

AN AMERICAN HEADMASTER AT GREYFRIARS!

(Read the Extra-Long School Story—inside.)

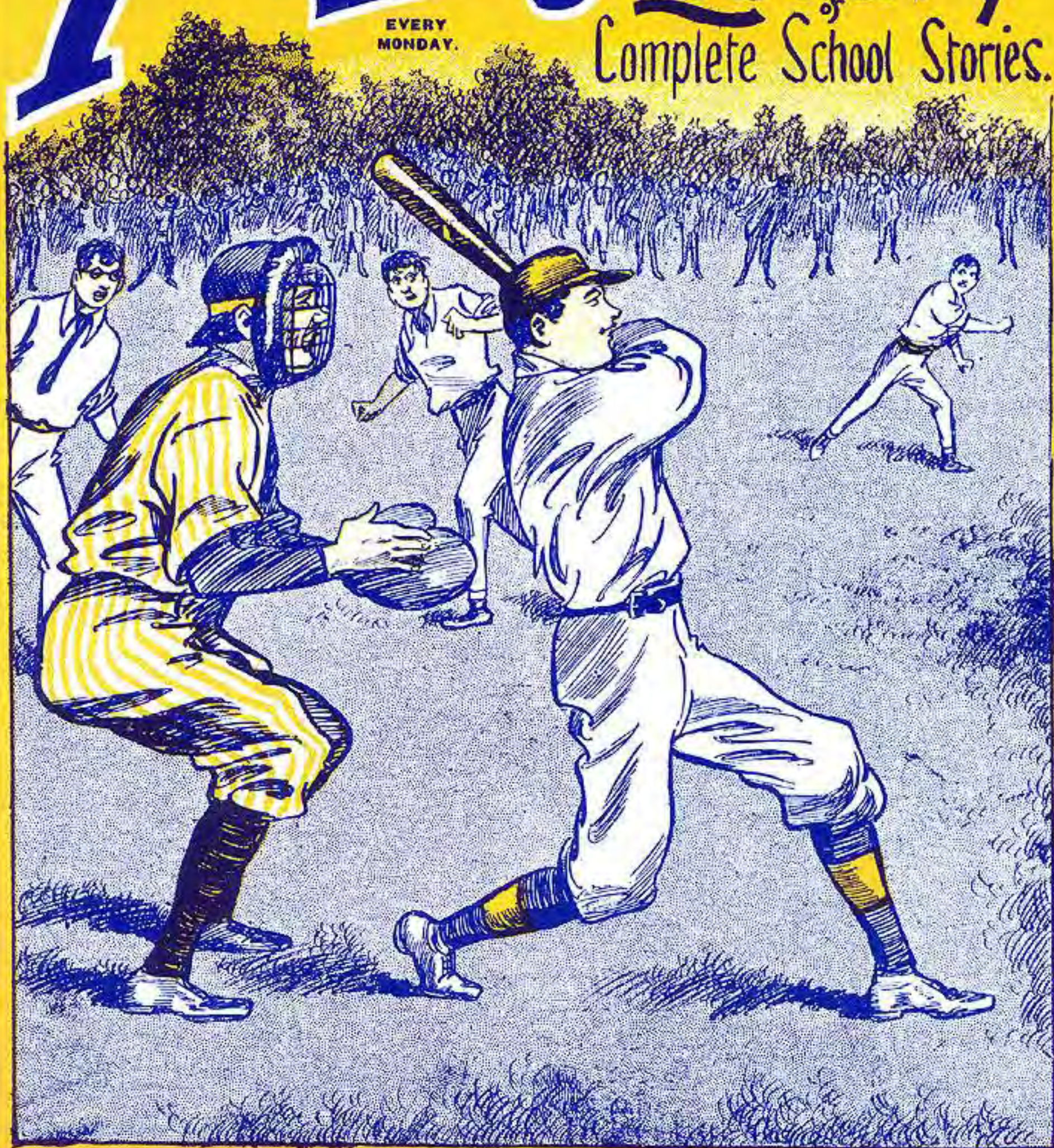
No. 901. Vol. XXVII.

Week Ending May 16th, 1925.

The Magnet² Library

EVERY MONDAY.

Complete School Stories.



BASEBALL AT GREYFRIARS!

(A striking incident from the magnificent extra-long story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, inside.)

TO AND FROM YOUR EDITOR.

'THE FEUD WITH CLIFF HOUSE!'

By Frank Richards.

NEXT week's grand, extra-long story of Harry Wharton & Co. introduces Marjorie Hazeldene & Co. of Cliff House. For some considerable time now the girls of Cliff House have been on very good terms with Harry Wharton & Co., chiefly owing to Marjorie Hazeldene, the sister of Hazeldene of the Remove. But a series of misunderstandings brings these one-time friends at loggerheads with each other.

I'm not going to dilate upon the theme of the story at this stage, for to do so would be tantamount to spoiling a surprise by giving it away in advance. But, rest assured, chums, this story is going to make history. It's a real corker—one of Mr. Frank Richards' best.

EXTRA-LONG!

So pleased was I with the theme of the yarn when your favourite author submitted it to me that I gave him more room to stretch himself in, as it were. This move necessitates holding over for one week our usual supplement feature.

RIPPING NEW MYSTERY YARN!

In addition to the magnificent Greyfriars story there will be the opening chapters of a baffling mystery story, featuring Ferrers Locke and Jack

Drake. Dr. Fourstanton, the arch-scoundrel who figured so largely in the "Deputy Detective," also plays a part in this coming treat. Then comes

"THE SPORTING DETECTIVE!"

In other words, Montague Manners, a Society "swell" who has taken up the detective business as a living, and who looks like running Ferrers Locke to a close finish for honours. Manners the swell, Manners the detective, and Manners the cricketer make an interesting trio of character studies. Magnetites will soon like Monty, I feel sure. At any rate, they will appreciate his craftsmanship with the bat and ball, for he is another Hobbs. These few particulars have whetted your appetites, I'll be bound. By the time you have read the opening instalment of this amazing story you will be all eagerness to come to instalment two. Mr. Hedley Scott has excelled himself in this yarn, and all of you will agree that

"THE SPORTING DETECTIVE!"

is a real top-notch; a best seller. Mind you get next week's MAGNET, boys.

FIVE POUNDS

is Awarded this week to the successful entrant in our "Puzzle-Pars" Competition No. 2, and to the senders of the 12 next best efforts

SPLENDID POCKET-KNIVES

have been given as consolation prizes. The full result of this competition and the correct solution will be found on page 15. See if your name is there, chum.

The "SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY!"

Magnetites really ought to get Nos. 3 and 4 of this wonder school-story library now on sale at all newsagents. No. 3 deals with Fisher T. Fish springing some of his "business" stunts on the cheery Greyfriars chums, and is appropriately entitled "The Greyfriars Business Man." No. 4 introduces Willy Handforth & Co. of St. Frank's in a delightful story of school life and adventure—"The Fighting Form of St. Frank's." Mind you read these two volumes, boys. Take it from me, you'll like them no end.

A BOW AT A VENTURE!

In a recent yarn Frank Richards threw out the suggestion that Frederick Stott would improve but for the malign influence of Skinner. A reader at Totley Rise has risen to the occasion. Cannot we have a story, he asks, showing Stott cutting away from Skinner's companionship? Mr. Richards was speaking frankly, I am sure, but beyond stating a fact that nobody can deny, there was nothing to suggest that he meant to break up the partnership of Messrs. Stott & Skinner, Limited. It might be well. But then Skinner would lose any gleams of good feeling that come from Stott. I will lay the whole matter before F.R.

Your Editor.

STORIES YOU OUGHT TO READ!



A magnificent yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, featuring the "cute" American junior, Fisher T. Fish.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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By EDWY SEARLES BROOKS.



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PEP! Several people have tried to "speed up" Greyfriars in the past and failed miserably. But an American headmaster, with his national ideas of hustle and bustle and "uplift," is a new and novel experience for Greyfriars. See how the Remove takes to him!



A Magnificent, New, Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, introducing Hiram K. Parks—the Man from the States. By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Strange Visitor!

HONK, honk! Harry Wharton & Co. started. They were standing outside the gates of Greyfriars talking, but the sound of the motor-horn put a sudden stop to their conversation.

Honk, honk!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry in a stentorian voice. "Sounds like the station tin Lizzie!"

"The tinfiness of the esteemed Lizzie is terrific!" purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur.

The Famous Five stared up the dusty road leading from Friardale Station with puckered brows. The appearance of the village Ford in the vicinity of the school usually meant a visitor. But the Famous Five were not expecting any visitor just then, and as far as they knew neither were any other members of the Remove. Tuesday afternoon was not an afternoon visitors usually chose to arrive at the school.

"Might be someone's pater dropping in unexpectedly," began Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "I reckon—"

What the captain of the Remove reckoned was never known. For at that moment, with another grunt from the hooter, the station Ford clanked round the bend in the road and rattled to a standstill outside the school gates.

Almost before the engine had ceased wheezing, the door of the car was pushed vigorously open, and a man stepped briskly down to the ground.

The man in question was attired in clothes of an unmistakable American cut, with a pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles perched on his somewhat prominent proboscis. The head of this strange individual was surmounted with a species of headgear much favoured in Boston, while his jaws appeared to be

working overtime on a piece of chewing-gum.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Frank Nugent faintly. "He looks like an enlarged edition of the noble Fish, only more so."

The stranger stared first at the school and then at the Famous Five.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" exclaimed Harry Wharton & Co, politely raising their caps.

"Say, can the speech stuff an' let's get acquainted," snapped the stranger, with a rich nasal accent. "I guess I'm Hiram K. Parks, all the way from the Yew-nited States. I guess I'm the guy who put the 'p' in pep! Yes, sirree! Slick—that's my motter, and when I say slick yew jump. Every time!"

"My hat—nunno, I mean quite, sir!" gasped Harry Wharton, staring at Mr. Parks as though he were some strange insect.

"Exactly, sir," murmured Bob Cherry feebly.

"Sure!" agreed Hiram K., with a genial smile. "Now, two of yew guys lead on to the big shout of this hyer scholastic joint, while the others hump my bags outa the flivver. Slick—and when I say slick yew jump!"

"J-just so, sir; c-certainly, sir," stammered Harry Wharton uncertainly. "Perhaps there is someone in the school you wish to see?"

The American stared.

"Say, ain't yew a little cutie," he said. "Didn't yew hear me ask for the big shout? I calculate yew understand plain English?"

The Famous Five surveyed each other with puzzled faces. For a moment they hardly knew whether they were standing on their heads or their heels. They had met many strange people in their time, but none so strange as Mr. Hiram K. Parks, of the U.S.A.

"Excuse me, sir," said Harry

Wharton. "The big shout is—er—that is to say—"

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry suddenly. "I've got it, Harry! He means the Head—Dr. Locke!"

"Yew've said it," agreed the American, peeling himself a fresh piece of gum. "Now beat it—slick!"

The Famous Five stared.

"But—but—" began Frank Nugent, with a dazed look.

"Beat it!" snapped Mr. Hiram K. Parks.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Slick!" exclaimed Parks again.

"And when I say slick yew jump!"

"Oh, q-uite," murmured Harry Wharton dazedly. "This way, sir."

Wharton and Cherry, their heads in a whirl, led the way across the Close, while the rest of their chums, as per the American's instructions, secured the luggage from the car. As in a trance, they followed on behind.

"A—a scholastic joint," he said!" gasped Frank Nugent.

"And the 'big shout'!" almost choked Johnny Bull.

"The esteemed sahib is off his honourable rockerfulness," Nugent nodded.

"That's about it," he said. "Chewing-gum on the brain, I should think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Hiram K. Parks was covering the ground of the Close at a remarkable speed, with Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry on either side of him. The three juniors behind found it took them all their time, with the heavy bags to carry, to maintain the same pace.

It seemed that Mr. Parks had not erred when he had informed the chums of the Remove that he was the man who had put the 'p' in pep. He was certainly putting pep into his walking—rather too much of it for the comfort of the three juniors with the heavy bags.

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The arrival of Mr. Parks at the school gates had been witnessed by juniors other than the Famous Five, and already a small crowd was forming up at the side of Nugent, Inky, and Bull.

"Carry your bag, sir?" inquired Harold Skinner, the cad of the Remove. "He, he, he!" sniggered Snoop and Stott.

Nugent snorted.

"If you want a thick ear, Skinner, my son, you can have it," he said.

"Oh, keep your hair on!" grinned Skinner, backing away. "Who's the gum king?"

"Yes, who's your American friend?" demanded several voices in unison.

"Find out!" snapped Johnny Bull, struggling valiantly with the heavy bag he was carrying. "Groo! This bag's heavy!"

"Wow! Let's dump them a few moments and have a rest," suggested Nugent.

"The dumpfulness is terrific!"

Crash!

The three juniors let the bags thud to the ground. Pulling their handkerchiefs from their pockets, they commenced to mop their brows. The day was hot—very hot indeed—and carrying heavy bags in the glaring sun was not a pastime that particularly appealed to them.

Frank Nugent seated himself on one of the bags to regain his breath. He had not been seated long, however, when Mr. Hiram K. Parks, who was still some yards ahead, stopped short and glanced behind him.

"Waal, I swow!" he gasped, observing the three juniors were no longer following him. "I guess I caught yew guys skating on the grease that time!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harold Skinner & Co. "Hear that, chaps? He said he caught them skating on the grease!"

The genial smile vanished from Mr. Hiram K. Park's face, its place being taken by a grim frown. Without any warning he suddenly turned, and striding forward, gripped Skinner and Snoop by the shoulders.

"See hyer, big boys," he snorted, "I guess yew ain't going to work none of that hick dope on Hiram K.! Nope, sirree! I reckon what you want is a little uplift—every time. Grab those grips and hit the grit. Slick—and when I say slick yew jump!"

There came a murmur of approval from the assembled juniors.

"That's the stuff to give 'em, sir!"

Skinner snorted and attempted to break away. But, true to his "mottor," Mr. Parks had introduced a little pep into his grip, and it hurt.

"Lemme go!" gasped Skinner angrily.

"Slick!" roared Mr. Parks, indicating the bags with a nod of the head.

"You've got no right—" began Skinner.

"Slick!" roared Mr. Parks again.

"To order me about—"

"And when I say slick yew jump!" barked the strange American. "Grab the grips and beat it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co. delightedly.

"Serve you right, Skinner!"

"The servefulness will teachfully instruct the absurd and dishonourable Skinner not to be rudeful!" parred Inky.

"Lemme go!" howled Skinner again. "Rescue, Remove!"

But the Removeites only grinned.

Skinner had asked for trouble, and he had found it.

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"Speed up, cutie," said Mr. Parks in a quieter voice, nodding towards the bags again.

The cad of the Remove stared at the strange American much after the manner a fat rabbit is supposed to stare at a starved boa-constrictor.

There was something about the face of Mr. Hiram K. Parks that did not appeal to Skinner. And, being a firm believer that discretion is sometimes the better—and the safer—part of valour, he decided to "speed up" as requested.

"All right!" he grunted surlily. "I'll carry your rotten bags."

Mr. Parks nodded, and a few minutes later, with the cads of the Remove straining and groaning beneath the weight of Mr. Parks' luggage, the procession set off in the direction of the school buildings and Dr. Locke's study. Whoever Mr. Parks was, he certainly knew how to look after himself.

Leaving the rest of the juniors at the foot of the steps, the Famous Five and Skinner & Co. proceeded with Mr. Parks along the corridor of the building until they arrived outside the Head's sanctum.

Harry Wharton tapped on the door.

The kindly voice of Dr. Locke bade him enter.

Harry Wharton pushed open the door and did as requested. On observing the crowd of juniors standing between the posts, the Head started up from his desk.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured. "Pray, what is the matter, Wharton?"

Wharton was about to reply, when Mr. Hiram K. Parks, who was standing modestly in the background, and consequently unobserved from within the study, suddenly pushed his way through.

"Waal, stranger," he drawled genially, shooting out his right hand, "put it right there!"

Dr. Locke stared in amazement.

"Shake!" exclaimed Mr. Parks, wagging his hand about. "I sorta guess you're the he-noise of this classy scholastic establishment."

"Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Locke.

"Every time!" agreed Mr. Parks.

"My giddy aunt!" breathed Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five blinked. Never before in the history of Greyfriars had they heard the respected and venerable old Head addressed in such a manner. And never before had they been so near to going into hysterics before his face.

"Gee, I sorta calculate I caught yew skating on the grease, sirree!" said Mr. Parks, still addressing the Head. "I guess—"

"S-skating on the g-grease?" stammered Dr. Locke in bewilderment. "Really, sir, I—"

"I guess that's what I said," resumed Mr. Parks imperturbably. "Sorta caught yew on the hop, I figger—"

"T-the hop?" gasped Dr. Locke, looking towards the Famous Five for enlightenment.

"You see, sir—" began Wharton.

"The esteemed and worthy American sahib—"

"Hiram K. Parks, of Osowash, Mass., U.S.A.," cut in Mr. Parks, by way of explanation. "That's me, I guess, sirree. Inventor of Parks' Peppy Pamphlets, which hev revolutionised education throughout the Yew-nited States."

"Bless my soul!"

"Pep by name an' pep by nature, Slick—that's my mottor, and when I say slick yew jump!"

"Indeed!" murmured Dr. Locke faintly, mopping his brow with his handkerchief.

"Yarp! Waal, now we gotta head on each other, I guess we kin get down to

business. I figger yew didn't reckon on my greasing along to-day, but hev'ing arranged the deal with yewer Colonel Hilton Popper, and the rest of the presidents of this hyer scholastic establishment, when them same was in the Yew-nited States, sirree—"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, his kindly old face breaking into a smile. "I beg your pardon, sir. You are, of course, the Mr. Parks the governors told me about—"

"Sure!"

"I must admit you took me rather unawares—especially as I was not expecting you until the end of the week," gasped Dr. Locke. "How do you do, Mr. Parks?"

And the venerable old Head of Greyfriars waved his strange and full-of-pep guest into a seat. It was obvious to the Famous Five that Mr. Hiram K. Parks was not exactly a stranger to Dr. Locke after all.

Mr. Parks swung round in his chair and pointed out into the passage.

"There!" he said, addressing the Famous Five.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" replied Bob Cherry, glancing about him with a puzzled expression.

"Grease!" explained Mr. Parks genially. "Right down there—and shut the door behind you. Thanks for humping the grips from the dliwer. Now beat it, baby boys!"

"Oh, my only hat!" breathed Nugent faintly.

And, wondering whether they were standing on their heads or their heels, the juniors went. When they reached the Remove quarters again they stared at each other in amazement.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Harry Wharton. "If that doesn't take the cake I'll eat my giddy hat!"

"The eatfulness is terrific!"

The next moment, unable to restrain themselves any longer, the Famous Five burst into a loud and prolonged roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ain't it rich!"

"Baby boys, he called us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five roared again and again.

The American's language struck them as too funny.

"I wonder who the thump he is?" demanded Johnny Bull, when the juniors' mirth had subsided somewhat.

"We shall find out before long," grinned Harry Wharton.

But although none of them realised it, the juniors were to find out sooner than they thought.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Greyfriars!

"BOYS!"

As Dr. Locke, the Head of the school, uttered the word, he held up his hand for silence. It was the morning following the arrival of Mr. Hiram K. Parks, of the U.S.A.

Prayers in Big Hall were over and the the juniors and seniors were about to leave for their respective Form-rooms.

"Boys," exclaimed the Head again, "you will kindly retain your places. I have an important announcement to make before you are dismissed."

The clattering of feet subsided and a hush fell on the assembled school.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry softly. "What the thump's up now?"

The Famous Five, who were seated near each other, looked serious. It was

not often that Dr. Locke detained the school in Hall after prayers. And when he did, it usually meant trouble for someone. But who that someone might be the chums of the Remove could not think. And neither, for that matter, could the rest of the juniors.

Two minutes passed in silence.

At the end of that time Dr. Locke appeared on the platform at the end of the Hall. But he was not alone. Close behind him appeared a figure attired in a morning coat and striped trousers, whose somewhat lean face was adorned with a heavy pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

It was Mr. Hiram Kempleton Parks, of Osowash, Mass., U.S.A.

A gasp of astonishment went up from the assembled Removites.

"The gum-king!"

"My hat!"

"Perhaps it's about Skinner—" began Johnny Bull. But before he could conclude, Dr. Locke was speaking again.

"Boys," he exclaimed, stepping to the edge of the platform, "I have an announcement to make this morning that will, no doubt, come as a surprise to many of you. In the first place, however, I have the honour to present to you Mr. Hiram K. Parks, the well-known American millionaire and educational authority."

There came an audible gasp of surprise as Mr. Parks stepped forward and bowed.

"As many of you know," went on the Head, "the governors of this school have recently concluded a tour of the United States, during which time they visited many of the great colleges and universities of that country."

"It was the good fortune of our governors at that time to meet Mr. Parks, a gentleman famous as the inventor of a system of education which has been practised with great success in many American seats of learning."

"Mr. Parks, having amassed a vast fortune from business, has since devoted time and money to the furtherance of education. With the generosity characteristic of his race he offered to come to this country and place his time and methods at the disposal of the school in order that you might all benefit from a trial of his system."

A quiet murmur of applause rose from several parts of the hall.

"You will not be surprised to learn that the governors availed themselves of that offer," resumed the Head with a smile. "Therefore, Mr. Parks will take charge of the school for a few weeks, while I shall take the opportunity of a badly-needed rest in the South of France."

"It is almost needless for me to add in conclusion that I expect you all to do everything in your power to make Mr. Parks' stay at Greyfriars as happy and enjoyable as possible, that he may return to the great country whence he came with the opinion he already holds of the British schoolboy confirmed and strengthened."

Almost before Dr. Locke concluded, led by a stentorian roar from Bob Cherry, a great burst of cheering went up from the assembled scholars.

"Hip—pip—"

"Hooray!"

"And again!"

"Hooray!"

When the noise had subsided somewhat Mr. Parks, a pleased expression on his lean face, stepped forward and held up his hand.

"Waal, boys, he said in a rich nasal accent, strangely reminiscent of Fisher



"Yew want pep," said Mr. Parks. "I have it!" He reached out suddenly and grabbed Bunter by the scruff of his fat neck. "Ow! Yarooooough!" howled Bunter. "I didn't—I never—that is to say—yowp!" The cane whistled about his fat shoulders, and each vigorous stroke drew a fresh howl from him. (See Chapter 2.)

T. Fish. "Waal, boys, that was some real he-man's hoot, I'll tell the world."

The juniors started.

News of the strange American and his still stranger speech had spread round the school after his arrival like wildfire. But with the exception of the dozen Removites who had seen him walking across the Close he was still a mystery.

Dr. Locke's news that he was to become the Head of Greyfriars had caused no little sensation, but the opening of his speech almost dumbfounded them. All unconscious of the sensation he was causing, Mr. Hiram K. Parks blissfully proceeded.

"I'm reel glad tew meet yew all," he said. "As yewer respected headmaster, Dr. Locke, hes just told yew, I shall hev the honour of taking over this college for a spell. I guess the arrangement wasn't due tew commence for another day or so, but heveng seen yewer Colonel Hilton Popper in town, I figger I fixed up with him tew come along a while sooner."

There came a few suppressed chuckles from different parts of the Hall. Dr. Locke frowned. But the remarkable Mr. Hiram K. Parks was equal to the occasion.

"I figger my speech strikes yew boys as a little bit qucer," he said. "Waal, there isn't any harm in thet. Pep is our motter in the Yew-nited States, and I reckon the way we speak gets there—every time."

Mr. Parks was about to say more when there came a sudden yell from Fisher T. Fish, the American member of the Remove.

"Atta boy!"

"Bless my soul—" began Dr. Locke,

starting forward. "How dare you, Fish!"

But the sound of his native tongue was too much for the junior from across the herring-pond.

"Atta boy!" he yelled again, rising to his feet and excitedly waving his skinny arms. "I guess you've said a mouthful—"

"Shut up, Fish!"

"Sit down!"

Several Removites attempted to drag the excited American junior to his seat again. But Fisher T. Fish did not want to be dragged to his seat.

Since his arrival at Greyfriars the business man of the Remove had spent a great deal of his time in trying to introduce a little pep into the school. But so far all Fish's endeavours had proved futile, and sometimes painful.

It seemed to Fish now, however, that in Mr. Hiram K. Parks he had found a soul-mate.

"Let 'em have it, Hiram!" he yelled, forgetful of the presence of the Head in his excitement. "Oh, boy—"

The Removites stared at their American Form-fellow in amazement, and then, unable to control themselves any longer, they burst into a loud roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly chump!"

As for Mr. Parks, his eyes almost started from his head. Dr. Locke, his usually kind face furrowed with an angry frown, was about to address himself to Fish when he was forestalled by Mr. Parks.

"Say, that sounds good to me," gasped the American, his lean face breaking

into a beaming smile. "Jumping snakes! Kim right up hyer, boy!"

But Fisher T. Fish hardly needed the invitation. Pushing his way up the gangway, he clambered on to the platform at the end of the hall.

"I calculate I'm real sorry to interrupt—" he began, when Mr. Parks cut him short.

"Put it there, sonny!" he exclaimed, shooting out his hand. "I guess I'm right pleased tew see yew. I reckon yewer popper told me all about yew back in Noo York. But when yew yelled it seemed like yew caught me skating on the grease."

And, to the amazement of the whole school, Mr. Hiram K. Parks, the new Head of the school, proceeded to pump the hand of the American junior as though he had discovered in him some long-lost brother.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Johnny Bull. "If this isn't the limit!"

"The limitfulness is terrific!"

As for Dr. Locke, several shades of emotion passed rapidly across his face.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed at length. "This is most extraordinary!"

Fisher T. Fish and his compatriot exchanged a few more words, after which Mr. Parks faced the school again.

"Boys," he drawled, "I reckon I must ask yew to forgive this hyer interruption. I guess my young friend and myself sorta got excited when we heerd each other's voices."

The assembly grinned. They felt that Mr. Parks' explanation was hardly needed. So much had been obvious enough.

"And now," went on the amazing Mr. Parks, "I guess I'll get along. As I was saying, having been honoured with temporary charge of this scholastic establishment, I aim to introduce a little elevation and uplift. I aim tew teach yew something, - and tew learn a little something from yew—just a few!"

"And now, hev'ing got acquainted, I may say that if we don't hit the smooth trail together it won't be the fault of Hiram K. Parks. No, sirree!"

"Thanking yew boys, one an' all, for your kind attention, I now call for three cheers for Dr. Locke, and hope that when he returns to Greyfriars from his rest he will feel his old self an' full of beans!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hip—pip—"

"Hooray!"

The rafters of the ancient hall echoed again and again as the assembly gave the cheers with a will. Mr. Parks left the platform, and several moments later Dr. Locke gave the signal for the school to leave for the Form-rooms.

A buzz of excited conversation broke from the juniors as they trooped out.

The morning had brought one surprise after another. But without the slightest doubt, the weird speech employed by the new Head was the greatest of all.

"If you ask me, I reckon we're in for some excitement now," remarked Frank Nugent to the rest of the Famous Five in general.

"Hear, hear!"

"As the esteemed American sahib would sayfully put it," purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, "he bagfully caught us skating on the esteemed greasefulness."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you jays are going to get some real education now," grinned Fisher T. Fish, as the juniors settled down in their places in the Form-room. "What Hiram K. don't know about education—"

But what Hiram K. didn't know about education was never learned by the Removites. Fisher T. Fish's remark was drowned by another roar of laughter, which only subsided when Mr. Quelch, the Remove Form master, entered the Form-room door.

The events of the morning did not seem to have improved the juniors' ability to concentrate on their work. This fact did not pass unobserved by Mr. Quelch, and impots were awarded freely. But, since the juniors had Mr. Quelch's sympathy, the impots were not as heavy as they might have been.

The rest of the day passed quickly enough, however, and at length the juniors were dismissed.

Soon after tea Dr. Locke's trap drew up outside his house. A great crowd of juniors and seniors had collected outside to give him a send-off. When the Head appeared a great cheer rent the air.

"Good-bye, boys!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, climbing into the trap.

"Good-bye, sir!" shouted several voices.

Dr. Locke gave an order to Gosling, and the next moment the horse started up, carrying the old Head of Greyfriars on the first part of his health-seeking journey.

A crowd of juniors raced after the trap, cheering at the tops of their voices, until it swung out of the school gates and was soon lost in a cloud of dust round the bend of the road.

"Alone with the gum-king!" grinned Frank Nugent facetiously, as the sound of the horse's hoofs died away.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd made their way back to the school buildings, where the rest of the evening was spent discussing the new Head. Opinion as to how his idea of introducing a little pep into the school would work was divided. But, one and all, the juniors were united in the belief that exciting times were ahead.

And in this they were not far wrong.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Bunter, the Hustler!

"PEP!" William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, uttered that ejaculation.

It was the day following the installation of Mr. Hiram K. Parks as headmaster of Greyfriars.

What the full-of-pep mind of the hustling Mr. Parks had planned for the school had not yet been revealed. But already an atmosphere of "pep" seemed to pervade the school. Even Bunter, the fattest and laziest boy in all Greyfriars, did not seem to have escaped its subtle influence.

"Pep!" he murmured thoughtfully to himself again. "That's it—pep! It's sure to work. He, he, he! Little me for the brains!"

And William George Bunter strolled on, chuckling softly to himself.

Several juniors stared after him, with puzzled brows.

"Bejabers, the fat spalpeen's gone off his giddy rocker intirely!" gasped Micky Desmond, the lad from the Emerald Isle.

"That's nothing new!" grinned Peter Todd. "But he seems to be a bit worse than usual this time."

Peter Todd stared after the Owl of the Remove until he was lost to sight round a bend of the passage. That Bunter had some deep scheme on was obvious enough. But what that scheme could be Peter had no idea.

Peter Todd was not the only junior who observed the fat Removite's preoccupation. Several other juniors noticed it, too, including the Famous Five.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" murmured Bob Cherry, as the lumbering form of the fat junior hove in sight. "What's working in the fat brainbox, Bunter?"

Billy Bunter stopped short and blinked at Bob Cherry through his thick spectacles.

"Pep!" he murmured absently. "Me for pep—every time!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Oh, really, you chaps!" gasped Bunter, suddenly becoming aware that the Famous Five were regarding him curiously. "You quite startled me, you know. I didn't notice you fellows there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Bunter," said Johnny Bull, gazing straight at the Owl, "you've been wandering about all the morning repeating pep like a blessed parrot! What the thump's the game?"

"He, he, he!" sniggered Bunter mysteriously. "What I know I know. I'm the fellow for the brains—every time. You trust your Uncle Bunter!"

And with that he continued on his way down the passage.

"My only hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"He's balmy!"

"The absurd and esteemed Bunter has gone off his chumpfulness," purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Famous Five were puzzled. Bunter's behaviour was strange, to say the least of it—very strange indeed. The only thing the chums of the Remove could think of to explain their fat Form-fellow's strange conduct was that he had developed fatty degeneration of the brain—a fate he had often been warned against.

"He's got bats in the belfry!" grinned Frank Nugent at length. "Come on, let's get along to the study."

Had the Famous Five only known it, however, Bunter was not as mad as he appeared. In fact, his fat little brain had been working overtime. And the subject matter of his mental exercise had been Mr. Hiram K. Park and his passion for pep.

Bunter was not a clever youth by any means. But he possessed a certain amount of childish cunning, which sometimes served him as well as cleverness.

He continued his solitary walk in deep thought.

"That's it!" he murmured at length. "If the Head's really as fond of pep as he makes out, my little idea ought to do the trick. Me for the Head!"

Having arrived at this decision, the Owl of the Remove turned and made his way in the direction of Mr. Parks' study, the apartment lately occupied by Dr. Locke.

He paused a moment outside the door to adjust his bow. Then, taking his courage in both hands, he gripped the handle of the door, thrust it open, and strode into the study.

Mr. Parks, who was seated at his desk engaged in a conversation with Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, started from his seat.

"Hully gee!" he gasped, staring at the Owl of the Remove.

"Pep!" snapped Bunter briskly.

"How's that?"

"Pep!" repeated Bunter, blinking rapidly through his big spectacles.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wingate, wondering whether the fat junior had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"Pep!" exclaimed Bunter again, wagging a fat and admonishing forefinger at the new Head. "What we want in this school, sir, is a little more pep. I look to you, sir, to give it us!"

Mr. Parks stared at the fat junior, speechless with amazement for a moment.

"Waal, if yew ain't the cat's meow!" he gasped, relapsing unconsciously into the picturesque language of his Wheat Pit days.

"Ha, hoorn—exactly!" stuttered Wingate, skilfully turning a laugh into a cough.

"And now, having gotta bead on each other," went on Bunter, in the best manner of Mr. Hiram K. Parks himself. "I'll come down to brass tacks."

"Sure!" murmured Mr. Parks, eyeing the fat Removite curiously. "Spill the beans, sonny."

"W-which beans, sir?" asked Bunter, looking puzzled.

"Hand out the goods," explained Mr. Parks. "These brass tacks I reckon yewer coming down tew—slick!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!" gasped Bunter, getting a grip on himself again. "It's about my postal-order, you know—"

"Ha-atishooo!" spluttered Wingate, controlling his mirth with difficulty.

"You see, sir, I'm all for pep—every time," resumed Bunter, blinking. "There's a little business operation I'm—I'm carrying out, you know, sir; and, through a—a delay in the post, a postal-order I've been expecting hasn't arrived. What our postal authorities need is a little pep, sir."

"Sure!" agreed Mr. Parks, peeling himself a fresh piece of gum and surveying the Owl of the Remove as though he were some strange insect.

"That being the case, sir," went on the Owl, "I appeal to you as one business man to another. This postal order is for a mere fiver or so, but if you would be good enough to—to advance me four pounds ten, when the postal order arrives I hand the lot to you by way of interest."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Parks.

"Cut your losses to save time," explained Bunter. "That's what I call pep, sir! You're the only person in this school that understands the meaning of the word, bar me, so I put it to you."

A deep silence followed Bunter's remarkable proposition.

As for Wingate, he stared at the Owl of the Remove dumbfounded. Wingate knew Bunter of old—he had also heard of the fat junior's expected postal order many a time and oft. Bunter's postal order was an institution. It had been expected as long as the fat junior had been at Greyfriars. But it had never arrived.

Often on the strength of its expected arrival, however, Bunter had tried to raise the wind. He had attempted to borrow on it. He had attempted to sell it by auction, taking what he could get for it, and letting the lucky bidder keep the difference—when it came. But all those things he had only attempted to do. The juniors, strangely enough, refused to swallow the tale of the expected postal order.

Now, believing Mr. Hiram K. Parks to be a full-of-pep business man, Bunter had put the proposition of advance cashing to him. That he should put it to the Head of Greyfriars of all people was amazing—even although the Head was new to the school. But Bunter was gambling on the hope that the history of his postal order had not yet reached

the ears of the author of Parks' Peppy Pamphlets.

"Is it a deal?" demanded Bunter at length, believing by reason of Mr. Parks' silence he had made an impression on him.

"Sure!" said Mr. Parks quietly. "I'm the guy who deals."

"Oh, good!" gasped Bunter delightedly.

Had the Owl of the Remove been less obtuse, he would have realised that Mr. Parks' "deal" was not quite the deal Bunter expected. As it was, however, he felt that his impersonation of a hustler, all out for doing things in a real peppy manner, had appealed to the Head.

Mr. Hiram K. Parks rose to his feet and reached for a cane. It was a thin, long pliable cane. Mr. Parks cut the cane through the air as though at some imaginary boy, and listened with marked satisfaction to the vicious whistle it produced.

Bunter eyed these strange proceedings with alarm.

Wingate eyed them with a satisfaction almost equal to Mr. Parks'.

"I—I say, sir—" began Bunter.

"Pep!" snapped Mr. Parks.

Bunter backed towards the door.

"Yew want pep?" said Mr. Parks.

"I have it!"

"Ow!" groaned the Owl of the Remove, a damp perspiration breaking out over his flabby forehead.

"I calculate yew believe in hustle?" drawled Mr. Parks.

"Nunno; I—I mean certainly, sir—"

"I calculate I'll make yew hustle some!"

Bunter felt a cold shiver run up and down his spine. His little scheme was not working to order. He felt that for once he had misjudged his man. He wished, indeed, that he had possessed a little less pep and a little more caution. At that moment he lost all respect for the peppy qualities he had hitherto admired in Mr. Parks, and his desire to favour that gentleman with the opportunity of cashing his postal order in advance changed to an overwhelming and all-absorbing desire to place as great a distance between himself and the new Head as possible.

By some uncanny means Mr. Parks seemed to become aware of this latter desire. He reached suddenly out and grabbed the Owl of the Remove by the scruff of his fat neck.

"Ow! Yerooooooh!" howled Bunter.

"How dare you, boy!" rasped Mr. Parks, his usually genial expression turning to a grim frown. "How dare you, I say. You—you—"

So far it seemed Mr. Parks had been reserving his opinion of William George Bunter. But now he proceeded to relieve himself of it. Forgetful of his reputation as an exponent of peppy education, forgetful of the European version of English he was trying to accustom himself to using, he proceeded to speak to Bunter in the forceful, if vivid, language of his early business days.

"You big skate!" he hooted, shaking the unhappy Removite to and fro. "Yew big hick! I reckon yew thought



The Removites crowded into the dormitory. Next moment they were tearing frantically at the parcels. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" There came a stentorian yell from Bob Cherry as he dragged an article of clothing from his bundle. "Look at this, you chaps!" The juniors stared and gasped, for Bob was holding up a pair of loud check knickerbockers. "My giddy aunt!" (See Chapter 4.)

yew had caught Hiram K., skating on the grease—yes, sirree! I'll teach yew tew try an' pull thet con dope on me. Hold that!"

"That" was the thin and pliable cane. It curled round Bunter's fat shoulders with all Mr. Parks' strength behind it.

"Yaroooogh!" roared Bunter, wriggling like a rat on a hot stove.

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

"Lemme go!" howled Bunter again. "If you break my glasses—ow! Yarooop! Wow!"

But Mr. Parks did not let Bunter go. Instead, he wielded the cane with renewed vigour.

William George Bunter had had enough—in fact, he had had more than enough. With a sudden jerk he freed himself from Mr. Parks' grasp, and flinging open the study door he fled helter-skelter down the corridor yelling at the top of his voice.

If the Owl of the Remove thought he was to escape so easily, however, he was mistaken. Unlike Dr. Locke, Mr. Parks had no thought of dignity. "Get there" might be said to be Mr. Parks' sub-motto. He had been brought up in a country where hustle was the watch-word—and he hustled now.

He sped down the passage after the Owl of the Remove, the skirts of his gown flying in the air. And close behind him, almost doubled up with suppressed laughter, tore George Wingate, the captain of the School.

"Ow! Lemme go!" howled Bunter as he ran.

"Come back!" rasped Mr. Parks.

But Bunter did not come back. He did not consider the Head's offer a sporting one. He increased his speed and covered the ground in a manner that would have turned the Marathon runners of old green with envy.

On and on he went until the junior Common-room was only a few yards before him. Bunter was about to dash into that ink-splashed chamber, as another junior was about to dash out of it. Bunter failed to see the other junior in time, and the other junior failed to see him.

But they felt each other.

Crash!

"Yerooogh!"

"You fat ass!"

The two juniors struck the floor together.

That was Mr. Parks' chance—and he did not miss it.

The unusual spectacle of a headmaster chasing a junior down the passages had attracted a great crowd of both juniors and seniors. And by the time Mr. Parks got busy with the cane again nearly half the school had collected as an audience.

At length, however, Mr. Parks felt that justice had been done, and with a last stinging lash he permitted Bunter to stagger groaning to a corner.

"I reckon that's taught yew not to try and pull any bluff on me," he said with satisfaction. "I guess yew won't do it again—nope, sirree not on yewers."

And signing to Wingate to follow him, Mr. Parks of Osowash, Mass, U.S.A., strode away.

The news of Bunter's chastisement and the reason of it spread round the school like wildfire. The idea of the Owl of the Remove having the nerve to ask the Head to cash his postal order in advance struck the juniors as funny—and they roared.

"Pop!" yelled Bob Cherry suddenly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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"Wow! Beasts!" groaned Bunter, blinking at the hilarious juniors. "I'm hurt!"

But the only reply he received was another roar of laughter.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Mr. Parks Gets Busy!

WHEN Mr. Parks arrived back in his study he seemed to be in rather a thoughtful mood. The incident of Bunter's postal order was forgotten. Wingate had returned with the Head. He was standing by his desk waiting for him to speak.

"Now, let me see!" exclaimed Mr. Parks. "What was I saying when that fat babe butted in?"

"I think you were saying something about certain ideas of yours you proposed to introduce into the school, sir," said Wingate respectfully.

"Sure—I guess I mean quite," agreed Mr. Parks. "I guess that's what I called yew in tew talk about, Wingate."

"Yes, sir!"

"Waal, now," proceeded Mr. Parks. "As perhaps I may hev sorta mentioned, I believe in hustle."

"Quite so, sir," agreed Wingate with a faint smile.

"Since I have been in this college," went on the new Head, "I have been hustling around some. I have come tew the conclusion that the clothes worn by the scholars of this school air unsuitable to high scholastic attainment. Therefore, before I start tew introduce anything new into the syllabus, I guess I've got tew see the scholars are issued with different clothes."

"You mean the—ahem—the chaps are not smart enough, sir?" volunteered Wingate, looking puzzled.

Mr. Parks shook his head.

"These funny little jackets the junior boys wear," he explained. "These Eton coats, I believe yew call them. I guess they're too tight to permit of a scholar to absorb uplift from his lessons."

"These steel spectacles some of the boys wear—like that fat babe that came in a while ago. I guess the weight of those spectacles cause headaches."

"Waal, now, I propose tew issue the scholars with a little dress design of my own, like our scholars wear across in the States. Give them suitable clothing, an' they can learn. You can't play baseball in a tail coat an' silk hat, for instance. The clothes ain't sootable. No, sirree!"

"As for the glasses, why, I calculate I'm going to supply every scholar with tortoiseshell rims. Abolish headaches through heavy frames, an' yew get a hundred per cent. efficiency."

Wingate stared at the Head in amazement. For several moments he wondered whether he had heard aright. He tried to think of something appropriate to say, and failed.

"M-my hat!" he gasped at length.

"How's that?" grunted Mr. Parks.

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Wingate, going a deep red. "But I was thinking, sir. I'm afraid you—your proposition rather startled me for the moment. You see, it struck me that perhaps some of the chaps would not take very kindly to your ideas. Eton jackets are almost traditional at English public schools, you know, and—and—"

Mr. Parks nodded.

"I guess that's one way of looking at it," he said.

Wingate continued to stare at the Head curiously. However strange his ideas might be, Mr. Parks was genuinely

interested in the welfare of the school, and sincerely believed his proposed innovation would be generally beneficial.

But Wingate knew only too well that any attempt to interfere with the dress worn at Greyfriars would cause trouble—lots of it. And Wingate wanted to save Mr. Parks trouble if he could.

"I reckon the stuff's on order," said Mr. Parks. "I've been hustling some, and have arranged with a firm in London to deliver a suit apiece to every boy in the school. The clothes should be here to-night. I reckon the whole thing's being done at my expense, and it's gotta be worn."

"You—you mean you're going to compel everyone to wear the special clothing you have bought, whether they like it or not?" gasped Wingate.

The Head nodded.

Wingate thought furiously for a moment.

"How do you think it would be if you used one of the lower Forms to see how the scheme worked before extending the order to the rest of the school, sir?" he suggested hopefully.

Mr. Parks' face brightened.

"There's the Remove, for instance," went on Wingate. "You might try out one or two ideas on them as a sort of preliminary, and then, if they prove satisfactory, you could extend to the other Forms."

"Sure!" agreed Mr. Parks, blissfully unconscious that the Remove was the most difficult Form in the whole school to manage. "I reckon we'll try out the clothes on the youngsters."

Wingate breathed a sigh of relief. He felt that he had negotiated a difficult point with considerable skill.

Wingate wondered for a moment what the Removites would say when they learned what was expected of them. But the mere thought caused him to choke with mirth.

If the Removites would stand for Mr. Parks' innovations, then there was nothing to fear from the rest of the school. But the point was, would they?

Wingate felt he could not do better than to leave the future to look after itself.

"Waal, I guess that's settled," exclaimed Mr. Parks, denoting that the interview was at an end. "These Remove boys will be expected to try out my scheme in clothes more sootable to scholastic attainment. I'll see to it that they are informed of my wishes."

"Yes, sir!" said Wingate.

The Head nodded, and the captain of the school left the study.

A few moments later Mr. Parks' decision was being communicated to Wingate's pal, North of the Sixth. North listened in amazement, until Wingate explained how he had persuaded the Head to try his scheme out on the Removites first. And then he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! If this doesn't take the blessed biscuit factory."

Wingate was careful that no inkling of what was in store for the Removites should reach them. Mr. Parks had expressed his intention of making his decision known to them personally, and Wingate was quite willing to leave it at that.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully.

The next morning lessons came and went, but still Mr. Parks had made no move in his great campaign of re-clothing the juniors of the Remove.

Lunch was over, and the Famous Five were sitting in Study No. 1, discussing a forthcoming cricket fixture with St. Jim's.

"Chuck the list of reserves over and let's see who we've got down, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "We may need to make some changes at the last moment."

"The changefulness might be terrific," purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Bob hastened to do as he was bid. At that moment, however, there came the sound of heavy footfalls in the passage without, and the next moment the study door opened with a crash, revealing the excited face of Peter Todd.

"I say, you chaps!" gasped Peter, hardly able to speak for excitement. "Have you fellows heard the latest? That new Head. He's gone right off his silly crumpet!"

The Famous Five jumped up in alarm. "The Head?" gasped Harry Wharton.

"What's up, then?"

"Come and see!" gasped Peter Todd, his face working with excitement. "There's a notice on the board at the end of the passage. Come and have a look at it for yourselves."

Followed by the Famous Five, Peter turned and dashed from the study to where a crowd of excited juniors had already collected round the notice board.

The Famous Five pushed their way through to the front and stared, as well they might. For on a large sheet of paper pinned across the two upper panels, and written in the determined hand of the American Head, appeared the following:

"STOP!

A special clothing parade will be held in the Close by the two elms at 3.30 sharp this afternoon. Every boy of the Remove Form will be expected to attend dressed in the clothes which have been specially provided, and which will be found at the foot of each bed in the Remove dormitory. Absence or lateness will be severely punished.

(Signed HIRAM K. PARKS,
Headmaster.)

"My only hat!" gasped Wharton in amazement.

"What the thump does it mean?"

"It must be someone pulling our blessed legs, Peter," exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"That's what I thought at first," replied Peter Todd quietly. "But Wingate says it's genuine. We've got to dress up in some special duds the Head's provided, and parade in them for his inspection."

"Oh, great Scott!"

The juniors stared at each other almost dumbfounded with astonishment. Never in all the history of Greyfriars had they ever heard of such a thing as a clothing parade. And even now they were not quite certain what was meant by it.

Every junior on his arrival at Greyfriars was expected to possess certain changes of clothes as laid down by the school authorities. But the purchase or providing of them was always left to the juniors' parents.

True, there were sometimes inspections held of the juniors' wardrobes to see that their clothing was being kept in a proper state of repair. But never before had they heard of clothes being specially provided.

"I'm blessed if I know what to make of this," grunted Bolsover. "The only thing I can think of is that the Head must have stood us a suit apiece."

"But—but what the thump should he do that for?" demanded several voices in unison.

Bolsover major shook his head.

The rest of the juniors looked



Fisher T. Fish strode towards Harry Wharton's bed brandishing the cane. "Hold out your hand, Wharton!" he said grimly. "I guess I'm going to cane you!" "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Harry Wharton. "Run away, you funny ass!" Thwack! The cane lashed across Wharton's shoulders. (See Chapter 7.)

puzzled. The idea of the Head standing them a suit of clothes each struck them as being out of the question. The whole affair was to them a complete mystery.

"If you ask me," began Harry Wharton thoughtfully, "I reckon—"

He broke off abruptly, as at that moment Wingate of the Sixth appeared at the end of the passage accompanied by North.

"Jump to it, you youngsters!" commanded Wingate. "The Head's expecting you all on parade in half an hour."

"What's the idea, Wingate?"

"What the thump—"

"Someone's pulling our legs!"

"There's no leg-pull about this," said Wingate. "The clothes are up in the dorm. North and myself delivered them this morning soon after lessons. Go and see for yourselves if you don't believe me; and buck up about it or you'll be late for the parade."

"Oh, my giddy aunt!"

"If this isn't the outside edge!"

"Well, let's dash up and have a look," suggested Frank Nugent.

"Good egg!"

Headed by Harry Wharton & Co., the crowd of juniors dashed up the passage towards the Remove dormitory.

When they arrived there they stopped short and stared. For at the foot of

each bed, as Wingate had said, was a neat brown paper parcel.

"Great Scott! It's right enough, then!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"Let's see what's inside!"

The Removes crowded into the dormitory. The next moment they were tearing frantically at the parcels.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" There came a stentorian yell from Bob Cherry as he dragged an article of clothing from his parcel and held it up for the juniors' inspection. "Look at this, you chaps!"

The juniors stared, then they gasped. For the article in question was a baggy pair of knickerbockers of a marked check pattern with metal buckles for fastening beneath the knees!

"My giddy aunt!"

"My only hat!"

Meanwhile, several other juniors had unfastened their parcels and were examining the contents with amazed faces.

"A Norfolk jacket!" hooted Squiff.

"And blessed worsted stockings!" howled Bolsover major.

"This is beyond a joke!" exclaimed Bulstrode angrily. "If the Head thinks I'm going to wear these kid's duds he's mistaken!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We're not blessed convicts!"

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There was no doubt about it. The Removites were angry—very angry indeed. Their faces coloured with shame. To expect them to wear the clothes provided, they felt, was beyond all reason. However suitable Mr. Parks might consider them for high scholastic attainment, the Removites felt they were suitable only for kids in the Second Form.

"If we're ever seen in these duds," groaned Wharton, "we shall never hear the last of it."

"We're not guys!"

"And we're not going to wear 'em!"

"Down with chewing-gum!" howled a voice from the back of the dorm.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hooray!"

Bolsover major jumped on to a bed and yelled for silence.

"Chaps," he exclaimed, his face red with anger. "Chaps, I regard this as the biggest insult that has ever been offered to the leading Form of Greyfriars. I vote that Parks or no Parks, we don't wear these blessed duds! Parks and his parade can go to the dickens!"

A burst of applause greeted Bolsover's remarks.

At that moment the door of the dormitory was pushed open and Wingate appeared.

"Buck up, you youngsters!" he exclaimed. "The parade's on in another ten minutes, and the Head's asked me to see if you're getting ready."

"But—but—"

"I say, Wingate—"

"If you've anything to say, say it to the Head," grinned Wingate. "You won't improve matters by being late for the parade. For goodness' sake get on it quickly, and say what you've got to say afterwards. You're more likely to find the Head reasonable then."

And Wingate went.

The Removites stared at each other in silence.

"Look here, you chaps!" said Wharton slowly. "I think there's something in what old Wingate says. Orders are orders after all. I don't think the Head will insist on our wearing these rotten duds after he's seen us in them. I vote we go on parade and see what happens."

The Removites surveyed each other with gloomy faces. They realised that Wharton was right. Nevertheless, to do what they had been ordered to do went against the grain. They realised, however, that there was no help for it. And with anger and shame in their hearts they slowly commenced to change.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The Dress Parade!

"FIVE minutes to go!"

"I wonder if they'll turn up?"

"There'll be trouble if they don't!"

Horace Coker of the Fifth stood in the Close talking to his two pals, Potter and Greene. Within ten minutes of the Head's notice being posted, ordering the dress parade, the news had become public property to the rest of the school.

Horace Coker & Co. of the Fifth had been amongst the first to hear the news. They were hardly able to credit it. But when they ascertained that it was a fact, they grinned to each other and resolved to be on hand at the time of the parade to see the fun. The parade was not due to "come off" for another

five minutes. But Coker & Co. had been present in the Close some time already.

And they were not alone.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Coker, staring round him. "Nearly half the blessed school is here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was true enough. And the crowd was not confined to any one Form. The Lower School was there in force, with Dicky Nugent & Co. of the Second well to the fore. Most of the Upper Fourth and Shell were present, too, as well as a number of the lordly Sixth.

It was not often the rest of the school got a laugh at the expense of the Remove. But they felt they were going to get one now, and they intended to make the most of it.

George Potter glanced at his watch.

"Not long to go now!" he remarked.

Even as he spoke there came a low murmur from the crowd. The next moment a tall, lean figure attired in cap and gown appeared walking from the direction of the School House.

"The Head!"

Mr. Parks strode towards the two elms. Wingate was already there. Not that he wanted to be, but Mr. Parks had commandeered him as a sort of aid-de-camp in preference to any of the masters, and Wingate had to obey orders.

The crowd glanced towards the clock in the old ivy-hung tower. It wanted one minute to the half-hour.

"Looks as though the young blighters are not going to turn up after all," remarked Greene.

"Hear, hear!"

"Can't say that I blame them, either."

It seemed that Greene was right. The seconds passed slowly by, but still there was no sign of the Removites.

The Head glanced at his watch with a grim frown. A minute had lessened to half a minute. If the Remove intended to turn up they were certainly running things rather close.

Boom!

The half-hour chimed slowly from the school clock. As it did so the waiting crowd observed the doors of the School House suddenly open.

A loud murmur went up from the crowd.

"Here they come!"

A hundred pairs of eyes stared intently in the direction of the School House. And a second later, led by Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry, the Removites appeared in two ranks, one boy behind the other, in the form of a crocodile.

In slow step, with their heads down and bared, the Removites moved across the Close.

The crowd assembled in the Close stared.

Mr. Hiram K. Parks and Wingate gazed at each other in amazement.

Wingate, knowing the Removites, had expected some sort of trouble. He had expected half the Form to come on parade late, or to come dashing up at the last moment. But whatever he might have expected was nothing like what was happening.

"My giddy aunt!" he gasped to himself. "The young rascals!"

"Suffering cats!" softly ejaculated Mr. Parks.

Very slowly, all in step, the Removites, their eyes on the ground, proceeded towards the two elms like some strange funeral procession.

As yet they were too far away for their waiting school-fellows to make them out very clearly. The crowd waited impatiently for them to come

closer. At length the strange procession moved out of the shadow thrown by the school building. As they did so loud gasps of amazement went up from several parts of the Close.

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

The Removites certainly presented an extraordinary spectacle. One and all, they were attired as per instructions, in the garb Mr. Parks had ordered for them, complete with baggy check knickerbockers, worsted stockings, and Norfolk jackets!

The crowd blinked at the Removites as though they were a tribe of strange and unknown insects.

Suddenly there came a yell from Coker.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next moment the yell was taken up from all parts of the Close.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at 'em!"

The crowd roared.

But if the Removites heard they heeded not. One or two blushed a little more deeply. Gritting their teeth, they kept their eyes steadfastly on the ground.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd, almost doubled up with mirth.

"Look at old Frank!" yelled Nugent minor delightedly. "Look at his legs!"

"And look at Alonzo!" almost sobbed his pal Gatty.

"Oh, ain't it good!"

Mr. Parks turned towards the three lags, with a frown.

"Cut it out!" he ordered sharply.

Dicky Nugent & Co. promptly retired behind some Fifth-Formers. And the rest of the assembly, wisely taking the hint, subsided also.

Meanwhile, the Removites had reached the two elms, where they stood in two ranks, still staring at the ground, seemingly unconscious of their school-fellows' laughter.

Mr. Parks stalked over towards them and surveyed them uncertainly. He had not expected his idea for reforming the school dress to be received too enthusiastically. But he was beginning to see by the Removites' behaviour, as well as that of the rest of the school, that he had made a mistake—and a very big one at that.

Nevertheless, having gone so far, he was determined to see the thing through—or, at least, until he could find some excuse other than the ridicule of the school to drop it.

The Head turned from the juniors and addressed Wingate.

"Better see if they're all byer," he said.

Wingate glanced along the two ranks.

"All except one boy, sir," he said.

Even as Wingate spoke there came a yell from the far side of the Close.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at the porpoise!"

"On the ball!"

"And mind you don't bust!"

Wingate and the Head turned together.

As they did so William George Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, lumbered into view, puffing and panting.

But it was not the Bunter they were accustomed to see. Like the rest of his Form-fellows, the Falstaff of Greyfriars was attired in the garb prescribed by the hustling Mr. Parks. But, unlike the rest of his Form-fellows, his garb made no pretence of fitting him.

The suits Mr. Parks had ordered had been stock sizes, according to height,

the height of the juniors, the astute Mr. Parks having obtained from the Form register. But while Bunter was average height, he was certainly not average width.

Mr. Parks stared at the fat junior in amazement.

Bunter's Norfolk jacket appeared to be several sizes too small for him—so much so that half the buttons refused to fasten, while the belt would not encircle him at all.

If his jacket failed to fit, however, his knickerbockers were even worse. By the simple process of slitting the sides several inches down he had managed to get them fastened at the waist.

But even so, they were several inches too short, a drawback the Owl of the Remove had overcome by fastening them above the knees instead of below. And since, by reason of the width of his fat calves, his worsted stockings would not come high enough up, his two fat knees were left revealed in all their shiny glory.

In place of the steel spectacles he usually wore, the Owl of the Remove now sported a pair of horn-rims on his fat proboscis, which made him look even more of an owl than ever.

"Hully gee!" gasped Mr. Parks, staring at the strange apparition in amazement.

"I say, you fellows—" gasped Bunter, failing to notice the Head for the moment. "I say, you fellows, you might have waited for me, you know! I couldn't get the blessed things to fit—"

Bunter attempted to say more; but his further efforts were drowned in a terrific roar of laughter, in which many of the Removites themselves joined.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take him away and prick him!" roared Bolsover.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Oh, really, you chaps—" panted Bunter, falling in at the end of the line. "I don't see what there is to cackle about!"

There came another roar of laughter, which died suddenly away, however, as Mr. Parks turned to the Removites and barked an order.

"Boys—attention!"

Mr. Parks felt that the dress parade was not exactly a success, or even likely to be. And he wanted to get it over as soon as possible. The Removites sprang to attention—but every eye was averted from the lean face of the new Head.

So far, despite the yells which greeted their appearance, the Removites had not spoken a word, or given any sign that they were aware that their humiliation was being witnessed.

As Mr. Parks himself might have put it, they were "handing him the frozen mitt." Up to the moment the juniors had conducted themselves in the only manner in which it was possible for them to obey the Head's orders and yet retain any semblance of dignity.

A silence had fallen on the spectators. It was not a silence born of fear of Mr. Parks, however, but rather a new respect, not unmingled with sympathy, for the way the Removites were conducting themselves.

The chuckles by now had changed to sympathetic murmurs.

"Fancy treating chaps like that!"

"A bit thick, I call it!"

"Hear, hear!"

Mr. Parks heard these remarks and frowned.

But the Removites heard them with satisfaction.

Peter Todd's little idea of a "funeral crocodile" seemed to be proving a great success. The Removites felt that they had shown their disapproval of Mr. Parks' attempt to Americanise their clothing as plainly as possible in a peaceful manner. And if Mr. Parks continued with his idea afterwards the trouble would be on his own head.

The cynosure of all eyes, and still controlling themselves only by the greatest effort, the Removites waited for Mr. Parks to get his inspection over.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Trouble!

"WINGATE! Follow me!" Mr. Parks gave the order in a determined voice.

"Yes, sir," said Wingate, feeling more uncomfortable than he had ever felt before.

Several juniors looked helplessly at each other, their faces reddening with shame. They had been nursing a faint hope that the Head would not proceed with his inspection after all. For that

matter, Mr. Parks was not anxious to—but having gone so far, he felt that it would not be good for discipline unless he continued.

A hush fell on the spectators. Mr. Parks, with Wingate bringing up the rear, moved slowly down the first rank, carefully surveying each boy.

The inspection had been in progress about five minutes when three figures wearing Highcliffe caps entered the school gates.

They were Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Vavasour, the three cads of Highcliffe, and old enemies of the Remove—Harry Wharton & Co. in particular.

In his coat pocket Ponsonby carried a letter from his Form master, Mr. Mobbs, to Mr. Parks, the new head of Greyfriars. This explained the nuts' absence from Highcliffe and their presence in the camp of the enemy.

"B'gad, you fellows!" ejaculated Ponsonby, stopping short. "Am I dreaming, or is that our little friend Wharton?"

Three pairs of eyes fixed themselves on the baggy knickerbockers of the captain of the Remove.



Smack! The hard ball, aimed with all the strength Fisher T. Fish could put behind it, caught Mr. Parks full in the region of the waistcoat. With a loud howl he collapsed like a punctured balloon. "Ahahaaa-yeroooogh!" "Jumping Jerusalem!" gasped Fish. "S-s-sorry, sir!" "Ow—wow!" gasped Mr. Parks. (See Chapter 10.)

"My hat! What on earth are they up to?"

The three Highcliffians drew nearer and stared.

"Bloomers!" shrieked three voices in unison.

"Oh, my giddy aunt Jane! If this ain't the richest thing I've ever struck," gurgled Ponsonby, his eyes almost starting from his head.

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Let's give 'em a cheer!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Little Lord Fauntleroy!"

"All dressed up and nowhere to go!"

The three Highcliffians, unable to control their mirth, at the weird spectacle the Removites presented, threw their caps into the air and almost went into hysterics.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!"

It was more than the Removites could stand. They were fed-up to the "neck" already. For some time past they had been on the point of rebellion, and only by the greatest effort had they retained control of themselves. To be made to dress up like ten-year-old children was bad enough—to be objects of ridicule was worse. But to be jeered at by Ponsonby & Co., of all people, was absolutely the last straw!

"Up, Remove!" yelled Bob Cherry suddenly.

And the Removites advanced on the Highcliff heroes.

"Smash 'em!"

"Give 'em socks!"

At the sound of Bob Cherry's voice a deep fear took possession of the Highcliff cads. They never dreamed they would be attacked before the Head of Greyfriars. Otherwise they would not have been so quick to jeer.

Before the Head, Wingate, or any of the spectators had time to realise what was happening, the angry juniors were among the enemy.

Biff! Biff!

"Ow! Yerooooogh!"

"Hold that!"

Smack!

"Ow!"

Wallop!

Within three seconds the Highcliffians were hardly recognisable. Ponsonby's nose was a deep crimson, his collar and tie had parted company. Vavasour's jacket was split up the back, while Gadsby looked like a bad representation of a battered concertina.

"Chuck them into the horse pond!" yelled a voice.

"Ha, ha, rather!"

And before the meaning of the words had sunk into the confused brains of Ponsonby & Co., they were being rushed through the gates they had entered only five minutes before towards the horse pond covered with thick green slime in the field opposite.

"One, two, three—"

Splash!

"Yow!" shrieked Ponsonby, as the oily water closed over his head.

Two more splashes followed in quick succession. As Gadsby struck the water Ponsonby struggled to his feet in about six inches of mud and stood up, peering at the Removites through a veil of green slime.

The pond was not deep, and the water, when standing, only came up to his waist.

The Removites roared.

"Hear us smile!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooo!" spluttered the three unfortunate Highcliffians.

And feeling that justice had been ably dispensed, the Removites re-entered the school gates with many chuckles.

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The first person they saw was Mr. Parks.

In the excitement the juniors had completely forgotten his existence.

Mr. Parks regarded the Removites in silence for a moment.

"My hat!" murmured Wharton. "I'd forgotten him!"

"Same here!" grunted Bob Cherry.

The captain of the Remove, feeling that some explanation was necessary, advanced towards the lean figure of the Head.

"I'm sorry, sir," began Wharton, mopping his nose where Ponsonby's fist had caught it. "I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"You see, sir—"

put in Frank Nugent helpfully.

But Mr. Parks was not listening.

With a pleased smile on his lean face he took one step towards the hesitating captain of the Remove and shot out his hand.

"Shake!" he commanded laconically.

Wharton stared.

"Shake!" commanded the extraordinary new Head again. "Put it right there, bo'. I guess yew gave those big hicks Texas for leather. I reckon yew swiped the ranch with 'em. Shake!"

And as though in a dream, Wharton shook.

The rest of the Removites looked on in amazement. This certainly was not what they had expected. That a Headmaster should watch a free fight commence in the middle of a parade he was holding, and approve of it, was something new to the history of Greyfriars.

"My hat!" gasped Mark Linley. "If he doesn't beat the band!"

"The beatfulness is terrific!"

"I calculate the way yew wiped the ranch with those skates shows yew air real he-men," went on the strange Head dropping back into his native speech. "Boys who hand out slogs like yew did don't want no special clothes to help them absorb uplift—nope, sirree!"

"I guess I've been barking up the wrong tree—every time. I guess ef yew wanna tew wear those Eton coats yew can—beat it back tew yewer dormitory and consider my clothing idea off. I reckon yew are sure all regular fellows."

And with that, the remarkable Mr. Parks turned and strode away.

The Removites stared after him in amazement, hardly able to believe in their good fortune. At the very least, they had expected a caning apiece. But instead, they had been congratulated, and the obnoxious clothing order had been rescinded.

"Chaps!" yelled Frank Nugent suddenly. "Three cheers for Mr. Parks."

"Hip-pip—"

"Hooray!"

The cheers were given with a will, the rest of the school who had witnessed the dress parade joining in.

But the hustling Mr. Parks had gone.

"Come on, chaps!" grinned Harry Wharton, surveying his strangely-attired Form-fellows. "Let's get into some respectable duds again."

Taking Mr. Parks' advice, the Removites "beat it" back to the dormitory for all they were worth.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Fish Gets Promotion!

"ANYONE here seen Fish?" George Wingate of the Sixth asked that question as he put his head round the door of the junior Common-room.

It was several hours after the break-up of the Head's dress parade, and nearly all the Remove was gathered together chuckling over the events of the afternoon.

They felt that with the rout of Ponsonby & Co., and the rescinding of the clothing order, they could afford to chuckle. Consequently no one heard the school captain the first time he spoke.

"Fish!" shouted Wingate again.

This time Wingate succeeded in making himself heard. Fisher Tarleton Fish, the business man of the Remove, jumped up from a form.

"I guess you called, Wingate?" he said.

"I guess I did," grunted Wingate.

"You're wanted in the Head's study at once."

Fisher T. Fish looked alarmed.

He left the Common-room at the heels of Wingate, followed by many curious eyes.

"I wonder what the Head wants Fish for?" exclaimed Peter Todd thoughtfully.

"Perhaps he's going to stand him a lump of chewing gum," suggested Sir Jimmy Vivian facetiously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish arrived at the Head's study, and in response to a tap on the door was invited to "walk right in."

Mr. Parks regarded the American junior thoughtfully for several moments.

"You sent for me, sir?" said Fish nervously.

"I guess so," answered Mr. Parks.

"I guess I've got a hunch yew might be useful tew me."

The business man of the Remove breathed a sigh of relief.

"As yew may have heard," said Mr. Parks slowly, "I aim tew introduce a little pep into this establishment."

"Yes, sir," said Fish, wondering what was coming next.

"Waal, so far," proceeded the Head, "my little ideas don't seem tew have caught on any. There are several other schemes I aim tew introduce which I hope the boys will like better, however. When those schemes are introduced it may be necessary to keep some of the scholars up to the mark."

"Sure, sir," agreed Fish, considerably puzzled.

"Yarp! Now that's where I shall need an assistant who is in sympathy with my objects," resumed Mr. Parks.

"I guess, since yew hail from the States, yewer ideas are similar tew mine?"

Fish nodded.

"That being so," said the Head, "I have decided to promote yew."

"P-promote me?" gasped Fish.

"Sure! I guess I have appointed yew to be chief prefect of the Lower School. Yewer job will be to see that whatever orders I give are carried out."

The eyes of the business man of the Remove glistened.

"You leave those guys to me, sir," he said.

Mr. Parks nodded approvingly.

"That's what I thought," he said.

"Yew being also from the States, yew will know how Hiram K. Parks—that's me—will want those orders tew be obeyed. I therefore give you the full power and authority of a prefect. If yew have trouble with any of the

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scholars, cane 'em! I calculate I'm all for discipline."

Fish blinked.

"But—but suppose the chaps kick against it?" began the American junior uncertainly.

"Then send 'em to me!" snapped Mr. Parks. "I guess I'm running this scholastic establishment, and what I say goes—every time!"

"Sure!" agreed Fish, his business-like brain already seeing the possibilities opened up to him by virtue of his appointment. "Certainly, sir!"

"Waal, I guess that's all," concluded Mr. Parks. "From now onwards yew are chief prefect of the Lower School. Now beat it!"

Wondering whether he was having some pleasant dream from which he would soon awake, Fisher T. Fish "beat it."

When the business man of the Remove arrived back in the junior Common-room he was greeted with a volley of questions.

"Been licked, Fishy?"

"If not, why not?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish grinned.

"Jevver get left?" he demanded. "I guess you fellows don't recognise real talent when you see it. It takes a good citizen of the Yew-nited States to do that."

"Why, what's the idea?"

"Let's have it, Fishy!"

"Expoundfully explain, my worthy and ludicrous chum," purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Waal, I guess the Head's promoted me to be chief prefect of the Lower School," said the American junior proudly. "Ain't that recognising real talent?"

"My hat!"

"What the thump's that?"

"Chief whatta?"

"Chief prefect of the Lower School," exclaimed Fish again. "That's me."

As he spoke the junior from "across the herring-pond" proudly punched his narrow chest with a bony fist.

The Removites stared at the American junior in silence for a few moments, then they roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fish grinned and waited until the laughter had died down somewhat, after which he proceeded to inform his Form-fellows of what had passed in the Head's study.

The juniors listened in amazement.

The laughs turned to groans.

"If you don't believe me, you can ask Wingate," concluded Fish, shrugging his skinny shoulders. "Anyway, what I say in future goes."

"Yes, and so will you!" snorted Bob Cherry. "Out of the blessed door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But when that night the news of Fish's promotion was officially posted on the school notice board the juniors' indignation knew no bounds.

It seemed to them that whether he was aware of it or not, the new Head was inflicting one indignity after another upon them. The mere idea of receiving corporal punishment from one of their own Form-fellows almost took their breath away. It was amazing, unheard-of!

But, after all, Mr. Parks was the Head of Greyfriars, and his orders had to be obeyed. One thing the juniors resolved, however, and that was, that while they were prepared to treat Fish as a prefect up to a point, they were certainly not going to be caned by him.

But Fisher T. Fish had other ideas on the matter.

GREYFRIARS CELEBRITIES. No. 5. ALONZO THEOPHILUS TODD.



Little was heard of the American junior for the rest of the evening. But if he was out of sight he was certainly not out of mind. The remainder of the day passed uneventfully enough, and within an hour of lights out every member of the Remove was fast asleep.

The following morning, almost before rising-bell had ceased to ring, Fisher T. Fish jumped out of bed.

"Show-a-leg, show-a-leg!" he yelled in a nasal voice. "Kim along, you lazy lot of jays! Jump to it!"

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull sat up in their beds simultaneously and stared. As a rule Fisher T. Fish, despite his self-bestowed reputation as a hustler, was not too keen on getting up. Indeed, he usually ran William George Bunter pretty close as the last junior to rise.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" gasped Bob Cherry. "What's the blessed game?"

"Gone dotty, Fish?" added Johnny Bull.

"Show-a-leg!" yelled Fish again, staring disapprovingly at the rest of the Famous Five. "Come on, Wharton and Nugent! Put a jerk into it, or I shall punish you! There's been too much slacking in this Form lately, but I'm going to stop it—sure!"

"My hat!" gasped the captain of the Remove. "What did you say, Fish?"

"I said I calculate that if you ain't out of that bed in about half a shake, I guess I shall have to cane you!" replied Fish, expanding his skinny chest. "Get a move on!"

"Rats!" snorted Wharton angrily.

"Did you say rats to me, Wharton?" demanded the newly-made chief prefect of the Lower School, his lean face working with outraged pride.

"Yes, I did!" exclaimed Wharton. "Don't be a silly ass!"

"The assfulness of the esteemed and worthy Fish is terrific," purred Inky. "Also accept the ratfulness from my unworthy self!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish strode towards his bed and produced a cane from under the mattress.

"Hold out your hand!" he said, turning to Wharton.

"What's the game?" demanded the captain of the Remove, staring at the cane in amazement.

"I guess I'm going to cane you!" hooted Fish. "I guess I'm chief prefect here, and what I say goes."

A yell went up from the rest of the juniors, who were now all wide awake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The silly ass!"

Fisher T. Fish thought the time for action had come. As Chief Prefect of the Lower School, he had adopted for his motto, "Facta non verba"—or deeds not words. Raising his cane, he brought it suddenly down across Harry Wharton's shoulders.

Thwack!

"Ow!" yelled Wharton, jumping.

"You skinny cad! Hold that!"

Biff!

Wharton's bunched fist caught the American junior right on the point of his somewhat prominent proboscis—and he howled.

"Yeroooooogh!"

(Continued on page 16.)

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THE GREYFRIARS HERALD

Supplement No. 224.

HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR

Week Ending May 16th, 1925.

BUNTER'S REBELLION!

By TOM BROWN.

"I'M fed-up!" said Billy Bunter savagely, as we came out of the dining-hall after brekker. "A fellow never gets enough to eat in this place. Did you chaps notice how much I had for brekker?"

"We did," said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "It's a wonder you can walk!"

"It is, indeed," said Bunter. "I feel too faint, owing to lack of nourishment, to walk without assistance. Let me take your arm, Cherry. Thanks!"

And the faint and famished Bunter leaned heavily on Bob's arm. He grumbled as he went along.

"Two mouldy rashers of bacon, two eggs about the size of sugar almonds, and only six rounds of toast and marmalade. That's not nearly enough to tide a fellow over till dinner-time. I'm certain I shall collapse in the middle of morning lessons. It's a jolly shame!"

"A wicked shame!" said Nugent gravely.

"Something's got to be done about it," said Bunter. "Rank tyranny, that's what it is, to stint us with grub! And it's up to us to make the tyrants tremble!"

"My hat!"

"A great rebellion is the proper caper," Bunter went on, blinking at his school-fellows. "You fellows have not had the pluck to stand up for your rights. You're too chicken-hearted, for one thing, and you lack a leader for another. Wharton's no use as a leader. He's too wobbly and weak-kneed."

"Why, you fat duffer—" began Wharton wrathfully.

"I will be your leader!" said Bunter boldly. "I'll organise a big barring-out. We'll make the tuckshop our headquarters, then there will be no question of the tyrants starving us out. We'll hang on and hold out until they agree to give us more and better grub—bumper brekkers, delicious dinners, and tasty teas. The banner of freedom will float proudly over our stronghold—"

"Bunter's getting quite eloquent," observed Johnny Bull. "Go it, porpoise!"

Bunter jerked himself away from Bob Cherry's arm and struck a dramatic attitude. Brandishing a plump fist above his head, he bellowed forth the well-known couplet:

"Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number!"

"Can't!" said Bob Cherry. "I've mislaid my aeroplane."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is no laughing matter," said Bunter sternly. "I mean business! We
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must stand together, shoulder to shoulder, and shake off the tyrant's yolk—"

"He's still thinking of eggs!" chuckled Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We must show the powers that be that we are not to be trifled with!" said Bunter. "Are we going to sit tamely down and starve?"

"Never!" came an ironic chorus.

"Are we going to waste away to mere skeletons?"

"No—a thousand times, no!" roared Bob Cherry.

"That's the talk!" said Bunter. "You've been a timid and faint-hearted lot, but you're beginning to find your manliness at last. And now to business. The great rebellion will start at eleven o'clock precisely. At an order from me, you will all march out of the Form-room, and proceed in a body to the tuckshop. There we will dig ourselves in, and hurl defiance at the tyrants who restrict our grub!"

"Hurrah!"

There seemed to be quite a lot of enthusiasm for the rebellion. Bunter, in his obtuseness, could not see that the enthusiasm was simulated. He thought it was the real thing.

The bell rang shortly afterwards for morning lessons, and they proceeded, as usual, under Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye.

At eleven o'clock, when Mark Linley was in the middle of a Greek translation, Billy Bunter sprang to his feet, with flushed cheeks and gleaming eyes.

The hour had struck! The great rebellion, organised by that born leader of boys, William George Bunter, would now commence. Turning to the class, he thundered:

"Rise, like lions after slumber!"

Nobody rose.

"Arise!" shouted Bunter. "In the glorious name of freedom, arise, and shake off the tyrant's yoke."

Still nobody stirred. The fellows sat glued to their seats, grinning at Bunter. But Mr. Quelch did not grin. He bestowed the glare of a basilisk upon the fat junior.

"Bunter!" The Form master's voice was like the booming of breakers. "How dare you, sir! Have you suddenly become bereft of your senses?"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter. "Why don't you back me up, you beasts? How do you expect me to shake off the tyrant's yoke by myself?"

There was a titter from the class, but it quickly died away as Mr. Quelch produced a cane.

"Come here, Bunter!" he commanded. "You have apparently got some foolish notion into your head of rebelling against authority. I will endeavour to eradicate that notion forthwith."

Swishes and squeals alternated fitfully for a few moments, and then the leader of the rebels—the rebels who had not rebelled—crawled back to his place, a sadder if not a wiser Bunter.

EDITORIAL!

"UP, the rebels!"

How often has this cry been re-echoed since the time when Monmouth, the rebel, made his bid for a throne!

Most fellows are thrilled at the mere mention of a rebellion. Few stories have proved so popular as those which have described the great "barrings-out" at Greyfriars, Rookwood, and St. Jim's. For a rebellion carries heaps of adventures with it, and makes wonderfully exciting reading.

It must not be supposed that schoolboys are always looking out for a chance of rising up in rebellion against law, order, and discipline. Far from it. We realise that discipline is necessary, and that masters are not our natural enemies. The majority of them are wise and kind—and just. But once in a while a tyrannical master comes on the scene, and tries the "Mailed Fist" method of keeping authority; and then there are ructions! No fellow with spirit will sit down tamely under an injustice.

I have figured in a good many rebellions in my time, and I dare say I shall figure in many more. But I have never organised a rebellion, or taken part in one, for a slight or frivolous reason. There has had to be "just cause and impediment" before we have betaken ourselves to the gym, or the dormitory, to hold a barring out.

Greyfriars has been the scene of many great rebellions, but I don't propose to talk about them now. This issue deals with the humorous, rather than the dramatic side, of rebellions. I have induced Dicky Nugent to describe a great "flare-up" at St. Sam's, and he has done so in his usual masterly manner. Tom Brown has also described a great rebellion which didn't come off! It was organised by Billy Bunter, but it got no further than the organising stage.

There are lots of rebels in the Greyfriars Remove—not active rebels, but passive ones. Lord Mauleverer is rebellious because he can't get enough sleep; Billy Bunter because he can't get enough tuck; Fisher T. Fish because he can't get enough dollars out of his cute schemes; and Bolsover major because he can't find enough frail fags who are willing to stand up to him in fistie combat! If all these fellows were to break out into active rebellion, what a conflagration there would be!

By the way, I understand from the Editor of the MAGNET that he is "holding over" the supplement we had originally planned to give you next week. There's no cause for complaint, really, as Mr. Richards is "expanding" himself in a vivid account of our feud with Cliff House.

THE GRATE REBELLION!

A Thrilling and Exciting Story of St. Sam's:

By DICKY NUGENT.

GRATE events are often caused by the meekest trifles. You'll find that all through history. If Charles the First hadn't said "Thank you very much" to somebody, there would have been no "Civil" War. If King Alfred hadn't burnt the cakes, we shouldn't have defeated the Spanish Armader.

In the same way, the Grate Rebellion at St. Sam's sprang from a meer trifle.

On the First of May, the fyatt went fourth that there were to be no more fires at St. Sam's, either in study, dormitory, or classroom. Of course, all the fellows flared up about it, and some of the gay young sparks suggested a rebellion. For the First of May happened to be a bitterly cold day, with a blizzard and a snowstorm raging at the same time. The English summer had arrived, with a vengeance!

The Head's order did not apply to himself. In his own study, a big fire was blazing merrily. And every now and again Doctor Birchmall would dodge down into the coal-seller, emerging with a grimy face and a fresh supply of fule.

But every other grate at St. Sam's was empty. That was what led to the upheaval known as the "Grate" Rebellion.

"It's too thick!" declared Burleigh of the Sixth. "Why should the Head be aloud to roast himself at a lovely fire, when all his skollers are frozen to the marro?"

"Why, indeed?" said Bounder coldly.

"It's a burning shame!" said Swotter frigidly.

And the Sixth-formers bestowed icy stares upon the Head, the next time they saw him going down to the coal-seller. The Head responded with a freezing glance.

That morning, the St. Sam's fellows had a garstly eggserience. It got colder and colder, and the barometer was down to zero. But the fellows were at boiling-point.

There were no fires in the Form-rooms, and the cold, crool, cutting east wind swept through the school. Blue noses and nummed fingers were everywhere in evidence. Some of the weaker spirits in the Second Form started to blub, and their tears turned to icicles on their cheeks. It was impossibul for the fellows to write, partly bekwase of their nummed fingers, and partly bekwase all the ink was frozen black.

When the fellows came out of the Form-rooms, they were on fire with indignation.

There was a mass meeting in the quad, to protest against the Head's no-fire order. A storm of angry voices arose, and the Head thrust his bald pate out of his study window, and asked what all the giddy rumpus was about.

"We're cold!" yelled Jack Jolly, of the Fourth.

"Frozen stiff!" shouted Merry.

"We want warming up!" bawled Bright.

The Head frowned.

"I'll warm you up with my cane, if you don't buzz off," he said grimly. "I have said there are to be no fires, and I'll see that my orders are enforced, bust me if I don't! And if any boy dares to light a fire, or kindle the sparks of rebellion in the school, his career will be extinguished by a public expulsion!"

"Yah!"

"Broot!"

"Tyrant!"

The Head hastily drew back into his study, to dodge the volley of eppithets that was hurled at him.

"Boys," cried Jack Jolly, in ringing toans. "the Grate Rebellion will now commence! First of all, we'll raid the coal-seller, and then we'll hold a barring-out in the dorm, until old Birchmall cansels his order about fires!"

"Here, here!"

"Lead the way, Jolly!"

The Fourth-formers swooped down upon the coal-seller like wolves on the fold. They commandeered all the coal they could lay their hands on, cramming it into skuttles, and packing-cases, and buckets, and other reseptacles. Then they marched off with their plunder to the Fourth Form dormitory, where they built up a roaring fire, and dug

themselves in. Ample supplies of grub had been perloined from the school kitchen.

When the bell rang for afternoon lessons, Mr. Lickham found that only one pupil had turned up. This was Craven of the Fourth, who had no stummack for the rebellion.

"Craven!" gasped Mr. Lickham. "What does this mean? Where are your Form-fellows?"

"They're holding a barring-out in the dorm, sir," said Craven. "The Head's order about no fires has made them red-hot with rage. But it leaves me cold."

"Bless my sole!" mermered the astonished Mr. Lickham. "This absere rebellion must be nipt in the bud without delay."

And he hurried away to the Head's study.

"Sir," cried Mr. Lickham, bursting in upon Doctor Birchmall, who was scorching his souls at the bars of the grate, "a terribul thing has happened! The whole of the Fourth Form, with one eggseption, is in open rebellion!"

"Grate pip!" gasped the Head.

"They have taken up their quarters in the dormitory," went on Mr. Lickham, "and they refuse to come down until you have ressinded your order about fires!"

The Head fairly brissled with rage. He sprang to his feet, and his smoking souls scorched the harthrug.

"Go and tell Fossil the porter to fetch a ladder!" he said. "We will soon put an end to this Tom Foolery!"

A few minnits later, old Fossil came shuffling across the quad with a ladder, which was reared against the wall, the top of it resting on the sill of the Fourth Form dormitory.

Griming faces looked down from above, as the Head and Mr. Lickham came hurrying to the spot.

"Fossil!" said the Head sharply. "Go up and fetch those reckless young rascals! Bring them down one at a time!"

"Go up yerself," retorted Fossil. "I'm a porter, I am; not a blinkin' fireman!"

"Take a week's notiss!" spluttered the Head.

"An' pleased to get it! snorted Fossil. "I'm fed-up with this 'ere place. Now that I've been given notiss to quit, I might as

well speak my mind. I regards you, Birchmall, as a cross-grained old fogey—a bald-headed old buffer—a tantalisin' old tyrant!"

"You—you—" choked the Head. "I have never been so grossly consulted in my life! Lickham! Kindly perform the duty which Fossil has so roodly declined!"

"Not me!" said Mr. Lickham promptly. "They've got a hose-pipe up at that window, and I'm not wanting a shower-bath, thanks!"

"Cowherd!" said the Head scornfully. "I suppose I shall have to tackle the job myself, though it ill becomes a man of my years—and dignity—to shin up ladders like a munky!"

So saying, the Head mounted the ladder. He went up hand over hand, his long beard waving in the breeze. He was scarcely half-way up, when Jack Jolly brought the hose-pipe into play.

Swish!

A jet of water swept the Head's mortar-board off his napper, and another jet caught him full in the face. With a wild yell of angwish, he lost his ballance, and would probably have broken his neck had not Mr. Lickham and Fossil broken his fall!

The Head was scooping the water out of his eyes, and breathing threttenings and slawter, when a party of Sixth-formers, headed by Burleigh, came on the scene. They promptly collered the Head, and hussled him away to the coal-seller. Dumping him on top of a heap of Derby Brights, they slammed the door on him, and left him in darkness and captivity.

"You can stay there until you come to your senses, and cansel that stowpid order about fires!" said Burleigh, through the keyhole.

"You shall pay dearly for this!" hissed the Head. "You have laid hands upon my sacred person! I will flog—I will gate—I will expel—"

"Go and eat coke!" said Burleigh. "You've got a jolly good opportunity for doing so, now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Head remained in solitary confinement until he was frozen stiff. Then he thought of his warm fire and cosy study, and could hold out no longer.

"I give in!" he groaned. "Let me out of this Black Hole of Calcutter, for mercy's sake!"

The door was unlocked and thrown open, and the coal-black figger of the Head came staggering out.

The Grate Rebellion was declared at an end, and fires blazed merrily in all the St. Sam's studies at tea-time.

THE END.

RESULT OF "PUZZLE PARS" COMPETITION No. 2.

In this competition the FIRST PRIZE of £5 has been awarded to:

A. JONES,

Vine Cottage,

Dudley Road, Ventnor,

whose solution containing one error came nearest to correct.

The TWELVE CONSOLATION PRIZES of POCKET-KNIVES for the next in order of merit have been awarded to the following:

VIVIENNE COLE, 39, Park Road, Spencer Park, Wandsworth, London.

JOHN DIVER, 55, Rutland Road, Sth. Hackney, London, E. 9.

J. R. HARPER, 59, Balance Street, Uttroxtor.

A. KIMPTON, 15, Upper Wickham Lane, Welling, Kent.

H. MERRICK, Victoria Grove, 116, Bradford Road, Shipley, Yorks.

A. H. MORRIS, 94, Green Street, Hereford.

GEORGE MULL, Park Cafe, Roundhay, Leeds.

JACK PRESTON, 12, Lloyd Street, Llanelly.

CONNIE PHILLIPS, 27, Strelley Street, Bulwell, Notts.

EDWIN N. PORTER, 5, Norman's Road, West Malling, Kent.

ALEX. SHAW, 61, Pontypridd Road, Perth, Rhondda, Glam.

GRACE TINGEY, 87, Forest Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N. 9.

The Correct Solution was as follows:

Every youth looks forward to All Fools' Day, and many are the weird and extraordinary jokes at this period of the year. Jokes are all right in their way, providing they keep within the bounds of good taste. On April 1st we shall hear the familiar saying—"Ever been had?"



(Continued from page 13.)

And the next moment, forgetful of his dignity as chief prefect of the Lower School, he dashed for the dormitory door and fled helter-skelter down the corridor, followed by a yell of laughter from the rest of the Removites.

"That'll teach the silly ass not to try his chief prefect stunts on me!" grinned Harry Wharton, as he finished dressing. "If the Head wants to make him a prefect I'm all out to help—so long as he doesn't play the giddy ox!"

Five minutes later the Famous Five went down to breakfast, chuckling at the American junior's discomfiture.

Almost as soon as the meal was over they were met outside the dining-hall by Loder of the Sixth.

"Wharton and Cherry," he said, grinning triumphantly at the two juniors, "the Head wants you. Follow me!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's up now?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Wait and see!" grunted the Sixth Form prefect, with a savage grin.

When the two juniors arrived at the Head's study they found Mr. Parks seated at his desk, with Fisher T. Fish standing behind him.

Mr. Parks dismissed Loder and turned to the two juniors.

"I guess yew know I've constituted Fish chief prefect of the Lower School?" he demanded briskly.

"Yes, sir!" chorused Wharton and Cherry.

"I guess yew refused tew obey a prefect's order and assaulted him?"

"Ahem! You see, sir—" began Cherry, glaring unobserved by Mr. Parks at the grinning Fish.

"Yep or nope?" snapped Mr. Parks.

"We—that is to say—" commenced Wharton.

"Yep or nope?" demanded Mr. Parks again. "Answer me—slick!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped the two juniors together.

"I calculate Fish's authority must be upheld!" snapped Mr. Parks grimly. "I reckon I'm all for discipline, an' you have disobeyed orders. Fish will now award you two handers each."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton incredulously.

"Fish, you may punish them."

"Yes, sir!" grinned Fish, taking a cane from the Head's table. "Hold out your hand, Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove stared appealingly at the Head.

"I reckon what he says goes," said the Head. "He's a prefect, and his authority must be respected."

"Oh!"

Wharton held out his hand. He realised that to argue with the Head in his present frame of mind was worse than useless, and would in all probability only bring further punishment on his unlucky head.

Thwack!

"And the other!" said Fish.

Thwack!

Wharton received two stinging cuts, one on each hand; and Bob Cherry received a like amount. They said not a

word—but if looks could have killed Fisher T. Fish would have dropped stone dead on the spot.

"I'm real sorry," said Mr. Parks sympathetically. "And from what I gather, the prefect sorta asked for it. But I guess authority must be respected. In disobeying Fish you are disobeying me. You may go."

The juniors went.

"If this ain't the limit!" exclaimed Bob Cherry fiercely, when the two were out in the passage.

"Caned by Fish!" moaned Wharton.

The juniors returned to their study.

"I'll break his blessed neck for this the first chance I get!" snorted Bob.

"But—but we shall have to wait till old Parks has gone. Ow! The skinny rotter! I'll smash him!"

As for Fisher Tarleton Fish, that astute youth lost no time in spreading the news of what had happened to Wharton and Cherry amongst the rest of the Form. He had a feeling that unless the juniors knew the Head was supporting him he would get hurt. And in this he was not far out.

The news of Wharton's punishment at the hands of Fish was received by the rest of the Form with mingled astonishment and anger. But whatever the juniors thought about it, they decided that for the present at least Fish was a youth who should be given a wide berth.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Fall of the Mighty!

"YAH! Who had his knees caned?" inquired Harold Skinner.

"He, he, he!" sniggered his two precious pals, Stott and Snoop.

The juniors had just taken their places in the Form-room for morning lessons.

Harry Wharton flushed.

"I'll dot you on the nose, you rotten cad!" he snorted, starting to his feet.

"It's all O.K.!" gasped Skinner, in alarm. "Only my little joke, you know—"

The arrival of Mr. Quelch put a stop to any further remarks. So far Mr. Parks had confined his attempts at uplift to things outside the Form-room—a fact for which Mr. Quelch was extremely thankful. But rumours of what had been going on had reached that learned gentleman's ears, and had worried him not a little.

The Form master wore a worried look all that morning, and it was obvious to all that the new conditions at Greyfriars were weighing on his mind.

Even Billy Bunter's information that the Battle of Waterloo was won by a driver dashing through shot and shell with two wagon-loads of pork-pies failed to earn him more than a sharp reprimand. Any other time he would have received a severe caning.

But at last lessons were over and the juniors were dismissed for the morning.

Meanwhile, feeling against Fisher T. Fish was becoming rather heated. During the course of the lunch-time several juniors were observed to enter the American junior's study; and their entry was usually followed by an exchange of heated words, and, finally, a chink of money.

"Fish has got something jolly queer on," remarked Johnny Bull as the fifth junior entered the American's study within half an hour.

"You're right. I wonder what the thump it is?"

"Dunno!"

The Famous Five puckered their brows in thought. But think as they

might, they could make no guess at precisely what the American junior's game was. But that it was in some strange way connected with his post of chief prefect of the Lower School they were certain.

Afternoon lessons came and went.

The Famous Five were sitting in Study No. 1, discussing funds for tea, when the door suddenly opened and the lean face of Fisher T. Fish peered round at them.

Bob Cherry's gaze wandered in the direction of a cricket stump in a corner.

"All right," grinned Fish, unabashed, "pax, you jays! I guess I've just dropped in on business."

"Tell us the business and just drop out again!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Waal," drawled Fish, "I guess the Head's looking to me to see the Lower School is properly conducted. It's been reported to me that you chaps have been washing inkwells in the lavatory basin."

"What the thump's that to do with you?" demanded Cherry, snorting.

"Suppose we have?"

"I guess it's against the rules of the school," said Fish calmly.

"But everybody does it!" exclaimed Wharton. "I've seen you do it yourself before to-day!"

"Sure!" agreed Fish cheerfully.

"But that was before I looked the rules up, I guess. Having since taken a look at the aforesaid rules, I find washing inkwells is against them."

"My giddy aunt!"

"You don't say so!"

"That being the case," went on Fish, "you must be punished. I propose to give you two handers each—"

"Look here, Fish—"

"You skinny rotter—"

"And if you assault or disobey me I shall have to report you," said the business man of the Remove.

"My only hat!"

The juniors gasped.

They realised that Fish had them cornered. Certainly they had broken the rules; but then, as Wharton had pointed out, that particular rule was broken every day, and so far no one had ever taken any notice of the fact.

It was obvious to Harry Wharton & Co. that Fisher T. Fish was looking for trouble. But usually the astute American junior had a good reason for whatever he did. And that reason, as they knew from past experience, usually meant filling his pockets at the expense of his Form fellows.

Wharton gazed at his chums, and, unobserved by Fish, elevated his left eyelid, an action more commonly known as "tipping the wink."

He felt that Fish had not yet said everything.

"Two handers apiece is the punishment, I guess," said Fish.

"Oh!" exclaimed Wharton blandly. "I suppose there's no other way out of it. We're awfully sorry, you know!"

"I guess that's what I'm coming to," said Fish, his eyes glistening. "Since you've said you're sorry I guess I can exercise a li'l clemency and let you off with a fine!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"My only Sunday topper!"

"So that's the game, is it?"

"I calculate that's justice!" exclaimed Fish. "Two strokes with the option of a fine!"

"My hat!"

"Waal, if you jays want to be fined," said the business man of the Remove. "it will cost you two bob a nob—a shilling a stroke—and cheap at that! Shell out!"

The Famous Five did not shell out. They stared at the American junior as

though he were some strange insect. Then, at a given signal, they rose suddenly to their feet.

"You blessed shylock!"
"You scraggy blackmailer!"
"You—you—you—"

Words failed the chums of the Remove; but if words failed them, actions did not. Fisher T. Fish attempted to back out of the study. He had a feeling that something had gone wrong with the works. But Harry Wharton & Co. were too quick for him. Five pairs of hands gripped him at one and the same moment—and he yelled.

"Ow!"

"Bump him!" yelled Frank Nugent.

"The bumpfulness is terrific!"

The business man of the Remove felt himself lifted from the ground and then lowered with considerable speed and force.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And again!"

"Yerooooooogh!" roared the unhappy chief prefect of the Lower School.

"Lemme go!"
Fish's skinny carcass struck the hard and unsympathetic linoleum again and yet again. At length the juniors desisted. And, still groaning, Fish staggered to his feet.

"All right, you jays!" he booted.
"I'll report you for this! Assault and bat—"

The rest of Fish's sentence trailed suddenly away, as a strong hand fell on his shoulder and the figure of Mr. Hiram K. Parks appeared in the doorway.

"The Head!" gasped Nugent and Wharton together.

"Ow!" panted Fisher T. Fish.

"Sure!" agreed Mr. Hiram K. Parks.
"I guess I caught yew skating on the grease!" he went on, addressing Fish.

"Wow!" moaned Fish.

"Having heard some of the snappy dialogue when I was passing the door, I calculate I have come to the conclusion yew have been working a graft, Fish."

"Ow!" moaned Fish again.

"Graft is illegal. I guess it ain't done. Yewr career as chief prefect of the Lower School is closed, sirree! Every time! Follow me!"

And, still groaning, Fish followed.

"Rumbled!" grinned Johnny Bull when the unhappy junior had gone.

"Caught! Right on the hop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Serve him right!"

"Fancy having the nerve to try and fine us two bob apiece!" almost sobbed Bob Cherry. "If that wasn't the blessed limit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co. again.

Now Fish had gone the juniors were beginning to see the funny side of the affair. Before they had been too angry.

"I reckon old Parks will lay into him now!" laughed Nugent.

And Frank was right.

When the business man of the Remove next appeared among his Form-fellows he was flicking his hands violently to and fro, occasionally endeavouring to stuff them both into his mouth at once by way of a change.

"Yow!" he groaned. "I'm hurt!"

"That's only a sort of hors-d'œuvre of what's to come!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "A few of the chaps you let off with a fine are looking for you, and now you're not a prefect I fancy you'll get ragged bald-headed—without even the option!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the rest of the Famous Five.

Fish groaned again and rolled away.

He felt that Bull was right.

He was!

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Not Cricket!

"I VOTE we get in some practice at the nets." Harry Wharton uttered that remark.

It was the day following the fall of Fisher T. Fish from the seats of the mighty. The sun was shining brightly in the Close without, and lessons for the day were over.

"Good egg!" agreed Frank Nugent. "Inky will be able to show us that new ball of his."

"I shall be esteemedfully charmed," said Inky, in his weird and wonderful English, as taught by the best native teachers in India. "The bowlfulness will make my worthy chums sit up."

"Oh, good!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered their cricket paraphernalia together, and made their way towards the playing fields. Since the downfall of the American junior from his post of chief prefect of the Lower School Mr. Parks had been taking things rather quietly.

He was beginning to realise, even as others had realised before him, that it was no easy matter to introduce new ideas into Greyfriars. But the Removites had an uneasy feeling that the lull in the activities of the new Head would not last for long. They determined, therefore, to make the most of the present, and to leave any trouble the future held in store to look after itself.

When the Famous Five arrived on the playing fields they were greeted with the merry click of bat and ball.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" grinned Bob Cherry. "This looks something like. Come on, chaps!"

The rest of the juniors needed no urging. Within five minutes they had changed their shoes and taken possession of one of the vacant nets.

"You go in first, Harry," suggested Johnny Bull, "and let Inky take the first bowl."

"Right-ho!" agreed Wharton cheerfully.

The captain of the Remove took up a position before the wicket.

"Is my honourable chum ready?" shouted Inky.

"All o.k."

The Nabob of Bhanipur took a short run; and then, with a curious jerk of his lithe body, sent the ball whizzing across the turf.

Smack!

Wharton took the ball fair and square, sending it spinning towards the far side of the playing fields.

"Well played, Harry!"

Inky sent down several more balls in quick succession, but Wharton dealt with each one in the same manner that he did the first.

"You'd better have a smack now, Bob," exclaimed Harry, at length, offering the bat to Bob Cherry.

"Good egg!"

Bob stepped into the net, and for the next few minutes put up a steady stone-wall defence to give himself time to get accustomed to Inky's new ball.

Meanwhile, a crowd of juniors collected along the side of the pitch shouting advice from time to time. The practice continued for another few minutes, when suddenly a tall, lean figure that had been standing unobserved at the back pushed its way through to the front.

It was Mr. Hiram K. Parks.

"Slick it, Bob," whispered Wharton, from behind the net. "The Head's watching from the side."

Mr. Parks watched the game in silence for a few moments, his brows knit in puzzlement.

Inky sent down several more balls, but feeling that there was some unknown quality about them Bob Cherry contented himself with just blocking them.

Bob was about to hand the bat over to Johnny Bull when Mr. Parks moved out from the crowd and made his way towards the net.

"Suffering cats!" he exclaimed, forgetful of the European version of English he was trying to accustom himself to. "What sorta ball game dew yew call this?"

"T-this is cricket, you know, sir!" explained Johnny Bull, regarding the Head with amazement.

"Gee! I reckon it's too slow for a funeral."

The Famous Five gasped.

"You see, sir—"

"This is not a match, sir—"

"Just a bit of practice!"

By now the spectators had moved from the side of the pitch and had formed a circle round the net.

"The game itself is a little bit different, sir," explained Harry Wharton, addressing the Head. And in as few words as possible, he explained to the wondering Mr. Parks the rudiments of the game.

"Yew mean tew tell me yew waste hours an' hours practising for a namby-pamby game like that?" exclaimed Mr. Parks, when he had concluded.

"A namby-pamby game, sir?" echoed Wharton dazedly.

"I guess that's what I said," snorted Mr. Parks, his disgust deepening. "What yew want is a game with a little pep, sirree! What yew want is a ball game that makes yew jump—Slick!"

"My only hat!"

"I calculate this cricket game is effete and played out," went on the new Head, warming to his work. "What yew want is a real he-man's game. This cricket stuff is only fit for a high class dames' establishment—every time!"

There came a murmur of amazement from the crowd.

Greyfriars—the Remove in particular—prided themselves on their prowess at the king of summer games. And to be told that it was a game only fit for a girls' school literally robbed them of breath for a few moments.

They gazed at the Head hardly able to believe the evidence of their own ears. For a moment they wondered whether he was indulging in some elaborate leg-pull. By now, they thought, they were hardened to any shock Mr. Parks could give them. But they found they were mistaken.

"But—but—" began Frank Nugent.

"Cut it out," ordered Mr. Parks sharply. "I reckon I won't have scholars in my charge wasting time playing girls' games. No, sirree! I reckon this game is closed. Yew boys can beat it back tew the School House."

"Do you mean we're not to go on with the practice, sir?" stammered Johnny Bull.

"You've said it," agreed Mr. Parks.

"Cut it out right now!"

"Oh!"

A deep groan went up from the rest of the Removites.

Mr. Parks' face hardened.

"Take a hundred lines for groaning at yewer headmaster," he snapped, turning sharply to Bolsover major.

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Bolsover.

For some time past, ever since the dress parade and the elevation of Fisher T. Fish as chief prefect of the Lower School, the juniors had been apprehensive of the new Head's next move.

But that he would ever disapprove of cricket of all games, and ordering the

players off the field was a thing that had not occurred to them even in their wildest dreams. They had realised from the beginning that the Americanisation of their clothes was foredoomed to failure, and Fish's promotion to the post of Prefect, although annoying, they had regarded in the light of a joke.

But to condemn cricket in the manner Mr. Parks had done they considered was carrying things too far.

"I reckon yew heard what I said," exclaimed Mr. Parks again. "This cricket game is off."

And with that he turned and strode away.

The juniors gazed after him dumb-founded.

"Well, I'm thumped!" gasped Frank Nugent, when the Head was well out of earshot.

"If this isn't the outside edge!"

"My only aunt Jemima!"

"Chaps," sang out Wharton suddenly, "I consider this is carrying things too far—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Since the Head has ordered us to stop the practice we will do so. But we're not going to take things lying down."

"Hooray!"

"On the ball, Harry!"

"We'll let the rest of the Form know what's happened, and after tea we'll have a meeting of protest in the Common-room to decide what's to be done."

"Good old Wharton!"

"Right-ho, then!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove. "Cut off and round up the chaps for the meeting after tea."

A yell of applause greeted the end of Wharton's speech. And in twos and threes the juniors strolled away, discussing the latest bombshell dropped by the new Head.

Although he did not realise it, Mr. Hiram K. Parks had put his foot in it with a vengeance. And unless something very out of the way occurred, it looked remarkably as though the hustling, full-of-pep exponent of uplifting education was going to get more pep than he bargained for—and pep of a richer quality than he had ever known before.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Baseball!

"WE'RE fed-up!"

"And we're not going to stand it!"

"Down with chewing-gum!"

"Hooray!"

The junior Common-room was crowded with Removites. The news of what had happened on the playing-fields had gone the rounds, and the juniors had turned up in force. And anticipating trouble, a number of fellows from other Forms had turned up, too.

The indignation meeting was going strong.

At one end of the Common-room, mounted on a form, stood Harry Wharton, with a disused desk before him doing duty as a rostrum.

"Friends, Removites, and fellow-sufferers," yelled Wharton, vainly striving to make himself heard above the din. "Friends, Removites—"

"On the ball, Wharton!"

There was no doubt about it. The juniors were well worked up, and the cause of all the trouble was Mr. Hiram K. Parks and his ban on cricket.

Wharton banged on the form before him with a cricket-stump.

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"Shut up!" he roared.

"Give a fellow a chance!" boomed Bob Cherry's stentorian voice.

The noise subsided somewhat.

"Chaps," said Wharton, speaking through cupped hands—"chaps, we have met here to-night—"

"To be laughed, chaffed, and yelled at," put in Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, Skinner!"

"We've met here to-night," went on Wharton, "to discuss what's to be done about it. I think you'll agree we've stood the Head's silly stunts long enough—"

"More than enough," cut in Bolsover.

"And what I propose," resumed the captain of the Remove, "is to—"

"Get down!"

The last remark came from George Wingate, the captain of the school, who had just entered the door of the Common-room accompanied by North of the Sixth.

Wharton's audience turned and glared. They were in no mood to be interrupted—not even by Wingate.

"What's up?" demanded a dozen voices at once.

Wingate, who held a sheet of paper in his hand, strode farther into the Common-room and made his way to where Wharton was standing.

"Just a minute, Wharton," he said.

Wharton stepped down from the form, and Wingate took his place.

The juniors ceased their shouting and waited for what was going to happen next.

"Now listen to what I've got to say, you fellows," said the school captain, addressing the assembly. "I know what this meeting's about, and I can't altogether say I blame you. But the point is, the Head doesn't fully realise what cricket means in this country."

"About time he did, then," interrupted Dick Penfold.

"Hear, hear!"

"Don't interrupt," went on Wingate.

"What I've come for is to read you a notice which I've been ordered to place on the board. I thought you'd like to hear what I've got to say about it."

Wingate unfolded the sheet of paper the juniors had observed, and commenced to read:

"From to-day onward no cricket will be permitted to be played in Greyfriars, it being considered a game unsuited to healthy boys. In its place, however, baseball will be introduced. The first lesson will be given on the playing-fields at 10 o'clock to-morrow, sharp, under my personal instruction. No lessons will be given in the Form-room, therefore every boy is expected to be present."

"(Signed) HIRAM K. PARKS."

The juniors listened in amazement, their frowns slowly giving place to grins.

"Baseball!"

"Instead of cricket!"

Wingate smiled.

"I thought perhaps that would make a difference," he said. "If you take my advice you won't kick up any dust even if cricket is cut out. As I've just announced, the Head himself is going to teach baseball in its place, and I've got an idea you'll get some fun out of it."

"Atta boy!" howled Fisher T. Fish suddenly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"In any case," went on Wingate, "Mr. Parks won't be in charge for long, and baseball is better than swotting in Form-rooms."

There came another yell of applause. The temper of the meeting had turned with a vengeance. As Wingate had pointed out, Mr. Parks was only a temporary Head in any case. And if the cessation of cricket for a while was going to mean cessation of Form-room work as well, the juniors were prepared to tolerate it for a while.

"Well, that's all, you youngsters," said Wingate cheerily. "And don't turn up in the Form-room in the morning and forget the baseball lesson."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear us smile!"

Wingate and North left the Common-room together feeling they had done a good day's work.

"Well, that's poured oil on the troubled waters and no mistake!" grinned Peter Todd.

There was no doubt about it. The idea of playing baseball had caught on, and the idea of escaping morning lessons in order to learn the game had caught on still more. The juniors, one and all, voted it the greatest idea Mr. Parks had so far conceived.

"This is what I call real uplift," remarked Ogilvy.

"If the Head would only put some pep into it," put in Bolsover, "he might knock the lessons off altogether."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Removites went to bed that night feeling happier than they had been for some time. And the next morning, at ten sharp, they paraded on the playing-fields for the first lesson as arranged.

Mr. Parks arrived on time, carrying a small suitcase. He lost no time in getting to business.

"Waal now, boys," he said, apparently forgetful of the heated scene of the previous day in his new enthusiasm—"waal, boys, as yew know, I've decided tew introduce a real full-of-pep ball game into this hyer kindergarten."

"Yes, sir!" chorused the Removites as one man.

"The first thing tew do," went on the Head, "is to explain tew yew the rudiments of baseball, which is the national game of the Yew-nited States. I guess the easiest way is tew read a few extracts I've prepared for yewer benefit."

As he spoke, the Head produced a pocket-book and commenced to read;

"Baseball," he commenced, "is a game played with a bat and ball named after the four bases which mark the course. The idea is for one guy, called the pitcher, to soak the ball at another guy, called the batsman. Behind the batsman stands the catcher, a bird I reckon yew'd call the wicket-keeper, only there ain't no wicket. Instead, we have a metal plate on the ground called the diamond. Is that clear?"

The Removites grinned.

Whether it was clear or not Mr. Parks' description was certainly picturesque.

"Yes, sir!"

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Parks. "Now, the guy who aims the ball must aim it so it's above the batsman's knees and below his shoulder. I guess he needn't warn when he's about tew sling. Nope, sirree! It's up tew the bat tew keep his peepers peeled. Sure!"

"If the batsman soaks the ball, he drops his bat and runs round the course marked by the four bases, or as near round as possible. Once round the course constitutes a run—"

Mr. Parks paused, and, undoing the suitcase he had brought with him, produced what appeared to the juniors to be an enormous truncheon.

"I calculate this is a baseball bat!" he exclaimed, gripping the bludgeon-like instrument with both hands. "If the guy who is batting misses the ball thrice, or the ball is caught by an opponent before it bounces, I guess the batsman is out. He is also out if the ball is thrown to one of the bases while he is running in between. Do yew boys follow?"

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Skinner. "It's like the game of rounders the girls play at Cliff House."

The Removites chuckled.

"Suffering cats!" gasped Mr. Parks, his face reddening with anger. "I guess yew've never seen a real ball game. No, sir! I guess it's so full of pep it makes yew sneeze. However," went on Mr. Parks, "nine men constitoot a team, and when three have had an innings they change over, and the other side takes a turn."

"The great idea in baseball," concluded the Head, "is for the opponents and spectators to yell some, and try and put the batsman off his game. I reckon that's all there is to baseball, boys, and now we'll get down to a little practice."

"Oh," murmured Frank Nugent, "so the great idea is to put the batsman off the game, is it?"

"My hat!"

"And to soak the ball at him any old time you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors chuckled. They had an idea that the baseball practice was going to prove exciting—and they were right.

Under Mr. Parks' instruction several juniors helped to lay out a course, bases being made of white-painted tin discs, which Mr. Parks produced from the bag.

At length all was ready.

"Now, jest tew give yew boys an idea of the game," said Mr. Parks, "I reckon I'll take a turn with the bat, while Fish pitches for me. The rest of yew kin stand around and watch."

"Yes, sir!" chorused the Removites.

Mr. Parks took up his position at the diamond—or wicket, as the juniors called it—and gripped the hard, round, truncheon-like bat determinedly with both hands.

And at the pitching-base stood Fisher T. Fish, with his jacket off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up all ready for business.

It was a long time indeed since the American junior had had an opportunity of playing baseball. And he determined to show the Removites that, whatever his failings at cricket and football, when it came to baseball he was a real "stick jay."

"Jevver get left?" grinned Fisher T. Fish to the Removites. "You watch your little Fisher."

The Removites watched their little Fisher—and so did Mr. Parks.

Suddenly Fisher T. Fish let off a howl. "Hoo!"

The next moment he doubled himself up, and sent the hard compo ball whizzing towards Mr. Parks.

According to the rules of the game, as explained by Mr. Parks himself, the batsman should be ready to strike at all times. But, unfortunately for Mr. Parks, he had not, although he gave the advice, heeded it himself. He heard Fisher T. Fish yell, and raised his bat—but too late! Even as he did so, something black seemed to jump before his vision, and then—

Smack!

The hard ball, aimed with all the strength the American junior possessed, caught him full in the region of his waistcoat.

With a loud howl he collapsed like a punctured balloon.

"Ahaaaaaayeroooooogh!"

"Jumping Jerusalem!" gasped Fish, in dismay, staring at the prostrate figure of his headmaster. "I guess I caught the poor jay right on the—"

"The wicket!" chuckled Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites, unable to control their mirth.

"Hard luck, sir!"

Mr. Parks gasped and spluttered for breath. Finally he scrambled to his feet and glared at the pitcher.

"You—ow!—you big—yow!—rube!" he gasped.

"Sorry, sir!" stammered Fish.

The Removites gathered round the injured Mr. Parks to render what assistance they could. But the Head did not need their assistance. He was busy pumping in air.

"I guess the practice—wow!—is postponed!" he gasped. And, with another snort at the trembling Fish, he stalked away, with his hands clasped almost lovingly round his "waistcoat."

The first baseball practice did not seem to have been exactly a roaring success.

It was two days later before the Head ventured the role of baseball preceptor again. And even then he took the precaution of wearing a padded suit and a steel headpiece to protect his lean and tender frame.

But at length, after several false starts, the Removites seemed to gain some sort of proficiency at the game, and Mr. Hiram K. Parks felt that his sacrifice had not been altogether in vain.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Pep!

CRASH!

The door of Study No. 1 of the Remove passage burst suddenly open, and the lean form of Fisher T. Fish burst suddenly into the room.

The Famous Five, who were having tea, jumped up in alarm.

"You silly ass!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"You hurbling jabberwock!" snorted Bob Cherry.

"The burbfulness of the esteemed Fish is terrific!"

"Oh, boy!" gasped Fisher T. Fish, apparently oblivious of the remarks of Harry Wharton & Co. "I guess this is where you jays get left—every time. I guess this is where you groan—"

The Famous Five stared.

"I reckon this is where you'll start groaning in a minute!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, reaching for a cricket-stump.

"Gone off your blessed rocker, Fishy?"

"Yep—nope, I mean!" gasped Fisher T. Fish excitedly. "This is where you jays—"

"One minute!" grunted Johnny Bull, pushing back his shirt-cuffs, "and if you haven't told us why you are behaving like a blessed mugwump, you'll go outside this study with a big bang!"

"The bangfulness will be terrific!"

Fisher T. Fish gasped.

"I guess it's noos," he explained, hardly able to speak for excitement. "I guess the Head's just put me wise. I guess it's about baseball—"

"I guess you'll get hurt if you don't cut the cackle and come to the hoeses!" mimicked Frank Nugent wrathfully.



"Chuck them into the horse-pond!" "Ha, ha, ha! Rather!" Before Ponsonby & Co. had fully realised the significance of the words they were grasped in many hands and carried towards the weed-covered pond. Splash! "Yow!" shrieked Ponsonby, as the waters closed over his head. "Yow!" Two more splashes followed in quick succession, and Vavasour and Gadsby joined their nutty leader. (See Chapter 8.)

"Give a guy a chance," pleaded Fish, slowly getting a better control of himself. "I reckon I greased right into this study to tell you jays about the baseball match and—"

"The which?"

"The what?"

"B-baseball m-match?"

"Yep!" agreed Fish. "A crowd of real live jays from across the sprat-pond are coming right here—all the way from Swift Bend College, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. I calculate they are doing a little tour of Yurup, and the Head has fixed with them to play Greyfriars at baseball. I guess they'll make you jays look green—"

The Famous Five almost jumped.

"Coming here?" they gasped.

Fisher T. Fish grinned.

"I guess so," he explained. "The Head has it all fixed, an' he told me to grease around and hand out the good noos!"

The Famous Five stared at each other in amazement.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Wharton at length. "If this ain't the limit!"

"The Head will select the team to play 'em, and post it on the notice-board to-night," went on the grinning Fish; "but I guess I've handed you chaps the advance news."

And with that the excited American junior turned and left the study as suddenly as he had entered it.

The chums of the Remove blinked at each other in silence for some moments; then they grinned. If a party of American schoolboys were on a visit to this country, and wanted a game of baseball, the Removites were quite prepared to give it them. They continued to discuss Fish's amazing news excitedly for some minutes.

"My hat!" gasped Wharton, at length. "An American baseball team, eh? The real thing by the real guys. I reckon we shall see some fun before long, then."

"Hear, hear!" grinned the rest of the Co.

Meanwhile, Fisher T. Fish had lost no time in spreading the news to the rest of the Form. And when eventually the rest of the school had heard of the fixture, one and all endorsed Wharton's statement that they would see some fun before long.

That evening the list of the team to oppose the Boston schoolboys was posted on the Remove notice-board. It contained the names of the Famous Five, Fisher T. Fish, Peter Todd, Mark Linley, and Dick Penfold.

And for the next couple of days the nine juniors were excused lessons and were put through their paces at the game by Mr. Parks himself, in anticipation of the forthcoming match, which had been arranged for the Wednesday afternoon, Wednesday afternoon always being a half-holiday at Greyfriars.

Lessons passed very slowly for the juniors on Wednesday morning. But at length they were over, and the Form was dismissed. And during the following dinner-time the one and all-absorbing topic of conversation throughout the school was the game fixed for the afternoon.

As soon as dinner was over the juniors streamed out into the Close to pass the time until the arrival of the American schoolboys. Mr. Parks was not quite certain what time they would arrive. That depended on whether they caught the connecting train at Courtfield Junction to Friardale. But it was expected they would put in an appearance somewhere about half-past two.

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An hour went by, with no sign of the expected Americans. The Famous Five were about to stroll across the Close, when there came a sudden yell from the direction of the school gates:

"Rah, rah, rah!"

Yah, yah, yah!

Here we come!

Here you are!"

The Famous Five started.

"What the thump was that?" demanded Bob Cherry. And as though in answer to the junior's question came another weird howl:

"Yah, yah, yah!"

A-merry-cah!

Boo—Yah!

Boo, ha, ha!"

"My only aunt!" gasped Frank Nugent. "The b-boys!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hark at 'em!"

Even as the first yell had gone up there had been a dash of juniors—and seniors—from all parts of the school towards the gates. Headed by Harry Wharton, the Famous Five dashed off, too. But even as they did so, some fifty juniors, all attired in tight-fitting American clothes, and all chewing industriously at pieces of gum, entered the school gates. They were marching one behind the other, and at every other step, like so many marionettes worked by a piece of string, they raised their left knees and shot forward their left feet.

The Greyfriars fellows stared.

"The lock-step!" yelled someone suddenly.

And the next moment a great yell of laughter that could be heard nearly all over the ancient college went up from the almost convulsed crowd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Right into the Close marched the Americans, their arms held stiffly to their sides, looking neither to right or left.

Fisher T. Fish, who was standing just behind the Famous Five, gasped. Then a sublime smile wreathed his lean face, and his eyes shone. This was the real thing—the thing he had often dreamed about. In a flash his mind went back to his own schooldays in America before he had arrived in England to join the Remove at Greyfriars. It was the call of kind to kind. Fish's lips moved slowly. Suddenly the American junior dashed forward and held up his two hands, as though beating time.

"Boo! Yah! Yah!" he howled.

There came an answering yell from the Americans:

"Wallah! Wallah! Wallah!"

"We're the skates!" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

And once again came an answering roar:

"Every one a scholar!"

The Greyfriars fellows roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ain't it rich?"

"And again!" yelled Fish delightedly.

"All together this time!"

And this time, louder than ever, the weird chant rang out again:

"Boo! Yah! Yah!"

Wallah! Wallah! Wallah!

We're the skates!

Every one a scholar!"

The Removites roared again and yet again. It certainly was funny. Never before in the history of Greyfriars had visitors arrived in such a manner. But

eventually the procession came to a halt, and with another wild howl the Americans crowded round the grinning Fisher T. Fish and the Famous Five. In a moment, like Mr. Parks, Fishy unconsciously dropped back into his native dialect, which he had not been heard to use at Greyfriars for many a long day.

"Seems like yew rubes fell for my yell," wheezed Fish, gripping the leader of the boys from Swift Bend College by the hand.

"I'll say it was the reel cat's meow!" agreed that youth, offering the Removite a stick of chewing-gum.

Harry Wharton & Co. chuckled.

"I suppose yew ain't gotta peanut about yew?" demanded Fish wistfully. "Yew ain't gotten none of the real dope like yew uster get for a dime down Guggenhiemer's delicatessen joint on Broadway? I ain't seen a genuine peanut since I struck this burg."

The lad from Boston, who rejoiced—or sorrowed—in the nomenclature of Hunk P. Dunk, shook his head and grinned. The rest of the Removites stared at their American Form-fellow and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Fish!"

Fisher T. Fish grunted dolefully, and, having introduced himself and the Famous Five, led Hunk P. Dunk to Mr. Parks' study, while Harry Wharton & Co. escorted the rest of the visitors to the Remove quarters to obtain a wash and brush-up.

Ten minutes later, the Americans who were not taking part in the game, and nearly all Greyfriars, were assembled round the baseball pitch, which Gosling, the school porter, had marked out under the Head's instructions on the football field.

Meanwhile, the respective teams were preparing themselves for the fray in their dressing-rooms.

The great battle for baseball honours between Swift Bend College, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., and the Remove Form of Greyfriars, Eng. was about to commence.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

And More Pep!

"HERE they come!"

"Give 'em a cheer!"

"Hurrah!"

A great shout went up from two hundred throats as the rival teams strode from their dressing-rooms.

Hunk P. Dunk and his merry men were hardly recognisable as human beings. The leader of the Americans was attired in a metal-and-leather helmet, in the front of which was a small wire grill, through which he blinked at the spectators, while the rest of his body to below the waist was covered with a heavy leather padded jerkin which reminded the Greyfriars fellows of an enormous chest-protector.

A yell of laughter greeted the team's appearance.

"Old iron!"

"When knights were bold!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess yew rubes look real hefty babes!" grinned Hunk P. Dunk, as he shook hands with Harry Wharton, and eyed the Remove team approvingly.

Wharton grinned and, producing a coin, tossed for choice of first innings.

Wharton won and the Removites went in first.

"I guess yew hev got the hang of the game?" inquired Mr. Parks, who was officiating as umpire, addressing the Remove team. "All yew have tew do is to soak the ball and run. If yew miss



With a series of wild howls that would have turned a redskin green with envy the two crowds of juniors charged down upon each other. Biff! Wallop! "Yeroooooogh!" "Up, 'Friars!" "Atta boy!" Smack! The juniors waded into each other right and left. (See Chapter 12.)

three times or get caught by the opposition I reckon yewer out. Yes, sirree; and remember that the opposition supporters will sure howl some tew put yew offen yewer strokes. I reckon that's fair, so don't heed it."

Wharton nodded, and took up a position over the diamond with the club-like bat in his hand. Behind him, as catcher, stood Hunk P. Dunk, while his particular pal, a youth called Gumjaw Jake, otherwise Jake Q. Vander, played pitcher, or bowler. The remainder of the American team were scattered out at different points between and beyond the four bases.

Mr. Parks blew a whistle and the game started.

Whiz!

Almost before the sound of the whistle had died away Gumjaw Jake let fly. It was not a howl as Wharton understood the term. It was more like a shot from a field-gun. Wharton raised his bat to hit it. But even as he did so a terrific series of howls, shouts, groans, and screams, mixed with the blare of trumpets and the clash of wooden rattles burst out from his right.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Yah, yah, yah!"

Crash! Thump! Bang!

Tara-ra! Bang!

The captain of the Remove jumped in alarm. The bat dropped from his nerveless fingers, and the next moment the hard compo ball caught him on the side of the head and sent him spinning.

"Ow!" he gasped.

"Missed!" groaned the Removites.

Another roar went up from the Americans.

"Hoo!"

"Cheeseface!"

"Beat it home and have yewer milk!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wharton regained his balance and stared around him. He wondered for a minute whether the end of the world had arrived.

"W-what was that?" he demanded dazedly.

As though in answer to his question came another blare of trumpets and shriek of rattles. Wharton glanced in the direction from whence it came. Then

he stared. For drawn up at the side of the pitch were some fifteen American juniors armed with rattles, old biscuit-tins, trumpets, tin whistles, and every conceivable instrument from which noise could possibly be extracted. And before them, holding a cricket-stump in his hand, after the manner of a conductor of an orchestra, stood another junior urging them on to greater efforts.

It was the American "cheer section."

"My hat!" gasped Wharton feebly.

"And again!" yelled the leader, frantically waving his improvised baton.

"Boo, ha! Boo, ha, ha!" thundered the cheer section in reply.

Wharton turned and faced the pitcher again. He determined he would not be caught napping a second time. Gumjaw Jake grinned and sent down another ball. But this time Wharton did not miss. He caught the ball fair and square, all the strength of his two arms behind the stroke.

Crack!

The ball whizzed from Wharton's bat, and crashed dead in the middle of the cheer section.

Smack!

The next moment they let off another yell—if anything louder than before. But this time it was a yell of a far different quality than hitherto.

"Yeroooooogh!"

"Ahaaaaaaaaaar!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Greyfriars crowd.

"Right on the boko!"

"Sorry, you chaps!" gasped Wharton, walking towards the cheer section, two members of which were holding their injured wrists.

"Hi! Come back!" roared Mr. Parks suddenly. "I guess that's their funeral. Get a jerk into the game!"

Wharton did as requested, and for some time the game proceeded.

At the end of the first innings the Remove team had managed to score a total of six runs.

Hunk P. Dunk, Gumjaw Jake, and another youth were the first three to bat for the American side. Between them they made a total of twelve runs. After which the second three of the Remove team went in to bat.

Meanwhile, the yelling of the American cheer section was going as strong as ever again.

"Great Scott!" gasped Wingate, who, with North, was among the spectators. "Hark at 'em!"

"Sounds like a blessed lunatic asylum," grinned North.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was the first to bat in the Remove second innings. As the first ball came down he hit out and sent the ball whizzing across the field almost out of sight.

There came a groan from the Americans as he dropped his bat and commenced to run, and a yell of delight from the Greyfriars fellows. And the next moment from the other side of the field came another yell, a yell louder than any that had so far been heard during the whole course of the afternoon.

"We've got 'em beat!"

"We've got 'em beat!"

"We've got 'em beat!"

The American cheer section stared, as did the rest of the spectators. For there was a distinctly British sound about the howl. As Inky sped round the bases the yells from the new quarter increased.

"Yank, Yank, Yank!"

Everyone a swank!

Boo, ha! Boo, ha, ha!"

The Greyfriars fellows stared across the field. And there, each sporting an imitation pair of tortoiseshell spectacles, manufactured from coloured cardboard, they made out the forms of Dicky Nugent of the Second and his pals—Gatty and Myers. Dicky Nugent & Co. were standing before a crowd of Lower School fags, waving a cricket-stump in the approved transatlantic manner, and exhorting the fags by every means in their power to yell.

It was the rival cheering section.

"Oh, my hat!" gurgled Peter Todd.

"If this ain't the limit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Greyfriars fellows roared.

Suddenly the leader of the American section turned to his men.

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"Hoot, guys!" he exclaimed, feeling his reputation as a cheer-leader was at stake.

And the Americans "hooted."

"U—S—A!"

All the way!

We're the skates!

See us play!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"On the ball!"

By now interest in the great game of baseball seemed to be waning. The Greyfriars fellows found the battle of the rival cheer sections more to their liking. They urged their own team on with loud cries of encouragement.

"Go it, Dicky!"

"Up 'Friars!"

And as though in defiance of the Americans, Dicky Nugent's team let themselves go.

"Rah, rah, rah!"

Wow, wow, wow!

Boo-oo! Yah!

Boo, ho, ho!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Dicky!"

By now the din was deafening. The combined yelling of the two cheering sections, the blare and shrieking of the rattles all round the field of play, created a noise such as had never been heard in Greyfriars before.

Mr. Parks gazed helplessly around him. It seemed that one after another his schemes for introducing pep into Greyfriars were doomed to failure.

"Suffering cats!" he gasped. "The hull durned kindergarten's gone loco!"

"Say," hooted Hunk P. Dunk, the leader of the American juniors, peeling his baseball outfit off, and addressing Harry Wharton. "I guess the ball game is off—"

"Looks like it!" grinned Wharton. "No one seems to want to play!"

"Yew've said it," agreed Hunk P. "I reckon there ain't no pep in it. We'll fight yew guys for it!"

"You'll what?" gasped Wharton, in amazement.

"We'll fight yew for it!" grinned Hunk P. Dunk eagerly. "What do yew say?"

"Sure thing!" chimed in Gumjaw Jake, peeling himself a fresh piece of gum.

The rest of the Removites grinned.

"I'm on if the rest are!" laughed Wharton.

"Hear, hear!"

"I guess that's fixed then!" exclaimed Hunk P. Dunk, holding out his hand. "Yew grab yewer lot at one end of the field, and I'll get mine the other. Then we'll charge!"

"Right-ho!" grinned Bob Cherry. "A fight to a finish!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The news of what had been arranged spread among the rest of the juniors—English and American—and they grinned. With Hunk P. Dunk they felt that, after all, baseball was not as peppy as it might be. A sudden rush was made for each end of the field, Hunk P. Dunk and his merry men at one end, and Harry Wharton and the Removites at the other.

And a couple of seconds after that, with a series of wild howls that would have turned a Redskin green with envy, the two crowds of juniors charged down on each other.

Biff!

Wallop!

"Yeroooooogh!"

"Up, 'Friars!"

"Atta boy!"

Smack!

"Ow!"

The juniors waded into each other right and left. There was no doubt about it. They were enjoying themselves in a manner they had never done before.

As for Mr. Parks, he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. Several times he rushed in among the combatants in an endeavour to restore order; but, unfortunately for Mr. Parks, the bunched fist of Hunk P. Dunk, which was intended for Harry Wharton, caught him on the jaw, and he collapsed on the ground, groaning.

"Sorry, sir!"

"Ow!"

Within five minutes of the commencement nearly every combatant bore some mark of the fray. Harry Wharton's left eye was beginning to assume a purple hue, while Bob Cherry sported a proboscis swollen to twice its usual size.

As for Hunk P. Dunk, his aural appendage on the left side felt as though it had been kicked by a mule, while Gumjaw Jake grinned as he fought with two teeth missing from the front.

"This is the real cat's meow!" hooted Hunk P. Dunk. "Hold that!"

Biff!

Thud!

"Ow! Yeroooooogh!"

Crash!

"Ahaaaaar!"

The spectators yelled themselves almost hoarse with joy.

The Americans fought for all they were worth; but, fight as they might, they were no match for the Removites. One by one the Americans started to drop out, holding damaged noses, or tenderly patting swollen eyes.

Suddenly, however, there came a cry of warning from several voices which made themselves heard with difficulty above the din.

"Cave-oh!"

"Look out!"

The combatants paused in their labours for a second. As they did so, they observed several figures attired in silk-hats and morning-coats hurrying towards the battle-ground.

"The governors!" gasped Wharton.

"How's that?" demanded Hunk P. Dunk.

"Governors of the school," explained Wharton hurriedly. "My only hat! There'll be trouble now!"

It was true enough. The gentlemen in the silk-hats, as Wharton had stated, were governors of the school. Bob Cherry recognised among them Sir Hilton Popper.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he gasped. "That's torn it!"

Sir Hilton Popper strode to where the juniors were surveying each other sheepishly, and glared at them.

"What is the meaning of this—this horseplay?" he demanded.

"You see, sir—"

"I calculate—"

"Where is Mr. Parks?" demanded Sir Hilton, ignoring the juniors' attempted explanations.

At that moment, Mr. Parks, looking very unlike an exponent of pep, pushed his way through the crowd.

"I guess I'm real glad yew've come, Sir Hilton!" he exclaimed.

Sir Hilton Popper glared. If Mr. Parks was glad to see him, he did not look exactly overjoyed at renewing his acquaintance with that gentleman.

"I would be glad if you would dismiss these young hooligans, and spare me a moment!" he snapped. "I heard a rumour that things were not quite as they should be, so with these gentlemen here"—he indicated the rest of the governors—"I came along to find out for myself."

"I guess if you will come along to my study, gentlemen, I can explain," said Mr. Parks.

"We shall be very pleased indeed to hear your explanation, b'gad!" grated Sir Hilton.

And, with that, Mr. Parks turned and walked away to his own quarters.

Exactly how Mr. Parks managed his explanation the juniors never discovered.

But later that day they were ordered to assemble in the Big Hall, the American guests from Swift Bend College being invited to attend, too.

In a few words Mr. Parks explained that he had come to the conclusion that the juniors now possessed all the pep that was necessary, and that no further "uplift" was required, a remark that was greeted with a burst of cheering from the lads of the U.S.A.

He went on to say that he would be leaving the school in the morning, Mr. Quelch having agreed to take charge until the return of Dr. Locke.

(Continued on page 28.)

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A MISUNDERSTANDING!



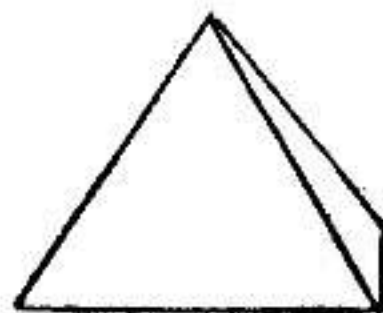
"What's wrong, Algy?"

"Why, that toff asked me to call him a taxi! So I called him one, and he called me a fool!"

CONCLUSION! Arthur the Dude and his rascally associates have been rounded up, but there still remains to be solved the baffling mystery of—



The GOLDEN PYRAMID



The Beginning of the End.

AT the rear of Ferrers Locke's home in Baker Street was a small yard flanked by a wall, beyond which was a narrow passage leading to one of the main thoroughfares.

Jack Drake hastened through the wooden door in the wall and down the narrow passage, where he halted uncertainly in the darkness.

There was no doubt that he was up against it. Locke had been gone some time now, and the fact that the detective had not returned or sent word was proof enough, to Jack Drake's way of thinking, that Locke had struck Bristow's trail and followed it.

But where was the trail? Where did it begin?

The gentle art of finding a needle in a haystack was a nursery game compared with the problem now confronting Jack Drake.

He was still turning the whole matter over in his mind, and striving to decide how to make the first move, when he felt the touch of a hand on his arm.

He turned quickly and saw the figure of a man looming out of the darkness. The outline seemed strangely familiar, and when the man spoke Jack recognised him at once. It was old Toby Murrins, an ex-Service man and a cripple, who had taken to standing at this corner almost every night of the week, selling matches and bootlaces.

Locke and Drake were both good customers of his, Locke often making a purchase from the man even when there was no real need to do so, out of sympathy for his position.

And Toby Murrins had come to regard both Locke and his assistant with something approaching affection, and had on more than one occasion been of some use to the famous detective, if only to keep a watch on any suspicious persons who might have been lurking about in the vicinity of the detective's home.

"Lookin' for the guv'nor, mate?"

Toby Murrins' voice was pitched low, and he peered meaningfully into Jack's face, the reflection from a street lamp revealing that the match-seller was winking ponderously.

Jack Drake jumped.

"Hallo, Toby, old sport!" he answered.

"What do you know about it?"

Toby winked again and gripped Jack's arm meaningfully.

"It's past my usual time to be hangin' around here, sir," he muttered; "but, arter what I saw not so long since, I thought as 'ow it might be as well for me to remain at me post, seein' as I might be wanted to convey a bit o' useful information like."

Jack Drake stared at the man critically.

"About Mr. Locke," he whispered, and Toby Murrins nodded.

"Thought as 'ow you might be wonderin' what 'ad become of him," he returned.

"Good for you, Toby!" cried Jack exuberantly.

He had not reckoned on Toby. This was a bit of real good luck, and he led the man a few paces up the alley, where they could exchange words in comparative privacy.

"As a matter of fact, Toby," muttered Jack, as they came to a halt, "I am looking for Mr. Locke. He raced out of the house about half an hour or so ago on the track of someone, and I—er—I was prevented from following until now. This is an extremely urgent matter, Toby, and I must get on to the guv'nor's trail at once!"

Toby nodded slowly.

"It isn't much I can tell you, sir," he returned, "but maybe, with your smart young brains, you can put two and two together and make four or five out o' it. 'Bout half an hour ago I see a fellow come tearin' down the alley like as if all Scotland Yard was arter 'im. 'E races down this 'ere lane to where a motor-car was waitin', with another bloke at the wheel. It was all over afore I could really get my bearings like. Old window-pane—"

"Window-pane?" exclaimed Jack, his eyes flashing.

"The bloke 'ad a eyeglass stuck in 'is left optic," explained Toby.

"Good for you again, old fruit!" Jack was beginning to feel almost like executing a wild dance now. "Go on, man!"

"Well, as I was sayin' when you interrupted me," rambled on Toby, whose leisurely manner was becoming exasperating to the impatient Jack, "ole window-pane jumps into the motor, and shouts somethin' to the other bloke at the wheel. But afore they could properly start off I seed another fellow come pelting down the alley, and it didn't take me two shakes o' a dead lamb's tail to recognise this second gennulman—"

"Mr. Locke?" suggested Jack, positively aching with impatience now.

"You said it, sir, in onst," nodded Toby, not to be hurried. "Mr. Locke as ever was, as large as life and twice as nat'ral. Well, as I was sayin' when you interrupted me, this second fellow—Mr. Locke—streaks past me like as if he was a bit o' human lightning, pushin' against me and almost knockin' me flat. Not that I minds much about that, if you follow me, Mr. Locke bein' a very good friend to the likes o' me—"

"Yes, yes; we know all about that!" snapped Jack. "Get on with the washing, old chap!"

"Well, as I was sayin' when you interrupted me," went on Toby, "Mr. Locke races past me, and the next thing I sees is his very self hangin' on like a leech to the back o' the car. An' then, afore you could say 'Cross Word puzzle' the whole lot clears off—car and driver an' window-pane an' Mr. Locke, an' all!"

"And that's positively all you know?" insisted Jack hurriedly.

"Well, it's enough to be goin' on wiv, ain't it, sir?" returned Toby.

"Look here," went on Jack, ignoring the injured tone of the man's voice. "You said the other man—old window-pane—gave some instructions to the man at the wheel. I suppose you didn't happen to catch the meaning—"

"Well, now you comes to mention it, sir, I believe I did 'ear something," answered

Toby, scratching his head reflectively, while Jack stood, almost dancing with impatience, awaiting his next words.

"I can't be dead sure, o' course," went on Toby, "but I fancy 'e said somethin' about Pigeon Lane, near Lime'us Cause— Why, bust me buttons, 'e's bunked!"

He broke off with a gasp of genuine amazement.

Jack Drake stayed long enough to catch the words "Pigeon Lane, near Limehouse Cause—" and then he brushed past the garrulous old match-seller and pelted as if his life depended upon it for the nearest taxi-rank.

He was sorry to have to treat his informant so abruptly, and resolved to make up for it in the shape of a handsome tip later on. But at the present moment any waste of time might conceivably prove of tremendous importance, and Toby Murrins was altogether too garrulous.

Jack Drake found a taxi, and told the driver to take him to Commercial Road East as fast as he knew how.

"Double fare if you do it quick enough for me!" he snapped, and the driver nodded understandingly.

The information which the talkative but otherwise helpful old match-seller had given to him had struck a chord in Jack's memory—a chord which took him back to Stormpoint College, where, in Mr. Septimus Mardyke's room, Locke had found that queer collection of clues which had eventually sent him post-haste to London.

"I think," Locke had said then, "that if we hurry back to London and undertake a little prowling in the East End, we may stumble across friend Mardyke sneaking about either in one of the back streets adjacent to the Surrey Docks or—what is more likely—a chop-suey joint near Limehouse Causeway."

Jack Drake had been unable to follow Locke's intricate reasoning at the time, but the information he had now gleaned from Toby Murrins gave dramatic finality to what Locke had then said.

Locke had gone on the trail of Gerald Bristow. And wherever Bristow's haunts were there also, naturally, would be the haunts of Mardyke.

And Toby Murrins had said that Bristow had instructed the mysterious man at the wheel to drive to Pigeon Lane, near Limehouse Causeway.

Everything was fitting in beautifully with Locke's theory like the jagged ends of a jig-saw puzzle.

Jack could hardly contain his impatience as the taxi bore him swiftly eastwards, though the man at the wheel was certainly straining every nerve to earn the promised double fare.

But at last the murky squalor of the Commercial Road swung into view, and a few moments later Jack signed to the driver to turn down a side street, where the car came to a halt and Locke's assistant sprang to the ground.

Then, paying and dismissing the driver, Jack made his way through a maze of dingy alleyways not far removed from Limehouse Causeway.

Locke's assistant knew this part of London very well and was never at a loss as to his bearings. He was glad, though, to find that there were comparatively few people about in these side streets, the tumbledown tenements seeming to frown in utter silence upon him as he hastened along, his boots echoing insistently on the flagstones.

He came at last to Pigeon Lane, which turned out to be a squalid alley running flush with a railway viaduct, and wrapped in almost impenetrable darkness, only one street lamp being visible.

The whole world seemed to have come to a dead stop here, and not a soul was about. Jack found himself quite alone, with a series of towering buildings, most of them in a state of dilapidation and ruin, on either side of him.

He slackened speed and glanced keenly about him.

"Reckon this is the limit of old Toby's information," he muttered. "And now, Jack, my boy, you'll have to rely on your own native cunning to pick up the broken trail from here. Dear us, what a life!"

He began to survey the tall, frowning buildings on either side of him.

Most of them were boarded up and obviously in disuse; but here and there a murky glow appeared in one or other of the windows, denoting that these, at least, were inhabited.

Suddenly Jack stiffened and instinctively drew back into the shadow of a narrow passage which ran down one side of a tall, tumbledown building.

His quick ears had caught the sound of footsteps echoing on the flags—footsteps that hurried with a queer, scuffling noise as if someone was trying to move quickly while being impeded by some burden.

Jack peered round the edge of the wall, and after a few moments he could just discern the outlines of a tall, lithe figure, strangely familiar, which was coming towards him.

The figure was that of a man, and he seemed to be trying to help another and bigger man who evidently could barely walk, and was, in fact, being almost dragged along on his heels.

The two figures drew nearer, and at last came almost level with where Jack was standing. As they did so the pale gleams from the solitary street lamp shone on the face of one of them, and Jack stifled a joyful but half-incredulous gasp.

It was Ferrers Locke, and he had one arm round a half-prostrate figure, helping it along as quickly as he could.

Jack stepped quickly out and confronted them both.

"Guv'nor!" he whispered. "It's all right! It's me—Jack Drake!"

Locke stopped dead in his surprise. Then he nodded approvingly, and Jack thought he heard a deep sigh of relief coming from the detective's lips. Locke looked pale and grim, and there was a hard light in his eyes.

"Good for you, kid!" he muttered tensely. "Lend a hand here till we can find a taxi! Hurry, boy!"

Jack needed no further bidding, and he choked back the cry of surprise which rose to his lips when he saw that the man whom Locke was helping, and who seemed barely conscious and very weak, was none other than Sir Merton Carr, the Johannesburg mining magnate and father of the boy Gordon Carr, of Stormpoint College.

They traversed several narrow, ill-lighted streets before at last, after what seemed an eternity of suspense, they sighted a taxi.

Locke hailed it, and as it drew up alongside the kerb he helped Sir Merton inside, and bundled Jack in after the still half-fainting magnate.

Then the detective himself clambered up beside the man at the wheel, muttered a few tersely worded instructions, and the taxi sped westwards.

The Secret of the Golden Pyramid!

R EACHING Baker Street at last, Locke and Jack helped Sir Merton, who by this time was feeling considerably better, up to the detective's consulting-room.

The warm fire which blazed invitingly in the grate seemed to cheer the magnate up, and he smiled wanly as they led him to a large and comfortable armchair, and Locke hurried across the room to fetch a stiff drink.

"Thank you!" murmured Sir Merton, as he seized the glass which Locke held out to him, and drank its contents almost greedily. "I feel much better now!"

Locke smiled and nodded. Then he whipped round to where Jack Drake stood.

"Jack," he said tersely, "get on the phone at once and see if you can get hold of Inspector Pyecroft. Ask him to come round here immediately. Say it's extremely urgent."

Jack hurried away to the telephone, where for a few minutes he was engaged in conversation. Locke meantime paced restlessly up and down the room.

"O.K., guv'nor!" said Jack at last, as he replaced the receiver. "Pyecroft was at the Yard, where he had gone after taking Mardyke to the nearest police-station. He's coming round here by taxi right away."

"Mardyke?" echoed Locke wonderingly. "But—"

Jack started. Of course, Locke knew nothing as yet of the encounter between his assistant and the ex-schoolmaster.

Coming upon Locke so suddenly in Pigeon Lane, with his half-unconscious burden, Jack

had had all thoughts of his own adventure driven out of his mind, and the fact that Locke had ridden in the taxi beside the driver had only served to put off still further the opportunity for Jack to explain.

However, he now quickly outlined what had happened, Ferrers Locke listening with rapt attention and not a little astonishment as Jack's narrative proceeded.

"Well, of all the cool cheek!" murmured Locke, as Jack concluded. "That fellow Mardyke was a pretty clever scoundrel to have been able to hide himself away as he did without his presence even being suspected while I was here. And Bristow was a cool customer in having kept mum and given not the slightest indication of his confederate's presence."

"I expect he intended that Mardyke should remain behind to make a search for the Golden Pyramid, guv'nor," suggested Jack sagely, "in case when they got you and I to their beastly old dug-out they found the Pyramid was not in our personal possession."

"That's about it, right enough, old chap," nodded Locke, with an approving smile. "But, as it happens, they're beaten either way. The Pyramid is in my possession now; but if they searched me till their hands dropped from fatigue they'd never find it, thanks to the secret pocket in my waistcoat. However, I'm no end glad that Mardyke has been netted. It makes my next job all the easier."

"You've completed the case, then, guv'nor?" asked Jack, and his eyes sparkled with excitement.

Locke nodded.

"All but," he responded. "But we'll wait till Pyecroft arrives before we get down to the palavering stunt. Meantime, how are you feeling now, Sir Merton?"

Sir Merton Carr, who had been listening attentively to the conversation between Locke and his young assistant, looked up with a cheery smile.

Much of the normal colour had crept back into his cheeks now, and his eyes had lost that wan, almost hunted look.

"Almost fit again now, thanks!" he replied.

He seemed on the point of asking some questions, and was obviously bursting with curiosity, but just then Locke crossed to the window as the sound of a motor could be heard from outside.

"Here's Pyecroft!" said the detective. "Now we shan't be long!"

A moment or so later Inspector Pyecroft, his big face expressive of the most profound wonderment, entered the room.

"Time's short, Pyecroft," said Locke, after he had duly introduced Pyecroft to Sir Merton—an introduction which caused the worthy inspector of police to gasp with inarticulate amazement. "We'll get down to the story right away if you don't mind, after which we'll deal with friend Bristow and his pals in Pigeon Lane."

"Hav'n't we better collar them first?" suggested Pyecroft anxiously. "I could send a posse of my men down there right away, in case the birds try to do a moonlight flit—"

But Locke shook his head, smiling reassuringly.

"They don't suspect anything as yet," he responded. "They don't even know that Sir Merton has been rescued from their clutches. And, anyway, I want to be in at the death. No, Pyecroft, old bean, there's no need to worry on that score. Besides, in deciding to outline the case, first I'm giving myself and my young assistant here a bit of a rest, which, I assure you, is very much needed."

"Very well," assented Pyecroft readily enough. "You know best, I suppose; and I should jolly well think you do need a good long rest—both of you! As for Sir Merton here—"

"Oh, don't worry about me, Inspector!" said the mining magnate cheerfully. "Thanks to Mr. Locke's timely assistance, I'm well on the road to my usual rude health! Carry on with the good work! I'm all agog to hear what this amazing mystery is all about!"

"In that respect," said Locke, turning with a quizzical smile, "I dare say you will be able to shed some light on certain dark corners, Sir Merton. You have all along known a thing or two which, for some extraordinary reason, you have seen fit to keep to yourself. However, we won't indulge in useless recriminations now, but will get down to the facts so far as we understand them at this stage."

He settled himself down in his favourite armchair, filled his pipe in leisurely fashion, lighted it, and steadily puffed away.

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The two figures drew nearer and at last came almost level with where Drake was standing. As they did so, the pale gleams from a street lamp shone on the face of one of them. It was Ferrers Locke, and he had one arm round a half-prostrate figure, helping it along as quickly as he could. (See page 24.)

dreamily watching the clouds of smoke for some moments, while Pycroft, Sir Merton and Jack waited with ill-concealed impatience for the great man to commence.

"The main features of this extraordinary case are already well known to all of us here," began Locke at last. "We know that the case first had its origin with the extraordinary disappearance of young Gordon Carr, and from there it developed by a series of dramatic occurrences such as the mysterious attack on Sir Merton on the Devonshire moors, Sir Merton's later request to me to give up the case, the cryptic behaviour of Mr. Mardyke, and the sudden vanishing of Mr. Reunle. All these events served to add to the general air of mystery, yet the final explanation is, perhaps, almost disappointingly simple.

"To begin at the beginning, then, I must take you back some years to the time when Gerald Bristow—the 'man with the monocle,' as he has come to be called, first started in life after leaving Stormpoint.

"Gerald Bristow, as you may or may not know, is the nephew of Sir Merton Carr here. I must express my deep regret in advance to Sir Merton if anything I have to say now should cause him distress. He has been through more than enough to drive any man in despair. But he will be the first, I am sure, to agree that my story would be incomplete—and very greatly so—without considerable reference to the history of his nephew Gerald."

Sir Merton glanced up, his face suddenly grey. He nodded slowly without speaking, and it was plain that he had suffered a blow to his family pride which would leave its mark to the end of his days.

Then he turned and stared into the fire, while Locke, after a brief pause, resumed.

"I think it would be a fair statement to say that Gerald Bristow is a young man with a somewhat weak character," went on Locke, choosing his words with obvious reluctance and glancing now and then at Sir Merton. "His history at Stormpoint, where he was a scholar, was not particularly edifying, and more than once, according to the information Dr. Lampton was able to give me, young Gerald came perilously near to being expelled. He was always a clever youth in a reckless, irresponsible way, but

his idea of honour was—well, shall we say shaky?

"Shortly after leaving Stormpoint, Gerald got into bad company, and might have landed himself into the most serious trouble had not Sir Merton, his only surviving relative—except young Gordon, of course—come to the rescue.

"Sir Merton, realising the inherent weakness of his dead sister's only son, very generously arranged for Gerald to go out to South Africa—to Johannesburg—where he was provided with a job and given a rattling good chance to make good in a new country, with Sir Merton keeping a friendly, but more or less strict, watch over him.

"For some time Gerald seemed to carry on satisfactorily—so much so that Sir Merton's early vigilance was naturally somewhat relaxed, and Gerald was permitted a good deal more freedom in the matter of his actions and movements.

"Unhappily, Sir Merton's newly placed trust in his nephew proved unavailing, and one day Sir Merton awoke to the discovery that Gerald had summarily decamped, leaving absolutely no word as to where he was going.

"In due course Sir Merton found out that Gerald had returned to England. He also found that this move on his nephew's part was largely influenced by a man named Hobbs, whom Gerald had known in England, and who had lately wandered out to the Rand, after serving a good stretch in one of his Majesty's prisons over here. Needless to say, Sir Merton became gravely alarmed, and feared for Gerald's safety in the company of such a notorious rogue as Hobbs.

"Sir Merton made the most searching inquiries, and learned, through a private source at this end, that his nephew had been seen in the vicinity of Stormpoint College.

"This had caused Sir Merton the gravest fears, for he knew that his own only son, Gordon, had but recently been sent home from Johannesburg to be educated at Stormpoint, and he was anxious lest Gerald should start to 'pal up' with Gordon, and perhaps exert a bad influence on the boy.

"In the midst of these terrible forebodings Sir Merton received Dr. Lampton's cable, informing him of the disappearance of Gordon Carr, and adding that the boy

had last been seen in or near Stormpoint Abbey.

"Sir Merton's fears were instantly redoubled, for he knew, as an old boy at Stormpoint, what few indeed had ever discovered—namely, that beneath the ruins of the Abbey was a secret crypt. Its existence was unknown even to Dr. Lampton or any of the masters or boys. But it was known to at least one other besides Sir Merton, and that other was Gerald Bristow!

"About this time, or a little earlier, reports had been appearing in the South African newspapers concerning a series of daring robberies in England, and the descriptions of the supposed head of the gang fitted significantly in with the description of Gerald and the man Hobbs. Indeed, one report actually mentioned the name of Hobbs in this connection.

"Sir Merton at once jumped to the somewhat startling—but, as it happened, correct—conclusion that Gerald was back at his old game, had brought off these robberies, and had probably hidden some of the loot in the old crypt at Stormpoint Abbey.

"Sir Merton further reasoned it out, in a remarkably far-seeing manner worthy of a detective, that Gordon might have been strolling about the Abbey, and stumbled on the crypt, where he perhaps surprised Gerald Bristow, whom, of course, he would instantly recognise. And then Gerald, in fear lest he should be given away, had promptly seized Gordon and kept him prisoner—hence the boy's disappearance. That, at any rate, was Sir Merton's theory.

"Sir Merton accordingly hastened to England, where, immediately on his arrival, he met a friend who had been conducting inquiries on his behalf.

"This friend gave Sir Merton information which suggested that Gerald Bristow was now prowling about in the vicinity of Dartmoor, and Sir Merton had forthwith hastened there, where he had surprised the man Hobbs, who attacked him and left him for dead.

"The fight between Hobbs and Sir Merton was accidentally photographed by Jack Drake here when he was taking snaps of a thunder-storm during a brief stay in that part of the world."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 991.



Ferrers Locke held up the gleaming little golden object to the light, and his audience gazed spellbound at it. "The Golden Pyramid has at last yielded up its secret," said the detective impressively. (See this page.)

"Gee!" gasped Pyecroft in amazement. "It all fits like a cross word puzzle!"

Locke nodded.

"We now come to Sir Merton's reason for wishing me to back out of the case," he resumed. "I don't think we need call on Sir Merton to explain that. I will just ask him to stop me if what I am about to say on this subject is wrong."

"My own impression is that, perhaps naturally, Sir Merton wanted to keep the history of his nephew's criminal activities a secret. Maybe he wanted even to try once again to persuade Gerald to make a fresh start—"

"But—but that, after what has happened, would be compounding a felony, begad!" interposed Pyecroft, with a glare.

"You are quite right, inspector," said Sir Merton in a quiet, almost strained voice. "It would have been compounding a felony. But could you blame me even for that? Gerald is my dead sister's only boy. At heart he is not really bad, only morally weak. Besides, there is such a thing as family pride—"

He broke off, too overcome by his own feelings to continue.

"There's something in that," agreed Pyecroft, suddenly impressed. "We police people have hearts, too, though sometimes you'd perhaps never credit it. Our work makes us appear hard, but we do really understand these little human feelings and impulses, Sir Merton. And you have all my sympathy. I assure you. After all, it was a terrible position for you to be in."

Sir Merton did not answer, but he shot a look full of gratitude towards the inspector.

"As you know," went on Locke, "only to-night I found Sir Merton a prisoner in the hands of Bristow and his gang. Sir Merton, after finding that I would not give up this case, resolved to try to work it out for himself—or, at least, to trace the whereabouts of his son, Gordon. That explains, of course, how it is that he seemed to keep crossing our paths during the progress of our investigations."

"But what about Mardyke's hand in this," asked Pyecroft, as Locke paused, "and the other master—what's his name? Oh, Rennie!"

"I'm coming to that," nodded Locke. "Mardyke had been one of Bristow's school-fellows, and afterwards secured a post as a master at his own school. Mardyke was a dingy sort of sneak at the best of times—

far worse than Bristow, but without that young fellow's brazen courage. It was but natural that they should join forces."

"It was Mardyke, and not Bristow, whom young Gordon Carr had surprised at the Abbey, and it was Mardyke who, in deadly fear lest Gordon should blab about what he found in the college, had taken the boy prisoner."

"Rennie's connection with the case is much more simple, and almost accidental."

"Mr. Rennie was Gordon Carr's class master, and had a personal affection for the boy. When he learned that Gordon had so mysteriously disappeared, Rennie became very anxious, and did his bit to try to find the boy."

"His investigations led him to the Abbey, where he also located the secret crypt and surprised Mardyke, who, though Rennie did not actually say anything at the time, believed his fellow-master had unearthed his secret."

"Mardyke was afterwards confronted by Rennie when the latter received an anonymous note warning him to keep clear of the Gordon Carr affair."

"You know what happened then. Mardyke rounded on Rennie, trapped him, and imprisoned him in the loft above the box-room at the college, where he was afterwards found by Jack Drake and me."

Locke ceased speaking, and refilled his pipe. The others waited wonderingly, and then Jack interposed.

"That explains the whole case, gov'nor," he said quietly, "except one point."

"And that is?" asked Locke, with an amused smile.

"The most important point of all," returned Jack, his voice strangely tense. "The riddle of the Golden Pyramid!"

Pyecroft jumped.

"Jove, yes!" he exclaimed. "I'd almost forgotten about that dashed thing! Why, there's been more fuss about that than all the rest put together! What the thump is the blessed secret of it, anyway?"

Sir Merton had suddenly looked up during the latter part of this conversation. They all saw that his eyes were gleaming in a strange manner.

"The Golden Pyramid," said the magnate in a low voice, "belongs to me!"

"To you!" echoed Jack and the inspector in one voice.

Locke remained curiously silent.

Sir Merton nodded.

"It was given to me by an old Boer prospector when he lay dying," went on Sir Merton, amid a sudden strained silence. "I—well, I was the means of doing him a sort of good turn, and the Pyramid represented his idea of repayment. It holds a secret—the secret of the dying man's supposed rich find in gold. The old Boer never lived long enough to explain it, and, despite every endeavour, I was unable to discover what the Pyramid meant, and in the end it was stolen from me."

"After you reached England?" put in Locke, with a queer inflection in his voice.

"That's so," returned Sir Merton. "I brought it with me. I always carried it about with me as a sort of mascot."

"It was stolen by the man Hubbs after that fight with you on the moors," said Locke, still gazing keenly at the mining magnate.

"I really don't know," rejoined Sir Merton blankly. "I only know that after the fight I found it was missing."

"And your nephew, Gerald Bristow, knew of its existence?" persisted Locke.

Sir Merton nodded wearily.

"He knew the whole story," he returned, "but he was no more able to discover the Pyramid's secret than I was. And, anyway, I'm sick of the whole business. I'm inclined to believe the whole story told me by the dying Boer is a legend—a sort of imaginative fancy caused by the man's delirium. He was as poor as a church mouse when he died, too—"

"Then no doubt you'll be surprised," said Locke, "to learn that the Pyramid contains a secret, and that this same secret has at last been wrested from it?"

"What—what's that you say?"

Sir Merton jumped excitedly out of his seat, and his exclamation of amazement was echoed by Jack Drake and Pyecroft.

Ferrers Locke smiled enigmatically. He slipped a finger and thumb into the secret pocket in his waistcoat, and a moment later they were all gazing spellbound at the gleaming little golden object which he held up to the light.

"The Golden Pyramid has at last yielded up its secret," murmured Locke, while his hearers gazed at the piece of gold as if fascinated. "It took me a dickens of a time to locate it, but at last I did so. Are you willing, Sir Merton, that I should demonstrate my discovery to you in the presence of the inspector and Jack Drake?"

Sir Merton shrugged his shoulders.

"Fire away!" he returned. "I don't mind! I'm just as eager to know all about it as they are! But, upon my soul, I can scarcely believe, after all these years—"

Locke crossed to a table and laid the Golden Pyramid upon a blotting-pad. Then he pulled out a drawer and took from it a rubber-stamp pad and a sheet of plain paper.

"This pyramid," he said, picking it up again between thumb and forefinger, "is quite solid. Doubtless you, Sir Merton, made the same mistake as I did, and as anyone else not in the know might have done. You tried to find a secret spring which would open the pyramid, revealing a cavity within."

"Why, that's just what I did do!" exclaimed Sir Merton, with a wry smile.

"It was a sad waste of time," went on Locke. "The pyramid, as I have just said, is absolutely solid. There is no secret recess anywhere."

"Then—then how on earth can it contain a secret?" exclaimed Jack Drake impatiently. "Its sides are perfectly smooth, too—"

"That's true enough," agreed Locke. "But you forget its base. Just run your fingertip over that for a second, Jack."

He handed the queer little emblem to Jack, who did as requested.

"Gee!" he gasped. "It's all rough—sort of milled like the edge of a silver coin!"

"Scarcely noticeable at first," nodded Locke, "because the grille is so finely done. A wonderful piece of workmanship, too. But if you care to look at the grille closely, under this magnifying-lens, you will see that some of the edges are etched more heavily than others."

He passed the pyramid round, together with a large and powerful lens, and all three gazed at it in turn.

"Don't see that that signifies anything, though," said Sir Merton, handing the

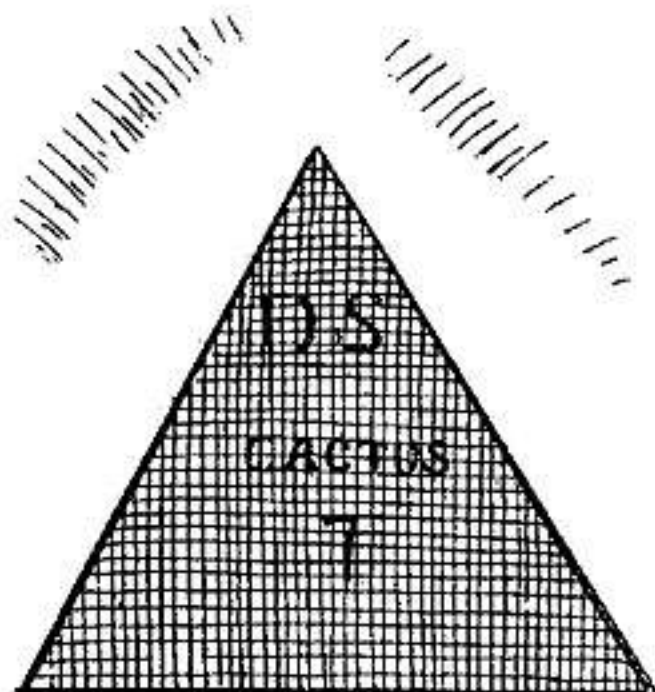
pyramid back to Locke. "After all, there's nothing so very unusual in having the base grided. It was probably done to prevent the thing from slipping—to give it a sort of 'grip' whenever it was set down—"

"Just so," murmured Locke, drawing the rubber-stamp pad towards him now. "But, as it happens, those uneven etchings have a tale to tell. In other words, the secret of the Golden Pyramid is hidden right within that queer little grille. See for yourself."

He pressed the tiny stone on the rubber-stamp pad and then on to the sheet of blank paper.

Then, removing it, he lifted the paper and held it up for all to see, and there was a simultaneous exclamation of sheer amazement.

For this is what they saw:



"Sufferin' caterpillars!" gasped Jack Drake. "What a wheeze!"

"Pretty ingenious—eh?" smiled Locke. "Especially for an old Boer prospector!"

"But what the thump does it mean?" asked Pyecroft, dumbfounded.

Instinctively they all turned to Sir Merton Carr, who was wrapped in puzzled, thoughtful silence for a moment, still staring intently at the impression on the piece of paper.

Then suddenly Sir Merton brought the flat of his hand down on to his leg with an emphatic gesture.

"By Jove, I've got it!" he cried. "I've just told you, Locke, about that old Boer prospector handing me a yarn about some hidden wealth, the secret of which was supposed to be wrapped up in that blessed Golden Pyramid! Well, you've now proved that this pyramid has a secret to reveal, and, thinking back over all those years, it has just come back to my memory that the place where the old Boer died was a mining-camp known as Devil's Spruit!"

"Devil's Spruit!" repeated Ferrers Locke. "The initials of that name form the first letters on this grille—'D.S.'! I get you! Go on!"

"Don't you see what it must mean?" urged Sir Merton, now becoming more excited. "It's the clue to the hiding-place of something—the old Boer's wealth or a rich mining claim, perhaps. 'D. S.' stands for Devil's Spruit. The word 'cactus' refers to a cactus-bush which, I remember, grew on one side of the spruit—or stream—which runs through the mining property, and the figure seven— Now, what the thunder could that mean, I wonder?"

"I think I can suggest something," said Locke almost at once. "The grille is supposed, so far as we can see, to reveal the probable hiding-place of the old Boer's wealth, or, alternatively, to direct you to the spot where he struck a gold reef. I should say that the message is: Go to Devil's Spruit, to the cactus-bush, or tree, which grows on the bank overlooking the stream, and then take seven paces forward."

"And then dig," suggested Pyecroft, with a grin.

"That's about the size of it!" nodded Sir Merton. "And blessed if I don't test it out for myself and see as soon as ever I get back to Jo'hurg!"

"You'll let us know the result, of course?" put in Jack Drake interestedly. "We shall be all agog with curiosity!"

"I give you my word to cable you as soon as I know myself!" returned Sir Merton, smiling, and shaking hands with all three in turn.

Little remains to be told to complete the story of the Golden Pyramid.

Immediately after Ferrers Locke had laid bare the whole intricate network of intrigue and mystery surrounding the case, Pyecroft summoned a posse of men, and, together with Locke, they made their way to the Chinese chop-suey joint in Pigeon Lane, E.

Jack Drake did not accompany them, preferring to remain with Sir Merton, whose feelings in realising that, despite his splendid and self-sacrificing efforts, his nephew must, after all, fall into the hands of the law are better imagined than described.

It was nearing midnight when Pyecroft and his men drove up to the place in a powerful police car.

Bristow and his rascally companion, Hobbs, were playing cards when the door of the smoky little room was suddenly thrust open, and Ferrers Locke and Inspector Pyecroft stood upon the threshold, revolvers in hand.

"Good-evening, Mr. Bristow!" said Ferrers Locke urbanely. "I am sorry to inconvenience you, but would you mind following the excellent example set by your friend Hobbs?"

A savage expression flitted across Bristow's face as he swung round to see the terrified Hobbs, his hand stretched high above his head.

A cynical, scornful smile wrinkled Bristow's thin lips, and then he acted. Up came his right hand. In it was a dice-box.

Crash! The box aimed straight and true at the swinging oil-lamp, and sent the glass shattering all over the room. In a second the room was in darkness.

"Ha, ha!" Bristow could not restrain his laughter at the success of that very old trick.

"Stop him!" roared Pyecroft. And a shot from his revolver stabbed the darkness. "We've got Hobbs!"

The momentary flash revealed Bristow making for the window. It revealed something else—Ferrers Locke crouched by the window, too. For the great detective had anticipated the move Bristow would make.

Thud! A shadowy outline loomed up in front of Ferrers Locke, and without hesitation the sleuth drove his fist full into the "shadow's" face.

"Oooh—ah!"

There was no mistaking Bristow's voice, no mistaking either the torrent of abuse he uttered as he closed and struggled with all the ferocity of a cornered rat. But at last Locke spreadeagled his adversary on the dirty floor, and held him there with as much ease as if he were a baby. Bristow had fought himself to a finish.

"You win, Locke!" he gasped. "You always were the better sport!"

A pair of handcuffs came into sight, and Bristow, no longer recognisable as Arthur the Dude—for his clothes were tattered and dusty—was taken prisoner.

Five minutes later the party was speeding to Brixton Prison, where Hobbs and his chief were handed over to the prison authorities.

Within twenty-four hours after that came the welcome news from Dr. Quill of the complete recovery of young Gordon Carr, whose story when told proved to fit in with uncanny accuracy to Ferrers Locke's original theory.

A week later, after having seen his son safely restored to Stormpoint College, happily little the worse for his adventures, Sir Merton sailed from Southampton back to South Africa, Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake, and Inspector Pyecroft, too, journeying specially to the port to see him off.

"You won't forget to let us know what you find at Devil's Spruit, will you?" said Jack Drake, as they took their farewell of the kindly old magnate.

"I shall not forget!" came the cheery response.

Ferrers Locke, Jack Drake, and the inspector watched the steamer move majestically down Southampton Water, carrying with it Sir Merton Carr and the tiny cone of gold around which such a network of mystery had been woven.

The steamer gradually faded out of sight of the watchers on the quay. Then Ferrers Locke broke the silence.

"Here endeth the case of the Golden Pyramid!" he said, with something like a note of regret in his words.

And Drake and Pyecroft nodded understandingly.

THE END.

(Now look out for the start of "The Sporting Detective"—a super mystery story, featuring your old favourite, Ferrers Locke—in next Monday's MAGNET.)

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"PEP" FOR THE 'FRIARS!

(Continued from page 22.)

"But before I go," concluded Mr. Parks, "I would take it as a real pleasure if all yew boys would join in a special tea I have ordered to commemorate the visit of my friends from across the herring-pond. The tea is now being laid in the Common-room, and everyone is invited. I guess that's all, an' I'm real sorry to leave you!"

The Head's speech was greeted with a burst of cheering.

"Chaps!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, some half hour later, rising to his feet

with a glass of foaming ginger-pop in his hand. "Three cheers for Mr. Parks!"

The cheers were given with a will.

"Hip, pip—"

"Hooray!"

"And now three more for the visitors!" yelled Bob.

"Hip—pip—"

"Hooray!"

As the cheers died away, Hank P. Dunk rose to his feet.

"Guys," he said, addressing his grinning compatriots, "give 'em a yell!"

And, to the time of his beating with a fork, the lads from the U.S.A. let themselves go.

"Rah, rah, rah!"

Wallah, wallah, wallah!

Here they are!

Every one a scholar!

Boo—yah—boo, ha, ha!"

At length the party broke up.

Mr. Parks left Greyfriars the following morning, and he was given a rousing send-off. He was thoroughly convinced now that his "hustling" methods were not needed at the school, and that nothing he could do could put more "Pep" into the 'Friars.

THE END.

(Now look out for "The Feud With Cliff House!"—next week's magnificent extra long story of Harry Wharton & Co. It's simply top-hole, boys!)

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