

**"MUTINY!"**

**Sensational Story of Harry Wharton  
& Co., THE REMOVE REBELS!**

No. 1,047. Vol. XXXIII.

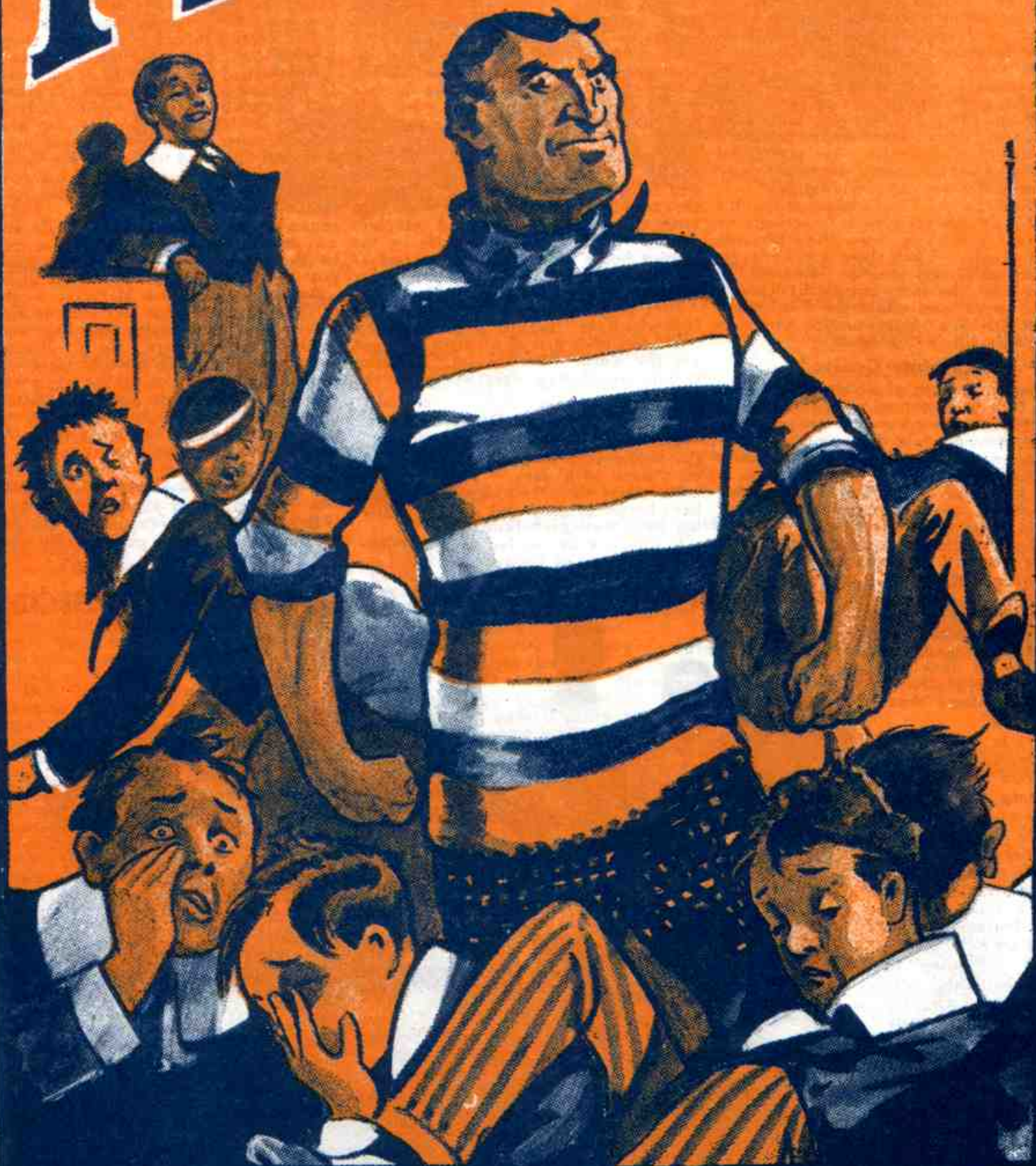
Week Ending March 10th, 1928.

# The Magnet

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EVERY  
SATURDAY.



**"JIMMY THE PUG" SOON SETTLES THE REMOVE REBELS!**

(A "knock out" incident from the amazing school story of Harry Wharton & Co.—inside!)



**This Week:**

## Derby County F.C.

Known throughout the football world as the "Rams."

ONE of the strange things about football is the way the names of certain players are inevitably associated with certain clubs even after those players are no longer seen on the field. Those of us who are not so young as we used to be never think of Derby County without at the same time thinking of Steve Bloomer.

Of course, you didn't see him play—you probably weren't born when he was scoring goals. But you may have heard that this Steve Bloomer got more goals than any other player has ever scored in first-class football. He played for Derby County almost throughout his wonderful career as inside-right.

There is no Steve Bloomer in the Derby County team to-day—perhaps we can say that there is no Steve Bloomer in football. That there are limits to what one man can go, however, is shown by the fact that Derby County have never won either the Cup or the First Division championship, and they won't do either this season.

### Absolute Genius!

Really, though, their story, so far as the Cup is concerned, is one of sheer hard luck. They have got as far as the Semi-Final on eight different occasions—a record exceeded by three clubs only. On three occasions the team has been in the Final tie. First they were beaten by three goals to one, then by four goals to one, and, lastly, when the third time was expected to pay for all, they were whacked by Bury by six goals to nothing. That, I might say, is the biggest score ever recorded against any side in a Cup Final, so that we can say that Derby have one "distinction."

It is a strange story which I have to tell of the Derby County team of the present season. Their prospects looked good at the start, but they fared badly, and for a time were at the bottom of the League. Things were beginning to look desperate. So Manager Jobey—one of the many managers who has been associated with Newcastle United—took the ram by the horns, as we might say, and completely revolutionised the team. He didn't do it with a cheque-book, either. He got hold

of youngsters, put them into the side, and told them that he had faith in them. And the faith was justified to this extent—that in one spell of eight League matches these young lads of Derby County gained thirteen points—five wins and three draws, without a single defeat.

In the team which brought about the transformation, and relieved the officials of worry about relegation being the fate of the club once more, there were only two players who were in the side at the start of the season.

If things had gone differently we should have said that Manager Jobey had taken a foolish gamble. Judging the man by results, however, we must now admit that he showed absolute genius. There are few stories in the history books of football so strange as the transformation of Derby County during the present season.

So I propose to tell you about these lads who have "bucked up" the Derby team, but must first of all show how apt are the words "bucked up." Derby County are known everywhere as the Rams.

### An Effective Defence!

The pet name came to them because the Derby coat of arms takes the form of a buck in a park. Now for some notes about these two-legged rams who have butted in good and plenty, justifying their manager's faith.

In goal is a six-foot lad named Wilkes. I didn't know of his existence until the

present season was well under way. Then he was put between the posts when Olney was hurt, and did so well that Olney soon discovered that he hadn't a chance of getting back into the first team. So he asked for his "papers," and was transferred to Aston Villa.

It looked like a big blow for Derby when Tom Cooper was hurt, for Tom is recognised as one of the finest full-backs in the game. He played for England, and one club was said to have offered Derby six thousand pounds for him. When Cooper fell out, Carr went in—a lad with his name to make. He immediately started to make it, too, and now, with George Collin, helps to make up a most effective defensive line. Collin comes from Spennymoor United, and was only signed on from this junior club in November. But he was immediately put into the team and has made good.

At right-half James McIntyre is one of the players who has seen considerable service with the club, and has been there for several years. He is still good enough, but there is another right-half in Scott—another Scot, by the way—who is also good enough to make the officials wonder which is the better of the two men. Scott came to Derby from the Airdrieonians last summer.

### Footballer and Cricketer, Too!

A much-travelled player is "Micky" O'Brien, many times capped for Ireland as a centre-half. He gained fame with

(Continued on page 28.)

## "DERBY BRIGHTS" OF THE FIRST DIVISION.



Reading from left to right, photo shows: Back row — Crooke, McIntyre, O'Brien, Collins, Wilkes, Carr, Scott. Front row — Bacon, Whitehouse, Storer, Bedford, Stephenson, Mee.

**QUITE AN ACQUISITION!** The rebels of the Remove snap their fingers at law and order now that Lord Maulverer is their leader. But Mauly's not beaten. If he can't keep his rebels in order, "Jimmy the Pug" can, and Mauly promptly engages Jimmy to do the dirty work!



## Another Rousing Story of the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the rebels of the Greyfriars Remove. By FRANK RICHARDS.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Loder Takes the Lead!

"IT'S up to the Sixth!" said Loder. Gerald Loder, of the Greyfriars Sixth Form, made that remark in the prefects' room.

He addressed nobody in particular, but his eyes were fixed on Wingate, the captain of the school, as he spoke.

Most of the Greyfriars prefects were in the room, and they had been discussing a topic which was now almost the only topic at Greyfriars—the rebellion of the Remove.

In ordinary circumstances, the Remove were considered rather small beer by the senior Forms; indeed, there were Sixth Form men who affected not to know that the Lower Fourth existed at all.

But the circumstances were not ordinary now. They were extraordinary. In fact, they might have been termed extra extraordinary.

Never before in the history of the old school had the Lower Fourth, or Remove, filled the limelight to this extent. Never before had that rather unruly Form filled the thoughts of the Head, the staff, and the other Forms, senior and junior. But now, any stranger who had dropped in and heard the talk going on in the prefects' room, or the Fifth Form games study, or the Rag, would have concluded that the Remove was the most important Form in the school. Anyone who had heard the talk in Masters' Common-room would have supposed that the staff were more interested in the Lower Fourth than in their own Forms. At the present time the Remove were getting the spotlight, and getting all of it.

"It's up to the Sixth, in my opinion," repeated Loder. "We can't let things go on as they are. The prefects will become the laughing-stock of Greyfriars, at this rate."

"Why use the future tense?" drawled Walker. "The prefects have become the laughing-stock of Greyfriars, if you ask me."

"Nobody asked you, sir, she said!" murmured Gwynne of the Sixth.

Walker sniffed.

"Loder's right," he said. "It's up to the Sixth, and it's especially up to the head prefect."

Wingate took heed at last.

"If you men have any suggestion to make, make it," he said. "I'd be jolly glad to bring those young sweeps to heel."

"The Head expects it of us," said Loder.

"Not much good expecting the impossible," answered the captain of Greyfriars. "The Head, after all, hasn't dealt with the Remove himself, and I don't see where we come in."

"Well, I do," said Loder. "The Head has a right to depend on the prefects to uphold authority. He ordered us to go over to High Oaks, where those young rascals have fixed their headquarters, and fetch them back."

"Well, we went, and failed," grunted Wingate; "and the Fifth Form men went, and failed worse. Do you want another shindy at High Oaks, with those young sweeps pelting us from the windows and turning the hose on us?"

"No. More ways than one of killing a cat," said Loder. "If I were head prefect I should jolly soon think of a way."

Wingate gave him a rather grim look.

"Well, you're not head prefect, but that's no reason why you shouldn't think of a way, if your brain will run to it," he said. "What's the way you're thinking of?"

"There's such a thing as strategy," said Loder. "We've tried—or, rather, you've tried—rushing tactics, and they're not any good. The young rascals have got themselves fairly dug in at High Oaks, and they can't be got out, in the lump! But there's only two or three ringleaders—Wharton and Maulverer and Cherry are the worst—and if we got hold of them the rest would chuck up the sponge. Once get

their leaders away and they are done for."

"Perhaps," said Wingate.

"No perhaps about it," retorted Loder. "Three or four of the young rascals will be enough—the ringleaders. Once they're brought back here the rest will follow like sheep."

The captain of Greyfriars looked thoughtful. He was as anxious as anyone in the school to end the present extraordinary state of affairs, and to march the Remove back to Greyfriars. But he shook his head.

"I don't feel sure of that," he said. "And, anyhow, how are you going to get hold of the ringleaders? The whole crew will stand together, if we go over to High Oaks, the same as they did before."

"Strategy," said Loder. "Keep an eye on the place, and catch the young rascals singly."

Wingate's lip curled.

"Precious occupation for Sixth Form prefects," he said. "Catch me hanging about watching for them!"

"Not good enough?" asked Loder, with a sneer.

"No."

"Good enough for me, anyhow," retorted Loder. "If you don't care to take it on, you can leave it to me, Wingate."

"I'll do that with pleasure," answered the captain of Greyfriars, shrugging his shoulders. "You're more than welcome to the job, Loder. If you succeed in putting down the Remove rebellion I shall be surprised. But try, by all means."

"Go in and win, dear man," said Gwynne. "I rather think the Remove will be too much for you; but I wish you luck."

"You'll see!" snapped Loder.

And Gerald Loder walked out of the prefects' room with his friends Carne and Walker. Wingate looked after them with a rather sarcastic expression.

"Think there's anything in it, old bean?" asked Gwynne.

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"Hardly. They'll get leave from classes to try it on, I dare say, and I fancy that's what they want chiefly."

"It will mean a leg-up for Loder if he pulls it off, old chap. The Head plainly doesn't know how to handle those Remove sweeps," said Gwynne. "He's letting them rip, not because he wants to, but simply because he doesn't know how to handle them. Any chap who solved the giddy problem for him could be in high favour afterwards."

Wingate nodded. "Might be made head prefect, you know," murmured Gwynne.

"I know," assented Wingate. "Loder would like to give me a fall. I think it's very likely that if he got the Remove back to Greyfriars, and the rebellion at an end, the Head would make him head prefect in my place. I fancy that's what he's got in mind. Let him go ahead. He knew I wouldn't take on such a stunt, or he wouldn't have mentioned it to me. Hanging about in ambush, watching for stray juniors, isn't quite in my line, and I've got other things to think of."

"But if he pulls it off—"

"Let him, if he can," said Wingate indifferently. "I don't think it's likely, though. Let him rip, anyhow."

And Wingate said no more on the subject. He was quite well aware that Loder's object was more to give him a fall than to restore order in the Remove and vindicate the authority of the headmaster. But he thought it very unlikely that Loder would succeed, and he was not much interested anyway.

But Loder of the Sixth, at all events, had high hopes.

The next day Loder, Carne, and Walker were not seen in the Sixth Form room, which showed that they had obtained leave from the Head. Dr. Locke, in the present disconcerting state of affairs, was probably ready to catch at a straw, and evidently he was giving Loder a chance. Loder & Co. were getting out of Greek, at any rate.

But whether they would succeed in dealing with the rebels at High Oaks was another matter.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Mauly's Man!

"MAULY!"

"Where's Mauly?"

There was a roar of voices. High Oaks School was in a state of uproar.



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"Where's that ass Mauly?" roared Bolsover major.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Where's Mauly?"

Considered as a school, High Oaks was not in a satisfactory state. Over the gate was a gilt-lettered board, announcing the fact that the one-time manor house was now "High Oaks School." But if it was a school in name, it did not look much like a school in fact.

Some fellows, setting a good example to the rest, were in the class-room. Harry Wharton & Co. were there, and half a dozen other fellows. The rest of the Remove were roaming at large, looking for Lord Mauleverer—their leader—with the intention of ducking him in the pond. Rebellion in the Remove had degenerated into riot, and the juniors were quite out of hand. The leading spirits in the outbreak were Bolsover major and the Bounder and Skinner, but a large majority of the Form had joined in. They were fed-up with playing at school, as Skinner described it, and their idea was that so long as the Remove remained away from Greyfriars the Remove were going to have a high old time, with nothing in the nature of lessons even mentioned.

"I say, you fellows!" yelled Billy Bunter. "He's gone into the House! He's got somebody with him!"

"Come on!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Have him out!" yelled Skinner.

"Duck him!"

"Hurrah!"

"We'll jolly well show Mauly whether we're going to have classes here!" grinned Snoop. "What's the good of getting out of Greyfriars if we're going to have classes?"

"No good at all," grinned Hazeldene.

"Let's have Mauly out and give him a lesson."

"What-ho!"

And the crowd of Removites rushed for the big doorway of the House. Lord Mauleverer was in the old hall of High Oaks, and he smiled as he heard the rush coming. Mauleverer had a surprise in store for the rebels. He stood with his back to the fireplace, his hands in his pockets, waiting for the rush. Beside him stood James Juggins, otherwise known as Jimmy the Pug, a thickset man, with a damaged nose and several missing teeth; a very tough-looking customer.

Mr. James Juggins had been a boxer and a chucker-out at a picture palace, and several other things. Now he was going to be Lord Mauleverer's right-hand man at High Oaks.

James looked puzzled as he heard the rush of footsteps and the roar of voices outside.

"Row going on here, me lord?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"My eye!" said Jimmy the Pug. "Is that the job you've got me for, me lord?"

"Yaas."

"Right-ho!" said James. "You'll find me all there, me lord." And James spat on his hands as a preliminary.

Mr. Alfred Juggins, school porter and general factotum at High Oaks, bolted into the hall like a rabbit into a burrow. The exuberant juniors had met him outside, and Mr. Juggins looked as if the meeting had been a stormy one. He was breathless and dishevelled and dusty.

"My lord—" he spluttered.

"Yaas."

"The—the young gentlemen seem very excited, my lord," spluttered Mr. Juggins. "They—they have rolled me in the gravel, my lord!"

"Oh, begad!"

"They—they are looking for your lordship."

"Yaas."

"I—I fear they are going to duck your lordship."

"Yaas. It's all serene, Juggins," said Lord Mauleverer. "Your cousin James has arrived. He's here."

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Juggins.

He gave James a nod and a grin, and James winked in response. More than a dozen Jugginses were now in the service of the new owner of High Oaks, and James was the latest recruit. He was likely to prove the most valuable, in the present state of affairs.

"The fellows are rather out of hand, James," explained Lord Mauleverer. "They're a bit excited. They're kicking over the traces, and I'm goin' to restore order. You're goin' to help me. See?"

"Leave it to me, me lord," grinned James.

"I rather think you can do it, dear man."

"I rather think so," chuckled James.

Certainly James looked as if he could.

"I say, you fellows, here's Mauly!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Here he is!" roared Bolsover major.

"Have him out!"

"Collar him!"

"Duck him!"

"You're for it now, Mauleverer!" grinned the Bounder.

Lord Mauleverer held up his hand.

"Silence!" he rapped.

"Collar him!"

"Give a man a chance to speak!" urged Mauleverer. "Just a few words, dear men."

"Rats!" roared Bolsover major.

"Oh, let him chin," said the Bounder.

"We're goin' to duck him, anyhow. Got it off your chest, Mauly, but buck up."

"Only a few words," said Lord Mauleverer placidly. "Look here, you men, I don't call this playing the game."

"Rats!"

"We left Greyfriars as a protest against the Head dismissin' our Form master, Mr. Quelch. We settled that we wouldn't go back till Mr. Quelch was reinstated. So long as the Head was obstinate, an' refused to do Quelch justice, we meant to run High Oaks as a school. That programme still holds good. The whole Form elected me leader—"

"We've chucked you now," grinned Hazel.

"I'm not goin' to be chucked," explained Lord Mauleverer calmly. "I decline to be chucked; I decline most distinctly. I'm goin' to keep order here, and all you men are goin' to toe the line. Got that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How are you going to do it?"

"Collar him!"

"Is that all?" demanded the Bounder.

"Yaas, exceptin' that I order you all to go into the class-room; and if you go at once, an' keep order, I'll overlook this."

"You—you—you'll overlook it!" gasped Bolsover major. "You frabjous ass, we're going to duck you!"

"Collar the silly ass!"

"Hold on!" rapped out Lord Mauleverer, as the Removites advanced on him. "I've got a man here to keep order. James!"

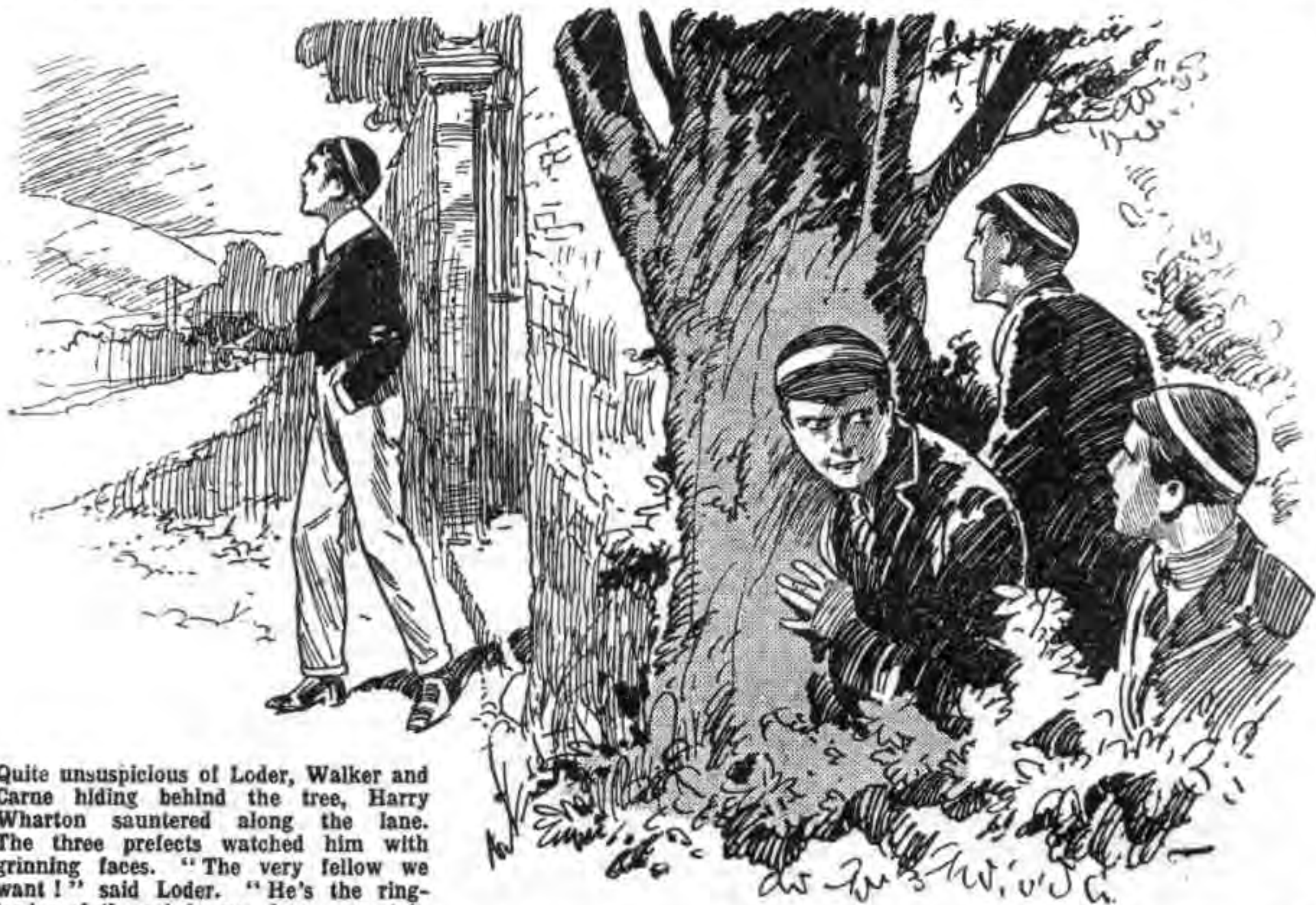
"Yes, my lord?"

"I'm goin' to cane all these fellows for disobedience to orders. You're to see that they take it quietly."

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated the Bounder, staring at Mr. Juggins' Cousin James. "Do you think we'll let that scarecrow bullyrag us, Mauly?"

"Yaas."



Quite unsuspecting of Loder, Walker and Carne hiding behind the tree, Harry Wharton sauntered along the lane. The three prefects watched him with grinning faces. "The very fellow we want!" said Loder. "He's the ring-leader of the rebels, you know; captain of the Remove. We'll collar him!"

(See Chapter 5.)

"We'll jolly soon show you!" shouted Vernon-Smith. "Collar that tramp, you fellows, and run him out of the place, and then we'll give Mauly what he has been asking for."

"What-ho!"

Cousin James, with a grin on his scarred and damaged face, placed himself before Lord Mauleverer. His big knuckly fists were closed, his square jaw protruded, his little deep-set eyes gleamed. He looked so exceedingly tough a customer that some of the Removites hesitated, and Billy Bunter promptly backed to the rear, and some other fellows followed his prudent example. But the rebels were strong in numbers, and most of them were plucky. Led by the Bounder and Bolsover major, they rushed at James, and the next moment the old hall of High Oaks was the scene of a terrific affray.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Order!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO., in the class-room, looked at one another.

Loyally the Famous Five had gone into class. They had agreed to back up Lord Mauleverer as leader of the Remove rebellion, and they were backing him up.

A few other fellows had followed their example.

Mark Linley was taking the place of a Form master in the class-room. And his class, though few in numbers, was orderly.

There had been backslidings, to some extent, even on the part of the Famous Five. In a school without a master it was really not easy for fellows to keep up to the mark.

But Harry Wharton & Co. were keeping up to the mark now; and had their example been followed, High Oaks would have been quiet and orderly. But their example was not followed. Indeed, Mark Linley had had to lock the door to keep the rioters out of the class-room itself; the Bounder and his companions having determined to rag the class-room and make a bonfire of the school books.

The din in the hall penetrated to the room where the more dutiful portion of the Remove sat in class; and the din was growing louder and louder.

"Look here, we'd better see what's going on," Bob Cherry declared at last.

"Mauly told us to stop here!" murmured Nugent.

"Mauly's an ass!"

"Yes; but we agreed——"

"Sounds to me as if Mauly is getting the ragging of his life," said Harry Wharton. "He can't want us to stop here while he gets it."

"Not likely," grinned Johnny Bull. "Let's go and see—Mauly may be in pieces by this time."

"The piecefulness is probably terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a chuckle.

"Marky's Form master," said Bob. "Shall we go and see what the row is, Marky, old bean?"

Mark Linley nodded.

"I really think we'd better," he said. "It sounds as if poor old Mauly is getting a fearful ragging."

"Come on, then."

And the class left their places. Mark unlocked the door, and the juniors poured out. They ran down the passage to the hall, the uproar growing simply tremendous as they drew nearer to the scene of action.

"What the thump——" gasped Bob Cherry, as he stared into the hall through an open doorway.

"My only hat!" yelled Peter Todd.

"Great pip!"

The juniors stared blankly at the scene in Hall.

Lord Mauleverer stood with his back to the fire, his hands in his trousers pockets, and a serene smile upon his noble face. Evidently Mauly was not in trouble.

The trouble had fallen upon the recalcitrant members of the Remove.

Cousin James, alias Jimmy the Pug, was busy.

Six or seven Removites lay on the floor, breathless, dizzy, almost wondering what had happened to them. Still more were dodging away in alarm. James had Bolsover major by the collar with one hand, and the Bounder by the collar with the other. Both the juniors were sturdy fellows; but they were like infants in the herculean grip of Jimmy the Pug. As Harry Wharton & Co. looked in James was bringing their heads together with a resounding concussion.

Crack! Crack!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Bolsover major.

"Ow! Ow!" shrieked the Bounder.

Crack!

"Yooooop!"

"Rescue!" yelled Smithy. "You rotten funks! Lend me a hand!"

Two or three of the rebels made a desperate rush at James. The old pug released Smithy and Bolsover, who rolled yelling on the floor. He grinned as he faced his new assailants, and hit out right and left.

The rebels went over like ninepins.

Jimmy the Pug was by no means hitting his hardest. Had he done so there would have been serious hospital cases at High Oaks.

But he was hitting hard enough. Fellows who received his punches felt as if a mule had kicked them.

The Bounder scrambled furiously to his feet, and sprang at Cousin James like a tiger. He struck at the scarred

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face of the veteran with all the strength of his arm, and the blow landed.

Cousin James did not even wink.

Hefty as the Bounder was, and powerful as was that drive of his strong right arm, it had absolutely no effect on the old pugilist. Doubtless it was a mere jest, after what Jimmy the Pug had been through in his days in the roped ring.

Indeed, an observer might have supposed that James Juggins did not even know that he had been punched, but for the fact that he turned on the Bounder and gave him a tap on the chest.

It was what James would have called a tap. Anyone else would have called it a terrific drive.

It lifted the Bounder clean off his feet and laid him on his back with a crash.

"Ow!" he gasped, and lay where he was. The tough Bounder was hors de combat now; and he had had enough of James at close quarters.

"My only hat!" murmured Squiff. "Mauly's got a good man there! Who is that merchant, and where did he spring from?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"I told you Mauly had something up his sleeve," he said. "That is what he had up his giddy sleeve. That chap looks like a prizefighter."

"He hits like one!" grinned Nugent. "I'm rather glad that I made up my mind to be good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The goodfulness is the proper caper, in the esteemed circumstances," chortled the Nabob of Bhanipur.

There was no doubt that the fellows who had toed the line were better off than the fellows who hadn't. Bolsover major and his merry men were having the time of their lives.

Half the rebels of the Remove had fled, and the other half strewed the floor round about the Hall.

Cousin James, who had not turned a hair, looked inquiringly at Lord Mauleverer, and jerked a stumpy thumb at the doorway where Harry Wharton & Co. stood, interested spectators.

"Shall I mop them up, too, my lord?" he asked.

"Oh, gad! No!" Lord Mauleverer glanced across at the Co. "What are you men doin' out of the class-room?"

"We came along to save your life, Mauly!" chuckled Bob.

Lord Mauleverer grinned.

"James is doin' that," he answered. "You hike back to the class-room. The rest of the Form will soon be there."

"Right-ho, old bean!"

Harry Wharton & Co. returned to the class-room. They had little doubt that the rest of the Form would soon join them there. Lord Mauleverer's measures were drastic, and looked like being crowned with success.

"Mauly's the man for them!" chuckled Squiff. "I fancy we're going to have order at last."

"The orderfulness will be——"

"Terrific!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here they come!"

Billy Bunter bolted into the class-room, gasping for breath. Skinner and Snoop and Stott came in after them, equally in a hurry. Hazel was the next, and after Hazel came a dozen more.

Order was being restored. Classes seemed to have a sudden attraction for the rebels, who only a short time ago had abolished classes at High Oaks, and

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had been looking for Mauly with the intention of ducking him in the pond.

"I say, you fellows," gasped Bunter, "that awful beast Mauly has sprung a prizefighter on us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies!" chortled Bob. "You can read that in Shakespeare, Bunter."

"Blow Shakespeare! Blow Mauly! I say, you fellows, if this goes on I shall have another barring-out."

"We're not standin' it!" snarled Skinner.

"No fear!" hissed Snoop.

"Go and tell that old pug so!" chuckled the captain of the Remove. "No good telling us."

"I say, you fellows, Bolsover's got a black eye——"

"He's welcome to it!" grinned Bob.

"Smithy looks as if he's been under a traction engine——"

"Smithy's always asking for it! It will do him good to get what he asks for for once!"

"I shall jolly well go back to Greyfriars if this sort of thing is going on here!" howled Hazeldene.

"Better stick it out! There's a Head's flogging waiting for any fellow who goes back to Greyfriars!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Bolsover!"

Bolsover major was coming, but he was not coming willingly. His protesting voice was heard as he came.

"I won't! I tell you I won't go! Leggo, you ruffian! I'll bash you! I tell you I won't—— Yaroooh!"

Cousin James appeared in the doorway of the class-room, with the bully of the Remove in his grip.

Bolsover major flew in.

He sprawled along the floor, yelling.

"Welcome home, Bolsover!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh!"

Jimmy the Pug grinned and departed, and returned a few minutes later with the Bounder struggling in his grasp. The Bounder was tossed into the class-room like a sack of straw.

Then Lord Mauleverer walked in.

His lordship was calm and cheerful and smiling. He seemed to be quite satisfied with the method he had adopted of restoring order at High Oaks.

"All here?" he asked cheerily. "I'll call the roll, and you men answer to your names! Stand by the door, James!"

"Yes, me lord!"

James stood grinning in the doorway. The job which Mr. Juggins had obtained for his Cousin James at High Oaks seemed to suit that gentleman down to the ground. James looked as if he had enjoyed his morning.

Lord Mauleverer called the roll. Both Bolsover major and the Bounder refused to answer to their names; but as they were sprawling and gasping in Mauly's sight, that did not matter. But there were six other fellows who did not answer because they were absent.

"Six men missin'!" said Lord Mauleverer. "Will you round them up, James, and persuade them to come here?"

"Yes, me lord!" grinned James.

He departed on his mission.

In a few minutes he returned with a junior in either hand, gripped by the collar. He tossed them, sprawling, into the class-room. James' methods were somewhat rough and ready, but quite effective. There were four more absentees, but in ten minutes James had rooted them out, and conducted them to the class-room forcibly.

"That the lot, me lord?" asked James.

"That's the lot, James. Now come in and close the door."

"Sittingly, me lord!"

James came in and closed the door. Lord Mauleverer glanced mildly over the class.

"Take your places, you men!"

Only the Bounder and Bolsover major remained out of their places, dogged and defiant.

"Smithy!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Bolsover!"

"Rats!" snorted Bolsover major.

"Take your places!"

"Shan't!"

"We're startin' fresh this mornin' and lettin' bygones be bygones!" said Lord Mauleverer cheerily. "All fellows who toe the line from now on will be let off lickin's!"

The Bounder gritted his teeth.

"You won't lick me, you cheeky cad!"

"Nor me!" snarled Bolsover major.

"Take your places at once!" rapped out Lord Mauleverer, picking up a cane from the Form master's desk—the desk that had been placed there for Mr. Quelch, but which the Remove master had so far declined to occupy.

For answer, the Bounder made a rush at Lord Mauleverer.

"James!"

"Ere, sir!" grinned James, as he grasped Vernon-Smith in a grasp of iron and swept him off his feet.

"Bend him over that chair!"

"Yessir!"

Vernon-Smith, helpless in the grip of the old pug, was bent face down over the chair. Lord Mauleverer wielded the cane.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

It was "six" for the Bounder.

"Will you go to your place now, Vernon-Smith?" asked Lord Mauleverer, with perfect calmness.

"No!" yelled the Bounder, almost choking with passion.

Six more times the cane lashed, the Bounder struggling ineffectually in the powerful grip of Cousin James.

The Remove looked on in silence.

"How about it now, Smithy?" asked Mauleverer.

"You rotter!"

"That's not an answer!"

"I'll smash you!"

"Never mind the smashin' now, dear man! Will you go to your place and toe the line?"

"Never!" hissed the Bounder.

Bolsover major quietly, almost softly, went to his place and sat down. The bully of the Remove realised that he was up against an iron determination, and he did not want to go through it as the Bounder was going. Of all the rioters of the Remove, only the Bounder remained obstinate; but he was very obstinate indeed.

Lord Mauleverer laid down the cane.

"Take him to an empty room and lock him in, James!" he said.

"Yes, me lord!"

"You'll be locked up on bread and water, Smithy, till you make up your mind to behave yourself!"

"You rotter!"

"Take him away, James!"

Vernon-Smith was jerked out of the class-room in the sinewy grasp of James. The door closed behind them. Lord Mauleverer glanced over a very orderly Form. Some of the rebels gave him inimical looks, but most of them had taken the change of affairs cheerily enough. Some of them were grinning.

"Gentlemen," said Lord Mauleverer, with a yawn, "order is restored! High Oaks School will now proceed to business!"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Good old Mauly!" said Peter Todd.

"Just a word before we begin," said Lord Mauleverer. "Some of you may not be satisfied with my methods. I can't say I like 'em much myself, but it was the only way! I was elected leader, and a leader's place is to lead—what?"

"Hear, hear!"

"But I'm ready to resign any minute," said his lordship. "So long as I'm leader, I'm goin' to keep order, and High Oaks is going to be a school, not a bear-garden! Cousin James will be always on tap to keep order. But if you fellows like to elect another leader, I'll stand down at once. Only in that case, High Oaks will be shut down, and you men will have the choice of goin' back to Greyfriars to be flogged or sacked, or goin' home, or doin' anythin' you dashed well like! I don't want to be rude about it, but I bought High Oaks for a school, not for a pandemonium! After class, any fellow who isn't satisfied can walk out, with my kind regards and best wishes, that's all!"

And Lord Mauleverer took his place in class; and for the remainder of the morning Mark Linley had a very quiet class to deal with—as orderly as ever the Remove had been in their old Form-room at Greyfriars under the gimlet eye of Mr. Quelch.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter is Not Satisfied!

"MAULY'S done it!"

"It's a giddy miracle!"

"Looks like it!"

Really, it did look like it.

It was evening, and the Remove were at prep in their studies at High Oaks. Every fellow had turned up to prep; the Removites might have imagined that they were still at Greyfriars.

Even the Bounder was there in the study he shared with Tom Redwing, working as quietly as any other fellow. One day of solitary confinement and a diet of bread and water had been enough for the Bounder.

If he was not subdued, at least he appeared to be so. He was at least toeing the line with the rest of the Remove. Even Billy Bunter rolled up to prep, though he had loudly declared that he was going to bar himself out, as he had done once before since arriving at High Oaks. Bunter seemed to have given up that idea, for the present, however; Cousin James had a terrifying effect on the Owl of the Remove.

Lord Mauleverer had been absolutely successful in restoring order; High Oaks was a school once more instead of a bear-garden, though it still lacked a master. Mauleverer had telephoned again to Mr. Quelch, who was still staying on at the hotel in Courtfield, begging him to come over to High Oaks and take control. Mr. Quelch's answer had been short and sharp, and most decidedly in the negative. But Mauly was prepared to carry on, minus Henry Samuel Quelch, the presence of Jimmy the Pug being a guarantee of order and discipline.

There is always a fly in the ointment somewhere, and the drawback to Lord Mauleverer's success was the fact that he had to toe the line himself with the rest. Personally, Mauly greatly preferred a school where there were no lessons and no prep. But this was a

drawback that could not be helped, and Mauly played up manfully.

"Fancy old Mauly!" grinned Frank Nugent, as he sorted out his books for prep. "Who'd have thought that he would turn out a leader like this?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Mauly's done it," he said. "I'm backing him up all along the line."

"Same here, rather!" said Frank.

"I say, you fellows—"

Billy Bunter's fat face and glimmering glasses looked in at the study doorway.

"Hook it!" said Wharton. "Prep, you know."

"That's all rot," said Bunter peevishly. "I say, you fellows, I'm fed up with this. We might as well be at Greyfriars."

"We've left Greyfriars to back up Mr. Quelch, fathead."

"Blow Mr. Quelch!"

"Blow him in your own study!" suggested Nugent. "You'd better get on to prep, or you may get a licking in the morning."

"I say, you fellows, what do you think the Head would do if a fellow went back to Greyfriars on his own?" asked Bunter.

He blinked anxiously at Wharton and Nugent. Evidently the Owl of the Remove was thinking of deserting the school which was turning out so very unsatisfactorily, from his point of view.

"I fancy the Head would make an example of any fellow who went back," answered the captain of the Remove, laughing. "So long as we stick together we're all right. If you want a specially tough flogging, you've only got to walk over to Greyfriars and ask for it."

"I—I don't think I—I shall go back," said Bunter. "Of course, I wouldn't desert you fellows. But I say—"

"Prep!" interrupted Wharton.

"Oh, blow prep! Look here, Wharton, you're captain of the Remove, and you've let Mauly take it out of your hands. That's rather rotten for you, you know. I think you ought to put Mauly in his place. I'll back you up. I don't like to see Mauly swanking over you, old fellow."

Frank Nugent laughed, and Wharton fixed his eyes on the Owl of the Remove.

"You'd like to see me go for Mauly, what?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"That's it, old chap," said Bunter eagerly. "Put him in his place, you know. Mop him up."

"Well, I won't go for Mauly," said Wharton. "I'll go for you, old fat bean—like this!"

"Yaroooo!" roared Bunter, as the captain of the Remove grasped him by the collar.

Bang!

There was a fiendish yell from William George Bunter as his bullet head smote the study door.

"Whooooop!"

"Now, if you've got any more suggestions to make—"

Bunter hadn't! At all events, he did not stop to make any. He jerked himself away and fled for his life.

"Beast!" yelled Bunter from the distance.

Wharton chuckled and closed the study door.

Billy Bunter rubbed his head and wandered dismally on his way. Prep was going on in all the studies, but Bunter was not keen on prep. The trouble was that if a fellow neglected his prep at High Oaks, under the new regime, he was likely to be licked in the morning, just as he might have been at Greyfriars. That state of affairs roused Bunter's deepest ire; but there it

was! Bunter was wrathful and indignant; but he did not intend to argue the matter out with Jimmy the Pug.

He blinked into Smithy's study dolefully. After what the Bounder had been through that day Bunter felt that Smithy, at least, would sympathise with a fellow who was up against Mauly. He found both the Bounder and Tom Redwing busy with prep.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Cheese it!" said Redwing, without looking up.

"You go and eat coke, Redwing! I say, Smithy, old chap—"

"Prep, you know," said the Bounder, with a sarcastic grin. "We're under orders now. Mauly will stand no nonsense."

Redwing glanced at his chum.

"Mauly's right, Smithy," he said very quietly.

"Quite!" agreed the Bounder. "That's why I'm goin' to give him a fall."

"I say, Smithy, you're the man to do it," said Bunter eagerly. "You're the very chap to put that beast in his place."

"I was thinkin' that you were the chap!" said Smithy.

Bunter jumped.

"Me!" he ejaculated.

"Just you, old fat bean."

"I—I—I'd rather not have any row with Mauly," said Bunter hastily. "I—I can't enter into any vulgar argument with that man James Juggins. He's rather too low for me to argue with. Beneath a fellow's dignity, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Redwing.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at," grunted Bunter. "I dare say you like that low rotter, Redwing. Birds of a feather."

"Shut up, you fat idiot!" said the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"You'd better get goin' on your prep. There's a lickin' in the mornin' otherwise. Mauly will have that old pug on hand, and I fancy no fellow is goin' to argue with him."

"It's rotten!" groaned Bunter. "What's the good of a rebellion if we have classes all the same?"

"No good at all," agreed Vernon-Smith. "I'm against it; but I've been handled by that pug once, and I don't want any more. But you—"

"I decline to touch the low beast."

"I hardly think you could handle him," grinned the Bounder. "But there are other ways, old fat man. You're so jolly clever—"

"Eh?"

"You've got such intellectual gifts that—"

"That's so, old chap," agreed the fatuous Owl. "But I don't see—"

"I do, and I'll go into it with you to-morrow. Now cut off and let a man get his work done."

Bunter rolled away. Tom Redwing gave his chum a very keen look, with a troubled expression on his face.

"What have you got in your mind, Smithy?" he asked.

"Lots of things," yawned the Bounder. "Among others, I'm goin' to bust up the show here. I had enough of 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' at Greyfriars, and I'm not keepin' it up here. I'm goin' to down that ass Mauly." The Bounder's eyes glinted. "Why, I wouldn't toe the line, even if old Quelch came here and took control. Think I'm goin' to knuckle under to a fool like Mauly?"

"It's not knuckling under—it's playing the game. We all agreed—"

"Oh, rats!"

"Anyhow, I don't see how that fat

Idiot Bunter can help you," said Redwing.

"And I'm not goin' to tell you," grinned the Bounder.

And prep was resumed in Smithy's study. Of all the Remove, only Billy Bunter cut prep, and the following morning, in the class-room, he was called to account for the same. And to the intense indignation of William George Bunter, he had to bend over—just as if he was back again with Henry Samuel Quelch in the Remove room at Greyfriars.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Loder's Luck!

"IT'S Wharton!"

"Good luck!"

Gerald Loder of the Greyfriars Sixth, grinned.

Loder of the Sixth was on the war-path.

Wingate had loftily disdained to have anything to do with the plan suggested by Loder, as Loder was well aware he would do, when he had suggested it. Hanging about High Oaks, watching and spying for a chance to get hold of the Remove rebels singly, was not a plan that recommended itself to the captain of Greyfriars. But if it was not good enough for Wingate, it was quite good enough for Gerald Loder.

Loder & Co. had leave from the Head. That in itself was so much to the good, from the point of view of Loder & Co. Greek in the Sixth Form room at Greyfriars was not exactly attractive. Dr. Locke, greatly puzzled and perplexed how to deal with the rebellious Remove, had willingly given Loder leave to deal with them—if he could. And there was little doubt that if the prefect succeeded in putting an end to the present parlous state of affairs, he would be in high favour with the headmaster, and very likely indeed to wrest the head-prefectship from Wingate, who had failed.

Every day that passed made the situation more and more irksome and humiliating to the Head of Greyfriars. He did not dream for one moment of conceding the demand made by the rebels. Whatever might be the reasons for his sudden and unaccountable prejudice against Mr. Quelch, there was no doubt that that prejudice was deep and strong.

The Remove master had been dismissed, and the Head had no intention whatever of reinstating him.

Probably he hoped that the Remove rebellion would "peter out" of its own accord sooner or later, and the juniors would return to the school. But certainly there was no sign of that so far, and if the Head entertained such a hope, it was a faint one. Loder was assured of high favour if he succeeded in bringing the Lower Fourth to heel, and Loder was sure that he could do it.

Fortune seemed to be smiling on Loder now. The three Sixth-Formers had been hanging about in the vicinity of High Oaks all day, on and off; and now, rather late in the afternoon, the very fellow whom they would have selected from all the Remove was walking fairly into their arms.

Harry Wharton had come out of the gates, and was sauntering away towards Courtfield.

Loder spotted him from a distance, and immediately backed behind a tree, and Walker and Carne followed suit.

Quite unsuspecting of their presence, the captain of the Remove walked on. The three prefects watched him with grinning faces.

"The very fellow we want!" said

Loder. "He's the ringleader of the whole gang, you know—captain of the Remove."

"I've heard that the young scoundrels have made that ass Mauleverer their leader," remarked Carne.

"We'll have that young rascal next. It's a good beginning to get hold of their Form-captain."

"Yes, rather. And he's really asking for it," grinned Walker.

Harry Wharton, still unsuspecting, passed the spot where the enemy were in cover, and went on towards the town. Wharton was bound on a shopping expedition to Courtfield, and as football practice was going on at High Oaks, he went alone. Certainly it did not cross his mind for a moment that enemies were lurking near at hand. All the Remove were careful to keep at a safe distance from Greyfriars when they took their walks abroad; and, so far, nothing was known of Loder's deep designs at High Oaks. Wharton was quite unconscious of danger till he heard the sound of running feet behind him on the road. Then he glanced over his shoulder, and started at the sight of Loder, Carne, and Walker.

The three seniors came up with a rush, and they were round the Remove in a moment.

"Got the young cad!" grinned Loder.

Wharton clenched his hands.

"Keep your distance!" he said quietly. "You've nothing to do with me now, Loder; we're not at Greyfriars."

"You'll jolly soon be at Greyfriars, though," chuckled Loder. "We've been looking for you, my pippin."

"Oh!" said Harry. It dawned upon him that this was not a chance encounter, as he had supposed for the moment.

"You're the first," explained Loder, with great satisfaction. "We're bagging the ringleaders, and I fancy you're the worst of the bunch, what? You're coming to Greyfriars with us now."

"I'm not!" said Harry coolly.

"I fancy you are! Collar him!"

The three seniors closed in on the junior.

The captain of the Remove had no chance in a struggle; but he did not intend to be walked tamely back to Greyfriars. He had only too lively an anticipation of what awaited him there.

It did not seem to occur to Loder that the junior would resist. He dropped his hand heavily on Wharton's shoulder, to march him off. The next moment he staggered back with a howl, as a clenched fist was planted on his chin, with all Wharton's strength behind it. Loder sat down quite suddenly.

Wharton made a swift spring, to dash down the road. But Walker grasped him at the same moment, and dragged him back. The next moment his arm was pinioned by Carne.

"No, you don't!" grinned Walker.

"Not quite!" chuckled Carne.

The captain of the Remove struggled desperately. But either arm was securely pinioned now, and he was helpless.

Loder staggered to his feet. He caressed his chin, his brow black with rage.

"You cheeky young rotter——"

"Rats!"

"Take him along!" hissed Loder.

"I'll start him!"

And he kicked the junior savagely.

"Oh, you rotter!" yelled Wharton.

"Better come quietly," grinned Carne. "Give him another, Loder."

Loder gave him another, and then, seeming to find solace in it, gave him a third and fourth. Wharton struggled

furiously, but he could not get his arms free.

"Now, are you going?" grinned Loder.

Wharton went.

With a big senior grasping each arm, and Loder behind him with a ready boot, he had no choice in the matter.

Back along the road he went; but he had not given up hope yet. If they passed the gates of High Oaks a yell would bring a crowd of Removeites to the rescue.

But they did not pass the gates of High Oaks. Loder was too wary for that. They made a wide detour by the field-paths, keeping quite out of sight of High Oaks.

Wharton walked between Carne and Walker, his brow dark, and his eyes gleaming. He was watching for a chance to make his escape; but Loder & Co. did not give him a chance.

They arrived at last at the gates of Greyfriars. Gosling, the porter, blinked at them as they went in. Gosling grinned a gnarled grin at the sight of the captain of the Remove.

"So you've come back, Master Wharton!" said Gosling. "I s'pose I shall be wanted to hoist that young gentleman, Master Loder?"

"I fancy so," grinned Loder.

"Hallo, they've brought Wharton back!" roared Coker of the Fifth, as the captain of the Remove was marched across the quad.

There was a rush to see the prisoner.

"They've got you, old bean," chuckled Temple of the Fourth.

"Looks like it," assented Wharton.

"Hard luck!" grinned Hobson of the Shell. "You're for it now."

"Head's flogging!" said Tubb of the Third. "The Head's in a fearful wax, Wharton."

Bolsover minor of the Third gave the prisoner a sympathetic look. Having a brother in the Remove, Bolsover minor rather sympathised with the rebels.

"Is my major at High Oaks, Wharton?" he called out.

"Yes," answered Harry.

"Good! They won't get him in a hurry," said Bolsover minor; and the next moment he gave a yell, as Loder cuffed him. "Ow! Yow!"

"Bring the young rascal in, you men," said Loder.

And Harry Wharton was marched into the House, where, in the Hall, he met Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars.

"Wharton, sir!" said Loder cheerfully. "I've brought this junior back to Greyfriars, sir!"

"You have done well, Loder," said Dr. Locke. "I am very much obliged to you."

"Not at all, sir!" said Loder modestly.

"You may release the boy," said the Head.

Walker and Carne released Wharton's arms.

The captain of the Remove gave a quick glance round. But there was no chance of making a bolt; Loder & Co. were ready to seize him again, and there were a dozen other fellows between him and the door. The captain of the Remove realised that he was "for" it, and he faced his headmaster with all the equanimity he could.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Held by the Enemy!

DR. LOCKE fixed his eyes sternly on Wharton.

The once kind and benevolent face of the Greyfriars headmaster showed little sign of kindness now.



"You young villains!" gasped Loder. "I'm not going to High Oaks. What the thump do you want me at High Oaks for?" "Kick him, Cherry," said Lord Mauleverer, "he will understand that!" "Whooop!" Loder evidently did understand that, for he moved off in the midst of the crowd of Removites, grasped on all sides, a helpless prisoner.

(See Chapter 8.)

The dismissal of Mr. Quelch, and the troubles that had followed, had told on Dr. Locke's nerves and temper, as his looks very plainly showed.

"Wharton!" said the Head, in a deep voice.

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"You have not returned to school of your own accord?"

"No, sir."

"Your companions—I should rather say, your confederates—are still at High Oaks?"

"Yes, sir."

"With no intention of returning to their duty?"

"We think it our duty to back up Mr. Quelch, sir," said Wharton meekly. "So long as he is dismissed—"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head, his eyes sparkling.

"Very well, sir."

"A few days ago," said Dr. Locke, "two Remove boys, Vernon-Smith and Redwing, were brought into the school and placed in the punishment-room. They were taken away, I presume, by a party of their friends from High Oaks. Is that the case, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doubtless you were concerned in the matter?"

"Yes, sir, I was."

"I shall take care that nothing of the kind occurs in your case, Wharton!" said the Head grimly. "I should expel you from the school at once for your rebellious conduct, but I think it very probable that in that case you would rejoin your rebellious associates at High Oaks, and urge them to keep on this reckless rebellion."

"Yes, sir," said Wharton demurely.

"You will not be expelled—for the present at least," said Dr. Locke. "You will be kept in security, Wharton. In the first place, you will be severely

flogged for your offences. At roll-call this evening, I shall flog you in the presence of all Greyfriars!"

Wharton did not answer.

He had quite expected that, and there was nothing to be said.

"In the meantime," said the Head, "you will be locked up in security. Loder."

"Yes, sir," smiled Loder.

"Kindly conduct Wharton to the punishment-room."

"Certainly, sir."

Loder's hand dropped on the junior's shoulder, and Wharton was marched away. Dr. Locke followed.

A murmur of voices died away behind the captain of the Remove, as he traversed the long corridor leading to the punishment-room.

In that apartment, Smithy and Redwing had been locked up, before they had been rescued by Lord Mauleverer and his followers, only a few days ago. But Wharton had no hope whatever of such a rescue in his case. It was quite certain that too many precautions would be taken, for the rebels to have a chance of access to him.

The bars had been replaced at the window, as he noted at once, and a wooden shutter had been placed over the whole window. This shutter the Head now closed and locked, placing the key in his pocket. Communication from outside was now impossible. Evidently the Head had taken warning by what had happened in the case of Smithy and Redwing.

Dr. Locke glanced round the room, as if to make assurance doubly sure that the junior was safe there, and then, without another word to Wharton, stepped out into the corridor. Loder, with a triumphant grin at the Removite, followed him out.

The door closed on Wharton; the key

turned in the lock, and he heard it withdrawn. Then the footsteps of the headmaster and the prefect died away along the corridor.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured the captain of the Remove.

He sat on the corner of the table.

There was no escape from the punishment-room, he knew that; and no chance of rescue by his friends. Lord Mauleverer, with all the unexpected qualities of leadership he had shown, was not likely to be able to help him now.

He was to be flogged when the school assembled for evening calling-over; and after that, apparently he was to be locked up again. He had little doubt that the incensed headmaster would have expelled him, but for the fact that expulsion would simply have left him free to return to High Oaks and rejoin the rebels there. That the Head was determined to prevent; and the only way to prevent it was to keep the captain of the Remove locked in.

It was a dismal prospect.

And Wharton had a clear idea now, too, of the tactics that Loder, if not the Head, was adopting. The rebels of High Oaks were to be caught singly, and Wharton understood quite well that he was only the first. If the other leaders of the Remove fell into the hands of the enemy in the same way, what was likely to happen?

The collapse of the revolt was a certainty in that case. Indeed, High Oaks was likely to come to an end, as the headquarters of rebellion, if Lord Mauleverer alone fell into the hands of the enemy. And Loder's tactics were quite likely to be successful, for the rebels had no suspicion of what was intended—they were on their guard against an attack, but not against Loder's strategy.

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"Oh, iny hat!" repeated Wharton. He moved restlessly about the room. It was some hours yet to roll-call at Greyfriars, and the minutes passed on leaden wings to the prisoner.

Tap! Wharton started, and turned to the door. He had been about half an hour in the punishment-room when he heard that cautious tap on the panels.

He bent to the keyhole, and whispered:

"Hallo! Who's there?"

"Me!" It was the whispering voice of Bolsover minor, of the Third Form. "I say, Wharton, it's me—Bolsover minor. I say, I shall get a licking if I'm caught speaking to you. Is there anything I can do?"

"You can't open the door?" said Harry.

"No; the key's taken away."

"Could you get a message to High Oaks?" asked Harry.

"I'd try!" answered the fag. "I'd like to give them the tip there. Loder may bag my brother next."

Wharton smiled faintly. Bolsover minor's concern was chiefly for Bolsover major, not for the captain of the Remove.

"Look here," whispered Wharton. "Loder and his crew are going to bag the fellows one at a time if they can. I dare say the rotters are at the game this very minute—"

"I saw them go out of gates," said the fag. "They seemed jolly pleased with themselves."

"Give Mauleverer the tip what to expect, kid. Tell him they've got me, and they'll get the others in the same way if they can. You can't go over to High Oaks—you might fall in with Loder. Can you get on to a telephone?"

"The phone's still in Quelch's study. There's nobody there—they haven't got a new Remove master yet. Two or three fellows have been using that phone lately," whispered Bolsover minor.

"Good; you can use it then. Mind you're not caught."

"You bet!"

"And tell Mauly——"

Wharton was interrupted by a yell in the passage. He peered through the keyhole, and saw Bolsover minor wriggling in the grasp of Wingate of the Sixth.

"You young rascal!" came Wingate's voice. "Head's orders are that no one is to speak to a fellow in the punishment-room."

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo my ear!"

Bolsover minor cut off, clasping a crimson and burning ear. Wingate followed him along the corridor.

Wharton turned away from the door again. Through the wooden bars of the window-shutter he could get a glimpse of sky and the high branches of trees; that was all. If any Greyfriars fellows had walked round to stare up at the window he could see nothing of them. He had no doubt that Bolsover minor would pass his message on to Lord Mauleverer at High Oaks, and it was something for the rebels to be put on their guard against Loder's insidious tactics. But so far as Wharton could see there was no help for himself; escape and rescue appeared equally impossible, and he could not help his spirits sinking as the dusk began to deepen in the punishment-room.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Up to Mauleverer!

"MY lord!"  
"Yaas?"  
"The telephone, my lord," said Juggins.

Lord Mauleverer yawned deeply. Mauly had played up manfully that day, setting a good example to the Remove of attention to lessons and devotion to study. It was much against his noble grain, but he felt that it was

up to him, and he did it. Classes being over at High Oaks, his lordship was now taking a well-earned rest in the most comfortable armchair that could be supplied by Chunkley's Stores in Courtfield. And he was not glad to hear that he was wanted on the telephone.

"Juggins!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Take the call, old bean."

"I've taken it, my lord," answered Juggins. "It's a message for your lordship from Greyfriars School, my lord."

"Oh!" Lord Mauleverer sat up and took notice. "Oh, gad! If it's the Head ringin' up to say he's givin' in, I shall be jolly glad to hear it. Is it the Head, Juggins?"

"A small boy, I think, my lord, from the voice," said Juggins.

"Oh, gad! I suppose I'd better go," sighed his lordship. "You're sure he asked for me, Juggins?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well, then."

Lord Mauleverer made a manful effort, and detached himself from the armchair. A telephone call from Greyfriars was rather unexpected, and Mauly understood that it might be important. He remembered that Nugent minor, of the Second Form, had rung up to give warning on the celebrated occasion when the Fifth-Formers had come over to High Oaks on the war-path. It might be a warning of some new move on the part of the enemy, and Lord Mauleverer lost no time in getting to the telephone. "Hallo!" he yawned into the transmitter.

"Is that Mauleverer?" came a very youthful voice.

"Yaas."

"Bolsover minor speaking on Quelch's phone."

"Oh! Fire away, kid."

"They've got Wharton!"

"Eh?"

"Loder and some other prefects bagged Wharton, and they've got him here, locked up in the punishment-room."

"Oh, gad!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer in dismay.

"I've spoken to him through the keyhole, and he asked me to give you the tip, Mauly."

"Thanks no end, old bean."

"Loder and Carne and Walker have gone out again, and I rather fancy they're hanging about High Oaks now, looking for a chance to bag some more of you. I say, tell my brother to look out."

"Oh, yaas!"

"Wharton says you're to look out, because it's Loder's game to hang round and catch you one at a time. See?"

"I see."

"Wharton's going to be flogged at roll-call."

"Is he, by gad!"

"They've got him for keeps. Mind you tell my brother Percy to keep his eyes open," said Bolsover minor anxiously.

"Yaas, dear boy."

"That's all," said the fag. "Mind you tell Percy."

And Bolsover minor rang off.

Lord Mauleverer left the telephone, with a very thoughtful expression on his face. Juggins was waiting in the hall, and he eyed his lordship very curiously. Every day that High Oaks School continued Mr. Juggins was more and more surprised that it did not come to an end. But Mr. Juggins was by no means anxious for it to come to an end; he was anxious, on the other hand, to see it continue. High Oaks was a land of plenty to Mr. Juggins, and to innumerable relatives of Mr. Juggins, who were having the time of



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their lives in Lord Mauleverer's service. The end of High Oaks School meant that the horn of plenty would run dry, which was not, from the Juggins' point of view, a consummation devoutly to be wished. So Mr. Juggins' expression was rather curious and rather anxious as he eyed Lord Mauleverer.

"Nothin' wrong, I hope, my lord?" he ventured.

"Yaas."

"I'm very sorry to 'ear it, my lord."

"Thank you, Juggins. You're a sympathetic chap," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'm much obliged to you, Juggins. One of my friends has been kidnapped, Juggins."

"Kidnapped, my lord?" ejaculated Mr. Juggins.

"Yaas."

"Perhaps my Cousin James can help, my lord," said Mr. Juggins. "James is very eager to oblige your lordship."

Lord Mauleverer grinned. Jimmy the Pug had been remarkably useful in restoring order at High Oaks, but Mauly doubted whether even the redoubtable Pug would be useful in the present emergency. A frontal attack on Greyfriars, even with so hefty an auxiliary as Jimmy the Pug, was rather too large an order.

"You see, Juggins, my pal Wharton has been kidnapped by the Greyfriars crowd," he explained.

"Oh, my lord!"

"His headmaster, you know. Rather an obstinate old gentleman, but I don't think it would be quite the thing for James to give him his left."

"Oh dear! No, my lord!" gasped Mr. Juggins. "Certainly not, my lord."

"I've got to get the chap away from them, Juggins," remarked Lord Mauleverer thoughtfully.

"Have you, my lord?" murmured Mr. Juggins.

"Yaas. Only the Beak will be too wary to let us nip him away as we did Smithy and Redwing the other day. And I fancy they'll see that he doesn't get away on his own. It looks like a fix, Juggins."

"It does, my lord," murmured Mr. Juggins.

"But he's goin' to be flogged this evenin', Juggins. I've got to stop that somehow."

"Yes, my lord."

"The question is, how?" said Lord Mauleverer. "I suppose you haven't any idea how, Juggins?"

"Nunno, my lord."

Mr. Juggins did not state his private opinion, which was that these young rascals who had walked out of their school, and defied their headmaster, would be all the better for a flogging all round. That was Mr. Alfred Juggins' fixed opinion; but he deemed it judicious to keep it strictly to himself.

"Ring the school bell, Juggins," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Yes, my lord."

In a few minutes the bell was clanging, drawing the Removites to hall from all quarters of High Oaks. Only a short time ago most of the Remove would have passed the clang of the bell unheeded. Cousin James' advent had changed all that. The juniors rolled up to the clang of the bell as promptly as they had ever done at Greyfriars. Any fellow who did not turn up was liable to be looked for by Cousin James. Nobody wanted to be specially looked for by Jimmy the Pug. The Pug had a heavy hand in carrying out his lordship's orders.

The Remove gathered in Hall, and all but Wharton were present by the time the bell ceased to clang.

"Well, what's this game?" asked the Bounder.

"Think you can make us turn up in Hall whenever you like, Mauleverer?" demanded Bolsover major.

"Yaas."

"You cheeky ass—"

"Oh, shut up, Bolsover," said Bob Cherry. "What's the row, Mauly? Something happened?"

"Yaas."

"Is the happenfulness serious and terrific?" asked Hurrec Jamset Ram Singh.

"Yaas."

"Well, give it a name," suggested Nugent.

"They've got Wharton," said his lordship.

"What?"

Lord Mauleverer explained how the matter stood.

"Well, the silly ass!" said Skinner. "If they've got him they'll keep him. You won't get him away like you did Smithy, old bean."

"Not likely," said the Bounder. "The Beak will be wise to that now."

"So that's their game, is it?" said Bob. "Catching us one at a time? I hadn't looked for that."

"Just like Loder!" said Johnny Bull, with a sniff.

"The justfulness is terrific."

"Well, they've got him, and there's an end," said Skinner. "They're welcome to him, so far as I'm concerned."

"Same here," grinned Snoop.

"Shut up, you rotters!" bawled Bob Cherry. "We've got to get him back, if we have to march over to Greyfriars and pull the blessed place down!"

"Mauly's leader," said the Bounder, with a sneer. "What are you goin' to do, Mauly?"

"We're all ready to back you up, Mauly," said Tom Redwing quietly.

"Hear, hear!"

"What's the orders, Mauly?"

Lord Mauleverer was waiting placidly till the buzz of comment died down.

"Bolsover minor tipped me on the telephone what had happened," he said. "He particularly desired me to put you wise, Bolsover. He wants you to keep your eyes open, in case they catch you the same way."

Bolsover major snorted.

"Catch them catching me!" he said contemptuously. "I'm not an ass like Wharton, I hope, to walk into their claws. Rats!"

"I told the kid I'd give you his message," said Lord Mauleverer mildly. "Now shut up a bit, old chap."

"Look here—"

"I said shut up, old bean," said Mauleverer gently. "We're goin' to get Wharton back, of course. I don't think we can hook him out of Greyfriars as we did Smithy. They'll be on the watch. We shall have to find another way."

"I can see you findin' it!" jeered the Bounder.

"Thank you, dear boy. I want a dozen chaps," said Lord Mauleverer. "Must be hefty chaps, and fellows who can shut up and obey orders. The rest will keep within bounds till we get back. Now I'll call the names of the fellows I want."

Lord Mauleverer ticked off a dozen names, which included the four remaining members of the Co. and Peter Todd, Redwing, Linley, Penfold, Squiff, Tom Brown, Newland, and Ogilvy. Leaving the rest of the Remove in a buzz of excited discussion, his lordship marched out with his merry men, all of them utterly puzzled to know what Mauly's intentions were, but prepared to back him up through thick and thin.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Sauce for the Gander!

"WELL, of all the jolly luck!" Gerald Loder's face fairly beamed.

Luck had come his way that afternoon, and now it seemed to have come his way once more. Fortune appeared to be dealing in the most open-handed way with the Sixth Form man who was ambitious to become head prefect of Greyfriars in the place of Wingate.

Loder & Co. were lurking along the Courtfield road, within sight of the chimneys of High Oaks over the trees, when the bully of the Sixth spotted Lord Mauleverer. Loder had rather had an idea that as Wharton did not return some fellow might go to Courtfield to look for him; and now it looked as if Loder's surmise was well-founded. Of Bolsover minor's performances on the telephone Loder had not the faintest suspicion; he had no idea that the rebels were on their guard. That was one of the many things that Loder of the Sixth did not know.

Lord Mauleverer was strolling along the road, with his hands in his pockets and a careless face. Certainly he did not look like a fellow who knew that danger threatened. Mauly's pace was never rapid; but at present he seemed to be understudying a small snail as he sauntered along. Loder fairly grinned with glee at the sight of the leader of the Remove rebellion, alone, and walking into the hands of the enemy precisely as Harry Wharton had done.

"Jevver see such luck?" grinned Loder.

"Well, hardly ever!" chuckled Walker.

"Looks like an easy thing," remarked Carne. "Blessed if I thought your wheeze would work out as easily as this, Loder. It's simply pie!"

"Come on!" said Loder.

Lord Mauleverer stopped and glanced round him, and stood looking at the three seniors as they cut across toward him. He regarded them calmly and thoughtfully for a few moments, and then, as if making up his noble mind in his usual leisurely manner, he turned and walked back towards High Oaks. Even then he did not run; he walked sedately. In a couple of minutes the three prefects, running hard, came up with him, and they surrounded him with grinning faces.

"Surprised to see us—what?" chuckled Loder.

"Not at all, dear man," answered Lord Mauleverer. "The fact is, I was rather expectin' to see you."

"That's why you came out alone. I suppose?" said Loder, with grim banter.

"Yaas."

"Well, you're comin' to Greyfriars with us now. It may interest you to know that we've got Wharton."

"Dear man, a little bird told me that long ago," said Lord Mauleverer. "But I'm afraid I can't come to Greyfriars now. Hands off!"

"Collar him," grinned Loder.

Three pairs of hands were laid upon his lordship. At the same moment there was a sudden roar in the well-known tones of Bob Cherry, and Bob came bursting through a hawthorn hedge beside the road.

"Rescue, Remove!" he roared.

"Hallo! Here's another of the young rascals!" exclaimed Loder. "We'll take him, too, and— Oh—ah—oh! My hat!"

Loder broke off, with a startled glare, as a crowd of other Removites appeared behind Bob. The whole dozen of Lord

Mauleverer's selected party rushed on the scene.

"Give 'em beans!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Hurrah!"

"Give them terrific beanfulness, my esteemed chums!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Walker in dismay.

The three Sixth-Formers let go Lord Mauleverer to defend themselves as the crowd of Removites rushed on them. Even Sixth Form men were not of much use against odds of four to one. Loder & Co. were fairly overwhelmed and knocked right and left.

They had let go Mauleverer, but Manly had not let go Loder. He held on to Loder tenaciously, and three or four other fellows followed suit. Carne and Walker, gasping and furious, ran for it, and went down the road as if they fancied themselves on the cinder path. Loder would gladly have followed their example, but there was no escape for Loder. In the grip of the crowd of juniors Gerald Loder was a powerless prisoner.

"Got him!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"The gotfulness is—"

"Terrific!" chuckled Johnny Bull.

"Hurrah!"

"Leggo, you young scoundrels!" roared Loder. "I'll smash you! I'll skin you! I'll—I'll—"

"Bring him along, dear men," said Lord Mauleverer placidly. "Much obliged to you, Loder, for walkin' into the trap like this and savin' us a lot of trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What?" panted Loder.

"You see, we knew you were moochin' around, like a giddy lion lookin' for what he might devour," explained Lord Mauleverer. "That's why I let you see me all on my lonely own, dear man. You took the bait, dear man, like a mouse gobblin' up cheese in a mouse-trap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"With all these men near at hand, out of sight, to collar you when you nibbled," smiled Lord Mauleverer. "You see, we want you, Loder. You bagged our pal Wharton, and we're baggin' you—see?"

Loder glared at his lordship in speechless wrath. It dawned upon him now that he had fallen into a trap. His luck had not been quite so good as he fancied.

"Come along, dear man," said Lord Mauleverer. "You're wanted at High Oaks."

"At—at High Oaks?" gasped Loder.

"Yaas."

"You young rascal! Let me go at once!" shouted Loder.

"My dear man," said Lord Mauleverer, in a tone of patient remonstrance, "you've bagged Wharton—and fair play's a jewel! What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, you know!"

"You—you—you—" spluttered Loder.

"Bring him along! Kick him, somebody, to start him!"

"Yarooogh!"

"Come on, old bean! We're wastin' time!"

"You young villain!" gasped Loder.

"You—you—I'm not going to High Oaks! What the thump do you want me at High Oaks for?"

"You're stayin' there as long as Wharton stays at Greyfriars!" explained Lord Mauleverer.

"What!" shrieked Loder.

"Don't I make my meanin' clear? Kick him again, Cherry! He will

understand that!" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Whoooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder evidently did understand that, for he moved off in the midst of the crowd of Removites, grasped on all sides, a helpless prisoner. Surrounded by the triumphant juniors, the bully of the Sixth was marched in at the gates of High Oaks, and loud cheers greeted his appearance as he was marched into Hall. By which time Gerald Loder repented him from the bottom of his heart that he had taken in hand the difficult task of bringing the Remove to heel, and doubted very much whether his success would earn him the coveted distinction of becoming head prefect of Greyfriars.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Exchange No Robbery!

WINGATE of the Sixth looked from the doorway of the House at Greyfriars and smiled.

Up to the House came Walker and Carne, dusty, untidy, and breathless. Evidently they had been through trouble; and Loder was not with them, which looked as if Loder had not yet got through the trouble. Wingate smiled sweetly. He had had strong doubts as to whether Loder & Co. would score a striking success in dealing with the rebels at High Oaks. It looked now as if his doubts were fully justified.

Walker and Carne came in, still gasping from their run. Wingate gave them a cheery nod.

"Anything up?" he asked amiably.

"Those young scoundrels!" panted Carne.

"You've collared some more of them?" asked the Greyfriars captain.

"Nunno! They've collared Loder!"

Wingate jumped.

"What!" he ejaculated.

He was prepared to hear that Loder's strategy had turned out something like a boomerang, and recoiled upon Loder's own head. But this was rather a surprise.

"They set on us—a whole mob of them!" gasped Walker. "We thought we had that young rascal Mauleverer by himself, but it turned out that he was kidding us, and he had a whole mob of them hidden close by, ready to rush on us—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wingate.

"Oh! It's a laughing matter, is it?" snarled Walker.

"Yes, I think so," said Wingate, still laughing. "If you'd had any sense, you might have expected it! So you walked into an ambush, and the juniors mopped you up, is that it?"

"There were a mob of them; we had no chance!" said Carne. "We had to clear off! Only they wouldn't let Loder clear off! We—we stopped at a distance, and saw them yanking him along! They've taken him to High Oaks!"

"Oh crumbs!" said Wingate. "This is getting rather thick! What on earth do they want Loder for?"

"Goodness knows! But they've got him! What's going to be done about it, Wingate?"

"Anything you jolly well like!" answered Wingate. "No bizney of mine! This was Loder's wheeze, and yours, and you can deal with it exactly as you think fit! I wish you luck!"

And Wingate walked away, evidently greatly entertained. Walker and Carne looked at one another.

Possibly they had supposed that Wingate would call together all the Greyfriars prefects and hurry to the rescue of Gerald Loder. If so, they were disappointed. The Greyfriars captain made it clear that he was not concerned in the matter at all.

"I—I suppose we'd better report to the Head!" muttered Carne.

"I—I suppose so!" murmured Walker. Coker of the Fifth lounged up.

"Where's Loder?" he asked curiously.

"Those young villains have got him at High Oaks!"

Coker stared for a moment, and then burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Walker and Carne glared at him. They had to stand it from Wingate, but they were not disposed to be laughed at by Horace Coker. They seized on Coker, and jammed Coker's head against the wall with a terrific concussion. Coker still roared, though not now with laughter, and he was still roaring when Walker and Carne went on to the Head's study.

It was near time for call-over at Greyfriars, and Dr. Locke, in his study, had just selected a stout birch for the special benefit of the prisoner of the punishment-room. At call-over Wharton was to be flogged before all the school—as a punishment to him, and a warning to any Greyfriars fellows who might be inclined to tread in his rebellious footsteps. The Head had the birch in his hand when Walker and Carne presented themselves.

Dr. Locke listened to the report of the two hapless prefects, with a grim countenance. His countenance grew grimmer and grimmer as they proceeded.

"Do you actually mean to tell me that these rebellious juniors have made a prisoner of Loder?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did Loder allow them to do so?"

"Hem! They were too many for us, sir—a whole mob—"

"Why did you not help Loder?"

"We—we did, sir; but—but—" stammered Walker.

"What I cannot understand is why you have returned without Loder!" said the Head. "You should certainly not have left him in the hands of those reckless juniors!"

Walker and Carne exchanged rather sickly looks.

"They—they were too many for us, sir. You see—"

"Nonsense!"

"Hem!"

"I am very surprised indeed!" said the Head. "I cannot understand how Sixth Form prefects could allow juniors to act in such a way! Am I to understand that you actually ran away from these Lower boys?"

"Oh, you—you see, sir—"

"We—we— You see—"

Walker and Carne were crimson. The Head was really putting it in a most unpleasant way.

"I do not see!" interrupted Dr. Locke.

"We did our best, sir!" gasped Walker.

"Nonsense! You appear to have acted in a very foolish and, indeed, unmanly way!" said the Head. "You may go!"

The two wretched prefects went. They were glad to get away from the Head's scornful glances.

In the passage, they looked at one another and breathed hard.

"That's the thanks we get!" muttered Walker. "Making out we're



Loder was marched to the telephone, and as his hands were tied, Lord Mauleverer obligingly held the receiver to his ear. Loder called up Greyfriars, palpitating with apprehension. The Head's deep voice came through. "Loder speaking, sir!" gasped the prefect. "I'm a prisoner at High Oaks, sir. They—they're goin' to flog me with a cane, sir, if you flog Wharton!" (See Chapter 10.)

Greyfriars immediately!" snapped the Head.

"I think he would jump at the chance, sir. But we're not lettin' him off. What we want is a fair exchange of prisoners."

"What?" gasped the Head.

"That's the big idea, sir. You've got Wharton, and we've got Loder. We'll hand over Loder in exchange for Wharton. Is it a go?"

"Bless my soul!"

"As soon as Wharton gets here sir, we'll let Loder go. I suppose you want him back?"

"This unexampled impudence, Mauleverer—"

"I don't see it, sir. An exchange of prisoners is fair play—that's why we nobbled Loder—"

"Silence! You will release Loder at once. As for Wharton, he is about to be flogged most severely."

"In that case, sir, there will be reprisals."

"What? What?"

"If you flog Wharton, sir, we shall flog Loder."

"What?" shrieked the Head.

"Sorry, sir; but we're bound to do it. If Wharton's flogged, Loder gets the same—that's fair play. So long as Wharton is kept at Greyfriars, Loder will be kept here. Catch on, sir?"

The Head breathed hard and deep.

"Mauleverer! Unless you release Loder immediately, I shall invoke the aid of the police to deal with you."

"Nothin' in it, sir," answered Lord Mauleverer calmly. "High Oaks is my property, bought and paid for, and nobody has a right to step on it without my permission. When you sent the prefects over here, sir, I could have had them run in for trespass, if I'd

(Continued on page 16.)

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funks—after what we've been through, and—"

"I'm fed-up with it!" said Carne savagely. "Loder's got himself into this scrape, and he can jolly well get out of it! I'm done with the Remove! The Head can take them in hand if he likes! I'm done!"

"Same here!" said Walker fervently.

And the two prefects tramped angrily away, meeting smiling faces on all sides. The story had spread now and all Greyfriars seemed to be deriving entertainment from the adventures of Loder & Co. In the prefects' room there was much merriment. All the Sixth wondered what was going to happen to Gerald Loder, but nobody seemed personally concerned about what might happen to him.

Dr. Locke, in his study, stood with the birch still in his hand and thunder in his brow. He had hoped that the problem of the Remove was near solution—instead of which it appeared now to be further from solution than ever. There was only one solace. One of the young rebels—one of the ringleaders—was in his hands, and that one could be adequately punished. His grasp tightened on the birch as his thoughts turned to Wharton.

Buzzzzzzzz!

It was the telephone-bell, and the Head impatiently laid down the birch and took up the receiver.

"Well?" he snapped.

"Is that Dr. Locke?"

"Dr. Locke is speaking."

"Good-evenin', sir!"

"What?"

"Mauleverer speakin' from High Oaks, sir."

"Oh!"

The Head felt a sensation of relief. No doubt this young rascal, whom he now understood to be the chief leader of the rebellious Removites, was frightened at what he had done, and was seeking to make his peace. No doubt he was telephoning to announce that the rebels were, at last, returning to their duty. No doubt he was seeking to make terms before he arrived; and the Head smiled grimly at the thought. The only terms for the rebels were unconditional submission and severe punishment.

"So that is Mauleverer speaking?" said the Head, after a pause.

"Yaas, sir."

"Very good. You may return, Mauleverer—"

"Eh?"

"And bring your Form-fellows with you. Your punishment will be decided upon later."

"Oh, gad! You're off-side, sir."

"What?"

"We're not comin' back, sir."

Dr. Locke realised that he had jumped to a conclusion rather too quickly. It was not surrender.

"Not unless Mr. Quelch is comin' back, too, sir. In that case, we'll be very glad to return to Greyfriars."

"You impudent young rascal!"

"Hem! I rang you up to speak about Loder, sir. He's here."

"You will tell Loder to return to

## I.

**D**R. ALF BIRCHEMALL, D.D., B.Sc. (Dithering Dolt and Bearded Scamp) walked along the road to St. Sam's, pushing a truck. He was walking on air, with his head hitting the sky. (This is merely a figger of speech. If his head had really hit the sky, he would have seen stars!)

Anyway, Dr. Birchermall was in grate spirits. He was beaming all over his dille as he came along the road with his truck, and with his well-known gate. It was a peculiar, jaunty sort of gate, which any self-respecting headmaster would have barred. Certainly, it was not the sort of gate that signified the dignified.

Dr. Birchermall had every reason to feel bucked with life. He had just spent a jolly afternoon in Muggleton, selling copies of his latest, greatest, and up-to-datost paper, "Doctor Birchermall's Weekly." He had set out from St. Sam's with a truckload of papers, and he had succeeded in selling the lot.

Dr. Birchermall's method of getting rid of his superfluous papers had not been above suspishun. He had dashed up and down the High Street of Muggleton, shouting:

"Extra speshal—paper! All the latest football rezzults—paper!"

Now, Muggleton was a grate footballing town. Its team had once reached the First Qualifying Round for the Qualifying Rounds of the English Cup Competishun. That was the farthest Muggleton had ever got along the road to Wembley, and the farthest it was ever likely to get. Still, the good people of Muggleton, from the errand-boys down to the Mayor and Corporation, were all crazy keen on football; and when they heard Dr. Birchermall shouting "Football Rezzults!" there had been a wild stampede to buy papers.

But the wily old Head had sold them a pup, as well as a paper. For the latest football rezzults, detailed in the Stop Press kolumn, proved to be the rezzults of Form-matches at St. Sam's, instead of the English Cup contests!

Dr. Birchermall was eggstremely lucky, in the serkumstances, to leave Muggleton without being linched, or at least torn lim from him. For nothing annoys the publik more than being sold a pup—unless they happen to be dog-fanciers!

However, once he had got rid of his papers, Dr. Birchermall had lost no time in shaking the dust of Muggleton from his feet. And now, as he pranced gaily along the road, pushing his truck, he whistled a lively air in the lively Spring air.

"Sold out!" he chortled. "Sold out within twenty-four hours of publication! This is where I shake hands with myself! I'd give myself a pat on the back, too, if it didn't mean scrooing myself up like a contortionist. Really, that was a wonderful brane-wave of mine, to bring out a real, live, go-ahead paper in place of the Skool Magazine, now defunked! I'm roping in the jolly old shekels at such a rate that I shall soon be as rich as Crocus! And then everything in the garden will be lovely!"

Little did Dr. Birchermall dream, as he walked on air, with his head hitting the sky, that there were trubbled times in store for him. He had no four-bodings of coming disaster—not a single one, in fact! He walked briskly and blithely; he didn't slouch along.

"Like one who on a lonely road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
Bekawse he knows some fearful feend  
Doth close behind him tread."

Not being gifted with second-sight, Dr. Birchermall could never see disaster ahead until he landed plump in the middle of it!

On reaching St. Sam's, he handed over the truck to Fossil the porter, and made his way to his study, which was also the

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Edditorial Sanktum of "Doctor Birchermall's Weekly."

Strange sounds came to his ears as he approached his study door—sounds of snarling and growling, as if a dog-fight was in progress.

"Br-r-r-r!" Dr. Birchermall jumped.

"Grate jumping crackers!" he ejaculated. "Can it be possible that some ferce canine beast has gained axcess to my study?"

The ferce snarling noise continued, and the Head was quite nervus as he jinjerly opened the door of his study, inch by inch.

"What the thump—" he began, in astonishment.

And then he jumped back in alarm, on catching sight of the ferce red face and bulldog jaw of Colonel Fiery Sparkes, one of the Guvvners of St. Sam's.

Colonel Fiery Sparkes was never a plassid gentleman at the best of times. His colleags on the Board of Guvvners called him "Vesooovius," bekawse he was in a constant state of eruption. And he was erupting now, with a venjence! His eyes rolled in their sockitts; his military mistosh brissled with rage. He stamped up and down the study like a caged lion.

Jack Jolly & Co., the youthful sub-edditers, who had been at work on the next number of "Doctor Birchermall's Weekly," were crouching back in a corner, looking quite scared.

On catching sight of Dr. Birchermall, Colonel Fiery Sparkes erupted more violently than ever. He strode towards the doorway, and seized the astonished Head by the scruf of the neck, and farely hauled him into the study. Then he shook him until his false teeth rattled.

"Birchemall!" he cried, almost foaming at the mouth. "You are a scamp and a skoundrel, sir! You are a dasterd!"

The Head shook himself free.

"Colonel Sparkes," he eggclaimed, drawing himself up with dignity, and with the aid of a chair. "I would ask you to choose your words more carefully, sir. You have no right to apply such epitaphs to me in the pressence of these juniors. What have I done that you should tell me to my face what I am?"

Colonel Fiery Sparkes snorted.

"What have you done?" he stormed. "You have wielded a poyson pen, sir! You have grossly libelled me in the currant issew of your pernishus paper! But for the fact that you are as poor as a church mouse, I should soo you for definition of carracter!"

"Grate pip!" gasped the Head.

"You have written an article in which you state I am the biggest boob that ever sat on a Board of Guvvners! You have covered me with calumny—swamped me with scorn! You have dragged my name through the dirt!"

"Well, you dragged me through the dirt just now, so that makes us quits!" said Dr. Birchermall with a faint grin.

"Does it, begad?" roared Colonel Fiery Sparkes. "I will show you, sir, that I am not the sort of man to be libelled with immunity! You will give me sattisfaction, sir!"

"How?" asked the Head in alarm.

"In the only way possible," barked the

# An Affair of



colonel. "You will fight a duel with me!"

"A—a duel?" faltered the Head.

"Eggactly!"

"Pistols for two, coffin for one!" mermered Jack Jolly, sotto vocey.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Birchermall frowned.

"Really, Colonel Sparkes, you must be rotting—"

"Not at all! You are the one who will be rotting by the time I've finished with you! Let us adjourn to the Skool Mewseum and choose our weppons!"

Dr. Birchermall hesitated a moment.

"Hadn't we better settle this matter with boxing-gloves, colonel?" he suggested. "If we fight a duel with swords it is possible somebody may get hurt."

"Quite possi-

ble!" said the

colonel grimly.

"Ow!" yelled

the terryfied

Head.

Jack Jolly & Co.

were laring fit

to bust. The

prospect of a duel

between Dr.

Birchemall and

Colonel Fiery

Sparkes tickled

them immensely.

And they meant

to be on the spot.

They would not

have missed such

a spectacle for a

whole term's

pocket-munny.

After Dr. Birche-

mall had made

some lame argew-

ments against



Dr. Birchermall pounced on  
he eggclaimed. "You m  
colonel!" "Others?" ga  
there's only this Aunt



A complete story written by the budding genius, Dicky Nugent, of the Second Form at Greyfriars.

duelling, and more words had been bandied, the two gentlemen sallied fourth to the Skool Mewseum in quest of weppons.

## II.

**D**R. BIRCHEMALL set off at a jog-trot, almost as if he was eager for the fray. And Colonel Fiery Sparkes, snorting like a war-horse, came striding in his wake.

"Of corse," panted the Head, "I can have the choice of weppons, being the aggrieved party?"

"Of corse!" snapped the colonel. "Swords or pistols—it's all the same to me. I am equally dexterus with both."

"Oh!"

Dr. Birchermall quickened his pace and fairly pelted into the Skool Mewseum in front of the fiery colonel.

There was method in the Head's seeming rashness. He had a jolly good reason for getting in first, and claiming choice of weppons. For the only weppons the St. Sam's Mewseum contained were a long, formidable pike, and a short-handled battle-axe.

The rest of the armoury—swords, and shields, and pistols, and blunderbusses—was missing. Dr.

tion. He could not have answered it, without revealing his sworded past!

"Huh! I think we had better postpone this duel for a day or two," growled the colonel. "I've got a case of pistols at home—"

"No, no!" said Dr. Birchermall hastily. "It's too late for you to back out now, colonel. You thrust this duel upon me, and now you must go through with it! Be a man, and don't show the white fether!"

At this, the colonel gave a bellow like an angry bull.

"The white fether, hey?" he stormed. "You shall pay for those words, Birchermall, with your mizzerable skin!"

"Ow!" moaned Dr. Birchermall. "Now choose your second!" cried Colonel Fiery Sparkes.

"Second?" gasped the bewildered Head of St. Sam's. "Did you say 'second'?"

"Yes, for the second time I'll give you a second to choose your second! You must have a second to see fare play."

So saying, the colonel seized the old-fashioned battle-axe.

They set fourth together, the Head trailing his long pike, and the Colonel brandishing the battle-axe.

Mr. Lickham joined them in the quad, and the Head promptly engaged the master of the Fourth as his second. But no master could be found who was willing to act as second to Colonel Fiery Sparkes, for fear of losing his job after the duel—if Dr. Birchermall had the good fortune to survive.

The duellists adjourned to a quiet clearing in the wood. They were followed slyly by Jack Jolly & Co., who ambushed themselves behind trees, and peered eagerly between the branches to witness the fourthcoming duel.

Dr. Birchermall peeled off his gown, and doffed his mortar-board, and flung them at Mr. Lickham. Then, picking up the pike, he pranced around with it, making the most horrible grimaces, evidently with the intention of putting the wind up his opponent.

But Colonel Fiery Sparkes, although blazing with pashun, was cool and calm;

Birchemall had disposed of them, from time to time—on occasions, when he had been hard up—to the anteeck dealer in Muggleton.

Indeed, it was only by the merest chance that the pike and battle-axes had not gone the way of the rest. The Head had intended to take them over to Muggleton that very afternoon, had the sale of his papers not come up to eggsepectations.

Dr. Birchermall promptly pounced on the pike.

"This is my weppon!" he eggclaimed. "You may take your choice of the others, colonel."

"Others?" gasped Colonel Fiery Sparkes. "What others? There's only this Auntie-Deluvian battle-axe." He glared round the Mewseum. "Where are the swords?"

The Head did not answer that ques-

and he determined that his opponent would shortly be collected!

"Regard!" he cried, brandishing his battle-axe.

Dr. Birchermall stopped making faces, and stared around him.

"Eh? Regard what?" he asked.

"Look to your defence!" roared the colonel. "The duel has started, imbecile!"

So saying, the colonel made a sudden ferce rush, only to be warded off by the Head's pike, which commanded a wide sweep.

The pike had an ugly-looking hook at the end of it, and the colonel had no wish to find himself harpooned like a wail. He was balked and baffled, and obliged to retreat.

"Yah! Cowhard!" yelled the Head, scornfully.

At this, the colonel rushed in again. But he hopped back suddenly as Dr. Birchermall made a jab at him with the pike. If the colonel hadn't been quick, he would undoubtedly have been dead!

The duel went on in this way for some time, with the Head holding the upper hand, besides all the cards, and the pike.

Being at a safe distance from the colonel's battle-axe, the Head could afford to taunt and tanterise him. And he said all the cheekiest and most sarkastic things he could think of.

At last, the colonel could endure the taunts and tanterisations no longer. Shutting his eyes, he rushed in blindly, only to be deftly hooked by the Head's pike, which fastened into his muffler.

"Gotcher!" cried Dr. Birchermall triumphantly.

And from behind the bushes came a loud mermer of applaws.

Colonel Fiery Sparkes resembled a pink sammon which had just been hooked. With purple face, and eyes starting out of their sockitts, he found himself drawn towards his opponent.

But this was just what the colonel wanted, for it brought him at last within striking distance.

"Now!" he cried, in a choking voice, brandishing his battle-axe. "Now's my chance to administer the 'cup de grace.'"

Dr. Birchermall realised his danger in a flash, and his curridge oozed out at his finger-tips. He let go of the pike as if it had suddenly become red-hot, and threw himself on to his knees.

"Mersy!" he cried, grovelling in the grass. "Spare me! Think of my youth and innocence!"

"You have left both behind you long ago," was the colonel's comment, as he detached the pike-hook from his muffler. "There is no real reason why I should spare your worthless life. However, I will do so, on one condition."

"Yes, yes?" faltered the Head, squirming and cringing at the feet of the colonel.

"In the first place you will make a publick apology to me for having libelled me in your paper—"

"Oh, certainly!"

"And you will agree to collect all the currant copies of 'Doctor Birchermall's Weekly,' and make a bonfire of them! You will also agree never to produce the paper again."

"Never no more! Honest Injun!" cried the Head. "From this moment, 'Doctor Birchermall's Weekly' is dead!"

And Jack Jolly & Co., as they tramped back to St. Sam's a little later, reflected that it was eggstremely fortunate for Dr. Birchermall that he had not shared the fate of his now defunked paper!

THE END.

(There will be another amusing tale of St. Sam's in next week's MAGNET, chums, entitled: "'CAT' BERGLARS AT ST. SAM'S!" Don't miss this record laugh, whatever you do!)

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on the "This is my weppon!" may your choice of the others, general Fiery Sparkes. "Why, untimes battle-axe here!"



(Continued from page 13.)

liked. I let them off that, sir, out of consideration for you."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head faintly.

"You can't send peccats here for Loder, sir, without a search-warrant, the place bein' my property. Excuse my instructin' you in the law of the land, sir, but you don't seem to know much about it. I'm rather well up in the laws relatin' to property and things. Now, unless you give me your word at once that Wharton will not be flogged, Loder will be flogged. How about it, sir?"

The telephone in Dr. Locke's study rocked as he slammed back the receiver on the hook. It was extremely fortunate for Lord Mauleverer that he was not within his headmaster's reach at that moment. The slamming of the receiver was Dr. Locke's reply to the chief of the High Oaks rebels, and he picked up the birch again with a brow of thunder.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Nice for Loder!

**L**ORD MAULEVERER put up the receiver, and went down to meet his Form-fellows. In the Hall the Removites were swarming; and in the midst of the crowd was Loder of the Sixth, with a face that Bob Cherry likened to that of a demon in a pantomime. Loder had resisted all the way up the drive, and as a result he was in rather a dishevelled state. His hat and collar and tie were gone, his clothes were badly rumpled, his hair was like a mop. He had given so much trouble, that Mauleverer had ordered his hands to be tied together, and Loder was now quite helpless. He glared at the laughing faces round him, like a caged tiger.

"Well, what does the Head say, Mauly?" asked Bob Cherry.

"He's rung off," answered Mauleverer. "He seemed to be in a bad temper about somethin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The badfulness of the temper is probably terrific," chuckled Hurreo Janset Ram Singh.

"Well, the man might be reasonable," said Mauleverer. "I've offered him a fair exchange, and exchange is no robbery. We want Wharton—and he wants Loder. Wharton's no use to him—and Loder's no use to us. Blessed if I see what use he is at all, but the Head must think somethin' of him, or he wouldn't have made him a prefect. The Beak says that Wharton is goin' to be flogged, although I've warned him that Loder will be flogged, too."

"You young scoundrel—" began Loder.

"Shut up, Loder! You're dead in this act!"

"If you don't let me go at once—"

"Will you dry up, Loder?"

"No!" roared Loder furiously. "I tell you, you young rascal—"

"Kick him, Cherry!"

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"Yaroooh!"

"Sorry, Loder, old bean, but it seems to be the only way to make you shut up," said Lord Mauleverer politely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder suppressed his feelings, glaring at Lord Mauleverer as if he would have liked to bite him.

"What time is callin' over at Greyfriars, you men?" asked Mauleverer. "Anybody remember?"

"Seven, you ass!"

Mauleverer glanced at his watch.

"It's close on seven now. I'm afraid you'll have to be flogged at seven, Loder."

"You—you—you—" gasped Loder.

"Sorry, and all that; but it can't be helped. If the Head ill-uses prisoners of war, reprisals are the only thing. But there's one difficulty I never foresaw," added Lord Mauleverer.

"What's that?" grinned Bob Cherry.

"We've no birch here. I quite forgot to order a birch when we started High Oaks School. We shall have to flog Loder with a cane. I suppose it won't make much difference to you, Loder?"

"You—you young villain—"

"You see, it's too late to telephone to Chunkley's for a birch to be delivered before seven," explained Lord Mauleverer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will one of you men fetch a cane from the class-room?"

"Yes, rather!"

A cane was speedily fetched into Hall. Loder eyed it with well-grounded apprehension. More and more deeply did the bully of the Sixth repent having taken the problem of the Remove in hand. Once clear of High Oaks, there was no doubt that Gerald Loder would be particularly careful to give that remarkable scholastic establishment a wide berth. But he was not clear of High Oaks yet.

"Five minutes to seven," said Lord Mauleverer. "Place a chair for Loder, you men. He will have to bend over a chair."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A chair was placed for Loder to bend over. Lord Mauleverer swished the cane.

"You really mean it, Mauleverer?" asked the Bounder.

"Eh? Yaas!"

"If you dare to lay a finger on me—" hissed Loder.

"I'm not goin' to lay a finger on you, old bean. I'm goin' to lay this cane. The Head will give Wharton six. I'm goin' to give you six. Make up your mind to it."

Loder gasped. It was almost unbelievable, from the point of view of a Sixth Form prefect; but Loder had to believe it. Lord Mauleverer was evidently in deadly earnest.

"Look here," panted Loder, "let me speak to the Head. If I—if I go back and—and speak to him—"

"I'm afraid I couldn't trust you to come back here and take your floggin' dear man."

"Hardly!" chuckled Nugent.

"I—I—I'll speak to him on the telephone!" gasped Loder. "Let me phone to the Head, for goodness' sake."

Lord Mauleverer smiled faintly. As a matter of fact, he had been waiting for Loder to make that suggestion.

"Any old thing," he said. "If you can persuade the Beak to listen to reason, you're welcome to try, old bean. Bring him to the telephone, you men."

"Better give him a few first," said Bolsover major.

"Shut up, Bolsover!"

Loder was marched to the telephone.

As his hands were tied, Lord Mauleverer obligingly held the receiver to his ear. Loder called up Greyfriars, palpitating with apprehension. The Head's deep voice came through.

"Loder speaking, sir!" gasped the prefect.

"Indeed!"

"I'm a prisoner here, sir, at High Oaks."

"So I understand from Walker."

"They—they're goin' to flog me, sir, with a cane, if you flog Wharton, sir," gasped Loder.

"Nonsense!"

"It's true, sir. They've tied my hands, and they've got the cane ready. I—I don't think, sir, that you ought to let me be flogged, when I got into this through trying to do my duty as a prefect, sir."

"Nonsense."

"You—you see, sir—" gasped Loder. "I am assured that the juniors will not dare to do anything of the kind," snapped the Head.

"Oh dear! I—I assure you, sir, they're just goin' to flog me," panted Loder. "The little beasts are fairly enjoyin' it, sir. I give you my word."

"You should not have allowed these Lower boys to make you a prisoner at all, Loder."

"I—I couldn't help it, sir."

"Nonsense."

"I did my best, sir," groaned Loder. "You can't let me be flogged by these young scoundrels, sir."

There was a pause. Loder listened hopefully.

"I can scarcely believe, Loder, that these juniors, rebellious as they are, would dare to proceed to such a length," said the Head at last. "In the circumstances, however, I shall postpone Wharton's flogging until you have returned to Greyfriars, and you may tell them so."

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

"You will return here at the earliest possible moment, Loder."

"I—I—I will, sir."

Lord Mauleverer smiled cheerily. He was close enough to the receiver to hear what was said from Greyfriars.

"That's all right," he said. "The floggin's off, you men. Wharton's in the punishment-room at Greyfriars, I think, Loder?"

"Yes," growled Loder.

"We haven't a punishment-room here—another oversight," said his lordship. "But any old room will do. You're goin' to be locked up, old bean, so long as Wharton is locked up at Greyfriars."

"Look here—"

"That will do. Bring him along, you men."

"I say, you fellows, we'd better give him a few with the cane."

"Shut up, Bunter."

Loder was led away. He was deeply relieved at having escaped the flogging; that was so much to the good, though many of the Removites looked rather disappointed. But the prospect before him was not attractive, being just the same as that before Wharton in the punishment-room at Greyfriars. He was led upstairs to one of the many unoccupied rooms in the great rambling building, followed by a crowd of chuckling juniors. To the Removites it seemed quite a priceless lark to shut up a Sixth-Form prefect in a punishment-room.

"Call Juggins, you men," said Lord Mauleverer.

"Here, my lord!" Alfred Juggins was at hand at once. Juggins had the great gift of being always at hand.

"Juggins, this fellow is bein' kept

shut up for a bit," said Lord Mauleverer. "Get this room furnished a bit, will you?"

"Yes, my lord."

"See that he's fed and fairly comfortable, Juggins."

"Yes, my lord."

"Where's James?"

"Here, me lord!" grinned Jimmy the Pug.

"James, I want you to see that this prisoner does not get away. You will come with Mr. Juggins when he brings him food and so on. See?"

"Yes, me lord."

"If he gives any trouble, thrash him, but don't do him any injury—none of your knock-out blows, you know. Just a lickin'."

"Leave him to me, me lord!" grinned James.

"Thank you very much, dear man."

And Loder, enraged, amazed, and utterly dismayed, was locked in and left to his meditations.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter Does It!

**B**ILLY BUNTER blinked at Smithy, his little round eyes growing rounder behind his big spectacles.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh, my hat!"

It was the following day, and although Harry Wharton was still a prisoner at Greyfriars, and Loder of the Sixth was a prisoner at High Oaks, the new school was proceeding on the even tenor of its way.

So far as the captain of the Remove was concerned, Lord Mauleverer was waiting for the Head to agree to an exchange of prisoners, and he had no doubt that the Head would so agree, as soon as he realised that there was nothing else to be done, and that his lofty dignity had to be put, as it were, in his pocket.

Wharton was necessarily absent from the Form, but every other member of the Remove had to attend class as usual. Lord Mauleverer was really ruling High Oaks with a rod of iron in these days. Certainly he was only able to do so because the majority of the Remove backed him up; and Jimmy the Pug was more than enough to keep the unruly spirits in order. Skinner & Co. had never been quite so meek and orderly at Greyfriars as they now were at High Oaks, and Bolsover major seemed to have lost nearly all his truculence. Bunter, the laziest fellow in the Form, had become almost industrious; all the slackers were toting the line. Even the arrogant spirit of Vernon-Smith seemed to have been tamed.

But that was only in seeming.

Had the Bouncer been elected undisputed leader of the High Oaks rebels, doubtless he would have been satisfied, though certainly, in that case, High would not have much resembled a school. But the Bouncer could not bow his head to authority. Even at Greyfriars there had often been trouble between Smithy and the captain of the Remove, for that reason. At High Oaks, in a state of rebellion against authority, Smithy had no idea at all of playing second fiddle and taking orders from another Removite. With most of the Remove backing up Lord Mauleverer, and the rest in awe of Jimmy the Pug, it looked as if Smithy would have to lump it, if he did not like it; but the Bouncer's thoughts had been busy, and it was upon William George Bunter that he fixed to help him bring about a change. What might follow that change

the Bouncer did not care about in the least; he was reckless of results as usual.

"You can do it, you fat duffer," he said. "It's the only thing you can do; but you can do that."

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"You're a hopeless dud at everything else, but you can do fatheaded ventriloquial tricks," said the Bouncer. "You nearly got me into a scrap with Bolsover the other day with your trickery, and I jolly well kicked you for it."

"Look here—"

"Goodness knows how you do it! It can't require any brains, or you couldn't," went on the Bouncer. "Still, the fact remains that you can. Now, all the fellows know you're a rotten ventriloquist, but that brute James Juggins doesn't, so you've got a clear field with him."

"But—" altered Bunter.

"But what, ass? Aren't you fed-up with playing at school here, and going into class, same as if we were at Greyfriars?"

"Yes, rather!" said the Owl of the Remove promptly. "But—"

"Aren't you fed-up with Linley playin' at Form master, and givin' us lessons, and lines, and Mauleverer captainin' us with that prize-fighter to protect him?" demanded the Bouncer savagely.

"Yes; but—but—but he's a dangerous beast, you know," said Bunter uneasily. "Look how he chucked you about like a sack of coke when you tried to tackle him—and Bolsover, too."

Vernon-Smith gritted his teeth.

"That's why we're goin' to get shut of him," he said. "It can be done by your ventriloquial trickery. Once we get that old pug out of the place, we'll all do as we jolly well like, and give Mauly the raggin' of his life. Most of the fellows are backin' him up now, but they'd come round fast enough if they weren't scared of that bruiser."

"Yes, but—"

William George Bunter liked the prospect in one way, but he evidently did not like it in another. Jimmy the Pug had terrified the fat junior, and Bunter almost shuddered at the idea of playing tricks on him. Still, he was greatly tempted. Bunter had lines to do, with a licking to come if the lines were not done, and Bunter hated lines. Bunter had to work in class, and Bunter hated work. What was the good of a rebellion if a fellow who was rebelling had to behave himself just the same? That was what Bunter wanted to know.

"You've got to do it!" growled the Bouncer. "You're afraid that that pug might lick you if he spotted it, what?"

"Not afraid, of course," said Bunter.

"Still, he would, you know."

"Well, if you don't try it on, I shall lick you," said the Bouncer.

Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"I'll tell you what, Smithy. I was expecting a postal-order the day we left Greyfriars—"

"You fat idiot!"

"Of course, it hasn't come here—the Head's not sending on our letters," said Bunter.

"Can you let me have the—the pound? Of course, I'll hand you the postal-order when—when we get back to

Greyfriars. It's there, you know, waiting for me. In fact, there's probably more than one. I was expecting several postal-orders—from my titled relations, you know."

The Bouncer breathed hard.

"It's a go—if you do as I tell you!" he snapped.

"Right-ho, then!" said Bunter. "Of course, I can do it. I'm a jolly clever ventriloquist, as you know. I'll jolly well make that prizelighter sit up, I can tell you! Mauly, too, and the fellows who are backing him up. Leave it to me!"

"I'll tell you exactly what to do—"

Bunter made a disdainful gesture.

"You needn't tell me anything, Smithy. I know what to do!"

"I tell you—"

"Rats! Lot you can teach me!" said Bunter.

Vernon-Smith suppressed his desire to take William George Bunter by the scruff of the neck and bang his head against a tree. He promised himself that pleasure later. At present Bunter was needed and he had to be placated.

"Well, go ahead," said the Bouncer.

"Have your own way."

"I mean to," answered Bunter calmly.

"There's the bruiser now," said Smithy, with a glance towards Jimmy the Pug, who was strolling down a path with his pipe in his mouth, and an expression of amicable satisfaction on his battered face.

It was after morning class at High Oaks, and as the weather was fine, most of the fellows were out of doors. Skinner and Snoop were detained in the class-room for carelessness in lessons, and they did not even think of leaving the class-room without permission. Cousin James had instructions to take them back if they did and they were anxious not to give Cousin James that trouble.

Some of the juniors were punting about a footer, and Jimmy the Pug stopped to look on. Bob Cherry came along to join the punters, passing Cousin James as he stood on the path. The Bouncer heard Billy Bunter give his little fat cough, always a preliminary to his ventriloquial stunts.

"Get out of the way, you low rotter!"

Cousin James spun round towards Bob Cherry. For the moment even the Bouncer supposed that Bob had spoken, so exactly had the Remove ventriloquist imitated his voice. The fat grin on Bunter's face enlightened him, and he grinned, too, and watched developments.

"Wot?" ejaculated James Juggins.

"Wot's that, young Cherry?"

"Eh, what?" said Bob, staring at him. Bob had heard the remark, and wondered who had spoken; but he did not recognise his own voice, naturally.

(Continued overleaf.)



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Jimmy the Pug had recognised it and he was wrathy.

"You impudent young rascal!" exclaimed James, justly incensed. "Do you want to be walloped, what?"

"What the thump do you mean?" exclaimed Bob angrily. "If you think you can bully me, my man, you're making a mistake! Get out of the way, please!" James had planted himself in Bob's path, with a belligerent look.

"For two pins," roared James, "I'd lay you across my knee and spank you, young Cherry!"

"Oh, shut up, and don't be a fool!" retorted Bob.

"That does it!"

And Cousin James grasped Bob Cherry in an angry grasp.

"Here! Chuck that!" roared Bob.

Bob struggled.

But, powerful fellow as he was, he was powerless in the grasp of the old pugilist.

"Rescue, you men!" shouted Bob.

A crowd of the Removites ran up. The Bounder chuckled, and Billy Bunter grinned with glee. There was no doubt that the Remove ventriloquist had done it now. Cousin James was grasping Bob in a grip of iron with one hand, and smacking him forcibly with the other—and Bob was punching at him furiously.

"Stop that, you ruffian!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Chuck it!" exclaimed Nugent.

"Collar him!"

"Rescue!" yelled Bob.

"All right, Bob, we'll be with you in a sec!"

There was a rush at James.

Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh seized him at once. What the row was about they did not know, but they knew that they were not going to see their chum handled by the prizefighter. But all the Co. together were not equal to handling Cousin James, and Squiff and Peter Todd jumped to their aid, and the Bounder rushed in. The trouble having been started, the Bounder was keen to make it worse, and to prevent explanations.

So many hands were laid on James Juggins that even the redoubtable old pug was overpowered, and he went to the ground with a dozen Removites clinging to him like cats. The Bounder grinned gleefully as he grasped James' prominent ears, and banged his head on the hard earth. Muffled roars came from Cousin James under the scrambling heap of juniors.

"Duck him!" yelled Bolsover major.

"Hurrah!"

"Shove him in the pond!"

"Ere, you stow it!" howled James. "You chuck it, you 'ear me! Oh crikey! Oh crumbs! Ow!"

For once the Removites were united. Cousin James had kept the rebellious spirits in order, because most of the fighting-men in the Remove were on the same side. Now the fighting-men were handling Cousin James, as well as the rest, and against the whole Form Jimmy the Pug had no chance. He was bundled along helplessly to the pond, struggling and roaring, and using language which really ought not to have been used in the presence of innocent youth, but which was perhaps excusable in the circumstances. In a yelling mob, the Removites reached the pond, and Cousin James was hurled headlong in.

Splash!

"Groooogh! Gug-gug! Oooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites.

"Now cool down there, you cheeky rotter!" bawled Bob Cherry. "And you'll get some more of the same if you

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ask for it!"

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

And the Removites crowded away, leaving Jimmy the Pug to crawl dismally out of the pond, looking and feeling as if he did not find life at High Oaks worth living.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### The Only Way!

HARRY WHARTON stood by the window of the punishment-room at Greyfriars, staring out at a patch of blue sky, which was all he could see of the outside world, when there was a sound of footsteps in the corridor. He turned to the door, expecting to see Trotter, the page, with a tray and dinner. But it was Wingate of the Sixth who entered the punishment-room.

Wharton gave him a nod and a smile.

"Hallo, Wingate!"

"Getting fed-up with this?" asked the captain of Greyfriars.

"Yes, rather!" answered Wharton promptly.

"You're going now."

"Oh, good!"

"Head's orders to let you out," said Wingate.

"Oh, my hat! That's good news," said Harry. "But why?"

"I suppose you don't know what's been happening," said Wingate, with a grin. "Your precious friends over at High Oaks have got Loder."

"Good for them!" said Harry.

"They've kept him a prisoner," said Wingate. "He's been away all night, and he's still at High Oaks."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Maul's some leader," he said. "Is the Head letting me go so that Loder can come back?"

"I imagine so. Anyhow, the orders are to let you out of the punishment-room, and you're to take a message to Loder to return to Greyfriars at once. That's all I've been told."

"I'll take that message with pleasure," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "In fact, I've never been so

pleased in my life to take a message. Does the Head want to see me?"

"He doesn't!" answered Wingate dryly.

He threw the door open wide, and Harry Wharton walked out of the punishment-room. His face was very bright as he walked down the corridor and down the stairs. The Greyfriars fellows were not yet out of the Form rooms, and Wharton guessed that the Head had let him depart while the fellows were still in school, so that his departure should not be witnessed. It was a defeat for the Head, and he did not want all Greyfriars to be witnesses to his defeat.

Wharton walked across cheerily to the gates.

From the window of the Sixth Form room Dr. Locke glanced out, and there was a deep frown on his brow as he looked after the captain of the Remove. Loder's place in the Sixth was vacant, and all Greyfriars knew that Gerald Loder was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels at High Oaks. That he was being held as a hostage for Wharton the fellows could easily guess, and there had been much merriment on the subject, as the Head was probably aware.

It was impossible to allow such a situation to continue, as the Head had realised on reflection. He had been scarcely able to believe, at first, that the High Oaks rebels would venture to keep a Greyfriars prefect a prisoner.

Loder had not returned, however, and the Head had to believe it at last. To visit High Oaks and demand the release of Loder was futile, as he knew; it would only have been met by defiance. To invoke the aid of the police was, no doubt, possible, but that meant that Greyfriars and its affairs would become the talk of the county, and figure in the newspapers—an awful thought to the Head, who hated publicity of any sort, and shrank especially from publicity of the present state of Greyfriars' affairs. To leave a Sixth Form man a prisoner with the rebel Removites was impossible, and the only alternative was to accede to Lord Mauleverer's demand.

It had been a bitter pill for the Head to swallow, but he had had to get it down. He had saved his dignity as much as he could by sending Wingate to release Wharton and give him a message for Loder. That was all the Head could do. He had done it, much against the grain, and now Wharton was free. He turned from the window, and possibly he detected lurking smiles among the Sixth, for until the class was dismissed the Head's temper was uncommonly acid, and the Greyfriars Sixth had never been so glad when the hour of dismissal came.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton walked cheerily away up the Courtfield road towards High Oaks.

He had had more than enough of the punishment-room at Greyfriars, though he had been supported by faith in the amazing qualities of leadership that Lord Mauleverer had developed. He had hoped, at least, that Maul would find some way of getting him out of durance vile, and now Maul had done it. He strolled along cheerily in the spring sunbirt, and turned in at the gates of High Oaks.

"Groogh! Gug-gug! Oooch!"

Wharton heard those remarkable sounds as he walked up the drive and glanced round. At a short distance from the drive was the pond, and from the pond a drenched and dripping figure was crawling.

"Oh my hat!" ejaculated Wharton, as he recognised Jimmy the Pug. He turned off the drive and approached the old pugilist.

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In a yelling mob, the Removites reached the pond, and Cousin James was hurled headlong in. Splash! "Grooogh! Gug-gug! Oooch!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Removites. "Now cool down there you cheeky rotter!" bawled Bob Cherry. "You'll get some more of the same if you ask for it!" (See Chapter 11.)



"Been swimming with your clobber on?" he asked humorously.

James gave him a dripping glare.

"I'll smash 'em!" he mumbled.

"But what—"

"You're one of 'em! I'll smash you!"

"Here, I say— Oh, my hat!" roared Wharton, as the enraged James grasped him. "Leggo! Yarooogh!"

Possibly James, with his eyes full of water and mud, did not recognise Wharton, and did not remember that the captain of the Remove had been absent that morning. Perhaps he did not care. In his present frame of mind he was yearning to thrash somebody, as was natural in the circumstances, and Wharton had come along at the right moment for that purpose. With a grasp on the astonished junior's collar, James proceeded to smack his head right and left.

"Take that, you young rip—"

"Whooop!"

"And that—and that—"

"Leggo! Yow-ow-ow!"

James had a heavy hand, and he was using it with vigour.

"And that—and that—and that—"

"You potty idiot, leggo!" shrieked Wharton.

"And that!" gasped James.

Fortunately, Wharton succeeded in hooking his leg into James' and giving the exasperated pugilist a shove at the same time. James staggered back, and, being still on the edge of the pond, he sat down in the water. There was a mighty splash and a muffled roar from James.

Wharton did not linger.

His head was singing from James' hefty smacks, and James was struggling

out of the water again, with an expression on his battered face which told only too plainly what the junior had to expect if he was still on the spot when James emerged from the pond. Wharton started for the house at a run.

He was rather breathless when he dashed into the hall of High Oaks. The Removites were at dinner there.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry. "Here's Wharton!"

"Hurrah!"

"You got away?" exclaimed the Bounder.

"I'm released in exchange for Loder," said Harry. "I fancied you'd manage it somehow, Mauly, old man."

"Yaas, I rather thought it would work, you know," said Lord Mauleverer amiably. "The Head couldn't very well leave Loder here a permanent fixture. Juggins!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Go to the punishment-room, Juggins, and let that fellow out. Tell him to clear off."

"Yes, my lord."

Juggins departed. Harry Wharton dropped into a seat at the table beside Bob Cherry. He was ready for dinner.

"Jolly glad to see you back, old chap," said Bob.

"And I'm jolly glad to get back," said Harry. "Has anything happened here this morning?"

"Ham! Yes."

"I found that old pug crawling out of the pond," said Harry. "He went for me and I pushed him in again. What's the row?"

"The rowfulness has been terrific, my esteemed chum," said Hurree Jamsel Ram Singh. "The excellent and

ludicrous James has been ducked for his own esteemed good."

"He asked for it," growled Bob.

"Begged for it, in fact," said Johnny Bull.

"He, he, he!"

That fat cackinnation came from Billy Bunter.

Smithy gave the Owl of the Remove a fierce, warning look. Billy Bunter winked at him reassuringly.

"All serene, Smithy. I'm not letting anything out," he said fatuously.

"You fat idiot!" hissed the Bounder.

"Oh, really, Smithy—"

"Shut up!" hissed Vernon-Smith.

"If you think I can't keep a secret, Smithy—"

"What's that fat duffer burbling about?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, really, Franky—"

"You see, James got his ears up," Bob Cherry explained to the captain of the Remove. "He thought he could smack my head, just as if it were Skinner's—"

"You cheeky chump!" interjected Skinner.

"Blessed if I know what was the matter with him," went on Bob. "Just flew into a temper and flew at a chap."

"He, he, he!"

"For goodness' sake, stop going off like an alarm-clock Bunter. What are you cackling at, you fat duffer?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes Loder!"

Through the open doorway Loder of the Sixth could be seen, heading for the gates. Loder was not looking grateful for his release. His face was furious. Probably he did not expect a very agree-

able reception when he returned to Greyfriars. Bolsover major jumped up. "Let's see Loder off!" he exclaimed. "Good egg!" exclaimed half a dozen fellows, and there was a rush out of the doorway. "Hold on!" called out Lord Mauleverer.

But Mauly was not heeded. Six or seven fellows rushed down the drive to see Loder off; and Loder, as he saw them coming, broke into a run. Loder disappeared out of the gates, going strong.

Greyfriars was at dinner when Loder arrived there. He went in and took his place at the Sixth Form table, and a general grin greeted him.

"Had a good time?" Wingate inquired affably.

Loder did not answer that question.

When the Head went to his study after lunch Loder presented himself there to report. He had doubted whether his reception would be a pleasant one. His doubts were set at rest now. It was not pleasant. Dr. Locke eyed him over his glasses with his grimmest look.

"Oh! You have returned, Loder?" he said.

"Yes, sir. I—"

"I am very displeased with you, Loder."

"You see, sir, I—I—"

"Your folly and incapacity placed me in a very awkward position," snapped the Head. "I had no alternative but to release Wharton, on your account, Loder. I cannot imagine why you allowed yourself to be forcibly detained by Lower boys."

"A whole mob of them, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"But, sir, you see—"

"Nonsense!"

Loder was silent. The Head did not seem to be in a mood to listen to excuses. It is said that nothing succeeds like success, and certainly nothing fails like failure. Loder had failed, and he was in disgrace.

"I am very displeased with you," said the Head. "You have acted very foolishly, and the result has been to place me in a very awkward position. I doubt whether I can allow you to remain a prefect at all, Loder."

"Oh, sir!" gasped Loder.

"I shall consider the matter. You may go."

Loder went. This was the reward of his devotion, and the outcome of his scheme to give Wingate a fall. No doubt it was what he deserved, but in that knowledge Loder found no comfort whatever.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Exit James!

"LOOK 'ere—"

"My dear man!" said Lord Mauleverer mildly.

"Ducked!" roared James.

"Drenched! Dripping! Look 'ere—"

"I'm not deaf, dear man," said Lord Mauleverer in a tone of plaintive remonstrance. "Would you mind moderatin' your voice a little? Shoutin' rather gets on my nerves."

"Ducked!" roared Jimmy the Pug. "Ducked in a blinking pond! Wet! Muddy! Smothered!"

James was not moderating his voice as requested. Rather was he intensifying it. There was no doubt that James, when he was excited, erred on the side of emphasis.

"Did I come 'ere to be ducked?" hooted James. "Did I come 'ere to be chucked in a blinkin' pond? I arks you, as man to man."

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Lord Mauleverer shook his head.

"To the best of my knowledge, my dear fellow, you did not come 'ere for any such purpose," he said soothingly.

"Am I goin' to stand it?" roared James.

"My dear man—"

"Am I the sort of bloke to stand it?"

Lord Mauleverer sighed. James was propounding a series of queries, just as if he were asking Mauleverer a set of conundrums. He did not, like Brutus, pause for a reply. He did not seem to want a reply. His own eloquence appeared to suffice for James.

"Am I the covey to put up with this 'ere?" demanded James in great wrath, and then, at last, he answered his own question. "No, sir, I ain't! Not by long chalks! I ain't the covey to be 'andled like this 'ere! Drenched! Soaked! Muddy! I found a blooming frog down my neck when I got out! Then a young rip pushed me in again. Look at my eye! Punched! Look at my nose! Bashed! Think I'm going to stand it? Don't you make any blinkin' error! I ain't!"

James had changed his clothes since his ducking, and he was dry, but his temper had not improved. James' battered face, which retained many signs of ancient damages, now showed a good many more; in the struggle with the Removites he had not been handled gently. One of his eyes was nearly closed; his nose, which had always had a list to port, now looked almost on its beam-ends. James was damaged, and James was hurt, and James was in a towering rage.

If this sort of thing was going to happen at High Oaks, James had had enough of High Oaks; in fact, a little too much. James was so excited that Mauleverer, had he been a suspicious fellow, might have suspected that James had warmed himself, after his ducking, with some liquor of a potent nature. James was actually brandishing a knuckly fist, almost under his lordship's nose, to give point to his remarks.

"The young rips!" continued James. "The whole gang of 'em! Why, I'll limb 'em! I'll bash 'em! You mark my words—I'll bash 'em!"

Alfred Juggins came out of the house, with a worried look. Hitherto, the numerous members of the tribe of Juggins who had gathered at High Oaks in Lord Mauleverer's service, had proved extremely satisfactory. They were on to a good thing, so to speak, and they did not want to lose it. But James was rather different from the other Jugginses. In the prize-ring, and in his later position as "chucker-out" in a picture palace, he had not learned refined manners.

"Here, stow it, Jimmy!" said Mr. Juggins anxiously. "That ain't the way to talk to his lordship."

"You 'old your jaw, Alf," replied James. "I'm tellin' his lordship that I'm going to bash them young rips, and, you mark my words, that's jest what I'm going to do."

"You've been drinking!" said Mr. Juggins accusingly.

"If a bloke took a drop, arter being ducked in hicy water, ain't a bloke a right to do so?" demanded James hotly. "I'm tellin' his lordship, fair and square, that I'm going to bash them young rips. Callin' a man names, and ducking him in a pond!"

"He, he, he!"

James stared round as he heard that cachinnation. It was quite involuntary on Billy Bunter's part, and the next moment he was sorry that he had cachinnated, as James' baleful eye fell on him.

"That's one of 'em!" said James, and he made a rush at Bunter.

"Yaroooh!"

The fat junior fled for his life, with James in hot pursuit. Lord Mauleverer stared after them in dismay.

"Oh, gad!" he ejaculated.

"My eye!" murmured Mr. Juggins. He rushed after James and caught him by the shoulder. "Now, look here, James, you be'ave—none of your chucker-out games here, you know—Oh!"

A jab from James' elbow took effect on Mr. Juggins' waistcoat, and he sat down suddenly with a gasp, as if punctured.

"Ooooooh!"

"James!" ejaculated Lord Mauleverer.

James did not heed. In his present frame of mind, he was deaf to the voice of the charmer.

He rushed on in pursuit of Bunter. Bunter, as a matter of fact, had had no hand in the handling of James; Bunter was not the fellow to take a front seat on such an occasion. But it was all one to James. He was on the war-path; and he rushed after Bunter with vengeance in his eye.

"Oh dear!" gasped Lord Mauleverer.

The institution of James at High Oaks had worked, hitherto, like a charm. But it seemed to have its drawbacks now. Lord Mauleverer had congratulated himself upon his astuteness in engaging James to keep order. But keeping order was not really James' long suit. Probably, in his chequered career as a boxer and a chucker-out, he had been more accustomed to disorder. Certainly he was quite out of hand now.

Lord Mauleverer hurried down the drive after James. That infuriated member of the Juggins clan had overtaken Bunter, and stretched out a knuckly paw to seize him. In sheer terror, Bunter dropped on the ground—so suddenly that James stumbled over him before he knew what was happening, and went full length, landing with his nose in the gravel. The roar that proceeded from James as he landed would have done credit to the Bull of Bashan.

Bunter sat up dazedly, groping for his spectacles.

"Yaroooh! Help! Murder! Fire! I say, you fellows, help! Yoooooop! Keep him off!" roared Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What the thump—"

Remove fellows came running upon all sides.

"That bruiser's broken out again!" chuckled the Bounder. "Collar him!"

"Yaroooh! Help! Keep him off!"

James staggered up, gouging gravel from his features. If he had been enraged before, he was a Berserker now. Lord Mauleverer hastily interposed between him and Bunter.

"My dear man, take it calmly," said Mauleverer. "I shall have to sack you if you kick up a shindy, you know—Whoooooop!"

A knuckly fist landed on Mauleverer's noble nose, and he sat down—on Bunter. There was an expiring gasp from the Owl of the Remove.

"Oh, gad!" gasped Mauleverer. "Oh dear! Hold him, you fellows! Oh, my nose! Oh, my hat! Ow!"

"Mop him up!" yelled the Bounder, in great delight.

"Collar him!"

"Collar me, will you?" roared James. "I'll bash you—I'll bash the lot of you! 'Ere goes! I'm arter you!"

And James, without waiting to be collared, rushed to the attack. Lord

Mauleverer, sitting breathlessly on Bunter, clasped his nose, and gazed at James in horror.

"Oh, gad!" he murmured feebly.

"Ow! Gerroff!" moaned Bunter. "You're s-s-squashing me, you beast! Gerroff! Ow! You silly idiot, gerroff!"

The Removites scattered before James' rush, but they closed up again. James, fighting valiantly, was borne to the ground by weight of numbers. He almost disappeared under the swarm of juniors.

"Sit on him!" gasped Wharton. "Hold him!"

"Yaroooh! Let a bloke go!" roared James. "I'll bash you! You mark my words, I'll bash the lot of you!"

"The bashfulness will not be terrific!" gasped Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh, holding on to James' ears.

"Duck him again!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Turn him out!" yelled the Bounder.

Lord Mauleverer staggered up—much to Bunter's relief.

"Turn him out!" said Mauleverer breathlessly. "James, you're sacked! Take him out of gates, you men!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Juggins! Where's Juggins?"

"Here, my lord!" gasped Alfred Juggins.

"I'm aw'f'ly sorry, Juggins, but James will have to go."

"Yes, my lord!" gasped Juggins.

"Pay him a month's wages, Juggins."

"Yes, my lord."

"Will you go quietly, James?"

"I'll bash you!" roared James. "I'll bash the whole lot! You mark my words—I'll bash you!"

"Help him out, you men!"

James was helped out. The Famous Five grasped him, together with the Bounder and Redwing and Squiff and Toddy and five or six more fellows. Hefty as James was, the odds were too heavy for him. There was hardly enough of James to go round, with so many fellows grasping him. In the midst of the juniors, James was dragged and hustled along, through the gateway and landed in the road. By the time he landed there, even James had had enough. He sat and spluttered in the road; and Mr. Juggins prudently locked the gates.

James staggered to his feet at last; and for a quarter of an hour he stood at the gates, and told High Oaks School at the top of his voice what he thought of them. Lord Mauleverer and Mr. Juggins came in for a full share of James' eloquence, which seemed almost inexhaustible. It was quite a relief when James ceased at last, and, after shaking a knuckly fist at High Oaks, by way of farewell, tramped away up the road to Courtfield.

James was gone. And when the school bell rang for afternoon classes, it was only too clear that James was gone; for less than a third of the Remove turned up to class. Once more authority had broken down in the school without a master.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Called to Account I

"NOT our fault, Mauly, old man!" "Couldn't be helped, old chap!"

"The faultfulness of our esteemed selves was not terrific, my esteemed Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer shook his head. His lordship's face was very thoughtful at tea in the hall at High Oaks. Once more the leader of the Remove rebellion was up against trouble; and the fellows who

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were backing him up were sympathetic; James had been Mauly's right-hand man in keeping the recalcitrant spirits in order; and now he was gone, and discipline had gone with him. There was a malicious grin on the Bounder's face. His scheme had worked out even more successfully than he had hoped. Skinner & Co. were openly gleeful, and Billy Bunter was in great spirits. But Lord Mauleverer was worried.

"All serene, you men," he said. "I'm not blamin' anybody. I suppose it couldn't be helped, though I can't quite make it out. Blessed if I can understand why James went off at the deep end to-day."

"Ho, he, he!"

"What are you cacklin' at, Bunter?" asked Mauleverer, fixing his eyes on the Owl of the Remove.

"Oh, nothing!" grinned Bunter. "I don't know anything about it, Mauly. He, he, he!"

The Bounder gave him a dark glance across the table; a circumstance which did not pass unnoted by Lord Mauleverer. His lordship was not suspicious, but he was sometimes very keen to observe.

"Somethin' must have happened to make James break out like that," he said. "You don't know anythin' about it, Bunter?"

"Nothing at all, old chap," said Bunter. He winked at the scowling Bounder. "Smithy doesn't, either. He, he, he!"

"Have you been playin' any tricks, Bunter?" asked Lord Mauleverer, very quietly.

"Certainly not, old fellow!" Bunter blinked at Mauleverer through his big spectacles, a little alarmed by Mauly's expression. "Nothing of the kind, old chap. I wouldn't, you know. If you think Smithy said anything to me this morning, you're mistaken. I haven't spoken to Smithy at all to-day, have I, Smithy?"

"You fat fool!" growled the Bounder. "Oh, really, Smithy—"

"My only hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "It was that fat villain all the time—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"It's not the first time that fat rotter has kicked up a shindy with his beastly ventriloquism," exclaimed Bob wrathfully. "That was it, of course! I remember now—"

"It wasn't!" yelled Bunter, in alarm. "Nothing of the kind. I wasn't there—Smithy can prove I wasn't there—he was with me on the spot."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And Smithy put you up to it!" demanded Lord Mauleverer.

"No!" howled Bunter. "Don't I keep on telling you I never did it? I never spoke to Smithy at all this morning—never saw him, in fact."

"You fat chump!" roared Peter Todd. "You've just said he was with you on the spot."

"I—I mean—I mean he wasn't with me on the spot," gasped Bunter. "That's what I meant to say. As for his offering to cash my postal-order, that's got nothing to do with it. I'm going to hand him the postal-order when we get back to Greyfriars—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skinner. "So it was Bunter! Good for you, Bunter!"

"Juggins!" called out Lord Mauleverer.

"Yes, my lord?"

"Will you take Bunter away and thrash him, Juggins?"

"Oh, my lord!"

"It was Bunter set James going, Juggins, and caused all the trouble. I'd be much obliged, Juggins, if you'd take him away and thrash him."

"Certainly, my lord!"

"Look here," roared Bunter, "if you think I'm going to let a dashed manservant touch me, Mauly—"

"Yaas, I rather think so," said Lord

Mauleverer placidly. "Thrash him rather hard, Juggins."

"Yes, my lord."

Juggins went round the table and took William George Bunter by the collar. Bunter roared.

"Yow! Leggo! It wasn't me! It was Smithy all the time! Own up, Smithy, you beast! You know you put me up to it! Yarooooogh!"

"This way, Master Bunter!" said Juggins.

Bunter was jerked out of his chair and Juggins marched him out of the hall, yelling. Louder and louder yells were soon heard from the distance, which indicated that Juggins was getting busy with a cane in the classroom, and carrying out his lordship's instructions with no lack of vigour.

"That's for Bunter," said Lord Mauleverer. "As for you, Smithy—"

"Are you goin' to tell Juggins to lick me?" sneered the Bounder. "You'd better insure him first."

"I'm goin' to lick you myself," answered Lord Mauleverer quietly. "You're a bad hat, Smithy, and you've acted like a rotter. You put Bunter up to that rotten trickery—"

"Admitted!" said the Bounder coolly. "And now, what about it?"

"I'm goin' to lick you."

Lord Mauleverer rose from the table. All the Removites were on their feet now. From the classroom the yells of William George Bunter still rang loud and long, but they rang unheeded. The Bounder jumped up with a mocking sneer on his hard face.

"And how are you goin' to lick me, you silly ass?" he asked contemptuously. "You haven't got that prize-fighter now to back you up. Do you think I'm going to bend over at your order, you slackin' dummy?"

"We'll jolly soon bend you over if Mauly gives the word!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Say the word, Mauly!" shouted Bob Cherry. "We're backing you up!"

"The backfulness is terrific!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I'm backing up Smithy!" shouted Bolsover major.

"Hold on!" said Lord Mauleverer. "We don't want a free fight here. I'm not tellin' you to bend over, Smithy, I'm goin' to lick you. Take off your jacket!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated the Bounder. "Why, you tailor's dummy, do you think you could lick one side of me?"

"I'm goin' to try."

Lord Mauleverer sedately peeled off his well-fitting jacket and pushed back his spotless cuffs. The Bounder eyed him in blank astonishment. Mauly had never figured as a fighting-man before, and Vernon-Smith had not the slightest doubt that he could knock out the schoolboy earl in a single round.

"Think again, you silly ass!" he exclaimed derisively. "You'll want a new set of features when I'm done with you."

"I'm riskin' that dear man. Are you ready?"

"Leave him to me, Mauly," urged Bob Cherry.

"Thanks, old bean, I'm handlin' him myself. You keep time, Wharton, will you?" said Lord Mauleverer.

"I'd rather you kept time for me, Mauly," said the captain of the Remove.

"Rats! Waitin' for you, Smithy."

The Bounder gave a jeering laugh.

"I won't keep you waitin', you dummy!"

He threw off his jacket, and the Removites made a ring in Hall round the two combatants. Harry Wharton took out his watch.

"Poor old Mauly!" sighed Skinner.

"If you have any tears prepare to shed them now, my beloved 'earers!'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bounder came on with his hands up, grinning over them. He had no doubt whatever about knocking out the

dandy of the Remove, and few of the onlookers had any doubts. Harry Wharton & Co. looked anxious, Skinner & Co. gleefully anticipative.

But Lord Mauleverer, who had surprised the Remove so much since the beginning of the rebellion, had not finished surprising them.

He stood up to his opponent quietly and coolly, without a trace of the swagger that was noticeable in the Bounder. And he did not go down, as the Removites expected, under Smithy's slashing attack. He gave ground a little, and then a little more, and as Vernon-Smith rushed in to finish, Lord Mauleverer seemed to wake up suddenly. His right came through the Bounder's guard and caught Vernon-Smith on the side of the jaw, and as Smithy spun half-round under the force of the blow, Mauleverer's left crashed in and the Bounder went spinning.

Crash!

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Skinner in amazement.

"Man down!" trilled Bob Cherry. "Good old Mauly! Keep that up!"

"Bravo, Mauly!"

Harry Wharton began to count. It looked almost as if the Bounder would be counted out in the first round. But Vernon-Smith scrambled to his feet and rushed on, with a furious face.

"Go it, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer was going it. No one, looking at him now, would have taken him for a slacker. He looked more like a live wire. He met the Bounder with right and left, and just as Wharton was calling time the Bounder went down again.

There was a roar in the hall. Skinner picked the Bounder up, with amazement on his face. Smithy leaned on him, gasping for breath.

"Good old Mauly!"

"Bravo!"

"Who'd have thought it?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Old Mauly's a dark

(Continued on the next page.)

## TO AND FROM YOUR EDITOR.

### THE BOAT RACE.

"WHO'S going to win—Oxford or Cambridge?" That's the query which pops up in most of my letters these days. Some of my readers favour the claims of Oxford, others Cambridge. Yet none of us, of course, can say positively at this stage which 'Varsity will win. That remains to be seen. There have been surprise results before in these once-a-year tussles on old Father Thames; this year may see another. We are told by the scribes that Oxford is showing great form; that Cambridge could do with a little more weight in the boat; we are told that Oxford has too much weight in the boat. Really, it would be difficult to prophesy the result of the race if we were to form our decision on everything we are told. But let's wait and see. It will certainly be a strenuous battle, with each member of the respective crews putting in everything he knows in a "do it or bust" effort to bring glory to his 'Varsity. I am asked by many readers whether I shall be "there this year"—meaning, whether I shall be present to watch some portion of that glorious struggle. I shall be there, if all goes well. I wouldn't miss seeing the Boat Race for anything. More than one

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reader is anxious to know whereabouts I shall be. But that's telling. I'll be there as I said before, and I shall cheer these gallant oarsmen on with as much enthusiasm as the youngest of you.

### THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

There's one thing that appeals to me in these annual contests between our leading Universities, and that is the excellent spirit that pervades them. There are always plenty of croakers ready to howl down sport in any shape or form; cranky reformers have been heard to say that every sport is corrupt. I venture to disagree—disagree most emphatically. There's nothing corrupt about the 'Varsity Boat Race; to use an old saying, it's as "clean as a whistle." Another thing that appeals to me is the party spirit. Thousands of the people lining the towpath have never been to either 'Varsity. But that doesn't make the slightest difference; they're "backing" Oxford or Cambridge as the case may be with as much fervour and enthusiasm as the undergraduate next to them. It makes no difference to their whole-hearted support whether Oxford lose or whether they win; they'll "back" the same 'Varsity next year and the year

after that. A few "turncoats" there are, of course—you'll find them in every walk of life—but generally speaking, the Oxford supporter and the Cambridge supporter will shout encouragement every year to the crew whose colour he favoured in the very beginning. And who would have it different?

### OUR COMPANION PAPER!

Just a few words about our companion paper, the "Gem." I'm prompted to give it a mention on account of the numerous letters I have received from MAGNET readers who have given the "Gem" a try out. In each case the reader has been thoroughly satisfied with his twopennyworth.

This week's story in the "Gem" is a particularly good one. It's entitled "Prefect and Rascal," Gerald Knox, the unpopular Sixth-Former, being both prefect and rascal! His adventures, and those of Tom Merry & Co., of the Lower School, will keep you enthralled. Another thing—this week's issue of our companion paper sees the opening chapters of a great new school serial dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., the cheery chums of Rookwood. I can thoroughly recommend this yarn to MAGNET readers, and, if they are interested, now is the time for them to order a copy of the "Gem," for, as I remarked above, this school serial kicks off in this week's bumper number. Don't forget, then, chums, to ask for the "Gem"—it's on sale every Wednesday.

YOUR EDITOR.

horse. It's Mauly's fight, you men! Bravo, Mauly!"

"Time!"

The Bouncer sprang to the attack like a tiger. The second round was hard and fast. The Removites watched it breathlessly. Nobody had ever suspected the quiet, unassuming schoolboy earl of being a fighting-man. But Mauleverer was putting up a fight now that astonished the Remove. Amazing as it was, he was out-classing the Bouncer, who was well known to be a good man with his hands. He took severe punishment without flinching,



Having overtaken Billy Bunter, the infuriated James Juggins stretched out a knuckly paw to seize the fat Removite. In sheer terror, Bunter dropped on the ground—so suddenly that Jimmy the Pug stumbled over him before he knew what was happening, and went full length, landing with his nose in the gravel!

(See Chapter 13.)

had a thoughtful look when he strolled into Wharton's study.

"Quelchy's refused again," he remarked. "There's only one thing to be done, you men."

"Back to Greyfriars?" asked Wharton.

Mauleverer shook his head.

"Not without Quelchy bein' taken back by the Head," he answered. "Not while there's a shot in the locker, anyhow."

His voice was drowned for a moment by a terrific roar from Hall, accompanied by the crashing of furniture.

"That can't go on," he remarked. "As Quelchy won't come and take control, there's only one thing to be done."

"What's that?" asked Harry.

"I'm going to engage a headmaster."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've been in communication with a man," explained Mauleverer. "You see, I put an advertisement in the paper, and he answered it. From what he says, he seems to be all right."

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton.

"I'm goin' to tell him to come," said Mauleverer. "I'm sure he will be a suitable johnny for the job."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he says so."

"Oh, my hat!"

"That's settled, then," said Lord Mauleverer. "There will be a Head of High Oaks to-morrow—and everythin' will be O.K." And, with a cheery nod, Lord Mauleverer ambled away.

Wharton and Nugent looked at one another, with a grin.

"I wonder——" murmured Wharton.

"I wonder——" murmured Nugent.

And they left it at that!

THE END.

(Whatever you do, chums, don't miss the next exciting yarn in this series, entitled: "THE BOY HEAD-MASTER!" It shows Frank Richards in tip-top form.)

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and he drove in blows that made his adversary gasp.

When Wharton called time for the third round the Bouncer came on much more cautiously. He realised by this time that he had to go "all out," and his confidence in the result was very much diminished. He repented him, too, of the cigarettes he had smoked that afternoon. Those cigarettes were taking their revenge now; the Bouncer had bellows to mend. He fought fiercely for the upper hand; but he fought in vain, and there was a roar that echoed from one end to the other of High Oaks when the Bouncer went down again, with a crash, to the floor.

"Licked!" gasped Skinner. "Oh, my hat! Smithy's licked!"

Wharton was counting. All eyes were on the Bouncer, sprawling dazedly on the floor, gasping painfully for breath.

"One, two, three, four, five, six——"

The Bouncer made a fierce effort to rise. But his head was swimming, and he sank back again.

"Seven—eight—nine——"

Again the Bouncer made an effort, and again he failed.

"OUT!"

"Licked!" roared Bob Cherry. "Bravo, Mauly!"

Harry Wharton put away his watch. Smithy was counted out, and the fight was over. Lord Mauleverer sat on the edge of the table, and fanned himself with his handkerchief. Two or three fellows helped Vernon-Smith to his feet, and the Bouncer stood unsteadily, still dazed. One of his eyes was closed; his nose streamed red; his breath came and went in panting gasps. He blinked dizzily at Mauleverer.

"You—you—you've licked me!" he gasped at last.

Lord Mauleverer nodded.

The Bouncer stood for some moments, gazing uncertainly at Mauleverer. Then his damaged countenance broke into a twisted grin.

"You're a good man, Mauly," he said. "Blessed if I thought you could lick me! But you've done it, and done it fair and square. Blessed if I thought you had it in you. Look here, I—I'm sorry I played that rotten trick—I know it was rotten! I'm backin' you up after this!"

And the Bouncer, leaning rather heavily on Tom Redwing's arm, went to bathe his face—which needed it badly.

"Prep!" said Bob Cherry.

"The preptulness does not appear to be terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a dusky grin.

The nabob was right.

Not more than eight or nine fellows turned up in their studies to prep that evening. Among them, however, was the Bouncer, who had joined the party of law and order. The licking in Hall seemed to have inspired Smithy with a real respect for Lord Mauleverer, and when Redwing went to prep, the Bouncer went with him.

There was a ceaseless roar in Hall, where Bolsover major and Skinner & Co., and a crowd of other fellows, were riotously displaying their independence. That evening Lord Mauleverer telephoned to Mr. Quelch to request him once more to come over to High Oaks and take control; and, as before, was answered by a curt refusal. Mauleverer

**A GAME OF BLUFF!** It isn't exactly a healthy pastime for a British officer—a prisoner of war—to walk about in the guise of a German officer. But Eric Milvain tries it on, and gets away with it, too!

# The BULLDOG BREED

By  
Geo. E. Rochester



Additional interest attaches to this story in that the author was a British pilot during the Great War, and was taken prisoner by the Germans.—Ed.

## An Amazing New Story of the Great War.

(Introduction on page 25.)

### The Aerodrome at Munich!

**A**LIGHTING from the train, Eric walked boldly towards the barrier, elbowing his way through a press of German soldiers and civilians.

A dozen soldiers, with fixed bayonets and rifles, were drawn up by the barrier. A grim-faced sergeant barred Eric's passage.

"Your papers, sir?" he said harshly, with a curt salute.

Eric handed over the papers which he had taken from the German on the train. The sergeant glanced at them, then stiffened and saluted smartly.

"My orders are to report to you, sir!" he said crisply. "To Lieutenant Von Fahl!"

Eric took the papers from the sergeant's outstretched hand. He knew they bore the name of Lieutenant Von Fahl. But this was awkward. What the dickens could he do with the sergeant and his men?

He looked at the man keenly, and his hand strayed towards the pocket in which lay his revolver as he said:

"Hauptman Eberhard Von Rustung proceeds to Strasbourg! Report that to headquarters. I follow him. Arrest at the moment is dangerous."

The sergeant hesitated.

"Do you understand?" snarled Eric.

"Yes, sir!"

Eric strode past the man, almost ignoring his salute. So he had been right after all. He had been suspected. Grimly he made his way to the booking-office, lingered there a moment, then inquired the time of the trains to Strasbourg and the number of the departure platform.

Receiving the information, he walked into the refreshment-room, and ordered a meal of coffee and rolls.

"I am going to have a wash," he told the waiter. "Have the food ready for me on my return."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter humbly.

Eric strode out through the opposite door to which he had entered. A minute later he was in the street. Hailing a crawling taxi, he snapped:

"The aerodrome! As quick as you can make it!"

As the taxi threaded its way

through the wide streets of Munich Eric leaned back on the cushions and wiped his brow. He knew how exceedingly thin was the ice upon which he was treading. It was a race against time now. He picked up the speaking-tube and shouted angrily:

"Quicker, you fool—quicker!"

The taxi shot forward and, now racing through the outskirts of the city, made good progress. There was scarcely a flying-man in France who did not know of the large instructional flying school at Munich. The majority of the German pilots trained there before proceeding to the southern sector of the line.

Eric looked out on the flat fields which were now whizzing past. Every second was precious. Ahead loomed a medley of canvas hangars and long, low huts. The taxi reached them and drew up with a screaming of brakes.

Flinging open the door Eric alighted, and, passing to throw the man a coin, hurried towards the white gates which marked the entrance. A sentry on guard saluted smartly as the boy approached.

Striding past him, Eric hailed a flight-sergeant.

"Here, you! Where is the office of your commandante?"

Within five minutes he was standing in the commandante's office, a bleak, sparsely-furnished room. A middle-aged officer, seated writing at a table, looked up as Eric entered. The boy breathed a sigh of relief. This fellow, apparently, was either the orderly officer or the adjutant—easier to deal with by far.

"My papers!" rapped Eric, and thrust them forward. "I am Lieutenant von Fahl, and have been detailed to effect the arrest of a man whom we suspect to be the British spy who escaped from Landshut. He has eluded me at Munich Railway Station—is heading for Strasbourg. I must get there before him. You will furnish me with an aeroplane at once!"

The officer stretched out a hand for the papers.

"But—" he began slowly.

"There is no time to lose, you fool!"

snarled Eric. "This man must not escape. Give me a chit—find me a pilot! You will get corroboration from the garrison at Munich! Hurry!"

The officer nodded.

"I know something of this," he said. "Wait—I will speak to the commandante."

He picked up the telephone receiver. Eric stepped forward and crashed his fist angrily on the table.

"Where is he? Where is your commandante?" he shouted.

"He is in his quarters!"

"And have I to wait whilst the fool is roused from his bed? Verfluchen und blud, but if this spy escapes through delay here there will be a court martial! Kauterfauld has a personal interest in this! Get me a machine and a pilot, you fool! Your commandante should be here—not skulking in his bed!"

The officer hesitated. He saw the need for immediate action. Kauterfauld—yes, he'd heard whispers about Kauterfauld wanting this spy who had escaped from Landshut. Eric snatched up his papers.

"How much longer am I to stand here?" he snarled. "I shall report this!"

The officer snatched up a buff-coloured pad and scribbled a note. Maybe the commandante would be held responsible for any delay, but lesser men might be broken through it.

"Give that to the flight commander!" he said, thrusting forward a slip of paper.

"He may not be there; he may also be in bed!" sneered Eric. "You will accompany me to the hangars!"

The officer rose to his feet with a curt nod of assent. Eric was conscious of a fervent feeling of relief. He knew that at any moment the telephone-bell might ring in that office. By this time the real Von Fahl must have been found, and Eric would be traced to the aerodrome.

With the officer by his side he quitted the office and walked towards the hangars. They had not gone twenty yards when his heart missed a beat.

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Was it imagination, or was the telephone-bell trilling shrilly in the room they had just left?

He broke into a loud-voiced conversation, speaking of the machines—how fast they could travel—who was the best pilot—was he available? And thus they reached the tarmac in front of the rows of canvas hangars.

Overalled mechanics were wheeling out the machines. Leather-clad pilots—pupils for the most part—were standing about in groups. Here and there were stern-faced instructors, holding themselves aloof. And it was to one of these latter that Eric's companion spoke.

"Zulzen!" he said sharply. "You will take this gentleman to Strasbourg at once!"

Zulzen saluted and glanced towards Eric.

"Is your machine ready?" went on the German officer.

"Yes, sir! It is there!"

He indicated a machine of the Albatross type, standing out on the aerodrome with a mechanic priming the engine.

"Then get some flying kit for Lieutenant von Fahl and take off at once."

Zulzen saluted and turned towards the hangars. Eric sauntered towards the machine. He wanted to hurry—to run. Cold reason bade him use discretion, but never had reason had a more unwilling listener. His every nerve was taut, and his clenched hands were wet and clammy.

He reached the machine. The mechanic was bolting down the engine cowl.

The mechanic dropped to the ground.

"How much petrol have you aboard this machine?" asked Eric casually.

"The tank is full, sir," he replied.

"The pilot, Herr Zulzen, wishes you to swing the propeller. I will switch on for you," said Eric.

Casually, lazily almost, he swung himself up to the forward cockpit. He had examined a captured Albatross in France, and he was acquainted with the controls. As he dropped into the pilot's seat he glanced over his shoulder. Zulzen was approaching, a leather flying-coat over his arm.

Eric leant forward.

"Contact!" he cried sharply.

"Contact!" repeated the mechanic, and swung on the propeller. The engine coughed, gasped, and the mechanic took a fresh grip on the blade of the propeller.

At the same instant there came a shout from Zulzen and a roar of voices from the hangars. Eric glanced quickly round. Zulzen had dropped the flying-kit and was running towards the machine. Men were running madly in the same direction from the hangars.

"Swing that propeller, you dog, or you are a dead man!" rapped Eric, and his revolver covered the staring mechanic.

"Stop! Stop, you hound!" shouted Zulzen.

The mechanic licked dry lips, his eyes on the revolver which pointed straight at his heart.

"I shall fire in one second!" warned Eric harshly.

The mechanic's eyes flickered to Eric's face. What he read there galvanised him into action—he had no wish to die. He threw his weight on the propeller blade, then leapt back.

The engine roared into life, and at the same instant Zulzen leapt for the cockpit.

### The Bushes!

ERIC whirled in his seat. His clenched fist snapped out, taking Zulzen full on the mouth. The man released his grip on the edge of the cockpit and fell heavily backwards. He rolled over to avoid the tail-skid, for the machine was gathering way.

The roar of the engine rose to a high, pulsating note as Eric jerked open the throttle.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Shots rang out from behind, and bullets tore through the fabric of wings and fuselage. But the machine was rushing forward now. There was no time to swing into the wind, and, at the risk of a crash, Eric decided to take off in the direction he was heading.

He pulled gently on the control stick, and felt the machine lift then bump to the ground again. He eased the pressure on the control for an instant, then pulled for the second time. The Albatross lifted; for a moment she lurched uncertainly, then, as her racing propeller gripped the air she went upwards in a deafening roar.

At five hundred feet above sea level Eric swung due south and held on that course, climbing steadily. He glanced backwards. Machines were trundling along the aerodrome and taking the air in pursuit. A glance upwards showed him the friendly cloud belt.

He leaned back in his seat, his muscles relaxed, and he laughed exultantly. He could reach that cloud belt before the pursuing machines got near him, and once in the clouds he would swing due west towards Strasbourg and Mulden.

But he would hold the southerly course till he was lost to view, and the Germans would of a certainty jump to the conclusion that he was heading for either Switzerland or Italy. With expert ear, Eric listened to the thunder of the engine. The rhythm was perfect. His oil feed, his temperature, all were in order.

The Germans must have discovered that he was not Von Fahl, back on the aerodrome. The mere fact of his mounting to the cockpit, and having the mechanic swinging the propeller, was not sufficient to have caused the rush towards him which had ensued.

### THE STORY SO FAR.

Forced to descend in enemy country after a terrible fight with four German aeroplanes, Captain Eric Milvain, crack pilot of the 97th Bombing Squadron, encounters Birchington, an agent of the British Secret Service. Fatally wounded, Birchington hands over some valuable plans to the young airman, and implores him to bury them until they can be recovered and got through to the British headquarters. This is barely done before Milvain is captured by the enemy and taken before Dr. Kauterfauld, chief of the German Secret Service, who recognises the young Englishman as the son of Professor Milvain, the inventor. Eric escapes from the prison camps of Karlsruhe and Strasbourg, only to be recaptured and sent to the terrible punishment camp at Landschut, where he is ordered by Dr. Kauterfauld to be shot the next day at dawn. Then, just when things are at their blackest, Eric comes into contact with the mysterious Escape Committee, a band of daring men led by a major and prisoners themselves, who succeed in smuggling the young Englishman into their own quarters. Not until three days and nights have passed, however, does a chance to escape present itself, and then, in the disguise of a German officer, Eric makes a bold bid for liberty. He is out to recover the buried plans, but during the first part of his journey on the way to Munich by train, he realises that he is suspected by an enemy officer travelling in the same compartment. Eric overpowers the man after a desperate struggle, exchanges his identification papers, and thrusts the German under the carriage seat as the train rums into the crowded station. (Now read on.)

No, the real Von Fahl had obviously been found, and the false Von Fahl had been traced to the aerodrome. Well, all that remained to be done now was to retrieve the plans and take to the air without loss of time, heading into France. There would be danger, of course, even in the air, for the roving Allied planes were not to know that the "Albatross" was piloted by an Englishman. They would attack him on sight, and Eric had no mind to be drawn into even a defensive fight with any French or British machine. No, he would land the moment he had crossed the trenches.

A wreath of cloud eddied past the machine. Eric banked and saw the pursuing machines—eight of them—a thousand feet below him and a full mile behind. The next minute the cloud bank had swallowed him up.

He swung westerly then, keeping a point or so towards the north. For close on three hours he flew, his speedometer registering eighty-three miles an hour. Then throttling down till his propeller was barely ticking over, he dived. The clouds were heavier here, for he did not emerge from them till the altimeter needle had swung back to nine hundred feet.

Then, with anxious eyes, he scanned the ground below him. He saw, far to the east, the twisting waters of the Rhine backed by the dark area of the Schwarz Forest. North-east was the greyish blur of a town with a towering cathedral spire.

"Strasbourg!"

Eric voiced the word triumphantly. He had overshot his mark slightly, but his reckoning had been good in the main. He opened the throttle, and at five hundred feet brought the Albatross level. He knew this country well, and without difficulty he picked up Mulden Railway Station. Again his hand closed on the throttle. Yes, there was the anti-aircraft battery to which he had been taken when first made prisoner.

The next instant the roar of his engine died away, and he commenced to descend in a wide spiral. At one hundred feet he glided over the clump of bushes where Birchington had died and where the plans had been buried.

Shoving the control stick diagonally forward, and kicking on the rudder, Eric dropped earthwards in a steep side-slip. At twenty feet he flattened out, and, thrusting the control stick forward, landed near the bushes. He jerked open the throttle, and taxied towards them. Then, swinging the machine round in readiness to take the air again, he closed down the throttle, leaving the propeller ticking over.

Leaping from the cockpit, he ran towards the bushes. He knew those inquisitive fools from the battery would be along presently, and they would recognise him. He crashed into the bushes. Ah, how it all came back to him then! He knew the exact spot where Birchington had died—where the plans were buried. He dropped on his knees and clawed at the ground with his fingers.

### The Sergeant!

THE moist soil came away easily under Eric's fingers. He knew that he was not mistaken in the spot. How could he be, when always through the days which had passed he had kept the picture of it in his mind.

His fingers touched something limp

and sodden. With an exclamation of triumph, he drew forth a long envelope. The outer covering peeled off in his hands, disclosing a thin package of oiled silk. It was the plans.

Pausing just long enough to thrust the package into his tunic pocket, Eric carefully buttoned the flap, and, turning, dashed from the bushes towards the aeroplane. Then a grim look crept into his eyes. Hurrying towards the machine was a German sergeant. Behind him trailed five soldiers, their hands in their pockets and obviously unarmed.

The sergeant was the same fellow who had taken Eric prisoner a few days beforehand, and the boy had no chance of reaching the machine first. Recognition was bound to come, and then—

Eric's hand slipped to the pocket wherein lay his revolver, and his lips twisted into a grim smile. He had got so far, and he was not going to fail now. He slowed down to a walk and casually approached the Albatross, near which the sergeant and his men were standing.

"Can I be of any assistance, sir?" asked the sergeant, saluting smartly. "I—"

The words died away and he stood staring at the boy, amazement and incredulity in his eyes.

"You?" he gasped. "The Englishman!"

"Yes, it is I," replied Eric coldly, his eyes on the man's face.

With an oath the sergeant wheeled on his men.

"He has escaped!" he roared. "Donner und blitzen, why do you stand gaping, you fools? Get him!"

The men sprang forward, then froze into immobility as Eric's gun flashed from his pocket, and he cried:

"Stop! I'll shoot the first man who moves!"

He edged backwards till he felt the fabric of the fuselage behind him. The sergeant glared at him, his lips twitching, his eyes blazing.

"Put your hands up—every one of you!" snapped the boy.

The men stood irresolute, eyeing their sergeant.

"I shall not ask again!" warned Eric coldly.

The sergeant's eyes flickered downwards towards the gun-holster which was slung on his belt, then he nodded to his men. Their hands, and his, crept skywards.

"Now turn and walk!" commanded Eric. "The first man that stops will get a bullet in the back!"

The men moved slowly away from the machine. Then, with a lightning movement, the sergeant's hand dropped to his gun-holster, and he wheeled, yanking the weapon upwards.

Bang! Bang!

Both revolvers roared simultaneously. The sergeant staggered, spun round, and crashed limply to the ground. Eric was still on his feet, but his left ear was torn and bleeding.

"That's one!"

The words came icily from his lips, and hands which had wavered downwards jerked upwards again.

"Keep moving! I shall shoot to kill!"

The men kept going, slouching along with never a backward glance. Then, when twenty paces separated them from the machine, Eric gripped his revolver in his teeth and leapt for the cockpit.

One of the soldiers turned, shouted, and started back for the machine. Slumping into the seat, Eric whipped

his revolver from between his teeth and sent a shot over the man's head.

The next instant the engine burst into a shattering roar as he jerked open the throttle. The machine moved forward, bumping and swaying over the rough, uneven ground, then, as it gained impetus, Eric pulled on the control stick. The floor of the cockpit tilted, the ground slipped away from under him, and he was in the air.

He had succeeded, then—had kept faith with Birchington! The plans were in his pocket, and all that now remained to be done was to cross the trenches and land as soon as possible.

He banked at one hundred feet. Below him the German soldiers were rushing wildly towards the anti-aircraft battery. The sergeant lay where he had fallen. Kicking on the rudder, Eric waited till the flickering compass needle settled at due west, then sank back in his seat and kept the Albatross on that course.

There was an anxious look in his eyes. Was it imagination, or, when the sergeant's bullet tore his ear, had there come from behind him a metallic thud? If that was so, then the bullet must have buried itself in the engine!

With straining ears he listened to the high, roaring, pulsating rhythm. There was no jarring note there. His eyes swept the dashboard in front of him. The gauges showed nothing amiss. Eric relaxed. All seemed well.

He climbed gradually to two hundred feet, then brought the machine level. He did not wish to go any higher, for the cloud-belt was thinning beneath the rays of the sun, and up there would be Allied machines on offensive patrol. A fight with them must be avoided at all costs, for he knew he would be attacked on sight.

Minutes passed, and, looking down, he saw the German aerodrome of Buhl. Thirty minutes, now, would see him over the trenches. He roared over the tops of the canvas hangars, and noted the array of fast-flying Fokker planes drawn up on the tarmac which fronted them.

Then suddenly he stiffened in his seat. The indicator on the temperature gauge was creeping slowly past the danger point. The engine was heating up! In a flash it came to Eric. The sergeant's bullet must have punctured the radiator!

Tight-lipped, Eric watched the temperature gauge. Slowly, relentlessly, the indicator crept upwards. Ten degrees past danger-point now. The machine would never reach the line. That was obvious. The boy's brain worked rapidly. Then, quietly pushing on the rudder with his left foot, he swung towards the south, and the forest-clad slopes of the Vosges Mountains.

### Nemesis!

**B**ELOW him was a pleasant countryside unscathed by the hand of war. Tiny hamlets and scattered villages showed here and there amidst the trees. For ten minutes he flew, then shut off his engine, and commenced to descend, circling lower and lower over a small field flanked by a narrow country road.

A few hundred yards from it nestled a peasant's white-fronted cottage. Landing, Eric waited till the machine came to a standstill, then clambered out on the engine. A minute's investigation showed him a gaping hole low down in one side of the radiator.

Dropping to the ground, Eric walked

to the hedgerow, and, selecting a few small twigs, bound them tightly with his handkerchief. Returning to the machine, he plugged the hole with them, knowing that the makeshift repair would last till he had reached France.

All that he wanted now was water with which to refill the empty radiator. Well, by virtue of his uniform, he should have no difficulty in obtaining that from the near-by cottage.

He set off down the road, walking unhurriedly, although he knew that every moment was precious. Reaching the cottage, he walked up the neatly-kept patch of garden which fronted it and knocked on the door. No one answered, although a wisp of smoke was curling upwards from one of the chimneys, token that the cottage was not deserted.

Again he knocked, but nothing moved in the cottage. Doubtless there would be a pump at the back, and maybe a bucket. Time was pressing, and he would help himself. A narrow path of beaten earth led round to the rear of the building, and, following this, Eric came to a small orchard.

He halted, looking about him, then a cry of horror came from his lips. Lying on the ground against the rear wall of the cottage was a little boy and a grey-haired old lady.

Eric rushed forward. The boy was lying on his back. He was quite dead, shot through the forehead by a burst of bullets. Dropping on his knees by the woman, Eric gently raised her head.

Faded eyes in a wrinkled, kindly old face flickered open. They stared up at him uncomprehendingly, then there crept into their depths some light of understanding.

"Why—why have you returned?" she whispered weakly, speaking in French.

"M'am! M'am!" Eric's hand was stroking the pale, bloodless cheeks. "What has happened? Who has done this?"

The faded eyes stared at him in wonderment.

"Do—do you not know?" she whispered haltingly. "Are you not—not—"

"I am no Boche!" cried the boy. "Have they done this? Wait, I will get some water!"

He half started to his feet, but the woman clutched at his sleeve.

"No, no! I am dying. It is too late! Who—who are you?"

"I am English!"

"Anglais? You swear it?"

"Yes, yes. I cannot explain, but I swear it."

The woman closed her eyes. Her lips moved, and Eric bent his head to hear the words.

"Heaven has heard my prayer! Vengeance is Mine! I will repay!"

The old eyes flickered open again, and in them seemed a stronger consciousness.

"Listen!" She plucked at Eric's sleeve. "I am of this province—of Alsace. Ah, how I have loved la France! For two weeks I have sheltered an English prisoner of war. I was betrayed. They came for him this morning. For what I have done they shot me—and little Henri, whose father fell in France. They laughed—laughed!—when they shot the boy. But, ah! How straight he stood! Like a true son of France!"

"Where have they gone—the fiends who did this?" asked Eric hoarsely.

"I do not know. To the village, I think—along the road—"

The weak, halting voice faltered, then



Eric whirled in his seat, and his clenched fist shot out, taking Zulzen full on the mouth. The man released his grip on the edge of the cockpit, and fell heavily backwards. (See page 25.)

the words came more strongly, whilst the tired old eyes slowly closed.

"Along the road, Ah! See, they come! Tramp, tramp, tramp! Do you not hear it? The Tricolour is waving in the breeze. Listen! It is the Marseillaise!"

The weak voice paused, then went on. But Eric knew that, with the delirium, the spark of life was almost gone.

"Lift me up—that I may see! Ah! Le bon Dieu be praised! Here they come—brave sons of France! It is the victory——"

The words trailed away. The end had come.

It was some twenty minutes later when Eric set out along the winding country road towards the village. His face was pale, his eyes blazing. He had a job to do before he took the air again.

The Albatross lay in the shadow of a hedge, overhung by trees. Her radiator was filled with water, and she was ready for a quick take-off. Eric knew the terrible risk he would run in carrying out that which he contemplated, but he was in no mood for counting the cost.

A quarter of an hour's sharp walking brought him to a long, low, red-roofed inn, fronting the road, on the outskirts of a small, straggling village. Here, if anywhere, he would get news of the men he sought. He hoped fervently that he was not too late.

Striding up the two wooden steps, which gave on to a wooden veranda, he pushed open the dingy white front door of the inn and paused on the threshold.

He found himself looking into a long room, with sawdust-strewn floor. At a trestle-table sat six German soldiers and a sergeant. Beer mugs were at their elbows, and dirty plates in front of them. Standing by the sergeant's chair was a fat civilian, with a white, flabby,

unhealthy-looking face, in which were set little, pig-like eyes. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his hands were folded in an apron across his fat paunch.

At the sight of Eric the sergeant and his men pushed back their chairs and stood rigidly at attention. But the boy had no eyes for them. He was staring at a pitiful, emaciated figure, seated on a chair against the wall, and clad in peasant's garb. His head was slumped forward on his chest. He raised it to look dully at Eric, then it dropped again with a hopelessness which told its own tale.

The boy advanced into the room. He shifted his gaze to the fat civilian, whom he took to be the innkeeper. That worthy bowed obsequiously. Eric's gaze travelled to the sergeant—a short, stocky, blue-chinned, brutish-looking fellow, with a brick-red face.

"What is your name?" he demanded harshly.

"Sergeant Vorzeichen, sir!" replied the man.

"Where are you from?"

"Cassel, sir!"

"What are you doing here?"

The sergeant shifted uneasily under the cold eyes which stared so unwaveringly into his. Yet he had nothing to fear. No, not he.

"Answer me, you dog!"

"We came here to effect the capture of an English prisoner who we know was in hiding near here, sir," replied the sergeant. "He escaped from Cassel five weeks ago."

"And have you found the prisoner?"

"That is he!"

The sergeant indicated the shoddy figure in peasant garb.

"Ah! Where did you find him?"

"At a cottage some distance up the road, sir."

"And the inmates of that cottage—what of them?"

The sergeant hesitated. Eric

wheeled on the two soldiers who stood nearest.

"Get your rifles!" he snapped. "Fall in alongside that man. Sergeant Vorzeichen, you are under arrest!"

The two soldiers scrambled for their rifles, which were propped against the wall, and ranged themselves one on each side of the sergeant. The colour drained from the latter's face, and he stood staring at Eric, fear in his eyes.

"You!" Eric brought the fat innkeeper up with a jerk as the man attempted to sidle from the room. "Clear this table, you dog, and bring me a chair!"

For Eric, in his guise of a German officer, knew it to be in order to disdain the use of a chair upon which ordinary soldiers had been sitting. The table was cleared, a fresh chair was brought, and within a few minutes the stage was set for as grim and ironic a jest as ever played by man.

One of the soldiers stood on guard at the door, with orders to allow none to enter. Sergeant Vorzeichen stood in front of the boy between his guards on the opposite side of the table. Next came the fat innkeeper, quivering with apprehension, shaking in every limb. Beside him stood a soldier with rifle and fixed bayonet, and, next to the soldier, the prisoner-of-war, seated in a chair. The two remaining soldiers stood behind Eric's chair, rigidly at attention.

"I am Lieutenant Von Fahl of the German Espionage Service," began Eric crisply, addressing the sergeant. "Your orders when you left Cassel were to bring back the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir," assented the sergeant, licking dry lips.

"Then who"—and Eric's voice was deadly cold—"gave you orders to shoot that woman and the boy?"

"They—they harboured the Eng-lander," stammered the sergeant. "I—I thought——"

"You cursed fool!" Eric leapt to his feet, crashing his fist on to the table. "Is that any excuse for deliberate and wanton murder?"

He turned to the prisoner-of-war, and demanded in English:

"When you were taken this morning, did the persons who were harbouring you show any resistance?"

"No," replied the man wearily. "I gave myself up when I saw the soldiers coming. I thought maybe it would save the poor old lady some trouble."

"Who betrayed you to the authorities?"

"He did, I reckon!" The prisoner-of-war jerked his head towards the innkeeper. "He was always suspicious of us at the cottage."

Eric nodded grimly.

"Then the old lady and the boy were shot in cold blood?"

"Yes."

"You swear that? There is a man's life at stake!"

"I swear it! He had no provocation, the dirty hound!"

The man's voice shook with passion. He wheeled, pointing a quivering finger at Vorzeichen.

"Killed them, you beast!" he shouted.

"Like you've killed others."

"Silence!" barked Eric.

He turned to Vorzeichen.

"You are guilty of a brutal and wanton murder!" he said icily. "Have you anything to say before I have you taken out and shot?"

"You have no right! I demand a court-martial!" screamed Vorzeichen.

"I have every right!" replied the boy harshly. "In cold blood you shot down a defenceless woman and a little boy!"

He turned to the soldiers.

"Take him away!" he said, with a gesture of dismissal. "I will wait here whilst sentence is carried out."

Struggling like a maniac, shouting, kicking, bellowing, Sergeant Vorzeichen was taken from the room. Eric sat silent. He was very pale, but in his thoughts was the picture of a laughing little lad and a kindly old lady—

Crash!

There came a rattle of musketry from outside the inn. The fat proprietor groaned aloud. Heavily-booted feet strode across the threshold. A soldier stood in front of Eric.

"Sentence has been carried out, sir," he said. "Sergeant Vorzeichen is dead."

(There will be another feast of thrills in next week's instalment of this Great War serial. Mind you read it, chums!)

## FAMOUS FOOTBALL CLUBS.

(Continued from page 2.)

Hull City, and then had an idea that he could pick up many dollars in the land where they are supposed to be plentiful—America. However, O'Brien discovered that dollars aren't everything, so he decided to come back home, and Derby County forthwith signed him on. Micky has not always been preferred to Thoms, who for a long time was captain.

The new skipper is left-half Harry Storer. He has played for England this season, and may do so again before the campaign is ended. Storer is, of course, a fine cricketer, who plays regularly for his county, stepping right from cricket to football attire at the end of each summer. Storer was originally a forward, and the way he became a half-back is interesting.

Some years ago, Storer was with Grimsby Town, and one day a half-back could not play. So the then manager of Grimsby decided to put Storer in that position—a change which caused one of the officials of the Grimsby club to declare that the manager "must be mad." Well, the sequel shows how sane was that manager, because Storer has gained more fame as a half-back than he ever gained as a forward.

### "Derby Brights!"

Coming to the attack we find here two of the players who have not been changed during the transformation of the Derby team. These are centre-forward Harry Bedford, and inside-right Jack Whitehouse.

Bedford cost Derby a lot of money when he was transferred from Blackpool some time ago, and he is a breezy player, believe me, capable of beating any goalkeeper from almost any range when he is in the mood. Whitehouse is the schemer of the line, and there are Birmingham supporters who declare that one of the biggest mistakes ever made by that club was made when they allowed Derby to take Whitehouse from them for a mere "bagatelle" of five hundred pounds.

The other forwards are youngsters, and foremost among them is outside-right Sam Crooks. If I am any judge of a footballer, this lad—he is still under twenty—is going to be talked about quite a lot before he is finished.

He was put into the side at the last minute during the month of October, and did so well that a few weeks back Derby felt that they could safely part with Thornwell, the man who previously played at outside-right. The success of Crooks is just typical of Derby's youngsters this season. Indeed they call the lad the "Derby Brights."

The reserve inside-right is another young player named Bacon, but for inside-left they have an experienced man in George Stephenson. He is the brother of Clem, now skipper of Huddersfield, and, like Clem, has been with Aston Villa. The Villa thought they didn't need him. Derby thought they did. He has fitted like a glove into the new Derby team, so much so that he has been called up for International trial matches. At outside-left there is a little fellow with the curious name of Mee. He, like Bedford, came from Blackpool. Disappointing for some time, he lost his place to Murphy, but he got it back early in the present season, and Murphy has now gone to Bolton Wanderers. Indeed, while Derby have been transforming their team during the present season they have transferred almost half a side to other clubs.

It is not in Manager Joboy, or any other manager, to command success, but this manager of Derby deserves it.

He tells me that he hopes, and believes, that in the course of the next two or three seasons, Derby County will have a real footballing side—perhaps the best that has ever represented the old club.

It also follows, of course, that Manager Joboy is dead keen on the men under his command playing the scientific game. As a footballer, he spent some time at Newcastle in the days when Newcastle United had a team of really scientific footballers, and the men of that team who have since accepted managers' jobs are all obsessed with the same idea—to build up another Newcastle United.

And the Derby team of to-day is rapidly advancing in the direction of their manager's ideal. They play football as football should be played—with the ball on the ground and not high up in the air. In addition, the science of the side is allied to speed which is so necessary in the modern game. In a word, Derby to-day has a team of which the town has every right to be proud, and the prospect is that there are even better things in store for this fine collection of young blood.

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