

# TOM MERRY & CO.'S TRIUMPH!

A Magnificent New, Long, Complete School Tale of Tom Merry & Co.



NOT AN INVASION!

A Magnificent, New, Long, Complete School Story of Tom Merry and Co. at St. Jim's.

## TOM MERRY & CO.'S TRIUMPH!

Martin Clifford.

#### CHAPTER 1.

BAI JOVE, it's those Gwammah wottahs!" murmurod 3 melwottahs!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Arthur Augustus sat up.

The ornament of the Fourth Form at
St. Jim's was reclining in a leafy glade

in Rylcombe Wood that sunny afternoon.
It was a half-holiday at St. Jim's and Tom Merry & Co. were engaged upon a scout run; but Arthur Augustus had deserted the scouts for once.

The swell of St. Jim's was not slack-

ing, however, He had his Latin grammar with him, and was digging deeply and dismally into deponent verbs as he lay in the long grass under the trees. His Form-master, Mr. Lathom, had become quite excited on that subject in

class that morning. What Arthur Augus-tus did not know about deponent verbs would have filled whole volumes. Arthur Augustus had listened to Mr. Lathom's eloquence for a good five minutes with pink cheeks, while the rest of the Fourth

Form sat smiling. And the unfortunate Gussy had taken his Latin grammar out with him that afternoon with the heroic determination of mastering, once for all, those worrying verbs which were passive in form but active in meaning. He meant to surprise Mr. Lathom next time the subject came up in class.

But he seemed fated never to get really But he seemed tated never to get really to the bottom of the entrancing subject of deponent verbs. For he had not been engaged upon his grammar for ten minutes when there were footsteps and voices close at hand, and he recognised the familiar tones of Gordon Gay, of

Ryleonibe Grammar School.

"Ripping place here, you fellows!
Not likely to be interrupted!" Gordon
Gay was remarking as he came along

under the trees. Then Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat up

in some dismay.

Keen as he was to get on terms of closer acquaintance with deponent verbs. toser acquaintance with deponent veros, he was not wholly sorry for his studies to be interrupted, for he found the task more dry and uninteresting than ever that afternoon. But he did not want to meet the Grammarians in force,

It was only too probable that if Gordon Gay & Co. came upon him in the wood they would improve the shining hour by ragging him. The Saints and the Grammarians seldom met without a

Arthur Augustus glanced round him

quickly.

The Grammarians were coming from the direction of the road, and the trees, as yet, hid them from sight. But they were evidently making for the glade where Guesy's elegant form reclined.

The swell of St. Jim's thought for a moment or two, and then he rose quietly

to his feet and slipped into the nearest thicket.

As a scout he had learned to take cover promptly, and prudence counselled him to keep out of view of the merry Grammarians.

A minute after he had disappeared from

sight Gordon Gay & Co. came tramping

into the glade.

There were six of them, and Gordon Gay and Frank Monk were carrying large

Arthur Augustus, peering through the foliage, noted it, and wondered what the bags were for.

Gay and Monk set them down in the

"Topping place!" said Frank Monk.
"We sha'n't be interrupted here by a lot

"We sha'n't be hearted of silly fags."

"Just the place for a rehearsal!" agreed Wootton major.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "The silly asses have come to be agreed in the open air!

tus D'Arcy. "The silly asses have come heah for a webearsal in the open air! Bothah them!

He did not venture to move.

Wootton major was standing within three yards of him opening one of the bags, which evidently contained theatrical

props."
The Grammarians were not likely to depart for some time to come, and Arthur Augustus could not move without betray-Augustus could not move without betray-ing himself. He settled down to wait, rather interested in the Grammarians' proceedings. Gordon Gay was very keen on amateur theatricals, and had great skill in that line. Gusy was rather curi-ous to see the Grammarian players in a dress rehearsal; and such it was evidently going to be. Some kind of uniforms were being unpacked from the bags, as going to be. well as an assortment of beards, whiskers, and moustaches. Among the other articles that came to light, Arthur Augustus was surprised to observe feminine apparel. This was taken possession of by Gordon Gay.

"Now, get on with the bizney!" said ay. "This is the last rehearsal but one, and I want to see how you shape. You ought to know your parts pretty well by

this time."
"Oh, mine's all right!" said Wootton

"On, minor will don't know about you minor. "I don't know about you minor, and the will have a will ha for the part," said Wootton minor, shaking his head. "With your face, as I

said-"Let my face alone, ass!"

"Let my tace alone, ass:
"I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole, old scout! But the title-role isn't really in your line, Gay. If we're playing 'The Beautiful, Spy,' the spy ought to be beautiful."

"Yes; that's rather a drawback,"

"Yes; that's rather a drawback," agreed Carbey,
"I shall be beautiful enough when I'm made up, you duffers!" grunted Gordon Gay, "That's all right!"
"Blessed if I see how you!" manage it!" persisted Wootton minor, "Paint and powder go a long way, I know. But then, there's your features."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha!" "11a, na, ran"
"Oh, do dry up and get on with the washing!" growled Gordon Gay. "You get yourself up as Fritz you Snorter-you're born for that part, anyway! No need for much make up to make you look

"Why, you silly ass—"
"Your features will come in handy for that part, anyhow!"

"Look here—"
"Order!" said Wootton major. "This isn't a slanging match! Let's see how Gay turns out as Fraulein Klara, any-how! After all, we could alter the title, and call the play 'The Ugly Spy,' so that Gay would be all right in the title-role."

Gordon Gay snorted.
"That's a good idea," chimed in Lane.
"After all, German frauleins ain't beauti-

"Br-r-r-!" said Gay. "Dry up, and get to bizney!"

The Australian junior stepped towards a tree to fix up a mirror on the trunk. It was the tree beneath which Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had been reclining during his manful struggle with the deponent verbs.

"My hat!" exclaimed Gay suddenly.

"Here's your hat," said Wootton
major. "A bit erumpled—"

"Ass! Look here!"

Ass! Look here!"
Gay had not been alluding to the hat
he was to wear as Fraulein Klara, the
beautiful spy. His ejaculation had been
caused by the sight of a Latin grammar

reased by the sight of a Latin grammar lying in the grass.

He picked it up in surprise.

"That's a St. Jim's book," he said.

"Hallo, there's a name in it—A. A.
D'Arcy! The one and only has been

Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augus-

tus, in dismay. He had taken cover with a skill worthy of a scout; but, unfortunately, the gram-mar had been left behind.

The Grammarians "props" at once, an dropped at once, and looked round

"St. Jim's cads!" growled Lane. "See if there's any of the rotters hanging about !"

Gay was scanning the grass under the tree, and with hardly a pause he followed Arthur Augustus' track into the thicket. The swell of St. Jim's backed away,

with a loud rustling of foliage. "Here he is!" shouted Gay.

Arthur Augustus jumped out of the thicket and ran, and at the same moment Gordon Gay jumped after him and caught him by the neck.
"Bai Jove! Leggo!" gasped Arthur

Augustus.

"Collar him!"

"Ha, ha!

Arthur Augustus whirled round on Gay Arthur Augustus whirled round on Gay and hurked him off. But the other Gram-marians were round him now. He was collared on all sides, and marched hack into the glade. And the rehearsal of "The Beautiful Spy" was postported while the swell of St. Jim's was dealt

#### CHAPTER 2 On the War-path.

TELEASE mc, you wuff duf-fahs!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly. The Grammarians chuckled The six of them were round the swell of St. Jim's, and there was no escape for him. Arthur Augustus' look was appre-hensive. True, he had no rough handling to expect from the merry juniors of the Grammar School, but he had no doubt that Gordon Gay & Co. intended to be humorous at his expense.

In fact, Gay was already taking out his grease-paints and a burnt cork, and Gussy could guess what they were in-tended for. Gussy was to get some of the make-up as well as the amateur actors

of the Grammar School.

"If you put that howwid stuff neah me, Gay, I shall give you a feabful thwash-in'!" said Arthur Augustus in concen-

in : said Annual trated tones.

"Thrash the other chaps first, will you?" asked Gay, without looking round.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, by ha!"

Arthur Augustus breathed wrath. It was really a little difficult to see how the thrashing was to be bestowed, as he was held by three or four of the Grammariane.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" asked Wootton major. "This is your Latin grammar, I suppose?"

"Yaas."

"Mugging up Latin on a half-holi-day?" demanded Wootton severely.
"I was lookin' out deponent verbs, deah bov."

deah boy.

"My hat! What a taste! Chaps who look out deponent verbs on a half-holiday are setting a bad example, and have to be bumped. That isn't the way to win the war," said Wootton major sterning the war," said Wootton major sternly. "Bai Jove! If you- Yawoooh!"

Arthur Augustus was swept into the

He came down towards the ground with a terrific rush, and he gave a little yelp in anticipation of the sickening thud to follow.

Within a few inches of the grass, however, he slowed down and was sat down very gently.
"Bai Jove!" he gasped. "You uttah

"Ha ha ha!" roared Wootton major.
"Did you think you were going to be squashed. Give him another for yelping when he's not hurt!"

"You uttah asses you are wumplin' my clothes!" wailed Arthur Augustus, "Welease me at once! I'do not appwove of this wotten pwactical jokin'. I wegard it as bad form."
"Hold him!" said Gordon Gay. "I'm

ready!"

"Keep off, you uttah wottah?" yelled Arthur Augustus as the burnt cork approached his aristocratic visage.

But the playful Grammarian did not

keep off.
Arthur Augustus wriggled painfully as his face was blackened and he gradually assumed the complexion of a Hottentot. The Grammarians howled at the change

in his appearance. Having blacked in most of Gussy's unfortunate face, Gay added crimson circles round his eyes and a white epot

to the tip of his nose.

Then he held up the mirror for Gussy



Baggy Bunks! (See Chapter 2.)

Instead of departing, however, the it themselves, and, as Carboy remarked wrathful swell of St. Jim's made a rush very truly, there was nothing like it to at Gordon Gay, and got his head in be found in Shakespears.

"You feahful wottah! You howwid, pwactical jokin' beast!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Take that—and that—and Augustus.

"Yarooh!" roared Gordon "Draggimoff! Oh, my hat!"

The sudden attack had taken Gay by

surprise. The other fellows seized Arthur Augustus and yanked him off, yelling with laughter.

Gordon Gay clapped his hand to his

"Oh, dear! Ow! Ow! Jump on him!

Arthur Augustus fled into the thickets without waiting to be jumped on. "Boko hurt, old chap?" asked Wootton major, as Gay dabbed it with his handkerchief.

handkerchief.
"Ow! Yes, ass! What are you cackling at? Nothing funny in a chap's nose being squashed, is there?" growled Gay. Ha, ha! Yes, a little," chuckled

Wootton major.

Gordon Gay dabbed his nose, while his comrades chortled, apparently seeing a humour in the matter that was lost on their leader.

Then he held up the mirror for Gussy to look at himself.

"Oh ewikey!" gasped the swell of St. Jim's as he gazed at the awful risage in the glass. "You howwid beast! Ow!" "Don't let him crack the glass with his face!" chuckded Lane.

"Satisfied, Gussy!" "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!" "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!" "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!" grinned Gay. "Behold, he is black, but to comely! I think that will do. You can run home now, Gussy. If your face frightens anybody, that won't be a ney experience for you, will it?" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was released.

Meanwhile, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wended his dismal way through the wood, his feelings towards the playful Gram-marians quite Hunnish.

He certainly could not return to St. Jim's with his face in that state, and he was heading for the stream in the wood, at some distance, to get a wash—the best he could do under the circumstances.

He came into a footpath, and followed it, fervently hoping that he would meet

There was a sudden exclamation as he came along the path, and Baggy Trimble, of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, jumped up from the grass, where he had been resting after a surreptitions feed.

Trimble's fat face was quite pale as he blinked at the black-faced stranger, and his little round eyes bulged out.

"G-g-good Trimble. heavens !" stuttered

"Oh, deah!" murmured Arthur Augus-is. "It's all wight, Twimble. Oh,

cwumbs!" Trimble, as "Yah !

"Keep off!" yelled Trimble, as D'Arcy was approaching him. "Yah! Ow! Keep off! Oh, dear!" The fat junior spun round and took

to his heels.
"Twimble, you ass!" shouted Arthur

ugustus in great exasperation. But Baggy Trimble did not even look

found. What the terrible apparition might be he did not know, but he was terrified almost out of his fat wits, and he ran

for his life.
"Oh, deah!" murmured Arthur Augustus in dismay. "Oh, cwumbs! I am afwaid I must be lookin' wathah awful!

I will thwash those Gwammah wottahs all wound! I weally hope I shall meet nobody else." He hurried on his way, anxious to get

to the water.
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#### THE BEST 40. LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 40. LIBRARY. HOW ON

As he came through the thickets to the little stream in the heart of the wood there was a yell./

"Look out !"

"What's that?" Three juniors in scout garb had stopped at the stream to drink; and Arthur Augustus came on them suddenly.

Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther fairly jumped as they saw him.

They saw his face first, and the sight of a black face with red circles round the eyes was startling enough. Manners grasped his staff, and Arthur

Augustus yelled: Hold on, you ass! Mannahs, you chump-

Oh!" gasped Manners, recognising

"Un'r gasped Manaca, "Gussy" "
"Gussy" gasped Tom Merry.
"Yaas, wathah!"
"What have you got yourself up like that for?" yelled Mouty Lowther.
"You uttah ass, I have not got myself up! Do you think I am likely to black that any and go wound like this on purmy face and go wound like this on purpose?" howled the swell of the Fourth. It was those Gwammah wottahs! "Ha, ha, ha!"

"There is nothin' whatevah to laugh This is not funnay. How at, you asses. evah, I am glad I have met you. -Aftah I have washed my fage you can come back with me and mop up those feahful wottabs.

The Terrible Three chuckled.

"Well, you are a giddy beauty!" said om Merry. "You shouldn't let the Tom Merry. "You shouldn't let the Grammarians handle you like that, Gussy. It's up against St. Jim's!" "There were six of the wottahs!"

"Why didn't you give them a fearful thrashing?" inquired Monty Lowther innocently.

"Oh, wats!"

"Oh, wats!"

Arthur Augustus knelt by the stream and layed his face. Washing off the burnt cork, however, was a difficult process. The Terrible Three watched him, grimning. Gussy's face was looking very mottled when he left off to rest.

"Do I look vewy howwid, deah boys?"

he asked. "Not more than usual, but in a

"Oh, wats!"

"Where are the Grammar bounders?"

where are the trammar bounders?" asked Tom Merry. "There's a lot of our fellows in the wood, and we may as well give those bounders a lesson, if they're still on the spot."
"Yaas, wathab! They're, wehearsin' a wotten play. Gay is makin' himself up as a 'girl,' said Arthur Augustus.
"They call it 'The Beautiful Spy,' or some such wubbish. Call the fellows and some such wubbish. Call the fellows, and I will guide you there, and we will give them some of their own gwease-paints, the boundahs!"

"Good!"

Tom Merry gave the curlew-call, and In a few minutes the scouts of the School House were gathering by the stream. Blake and Herries and Digby were the first to arrive and they grinned at Gussy's mottled complexion. The swell of St. mottled complexion. The swell of St. Jim's resumed his washing operations. Talbot of the Shell arrived with Kangaroo and Gore, then came Julian and Keruish and Reilly and Hammond, and then Levison, Clive, and Cardew. Several other fellows came along, and

all wanted to know what was wanted.

As soon as Tom Merry explained Jack
Blake jerked Arthur Augustus away. from the stream.
"That'll do!" he said. "Come on!"

"I have not finished cleanin' my face, Blake."

"That's all right! Lead Macduff!? answered Blake. "Wats! I am still wathah black." The GEM LIBRARY.—No. 553.

"You've got to guide us, fathead!" said Tom Merry. "Get a move on!"
"I am sowwy, deah boy, but it is

attally imposs for me to do anythin' of the sort until my face is clean."
"Get a move on!" roared Herries.

"I wefuse to get a move on, Hewwies!

"Help him with your staff, Blake,

"Certainly!"
"Cartainly!"
"Yawoogh! If you pwod me again,
"Yawooh! You feahful ass,
"from my wibs!" Blake

keep that staff away fwom my wibs
"All together!" grinned

Lowther.
"Go it!" chuckled Manners

"Go it!" chuckled Manners.
Six or seven staves prodded the swell
of St. Jim's together, and he roared.
"Stoppit, you sillay asses! On second thoughts, Lwill guide you now, and wash

artahwards. Oh, coumbs! Stoppit?"
"Lead on!" grinned Tom Merry.
And this time Arthur Augustus led
on; and the School House scouts followed him on the war-path.

#### CHAPTER 3.

Nice for the Grammarians. Y only hat!" murmured Tom Merry.

Keeping under cover, the leader of the St. Jim's scouts looked into the glade where the Gram-

marian players were at rehearsal.

Tom Merry, like a good general, had taken all his precautions; and the crowd of St. Jim's scouts had separated, and were surrounding the little glade, ready to close in on the enemy when the signal was given.

Gordon Gay & Co. were too busy to have eyes or ears for them, even if they

had not been so cautious.

The rehearsal of "The Beautiful Spy"

was going strong.

Tom Merry gazed on at the scene, quite impressed by what he saw.

Gordon Gay, in the guise of the Fraulein, was quite unrecognisable. He was made up with great skill, and his face was tinted quite nicely, and his wig of golden hair gave him a very girlish appearance.

If Tom had not known who he was, he would certainly have taken him for a young lady of Teutonic nationality.

The others were barely recognisable, and might almost have been taken for real Tommies and Huns, had they been

on a larger scale.
"There they are, the wottahs!" murmured Arthur Augustus, who was close behind the captain of the Shell. wathah think we shall take them by surpwise.

I rather think so," agreed Tom Merry.

There was a curlew-cry from across the glen, telling that the surrounding of the

enemy was complete.

The Grammarians heard it, and evidently scented danger, for the rehearsal stopped all of a sudden, and the amateur actors stared round them suspiciously.

But it was too late. Tom Merry gave the signal whistle, and on all sides the St. Jim's scouts rushed out of the trees.

Twenty juniors of St. Jim's were round

the group of Grammarians, and escape was cut off on all sides. "Surrender!" called out Tom-Merry.

"Yaas, wathah!" chuckled Arth Augustus. "Our turn now, you know. chuckled Arthur Augustus. Our turn how, you know. Gordon Gay & Co. drew together, as if to offer resistance. But the odds were too great. Gay accepted the inevitable. "Your game!" he said tersely. "Halle, Gussy! Where did you get that

face?"
"Weally, Gay---"
"Collar them!" ordered Tom Merry.
"Collar them! were collared

couple of scouts seizing them by the

"Go easy!" said Gay coolly.- "Don't damage the props! That isn't in the

"Right-ho?" said Tom Merry, laughing. "We won't damage the props. Gather up the clobber, you fellows!" The Grammarians exchanged dismayed

glances as the clothes they had discarded were gathered up by the grinning scouts.

"I—I say, you're not going to take our clobber away?" said Carboy. "You bet!" "Look here! How are we to get

home' "Walk."

"We can't go back to the school in this rig!" roared Lane. "No? Then you'll have to spend the rest of your natural life in this wood! answered Tom Merry cheerfully.

Ha, ha, ha!

"Yaas, wathah! Ha, ha!"
"Look here, this is playing it too low
own!" exclaimed Frank Monk.
"Worse than blackin' a fellow's
blooks" zinned Arthy Augustie vay?" grinned Arthur Augustus. Ahem!" ohivvay?"

"You sent Gussy home as a blackato send you home as Huns and things.

One good turn deserves another!"
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Gordon

Gay.
"We'll send your clothes home by parcels post," said Tom. "I dare say you'll get them to-morrow." The scouts yelled.
"I wegard this as tit for tat, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus, in great

said Arthur Augustus, in great eent. "Mind you don't fall in enjoyment. with a policeman, Gay. It's against the law to go about dwessed up as a gal, you know!"

I can't go out of the wood like gasped Gordon Gay. "Look here, this!" gasped Gordon Gay. "
you silly asses, I can't do it!"

you silly asses, I can't do it!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Roll up that clobber!" said Tom, unheeding. "Make it into bundles. You can use those bags. Now march those bounders out into the road."
"Look hero—""

"I say-

"Oh, crumbs! You rotters!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
In spite of their frantic expostulations. the unhappy Grammarians were marched through the wood and out into Rylcombe

There they stood in a dismayed group. They were a peculiar party to be on ew in broad daylight-two Hun view in broad dayingnt—two Hun soldiers, a wicked German baron, a Fraulein, and two diminutive Tommies. Behind the footlights they were all very well; but in Rylcombe Lane they seemed extremely out of place.

The prospect of walking home to the Grammar School in that guise was simply unnerving.

"Look here, we're not going home like this!" roared Wootton major. "Please yourself, old scout," said Tom Merry blandly. "Ta-ta-! This way, you follows: it's time we got home to be?" fellows; it's time we got home to tea.

Taking the bags with them, crammed with the Grammarians clothes, the St. Jim's scouts marched off. Already two or three people were gathering to stare at the unhappy

gathering to stare at the immaply Grammarians, and grinning.

It was manifestly impossible to remain where they were, and still more impossible to discard their remarkable get-ups, as they had nothing to replace it with

The best they could do was to remove the beards and moustaches, and cram them in their pockets.

Then they started for home, with feelings too deep for words.

The adorning of Arthur Augustus' face | with burnt cork had seemed a great joke to the Grammarians; but their sense of humour did not rise to the present occasion.

"For goodness' sake, let's get out of this!" groaned Frank Monk. "Get a move on! We shall have a crowd round

soon.

"Oh, dear!"
"Oh, the rotters!"
"Oh, crikey!"

The unhappy Grammarians burried on their way, taking the most unfrequented cuts to the Grammar School.

cuts to the Grammar School.

But they had to pass people in the lanes, and exeryone they passed stopped and stared at them, and grunned or yelled. Their faces were burning under the make-up by the time they reached the gates of the Grammar School. A dozen urchins were following them

by this time, calling out remarks to them in great enjoyment.

It required a great effort to enter the school gates and run the gauntlet of glundred pairs of eyes.

But there was no help for it.

"Come on!" said Gordon Gay

desperately.

He marched in, and the rest followed. There was a shout as they were sighted, and Grammarians came speeding up from

all sides.

There were howls of laughter as Gordon Gay & Co. were recognised.

"You silly asses!" exclaimed Carker of the Fourth. "You'll get into a row.

What have you got yourselves up like that for? There's the Head at his that for? window. "Oh, crumbs!" groaned Gordon Gay

"What have you done it for?" yelled

Tadpole.

"We haven't, you ass!" snapped
Frank Monk, "We were rehearsing in
the wood, and the St. Jim's beasts have
taken our clobber." Ha, ha, ha!

"What are you cackling at, you idiot?"

idiot?"
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tadpole.
Making their way through a shrieking mob, the Grammaran players hurried on, and as they reached the House they were met in the doorway by an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown. It was Dr. Monk.
The Head of the Grammar School did not recognise them for a moment. His countenance displayed astonishment and wrath.

are you? Why have you come here?
Leave this place at once!" What-what?" he exclaimed. "Who

"You cannot give a circus performance

"You cannot give a circus performance here!" exclaimed Dr. Monk saverely, apparently taking the unhappy junious for a band of strolling players.

"Oh, dear! I—I say, pater—" stammered Frank Monk.
The Head jumped as he recognised

his hopeful son.

"Frank! What-what-what do
this mean?"

"We-we-we-" mumbbed Monk.

"We-we-we-we-" mumbled Monk.
The Head's brow was thunderous.
"Is it possible that you—you—you have been out of doors in this ridiculous attire?" he thundered.

attire?" he thundered.
"We couldn't help it," grouned Frank.
"S-s-somebody took our clothes while
we were rehearising in the wood, sir,"
"Oh?" ejaculated the Head.
"Rehearising our play, sir," mumbled
Carboy. "Our—our clothes were
pinched, sir, and—and we had to come
home."

of the same as no spora-"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the dense crowd gathered round the steps.
"Silence!" extrained Dr. Monk, though his own hips were twitching. "I have he came closer he made, a sadden I see. If—if it is not your own fault, rush, and the trio, who had not been

go indoors at once, and take off those absurd things. As for this young lady,

"Wha-a-at?"

"Wha-a-art"
"I fail to see why this young lady
has come here with you," said the Head,
eyeing Gordon Gay severely. "Is she a relation of one of you?"
"Oh, my hat! She-I-I mean heshe's Gordon Gay, sir."

e's Gordon Gay, ....
"Wha-a-at?"
"Only me, sir," said Gordon Gay
ookly. "I'm Fraulein Klara in the

meekly. "I'm Fraulein Klara in the play, sir."
"Bless my soul! It—it is Gay!" exclaimed the Head.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Silence! Go indoors at once, and if this occurs again I—I shall punish you very severely!" exclaimed the Head.

And Dr. Monk beat a retreat, and did not laugh till he was in his study. There was a roar of merriment in the quadwas a roar of herroment in the quad-rangle as Gordon Gay & Co. disappeared indoors. The unfortunate actors did not feel like laughing, however. In the dormitory they changed in a great hurry,

oormitory they changed in a great hurry, mutmuring rows of vengeance upon St. Jim's and all who dwelt therein.

"You still ass, Gay!" growled Frank Monk, "If you ever popose an openair rebearsal again, we'll scalp you!"

"How could I know—" began Gay.
"Ob water.

"Oh, rats!"
"We shall get chipped to death over us!" groaned Carboy.

the unfortunate six came down from the dermittery they had to run the gauntlet of chipping without end; and all that evening the Lower School was in a ripple of merriment. Gordon Gay & Co. were glad when bed-time came, and they had a rest at last.

#### CHAPTER 4. Lowther's Luck.

H, what luck?'
Gordon Gay uttered that exclamation.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Gay and the two Woottons, major and minor, were sitting on the stile in Rylcombe Lane, talking in rather a morose mood.

The affair of the amateur actors had not been forgotten, and Gordon Gay was growing rather "fed-up" with the japing he had been receiving in the Grammar School on the subject

School on the subject. The three juniors were discussing ways The three junious were discussing ways and means of wiping out their defeat and regaining their lost prestige, when Monty Lowther of St. Jim's came strolling along from the village.

Lowther was alone, and he did not observe the three Grammarians sitting

on the stile.

Gay and his comrades exchanged

"What luck!" repeated Gay. "There's one of the worms, and we'll make an example of him. Hallo, Lowther!" The Shell fellow of St. Jim's stopped. "Hallo!" he replied.

"Hallo!" he replied.
"Fancy meeting you!" grinned Gay.
"Only fancy!" said Lowther, evening warfly.
"Did

the three Grammarians warffy. you get your clobber safe, dear boy? We sent it off by parcels post." "Yes, you ass!" grunted Wootton

major.

"Oh, good! Doing any more theatreals lately?" asked Lowther blandly. "Any more open-air perform-

He was approaching the Grammarians on the stile as he spoke. He was quite aware that he was not to be allowed to pass without a ragging, and his intention was to take the bull

expecting an attack, were taken quite by

surprise.

Monty Lowther gathered up an armful of astonished legs, and in a moment the three Grammarians were rolling off the stile on the inner side.

They bumped down in the field with a series of fiendish yells.

Lowther did not stay to look at them: Lowner that not say to how at them, he took to his heels, and scudded up the lane to St. Jim's, leaving them to sort themselves out at their leisure.

Gordon Gay scrambled to his feet.

"Oh, my hat! Why, the cheeky

"Gerroff my neck!" shrieked Wootton

"Getron my mean major. "You ass, what are you treading on me for?"
"Oh, bother your neck! After him!" yelled Gay.

He bundled over the stile and rushed in pursuit of the St. Jim's junior, and his comrades scrambled up and dashed after him.

atter him.

Monty Lowther had gained a good start, and he was as good a sprinter as any of the Grammaine. He glanced back, and kissed his land to them.

"Put it on!" gasped Gay. "Why, we'll scalp him! We'll—we'll.— Put it on!"

The three Grammarians ran hard; but

The three Grammarians ran hard; but Monty Lowther kept his distance. Suddenly on the road ahead of him a cyclist came in sight.

It was Lacy of the Fourth Form at the Grammar School. He was pedalling at a leisurely pace as he came round the coverse about

at a leisurely pace as he came round the corner ahead.
Gay yelled to him at once.
"Stop him, Lacy!"
Monty Lowther paused.
Algermon Lacy jumped off his bike at once, and jammed it against a tree, and stood in the lane to stop the fugitive.
Lowther glanced back; Gordon Gay &

Lowener graneed back; Gordon day of Co, were coming on at top speed. His pause was only for a moment, and then he rushed on, to tackle Lacy before the other three could arrive. "Stop!" rapped out Lagy, as he came

Lowther did not answer. He rushed straight at the Grammarian, and they closed.

"Hold him!" panted Gay.
Lacy was holding him, but he had
caught a Tartar. Monty Lowther swept
him off his feet, and bumped him down in the road.

Lacy yelled as he rolled in the dust. Wrenching himself loose, Monty Lowther ran for the bike. The trio behind were close now, and

the bike was his only chance. He grabbed it, and rushed into the road, and put his leg over just as Lacy scrambled

"Let my bike alone!" shricked Lacy. He sprang at Lowther, and grasped

Monty Lowther released one foot, and Lacy received it on his waistcoat, and sat down in the road again with a gasp, as the cyclist started.

The pedals whizzed round, and the bike shot away just as Gordon Gay came breathlessly up

Gay's hand missed Lowther by about a

But a foot was as good as a mile. The cyclist shot away, and Gay did not have another chance.

Lacy sat up in the dast.
"Stop him! He's got my bike!
Ow!"

"How can I stop him?" howled Gay.
"What did you let him take the bike for,
you silly chump? Why didn't you hold you silly champ? on to him?" "Ow, ow!"

Monty Lowther looked back, grinning now.

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### THE BEST 40. LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 40. LIBRARY, MON ON

"Ta-ta, dear boys!" he shouted.
"You can call for the bike. Thanks for shouted.

the loan, Lacy!"

Algernon Lacy shook his fist after him.
"Bring my bike back!" he shouled.

"Bow-wow!" "You rotter!"

"You rotter!" Same to you, dear boy, and many of

And Monty Lowther pedalled away cheerfully to St. Jim's on Lacy's bike. Algernon Lacy clenched his hands. "The rotter!" he exclaimed bet-

"The rotter!" he exclaimed between his teeth. "I'll make him sit up for that. Look at my clothes!"

"Bother your clothes," growled Gordon Gay, "and not so much of your "tothen temper, Lacy. Play the game!"
"Oh, hang your silly rows!" snarled
Lacy. "You know I never take part in
them. I don't like it."

He tuned in the direction Lowther had taken. Gordon Gay caught him by the arm and stopped him. Where are you going, Lacy?" he said

"I'm going to St. Jim's," said Lacy llenly. "I'm going to complain about

my bike being taken !

- "I thought so!" said Gay grimly.
  "You're a worm, dear boy, and I suppose you'll never learn to play the game.
  Still, we'll try to teach you! You're coming back to the Grammar School!" I thought so!" said Gav
  - "I'm going to St. Jim's!" "Take his other ear, Jack !"

"You bet!"

"You bet?"

"Let go!" yelled Lacy furiously, as his ears were laid hold of. "I tell you I'm going to complain..."

"Well, we're giving you something to complain about!" said Gay "Frinstance, you canteomplain about your ears basing willed...like that......" being pulled-like that-

Yooop ! "And like that!" grinned Wootton

major. "Yarooooh!"

"Now, are you coming?"
Algernon Lacy decided that he would, especially as Wootton minor was behind him, helping him with his boot.

Meanwhile, Monty Lowther pedalled on cheerily to St. Jim's. Tom Merry and Manners were in the gateway, and they looked surprised when their chum arrived on a bicycle.

"Hallo! Where did you get that jigger?" inquired Tom.
"Lacy lent it to me!" explained Low-

ther, as he dismounted.

"Lacy of the Grammar School?" Yes

"My hat! I didn't know you were friendly with that worm!" said Manners. "I'm not, dear boy! He lent it me because he could not help it!" answered Lowther. "Pll leave it with Taggles, to be called for !"

The bike was left at the porter's lodge, and the Terrible Three went in together. Tem Merry looked rather thoughtful as Lowther detailed what had happened in the lane.

"That fellow Lacy is a bit of a worm," he said. "He doesn't play the game like the rest. I shouldn't wonder if he raises a howl over this !"

"Let him!" said Lowther carelessly.
"I'm blessed if I know how those chaps stand Lacy. We'd scalp him if he was a

St. Jim's chap!"
"Hallo! What's that about Lacy?"
Cardew of the Fourth was lounging
on the steps of the School House, and heleard Lowther's rethark.

"That cheery old schoolfellow of yours ought to be scalped," said Lowther. "That's all! I've had a row with Gay and his gauge, and I got away on Lacy's bike, and Tommy thanks he may kick up a how! about it."

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Cardew nodded.
"Very likely!" he said. "I remember what he was like at Wodehouse, when we were there together; always howling if he was hurt. I shouldn't wonder if he he was hurt. wonder if he Head. You'll makes a complaint to the Head.

be called over the coals!"

"I'll jolly well punch his nose am!" growled Lowther. "I'm fe with that fellow!" "I'm fed up

"There's still time for some cricket before tea." remarked Tom Merry. "Coming along, Cardew?"

Coming along, Cardew? Cardew shook his head.

"Levison and Clive are leadin' the strenuous life, and they're doin' enough strentous life, and they're doin' enough for three," he answered. "They play enough cricket for our study. I represent the intellect in No. 9, you know. At present, I'm doing some thinkin'!" "What with?" asked Lowther, with an air of surprise. "Fitteen!" said Cardew. "Fitteen!" asid Cardew.

"Fifteen!

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Lowther, wondering whether the dandy

Lowener, wondering wheener the darkey of the Fourth was wandering in his mind. "I mean it's the fifteenth time!" "What's the fifteenth time?" "The fifteenth time I've heard you make that little joke," answered Cardew

calmly.

Tom Merry and Manners chuckled. Lowther was a great humorist; but it was not to be denied that some of his little jokes did service over and over

again.
"I'm thinkin' out a little joke on the Grammar cads," went on Carden. "I shall have to use a telephone. Which one would you advise me to use—the Head's or Railton's?"

"Neither, you ass!" said Tom Merry. "Better go down to the post-office!"

Too much fag !"

"Too much rag " "Well, try the 'phone in the prefects' room

"Kildare and Darrel are there jawin'." "Then chuck it.!"

"But it's really a good wheeze," said Cardew. "My last little joke on the Grammarians was rather turned against me. This time——"
"This time you'll make a muck of it,

"This time you'll make a muck of it, same as before," said Monty Lowher. "Leave that kind of thing to our study, Cardew. It's above your weight!" "Bow-wow!" answered Cardew.
And the Terrible Three went down to.

cricket, leaving Cardew still thinking it out whether he should borrow the Head's telephone or Mr. Railton's.

CHAPTER 5. Cardew is Humorous.

ALPH RECKNESS CARDEW detached himself from the stone balustrade at last, and went lazily into the School House. His chums, Levison and Clive, were at cricket, and his cousin, Durrance, was with them, and Cardew felt the time hanging rather heavily on his hands. He had not energy enough to join the cricketers, and so he had been turning his thoughts to the Grammarians. He had played a little joke some time ago on Gordon Gay and his friends, but the result of it had not been eminently satisfactory to Cardew, and he had determined to try again when he found energy enough. Apparently the slacker of the Fourth had found the required energy now. He sauntered down the corridor, and came on Racke and Crooke and Mellish in discussion in a window recess.

Three to one against!" Racke was saying in a low voice. Cardew grinned. The black cheep of St. Jim's were discussing a race, matters being very interesting to them.
"Hallo, Cardew!" called out Crooke. "Hallo, Carnew!" caned out Crooke.
"Give us your opinion. You know something about gee-gees!"
"Certainly!" said Cardew, stopping.

"Certainly!" said Cardew, stopping.
"It's about Nun Nicer for the Traffield
Plate," said Racke. "It's between him
and Bonnie Boy. Where would you advise a man to put his money

Cardew assumed a look of deep reflec tion. It amused him sometimes to pull the leg of the sportive set.
"I fancy I'd leave those gees alone,"
he said. "But if you want a dead

"You've got a snip?" asked Crooke

"Something good?" asked Racke, with interest.
"Tip-top!"
"Let a fellow in, Cardew!" exclaimed

Mellish eagerly 3
"I don't mind," said Cardew, with some hesitation. "I don't see why you fellows shouldn't share in a good thing, if you come to that."
"Oh, be a sport, and let us into it!"

"Oh, be a spote, a..."

Said Crooke black sheep looked quite eager. Cardew, in idle moments, dabbled in the questionable pursuits of Racke & Co., rather from idleness and Racke & Co., rather from idieness and recklessness, than from any other motive, and in such things he had a good deal more judgment than the other black sheep. The three young rascals were quite keen to hear his "dead cert."

"Well, I'll let you in, if you like," said

Cardew.

Got anything on it yourself?"

"Oh, yes!"
"Much?" asked Crooke.

"Twenty pounds odd."
"Phew! You feel so sure of it as all

"My dear man, it's a dead cert!" said Cardew. "If you lose your money on it, Cardew. If you to be your money on it, I'll undertake to pay up every bob you lose. I feel so sure about it."

"My hat!" said Mellish, opening his eyes. "Your must feel jolly certain you've got a winner, then."

I am certain!"

"A regular romper-what?" asked Crooke, his eyes glistening. "Absolutely certain!"

"Absolutely ecrtain!" said Cardew confidently. "Put your money on my selection, and you're bound to clear a profit, and I'll stand all your losses, if you like."

"Well, that sounds like a good thing, and no mistake," said Aubrey Racke. "You're a good fellow to let us into it, Cardew." Cardew.

"Not at all. Only too pleased, old

"Well, what's your selection?" asked the three sportive youths together. "War Savings Certificates," answered

"War Savings Cartificates," answered Cardew cheerfully.
"What!" yelled the three together.
"War Savings Certificates!". "What! You silly ass, what do you mean?" howled Crooke.
"I mean what I say," answered Cardew calmly. "Put your money in War Savings Certificates and it's a dead cert—a regular snip. You pay fifteen and-six—"

"Look here "
"And in five years "
"You silly ass!"
"You silly ass!"

hand you out a quid," continued Cardew, unmoved. "Your money's safe as the Bank of England. money's safe as the Bank of England, and you make a handsome profit. I've never heard of a surer snip in my life!"
And with that Cardew sauntered on, leaving Racke & Co. looking furious, realising at last that the dandy of the Fourth had been pulling their leg.
Fourth had been pulling their leg. them a real 'dead cert." much more valuable than the certs Racke & Co.

generally found. But they did not feel grateful for it.

Cardow went on his way smilling greatly entertained by the looks Racke & Co. gave him as he left them.

He stopped outside the door of the Hoad's study:

Dr. Holmes was out of doors that afternoon, as he knew, and it seemed safe enough is drop in and use his telephone. Safe as it was, there were few juniors at St. Jim's who would have had the near the safe that t telephone there without permission. But Ralph Reckness Cardew was blessed with an unusual amount of nerve, and, after a moment's hesitation, he opened the door and went in, closing it behind him.

Cardew glanced from the windows into the green old quadrangle. There was no sign of the Head returning yet. He turned to the telephone, and as he did

so the bell rang.

The sudden buzz of the telephone-bell in the quict, dusky study made the Fourth-Former jump.

Buzz, buzz, buzz !

Duzz, buzz, buzz! Cardew stood still, breathing rather quickly. He wondered whether anyone would hear the bell, and come to the study to take the call. If that happened he was caught, and, in spite of his nerve, he did not relish the prospect of having to explain his presence there to Mr. Railton or Mr. Linton. Buzz!

Buzz! "By gad, that row's gain' to stop!" murmyred Cardew, and he stepped to the telephone and took the receiver off the

hooks.

hooks.

His intention was to take the call, and state that Dr. Holmes was absent. There was no sound of footsteps in the passage so far, but it was pretty certain that if the telephone bell continued to huzz someone would hear it and come there. The buzz ceased abruptly as Car-dew picked up the receiver, and he put it to his ear, and his mouth to the trans-

"Hallo!" he said, disguising his voice by assuming a deep bass.
"Hallo!" came the reply. "Is that "Hallo!" came the reply. "Is that Yes."

"I wish to speak to Dr. Holmes."
Ralph Reckness Cardew almost
dropped the receiver. For he recognised the voice on the telephone. It was the voice of Algernon Lacy of the Fourth Form at the Grammar School.

CHAPTER 6.

Tricked on the Telephone. RE you there?" Lacy's voice came impa-

tiently along the wires.

Cardew stood dumb. He did not need telling why Algernon Lacy wished to speak to the Head of St. Jim's, as he knew all about Lowther's adventure with the bike. The cad of the adventure with the bike. The cad of the Grammar School wanted to lay a complaint. It was simply unprecedented for a junior schoolboy to ring up the Head of St. Jim's, and that was the only possible explanation.

Cardew looked grim. He began to feel pleased that he had happened to be in the study in time to take that call.
"Are you there?"

Cardew bent to the transmitter again.
"Yes. Who is speaking?" he asked,

in deep bass.

"Are you Dr. Holmes?"

"Kindly state your business." said ardew. "I am a busy man. Who are Cardew.

y M?

"My
name is Lacy—Algernon Lacy.
You know me, Dr. Holmos."
"Do you belong to Rylcombe Grammar School, Master Lacy?" asked Cardew, still in deep bass.
"Yes, sir."
"Yes, I remember seeing you, Master

"The boy's name is Lowther." "Montague Lowther of the Shell?"

"That's the fellow !

"And you state, Master Lacy, that Montague Lowther assaulted you, and took away your bicycle?"

"Yes, sir."
"Without provocation?"

"Quite!"
"And has Montague Lowther retained possession of the bicycle?"
"He has."

This matter shall

certainly be inquired into, and I will call and see your headmaster, Master Lacy," said Cardew, in deep tones, very like those of Dr. Holmes. "It is very old that you should have rung me up, as I have to see your headmaster about you, Master Lacy.

"A-a-a-about me, sir?"
"Yes. Certain delinquencies on

part have come to my knowledge, Master

part have come to my knowledge, Master Lacy!" said Cardew sternly.
"I-I don't understand, sir. You are not my headmaster!" said Lacy, with a touch of insolence in his tone.
"Precisely. For that reason I intend to acquaint Dr. Monk with the circum-

stances." "I-I- Really, sir, I think there must be some mistake," came a falter-

ing reply on the wires.
Cardew griuned. He was beginning to enjoy this little talk on the telephone.
Indeed, Master Lacy! Is it not a fact that you are on friendly terms with some boys in this school named Racke and Crooke and Mellish?"

I-I know them, sir. "It

"It has come to my knowledge, Master Lacy, that these boys have been involved in gambling transactions."

"You have been a party to these transactions, Master Lacy.

"Oh!"

"Racke and his friends I shall deal with," pursued Cardew. "But you, Master Lacy, will naturally be dealt with by your own headmaster, whom I shall acquaint with the whole matter.

Cardew heard a gasp on the telephone. Cardew heard a gasp on the telephone.

"If—if you please, sir, I—I—I admit
I—I have acted rather thoughtlessly,"
came Lacy's voice, now in a whining
tone. "I am sorry—truly sorry! I—I
hope, sir, that you will not think it
necessary to speak to my headmaster."

"I feel it my duty, Master Lacy."

"I—if you'd let me off, sir—"

"It is not in my power to let you off, as you term it, Master Lacy; for, as you very truly remarked a few moments ago, I am not your headmaster."
"I-I beg your pardon, sir! I-I beg

you to give me a chance, and I will promise, most faithfully—"

Cardew nearly gave himself away by a chuckle; but he kept it back. Algernon Lacy was in the bluest of blue funks by this time. His sportiveness in company with Racke & Co. was certain to earn him at least a flogging if Dr. Monk learned of it. At the Grammar School end of the of it. At the Grammar school can be use wire the festive youth was palpitating, "I fear that I cannot make conditions with you, Master Lacy," said Canlew, more deeply than ever. "You may ex-

more deeply than ever. "?
peet to see me shortly."
"Oh, sir, I—I beg of you—

"Or, rather, as I am a busy man, I shall send a note over by a junior," said Cardew. "I will command Lowther to bring back your bicycle, and bring a note to your headmaster at the same time."

"But, sir.—"

"Enough!"

Cardew rang off. He sat in Dr. Holmes' chair and smiled at the telephone. He could picture the state of funk Algernon Lacy was in, and it entertained him immensely. The sneak of the Grammar School had been rewarded as he deserved for his sneaking.

Having disposed of Lacy, Cardew took up the receiver again after a few minutes, to carry out the little scheme for which he had come to the study. asked the exchange for a number, and

"Hallo!" came along the wires.
"Hallo! Is that Mr. Wiggs?"
"Yes, sir."

"Can you send up two silk hats in the

morning, Mr. Wiggs?"
"Certainly, sir! What name?"
"Master Gay—Gordon Gay, Rylcombe
Grammar School. You know my size,

Mr. Wiggs?"
"Certainly, Master Gay! I'll send
them without fail! Shall I send the bill

with them sir?" "By all means! And tell your lad to wait for payment."

"Yes, sir.

Cardew rang off. He took a glance through the telephone directory, and rang on again. This time he asked for the number of Blankley's emporium at Wayland. "Hallo! Is that Blankley's? Have you

any silk hats in stock?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Can you send two in the morning—Master Gordon Gay, Rylcombe Grammar

School? And instruct your young lady to wait for the account!" "With pleasure, sir!, Size?"
"Largest size in schoolboy toppers,

please!"
"Very well, sir." "Can I depend on having them in the

morning? It's rather important."

"Most certainly, sir; without fail!
Two of our twenty-five-shilling hats, I presume? "Are they the best you have?"

"We have a very special silk hat at thirty-five shillings, sir.

"That's what I want, then."

"Very good, sir. Master Gay, Rylcombe Grammar School?

"Right!"

Once more Cardew rang off. He listened for a moment at the door of the instened for a moment at the-door of the study, took a glaface into the quadrangle, and then went to the telephone again. This time he rang up Brown's, in Way-land, and ordered two more silk hats for Gordon Gay. Having completed the arrangement to the satisfaction of Messrs. Brown, he fang up Messrs. Pipkin's, and gave the same order.

Then he left off, because he could not remember the addresses of any more

hatters in the neighbourhood.

There was a cheery smile on Cardew's face as he left the Head's study. His visit to that sacred apartment had been quite a success; as he had killed two birds

with one stone, so to speak.

He sauntered out of the School House and down to Little Side. Some of the uniors were at practice, and Tom Merry funiors were at practice, and form the following George & Co. stood in a group watching George Figgins of the New House playing some marvellous bowling from Fatty Wynn. Levison and Clive called to their chum as he came sauntering up.

s he came sauntering up.
"Pile in, Cardew, you slucker!"
"My dear men, I've been workin',"
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### Cadet Notes.

As we anticipated, our note in last week's issue about the Army Council's decision that boys who are members of Cadet Cours should be entitled to a control of the council as pilots or observers must be fully aware that this is what they are doing, aware that this is what they are doing, and the O.C. of their corps must take steps to bring this clearly to their minds; and, finally, the written consent of the parents or guardians of the lad must be supplied to the combined of the complete to these conditions, and the complete to these conditions, are many now, ask for and tracely convenient manding officer of the Cadet Corps. Subject to these conditions, any Cadet may now ask for and receive nomination of the Corps. The condition of the Corps. The condition of the Corps. The condition of the Corps. The Corp

said Cardew. "I've got somethin' to tell you fellows—especially you, Lowther!" "Hallo! What's on?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Lacy's rung up the Head to complain

"Lacy's rang up and of you."
"My hat! The measly, sneaking cad!"
"Bai Jove! That feahful wottah ought weally to be wagged!" exclaimed Arthur Augustas D'Arry warmly.
"Fortunately, I was in the study, and I took the call!"
"You did?" exclaimed Tom Merry.
"You did?" exclaimed Tom Merry.
"You did?" axelaimed Tom Merry.

"You did?" exclaimed Tom Merry.
"Yes," yawned Cardew. "I put on a
bass worce, an' Lacy appears to be under
the impression that he was talkin' to Dr.
Holmes. Queer, the impressions you can
get on the telephone, ain't it?"
"Bail Jove!"

Cardew explained the result of his talk with Lacy, and there was a roar from

the cricketers.

the crickeiers.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, if Lowther goes over with the bike, Lacy will think he's got a note for Dr. Monk in his pocket," said Cardew, with a chuckle.

"He will come round Lowther tryin' to beg that note off him, I fancy."

"Oh, my hat! I'll lead him a dance!"

"vickaimed Lowther, his eyes glistening.
"I'll make the ead sit up for trying to sneak!"

And Monty Lowther rushed away for the bike, leaving Tom Merry & Co. chortling.

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CHAPTER 7. Six for the Sneak !

66 AYP "Hallo, Jacky! What's the row?" "That awful cad Lacy!"

breathed Wootton major. "Well?"

Gordon Gay's eyes gleamed a little.
The failure of Algernon Lacy to "play
the game" was a sore point with the
Grammarians. There were few fellows
at the Grammar School who did not wish that Lacy had stayed at his old school, Wodehouse.

"The awful worm!" said Wootton major with deep wrath. "We bumped him for wanting to go over to St. Jim's with a complaint, and it hasn't done him

a bit of good."

"Perhaps we didn't bump him hard grateful brute, anyway. But what's the trouble new?"

trouble new?"
"Pve just spotted him at the 'phone."
"Oh!"
"Mr. Adams is out, and Lacy's using his 'phone," said Wootton major. "You can guess where he's 'phoning. Who ever heard of a sneak sneaking by telephone before? I suppose he thought we'd never spot that."

"He wouldn't be worm enough," said ay. "But we'll jolly well see! Come Gay.

along !" Gordon Gordon Gay hurried indoors, and Wootton major followed him. They met Mr. Adams' study. Algernon started as he saw them. He had a deeply troubled look.

"You've been 'phoning to St. Jim's?" asked Gordon Gay abruptly.

"I-I say, Gay, I-I want you to help me out!" faltered Lacy.

"Whate"

"I'm in an awful scrape."

Gay and Wootton stared at him. This was not at all what they expected. But Lacy was evidently in serious trouble, as his looks showed.

"I don't quite catch on," said Gordon ay. "I thought you'd been 'phaning St. Jim's, to make some sneaking to St. complaint about Lowther bagging your

"I-I did," stammered Lacy. "But-but I'm in an awful scrape!"

but I'm m an awful scrape:
"Serve you jolly well right, you
miserable sneak!" said Gay unsympathetically. "But what's the trouble?"
"IL-ti's come out, somehow, about
Racke and that gang at 8t. Jim?" said
Lacy. "Dr. Holmes knows about their
little market and about me with

little games, and—and about me with them. He's sending a note over to Dr. them. He's ser Monk about it." "Great pip!"

"It means a floggin', if not the sack!"
muttered Lacy. "I—I say, can't you
fellows help me? Lowther's being sent over with the note. It-it could be got

over with the note. At—it come be go-away from him.—"
"Get it away from him, then," said Gay grimly. "You won't get any help from us. You knew what you were risk-ing when you went blagging with Racke and Crooke, I suppose. You've got just what you deserve for sneaking, and if you get a flogging I hope the Head will lay it on herd."

it on hard."
"Same here!" said Wootton major

heartily.

And the two juniors walked away with that charitable wish. Algernon Lacy looked after them with almost laggard eyes. He had no help to expect in that quarter. He wandered miserably down to the gates to wait for Monty Lowther to arrive from St. Jim's.

Somehow, anyhow, he had to prevent

Dr. Holmes' note reaching the Head of the Grammar School if he could.—If it disappeared in transit, Dr. Holmes would naturally suppose that it had reached its destination, and would trouble no further about the matter in all probability.

If he could only prevent Lowther from

delivering the note! It was a chance, at least, and Lacy was glad that Dr. Holmes had sent a note by hand instead of telephoning to Dr. Monk, as he might easily have done. was rather odd that he had not taken the latter course, but Lacy was glad of

The idea of taking the note by force from Lowther was rather a desperate one, but Lacy would have attempted it if he As matters stood, it was out of the ques-tion, and he had to rely upon his persuasive powers.

Shasive powers.

There seemed little hope of persuading a fellow whom he had just landed, as he believed, into trouble with his headmaster; but it was Lacy's only hope, and there was no depth of humiliation he was not willing to descend to in order to

gain his point.

As a rule, Lacy was a lofty fellow, much given to swank; but his swank was quite gone now.

A cyclist came in sight on the road at A cyclist came in sight on the road at last, and he recognised Monty Lowther of St. Jim's. Lowther dismounted at the gateway, and gave Lacy a grim look as he wheeled the bike in. "There's your jigger, Lacy!" he said. Lacy threw it carelessly to the wall. "Never mind about that," he said

nervously. "You've got a note for my headmaster, Lowther."
"How do gen know?"
"Well, I—I do know. Will you give

it to me, old chap?"

"Give it to me," muttered Lacy. "It means a flogging for me if that note gets to Dr. Monk. It might mean the sack

"Jolly good thing for your school, in that case!"

Monty Lowther walked on into the quadrangle, and the wretched Lacy fol-lowed him. Frank Monk and Lane and



#### **GET ONE OF THESE CARDS** TO-DAY FROM ANY POST-OFFICE.

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In five years' time that certificate will be worth £1. This is the best way for a patriotic boy to put money by. Won't you try it?

Carboy boro down on the St. Jim's

imior.

"Pax!" called out Lowther, holding up his hand. "Fm here on business, dear boys. No larka."

"That's all very well," said Frank

"but-"Is your headmaster at home?" asked

"Is your neadmaster at nome: asset Lowther. "Yes; the pater's in his study," said Frank Mosk. "You don't want to see him?" "Quife so. I don't want to. I don't pull with headmasters," agreed Lowther. "But I was sent here. you see."

"But I was sent here, you see."
"He's got a note for the Head, you fellows!" said Lacy desperately. "It's a note about me. Don't let him take it."

note acous me.

"Hallo! Is robbery with violence one of your little games here?" asked Monty Lowther, with a grin.

"You silly ass, Eacy?" said Frank with the result of the control of th

he did not hurry.

As he had nothing to see Dr. Monk about, he had no intention of calling on that scholastic gentleman. He kept one eye on Lacy's tormented face. Lacy was standing in his path, almost

"Lowther, old man, you don't want to get me sacked," he said shrilly. "Give me the note and I'll burn it."
"My hat!" said Carboy. "You cheeky idiot! Don't do anything of the sort, Lowther. You'd get into an awful

"I don't mean to," said Monty.
"Dr. Holmes won't inquire about it," said Lacy. "He'll think our Head's had his note. You can tell him you brought it here; that will be true."

"What on earth does it all mean?"
asked Frank Monk, in wonder.
"Don't ask me!" yawned Lowther.
"Lacy seems to know thore about it than
anybody else."

anyoony eise.

"It's a note from Dr. Holmes to our Head about—about my betting and playin' cards with Racke att his set," muttered Lacy. "Old Holmes has bowled them out, and—and me, toe, so he's telling our Head. Lowther oughtn't to give him the note. I—I might be sacked for it."

"Well, I don't want to get a fellow sacked," said Lowther, "but I don't see what's to be done. You pitched a tale at St. Jim's about my bagging your blke, like the sneaking worm you are, and..."

I-I'm sorry !" "Your sorrow comes a bit late!" said

Lowther sarcastically.

"I--PH say anythin" you like, do anythin' you like!" gasped Lacy. I tell you it's safe enough to suppress the note: It'll never come out."

"Safe enough for you. But what about me?"

I-I'm sure---

"You mean you're only thinking of your own precious skin," said Lowther contemptaously. "I'm jolly well not going to hand you any note, I know that?"

Lacy grouned.
"Where's Gay?" asked Lowther.
"Let's ask his opinion."
It was Monty's intention to allow him-It was Monty's intention to allow him-self to be persuaded in the long run, as he had no note at all for Dr. Monk, but he was lingering out the agong, as it were, for Algernon Lacy's benefit. The sneak deserved punishment, and Lowther kindly hoped that the fright would do him good.

him good.

Lacy callel Gordon Gay, who came up with the two Woottons. They delivered their opinion emphatically.

"Take the note in to the Head," said



Lowther Lands Out Lustily, and Lacy Gets Left! (See Chapter 4.)

Gordon Gay. "You've no right to give

it to Lacy."
"You'd get flogged if it came out!" said Wootton major.

said Wootton major.

"Can't you put in a word for me?"
muttered Lacy. "You know what it
means for me if old Monk gets the note."

"That's your look-out. I know what
it will very likely mean for Lowther if he
doesn't!" snapped Gay. oesn't!" snapped Gay. Lacy turned from him, and fixed a

beseehing look on Lowther.

"For goodness' sake don't take the note in, Lowther!" he muttered. "I'll note in,

note in Lowiner: he interested do anythin' you ask—"
"I don't want you to do anything, you worn!" said Monty Lowther. "Still, I won't go in. Don't ask me for the note. I'm not going to give you any note. But I won't go in and see Dr. Monk." Lacy brightened up.

"Thanks, old chap! You're a good sort!" he gasped.

rt!" he gasped.
"A silly ass, I think!" said Gordon
ay, "You've no right to suppress your

"A sully ass, A would be a suppress your headmaster's note, Lowther "I going to make conditions, though," said Lowther. "Lacy's sneaked about me. A sneak ought to be punished. I'll go away without seeing Dr. Monk on condition that Lacy takes six with a cricket-stump."
"Oh!" gasped Lacy.
"Ves or no?" snapped Lowther.

"Yes or no?" snapped Lowther.
"Yes, yes!" stammered Lacy. "Yes, yes!" stammered Lacy. He would have agreed to six dozen if six

dozen had been demanded. Anybody got a stump?" asked Lowther

"I'll jolly soon get a stump!" growled

Wootton major.

And he did. Behind the trees in the quad Lacy received the six, and they were well laid on. The Grammarians stood round grinning, while the unfor-tunate sneak wriggled and squirmed under the infliction. Lowther did not spare the rod.

"Better give him a few more!" said Gordon Gay. "A bargain's a bargain," said Lowther, throwing down the stump. "You can crawl off, Lacy."
"You—year won't go to the Head now?" gasped Lacy.

"You-yeu won't go to the Head now?" gasped Lacy.
"No, you worm!" Algernon Lacy limped away, sore in body, but relieved in mind. Monty Lowther smiled at the Grammarians.
"Now, I'll tell you fellows a little joke," he said agreeably. "L's understood that I've got a safe conduct out of gates—what? Pax, you know!"
"Oh, yes, But what—"
"You see, I had to let Lacy off, s.s. I haven't any note for your blessed headmaster," explained Lowther. "Cardew happened to be in our Head's study, and he took the call, and spoofed your sneak nappened to be in our Head's study, and he took the call, and spoofed your sneak on the 'phone. I didn't come over with a note for your Head. I came over to lick Lacy for sneaking. See?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Gordon Gay.

"Ta-ta, dear boys! Always happy to pull the leg of a Grammarian ass!" said Lowther affably; and he strolled away to the gates, leaving the Grammarians

to the gates, perving staring, "Pax" was sacred, or certainly the St. Jin's humorist would never have got out of gates without a record ranging at was, he strolled home to St. Jin's in cheery spirits, and at St. Jin's there was loud laughter when he related what had happened at the Grammar School.

"Poor old Gwammawians!" said

aroth Augustus D'Arcy. Iney weasy can't keep their end up against us, you know. I weally think that they will have to sing small, and hide their diminished heads, bai Jove!"

And Tom Merzy & Co. fully agreed.

#### CHAPTER 8.

No Shortage of Toppers. EAR met" said Mr. Adams.

The master of the Fourth
Form at the Grammar School was busy with his class the morning, when there was a following morning, when there was THE GEN LABRARY.-No. 555.

#### 10 THE BEST 40. LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 40. LIBRARY, MON ON

tap at the Form-room door and the page put his head in.

"What is it, Tipkins?" asked the Formmaster acidly.

The 'ats for Master Gay, sir!" said Tipkins.

"You should not come here in class hours, Tipkins. If anything has come for Master Gay, it can wait till after lessons," said the Form-master soverely. lessons,"

lessons," said the Form-master soverety,
"Yessir: but the lad's waiting for the
money, sir!"
"Bless my soul! Gay, you may attend
to the matter, but kindly arrange in
future for any goods you purchase to be
delivered at a more reasonable time!"
snapped Mr. Adams.
Gardon Gray loyled astanished

Gordon Gay looked astonished.
"There's some mistake, sir,"
"I haven't ordered any hats." he said.

'Oh! You are sure?"

"Quite sure, sir!"
"Very well. Tell the lad he has made
a mistake, Tipkins!"
"Yessir."

Tipkins retired; but in a couple of minutes he returned; Algernon Lacy was construing when the page's head was put in at the door again. Mr. Adams gave

him an impatient stare.

"Really, Tipkins—"
"Sorry, sir, but the lad says as there ain't any mistake, and he's brought the ats, and was told to wait for the money,

"This is really intolerable!" exclaimed Mr. Adams. "Tell the boy to come in here, Tipkins!"

Mr. here, Tu. "Yessir. A minute or two later Tipkins showed in a youth who carried two bandboxes tied together. He touched his cap to Mr.

"The 'ats for Master Gay, sir!" he

"Where do you come from, my lad?" "Where do you come from, my ..."
"Mr. Wiggs', sir."
"Gay, did you order these hats?"
"No, sir." said the astounded (

said the astounded Gay.

"No, sir," said the astolades of the Certainly not?"
"Two sik hats, hordered by Master Gay yesterday, sir," said the lad. "I'm to wait for the money, sir! 'Ere's the bill. sir!"

bill, srr!"
Mr. Adams glanced at the bill,
"This appears to be in order, Gay," he
said. "Fof what absurd reason, Gay,
did you order two new silk hats to be delivered here? Surely, one silk hat at a time is sufficient!"
"But I didn't order them, sir!" ejacu-

"But I didn't order them, and the lated Gay. "I haven't the least idea what makes Mr. Wiggs think I ordered them."
"The bill is made out in your name."
"I can't help that, sir! I never ordered the hats! I haven't been near Mr. Wiggs' shop this week."

"This is very extraordinary. However, I must accept your statement. My lad, pray take the hats back to Mr. Wiggs. pray: tyke the hats back to Mr. Wiggs, and inform him that there is a mistake, and Master Gay did not order them and does not require them!"

"Ho!" said the youth.

With visible reluctance he took the bandboxes, and marched out with them;

and Gay sat down again, puzzled and perplexed. Mr Adams gave him a very sharp look. He could not understand so curious a mistake, and he had a suspicion that there was a practical joke somewhere.

The lesson ended, but the next lesson

was interrupted by Tipkins.
"Well, what is it. Tipkins?" exclaimed
Mr. Adams sharply, as he glanced at the grinning page.

"The 'ats for Master Gay, sir." "What?

"The two noo silk 'ats from Blankley's, sir, for Master Gay, and the young

lady's waitin' for the money, sir! THE GEM LIBRARY. -No. 553.

"Gay, this really passes all patience!" exclaimed the Form-master. "It appears that you have ordered silk hats from Blankley's, to be delivered here during lessons.

"I haven't, sir!" gasped Gordon Gay.
"What? Do you mean to tell me that

it is another mistake?"
"It must be, sir! I haven't been to Blankley's, and I certainly haven't ordered any hats there!"

"Gay, you must be perfectly aware that two such mistakes could not possibly be made by two different firms of hatters

at the same time."

"I—I can't understand it, sir!"

"Neither can I!" said Mr. Adams, very drily. "Tipkins, tell the young lady that it is a mistake, and the hats must be taken back."
"Werry well, sir."

"Werry weil, sir.

Tipkins disappeared, with a broad grin
on his face. Most of the Fourth were
grinning, too; but not Gordon Gay. He
was puzzled and worried, utterly unable

to make head or tail of the strange affair. But Tipkins was not done with yet. In five minutes he was back again, and

Mr. Adams fairly snorted at him.
"Tipkins! What—"
"The 'ats, sir—"

"I have told you to tell Blankley's young lady to take them back!"

"Yessir; she's gone with them 'ats, sir, but this is another lot!" gasped Tipkins. Wha-a-at?

"Wha-a-at?"
"Two noo silk 'ats, sir, for Master Gay, from Messrs. Pipkins', in Wayland, sir, and the man's waiting for the money!"

"Bless my soul! Gay, will you have the audacity to tell me that this is another mistake?" thundered Mr. Adams.
"Yes, sir!" gasped Gordon Gay.
I don't know anything about it, sir!"

"Gay, it is clear to me that you have planned this, as an absurd practical joke, to interrupt lessons this morning."
"I—I haven't sir—on—on my word,

"Pish! Tipkins, tell the man the hats

were not ordered, and they must be taken back!"
"Yessir." There was a chortle in the Form-room as the page vanished. Gordon Gay sat with a crimson face, while Mr. Adams frowned thunderously, and the Fourth-

Formers grinned. Third lesson was in progress, when the inevitable Tipkins reappeared, his grin

"Tipkins," thundered Mr. Adams, "I have warned you not to come here and interrupt lessons!"

"Yessir. But—"

"Go away at once!"
"But the 'ats, sir—"
"What?"

"The 'ats-

"Have they not been sent back as I directed:

Yessir. But-

"Then the matter is closed. Go away!" "But, sir, the man's waiting-"
"What man?" roared Mr. Adams.

"The man from Brown's, sir, with two noo silk 'ats for Master Gay, sir!" gasped

Tipkins. Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the

"Silence!" thundered Mr. "Tipkins, do you mean to say that a man has come from Brown's with two new silk hats for Master Gay?"

waiting for the Yessir; and he's money."

"Gay, stand out here!"

Gordon Gay, with a crimson face, came out before the class. He was wondering by this time whether he was on his head or his heels.

"Gay, this is a practical joke on your part!" exclaimed Mr. Adams.

"Nunno, sir!"

"Did you order two new silk hats at Brown's?"

No. sir! Never!"

"Do you mean to say that a fourth firm of hatters have made the same extraor-dinary mistake in the same morning?" demanded the Form-master. "I—I don't understand it, sir! I—I

"I understand it only too well, Gay! Tipkins, tell the man to bring the hats

here at once!"

Yessir. Tipkins departed, and Brown's man came in with two bandboxes. He touched his cap to Mr. Adams, and presented the

bill,
"Two guineas!" said Mr. Adams
grimly. "As it has pleased you to order
silk hats to be sent here, Gay, you will
pay for them. You will pay for all goods that are delivered here in your name, and that may help to cure you of your pro-pensity to practical joking."

"But, sir

"Pay this bill at once!" "But, sir, I—I—I never ordered—"
"Nonsense!"

"I don't understand

"Will you pay this bill, Gay, or shall cane you?

cane you?"
"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Gordon Gay.
He fumbled in his pockets.
"I—I haven't enough tin, sir!" he

stammered

stammered.
"The bill is to be paid!" said Mr.
Adams grimly, "otherwise I shall request
Dr. Monk to administer a flogging,
Gay; and the money will be paid and
deducted from your allowance."
"Oh, my hat!"

"On, my hat?"
"You should not order goods that
you cannot pay for, Gay. I advise-you
to find the money," said the Formmaster.

Gay turned out his pockets. He had thirty shillings; and Frank Monk found twelve to lend him. The bill was paid. Brown's man looked on in surprise, and grinning.

The hats were left on the table, and Gay returned to his place in the class with a receipt for two guines in his pocket, and the happy possessor of two new silk toppers that he did not want. He was on tenterhooks for the remainder of the morning, wendering whether any more hats were to be delivered.

delivered.

Fortunately, there were no more. When the Fourth Form were dismissed

When the Fourth Form were-dismissed Gordon Gay was sitrounded at once in the quad by a grinning crowd.
"Are you potty?" Wootton major demanded.
"What did you order all those blessed hats for, you chump?"
"I'didn't!" yelled Gordon Gay.
"Then who did?"
"Some blessed practical joker, I sup-

pose !"

pose! "Oh, crumbs!"
"It wasn't a jgke of yours on old
Adams!" grinned Wootton minor.
"No, you ass! I'm done for two
guineas!" howled Gay. "Bless the silk toppers! Who wants new silk toppers in war-time?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you silly duffers?"

"Are you going to wear 'em both at once, like an old clo' man?" chuckled Carboy.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh, dry up!" grunted Gay. "I've been done! I wish I knew the merry idiot who's ordered those hats for me! I'd give him hats!" Tipkins came out of the House with an

annual came out of the House with an envelope in his hand.
"Master Gay," he said, "this 'ere letter was left for you, sir, to be give to you arter lessons."

"Any hats left with them?" roared

Lane.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"No, sir!" gr "No, sir!" grinned Tipkins. "Jest this note. The carrier left it as he passed. this note. Inc carrier left it as he passed. He said it was give to him by a young gent at St. Jim's, sir."

Gay opened the letter mechanically.

Then he gave a roar.

"Cardew! The checky rotter! Oh,

"Cardew: Inc energy lated Monk. my hat!"
"My hats, you mean!" chortled Monk. "Ha, ha, ha!"
"What's Cardew got to say?"
"Look!" hooted Gay.

Cardew's note was short, if not sweet.

"Dear Gay,—I hope you are pleased with the hats. Kindest regards.
"R. R. CARDEW."

"I-I-I'll give him hats!" gasped ordon Gay. "I-I-I'll squash him! Gordon Gay.

"Look here, you ass—"
"You'll have to wake
Wootton major, with a nod. wake up!" said

You chump-

"We're losing all our prestige," said Carboy. "If you don't wake up, Gay, we shall sack you and get a new cap-

"Hear, hear!"
"Oh, rats!" growled Gordon Gay.
And he strode away in great wrath.
A howl from Carker followed him:

Were you pleased with the hats,

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Gordon Gay did not reply to that question. He was tired of the subject

CHAPTER 9. Simply Great !

OM MERRY held up his hand. "Pax, dear boys!" he said.

"Pax, dear boys!" he said.

It was Wednesday afterhoon,
and the Terrible Three were
walking down to Rylcombe, when they
came on Gordon Gay and the two
Woottons. Monty Lowther was carrying woottons. Monty Lowther was carrying a bag, and a rug on his arm, and looked as if he were bound on a journey.

"No rags now!" said Tom, with a smile. "We're seeing Monty off, and he's got to catch a train."

"All: serene!" said Gordon Com.

"All serene!" said Gordon Gay amicably. "We'll let you off a licking, under the circs."

"Thank you for nothing." Manners.

"Going on a holiday?" asked Gay.
"Not-exactly a holiday," said Lowther,
ith a grin. "I'm going home to see with a grin. 'I'm going home to see
my uncle for a day or two. Sorry I
sha'n't be able to pull your leg again for a few days. Ta-ta!"
The Terrible Three walked on, leaving

Gordon Gay with a very thoughtful ex-pression on his face.

They arrived at the railway-station in

good time for the train.

Tom and Manners waved their straw hats to their chum as the train bore him away, and then walked back to St. Jim's.
Gordon Gay & Co. had disappeared,
and the chums of the Shell did not see
them on their way back.

As a matter of fact, the three Gram-

marians were not far away. Gay had led

his comrades into the wood, and sat down under a tree there, somewhat to their surprise.

"What's the game?" Wootton major

Gay waved him off.

lay waved him off.

Don't interrupt! Pm thinking," he it will do.
"Oh!" replied.

"Are we to watch you while you think?" inquired Harry Wootton.

"Dry up!"
"Yes, but-

"Ring off, ass! It's a wheeze!" Wootton major and minor obligingly

dried up, and waited till it pleased their leader to speak. Gordon Gay was deep in thought, though the wrinkles on his face occasionally gave place to a grin.

He looked up at last, and spoke.

"It will work!" he said.

"What will work, ass?" demanded

Wootton major. "The wheeze."

"Oh, one of your wheezes!" said Jack

On one of your water and the work of the season!" said Gay impressively. "Mind, it's got to be kept dark—deadly dark! Not a whisper! Hallo! What's that?"

He glanced round suspiciously, as there

major. "Get on with the wheeze! I don't suppose it's any good, old chap!"
"Fathead!"

"Same to you, and lots of them! Still, we'll give you a hearing, if you buck

up."
"Lowther's gone home for a holiday," said Gay.

What the dickens-

"It follows that he won't be at St.

Jim's again to day."

"Gay, old man, you ought to be Lord Chancellor," said Wootton major. "A chap with a brain like that is simply wasted at school. Did you work that out in your head?"

"Oh, don't be a funny ass! This gives us a chance of paying off all our old

"Blessed if I see it!"

"Blessed if I see it!"
"Do you ever see anything old nut?"
asked Gay politely, "Of course you don't see it till I explain. While Lowther's gone, Lowther's Cousin Bob is going to call at St. Jim's and see him—or, rather, "This While Lowther ask to see him."

"Eh? How do you know?"
"Because that's what I've decided." "Blessed if I knew he had a Cousin Boh!

"He hasn't!" "Eh?"

"It's because he hasn't a Cousin Bob that his Cousin Bob is going to call at St. Jim's this afternoon!" explained Gordon Gay.

Wootton major and minor looked at who their chief fixedly. Whether Gay's brain was wandering, or whether he was trying to pull their leg, they could not quite determine.

"Say that over again!" said Jack Wootton at last. "Lowther hasn't a Cousin Bob-

"Exactly!"

"And his Cousin Bob is going to call at St. Jim's?" You've got it!"

"I suppose that's funny!"
Wootton major. "Is this when where

"Ass! I'm his Cousin Bob!"
"You!" yelled the two together.
"Precisely!"

"Midsummer madness!" said Wootton major. "Let's give him a jolly good bumping, and see if we can make him sane again!"

Gordon Gay jumped up.

"Chuckeit, you duffers! Don't you derstand? If I can make up as Frauunderstand? lein Klara, the Beautiful Spy, I can make up as a chap who doesn't exist. I've only got to alter my complexion and put on some goggles and change my clothes, and nobody at St. Jim's will know me. 'Tain't like making up as a real person. I can look like anything but myself, and

"Oh!" ejaculated Wootton major.
"See at last?" asked Gay sarcastically.
"Ye-es" "Ye-es.

"Ye-es."
"It's as easy as falling off a form,"
It's as easy as falling off a form," "It's as easy as falling off a form," as aid Gordon Gay, his eyes glistening, "I call at St. Jim's, as Lowther's Cousin Bob, to see him. I'm awfully disappointed to find that he's gone away unexpectedly. Naturally, his friends will, be hospitable. I shall, be landed in the School House, and if I don't find a chance to make them sit un and take notice you to make them sit up and take notice you

can use my head for a football.

The Woottons chuckled. Not a bad wheeze--if you can work

Not a pan wheeze-i you ran work it!" said Harry Wootton.
"I could work it on my head!" said Gay disdainfully. "There's nothing in it, even if I wasn't the best actor in the Grammar School!"

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" grinned Wootton minor. "I'm stating facts, old bean! Once I'm

in the place, unsuspected, I'll make their hair curl!" said Gay. "I'll mix up Gussy's toppers with the ashes, and rag Tom Merry's study. I'll stick up notices in the studies telling 'em what we think of 'en, and watch 'em wondering who did it! It will be the jape of the season!"
"If it comes off!"

"If it comes off!"
"It will come off!" roared Gay.
"All serene, old chap! Keep your wool
on!" said Wootton major soothingly. "I along, and we'll help you make up! We'll get the things out of gates, and do it out of doors—safer!"

"Come on, then!" said Gay.

And the three jumors left the wood, taking a short cut back to the Grammar School, eagerly discussing the wheeze which was to make the St, Jim's fellows "sit up and take notice."

A few minutes after they were gone a A few minutes after they were gone a fat face glimmered through the foliage, with a fat grin and a smear of jam on it. Baggy Trimble, of the St. Jim's Fourth, chuckled softly.

The estimable Baggy had been seated on the other side of the tree, in the thickets, enjoying a jar of jam. The jam had belonged to Cutts of the Fifth, which was Baggy's reason for votivity which

was Baggy's reason for retiring to such a secluded spot before he proceeded to devour it.

The Grammarians had been talking within three yards of him, and Trimble

had heard every word.

He had been so interested that he had actually forgotten to finish the jar while the chums of the Grammar School were there.

He made up for that neglect now, however. The remnant of jam disappeared down his throat, while he grinned over

the jar.
"What a wheeze!" he murmured.
"He, he, he! Lucky the beasts didn't
know I was here—they'd have ragged
me! I think it's Gay that's going to get

me: I think it is day that is going to get the ragging now! He, he, he!"

And the last possible morsel having been extracted from the jam-jar, Baggy Trimble relinquished the empty jar, and took his way back to St. Jim's, chuckling fat shapels as he want A quarter of an a fat chuckle as he went. A quarter of an hour later Tom Merry & Co. were receiving some very interesting information.

#### CHAPTER 10. Cousin Bob Catches It !

RTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY, the swell of the Fourth, was the swell of the Fourth, was lounging clegantly in the old stone gateway of St. Jim's when a youth came up the road from Rylcombe.

Arthur Augustus screwed his celebrated THE GEM LIBRARY.-No. 553.

monocle into his eye, and regarded the stranger with interest.

The youth did not look very prepossessing.

He was somewhat loudly dressed, with a gorgoous tie, in light check clothes. He wore a pair of large, gold-rimmed spectacles, and his complexion was so dusky as to suggest a trace of foreign blood.

He stopped at the gates of the school, and blinked at Arthur Augustus over his

"Excuse me," he said, in a rather shrill voice, "is this St. Jim's?"
"Yaas, wathah!" "Can you tell me whether my cousin

"That depends," answered Arthur Angustus. "What is the name of your cousin, pway?"

'Montague Lowther. He's in the Shell

Bai Jove, that's wathah unforch!"
d D'Arcy. "Lowthah has gone away said D'Arcy. "Lowthan has gone and for the aftalmoon, and to morrow,

Oh, dear !" "It's weally too bad," said Arthur

"It's weally too bad," said Arthur Augustus sympathetically. "Lowthah could not have known his cousin was coming, I am suah!" "No; I was just dropping in, as I happen to be in this neighbourhood to-day," explained the visitor. "It's really too bad, Monty being away."
"You expected to find him heah, deah boy?"
"I—I naturally expected fellows to be

-I naturally expected fellows to be at school in the term. What's he gone away for so suddenly?"

"He has gone home to see his uncle,"

"He has gone bome to see his uncle," explained Arthur Angustus. "But pway come in, all the same! Lowthish's fwiends will be vewy glad to see you."

The youth appeared to hesitate.
"Well, as Monty isn't here—" he murmured.
"My deah man, you must come in to tee, at least!" urged Arthur Angustus hospitably. "I am such Tom Mewwy and Mannahs would be disappointed not to Mannahs would be disappointed not to see Lowthan's cousin. Pewwaps you know them?"

know them?"
"I've beard them mentioned," said the youth. He was coming in as he spoke, and evidently did not need much pressing. "As you're so kind. I'll come in and rest a bit. I'd result like to mest Tom Merry. I understand that he's a great friend of Monty's."

"Yaas, wathah! They're gweat

Arthur Augustus made a sign to Blake and Herries and Digby, who were chatting near the porter's lodge.

"Pway come heah, deah boys! This is. Monty Lowthah's cousin!"

"Glad to see you!" said Jack Blake affably. "Are you the Cousin Bertie I've heard of?"

"Nunno!" said the new-comer hastily. "I'm his Cousin Bob.

"I don't remember hearing Lowther mention you; but I dare say Tom Merry knows you," said Blake: "Come along and see Tommy! He'll be glad to see any relation of Lowther's, I know!'
"Yaas, wathah!"

The chums of Study No. 6 formed a sort of guard of honour for Lowther's Cousin Bob as they marched him in. For one moment Cousin Bob gave them

a quick and penetrating glare-over his spectacles, not through them. But Blake & Co. were polite and smiling, and he was reassured.

The juniors led him through the quadrangle, Blake chafting cheerily the while. They did not head for the School House, however.

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"Where is Merry?" asked Cousin Bob.
"Isn't he in the House?"
"Not at present," answered Blake. "I

left him in the bike-shed, and I think he's still there."

"Hallo, Cardew! This is Lowthah's ousin Bob!" called out Arthur called out Augustus.

Ralph Reckness Cardew raised his straw hat politely.

"Glad to see you, old bean!" he said.
"I fancy Lowther's away—"

"Gone home for a day or two!" chimed in Levison of the Fourth.

"Missed him by an hour or two." remarked Clive.

"Yes! Isn't it unfortunate?" said Cousin Bob, blinking at them. "I say, you chaps, I won't interrupt Merry if he's mending his bike. I'll wait for him in the study if—if you'll show me where

"Oh, better come and see Tom Merry," said Blake, still leading him on. "He'll look after you, as Lowther's best chum."

"Yaas, wathah! Tom Mewwy will be no end pleased to see you, deah boy, said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

And the honoured guest was led round to the bike-shed, in the doorway of which Manners could be seen.

Manners was apprised of the identity of the new-comer, and he gave him a hearty greeting, as befitted Lewther's

chum.
"Herc's Monty's Cousin Bob,
Tommy!" he called out.
"Hallo! What's that?" came back Tom
Merry's voice. "Tot in, old son!"
Cousin Bob entered the bike-shed.

Tom Merry was there, with Kangaroo and Wilkins, and one or two other fellows. They did not seem to be busy upon anything; really it looked as if they had known that Cousin Bob was coming, and had selected the bike-shed

as a suitable place for receiving him.
"Lowther's cousin?" asked Tom cheerily.

"Cousin Bob!" said the stranger.
"Welcome as the flowers in May!"
said the captain of the Shell. "Lowther's never mentioned you to me, but you're welcome, all the same. Jolly glad to see you, in fact !"

"You're very kind!"
"Not at all! This is really a most auspicious occasion!

Yaas, wathah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus. " Most auspicious !" chimed

Kangaroo.
"Not to say suspicious!" remarked

Cardew. Ha, ba, ha!"

Cousin Rob looked round with suspicion behind his glasses. Lowther's cousin might be very welcome at St. Jim's, but really this greeting was a little out of the common.

out of the common.

"Lowthah will be feahfully disappointed at not seein' you," grinned Arthur Angustus. "We must twy to make up for his absence?"

"Oh, "we'll do that!" said Wilkins.

"Yes, rather!"

Cousin Bob glanced at the doorway, and observed that a crowd of juniors filled it, all of them smiling.

His apprehensions were increasing.
"By the way do you know Trimble?"
asked Tom Merzy, blandly.
There was 8 fat chuckle from Baggy

There was a far chuckle from Baggy Trimble, who was in the shed. \* "Trimble!" repeated Cousin Bob. "I think I've seen you before," re-marked Trimble. "Your voice seems a bit changed, though!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"M-m-m-may voice?"
"Yos; rather different from what it
was an hour or two ago," said Baggy.
"You kook a bit changed, too—a bit mob of juniors on his track.

darker, and your eyebrows are rather thicker, I think-and then, there are the barnacles-

barnacles—
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Cousin Bob made a desperate bound towards the doorway. The juniors there

closed up. "Not so fast, deah boy!" roared Arthur Augustus, in great gise. "Pway wemain where you are for the pwesent." "You don't look as if you were en-joyin' your visit, old bean!" remarked Cardew. "But I've no doubt you'll soon

Cardew. "But be gay!" "Ha, ha, ha!

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Cousin Bob in dismay, "Here, hands off, you chumps! How did you spot me, you rotters? Oh, my hat!"
"So good of you to walk into the trap," chortled Manners. "The spider and the fly over again! Gussey's a rather innecent-looking spider, isn't he?"
"Bai Jove! I weally object to beh! compared to a beastly spidal, Manners." The disguised Grammarian cast a long-

The disguised Grammarian cast a longing glance towards the window. But the St. Jim's juniors were all round him, and

The fly had walked into the spider's parlour all of his own accord, and there

was no way out.

"Rather a good get-up!" said Tom Merry, chuckling. "I don't think I should have known you, Gay, if you hadn't been expected. I think we ought nadn't been expected. I think we ought to improve that get-up for you. What do you think?" Look here

"Yaas, wathah! Gay is wathah a dab at blackin' a chap's face with a burnt cork," grinned Arthur Augustus, "I've

grimen Arthur Augustus, "Fre got a cork here, and there's a candle." "And here's Taggles' pot of green paint," said Manners. "I bagged it ready!" "Oh, crumbs!" murmured Gordon

Gay.
"You see, you couldn't spoof us, but
you'll be able to spoof the other duffers
at the Grammar School when you get
back," said Tom Merry. "I'm sure they

back, said 10in Merry, and said won't know you!"
"Wathain not!"
Gordon Gay made another desperate
rush, but he was collared on all sides.

rush, but he was collared on all sides. Arthur Augustus, with great enjoynent, handled the burnt cork. It was inti-for-tat; and the tit, so to speak, was more thoroughgoing than the tat. Arthur Augustus blacked in the unhappy Grammarians face from the hair to the nose, and blacked the ears and the neek. Then Manners started with the brush and the green paint. The lower half of Gay's green paint. The lower half of Gay's countenance soon shone a vivid green, in striking contrast with the upper half. The juniors yelled as they looked at

"How does that strike you as a dis-guise, old chap?" queried Tom Merry. "You're a judge of such things."
"Groogh?"

"Do you think they'll know you when you get back? We want to do the job properly. If you think a little tar on your hair would add to the effect."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Groogh! Ow! Yah!"
"Give the boundah some tar!"
chuckled Arthur Augustus. "I am suah he is enjoyin' the joke; it's weally one of his own jokes, you know!"

of his own logies, you know: Tom Merry stepped towards a tarpot, and Gay made an effort and forhimself loose. The juniors made way for
him as he rushed from the sbed; they
did net want any of the green paint.
"Stop him!",

"Aftah bim."

"Come back and be taken: yeared, Arthur Augustus.
Gordon Gay bolted out of the gates, and Taggles, looking out of his lodge, had quite a turn; as he expressed it, at that strange vision of a hurrying figure with a face half black and half lightgreen.

Lowther's Cousin Bob had been an egregious failure. The unfortunate peregregious failure. The unfortunate per-petrator of the jape of the season was only thinking of getting away. He went down the road as if he were on the cinder-path, and the St. Jim's fellows sent a roar of laughter after him. "Oh, ewumbs!" exclaimed Arthur,

sent a roar of laughter after him.
"Oh, exumbs!" exclaimed Arthur,
"Oh, cheeping Grammarian
vanished down the road in a cloud of dust.
"Oh, owkey! I watian think that the
Gwammawians will be surpwised when
they see that fealful object. And I
weally considah, deah boys, that they will
have to admit that they are not up to our
weight."
"Ha he be-"

Ha, ha, ha!"

Wootton major and Wootton minor were lounging by the gates of the Gram-mar School to meet their chum on his re-While they waited they were dis-

cussing the processing the process of the won't be back soon," remarked Jack Wootton. "He'll stick it out till the last minute, japing the bounders. Hallo! What's that?"

"What the merry dickens—"

"What the merry dickens—"

The two juniors stood transfixed at the sight of a fearsome object that came dash-

sight of a learsonic object that can't washing breathlessly up the road.

The clothes were the clothes of Low-ther's Cousin Bob, but the face—The face was half dead-black and half lightgreen, and wholly hideous to look at. Wootton major and minor stared at it

spellbound. "It—it can't be——" gasped Wootton

major. Gay !"

"Oh, crumbs!" Gordon Gay halted, panting for breath. "I-I-Pve had bad

"Where did you get that face?" howled Wootton major.
"I-I-was spotted! They—they knew I was coming, somehow!" groaned the unhappy practical joker. "It—it was a frost! I-I say—"
"Oh, my hat! You'll have to sneak in

the back way, somehow, and keep out of sight!" gasped Wootton major. "Oh, "Oh,

"Come back and be taked!" yelled cussing the probable success of the great you frabjeus ass! So that's what comes-

of your wheezes "I-I couldn't help--"
"I could have told you that, old chap."

Gordon Gay succeeded in getting into the House by the back way, and in gaining the dormitory by an unfrequented stair. He was very busy for some time stair. He was very busy for some time afterwards with a big audience. Nearly all the Fourth Form turned up to watch him, much to his wrath. And the opinion of the Grammarian Fourth, expressed with great frankless, was that Gorden Gay was a back number, and that the sooner he gave up japing japes and wheezing wheezes the better it would be, And for once Gordon Gay hadn't a word to say. And when, the next day in the study, he informed his study-makes that he had another wheeze, Wootton major and Wootton minor collared him forcibly and Wootton minor collared him forcibly and bumped him on the study carpet. Evidently the Grammarian wheezes were at a discount, THE END

(Don't miss next Wednesday's Great Story of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's-"TWO IN THE TOILS!"by Martin Clifford.)

### The Editor's

For Next Wednesday:

"TWO IN THE TOILS!" By Martin Clifford.

Herbert Skimpole and Baggy Trimble are the two; and the story tells of some very queer adventures which befell them at a lonely house not far from St. Jim's. But though they play the chief parts in the story, others come into it as well—Tom Merry & others come into it as well—Tom Merry & Co. and some of the Grammar School brigade figering prominently. You will all be interested, I think, in Professor Pompey Burnham, and his man, Silas Stout, and in the mysteries of the Moat House. Look out for a cover picture in which Skimmy and Baggy appear in trouble together.

BUCKING THINGS UP1

There is nothing to complain of in the circulation of the GRM. 1b has seldom, if eyer, been better, thought we have been compelled by force of circumsquees to charge the days before war made everything dearer. But we can always do with a rise of circulation. This is one of the few things upon which all editors agree. There are many one and only right way, from our point of view, is that which means a rising circulation. I don't believe very much in printed advertisements for bringing about this. There is not always the continuous of the control of th the coming months are the best reading season of the year.
So set to work to buck things up, if you care to oblige me.

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## THE ST. JIM'S GALLERY.

No. 18.-George Francis Kerr. <mark>୍ଷ୍ୟ କଳାକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କଳାକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ବଳାକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳାକ୍ଷ ବଳ</mark>

lower School House pride and prestige that Kerr became a general—mot a general ser-vant, but an Army general—and ordered about the Territorials who were camping at St. Jim's, and spoiled the concert which was being given them by the enemy. When he should be the service of the service of the service it was also out of a deal of ack Black's smooth thouse sing small.

became for the time being Jack Blake's uncie, it was also out of a desire to make the School Kerr makes quite' a charming girl, and the moble Arthur Augnstus fell in love with him when he appeared in feminine guise. Another easy of this kind was directed against the tyrannical Mr. Ratcliff. It was very burtful to the feelings of that gentleman—who has to the feelings of the gentleman—who has a lutty thing for the whole female sex, since no one can tell whom he might have had as a life partner and victim—when a lady who claimed to be his wife turned up. Kerr never did anything more andactous than that, for excellent the could hardly have escaped the sack had for bis life. But in such situations his confort his life, but in such situations his confort his life. But in such situations his confort his life, but he peril, Kerr does not lose his head. his head

his head.

He was in danger when, having made up as Knox's uncle, he found himself confronted by the real holder of that doubtfully distinguished position, and was arrested as an Impostor. But his chums stood by him and got him out of that scrape when all his arounce was powerless to get him out on his resurre was powerless to get him out on his

own.

He has quite a fondness for making up as:
Mr, Lathom, the Form-master of the Fourth,
Quite an easy one for Kerr, this, as he
naturally knows every turn of speech and
trick of manner of that gentleman. It was
as Mr. Lathom that he went over to the
same lathough the converse the declaration of a feeloof and recovered the declaration of the feelon and resource of the solution of the feelon of the f

ERR does not rank as low as eighteenth among the St. Jim's totk, either in my estimation, or. I am sure, in thousands of Mint. He was a song reades, I know, with whom he is first favourile. But higher than that; there are song reades, I know, with whom he is first favourile. But higher than that; there are song reades, I know, with whom he is first favourile. But he concerning the content or of interest could possibly fit a series like this, if only for the reheal and the Bas notable characters for the end. George Francis Kerr has qualifies all his own. He is quite the burges-headed of all the Bas notable characters for the end. George Francis Kerr has qualifies all his own. He is quite the burges-headed of all the Bas notable characters for the end. George Francis Kerr has a much in the way of strain and fatigue, without in the way of strain and fatigue, wi

the deception lasted, naturally; but it was not a complete success, for Gussy, in all incomes, spoties was well exemplified in all these happenings. But there is one delightful minor instance of it which must be mentioued here. Again and again has Kert taken in Mr. Rateliff, but never did be take him nor certified the Again and again has Kert taken in Mr. Rateliff, but never did be take him no more directively than when, with two other calls for the mention of the complete of the mention of the control of the c Kerr well enough to be sure that there was no use in lurking in hiding again after he had once heen spotted. One wonders against which Mr. Ratcliff cherishes the most bitter animosity—Kerr, or

Figgins? Most assuredly he hates them both would or could hate any boy under his shared would or could hate any boy under his shared would or could hate any boy under his shared would or could hate any boy under his shared allows plainly shat he has no liking for his sour Housemaster. Kerr can conceal his feelings better when he chooses, but he can think of a score of ways of dings Mr. Actition of the conceal his feelings better when he chooses, but he can think of a score of ways of dings Mr. Actition on the history of the conceal hate, her is endoubtedly the brainy member of the Ramous New House trio. Noone is more sure of that than are Figgins and Fatty Wynn. George Figgins holds Kerr's hot mind saying so.

The constant trouble between the three and Mr. Ratchiff does not prove the contention made by some—that boys and masters are shown in the saying so.

The constant trouble between the three and Mr. Ratchiff does not prove the contention made by some—that boys and masters are shown in the saying so.

The constant trouble between the three and the heart of the saying so.

The constant trouble between the three and heart of the saying so.

The constant trouble between the three and the heart of the saying so the saying so the saying so the saying so the saying so.

The constant trouble between the three and the saying so t

a case in point. It was of no real value, though Skimmy thought it of epoch-making a case in point. It was of no fell values in point. It was of no fell value importance. Anything might have happened go beyond the bounds of possibility when he allowed his mind to entertain the notion that it might have been stolen by Mr. Railton. Six were on the scent—the Terrible Three on behalf of the Shell; Kerr, Roylance, and Levison for the Fourth—and points in the great Form competition hung upon the result. Five of the six went to work on ordinary lines, accepting the ordinary theory—that as tit, and that as it was of no value to anyone, it must have been taken to annoy Skinmy. This narrowed their field considerably, but it

spoiled all chance of success for them. Kerr ich his mind range more widely, and in the long run found that Skimmy himself had made away with the MS.—quite unintentionally, of course. He had sent it to a publish ing firm along with another great product had been the could not believe himself guilty of the long with a mother great product himself guilty of the ward. The proofs that Kerr brought forward. This incident has been chosen as one of the most characteristic of Kerr's detective the proofs that Kerr brought forward. This incident has been chosen as one of the most characteristic of Kerr's detective most characteristic of Kerr's detective and and as one of the most exciting. Farm and a so not of the most exciting. Farm and a star in which Mr. In that respect was an affair in which Mr. In that we were also which Mr. In that we were a summer and the mr. In the long run he did nore than affair. In the long run he did nore than affair in which Mr. In that we were a summer and the mr. In the long run he did nore than affair in which Mr. In that we were a summer and the mr. In the long run he did nore than affair in which Mr.

held up the master when at length the rope-was cut, and the two of them shared a full which luckily had no very serious result.

Which luckily had no very serious result.

Rateling server when cleared Figgins of the charge server was resulted by the control of the charge server was read to the control of the fact the control of the control of the control of the hard to believe his son innocease round is a fact to the control of the way Kert had story, a good example of the way Kert had story, a good example of the way Kert had story, a good example of the way Kert in lighter with—do we not all remember tales of hampers transferred from their rightful owners, of faces painted or blackened through his craft, of many a merry lape in which he played the biggest part?

May there be many more such! But, how-ing the control of the control of the control of the we can expect may be a ready sort think we can expect may be a ready sort think we can expect may be a ready sort think

was the japing Kerr in excelsis!

## THE TWINS FROM TASMANIA.

FOR NEW READERS.

FOR NEW READERS.

The twins are Philip Derwent, of Higheliffe, and his sister Philippa, of Cliff House. They have a cectatoo, named Cocky, which has been until recently with Flip (Philip) at higheliffe, but is now at Cliff House. Flip has made an enemy of Gadsby, who is plotting against a property of the property of

Chiker Is Fetched Away.

"Young Derwent was their pal, an' they trapped 'im!" went on Chiker. "E thought they were isable but that was his mistook. I don't belie as he had a done and longin' to go an' play the diffusion of the contest-table; is dear pals entired im, there contest-table; is dear pals entired im, there of to start that roulette game goin', and stood in for a share of the profits—that young 'ound Gaddy an' that cur Vava-sore!"

Something like a gasp of astonishment came from the crowd. This was news to nearly all there. It was certainly news to Mr. Mobbs. But there could be no doubt of The hanging head of Gadsby, shamed t. The hanging head of Gadsby, shamed t. The through the crown face of Vavasour, proclaimed white, craven face of Vavasour, proclaimed to the control of the country of th

"I dessay 'e was be ind them in that, too, went on Chiker, pointing at Pon. "Put ain't sure of that, so—"

"I wasn't?" snapped Pon. "I knew nothin' f it. An' I'd nothin' to do with Gaddy's rap for Derwent, either, whatever anyone of it. think!"

may think!"
"Derwent, e was your pal, wasn't 'e?"
"Derwent, e was your pal, wasn't 'e?"
denanded Chiker,
denanded Thing a a pal, an' I treated
"Oh, I treated thinks the cerephody thinks:
know well enoughled the cerephody thinks:
but they're all wong. I hever plotted
against Derwent!"

"The company of the company of the

it was true, in a sense, and yet it was a black lie. Pon had not shared in Gadshy's blase scheme. Yet his own scheme had helped it—his scheme to entrap Flip in another way, to make of him even such a one as himself and the rest of the mus. Perhaps it

self and the rest of the nuts. Perhaps it was, in essence, a baser scheme than Gaddy's. "You left him to it and did a bunk yourself when you reckoned as there was danger," replied Chiker. "I dunno what tale you told ore about it all, but I lay my life you never told that!"

the February of assent rose from the ranks of the February of assent rose from the ranks of the February of th A murmur of assent rose from the ranks of

Fourth. "I took care of young Derwent," went on "I took care of young Derwent," went on Chiker, with a grimace as if he were scallow-ing something unpleasant. "That there Gaddy paid me to—leastways, promised to

Georgians juniors. Filip is gradually recovering, the foreytimal puniors. Filip is gradually recovering, the production of the production

"Twasn't me let the kid 20." said Chiker. It was my niece—er wor brings the letters ere. An' I'll say a bit more than that, though it sain't to my own credit. It was 'er that got tunic as he spoke. "I need the breast of his tunic as he spoke." I need to be the sain to make the sain to make the sain that the sain the sain the sain that the sain that the sain the sain that the sa

Chiker paused dramatically, and the Fourth raited with real interest to hear what Miss Gittins had said.

"Er answer was as she wasn't so sure of that—a dead soldier was better value to them as thought anythink of 'im nor a livin' black-guard was! Blackguard, she called me—and I ain't sayin' she was far wide of the mark, neither."

neither."

Again he paused, and regarded Pon and Gaddy and Vav very much as if they were cockroaches. Even in his self-base. Even in his self-base conviction that he was at least superior to conviction that he was at least superior to those three young sprigs of the aristocracy. Smithson jumped to his feet.

"Three cheers for the post-girl!" he shouted.
"She's a brick!"

She's a brick

"Silence! How dare you!" fumed Mr. Mobbs

"Better not make a row," said Frank Courtenay, while the cheers trembled on the lips of those who paused to hear him. "Hands up all who agree with Smithson that Miss ofttins is one of the best, and deserves three times three!"

times three!"
And he put up his own hand. Up went the hands of Goggs and De Courcy, Merton and Tunstall, Smithson and Yates and Benson and Jones minor, Drury and Pelham, and many more. Even Monson minor put up his hand.

And Chiker put up his. Only four in the room failed to respond—Mr. Mobbs, Ponsonby, Gadsby, and Vavasour.

"You can tell her what we think of her. She might like to know," said Courtenay to the man in black!

man in khakl.

"She'll be fine and pleased," replied Chiker.

"You won't be seein' er 'ere any mose. Ske's
dropped the post-office job, an' is goin on the
land—count of a fancy for wearn' breeches,
"Be added styly.

"Really," and "Be and

"Really, my man, such remarks as that—"
Chiker took a stride towards Mr. Mobbe,
his hig fist upraised.
"What are I said that 'adn't ought to be
said?" he roared. "Eh, sheep's-head, tell me
that, will sou? Breeches ain't goin' to shock
that, will sou? Breeches ain't goin' to shock
that, will sou? Breeches ain't goin' to shock
why, I couldnot if tis a gal as wears 'em!
Why, I couldnot if tis a gal as wears 'em!
why, I couldnot if tis a gal as wears 'em!
agais' school, putty-nose! You call me your
man jest once more an' I'll—"
Frank Courtenay's hand fell on bis shoulder,
and he checked himself and swung round.

and he checked himself and swung round.

and he checked himself and awing round.
"Scuse me, sir," he said, with an awarand salute. "I clean forgot! I can take orders from a gentleman as well as the next man, but 'im—oh, crikey—wouldn't I like to pull 'is ugly nose; the control of the co

"I will not brook your interference. Courte-nay!" shrilled Mr. Mobbs. "I have not asked for protection from you, I believe! Stand

aside:"
Frank Courtenay dropped his hands.
"You've fairly asked for it!" he flashed.
"And it will serve you jolly well right if you

get it!"

"Do we butt in. Goggs?" asked the Cater-pillar, as Chiker dashed forward.

"Not at present, be Courcy, I think," re-plied Goggs, as Chiker seized Mr. Mobbs by

plied toogs, as cause, the hose of the nose.

"Led do! Help! Help's burbled the hap-less tyraut of the Fourth.

No one but Frank Courtenay stirred. And Frank checked himself. Mr. Mobbs had specially enjoined upon him a policy of non-interactions."

specially enjoined upon him a policy of non-titeterence.

"That for you, fish-face!" howled Chiker, wringing the massl organ of Mr. Mobbs with great violence. "Stand still, or I'll 'ave'i tof!' know a thing or two about the way you back up these 'ere young sweeps—I've 'earl' cm sneer about Mobby and 'ow 'ell fair eat out of their 'ands because they're swells! I ain't no saint out of no stained-glass winder myself, but if I was such a measly lick-boots

as you I'd buy a dose of rat-poison an 'ave a glorious death, I would!"
"Ow, ow, ow! Led do by dose!" splut-

slorious death, I would!"
"Ow, ow, ow! Led do by dose!" spluttered Mr. Mobbs.
"Tinr round, and I'll kick you till you
won't be able to sit down for a bloomin'
tage had got the upper hand of him. He
had quite forgotten Pon & Co. in his vengeance
upon Mr. Mobbs. And possibly Mr. Mobbs
deserved punishment quite as much as Pon &
Co. But for him they must either have
amended their at Highelite long since.
He had favoured them grossly, shielded their
wrong-doing, lied for them, toadied to them.
And now he was reaping his reward, while

And now he was reaping his reward, while

hey looked on, passive. But the punishment was going too far for they looked on,

But the punisa-rank Courtenay. He gripped Chiker's arm again. "That's enough!" he snapped. "That's enough!" he snapped. Private Chiker had got beyond Courtenay's

control, however. "Lemme be!" he roared. "This 'ere tripeound said as you wasn't'to interfere! Lemme

And he tried to slew Mr. Mobbs round by his nose, seeking to get him into a convenient position for kicking.

But at a look from Frank Courtenay Goggs But at a look from Frank Courtenay Goggs and the Caterpillar move of forward; and when they saw them move Smithson & Co. came from their places. But Metton and Tunstall did not stir.

There was no need for the aid of Smithson & Co. There was no need even for the Cater-pillar of Courtenay.

"Leave him to me!" said Goggs quietly, "I won't burt him more than is necessary."

Chiker was surrounded. But, though he might appear to go down under the assault of a crowd, actually one pair of hands only wrought his downfall.

wrought his downfall.

Gogss gripped him. A second later the
grip upon Mr. Mobbs nose relaxed, and Chiker
gave a gas of mingied pain, rage, and surprise. "Iwo seconds more and Chiker was on
his back; looking up into the face of Gogse."
"Sweep me, if that the glasseved curate
"Examerad! Ramerad! I surren-

"Good old Goggs!" roared Yates.
A burst of laughter swept the crowd. Mr.
Mobbs staggered back, holding his nose, and

moaning "Did it hurt?" erowed Cocky. "Oh, ain't

this a jolly, jolly row?"

At that moment the door opened, without any preliminary tap, and a charming vision

Goggs scrambled to his feet, and looked at Miss dittins with undisguised admiration. Mr. Mobbs let'got of his nose, the better to glare at her with intense disapprovat. The Cater-pillar bowed urbanches of the Cater-grinned. As for the rest, their eyes wandered from Miss Gittins to Mr. Mobbs. The Cocky turn had pleased them all. The Chiker turn had outdone it. But this was contertainment.

entertainment.

"I've on'y been a-pullin' of that shyster's
conk!" said Chiker. "That ain't no 'arm,
Gwennie."

Gwennie."
"He looks like it," answered the girl, her white teeth displayed to fine advantage as she glanced at the discomfited Form-master. "But

he didn't put you on your back, I hope? If he did, you'd better change your khaki for a

petticoat and skirt!"

"Really!" gasped Mr. Mobbs. "This intru-sion—such boldness! Have you no shame, young woman?

young woman?"
"Oh, you shit up, or I'll pull your nose, toe!" snapped Miss Gittins. "I'm not afragid of the likes of you." Get up, Bert Chiker; don't grovel there!"
"Ask the glass-eye curate whether I've got 'ls leave to get up," returned Chiker, with a prodigious wink. "E put me 'ere!"
"I'm asking nobody up to got up-quick, sharp nobody twhat you got special leave on rigent private affairs for, you know!"
"Hat's your mistook, my doar, 'cause as

a matter of fact it was," replied Chiker, as ever him, and he fell, pierced by a dezen bayonets.

The Fourth roared. They thought the Bayonets.

The Fourth roared. They thought the Bayonets.

The World Trivate Herbert Chiker for getting where it not for the Head's were special leave in order to case a conscience in the second leave in order to be seen that one would hardly have suspected of that one would hardly have suspected of the second property of th such tenderness.

such tenderness.

"Take him away at once, or I will send for a constable and give him in charge!" fumed Mr. Mobbs, caressing his nose again.
"Does.it hurt much?" inquired Cocky anxi-

"Does, it burt muon: Inquire coses, unity, on one of the cost of t

Gwennie, easy does it!" ex-"Ere, I say, Gy postulated Chiker.

thilated Chiker. Hold your tongue! You'd a tale that that to be told here, I reckon. Has he ought. to She looked at Goggs; but it was the Cater-

pillar who answered
"He has told it with eloquence an' vigour,

"In east total the with eloquence an vigour, I assure you, Miss Gittins!" said Rupert de Courcy, with another bow.
"And we think you behaved like a brick all through; that's what we think!" spoke up

Benson.
"You do Benson.
"You do me proud!" replied the girl, smiling. "Well, I'm off to-morrow into the shirtes, you know." surface, you know." surface the Caterpillar.

"And he's off back to his depot," went on Miss Gittins. "And if there's no more that wants saying here. I'll march him off under eccort now, and see that he goes back sober. "I ain't 'ad a drop to-day, on my word. Gwennie!" said Chiker carnestly, "I wouldn't, for fear I might misconduct myself 'ere."

Again the Fourth roared. Chiker did not appear to consider that he had misconducted

"Come along, you pretty beauty!" snapped Miss Gittins, taking him by the arm. But she was not to be allowed to go like

"Will you shake hands an' say good-bye?" asked the Caterpillar, slipping forward. "Oh, if you like! I dare say it won't hurt me," answered the girl.

me," answered the girl.

But for all her indifferent speech her face
was wreathed in smiles as Frank Courtenay,
Merton, Tunstall, Smithson, and a score more
pressed forward to shake hands with her;
while Mr. Mobbs glowered, and Cocky shrilled
again and again:

"Kiss me and cail me Albert!"

again and again:

"Kiss me, and cail me Albert!"

"Line up for a guard of honour!" ordered the Caterpillar. And as Miss Gittins shook hands with Johnny Goggs last of all, the rest cli into places in two lower of all, the rest climber of the control of the contr

necences of the bustering sloopy.

"This is unendurable—unheard of—scandalous beyond words."

"Oh, chuck it." snapped the girl. "Goodbye grandfather! You're all right, you are live my observed that—just tell betwent I was ever so glad to hear he's getting better and I shand forcet him though!

went I was ever so glad to hear he's getting better, and I shan't forget him, though I suppose he soon will me."
No one else heard that, or Goggs' reply.
"I am sure he will not!" said Johnny.
"Nor shall I Who expects you to remember me when there's Miss Derwent? No; you mustn't kies me. Your master's looking, or clee I wouldn't mind."

must a reason to the control of the

or Goggs and the Caterpillar and Frank Courtenay shook hands with the burly brute. There was a chorus of "Good luck!" as he passed to the door. Mr. Mobbs caressed his nose and looked daggers. Good luck! Well, so it might be, for the

tood luck! well, so it might be, for the burly brute had manhood in him, and a man should know how to die. Six months later they heard of his death. He died well—last man left at his machine-sun, pumping lead into a horde of Huns until they swarmed, all

ogyonets.

"Get to your places at once! snapped Mr. Mobbs. "Were it not for the Head's very indifferent health I should seport the whole Form to bim! As it is, the less said the better, perhaps. Nothing so absolutely unparalleled, so completely scandalous, as this

paralleled, so completely scandarous, as this scene has ever happened here!"

And having told them that the less said the better it would be, Mr. Mobbs proceeded to say a very great deal.

But no one minded that much. He talked himself into something like valmness, though

his nose still glowed redly. And meanwhile no work was being done.

no work was being done.
Suddenly he stopped, rather as if the works
had run down inside him. Every eye was,
upon him. Even Pon and Gaddy and Vay
were feeling amused.

were feeling amused.

"Take that wretched bird away, Goggs" he snapped, his hand to his nose. "To work southern the snapped, his hand to his nose." To work southson, let me hear what you know of Thomas Cronwell."

English history claimed the Fourth. Goggspicked up Cocky's cage, hesitated, as it going to ask whither he should be taken, but went

without speaking.
"Oh, what an afternoon!

without speaking.
"Oh, what an afternoon! What a jolly, jolly niternoon!" seemed to come from the cage as Goggs passed out of the door.
"Cocky or Coggs, dear boy?" inquired "Cocky or Gogs Merton of Tunstall.

"Goggs, I fancy, Algy," answered Tunstall,

Hail and Farewell!

WHERE'S that chap Goggs?" in-quired Flip Derwent, as he got out of the train at Courtfield Station.

He looked rather pale and thin, but he moved as if he were quite fit again, and it would not be long before he was his old self. "Packin' up," answered Tunstall.

"Matt? Oh, rot! You don't mean."
"What? Oh, rot! You don't mean."
"He's had a wire from his uncle, an' he clears out to-day. It's close on the end of term, of course; but he wasn't resily waith" for that—only for you to come back," and Merton. What rotten luck! I'd counted on having

him here till the hols at least!"
"So had we," said Tunstall lugubriously.
"An' we know what we're losin', Flippy;

don t, really."

you don't, really."
"Oh, don't I, cliump? As if Finp hasn't told me all about it hetaterpiller was a constitution of the state of the s

reter Hazeidene had drawn bask from the window of the compartment which had carried him and Flip. He was not getting out at Courtfield, but going on to Friardale. Neither Merton nor Tunstall had taken any Nether Merton nor lunsian had case and notice of him beyond a careless nod each; and Hazel felt disgrunded.

He did not care whether anyone met him at Friardale or not, he told himself. No one would meet him with the glad greetings Merton and Tunstall had given Flip, that

was certain.

But what he did care about was parting

was certain.
But what he did care about was parting from Filp.
If they two could have been at the same school, have shared a study, he fancied that all would have gone well with him.
He was wrong in the main. Filp could and would have helped him to keep straight, no doubt. But Filp could, never have given Hazel what Ha the Hay and have given Hazel what Hay anyone lut himself. Marjorie and Harry warrone lut himself. Marjorie and Harry warrone lut himself. Marjorie was a series of the seri

you know."
"Good-bye, Flip, and—and thanks no end!
You're the best friend I ever had!"
"Oh, rats! But we're chums for as long
as you like, anyway."
The whistle blew: the train steamed on.
Hazel flung bimself back in a corner, and
covered his the free control of turned gaily to Merton and Tunstall, and a
bitter pang of jealousy racked Hazel.

(To be concluded.) N :