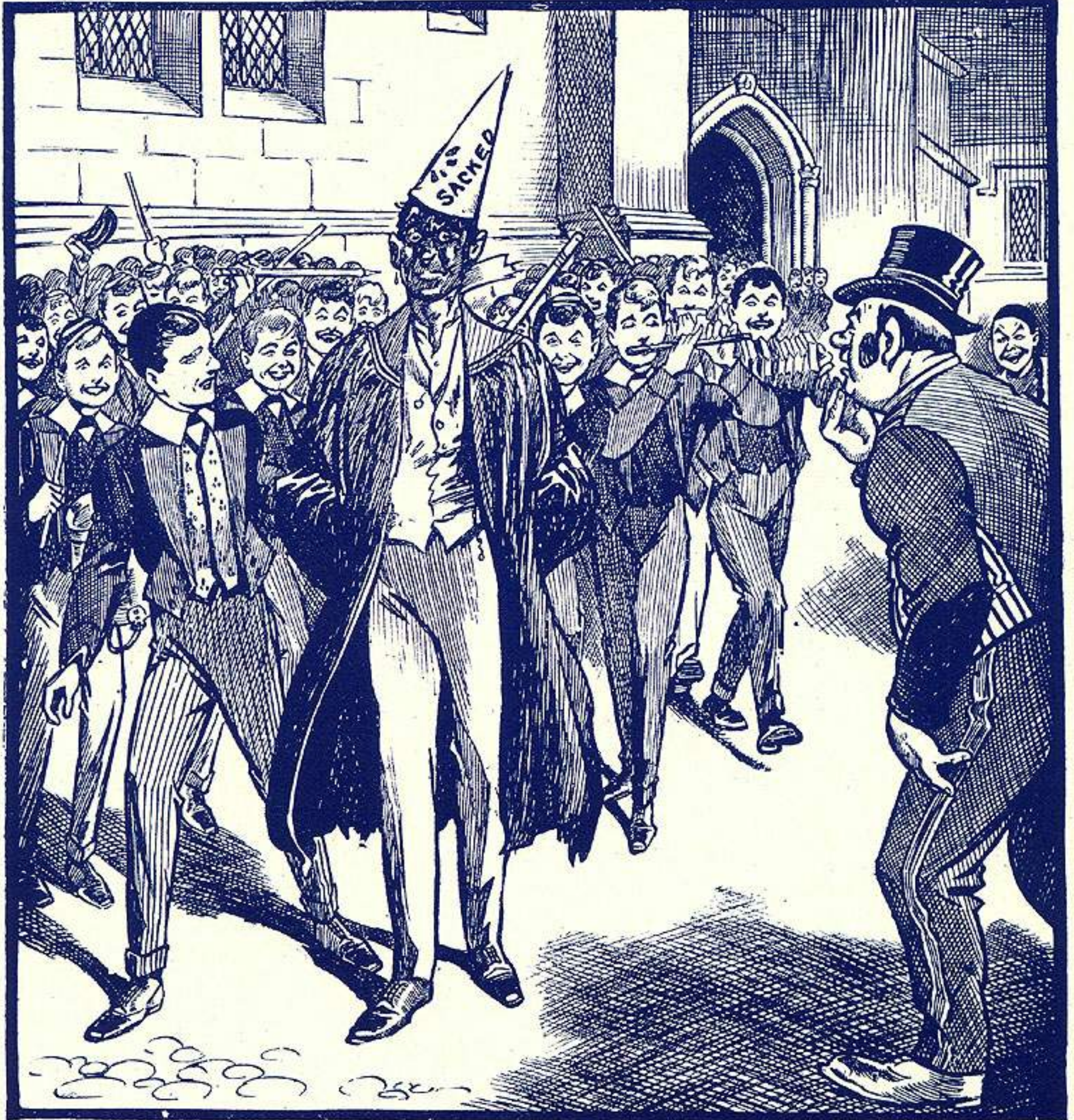


# VICTORY!

# The Magnet 1<sup>st</sup> Library

No. 505. Vol. 11.



## EXIT THE TYRANT!

*Copyright in the United States of America.*



# VICTORY! FRANK RICHARDS.

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### A Night Attack!

**Y**OU fellows asleep?" Billy Bunter raised his head and blinked round cautiously as he asked that question in low tones.

It was close on midnight.

Certainly at that hour the Remove Form of Greyfriars ought to have been fast asleep in their dormitory.

But matters were far from normal at Greyfriars School.

Bunter's fat form was stretched upon a mattress in Study No. 7 in the Remove passage, and on two other mattresses Peter Todd and Tom Dutton, his study-mates, were sleeping. Alonzo was absent, recovering from an illness, at home. On the study sofa was stretched the elegant figure of Cecil Reginald Temple of the Fourth Form.

Every study in the Remove passage was tenanted by sleepers.

For a barring-out was in progress at Greyfriars, and the Remove and the Fourth Form were barricaded in the Remove passage, where, for the present, they lived and moved and had their being.

At the barricade at the head of the curving staircase that gave access to the Remove passage from the spacious landing below Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry kept watch and ward.

Hitherto the rebels of Greyfriars had defeated every attempt to penetrate into their stronghold. The barring-out was a great success—so far. But Harry Wharton left nothing to chance, and during the hours of the night sentries relieved one another on the watch.

It did not seem likely, but it was possible, that Mr. Jeffreys, the new Head of Greyfriars, might attempt to surprise the Remove camp while darkness reigned.

In the passage a single light burned. Bob Cherry and Wharton talked occasionally in low tones as they sat by the barricaded stair. Up and down the passage fellows were camping out on mattresses.

Billy Bunter, in Study No. 7, listened for several minutes after he had asked his question without receiving a reply. Deep silence lay upon the great school building.

"Toddy!" murmured Bunter, to make sure.

But Peter Todd was breathing steadily, and did not move or speak.

Bunter griained in the gloom, and rose to his feet with caution. He tiptoed to the open door of the study, set his spectacles straight on his fat little nose, and blinked out.

All the fellows in the passage were asleep, with the exception of the two juniors watching. And they had their backs to Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove chuckled silently, and stepped out of the study.

On tiptoe, with infinite caution, he made his way along the Remove passage to the box-room at the end.

The box-room was the storehouse of the

rebels, where supplies of provisions on a large scale were stacked.

Much to the exasperation of Bunter, Harry Wharton & Co. strictly enforced the "grub rules" during the barring-out. Hence William George Bunter's midnight raid.

He stole softly into the box-room. He did not venture to turn on the light lest it should be observed by the sentries at the other end of the passage.

But Bunter knew his way about the box-room in the dark. In the daytime he officiated as cook for the garrison, and he had been bumped half a dozen times for taking too liberal snacks between meals. But the fat junior was going to take a snack now that would put any other fellow's squarest meal to the blush.

"Beasts!" murmured Bunter. "Fancy keeping a fellow short of grub when we've got stacks of it here! Blow the regulations! Poof!"

And Billy Bunter started operations in the dark.

In the silence of the box-room there was a low and steady sound—the incessant champing of Bunter's hungry jaws.

For nearly half an hour there was no other sound, and by that time even Bunter's champing was slackening down a little.

But suddenly the fat junior paused, with a chunk of pineapple half-way to his mouth, and pricked up his fat ears.

There was a sudden sound—faint, but unmistakable—outside the box-room window.

The fat junior shivered.

The thought of burglars came into his mind at once.

Outside the box-room window were flat leads, which could be easily reached from the ground, especially if a ladder were used. Fellows sometimes climbed out that way. It was easy to get from the leads into the box-room. And Bunter, as he listened with straining ears, distinctly caught the sound of shuffling feet on the leads.

"Ow!" murmured Bunter, his fat face changing colour. "Oh, dear!"

Click!

In the darkness Bunter could see nothing clearly, but he knew that the catch of the window had been forced back by means of a knife inserted between the sashes.

Faintly there came to his fat ears the sound of the lower sash being pushed up cautiously from the outside.

The fat junior, shivering in every limb, rose to his feet, his fat face as white as chalk. He tiptoed to the door of the box-room, shaking all over, thinking only of escape before the burglars got in.

"Br-r-r-r!" came a growl, as he stepped on Johnny Bull, on a mattress in the passage. "Wharrer marrer?"

"Burglars!" gasped Bunter.

Johnny Bull sat up. He gave Bunter a glare in the gloom, and grasped him by one fat leg.

"Now, you podgy idiot—"

"Leggo! Burglars!"

"I'll burglars you, you spoofing toad!" growled Johnny Bull. "Have you been after the grub?"

"Hallo! What's the row?" murmured Nugent drowsily.

"Shut up, there!" came Squiff's sleepy voice.

"Burglars!" panted Bunter. "They're getting into the box-room through the window—Leggo! Ow—"

"Hallo, I can hear something!" exclaimed Nugent, who was listening. "My hat! Up you get, you fellows!"

"Rot!" growled Johnny Bull. "It isn't burglars. Bunter's been after the grub—"

"It's Jeffreys & Co., though, I'll bet my hat!" exclaimed Nugent, springing to his feet. "Wake up, you fellows!"

"By gum, I didn't think of that!"

"I—I think it's burglars!" gasped Bunter. "Anyway, it's somebody!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came Bob Cherry's powerful voice along the passage. "What's the row?"

"Wake up!" shouted Nugent. "It's a night attack!"

"My hat!"

Nugent dashed into the box-room, and switched on the light.

A startling scene met his gaze. The window was wide open. Loder and Walker and Carne of the Sixth were already in the room, and Mr. Schwartz, the new master of the Remove, was just climbing in. Mr. Jeffreys, the temporary Head of Greyfriars, was outside, helping the Form-master from the leads. Behind him Gosling, the porter, could be seen, and Mible, the gardener. It was a night attack in force!

"Back up!" shouted Nugent.

"Back up, Remove!" shouted Harry Wharton, dashing along the passage.

And a buzzing crowd of juniors, half-dressed and wildly excited, poured into the box-room.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### A Ducking for Four!

**G**IVE 'em socks!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Down with them!"

The Famous Five rushed to tackle the enemy at once.

Loder & Co. were armed with stout ash-plants, and they hit out at once. Harry Wharton had a stump in his hand, and he replied with interest; but his comrades were unarmed.

"Back up!" yelled Wharton.

"We're coming!" yelled back Peter Todd.

"Pile in, Remove!" shouted Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars. He came speeding up with a fire-shovel in his hand.

Mr. Schwartz rolled into the room, a thick cane in his hand. Behind him came the three prefects.

They were hotly attacked at once.

The Bounder made a spring to the window, where Mr. Jeffreys was bunking Gosling up on to the sill.

Smithy's left, clenched, and as hard as iron, smote Gosling on the chest, and the porter flew backwards, sending Mr. Jeffreys over with a crash. The new



Head sprawled on the leads, and Gosling sprawled over him, gasping and grunting.

The Bouncer slammed down the window and fastened the catch.

Aid was thus cut off from the quartette already inside, and they were hotly engaged with a swarm of excited juniors.

Had the whole party gained admission before the alarm was given, and had the rebels been taken by surprise, the result might have been very different. But as it was Loder & Co. had no chance.

More and more of the Fourth and the Remove were swarming into the box-room now, wide awake, and the invaders were simply overwhelmed by numbers.

Loder and Carne and Walker, resisting fiercely, were borne down upon the floor, and the rebels pinned them there by sheer weight.

Mr. Schwartz hit out furiously with his cane, and for some moments kept the Removites at bay; but Wharton dodged under his arm, and closed with him. He hooked the Form-master's leg, and brought him to the floor with a crash.

The next moment half a dozen juniors were on him.

Mr. Schwartz was pinned down, gasping and groaning, under innumerable knees and feet.

Outside the window Mr. Jeffreys raged, and his cane had already struck through a pane of glass.

A tin of pineapple, hurled by Tom Brown, whizzed through the broken pane, and landed on Mr. Jeffreys' nose.

The new headmaster gave a fiendish howl, and disappeared.

Gosling and Mible had already dropped from the leads, and Mr. Jeffreys now deemed it prudent to follow them. The night attack on the rebels of Greyfriars had been a failure, thanks to Billy Bunter's midnight feast!

In the box-room were four who wished sincerely that they had never tried it on.

"Our win!" panted Bob Cherry, as he sat down comfortably on Loder's right ear. "Remove wins, as usual!"

"Fourth wins, you mean!" sniffed Temple.

"Rats!"

"Look here, you cheeky fag—"

"Jeffreys is licked, anyway," interrupted Harry Wharton. "Guard the window, you fellows! These rotters are going to be pitched downstairs, but we'll duck them first."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"Don't you dare—" roared Loder of the Sixth, as he was dragged to his feet by the victorious rebels.

"Bring him along!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the grasp of a dozen pair of hands, Gerald Loder was rushed out of the box-room, along the passage, to a bath-room.

Bob Cherry turned on both taps into the bath, while Loder struggled and wriggled with apprehension.

"You cheeky young rotters!" he panted. "Let go! I'll go, if you like, quietly—"

"You'll go wet!" grinned Bob Cherry. "The wetfulness will be terrific, my esteemed and disgusting Loder!"

"Shove him in!" roared Bolsover major.

"He, he, he! Drop him in!" giggled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you've got to thank me for this, you know!"

"What were you doing in the box-room?" demanded Squiff gruffly.

"Ahem! I—I thought they might come, you know—"

"You told me it was burglars," growled Johnny Bull.

"I—I—I—that was only a figure of speech, you know. I really meant—"

"You really meant that you were



Johnny Bull aroused! (See Chapter 1.)

scoffing the grub in the box-room, you fat Owl!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Duck him, too!" exclaimed Peter Todd.

"Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter dodged and fled.

"That's enough water for Loder," said Johnny Bull. "In with him!"

Splash!

"Groooooogh!"

Gerald Loder floundered in the bath, snorting like a grampus. His head was pushed under the running taps as he struggled and floundered.

"Gug-gug-up-gooowww!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's Carne!" shouted Temple of the Fourth. And Loder was allowed to crawl out of the bath, and Carne was rushed in and deposited in his place.

"Gug-gug-gug-gug!"

Carne crawled out, amid roars of laughter, as Walker was brought in. Walker went through the ducking with loud yells and threats, which died away into gasps and gurgles.

Then the three drenched and dripping prefects were rushed along the passage and pitched over the barricade, and they scrambled down the stairs, with stumps and sticks lunging at them from behind. It was not an easy descent, but Loder & Co. did it in record time.

"Now for Schwartz!" grinned Bob Cherry.

A crowd of fellows were already ducking Schwartz. The Form-master rolled in the flooding bath, under the running taps, shrieking threats and words of fury. But the juniors did not care for his threats. As fast as he tried to scramble out he was pitched back, till at last he gave it up, and sat in the bath with only his head above the swamping water.

"Let me gerrou!" His threats were changed to pleading now. "Let me go! I—I will not trouble you again! Only let me go! I shall catch cold—"

"You're not wanted at Greyfriars," said Harry Wharton. "Will you promise to leave the school if we let you go?"

"I—I cannot—"

"Shove him under!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"Think you'd like to leave Greyfriars now?" grinned Bob Cherry, as Mr. Schwartz's head came up again, snorting.

"Groooogh! I—I will go! I will do anything! Yow-ow-oooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kick him out!"

The Form-master was bounced out of the bath, and rushed along the Remove passage. He went bundling over the barricade, as Loder & Co. had gone, and bumped on the landing below. And a shower of empty sardine and condensed-milk tins drove him down the lower stairs yelling.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I fancy we win this round! I'm only sorry we didn't collar Jeffreys!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Now we'll duck Bunter for scoffing the prog—"

"No, we'll let him off, as he gave the alarm," said Wharton, laughing. "We shall have to keep watch in the box-room after this—"

"I say, you fellows, I'll keep watch in the box-room, if you like!" exclaimed Billy Bunter eagerly. "You can leave me there! I don't mind staying there alone! Yaroooh! Leggo my ear, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter was not left on the watch in the box-room. But the rebels of Greyfriars kept a very keen watch at night, in case Mr. Jeffreys should renew his attempt to take them by surprise. But probably Mr. Jeffreys' followers, if not the Head himself, had had enough, for there was no alarm.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Wingate Takes a Hand!

"COME in!" snapped the Head. Mr. Jeffreys was in his study, pacing to and fro with a frowning brow.

He was striving to think out some



method of dealing with the rebels of Greyfriars, who had set his authority at naught.

He paused as a tap came at the door. It was Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, who entered the study. Mr. Jeffreys looked at him grimly. Wingate had not given him the support during the rebellion which the tyrant of Greyfriars considered he had a right to expect.

George Wingate's face was very grave. "Well?" snapped Mr. Jeffreys.

"Matters are in a very bad state in this school, sir," said Wingate quietly.

"I do not care to discuss the state of affairs with you, Wingate."

"I have not come here for a discussion, sir. I have to tell you what I have decided to do."

"Indeed!"

The Remove and the Fourth Form are joined in a barring-out," said Wingate. "It has been going on since Monday. It was caused by your cruelty and injustice to the juniors."

"Wingate! How dare you!" thundered the Head. "Leave my study!"

Wingate did not move. He had come there to speak in plain English, and he intended to do so.

"That is my view, sir, and the view of the whole school. I am quite aware that all the masters think the same, excepting Mr. Schwartz, whom you brought here yourself. You have sent away Mr. Quelch, the Remove-master, because he opposed your tyranny."

"Wingate!" gasped the Head.

"The school is now in a state of riot. At any moment the other Forms may join in the rebellion. You cannot deal with it. You have lost totally the respect of the school; and force is useless. This state of affairs cannot go on. As head of the Sixth, and captain of the school, I cannot allow it!"

"You—cannot—allow?" stuttered Mr. Jeffreys.

"I have thought it over, sir, very carefully," said Wingate quietly. "This state of affairs is not good enough for Greyfriars."

"Leave my study!"

"I have decided what to do, and I think it only fair to tell you, sir."

"Indeed!" sneered Mr. Jeffreys. "And what have you decided to do?"

"I intend to place the matter before the governors."

"What?"

"You were sent here by the governors to take Dr. Locke's place when he went away ill," said Wingate. "I am quite certain that you have not reported to the Board the present state of the school. You may blame the juniors as much as you like; but, under Dr. Locke's rule, there was never a hint of insubordination. As soon as the governors hear what has happened I think they will know where to lay the blame."

Mr. Jeffreys clenched his hands hard. He was only too well aware of that.

"I intend, therefore, to write to-day to the chairman of the Board," said Wingate. "It is time for the governors to interfere and restore order in the school. You cannot do it."

"Wingate!"

"If you prefer me not to write—"

"I forbid you to write!" shouted Mr. Jeffreys.

"If you prefer me not to write," repeated George Wingate calmly, "you must restore order in the school this morning."

"How dare you!"

"That can be done, I think—at least, I hope—by doing justice. You must rescind the sentences of expulsion you have passed upon some of the Remove;

you must leave everyone concerned in the barring-out unpunished; and you must stop completely the system of bullying and tyranny you have established in the school. If that is done, I may be able to induce the juniors to cease their rebellion and restore discipline."

Mr. Jeffreys' face was purple.

He advanced towards Wingate with his hands clenched as if he would strike him. The big Sixth-Former did not move. His clear eyes met Mr. Jeffreys' furious look so grimly that the headmaster stopped. His half-raised hand dropped to his side.

"What is the answer, sir?" asked Wingate, after a pause.

"Leave my study!"

"Very well!"

Wingate turned to the door.

"I forbid you to write to the governors, Wingate!"

"I intend to write."

"Then you disobey me—your headmaster?"

"I am bound to do so, in this case."

"Take care, Wingate! I have power to expel you from the school, and I shall not hesitate to do so if necessary."

Wingate's lip curled.

"You cannot expel me," he said.

"Your power here is at an end, Mr. Jeffreys. You have thrown it away yourself. Nobody in the school respects you. And if you should expel me, as you say you will do, I shall refuse to go, exactly as Wharton of the Remove refused. The matter would be decided by the governors, and you know as well as I what their decision would be."

Mr. Jeffreys pointed to the door with a finger that trembled with rage.

"Go!" he muttered.

Wingate left the study without another word.

The new Head of Greyfriars resumed his restless pacing of the study. The junior barring-out had given him trouble enough. He knew, too, that Wingate had said aright. The whole school was on the verge of revolt. Even his favourites, Loder, Carne, and Mr. Schwartz, were scared by the pass things had come to. And now the matter was to be made known to the governing body.

From his window, ten minutes later, he saw George Wingate cross to the school letter-box with a letter in his hand.

He knew what that meant.

Unless the revolt in the school was crushed at once, and order restored, a visit from the governors would find Greyfriars in a state of riot. It would not be much use to lay the blame upon the boys. They had never dreamed of revolt under Dr. Locke's rule. Even now, the return of their old headmaster would have put an end to the barring-out at once. Mr. Jeffreys knew where the blame lay, and he knew that the governors would know it.

It was nearly time for morning classes. Mr. Jeffreys left the study at last, and made his way, with a black brow, to the Remove staircase. Though it went bitterly against the grain, he was thinking of making some accommodation with the reckless young rebels. After all, he could visit punishment on them afterwards—somehow.

A shout greeted him from the other side of the barricade, which was lined with faces at once.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Here's the old bird!"

"Where did you get that face, Jeffreys?"

"Is it a face?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Jeffreys looked up from the landing, pale with rage. It was pretty clear that the Remove fellows had no respect left for their headmaster.

"On the bawl!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buck up, Jeffreys, before I let you have this sardine-tin on the nose!" said the Bounder.

Mr. Jeffreys clenched his hands till the nails dug into the palms. How was he ever to regain authority over these reckless young scamps? The habit of discipline, once broken, how was it to be mended?

"Boys, it is time this nonsense ceased," he said, in a gasping voice. "I—I am prepared to deal with you leniently."

"Go hon!"

"In fact, I—I will withdraw the sentence of expulsion passed upon Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull, and Hurree Singh." The words seemed torn from Mr. Jeffreys' compressed lips. "Return to your duty at once, and this affair shall be totally forgotten, and no punishment inflicted!"

There was a buzz among the rebels.

This was as complete a surrender as they could have desired. But there was no sign of acceptance on the part of the garrison of the Remove passage.

Harry Wharton looked down steadily at the headmaster.

"Not good enough!" he said tersely.

"Wharton!"

"We can't trust you, sir!" said Wharton quietly. "You offered us terms before, and asked for a deputation to come to your study. When we came you attempted to collar us, to turn us out of the school. This is another trick of the same kind, and we don't trust you!"

"No jolly fear!" said Bob Cherry emphatically. "You can't catch birds twice with the same chaff, old scout!"

"The catchfulness will not be terrific, my esteemed and beastly Jeffreys!" grinned the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"I—I assure you, upon my word—"

stammered Mr. Jeffreys.

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Your word isn't worth anything, Mr. Jeffreys," said Harry Wharton coolly. "We don't intend to put ourselves in your power by trusting you."

"No fear!"

"You young fools!" thundered Mr. Jeffreys. "Do you think that this state of affairs can last?"

"It will last till you leave Greyfriars!" said Wharton determinedly. "We don't acknowledge you as our headmaster. You've got to go, and take Schwartz with you. Until then the barring-out goes on!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The hear-hearfulness is terrific!"

"Give him the sardine-tin, Smithy!"

Whiz!

Mr. Jeffreys dodged, and fled down the lower stairs. It was pretty plain that there was to be no accommodation with the rebels. And the letter to the chairman of the governing body was already posted!

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Reinforcements!

MORNING lessons proceeded at Greyfriars, but not quite as usual.

The fact that the Remove and the Fourth were holding a successful barring-out could not fail to have its effect upon the other Forms, especially the fags.

The Second and the Third were in a very restive state, and the Shell were by no means as respectful as usual to Mr. Hacker.

Even the Fifth, seniors as they were, showed some signs of restlessness. Horace Coker declared loudly that Mr. Jeffreys'



new custom of caning the Fifth was going to stop. Coker declared that if Mr. Jeffreys ventured to cane him again he would dot Jeffreys in the eye. Fortunately, Mr. Jeffreys had partly learned his lesson, and he left the Fifth entirely to their own Form-master.

Mr. Jeffreys, in fact, was learning a good deal; but it came too late to be of much use to him. His interference between masters and their Forms had exasperated both parties, and had it continued there was no doubt that the revolt would have spread through the school.

Mr. Jeffreys just managed to avoid that by giving up entirely his new system of interference and tyranny.

He had, in fact, been defeated all along the line; and had he been a man of his word the barring-out might have come to an end. But the rebels had trusted him once, and he had sought to play them false. They would not trust him again. It was now a fight to a finish, for the rebels' terms of peace were that the new Head should leave Greyfriars, and to that Mr. Jeffreys could not consent. He had, in fact, landed himself into a position from which there was no escape, unless, somehow, the rebellion could be crushed by sheer force before the governors of the school intervened.

While morning classes went on, and the rebels played leap-frog in the Remove passage, free of lessons, the tyrant of Greyfriars was debating with himself; and, later in the morning, he left the school and walked down to Friardale.

He returned in time for lunch, with a somewhat satisfied expression on his face.

Wingate was called into his study a little later.

"You have written the letter you referred to this morning, Wingate?" the new Head asked coldly.

"Yes, sir."

"You have directly disobeyed me."

"I had no choice, sir, considering my duty to the school," said the captain of Greyfriars calmly.

"You cannot remain at this school after disobeying my commands," said Mr. Jeffreys. "You will leave this afternoon!"

Wingate looked at him steadily.

"I shall not leave!" he replied.

"You dispute my authority here, then?"

"To that extent, yes."

"Very good! Force will be used," said Mr. Jeffreys.

Wingate smiled slightly.

As force had failed to subdue the rebels of the Remove, it did not seem likely to succeed with the head of the Sixth, who had plenty of friends to support him in his own Form. Only Loder & Co. were in the least inclined to back up Mr. Jeffreys, and certainly they would not have dreamed of tackling Wingate.

"That matter will be decided when the governors come down, sir," said Wingate. "Have you anything else to say to me?"

"Nothing at present."

Wingate left the study, feeling a little puzzled. His chum, Gwynne of the Sixth, met him in the passage.

"The man has some card up his sleeve, I think," Wingate remarked. "I can't quite see what it is. He's told me to go, Paddy."

"Sure, you've only got to say the word, and the Sixth will kick him out of Greyfriars, bag and baggage," said Gwynne. "And, faith, I'll give him the first kick!"

Wingate smiled.

"I certainly shall not go," he said.

"I can't imagine what his game is, but I'm settled on that! I shall be glad

when the governors come down. I fancy I know how that will end for Jeffreys."

Mr. Jeffreys, after Wingate had left him, stood at his study window, looking out towards the gates. He seemed to be in a state of expectation. It was some little time later that Gosling, looking out of his lodge, stared with great wrath at a thick-set man with a red-spotted neckerchief, who tramped in at the gates. He was a very tough-looking customer, with a broken nose, a very square, blue chin, and a heavy cudgel under his arm. Gosling simply blinked at the sight of such an individual marching coolly in at the school gates, and he fairly bounced out of his lodge.

"Hi, there!" snapped Gosling. "What do you want 'ere?"

The gentleman with the broken nose did not heed him. He glanced back into the road.

"Come in, mates!" he said, in a husky, beery voice.

To Gosling's amazement, eight rough-looking fellows, almost as tough in appearance as their leader, marched in after him.

Gosling could scarcely believe his eyes.

"What's this game?" he gasped.

"Wot I says is this 'ere, you can't come in 'ere, you 'ooligans!"

The man with the broken nose came towards him with a very ugly look on his face.

"I'm Mick Sharper," he said. "I could knock you flyin' with one 'and. Any more of your lip, an' I'll do it. See?"

Gosling retreated a pace. The ruffian could certainly have carried out his threat if he had chosen.

"You ain't no business 'ere," faltered Gosling. "The likes of you ain't wanted 'ere. Now, you clear 'off!"

"Give 'im one on the kisser, Mick!" said one of the tough-looking gentlemen.

"Shet 'is tater-trap for 'im!"

Gosling backed farther away.

This invasion by a gang of the roughest characters in the neighbourhood astounded as well as alarmed him. He recognized some of the gang as habitués of the Cross Keys public-house. They worked along the river—when they worked at all. But most of their time was spent in lounging against the posts at the Cross Keys, or supporting the drink traffic by quenching a thirst that never seemed quite satisfied.

Why the gang should march in at the gates of Greyfriars was a deep mystery to Gosling. But evidently he couldn't deal with them.

"Got anything more to say?" asked Mr. Sharper, doubling up a knucky fist, and flourishing it under Gosling's nose.

"Nunno!" stammered Gosling.

"Then go and tell Mr. Jeffreys we've come."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Deaf, hey?" asked Mr. Sharper sarcastically.

"You—you—meantersay Mr. Jeffreys is hexpecting of you?" stammered the porter.

"Wot-ho! Tell 'im Mr. Sharper's come. And 'urry up!"

"Oh, my heye!" murmured Gosling.

He simply tottered away towards the School House. Mick Sharper & Co. followed him across the quadrangle. And from the window of Study No. 1 in the Remove startled eyes watched them.

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"What on earth is that gang doing here?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Wharton smiled grimly.

"They've come for us!" he said.

"Us!" repeated Nugent.

The Bounder burst into a laugh.

"Reinforcements for the enemy!" he exclaimed. "Jeffreys has been down to

the village and engaged the gang of them! My infants, there's going to be a first-class shindy now!"

"Jeffreys wouldn't call in a gang of beery loafers from a pub!" exclaimed Temple of the Fourth, aghast.

"He's done it!"

"But—but—"

"Nine of them!" said Vernon-Smith coolly. "Well, there's enough of us to handle them—what?"

"Quite!" said Wharton.

"But—but," said Temple, in dismay, "they're regular hooligans! This won't be like scrapping with Loder and Carne, Wharton."

"I know it won't!"

"Look here, I'm not going to start fighting with ruffians like that, I can tell you!" exclaimed Skinner.

"You wouldn't be much use, anyway, Skinney," said Squiff. "Go and hide in a trunk somewhere. Line up at the barricade, you fellows!"

The rebels of Greyfriars manned the defences. Some of the garrison were in a state of dismay at the sight of the new force the Head had called in to deal with them. But Harry Wharton & Co. were firm as a rock. Come of it what might, their motto was no surrender!

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### An Attack in Force!

**T**RAMP, tramp, tramp! Heavy boots rang on the lower staircase.

Harry Wharton & Co. manned the barricade at the end of the Remove passage, ready for the attack.

Mick Sharper led his merry men up to the landing below the Remove staircase. Wharton counted them. There were five with Mr. Sharper. Three had remained below; but Wharton did not suppose for a moment that they were going to stay out of the scrap.

"Smithy!" he whispered.

"Yes?"

"They're going to tackle us on two sides. Get into the box-room with a dozen fellows, and look after the window. They're pretty certain to come that way."

"You bet!" said the Bounder.

"Skinner, Stott, Bunter, Fish, Snoop," called out Wharton, "watch the study windows, and yell out if anybody brings a ladder in sight."

"Right you are!"

Wharton had judiciously selected those who were useless in the fighting-line for that duty.

It was necessary to keep watch at all possible points of attack. But there were plenty of fellows for the defence. In the box-room, the Bounder headed one party, including Mark Linley, Penfold, Lord Mauleverer, Bolsover, Vivian, Newland, Russell, Ogilvy, and some more good fighting-men. At the barricade were the Famous Five, with Micky Desmond, Morgan, Peter Todd, Tom Dutton, Wibley, Rake, Kipps, and a crowd more. They were backed up by Temple, Dabney, Fry, Scott, and a swarm more of the Fourth. In fact, there were so many defenders that there was not room for all of them at the front.

Tom Brown, Hazeldene, Bulstrode, Delarey, Squiff, and some more were posted on chairs and stools behind the front line, with a supply of empty condensed-milk and sardine tins to fire over the heads of the defenders. All the rebels knew that it was going to be a severe tussle, and that it would not do to stand on ceremony.

Mr. Jeffreys had called in this gang of hooligans as a last desperate resource. He could not have been quite easy in



his own mind about it, for they were likely to do real damage in the excitement of the fight. But the Head had no other resource, save complete surrender, and he was taking the risk of what was, in fact, a decidedly risky proceeding.

Mr. Sharper & Co. arrived at the barricade, and the juniors looked at them grimly from above. It was a strong position, the barricaded staircase from the landing to the Remove passage, and it depended mainly upon the courage and steadfastness of the garrison whether they made their defence good or not.

But if there were some of the garrison who faltered and kept in the rear, the majority were firm and fearless. And they eyed Mr. Sharper & Co. very grimly over the piled-up furniture on the stairs.

Mr. Sharper looked up at them, and grinned.

"Nice game, this—wot?" he remarked. "Now, I s'pose you kids knows what we're 'ere for?"

"We can guess!" said Wharton.

"The guessfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh. "If the esteemed and boozy bounders come on, the thrashfulness will also be great."

"We've got borders from your 'ead-master to stop all this," said Mr. Sharper.

"Well, go ahead and stop it!" said Nugent.

"And see what you'll get!" growled Johnny Bull.

"I'm giving you a chanst," said Mr. Sharper generously. "Pull all this 'ere rubbish off these 'ere stairs, and come down and take your medicine. Otherwise you may get 'urt."

"Rats!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Take your face away and bury it, old scout!"

Mr. Sharper's eyes began to glitter.

"Har you giving in, or har you not?" he roared.

"We har not!" replied Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then 'ere goes!" said Mr. Sharper grimly. "Mind, you may get 'urt. I ain't responsible for that there. If you 'it out, we shall 'it out, and these 'ere sticks may 'urt you. You understand that, hey?"

"We do—we does!" smiled Bob Cherry.

"Come on, dear boy, and I'll see if I can put your nose straight again with this bat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The broken-nosed gentleman scowled.

"Come on, mates!" he said.

From the strong aroma of spirits that floated up from the gang the juniors could guess that Mr. Jeffreys had been fortifying his recruits for the combat with something stronger than lemonade. They were in a fighting mood, and it was plain that they did not expect much resistance from schoolboys.

On that point they were shortly to discover that they had made a slight mistake.

There came a shout from the box-room at the other end of the passage.

"Here they come! Look out at your ond, Wharton!"

"Right-ho, Smithy!"

There was a sound of crashing glass. The box-room window had gone.

"They're at it!" grinned Mr. Sharper.

"Come on, mates! Foller your blinkin' leader!"

And with a rush the six hooligans assailed the barricade.

"Back up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Back up, Remove!"

"Fire!" yelled Tom Brown.

There was a sudden whizzing of all sorts of missiles as Mr. Sharper & Co. rushed on, and yells of pain from the

assailants followed. Milk-tins at close quarters were not agreeable.

But the fusillade did not stop them.

They came on fiercely, clambering over the barricade, and reaching out with their cudgels to whack at the defenders.

Crash, crash, crash!

Blows on both sides fell on the stacked-up tables and chairs, most of them nailed to the staircase, and immovable. Legs flew off chairs under the heavy blows. The Remove furniture was suffering severe damage. Mr. Sharper's leg slid down among the stacked chairs. He found it difficult to pull it out again, and he remained fixed. He flourished his cudgel, and roared to his comrades to come on.

The other five clambered on, recklessly smashing furniture under them as they came. Mops and brooms and stumps and bats met them, with lunges and swipes. There was a crashing of opposing weapons as they met.

Crash, crash!

"Go for 'em!"

"Come on, mates!"

"Give 'em socks!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Oh, my 'ead!"

"Yooop!"

It was a terrific combat.

The pen of a Homer or the typewriter of a Kipling could hardly have done justice to it.

Below, on the lower stairs, Mr. Jeffreys watched the attack anxiously.

The ruffians were in a furious state of mind now, belaboured and bruised by the weapons of the defenders; and they were slashing out wildly with heavy cudgels.

But the garrison stood to their guns.

Several of them retired with big bruises, one or two of them half-stunned by savage blows; but as fast as one retired another took his place.

And cricket-bats gave blows quite as doughty as the cudgels.

A broom was driven under Mr. Sharper's chin, and bore him backwards, and he rolled off the barricade, taking two or three smashed chairs crashing with him to the landing below. After him rolled two of his comrades, dazed by the fierce blows from above.

Three were pushing on, and they had their legs down on the inner side of the defences. One was grasped, and dragged down and pinioned. The other two were swept back by charging mops, and sent rolling over the barricade, to tumble down with Mr. Sharper.

"Hurrah!" panted Bob Cherry, mopping his nose, which was streaming red.

"Yow-ow-ow!" came from the prisoner, under a sea of Remove boots.

"Tie that rotter up!" panted Wharton.

"Yow-ow! Leggo! 'Elp!"

Peter Todd and Squiff ran a cord about the prisoner's arm and legs, and knotted it. He was pitched into a study, helpless. Down on the landing, Mr. Sharper & Co. were groaning over their injuries, and did not seem inclined to come on again.

"Watch for them, you chaps!" panted Wharton, and he scudded along the passage to the box-room, where the sounds of combat were fast and furious.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### Defeated!

VERNON-SMITH and his comrades were valiantly defending the box-room.

The enemy had mounted upon the leads outside, and planted a bench under the box-room window to mount upon. Three of the Cross Keys hooligans made the attack upon the window, and

Loder & Co. were behind them on the leads.

The window, sashes as well as glass, had been smashed out.

Smithy and his comrades defended it well, but the fierce slashes of the cudgels at close quarters drove them back, and the three ruffians forced their way in.

One of them had jumped down into the room, but a rush of the defenders kept him busy. He had his back in a corner, and was warding off the swipes of a dozen brooms and cricket-stumps.

Two had their legs within the window, and were engaged with the Bounder & Co., and fierce blows were given and received.

They scrambled down into the room just as Harry Wharton arrived at the door.

Loder, Carne, and Walker appeared in the window to back them up. Vernon-Smith was dabbing at a cut in his forehead, out of the combat for the moment.

"Back up!" shouted Wharton.

He charged at the window with a big mop held like a lance, and sent Loder whirling back, with a crash, on the leads outside.

The mop crashed on Walker's head the next moment, and Walker joined Loder, yelling with anguish.

Carne did not wait for it. He dodged, and jumped back.

Wharton turned from the window.

The fight was raging in the box-room between the three reckless hooligans and a swarm of excited juniors.

The captain of the Remove swung his mop round, and caught the nearest ruffian on the back of the head, and he went to the floor with a crash. Another went down under the attack of Smithy and a half-dozen more juniors, and the third scrambled out of the window. Wharton's mop helped him from behind, and he rolled on the leads yelling.

"Make sure of those two!" panted Wharton.

"We've got 'em!" gasped Mark Linley.

The struggling ruffians were bound hand and foot, and dragged along the passage to a study and bundled in. Three prisoners of war remained in the hands of the rebels.

A dozen fellows crowded the box-room window, yelling to Loder & Co. to come on again. But the assailants in that quarter had had enough. The three prefects dropped from the leads to the ground and walked away, and the gentleman from the Cross Keys followed their example. A shower of missiles from the window followed them.

"Our game!" said the Bounder coolly.

"You're hurt!" said Wharton.

The Bounder laughed carelessly.

"Only a cut."

Harry Wharton hurried back along the passage. Danger on the side of the box-room was over. At the barricade on the stairs the defenders were waiting for another attack, but it had not come. Mr. Jeffreys was urging the hooligans to the assault, but they did not seem keen on it. There was not one of them who had not been severely hurt.

"Come on!" roared Bob Cherry.

"You haven't had half enough yet! Come on, you funks!"

A step sounded on the lower stairs, and George Wingate came up, with a crowd of the Sixth after him.

"Mr. Jeffreys!" he rapped out.

The Head glared at him.

"Go down at once, Wingate!"

"This has got to stop!" said Wingate.

"Order these men out at once!"

"What?"

"We've decided what to do," said the captain of Greyfriars. "The Sixth Form will not allow this kind of thing. Some of the juniors might be seriously injured."



Send those men away, or we will put them outside the gates ourselves!"

"Wingate, how dare you——"

"That's enough!" broke in the Greyfriars captain. "Are you going to send these men away?"

"I'd like to see you put me hout!" roared Mr. Sharper.

Wingate eyed him calmly.

"I'll put you out fast enough if you don't go!" he said.

Mr. Jeffreys panted.

"Wingate, I order you——"

"I take no orders from you, Mr. Jeffreys!"

"Drive those boys downstairs, Sharper!" panted the Head.

The Sixth-Formers looked grim. There were a dozen of them; and they were, as a matter of fact, rather too big a proposition for Mr. Sharper & Co. to handle. And they had thoughtfully brought cricket-stumps with them, in case they were wanted.

Mr. Sharper scowled at Wingate, but he was not reckless enough to obey Mr. Jeffreys' furious order.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Head.

"I 'ear you," said Mr. Sharper sullenly, "and I ain't taking any. I've 'ad enough of this 'ere. Look at my 'ead! There's three or four blinkin' bumps on it as large as heggs. Look at it!"

"Come and have some more, old scout!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Wingate pointed down the stairs.

"That's your way!" he said. "We don't want any trouble; but if you don't clear, you'll be helped out."

"Ain't I said that I've 'ad enough of it?" demanded Mr. Sharper. "Let this 'ere old gent pay us the quid each, as agreed, and we'll go!"

"I shall pay you nothing unless you do what you came to do!" shouted Mr. Jeffreys.

"Ain't we done our best?" demanded Mr. Sharper indignantly. "A bloke can't do no more than his best, can he?"

"I tell you——"

"Pay up, then, and we'll get orf."

"I shall pay you nothing! I——"

"You won't pay up!" roared Mr. Sharper, holding up his knuckles under Mr. Jeffreys' nose. "Look at that there! Do you want that there on your smeller?"

Mr. Jeffreys started back.

"Man! Ruffian! How dare——"

"Har you going to pay up?"

"I refuse! I——"

Mr. Jeffreys said no more, for the enraged Sharper seized him by the collar and shook his like a rat.

"Now, har you going to pay up?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the juniors above. "Go for him, Sharper! Give him jip! Make him pay up!"

"Help!" panted Mr. Jeffreys. "Wingate, help me, I beg of you!"

Wingate smiled contemptuously.

"You had better keep your agreement with the man," he said. "This is no business of mine!"

"Har you going to pay hup?" roared Mr. Sharper.

"Ow-ow-ow! Yes—yes, certainly!" shrieked the unhappy Head. "C-c-come down, and—and I will certainly pay you! Ow!"

"You'd better!" said Mr. Sharper truculently.

He released the headmaster, who scuttled downstairs, followed by Sharper & Co.

Wingate came to the barricade.

"Any of you kids hurt?" he asked.

"Only a knock or two," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "All serene, Wingate. We're not made of butter, you know!"

"You've got some of this gang here, I think?"

"Three prisoners of war," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

Wingate laughed, too.

"You'd better hand them over," he said. "We're going to see them off the premises."

"Right-ho, Wingate! Roll those rotters out, you fellows!"

The three prisoners were dragged out and bundled over the barricade, yelling. Wingate cut them loose when they rolled on the landing, and they scuttled downstairs.

In the Head's study there was a hubbub of angry voices. As Mr. Sharper & Co. had not quite carried out their contract, the Head was extremely unwilling to part with the money. But there was no arguing with the hooligans. They meant to be paid, successful or not, and paid they had to be. They marched out, leaving Mr. Jeffreys grinding his teeth, each of them richer by a quid, to be promptly expended at the Cross Keys in putting down drink!

Wingate and his comrades saw them out of gates, and Gosling locked the gates after them.

In his study Mr. Jeffreys tramped to and fro like a wild animal in his den.

He had played his last card, and failed. How was he to deal now with the Greyfriars barring-out?

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### The British Offensive!

"YOW-OW-OW!"

"Oh, my napper!"

"Groogh! My nose!"

"Wow-wow! The painfulness is terrific!"

Such were the remarks in the Remove passage after the combat.

The rebels had won a victory. They had defeated Mr. Jeffreys and frustrated his knavish tricks, as Bob Cherry expressed it.

But the fight had been hard, and there were many casualties. Bumps and bruises galore adorned the heroes of the Remove and Fourth. And there was, as Hurree Singh remarked, much groanfulness.

"Don't make a fuss about a knock or two, you fellows," said Billy Bunter encouragingly. "I'm not complaining!"

Bolsover glared at him with one eye; the other was closed, and the hue of the ace of spades.

"You fat villain! You were hiding under a study table all the time!" he snorted.

"Oh, really, Bolsover——"

"I guess you're making a heap of fuss about that eye, Bolsover," remarked Fisher T. Fish. "Grin and bear it, my boy!"

"Oh, you wouldn't make a fuss about a black eye, would you?" demanded Bolsover, looking at the cheerful Fish as if he could eat him.

"I calculate not!" said Fish, with a shake of the head. "I guess I'm not soft! I guess I should come up smiling every time! Just a few!"

"We'll see!" said Bolsover; and he hit out, and Fishy, catching his knuckles with one eye, sat down on the floor, roaring.

"Yaroooh! You howling idiot, what did you do that for?" yelled Fish.

"To see how you'll stand a black eye!" grinned Bolsover. "Come here, Bunter, and I'll give you a chance, too!"

But William George Bunter fled. He did not want that chance. Fisher T. Fish picked himself up, clasping his eye.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

"What are you making a fuss about?"

chortled Bolsover. "Your eye isn't even black."

"Yow-ow! Yah! Oh! Oh, Jerusalem crickets!" groaned Fisher T. Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You mugwump! You jay! You—— Yaroooh!" roared Fisher T. Fish, as Bolsover major landed out again, and he fled just in time.

"Anybody else got any little jokes to make about a black eye?" demanded Bolsover major, glaring round.

Nobody had.

There was much mumbling and groaning among the heroes of the Greyfriars rebellion. But the complete victory they had gained over the enemy was a consolation.

Mr. Jeffreys had played his last card—they were sure of that. And he had failed! His rule in Greyfriars was of a kind that could only be upheld by brutality and force, and force had failed him.

"I wonder what the next merry move will be?" Bob Cherry remarked, as the chums of the Remove sat down to tea just within the barricade. "I don't see what Jeffreys can do now, unless he calls in the military."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Luckily, he can't do that!" said Wharton, laughing. "It looks to me as if the game is played out for Jeffreys. He can't rush our defences, and he can't starve us out, as we've got enough grub here for over a week, anyway. And I don't suppose this can go on that long."

"No surrender, though!" said Bob.

"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is terrific, my worthy chums! But as there will be no nextful move from the respectable and ludicrous Jeffreys, a wheezy good idea would be for the nextful move to proceed from us."

"My hat! A raid on the merry enemy!" exclaimed Bob, his eyes gleaming.

The nabob nodded.

"That is the esteemed custom at the Front," he remarked. "When the honourable and revolting Huns are driven off, the esteemed Tommies raid the enemy trenches. Let us raid the esteemed trenches of our respected and disgraceful headmaster."

"Good egg!"

"A jolly good idea!" said Wharton.

"We've sacked the Head——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And we've sacked Schwartz——"

"We have—we has!"

"It's settled that we don't surrender so long as Jeffreys remains the Head, and so long as that rotten Prussian is master of the Remove. We'll make a night-attack in our turn, and clear Schwartz out of Greyfriars."

"Hear, hear!"

"And the Head next!" said Johnny Bull.

"That's it!"

"Bravo!"

"Jolly good!" exclaimed the Bounder heartily. "Carry the war into the enemy's camp—what? It's a corking idea."

"Jolly risky!" said Skinner.

"Oh, go and eat coke, Skinner!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's suggestion found favour with most of the rebels. They looked forward eagerly to night-fall.

Now that they had proved their ability to hold their stronghold against all-comers, the rebels, like Alexander, sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. And they approved heartily of the suggestion to "carry the war into Africa," like Scipio of old. The defence was to be followed by an offensive.



Mr. Schwartz, the Form-master of Prussian descent, was to be the victim. He was not wanted at Greyfriars.

Night fell on Greyfriars without the rebels having seen anything more of the enemy. Hobson and some of the Shell fellows came along to talk to them over the barricade, but cleared off at bed-time. The rebel juniors camped out in the Remove passage and studied as usual.

It was not likely that there would be another attack, but the watch was set, as usual, in the box-room and at the barricade. Harry Wharton was too good a leader to leave anything to chance.

At nightfall all was silent and still in the great pile of Greyfriars.

It was then that the raiders prepared for action.

The Famous Five, Peter Todd, Squiff, and the Bounder were the party selected for the offensive.

They donned rubber shoes, and a rope was lowered over the banisters, to enable them to descend to the staircase below without clambering over the barricade on the upper stair.

One after another they slid down the rope, which was then pulled up, by Tom Brown, on watch above.

With silent steps the raiders groped their way in the darkness, heading for the room formerly occupied by Mr. Quelch, of which Mr. Schwartz was now the tenant.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Sacked!

MR. SCHWARTZ was fast asleep. If he was dreaming, it certainly was not of an offensive on the part of the heroes of the barring-out.

A shake of his bedclothes awakened him.

The new Form-master started up, blinking. The light was turned on in his room, and round his bed stood eight juniors of the Remove, one of them with a coil of cord in his hand.

"What—what—" stammered Mr. Schwartz.

Harry Wharton held up a cricket-stump.

"Silence!" he said.

"But—but—"

"If you yell, you get this on your napper!" said the captain of the Remove. "I don't want to hurt you, you Prussian rotter, but we mean business. We've come to see you—not Loder & Co. or the Head, at present. Savvy?"

The Form-master blinked at them.

He knew that he had no chance against the eight determined juniors, and he did not think of resistance. And the shout he would have uttered died on his lips. The cricket-stump over his head looked a little too dangerous.

"What do you want?" he panted.

"Speak lower!" growled Johnny Bull.

"We want you, Schwartz!" said the Bounder, with a grin. "You're going to leave Greyfriars to-night!"

"What?"

"You have been sacked, by order of the Remove!"

"You—you—you—"

"That will do! Get out of bed!"

"Sharp's the word!" said Bob Cherry.

"Buck up, Schwartz!"

The Prussian glared at the Greyfriars juniors. Wharton made a motion with the stump, and Mr. Schwartz hopped out of bed. Nugent threw his dressing-gown to him, and he huddled it on.

"Let him have his slippers," said Peter Todd generously.

"Shove your slippers on, Schwartz! Sharp!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 505.

Mr. Schwartz ground his teeth, and put on his slippers.

"Now, hold out your paws."

"What are you going to do?" hissed Mr. Schwartz, his piggy little eyes glittering with rage.

"Tie your paws!"

"I will not—"

"Collar him!"

Mr. Schwartz was collared. He opened his lips once more to shout, but again the brandished stump daunted him, and he was silent. His wrists were bound securely together.

Bob Cherry picked up a sock, and crammed it into Mr. Schwartz's mouth by way of a gag. The Form-master gurgled and glared, but he did not venture to resist. Johnny Bull was grasping him by the back of the neck, and Johnny's grasp was powerful.

A length of cord, wound round Mr. Schwartz's head, and knotted, secured the gag in its place. Mr. Schwartz was perforce silent now.

The juniors were not taking risks. A sudden alarm might have brought round them more enemies than they were prepared to deal with.

"Better bring his clobber!" murmured the Bounder.

There was a chuckle. Mr. Schwartz had to go as he was, in his dressing-gown and slippers. But certainly it was advisable to take his clothes along with him.

Harry Wharton gathered up the clothes

*Eat less  
Bread*

in a bundle. Then the light was turned out, and Mr. Schwartz was marched out of the room in the midst of the raiders.

The Form-master trembled with sheer rage.

He had had some startling experiences with the Greyfriars Remove, but even now he could hardly believe that they were in earnest. It seemed like a dream to him.

With a strong grasp on either arm Mr. Schwartz was marched down the passage and the stairs in grim silence.

The big door of the School House was locked, and there was no exit that way. The party headed for Mr. Schwartz's study—formerly Mr. Quelch's—on the ground floor. They marched into it, and closed the door and locked it when they were inside.

Johnny Bull opened the window.

"Get out, Schwartz!" said Harry Wharton. The juniors did not waste a "Mr." on the Prussian Form-master.

Mr. Schwartz gurgled. He could not speak.

"We'll help you, as your paws are tied," said Harry. "But you've got to get out."

Gurgle!

The juniors bundled the unhappy Hun through the window. Squiff and Peter Todd, standing outside, received him, and set him on his feet, his dressing-gown flapping round him in the night wind.

Out in the quad the juniors gathered

round him again, and marched him away in the dim starlight.

In the gloom Mr. Schwartz's eyes were glittering like a rat's. But he could give no expression to the fury that burned in his breast.

He realised now that the juniors were in earnest. He was to be turned out of Greyfriars. There was no help for it! The rebels of the school had passed from the defensive to the offensive with a vengeance!

"The rotter has a key to the side gate," said Wharton. "Go through the pockets of his clobber."

While Squiff and Toddy held the Form-master, his clothes were spread on the ground, and the juniors searched them for a key. Each of the Greyfriars masters had a key to the private gate. It was found in Mr. Schwartz's waistcoat pocket, and Bob Cherry held it up.

"Here you are!"

"Good!"

Bob unlocked the little gate.

The raiders marched out with their prisoner, and the gate clicked shut behind them.

A hope dawned in Mr. Schwartz's breast that they intended to leave him there. In that case he could have attracted Gosling's attention, and gained admittance again. But the juniors had not finished yet.

They started down the road towards Friardale, taking the Prussian Form-master along with them.

Mr. Schwartz tramped on in silent fury, his dressing-gown whisking about his legs as he tramped.

It was like a nightmare to him; but it was only too real. He shivered in the keen wind from the sea as he tramped on.

Half-way to the village, at the cross-roads, the juniors halted.

Wharton threw down the bundle of clothes.

"Let him go!"

The gag was taken from Mr. Schwartz's mouth, and his hands were untied. He stood shivering, and gritting his teeth.

"There's your clobber, Schwartz! You can go into the wood and put 'em on. Don't come back to Greyfriars!"

"I—I—I—" stuttered the Form-master.

"You're sacked!" said the captain of the Remove. "Mind, if you come back, you'll be dealt with a bit more severely next time. If we have to handle you again, we shall shave your head and eyebrows as clean as a billiard-ball, and leave you like that. It won't be nice!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You dare not!" hissed Mr. Schwartz. "You—you young villain—you—you rascal! You dare not! I—I will—"

"Are you coming back, then?" asked Wharton quietly.

"Yes, yes, yes!" shrieked Mr. Schwartz furiously. "And—"

"Collar him!"

The enraged Form-master wriggled in the grasp of several pairs of hands. Harry Wharton took a penknife from his pocket, and opened it. The Prussian watched him with dilated eyes.

Gathering up Mr. Schwartz's hair with his left hand, Wharton calmly sawed at it with the blade.

Naturally, Wharton had had no experience as a barber, and it could not be said that the hair-cut was an artistic one. Neither was a penknife the best instrument for the purpose.

A few gashes and Mr. Schwartz's hair presented a really extraordinary sight. He was bald in several places in a few minutes.

"Stop, stop, stop!" panted the Form-master. "You—you— Stop, I beg of



you! Oh—ow! Stop! I beseech you—stop!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Will you keep away from Greyfriars?” asked Wharton, still lopping off lock after lock of hair, of which Mr. Schwartz had none too much.

“Yes—yes—anything!”

“Honour bright?”

“Yes!” groaned Mr. Schwartz.

Wharton closed his penknife with a snap.

“Good enough! Mind, next time I shall use scissors, and I won’t leave a single hair on your head. If you’re ever seen inside the gates of Greyfriars again, you Hun, you’ll go bald for the rest of your life!”

“The baldfulness will be terrific!” chuckled Hurree Singh.

“My hat! He does look a brute!” grinned Bob Cherry. “Mind how you show people that chivvy, Schwartz. You’ll give ‘em bad shocks.”

Mr. Schwartz ground his teeth with helpless rage. He knew that the gashing away of his front hair must have given him a very odd aspect. But he was glad to escape with the rest adhering to his head.

“Buzz off!” said Wharton.

The Form-master gathered up his clothes and bolted into the wood. With many chuckles; the juniors walked back to Greyfriars. Half an hour later they were safe in the Remove quarters again; and a surprise was awaiting Mr. Jeffreys when morning should dawn!

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Wingate is Fed Up!

**M**R. SCHWARTZ did not appear at breakfast in the morning. When the fellows went to the Form-rooms he had not been seen.

As the Remove were not at lessons, Mr. Schwartz had been idle during the barring-out. There was nothing for him to do at Greyfriars, save to concert with the Head measures for reducing the revolt. But later in the morning, Mr. Jeffreys, puzzled by his absence, went to his room.

He did not find Mr. Schwartz there.

But on the looking-glass there was a message written in chalk. Mr. Jeffreys looked at it, and rubbed his eyes, and looked again. The message ran:

“SACKED!

“Mr. Schwartz has been sacked by Order of the Remove. Prussian Huns are not wanted at Greyfriars.

“Jeffreys, take warning!

“RATS!”

“B-b-bless my soul!” stuttered Mr. Jeffreys. “The—the young villains! The—the insolent ruffians! The—the—the—”

Words failed the tyrant of Greyfriars. He rushed away to the Remove passage. Heads lined the barricade at once, as the headmaster came bouncing up the stairs.

“Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here’s Jeffreys!”

“Good-morning, old scout!”

“Where is Mr. Schwartz?” roared the Head.

“Going—going—gone!” chuckled Bob Cherry. “Gone from your gaze like a beautiful dream, dear boy!”

“Vamoosed the ranch, I guess!” chortled Fisher T. Fish.

“He’s sacked, Jeffreys!”

“You impertinent young scoundrels!”

“Cheese it!”

“Ring off, Jeffreys!”

“Give him a sardine-tin!”

Mr. Jeffreys dodged the sardine-tin.

“You—you—you—” he spluttered.

“Where is he? What have you done with your Form-master?”

“Turned him out,” said Harry Wharton calmly. “He’s not coming back, either. It will be bad for him if he does. But I think he won’t.”

“The won’tfulness is—”

“Terrific!” roared Bob Cherry. “Ha, ha, ha!”

“I—I—I—” Mr. Jeffreys shook a clenched fist at the grinning juniors.

“You shall suffer for this—you—Groooooogh!”

An egg from the Remove supplies too ancient even for Bunter to be able to tackle it, whizzed down the staircase. It squelched on Mr. Jeffreys’ nose.

“Gug-gug-goooooch!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

The Head fled down the stairs, with a powerful aroma clinging to him, and the Greyfriars rebels roared.

Mr. Jeffreys was busy with steaming water in a bath-room for some time after that. When he came to his study at last his face was like a beet, and there was still a faint odour of that ancient egg about his hair. The telephone-bell rang,

angry astonishment. “Are you wandering in your mind?”

“I mean, it was cut by the juniors.”

“Oh!”

“I am disfigured—I present a ridiculous sight!” came Mr. Schwartz’s voice trembling with rage. “I have taken a room at this hotel, and I must remain secluded until my hair grows again—weeks, perhaps. Wharton threatens that if I return he will shave me quite bald!”

“Pooh! A foolish threat!”

“How is he to be stopped if he chooses to carry out his threat? You cannot keep the juniors in order!”

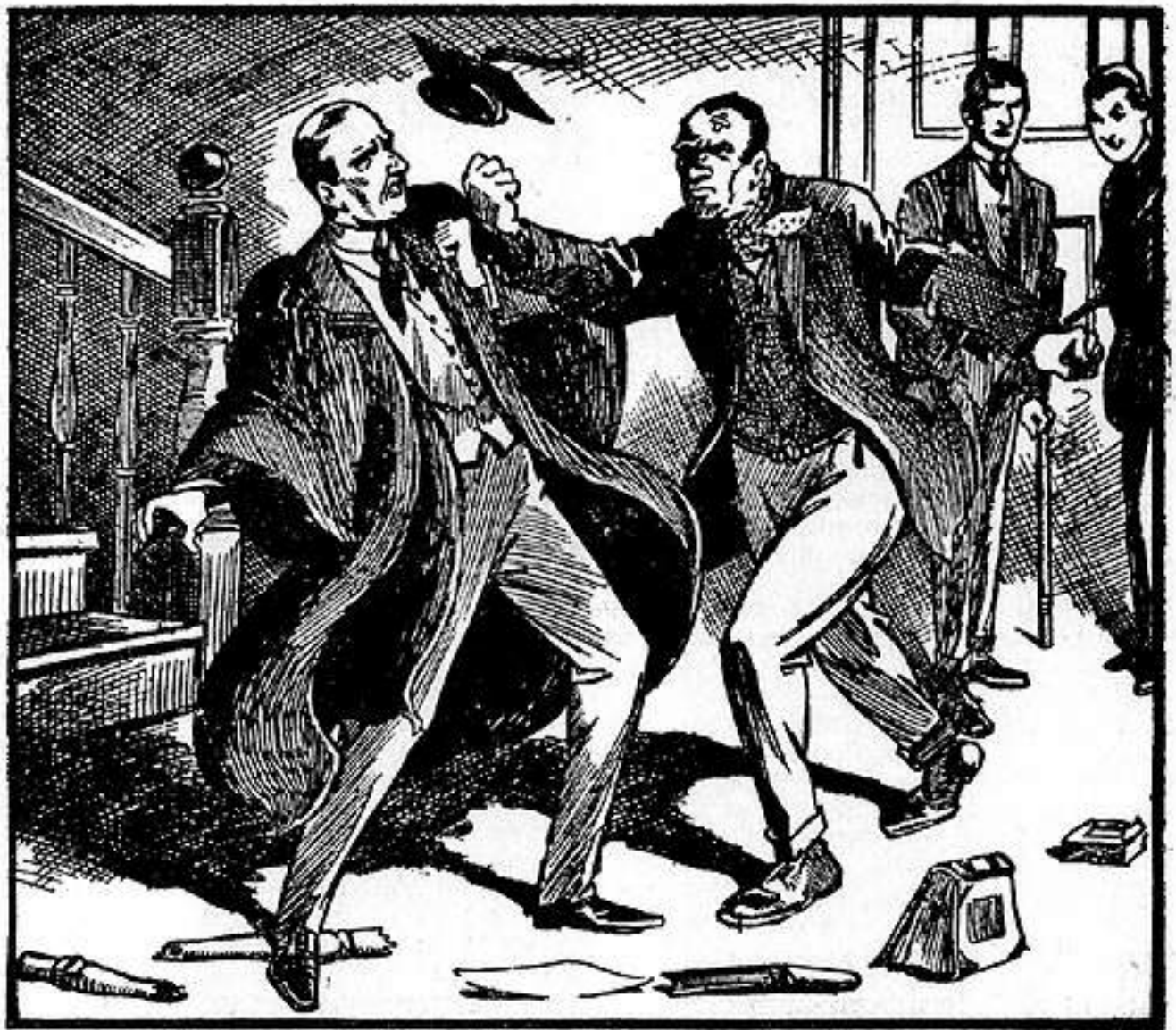
“What?”

“You cannot enforce discipline in the school!”

“Why, you—you—” stuttered Mr. Jeffreys, in breathless wrath.

Even Mr. Schwartz, the Hun he had selected to back up his tyrannic rule at Greyfriars, was raising the heel against him at last!

“I shall not risk it!” continued Mr. Schwartz. “I am disfigured now. I do



Mr. Sharper is not satisfied! (See Chapter 6.)

and he grabbed the receiver savagely off the hooks. Wingate’s letter was, before this, in the hands of the chairman of the governors, and the Head had a nervous apprehension that this might be a call from that distinguished gentleman. But the call was not from his lordship. It was Mr. Schwartz’s voice that came along the wires.

“Ah! Is that you, Schwartz?” exclaimed the Head.

“It is I, Mr. Jeffreys.”

“I have just learned that you were turned out somehow last night by Wharton and his friends. Why have you not returned?” snapped the Head.

“I do not intend to return!” snapped back Mr. Schwartz. “I have had more than enough of Greyfriars, sir! I beg to tender my resignation.”

“Pooh! Nonsense!”

“I have had my hair cut!” hissed Mr. Schwartz.

“What? What? What does it matter to me whether you have had your hair cut or not?” exclaimed the Head, in

not care to be a laughing-stock permanently. I refuse to set foot within the walls of Greyfriars again. I request you to have my belongings sent on here, the Courtfield Arms, and the balance of my salary due. That is all, Mr. Jeffreys. I wish you a very good-morning!”

“Mr. Schwartz—I—you—”

But Mr. Schwartz had rung off, and the Head jammed the receiver back on the hooks with a jam that nearly broke it.

The tyrant of Greyfriars paced his study in a furious temper. Schwartz, his own faithful retainer, had deserted him. He had not been much use, certainly, but his support, such as it was, was gone now. The tyrant had no support in the school.

Loder & Co., whom he had attached to his cause by giving them a free hand in tyrannising in their turn over the juniors, were more than fed up. They had had the worst of it, and they had shown very plainly their unwillingness to enter into any further conflict with the rebels.

The Sixth Form were against him to  
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 505.



a man; and, though their lofty dignity as the top Form of Greyfriars prevented them from joining in the barring-out, they ignored Mr. Jeffreys completely, and his authority over them was gone. It was only of their own free will that they kept on their Form-work, and the Head received little respect from them in the Form-room. There was not a single backer for the tyrant in all Greyfriars; even Gosling had declined any more scrapping with the rebels; even Mimble, the gardener, had threatened to give notice rather than go on the war-path any more.

What was to be done?

At any time now the governors might visit the school to inquire into the extraordinary state of affairs there, and this was the state in which they would find it!

Mr. Jeffreys simply had to find somebody to wreak his wrath upon. He strode from his study, and, meeting Trotter in the passage, boxed his ears, leaving the House-page in a state of wrath and bewilderment. That relieved Mr. Jeffreys' feelings a little; but he was still simmering when he came into the Sixth Form-room, where the seniors were waiting for him.

The Head was in no mood for Form-work. His temper soon broke out, and he slanged Wingate furiously, the Sixth-Formers looking on in contemptuous silence.

Wingate did not reply a single word, and his silence infuriated Mr. Jeffreys more than tart replies could have done. He seized a cane from the desk and lashed Wingate over the shoulders.

The captain of Greyfriars stood quite still for a moment in blank astonishment. There was a buzz from the Sixth.

Then Wingate advanced upon Mr. Jeffreys with a glitter in his eyes that made the new Head uneasy. Wingate's strong grasp closed on him, the cane was wrenched away, and Wingate led him to the door.

"Get out!" he said.

"Wingate!" panted the Head.

"Get out! We'll manage without you till the governors take the matter in hand. Don't come here, again!"

"Wingate! How dare——"

"I shall throw you out if you don't go, Mr. Jeffreys!"

The stalwart captain of Greyfriars was quite capable of doing it. Mr. Jeffreys quailed, and stepped out of the Form-room.

"You shall answer for this, Wingate!" Slam!

The door was closed on Mr. Jeffreys. From that moment the Sixth Form at Greyfriars were a law unto themselves.

Mr. Jeffreys returned to his study, white with rage. Trotter, sighting him in the corridor, fled precipitately, and he did not answer when Mr. Jeffreys rang the bell. Trotter had no desire to be a scapegoat; and, as he indignantly told the cook, he wasn't bound to stay. He could go on munitions any day he liked. And he left Mr. Jeffreys to play a solo on the bell till he was tired.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### The Big Push!

"I HAVE been thoughtfully reflecting," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur, as the rebels were sitting down to their dinner in the Remove passage. "Tinned grub," Bob Cherry called it; a "cold collation," as Cecil Reginald Temple put it more elegantly.

"Go hon!" said Nugent. "Pass that tin of Chicago mystery, Inky."

Hurree Jamet Ram Singh passed the tin.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 505.

"The thoughtfulness has been terrific," he went on, "and I have reflectively produced a wheezy good idea!"

"Go it, Inky!"

There had been a fresh accession of strength to the ranks of the rebels. Hobson of the Shell and nearly half his Form had joined them. The Shell fellows did not fancy going in to lessons as usual while the Remove and the Fourth were taking it so easy.

Mr. Hacker had kept his Form in hand till now, but now Hobson & Co. cheerfully decided to chuck it. The recruits were very welcome, though there was a warm argument when Hobson proposed taking the lead; and Hobson's proposal was rejected with scorn.

Dicky Nugent had come up, too, with a crowd of Second-Form fags, and Tubb and Bolsover minor had brought a swarm of the Third to swell the ranks. The Remove quarters, in fact, were getting uncomfortably crowded, and Wharton was beginning to have his doubts about how long the supply of provisions would last at this rate. Still, reinforcements were welcome; and of the fellows who still stayed out most were on the point of a declaration of independence. The revolt had been sure to spread if it was not promptly crushed, and certainly there was no sign that it would be crushed.

"We are getting swampfully crowded," continued the nabob. "And all the Shell and the Third and Second would joinupfully come along if we asked them. Hobson says the Head has quarrelled with the Sixth also. The factfulness is, my esteemed chums, that the time has come for a Big Push!"

"Oh!"

"The Big Pushfulness is the wheezy idea!" declared the nabob. "Now all the Lower School is on our side backupfully, and the seniors will not interfere to help the respected and ridiculous Head. If they did, there are enough of us to eat them dinnerfully. Let us undertake a Bigful Push, and drive the enemy out of his esteemed trenches."

"My hat!" said Bob. "It's a good idea! We could do it. Suppose we attack, what can Jeffreys do?"

"Loder & Co. are fed up by this time, I fancy," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "They couldn't do much, anyway. I fancy the Sixth would stand neutral. We don't want a scrap with the Sixth. But, at the worst, we could come back here; there's nothing to stop us."

"But what are you going to do with Jeffreys?" asked Temple of the Fourth.

"Same as Schwartz."

"Oh, by gad!"

"The ridiculous Jeffreys will be on guard to-night," said the nabob sagely. "He will see to the lockfulness and boltfulness of his door, after what has happened to the ludicrous Schwartz. But a daylight raid——"

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll jolly well try it!" exclaimed Wharton, jumping up. "It's time for a general advance along the whole line!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good!" said the Bounder. "The governors will come down sooner or later, and if they find that Jeffreys is cleared out, that will be proof enough that he isn't the right man for the job."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

"I say, you fellows, I'll stay here and—and keep watch!" said Billy Bunter hastily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You will come with us," said Bob Cherry. "We don't want all the grub to do the vanishing trick while we're gone!"

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"Besides, we want you to inspire us with your example of tremendous

courage," said Bob. "You can be the chap to tackle Jeffreys, in case he lands out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm not afraid of Jeffreys, of course," said Bunter. "But, on the whole, I think I'd better take a rest after dinner. I've got my digestion to think of."

"On the whole, you're going to keep away from the grub!" grinned Bob Cherry. "I'm going to lead you to the battle by the ear, my fat tulip!"

"And I'll help from behind with my boot!" said Peter Todd.

"We're all in this!" said Harry Wharton decidedly. "Every fellow here has got to back up, even Snoop and Fishy!"

"I guess I'm your antelope!" said Fisher T. Fish. "You leave the whole bizney in my hands, and I calculate I'll pull you through, same as the Yewnited States is doing with the war, you know!"

"Bow-wow!"

The call to arms went forth at once. Most of the rebels were excited at the idea of a big push. In fact, during the barring-out, the forces of the Remove side had very much strengthened, and there were plenty more recruits at hand; while the Head had been left without support. Schwartz was gone, Loder & Co. were quite fed up, and the Sixth Form were disgusted and hostile.

The Fifth were not likely to interfere. It was no business of theirs, and they, too, had smarted under Mr. Jeffreys' tyranny. And if they did interfere, the army of rebels was quite ready to deal with them.

There was little doubt that everybody at Greyfriars would be glad to see the new Head booted out of the school. And that was the plan now in hand.

Harry Wharton marshalled his forces in the Remove passage, which swarmed from end to end with them—Remove, Fourth, Shell, Third, and Second. Some of them were a little awed by the enterprise, but all lined up, the fags being placed in the rear. And now the barricade on the Remove staircase, which had resisted so many attacks, was partially removed, to allow the army to march out for the Big Push.

Afternoon lessons were going on, in a desultory way, in some of the Form-rooms. The Sixth were looking after themselves, Mr. Prout was in charge of the Fifth, and a remnant of the Shell was with Mr. Hacker. The passages and stairs were deserted.

Mr. Jeffreys' quarrel with the Sixth was known all over Greyfriars, and the late recruits had brought the news to the rebels. Had the Head been in the Sixth Form-room, it was doubtful whether the seniors would have allowed him to be handled there by the juniors. But he was not there—all the school knew that the top Form would have nothing further to do with him. Wingate, desirous of keeping as much order as possible, arranged work for the Sixth, and most of them turned up, only Loder & Co. remaining away for a little smoking-party in Loder's study. Loder & Co., like most of the fellows, were taking advantage of the general relaxation of discipline.

"I suppose the old bird's in his study," remarked Vernon-Smith. "Let's look there first, anyway."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Trotter! Trotter, where's the Head?"

Trotter stared at the swarm of juniors and grinned.

"Mr. Jeffreys is in his study—in Dr. Locke's study, I mean," he replied. "Which he's in a awful temper, sir. Mildred's given notice."

"Oh, she has, has she?"

"Which I wouldn't answer the bell, and I sticks to it!" said Trotter. "I ain't 'ere to 'ave my 'ead punched by that old 'Un! I says to the cook, says I,



"I can get a job on munitions for the askin'," I says, "and I don't care if it's the sack!" I says. So I ain't answered the bell. And Mildred went, and Mr. Jeffreys called her names—actually slanged the 'ousemaid, sir, he was that wild! And Mildred she give notice. Cook says that if he says 'arf a word to 'er, she'll give notice, too!" added Trotter triumphantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Trouble below stairs as well as above!" grinned Cecil Reginald Temple. "Old Jeffreys has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf."

"Mildred needn't bother about notice, Trotty," said Harry Wharton laughing. "We're going to give Jeffreys the sack!"

"My heye!" ejaculated Trotter.  
"We're going to serve notice to quit on him, and see it put into effect!" said Peter Todd. "Come on, my hearties!"

"March!" said Bob Cherry.  
"Hurrah!"

And the rebel army marched on the Head's study. Bob Cherry hurled the door open with a crash, and they swarmed in—as many as could get in. The rest swarmed in the passage, and yelled.

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Drummed Out!

**M**R. JEFFREYS was pacing his study with an almost haggard face.

In his desperation and helplessness he had been considering whether to resign his appointment and wash his hands of Greyfriars and all its works.

He had not made up his mind on that point, but the rebels had made up theirs for him, as it happened.

He faced the Greyfriars fellows as they crowded in, his hands clenched, and his eyes glittering under his bent brows.

The visit was a surprise to him, and for a moment, perhaps, he hoped that it meant surrender on the part of the rebels.

"Wharton!" he exclaimed. "You—you have come here to—"

He broke off. There was not much sign of surrender about the juniors.

"We've come for you, Mr. Jeffreys!" said the Bounder, with a grin. "It's the order of the merry boot!"

"What? What?"

"It's time for you to go, sir!" said Harry Wharton quietly.

"To—to go!" repeated the new headmaster dazedly.

"Exactly, esteemed and disgusting sahib!"

"Are you mad?" shouted Mr. Jeffreys, backing away, with clenched hands, as the juniors advanced upon him.

"Not at allfully!"

"Not quite!" said Bob Cherry. "Greyfriars is fed up with you, sir. You've got to go!"

"Cherry!"

"Sentence has been passed by the Remove," explained the Bounder.

"The Fourth, you mean!" exclaimed Temple warmly.

"What about the Shell?" roared Hobson.

"Order!" rapped out Harry Wharton. "Mr. Jeffreys, you've got to go, and we're going to escort you out of the gates of Greyfriars!"

"Hear, hear!"

"You must be out of your senses!" panted Mr. Jeffreys.

"Not at all! You're going! The question is, are you going quietly, or do you prefer to be drummed out?"

"Drum him out!" roared the juniors. "Hurrah!"

"You—you—" panted the Head. His self-restraint failed him, and he

made a furious rush at the captain of the Remove.

"Back up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Collar him!"

"Down with Jeffreys!"

"Hurrah!"

Like the waves of the sea the army flowed over the headmaster. He was fairly swamped by the rush of the juniors.

In reckless fury he struck out on all sides, and several of the juniors rolled over, roaring. But Mr. Jeffreys went down, disappearing under the wave of attack. His gasping voice was heard, under a dozen juniors.

"Oh, oh! Ow! Yow!"

"Sit on him!"

"Where's Bunter? Let Bunter sit on him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Billy Bunter was not in the forefront of the battle. He had dodged away, to make a frontal attack on the provisions in the Remove box-room. But there were enough sitting on the unhappy Jeffreys. That gentleman felt as if he were being reduced to the flatness of a pancake.

"Fasten his fins!" said Vernon-Smith.

Peter Todd cheerfully ripped strips off the headmaster's gown, and tied his wrists together with them. Then he was jerked to his feet.

His face was crimson with rage, and a torrent of furious words poured from his lips. The juniors did not heed.

"Take his arms, Temple and Bob!" rapped out Wharton. "March him out!"

"Hurrah!"

"You shall suffer for this!" roared Jeffreys. "I shall return! I shall call in the police! I—I—I—"

"Then you'll have a lesson before you go, and you may get as much sense as Schwartz, and stay away!" said the Bounder coolly. "Hold on a tick, you fellows!"

The fellows held on, and the Bounder shovelled down soot from the chimney. There was a bottle of gum, with a brush, on the headmaster's desk. Vernon-Smith poured out the gum on the soot, and mixed them together with the brush.

The juniors watched him, chortling. Mr. Jeffreys watched him with terrified and furious apprehension. The Bounder mixed the soot and the gum to a suitable consistency, and then approached the headmaster. Mr. Jeffreys strove to back away, but Temple and Bob Cherry held his arms firmly.

With a calm and methodical hand the Bounder proceeded to paint the red and furious face of the headmaster.

Yells of laughter greeted the transformation.

The crimson face disappeared under the coating of black. From the roots of the hair to the edge of the collar, Vernon-Smith painted soot and gum, including the ears. The aspect of Mr. Jeffreys when the Bounder had finished was simply extraordinary.

"Ha, ha, ha!" rang down the corridor, in a roar that echoed from one end of Greyfriars to the other.

"Finished, Smithy?" chuckled Wharton.

"Not quite! Hold on a tick!"

The Bounder twisted a sheet of foolscap into a "fool's cap," and set it on the furious man's head. He ladled gum on Mr. Jeffreys' hair to keep the headgear in position. And on the white paper he daubed in ink, in large capital letters:

**SACKED!**

"Now march!" grinned the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"March, you beggars!"

"Get a move on, Jeffreys!"

Out of the study moved the unhappy tyrant of Greyfriars, upon whose devoted head retribution had fallen at last.

He would have held back, but the grip on his arms forced him onward, and behind him a lunging cricket-stump persuaded him to move.

Down the wide corridor they went in an imposing procession.

Fellows who were in the Form-rooms slipped out, heedless of the masters, as they heard the uproar. They joined the shouting procession, with yells of laughter.

Johnny Bull rushed up to the Remove passage for his concertina. Nugent fetched his flute, and Bob Cherry his mouth-organ. A dozen fellows found tin cans or pails, which they smote with cricket-stumps, producing a kind of music that outdid Wagner when he was most Wagnerian. The most modern of German composers would have listened to it with admiring despair. Even Richard Strauss had never produced anything quite like it.

Crash, crash! Bang! Thump! Bang! Shriek! Scream! Yell! Thump, thump, thump! Bang! Clatter!

Mr. Jeffreys would probably have put his fingers to his ears if he had been able to do so. As it was, all he could do was to grind his teeth, and the contortions of his blackened face were irresistibly comic.

Out by the great door, down the steps into the quadrangle, the Greyfriars juniors marched, with a terrific crash of ceaseless noise and incessant shouting.

Bang, bang! Crash!

"Hurrah!"

"Drum him out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hardly a fellow was left in the Form-rooms now. They had all crowded out—most of them to join in the uproar.

There was no doubt that the rebels of Greyfriars had matters all their own way now. Loder looked from his study window, and promptly locked his door. He did not want any. Loder's door was tried once or twice, but the fellows found it locked, and passed on.

In the quadrangle the Fifth Form were looking on, yelling with laughter. Mr. Jeffreys had no help to expect from them. Indeed, Coker and several other fellows, mindful of severe canings, joined in the procession, and took the opportunity to tell Mr. Jeffreys what they thought of him.

Wingate came out into the quad—most of the Sixth were with him, or at the Form-room windows. But they did not interfere. They would not have been allowed to interfere, as a matter of fact; and they were not disposed to face a battle-royal with the rest of Greyfriars for the sake of the unpopular tyrant. Mr. Jeffreys had asked for it, there was no doubt about that; and now he had got it, and that was all! Wingate, in point of fact, was yelling with laughter. The blackened face and fool's cap of the fallen tyrant was too much for his seriousness.

Bang, bang! Crash! Yell!

Johnny Bull's concertina was going great guns, and Bob Cherry's mouth-organ added lively discord. Nugent's flute was nearly drowned, but it did its little best. And the cricket-stumps smote incessantly upon can and pail with a din that rang far beyond the ancient walls of Greyfriars.

Amid such uproar the procession tramped on to the gates. Gosling came out of his lodge, and almost fell down at the sight of the black-faced, wild-eyed man marching at the head of the uproarious army.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling. "Who—who is that there nigger?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The niggerfulness is not terrific, my esteemed Gosling. It is our respected and disgusting Head!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 505.



"My honly 'at!" stuttered Gosling.  
 "You young sweeps—"  
 "Get aside, Gosling!"  
 "Wot I says is this 'ere—"  
 "Biff him over!"

Gosling dodged back into his lodge and bolted the door. There was no telling what might happen next. Gosling did not want to be drummed out, too.

"March on!" rapped out Wharton.  
 "Hurrah!"

The procession swept out through the old gateway into the road. Mr. Jeffreys, hoarse with rage, was stuttering something, but his voice could not be heard in the din.

"Halt!"

The army clattered to a stop in the road.

"Silence!"

The din died down, save for the occasional clatter of a can. Harry Wharton loosened the hands of the headmaster, and pointed down the road.

"You can go!" he said. "Come back, and you'll be shaven bald, tarred and feathered, and kicked out again! Take warning!"

"Yes, rather!"

"You—you—you—" stuttered Mr. Jeffreys.

"Buzz off!" commanded Wharton.  
 "Play him out, you chaps!"

Bang, bang! Clang! Bang! Thump! The music burst out again in full fury, drowning the fierce words that poured from the headmaster's lips. The Bouncer lunged with his stump, and Mr. Jeffreys hopped forward. Another lunge, and he was fairly going.

Down the road he went, gesticulating with rage, the perspiration pouring down through the soot and gum on his face. Once Mr. Jeffreys turned, but a dozen lunging stumps drove him on, and he started again. The deafening band accompanied him down the road, banging away with terrific vigour. And the unfortunate tyrant of Greyfriars, nearly punctured in a dozen places by the stumps, took to his heels at last and bolted.

Then, with loud and ringing cheers, the rebels marched back into the school. The barring-out had ended in a sweeping triumph, and the tyrant of Greyfriars was gone!

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Victory!

THERE was tremendous rejoicing at Greyfriars that afternoon.

Fellows processed and cheered to their hearts' content, and many keen eyes were open to watch for Mr. Jeffreys if he should venture to return.

But the new Head did not come back.

Probably he had had quite an interesting time when he reached Friardale with his blackened face. What happened to him there the rebels did not know or care. He had gone, and that was enough for them. He did not return, and it was pretty certain that he never would return. He had learned at last to understand that Greyfriars meant business. Tarring and feathering, and a still more ignominious drumming-out awaited him if he returned; and the tyrant, fallen so low, wisely decided that it was not good enough!

The prefects did not interfere with the victorious rebels. The school was in a state of riot, and interference would not have been tolerated. It was only by the strenuous opposition of Harry Wharton that the exuberant juniors were kept from drumming-out Loder & Co. in the same manner. But Wharton felt that that had gone far enough. Loder & Co. were routed out of their study, and made to beg pardon on their knees in the quadrangle.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 505.

range, and then given the frog's-march round the quad—and they were glad to escape with that.

The Form-masters made no attempt to interfere. The school was too utterly out of hand for that.

But now that complete triumph had been won, Harry Wharton was considering the position seriously. He called his chums into council, and later in the afternoon a mass meeting was called in the Rag.

Harry Wharton addressed the meeting, mounted upon the table, with nearly all the Lower School of Greyfriars swarming round him.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Gentlemen, the Greyfriars Revolution has been as big a success as the Russian Revolution. The Tsar of Greyfriars, like the Tsar of Russia, has been kicked out—"

"Hurrah!"

"We're done with Jeffreys and all his works—"

"Bravo!"

"And now, gentlemen of Greyfriars, the time has come for the re-establishment of law and order!"

"Oh!"

"Rot!" bawled Bolsover major. "No law and order for me! Why should we do any more lessons at all? Hurrah for freedom!"

"Long live the merry revolution!" yelled Skinner. "No more work for me! Let lessons go hang! Law and order be blowed!"

"Gentlemen—"

"We'll do as we like!" roared Bolsover major. "And if any of the prefects chip in, we'll kick 'em out after Jeffreys!"

"And the masters, too!" howled Billy Bunter. "Freedom, and plenty of grub—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Order!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Silence for the chair! Shut up!"

"Gentlemen"—Harry Wharton succeeded in making his voice heard at last—"we have rebelled to fight for our rights, like the glorious Russian revolutionists. But rebellion should never be allowed to degenerate into riot."

"You've got that out of a book!" snorted Bolsover major.

"Let's have a dashed Republic!" shouted Skinner. "No more masters, no more Head, no more prefects, no more anything!"

"Hurrah!"

"Gentlemen, in a short time the governors of the school will be down here. This is a school, not a bear-garden. Having won the victory, and gained our point, we are bound to return to our duty—on condition, of course, that Jeffreys does not come back."

"Yes, rather!"

"When the governors come down," resumed Wharton, "we don't want them to find us beating tin cans and playing the giddy ox. That might give them an impression—a false impression, of course—that we were in the wrong. We've got to prove that we were in the right by playing the game now that we've cleared out the tyrant."

"Hear, hear!"

"Our object in rebelling was to stand up for our rights, not to cause riot in the school. We are bound to submit to just authority. Gentlemen, I propose a deputation to Wingate of the Sixth—"

"Good old Wingate!"

"To request him to take matters in hand till the governors arrive. And to ask him to send for Mr. Quelch at once—he knows his address. And when the governors come they've got to find Greyfriars proceeding on the even tenor of its way—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Which will prove that we were in the right all along the line, and that the barring-out was only caused by Jeffreys."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hands up for the resolution!"

A crowd of hands went up. There were a good many dissentients. Bolsover major and some others were in favour of further riots. As Milton remarked of old, "License they meant when they cried liberty." But the great majority was with the captain of the Remove. Having gained their point, they had evidently nothing more to rebel about. It was time for the restoration of order, and all but a few reckless spirits acknowledged it.

The resolution was passed ten to one, and a deputation, consisting of the heads of the Remove, Fourth, and Shell, proceeded at once to Wingate's study, to interview the captain of Greyfriars.

Wingate was at tea when Wharton, Temple, and Hobson presented themselves. He looked at them with rather grim inquiry.

"Well?" he said.

"Jeffreys is gone!" said Wharton. "The barring-out is over!"

"The revolution has effected its purpose!" said Cecil Reginald Temple loftily. "So long as Jeffreys doesn't come back, Wingate, we're willin' to let things go on as before."

"That's it!" said Hobson.

"We want you to take charge, as captain of Greyfriars," continued Wharton. "And we want you to telegraph to Mr. Quelch. And we guarantee that orders will be obeyed and proper discipline restored, it being understood that Jeffreys keeps away."

Wingate smiled slightly.

"I don't think he's likely to come back!" he said. "You're doing a sensible thing in this, Wharton. Unless order is restored, it means that the school will go to pieces, and you can't want that."

"Exactly! We place ourselves under your orders!" said Harry. "Any fellow disputing proper authority will be dealt with."

"Very good! Get on your bike, and take a telegram for me."

"Right-ho!"

Five minutes later Harry Wharton was pedalling down to the village post-office with a telegram for Mr. Quelch. After that the victorious rebels were busy removing the signs of the late warfare, so far as was possible, from the Remove passage. They wanted their Form-master to find everything orderly. The more cool-headed fellows realised that their victory, complete as it was, could only be secured by making it clear that they had rebelled against tyranny, and were prepared to respect just authority. That was Wharton's point, and most of the school agreed with him. And when Bolsover major ventured to cheek Wingate, he was promptly collared and bumped by his fellow-Removites as a warning, which proved efficacious. And when a band of excited fags of the Thrid Form mooted the scheme of barring-out on their own, in their Form-room, they were promptly called to order; and a series of bumpings on the Form-room floor made them willing—indeed, anxious—to give up the scheme.

During the evening Mr. Quelch arrived at Greyfriars. The Remove met their old Form-master in the quadrangle, and greeted him with a respectful cheer. Mr. Quelch was in a somewhat perplexed frame of mind, in the unusual circumstances, but he had not felt that he could refuse Wingate's appeal when he was informed that Mr. Jeffreys was gone for good.



The Remove-master had an interview with Wingate in his study, and then he consulted with the other masters. It was arranged that Mr. Prout, as senior master, should act as headmaster pro tem., till the decision of the governing Board was known. Mr. Prout was a good-natured gentleman, and not at all likely to follow in the footsteps of the unlamented Jeffreys. That evening at Greyfriars all was calm and bright, as Bob Cherry expressed it. And Hurree Jamset Ram Singh declared that the calmfulness and the brightness were terrific.

The next day the governors arrived.

They came down in a grim mood, expecting to find the school in a state of riot, and probably somewhat at a loss how to deal with it.

To their surprise and evident satisfaction they found Greyfriars pursuing the even tenor of its way. The Forms were in the Form-rooms at lessons; there was no sign of disorder, no sign of insubordination. The barring-out was a thing of the past. Every sign of it had vanished. Certainly it would have broken out again if Mr. Jeffreys had returned. Upon that point the Greyfriars fellows were firm as adamant.

But, fortunately, the august governors took a wise view of the situation. They held a session in the governors' room, and questioned the masters and the captain of the school, and formed a pretty fair estimate of Mr. Jeffreys' shortcomings. As Wharton had sagely pointed out to his followers, the fact that order was restored immediately Jeffreys was gone

was an undeniable proof that Mr. Jeffreys had been personally the cause of all the trouble. With everything at the school in apple-pie order, so to speak, the governors had little fault to find, and they very wisely decided that the outbreak was to be buried in oblivion, and treated as if it had not occurred, and that Mr. Jeffreys was not to set foot within the gates of Greyfriars again.

Which decision brought great satisfaction to the heroes of the barring-out and to Greyfriars generally. And it was, indeed, a very satisfactory result of the rebels' victory!

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

# THE GREYFRIARS GALLERY.

No. 41.—GOSLING.

**G**OSLING is an institution at Greyfriars. It would be hard to imagine the place without him.

But that is not to say that Greyfriars loves Gosling.

He is a notorious character, rather than a popular and beloved one; and, indeed, he has done little enough to make himself either popular or beloved. He has all the makings of a tyrant in him. An educated Gosling would make a singularly unpleasant master, very fond of using the cane, and very prone to unnecessary suspicion.

There may be, however, some excuse for Gosling's dislike of boys in general. He has suffered from them a good deal, though he himself has been to blame for many of his sufferings.

One of our earliest meetings with the Greyfriars janitor shows him bringing letters to Study No. 1 for Bunter—then an inmate of that celebrated apartment—and led in by his ear by Bob Cherry.

"The himperence of you himps is hawful!" said Gosling. Something of that sort he has said many times since.

Gosling gave no sign of appreciating humour then; but he has a certain dry humour of his own, and one remembers his pulling the legs of Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Mark Linley on a time. They were in search of Tom Brown, and asked Gosling if he had seen Brown. Gosling had where had he gone? To the village. What for? "Because he lives there, I persoom," said Gosling. He knew very well whom they meant: but he was talking about Brown, the greengrocer.

The Greyfriars porter is not of the stuff of which heroes are made. Many times has he shown funk in a crisis. When Julius, the tiger, was let out of his cage by Billy Bunter, and appeared at the school, Gosling bolted into his lodge, and no persuasion could get him out again. He would not emerge at Mr. Quelch's bidding to unlock the gates for the beast to be taken out, although there was no real danger then.

Billy Bunter once got trapped by Bulstrode and Skinner in the loft of the wood-shed, and besought Gosling to bring a ladder.

"Yes," said Gosling, "it's 'Mr. Gosling' now, but it's 'Old Gos' or 'Silly old Gos' other times." And Bunter might have stayed there. But the Head happened along, and Gosling at once protested that he was just going to help the junior down.

Harry Wharton & Co. had an adventure with a bull once, and came home in a very dilapidated condition. They told Gosling it was the fault of the bull. He told Mr. Quelch that they had arrived the worse for drink, and said that Johnny Bull had led them into it. There is something of the sneak about our friend Gosling, you see, for it was certainly not any zeal for total abstinence that led him to lay his report. His



principles, as he himself says, are "strick teetotalism and gin-and-water"—rather a difficult combination! It is not the teetotal part, one presumes, which has coloured the nose and sometimes blears the eyes and affects the walk of Gosling!

Alonzo once presented him with a gratuity of twopence, and begged him not to buy a bottle of gin or whisky with that princely sum. But Gosling knows more about the price of such things than the gentle Lonzy. He replied that he should invest half the tip in Consols, and store the rest in barrels in the cellar!

There is snobbery in Gosling. He is always inclined to suspect a person who is not too well dressed of being a wrong 'un. Dick Penfold put him in his proper place when Gosling attempted to treat him as of no account because he was the village shoemaker's son.

Gosling is by no means fond of work. His job at the lodge does not mean much in that way, and he strongly resents being asked to do anything extra.

When Bob Cherry and Inky held the fort in the old tower there was extra work for Gosling, of course. He was one of the besiegers; and they captured him on the top, and threatened to cut off his head, which put the absurd old fellow into a deadly funk.

He was backing up the Head then, though not with all his heart in it. A little later we find him in conflict with the Head, and waxing extraordinarily impertinent. The whole domestic staff had struck, in consequence of the sacking of one of its members, and Gos-

ling was spokesman of the deputation which went to the Head.

It is a sign of the broad-mindedness and the forgiving spirit of the Head that William Gosling still occupies the lodge. Not many men would have borne such talk as this:

"We came to this study to make you learn sense and do the proper thing! An' we ain't goin' to leave until you consents to reinstate Dibbs! That's flat, ain't it, sir?" Much too flat! Again: "Hobstinate hold mule!" And: "Hi halways thought you was a lot too big for your boots, an' now I tell you so to yer face!"

Gosling promptly ran away when he saw what he supposed to be a gang of dangerous ruffians in the Close. They were disguised Removites, but that did not alter the cowardice of it. But Gosling holds that his duties do not include taking any risk whatever. He is there to open and shut the gates, not to look after the safety of the place and those in it!

It was Gosling's rum which—disguised as the Marvellous Mixture—caused an awful lapse on the part of the mild Alonzo. But that was only one of Wun Lung's heathen tricks.

But the old rascal, cowardly, snobbish, impudent on occasion, sneakish at times, inclined to use the very small measure of authority given him tyrannously, yet has his good points. He was really sympathetic with Bulstrode major when Bulstrode minor lay at the point of death. The hard old heart can be touched. There are not many people who have found a place in it, perhaps, but Percy Locke, the Head's one-time ne'er-do-weel nephew, is one of them. For him Gosling would do almost anything; and his joy was great when young Locke, who had been masquerading at the school as Mr. Brown, came forward in his true colours, and showed up Dandy Jim, the criminal, who had taken his name and was disgracing it.

The Remove do not love Gosling, but they recognised that there might be a worse porter than he when Mr. Bunn came along. Mr. Bunn played King Stork till he made Gosling seem a mere King Log by comparison. But then Mr. Bunn was Cecil Ponsonby, of Highcliffe, who only did it to annoy.

And the Remove had any amount of sympathy for Gosling when he got the bad news that his nephew at the Front had lost a leg. They went with him to the station when he journeyed to see the wounded warrior, and were kind to him in ways that one doubts his appreciating. But probably he understood that they meant well.

One last picture. Can you remember the solid Gosling picked up under the arm of Mr. Sawyer, the pugilistic trainer, a man of mighty strength, and marched off thus as if he were a mere infant?

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 505.



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

## THE CASE OF THE HIDDEN HUN!

An Adventure of Herlock Sholmes.

By PETER TODD.

I.

**B** UZZZZZZ!  
With a bored look Herlock Sholmes took up the receiver.

He made me a sign to be silent, and I laid down the breakfast loaf and the pickaxe.

From the fact that he ejaculated "Oh, jiminy! Strike me pink!" I concluded that Sholmes was receiving a startling communication over the wires.

I was right.  
He laid down the receiver at last, and turned to me with a grave expression upon his face.

"A serious matter, Sholmes?" I ventured to ask.

"Very serious, Jotson. The call was from the Red Tape Department of the Circumlocution Office. Fortunately, I shall be able to deal with the matter—perhaps sooner than they think at the Red Tape Department." He smiled. "The Baron Pikkald Unyunz is in England, Jotson."

I started.  
"The German diplomatist, Sholmes?"  
"The same!"  
"Good heavens!"

I gazed at Herlock Sholmes in amazement and consternation.

Wherever German intrigue and treachery had been at work—that is to say, in every corner of the earth from Peru to Peckham Eye—the name of Pikkald Unyunz was known.

"In England, Sholmes?" I faltered.  
"Such is my information from the Red Tape Department. They have just learned of it."

"How long has he been in this country, Sholmes?"

"From the fact that the Red Tape Department has just learned of his presence, Jotson, I deduce that he has been here a considerable time."

"No doubt," I assented. "He must be in disguise, Sholmes."

"Probably. However, he will be run to earth. His business here, Jotson, is to confer with the pro-Germans, and perhaps to cause a rising of the German bakers."

"Sholmes!"  
"Some such scheme, Jotson, is undoubtedly working in that cunning brain. If the plot should be a success, think of the result. London, perhaps, suddenly attacked in the dead of night by hordes of ferocious bakers and confectioners, aided by the savage, untamed Conscientious Objector!"

I shuddered.  
"However, I am here!" said Sholmes reassuringly.

I breathed again.  
After all, with Herlock Sholmes upon the spot, even the machinations of the Baron Pikkald Unyunz, cunning as he was, would be foiled, diddled, dished, and done.

"I am requested," drawled Sholmes, "to track down the scoundrel. The official police, of course, are useless. The villain's presence is known—that is all. Already he has been at work. I have not the slightest doubt that he was at the bottom of the recent plot to assassinate the Secretary of the Chinwag Office by putting war-bread into his soup, Jotson. He has attempted to tamper with Labour—with the engineer and the engine there!"

"Good heavens!"  
"He is at the bottom of the war-profiteering which has caused so much unrest," continued Sholmes. "But for German intrigue, Jotson, no one would think of charging more for his goods than they were actually worth."

"I am sure of it, Sholmes. Let us start at once!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet. "Do not let the foul Hun remain at liberty a moment longer!"

"Back pedal, my dear fellow!" drawled Sholmes. "He has to be found before he can be arrested."

"True!" I exclaimed.  
"However, I have a clue."

I gazed at Sholmes in amazement.  
"But it is only a few minutes, Sholmes, since you learned that the Baron Pikkald Unyunz was in this country at all."

Sholmes shrugged his shoulders carelessly.  
"Excuse me, Sholmes," I said. "I should not be surprised at anything you say, knowing you as I do. I had forgotten, for the moment, the remarkable powers of your terrific non-stop brain. But the clue?"

"Hand me the 'Chronic Daily,' Jotson."  
I passed the newspaper to Herlock Sholmes.  
"With the assistance of this journal, Jotson, I hope to track the villain down," observed Sholmes.

"My dear Sholmes!" I murmured.

"You do not see how, Jotson?"  
"Surely, Sholmes, a German diplomatist cannot be laid low, like a house-fly, by means of a newspaper!" I exclaimed.

"That is not my method, Jotson. Listen!"  
Sholmes read aloud a paragraph from the 'Chronic Daily.'

It ran:

"A state of considerable alarm exists in the neighbourhood of Snooker Street. For a considerable time past strange and unearthly odours have been noticed in this quarter. The drainage system has been completely overhauled, but the evil cannot be traced to this source. It is a mystery which baffles the sanitary authorities, and occupants of the houses are beginning to move away. There have been as yet no deaths, but illness is prevalent, evidently owing to the strange and terrible scent which pervades the vicinity. The medical profession is quite at a loss."

I listened in silence.  
As a medical man, I was interested in the peculiar case reported in the "Chronic Daily." But I failed to see any connection between the epidemic of strange odours in Snooker Street and the secret mission of the Hun intriguer.

Sholmes laid down the paper.  
"An interesting matter, Jotson!" he remarked.

"Extremely so," I replied.  
"As a medical man, Jotson, to what would you attribute this strange and apparently unaccountable outbreak of weird smells in the Snooker Street district?"

I shook my head.  
"Unless someone in the neighbourhood has been hoarding Chicago beef, Sholmes, and has carelessly allowed it to escape from the tins, I cannot account for it."

"Well, we shall see!" remarked Sholmes, with his inscrutable smile. "Come!"

"Where are we going, Sholmes?"  
"To Snooker Street."

"But the German diplomatist!" I exclaimed. "Surely, Sholmes, the first business in hand is to track down the iniquitous Pikkald Unyunz!"

"Wait and see!" replied Sholmes.  
He took me gently by the nose and led me from the room.

II.

**I** WAS amazed.  
This, however, was my usual state when engaged with Herlock Sholmes upon one of his remarkable cases. I was, therefore, becoming accustomed to it.

We took the motor-bus at the corner of Shaker Street. Here Herlock Sholmes' well-known skill as a boxer was very useful. After a successful engagement we boarded the motor-bus, and were carried away in the direction of Snooker Street.

"Here we are, Jotson," said Sholmes, at last, when the bus stopped, and we alighted, fighting our way shoulder to shoulder to the pavement.

As we walked down Snooker Street we

became aware of the strange and terrible odour described in the "Chronic Daily."

Sholmes sniffed at it, and nodded, as if satisfied.

"You notice it, Jotson?" he inquired.

"It is terrible, Sholmes!"  
"Like many fearful things, Jotson, it may serve a useful purpose."

"Sholmes," I murmured faintly, "why are we here? I feel that I shall be overcome—I am not so strong as I once was. I have never smelt anything so terrible as this, since I was in a German restaurant in Hamburg before the war."

"Exactly!" said Sholmes. "Follow the scent with me, Jotson, and when we have ascertained where it is most powerful—he smiled—"then, Jotson, we shall see!"

"But how will you discover—"

"Perfectly simple, my dear fellow. Where the scent is strongest we shall find that the odour is most powerful."

"Marvellous!" I exclaimed, amazed once more by the masterly reasoning of my astounding friend.

We pursued our way, Herlock Sholmes with his nose stretched out in advance, sniffing incessantly.

Sholmes' nose was an unfailing guide.

As we proceeded the scent grew stronger and stronger, and I could only hope that my strength would hold out to the finish. Even Sholmes, man of iron as he was, was a little pale.

We stopped at last at a door, and Sholmes opened it with a skeleton-key. We rushed into the house.

A man was seated at a table before a strongly-smelling dish, from which he was eating with evident relish.

He sprang to his feet as we rushed in.

"Surrender!" exclaimed Sholmes.  
"Mein Gott! Was ist das?"

Clink!

The handcuffs were on his wrists in the twinkling of an eye.

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed. "Who is this man?"

My amazing friend smiled.

"I arrest you in the name of the Red Tape Department, Baron Pikkald Unyunz!" he said distinctly.

"Pikkald Unyunz!" I exclaimed.

"The same, Jotson! Take his other ear and bring him along, my dear fellow!"

The discovered scoundrel fell upon his knees.

"Mein Herr—kamerad! I am your prisoner. But mercy! Permit me to take mein luffly sauerkraut with me!"

"There is no mercy for such as you, Baron Pikkald Unyunz!" said Herlock Sholmes sternly. And the dastard was led away.

III.

**W**E returned to Shaker Street after the German had been safely lodged under lock and key.

I was, needless to state, amazed.

"The usual explanation, Jotson—what?" said Sholmes, with a smile. "My dear fellow, it was one of the simplest of my cases. The Baron Pikkald Unyunz came secretly to England in deep disguise. His identity disappeared; like a mole or a politician, he worked in the dark. But there was one thing, Jotson, that he could not part from—the succulent dish that Germans love—that dish so strange and fearsome to all but Germans—"

"Sauerkraut!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly! The paragraph in the 'Chronic Daily' gave me the clue. That strange and terrible odour, which drove forth the inhabitants from the vicinity of Snooker Street, could only have been caused by the German national dish. I followed the scent, Jotson, and found the hidden intriguer."

Sholmes shrugged his shoulders. "A simple case, Jotson—hardly worthy of my powers!"

THE END.



## SKIMPOLE'S SUBMARINE!

By JACK BLAKE.

"Ah, my dear fellows!" It was not one of the Terrible Three who uttered that remark. Their alleged countenances were expressive of the greatest bewilderment. They did not even hear Skimpole's mild voice from the doorway.

At first they thought it was a New House jape. Chairs were piled upon chairs. Their table was supporting another table, inverted. Scattered about the floor were papers, books, and miscellaneous litter, including old pairs of boots which would have fitted nobody but a policeman or our man Herries.

In one corner was a huge pile of books on boshology, sillyassism, chumpography, maniacism, and what not, which even the dull-witted Shellfish were sure could belong to nobody but Skimpole.

"My dear fellows—"

The dear fellows spun round.

"Do you know anything about this, Skimmy?" demanded Lowther.

"Certainly! It is my property!"

"Your property!"

"My own and Gore's, my dear fellows. And Talbot's—"

"But—but they can't be brought here—"

"My dear fellow," said Skimpole patiently, "the laws of science will prove to you that they could not have reached here without being brought."

"Rats!" roared Tom Merry. "What have you brought the dashed things in here for?"

"Well, you see, I required the whole of the space my study affords to fit up my invention—the submarine that I have mentioned to you. In the first place, I deposited my furniture in Gibbons' study, but in a moment of passion he threw it out, and—ahem!—me after it."

"I should jolly well think he did!"

"And Mr. Railton objected to having them warehoused in the passage, so I brought them along here."

"Like your giddy cheek!"

"But the submarine is now completely erected in my study," said Skimpole, with a smile of conscious merit. "The only remaining question is: Should I take it to the Patent Office or the War Office? Each has a slight drawback. To patent it requires money, which I do not possess; and the War Office may refuse to look at it."

"Happy is the lot of a philosopher!" chuckled Lowther. "What will Gore say when he goes into his study expecting tea, and finds nothing in the room but a submarine?"

"That," said Skimpole hastily, "is precisely the reason of my visit here. Gore is a somewhat headstrong youth, and may possibly harbour a desire to wreak the invention some harm when he sees it occupying the whole of the study. I should therefore be grateful if you would assist me in wheeling it down to the river before his arrival. I intend to experiment with it to-morrow morning—not, of course, that there is any real need. According to my diagram the machine works admirably. It exceeds fifty knots per hour beneath the water."

"Anything for a quiet life!" groaned Lowther, perceiving that Skimmy was wound up. "Come on!"

Skimpole's latest invention was weird, if not wonderful. Of considerable dimensions, it was made from a cheap tinny material, black lacquered or enamelled, and was supported on four of the wobbiest wheels I ever saw. They inclined frightfully, and gave the whole thing a bow-legged appearance.

Humming an inspiring sea song, the Terrible Three pushed, and Skimpole's submarine rumbled along the passage.

The happy genius led the way, carrying on his shoulders, in addition to his learned head, two parallel strips of wood, connected in three or four places by curved bars of iron. It was the kind of arrangement publicans made use of in order to slide barrels of beer down into their cellars in the far, far away days when beer was a popular beverage in England. Do you remember them?

The clashing and the clattering made by the submarine as it descended the stairs brought the whole school out to gaze and wonder. Now it rolled unevenly and uncertainly across the quad, followed by startled and astonished eyes.

Kildare's face, as he pulled up in the quad and stared at the apparition—"Germany's

Terror" was its name—was worth more than a guinea a box.

Skimpole paused reflectively at the gates.

"Seeking the nearest way to the North Sea, Skimmy?" grinned Croke, coming up with Mellish at his heels.

"Not at all, Croke. I was merely considering which is the most suitable part of the Ryll to conduct my experiment. It is deepest, I believe, near the weir. We will proceed to the weir, my dear fellows."

"Certainly!" replied Lowther. "Anyweir for me, as the Yorkshire rustics say."

I think there is a pun somewhere in that remark of Lowther's. Anyway, he was bumped on suspicion—I helped bump him. I can't have people saying dubious things about my native county.

It might have been a Hun submarine that Skimpole had captured, by the crowd which followed us to the Ryll—save that they were jeering instead of cheering.

The wooden apparatus was placed in position against a tree, with the lower part immersed in the placid waters of the Ryll. The submarine was lifted bodily on to the top of the apparatus, and fixed there with wedges.

Germany's Terror was now ready for launching in the morning.

"My dear fellows," commenced Skimpole, waving his hand to his invention with an explanatory air, "owing to the absence of a crew, I have arranged that my invention should work automatically on this occasion. It is, of course, only a small model of the real thing. When I press this switch a sluice underneath will open, the boat will submerge one fathom, and swim round in a circle of five minutes' duration. Then the pumps will commence work, the submarine will rise, and remain here stationary. But to-morrow morning you will be afforded ocular demonstration."

"He, he, he!"

The cachinnation came from Baggy Trimble, who was in confab with Croke and Mellish.

"Six o'clock in the morning, then," said Croke.

"If we're awake!" cackled Baggy.

I was as certain that the rotters had some game on with Skimmy's submarine as I was that Baggy Trimble wouldn't be up in time to take part in it. The fact is, they had planned to fill the submarine with brickbats, so that when Germany's Terror submerged, she would make a bee-line for the bottom, and spend the remainder of her terrifying career there!

Six a.m. found Croke and Mellish and the submarine in close companionship. But Baggy was in bed.

They had opened the "conning-tower," and were on the point of adding weight, when they were suddenly seized from behind and blindfolded. A second later they were gagged and bound as well.

"Grab their tickers, Bill!" said one hoarse voice.

"And pitch 'em into this 'ere submarine, Bob!" said another hoarse voice.

Bill and Bob were—Herries and myself. We bundled Croke and Mellish into the submarine.

I know they were no improvement on the rubbish intended to fill the boat; but the idea was to give them a fright.

Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther came down by-and-by, and after we had inspected and arranged the submarine to our satisfaction, Skimpole came.

"Now, my dear fellows, we will begin," he announced, rubbing his hands and beaming all round. "Pray remove the wedges."

The wedges were jerked away.

Skimpole pressed the switch, and the harshly cranking sound of superannuated machinery, working by fits and starts, accompanied by faint splutterings from the terrified japers within, made a lovely harmony.

The contraption refused to budge at first, but a united shove did it, and it glided jerkily down to the water.

"Now splash!" hissed Tom.

And we beat upon the water with the flat blades of oars, giving the japers no end of a fright, I don't doubt.

"Dear me!" said Skimpole. "It doesn't submerge!"

Now, Skimpole, like most people who wear glasses, is short-sighted. [I beg to intrude! Really, I cannot resist this unique opportunity of remarking upon the profound experience which characterises our friends of

the Fourth!—T. M.] Blow these editors! There's no keeping them out! I was saying. Skimpole is short-sighted. He did not notice that the ends of the submarine were attached by ropes to a branch of the tree overhanging the river, and consequently Germany's Terror did no more than touch the water.

But, alas! we failed to notice that the branch was giving way! There was one great crash, and the submarine was in midstream, heading for the weir!

The sluice, fortunately, omitted to work, and the submarine did not submerge. But that it was letting in the water was perfectly plain, for it sank lower and lower and rolled shockingly.

Before we had time for any action it had biffed against the wall of the weir, and sunk clean as if it had never been there.

Luckily, Skimpole's submarine was no ordinary submarine. A mere naval submarine would have dallied about at the bottom and perhaps filled. Being built on entirely different principles, Skimmy's submarine fell opportunely to pieces, and the helpless Croke and Mellish shot up clear out of the water like a couple of corks. The reverse undercurrent had carried them back several yards from the weir, but they were heading that way again.

While Skimmy was rubbing his spectacles and staring at the unexpected appearance of a crew, Tommy had dived in. He was quickly followed by Manners, Herries, Lowther, and myself. I wasn't actually last—but that's my politeness.

We couldn't do it; we realised that. We battled and fought against the current like Trojans, Tom and I supporting Croke, and Herries, Manners, and Lowther holding Mellish. But it was the strength of a man that was required.

Help was near at hand. We didn't hear the splash, but we heard the voice. It was Kildare's!

"Leave Mellish to me! Get Croke ashore!" Kildare is all there in the water, and no end strong. He had Mellish on dry land almost in a twinkling.

Then he dived in again, and Croke was soon placed by the side of Mellish. Neither of them was any the worse for his immersion. It did them good, in fact—washed them!

"I knew you kids were up to some game when I saw you wheeling that tin affair yesterday," said Kildare, panting for breath. "I've been keeping my eye on you!"

"I—I say, Kildare," stammered Tom. "We—we don't know how to thank you for—"

"Don't mench!" returned Kildare, in dry tones and wet togs. "You can write me out a hundred lines each, and if they're not ready by to-morrow noon at the outside you'll get something else you won't know how to thank me for!"

THE END.

## NOTICES.

## CORRESPONDENCE WANTED BY:

J. Hayman, 5, Catharine Street, Liverpool, with boy of 14 in United States.

Miss Jean Anderson, 101, Forth Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow, would be glad of any information concerning Private James Anderson, 13th Royal Scots, missing on May 5th, 1916.

W. Fry, P.O. Box 224, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, with boy readers anywhere.

W. A. Smith, 182, Antrobus Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, with boy readers abroad, especially in China and Japan, interested in stamp collecting.

Miss Kittie West, 35, Limes Grove, Lewis-ham, S.E. 13, with girl readers of about 16, anywhere in British Empire.

L. Webster, 36, Kingston Street, Sneinton, Nottingham, with boy readers of about 12.

M. Banner, 25, Salisbury Street, Long Eaton, with boy readers in United States, Canada, and Australia.

F. Rogers, St. Elmo, Dudley Road, Tividale, Staffs, with boys of 17-18 interested in boxing.

W. H. Matthews, 22, Percival Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, N., with boys of about 14 in Wales, Canada, or Australia.

W. E. Whiston, Invercraig, Langley, near Macclesfield, with boy of 11-13 interested in L. & N. W. Railway.



## THE MAJOR'S FLOGGING!

By FRANK NUGENT.

**"FLOGGED!"**

We all stared at the major. Bob Cherry's pater was home on short leave from the Front, and he had given Bob a look-in at Greyfriars, along with Wharton's uncle.

Naturally, we had them in Study No. 1, and stood them the best tea the Food Regulations would allow.

The major, being an Old Boy, naturally talked about old times, Study No. 1, which belongs to Wharton and me now, was Jim Wharton's study in those days. Jim Wharton is Colonel James Wharton in these days, and Harry's uncle. Major Cherry was in the Third Form then.

It was jolly hard to think of the bronzed old major, whose face looked as if it were carved in oak, having been a cheeky fag in the Third, like young Tubb, for instance.

And Colonel Wharton, too! We couldn't easily imagine him as a Remove chap in Etons.

And when the major mentioned that he had been flogged by the headmaster of his time we opened our eyes.

It seemed awfully cheeky for a headmaster to flog a major. But, of course, the Head couldn't have known he was going to be a major.

"How did it happen?" asked Wharton.

"Tell us!"

And the major told us.

"I was in the Third then, Jim Wharton was in the Remove. And there was a fellow in the Fifth we couldn't stand—a chap named Snoggs. This fellow Snoggs was a good deal of a bully. When Jim and I weren't fighting one another we were allied against Snoggs."

"We were!" smiled the colonel.

"We used to have a custom of standing spreads in the studies. I dare say you keep it up?"

"Yes, rather," grinned Bob Cherry—"when the Food Controller lets us!"

"There wasn't any Food Controller in my time," said the major, laughing. "They were the piping times of peace. Jim and I had had tips from kind uncles, and we pooled them for a study spread in this study. It was Wharton's study; I hadn't one then, being in the Third. And we spent a lot of time gathering in supplies. And it was a zopping spread—wasn't it, Wharton?"

"It was!" said the colonel.

"I don't think I should care for it now, but I thought it ripping then. We stacked it away in the study cupboard, and then went to collect our guests. Wharton had an imposition from the Remove-master—"

"Not Quelch?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Ha, ha! No! It was before Mr. Quelch's time. His name was Barker, and he was a very stern old gentleman. Wharton ought really to have done those lines, but he hadn't learned discipline in those days—he hadn't

been in the Army—and so the lines were left over. That was unfortunate, as it turned out."

"Very!" said the colonel.

"Snoggs of the Fifth was what you would call a rotter. He used to drop into junior studies and help himself; and if the fags objected he would give them a licking. He was a big fellow—a match for half a dozen fags—big enough to be in the Sixth, only he was a duffer. He had seen us doing our shopping, I suppose, for about ten minutes after we'd left the stuff in the study a fag came up, breathless, to tell us that Snoggs had gone to No. 1. We knew what he would want there, and we rushed into the House.

"We were fairly upon the war-path. Both of us together were not much of a match for Snoggs, but we didn't think of that until we reached the study. But as soon as we arrived there we thought of it, and we stopped outside to hold a council of war.

"The study door was closed, but we could hear someone moving inside. We thought of all our grub in the study cupboard, and Snoggs bolting it, and it made us furious.

"Jim proposed fetching up a crowd of the fellows and overwhelming the big senior by numbers. But there wasn't much time. You see, the feed would be going at a great rate. Snoggs was a big eater, and a quick one.

"What had to be done must be done quickly. So we held a hurried council of war outside the study, and decided what to do—and did it."

Major Cherry stopped to light a cigar.

We waited impatiently. We were jolly keen to hear how Major Cherry and Colonel Wharton had dealt with Snoggs of the Fifth. We knew jolly well how we would have dealt with Coker of the Fifth in similar circumstances.

"Go it, pater!" ventured Bob.

"I'm going it," said the major. "We decided that we would rush into the study and take Snoggs by surprise. If he'd had time to get on his guard he could have knocked us both out quite easily. The feed was at stake, so we thought it justifiable to use strategy. The idea was to rush him so suddenly that we should down him before he could hit out with his terrific big fists. Then we could sit on him, and give him what we thought he wanted—a good larruping with a cricket-stump!"

"Jolly good idea!" said Bob. "Just the way we should handle Coker!"

"Well, that was the scheme," said the major. "It worked like a charm. Jim Wharton threw the door open suddenly, and he dashed in. Somebody rose from a chair at the table, and we were on him in a flash, and he went down under us. He landed on the floor with a crash, and we sprawled over him, pommelling for all we were worth. He yelled and wriggled and gasped, and I dare say he

was nearly suffocated, for I was sprawling over his face, and I wasn't a light-weight, even in those days. Wharton sprawled on his legs, and pinned him down. Then we yelled for the fellows. He was struggling so hard we were afraid we couldn't hold him down."

The major paused, and blew out a cloud of smoke, which made us cough.

"Then a peculiar thing struck me all of a sudden," he went on. "Snoggs of the Fifth usually wore a tail-coat. But as he struggled under us I noticed for the first time that he was wearing a gown."

"A gown!" ejaculated Bob.

"Yes; a Master of Arts gown. It struck me all of a heap. It was so remarkable for Snoggs of the Fifth to be wearing a Master of Arts gown that it struck me that the wriggling wretch we were sprawling over couldn't be Snoggs of the Fifth at all."

"Oh!"

"As soon as that struck me I rolled off his face as if it had become red-hot. And the furious face that glared up at me wasn't Snoggs' at all!"

"It wasn't," said the colonel. "And I got off his legs as fast as Cherry got off his face."

"We learned afterwards that Snoggs had been to the study nosing after our feed," said the major. "But he had found somebody else there, and retired in a hurry. Mr. Barker had dropped in to see why Wharton's lines weren't done, and, as Wharton wasn't there, he had waited. Of course, we hadn't known all those circumstances when we held our council of war outside the study. We hadn't the slightest intention of rushing Mr. Barker over and sprawling on his face. We wished we hadn't done it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But we had done it! I can still remember the expression on that face after I had crawled off it. It looked rather squashed and very angry—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, it does seem rather funny now," remarked the major reflectively. "At the time it did not seem exactly funny. It seemed still less funny the next morning in Hall, when Jim and I got our first floggings. And when we crawled away after the flogging Snoggs of the Fifth grinned at us, and we hadn't energy enough left to call him names." The major glanced at his watch. "Time we looked after our train, Wharton, or we shall be late at the hospital."

"Wounded chap, pater?" asked Bob.

"Yes; an old Greyfriars fellow. Lost a leg," said the major. "Captain Snoggs of the Loamshires."

"Snoggs!" we all exclaimed together.

"Yes." The major laughed. "We've made it up with Snoggs of the Fifth now—in the trenches."

THE END.

**The Editor's Chat.**

For Next Monday:

**"RIVALS OF THE CHASE!"**

By Frank Richards.

The best of things must have an end some time. I think the series into which the last five stories published here fall must be numbered among the best the MAGNET has ever been able to give its readers—and that is saying a good deal. But the story which will appear next week, though of quite a different type, will carry its own appeal, I am sure. There is plenty of fun in it, as well as more serious matter. A number of fellows, stirred by rivalry or by greed of gain, set out on a mission for Mr. Prout. He has entrusted that mission to Wharton, but the Remove is not content to leave it to the captain of the Form. Others butt in, and the Highcliffe nuts get wind of the affair, and chip in also, causing a good deal of trouble and some amusing happenings. How it all ends you will learn in due course.

**RIGHT WAYS AND WRONG WAYS.**

There is a small matter that I have intended for some time to mention here. It is only a small matter, I admit, but it is worth mentioning.

The mistake I refer to is nothing but a mistake in most cases, I believe. It is just this. A number of requests for notices come along worded thus: "Kindly insert the accompanying notice." Now, this is all wrong. In spite of the "kindly," it is a command, not a proper request. I fancy those of you who use the form imagine it to be businesslike. It may be so considered where the writer of the letter is in a position of authority over the recipient; but none of you can claim to be in a position of authority over me—I think you will allow me that. And I do not feel sure that the form has any value in any case. Reasonable politeness is never misplaced, and it is quite easy to write "Will you kindly" or "Will you please."

There is one other little matter—not one of courtesy, as between you and me, but one of good form. When you enclose an addressed envelope for a reply, never address yourself on it as "Esq." It impresses nobody, and it is incorrect. The usual plan adopted by writers sending contributions is that of giving just the name and address, with no prefix or affix to the name, on these envelopes for return. But there is no harm in "Mr.,"

that title is the right of all—and in the case of a lady, "Mrs." or "Miss" is clearer.

**FOOTBALL NOTICES.****Matches Wanted By:**

BROMLEY UNITED—5 mile radius of Poplar.—F. Streeton, 23, Wyvis Street, Poplar, E. 14.

SOUTH HAINAULT RANGERS—15-5 mile radius.—J. Montgomery, 126, Blythwood Road, Goodmayes.

ST. FAITH'S—17-3 mile radius.—A. E. Wiseman, 55, Tonsley Place, Wandsworth, S.W. 18.

A Stockford team—15-16-4 mile radius.—S. Archer, 24, Watson Street, Stockford, Manchester.

**Places in Teams Wanted By:**

J. Flood, jun., Queen's Club, West Kensington, W. 14—age 16—in team within 6 miles of Hammersmith Broadway.

P. Pinks, 42, Fisher Street, Carlisle—age 16½—team in Carlisle.—Any position except goalkeeper.

Your Editor