

THE SCIENTIST OF ST. JIM'S!

*The Story of a School-
boy's Amazing Invention*

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



Bernard Glyn was in a brown study—deep, deep in thought. “Glyn!” thundered the master of the Shell. “Do you hear?” “Shut up,” answered Glyn, “you’re worrying me.”

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Limit!

“GLYN!”
Mr. Linton’s voice was not loud, but deep.

Every fellow in the Shell Form-room at St Jim’s heard it distinctly, with the exception, apparently, of the fellow addressed.

Bernard Glyn did not seem to hear.

He was looking straight at his form-master, his eyes were fixed on Mr. Linton with a concentrated attention which was rather unusual. Mr. Linton had supposed, for some time, that Glyn was deeply interested in his observations—weighty observations on the subject of deponent verbs. He was rather surprised, and perhaps a little flattered, by that deep and concentrated attention.

But there were fellows in the Shell who knew Glyn better. They knew some of the ways of the inventor of St. Jim’s. Kangaroo and Dane, his study-mates, especially knew.

They knew what that concentrated stare

meant. It meant that the thoughts of Bernard Glyn were far away. They knew by that rapt look on his face that the schoolboy inventor had quite forgotten even that he was in the form-room, that he was oblivious that class was going on, that he ignored even the important existence of Mr. Linton, the master of the Shell.

Mr. Linton did not know it yet, but he was learning.

“Glyn!”

Three times had Mr. Linton pronounced that name. Now he pronounced it for the fourth time, and his voice was a little louder and much deeper.

Still Glyn did not answer. Still his thoughtful eyes remained fixed on Mr. Linton, in that steady disconcerting stare.

Tom Merry cautiously reached out his foot under the desk to kick Glyn, as a tip.

He kicked him gently.

But it was of no avail. Bernard Glyn did not even heed a hack on the leg.

He was in a brown study—in deep, deep thought.

“GLYN!”

Mr. Linton’s voice was growing really terrible. Kangaroo and Dane looked alarmed. Monty Lowther grinned, Racke chuckled. Most of the Shell fellows stared. They were more or less used to the queer ways of the genius of St. Jim’s. But really this time Bernard Glyn seemed to be going over the limit.

“Do you hear me, Glyn?” exclaimed Mr. Linton, in tones of intense exasperation.

It seemed that Glyn didn't. If he heard, he followed the example of the celebrated gladiator, and heeded not.

"Glyn, old man!" murmured Manners.

"Glyn, you ass!" breathed Tom Merry.

Mr. Linton's face had grown red. Now it was growing purple. He stepped back to his high desk and picked up a cane. Glyn appeared to be in a trance, and Mr. Linton appeared to be going to wake him up by rather drastic measures.

Then Glyn stirred suddenly.

He came to stare at Mr. Linton. He grabbed a pocket-book from one pocket and a stump of pencil from the other. With the latter he began to scribble strange figures on the former; his face, bent over his sudden calculations, was bright with enthusiasm.

Apparently he was oblivious of everything else. Some weird and wonderful idea was in his inventive brain, some new stunt that had gripped his mind to the exclusion of all else.

Heedless, in fact unconscious, of his surroundings, Glyn of the Shell worked at his strange figures with feverish energy. Weird-looking hieroglyphics grew on the page under the rapid tattoo of his pencil.

"Look out, you chump!" gasped Kangaroo.

Glyn did not look out. He did not even look up. Mr. Linton, with a gleam in his eyes and a cane in his hand, towered over the schoolboy inventor's desk.

"Glyn!" he roared.

Then Bernard Glyn seemed to hear him, for he threw out an impatient chiding hand.

"Shut up!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Shut up!"

The Shell gasped as one man. Mr. Linton stood transfixed, rooted to the floor, the cane motionless as if frozen to his hand.

He had been told to shut up—in his own form-room—by a member of his Form!

In his petrified amazement he actually did shut up.

The Shell gazed on spellbound.

Mr. Linton recovered. He swept the cane into the air.

"Glyn!"

"Shut up! You're worrying me."

"Are you aware whom you are addressing, Glyn?" thundered the master of the Shell.

"SHUT UP!" yelled Glyn.

Whack!

The cane came down, and most of the Shell fellows thought that it was about time it did.

Glyn gave a wild yell.

That hefty lash of the cane across his bent shoulders effectually roused him.

He started up, passing his hand across his brow, like a fellow waking from sleep.

"Ow! What—what——" he stuttered.

"Glyn! How dare you?"

"Look here! I've got it."

"What do you mean, Glyn? Are you out of your senses?"

"I've got it!" gasped Glyn. "There's no mistake now. Just the little bit that was beating me—the question of transmission, you know."

"Transmission?" repeated Mr. Linton dazedly.

"That's what got me beat—the transmission of the electric energy in sufficient force. Now I've got it!"

"Glyn! You have not been listening to me. Bless my soul! What are you doing, Glyn?"

Glyn had returned to the figures in his pocket-book. With a feverishly excited face, he was scribbling and calculating. His face was alight with triumph. Some knotty point that had baffled him, apparently, had become suddenly clear—that was what he had been thinking out—instead of listening to his form-master's weighty remarks on the subject of deponent verbs.

"Glyn! Do you want me to send you to the head-master for a flogging?" exclaimed Mr. Linton.

"Shut up!"

That was more than enough! It did it! Mr. Linton grasped Glyn of the Shell by the collar with his left hand, and fairly hooked him out before the class. Holding him by the collar with his left, the master of the Shell laid on the cane with his right.

Whack! whack! whack! whack!

"Oh, my hat! Yaroooooop!"

Whack! whack! whack!

Bernard Glyn fairly danced as the flexible

THE SECOND CHAPTER

Rather Alarming!

cane played round him. Mr. Linton seemed to think that he was beating a carpet.

"Ow! Leggo! Stoppit! Oh, my hat! Yoooooop!" roared Glyn, quite alive to his surroundings now.

Whack! whack! whack! whack!

"There!" gasped Mr. Linton. "Now——"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Mr. Linton released the inventive genius of St. Jim's. Glyn staggered against the desk, gasping for breath. The form-master picked up the pocket-book.

"I—I say—that's mine—give it me——!" gasped Bernard Glyn.

The master of the Shell deliberately jammed the pocket-book into the waste-paper basket.

"That rubbish is confiscated, Glyn! Go back to your place!"

"My pocket-book——"

"Do you hear me?"

"My formula——"

"Glyn!"

"My calculations——"

The exasperated Mr. Linton brought his cane into play again.

Whack! whack! whack!

"Yaroooh!"

"Now will you go to your seat?" demanded the irate master.

Bernard Glyn jumped back to his place.

TOM MERRY & Co. were smiling when the Shell came out after morning class.

But Bernard Glyn did not smile. Mr. Linton had used the cane not wisely but too well, in Glyn's opinion, and the school-boy inventor was still feeling a considerable

number of aches and pains. That, however, did not affect him so much as the loss of his pocket-book. That loss, seemingly, was a very serious one. The book contained Glyn's wonderful calculations—weird stacks of figures that meant nothing to anyone but Bernard Glyn. In the passage. Glyn stopped near the door of the form-room while most of the Shell streamed out into the sunny quadrangle.

"Still feeling it, old chap?" asked Tom Merry, with a smile.

"Ow! Yes! What was the matter with Linton this morning?" asked Glyn. "Had you fellows been worrying him, or anything?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you think you worried him a bit?" grinned Monty Lowther.

"I know he worried me," growled Glyn.



"Glyn, you duffer, let us in!" roared Dane and Kangaroo as they thumped on the door. "Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus from behind them. "I should weally recommend you fellows to give him a fearful thwashing. He's locked you out of your study, bai Jove!" (See Chapter 3.)

"I came jolly near talking some plain English to him, I know that!"

"I think you did!" chuckled Manners. "You told him to shut up, anyhow. I thought his hair would stand on end—what's left of it!"

"Come on, Glyn!" called out Kangaroo. Glyn was posted against the wall, leaning there, and watching the doorway of the form-room.

"I'm not coming out," said Glyn.

"You're not sticking in the passage, I suppose?" asked Clifton Dane.

"I've got to get my pocket-book, ass!"

"Linton's confiscated it, fathead!"

"It's got my calculations in it, burbler! I've got to get it back!"

Kangaroo and Dane exchanged alarmed glances. They were really concerned for their chum. With all Glyn's weird and sometimes worrying ways, they liked him, and they were anxious for him. Often and often they ragged him in the study, when his inventive powers made life almost intolerable there. But they did not want to see him ragged by Mr. Linton—that was a serious matter. The Terrible Three also stopped, as they heard Glyn's answer.

"Look here, you ass, you can't get that pocket-book back!" said Tom Merry. "Chuck up the idea, Glyn."

"Fathead!"

"Linton has let you off easily," said Tom. "Lots of masters would have sent you to the Head for a flogging. If you get his back up any more, you're booked for the Head."

"Rats!"

"Look here, Glyn," raged Talbot of the Shell.

Glyn did not heed. He moved a little nearer to the open doorway of the form-room. Mr. Linton had remained in the room after dismissing his class, busy with some papers at his desk. He now made a movement as if he were going; and the juniors guessed that, as soon as he was gone, Glyn intended to raid the pocket-book from the waste-paper basket.

Through the half-open doorway Glyn watched his form-master eagerly. Mr. Linton turned from his desk towards the door, having finished arranging his papers. Then he

turned round and rustled across to the waste-paper basket, and stooped over it. Glyn saw him pick up the pocket-book.

"Oh, my hat!"

The form-master slipped the confiscated book into his pocket, and left the form-room. Glyn almost jumped into his path.

"Mr. Linton—sir——"

"Well, Glyn," said the master of the Shell, in a rumbling voice.

"My pocket-book, sir. Can I have it back now?" gasped Glyn.

"Certainly not, Glyn! I am going to destroy it, as a warning to you not to introduce extraneous matters into the form-room during class."

"Oh, sir! I—I——"

Mr. Linton rustled on, leaving Glyn staring after him in dismay. The other juniors grinned. They did not attach to Glyn's abstruse calculations the importance that Glyn attached to them.

"All U P now," said Kangaroo. "Come on, Glyn."

"I want my pocket-book."

"You silly ass! What does it matter, anyway? Only some more of your rot, you know," said Kangaroo. "What is it now—another invention of indelible ink that washes off——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or a giddy aeroplane that won't fly, or a jolly old helicopter that won't rise?" chuckled Kangaroo. "Or even a ray that turns everyone green?"

"Or is it the transmutation of metals again, with millions and billions of pounds at stake?" chuckled Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"More important than that," snapped Glyn. "This is the greatest—the very greatest—invention of modern times."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Linton doesn't know the risk he's running," said Glyn darkly. "Suppose I were an unscrupulous fellow—suppose I were disposed to use the tremendous power this invention puts into my hands—he would look pretty small then. Of course, I shouldn't do anything of the sort—human life is sacred——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I should spare his life——"

"His life?" yelled the juniors.

"Yes. But he really ought not to exasperate a fellow like this, who could blot him out with a touch of the finger if he chose——"

"Bub-bub-blot him out!" gasped Tom Merry.

"Like a grasshopper," said Glyn, "squash him like a fly! Obliterate him altogether."

Kangaroo tapped his forehead significantly.

"It's come at last!" said the Cornstalk junior. "Poor old Glyn! We'd better let his people know, so that they can have a doctor to him."

"I believe they make lunatic asylums very comfortable now," said Monty Lowther.

"That's lucky for you, Glyn."

Glyn snorted.

"I'm speaking quite seriously. I should simply have to turn my ray on him, and he would be reduced to a little heap of ashes."

"Your ray!" said Tom, staring.

"My death ray!"

"Oh, my hat! Is that the latest?"

"That's it," said Glyn, "there was a lot in the papers a short time ago about the Death Ray. Well, I've been looking into it. I had jolly nearly solved the problem, but there was just one point that baffled me. It flashed into my mind this morning, in class—and now I've got it. It's simple—quite simple! Fancy that ass Linton thinking a fellow could waste time on Latin verbs when he was solving the problem of the death ray. I've done it!"

"Great Scott!"

The juniors stared at Bernard Glyn. That he was a dabbler in wireless, that some of his performances in that direction were rather wonderful, they knew well enough. He had built his own wireless installation with his own hands, and it was quite an imposing installation. Being the son of a millionaire, Glyn was not short of that useful article—cash; and on his inventive stunts he spent money right and left.

Glyn had done some startling things with wireless. He had made bells ring in unexpected places, where bells had no business to be. He claimed that he could stop a fellow's watch by means of an electric shock

transmitted on the Hertzian waves—though it was true that demonstrations of this had not exactly "come off." His colour ray had been demonstrated with disastrous results.

Still, there was no doubt that his knowledge of the subject was very deep; and that he was a remarkably clever and inventive fellow. That he would effect great things some day all his friends believed.

"You mean to say that you've got hold of the death ray?" exclaimed Tom Merry, at last.

"I do!"

"But—but——"

"It's simple—and, of course, it was bound to come," said Glyn. "It's merely a question of the wireless transmission of electric energy—and the solution might occur any minute to any fellow who dabbles in wireless. The wonder is that it hasn't been generally discovered already. It will be the last weapon used in war, of course—it will abolish war, and most likely the human race along with it——"

"Oh, my hat! That will interfere with our cricket fixtures rather seriously."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not really a laughing matter," said Glyn soberly. "With the electric ray, a man can kill you at a distance of a hundred miles—you simply get obliterated. An army on the march could be blotted out of existence by a man in another country. People talk about air raids in the next war! Piffle! In the next war London will be set on fire by a man sitting in a laboratory in Berlin."

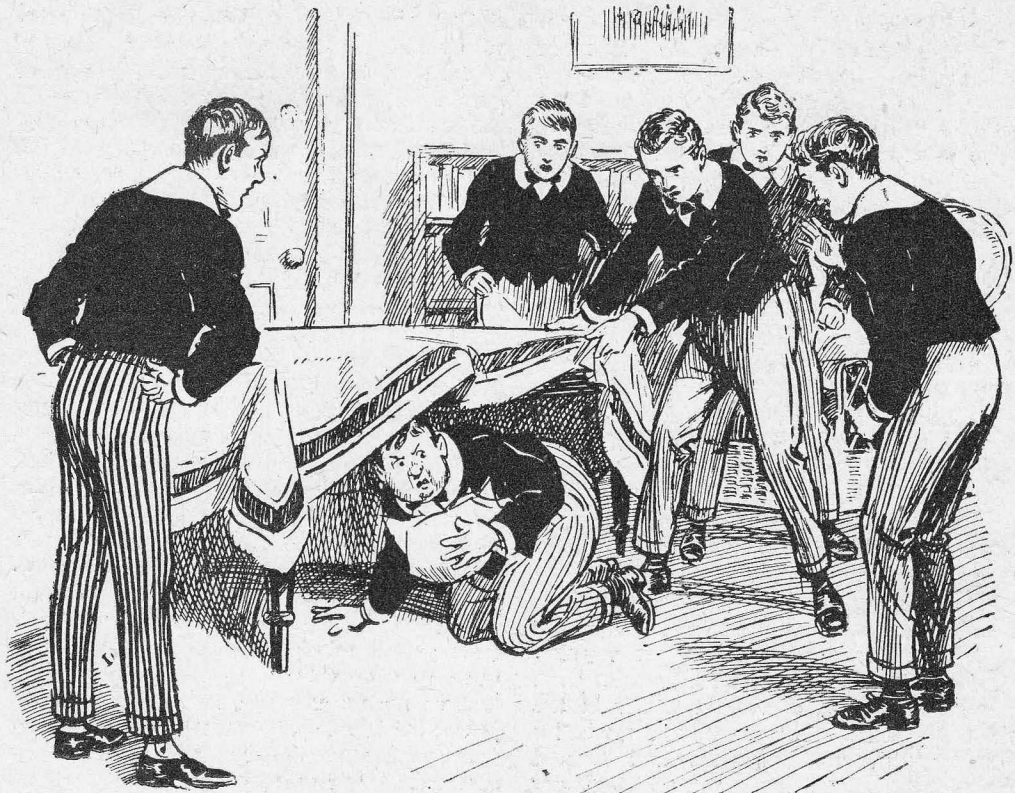
"Great pip!"

"It could have been done in the last war, if they'd had scientific men at the top, instead of silly old military generals," said Glyn. "I've no doubt that in the next war, when a German chap turns the death ray on London, the War Office will order out the cavalry." Glyn sniffed. "Still, with the Glyn Ray, we shall be able to give them as good as they send. While they're blotting out Pimlico and Putney, I shall be blotting out Potsdam."

"From your study at St. Jim's?" grinned Manners.

"Certainly."

"Well, I'm jolly glad Linton has collared



“Trimble!” exclaimed Tom Merry, as the cloth was jerked aside, revealing Baggy Trimble crouched under the table, the missing cake clasped in his fat arms. Around the cake was the cartridge paper which bore Glyn’s missing plan. (See Chapter 4.)

your stuff,” said Kangaroo. “I’m willing to chance it in the next war—but I’m blessed if I like chancing it in the study.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Oh, it’s all right,” said Glyn calmly. “I can do the calculations again—it only means loss of time. In a couple of days I shall have the formula worked out again from A to Z, and then I shall produce the death ray all right. You fellows needn’t be nervous—there’s practically no risk.”

“Only practical,?”

“Well, you see, there’s always an element of risk. Electric power is a tremendous thing—it might get out of hand.”

“Oh! Might it?” ejaculated Kangaroo.

“It might! Besides, there are still undis-

covered waves in the atmosphere—all the discoveries, so far, are only on the fringe of the real thing. When the death ray is let loose it’s not at all impossible that it might spread on an undiscovered wave, and land on the wrong party. For instance, suppose I was standing in the doorway of No. 11 Study, and wanted to obliterate a fellow coming along the passage—”

“What a jolly supposition!” said Monty Lowther.

“It’s barely possible,” went on Glyn, unheeding, “that the death ray might stray into the study, and wipe out you chaps—”

“Oh, crumbs!”

“But, of course, the danger’s not really great—and after all, one’s bound to take some

risks in making big inventions," said Glyn. "I shall be as careful as possible. But I'm wasting time—I must get on to my work."

Bernard Glyn hurried away. Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another. They hardly knew whether to laugh or to be unusually serious.

That such a discovery would be made some day was fairly certain. That Glyn was just the fellow to make it seemed probable enough. And the idea of a death ray in the Shell passage, in the School-House of St. Jim's, was rather disconcerting.

"Think there's anything in it?" asked Tom Merry, at last.

"Blessed if I know," said Kangaroo, rubbing his nose. "Glyn believes all he says, and he's jolly clever. He's made a lot of inventions that have come off."

"And a lot that haven't," said Dane.

"Let's hope that this won't," said Tom Merry, laughing. "A death ray may be jolly useful in the next war; but I'm blessed if I like the idea of one in the next study."

And the juniors went out into the sunny quad—where they soon forgot Bernard Glyn and his ray. But in No. 11 Study in the Shell, Bernard Glyn was working away at his formula with gleaming eyes and fevered brow—and he did not come down to dinner till Kangaroo and Dane went up to the study and dragged him away by main force.

THE THIRD CHAPTER

Locked Out!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY, of the Fourth Form, came along to No. 11 in the Shell soon after classes that day. Arthur Augustus, like most of the Lower fellows in the School-House, had heard by that time of the new stunt in No. 11. The death ray, the Glyn ray, Glyn's latest—it was talked of by these various titles, and with great interest by many of the juniors. There was some laughter, and there was some scoffing. It was difficult to believe that Bernard Glyn, of the Shell, held in his boyish hands a power that could, if exercised, blot St. Jim's off the face of the earth, and the rest of the county of Sussex along with it. It was really hard to credit that Glyn of the Shell could, if he liked,

stalk through the kingdom like Death on a pale horse, casting destruction on all sides. As Blake of the Fourth remarked, that wanted some swallowing.

That the progress of wireless discovery would lead to such things was not only probable, but doubtless inevitable—in the long run. Somebody, somehow, sometime, would "get there." But somehow or other it was not easy to believe that Glyn had "got there."

Levison of the Fourth recalled some of Glyn's previous inventions—such as his discovery of the transmutation of metals, which had turned out to be moonshine. Manners reminded the fellows of Glyn's indelible ink, which would do anything but remain indelible. Lowther recalled the Glyn model airship, which had refused to rise. All remembered his recent Colour Ray, which had turned its victims first green and then blue. Glyn's inventions had been many and various, and all the fellows had reminiscences of them—generally of a comic nature.

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane, being Glyn's close chums and great admirers, felt called upon to defend him. Certainly, they often found Glyn's stunts intolerable in the study. It was hard to be driven forth from their own quarters by the fearful smells of Glyn's chemicals. It was irritating to be locked out of their study when their presence would have interrupted Glyn's abstruse calculations. Often and often they had lost patience with him, and had ragged him. Nevertheless they admired him greatly, and were deeply impressed with his cleverness and knowledge. So they took the death ray more seriously than the other fellows did.

Kangaroo pointed out that, though Glyn had often come a "mucker" in his stunts, he was generally successful in matters electrical. Had he not, on one occasion, set the school in a roar by making an electric bell ring in Mr. Ratcliff's hat? Had not dozens of fellows yelled on sitting down in his electric arm-chair and getting shocks? Hadn't he built a wireless set on which he produced splendid results? If any fellow ever discovered the genuine death ray, Kangaroo declared that Glyn would be the chap, and Dane agreed with him.

So Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth had come along to No. 11 after classes, to see Glyn at work, and ascertain whether there was "anything" in it. Gussy was not perhaps, fully qualified to be the judge of scientific experiments; but that trifling detail did not occur to him. What he did not know about wireless would have filled whole volumes to overflowing, but his interest at least was keen, if his knowledge was not great.

Arthur Augustus tapped at the door of No. 11. He heard a movement in the study, and supposed that Glynn was there.

No voice bade him "Come in!" so Arthur Augustus turned the handle of the door. At the same moment the key was turned in the lock on the inside.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

The swell of St. Jim's flushed pink. Really, it was not flattering to have a door locked in one's face in this manner.

"I wegard that as uttably wude of Glyn," murmured Arthur Augustus. "But pewwaps he does not know it is I. Glyn, deah boy!" he called out.

No reply.

"It was I who knocked at your doah, Glyn." Silence.

"Weally, Glyn——"

There was a slight movement in the study, but no answer. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's pink flush deepened to red.

"I wegard you as a wude beast, Glyn!" he called out. "I look upon you as uttably wantin' in good mannaahs! Do you heah?"

There was a faint, suppressed chuckle in the study, but that was all. Arthur Augustus breathed hard and deep.

"I considah you no bettah than a Hun, Glyn!" he shouted. "Do you heah? You have the mannaahs of a Pwussian Hun."

Still there was no reply, and the swell of St. Jim's, in great indignation, retired, resisting the impulse to kick at the door, which was a natural impulse in the circumstances, but unworthy of the caste of Vere de Vere.

Just as Arthur Augustus turned away, Kangaroo and Clifton Dane came along the passage.

"Hallo, what's the matter with you, Gussy?" asked Harry Noble cheerfully. "Why that frowning phiz?"

"Weally, Kangay, I scarcely like to have my countenance referred to as a phiz——"

"Dial, then," said Noble, laughing. "Why that scowling dial?"

"I wegard dial as a more howwid word than phiz, Kangawooh. And I was not awah that I was scowlin'. I was feelin' vewy much annoyed at Glyn's wotten wude conduct in lockin' the studay door in my vewy face. I wegard him as a wude Hun."

"Locked the study door, has he?" said Kangaroo. "He'll jolly well have to unlock it, then! I want my bat!"

"And I want mine!" said Dane. "And Glyn ought to come down to the nets, as Tom Merry's going to play him in the Form match."

Kangaroo thumped at the door.

"Let us in, Glyn, you fathead!" he called out.

There was no answer from within the study.

"He's there," said Dane. "I can hear him moving. Glyn, you ass, we're fed up with your rot. Open this door at once!"

"He wefused to answah me!" said Arthur Augustus. "I wegard him as a fellow of no mannaahs at all. I was goin' to ask him about his invention, you know, and tell him whethah there was anythin' in it——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, you fellows——"

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane thumped and thumped on the study door. Such an energetic note of expression was, perhaps, unworthy of the caste of Vere de Vere, as Gussy thought; but the two Shell fellows were not so particular on such points as Gussy. They were ready to thump on the door till Glyn opened it, and then to thump Glyn for having kept them waiting.

Thump! Thump! Bang!

Tom Merry looked out of the next study.

"You fellows trying to bring down the house?" he asked.

"We're trying to make that ass Glyn let us in," said Kangaroo. "He's locked us out, the silly ass! Glyn, you chump, open the door!"



“Kick him out!” yelled the juniors. “I—I’d rather stay to tea with you fellows!” gasped Baggy Trimble. “I—I—yoooooop!” Kangaroo’s boot caught Trimble fairly, and sent him staggering between the two rows of juniors—running the gauntlet. (See Chapter 4.)

“Glyn, you duffer, let us in!” roared Dane.

“Bai Jove! I should weally wecommend you fellows to give him a feahful thwashin’,” said Arthur Augustus. “I should like to see Blake or Hewwies or Dig lock me out of my stoday, bai Jove! I wegard it as feahfully checkay!”

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

Manners and Lowther came out of No. 10 and joined Tom Merry in the passage, looking on with interest. Talbot of the Shell came out of No. 9, with Gore and Skimpole. Several other fellows came out, drawn to the scene by the din that rang along the Shell passage.

Still the door of No. 11 did not open.

Kangaroo and Dane were getting rather excited and exasperated by this time; the rest of the fellows were grinning. This was quite an old game of Bernard Glyn’s—it was nothing new to see his study-mates locked out of their quarters.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Bang! Bang!

“What the dickens are you kicking up that row for?” exclaimed a voice, as a Shell fellow came hurrying up the passage.

“Glyn!” exclaimed Tom Merry, in amazement.

“Bai Jove! Glyn!”

“Then who’s in the study?” roared Kangaroo, in astonishment.

"Eh! Nobody's in the study, I suppose," said Glyn.

Arthur Augustus stared at Bernard Glyn, through his celebrated eyeglass, in amazement. He had taken it for granted that Glyn was in the study, when the key had been turned in the lock.

Evidently he had taken too much for granted. Glyn, certainly, had not been in the study, since here he was and evidently had only just come upstairs.

"Somebody's in there, Glyn," exclaimed Gussy. "The doah was locked wight in my face. I thought it was you. I weally beg your pardon, Glyn. I should weally not have supposed that you would lock a door in a fellow's face."

"I jolly well should, if you came butting in when I was busy," retorted Bernard Glyn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Glyn, you wottah——"

Glyn shoved through the crowd of juniors, with anxiety in his face. He tried the door of No. 11.

"It's locked," he exclaimed. "There's really somebody in the study. My hat! My invention! My invention!"

And Glyn thumped furiously on the door of No. 11.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER

Baggy the Bolshevik!

TOM MERRY & Co. looked on, grinning. The crowd was thickening in the Shell passage now.

Blake and Herries and Dig had come along from No. 6, and Levison and Co. from No. 9 in the Fourth. Wildrake and Mellish, Julian and Hammond and Kerruish, Grundy and Wilkins and Gunn came along, attracted by the uproar and excitement. A dozen other fellows followed in their footsteps; the passage swarmed on either side of the door of No. 11.

There was keen interest and curiosity among the juniors now. Somebody was in the study, and that somebody had locked the door to keep out D'Arcy. It was not one of the three fellows to whom the study belonged; they were all outside the study. So the identity of the somebody was a rather interesting question.

Bernard Glyn was wildly excited. He thumped and kicked on the door in intense exasperation and alarm.

"My invention!" he gasped. "That's what he's after! Oh, my hat! I'll smash him! Open this door, you villain! Keep round, you fellows, in case he makes a rush! Let me in, you scoundrel!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Blake. "Do you think it's somebody after your giddy invention, Glyn?"

"Of course it is, fathead! What else could he want?"

"Weally, Glyn——"

"Some of you go down and guard the window; he may try to escape from the window!" gasped Glyn. "I left my formula on the table—the whole secret of my invention of the death ray. It's worth a million pounds, at the very least!"

"You wouldn't take twopence for it?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get a chair—a bench—or something, and we'll smash in the door!" howled Glyn.

"You silly ass!" roared Tom Merry.

"Do you think it's a burglar in the study?"

"Of course it is. He's after my invention. Very likely a German spy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Lowther. "German spies are out-of-date now, fathead! You're behind the times, Glyn."

"Might be a Bolshevik spy," said Glyn.

"That's better," agreed Lowther. "More up-to-date, at least."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you fellows get something to smash this door in?" roared Glyn.

"No jolly fear!" chuckled Kangaroo. "You're not going to break up the happy home, Glyn. Besides, if it's a Bolshevik after your giddy invention, he's welcome to take it back to Russia, and I hope he'll blow up all the other Bolshies with it."

"He'll escape by the window, if we give him time!" gasped Glyn. "Look here, we're going to get this door open before he bolts. Shut up, you cackling dummies; I tell you it's serious!"

Glyn rushed away, leaving the juniors roaring with laughter. That somebody was

in the study was clear—somebody who had no business there. But nobody excepting Glyn was likely to believe that some secret emissary had penetrated into St. Jim's to steal the secret of the death ray.

"Bai Jove! Glyn is weally a funny ass!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But who the thump can be in the study?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Some New House chap larking, perhaps."

"Yaas, wathah."

"Or Baggy Trimble after a cake!" suggested Cardew of the Fourth. "Was there anythin' in the cupboard, Noble?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There was a cake——"

"That settles it. The giddy secret spy isn't after the invention; he's after the cake, and he belongs to the Fourth Form," said Cardew.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, here's Glyn! Oh, my hat!"

Glyn came tearing back with a big hammer in his hand. Glyn evidently regarded the matter as serious, if not desperate.

He crashed the hammer on the lock of the study door.

"Look out!" yelled Kangaroo. "Stop that, you dangerous ass!"

Crash! crash! crash!

"Glyn, you dummy——"

Crash! crash!

Locks on study doors were not planned to resist assaults of that vigorous kind. The lock groaned and creaked and broke.

Crash! crash!

The door of No. 11 flew open.

Bernard Glyn rushed into the study, hammer in hand, with a wildly excited face. Had there been a hairy, horrid Russian Bolshevik in the study at that moment, undoubtedly Glyn would have smitten him with the hammer. Fortunately for the Bolshevik, he wasn't there! Indeed, the study seemed to be empty. The cupboard door was wide open, but Glyn did not even glance at the cupboard. He wasn't thinking about cakes. He glanced at the window, and the window was open, too. He glanced

at the table and gave a formidable yell.

"It's gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"My plan—my diagram!" stuttered Glyn.

He pointed despairingly to the table. He stuttered incoherent words of wrath and desperation. The juniors gathered that he had left on the study table a great sheet of cartridge paper on which he had been drawing the diagrams of the machine—the terrible machine that was to scatter death rays in the next war—perhaps.

And it was gone!

Kangaroo looked into the study cupboard. Like the celebrated Mrs. Hubbard's, it was bare.

"The cake's gone!" shouted Kangaroo.

Glyn did not even hear him.

He rushed to the window and looked out. Thick ivy clung to the ancient walls of the School-house below the window, but there was no sign of a climber on the ivy.

"That's the way he went," gasped Glyn, "and he's got my diagrams with him—the whole secret of the death ray!"

"It's all wight, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus comfortingly. "Aftah all, you know, there was pwobably nothin' in it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!"

"Weally, Glyn——"

Bernard Glyn rushed from the study. Apparently he still nourished a hope of cutting off the escape of the purloiner of the death ray.

"Well, my hat!" said Kangaroo. "The rubbish really seems to be gone. But who had the cake?"

Cardew chuckled.

"I fancy Baggy had the cake, and I'm pretty certain that Baggy never climbed down from the window. He's got only one neck, and he thinks too much of it to risk it—not that it's worth anythin'. What about lookin' under the table?"

"Bai Jove!"

"Trimble!" roared Tom Merry, as Cardew pulled the study table aside; a fat figure was revealed crouching there.

"Baggy!" shouted Blake.

"Ow! I'm not here—I mean——"

"He's got the cake!" roared Kangaroo.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The mystery of the missing diagram was explained now, as well as the other mystery of the missing cake.

In Baggy Trimble's fat clutches there was a large object—evidently a cake—and it was wrapped in a large sheet of cartridge paper!

Baggy had annexed that sheet to wrap up the purloined cake, preparatory to conveying it from the study, and evidently had been interrupted, when about to leave, by the arrival of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy at the door!

The juniors roared.

Baggy, caught in the study with the purloined cake in his fat hands, had locked the door just in time, doubtless hoping that the caller would depart, and give him a chance to escape later.

Instead of which, Baggy had been besieged in the study, and had simply not dared to open the door to the wrathful applicants for admission.

Kangaroo jerked the parcel away from the fat Fourth-former. He unrolled the cartridge paper, and revealed the cake. It was nearly all there—only a gap in it showed where Baggy had taken a hurried and rather extensive bite.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, we've got the cake," said Clifton Dane, "and we've got Glyn's jolly old diagrams, if they matter. Baggy, you fat villain——"

"I—I say, I—I wasn't going to take that

cake away!" gasped Trimble. "I—I—I was going to—to—to——"

"Kick him out!"

"Yaas, wathah! You are an uttah wepwobate, Twimble, and you deserve to be wagged."

"Look here, you know, I—I——"

"Form up in the passage," said Tom Merry. "Every fellow is to kick Trimble as he passes."

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh! I—I say, Tom, old chap——"

"Start!" exclaimed Kangaroo.

The laughing juniors formed up on either side of the Shell passage, in a double row; Baggy Trimble blinked out of the study and lingered.

"I—I say, I'd rather stay to tea with you fellows!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you going?" asked Kangaroo, swinging back his right foot.

"I—I—yoooo-ooooop!"

Kangaroo's boot started Trimble. He staggered out of the study, and Dane's boot

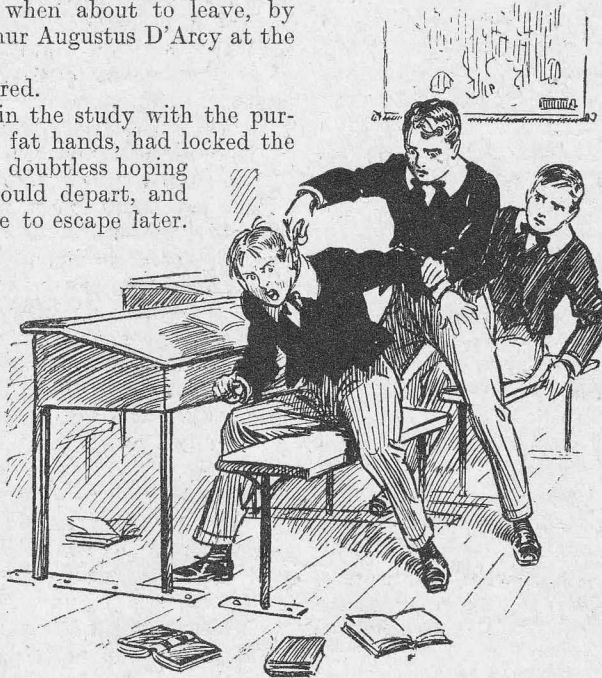
caught him as he went. Then the hapless purloiner of cakes ran for his fat life.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him jip!"

"Pile in!"

Baggy Trimble desperately ran the gauntlet. Never had a study raid cost the fat Baggy so dear. Every junior as he flew past kicked,



"You little beast!" Wally D'Arcy exclaimed. "I saw you kill that poor little sparrow with this!" And he jammed the broken remnant of the catapult down Piggott's neck. (See Chapter 5.)

and most of the kicks landed on Baggy's fat person somewhere. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy delivered quite a hefty kick, which, however, unfortunately caught Jack Blake on the shin as Baggy flew by. There was a wild roar from Blake.

"Ow! wow! ow!"

"Bai Jove! What are you makin' that wow for, Blake?" asked Arthur Augustus, turning his eyeglass on his chum in astonishment.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly owl!" shrieked Blake. "You've kicked my shin—ow—ow—wow! You burbling jabberwock! You potty bandersnatch—ow—ow!"

"Even if I have kicked your shin by accident, Blake, there is no weason for you to forget your mannaahs," said Arthur Augustus severely. "I am sowwy to see that a little pain causes you to lose the wepose of mannaah, Blake, that ewvey fellow ought to cultivate."

"Why, you—you——" gasped Blake.

Words failed Blake. He felt that it was a time for action. He let out his own foot, with energy, and there was a terrific impact between boot-leather and a pair of beautifully cut trousers. And then there was a roar from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Yawoooooop! You uttah ass! You feahful wuffian—yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A little pain seems to make you forget your repose of manner, old man!" grinned Blake.

"You uttah wuffian! Oh, cwikey——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy Trimble had vanished. The rest of the fellows cleared off, laughing; only Arthur Augustus addressing Jack Blake in a strain of wrathful indignation as he went.

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane set the table for tea. The half-hour they had intended to put in at the nets had elapsed, owing to the siege of No. 11 Study. The cake, so fortunately rescued from Baggy Trimble, graced the tea-table, and Glyn's sheet of cartridge paper, covered with weird-looking drawings, was thrown into the armchair. The chums of the Shell had nearly finished tea when Bernard Glyn came in, looking weary and worn and almost wild-eyed.

"Too late!" he said bitterly.

"Well, you're rather late; but we've left you some of the cake," said Kangaroo, misunderstanding.

"You silly owl! Do you think I was talking about tea?" hooted Glyn. "That villain has got clear with my diagrams."

"Oh, my hat!" Kangaroo winked across the table at Dane. "Didn't you catch him?"

"No; he's clean gone. He's got my secret. I suppose I'd better ask Mr. Railton to telephone to the police at once."

"Great pip!" gasped Kangaroo. "Nunno, I—I think I wouldn't do that in a hurry."

"There's not a second to lose, you ass! Only the trouble is, Mr. Railton mightn't realise how serious it is——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling asses! If you had any sense you'd advise me, in a frightful crisis like this! Think I'd better go to Mr. Railton, or to the Head?" hooted Glyn.

"Leave 'em both out, and come to your old pal, Kangy," said the Cornstalk junior, with a chuckle. "The fact is, Glyn, while you were gone, we caught the villain and got back the giddy documents."

"What?" gasped Glyn.

"Look!"

Kangaroo pointed to the armchair. Glyn, with a whoop of joy, pounced upon his precious diagrams.

"You saw the villain, then?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes! We saw him!"

"Was it a German?"

"Great pip! A sort of a Hun, that's all."

"A Russian Bolshevik?"

"Nunno! Trimble, of the Fourth."

"Trimble!" gasped Bernard Glyn. "Trimble! Mean to say that a St. Jim's chap was put up to steal my plans?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Kangaroo. "Not quite! You see, Trimble had bagged the cake, and he took that sheet of paper to wrap it in. We found him under the table, see?"

Glyn stared at him blankly. Kangaroo and Dane yelled with laughter. The expression on the schoolboy inventor's face was really too much for them.

"Oh!" said Glyn, at last.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up cackling!" said Glyn crossly.

But it was quite some time before Glyn's comrades left off cackling.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER

Going Strong !

TOM MERRY & Co. had not very much attention to bestow on Bernard Glyn during the following days. There was glorious summer weather, there were cricket matches, there were exams. coming along, there were the junior eights, there were all sorts and conditions of things to fill up the time and attention of the youthful heroes of St. Jim's. But these matters, important to all other fellows in the Lower School, passed by Bernard Glyn like the idle wind, which he regarded not.

Glyn, for days, was deep in diagrams.

His name was down for the Form match ; but Glyn was hardly aware of it. Like a careless Gallio, he cared for none of these things.

His latest invention engrossed his whole time and thought.

He lived and moved, and had his being, at present, in thoughts and dreams of wireless gadgets.

Naturally, this interfered considerably with his form work. Mr. Linton grew more and more cross with him. In class, Glyn would go off into a day-dream, from which he had to be rudely awakened with the pointer. Prep. he shockingly neglected. Put on to construe, he would hand out a translation worthy of Trimble of the Fourth, or Grundy of the Shell. Lines fell on Bernard Glyn like leaves in celebrated Vallambrosa—detentions multiplied, and canings were not infrequent.

But he went on his way regardless.

Sheet after sheet of expensive paper was covered with mysterious drawings in No. 11 Study, till Glyn had the whole thing complete. Then it only remained to reduce theory to practice.

The machine had to be built.

Building it in the study was, of course, impracticable. Many a model had Glyn manufactured there ; but this was a more serious enterprise. In the Lab. he had no chance ;

he wanted a place to himself. He had serious thoughts of asking the Head's permission to have a workshop erected somewhere in the grounds. What Dr. Holmes would have said, at the suggestion of a hut with a corrugated iron roof standing in the school grounds, can hardly be imagined. Fortunately, Glyn stopped short of that. By bribery and corruption Taggles was induced to give him space in the wood-shed, and a key to the same. The wood-shed became Glyn's workshop.

Every hour that he was not required in the form-room or the dormitory, Glyn spent in his new quarters, out of sight of his school-fellows, and for the most part out of mind also.

Kangaroo and Dane sometimes gave him a look-in, but generally he declined to admit even his chums. Conversation distracted his thoughts. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy offered to help, but his offer was declined almost rudely. Fellows would gather round the wood-shed sometimes, to stare in at the window, till Glyn hung canvas over the window inside, and shut off the view.

In the study he scarcely spoke to his comrades ; at meals, he hardly noticed what he ate. Playful fellows could put sugar on his potatoes, and salt into his tea, without Glyn even noticing it.

The wood-shed was stacked with his paraphernalia and his gadgets. All sorts of contrivances might have been seen there, of which only Glyn knew the names and the uses.

It was fortunate for the schoolboy inventor that he had a rich and indulgent father, who encouraged him in his inventive enterprises. Certainly the bills he ran up would have startled most fellows' fathers.

His chums were really getting a little anxious about him. They were also getting a little anxious about his invention. There were many scoffers ; but Kangaroo and Dane were not among them. They had a startling proof one day that there was " something in it."

One afternoon they came along to the wood-shed to see how Glyn was getting on. The door was locked as usual, and there was no answer to their thumping, so they went round to the window, and tapped on the glass.

Then Kangaroo noticed a dead sparrow lying under the window. He noticed it, but did not take any particular heed of it. He tapped on the glass, and Glyn's voice came at last from within.

"Go away!"

"Won't you let us in, old fellow?" asked Kangaroo.

"Oh, it's you! Well, if you value your lives, you chaps, you'd better clear off from that window!"

"What?"

"I'm trying the death ray, on a small scale. You utter idiots, to come fooling about when I'm turning on the ray!"

"Look here, Glyn——"

"Luckily, I've turned it off," said Glyn. "If you'd stood at that window five minutes ago, you'd have got it right in the neck. It might have killed you. Get going."

Kangaroo started, and glanced down at the dead sparrow. Clifton Dane gave him a startled look.

"My hat!" murmured the Cornstalk.

"Look here, Glyn," said Kangaroo, in a subdued voice, "do you mean to say that you have been turning an electric current loose through this dashed window?"

"Yes."

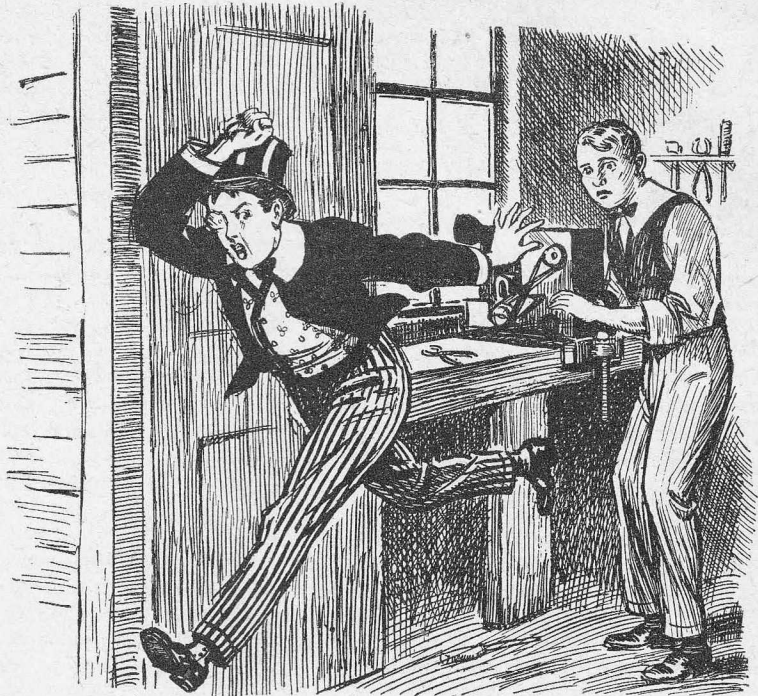
"Can you really do it?"

"Ass!"

"There's a bird lying dead under the window."

"What?"

The canvas within was torn aside, and the



For a moment the swell of St. Jim's seemed petrified as he saw Glyn's finger resting on the fatal knob of the Death Ray machine. "Now," said Glyn, "I'm just ready to——" But the elegant figure of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was already vanishing through the door of the wood-shed. (See Chapter 6.)

window sash raised. Glyn's pale, eager face looked out.

Kangaroo pointed down to the dead sparrow. The schoolboy inventor's eyes glistened.

"Poor little beast," he said. "I suppose it had rested on the window-sill and got the current. Of course, it was powerful enough to kill a bird instantly."

The two Shell fellows stared at him.

"You reckless ass," said Kangaroo. "Suppose some fellow had been standing by the window——"

"He would have got a shock!" grinned Bernard Glyn. "Haven't I warned fellows not to come fooling around my workshop? But, of course, I didn't put on the full power of the machine. If I had it would have wiped out the School House."

"You seem to have killed that poor little sparrow."

"I'm sorry for that, but it couldn't be helped." Glyn rubbed his hands. He was really sorry for the unfortunate sparrow; but this proof of the efficacy of his ray bucked him very much. "Of course, I wouldn't be beast enough to experiment on living things, but without doing so, a fellow is rather handicapped. Shove the poor little thing away somewhere, will you, and don't jaw about it—fellows might get scared."

Glyn went back to his work. Kangaroo silently picked up the dead sparrow, and it was dropped into a dustbin. Then the chums of the Shell walked away in very deep thought, silently. The death of the hapless sparrow had given them plenty of food for thought, on the subject of Glyn's amazing invention.

"There's something in it, Dane," said the Cornstalk, at last.

"Looks like it," agreed Dane.

"It's frightfully dangerous, if so."

"No doubt about that. Glyn's too jolly keen and enthusiastic. The silly ass might blow himself into little pieces. Might do anything, if he's really got hold of a dashed electric ray that he can turn on like a garden-hose when he likes."

"The sparrow was dead," said Kangaroo. "I—I suppose—there can't be any doubt. Glyn was sure, anyhow."

Dane nodded, and the two dropped the discussion, but both of them were very thoughtful that day. When Glyn came in to tea, his face was pale and tired, but very bright. Evidently he possessed a full and fixed belief in his "latest."

Probably all three of the thoughtful Shell fellows would have taken a rather different view of the matter had they overheard a little talk that went on in the Third Form room just before prep. D'Arcy minor—otherwise Wally of the Third—was chatting with Reggie Manners and Frank Levison, when Piggott of the Third came in. Wally rose at once and marched across to Piggott, and that rather disreputable fag backed away from him in alarm.

"Give your catapult to me," said Wally, dictatorially.

"My what?" asked Reuben Piggott.

"Catapult, you nasty little rotter," said Wally of the Third. "I saw you plugging stones at the sparrows this afternoon. Haven't I told you I'd punch your head if I saw you do it again?"

"Mind your own bizney!" said Piggott.

"Are you giving me that catapult?"

"No!" growled Piggott.

Actions followed, instead of words. D'Arcy minor was monarch of all he surveyed in the Third Form at St. Jim's, and he proceeded to make Reuben Piggott realise that that was so. Under the desks, in the dust, with his head in chancery, and his nose streaming red, Reuben Piggott agreed to give up the catapult. Wally, leaving him for dead as it were, under the desks, rose with the catapult in his hand.

"Little beast!" he said severely. "I saw you hit a sparrow with this—it dropped somewhere near the wood-shed. I've a jolly good mind to plug something at you with it, to show you what it feels like."

"Ow-ow-ow!" said Piggott, rubbing his damaged nose.

"If you were a sparrow," said Wally, "how would you like a sneaking little beast plugging stones at you with a catapult?"

"Yow-ow-ow!" Piggott sat up, dusty and rather dazed, and dabbed his nose with his handkerchief. He did not trouble to think how he would have liked to be catapulted, had he been a sparrow. The state of his nose gave him enough to think about, without indulging in imaginative flights of that kind.

"Anyhow, I'll jolly well smash this up!" said Wally.

And he did—and on second thoughts, he jammed the fragments down Piggott's back.

Reuben Piggott was still engaged in uneasy attempts to extract those fragments, when Mr. Selby came in to take the Third at prep.

This little scene, in the Third Form room, remained quite unknown to the Shell fellows, of course. The Shell never knew or wanted to know what went on in the fag form-room. Yet some knowledge of it certainly **would**

have changed the views, in No. 11 in the Shell, of the destructive power of the death ray.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER

D'Arcy is Not Taking Any!

"D'ARCY, old man!"

"Yaas, deah boy."

"You offered to help me the other day."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy beamed on Glynn of the Shell. His whole aristocratic face and his celebrated eyeglass beamed together. He was distinctly pleased.

"Yaas, and I am weady now," he answered.

"Good man! The fact is, I want some help in a rather advanced experiment," said Glynn. "You don't mind?"

"I am vewy flattahed, deah boy."

"Come along to my workshop, then."

"Yaas, wathah."

Arthur Augustus walked cheerily along with Glyn of the Shell. He was very pleased and flattered. Certainly, Glynn had hitherto refused all his offers of assistance, not very politely. He had seemed to imply that the aristocratic brain of Arthur Augustus was not quite up to the standard of intelligence required for his scientific work. Arthur Augustus had really been a little annoyed. But he was already ready to forgive a repentant sinner. Evidently Glyn had thought better of it, and realised that Gussy's noble intellect was just what he wanted. So the swell of St. Jim's trotted along with him very brightly.

"Hallo, where are you off to, Gussy?" asked Tom Merry, as he passed the two juniors on his way to the nets.

"I am goin' to help Glyn with his scientific expewiments, Tom Mewwy," said Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, my hat! Better come down to the cricket."

"Wats!"

Arthur Augustus walked on with Glyn. But he halted suddenly.

"Pewhaps I had better change into some

old clobber, Glyn," he said. "I believe that scientific expewimentin' wathah mucks up a fellow's clothes, doesn't it?"

"That's all right—you won't touch anything," said Glyn.

"Oh! You do not want me to handle the—the contwaptions, or whatevah you call them?"

"Not at all."

"Vewy well," said Arthur Augustus, walking on again. "If you wequiah only advice and intellectual assistance, there is no need for me to change my clobber."

"You'd have to change your intellect for that, though," grunted Bernard Glyn.

"What?"

"All right—come on," said Glyn hastily.

"Weally, Glyn——!"

"I want a fellow with some pluck, who's not afraid to run a little risk," explained Glyn. "That's all."

Arthur Augustus was placated at once.

"Wight-ho," he said. "I twust I have plenty of pluck, and certainly I do not mind wunnin' a little wisk, deah boy."

"Of course, the risk's not really great. But there's a chance—just a chance——"

"That's all wight."

"I knew you wouldn't be scared," said Glyn. "You see, a fellow making advanced experiments in electrical gadgets has a lot of handicaps. He can't get chaps to take risks. How are you to know whether a certain dose of E.M.F. would kill a man, for instance, unless you can get a man to stand up to it and put it to the test? Working a thing out in theory is all very well—but actual practice is the thing. But you might go round for weeks looking for a man who'd take his part in an experiment like that without finding him."

"Bai Jove! I should say so."

"It's a bit disheartening," said Glyn.

Arthur Augustus paused, and looked rather fixedly at Glyn of the shell.

"I twust," he said, very distinctly, "I twust, Glyn, that you are not askin' me to weceive a fatal electwic shock, to show whethah it is fatal or not? With every desiah to help you, I should feel bound to

wfuse to take part in such an expewiment, bai Jove."

"It isn't that, fathead. I was only putting a case."

"Oh, all wight, then."

Arthur Augustus, however, was feeling a little uneasy as he arrived at the wood-shed

the special request of his father. When damage happened to be done, Mr. Glyn always paid for it cheerfully, and without a question. Nevertheless, Gussy could not help thinking that, had Dr. Holmes heard of the death ray, a stopper would have been put on this especial enterprise. Certainly, the

Head was not likely to guess what was on.

Gussy turned his eyeglass with great interest on the various objects around him, which he did not understand in the very least. He was deeply interested, though a little inwardly uneasy.

"What is this peculiah-lookin' thing on the bench, Glyn?" he asked.

"That's the Death Machine."

"The—the what?"

"The sender," explained Glyn. "You can call it the transmitter, if you like. It sends out the ray when the current is on."

"I don't see the wiah."

"There is no wire, ass! The electric ray goes out on the Hertzian waves—wireless waves, like the Marconi concerts—the 2 L O. That's my great discovery—the transmission of electric power on ether waves."

"Bai Jove! What would happen if I ppressed this knob, Glyn?"

"It would turn on the power."

"And what then?"

"The ray would be directed with full force on any object in front of the sending machine."

"That would be the School-house, behind the twees. And what would happen then?"



Tom Merry & Co. piled on to the youthful inventor and dragged him out of the woodshed. "You're going to play cricket," chuckled Monty Lowther. "Touch him up with the bat, Talbot!" (See Chapter 7.)

with the schoolboy inventor. Glyn's big dynamo was throbbing away, and Arthur Augustus regarded it rather dubiously. He wondered just how dangerous Glyn's gadgets might be, and he wondered, too, whether the Head would have allowed all this, had Dr. Holmes chanced to look into the wood-shed and observe what was on. That Glyn was conducting electrical experiments there was well known, but the extent and object of them certainly were not known. Glyn was an easy first in the science class, and he was specially indulged in his scientific pursuits, by

"Only that the School House would be reduced to dust and ashes before you could wink your eye," said Glyn carelessly.

Arthur Augustus jumped.

"Gweat pip!"

His slim fingers had been hovering over the fatal knob. He jerked them away as if the knob had suddenly become red-hot.

"Bai Jove! I—I twust that that feahful thing cannot get turned on by accident, Glyn."

"Not unless a fellow came in and sat on it," said Glyn, with a laugh. "Of course, I can regulate the power I send out. I can send out thousands of volts, if I like—enough to wipe out the House. I can send out enough to give all the fellows electric shocks within a radius of a hundred yards, or enough to kill a sparrow. But never mind that. I want you to stand in front of the machine—"

"Eh?"

"In front of the machine. I suppose you know, D'Arcy, that electricity is still rather an unknown thing; there are mysteries in it still undiscovered? For instance, a certain power will give a fellow a shock. A stronger power will electrocute him, dead as a door-nail. But, as it happens, a still stronger power may pass through him without harming him. That's one of the puzzles of the thing. Now, I'm going to turn on a certain force—"

"What-a-at?"

"You're not in front of the machine. This way."

Arthur Augustus seemed inclined to linger where he was, on the safe side of the death-transmitter. But Glyn, without even noticing his hesitation, pulled him into position.

"That's right," he said. "Stand there."

"Yaa-a-a-as."

"The power I'm going to turn on is exactly twice as strong as the current required to electrocute you."

"Is—is—is it?"

"Yes. But it won't hurt you; that is to say, it's practically certain that it won't! Of course, there's an element of risk, as I told you. You don't mind that?"

Glyn did not wait for an answer. He busied himself with his machine, never even noticing the extraordinary expression

that was growing on the aristocratic face of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

For a moment or two the swell of St. Jim's seemed petrified.

Glyn's finger was on the fatal knob. Then Gussy woke to life, as it were, and moved quite suddenly.

"Now——" Glyn stared round. "Where are you going, D'Arcy? I'm just ready——"

The elegant figure of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was already vanishing through the doorway of the wood-shed. Glyn stared after him in amazement and annoyance.

"D'Arcy!" he bawled. "You ass! Where are you going?"

Arthur Augustus did not pause to explain where he was going.

He went!

Certainly, if Arthur Augustus had put on a similar speed at the school sports, he would have won the hundred yards, hands down.

The death ray itself could hardly have covered the distance to the School House in a shorter time than Arthur Augustus.

He vanished.

"The silly owl!" exclaimed Glyn wrathfully. "It seems as if I shall never get a chap to see me through this experiment. Kanga and Dane have both refused, and now that silly ass—it's rotten!"

Glyn gave a snort of disgust.

If that interesting experiment was to be carried out, it was clear that he would have to look further for help. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, at all events, was not taking any!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous

TOM MERRY tapped Glyn on the shoulder the following day, after dinner. It was Wednesday, a half-holiday, and cricket occupied the thoughts of most of the St. Jim's juniors. It did not even enter Bernard Glyn's thoughts, however. He had quite forgotten that he was down to play in the Form match between the Shell and the Fourth that afternoon—if, indeed, the fact had ever penetrated into his preoccupied mind. He stared at the captain of the Shell

A GUY FAWKES' DAY RAG AT ST. JIM'S!



F. E. BRISCOE

To face page 121.

"Guy! Guy! Here's Another Guy!"

Squire *v.* Schoolboys!

*An Amazing Incident in
the History of St. Jim's*

GUY FAWKES' DAY was celebrated with great gusto in "the good old days," when the exploits of the notorious Guido, were still fresh in the memory.

On the opposite page our artist depicts a scene in the reign of Charles the Second. A human "guy" is being borne triumphantly into the school quadrangle.

The unfortunate "guy" was Squire Pillinger, a local landowner who had for some time past been at war with the St. Jim's scholars. He was an irascible old fellow, and was eternally making complaints to the Head in connection with schoolboy trespassers on his land. He used to insist that the culprits should be flogged in his presence, and he would survey the "executions" with a grin of malevolent satisfaction. This, naturally, did not endear Squire Pillinger to the St. Jim's fellows!

A feud sprang up between squire and schoolboys, and on the Fifth of November, 1666, the St. Jim's fellows captured their hated foe, and trussed him to a farm-cart, in which he was conveyed to the school. A placard, bearing the inscription, "YE GUY," was fastened in front of the squire's portly person, and his progress to St. Jim's was watched by a curious crowd of country-folk.

On his arrival at St. Jim's, the unfortunate squire was "ducked" in the school fountain; and so drastic was his punishment that he deemed it prudent to give the St. Jim's fellows a wide berth in the future.

The Head was aware of the rowdy scenes which had been enacted on Guy Fawkes' Day, but as the whole school was concerned in the outrage, and there was difficulty in discovering the ringleaders, the Head took no action in the matter—to the infinite relief of all concerned!

(Continued from page 120.)

absent-mindedly, his thoughts far away—doubtless wandering in space borne on Hertzian waves.

"Cricket, old man," said Tom genially.

"Eh?"

"Stumps pitched at two."

"Are you playing cricket?" asked Glyn indifferently. "Speaking of cricket, I was going to ask you if you'd mind my testing my machine on Little Side this afternoon? You could put off your match, I suppose?"

"What?"

"I've got the thing all ready for the final test. I want to be careful, of course, that no lives are lost," said Glyn. "Fellows' parents would kick up a fuss, and all that. Besides, it would be rather unfeeling. I'm thinking of destroying the junior cricket pavilion."

Tom Merry blinked at him.

"You're thinking of destroying our pavilion?" he asked, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Yes, blotting it out with my ray, you know. Being a detached building, in the playing-fields, it can be done without any damage resulting—damage to the school, I mean. Do you mind?"

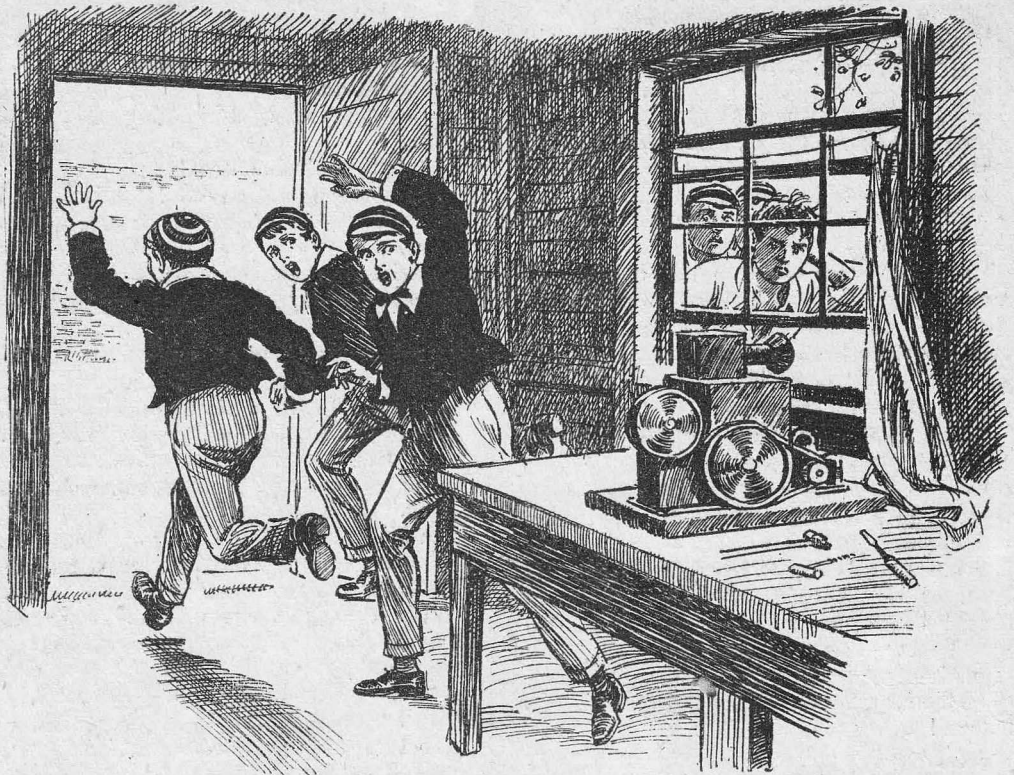
"Do I mind?" gasped Tom. "Well, yes, just a little—only a few! Not that I believe your jolly old ray would destroy a bunny rabbit. But as there might possibly be something in it, you're jolly well not going to turn it on our pav.—see?"

"I call that selfish."

"You can call it what you like, old bean," grinned Tom Merry. "If you damage our pav. I can tell you that there will be a silly idiot seriously damaged soon afterwards, so seriously damaged that he won't know his own features in the glass. Catch on?"

"It's always like that," said Glyn bitterly. "Selfishness and stupidity in the way of scientific progress. It's enough to make a fellow, with irresistible power in his hands, quite reckless. What's to prevent me from wiping out one of the Houses if I choose?"

"Well, you can begin on the New House, if you like," chuckled Tom Merry. "I've always told Figgins & Co. that St. Jim's would be greatly improved if the New House went to pot."



A low, buzzing sound came from the Death Ray machine, and the fags, fairly frightened now, streamed out of the door. Glyn stood clutching his hair outside the window. "It's all up with St. Jim's!" he panted. "It's pointed straight at the School House—in a few seconds the building will go!" (See Chapter 9.)

"I'm speaking seriously," grunted Glyn. "Look here, my father would pay for all the damage done, of course."

"He would have to pay your hospital expenses, too," said Tom. "Cut it out, old man, and go and change."

"Change. What for?"

"You're playing in the Shell team this afternoon."

Glyn snorted.

"Do you think I've got time for cricket? Don't be an ass."

"I don't think I'm the ass of us two," said Tom cheerily. "Mind, you're down to play, and you're wanted. You can chuck up wireless for one day."

"Fathead!"

Bernard Glyn turned away, his brow corrugated with thought. He was certainly not thinking about cricket.

He was thinking about his wonderful invention, which now required only to be put to a serious test. The dead sparrow under the window of his workshop had proved the efficacy of this ray—to Glyn, at least, who did not know the true history of that tragedy.

Glyn was a humane fellow, and he would never have dreamed of experimenting on living things. Scientific enthusiast as he was, he could not humbug himself into a belief that the pursuit of scientific discovery could justify cruelty to animals. The sparrow had been killed by accident—or so Glyn believed,

knowing nothing about the catapult of Reuben Piggott of the Third. But these humane considerations were, of course, a handicap.

His death ray, some day, was to be used to destroy whole armies on the march, vast cities with all their inhabitants, as soon as it should please some feather-headed statesman to begin a new war. In the meantime, he could not conscientiously use it to destroy a rabbit. But it could at all events be tested and proved on buildings, and so Glyn had thought of the junior cricket pavilion. And now it seemed that there were objections even to that!

Bernard Glyn walked away to his workshop. He was busy there when several Shell fellows in flannels looked in. He was sitting at the bench deeply engrossed in papers covered with weird figures.

"Ready?" asked Tom Merry.

Glyn glanced round.

"Do you think old Linton has destroyed it?" he asked.

"Eh—what?"

"My pocket-book."

"What pocket-book?" asked Tom blankly. Everybody but Glyn had forgotten that affair in the Shell Form-room of two or three weeks before.

"You silly ass! You know Mr. Linton bagged my pocket-book in the Form-room one day."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Most likely he burned it. Why?"

"I'm not absolutely sure that I've got the formula right the second time. It's practically certain, but I'd like to see the original. But if that old ass has done away with it—"

"Never mind that now, old chap. It doesn't matter, anyhow," said Tom Merry comfortingly. "Are you ready?"

"Ready for what?" asked Glyn irritably.

"Cricket."

"Oh, blow cricket!"

"Come on, old chap," said Kangaroo.

"Rats!"

"We're waiting for you," said Clifton Dane.

"Wait somewhere else, then," snapped Glyn.

"You're not coming?" asked the captain of the Shell.

"No, you ass!"

"Collar him!" said Tom Merry.

"Look here——" roared Glyn.

The cricketers promptly collared the scientific genius of the Shell. Death rays might be of the greatest importance, but in the eyes of the Shell fellows cricket matches came first. They collared Bernard Glyn and jerked him out of the wood-shed, struggling and protesting.

"I'm not going!" he bellowed.

"Yes you are, old top," chuckled Monty Lowther. "Kim on."

"You silly chump!"

"This way!" grinned Manners.

"Oh, you asses—you dummies! Think I'm going to fiddle while Rome's burning!" gasped Glyn.

"Get a move on. Touch him with that bat, Talbot."

"Yaroooh! Let me lock up the shed, anyhow!" yelled Glyn as he was marched away by a laughing crowd.

"Oh, the shed's all right. Nobody will raid the wood-shed—there isn't a cake there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here——"

"You've got to change yet, and the Fourth are waiting. Come on."

"I tell you I won't."

"Bump him!"

"Yoooooop! I'll come."

And Glyn went. Much against the grain, he played in the Shell team—which he regarded as fiddling while Rome burned, like Nero of old. But there was no denying his Form fellows—their methods were altogether too persuasive to be denied. So Bernard Glyn played cricket, and the death ray was given an enforced rest. It was a fall from the sublime to the ridiculous, in the view of Bernard Glyn—while it seemed quite the reverse to the other fellows.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER A Chance for Wally & Co.

"THEY call that cricket!"

Wally of the Third made that remark in very disparaging tones, as Bernard Glyn's wicket went down to a ball from Fatty Wynn of the Fourth.

"Not our style," remarked Manners minor.

"And these chaps refuse to play the Third!" said Frank Levison. "How many runs has Glyn of the Shell made?"

"A jolly old duck's egg."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wally & Co., the heroes of the Third, were honouring the Shell-Fourth match with their presence, for a time. Levison minor was interested, as his brother, Ernest Levison, was playing in the Fourth Form team. Manners minor was very mildly interested on account of his brother, Manners of the Shell, playing in Tom Merry's eleven. Wally of the Third had a brotherly desire to encourage his major, the great Arthur Augustus, with a brotherly yell or two if he knocked up any runs. Hobbs and Joe Frayne and Curly Gibson had come along with the three minors to view the cricket—and to contribute disparaging remarks.

All the fags agreed that the game was not up to Third Form style. And indeed Glyn's play, taken as a sample, rather justified their opinion.

Glyn's thoughts were elsewhere.

His wicket went down first ball. He was seventh to bat of the Shell team, and Dane took his place. Then Bernard Glyn came back to the pavilion—that pavilion on which he had desired to test the powers of the death ray and joined Tom Merry & Co.

Wally of the Third and his comrades grinned at him, desirous of letting him know what the Third thought of his style of cricket.

Glyn did not even see them. Probably, anyhow, the opinion of the Third would not have worried him very much.

"Tom Merry," he said abruptly, "I'm out—"

"I can see that," said the captain of the Shell rather gruffly. "You haven't done much for the side, I must say."

"Well, I did my best," said Glyn. "I wouldn't let you down if I could help it. But I'm out now, and you won't want me to bowl. Besides, there's some more wickets to go down. So I may as well clear off."

"Rot! You'll be wanted on the field."

"But the Shell innings isn't over—"

"It's petering out now—"

"You can play a substitute in the field—"

"Rats!"

"Look here, Tom Merry, I want to get on with my real work—"

"Lines to do?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Oh, don't be an ass! I mean my invention. You don't want to keep me here, Tom Merry."

"You're in the team," grunted Tom, crossly. "For goodness' sake, give your silly rot a rest for once. Dry up."

"Well, let me cut off and lock up the shed," said Glyn. "Some silly ass may get in there monkeying around with my things."

"Nobody's interested in them but you," said Tom. "Look here, Glyn, if you get off the field, you'll get deep in some piffing, scientific bosh, and you'll forget all about cricket. Stay where you are."

"Dash it all, Glyn," said Kangaroo. "You're playing for the Form, old man. Stick it out."

"Oh, all right," said Glyn resignedly. "Thank goodness it's only a single-innings match, anyhow."

"There goes Dane's wicket! Levison's got it."

"Well bowled, Levison!"

"Bravo!" yelled Levison minor.

Levison of the Fourth was bowling well for his Form. His over finished the Shell innings, and the Fourth Form prepared to take their turn at the wickets. Bernard Glyn went into the field with the rest of the Shell fellows.

"What's up?" asked Frank Levison, as Wally of the Third pulled at his arm. "Leggo! I want to see them bat."

"Come on."

"Well, what's on?" asked Frank.

"Didn't you hear what that ass Glyn told Tom Merry?" whispered D'Arcy minor. "He's left the wood-shed unlocked, and a fellow can get in and have a look at his gadgets."

"Jolly good idea," said Reggie Manners. "The cheeky rotter kicked me when I went in the other day. As if a fellow can't go into the wood-shed! Actually kicked me!"

"Come on, Franky. I want to see his bag of tricks," urged Wally.

"I want to see my major bat," said Frank.

"Oh, rot! I'm going to miss seeing my major bat," said Wally, crossly.

"Your major's batting isn't worth seeing—mine is," retorted Frank.

"Why, you cheeky young sweep——"

"Oh, give Franky his head," said Manners minor. "You know he's potty about his silly major. Plenty of time after Levison has batted."

Wally of the Third assented, and the fags sat on the grass to watch the cricket till Levison major's turn at the wickets was over. Levison of the Fourth was fifth on the batting list; but, as it happened, he was in great form that afternoon, and he stayed on while four other Fourth Form batsmen came and went. Then he was dismissed by Talbot of the Shell, and Cardew took his place.

Wally of the Third jumped up.

"Come on, Franky. You've seen your major do his stunts—not that they were worth seeing——"

"He's twenty-five," hooted Frank.

"Well, what's that?"

"Just five times as many as your major, anyhow."

"If you fellows are going to rag about your majors, we shan't see Glyn's gadgets before the game's over," said Reggie Manners. "They're eight down already. Come on—blessed if I want to watch my major muff catches, though you two seem keen on seeing your majors lose wickets."

"Yes, come on," said Joe Frayne. "Shut up and come on."

"I'm ready," said Levison minor.

And the heroes of the Third trooped off the field, and took their way round to the woodshed that was now Glyn's workshop. Wildrake of the Fourth, who was watching the cricket near at hand, called out to them. He had heard the talk of the fags.

"You young beggars had better keep clear of Glyn's gadgets. You'll be giving yourselves shocks."

"Bow-wow!" retorted Wally, over his shoulder. And the fags marched off, leaving Wildrake grinning.

Famous Fellows in Fiction



ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.

A splendid swell we now behold,
The one and only Gussy;
His craze for dress is uncontrolled,
On fashions he is fussy.
His tailor gives him perfect cuts,
His "toppers" are the latest;
Of all the noble band of "Nuts"
Our Gussy is the greatest!

His ties are dazzling to the view,
His purple socks are striking;
And waistcoats of canary hue
Are greatly to his liking.
Young ladies he may chance to meet
He frequently impresses,
When he salutes them in the street
And views their dainty dresses.

Although a dandy, he'll excel
In sport and recreation;
His football form, we know full well,
Is quite a revelation.
He often kicks the winning goal
With straight shots or with swervers,
And hears the shouts like thunder roll
From all the keen observers!

His noble leg is often pulled
By japers gay and dashing;
When bluffed, bamboozled, or befooled,
He vows a "feahful thwashing."
Always to play a manly part
Is Gussy's great endeavour;
We love him for his hero's heart,
And wish him joy for ever!

It was a quarter of an hour later that the last Fourth Form wicket went down, to a catch by Bernard Glyn in the slips—his only contribution to the Shell victory, which was won by a single run. The cricketers came off, and Wildrake called to Glyn of the Shell.

"Anything liable to damage in your pesky old workshop, Glyn?"

The schoolboy inventor glanced round quickly.

"Yes—lots! Why?"

Wildrake grinned.

"Then I guess you'd better hustle round lively," he said. "The Third have gone to explore."

"What!" yelled Glyn.

"Bai Jove! If there is anythin' dangewous there, Glyn, you ought to have locked up the place," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, severely.

"Didn't I want to?" howled Glyn. "Didn't a set of silly asses yank me away—oh, my hat! Are you sure, Wildrake? When did they go?"

"About a quarter of an hour ago," said the Canadian junior. "Young D'Arcy and Manners and some more. I reckoned I'd give you the tip in case they might do some damage."

"Damage!" gasped Glyn. "If they touch the wireless transmitter, they may—may—good heavens! They may all be killed—and a hundred other fellows as well!"

"What?" roared Tom Merry.

"Bai Jove!"

"I guess that sounds rather thick," drawled Wildrake.

"Weally, Glyn——"

"You silly ass, why didn't you call me off the field?" howled Glyn. "But there's not a second to lose," Bernard Glyn, with a white, horrified face, raced off the cricket-field.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another. "If there's anything in it——" ejaculated Tom.

"I—I rather think there is!" said Kangaroo, "I think——"

"Come on!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yaas, wathah!"

And the whole crowd of cricketers, and a crowd of other fellows, rushed after Bernard

Glyn. "If there was anything in it"—the thought was appalling. A set of careless, thoughtless fags "monkeying" about with a fearful machine that could scatter death and destruction for miles around—it was unnerving to think of it.

If there was anything in it—it was a big "if." Yet the possibility existed. Indeed, to Kangaroo and Dane, remembering the dead sparrow, it seemed more probable than not. And Glyn's horrified look showed that he at least fully believed in the danger.

It was with beating hearts and startled faces that Tom Merry & Co. raced after Glyn of the Shell, and when they overtook him they found him hammering furiously at the door of the wood-shed.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Not Quite "It."

WALLY of the Third had slammed the door just in time.

For fifteen happy minutes the heroes of the Third had been exploring the forbidden recesses of Glyn's workshop. Often and often they had wished to explore it: chiefly, perhaps, because it was forbidden; it was a sort of Bluebeard's chamber that piqued their curiosity. They sorted and rooted among Glyn's weird contrivances, and they stared at his diagrams, and blinked at his scribbled formulæ, and upset and disturbed a good many things—and while they were thus happily occupied, Wally spotted Bernard Glyn heading for the shed at a frantic pace, with wildly excited countenance.

"Here comes the jolly old inventor!" grinned Wally. "Looks as if he's on the war-path!"

And D'Arcy minor slammed the door and locked it just as Glyn came panting breathlessly up.

"Open this door!" shrieked Glyn.

"Any hurry?" yawned Wally.

"Don't touch my things."

"Why not?"

"You young ass! Your lives may depend on it!" roared Glyn, "Don't touch a single thing."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fags. Judging by the manner in which they greeted Glyn's

warning, they were not believers in the deadliness of his death ray.

Glyn hammered at the door.

"Let me in! Let me in at once."

"All serene," chuckled Wally. "There isn't any cake here, so far as I can see—and if there was, we wouldn't bag it like Trimble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang! bang! bang!

"Let me in!" shrieked Glyn.

Tom Merry & Co. arrived with a rush. They were relieved to see that, so far at least, no visible damage had been done. The laughter from within the wood-shed indicated that Wally & Co. were still alive—in fact, very much alive.

Glyn rushed round to the window. The lower sash was open, and he jerked away the canvas within, and put in his head.

"You young villains!" he gasped.

"Oh, draw it mild," said Levison minor, "we're only looking round, you know. No harm done."

"Don't touch that machine on the bench."

"Why not?" asked Reggie Manners.

"That's the death-transmitter."

"My only aunt Jane!" chuckled Wally.

"Is that the jolly old gadget you're going to blow up the universe with?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fags gathered round the "gadget." Reggie Manners tripped over the thick insulated wire that ran from it under the bench, and stumbled. Glyn gave a yell of alarm at the window.

"Don't touch it! Let me in at once."

"Oh, let's see the jolly old gadget," said Wally coolly. "Then we'll let you in if you'll make it pax. Not otherwise."

Glyn groaned.

Round him at the window Tom Merry & Co. gathered with serious faces. They could not help being impressed by the horror in the schoolboy inventor's face.

"What's this jolly old knob on it, Glyn?" asked Wally, touching the fatal knob with the top of a grubby forefinger.

"Stop!" gasped Glyn.

"What?"

"If you press that knob you turn on the current."

"Then does it play a tune?" asked Reggie Manners.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You mad young ass!" said Glyn hoarsely. "If the current's turned on it sends out the death ray, and everything in front of the machine will be wiped out of existence."

"Wally, let it alone, deah boy," gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Don't touch it, Wally!" shouted Tom Merry.

Wally of the Third drew back his finger, startled. But at the same moment Hobbs, pressing forward to look, stumbled over a trailing wire, and pitched heavily against Wally's back. D'Arcy minor was pitched forward over the bench, and he fell right on top of the fatal knob.

Glyn gave a husky howl.

"He's done it!"

"Oh, bai Jove!"

There was a low buzzing sound in the wood-shed. The fags, fairly frightened now, rushed for the door, tore it open, and streamed out with startled faces. Glyn stood clutching at his hair.

Tom Merry caught him by the shoulder.

"Glyn, what's going to happen?"

"It's all up with St. Jim's!" panted Glyn.

"What?" yelled the juniors.

"Keep out of the line of it. It's fatal! Keep back!"

"Bai Jove!"

"That machine was pointing directly towards the School House," said Bernard Glyn hoarsely. "The death ray is turned on now—in less than a few seconds the House will go."

"Great Scott!"

Glyn staggered against the wall, overcome with horror. Tom Merry & Co. stood in a frozen group, staring towards the School House, of which the old grey walls and sunlit windows were visible over the trees at a short distance.

The death ray was in operation. Those old grey walls were to crumble before their eyes, those sunlit windows to be blotted out, that grey old tower to come down crushing in horrid ruin! And the Head and the House-

master and the scores of fellows who were within the House—

The juniors stood frozen. There was no time for action, in a few seconds the catastrophe was due.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy faintly.

Bernard Glyn groaned.

With fascinated eyes the juniors watched the House. Glyn fixed horrified eyes on it, watching for the crumbling of the ancient stones, the crashing of the old red chimney-pots.

Seconds passed. Minutes followed them.

The walls did not crumble! The chimney-pots did not crash! The old windows still gleamed back the sunset serenely. The grey old tower still lifted its summit to the blue sky.

Tom Merry gave a gasp.

"Glyn, you ass—"

"It doesn't work!" panted Kangaroo.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Bai Jove! Glyn, you cwass ass—"

Glyn passed his hands across his eyes. He seemed unable to believe in his own vision. The School House still stood there where it had stood for centuries—immune, apparently, to the deadliness of the death ray.

"It does work," said Glyn. "It must work. It cannot fail! The power is turned on—the full power—powerful enough to wipe out the Tower of London! And—and it's been tested."

"Rats!" snorted Blake of the Fourth. "The power may be there, but your jolly old transmitter doesn't transmit. Rats!"

"It does—it must—it has—"

"We found a dead sparrow under that very window," said Kangaroo. "It had been killed by the death ray only last Friday."

"Last Friday!" hooted Wally. "Ten to one it was the sparrow that cad Piggott killed with his catapult."

"Wh-a-t?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Bernard Glyn.

Still the School House stood, and by this time even Bernard Glyn had to realise that it was going to stand. Something evidently was wanting in the transmitter of destruction, some trifling detail that had not been worked out. Bernard Glyn gave a sudden howl.

"It's old Linton's fault."

"Eh? What's old Linton's fault?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"The silly ass bagged my pocket-book, and I didn't get it quite right the second time. I had it all right that day in the Form-room. I know that. Now it's gone wrong, and it's all Linton's fault."

"All Linton's fault that you haven't knocked St. Jim's sky-high?" gasped Tom Merry.

"Yes, yes—the ass—the silly ass!"

"Bai Jove! I wegard that as a fault on the wight side."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly chump!" roared Tom Merry. "If you ever had the secret, which I don't believe for a moment, it's a jolly good thing that you've lost it. Do you want to knock the school to smithereens, you born dummy?"

"Blow the school!" howled Glyn. "What the dickens does that matter compared with the cause of science, compared with—"

"Oh, bump him!"

"Yaas, wathah, wag the silly ass, deah boys. If evah a howlin' ass asked to be wagged that howlin' ass is askin for it."

"Look here—oh, my hat!"

Bump! bump! bump! bump!

When Tom Merry & Co. walked away they were laughing, and quite relieved of any apprehension on the score of Glyn's latest. They left Bernard Glyn to sort himself out in a breathless state.

Bernard Glyn did not admit that he had failed.

But he was not impervious to the howls of laughter that greeted every reference to his death ray. He ceased soon to refer to it.

In all St. Jim's there remained only one believer in the death ray, and that one was Glyn of the Shell.

Bernard Glyn still worked at his experiments, and still dreamed of the future day when his death ray would wipe out armies on the march and crumple up great cities, and sink enormous fleets. But the rest of St. Jim's were doubting Thomases, and Tom Merry & Co. chuckled loud and long over Bernard Glyn's death ray.

THE END

MY DANCING PARTNERS

by

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY



I DANCED with Gwunday at the Ball
(I wish I'd nevah danced at all!)
For Gwunday is a clumsy fellah—
Twod on my toes, an' made me bellah!
I told the chump, in language plain,
I'd nevah dance with him again!

I then enjoyed a dance with Mewwy,
He is a gwaceful dancah—vevy!
But soon he played a foolish antic
Which made me absolutely fwantic!
He whirled me wound at such a pace
That I pitched forward on my face!

Then, foolishly, I danced with Twimble,
A youth who's anythin' but nimble.
He tumbled here, he stumbled there,
Chargin' an' bargin' ewevywhere!
An' when he twod on my pet corn
I left him, lonely an' forlorn!

With Fatty Wynn I twied to waltz,
His movements, though, were full of faults.
You've heard of bulls in china shops?
Well, that's how Wynn behaves at "hops."
He left me sitting on the floor;
I stwuggled up, an' danced with Gore.

Gore simply grabbed me wound the waist,
An' off we went, in feahful haste.
With Blake an' Digby we collided,
An' all the lookahs-on dewided.
"Go easy, Gussy!" they exclaimed.
My noble cheeks with fuvy flamed.

I danced with Cardew an' with Clive
(A wondah I am still alive!)
'Twas such a bustle and a hustle,
I'm stiff an' sore in ewevy muscle!
Next time they hold a Ball or Fête,
I'll dance alone, in solemn state!

