

JUDGE JEFFREYS!

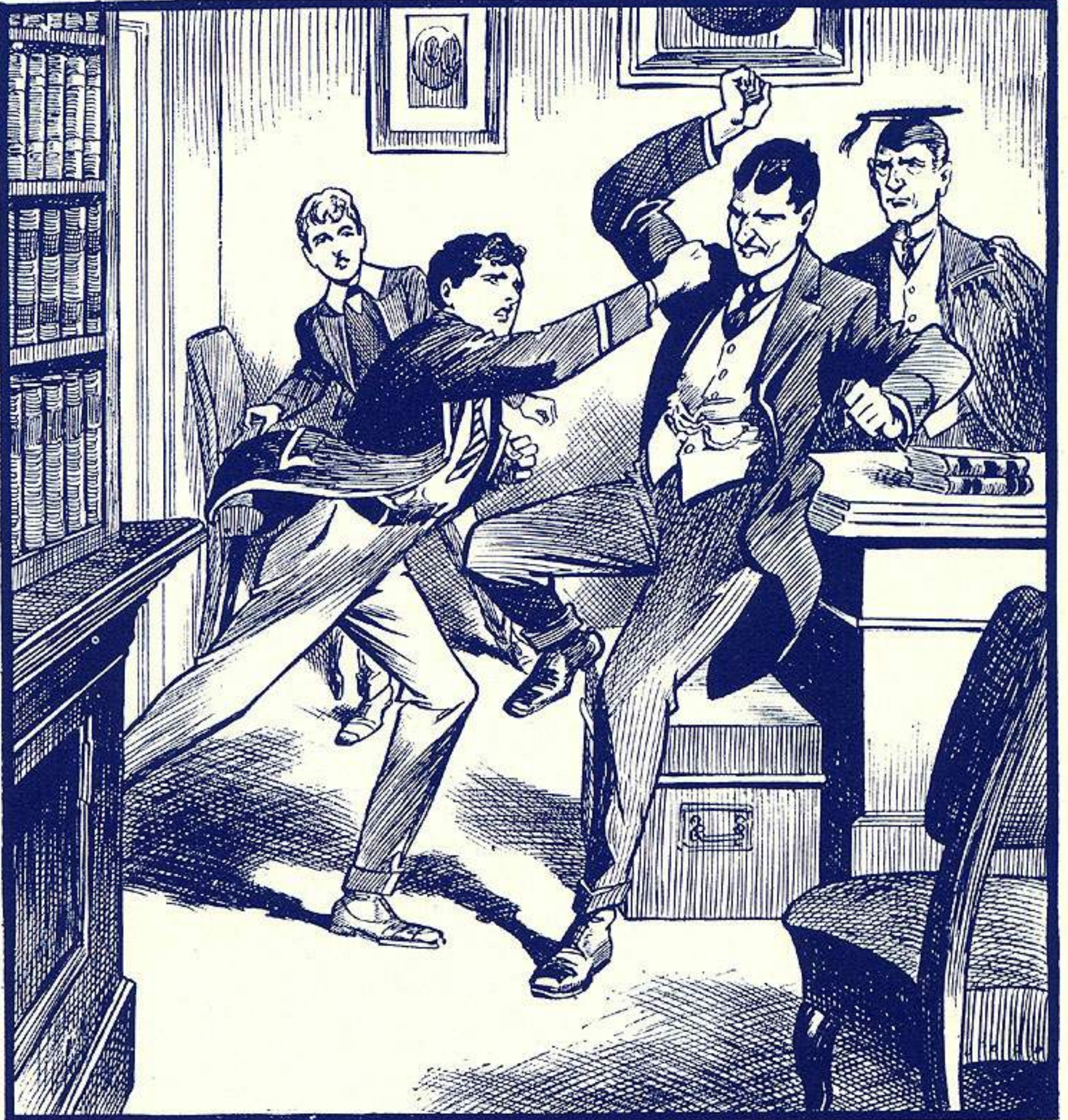


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GOING FOR LODER!

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JUDGE JEFFREYS!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Not a Success!

"SOME sort of a send-off!" said Bob Cherry meditatively.

Three voices—those of Wharton, Johnny Bull, and Frank Nugent—remarked:

"Ahem!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh added thoughtfully:

"The ahemfulness is terrific!"

Bob Cherry snorted.

The Famous Five—the shining lights of the Remove Form of Greyfriars—had met in council in Study No. 1.

The even tenor of life at Greyfriars had been interrupted. Dr. Locke, the respected and esteemed headmaster of the old school, was unwell, and was going away for his health.

Another scholastic gentleman was to take his place for a time at the head of the school. And Bob Cherry of the Remove felt that it was up to them—as one of the leading Forms at Greyfriars—to make a sort of demonstration on that occasion.

"You see," said Bob argumentatively, "old Locke isn't like some headmasters. He's a jolly good sort!"

"Passed unanimously!" agreed the Co.

"He runs the school fairly well——"

"As well as it can be run without advice from the Remove!" remarked Nugent, with a wink at the ceiling.

"He runs it jolly well, in fact!" said Bob, unheeding. "Greyfriars has shown up well in the war. Look at our Roll of Honour—thirty Old Boys killed, and twice that number wounded, or more, two V.C.'s, and jolly nearly a gross of Military Crosses and things——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, then, old Locke has done jolly well——"

"He would like to hear you calling him old Locke!" remarked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, rats! Old Locke," repeated Bob, "has done jolly well, and now he's down on his luck it's up to us to show our appreciation. We want him to understand that we appreciate him——"

"Oh!"

"That we know a good thing when we see it," said Bob. "We want to show we're sorry he's seedy, and that we shall miss him. My idea is to give him a send-off."

"All stand round the car and cheer?" asked Nugent. "That will be good for a sick man—I don't think!"

"The prefects would jolly soon stop us!" remarked Wharton.

Bob Cherry gave another snort.

"You fellows are like a set of blessed wet blankets!" he said. "You don't back up a chap. The Head would like it. I know that. He would like to know that we don't regard him as a common or

garden headmaster, that a chap is glad to see the back of. My idea is a send-off. We line up along the drive——"

"And cheer?"

"No, you ass! One of us steps forward and makes a graceful speech——"

"Oh, my hat!"

"We might get old Mauleverer to do it, with his House of Lords manner," said Bob, evidently much taken with his idea.

"Mauly would forget what to say."

"Well, perhaps he would. Wharton could do it, with his best bow and scrape—or I would," said Bob. "Just a few telling words, you know. My idea is that it would please old Locke, and cheer him up, and touch his heart, and all that. He might even give us a holiday when he got back, if he has such pleasant recollections of us."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter inserted a fat face and a glimmering pair of spectacles into the study doorway. "I say——"

"Buzz off!" growled Bob. "Can't you see we're busy?"

"But I say, you fellows," persisted Bunter, "the Head's off! The car's come round, you know."

Bob Cherry jumped up.

"I say, I've got an idea, you know," continued Bunter. "Let's all see the car off, you know, and give him a groan——"

"What?"

"You see, with a crowd of us round, he wouldn't know which of us had groaned, so we couldn't be licked. I rather think that's a good idea," said Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five.

"You fat rotter!" roared Bob Cherry indignantly.

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"If you want to groan, though, I'll give you something to groan for!" exclaimed Bob, grasping the Owl of the Remove by the collar.

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter. "Yow-ow-woop! St-stop shaking me, you beast—Yaroooh!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter sat on the study carpet and roared.

"Come on, you chaps!" called Bob.

Harry Wharton & Co. followed their energetic chum from the study. They had their doubts about giving Dr. Locke a send-off. They were not sure whether that grave and reverend gentleman would appreciate such a mark of regard from the Lower Fourth. But, as Bob was resolved upon it, they decided to back him up.

The car that was to take Dr. Locke away was already on the drive, waiting. A good many Greyfriars fellows were gathered near.

Temple of the Fourth was prominent,

with Fry and Dabney and several more of his friends. Cecil Reginald Temple had a slip of paper in his hand, at which he was glancing every few minutes.

"Stand here, you chaps," said Bob Cherry. "I'll make the speech, if you like—in fact, I've got it mapped out."

"Hallo, what's that?" exclaimed Temple of the Fourth.

Bob Cherry waved him back.

"Keep off the grass, you Fourth Form bounders! We're going to give the Head a send-off——"

"Oh, come off!" said Temple warmly.

"We're going to do that! I'm going to address a few well-chosen words——"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Bob Cherry glared.

It was evidently a case of two great minds running in grooves. The same idea that had occurred to Bob Cherry had occurred to Temple of the Fourth. Apparently the paper in Cecil Reginald's hand contained the notes of his intended speech—the few well-chosen words that were to give the Head a pleasant remembrance of the Fourth Form.

"You're jolly well not!" said Temple hotly. "Do you think the Head wants to be jawed by silly fags? You buzz off!"

"Look here——"

"Well, you look here——"

"Not so much jaw there, you fags!" called out Loder of the Sixth, in his most bullying tones.

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry, under his breath.

"Here comes the Head!" said Ogilvy of the Remove.

Dr. Locke, leaning on the arm of Mrs. Locke, came towards the car. The good old Head looked very pale and worn. The Greyfriars fellows capped him very respectfully.

Bob Cherry and Temple exchanged mutual glares of defiance, and started forward as if moved by the same spring.

"Will you clear off?" hissed Temple.

"Will you get back, you born idiot?" muttered Bob.

"Look here——"

"Dr. Locke——" began Bob.

"Sir," began Temple, with a hurried glance at his paper, "on this sad and regretted occasion——"

"Shut up!" exclaimed Bob, in great exasperation at this interruption of his speech, and he gave Temple a shove with his elbow.

Temple staggered for a moment, but he promptly retaliated by grasping Bob by the collar.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Wharton, in dismay.

Dr. Locke's glance turned upon the two juniors in surprise.

Instead of a send-off in the form of a graceful speech or a few well-chosen words, the Head of Greyfriars was about

to be entertained by a terrific combat between the Removite and the Fourth-Former.

Fortunately, Wingate of the Sixth strode on the scene in time, and, catching Bob Cherry by the collar with one hand and Temple with the other, he swung them both back into the crowd.

"Yow-ow!"

"Groogh!"

"Quiet, you young idiots!" growled the captain of Greyfriars.

The car moved away down the drive with the Head and Mrs. Locke.

Crack! Crack!

Wingate, with great impartiality, knocked Bob Cherry's head against Temple's, and Temple's against Bob Cherry's.

Then he released them.

"You young rascals!" he said sternly. "Don't you know better than to start a row in the presence of your headmaster?"

"Yow-ow!"

"Oh! Ah! Yah!"

Wingate turned away, frowning, and Bob and Temple rubbed their heads, and glared at one another. The car was turning out of the school gateway, and the Head was gone. The send-off had not been a success.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The New Head!

"I WONDER what Jeffreys will be like!"

Frank Nugent made that remark later in the Common-room.

There was a good deal of curiosity among the Greyfriars fellows as to what the new headmaster would be like.

Dr. Locke was to be away probably some weeks, and during that time Greyfriars would be under the rule of his substitute, Mr. Jeffreys.

The latter was quite a stranger at Greyfriars, and a good deal depended on what he was like. There was much speculation on the subject, especially among the juniors.

"Well, we shan't have much to do with him," remarked Johnny Bull. "The Head doesn't usually bother the Remove very much."

"Dr. Locke didn't," agreed Wharton. "Quelchy is monarch of all he surveys in the Remove-room. If he isn't nice, it's the Sixth who will have to stand him chiefly. What are you up to, Bob?"

Bob Cherry was seated at the table, pencil in hand, apparently busy in making alterations in a written document. Bob was not much given to literary composition, and he was wrinkling his brows over his mental efforts.

"Something for the 'Herald'?" asked Nugent.

"No; it's my speech."

"Eh? You're not going to make the speech after the Head's gone, are you?" ejaculated Wharton. "What's the good?"

"It's a pity to waste it," said Bob.

"But—"

"I mean, it will do for the new Head!" explained Bob. "I've made a few alterations. I think a speech of welcome may put the new Head into a good temper—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, I don't see anything to cackle at," said Bob warmly. "We don't want to butter up Jeffreys, but we want to make a good impression on him. I think that a welcome to Greyfriars is the right thing to do."

"You mean you're bound to get that blessed speech off, though the skies fall," granted Johnny Bull.

"It's a jolly good speech, and with a few alterations it will make a speech of welcome instead of a farewell speech,"

said Bob. "I think it's up to us to make the new Head feel at home."

"You don't know what he's like," remarked Squiff. "He mayn't be the kind of johnny to care for larks of that sort."

"It isn't a lark!" roared Bob.

"He may think it is," grinned Squiff.

"Oh, rats!"

"And the lickfulness may be the deplorable result," remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh. "I suggest that the esteemed Bob should deliver the speech in the Rag, to his own estimable friends."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes. Try it on the dog!" chuckled Bolsover major. "Safer than trying it on the new Head."

"You fellows haven't any tact," said Bob disdainfully. "I know jolly well that Mr. Jeffreys will like it. It stands to reason that a welcome to the school will touch him."

The juniors grinned. Bob Cherry was evidently determined that his carefully-prepared speech should not be wasted. Perhaps it was war-time economy. At

"I didn't hear any more, as Quelchy spotted me. I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows coming?" asked Bob, taking up his valuable notes. "Jeffreys may be along any minute now, and my idea is to wait in the hall for him."

"Any old thing," said Wharton.

"Better let him alone," advised Peter Todd. "If he's a merry old Hun like old Popper, it's safer to give him a wide berth!"

"Oh, rats!"

Bob Cherry marched out of the Common-room, and his faithful chums followed him. A good many of the juniors gathered about the hall and the stairs, to catch sight of the new headmaster when he arrived.

There was considerable suppressed excitement when the sound of wheels was heard outside.

"It's the cab from the station!" called Russell, from a window.

"Then it's the Head!"

Bob Cherry took a hasty glance at the somewhat smudgy and indistinct paper



Making hay in Loder's study! (See Chapter 6.)

all events, Bob was very pleased with his speech, and he had made up his mind.

"He's coming this afternoon," said Dick Rake. "He was expected before Dr. Locke left, I believe."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Has he arrived?" exclaimed Bob, as the Owl of the Remove rolled into the Common-room.

"Not yet," said Bunter. "But I say, you fellows, I can tell you something about Jeffreys. He's a beast!"

"How do you know?" demanded Wharton.

"I happened to hear Quelchy speaking to old Prout about him. Quite by chance, of course. I wouldn't listen. He was recommended to the Board of Governors by Sir Hilton Popper. Now, you all know old Popper's an old Hun, and if he thinks a lot of Jeffreys, Jeffreys must be an old Hun too. And Quelchy was saying something about hoping Jeffreys would respect the traditions of Greyfriars. That shows he has his doubts, doesn't it?"

"It do—it does!" said Tom Brown, the New Zealandér.

in his hand. There were so many alterations in it that it was a little difficult to disentangle it.

All eyes were upon the big doorway.

A tall, thin gentleman appeared there, framed in the doorway, and fifty pairs of eyes, from various points, were fixed upon the new headmaster.

Mr. Jeffreys did not make a favourable impression upon the observers.

His face was thin and hard and cold. His eyes were steely, and looked as sharp as gimlets. His grim face presented a startling contrast to the kind old visage of Dr. Locke.

He glanced about him, evidently expecting to see a master. But no master was, for the moment, on the scene.

But Bob Cherry was there!

The sturdy junior stepped forward, and Mr. Jeffreys' cold, steely eyes fixed upon him. Bob cleared his voice.

"Welcome to Greyfriars, sir!" he began.

"Thank you!" said Mr. Jeffreys, in a voice that reminded the fellows of the THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 501.

shutting of a pocket-knife, so sharp and hard was it.

"On the present sad and mournful occasion, sir—"

"What!"

"I—I mean—" In his confusion Bob had inadvertently started on the speech as it had been in its first stage. "I—I mean—"

"Boy!"

"I—we—under the circumstances," stammered Bob, quite losing his thread, "we all very much regret, sir, to see you—"

"What!"

"I—I mean we beg to extend you a hearty welcome to the old school, sir, and—and"—Bob glared desperately at the smudgy paper—"and—and hope you will soon get back—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. The mixing of the two speeches had a decidedly comic effect.

"Silence!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys.

The laughter died away.

"Boy! What does this unexampled impertinence mean?"

"I—I mean—we—"

Mr. Quelch came hurrying from his study. He glanced at Bob, and frowned him back, and saluted the new headmaster.

"Mr. Jeffreys, I presume?" he began.

"Yes, sir!" snapped the new Head.

"I am Mr. Quelch, master of the Remove. Pray allow me—"

"Who is that boy?" demanded the new headmaster, ruthlessly interrupting the Remove-master.

"That? That is Robert Cherry of the Remove."

"Your Form, I think you just said?"

"Precisely."

"Then I must observe, Mr. Quelch, that the manners of the boys in your Form leave very much to be desired!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Quelch, colouring with vexation at this rebuff, administered unfeelingly in the presence of so many juniors.

"Yes, sir!" said Mr. Jeffreys harshly. "I have been addressed by this boy with the most astounding impertinence."

"Bless my soul! Cherry, have you ventured—"

"I—I didn't mean—I—I—" stammered Bob. "I—I was only welcoming Mr. Jeffreys to Greyfriars, sir!"

"Oh! You are a foolish lad," said Mr. Quelch. "You see, sir, that the boy intended no disrespect—"

"I see nothing of the kind," said Mr. Jeffreys grimly. "What I see is, I fear, a plain evidence that discipline in this school is very lax. Cherry, if that is your name, come here!"

Bob Cherry unwillingly advanced.

"Mr. Quelch, may I request you to lend me a cane?"

"A—a what?"

"A cane! I trust I speak plainly, sir!"

Mr. Quelch seemed to swallow something with very great difficulty. He turned, with a set face, to Wharton.

"Wharton, kindly fetch a cane from my study for Mr. Jeffreys."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Quelch walked hurriedly away. He did not trouble about extending any further welcome to the new headmaster. Probably he was already fed up with Dr. Locke's substitute.

Wharton, with a clouded brow, returned with the cane. He could not refuse to obey his Form-master. In silence he handed the cane to Mr. Jeffreys. Bob Cherry looked on with wide-open eyes, hardly realising that the new headmaster intended to cane him. Mr. Jeffreys swished the cane in the air.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 501.

"Cherry!"

"Ye-s, sir?" gasped Bob.

"Hold out your hand!"

"Wha-a-at for, sir?"

"Obey me at once!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys.

Bob held out his hand almost dazedly. Swish! It was a hard and cruel cut, and it made Bob wince, hardy as he was.

"Now the other hand!" said Mr. Jeffreys sternly.

Bob, with a set face, held out his other hand, and received a second cut, as severe as the first.

"Shame!" came a shout from the passage behind.

Mr. Jeffreys glanced quickly over the juniors.

"Who spoke?" he rapped out.

There was no answer.

"I demand to know who spoke!" said the new headmaster, his sallow cheeks reddening with anger.

Still silence.

"Unless the impertinent boy who spoke comes forward immediately, every boy present will be detained for four half-holidays!" said the new Head.

The juniors gasped.

They had seen already that the new Head was a Tartar, or, rather, a Hun. But this was piling it on with a vengeance!

There was a moment's silence, and then Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, lounged forward, with his hands in his pockets.

"It was you?" asked Mr. Jeffreys.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Vernon-Smith."

"Your Form?"

"Remove."

"Remove!" Mr. Jeffreys' eyes glinted. "Ah! It appears that I shall have to give very especial attention to that Form! Hold out your hand, Vernon-Smith!"

The Bounder hesitated for one moment. But there was no help for it, and he obeyed. There were four cuts for the Bounder; and when he had received them Smithy was looking quite white, though he made no sound.

"Now disperse!" said Mr. Jeffreys harshly, his eyes glinting at the silent juniors. "And bear in mind that, while I am in control of Greyfriars, the strictest discipline will be enforced in the school, and that no transgressions will be allowed to pass unpunished."

And in grim silence the juniors dispersed.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Change for the Worse!

"WHAT do you think of the new Head?"

"Beast!"

Nearly all the juniors of Greyfriars asked that question or made that answer during the evening.

The new Head had taken them by surprise.

He was, as Squiff remarked, a corker.

A severe master would not have surprised the fellows so much. Mr. Quelch was somewhat severe. But Mr. Jeffreys was not merely severe; in the opinion of the juniors, he was also a beast.

Bob Cherry's unfortunate mistake had been severely punished. Smithy's impudent remark had earned him a more severe caning than he had ever received from his Form-master. If that was how the new headmaster began, how was he going to continue? The Remove congratulated themselves upon the fact that they were a junior Form, and unlikely to come much in contact with the Head.

But some of the fellows remembered, with misgiving, Mr. Jeffreys' remark

that he would have to devote particular attention to the Remove.

Mr. Jeffreys was evidently a stern disciplinarian, somewhat of the Prussian variety. Caning two fellows before he had been in the school five minutes was really the limit.

"We shall have to give the beast a wide berth," said Bob Cherry, as he rubbed his hands ruefully. "The Sixth will have to stand him. He can't cane the Sixth, anyway."

"It wouldn't matter much if he did," said Rake. "It's us that matter. He said he was going to give us special attention."

"All Bob Cherry's fault!" growled Skinner.

"Oh, rats!"

"And Smithy's," grunted Fisher T. Fish. "What did Smithy want to hoot at him for, the silly jay?"

"Smithy was quite right," said Harry Wharton. "It was a shame, a rotten shame! The man's a Hun!"

"The Hunfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh. "But if he should be Hunful to the Remove, we will go upon the esteemed war-path, and make him sit upfully."

"H'm!" said the fellows, very doubtfully.

The idea of taking the war-path against so Hunnish a gentleman as Mr. Jeffreys was not attractive.

"Yaroo!"

The discussion in the Common-room was suddenly interrupted by a terrific yell.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's Bunter!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, leaving off rubbing his aching hands for a moment.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yah! Yaroo!"

"My hat! Is somebody slaughtering Bunter?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, rushing to the door.

There was a clatter of rapid footsteps in the passage, and Billy Bunter bolted in—right into the captain of the Remove, as the latter reached the doorway.

There was a collision. Bunter's weight was not to be withstood when he was going full speed. Wharton went flying backwards, and crashed on the floor, and Bunter rolled dazedly over him. He sat up in a dizzy frame of mind on Wharton's chest.

"Yow-ow-ow! D-d-did I run into something?" gasped Bunter.

"Ow! Get off!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gerroff!" yelled Wharton.

Johnny Bull yanked the fat junior off, and Wharton staggered to his feet, gasping for breath.

"You fat chump!" he roared.

"Oh, really, Wharton! I didn't see you!" Bunter groped for his spectacles, and set them straight on his fat little nose.

"I—I say, you fellows— Yow-ow-ow! I've been nearly killed! That beast— Yow-ow!"

"What's the matter, fatty?" demanded Peter Todd.

"Yow-ow! Beast!" groaned Bunter.

"I've been licked! Yow-ow-ow! The awful Hun! Just because I was tying up my bootlace outside his study door! Yow-ow!"

"Serve you jolly well right, then!" growled Bolsover major. "Listening again."

"I wasn't listening!" said Bunter indignantly. "I happened to stop outside the Head's study by sheer chance. You see, old Prout and Quelch and Capper had gone in to see him, all together, so I thought it was a sort of conference, you know, and I—I mean I was passing by pure chance—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle

at! Happening to stop near the key-hole, I simply couldn't help hearing what the beast was saying. Cheeky cad, you know!" said Bunter. "Actually jawing Quelchy and Prout and Capper as if they were prefects who'd neglected their duties! Says he's not satisfied with the state of discipline in this school, from what he's seen of it, and expects a change. Thinks things are slack and lax, you know, and intends to exercise a thorough supervision—those were the beast's words. Said he's going to call the prefects together and explain his views to them—and expects all the masters to support his views loyally. And—and then somehow I knocked my head against the door-handle, and the beast heard!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He had the door open like lightning," groaned Bunter. "And he had me by the collar in a tick, laying into me with a cane. Oh dear! I yelled—"

"We heard you yell!" grinned Bob Sherry. "I think you could have been heard at Dover."

"Well, I was hurt! I'm hurt now," groaned Bunter. "Licking a chap, you know, for stopping to tie up his boot-lace in the passage!"

"You shouldn't tie it up near his key-hole," grinned Hazoldene. "Serve you jolly well right, I say!"

"Well, you're all going to get some!" growled Bunter. "He told 'em that the juniors of this school impressed him as being the most undisciplined set of young scamps he'd ever seen—especially the Remove. He's going to keep a very special eye on the Remove at first."

"My hat! What did Quelchy say to that?" exclaimed Skinner.

"Sort of grunted."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He will get Quelchy's back up if he goes on like that," said Wharton. "Dr. Locke never interfered with the Form-masters."

"Dr. Locke was a gentleman," said Bolsover major. "This new beast seems a meddling sort of rotter. What are you making faces at me for, Browney?"

Tom Brown was making an extraordinary face at Bolsover major, the reason being that Mr. Jeffreys had just stepped into the doorway of the junior Common-room. Bolsover's back was towards the door, and he did not see the new master—who heard every word he uttered.

Quite startled by Tom Brown's expression, Bolsover swung round towards the door.

His jaw dropped at the sight of Mr. Jeffreys.

The new headmaster's face was like thunder.

"Boy!" he ejaculated.

"Sir!" gasped Bolsover.

"You dared to speak of me in such terms!"

"I—I didn't know you were listening, sir," stammered Bolsover major. It was rather an unfortunate way of putting it. But Bolsover was so startled and dismayed that he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Boy!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys. "Your name?"

"Bub-bub-Bolsover major, sir."

"Come here, Bolsover major!"

The burly Removite approached in a very gingerly manner. Mr. Jeffreys had a cane in his hand, and Bolsover knew what to expect.

The faces of the juniors were grim, and some of them could not help looking contemptuous. No one had heard Mr. Jeffreys approach. He had moved with the stealthy silence of a cat. A man who would creep about and listen to unguarded remarks was not a man the Greyfriars Remove could respect.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Bolsover major, the bully of the Remove, was as hard as nails; but he roared as he received those vicious cuts. Mr. Jeffreys gave the silent juniors a stern glance, and walked on down the passage, with his cane tucked under his arm—a good deal like a lion seeking whom he might devour.

Bolsover major flung himself into an armchair, clasping his hands and grunting dismally. Wharton set his lips.

"That man likes caning a chap!" he said, in a low voice. "He's a cruel beast! He likes doing it."

"There'll be trouble if he keeps on like this!" said the Bounder quietly.

"Trouble for us, you mean!" said Skinner. "I'm not bucking against that johnny, for one!"

"I guess not!" said Fisher T. Fish emphatically.

But a good many of the Remove agreed with the Bounder. If the new Head of Greyfriars continued as he had begun there would be trouble—and very serious trouble!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

The Heavy Hand!

THE next day there were many knitted brows in Greyfriars School.

The new Head had achieved the most complete unpopularity at a bound.

Juniors and fags had taken an intense dislike to him; and it was not difficult to see that most of the seniors shared their feelings, though they were a great deal more guarded in their remarks on the subject.

The feeling extended to the masters, who made no remarks at all about it, but could not help their looks. Mr. Prout, in the Fifth Form-room that morning, was pink and flustered. Mr. Capper, of the Upper Fourth, was very grim. In the Remove, Mr. Quelch was in a very sharp and frowning mood.

Doubtless Mr. Jeffreys was suited by his scholastic attainments to the position to which he had been appointed. But he was certainly either ignorant or regardless of public school etiquette. Form-masters, grave Masters of Arts, were not likely to tolerate being called over the coals. They could not help betraying by their looks how much the new Head had disturbed their equanimity on the first day at the school.

The Remove made it a point to be unusually well-behaved that morning. Mr. Quelch's temper was not to be trifled with; and, besides, it was their way of showing their sympathy. Mr. Quelch would have been startled at the suggestion of a fellow-feeling between himself and his pupils against the new headmaster; but, as a matter of fact, it existed.

After morning lessons the Remove crowded out into the sunny quadrangle, and the chief topic among them was the new Head, and curiosity as to what he had been up to that morning.

They noted that some of the Sixth were looking sulky and resentful. Mr. Jeffreys had taken the Sixth that morning; and apparently the top Form had not liked his methods.

Loder, the prefect, was about the only Sixth-Former who seemed satisfied. The bully of the Sixth perhaps found the new Head a man after his own heart. Loder's methods were like Mr. Jeffreys'. Doubtless he had already found means of making his peace with the tyrant. Wingate and Gwynne were thoughtful and glum. The juniors did not know what had taken place at the prefects' meeting called by the new Head; but they could

guess from the fact that Loder was satisfied and Wingate dissatisfied.

Mr. Jeffreys, quite regardless of the school traditions, was apparently bent upon establishing a new regime during his brief term of office. Wibley of the Remove, who was strong on Shakespeare, quoted dismally:

"Man, vain man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before
high heaven
As makes the angels weep!"

Those celebrated lines hit off the situation, in the opinion of the Remove. Mr. Jeffreys was dressed in a little brief authority, and he was proceeding to play fantastic tricks; but instead of making the angels weep there was a great probability that he would make the Remove weep, which was much more serious.

Mr. Jeffreys walked majestically in the quad after lunch, and the juniors scuttled away like rabbits from a fox. They did not want to catch the terrible eye of the tyrant.

As they went in to afternoon lessons Billy Bunter brought news. Mr. Jeffreys was going to take the Fifth that afternoon.

Bunter had heard Coker of the Fifth inveighing wrathfully on the subject. Horace Coker was indignant; and he told his chums, Potter and Greene, that he wasn't going to stand any nonsense from Jeffreys. If Jeffreys thought he could jaw the Fifth as he jawed the Sixth he was making a very serious mistake—according to Coker of the Fifth.

Mr. Prout, with his face pinker than ever, was seen making his way to the Sixth Form-room. Mr. Jeffreys had taken the Fifth off his hands for the afternoon for reasons of his own.

The Removites were very curious to know how it would turn out. The Fifth, as a senior Form, were not supposed to be caned, so there would be no opening for Mr. Jeffreys' activities in that direction. But they did not yet know their man!

After lessons there was a rush of Lower-Form fellows to see the Fifth when they came out.

They came out with grim faces, and Coker was purple, and was observed to be surreptitiously rubbing his hands.

Coker had been caned!

From Coker's point of view, it was almost incredible!

It was time for the skies to fall. For the Fifth to be caned, and especially Coker, was a happening as amazing and catastrophic as a collision among the planets in the solar system.

But it had happened. And the worst of it was that Coker had to stand it! Upon that point there was no doubt whatever.

"He jaws the Sixth and canes the Fifth!" said Squiff. "He's beginning well! Let's hope he won't have a fancy for taking the Remove."

"There'll be trouble if he does!" said Bolsover major.

"For us!" groaned Snoop.

The prospect was appalling; and it seemed likely to be realised. For the next morning Mr. Jeffreys relieved Mr. Hacker of his duties as master of the Shell. That morning he took the Shell, and the Shell fellows all looked sullen and angry after their experience with him.

And in the afternoon Mr. Capper failed to turn up in the Fourth Form-room, and the new Head took his place.

Temple, Dabney & Co. had the time of their lives that afternoon.

"How do you like him?" asked Harry Wharton, when he met Cecil Reginald Temple after lessons.

Temple glared.

"Horrid beast!" he said. "He licked a quarter of the Form, and gave lines to about half. 'Not satisfied with us,' he says, the cheeky cad!"

"Your turn next!" remarked Fry of the Fourth. "The beast is going to work his way through all the Forms, one after another."

"Looks like it!" agreed Wharton.

Probably Mr. Jeffreys' object was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the work of the school by replacing the Form-masters one after another. It was not a bad idea, so far as that went. But the result was that he made himself thoroughly detested by every fellow in every Form. His methods were much more drastic than those the Greyfriars fellows were accustomed to. Apparently Mr. Jeffreys had in his mind's eye as a model the Prussian school system of hard grinding, brutality, and slave-driving, with sullenness and slavishness as the outcome on the pupils' part. It was not a system suited to Greyfriars by any means. Dr. Locke had not been absent three days, but all Greyfriars was longing for his return, with a longing that would have flattered the good old Head very much if he had known of it.

The Remove fellows looked forward to Saturday morning with considerable uneasiness. Friday evening was not happy for them. The Famous Five met in Study No. 1 to discuss the situation.

"Better take it quietly," was Harry Wharton's opinion. "After all, the beast can't go for us if we don't kick over the traces. And we can't back up against the Head very well."

"He doesn't seem to wait for a chap to kick over the traces, from what Temple says!" growled Johnny Bull.

"It's only one morning, anyhow," said Bob hopefully. "All the Forms are going through it, and it's the turn of the Third after us. After the old donkey's made his round, I suppose he'll go back to the Sixth and stop there."

"Nice for the Sixth!" grunted Nugent.

"Well, they can stand him. I fancy he wouldn't venture to cane them!" grinned Bob. "I rather think old Wingate would punch his nose if he did!"

"Then I wish he'd try!"

The door of Study No. 1 was thrown open, and Tubb of the Third looked in.

"Wharton here?"

"Hallo!"

"You're wanted—Loder!" said Tubb.

"Oh, bless Loder! What does he want?"

"Fag!"

"What?"

"Fag!" grinned Tubb. "Why shouldn't you Remove fellows fag as well as the Third? Yah!"

Having delivered that opinion, Tubb of the Third departed, grinning. The Famous Five looked at one another expressively.

Fagging in the Remove was quite abolished. It was a point of honour with the Removites not to fag unless they chose. And they seldom chose. They would fag for seniors they liked, such as Wingate or Gwynne or Courtney. Fagging for a bully like Gerald Loder was quite another matter.

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"The rotter!" he said. "This is a chance for Loder, and he's making the most of it. He thinks the new Head will back him up."

"It's against the rules!" remarked Nugent.

"Lot he cares for the rules!" growled Johnny Bull. "Loder's got a down on us, and you can bet he's going to make us sit up while Dr. Locke's away. Are you going, Wharton?"

"No," said Harry, compressing his

lips. "Loder can't fag the Remove, and I'm not going."

"Good egg!"

The Famous Five waited. Loder also waited in his study for the captain of the Remove to come; and if he did not come there was little doubt that the prefect would come for him sooner or later. It was Loder's opportunity, and he did not mean to lose it. He had many old grudges to pay off against Study No. 1.

The juniors had not long to wait.

"Here he comes!" murmured Bob Cherry.

There was a sound of heavy footsteps in the passage, and Loder of the Sixth strode in.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

The New Head Chips In!

LODER was frowning, and he had his ashplant under his arm. His frown and his ashplant were probably intended to terrify Study No. 1. They did not have that effect, however. The Famous Five did not look alarmed. They smiled at Loder, in fact, and gave him a familiar nod, as if the great Loder were a mere fag.

"I sent for you, Wharton!" rapped out Loder.

"Quite so!" agreed Wharton.

"Tubb brought my message?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I require a fag," said Loder. "Go to my study this instant!"

Harry Wharton settled himself a little more comfortably in the study armchair. His companions grinned.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Loder.

"I am not deaf!" said the captain of the Remove politely.

"Well, go!"

"Nice afternoon, isn't it?" remarked Wharton.

"What?"

"Do you think we shall have rain?"

"You cheeky young cub!" roared Loder.

"If we do, it will be bad for the cricket to-morrow, won't it?" continued Wharton, unmoved.

"For the last time, Wharton—"

"Which would be hard cheese, as we're so near the end of the season," said Wharton, in a reflective way.

Loder let the ashplant slip down into his hand, and started towards the junior. Wharton did not move. But his companions rose to their feet, with grim looks.

"Will you go, Wharton?" demanded the prefect, breathing hard.

"Do you want an answer to that?" drawled Wharton.

"Yes, and at once!"

"Well, I won't go!" said Wharton deliberately. "I won't fag for you, Loder! The Remove doesn't fag. In fact, I'll see you hanged first!"

"Hear, hear!" chortled Bob Cherry.

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific!" grinned Hurree Singh. "Put that in your esteemed pipe and smoke it, my worthy and ludicrous Loder!"

Loder did not answer in words. He reached out, grasped Wharton by the collar, and dragged him out of the chair.

The next moment five pairs of hands were upon the Sixth-Former.

He was torn away from Wharton and sent staggering towards the door. He brought up against the doorpost, gasping for breath and red with rage.

The Famous Five stood together, and eyed him defiantly. In the passage outside several Remove fellows gathered, looking on with bated breath. Harry Wharton was quite within his right, according to all the unwritten laws of Greyfriars; but it was a serious matter to handle a prefect, all the same.

"Now look out for the fireworks!" murmured Peter Todd.

Loder panted for breath.

"Wharton, you cheeky young hound! You—you dare—"

"Oh, cut it short!" said Wharton contemptuously. "You can't fag the Remove, and you know you can't! Chuck it!"

"Yes; chuck it, and wander away, Loder," advised Johnny Bull. "You've bitten off more than you can chew, you know!"

"There's the door, Loder!" hinted Nugent.

Loder recovered himself a little.

"Carne! Walker!" he called out. The two Sixth-Formers were lounging on the stairs, doubtless in case the bully of the Sixth should want them. "Come up here!"

Carne and Walker came along.

"Now, Wharton, will you come?"

"No!"

"Then I'll thrash you!"

Loder rushed at the captain of the Remove, and the Co. piled in at once. But Walker and Carne piled in, too, and there was a terrific scrap. The din in the study could be heard far and wide. Some thoughtful junior rushed away to call Wingate, head prefect and captain of the school. George Wingate came hurrying on to the scene.

"Stop this row!" he exclaimed, as he strode into Study No. 1. "Loder! Walker! What the dickens—"

Three big Sixth-Formers were rather more than a match for five juniors, but Loder & Co. found their hands full. The Famous Five were great fighting-men. The three bullies of the Sixth were not sorry to call off the combat at Wingate's sharp order. They receded, panting, and rather untidy, and the five juniors jumped back, gasping for breath. Wingate surveyed the scene with knitted brows.

"Now, what's all this about?" he exclaimed. "How dare you kids lay hands on a prefect!"

"Loder asked for it!" replied Bob Cherry.

"I'm glad you've come, Wingate," said Loder, though he did not look specially pleased. "These fags are always giving trouble, but they've passed the limit this time. I have ordered Wharton to go to my study, and he has refused."

"Wharton—"

"Loder wants me to fag," said Harry. "The Remove doesn't fag!"

Wingate nodded.

"That isn't why you wanted him, Loder, surely?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is."

"You know the Remove doesn't fag," said Wingate. "That was settled long ago."

Loder sneered.

"I don't agree," he said coolly.

"Whether you agree or not, it's a settled matter," said the Greyfriars captain. "Dr. Locke would not allow you to break the rules if he were here, and you know it. It's not playing the game to begin this now the Head's gone."

"I'm quite willing to refer the matter to the present headmaster," said Loder, shrugging his shoulders.

Wingate gave him a sharp look.

"There's no need to refer it to anyone," he replied. "You know the rules, and you've got to observe them. As head prefect, I shall not allow the rules to be broken!"

"You back up those fags in defying the authority of a prefect?" said Loder, his eyes glittering.

"It won't do, Wingate!" said Carne.

"I—I say—" murmured Walker. Walker knew very well what the rules

were, and he was inclined to back up Wingate when it came to the pinch. But he was a good deal under Loder's influence, and he only muttered hesitatingly.

"You'd better get out of here, Loder," said Wingate drily. "Wharton is quite right to refuse to fag unless he chooses."

"Bravo, Wingate!" came a murmur from the passage, where the Removites were crowding now.

Loder gave the Greyfriars captain a steely look, but made no motion to go. He was pretty certain of support from the new Head, and he was quite willing to put the matter to the test. Kipps, from the staircase, called out:

"Here comes the Jeffreys-bird!"

"You heard what I said, Loder?" exclaimed Wingate.

"I don't agree with you," said Loder coolly. "I'm going to fag the Lower Fourth if I choose!"

Wingate's jaw squared grimly.

"You won't!" he said.

"I shall appeal to our headmaster," said Loder, as a gowned figure appeared in the passage, the juniors respectfully making way. Loder knew that the uproar must have reached Mr. Jeffreys' ears, and that the interfering gentleman would be sure to visit the scene. He was right. Mr. Jeffreys had come, and his look showed that he had come in a bad temper.

"What is this disgraceful disturbance about?" rumbled the new Head. "Wingate, I am surprised to see you—"

"I came here to stop it, sir," said Wingate quietly.

"What is the matter?"

"Wharton refuses to fag, sir," said Loder. "He has resisted me by force."

Mr. Jeffreys' brow grew darker.

"Is it possible?" he ejaculated.

"Please allow me to explain, sir," said Wingate hastily. "It is a rule of the school that the Remove does not fag. The rule was recognised by Dr. Locke."

Mr. Jeffreys gave him a look of sharp disfavour.

"Dr. Locke is not here now, Wingate!" he snapped. "Kindly leave out all reference to him. This matter is referred to me. I see no reason at all why the Lower Fourth should be exempted from the duties of fagging."

"It's the school custom—"

"There are some customs here, Wingate, which I shall regard it as my duty to eliminate while I hold authority at Greyfriars!" said Mr. Jeffreys acidly. "That custom is one of them. Most certainly all Forms below the Shell are expected to fag for the Sixth Form. It has always been so in the schools where I have had experience. It will be the rule here while I am headmaster. Wharton, you understand that?"

Wharton set his lips.

"I understand, sir."

"You will not, I presume, now refuse to fag for Loder?"

"I—I suppose I shall do so if you order me as headmaster," said Harry.

"I imagine so! It appears that you have laid hands on a prefect. I cannot allow such insubordination to pass unpunished. How many of these juniors were guilty of this mutinous conduct, Loder?"

"All five of them, sir," said Loder, his eyes gleaming. Mr. Jeffreys had more than fulfilled his hopes.

"I shall punish them severely!"

"Excuse me, sir—" began Wingate.

"You need say no more, Wingate!"

"But—"

"That will do. Kindly leave the study at once!" said Mr. Jeffreys.

Wingate bit his lip, and, with a very red face, quitted the study. He had some sympathetic looks from the juniors

as he strode down the passage, though he did not notice them.

Harry Wharton & Co. stood grimly silent.

Wingate had done his best for them, and it had been of no avail. Mr. Jeffreys signed to Wharton to come forward.

For a moment the captain of the Remove hesitated.

But all authority was on the side of the man who filled Dr. Locke's place. Obedience was due to a headmaster. Harry Wharton slowly obeyed.

For some minutes there was a steady sound of swishing in the study.

The Famous Five were going through it.

When he had finished caning them Mr. Jeffreys was more than a little breathless, and the five chums were savage and pale.

"I trust," said Mr. Jeffreys, in his grinding voice—"I trust that this lesson will not be lost upon you! Wharton, you will take care to obey a prefect's orders in future!"

Wharton did not reply. He could not. Mr. Jeffreys, with a warning frown at the five, quitted the study. He left a dead silence behind him. It was broken by Gerald Loder.

"Wharton!"

The captain of the Remove looked at him.

"Go to my study!"

Again there was a moment's pause. It was a bitter pill for the captain of the Remove to swallow. But behind Loder was the Head and all authority now, and the order had to be obeyed. Without a word, Harry quitted the study and went to the stairs. Loder, grinning spitefully, followed him.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Fagging for Loder!

HARRY WHARTON entered Loder's study in the Sixth Form passage, the prefect following him in.

Wharton's face was almost white with anger and with the pain of the castigation he had received.

Loder was smiling.

"I rather fancied you would be brought to order, my buck!" he remarked genially. "It's a bit different from Dr. Locke's time, you see."

Wharton did not answer.

"Sulky—eh?" grinned Loder. "I'll take all that out of you. You've got a headmaster now who knows what's what, and you won't find him—or me—standing any nonsense. Do you hear me, you sulky young cad?"

"I hear you," said Harry.

"I'm going to make you my fag!" resumed Loder, with great relish. "And I'm going to make you work, my boy! Now you're going to get my tea. You'll find the things in the cupboard. I want tea ready in a quarter of an hour. If it isn't ready and in apple-pie order, I pity you!"

With that remark Loder left the study, leaving his new fag to his own devices.

Harry Wharton stood quite still.

The sense of injustice was strong within him. His face was set, and his eyes were gleaming.

The door opened, and he looked up quickly. It was Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Fourth Form, who entered.

Temple's face was crimson.

"I heard you were here," he said. "I—I say, Wharton—" Temple almost choked. "They're going to fag the Fourth!"

"They're going to fag the Remove!" said Harry.

"Well, that doesn't matter. The

Remove are fags, anyway," said Cecil Reginald. "But us, you know—"

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Look here—"

"Rats!"

Cecil Reginald looked very wrathful for a moment. Then his brow cleared. He and Wharton were in the same boat, and it was no time for a quarrel. Had the Remove alone been sentenced to fagging duties Temple would probably have approved of it. But for the independence of the Upper Fourth to be similarly invaded was an intolerable outrage—at least, it seemed so to Cecil Reginald.

It was evidently a time for Remove and Fourth to forget their old feud, and make common cause together.

"I've been sent here to fag!" said Temple.

"So have I!"

"Of course, that cad Loder doesn't want two fags. He's just picked on me so as to rub it in, you know."

Wharton nodded.

"Are you going to stand it?" demanded Temple, drawing a deep breath.

"The new Head's backing him up."

"I know that. But it's against the rules."

"Jeffreys doesn't care much for the rules."

"Well, are you game to back up?" asked Temple.

"Yes, rather!" Wharton's eyes gleamed. "I've thought of that already. Loder wants us to fag for him. We may make him rather tired of our fagging—what?"

"How do you mean?"

"This way."

Wharton picked up the coal-scuttle and threw its contents out upon the study carpet. Then he dragged out the ashpan from the grate and pitched it into the air. It fell with a crash and a terrific scattering of dust and ashes.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Temple.

"Loder wants us to fag. That's the way I fag," said Wharton grimly. "He may get fed up before we do."

"I—I say, there'll be a terrific row about this!" said Temple.

"You asked me if I were game!" said Harry sarcastically. "Aren't you game?"

"Yes, I'm game, hang it!" said Temple. "I'll help you fag! I don't care if I get a licking. Loder's pretty certain to lick his fags, anyway. Here goes!"

Crash!

Temple having made up his mind, apparently considered that he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. He swept the clock from the mantelpiece, and it descended into the fender in a dozen pieces.

Then the two juniors set to work busily.

Tables and chairs were overturned, the carpet was dragged up and draped over them, the bed pulled out of the alcove and stood on end, and the bed-clothes twined round the heap of furniture.

Two pairs of hands were able to get through a good deal of that kind of work in a very short time.

"I—I think we'd better clear now," muttered Temple. "No good staying to see Loder—what?"

Wharton laughed.

"No good at all! Let's cut!"

And they cut.

Loder of the Sixth, however, met them in the passage. He was coming along to his study with Carne and Walker in high feather.

"Wharton!" he called out.

"Hallo!"

"Is my tea ready?"

"Go and see!" said Harry.

"What? Come here!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"Go and chop chips!" hooted Temple.

And the two juniors scudded away, leaving Loder crimson with anger. Walker indulged in a chuckle.

"You haven't brought them to heel quite so much as you fancied, dear boy," he remarked.

"I—I—I'll skin them!" gasped Loder. "If they haven't got my tea ready— Here, come on and let's see!"

He strode away to his study, followed by Carne and Walker. Loder threw the door open and looked in.

The scene of havoc burst upon his view.

He stood and gasped.

Carne stared, and grinned. Walker chuckled. Loder gasped for breath, and blinked almost dazedly at the wreck of the study.

"M-m-my hat!" he ejaculated, at last. "The—the young villains! Look at it! What are you cackling at, Walker, you silly idiot? Why, I'll skin them—I'll smash them—I'll—I'll—I'll—"

Words failed Loder.

He rushed away furiously in search of his new fags.

But they were not to be found. Harry Wharton and Cecil Reginald Temple had very judiciously gone for a walk; and they did not turn up till calling-over.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Facing the Music!

WHEN the Greyfriars fellows crowded into Big Hall for call-over, there was a general air of expectancy among the Remove and the Fourth.

All the fellows knew how Wharton and Temple had fagged for Loder.

What the prefect would do was an interesting question.

Certainly he was not likely to take it lying down. There was trouble in store. Sympathetic looks were cast at Wharton and Temple as they took their places in Hall to answer to their names.

Mr. Jeffreys came in by the upper door to take the roll-call.

He took it very quietly, with a grim frown upon his brow. It was easy enough to see that Loder had reported the wrecking of his study to the new Head.

After roll-call the Greyfriars fellows were not dismissed as usual. There was more to come.

"Wharton! Temple!" rapped out Mr. Jeffreys.

The two juniors came forward.

The new headmaster fixed his eyes upon them; and every eye in the crowded Hall was fixed upon them too.

"You two juniors have been guilty of the most flagrant insubordination," said the new Head. "You were ordered to fag for a prefect. Instead of doing so, you perpetrated wanton outrages in his study. Such conduct constitutes defiance of your headmaster's authority. Have you anything to say for yourselves?"

Temple licked his lips, rather regretting his outbreak in Loder's study, now that the hour of reckoning had come. It was Wharton who replied.

"The Remove doesn't fag, sir!" he said distinctly.

There was a murmur of approval from the Remove, which was silenced by a glare from Mr. Jeffreys.

"Silence!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 501.

The new Head fixed his eyes upon Wharton again.

"You have disobeyed my orders, Wharton?"

The captain of the Remove was silent. He had not exactly meant to disobey the headmaster's orders; but certainly he had done so.

"Loder!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Call Gosling here!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Gosling had evidently been apprised that his services would be required, for he was waiting outside the door. Loder brought him in.

Harry Wharton drew a deep breath as he saw the new Head take up a birch—an instrument seldom used at Greyfriars. He was to be flogged! Temple turned quite pale. Temple was plucky enough in his way; but he did not possess the steady, unfaltering determination that was a part of Wharton's character. He was already repentant.

"Now," said Mr. Jeffreys, in a grinding voice, "I am willing to make allowances for the extremely lax discipline which has hitherto obtained in this school. You will immediately apologise most humbly to Loder of the Sixth Form, and promise amendment for the future. In that case, I shall simply cane you. Otherwise, a flogging will be administered."

Wharton set his teeth.

"Well?" snapped Mr. Jeffreys.

Wharton did not speak. But Temple was at the end of his tether. He had bucked against a power that was irresistible, and he felt that the time had come to give in.

"I—I—I apologise, sir!" he stammered.

"Very good," said Mr. Jeffreys, with a dry smile. "And you promise amendment for the future?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Temple almost inaudibly. His cheeks were burning.

"Speak louder!"

"Yes, sir—I—I promise!"

"Funk!" several juniors muttered under their breath, which was rather hard upon poor Temple. He was not in an enviable position.

"Wharton, you have not spoken!"

"I have nothing to say, sir!" Wharton's voice was audible to every fellow in Big Hall.

"You refuse to apologise to Loder?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Very well! You will be flogged! Take him up, Gosling!"

The old porter advanced towards Wharton. A gleam shone in the junior's eyes, and his hands clenched. But Loder and Carne stood ready to help the porter if needed; and it was no use. He submitted.

Big Hall looked on in grim silence while the flogging was administered.

It was not a merciful one.

Dr. Locke had sometimes had occasion to flog a junior; but he had never administered so severe a punishment as this. Wharton set his teeth hard to keep back the cry of pain that rose to his lips. He would not utter a sound—he was determined on that, if he had been cut in pieces.

The birch rose and fell incessantly, and the cuts sounded through the silent Hall.

Mr. Quelch hurriedly left the Hall. He could not interfere, but he would not remain a witness to that cruel punishment.

Wingate's brow grew darker and darker as he looked on.

Still the blows fell.

And still no sound had passed Harry Wharton's lips. Perhaps his silence had an irritating effect upon the tyrant of

Greyfriars. It was not till his arm was weary that the new Head desisted.

He motioned to Gosling to set the junior down.

Wharton stood unsteadily, his face white as chalk, and contracted with pain.

Bob Cherry ran forward and caught him by the arm.

The Head opened his lips, as if to speak, but he decided to let that pass. Wharton, in fact, was not able to stand alone.

"Dismiss!" said the Head harshly.

And he rustled away to the upper door.

The Greyfriars fellows filed out of Hall. Wingate dropped his hand lightly on Harry Wharton's shoulder as he passed.

"Hard lines, kid!" he said softly.

Wharton nodded without speaking. He could not speak. The captain of Greyfriars strode out with a gloomy brow.

Some of the Remove gathered round Wharton.

His chums helped him away. He walked unsteadily, and without a word. They reached Study No. 1.

"The brute!" said Bob Cherry, between his teeth. "The Prussian brute! Harry, old chap, you must be feeling bad!"

Wharton nodded.

"The badfulness must be terrific!" said Hurree Singh, almost in tears.

Bob and Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull left the study dismally, leaving Wharton alone with Nugent. There was nothing they could do; and it was not much use slanging the tyrant. Nugent sat silent and miserable. Wharton stood leaning on the window.

There was a long, long silence in the study. Several fellows came along the passage to look at Wharton, but he did not look up. Temple of the Fourth looked in at last, in a shamefaced way.

"I—I say, Wharton," he stammered, "you bucked up splendidly! I ought to have stood it out with you; but—but—"

Wharton smiled faintly.

"It's all right," he said.

"I—I couldn't stand a licking like that," said Temple frankly. "I'd rather fag for Loder. Loder's caned me—but it isn't like that. How do you feel?"

"Rotten!"

"We shall have to toe the line till Dr. Locke comes back," said Temple.

Wharton made no reply to that, and Cecil Reginald went his way. Nugent looked at his chum.

"Still bad?" he asked.

"I can stand it," said Harry, "It's bad enough."

"I believe the brute laid it on harder because you didn't yell."

"I know he did!"

Nugent clenched his hands.

"The rotter! A master in a Council school wouldn't dare to treat a chap like that; he would be summoned for it. That's one of the blessed privileges of belonging to a public school, Harry!"

Wharton nodded without speaking. Tough as he was, the terrible licking had been too much for him.

"Wharton!"

It was Loder's voice in the passage.

Harry Wharton did not move. Nugent's eyes blazed. It seemed incredible that even a bully like Loder would trouble the junior again, so soon after the infliction of the flogging. But Loder had no mercy. He was grinning as he looked into the study.

"Brought to your senses—what?" he grinned.

No answer.

"Cut down to my study and clear up

the muck you've made there," said Loder. "Now, then; sharp's the word!"

The captain of the Remove did not stir.

"Are you going?"

"No!" said Wharton, between his teeth.

Loder strode in, and grasped him by the shoulder. But there was another step in the passage, and Wingate came in.

"I saw you coming here, Loder!" he exclaimed. "What do you want here?"

"I'm taking my fag away to clear up my study," said Loder, with a sneer.

"Let him alone!"

"Look here, Wingate——"

"The kid's had enough for one day, at least," said Wingate. "I should think even a brute like you would see that, Loder. Let him alone!"

"He's going to fag for me," said Loder doggedly.

Wingate came nearer to him, his eyes in a blaze.

"Leave this study, Loder!"

Loder shrugged his shoulders.

"I give you two seconds!" exclaimed Wingate, his voice trembling with passion. "Get out, or I'll pitch you out!"

And as Loder did not go, the captain of Greyfriars suited the action to the word.

His strong grasp was laid on the bully of the Sixth, and Loder, with a yell, went crashing through the doorway into the passage.

Crash!

Wingate strode out of the study after him. Loder staggered to his feet, but he did not stay to try conclusions further with the captain of the school. He limped savagely away, and Study No. 1 was left in peace, for that evening at least.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Judge Jeffreys!

HARRY WHARTON was looking his old self when the Remove went into their Form-room the following morning. He still had some twinges of pain, but he bore them quietly, and looked as cheerful as possible.

Nobody in the Remove, however, was feeling very cheerful that morning. They fully expected Mr. Jeffreys to take the Remove, as he had taken the other Forms in turn, and they looked forward to the prospect with dismay and misgiving.

First lesson was taken by Mr. Quelch, as usual, and the juniors began to hope that the new Head had decided to pass them over. That hope was speedily disappointed. Mr. Jeffreys came into the Form-room, bestowing a slight, cold inclination of the head upon the Remove-master.

Mr. Quelch regarded him fixedly.

He was not quite so amenable to the new Head's ruling as Mr. Hacker, Mr. Prout, and Mr. Capper had proved. He did not like being interfered with in his own Form-room, and he did not conceal the fact.

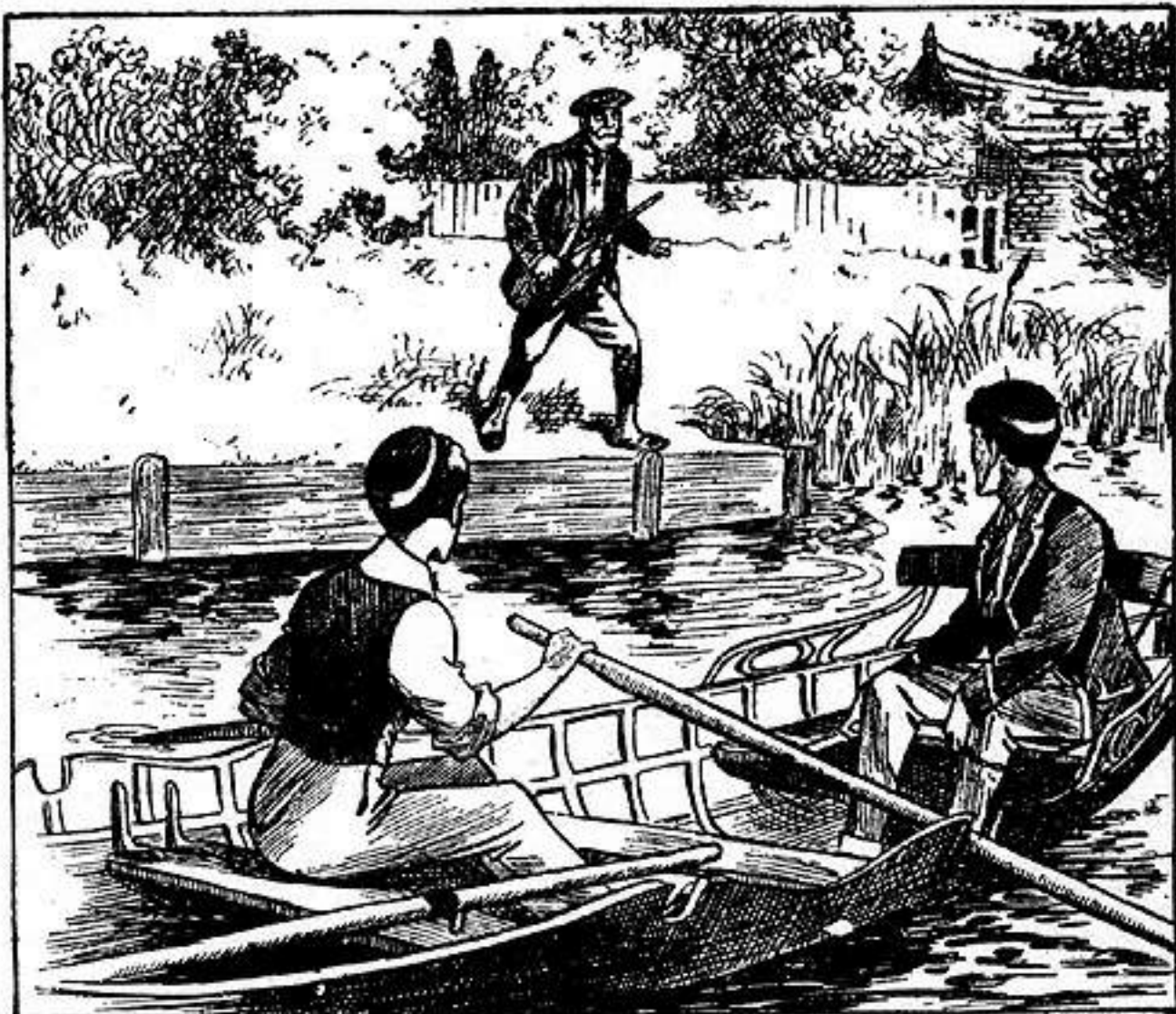
"Will you have the kindness to take the Sixth this morning, Mr. Quelch?" said the new Head. "I will relieve you here."

The Remove-master pursed his lips.

"As a matter of fact, sir, I should prefer not to have my Form taken out of my hands," he said firmly.

Mr. Jeffreys gave him a cold, surprised look.

"I desire to acquaint myself with the work of the Form, and the standard of efficiency attained," he said.



Sir Hilton is angry! (See Chapter 10.)

"That you can easily ascertain from me, if you wish."

"I have my own methods, Mr. Quelch."

"Dr. Locke, sir, was not in the habit of intervening thus."

"That, I believe, is beside the point," said Mr. Jeffreys calmly. "The next lesson is—what?"

"English history," said Mr. Quelch, biting his lip. "The reign of James the Second."

"Thank you!"

Mr. Jeffreys calmly took the book from the Form-master's hand, leaving the latter gentleman somewhat at a loss. The antagonism between the two was plain enough, but Mr. Quelch was helpless. He decided the matter by whisking out of the Form-room, and it is possible that the Sixth Form did not find him very good-tempered that morning. Quite regardless of the displeasure of the master he had displaced, Mr. Jeffreys gave his attention to the Remove. And the Remove gave their attention to him, almost painfully. Nobody was anxious to catch his eye.

Mr. Jeffreys' glance roved over the class. The juniors were as still as mice. They had already discovered that there was a cruel strain in the new Head's nature, and that the administration of punishment was a by no means unpleasant task to him. There was no doubt whatever that Mr. Quelch's cane would be freely used before the morning was out.

Mr. Jeffreys' eye rested on Bob Cherry. He had not forgotten Bob.

"Cherry!"

Bob Cherry rose.

"I trust," said Mr. Jeffreys, "that I shall not find this class so backward in history as it appears to be in some other matters."

"I trust so, sir!" said Bob meekly.

Mr. Jeffreys gave him a sharp look, but Bob's face was as grave as that of a bronze image. The new Head went on rather hastily:

"What do you know of the history of the reign of King James the Second, Cherry?"

"Lots, sir!"

Some of the Remove very nearly

grinned at that reply, but they checked it in time.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Jeffreys, setting his lips. "I shall test your knowledge, Cherry. Tell me what you know of King James the Second?"

"He was a regular rotter, sir."

"What?"

"Like his pater, Charles the First," said Bob cheerfully. "In fact, they were a family of rotters, sir, and we were jolly lucky to get shut of them!"

"Cherry!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys.

"Yes, sir?" said Bob innocently.

"Is that the language you have been accustomed to using in this Form-room?"

"Yes, sir, except in the French lesson," said Bob. "English is used in all lessons but that."

"I believe you are deliberately affecting to misunderstand me, Cherry!"

"Oh, sir!"

Mr. Jeffreys picked up the cane from the desk.

"Hold out your hand, Cherry!"

Swish, swish!

Mr. Jeffreys did not replace the cane on the desk. He tucked it under his arm, doubtless foreseeing that he would have further use for it.

"Bull!"

Johnny Bull rose to his name.

"Kindly name some of the prominent personages in the reign of James the Second!"

"There was a scoundrel named Jeffreys, sir!" said Johnny Bull, with slow deliberation.

The Remove gasped.

"What?" exclaimed the new Head.

"Judge Jeffreys, sir!" said Johnny Bull calmly. "He was the biggest scoundrel in English history, even for a lawyer, sir. The greatest blot on the reign of James the Second is the existence of this awful villain, Jeffreys!"

The juniors' eyes were dancing. The coincidence of the name tickled them immensely. No fault could be found with Johnny Bull's answer, which was perfectly correct. Mr. Jeffreys felt that to be the case, and he passed on hastily from the subject of Judge Jeffreys.

"Nugent, name an event in the reign of James the Second?"

"The Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, sir," said Nugent, "which was followed by the Bloody Assizes, when Judge Jeffreys—"

"That will do! What followed the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, Hurree Singh?"

The Nabob of Bhanipur reflected.

"The terrific rebellion was followfully succeeded by the horrid cruelties of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, sir—"

The Removites grinned now. They could not help it. Every fellow had immediately made up his mind that Mr. Jeffreys should hear a good deal about his namesake.

"You may sit down!" said the new Head sharply. "How did James the Second's reign conclude, Todd?"

"He abdicated sir," said Peter Todd. "He was very unpopular, owing to the awful wickedness of Jeffreys—"

"Kindly answer my questions directly, without unnecessary details," said Mr. Jeffreys, his eyes glinting. "Field!"

"Yes, sir?" said Squiff.

"Who expelled James the Second from his kingdom?"

"William of Orange, sir, who was appealed to by large numbers of people to punish the infamous Jeffreys—"

"That will do! Vernon-Smith, tell me what followed the abdication of James the Second."

"The punishment of the wicked Jeffreys, sir."

Mr. Jeffreys breathed hard.

"We will now pass on to the reign of William and Mary!" he said, between his teeth.

And the Remove rejoiced. This was a defeat for the interfering new Head. He had heard quite enough about the wicked Jeffreys.

But the juniors had to pay for that little success. The reign of William and Mary, in Mr. Jeffreys' hands, proved as oppressive to them as to the Jacobites of old. Mr. Quelch's cane had seldom had as much exercise as it had that morning.

By the time the new Head was done with them the Remove felt that even Judge Jeffreys himself was a meek-and-mild, benevolent gentleman in comparison with Mr. Jeffreys of Greyfriars.

When the Lower Form were dismissed, nearly half of them were rubbing their hands as they went down the passage. And their feelings towards Mr. Jeffreys were nothing short of Hunnish.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Fall of Wingate!

"CRICKET!" said Bob Cherry, after dinner.

It was a sunny afternoon, and a half-holiday. There was a Form fixture between the Remove and the Upper Fourth, and the juniors were looking forward to it.

On the playing-fields, at least, they would be clear of the tyrant of Greyfriars, and his incessant interference and troubling.

Harry Wharton & Co. left the School House in a cheery mood when the time came. But they had reckoned without Loder.

Gerald Loder came out of the School House with Carne, and beckoned to Wharton. Loder was making the most of his chances. Under Mr. Jeffreys' rule, bullying could be indulged in without limit, and Loder's idea appeared to be to make hay while the sun shone.

"I shall want you this afternoon, Wharton!" he shouted.

"I'm playing cricket," said Harry.

Loder smiled unpleasantly.

"Don't you know that a fag has to turn

up whenever his fag-master wants him?—he inquired sweetly. "I want you to steer my boat."

"Sorry I can't come."

Wharton's chums looked at him uneasily. They understood him, and sympathised with him, but it seemed futile enough to buck when the prefect was supported by the Head's authority.

"So you are beginning again!" smiled Loder. "Come with me at once, Wharton. Otherwise I shall take you by the collar!"

"Look here, Loder," burst out Bob Cherry, "we're playing the Fourth Form this afternoon!"

"Hold your tongue, Cherry!"

"I may want a fag, too!" remarked Carne, with a grin. "You can come along as well as Wharton, Cherry!"

"Quite so!" agreed Loder. "You other fags can cut off! You're not wanted at present. Wharton and Cherry, come here!"

"Rats!" growled Bob.

Vernon-Smith was lounging on the School House steps. He slipped quietly into the house, and a few moments later Wingate appeared on the scene. The Bouncer had fetched the captain of the school. The juniors were glad to see him. As head prefect, and head of the games, Wingate's authority was unquestioned in such a matter.

"Wingate!" burst out several voices at once. "We're playing cricket, and Loder says—"

"What's the matter now?" asked Wingate, with a worried look. The captain of Greyfriars had a very uneasy feeling that in enforcing law and order in the school he would not have the support of the new Head. He was bound to do his duty, all the same, so far as he could.

"Nothing's the matter, Wingate," said Loder airily. "No need for you to chip in, my dear fellow—no need at all!"

"I intend to chip in, all the same," said Wingate. "I don't trust you, Loder!"

"Thanks!" said Loder unpleasantly.

"What's the trouble, Wharton?"

"We've got a match on, Wingate, and Loder says he wants me to steer for him," said Harry.

Wingate knitted his brows.

"You've heard the Head's orders that the Remove are to fag whenever called upon?" said Loder casually.

"Yes. But it's an old rule that fagging, even when allowed, is not permitted to interfere with regular fixtures," said Wingate. "You know that as well as I do, Loder. Even the Third and the Second are not fagged when they are playing regular matches."

"I don't agree."

"Whether you agree or not, that's the rule, and I uphold it. You can play your match, Wharton, and you will not be interfered with."

"Thank you, Wingate!" said Harry. And there was a murmur of satisfaction from the juniors.

It was Wingate now who was the guardian of the traditions of Greyfriars, and he was keeping true to his trust.

"That ends it, Loder," added Wingate.

"It doesn't end it," said Loder coolly.

"I insist upon taking Wharton to steer my boat this afternoon, and I shall not allow him to shirk!"

Anybody who was not willing to minister to Loder's comfort and convenience was a shirker, in Loder's eyes.

Wharton's eyes gleamed at the word. Wingate looked steadily at the bully of the Sixth. His temper was rising fast.

"You set yourself up against the head prefect and captain of the school, Loder?" Wingate asked quietly.

"I'm quite willing to refer the matter to the Head!" grinned Loder.

"I am not, as this is a matter within my authority," said Wingate coolly.

"You can go, Wharton. Loder will not be allowed to interfere with you."

"I shall!" said Loder.

"Then I shall stop you!"

Harry Wharton & Co. hesitated. The group stood within full view of the Head's study windows, and the juniors suspected that Mr. Jeffreys' sharp, spying eyes were upon them.

They could see that Loder was seeking to provoke the captain of Greyfriars, not because he dared face Wingate in conflict, but because he was sure of the Head's support in a dispute. They did not want to see old Wingate fall into the trap.

Loder settled the matter. With an insolent look at Wingate, he strode towards Wharton and grasped him by the shoulder.

"Let that junior go, Loder!" said Wingate, in a voice of concentrated anger.

"I will not!"

"I shall knock you flying if you don't!"

Loder shrugged his shoulders. But he released Wharton as Wingate came striding towards him, with clenched fists and blazing eyes, and put up his hands. In a moment more there would have been combat. But the Head's study window was thrown up, and his sharp voice rapped out:

"Stop!"

Wingate looked round.

"What is this dispute?" exclaimed Mr. Jeffreys harshly. "Wingate, are you not ashamed to enter into a brawl in the quadrangle, under my very windows?"

The Greyfriars captain turned crimson. "Mr. Jeffreys, I—"

"Kindly tell me the cause of this dispute?" said the new Head, ruthlessly interrupting him.

"Loder wishes to fag a junior during a cricket-match—"

"I have already given Loder full permission to fag any junior at his own discretion."

"I was sure you would support me, sir, in maintaining authority over unruly juniors," said Loder meekly.

"Certainly, Loder! Wingate, why have you interfered?"

"The Remove was playing a cricket-match, sir," explained Wingate. "It will make all the difference to their team if a player is taken away."

"Nonsense!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Jeffreys. "I presume that a childish game is not to be placed before the order and discipline of the school? Loder is quite right, and you are wrong to intervene, Wingate. This is not the first time I have had occasion to be dissatisfied with you!"

Wingate's face was red as fire.

"One word, sir!" he broke out savagely. "I am doing my duty as captain of the school and head prefect. If you do not support me, I must place my resignation in your hands!"

"Very good!" said Mr. Jeffreys, unmoved. "I accept your resignation, Wingate. Indeed, it was my intention to suggest it. Loder, you have given me every cause for satisfaction and confidence, and I appoint you head prefect of the school."

"Thank you, sir!" said Loder, his eyes gleaming. "I shall do my best to deserve your confidence, sir!"

"I am sure of it, Loder," said Mr. Jeffreys graciously.

Wingate stood quite still for a moment. Mr. Jeffreys gave him a most unpleasant look.

Without a word in reply, the captain of Greyfriars went into the House.

Dumb dismay fell upon the juniors.

Mr. Jeffreys closed his study window with a snap.

"I am waiting for you, Wharton and Cherry!" said Loder ominously.

The chums of the Remove looked at one another. Resistance was in their thoughts; but what was the use? Harry Wharton was not prepared for another flogging just then.

The captain of the Remove choked down his feelings.

"You'll skipper the team, Squiff," he said, in a low voice.

The Australian junior nodded.

Wharton and Bob, with dark faces, followed Loder and Carne to the school gates, while the Remove cricketers went down to Little Side without them.

Loder and Carne were grinning. They flattered themselves that their old enemies of the Remove were fairly brought to heel at last.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Stranded!

"PUSH off!" snapped Loder.

Loder and Carne seated themselves in the stern of the boat, and Harry Wharton pushed off from the landing-raft with an oar. Bob Cherry was standing in the bows.

Loder had said that he wanted Wharton to steer for him—an excuse for fagging the captain of the Remove. Now he took up of the rudder-lines himself.

"You kids can row!" he drawled.

"Pull up to the island!"

"Come on, Walker!" called Carne.

Walker of the Sixth jumped into the boat as Wharton pushed off. He grinned as he sat down.

The two juniors rowed up-stream.

Excepting for the fact that they wanted to be on the cricket-ground, the chums of the Remove would not have objected to a pull up the river that afternoon.

The Sark was gleaming with sunshine, and it was very pleasant on the water. But all the pleasure was taken out of it by the fact that they were fagging for a bully against their will.

Their faces were dark and set.

Out of sight of the raft Loder took out his cigarette-case. Walker gave him a warning look, but the black sheep of Greyfriars laughed carelessly.

"Why not?" he said.

"The fags——"

"Let them blab if they dare!" said Loder. "Do you think Jeffreys would believe them? And I'd skin them, too!"

The juniors pulled on steadily, while the three seniors smoked cigarettes in idleness. Loder must have been sure of his footing with the new Head to venture to give himself away in this manner in the presence of the juniors.

The head prefect could afford to please himself, and Gerald Loder was head prefect now.

But his fags were not brought to heel so thoroughly as he supposed. Neither Wharton nor Bob intended to be a tame servitor that afternoon.

Bob Cherry proceeded to catch a crab and smother Loder with splashes. The bully of the Sixth started to his feet furiously, nearly swallowing his cigarette.

"You young fool!" he roared. "Look what you've done! I'm wet!"

"Is the water wet?" asked Bob blandly.

"Eh? Of course it is, you born idiot!"

"Dear me!" said Bob.

"You did it on purpose!" yelled Loder.

"Has that just dawned on you?" asked Bob.

Loder started towards him, and Bob stood up and drew in his oar. He so plainly intended to use the oar on Loder that the bully stopped. A struggle in the rocking boat was too dangerous.

"Pull, you young scoundrels!" said Loder, seating himself again.

The boat glided on.

Loder & Co. had to dodge some more splashes before the island was reached, and they were not in a good temper by that time.

The boat bumped into the rushes at last.

Loder & Co. jumped ashore.

"Keep in the boat and look after it, you fags!" commanded Loder. "You can give me a call if you see anything of old Popper."

The three seniors plunged under the trees on the island. A few minutes after there was a scent of tobacco on the breeze, and Loder's voice was heard saying:

"Your deal, Walker!"

"Nice boys!" murmured Bob Cherry. "That's what they've come to the island for this afternoon! And if we sneaked about them to Judge Jeffreys he wouldn't believe a word of it."

"More likely lick us for slandering his sweet favourite," said Wharton, his lip curling. "Not that we're going to sneak. But we're not going to fag for Loder. The Remove doesn't fag!"

Bob looked dubious.

"Ahem! That's rather ancient history now," he remarked. "Judge Jeffreys has made new laws on that subject."

"His new laws won't be obeyed," said Wharton. "Push off!"

"Eh?"

"Push off! As we can't play cricket, we'll go for a row."

"And come back for those cads, do you mean?"

"No, I don't!"

Bob burst into a chuckle.

"I say, how will they get off the island?" he asked.

"That's a question they can answer for themselves," said Harry Wharton. "We didn't ask to row them there, did we?"

"Ha, ha! No! Suppose Sir Hilton Popper catches them there? He's dead nuts on fellows who trespass on his merry old island."

"They can take their chance of that, so far as I'm concerned."

Wharton shoved into the rushes with an oar, and the boat rocked out into the river again. Bob pushed out his oar, and began to row. There was a crashing in the thickets, and Loder came hurriedly into view. He had heard the departure of the boat, and it had interrupted his game of banker.

"Come back!" he roared.

Wharton looked back at him coolly. Bob Cherry kissed his hand.

Carne and Walker joined Loder on the shore of the island. They were looking alarmed.

"Come back!" yelled Carne.

"Not this evening! S'm'other evening!" said Bob Cherry. "Swim for it, dear boy! We're going up the river. Ta-ta!"

"My hat! They've stranded us!" exclaimed Walker. "You silly ass, Loder, to trust them with the boat!"

Loder's face was thunderous.

"I'll skin them!" he gasped. "I'll have them up before the Head for this! I'll have them flogged!"

"You've got to get off the island first!" said Walker tartly.

"It's only a trick; they dare not leave us stranded here!"

"Looks to me as if they dare."

It certainly did look like it. Wharton

and Bob Cherry were pulling away up the river, and the boat was already disappearing.

"They'll pass us coming back," said Loder. "They mean to stop for us, of course."

"Suppose they don't?"

"Oh, rats! They will! Let's get on with the game!"

Loder strode back under the trees. He did not feel so certain about it as he declared; yet he could hardly think that the chums of the Remove meant to brave the wrath of Mr. Jeffreys again, after the lesson Wharton had already received. Walker and Carne were looking extremely doubtful. It was no joke to be left on the island, with the prospect of swimming a wide branch of the river to get away.

But they sat down to the joys of banker and cigarettes again in the shade of the trees, while they waited for the problematic return of the mutinous fags.

Meanwhile, the chums of the Remove pulled up the river. They knew there would be trouble to follow the mutiny; but they put that consideration out of their minds for the present. It was useless to meet trouble half-way.

"Hallo!"

It was a sudden hail from the towing-path, and the juniors looked round. A tall man in shooting-clothes, with a white moustache and a monocle, was standing there gesticulating to them. It was Sir Hilton Popper, the great landowner of the district, and formerly a governor of Greyfriars. The juniors knew him well.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry pleasantly.

"Come here!"

"Bow-wow!"

"What?"

"Bow-wow!"

"You impertinent young rascal!" roared the baronet.

"Same to you, and many of them, old chap!"

Sir Hilton Popper brandished his stick at the juniors in the boat. If he could have reached across ten yards of water he would certainly have laid it about them. But he couldn't.

"You have been on the island!" he shouted.

"Not guilty, my lord!"

"You have been to the island!"

"Now you've got the right preposition," said Bob, with a nod of approval. "You should be very careful with your prepositions."

Sir Hilton Popper almost exploded. He was not there for a lesson in grammar from a Removite of Greyfriars.

"You impudent young puppy!" he shouted. "What have you been to my island for?"

"Five minutes."

"What?"

"We went there for five minutes," explained Bob sweetly.

"Have you landed anyone there?"

"Eh?"

"Have you landed anyone on my island?"

"What?"

"Are you deaf?" roared Sir Hilton.

"Which?"

"Will you answer me, boy? Have you landed any person on my island?" shouted the baronet, purple with temper.

"How?"

"This is deliberate impertinence!" roared Sir Hilton Popper. "I shall report this to your headmaster."

"Eh?"

"You can hear me perfectly well!"

"Who?"

"You impertinent young black-guard!"

"Which?"

Sir Hilton Popper gave it up. He brandished his stick at the juniors, and strode away down the towing-path towards the island. The juniors, who had rested on their oars, pulled on again.

"Looks to me as if the merry trespassers are booked for trouble," yawned Bob Cherry. "There's no rest for the wicked, is there?"

"Serve them right!" said Wharton. "Pull away!"

And the chums of the Remove pulled on cheerfully, and did not turn the boat's nose homeward till dusk was falling on the river.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Loder's Luck!

"GREAT pip! There's old Popper!"

Walker uttered that ejaculation as he gazed between the trees. He was looking to see if there was any sign of the boat returning. The boat had vanished; but Sir Hilton Popper had come in sight, striding along the towing-path opposite the island, pink with rage.

"Keep in cover!" muttered Loder hastily. "It won't do for us to be spotted here. There's always a row if a chap lands on this dashed island, if that old fool finds it out."

The three seniors were not thinking of banker now. They kept behind the trees, which quite concealed them from the opposite bank. But for the fact that he had, in the distance, seen the boat pull away from the island, the baronet would not have guessed that anyone was there. Now he strongly suspected it. He halted on the towing-path, glaring towards the island, and shouted:

"Hallo, there!"

"My hat! He knows we're here!" muttered Walker.

"Only guessing—don't show yourself!"

"My hat! He looks waxy!"

"Blow him!"

"Hallo, there! I know you are there!" shouted Sir Hilton Popper. "Show yourselves, you trespassing, poaching blackguards! Do you hear me?"

Loder & Co. lay low.

The baronet shouted again and again. Finally he turned and plunged into the wood bordering the towing-path.

"Gone, thank goodness!" said Carne, with a breath of relief.

Loder ground his teeth.

"He's gone for a keeper, you bet! If we could only get off now! Where are those young villains with the boat?"

He stared along the shining river, but there was no sign of the boat.

"They don't mean to come back," said Walker.

"I'll skin them!"

"Oh, rats! The question is: What are we going to do? Old Jeffreys will be as mad as thunder with us if that old fool goes to him complaining. It was old Popper recommended him to the governors for this job."

"Just when I was getting into Jeffreys' good graces, too!" muttered Loder, almost beside himself with rage. "Oh, I'll pulverise them!"

The three seniors waited in great anxiety. They hoped that Sir Hilton Popper was gone for good. But it was a faint hope. They knew the determined character of the dictatorial baronet, who was a land-hog of the most pronounced variety.

Anyone who set foot on his property without permission was sure of incurring the baronet's terrific wrath. Sir Hilton

had quarrelled with half the residents in the district for putting up fences and barbed-wire over rights-of-way; he had earned undying resentment in Friardale by fencing in half the village common. And there had been endless trouble with Greyfriars fellows over the island in the river, which had been common land from time immemorial, but which Sir Hilton claimed as part of his estate. And Loder & Co.'s brief hope was speedily dashed to the ground as a skiff appeared round the bend in the river, with a man in velveteens rowing, and Sir Hilton Popper sitting fuming in the stern.

"Here he comes!" muttered Carne. "Get those dashed cards out of sight, for goodness' sake. Don't give them to me, Walker, you ass!"

"Give them to me!" growled Loder.

Loder hastily concealed the cards and the box of cigarettes in a hollow trunk. He did not care to have them in his pockets just then.

"Listen to me, you chaps!" he said hurriedly. "We shall have to put in some hard lying over this."

"I suppose we can't say we're not here, can we?" snapped Walker, with angry sarcasm.

"Don't be an ass! We came here to take away two juniors who were trespassing on the island!" said Loder desperately.

"Wha-a-at?"

"They dodged us, got our boat, and made off!"

"My hat!"

"That's the only yarn that can see us through. We simply daren't be taken before Jeffreys as trespassers."

"It sounds reasonable enough," said Carne.

"I—I say, it's a bit thick on the fags, when—when they haven't been on the island at all!" muttered Walker uneasily.

"Do you want me to be sacked from being a prefect to save those cheeky young scoundrels from a licking?" said Loder savagely.

"Well, no!"

"Then back me up when I spin that fussy old fool a yarn."

"Don't be a blessed conscientious objector, Walker!" growled Carne. "What does a whopper or two matter compared with getting scragged by Jeffreys?"

There was no time for more. The boat was bumping in the rushes. Sir Hilton Popper leaped ashore, and the three seniors of Greyfriars, with beating hearts, advanced to meet him, raising their hats very respectfully.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Loder meekly. "Will you have the kindness to give us a lift to the bank, sir? We have been stranded here by two young rascals we came to catch—"

"What?"

"Two Greyfriars juniors were trespassing on the island, and we came to take them off," explained Loder, lying with the ease that comes of long practice. "They dodged us in the trees, and rushed our boat and got away."

"Oh!" said Sir Hilton, at a loss.

"We are quite aware that the island is private property, sir," said Carne meekly. "We thought it our duty to remove those young rascals—"

"It was your duty!" snapped the baronet. "You say they took your boat away?"

"That is so, sir."

"Did they leave their own boat here?"

"Eh?"

"They did not get here without a boat, I presume."

Gerald Loder breathed hard. He had concocted his falsehood too hurriedly to think of that detail. But Loder was only at a loss for a second. In falsehood he

was as adept as the most Prussian of Prussians.

"I think they were landed here from a boat with other juniors in it," he said. "They stayed here to fish, I fancy, while the others went up the river."

He had touched the right chord. The bare suggestion of anyone invading his sacred fishing rights made the baronet purple with wrath.

"Doubtless the two boys I saw pulling away from here!" gasped Sir Hilton Popper. "I know their names—Wharton and Cherry!"

"Those were the juniors, sir—two very unruly young rascals! I shall, of course, report this to the Head of Greyfriars."

"You will take a note from me to Mr. Jeffreys on the subject, too!" snarled Sir Hilton.

"Certainly, sir!"

Five minutes later the three seniors were landed on the towing-path, and they started for Greyfriars, Loder carrying a note, written on a leaf from Sir Hilton Popper's pocket-book, demanding condign punishment for the trespassers.

Walker looked uneasy and troubled. Carne was very silent. But Loder was smiling with satisfaction. The incident had turned out to his advantage after all, and had proved a fresh weapon in his hand against old enemies. A warm reception awaited Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry when they returned to Greyfriars!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Sentenced!

NUGENT and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh were waiting on the landing-raft when the boat came home in the falling dusk. Wharton and Bob Cherry jumped out, and joined their chums.

"There's the dickens to pay, Harry!" said Frank Nugent. "Jeffreys wants you two in his study."

"We expected that!" said Wharton quietly.

"What have you been doing?"

"We stranded those cads on the island and took the boat."

"My hat! But they've got back!" said Frank. "Loder's waiting for you at the gates now, and he looked like a grinning Hun."

"Well, we've got to go through it," said Bob. "It was worth it! The Remove doesn't fag for Loder!"

"How did the match go?" asked Harry, as the Famous Five walked up the path to the school.

"We beat the Fourth," said Johnny Bull. "Bother the match! You two fellows are booked for trouble!"

"I fearfully think that the trouble is going to be terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh dolefully.

"We can stand it!" said Wharton quietly. "We're not going to give in to Loder, now or next time!"

"No fear!" said Bob.

"Oh, here you are!" It was Gerald Loder's voice. "Come with me, Wharton and Cherry! The Head wants you!"

"Been sneaking again, Loder?" said Bob disdainfully.

"You've been reported."

"What a howling cad you are, Loder!" said Bob. As he was booked for trouble, Bob felt that he might as well have his money's worth, so to speak. "I don't believe there's a more sneaking worm than you even in Prussia, Loder!"

"Follow me!" said Loder grimly.

The juniors followed him into the School House, and to the Head's study. Mr. Jeffreys rose as they entered. Sir Hilton Popper's note lay on his desk.

His brow was like thunder. He had received the baronet's note, and he had heard Loder's story, which he fully believed. The chums of the Remove did not yet know what a storm was about to burst.

"So you have returned!" said Mr. Jeffreys sternly. "Have you any faintest shadow of excuse to offer in extenuation of your conduct?"

"Only that the Remove does not fag, sir," said Wharton.

"That has nothing to do with this question, even if I admitted such an impertinent answer, Wharton! You have trespassed upon Sir Hilton Popper's property—"

"What?"

"And when Loder attempted to take you away from the island you seized his boat and left him—"

Bob Cherry fairly gasped, and Wharton started forward, his eyes blazing.

"We have not been on the island, Mr. Jeffreys! Loder and Walker and Carne landed on the island, after making us row them there!" he exclaimed.

"It will do you no good to tell me barefaced falsehoods!" said Mr. Jeffreys coldly.

"Does Loder say we landed on the island?"

"Naturally, he has reported the circumstances to me."

"If he says so, he lies!"

"Wharton!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys.

"He lies like a lying Prussian!" shouted Wharton. "They landed on the island, to smoke and gamble, and left us in the boat!"

Loder's face was livid.

"I appeal to you, sir!" he gasped.

"You need not speak, Loder. I am not likely to believe such a malicious accusation. I regard Wharton as one of the worst boys in the school, and capable of anything," said Mr. Jeffreys.

"It's true, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"Silence! You, Cherry, I believe, acted under the influence of this lawless and unruly young rascal, and I shall therefore dismiss you with a caning. Wharton, I have already flogged you, and it appears to have had no effect upon your hardened character. You will be confined to the punishment-room for three days on a diet of bread and water. That, perhaps, will have the effect of reducing you to submission. Take him away, Loder!"

Loder laid a hand on Wharton's shoulder. But the captain of the Remove had been driven too hard. His temper, long held in check, blazed out. His right hand came up like lightning, and his clenched fist struck the prefect full in the face.

Loder staggered back, and fell against the wall with a yell.

Mr. Jeffreys stood transfixed. For a junior to strike a prefect in the Head's study was an incredible happening, and one that could not have occurred under Dr. Locke's rule. But the new Head was far from laying the blame upon himself.

"Wharton!" he gasped at last. "Boy! You—you have struck Loder—in my presence—before my eyes—"

"Let him lay his paws on me, and I'll do it again!" said Wharton between his teeth.

"Boy! Loder, call Carne—Walker—Gwynne—" Mr. Jeffreys almost

choked. "Call them here! Bless my soul!"

Loder called into the passage, and Walker joined him. Gwynne did not come.

"Take that boy to the punishment-room!" said Mr. Jeffreys, pointing to Wharton. "Lock him in and bring the key to me!"

Bob Cherry jumped to his chum's side as the three advanced. But Harry Wharton shook his head. He did not want to land his reckless chum into trouble as bad as his own. Resistance was out of the question.

"Harry—"

"All serene, Bob!"

Harry Wharton quietly followed Loder & Co. from the study. Five minutes later the key of the punishment-room was laid upon the Head's desk.

Harry Wharton did not appear in the Remove passage that evening. In the Remove there was hot wrath, and remarks—not loud, but deep—were made upon the subject of the new Head. Every fellow in the Form was angry and indignant; even Billy Bunter's round eyes glittered behind his spectacles. The Remove were in a mood for revolt, and in every study the opinion was expressed that there was going to be trouble. And it was destined not to be long before the trouble came!

(Don't miss "GETTING OUT OF HAND!"—next Monday's grand story of Harry Wharton & Co., by FRANK RICHARDS.)

EDITORIAL CHAT.

For Next Monday :

"GETTING OUT OF HAND!"

By Frank Richards.

This week's story will, I know, leave you eager for the next in the series. "Judge Jeffreys" does not improve on closer acquaintance. He gets worse, indeed! All his methods are methods of tyranny, and the man has no sense of fair play. He drives Mr. Quelch from Greyfriars, and himself takes charge of the Remove. They find him unbearable, and the Bounder, coolly reckless, dares more than any of the rest, and finds a way to get at him. That way involves the use of another fellow's peculiar gift—no prize offered for a correct guess! But when trouble comes upon the other fellow Vernon-Smith steps forward and takes upon his shoulders all the blame. At the end of the story the Remove is worked up to such a pitch that open rebellion seems inevitable. But it does not come—yet! Brute as he is, Mr. Jeffreys is no weakling, and he quells them. The situation in the last chapter is one that will, I think, linger long in the minds of all who read. It comes to a battle of wills between the acting Head and the whole Form—less the Bounder, who is away for the afternoon with French leave. The Head prevails—but it is only for a time!

OUR "DISGUSTED" READER.

I promised last week that I would give some extracts from letters concerning the weird epistle of one "A. E. Coleman." Now I am inclined to wish I had not, for I am rather tired of the subject, though that does not mean that I have no gratitude for the hundreds of loyal and appreciative letters which have come to hand.

But a promise is a promise. So here goes! A supporter of Coleman writes from Carlisle, signing himself "Lover of Good Literature," and invoking the "shades of

Newman." I fancy he has confused Cardinal Newman with Canon Farrar, who wrote "Eric" and "The World of School," for certainly the great cardinal wrote no book which boys and girls could reasonably be expected to enjoy. If he does mean Farrar, and intends a comparison between our stories and the preposterous "Eric," all I have to say is that in every respect that matters "Eric" is well beneath the level of the worst yarn we ever published! And I think it likely that I am a better judge of literature than this cocksure critic, who avers that in replying to correspondents' letters I show an ungentlemanly spirit in criticising a boy's education. You know the old retort? "Sir," said the blustering individual, "you are no gentleman!" "Sir," replied the quiet one, "you are no judge!"

I have never criticised a boy's education, or lack of it. To point out the deficiencies of a pompous, silly fellow, grossly ignorant, but imagining he knows it all, is quite another matter. It was not Coleman's education I criticised, but his insufferable pretence of superiority to my readers and myself.

The Carlisle critic ends his letter thus: "In conclusion I ask, and I think not unreasonably, that this letter should be published, as it would be if it were complimentary. If you do not publish it, I fancy I know several papers which are zealous enough for the juvenile welfare to publish it."

Sweet stuff, this! Inside fifty words the writer contrives to get a polite request, a wholly false statement, and an implied threat. I do not publish one complimentary letter in a thousand—I have not room. I trust that the letter now refused publication may be sent to the several other papers. Perhaps the other Colemanite, who recounts the thrilling episode of his younger brother coming into his bed-room with an open razor, under the impression that he was Harry Wharton chasing German spies, would like to join forces with this "critic" in a scorching

epistle for those zealous prints! But I cannot put them into communication, for neither gains name nor full address.

ON THE OTHER SIDE!

G. S. (Hull) writes: "Some of the most human and moral-teaching stories I have ever read have been in the MAGNET and 'Gem.'"

B. R. (Old Trafford) says he has read both papers for six years, has always enjoyed them, and has certainly never found them detrimental to his education.

W. F. W. ought to have been included with the two correspondents dealt with in the last par. He avers that I wrote the Coleman letter myself—which is absolutely untrue. He reads the stories because they are so ridiculous, he says. If his letter is printed he will apologise. But why should he? And what use does he imagine I could have for his apology?

J. D. (Winshill) tells me that he is one of three chums, of whom the oldest is now serving in the Army. The other two send him the MAGNET and "Gem" every week. "Make a parcel of them," he says. "If they come by book post the other fellows collar them before the wrappers are fairly off!"

G. R. (Shipley) says: "Coleman ought to see the letters I have had from my brothers in the trenches, telling how the 'Gem' and MAGNET are appreciated out there."

B. W. B. (Gravesend), who is only nine, writes me a very good letter indeed, and with it comes one from his mother, who says that the MAGNET has been a real help to him. He used to be a bad loser at any game; now he has learned, through our stories, to take defeat in the right spirit.

D. T. T. (Swansea) says the companion papers are clean literature for healthy-minded youngsters. Quite right! That may explain why some people don't care for them!

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 501.

THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 37.—CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE.

THE great Cecil Reginald is a baronet's son, the captain of the Upper Fourth Form, and a fellow with as good an opinion of Cecil Reginald Temple as the illustrious Coker has of Horace Coker. And more strongly than that one could hardly put the case.

But Temple is—and in this also he resembles Coker—by no means a bad sort. If his brains are not up to the standard he imagines—and they are not!—if his skill at games falls far below his own estimation of it—and it does!—he has plenty of good qualities of which he is not vain, because he takes them for granted. Not a word can be said against his courage; and, though he may now and then consent to tricks against the Remove which cannot be justified entirely, they are not Ponsonby tricks. There is jealousy in them, maybe, but no real malice.

Remove and Upper Fourth are not separated by the wide gulf which Temple & Co. choose to represent as existing between them. They are practically one Form, divided because no one master could deal satisfactorily with so many boys. Mark Linley is at least as good a scholar as anyone in the Upper Fourth. Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and others are better all-round athletes than any of them. In age and size the Upper Fourth has a slight advantage; but it does not amount to much in the result.

Temple and his chums are always to be found in antagonism to the leading spirits of the Remove. In one of the very early stories, when Miss Locke, the Girton girl, took charge of the Remove for a time, one remembers that clever lady's shock at coming upon a three-pair battle—Temple v. Nugent, Dabney v. Cherry, Fry v. Wharton. Temple might be rather overweight for Frank; but either of the other two would be at least his equal.

Ionides, the Greek prefect, tried to fag Temple. But the attempt did not succeed. Temple & Co. ragged Ionides very thoroughly; and the Upper Fourth asserted itself as being no longer a fag Form before the Remove succeeded in doing so.

The story of Temple is largely the story of the Form rivalry; and it contains many interesting episodes which cannot even be mentioned here for want of space. But one may glance at a few of them.

When Tom Brown arrived he was met at the station by a number of Removites with a football. That was Temple's ball; they had rushed it all the way, with Temple & Co. in hot pursuit. When the Remove got in a consignment of roller-skates to be used in the flooded and frozen gym, Temple & Co. intercepted and seized them; but they did not score in the event, for the Remove swarmed in by way of the windows and fairly mopped them up. Temple was wounded in his vanity when his offer to play in and even to captain the Remove Rucker team was turned down; and he thought out a great wheeze. He and his followers stood together on the touch-line, and every half-minute Temple raised his hand, and his followers cackled "Ha, ha, ha!" in derision of the practice. But they were rushed and overturned, and so ended that wheeze.

During the Greyfriars treasure-hunt Temple & Co. shut up Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Hurree Singh, Tom Brown, and Billy Bunter in the crypt; but the six had revenge when the Upper Fourth were seized by the craze, and dug long to find a chest—hidden by their rivals for them to find! It was Temple who persuaded the guileless Alonzo that he could improve his running powers by practice with his right leg tied up behind him, and got him into trouble with Mr. Prout; Temple & Co. it was who, when Alonzo returned to Greyfriars after a longish absence, had a donkey to meet him at the station, and persuaded him that honour was being done him.



Cecil Reginald Temple

Perhaps the biggest success Temple had over the Remove was his impersonation of Uncle Bull. He took them in, too, by making them believe that he was going to personate Aunt Bull also, and so causing them to treat that good lady with a want of politeness that surprised her. But in the long run the laugh was not with Temple.

One recalls Temple, a slim, elegant figure in his spotless flannels—the admiration, thus garbed, of his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—got out three times in three successive balls at the nets by Inky, much to his chagrin. One recalls Temple & Co. sharing in the revolt against Lothrop, and later in that against another tyrant, Sergeant Sharp. For a brief space Gordon Gay & Co., from Rylcombe Grammar School, helped the Upper Fourth to keep up their end against the Remove. Then there was the Moocher, the tramp who had got some sort of hold on Temple & Co. Harry Wharton made up as the Moocher, and took them in most effectively.

After the Upper Fourth had been knocked out of a footer cup competition, Temple—quite a la Coker—offered his services to the Remove. He considered the manner of refusal cheeky, and handed over his watch and chain for Dabney to hold while he did some mopping-up of the floor. But Temple, Dabney, and Fry found themselves expeditiously put out into the passage when the mopping-up began.

Temple led a rag against Coker minor; but in the event he found Reggie's big brother too much for him. And he insured with Fishy against assaults by Coker major on Coker minor's account!

Maully, as sleepwalker, made things very unpleasant for Temple. Money was missing in

the Remove, and Temple's gibes about it were not in the best of taste. Then, twice money and other things missed were found in Temple's box. Maully had put them there; but neither he nor anyone else knew that, and the Remove, though they refused generally to hold Temple a thief, were not altogether sorry that he should be humiliated.

It is not difficult to lead Temple by the nose. If he had relied upon his own sense of fair play he would never have been persuaded to go to the Head with the deputation which put in a protest against Mark Linley's being allowed to enter for and carry off so many prizes. Ponsonby played on Temple's jealousy of the Remove to get him to meet the nuts at footer in a match which was a direct slap in the face both to Courtenay and Wharton. And Temple had to thrash Pon after the match, and did it very thoroughly—altogether too thoroughly it seemed at one time, when Pon had accounted at Highcliff for his condition by saying that he had been savagely attacked by a tramp, and the tramp was laid by the heels, and Temple had to choose between letting an innocent man suffer and giving himself away. Harry Wharton talked very straight to him then; but Harry stood by him like a true friend, too.

Temple's temper is too hasty. But there was excuse for him in this case, and so there was again in the trouble with Ogilvy. It may be that Temple carried his punishment of Bunter too far; but if the Owl was innocent—and he was—there was good reason for suspecting him, and it was no wonder that Temple held Ogilvy guilty of the later crime, which was really Bunter's.

Not half a bad fellow, this Temple, on the whole. The picture of elegance, always sporting a topper when possible, with a flower in his buttonhole and a gold chain across his waistcoat. But there is no harm in these things; and, after all, it is a heart of the right sort that beats under the stylish waistcoat!

NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE WANTED BY:

By Fred Johns, 73, Sutherland Road Armadale, Melbourne, Australia—with boy reader about 12.

S. G. Jessop, 272, Buxton Road, Macclesfield, wants agents (energetic youths over 15) for his Correspondence and Exchange Club, in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, Cardiff, and Swansea. Real workers, genuinely keen, only required. Please apply at once.

By Morris Smith, 15, Victoria Road, Woodhouse Eaves, Leicestershire—with boy reader, 14-15, in China or America.

Will J. C. B., Glasgow, write again to E. Sargent, Nottingham?

BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

By N. H. Taylor, Larache, Morocco. "Magnet," 75-275. Must be cheap.

By H. Theron junior, Box 115, Randfontein, Transvaal, South Africa.—"Penny Popular," No. 193, "Surprising the School," "The Great Postal-Order Conspiracy," "The School on Strike," story in which Fish comes to Greyfriars, "St. Jim's Airmen," "Tom Merry's Secret Society," early Talbot yarns.

By Lawrence Ager, Wayside, Mill Drive, Uckfield, Sussex.—"For His Brother's Sake," "After Lights Out," and other Levison stories in both "Gem" and "Penny Popular."

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT!

If you are unable to obtain this publication regularly, please tell any news-vendor to get it from

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Extracts from "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" and "TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY."

THE CASE OF THE AMERICAN CLOCK!

An Adventure of Herlock Sholmes.

By PETER TODD.

I.

HERLOCK SHOLMES was pacing to and fro in our sitting-room at Shaker Street, the folds of his celebrated dressing-gown whisking behind him as he moved.

His face was deeply corrugated with thought. He was smoking several cigarettes at once—a sign of the deep concentration of that powerful brain.

I did not venture to interrupt his thoughts. I knew that some terrific problem was exercising his mind, and only feared lest, perchance, something should crack under the strain.

He turned to me at last.

"Ah, you are there, Jotson?"

"I am here, my dear Sholmes. Can I be of any use?"

Sholmes smiled.

"It is scarcely likely, Jotson, that your tenth-rate brain would be able to grapple with a problem that baffles mine."

"True!"

"But I will tell you the facts, Jotson. My services have been enlisted for the defence of Adolphus de Jones, nephew and heir of the Duke of Shepherd's Bush. You have heard of the attempt upon the life of his Grace?"

I nodded.

I had read in the newspapers of the attempt, and of the arrest of Adolphus de Jones on the charge of firing the almost fatal shot. His prompt arrest at a cinema within a few hours of the crime was a triumph of Inspector Pinkeye of Scotland Yard.

"The noble family of De Jones, Jotson, have begged me to take up the case and prove the innocence of Adolphus. Yet—"

"The evidence seems clear, Sholmes," I remarked. "Inspector Pinkeye has no doubt of his guilt."

"Exactly! And for that reason, Jotson, I entertain a hope that the unhappy young man may be innocent. The facts are these: On the evening preceding the crime De Jones visited his uncle, requesting the loan of sixpence to pay for admission at the local cinema. This the duke refused. High words followed, and the duke's butler bears witness that De Jones addressed his elderly relative as an 'old Hun.' Owing to the key being in the keyhole, he was unable to hear more. They parted in anger. De Jones denies this, asserting that he was simply calling his uncle 'old 'un,' an affectionate title he bore in the family circle."

"In the small hours of the morning the duke was discovered upon the floor, the servants having been aroused by the sound of a pistol-shot. The window was open. The bullet had glanced from the duke's head, and struck the clock on the mantelpiece, which was stopped at exactly half-past twelve. His Grace, fortunately, was not seriously injured, and was immediately attended by his panel doctor; but he has not yet recovered consciousness. His evidence, therefore, cannot be taken."

"Inspector Pinkeye was called in at once, and early in the morning he arrested Adolphus de Jones at the neighbouring cinema palace, where he was attending the first performance of the day. De Jones had paid sixpence for admission, and it was proved that sixpence was missing from the duke's supply of cash, the duchess testifying that, to her knowledge, his Grace had had three-and-ninepence in his possession the previous day, of which only three-and-threepence was found upon his unconscious form."

Sholmes paused to refresh himself with a swig of cocaine from the cask. He struck a match upon my left ear, lighted his pipe, and resumed:

"According to De Jones' statement, the duke had handed him the sixpence after considerable demur, and he had parted from his relative on amicable terms. He failed, however, to prove an alibi. The stopping of the

clock fixed the hour of the crime. Where was Adolphus de Jones at half-past twelve? Friends testified that at twelve o'clock they saw him outside the Red Lion trying to induce the landlord to open and serve him. This the landlord refused to do, and De Jones went away to seek to quench his thirst elsewhere. At a quarter to one he entered his lodgings in Smiff Street. But from twelve to a quarter to one, Jotson, he cannot account for his movements; and that was the period in which the crime was committed."

I was silent.

"The stopping of the clock by the bullet, Jotson, is the fatal circumstance in the case. At first I considered whether perhaps it was Inspector Pinkeye's face that had stopped the clock. This theory is excluded, however, by the evidence of the servants, who testify positively that the clock was stopped before the inspector's arrival. According to De Jones, he spent the time from twelve till a quarter to one in visiting a succession of places of refreshment in the hope of finding one open; in which he failed. This, however, he cannot prove. If the clock had been stopped at twelve, or at one, he would be cleared. But—"

Sholmes knocked out his pipe on the bridge of my nose in his absent-minded way.

"What do you think, Jotson?"

"I think the young man's guilt is established, Sholmes."

"You feel sure of that?"

"Absolutely!"

"You encourage me, Jotson."

"Ah! Then you agree with my deduction, Sholmes?" I asked, somewhat flattered.

"Not at all, my dear Jotson. If you think the young man guilty, the probability is that he is innocent!"

"Sholmes!"

"You must take into account, my dear fellow, the fact that you are very obtuse—in fact, wooden-headed!"

"True!"

Sholmes rubbed his hands.

"We may learn more upon the scene of the crime, Jotson," he remarked. "Come! At Shepherd's Bush Hall we may get on the track."

A minute later and we were on our way.

II.

THERE was a hushed silence in Shepherd's Bush Hall when we arrived. The duke still lay unconscious in his bed-chamber.

The butler showed us to the library, the apartment where the attempted crime had taken place.

I noticed that Sholmes scanned the butler's face intently, and sounded him with a stethoscope, and took careful measurements of his feet with a tape-measure. The butler, I am convinced, noticed it also.

"Ah!" he ejaculated.

"Sholmes!" I murmured.

"Look at the clock dial, Jotson."

I looked.

"What do you see there?" he asked.

"Merely an inscription, Sholmes, to the effect that the clock was made in New York," I replied.

"I will wager you, Jotson, that Inspector Pinkeye never thought of noting that clue!" I gazed at my amazing friend in astonishment.

"But, Sholmes—"

"Ring off, my dear Jotson!"

And I was silent.

I could see by Herlock Sholmes' expression that he was in a satisfied mood as we returned to Shaker Street. He executed several double-shuffles as he walked along, an infallible sign that he was satisfied with the progress of his case.

At Shaker Street he left me, and did not return for several hours.

I regarded him anxiously as he came in.

As he cake-walked into the room I could see that he was in a triumphant mood. He hooked his umbrella on my ear in the kind, playful way I knew so well.

"Sholmes," I exclaimed, "you have succeeded?"

"Need you ask, Jotson?"

"True! But—"

"I fear that I have disappointed our friend Pinkeye," said Herlock Sholmes, with a smile.

"De Jones—"

"He is free as air. His alibi is proved."

"But how—"

"My dear Jotson, it was perfectly simple. Inspector Pinkeye had noted the fact that the clock was stopped at half-past twelve. He had not, however, noted the fact that it was an American clock. If a clock of American manufacture, my dear Jotson, indicates the hour of half-past twelve, the inference is that it is twelve o'clock, or one o'clock, or any hour you please excepting half-past twelve o'clock."

"Most true!" I exclaimed.

"It is certain, therefore, that whatever time it may have been when the bullet struck the clock, it was not half-past twelve," resumed Sholmes. "As De Jones was able to account for every hour of the night excepting half-past twelve, it follows that his alibi is incontestable. Inspector Pinkeye was not willing to part with his prisoner, but he could not resist the evidence. De Jones was released."

"Wonderful!"

"However, I have compensated our friend Pinkeye," yawned Herlock Sholmes. "I have examined the duke's will, Jotson, and find that he left the sum of twelve shillings and sixpence and his old trousers to his butler. This supplies a motive for the crime. There were footprints in the garden—and you saw me measure the butler's feet, Jotson. The footprints were sixes in size; the butler's boots were eights. This was conclusive. Of course, he had changed his boots. Had his boots been the same size as the footprints, his guilt would have been so probable that I should have dismissed it as impossible. But the size was different—"

"Amazing!"

"Merely elementary, my dear fellow. I left Pinkeye on his way to Shepherd's Bush to arrest the butler. I have received my fee from De Jones' grateful family, Jotson, and this evening—he gave me one of his rare pokes in the ribs—"this evening, Jotson, we shall have tripe for supper!"

—:o:—

THE TALE OF BUNTER.

By Frank Nugent.

I'll tell thee everything, I can—
Allow me to expound!

I saw a fat and shiny youth

A-sitting on the ground.

"Who are you, my fat friend?" I asked;

"And how is it you're there?"

Such specimens, as you, I trust,

Are surely very rare!"

"I hunted for a loan," he said.

"I asked that beast Tom Brown.

But—what d'ye think?—he rushed at me,

And roughly sat me down!

I offered—er—to fight, of course;

But he is such a funk.

That when he saw my fiery eye

He did a sudden bunk!"

Such lying methods I abhor.

I thumped him on the head.

He roared as if my fist were made

Of iron or of lead.

Whereat I grasped his cranium,

And Browney grasped his feet.

Roars—yooops—yaroooohs—and anguished

wails

As earth and Bunter meet!

BAGGY AND THE BARGE!

By RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW.

BAGGY had a delusion in his muddle of a mind that I was going to stand treat in Wayland. The fat ass followed me right through the town and down to the river.

"Why don't you toddle off home?" I asked him.

"I'm going to see what you are up to, Cardew," replied the hippopotamus.

There were special reasons why he shouldn't, and I thought for a moment of drowning the rotter. But it was a hot afternoon, and it would have been a fag slinging the beast in. A bright idea came to me.

"Just look at that!" I said.

"Look at what?" asked Baggy.

"Why that thing in the river, of course! It's a barge."

"Any fool can see that!" replied Baggy.

"What about it?"

"There'll be grub—plenty of it—on board that barge," I told him. "Lots of food is sent by water nowadays. Let's go on board and have a squint round."

Baggy followed me across the plank. Down below there were all sorts of packages—grub in some of them. As soon as the fat chump had got improperly busy I skipped back. Baggy shouted once after me, with his mouth full, but after that he settled down, quite happy.

He found a lot of grub in a cabin, and wired in. You know what Baggy is. He was so busy that he did not notice when the barge began to move, and he did not see a big, ugly-faced man in oilskins, who came slowly down the ladder, till the man spoke.

"Stealing of my grub—eh?" shouted the man.

"Oh, no; not at all!" protested Baggy. "I only ca-ca-came to see whether you had anything to sell!"

It didn't look much like that. Baggy was half-way through a tin of lobster, and had emptied a can of pineapple chunks.

"I don't keep a blamed shop, young shaver!" said the man crossly.

"Then I—'d be-better be going!" said Baggy, making a dart to escape.

He was up on deck in double-quick time. But, to his dismay, the barge had left her moorings, and was in the middle of the waterway. Baggy ran along the deck to where a second man was doing mysterious things to the bed of the stream with a long pole rather too big for him.

"I say, I've got to get off!" burred Baggy.

The man took not the slightest notice.

"You fathead!" shrieked Baggy. "Let me off at once!"

The chap went on taking no notice.

Baggy tried to grasp the pole, and side-slipped, for the deck was greasy.

"Yow! Help!" cried Baggy.

"Whatcher doing of?" growled the other.

"You must stop the boat at once!"

"Tain't a boat!"

"Whoa! Stoppit! I've got to go home!"

"Dunno nothin' about that," replied the man, giving another shove. "If you want the Susan brought to, you'd better ask the skipper."

"Hallo, you young varmint!" cried the ugly-faced individual whom Baggy had first seen. "What's the row?"

"I want to go ashore!"

"Can't be did—not nobow!"

"But I must go!" burred Baggy.

"Whaffor?"

"I shall be missed."

"Not a bad miss, neither, I should say, from the look of you, you young thief! Eh, Jem?"

Jem gave Baggy a far-away look, shifted his pipe from the east corner of his large mouth to the west, and said nothing at all.

"I won't be kept here, anyhow!" said Baggy firmly.

"Who's keeping you? I aren't! You come aboard to pinch the victuals, though you are fat enough to kill. Well, I really don't want no boy on the Susan; but, seein' as you be here, here you'd better stop!"

"Grooh!" groaned Baggy, as the trusty Susan gave a roll. "What's it do that for?"

"Tchah! She aren't doing nothin'!" replied the skipper. "You'll get used to that in 'arf a liffy."

"But—but it's sinking!" gasped Baggy, as there was another heave.

"Just about as likely to fly away!"

Baggy shivered.

"But how long will you be?"

"Might be weeks," answered the skipper, with a wink at the bank, past which they slowly moved. "No telling."

"Oh!"

"Or months!"

"Grooh!"

"When once the Susan gets rightly going there aren't no stopping her. You'll be all right. Arter all, we've got room for a boy. Mebbe you'll do."

"I won't do!" roared Baggy.

"You don't know whether you'll do or whether you won't do, my lad."

"I'm not your lad!"

"Well, anybody else's lad, then."

"I'd have you know that I am Bagley Trimble of Trimble Hall!"

"Wot, orl that?" growled the skipper.

"You are a very rough, impertinent fellow!"

"He's sassing me, Jem," said the skipper, winking.

Jem said nothing; it seemed a way of Jem's. The skipper looked hard at Baggy.

"Nicely-dressed young gen'l'man, too!" he said meditatively. "I wonder at you comin' aboard to hog grub!"

"I wasn't!" protested Baggy, shivering. For the Susan had picked up a sidewash from somewhere, and was rolling badly. "I never meant any harm. Oh, do please let me go!"

"Pooh!" said the skipper. "You don't want to go. Boys always like to go to sea."

"But you ain't really going to sea?" bleated Baggy, in alarm.

"Jem!" sang out the skipper.

"Ay, ay!" rumbled Jem, getting quite conversational.

"Ain't it North-East Africa by South we'm hailin' for?"

"Ay, ay!" replied the loquacious Jem.

Baggy gave a groan of despair.

"It'll be all right, youngster," said the skipper consolingly. "You get to like it in time. Nothin' to fear but the submarines. And Jem and me don't pay no heed to them; we a'most like 'em now. They're narsty-minded, but interestin'."

"Oh, crumbs!" cried Baggy.

"How many was it we sunk last time, Jem?"

"Moight a' bin six," replied Jem, without even a gulp.

"Thought so," said the skipper. "Why, I mind me how the Susan turned turtle, went half-way to the bottom, come up again, and rammed two of 'em!"

"I'm not going any further!" shouted Baggy. "Take me back at once!"

"I reckon your folks will see a rare change in you when you get home," said the skipper thoughtfully. "Do you more good nor any schoolin'! You'll get back with a beard on you, and with heaps of funny tales to tell them all."

"What'll you take to let me go?" stammered Baggy at last.

"I ain't takin' no more, thanks. I had a quart or two o' beer with Jem before we sailed. Hi, Jem, look out!"

Jem looked out, and shipped the pole as a tall, ungainly lad on shore threw a rope, the other end of which was attached to a sad-faced horse, which appeared to have lost interest in life. As the horse started to pull the rope sagged, and some feet of it went under water.

Baggy screwed up his courage, made a dash for the side, tumbled over, and gripped the rope with a mad notion that he could reach the shore that way.

"Hi, come out of that, directly minute, d'ear?" yelled the skipper.

Baggy may have heard, but the water was swashing all over him, and coming out unaided was more than he could do.

"Help! I'm drowning!" he roared at last.

Jem and the skipper hauled him aboard, with his collar all gone to pulp, his clothes soaked, and his eyes goggling almost out of his fat head.

"Wodjer do that for?" asked the skipper, as he lit his pipe. He seemed only mildly interested, not at all excited.

"Ow! I'm dying!" moaned Baggy.

"I'm afeard you ain't," replied the

skipper. "Here, Jem, get him inter some dry togs. Bill's will fit him all right. The kid may be of some use yet afore we strike the coast of Africa, so 'tain't worth while to drown him!"

Jem yanked Baggy up, and led him below, howling. The absent Bill's clothes went on him without difficulty, being large, and mostly trousers. Baggy's own clobber was put to dry.

"Now, lookee here, young shaver," said the skipper, when Baggy reappeared on deck, "you jest got to make yourself useful. You ain't the first chap as ever wanted to go to sea."

"But I don't want to go to sea!" wailed Baggy.

"Do you a sight of good, anyway," replied the skipper. "You do what Jem tells you, and we'll make a smart lad of you in time. It ain't a bad life."

He would not listen to reason. So Baggy said afterwards, meaning that he would not listen to Baggy—quite a different thing! My opinion is that the skipper had taken an odd sort of fancy to Baggy because he was fat and silly.

Anyhow, Baggy was booked, and felt desperate. He told me that he offered Jem an invitation to Trimble Hall for a week-end if Jem would help him to escape. Jem was not taking any. Baggy ought to have said the Trimble Arms. That might have fetched Jem.

Baggy told the skipper that he thought it was too bad of him, "and all because of a bit of rotten pineapple!"

"Ah, you'll have plenty o' pineapple in foreign parts!" said the skipper. "Dig it up yourself, if you like. You'll see the world on this trip—the Roaring Forties, and the black ladies, and the Tropics of Can Sir and Can't Sir!"

Baggy groaned dismally. All he wanted just then was to see St. Jim's. There was no pineapple for supper. Nothing but bread and mouldy cheese, and the bread was war-bread of the giddiest, crammed full of funny old things for which no other use could be found.

Baggy had terribly hard work to keep his trousers up. Bill's notion of braces struck him as inadequate. He tried to get his own clothes, but they were down in the cabin, and Jem and the skipper were asleep.

The barge had stopped, and Baggy decided to make a bid for liberty. He got ashore somehow, by balancing himself on the pole which Jem had left lying across from the bank to the deck.

Baggy said that a shark bobbed up and looked at him, which shows that it was not only the pole that was lying.

He reached a lane, and then he tried to run, being afraid every minute that they would wake up and miss him. It was not dark yet, but it was getting dusky, and the perspiration ran down Baggy's face as Baggy ran down the road, and he could not see a bit where he was going.

"Stop that there boy!" roared a stentorian voice in his rear.

Jem had woke up and got chatty again. Baggy ran for dear life, grabbing up his trousers as he ran, and plunged right into a flock of sheep. They scattered. I suppose they had never seen anything like Baggy in those bags before.

There was more bother. The man in charge of the sheep hit Baggy. Jem was coming up fast behind.

Baggy said that he turned and knocked Jem down, and then floored the shepherd, to be strictly impartial.

Baggy went on to tell how, after he had started to run again, he fell into the wash—not the same as that rank outsider, King John, you know, got into trouble over, but a lot of clothes which were hanging in a garden to dry.

Baggy said the woman had a red face and a stick, but he did not stop to chat with her, because he hated the idea of saying harsh things to a lady.

Baggy likewise said that he tramped about fifty-six miles holding up his trousers and asking his way.

And—would you believe it?—Baggy says it was all my fault! Who asked him to go pinching pineapple chunks on a blessed barge?