggett puts him in the dentist's chair and makes him squirm! I'm not a revengeful sort of chap, but I should like to see Sammy lose a few molars!"

Having delivered himself of this outburst, Billy Bunter rolled away to the cricket ground, where the nets had been rigged up.

The fat junior took no part in the practice, however. Harry Wharton & Co. had no use for such a fat bungler.

"When we want a music-hall turn, Bunt," said Bob Cherry, "we'll let you know!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! You're only jealous of my cricketying ability! You know jolly well that my great-great-grandfather played for Gloucestershire. He once made a double century—not out!"

"Then it must have been at least a double century ago," said Frank Nugent, "for this is the first I've heard of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beasts!" growled Billy Bunter.

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And he rolled away in high dudgeon.

When the time was ripe for Sammy to return from the village, Billy went down to the school gates to meet his minor.

Billy expected to see Sammy come crawling along, with his face swathed in surgical bandages.

When Sammy actually came in sight, however, the fat fag was as lively as a lark. He was full of what the French call "joie de vivre."

Billy was terribly disappointed.

"Hallo, Sammy!" he exclaimed. "Was Mr Tuggett out?"

Sammy shook his head.

"You saw him?"

"Of course!"

"Did he put you in the chair?"

"No," said Sammy, in surprise. "Why should he?"

"Well, he's so jolly fond of extracting teeth that I thought he'd have a go at you."

Sammy grinned.

"Mr. Tuggett was awfully decent," he said. "I handed him Quelch's note—it was an invitation to him to come to Greyfriars and play chess, you know. Tuggett was awfully bucked."

"And he didn't take you to his surgery and give you socks?"

"No. He gave me half-a-crown instead."

"What?"

Billy Bunter's face was aflame with indignation.

"He—he gave you half-a-crown?" he almost screamed.

Sammy nodded, and produced a big, bright silver coin.

"Halves!" said Billy promptly.

Sammy seemed suddenly to become afflicted with deafness. He walked on in the direction of the school tuckshop.

"Hi! Come back!" yelled Billy.

But Sammy was deaf to the voice of the charmer.

"You'll give me back my twopence-ha'penny, at any rate!" hooted Billy.

But Sammy still remained conveniently deaf. He had broken into a trot by this time, and Billy was feeling too sick to set off in pursuit.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" he muttered savagely. "Why didn't I take that note to old Tuggett-myself?"

And the next time Mr. Quelch hands Billy Bunter a note to take to the local dentist the fat junior will not be an unwilling messenger!

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SPORTING GOSSIP!

By H. VERNON-SMITH.

HOCKEY is not a game at which the Greyfriars Remove excels. At any rate, when a touring hockey club called upon us last week, and challenged us to a match, we were soundly thrashed by 10 goals to 3. True, our opponents were skilled hockey players, and as they have also beaten St. Jim's and Rookwood, I suppose we ought not to grumble. There were many casualties among the Remove players, the majority of whom were limping long before the end. Hockey-sticks have a painful habit of coming into contact with one's ankles!

CRICKET is now on the way. "Joey" Mible is rolling the pitch and getting everything in condition. The Remove looks like having a very strong team. Harry Wharton will again skipper the eleven, and we can rely upon Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh to be the mainstays of the batting and bowling departments respectively. Nor must we overlook such brilliant batsmen as Mark Linley, Frank Nugent, and Peter Todd.

OF course there are the usual pessimists, who declare that the best men have not been chosen—the best men being themselves, naturally! But I am confident that we shall have a very successful season, and we are all looking eagerly forward to the tussles with St. Jim's, Rookwood, and Highcliffe. Floreat, Greyfriars!

BILLY BUNTER states that this summer he is going to take up paddling. Whether he means paddling in a boat, or the usual sort of sea paddling, with the trousers turned up above the ankles, I can't say. Whatever it is, Billy is bound to make a mess of it! He doesn't excel at any sort of sport—except an eating contest!

THERE has been a heated controversy lately as to whether Bob Cherry is a better boxer than Harry Wharton. Personally, I consider Bob has no superior with the gloves in the Remove. But this is not to say that he would lick Wharton every time. Boxing is often a temperamental affair; you can never say with certainty what will happen in a contest between two very good men. It would be absurd to say that Wharton could never beat Bob Cherry. Everything would depend upon form, and the mood of the moment.

IT is rumoured that Billy Bunter has taken up running. Running with tales to the Head, we suppose!

THE Remove Swimming Club will commence a series of "early morning dips" in May. Rally round, ye lovers of this healthy and delightful sport!

[Supplement ii.]



A Slight Misunderstanding.

By **BOB CHERRY**
REMOVE-FORM.

"SEEN Coker of the Fifth?" inquired Bolsover major.

"Yes," replied Skinner, rather breathlessly. "I saw him scorching in Friardale only a few minutes ago."

Coker of the Fifth happened to be the proud possessor of a motor-cycle, and Coker didn't believe in crawling along the roads at a snail's pace. Like Jehu of old, he drove furiously. P.-c. Tozer, the local constable, had often had occasion to reprimand Coker for "scorching."

The conversation between Skinner and Bolsover took place just outside the open door of Study No. 7, in the Remove passage.

Study No. 7 was at that moment occupied by Alonzo Todd, the duffer of the Remove.

On hearing Coker's name mentioned, Alonzo pricked up his ears, and when he heard Skinner say that Coker was scorching—scorching dreadfully—Alonzo gave a violent start.

"Coker's continually scorching," said Bolsover major. "If he's not jolly careful, he'll finish up in bits!"

Alonzo Todd shuddered. He did not connect the term "scorching" with motor-cycling. The first thought that occurred to him was that a fire had broken out, and that Coker of the Fifth had somehow become involved in it. He pictured the unfortunate Coker with his clothing on fire, being gradually roasted.

Alonzo sprang to his feet, and hurried out into the passage.

Skinner and Bolsover were still discussing Coker.

Alonzo clutched Skinner by the arm.

"Do I understand you to say, my dear Skinner, that you saw Coker scorching?" he asked, in agitated tones.

Skinner nodded.

"Scorching like fury!" he said.

"Dear me!" gasped Alonzo, wringing his hands.

"Why should you be so concerned about Coker?" asked Bolsover. "If Coker chooses to scorch, it's his own affair. But he'll come a nasty cropper one of these days! He's playing with fire!"

"Playing with fire!" faltered Alonzo. "Oh, Skinner, surely you could have stopped him from scorching?"

Skinner chuckled.

"Stop Coker scorching?" he said. "No jolly fear! I might have been killed!"

"Then you did nothing? You came away without taking any action?"

"Of course!"

"I regard your conduct as cowardly and callous, Skinner!" said Alonzo, with unusual spirit. "You have actually left Coker to scorch! It—it is almost incredible! But I will stop him—if it is not too late! I will go at once!"

Skinner, looking very bewildered, turned to Bolsover.

"What on earth is the silly ass babbling about?" he exclaimed. "Surely he's not going to plant himself in front of Coker's motor-bike? If he does, he'll be run down as sure as Fate! Lonzy, you chump—"

But Alonzo had already passed out of earshot.

One thought was uppermost in Alonzo's mind.

Coker was in danger! Coker must be saved!

A crisis had arisen, and prompt action must be taken.

Alonzo had recently read a book dealing with first aid. The proper thing to do, he remembered, in the case of a scorching person, was to roll him in blankets. But he could not possibly tramp down to Friardale with a pile of blankets.

As he hurried along the passage, Alonzo

caught sight of a fire-extinguisher hanging on the wall.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "The very thing!"

He paused, and wrenched the extinguisher off its hooks.

At that moment three juniors came into sight round a bend in the passage. They were Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Johnny Bull.

"My hat!" muttered the captain of the Remove. "What's the little game, Lonzy?"

Alonzo Todd made no reply. He sped away, with the fire-extinguisher under his arm.

"The—the mad duffer!" gasped Nugent. "What on earth's happened?"

"Better follow up, and see what it's all about," said Wharton.

The trio sprinted out into the Close. But Alonzo had got a good start. He was already through the school gateway and out in the road, running at top speed in the direction of Friardale.

Alonzo Todd was not exactly a champion of the cinder-path, and his pursuers gained on him rapidly.

By the time he had covered five hundred yards Alonzo was breathless and nearly spent, but he stumbled on.



A jet of liquid struck the unfortunate Coker full in the face, knocking him backwards.

And then a figure came into view—the familiar figure of Coker of the Fifth.

Coker was on foot. He was pushing his motor-cycle, which had a rather battered appearance. Its owner was looking flustered and agitated.

Alonzo Todd stopped short in the roadway. He drew a deep breath of relief on catching sight of Coker. He had imagined that the Fifth-Former would be enveloped in flames.

It was quite possible, however, that Coker's clothing was in a scorching condition. Dusk was beginning to fall, and in the uncertain light it was difficult to detect the exact condition of Coker's garments.

"What the thump—" began Coker, in astonishment, when he saw Alonzo Todd standing in his path.

"Have you finished scorching, my dear Coker?" inquired Alonzo anxiously.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Coker, with a glance at his battered machine.

"I presume the petrol caught alight," said Alonzo, "in which case, your clothing may still be in a heated condition, and in danger of catching fire. I trust that the peril is past; but we will make assurance doubly sure!"

So saying, Alonzo suddenly tilted the fire-extinguisher, with the nozzle pointing directly at Coker.

"Todd, you young maniac!" shouted Coker, in alarm. "What are you pointing that thing at me for? Put it down! Drop it, or—"

Swish!

Swoooooosh!

A jet of liquid struck the unfortunate Coker full in the face, knocking him backwards. He relaxed his hold on the machine, which rolled drunkenly to the side of the road, and then collapsed with a crash.

Alonzo Todd continued to make free play with the fire-extinguisher until the contents were exhausted.

Coker was pretty nearly exhausted, too, and very wet. His clothes were saturated through and through. The cap on his head resembled a limp rag.

"You—you—" he spluttered, frantically gougng the water out of his eyes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co., who had just arrived on the scene.

"How did you like your shower-bath?" gurgled Nugent. "Freshened you up a bit, hasn't it?"

Alonzo Todd could thank his lucky stars that his schoolfellows had come on the scene, or Coker, in his insensate fury, would have slain him!

As it was, Harry Wharton & Co. were obliged to seize Coker, and restrain him by force from committing assault and battery.

"Calm down, Coker!" said Wharton. "Looks to me like a misunderstanding."

Alonzo would never have had the nerve to turn that thing on you for a practical joke."

Coker struggled to free himself.

"Lemme get at him!" he snarled.

But the juniors hung on grimly.

"What ever made you bombard Coker with a fire-extinguisher, Lonzy?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh dear! I understood Skinner to say that he was scorching—"

"What!"

"Scorching in Friardale," said Alonzo. "I inferred that Coker had caught fire."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Skinner meant that he was scorching on his motor-bike—going at excessive speed, you awful duffer!" said Harry Wharton. "And you took the word literally, and came and drenched Coker, with the best intentions in the world! Oh, Lonzy—Lonzy, you'll be the death of me!"

Coker was released on promising not to molest Alonzo. He picked up his machine, and trudged on towards Friardale. And the juniors followed in procession, Harry Wharton & Co. laughing till they wept, and Alonzo Todd looking very crestfallen, and mournfully suggesting that all slang words should be abolished.

THE END.

HEARD IN THE FORM-ROOM!

MR. QUELCH: "Listen to me, Dutton!

I want you to recite the poem which commences 'The shades of night were falling fast.'"

DUTTON (the deaf junior): "Yes, I know you are, sir."

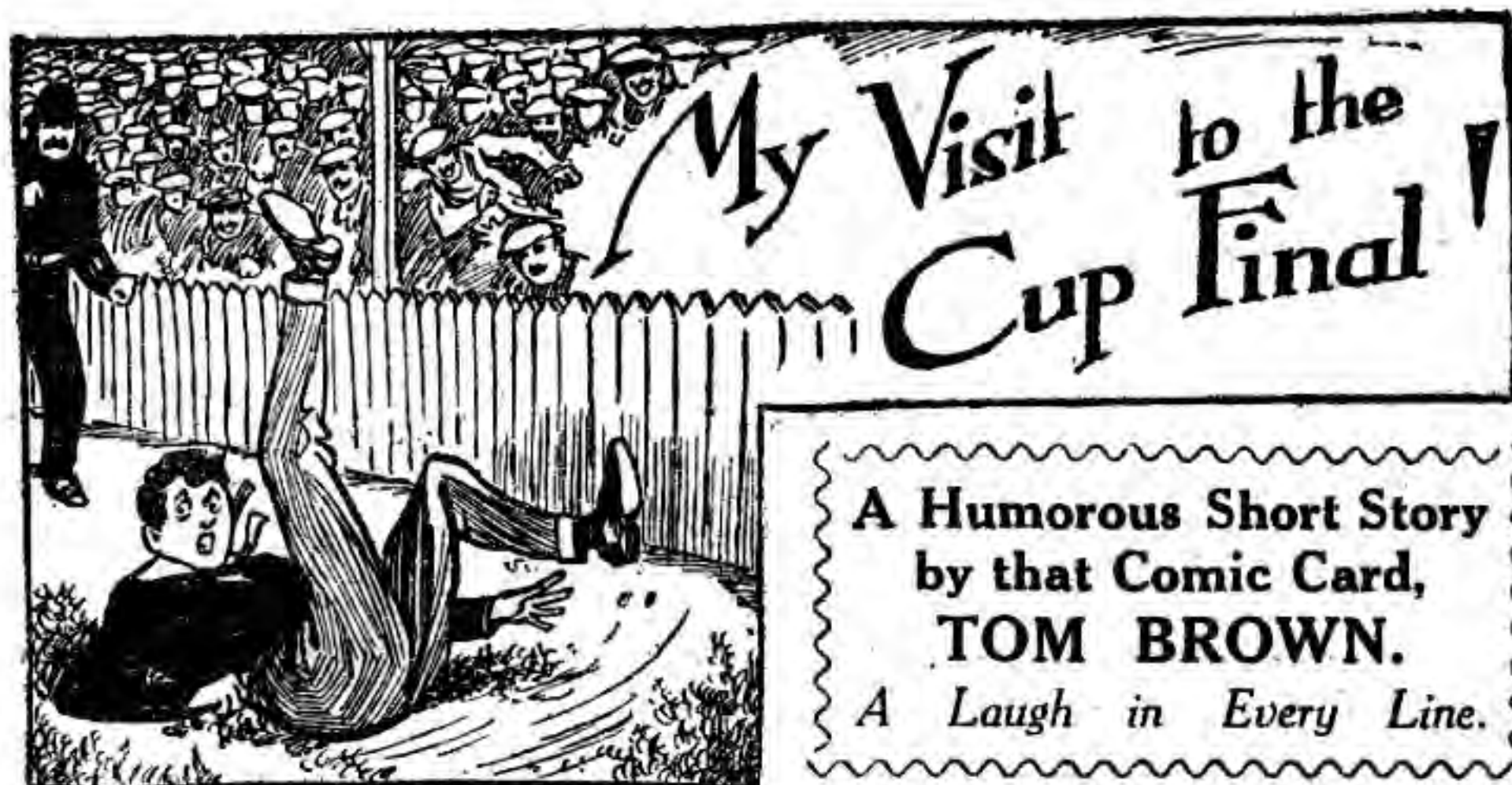
MR. QUELCH: "What!"

DUTTON: "I know you are bawling fast."

If only you'd speak a little slower, and more distinctly, I might be able to get the drift of what you're saying!"

Laughter from the class. Violent outburst from Mr. Quelch.

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A Humorous Short Story by that Comic Card, TOM BROWN.

A Laugh in Every Line.

HAVING obtained special permission from the Head to go and see the Cup Final, I danced a hornpipe with delight.

I was rather at a loss as to which team I should support. And then I remembered that my father's great-aunt's cousin's brother used to live at Preston, in Lancashire. I therefore decided to confer the benefit of my support upon Preston North End.

I gathered from Smithy, who is a sort of walking encyclopedia on football matters, that Preston's colours were red. I could not very well don a red coat, but I did the next best thing, and sported a red waistcoat and a red tie. I'd have had red stripes down my trousers if there had been time for the tailor to sew them on!

I also purchased a flaming red rosette, and stuck it in my buttonhole.

"Shall you take your gramophone with you, Brownney?" inquired Bulstrode, my study-mate.

"Of course!" I said. "There's bound to be a lot of supporters with rattles and tin-whistles and megaphones, and I don't want to be left out in the cold. I must contribute in some way to the general hullabaloo."

"If you start bringing that gramophone into action in the grand-stand, you'll get mobbed!" declared Hazeldene.

"Eh? What's wrong with my gramophone?"

"It would take me at least a couple of hours to tell you all its faults," said Hazel. "It's an old-fashioned, objectionable, discordant nuisance, and it ought to be put in pawn! You haven't bought any new gramophone-needles for about a year; consequently, the beastly thing makes a squeaking, grating row that fairly gets on one's nerves!"

"And it will get on the nerves of the Cuptie crowd, too!" said Bulstrode.

"Oh, rats!" I growled. "It's a jolly fine instrument, and it's going to London with me! I wouldn't be without it on my travels for anything!"

Bulstrode shrugged his shoulders.

"Your blood be upon your own head!" he said. "Don't say I didn't warn you!"

My gramophone packs up in a case, and is no trouble to carry.

As soon as I got in the railway carriage, en route for London, I opened the case and set the gramophone going.

Instantly I brought down a storm of abuse on my head.

"Young sir!" barked a crotchety old gent, sitting opposite. "I object to sit here and listen to the strains of 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' whoever that lady might be! You will do me the kindness to place that noisy contraption on the rack!"

"Anything to oblige, sir!" I said. "But music is a fine tonic. It stimulates the soul."

"Music does, certainly," replied the old gent, with emphasis on the first word. "But that hideous din would stimulate nobody, except to anger!"

I reluctantly hoisted my gramophone on to the rack, and I hadn't another opportunity of bringing it into action until I was in the grand-stand of the Chelsea football ground. (I might mention that my seat had been booked well in advance.)

I had a fine song record called "My Girl's a Yorkshire Girl." I thought it would please the Huddersfield supporters. But it had quite the opposite effect.

"Hold thee noise, lad!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 744.

"We don't want nowt o' that here!"

So once again I was compelled to put my beloved gramophone to sleep.

In due course the teams came out, and I longed to put on an inspiring record. But the men on either side of me were eyeing me aggressively, as much as to say, "Just you try it on, young feller-me-lad, and see what happens!"

So I had to content myself with bawling "Play up, Preston!" at the top of my lungs.

All went well until half-time. And then a shocking calamity befell me.

I became aware of the fact that several people were glaring at me as if I had done them an injury. My red waistcoat and red necktie seemed to exasperate them.

"Young Socialist, I'll be bound!" remarked one man.

"Not a bit of it!" was the reply. "He's a Red, that's what he is—a blessed Bolshevik!"

"A young revolutionary, by Jove!" said another.

I began to feel very uneasy. And when I heard a hefty-looking man say, "Chuck 'im out!" my uneasiness grew.

Presently I found myself seized none too gently from behind.

"Hold on!" I protested. "You're making a mistake—a ghastly mistake! I'm not a Bolshy! I was born in New Zealand—"

"Pitch 'im out!" came the cry.

I was hustled and jostled this way and that, until I felt as if an earthquake was happening.

The football which Preston and Huddersfield had been engaged in kicking could not have had a worse fate than Thomas Brown.

Just as I was wondering how it was all going to end, I shot forward into space, and pitched on the grass at the foot of the grand-stand, eventually rolling at the feet of a stout policeman.

The bobby took a fatherly interest in me, and placed me under his wing for the remainder of the match. But I was too jolly sore to take any further interest in the proceedings.

The constable handed me a somewhat battered-looking case.

"This your property, young shaver?" he asked. "They chucked it down after you, you know."

"It's my gramophone!" I exclaimed.

"Thank goodness! I thought it was lost and gone for ever!"

I gave the bobby a substantial tip before I melted away with the rest of the vast crowd. And I confess I was jolly glad to find myself on my homeward journey.

If I go to next year's Cup Final, I shall wear a combination of colours. But red won't be one of them!

"I SAY, YOU FELLOWS!"

Do you like reading GOOD STUFF? Then read

"BILLY BUNTER'S WEEKLY!"

IN THE

"POPULAR."

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NOTISS! The Woodshed in the Close is about to be converted into furnished flats. Those young gents as would like to rent one should apply in person to **WILLIAM GOSLING**, Porter's Lodge.

OWNER of Study No. 7, Remove Passage, will exchange W. G. Bunter for another and a more suitable tenant. Don't all speak at once!—**PETER TODD**, Study No. 7.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

GOOD OPENING for smart young fag. Previous experience essential. Good references required. No crockery-breakers or toast-burners need apply.—Call or write, **PATRICK GWYNNE**, Senior Common-room.

VALET wanted, for personal attendance on distinguished nobleman. Must be able to press trousers and keep wardrobe spick and span. Half a crown a week going begging for suitable applicant.—**LORD MAULEVERER**, Study No. 12, Remove Passage.

GRUB wanted! I don't mean food. I mean a young "grub" who is prepared to fag and perform menial duties.—Apply **JAMES WALKER**, Sixth Form.

ARTICLES FOR SALE.

BRAND NEW PENKNIFE, complete with corkscrew, button-hook, safety razor, comb, toothbrush, screw-driver, gimlet, and manicure set. Stupendous sacrifice! If it was my own knife I shouldn't sell it under a guinea. As it happens to be one I've borrowed, however, I am willing to dispose of it for two bob only.—Apply early to **FISHER T. FISH**.

TENNIS RACKET for sale! Not more than a dozen loose strings. No good for tennis, but an excellent implement for chastising Billy Bunter with! Going for ninepence!—**BOB CHERRY**, Study No. 13.

TAME WHITE MICE for sale, two a penny. They only cost tuppence a week to feed, and are delightful pets.—Apply at wunce to **DICKY NUGENT**, 2nd Form.

FRYING-PAN for sale! Slightly perforated through constant contact with the flames, but a jolly useful thing for making toffee in. Apply during twilight (when it will be too dark to see the size of the holes!) to **HAROLD SKINNER**.

TUCKSHOP ANNOUNCEMENT! The price of doughnuts has been specially reduced from three-halfpence to one penny. Nice, jammy, sugary doughnuts, fresh from the oven, and served during the morning break. For Master Bunter's benefit, I would mention that my terms are strictly cash!—**MRS. MIMBLE**, School Shop.

[Supplement iv.]

THE SIXTH-FORM REBELLION!

(Continued from page 8.)

Much as he objected to being bullied by the new Head, he was the same bully himself as of old. He shouted to the fags.

"Not so much row there, you young rascals! Do you think you're in a bear-garden? Get into the house at once. Do you hear?"

The crowd of juniors spun round towards Loder's window. A yell of defiant derision answered him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's Loder!" roared Bob Cherry. "Dear old Loder, coming the prefect, after booting his headmaster!"

"Dry up, Loder!"

"Who booted the Head?" yelled Ogilvy.

"Who's going to be sacked?" howled Skinner.

"Go and eat coke, Loder!"

Wingate, in his wisdom, had feared that a Sixth Form rebellion would have a demoralising effect on the Lower School. Undoubtedly Wingate's fears had not been without foundation. Respect for the prefects had dropped from the Lower boys like a cloak, as was not surprising in the circumstances. They rejoiced in the rebellion against the tyrant, certainly. They were prepared to back up the Sixth to any extent against him. But they were not prepared to pay more regard to authority than the prefects themselves had paid. It is a drawback in all revolutions that levelling, once started, will go on. Every rebel wishes to level down to his own level, and not a step further. And it does not prove practicable. The Greyfriars Sixth had stood up for their rights against the tyrant, and wanted the rest of the school to go on as before. The rest of the school did not see it! They were not in the least prepared to go on as before!

The yells and catcalls that greeted Loder's appearance at his study window told him as much. But Loder was not quick on the uptake, so to speak; he did not realise how matters stood. He was a rebellious prefect; but he had no patience with rebellious fags. He seized his official ashplant and sallied forth from his study to restore order. And the juniors simply rejoiced to see him stride forth frowning into the quadrangle. They had old scores against the bully of the Sixth; and the bully was delivering himself into the hands of the Amalekites!

"Now, then——" began Loder, in his most bullying tone.

He had no time to say more. The crowd of juniors swarmed over him like the waves of the sea over a hapless swimmer. Loder disappeared under them, in a dazed and dizzy state. He hardly knew what happened. But he was conscious that he was lying with his nose grinding into the earth, that innumerable fags were standing or sitting on him, and that his ashplant, in a rebellious hand, was whacking him with terrific vim.

Whack, whack, whack!

Loder roared and struggled.

"Give him gip!" yelled Bob Cherry. "Lay it on, Squiff!"

"What-ho!" grinned Squiff.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Oh! Ah! Ooop! Whooop!" roared Loder. "Lemme gerrup! Stoppit! Yooooooop! I'll flay you! Woooooop!"

"Give him some more!" yelled Billy Bunter. "I say, give a fellow room! I want to kick him! Give a chap a chance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-woop! Help!" spluttered Loder.

The sight of Mr. Quelch in the distance caused the hilarious juniors to swarm away. They left Gerald Loder in a dusty, dishevelled and breathless state. He staggered to his feet, grunting and gasping. He staggered towards the School House, with the intention of laying his wrongs before the Head. But he remembered that he was in rebellion against the Head, and that Mr. Carnforth's study was not a safe place for him to venture into. So he groaned and gasped his way to his own study, a sadder and wiser prefect!

All of which George Wingate witnessed from his study window, without intervention, for he knew that intervention was useless, but with feelings that were too deep for words. And at last Wingate left his room, and made his way to the Head's study, feeling that anything, or almost anything, was better than the present state of affairs, and what it was likely to lead to, and prepared to make any concession that he possibly could, to make an end of the Sixth Form rebellion.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Nothing Doing!

TAP!

"Come in!" snapped the sharp tones of Mr. Carnforth.

Wingate entered the headmaster's study.

Mr. Carnforth was seated there, with his damaged leg crossed over the other, and a black and bitter expression on his face. His mood had settled down to one of cold and deadly rage. The incident in the Remove-room in the morning had been followed by the outbreak in the Sixth Form room in the afternoon; and the effect upon Mr. Carnforth's temper had been exasperating. Probably, at the present moment, the new Head did not know how to deal with the storm he had raised, and was pondering over it, when the captain of the school came in.

His eyes gleamed at the sight of Wingate. He concluded at once that the visit meant surrender; and any thought he might have entertained of concessions, vanished at once. His face hardened.

"You!" he said. "Well, you may come in. I hope that this means that you are in a proper state of repentance for your ruffianly outbreak in the Form-room, Wingate."

"I am certainly very sorry for what has happened, sir," said Wingate, as respectfully as he could. "It was very unfortunate."

"Very good!" said the new Head. "If, however, I am to allow you to remain at Greyfriars, I shall require a public apology, in the presence of the whole school."

Wingate bit his lip. The man was evidently far from understanding him.

"I don't mean exactly that, sir," he said. "The present state of things is bad for the school. The Lower boys will soon be out of hand."

"Probably they will follow the example set them by the Sixth Form!" said Mr. Carnforth. "There has already been something like a riot in the quadrangle, I believe."

"Well, sir——"

"A junior whom I ordered to come to my study for punishment after lessons, has not arrived," said Mr. Carnforth. "Doubtless he is taking his cue from the Sixth Form, and disregarding constituted authority."

The captain of Greyfriars winced.

"Cannot something be done, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly. The Sixth Form must return to its duty!" said the new Head. "You will apologize in public, Wingate, and Loder will submit to the caning awarded him. You also will be caned."

"I, sir?"

"You!" said Mr. Carnforth. "I cannot allow this ruffianly rebellion to pass without punishment. You may be thankful that I do not decide to administer a flogging."

Wingate breathed hard.

"If the rebellion goes on, sir, it will have a very bad effect on the school!" he said.

"For which you are entirely to blame."

"I don't see that, sir! We're willing to do anything we can," said the captain of Greyfriars. "You cannot treat the Sixth Form as if they were the Second—that's impossible."

Mr. Carnforth's eyes glittered.

"Do you dictate to me how I am to control the school placed in my charge by the board of governors?" he asked.

"No, sir—but I am sure that the governors would not approve of your methods," said Wingate. "I am certain that they do not know how you are managing the school."

"That is enough."

"We ask you to respect the rights of the prefects, and to let matters go on as in Dr. Locke's time, sir."

"I refuse absolutely."

"Then there is nothing more to be said, I suppose," said the captain of Greyfriars. "I will go, sir."

"One moment!" said Mr. Carnforth. "You cannot imagine that I shall allow this revolt to continue."

"We don't want it to continue, sir, if you would only be barely reasonable."

"No insolence, please!" snapped Mr. Carnforth. "I will state my terms. Instant and unconditional submission—nothing short of that. Persist in your rebellious attitude, and you will take the consequences."



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"THE GREYFRIARS BARRING-OUT!"

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS.

By FRANK RICHARDS.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 744.

George Wingate looked at him steadily.

"And the consequences, sir?" he asked.

"Expulsion for the ring-leaders, and a severe flogging for every other member of the Sixth Form."

Wingate smiled slightly.

"I'd better tell you at once, sir, that the Sixth Form will not submit to anything of the kind."

"Measures will be taken, Wingate, to enforce submission. You will be removed from Greyfriars by force."

"I shall not go, sir!" said Wingate quietly. "I am prepared for the matter to be placed before the governors, and to abide by their decision."

"The matter will not be referred to the governors. I am in control here, and I will be obeyed."

"Very well, sir! We shall not submit."

Mr. Carnforth raised his hand, and pointed to the door.

"Enough insolence! Leave my study, Wingate."

"Very well, sir."

"I shall give you the remainder of the day to reflect upon your heinous conduct, and to decide upon your future course," said Mr. Carnforth. "In the meantime, send Wharton of the Remove to me here."

"I will give him your message, sir."

Wingate left the study with a clouded face and a heavy heart. Matters were bad, and seemed likely to be worse before they were better. The cold, narrow-minded man who had taken Dr. Locke's place had no understanding of what he had to deal with. To quell the storm his tyranny had raised he could think of no resource but further tyranny. And Wingate, who had the good of the old school at heart, was sorely troubled.

The captain of Greyfriars proceeded to the Remove passage to look for Wharton. He found that cheery youth in Study No. 1, at tea with his chums.

The Famous Five greeted Wingate with genial cordiality.

"Trot in, old top!" said Bob Cherry.

"Welcome as the flowers in May!" said Frank Nugent. "If you've come to tea, Wingate, we'll open a new pot of jam."

"I haven't come to tea, you young sweeps," said Wingate gruffly. "Don't give me any cheek! Wharton, you're wanted."

"Little me?" asked Harry.

"Yes, in the Head's study."

The captain of the Remove nodded.

"Yes, Mr. Quelch told me," he assented. "Has the Carnforth bird sent you to tell me the same?"

"Yes, and you're to go at once."

"Can't be done."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Wingate angrily. "Your headmaster has sent for you, Wharton?"

"You see, he is going to lick me," explained Harry cheerfully. "He is rather too hefty in that line, for my taste. I'd rather not go."

"You must go!" said Wingate. "Don't be a young fool! Mr. Carnforth is your headmaster."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Isn't he yours, too?" he asked.

"What? Yes—of—of course."

"Well, if you can kick your headmaster out of a Form-room, I can refuse to go to my headmaster and be flogged, I suppose."

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Bob.

"You see, sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, Wingate," said Harry Wharton kindly. "I don't see why the Remove should toe the line, any more than the merry old Sixth."

"No fear!" said Johnny Bull emphatically.

"The no-fearfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "We are following in your excellent and esteemed footsteps, Wingate."

"Fall in, and follow Wingate!" chortled Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate's face was a study. This was only what was to be expected; but it was a bitter pill for the head-prefect of Greyfriars to swallow. Wingate was strong on discipline. True that the

outbreak of the Sixth was the new Head's fault. That did not alter the fact that the Sixth had knocked discipline into a cocked hat, as it were. The prefect stood looking at the five juniors, who went on cheerfully with their tea.

He was greatly inclined to take Wharton by the collar, and march him away forcibly to the Head's study. But he knew that the five would resist; he could see that plainly enough. The magic of the prefect's authority had gone—the glory was departed from the House of Israel, as it were. A rebel enforcing discipline was really a little too "thick."

Wingate turned at last and tramped out of the study. There was nothing for him to do there.

Bob Cherry cracked his second egg with a cheery grin.

"Dear old man!" he remarked. "He's in a merry fix! Wingate's a good old sort—one of the very best! But he can't quite expect us to toe the line while he's kicking over the traces."

"No fear!" grinned Nugent.

Harry Wharton & Co. went on with their tea in a cheerful humour, but with an occasional eye on the door, in expectation of the arrival of James Carnforth. They had fully made up their minds how to deal with that obnoxious gentleman if he did arrive.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

On His Neck!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

Billy Bunter put a fat, excited face into the doorway of Study No. 1.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Has your postal-order come?" asked Bob Cherry. "Or what's the excitement?"

"Carnforth's coming!"

"Let him rip!"

Bunter scuttled away, not wanting to be on the scene when the tyrant of Greyfriars arrived. Harry Wharton & Co. rose to their feet.

"You fellows are standing by me?" said Harry.

"You bet!"

"Of course, fathead!"

"The stand-byfulness is terrific, my esteemed chum."

Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, lounged into the study. The Bounder's eyes were gleaming.

"Carnforth's in the offing," he said. "He's coming up the stairs now."

"The kind gentleman is going to give us a look-in!" assented Bob Cherry.

"We're waiting for the dear old scout."

"You're not taking your flogging, Wharton?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Good for you! Are you going to handle him?"

"The Sixth did!" said Harry.

"We can't do better than follow the glorious example of the Sixth," said Bob. "Isn't the Sixth our jolly old palladium?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm with you, then," said the Bounder. "The more the merrier, you know. I think some other fellows are coming."

Peter Todd and Squiff, Tom Brown and Mark Linley, came into Study No. 1. There were ten juniors in the room now, and it was rather crowded. Mr. James Carnforth's heavy footsteps could now be heard in the Remove passage, and there was a buzz of excited voices farther on. Nearly all the Remove

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THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 744.

A SPLENDID TALE OF THE JUNIORS OF GREYFRIARS. By FRANK RICHARDS.

fellows were looking out of their studies greatly excited.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!" The angular form and sharp, unpleasant face of James Carnforth were framed in the open doorway. There was a cane in his bony hand.

His sharp eyes fixed on Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove met his gaze steadily.

"I sent for you, Wharton, to come to my study."

"Yes, sir!" said Harry.

"Why did you not come?"

"I don't want to be flogged, sir!"

"You can scarcely imagine, Wharton, that you will escape your just punishment by this insolence?"

"I hope so, sir!" said Harry cheerfully.

"What?"

"Besides, it's not a just punishment," continued the captain of the Remove. "I'm not going to be flogged, sir. You ought not to have butted into our Form-room this morning."

"I—I—I ought not—what—what—" stuttered Mr. Carnforth.

"We're quite satisfied with Mr. Quelch, sir, and we don't want a new Form-master," said Bob Cherry.

Mr. Carnforth's thin lips closed tightly. "I see that the example of some senior boys has had a bad effect in the Lower School!" he said. "Apparently you imagine that juniors may now proceed to be insolent. You will find that that is a mistake, Wharton, follow me at once!"

Wharton did not stir.

"You hear me, Wharton?"

"I am not deaf, sir," answered Harry politely.

"Will you obey me?" thundered Mr. Carnforth.

"Not just now, sir!"

"What?"

"Not just now!"

Mr. Carnforth breathed hard.

Ten juniors stood together, looking at him, with beating hearts, but with a firm front. They wondered what the new Head would do. Perhaps the new Head himself wondered, for a moment. He decided quickly. With his cane gripped in his hand, he strode into the study, and reached out with his left to clutch Wharton by the collar.

A cricket stump whirled round, and caught Mr. Carnforth on the wrist before he could grasp Wharton.

Crack!

"Ooooooop!" spluttered Mr. Carnforth, jerking back his hand.

"Sorry, sir," said Bob Cherry politely. "Hands off, you know."

Mr. Carnforth's answer was not in words. He made a furious rush at the group of juniors, lashing out recklessly with the cane on all sides.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

There was a wild chorus of yells in Study No. 1.

The juniors dodged the lashing cane with great activity, but the blows, where they fell, were painful. It was surrender, then, or counter-attack, and, with the glorious example of the Sixth before them, the Removites naturally decided upon counter-attack.

Harry Wharton made a desperate jump at the angular gentleman, and caught his right arm and hung on to it.

"Back up!" he shouted.

"Go for him!" yelled Bob Cherry.

Bob charged like a bull, and butted. Mr. Carnforth went over backwards as if a battering-ram had smitten him.

He came down on the carpet of Study No. 1 with a crash.



"Collar him!" yelled Bunter. "Give him beans!" Mr. Carnforth gave one look at the crowd of Removites and started for the stairs. The sight of the enemy in retreat spurred the juniors on. The new Head fairly broke into a run, with the excited crowd whooping on his tracks. (See Chapter 8.)

The next moment he was struggling in the grasp of ten pairs of hands, that all found a hold somehow and somewhere.

His gown, his ears, his hair, even his prominent nose, were all grasped, and amid trampling and scuffling and gasping, he was whirled out of Study No. 1 into the passage.

In the Remove passage a crowd of juniors stood watching, and there was a roar as Mr. Carnforth came out headlong.

"Hurrah!" roared Bolsover major.

"They've kicked him out!"

"On his neck!" chuckled Lord Maul-everer. "Begad, you know, on his dashed neck! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Carnforth rolled on the floor. It was the second time that day that he had passed through a doorway in a headlong manner. He sat up and blinked at the crowded faces in the doorway of Study No. 1.

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

"I say, you fellows, roll him down-stairs!" yelled Billy Bunter, from the rear of the crowd of spectators.

"Cut, old man!" said Bob Cherry. "We don't want you in our passage. Your features worry us! Bunk!"

"Groooooogh!"

"Boot him out!" roared Bolsover major.

"Roll him down!"

Mr. Carnforth staggered to his feet. The whole crowd of the Remove advanced on him in the passage. Where Study No. 1 led, all the Remove were prepared to follow.

"Collar him!" yelled Billy Bunter. "Give him beans!"

Mr. Carnforth gave one look at the crowd, and started for the stairs.

That was all the Removites needed to spur them on—the sight of the enemy in retreat. They rushed after him.

Mr. Carnforth fairly broke into a run, with the excited juniors whooping on his track. He went down the Remove staircase three steps at a time, with remarkable activity.

"After him!" roared Bolsover major.

"Hold on!" called out Harry Wharton. "Enough's as good as a feast, you know. Let him buzz."

"Rot!" roared Bolsover. "After him, I say."

Bolsover led the rush down the staircase in pursuit, and a dozen reckless fellows followed. Mr. Carnforth raced down the stairs, and Bolsover & Co. raced after him. It was an amazing scene—unprecedented in the history of Greyfriars. What would have happened to Mr. Carnforth cannot be said. The Removites were on the point of overtaking him in the lower hall, but, fortunately, Mr. Quelch appeared on the scene then.

"Boys!" he thundered.

The pursuit stopped, as if by magic. The Remove master's voice was still a voice of command to the members of his Form.

"Oh, my hat! Hook it!" gasped Bolsover major.

The Removites fled up the stairs again.

Mr. Carnforth, pumping in breath, limped away to his study in a state of dazed astonishment and dismay. He had arrived at Greyfriars to take

control with a high hand—to be monarch of all he surveyed, and to be a law unto the whole school. Matters did not seem to be working out according to programme. The new Head of Greyfriars had plenty of food for thought as he nursed his bruises that evening.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Carnforth's Ally!

THE next morning there was much suppressed excitement at Greyfriars.

There was a great deal of uneasiness, too.

On reflection, the heroes of the Remove realised that they had dealt rather recklessly with the tyrant of the school, and they could not help wondering what would come of it.

So long as the Sixth Form rebellion continued, certainly, the new Head had no force to back him up in exercising his authority. But if that rebellion fell through, and the prefects returned to their duty—In that case, it was probable that the unruly Remove would be very severely dealt with. Harry Wharton & Co. realised that their own fate was bound up in the success and continuance of the Sixth Form rebellion, and so they could scarcely hope that peace would be established.

But an end of it did not seem likely. Wingate was not likely to submit to a thrashing from the new Head, and certainly he refused point-blank to be expelled from the school. The Head had declared that he should be removed by force, but there seemed no force at hand to do it. Gosling, the porter, and Mr. Mimble, the gardener, were not likely to take on themselves such a very hefty task. Wingate could have knocked them spinning, and, in the circumstances, undoubtedly he would have done so. And the Sixth Form were backing up Wingate to a man, and the Fifth were in full sympathy. And at a word from Wingate, the whole Lower School would have risen in riotous rebellion. Wingate was not likely to utter that word, but the power was in his hands, and it was difficult to see what power remained in Mr. James Carnforth's hands.

So when the new Head was seen walking in the quadrangle on the morning morning, he was eyed with much curiosity—from a safe distance—by the Greyfriars fellows, and they wondered and surmised what thoughts might be passing in his brain.

Matters had arrived at such a point, that compromise was difficult. One side had to yield. A headmaster who yielded to rebellion was not likely to have much authority left. On the other hand, the Sixth were standing up for their traditional rights, and showed no sign whatever of surrender. When the Greyfriars fellows went into the Form-rooms that morning, the Sixth went to their room—but in a determined mood. They were prepared to work with Mr. Carnforth, if he behaved himself. But it was the Sixth now, and not the Head, who laid down the line as to behaviour. That state of affairs was not likely to be a success.

In the Remove room, there was some expectation that Mr. Carnforth would "butt in" again. Nearly all the Remove had agreed that they would not stand it, and that the tyrant had used the cane for the last time in the Remove

Form room. Why should they stand it if the Sixth didn't, was the question the juniors asked themselves.

Fortunately, Mr. Carnforth left the Remove alone that day.

It was impossible that he had forgotten their many offences, but, no doubt, he considered it judicious to leave the juniors alone till he had dealt with the seniors. Once the Sixth were brought to heel, the Lower School could be dealt with easily enough.

Mr. Carnforth came into the Sixth Form room, and found the Form there very grave and quiet, for the most part. But Loder and Carne were lounging on their desks instead of sitting down, and they were chatting, and went on chatting after the headmaster had entered. Most of the seniors followed Wingate's sedate example, but Loder and Carne were more inclined to taste of the fruits of victory.

Mr. Carnforth's eyes gleamed at them.

"Loder! Carne!"

Loder looked round carelessly.

"Oh, yes, sir!" he drawled.

"Take your places."

Loder and Carne took their places. Mr. Carnforth walked to the window and glanced out, with an expectant look. Then he returned to his class,

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and the morning's work began. The master's manner was very subdued. There was no mention of the cane. There was no tongue-lashing, even. The new Head was keeping his bitter tongue in check.

But there was something in his manner which indicated that this was not to last. He seemed to be expecting something. Several times he went to the window, and looked out.

The Sixth-Formers wondered.

George Wingate indulged in a faint hope that the headmaster had seen reason—that he had realised that his new methods would not work, and had resolved to abandon them. Wingate was very respectful to him, for that reason. He would have given a great deal for the revolt to pass into oblivion, without further mention on either side.

Loder, on the other hand, showed the new Head no respect at all. He was careless, and once or twice impertinent, heedless of Wingate's dark looks. But even Loder's impertinence was borne patiently by Mr. Carnforth, in his surprising new mood.

It was obvious to most of the Sixth that something was going to happen, though they could not guess even remotely what it was. But that James Carnforth had decided to take the

rebellion "lying down" was incredible. The leopard could not change his spots—not in one day, at all events.

It was about half-past ten when the sound of a loud voice in the distance penetrated to the Form-rooms. Somebody was shouting at the gates—a rather surprising occurrence. Mr. Carnforth hurried to the window, looked out, and frowned.

"Wingate!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

"Gosling appears to be refusing admittance to a person whom I told to call here. Go down to the gates, and tell him to admit Mr. Lamb at once."

"Certainly, sir," said Wingate, in great surprise.

The captain of Greyfriars quitted the Form-room, and hurried down to the school gates. The gates were closed, as was generally the case during classes. Gosling, the porter, had been brought out of his lodge by the jangling of his bell, and the hoarse shouting voice of the visitor; but he had not opened the gates. Wingate was not surprised at that when he saw the visitor through the bronze bars.

He was a man of medium stature, very thick set and broad-shouldered, evidently endowed with immense physical strength. His face was rugged, and his nose was broken, and two of his front teeth were missing—items that did not add to his good looks. He looked like a professional pugilist who had seen his best days, and seen the last of them. Wingate, staring blankly at the man, remembered having seen him before. The rugged gentleman was a boxer who gave performances at Lambury, some miles from the school, and was known locally as the Lambury Lamb. There was not much of the lamb in his looks. What the man could possibly want at Greyfriars was a mystery, yet evidently he had been sent for by the new Head, who was expecting his arrival.

The Lamb was shaking the metal bars in his sinewy hands, and shouting at Gosling, as Wingate arrived on the scene.

"Can't you let a bloke in?" he roared. "Hopen these 'ere gates, I keep on telling you."

Gosling shook his head. His impression was that the man was intoxicated, and he did not intend to admit him.

"You go away!" said Gosling stolidly. "Wot I says is this 'ere, you clear off, and be quiet. Go 'ome and sleep it off."

"Ain't I told you your boss has telephoned for me?" roared the Lamb. "Ain't I come 'ere by his special order?"

"Cut it hout!" said Gosling.

"I tell you Mr. Carnforth is expecting me."

"You can tell me till you're black in the phizog!" said Gosling. "But I ain't believing it. You go 'ome."

"You silly old jossler!" shouted the Lamb. "I'll hike over these 'ere gates and give you a oner, if you don't lemme in."

"Gosling!" Wingate came up rather breathlessly. "The Head's orders are to admit this man."

Gosling shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Never 'eard of sich goings hon!" he mumbled. "Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Open the gates."

"Oh, all right, Master Wingate."

Gosling grumblingly unlocked the gates, but he did not open them. He retired to his lodge as soon as he had turned back the key, rather hastily. He

did not care to interview the Lamb at close quarters. The Lambury Lamb hurled the heavy gate back and strode in.

"Where's Carnforth?" he demanded, with a surly stare at Wingate.

"In the School House," said Wingate. "I will show you the way."

"I'm going to dot that cheeky old cove in the heye first."

There was the sound of the shooting of a bolt in Gosling's lodge. Mr. Gosling had heard.

"You had better come to Mr. Carnforth," said Wingate. "Follow me."

He turned his back on the man, and walked to the School House. The Lamb stared after him, and followed, mumbling something under his breath about "hairs and graces."

Wingate returned to the Sixth Form room. All the Sixth were in a state of wondering expectation; work had ceased. Mr. Carnforth, with a gleam in his eyes, turned towards Wingate.

"Where is the man?"

"He is following me in, sir."

"Very good. You may go to your place."

George Wingate went to his place.

His brow was darkly clouded with foreboding. What did the bruiser's presence at Greyfriars mean? It could mean only one thing—yet Wingate shrank from realising it. Surely it was impossible that a man calling himself a headmaster could have brought in such an auxiliary to help him in maintaining his authority. Truly, if that was the case, the old school had fallen upon strange days.

"'Ere I am, guv'nor," said a hoarse voice in the doorway.

And the muscular Lamb tramped into the Sixth Form room.

"Good-morning!" said Mr. Carnforth.

"'Mornin', sir!" grinned the Lamb.

He looked round at the astonished faces of the Sixth, and gave a chuckle. With his hands in his pockets, his bowler hat on the back of his head, and an insolent grin on his rugged face, the Lambury Lamb surveyed the seniors of Greyfriars.

Mr. Carnforth turned to his class. There was a glitter in his sharp, narrow eyes now.

"Wingate!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I am going to flog you, Wingate, for your insolence yesterday, and for instigating rebellion in this Form. Stand out before the class."

Wingate did not move.

"You hear me, Wingate?"

"I hear you, sir!" said the Greyfriars captain grimly.

"You refuse to obey me?"

"I refuse to obey such an order as that, certainly."

"Very good! You will find, Wingate, that I have means of dealing with your ruffianism. Mr. Lamb, kindly bring that boy to me."

"So that's it!" murmured Gwynne, with a deep breath.

The grinning Lamb came among the desks for Wingate. The latter rose to his feet, his face pale and set.

Powerful and athletic fellow as George Wingate was, he was no match, of course, for a heavy-weight pugilist. The extraordinary assistant Mr. Carnforth had called in was more than capable of dealing with the Greyfriars captain. But Wingate evidently meant to resist.

"Come on, me boy!" grinned the Lamb. "You've 'eard' what your 'ead-master says."

"Hands off!" said Wingate, between his teeth.

"Are you coming?"

"No."

"Then I reckon I'm fetching you," grinned the Lamb.

"Wingate!" exclaimed Mr. Carnforth. "If you are guilty of the folly of resisting my—my assistant, the consequences will be on your own head."

"I shall resist," said Wingate, "and you will be answerable for calling in a ruffian—"

"Bring him here!" shouted Mr. Carnforth, taking up the cane.

"You bet, guv'nor."

The Lamb's sinewy hands came at Wingate, and the Greyfriars captain hit out from the shoulder. There was a roar from the Lamb as he caught the blow with his stubby chin.

There was plenty of force in that blow, and the Lamb reeled back and almost fell over a desk. But he picked himself up instantly and rushed at Wingate, hitting out fiercely in his turn.

One blow Wingate stopped, from the Lamb's right—but the pugilist's left came a second later, crashing on him like a hammer. Wingate went over backwards among the Sixth.

Crash!

The Lamb grinned, and rubbed his chin, as the hapless captain of Greyfriars sprawled half-stunned among the desks.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Scrapping in the Sixth!

WINGATE was on his back, gasping. The rest of the Sixth were on their feet now, buzzing with excitement. Mr. Carnforth's formidable ally was not an easy customer to tackle, as he had already shown; but Wingate had plenty of friends to stand by him in that emergency. Loder and Carne backed out of the scene. But Gwynne and North and Lawrence closed in on the Lamb as he bent over Wingate and grasped him by the collar.

"Let him go!" shouted Gwynne furiously.

"You ruffian! Let him go!" shouted North.

The Lamb did not heed; he dragged Wingate to his feet with one jerk of his powerful arm. As Gwynne grasped him, he swept out his left, and Gwynne went spinning.

"'Ere you are, guv'nor!" said the Lamb coolly, as he dragged Wingate towards the headmaster, struggling, his boots scraping the floor.

Mr. Carnforth smiled grimly.

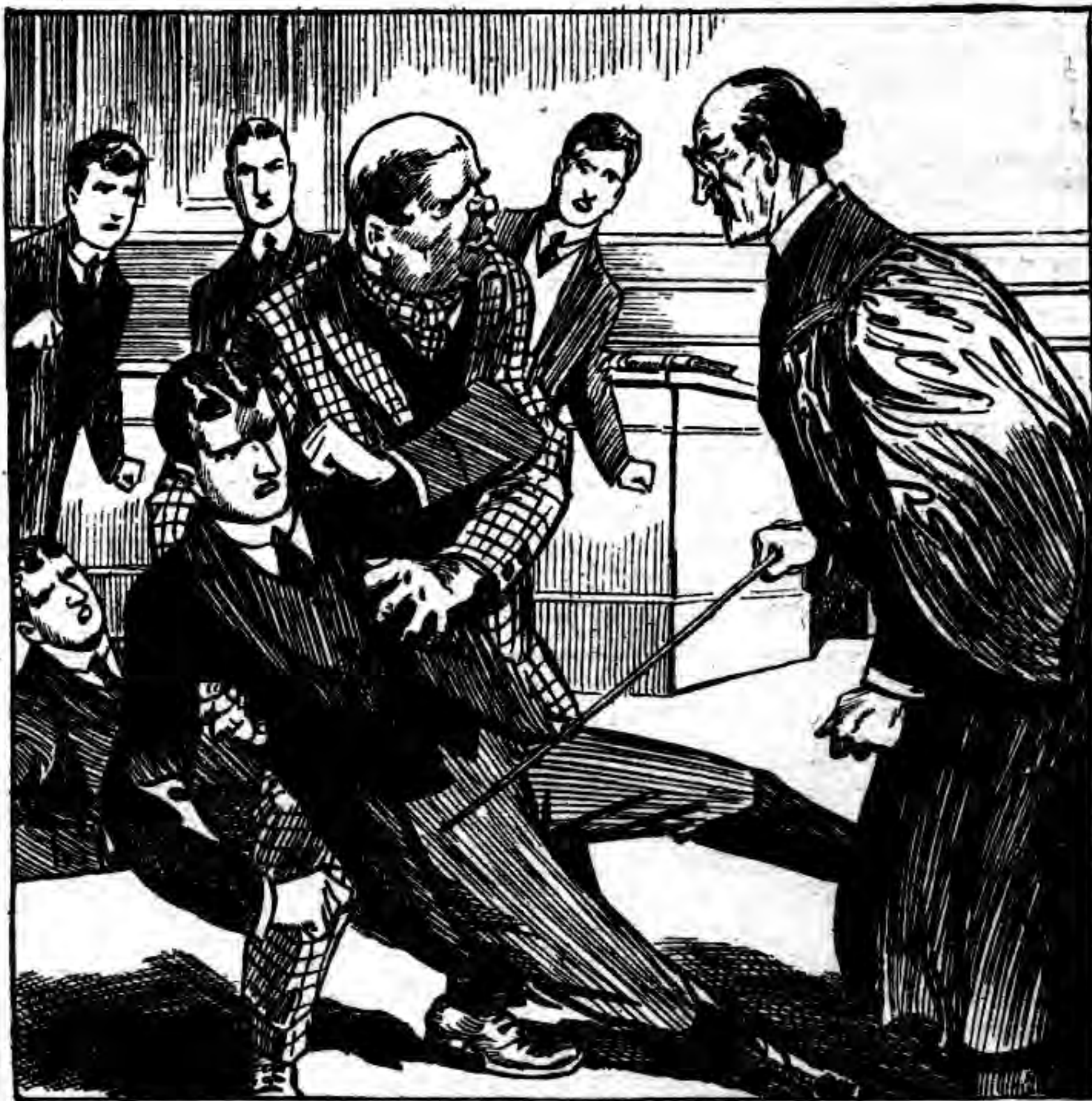
"Thank you! You will hold him while I flog him, Lamb."

"Cert'nly, guv'nor."

Wingate, recovering a little, began to struggle fiercely. The strong sinewy arms of the bruiser closed round him, and he was held.

"Take it heasy!" advised the Lamb. "You're for it, my buck, and my advice is, take it heasy."

"Rescue!" shouted Wingate.



The Lamb dragged Wingate to his feet with one jerk of his powerful arms. As Gwynne grasped him, he swept out his left, and Gwynne went spinning. "'Ere you are, guv'nor!" said the Lamb, as he dragged Wingate towards the headmaster. "Thank you! You will hold him while I flog him, Lamb!" said Mr. Carnforth, coolly. (See Chapter 10.)

"We're coming."

"Stand back, all of you!" roared Mr. Carnforth, as five or six seniors rushed out of the desks.

He was not heeded.

Wingate's friends rushed to the rescue, and fists crashed on the Lamb on all sides. The boxer gave a roar of wrath, and let go Wingate to defend himself from the combined attack.

His rugged face was dark with rage, now, his broken nose glowing crimson. With both hands up, he faced the Sixth-Formers, hitting out with savage force, and even half a dozen sturdy seniors found him hard to deal with. But the rest of the Sixth were at the fighting pitch now, and they rushed in to help, even Loder bringing up the rear.

Mr. Carnforth brandished his cane, and lashed out among the seniors; and Walker tripped him and he went over. The next moment he was being trampled on by a struggling mob.

The Lamb was game; he had heaps of pluck, and plenty of strength, and still more ferocity, now that his blood was up. Five pounds was the fee promised him for his morning's work at Greyfriars; but he was not thinking of earning his fiver now; he was thinking of knocking out the fellows who were punching him. His blows were swift, and they were terrible—all the time there were three or four of the Greyfriars Sixth sprawling dazed on the floor.

But numbers told.

With five or six fellows hanging on to him, the Lamb went down at last; struggling and bellowing. And as soon as he was down, the Sixth-Formers took care that he did not get up again.

Half a dozen of the Sixth stood on him, trampling recklessly—it was no time for ceremony. Loder—foremost now that the enemy was down—planted his knee on the Lamb's neck, almost suffocating him. The broken nose was grinding into the floor, and Loder's knee, on the back of the bull-neck, pinned the bruiser down helplessly.

"Keep him down!" panted Walker.

The whole of the Sixth gathered round the fallen Lamb, and laid a grasp on him somewhere. Helpless, and raving, he was picked up, and carried bodily out of the Form-room.

There was a shout in the passages, as the excited crowd emerged with the prize-fighter in their midst. Classes had

ended in the other Form-rooms: the Fourth and the Remove had been dismissed. They crowded on the scene in astonishment and delight.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Do you want a hand, Wingate?"

"Stand back!"

"What on earth——" exclaimed Wharton.

"I say, you fellows, it's the Lambury Lamb!" yelled Billy Bunter. "I say, look at Wingate's nose. Looks squashed, doesn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Clear out of the way, you fags!" shouted Loder.

The juniors gave room; but they gathered round the Sixth, and joined in procession with them across the quad to the gates. Quite an army marched with Wingate & Co., shouting with laughter. Mr. Carnforth, in a rather tattered and torn condition, came gasping out of the Sixth Form room, shouting incoherently; no one heeded him. Down to the gates went the Sixth-Formers, with the wriggling, spluttering prize-fighter in their grasp.

"Gosling! Open the gates, Gosling."

"They're unlocked!" said Coker of the Fifth. "Here you are." Horace Coker swung back the gate.

Through the gateway Wingate & Co. went tramping, and the Lamb was deposited in the dusty road, with a bump.

He lay there, gasping, while the Sixth-Formers returned within gates, and closed them.

The Lambury Lamb sat up at last, gasping for breath. Hefty gentleman as he was, the struggle had exhausted him. He poured out a breathless string of curses.

Gosling was routed out of his lodge, to lock the gates. The Sixth retired from the scene—preserving what dignity they could muster in the presence of the juniors.

But the closed gates were crammed with Lower boys, grinning at the gasping pugilist in the road. The Lambury Lamb rubbed his eyes, and his nose, and his chin, in a dazed way. Never in all the course of his pugilistic career had the Lamb been so roughly handled.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, here comes the giddy old bird!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, and the juniors backed away from the gates as Mr. Carnforth came down the path.

Mr. Carnforth stared through the bars at his unhappy auxiliary. The Lamb stared back scowling.

"You—you—you have been ejected!" ejaculated Mr. Carnforth.

The Lamb swore luridly.

"Looks like it, guv'nor, don't it," he said. "I done my best! They was too many for me."

He staggered to his feet, and came up close to the gates.

"You owe me a fi'-pun note," he said. "I done my best."

"You shall have your money!" said Mr. Carnforth, between his teeth. "I was—was mistaken in supposing that you alone could help me in restoring order. But order must be restored. No doubt you have some—er—friends—in your own line of business—who would be able and willing to render me some assistance in this—this difficult state of affairs."

The Lamb's eyes glittered.

"Leave it to me, guv'nor," he said. "You jest leave it to me. I've been 'andled by them young 'ounds, and I ain't taking it smiling. 'Tain't no good my coming in again on my lonesome. I'll 'op it now, sir, and in a couple of hours or so I'll be back agin, with 'arf a dozen blokes, what will 'andle them young rips easy and make 'em sorry for themselves."

"Do so!" said Mr. Carnforth. "I shall await you—lose no time. I will pay each man five pounds for his assistance."

"Good enough, guv'nor."

The Lamb found his battered hat, jammed it on his head, and tramped away down the road. Mr. Carnforth turned back from the gates, with a black frown at the crowd of juniors.

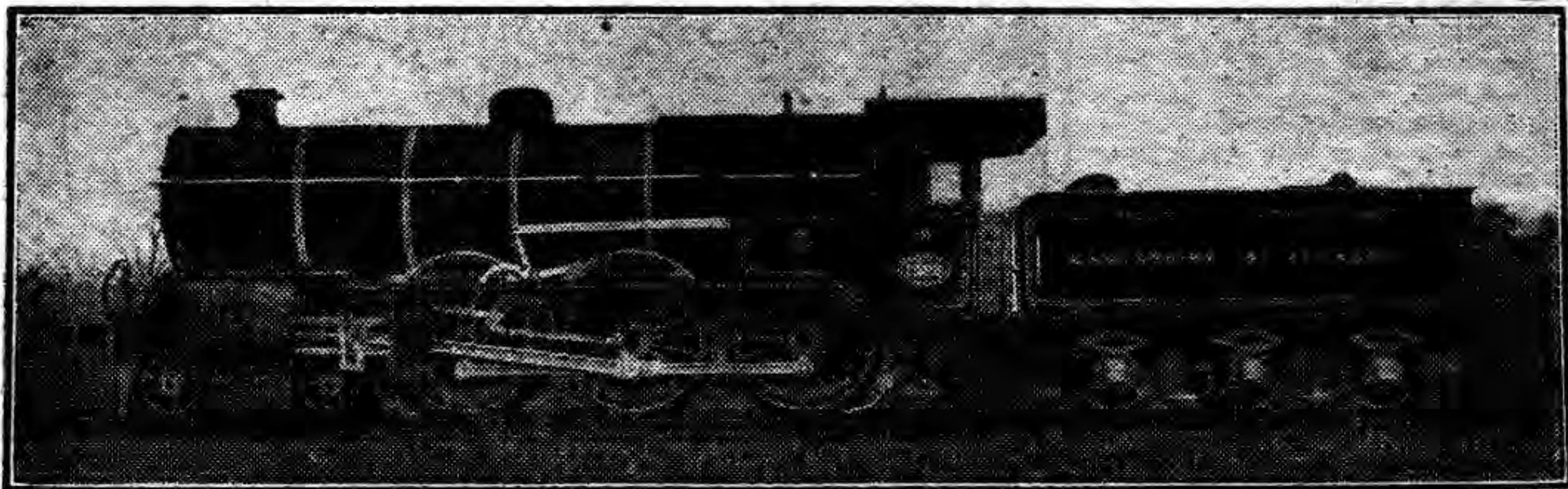
A dozen of them at least had heard his words with the pugilist; and their looks showed what they thought of him.

Mr. Carnforth stalked away—angry, disappointed; but comforted by the knowledge that in a few hours' time he would be in command of a force sufficient to quell all Greyfriars into submission, if need were. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another.

"The awful rotter!" said Harry. "I wonder what the governors would think, if they knew the way he was running Greyfriars."

"The thankfulness would be terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Bob Cherry grinned.

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"The dear old sport is getting desperate," he remarked. "I fancy he wants to get it over at any price, before the giddy governors can possibly hear about it. The Sixth are done for now—they can't stand up against the merry Lamb and his gang."

"I'm going to warn Wingate what to expect, anyhow," said Harry. And he scudded off to the School House.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Desperate Measures!

"**W**ERE up against it!" Loder of the Sixth made that observation dismally.

There was a meeting of the Sixth, in their Form-room, after dinner. They were not there for lessons; nobody was thinking of lessons. It was a council of war.

"Looks like backing down!" said Carne.

Wingate glanced over the meeting. His face was calm and composed.

"We know what we're up against!" he said. "In a short time now there will be a crowd of bruisers here to back up Mr. Carnforth. We've handled one of the rotters—"

"He's left his marks on most of us!" mumbled Walker, caressing a swollen nose.

"We can't handle a gang," continued Wingate. "We've got to decide what to do—and decide quickly. We can surrender, and let that brute flog us—I'd rather walk out of Greyfriars myself."

"Same here!"

"You know what his programme is," went on the captain of Greyfriars. "The ringleaders, as he calls them, will be expelled—myself and one of two others. The rest flogged—like fags! After that the Sixth won't be able to hold up its head in the school again; it will be a case of knuckling under all along the line, and the old school going to the dogs!"

The Sixth-Formers nodded gloomily.

"But what can we do?" muttered Loder. "We couldn't keep our end up even with the fags again if we gave in. But what else is there for it? If we scrap with his gang of bruisers we shall be knocked out, and flogged afterwards."

"You see, he's got the upper hand," said Carne. "No good butting our heads against a stone wall."

"There's one other resource," said Wingate quietly. "Hand to hand, Mr. Carnforth's gang of bruisers would knock us out, and we should be at his mercy. But behind defences—"

"What?"

"A barring-out!" said Wingate.

"Phew!"

"The Sixth Form—the prefects—in a barring-out!" said Walker. "Oh, my only hat! What is Greyfriars coming to?"

"There's nothing else for it!" said Wingate. "Of one thing I'm convinced—if the governors had really known the kind of man Carnforth was they wouldn't have pressed Dr. Locke into resigning, to put this brute in his place. Well, there isn't room at Greyfriars for Carnforth and for us. It's a fight to a finish. We bar him out—and we hold our own until the governors chip in."

"They'll back up the headmaster," said Carne.

"That remains to be seen." Wingate rose from the desk he was sitting on. "There's no chance of peace now. I've done all I can; and now we're up against

Carnforth. I'm going to bar him out, if I have to do it in my own study on my own. If the Sixth stand by me, we'll collar the School House, and by the time his ruffians arrive we shall be prepared for them."

"Phew!"

"Sure, we stand by you, Wingate!" exclaimed Wynne. "Faith, and it's the only thing to be done!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The Sixth against the Head!" exclaimed North. "We're backing you up, Wingate!"

Every voice joined in the shout.

George Wingate's face brightened a little. All his doubts were gone now. Peace with the new Head was not a possibility; and if there could not be peace there must be war. War it was to be!

"Good, then!" said the captain of Greyfriars. "It's settled!"

"And the rest of the school," said Walker—"they'll join in if we call them up, especially those cheeky young sweeps in the Remove."

Wingate shook his head.

"We don't want fags in it," he said. "Not even the Fifth. It's the Sixth Form standing up for its rights—not a school rebellion. We're in the right now, and we want to keep in the right. We've got to remember that we're the Sixth—and some of us prefects."

To which the Sixth cordially agreed. Even in that thrilling hour of desperate rebellion they were desirous of preserving so far as might be the lofty dignity that appertained to their Form.

Wingate led the way from the Form-room, and as he opened the door there was a sudden sound of scuttling, and Billy Bunter vanished round a corner. Evidently there had been an unsuspected ear at the discussion.

"I say, you fellows!" Bunter burst upon a group of juniors in the quadrangle, breathless with excitement. "I—I s-s-say, you fellows, it's a barring-out!"

"What?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"The Sixth are going to bar out the Head!" howled Bunter. "Honest Injun! I just heard them talking it over—I mean, Wingate told me—"

"A Sixth Form barring-out!" howled Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat! What price our jolly old palladium now?"

Harry Wharton & Co. rushed into the School House in search of further information. There was a sound of hammering in the Sixth Form passage, and as the juniors approached that lofty quarter they found the way barred. Across the wide passage from wall to wall furniture was stacked—chairs and tables and desks, Gwynne, with a hammer in his hand, was driving in nails at a reckless rate to strengthen the barricade.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is it a barring-out, Gwynne, old duck?" roared Bob Cherry.

"You fags clear off!" was Gwynne's reply.

"I say, they're raiding the pantry!" yelled Tubb of the Third, thrilling with excitement. "They're bagging all the grub! There won't be any dinner for us to-morrow."

"They're welcome to my whack?" grinned Bob.

"Oh crumbs! I say, you fellows, this is getting serious!" exclaimed Billy Bunter, in alarm. "Barring-out the Head is all very well, but bagging all the grub—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's Carnforth?" exclaimed Wharton. "Why doesn't he come and interfere?"

"He must have heard—"

"He's in his study!" chortled Temple of the Fourth. "They've taken his key and locked him in."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Can't we lend a hand, you fellows?" shouted Johnny Bull across the growing barricade. "We'll join up if you like."

"Yes, rather!"

"I'm on!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "If they've got all the grub—"

"Cut off, you cheeky fags!" called out Walker—which was not a grateful reply to an offer of alliance.

"Yah! Go and eat coke!" retorted half a dozen of the Removites independently. "Mind we don't back up Carnforth and come and rout you out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch came rustling on the scene. The expression on his face was extraordinary. He stopped at the barricade and looked across it.

"Is Wingate here?" he asked.

"Wingate, you're wanted!" shouted Gwynne.

The captain of Greyfriars, who was superintending the fortifications in another quarter, came hurrying up.

"What is it, Mr. Quelch?" he asked.

"Is it possible, Wingate, that you—you intend—" ejaculated the Remove master, aghast.

"A barring-out, sir!" said Wingate quietly. "There's nothing else for it now that Mr. Carnforth has sent for a gang of hooligans to help him."

"But—but—but—" stammered Mr. Quelch. "Think of the results to the school, Wingate! The—the publicity that must follow—the disgrace—"

"We've thought of all that, sir," answered Wingate. "We hope that the governors may decide to interfere. We intend to bar out the Head, and to hold our own quarters against him. We no longer acknowledge him as our headmaster. We shall not interfere with the rest of the school. We are barricading all the passages that lead into our own quarters. And we intend to fight it out!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Quelch. "I fear, Wingate, that I shall have to resign my own position here. But I did not think I should ever leave Greyfriars in such a state as this."

Mr. Quelch rustled away, deeply distressed. There were grave and gloomy looks amongst the other masters. But it is much to be feared that the Lower School, at least, did not discern the seriousness of the situation.

The Remove fairly revelled in it. Gladly enough they would have joined the rebels if the rebels had not been too lofty to accept the aid of juniors. The next best thing was to cheer the Sixth, and to gather under Mr. Carnforth's study window and hoot the tyrant. Which they did with great vigour.

And when the bell rang for lessons, and the fellows went into the Form-rooms, there were still sounds of rumbling and shoving and hammering in the Sixth Form quarters. And that afternoon, needless to state, the Greyfriars staff had the time of their lives in endeavouring to impart instruction to their pupils!

THE END.

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