

FIVE STORIES & FREE REAL GLOSSY PHOTO IN THIS ISSUE!

Week Ending—  
April 14th,  
1923.

New  
Series.

No.  
221.

Twenty-eight  
Pages.

# The POPULAR 2<sup>D</sup>

The Story Book for Boys.

Money Prizes  
Every  
Week!



**SAVED BY THE HEAD OF GREYFRIARS!**

(A Dramatic episode from the long complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co., inside.)



FRANK RICHARDS &amp; CO. DEFIANT!

When the new headmaster arrives at Cedar Creek to take the place of Miss Meadows, he finds the school up in arms against him!

TROUBLESOME TIMES!

# Cedar Creek on Strike!



THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Early Birds!

**B**ILLY COOK, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, raised his bushy eyebrows in surprise.

The ranchman was standing at the door of his cabin, with a steaming pannikin of coffee in one hand and a huge chunk of corn-cake in the other.

The foreman was finishing his breakfast as the early sunrays came creeping up over the prairie.

Down the path from the ranch-house came a clatter of hoofs.

And Billy Cook, lowering his pannikin from his bearded lips, ejaculated:

"By gosh!"

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless came trotting down the trail, and they drew rein to greet the surprised ranchman.

"Top of the morning, Billy!" called out Bob cheerily.

"You ain't off to school yet?" asked Billy Cook.

"I guess so."

"Early birds, you know!" said Frank Richards, with a smile.

"It's a good two hours before your time," said the ranchman. "What little game are you up to now?"

And Billy Cook wagged his head at the two schoolboys.

"Nothing like being early, Billy, you know," said Bob Lawless. "We've got a new headmaster coming to-day, too."

"I heard about that, too," remarked the foreman. "I hear that Miss Meadows ain't no longer mistress of Cedar Creek."

"That's so."

"Fired by the trustees?" said Billy.

"Correct!"

"It's an all-fired shame!" said Billy Cook emphatically.

"Why, sirs, that little she-critter, Miss Meadows, was the neatest filly that ever stepped in the Thompson Valley!"

The chums of Cedar Creek laughed.

Billy Cook's admiration was genuine and well-founded. But they wondered how Miss Meadows would have liked to hear herself described as a "filly."

"It wasn't your popper's doing, Bob," went on Billy Cook. "I guess it was Mr. Grimm and Old Man Gunten that did the trick, and Mr. Lawless agin it."

"That's the case," said Bob. "My father stood up for Miss Meadows at the School Trustees' meeting, but he was out-voted."

"A gold-darned shame!" said Billy Cook.

"And if I was a younker at school, Bob, I guess I'd kick up a shindy. The purtiest little she-critter that ever did step in the Thompson Valley!" added the ranchman warmly.

Bob Lawless smiled.

"Perhaps there's going to be a shindy, Billy," he answered. "Perhaps that's why we're going to school two hours early this morning. Mum's the word, though!"

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## A Rousing Yarn of the Backwoods of Canada, dealing with the Great Rebellion at Cedar Creek School.

And, with a wave of the hand to the ranchman, the chums rode on towards the timber, leaving Billy Cook staring after them with a peculiar expression on his bearded face.

In the dim light of early dawn Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin trotted on.

They had left the ranch-house before anyone else in the building was astir, and had brought their breakfast—a frugal one—in their pockets, to eat as they rode.

The chums had their plans for that day, which, for excellent reasons, they did not want to explain to Mr. Lawless just yet.

They munched cold beef and crackers as they trotted on in the fresh, clear air, and stopped at a spring for a draught of clear, cold water to wash it down.

In the invigorating atmosphere of British Columbia, and accustomed to outdoor life, the sturdy schoolboys did not feel the need of tea or coffee or any other stimulant.

They were all the better, from the point of view of health, without such luxuries, and so they did not miss their usual breakfast very much.

They rode on into the timber, where they found their chum Vere Beauclerc waiting for them at the fork of the trail on his black horse.

The Cherub was also an early riser that morning.

"Hallo! Here we are again!" called out Bob cheerily. "Still feeling game to go on the warpath, Cherub?"

"You bet!" answered Beauclerc.

"We shall find a good many of the fellows there," said Bob, as the three chums rode on together. "I guess they're all game. You haven't mentioned the matter to your popper?"

Beauclerc smiled.

"Better not yet," he said. "My father is indignant at the way Miss Meadows has been treated, but I don't know what he'd think of the idea of a school on strike. I don't think he'd disapprove, only he couldn't very well say that he approved in so many words."

"Correct!" said Bob. "Same with my popper. It's up to us to see that Miss Meadows gets justice. She'd be as mad as a hornet, I guess, if she knew we were backing her up like this; but that don't alter the case. Old Man Gunten isn't going to fire our schoolmistress at his own sweet will."

"No fear!" said Frank Richards most emphatically.

The trio rode at a gallop by the forest trail to Cedar Creek School.

The glimmering creek and the school-buildings came in sight at last.

The sun was higher now, but the hour was still early, and at that hour, as a rule, there was no sign of life about Cedar Creek.

On this especial morning, however, there were a good many signs of life.

The school gates were not yet opened, but

outside the gates seven or eight fellows were collected.

They had arrived earlier than Frank Richards & Co., having a shorter distance to cover to the school.

There was a shout as the three rode up and jumped off their horses.

"Hyer we are!" bellowed Eben Hacke.

"Waiting for you, old scouts!" grinned Chunky Todgers. "Here we are, as large as life, ready to scalp Old Man Gunten if he shows up."

"Hurrah!"

"And the noo 'eadmaster, if 'e shows up?" said Hopkins, the Cockney of Cedar Creek.

"We won't 'ave 'im at no price, as sure as I'm 'Arold 'Opkins!"

"Ear, 'ear!" grinned Bob Lawless, in playful imitation of the Cockney.

"Gate not open yet?" said Frank Richards.

"We've got to get in!"

"Black Sam isn't up yet," said Tom Lawrence.

"I guess that makes no difference," said Bob. "I'll soon have the gate unbarred."

Bob Lawless rode his horse close to the palisade, and stood on his saddle, and then drew himself to the top of the wall.

He swung himself actively over, and dropped into the school enclosure.

A minute more, and the bars of the gates were removed and the gate swung wide.

"Come in!" shouted Bob.

And the schoolboys crowded in, greatly excited.

They had met at that early hour at Cedar Creek School for an extraordinary purpose, and what the outcome would be no one could even guess.

But Frank Richards & Co., at least, were determined; and so long as they were in the lead, the rest were pretty certain to follow.

Most of the fellows, indeed, regarded the matter as something of a "lark," but it was a lark which would have its serious side.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Cedar Creek Means Business!

"GENTLEMEN and galoots—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it, Bob!"

Bob Lawless had mounted upon a bench in the big playground, and his comrades gathered round him.

In the distance the doors of Mr. Slimmy's and Mr. Shepherd's cabins were seen to open.

The two assistant masters of Cedar Creek, astounded by that early and noisy arrival of a crowd of schoolboys, were looking out to see what was the matter.

But the crowd did not heed them; all attention was fixed upon Bob Lawless.

"Gentlemen and galoots," continued Bob, "we've met here—"

"Bravo!"

"To stand up for our rights, as free Canadian citizens—"

Loud cheers!

"And to back up Miss Meadows, our

Stirring Scenes at Cedar Creek Next Week! Watch Out!



respected mistress, who has been fired by the trustees—"

"Groans for the trustees!"

"Gentlemen, the matter's a simple one," went on Bob, waxing eloquent. "Miss Meadows is a lady we all respect. She turned Kern Gunten out of the school for gambling, and leading other fellows to gamble, after warning him more than once. Could she have done anything else?"

"Correct!"

"Old Man Gunten is chairman of the School Trustees, and he got his mad up, and called a meeting. My popper voted for Miss Meadows; the other two, Old Man Gunten and his friend Grimm, out-voted him. They had the power to sack Miss Meadows, and they did it. Miss Meadows is gone."

"Shame!"

"To-day Old Man Gunten moseys in, to introduce our new headmaster in Miss Meadows' place," continued Bob. "Now, we're going to talk plain Canadian to Old Man Gunten."

"Hear, hear!"

"Trustee or no trustee, we don't take any notice of him."

"Never!"

"As for the new master, I don't know anything about him, except that his name's Peckover. But good, bad, or indifferent, he doesn't come here."

"Hurrah!"

"As he may be a good sort, we'll put it to him politely," said Bob. "But, in any case, he's not going to be allowed to take on Miss Meadows' job."

"No fear!"

"We're standing up for Miss Meadows. She don't know it, and she mightn't like it; but there it is. And we're not going to give in till Old Man Gunten toes the line and lets Miss Meadows come back."

"Bravo!"

The roar of cheering woke every echo of Cedar Creek.

Black Sam, the stableman, was staring on from a distance, and Sally, the cook, was looking out of a window.

Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Slimmey were advancing towards the excited group, with surprise in their faces.

Both the assistant masters sympathized with the schoolmistress, and Mr. Slimmey, indeed, had sent in his own resignation to the Board.

They were indignant, and they understood the indignation of the Cedar Creek fellows, but this outbreak was rather startling to them.

"What is all this?" broke in Mr. Slimmey. "Lawless, why are you here so early this morning?"

Bob raised his hat respectfully to the young master.

"No harm intended, Mr. Slimmey," he said. "We're on the warpath, that's all."

"What can you possibly mean, Lawless?"

"We're not going to allow a new head to take Miss Meadows' place, sir," said Frank Richards.

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Slimmey seemed too astonished to say more than that.

"My boys, you cannot act in a lawless manner," said Mr. Shepherd. "We can't think of allowin' it."

"Please understand us, sir," said Vere Beauclerc. "We intend no disrespect to you or to Mr. Slimmey. But we won't consent to Miss Meadows being sent away. The whole school is with us in this, though we're not all here."

"Please don't interfere, sir," said Frank Richards. "We should be very sorry to have any dispute with you."

Mr. Shepherd coughed.

Frank expressed it very civilly, but his meaning was clear; the two masters would not be allowed to interfere, in any case.

Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Slimmey exchanged glances, and, after a few moments' hesitation, walked away together.

"It is not our business, I think, Mr. Slimmey," remarked Mr. Shepherd.

"Not at all," said Mr. Slimmey decidedly. "It is a matter for Mr. Peckover to deal with when he arrives."

"He is welcome to deal with it."

And the two masters went back to their cabins.

The lack of intervention by the assistant masters had an encouraging effect on the rebels.

Those two gentlemen, evidently, were not to be feared in any way, and were

not likely to offer much support to the new headmaster when he arrived.

Meanwhile, several more fellows had arrived at Cedar Creek, and two of the girls, Molly Lawrence and Kate Dawson.

The crowd numbered sixteen or seventeen now.

The excitement was growing.

It was pretty certain that Mr. Peckover would put in an appearance well before the hour for lessons to commence, and the school-boys were eager to see him, wondering a good deal what he was like.

There was a loud shout from the fellows near the gate as the wheels of a buggy were heard on the trail.

"Here they come!" yelled Tom Lawrence.

There was a rush to the gate.

On the trail from Thompson's buggy appeared, with Old Man Gunten at the reins. Beside him sat a tall, thin man, with a very square jaw and little keen eyes set very close together.

The schoolboys could guess that this was Mr. Peckover, and they did not like his looks.

Behind him in the buggy sat a heavy-featured lad, with a grin on his face.

That was Kern Gunten, Old Man Gunten's son, who had been turned out of the school for rascally conduct.

The buggy dashed up to the gates and stopped.

Old Man Gunten and Mr. Peckover alighted, and Kern Gunten was about to follow their example, when he saw the crowd and the looks they gave him.

Immediately the grin died away from his face.

He scented trouble, and he decided to remain in the buggy for the present.

Unheeding him, Mr. Gunten and the new master strode in at the gates.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**A Warm Reception!**

OLD MAN GUNTEN glanced in surprise at the crowd of fellows inside the school enclosure.

It was not yet the hour for the school to gather.

The fat, podgy Swiss storekeeper stared at the schoolboys, who returned his stare with interest.

They were not in the least awed by the self-important Mr. Gunten.

"Come here, Richards!" called out Mr. Gunten, recognising Frank.

Frank Richards approached.

"What are you boys doing here so early?" asked Mr. Gunten.

"Oh, we've come," said Frank vaguely.

"I can see you've come!" snapped Mr. Gunten. "As you are here, you may hold my horse."

Frank did not move.

"These are some of your boys, Mr. Peckover," said the storekeeper, turning from Frank.

The new master nodded.

The boys were all regarding him curiously, not at all favourably impressed by his tight jaw and the cold gleam in his eyes.

"Boys," said Mr. Gunten, "this is your new headmaster, Mr. Ephraim Peckover."

There was a dead silence.

Mr. Peckover was looking at the school-boys very curiously.

He was sharper than the storekeeper, and he could see at once that something was wrong.

"I will show you your quarters here, Mr. Peckover," said the Swiss. "I think you will find them comfortable."

Mr. Gunten was a little puzzled himself by the vague atmosphere of unrest that surrounded him, but he led the new master towards the lumber schoolhouse.

Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd were not to be seen.

Under other circumstances, they would naturally have appeared on the scene to greet their new chief, but just now they wisely decided to leave him to deal with Cedar Creek by himself.

To Mr. Gunten's surprise, Frank Richards, Bob Lawless, and Vere Beauclerc planted themselves before the porch of the schoolhouse.

The other fellows gathered round them. Behind them the door had been opened by Black Sally, who was looking out with saucer-like eyes.

But between the new headmaster and the open door there was a great gulf fixed, so to

speak, represented by the insurgent school-boys of Cedar Creek.

Bob Lawless held up his hand as the two men came up.

"Halt!" he said.

Mr. Peckover and Old Man Gunten halted in sheer amazement.

"Lawless!" stuttered the storekeeper.

"What does this mean?"

"It means halt!" answered Bob.

"Are you mad, boy?"

"I guess not."

"Stand aside at once!" exclaimed Mr. Peckover, apparently making up his mind to assume his new authority at once. "How dare you speak disrespectfully to Mr. Gunten?"

"We don't respect Mr. Gunten, you see," explained Bob.

"What!"

Old Man Gunten's fat face was suffused with rage, and his little eyes seemed to bulge from their podgy sockets as Bob spoke.

"Lawless!" he stuttered.

"Listen to me!" said Bob. "Mr. Peckover, I am sorry for your disappointment. We mean no disrespect to you personally. But we have decided that Cedar Creek School shall have no head but Miss Meadows."

"Wha-a-at!"

"Miss Meadows has been fired by a dirty trick," said Bob undauntedly. "Old Man Gunten knows all about it; he did it."

"Are you aware that Mr. Gunten is chairman of the Board of Trustees?" exclaimed Mr. Peckover.

"Yep!"

"You must be out of your senses, boy!"

"I guess not. We're standing by Miss Meadows."

"Boy," thundered Mr. Gunten, purple with wrath. "Miss Meadows is no longer headmistress of this school! She has been discharged. This gentleman is your new headmaster."

"Not at any price!"

"That is enough," said Mr. Peckover, his thin lips coming together in a tight line. "I am not the man to allow my authority to be disputed!"

"Listen to me, sir," said Bob. "We mean—"

"You have said enough, Lawless, if that is your name." Mr. Peckover's cold eyes gleamed. "I shall punish you severely for your insolence to Mr. Gunten."

"I should say so, by gosh!" gasped the enraged storekeeper. "You have full authority from the Board, Mr. Peckover, to enforce discipline in this school."

"I shall not fail, sir."

Mr. Peckover had a stick under his arm.

He let it slip down into his hand, and, with a sudden movement, he grasped Bob Lawless by the collar, taking the rancher's son by surprise, so quick and catlike was his movement.

The next moment Bob was spun round, and the stick rose and fell across his shoulders with sounding whacks.

Bob roared.

"Let go! By gum, let go, or it will be the worse for you!" he shouted.

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"Back up!" shouted Frank Richards.

He rushed to his chum's aid at once.

Mr. Peckover had certainly not expected that.

Frank grasped his right arm, and dragged it down so that the stick could not be used.

At the same moment Vere Beauclerc grasped the new master's other arm.

Mr. Peckover struggled furiously in their grip.

"Release me!" he thundered. "How dare you!"

But instead of releasing him the school-boys tightened their grip, and Bob Lawless grasped him, too.

Old Man Gunten stood rooted to the ground, staring as if he could not quite believe the evidence of his eyesight.

It seemed like a horrid dream to him as Mr. Peckover was whirled off his feet, his stick torn away, and the new headmaster was sent spinning back into the playground.

Mr. Peckover staggered back helplessly half a dozen paces, and then collapsed, measuring his length on the ground.

He lay there gasping.

Then Mr. Gunten seemed to recover his senses, and he made a spring towards the schoolboys.

In an instant half a dozen pairs of hands were laid on the fat storekeeper, and he went spinning after the new master.



Crash!

He landed on his back, with all the breath knocked out of his podgy body.

Side by side the new headmaster and the trustee lay sprawling, gasping, and from the crowd of schoolboys round the porch came a breathless cheer:

"Hurrah!"

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Nothing Doing!

MR. GUNTEN sat up. He blinked like an owl at Frank Richards & Co. as he sat in the dust and gasped.

The fat storekeeper was so surprised that he seemed hardly to know what had happened yet.

He staggered up at last, however, with bulging eyes and flaming face.

He realised that it was no horrid nightmare, but plain and sober fact, that he, great man as he was, had been collared and treated as if he were of no more account than any "hobo" who tramped the trails of the Thompson Valley.

He spluttered with wrath.

"By gad!" he gasped. "By gad! You young scoundrels! Oh, ah, oh!"

Bob Lawless pointed to the gates.

"There's your way, Mr. Gunten," he said. "Rascal!"

"Same to you, old scout, and many of them!" answered Bob cheerily. "Better keep your hands off, Mr. Peckover," he added, for the schoolmaster seemed to be about to spring at him. "You'll get hurt if you don't."

"Boy," gasped Mr. Peckover. "I am your headmaster."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Rats!"

"Bosh!"

It was a roar of repudiation from the Cedar Creek fellows, and it made it quite plain that they did not intend to acknowledge Ephraim Peckover as their headmaster.

The schoolmaster turned to Mr. Gunten.

"This mutiny must be quelled, sir," he said.

"I guess so!" gasped Old Man Gunten. "I reckon so, Mr. Peckover. You're empowered to take any measures you choose; you have my authority."

"There are assistant masters here, I believe, and servants."

"Sure!"

"Call them, then, to our assistance, and these young rascals shall soon be reduced to order."

"Good!" said Mr. Gunten.

He gave the rebels of Cedar Creek a venomous look, and strode away to the cabins, occupied by the assistant masters.

Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd were outside the cabins, looking on from a distance, and conversing in low tones.

They glanced rather grimly at the fat gentleman as he came puffing up.

The two young men knew what he wanted, but they did not look as if Mr. Gunten would get what he wanted.

Neither did Mr. Gunten address them in the most tactful way; he was too furious for that.

"What are you loafing here for?" he thundered, as he came up.

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Slimmey, blinking over the gold rims of his glasses at the irate storekeeper.

"Can't you see what's going on?"

"Perfectly well, Mr. Gunten."

"Isn't it your duty to keep your confounded boys in order?" roared Mr. Gunten. "Lay hold of something—sticks or anything—and come and help!"

Mr. Shepherd eyed him calmly.

"Help restore order, do you mean?" he asked.

"Of course I do, you pesky jay!"

The Gentle Shepherd smiled.

"You appear to allow yourself a very great freedom of language, sir," he said quietly. "As it happens, Mr. Slimmey has sent in his resignation, as a protest against Miss Meadows' unjust dismissal. I have decided, after consultation with him, to follow his example. We are not, therefore, under Mr. Peckover's orders, or under yours, Mr. Gunten."

"Confound you!" burst out Mr. Gunten

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furiously. "I believe you're in league with those young scoundrels!"

The Gentle Shepherd made a step towards him.

"Moderate your language, please!" he said sharply.

"What!"

"Address me civilly, or——"

"Or what?" roared the storekeeper savagely.

"Or I will knock you down!" said Mr. Shepherd coolly.

"By gad, and so will I!" said Mr. Slimmey. "You cannot bully us, Mr. Gunten. You have caused this riot by your shabby treatment of Miss Meadows, and you can deal with it yourself. I leave Cedar Creek this day."

"And I go with you," said Mr. Shepherd. "Come, Mr. Slimmey, let us pack and get away. We cannot remain while this is going on, and countenance it, and certainly we cannot assist those who have dismissed our respected colleague."

Mr. Gunten, gasping with rage, raised his fat, clenched fist.

The Gentle Shepherd looked him in the eyes and waited. But the fat fist dropped again and unclenched.

Mr. Shepherd smiled slightly, and went into his cabin.

"You're sacked!" roared Mr. Gunten. "Do you hear? Sacked! Discharged! Fired! Get out!"

He received no answer from the masters, and he strode away with a purple face.

Catching sight of Black Sam, who was staring at the crowd at the porch, he called to the negro.

"Come here, man!"

Black Sam came up.

"Your help is wanted," said Mr. Gunten.

"You know me, I suppose?"

"Me know Mass' Gunten," agreed Black Sam, showing his teeth in a grin.

"That gentleman, Mr. Peckover, is the new headmaster here. You are to assist him in dealing with those boys. Get a cart-whip!"

Black Sam shook his head.

"Me 'bey Missy Meadows," he said. "Missy Meadows gib me orders. No take orders. If Missy Meadows no come back, me go."

Mr. Gunten trembled from head to foot with rage.

Even the black man of all work had raised his heel against him, and to be defied by a "nigger" was the last straw.

### Result of Notts County Picture-Puzzle Competition.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to:

J. BOARD.

Dowell Street,

Honiton, Devon.

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following five competitors, whose solutions contained one error each:

Mrs. J. Board, Dowell Street, Honiton, Devon; T. Jobson, 2, Charlotte Street, Tidal Basin, E. 16; Tom Loynd, 17, Clementina Terrace, Carlisle; Robert Scott, 42A, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow; Fred Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E. 2.

Fifty-one competitors with two errors each divide the ten prizes of 5s. each—one shilling being added to the prize list to make up a round sum. The names and addresses of these prize-winners can be seen on application at this office.

#### SOLUTION.

There are few older football teams in the country than Notts County. It goes back practically to the commencement of the game. The club made swift headway, and reached a magnificent position on the First League table. Since then, fortune has ebbed and flowed.

His rage overflowed, and he raised his hand and struck at the negro's black face with all his force.

His blow did not reach the mark, however. A black hand gripped his wrist so hard that the fat man gave a yell of agony, and Sam's black face grinned at him.

"You white trash!" said Black Sam contemptuously. "Low white trash, Mass' Gunten! You vamoose!"

He swung the fat storekeeper round by the wrist, and sent him spinning away.

Mr. Gunten staggered several paces, gasping, and Black Sam walked back stolidly to his own quarters.

From him, it was clear, there was no assistance to be had.

Almost foaming by this time, Mr. Gunten returned to the new schoolmaster, who was waiting near the porch with a black brow.

"Well, sir?" snapped Mr. Peckover.

"The assistant masters refuse to help; they've resigned," choked Mr. Gunten. "Even the nigger is cheeky! Good gad!"

Mr. Peckover set his lips.

What was to be done in that strange conjunction of circumstances was a mystery he could not solve at present.

His cold eyes were gleaming, and there was no doubt as to what he would have liked to do, but the power to do it was not in his hands.

The insurgent schoolboys had watched Mr. Gunten's progress with grinning faces, a good deal encouraged by his failure to obtain help.

Mr. Gunten turned to the boys at last.

"You will be punished for this!" he gasped.

"Come and punish us!" jeered Chunky Todgers.

"We're ready for you, you foreign trash!" roared Eben Hacke.

"Come on, Fatty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I order you to make way, and allow your schoolmaster to enter the house!" spluttered Mr. Gunten.

"Go and chop chips!"

The storekeeper clenched his hands.

"Do you know what will happen to you? If you persist in defying authority, I shall call on the sheriff for assistance."

"Call, and be blowed!" answered Bob Lawless.

"You will be turned out of the school, Lawless!"

"Well, I'm not turned out yet," said Bob coolly; "and there'll be some trouble first, Mr. Gunten."

"That's enough from you, Mr. Gunten," said Frank Richards. "You'd better go, and take your new schoolmaster with you!"

"Vamoose the ranch!" hooted Lawrence.

Chunky Todgers came out of the doorway with a cushion in his hand, and it whizzed through the air.

There was a howl from Mr. Gunten as it caught him under his double-chin.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now light out!" shouted Chunky. "You'll get some more if you stay here, Old Man Gunten! You make us tired!"

"Vamoose!" came in a threatening roar.

Mr. Gunten and his companion hastily backed away. They did not want any more cushions. And a jeering roar followed them from the crowd at the porch.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### "Fired!"

IT was close upon school-time now, and more and more boys and girls were arriving at Cedar Creek.

Most of them gathered round Frank Richards & Co. at the porch.

It was easy to see upon which side in the dispute their sympathies lay.

Even those who did not join in the revolt gave the rebels their moral support, as it were, and wished them well.

There was a buzz of excited talk while Mr. Gunten and Mr. Peckover, at a distance, were consulting desperately as to what was to be done.

Outside the gates, Kern Gunten still sat in the buggy, feeling thankful that he had had the sagacity to remain there and not venture within the walls.

There was no question of classes that morning.

Nobody went into the school-room.

The unaccustomed holiday added to the

Will Miss Meadows Return to the School, or the New Headmaster?



general excitement, and perhaps to the general cheerfulness.

Frank Richards & Co. had laid it down as a law that no more lessons were to be done at Cedar Creek until Miss Meadows came back; and in that, at least, they had hearty and unanimous support.

While the buzz of discussion went on Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Slimmey were seen to leave their cabins together with bags in their hands.

"How is it going to end?" murmured Molly Lawrence.

"It's going to end in Miss Meadows coming back, I reckon!" said Bob confidently. "Don't you be afraid, Molly."

"But—but—" murmured the girl. "We're going to give Old Man Gunten our ultimatum—good word that!" chuckled Bob. "Come on, you chaps!"

Frank Richards & Co. marched to the spot where Mr. Gunten and Mr. Peckover were standing talking in low tones.

A cheering crowd followed them. "Made up your mind yet, Mr. Gunten?" called out Bob.

The storekeeper scowled by way of reply. "Is Miss Meadows coming back?" demanded Frank Richards.

"No!" roared the storekeeper. "Then the school's on strike till she does come!" said Bob Lawless determinedly. "We won't have lessons, we won't allow lessons to be given, and we won't have your pesky new schoolmaster. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Gunten!"

The storekeeper clenched his podgy hands. "Enough of this!" he said, in a gasping voice. "For the last time, will you receive your new master and submit to his authority?"

"Nope!" "Never!" "No fear!"

There was no doubting the earnestness of that reply, which was yelled at Mr. Gunten by thirty voices.

"Then I shall leave Mr. Peckover here, and go at once for the sheriff!" said Mr. Gunten, in a choking voice.

"You can go for the sheriff, or for the governor-general if you like!" answered Bob. "But you won't leave Mr. Peckover here! We don't want him, and we won't have him! That's flat!"

"Mr. Peckover, kindly remain here till I return!" said Mr. Gunten, taking no heed of Bob.

"Certainly, sir!" said Mr. Peckover. "You will lose no time?"

"Rely on me!" Mr. Gunten walked away to the gates, where his son was waiting in the buggy.

The new schoolmaster took a step towards Mr. Slimmey's cabin, with the intention of remaining there till Old Man Gunten returned with the necessary force to restore order.

But Bob Lawless meant business—and his followers meant it, too.

At a sign from Bob the schoolboys made a rush and surrounded the new master. Mr. Peckover halted, his eyes glittering.

"Stand back!" he said, between his teeth. "Collar him!" "Fire him out!"

The angry man struck out fiercely on all sides as he was collared by the schoolboy strikers.

Two or three of them yelled, but Mr. Peckover's blows were soon stopped, as he was seized from every side.

He was whirled over in the grasp of many hands, and was swept from the ground and carried bodily after Mr. Gunten.

In a yelling crowd, the schoolboys rushed down to the gates, with Mr. Peckover struggling and wriggling in their midst.

Mr. Gunten spun round in the gateway, his eyes almost starting from his head at the sight of what was happening.

Without heeding the storekeeper, Frank Richards & Co. rushed Mr. Peckover up to the buggy, and tossed him bodily into it.

Kern Gunten gave a loud howl as the schoolmaster crashed upon him, and they disappeared into the bottom of the buggy together.

"Good gad!" stuttered Mr. Gunten dazedly. Bob Lawless and Frank Richards caught him by the arms.

"Jump in!" rapped out Bob.

"What!"

"Jump in, or you will be chucked in! Sharp's the word!"

"I—I—I—"



**FIRED OUT!** Frank Richards & Co. rushed the wriggling headmaster down to the gates, and tossed him bodily into the buggy. Kern Gunten gave a loud howl as Mr. Peckover crashed upon him, and they disappeared into the bottom of the buggy together. "Hurrah! Fire them out!" yelled the excited schoolboys. (See Chapter 5.)

"Oh, chuck him in!" roared Chunky Todgers.

"Let me go! I—I will get in!" gasped the storekeeper.

"Get a move on, then!"

The fat storekeeper scrambled wildly into the buggy.

Frank Richards took the horse's head, and led him round into the trail, while Mr. Gunten and his son and the schoolmaster sorted themselves out in the vehicle, gasping and furious.

"Off!" shouted Bob. "Off they go!"

Frank gave the horse a light flick, and the animal, startled by the shouting, dashed away up the trail, the buggy rocking behind him.

Mr. Gunten made a grasp at the reins and controlled the horse, but he did not stop.

The fat gentleman was glad enough to get away from the excited school, and Mr. Peckover had no desire whatever to remain there by himself—he had too much regard for his skin.

A roar from the Cedar Creek crowd followed the buggy as it spun away up the trail to Thompson.

The vehicle vanished from sight with a clatter of hoofs.

Mr. Gunten was gone, and his new schoolmaster with him; and Cedar Creek was left to itself.

"Well," said Bob Lawless, with a deep breath, "we're in for it now, you chaps!"

"I guess so!" said Chunky Todgers. "Who cares?"

"In for a penny, in for a pound!" said Frank Richards. "Old Man Gunten will bring the sheriff and his men. Are we going to give in?"

"No fear!"

"I guess we can't handle the sheriff as we did Old Man Gunten," said Tom Lawrence, with a whistle.

"I guess we're not giving in unless Miss Meadows comes back!" said Bob Lawless.

"Hear, hear!"

"Cedar Creek is on strike, and the strike goes on till we get justice!" continued Bob. "No time to lose. The sheriff will be along before the day's much older. Every fellow that isn't ready for a fight to a finish had better hop out while he's got a chance. We're going to bar the gate and hold the school against all comers!"

"Bravo!"

"All the girls and all the kids had better go home," said Bob, in a business-like way. "There will be some hard knocks, most likely, and pretty faces musn't get damaged. Every chap who stays after the gate is barred in it to the finish, even if we wind up in the calaboose at Thompson!"

And Bob Lawless, like a good general, put his plans into execution at once.

The little scholars and the girls departed, accompanied by the few who did not care to keep on to the end.

Frank Richards & Co. and a score of other choice spirits remained, and they barred the gate and prepared for defence.

Ere long, they knew, outraged authority would be there, with force to back it up; and it would be a grim struggle.

How the affair would end no one could foresee; but upon one point Frank Richards & Co. were grimly determined—there was to be no surrender, and until their beloved schoolmistress was reinstated the school would remain on strike.

THE END.

There will be another Splendid Story of the Chums of Cedar Creek, entitled: "The Siege of the Lumber School," next week.