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"SISTER MABEL"!

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



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A MAGNIFICENT NEW, LONG, COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY OF TOM MERRY & CO. AT ST JEFF.

"SISTER MABEL"!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Arthur Augustus Knows Best.

"WUBBISH!"
 "But—"
 "Well!"
 "Look here—"

"What!"
 Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was emphatic. He tossed his celebrated goggles upon his study-table, Blake and Herries and Digby, with a look calculated to wither them on the spot.

"I repeat—what?" he added, crushingly.
 "Go on, Gussy!" came a cheery voice from the passage outside. "Give 'em a nip!"

"Woolly, Tom Merry!"
 The half-open door of Study No. 6 was pushed further open, and Tom Merry's cheery face looked in, with Manners and Lowther looking over his shoulder. The Terrible Three grinned greatly.

"Keep it up, Gussy!" said Lowther.
 "Woolly, Lowther!"

"You can be heard from the staircase," chuckled Manners. "Is this the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, Gussy?"

"But Jove, I woolly was not aware that I was waiving my voice!" said Arthur Augustus. "But these three daffies are enough to enervate a chap, you know! I have done a tremendous stroke of business, and these attic asses are doing 'noddin' but fudlin' fud!"

"Of all the changes—" began Blake.

"Chump isn't the word!" remarked Herries, shaking his head. "I don't have a word that would really describe Gussy."

"There isn't one," agreed Dig.

"What!"
 Arthur Augustus turned to the Terrible Three.

"I'll tell you fellows. I have been shopping for you, you know, and I have done a tremendous stroke. I have secured a book!"

"Good gracious!" said Mousy Lowther, with a shocked look. "You surprise me, Gussy! Are you taking to book-reading in your old age? My dear young friend, the 'library' is the first step on the downward path—"

"I mean book—not book, you are!"

"Well, then's book, at all events!"
 "What!" I believe you understand perfectly well, Lowther. I am not alluding to the book that you dislike, but to a book of bacon. The greivous very kindly informed me that a book can now be obtained without coupons. Naturally, I jumped at the chance. I have secured a whole book, weight, three pounds. What do you think of that?"

"The business chump's spent all the tin in the study on a book of bacon!" groined Blake. "It was our fault for letting him go shopping. We might have known something would happen."

"I regard you as an ass, Blake! A book of bacon is simply wippin'. It will make us a tasty tea!"

"How's it going to be cooked, an?" roared Herries.

"I have already wussked, Herries, that I can cook it!"

"And I've remarked that you can't, fethed!"

"What!"
 "Who told him that to the house-dame?" suggested Tom Merry. "I believe books have to be boiled, and it takes some time."

"Yare; but we want it for tea!" said Arthur Augustus. "I'm going to cook it in the study. These attic daffies think I can't cook!" went on the honorable Arthur Augustus in dignified. "I repeat the instruction with scorn! I can cook as well as any chap in the study!"

"We could give it to Towner!" said Herries thoughtfully. "Only, Towner doesn't care for bacon. There's the rub!"

"You'll find yourself in chokery if you give books of bacon to a dog!" said Tom Merry.

Herries sniffed.

"Towner wouldn't care for it, he said. 'He's a bit particular. It makes me wild to see fellows like Blackie and Crooked eating meat at meal-times, while Towner goes without. I think—'"

"Oh, wing off Towash, dear boy!" implored Arthur Augustus. "It is possible to get fed up with Towash, old chap! I should be glad if you fellows would dash off while I cook the book for tea!"

"You can't cook it!" roared Blake.

"Fiddled!"

"But really—" began Tom Merry.

"Wah!"

"Look here, Gussy—"

"Well!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was not to be argued with. The implication that he could not cook annoyed him. Arthur Augustus did not like being regarded as a fellow who could do nothing more useful than selecting sections and all happen. Certainly his taste in those articles was unequalled; but Gussy was convinced that he could be useful as well as ornamental.

He waved his hand to the door.

"Fussy travel off while I get on with the cooking!" he said. "I shall have to be very careful with that book, as there is nothing else for tea!"

"Nothing at all for tea if you cook it," grunted Herries. "Even Bagger Tiddles wouldn't eat it!"

"What!" I trust that you Shell housewife will come to tea, and D'Arcy graciously. We shall have a plentiful spread for once. It is woolly a wippin' book, and you can rely on the cooking!"

The Terrible Three grinned.

How Arthur Augustus was going to cook a book of bacon in time for tea was a mystery for too deep for their comprehension, though the problem did not seem to worry Gussy at all.

"Right-ho!" said Tom Merry.

"What time?"

"Six o'clock, dear boy!"

"It's half-past five now," said Blake.

"He's going to cook that book in half an hour!"

"Yare, wasshah! I have seen you cook washah of bacon in ten minutes, Blake!"

"That's different, you duffer!"

"I decline to be called a duffer!"

"Look here, Gussy—"

"Once for all, Blake, I wedge a score on the matter. You have mistaken that I cannot cook. I am willing to be judged by results," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "You are pleased to imply that I cannot do anything of a useful nature, simply because I dream better than you dream. I undertake to cook that book in wippin' style. Now, away buzz off, and leave me to work."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Pussy run away!"

Blake and Co. looked hopeless.

"Oh, give him his head!" said Digby.

"Let's leave him to it!"

And the three Fourth-Formers retired No. 6 with the Terrible Three, the latter trio grinning. The chess of the Shell had agreed to come to tea; but they were not looking forward to a feast of the gods on the book of bacon cooked by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. But they were rather curious to see it when it was cooked.

"Blake!"

Arthur Augustus called out from the door of Study No. 6.

"Hallo, fethed!"

"Where's the boyin' you?"

"The whatter?"

"Feyrin' pan!"

"Are you going to cook a book of bacon in a frying-pan?"

"I totally refuse to discuss the matter with you, Blake! You don't understand anything about cooking! I simply suggest you to inform me where the feylin' pan is!"

"In the bookcase, an, he!"

"Thank you!"

"Look here—"

Blake!

The door of Study No. 6 closed. Jack Blake looked at his comrades.

"He's going to cook that tough old book in the frying-pan for tea!" he said faintly. "And it's not an ordinary book, what—it's a dished tough old specimen that the grocer must have had in stock before the war—"

"Before the Crimean War, to judge by the look of it!" groined Herries.

"He's dug it up specially for Gussy, because he saw him coming," said Blake.

"I believe it would need a tank to make any impression on that book. And—and he's going to cook it in a frying-pan too—for tea!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Terrible Three.

"Well, it isn't a laughing matter, you Shell duffers! He's blazed all the study bench on that blessed book," said Blake.

"My hat! I've a jolly good mind to make him eat it when he's cooked it. It would serve him right."

And the chess of No. 6 departed, leaving Arthur Augustus to his fate.

CHAPTER 2.

A Slight Accident.

"SHELLAY defies!" Arthur Augustus gave a wrathful and scornful yell. He was exasperated.

However, the dozing Thomases having left him to his task in peace, he prepared to set about it, fully convinced that the result would be to silence his capricious critics.

He unwrapped the book of bacon, jammed his monocle a little tighter in his eye, and surveyed it. Perhaps a shade of doubt dawned in his aristocratic face as he did so.

What Arthur Augustus did not know about cooking would have filled a volume larger than Mrs. Weston's celebrated work.

Still, he had plenty of confidence in his powers. At all events, having undertaken to cook the book and silence his critics, he could not retreat. The book had to be cooked.

Herries had commented in suggesting that Mr. Shellay the grocer, had had that book in stock before the Crimean War. But it was certainly a little aged, and, though small for its age, it was decidedly tough. It looked as if it could offer a powerful resistance to any attack, flank or frontal.

"If'n!" murmured D'Arcy. "I—I suppose I had better cut it up first."

He removed his jacket, and rolled up his sleeves manfully. He selected the sharpest knife in the study—which was not quite like a razor, as a matter of fact—and started on the book. After a few minutes the knife was considerably blunter than when he started, but the book looked much the same.

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"I believe books are always cooked in one place," he murmured. "I presume they grow tenderish with cooking."

He transferred his attention to the fire. In a few minutes he had a good fire going, and the frying-pan warming on it. The book was transferred bodily to the pan. It was fortunate that it was small for its age, for it fitted in the frying-pan nicely.

"I shall wash some grease," murmured the avowed St. Jim's. "Unluckily, there is no butter, as to margarine, as no droppings. Perhaps I can borrow some oil."

He quitted No. 6 in search of oil. Julian and Gertrude, Emily and Harry, stood near at hand in the next study, and they gave Gussy a welcoming look as he glanced in.

"You in, D'Arcy?" said Dick Julian. "Just in time!"

"Thank you, dear boy; but I have not come to tea. We are going to have a tremendous spread in our study. Can you lend me some oil?"

"Oh!"

"I am fryin' a book of bacon—"

"What-a-1!"

"And I believe it requires some grease, if you could lend me some oil—"

"Hair-oil do?" asked Rolly.

"But Jeez! I really do not know, but I think not, thank you, Waddy," said Arthur Augustus, somewhat loudly. "It might give the book a flavor. Olive-oil is used in cooking, I believe."

"We fry guinea in it," said Julian.

"But—ah—no—we never fried a book of bacon yet. But there's some left in the bottle, if you like it."

"Many thanks!"

Arthur Augustus retired with the bottle of oil, leaving the ladies chattering. There was a smell of burning as he re-entered No. 6. The frying-pan was nearly red-hot by this time, and the unfortunate book was scorching. Arthur Augustus



Phase I
(See Chapter 2.)

hastily poured in oil, and jumped back with a yell as it sizzled and spluttered.

"But Jeez!"

The frying-pan, the book, and the oil seemed to have combined in a regular Brock's benefit, and Gussy looked on from a safe distance in some alarm. But the volcanic eruption died down, and he ventured to approach the grate again. He added more oil very cautiously.

"That's better!" he murmured. "It was certainly better. The book was swimming in oil now, which suited away peacefully."

Arthur Augustus began to feel encouraged. The dozing Thomases would be asleep when that book was served up in a state of perfection for tea. It did not look, perhaps, exactly as a book should look when it was being nicely cooked, but Gussy had no idea how it ought to look, so he was satisfied.

"Utah sees, to think a chap can't cook!" he murmured. "This is going to be a pronounced success! I suppose I ought to turn it over occasionally to get both sides done."

There was a fierce stinging as some of the oil swirled into the fire in the process of turning over the book.

Arthur Augustus retreated, and watched it from a safe distance.

There were a good many blacks flying about the study now, and the atmosphere was getting rather thick, and Gussy was very warm and a little dimpy. He opened the window wide, and set the door open. Then he bowed himself with a book, while the book continued to cook.

"Hallo! Study on fire!" called Talbot of the Shell, looking in as he was passing No. 6.

"Certainly not, Talbot! I am cookin' a book, that is all."

"My only hat!" ejaculated Talbot. "It is a walloo warm work, Talbot. However, it is going to be a grand success. We should be very pleased if you would come to tea when the book is done."

"Thanks, awfully, but I've had my tea," and he passed on, nobly refusing to

drop smiling till he was out of Gussy's sight.

Three of the Fourth came along the passage from the stairs, and they stopped to look in. They were Leoline, Olive, and Cardew, on their way to No. 2. Arthur Augustus gave them a somewhat faded look.

"Bawling rubbish in the study!" asked Leoline.

"What?"

"Oh!"

"I am cookin' a book."

"My only hat!" pulled Olive. "Is that a book in the frying-pan?"

"Yes."

"Rippin'!" said Cardew heartily. "I never knew you were a chaf, D'Arcy."

"I do not claim to be a chef, Cardew; but I wish to think I can cook, you know," said Arthur Augustus modestly.

"You can, and no mistake!" said Cardew admiringly. "I'll bet there never was a book of bacon cooked quite like that before. What are you going to use it for when you've finished?"

"Oh! For tea, of course!"

"Oh! You're not getting it ready to sell your boots!" asked Cardew, in surprise.

"Really, Cardew—"

"I'll tell you what!" said Cardew seriously. "We've just met Gordon Gay and the Grammar School boys in the bank, and they were exactly, as usual. Cut out and ask them to tea, Gussy!"

"Really, Cardew, I do not see why I should ask the Grammar School boys to tea, because they are chaps. Besides, there are a lot of fellows coming in to tea, and I do not think the book would go round."

"I'm sure the chaps would be pleased to have the book for the visitors," said Cardew.

"Ten to one on that!" grinned Leoline.

"And it would serve Gordon Gay & Co. right," explained Cardew. "It's

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never been settled whether we're top-dogs or they're top-dogs. But if they are that look after you've cooked it, Gussy, they'd never give us any more trouble, or anybody else. Study No. 9 would send a wench."

"You attack me!" shouted Arthur Augustus.

Study No. 9 went on their way chuckling, and Arthur Augustus sniffed and returned to his cooking. There seemed to be quite a general expectation that that hack would not be a success, which was rather surprising to the amateur cook. He swamped some more oil into the pan, and the hack swam again.

Smile, smile, smile!
The fire was getting low, and Arthur Augustus stood in stinks under the frying-pan to keep up the heat. The stinks creaked away merrily, with the pan resting on them.

Unfortunately, as the stinks burst through they ceased to support the frying-pan, which gave a sudden lurch and toppled sideways.

There was a terrific outburst of spitting as the oil swamped into the red embers.

Black smoke rolled out of the grate and up the chimney, and Arthur Augustus sprang back in alarm.

"Oh, cinders!"

The study fireplace was drenched in smoke and flames, and somewhere in the middle of the conflagration reposed the unfortunate cook, which even Gussy could not think would be cooked successfully any.

The smell of St. Jim's started at the blast in dismay. There came a hollow boom from the chimney, which indicated that it had caught, which was not surprising, as a torrent of flame was roaring upward.

"Oh, cinders! The chimney's on fire!" roared Arthur Augustus. "What a foolish stroke of luck! I'm washed off and we shall not be able to eat that hack now, and it was getting on so nicely, too!"

"You young ass, are you trying to set the house on fire?" roared Kildare of the Bush from the doorway.

"Woolly, Kildare—"

"What are you up to?" demanded the captain of St. Jim's.

"I am cooking some bacon, Kildare!" Kildare gasped.

"The chimney's on fire!" he ejaculated. "You dangerous young idiot!"

"But Joss!"

"Yes—yes—yes—!" Kildare did not seem to be able to find any expression strong enough at a moment's notice.

"Yes—yes—yes—!" Cut down to Rykcombe at once for the sweep! Do you hear?"

"Yaps, wath! I will change my dubbal at once—"

"Cut off!"

"Woolly, Kildare, I am washed soiled with fookin', and I cannot go out in this despicable condition— Yawook! What are you dragging at my ear for, Kildare?"

Kildare did not explain; but he drew Gussy from the study by the ear, and jerked him along to the stairs. The sweep of St. Jim's had only time to catch up his jacket as he went.

"Now, cut off!" growled the prefect. "Bring the sweep back at once! I'll see what I can do while you're gone."

"But—"

"Go!" roared Kildare.

"Oh, but Joss!"

And Arthur Augustus went. He thought he had better. Kildare hurried back to Study No. 6, to see what could be done there; and Arthur Augustus, very warm and very indignant, started for the sweep's at Rykcombe.

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CHAPTER 3.

Gordon Gay is Chaffing.

"GAY, old man, check it!"

"Do—"

Wootton major and minor, of Rykcombe Grammar School,

addressed those inspiring words to Gordon Gay, the great leader of the Fourth.

The three Grammarian juniors were seated in a row on the side in Rykcombe Lane. Gordon Gay was looking rather cross.

In the late afternoon and conversation with the St. Jim's fellows the Grammarians had come off second best, of third best; in fact, very badly indeed.

Gordon Gay's star was under a cloud, and his faithful followers had raised the best against him. It was only necessary for Gordon Gay to suggest a wheeze for his one-time devoted backers to groan in chorus and beg him to check it.

"Don't!" went on Jack Wootton.

"You can't think, old chap! You can't keep our end up! You're played out, you know! You're an ass! You've poured it! Give us a rest!"

"What's the good of asking St. Jim's for another looking?" said Harry Wootton in an argumentative tone. "I don't see any sense in it!"

"You chump!" said Gordon Gay. "I tell you I've got a trumping good wheeze for making them sit up!"

"Same old tale!" purred Wootton major.

"Lemme see—when Lowther was away you got the idea of going there as his cousin, with your face made up to take them in. Did you take them in? Not half! They knew you at once, or anybody could have told you they would. Instead of you ragging them, they ragged you. What did you expect?"

"They got on to the wheeze somehow."

"So they will to the next, if it's in your hands, old scout! Cheese it!"

"But I tell you—"

Gordon Gay sniffed, and was silent. Never had his prestige been at so low an ebb.

But he was not silent for long. His fertile brain had evolved what he looked upon as a really tremendous wheeze for dawning the enemy, and St. Jim's had to be damped somehow, that was settled.

Now, listen to me a minute—"he recommenced.

"How now?"

"The way play we're doing at school is—"

"—went on Gay.

"Oh, if you're going to talk private theatricals, you can run and!" said Wootton major generously. "You do know something about that!"

"Isn't it a success?" asked Gay. "Have we ever had such a ripping play as 'The Beautiful Spy'?"

"Lots of times."

"Look here—"

"Sill, it's a success," admitted Wootton major. "We're asked to give a second performance, so the fellows must think it's good. What about it?"

"What do you think of my part in it as Franklin Kloss, the beautiful spy?"

"Not bad."

"Do I look like a girl in that part, or don't I?"

"You do, old chap!" said Wootton major soothingly. "How you manage it, with your features, is a mystery! But you do."

"Enthusiast!"

"Thanks! About time we got in to tea, I think."

"Never mind tea now! I'm going to tell you the wheeze. If I can make up as a girl in the play, I can make up as a girl out of the play. Well, suppose I make up as a pretty girl—"

"You couldn't do that, you know!"

"As a girl!" howled Gordon Gay.

"And suppose I went to St. Jim's—"

"Wim-a-ut!"

"We could find out when one of the fellows is away, and I would turn up there as his sister—"

"His sister! My hat!"

"Manners of the Shell has a whole army of sisters, I believe. Well, Manners is away sometimes—"

"Do you think Tom Merry and the rest don't know Manners' sisters by sight, you fellows?"

"Ah—well, yes, I suppose they do. Still, there's lots of fellows whose sisters they don't know, and one of them may be away, and then—"

"Yes! I have the nerve to go out in the daylight dressed like a girl!"

"Yes, I would!"

"Suppose a lanky ran you in?"

"Ah!"

"Gay, old man, you're getting fat-headed and fat-headed every day!"

"said Wootton minor. "Don't think of those woolly things! Let's go in and have tea."

"I tell you—"

"Hello, here's the one and only!"

The attention of the three Grammarians was transferred to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who came hurrying along the lane from the direction of St. Jim's. They looked at him rather curiously. Arthur Augustus was far from possessing his usual ratty and robbly aspect. His face was flushed, and was actively soiled—it was the first time on record that D'Arcy of the Fourth had been seen with a face that needed washing. His hair was justly—actually untidy! And his manners, far from exhibiting the respect that stamps the pupils of Vere de Vere, were quite disturbed and excited.

The three Grammarians jumped down from the stile, and playfully lived up in the way as Gussy came breathlessly up.

"Why don't delay me, dumb bogg!"

gasped Arthur Augustus. "This is no time for wags! I am going for the sweep."

"Wim-a-ut!"

"The study chimney is on fire!" explained Arthur Augustus. "I had a foolish accident in trying a look of bacon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, there is nothing to laugh at in a foolish accident! Kildare treated upon my going for the sweep, without even water or change of my clothes. I cannot help regarding him as without a heart! How can I possibly appear in the street in this state, you know?"

Gordon Gay's eyes glinted.

"You can't!" he said decidedly.

"Why, your face isn't clean, D'Arcy."

"Oh, dash it!"

"Your hair wants brushing."

"Jewels!"

"You look as if you hadn't been washed for weeks."

"Gent Scott! Is it so bad as that, dash boy!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus in great distress.

"Worse!" said Gordon Gay solemnly.

"Leave it to me, old scout! I'll go and see the sweep for you."

"But Joss! That's awfully good of you, Gay!"

"Say, what about tea?" murmured Wootton major.

"Never mind tea, when it's a question of doing Gussy a good turn," said Gay severely. "Can Gussy appear in Rykcombe with a face like that? Impossible! Leave it to me, D'Arcy. Now, what's the measure for the sweep?"

"Wequest him to come to St. Jim's as quickly as he possibly can, dash boy—to the School House, you know."

"Right! Come on, you fellows! We'll sprint," said Gay.

The Grammarians started for the village at a run, and Arthur Augustus,

greatly relieved in his mind, turned back to St. Joe's.

"Look here, Gay," said Wootton major, when they were out of hearing, "what's the game? What are you up to?"

"Going to fetch the sweep, of course."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite all, grinned Gay. "My dear squire, I was thinking while you were blundering! The sweep was at the Grammar School yesterday."

"I know that, I told you, as we borrowed some soap from him to put into Blake's tongs," said Wootton major.

"Naturally. He came without his boy," said Gay.

"Did he? Yes, he did, now I think of it. What about it?"

"His boy's gone on missions."

"Good luck to him!" said Wootton major. "But what are you lumbering about it now for?"

"Mr. Swenson is rather hard put to it without assistance," explained Gay, as they trotted on. "He has no end of work to do, owing to other sweeps being called up. A sudden call like this is hard on him. He ought to have assistance. We're going to assist him."

"What?"

"Help him sweep chimneys?"

"Why not?" demanded Gay. "Is there anything to be ashamed of in sweeping chimneys, I'd like to know?"

"Of course not, you see; but—but I—I don't like chimneys sweep. Besides, we shouldn't be any good. We don't know much about the chimney."

"I've watched him at work. I know enough, anyhow, to carry a sweep's brush, and to jab him at a sweep's foot. I'm going to offer my services to Swenson," said Gordon Gay firmly. "He can lend me the boy's professional attire, and, with enough black on my face, the St. Joe's chaps won't know me."

"Oh!"

"What price getting into the School House, with plenty of soot and a set of sweep's breeches?" demanded Gay.

"How's that? I think it will make them sit up!"

"But will Swenson take you on?" asked Jack Wootton doubtfully.

"I'll persuade him, Besides, he wants help. Why shouldn't he? We've worked at helping the farmers. Why shouldn't we work at helping the sweep? We're going to work it all right. Get a move on!"

The three Grammarians arrived at the sweep's little house, where they found Mr. Swenson at tea. Mr. Swenson, who had been working hard all day, was not overjoyed by the sudden summons; but he was an obliging man, and he rose at once to get ready. But he stared blankly when Gordon Gay offered to come with him and help him.

"You'd spoil your clothes!" he gasped.

"You'll lend me your boy's clothes," said Gordon Gay. "Do let me come, Mr. Swenson! I can carry your brushes, and all that. The Board's given us permission to help anybody in getting work done, you know. We've been working on a farm lately. I'd like to help you so and."

"It's very dirty work, sir," said Mr. Swenson.

"I don't mind a bit. I could be a lot of use to you."

"Very likely, sir, but—"

"Then it's go," said Gay. "Show me where the clothes are, and I'll change in a jiffy! You chaps can cut off and tell Mr. Adams I'm engaged on work of national importance."

Mr. Swenson was very doubtful, but he consented at last. There was no

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doats his new boy could be useful, and he was tired with his day's work. Gordon Gay charged into the "professional attire" of Mr. Swenson's late employee in record time, taking the opportunity of ducking his face with soot till it was utterly unrecognizable. And when the Hycombe sweep started for St. Joe's, Gordon Gay was walking after him, carrying the sooty paraphernalia of his profession.

CHAPTER 4.

Sooty!

"GUSKY'S done it now!"

"He has—he have!"

"Good old Gusky!"

Tom Merry & Co. stood in the quadrangle staring at the black cloud of smoke, shot with sparks, that rose from the chimney-stack far above.

There was no doubt that Gusky had "done it."

Smoke and sparks soared from the chimney, and smoke poured from the window of Story No. 6.

"I wonder," said Jack Blake reflectively—"I wonder where that back of smoke is, and whether Gusky still wants it for tea?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wally, Blake—"

"Hallo! Here you are again!" exclaimed Blake, as Arthur Augustus's voice was heard. "Where's the sweep?"

"Gusky doesn't look unlike a sweep at this moment," remarked Monty Lowther. "Did you try to get the fire out with your face, Gusky?"

"Well, Lowther—"

"How's the look?" asked Tom Merry. "Are we still going to have it for tea?"

"I look hot, dear boy!"

"You think it will be a bit overdone!" asked Tom, laughing.

"I am afraid it will be spoiled. It was getting on very nicely, when the hyphenous turned out in the bath. Of course, a chap could not foresee that. But for that terrible incident the cooking was a great success."

And Arthur Augustus was in, feeling that the supreme need of the moment was a good wash.

The juniors continued to watch the volcano of smoke. In the study Toby, the page, and Taggie, the porter, were

at work, grimy and furious, and they succeeded at last in getting the fire out, and the smoke ceased, though the smoke seemed thicker than ever. A host from Buggy Trouble announced that the sweep had arrived.

"Hallo! He's coming this way!" exclaimed Monty, in surprise.

Mr. Swenson had entered, with his assistant, at the back; but his assistant had apparently mistaken the way, for he emerged into the quadrangle with a black sock over one shoulder, and a bundle of fearsome-looking instruments over the other.

The juniors gazed at the sight of him. It was quite unusual for the sweep to enter by the front entrance, of course. The young sweep might have been about fifteen, but what he was like was a mystery. His identity was as well concealed as that of the Mar in the Iron Mask by the thick coating of soot, and the sooty coveralls he wore. His face was as black as the soot of apes. He looked as if he had been through several severe smelting jobs in succession.

"Here, Blake," called Trimble, who had an agreeable way of making himself offensive to persons whose position made it difficult for them to return, "this man's the way for your sort! Cut it!"

"The sweep's boy come straight on."

"Shut up, Trimble!" growled Tom Merry; and he turned politely to the young sweep. "I say, kid, you'd better go round. I'll show you the way, if you like."

Tom Merry had the same manner for a sweep that he would have had for an emperor.

But on this occasion Tom's civility had a rather startling answer. The young sweep hunched towards him, and the end of a huge brass dabbed the captain of the Shell Hall to the legs.

"Grough!" gasped Tom, staggering back, smothered with soot.

"Sooty, sir!" gasped the sweep.

"Sooty? Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake. "This way for Grath! Behold, he is black, but comely!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The next moment Blake uttered a Godlike yell as the sweep's sooty brush caught him on the ear.

"Yoo! Grough! Yoo! You young idiot, keep away!"

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sorry, sir?"

"Here, keep off! patted Monty Lowther, dodging away. 'You young set, you want to look everybody?'"

The young sweep turned round after Lowther, and his long bundle of brushes swept round with him, dashing into contact with about half a dozen fellows before they could get out of the way.

There was a roar.

"You sooty beast!" howled Trindle. "Get away! Don't you come near me, you low beast! Oh! Ah! Yahl! Gooch!"

But the sweep's brush fairly hit in his face, and his extensive mouth was suddenly and effectively stopped with soot.

"Bal Jove! What a very extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, emerging from the School House as clean as a new pin—in fact, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. "The sweep is invisible! What that boy looks like! I say, young shavah, you gentlemen is skin! shah you?"

"Gooch, sir!"

Arthur Augustus jumped back. "Betsh not come in this way, dear boy! Gooch! Gooch! Don't wia into me, pwey! Oh, gweah! You awful, chmasy am!" roared the swell of St. Jim's, and, in spite of his dodging, the young sweep fairly buffed into him.

Repeat!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat down, and the sweep spat out his line.

"Gooch! Gooch! Yooop! Gooch! Gooch! Oh! Gooch! Yahl!"

Wild exclamations came from the swell of St. Jim's as the enterprising young sweep spat out his line, simply smothering him with soot.

"Great pip!" gasped Tom Merry, coming to dab his face for a moment.

"That sweep chap is a corker! Poor old Gooch!"

Mr. Railton stepped out of the School House as the young sweep amuffled up and gathered up his brushes. The House-master seemed nearly petrified at the sight of Arthur Augustus.

"Bliss my soul!" he exclaimed.

"This way in, sir!" asked the young sweep respectfully. He did not venture to meet Mr. Railton.

"No, no; but now you are here, you may as well go in," said Mr. Railton.

"Kindly be careful!"

"Surely, sir!"

And the young sweep tread in carefully enough, and went up to Study No. 3 just as it was not his first visit.

"Oh, 'so you are?' exclaimed Mr. Swower. 'I've been waiting for them brushes, Master Gay!'"

And Cardew of the Fourth, who had been watching the scene in the quad from the passage window, and chucking over it, murmured:

"Master Gay! That accounts for the wick in the candelab! Master Gay—ah! Oh, Master Gay, what a look! And what a nag! 'so you're gone to get!'"

And Cardew murmured detestable to exonerate his discovery, which considerably enlightened Tom Merry & Co. as to the reason of the young sweep's clanking the way in, and of his excessive cleanliness with his sooty brushes.

"Gordon Gay! said Blake, with a deep breath. "That accounts for it all! But how the thing—"

"Oh, the awful spoofah!" wailed Arthur Augustus. "That's why he offered to brush the sweep for me!"

"Oh, he did, did he? And you were an enough!"

"Well, Blake—"

"We'll jolly well make sure!" growled Blake wrathfully. "And if it's Gay we'll see the Gen. Manager—No. 301."

ambush him going back. Can't say anything here and give him away, the speaking villain—"

"Gooch! I am howlidy sootah!"

"By gad, you do need a wash, old boy!" grinned Cardew.

A good many of the juniors needed a wash, and they went to get it; and Jack Blake snuck up to the Fourth Form passage, and stopped outside Study No. 3, inside the voice of Mr. Swower could be heard.

"I must say you're a very 'andy young fellow, Master Gay. Yes; that's right! Only don't block the place with soot. Don't let that bag on the armchair—now, look 'ere, take it off again, and do be careful!"

"Right-ho, Mr. Swower!" answered Gordon Gay's cheery voice.

Jack Blake shook his fist at the closed door of the study, and departed. He was sure now, and he had a strong inclination to rush into No. 3 and seize Gordon Gay by the collar and throw him at the spot. But he restrained that inclination—a trifle with a tooth armed with a sooty sack would have been terrific in its effects on the study for one thing; but above all, Blake did not want to give the enterprising Grammarian away to the authorities. Such a jape would not have earned the approval of the Housemaster, whatever the juniors thought of it. There were other means of dealing with the intruder.

But if Blake had guessed how much soot Gordon Gay was contriving to plaster about Study No. 3 he would probably have decided to deal with the Grammarian on the spot, at all costs. Fortunately, he did not know.

CHAPTER 5.

"Sweep!"

"HERE they come!"

"Ready!"

Nine or ten St. Jim's juniors were in cover among the trees by the side of Ryebank Lane, watching the road in the direction of the school.

Along the lane came Mr. Swower, his task done, followed by his new boy bearing the implements of his trade.

Gordon Gay's sooty face wore a dusky grin.

The Grammarian junior had quite enjoyed his visit to St. Jim's.

Study No. 3 had been left in a state which almost alarmed Mr. Swower, and perhaps made him a little suspicious of Gay's real object in offering his services.

And the number of fellows Gay had contrived to run into with the sweep's brushes was really surprising.

Mr. Swower looked regretted by that time that he had accepted the merry Grammarian's offer of help, and he was looking rather grim as they tramped homeward.

But Gordon Gay was in the cheeliest mood possible. He had time to charge at the sweep's, and cut in before calling-over and get a bath; and he had quite an entertaining story to tell at the Grammarian School.

But remarks were at hand.

"Charge!" said Tom Merry, as the sweep came nearly abreast of the ambush.

And the Saints rushed into the road.

"Hah!" rapped out the captain of the Shell.

Mr. Swower halted in surprise. Gordon Gay halted, too, in dismay as well as surprise. He knew that he was discovered.

Tom Merry & Co. had brought their sooty shovels with them. They did not want to come into personal contact with the sooty Grammarian.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Swower. "What's this game, Master Merry?"

"We're waiting for your assistant, Mr. Swower! Quite a nice boy you've got there!"

"Yes, wuthah!"

"We're going to see him home to the Grammarian School," roared Tom.

"Look here—" began Gay, backing away.

"We know you, you see!" said Tom. "You'd better take your brushes, Mr. Swower. We're keeping your new assistant."

"My eye!" said Mr. Swower.

Gay looked round him desperately; but the St. Jim's fellows had surrounded the sweep, and an array of long staves barred in the Grammarian.

"Don't wash at me, dear boy!" wailed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I shall meet you with a good—like that!"

"Or like that!" said Julian.

"Or like that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep off, you rotten!" roared Gay.

But for the staves, the Grammarian would have been very unpleasant to handle in his sooty state. But the Saints were able to keep him at arm's length, and he gave up his idea of rushing at them to seek them. The prodding of the staves was a little too painful.

"This way, Gay," chuckled Tom Merry. "We're seeing you home."

"I can't go back to school like this!" roared Gay.

"Ha, ha! You're going to!"

"You look ripper!" said Cardew.

"Get a move on, or I shall poke you in the ribs—like that!"

"Yooch!"

"Better—take your brushes, Mr. Swower."

Mr. Swower thought so, too, and he took them. He was grinning now under his coat.

"You'll send back the clothes, Master Gay!" he said.

"I—"

"Look here, you rotten!"

"Dum! off, Mr. Swower!" said D'Arcy. "You don't want us to prod you, do you?"

Mr. Swower didn't; and he buzzed off. Gay made an effort to follow, but the circle of staves prodded him back.

"Fairly enough!" grinned Morris. "Take it smiling, old scout! No need to look at him! Ha, ha!"

"March!"

"Oh, you rotten!" growled Gay. "I—"

"I've left my own clothes at Mr. Swower's!"

"Never mind; you've got a nice lot on! Get a move on!"

"Look here, I won't—Yooch!"

"Yahl! I'll get on!"

"Yahl, wuthah! You'd better, you sooty boundah!"

The Grammarian walked on towards the Grammarian School, with the staves round him to keep him to his path. Once or twice he made an attempt to bolt, but the prodding drove him back.

In a state of great dismay, Gordon Gay arrived at the school gates with his escort.

They marched him in, with a few more prods. Wootton major and minor came nipping up.

"Gay, you see, you—your haven't come back like this!" howled Jack Wootton. "You chaffer!"

Gay snarled, shook a sooty fist at the St. Jim's fellows, and bedded for shelter.

A crowd of Grammarian juniors, amazed at the sight of a sweep sprinting across the quad, followed him.

Tom Merry & Co. buzzed chaffing.

"I wuthah think Gay will be sorry he came to St. Jim's as a sweep!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "He was wearing a trail of soot allah him in the quad! Wootly, I think the laugh is against the Grammarians this time, dear boys!"

And the chance of St. Jim's agreed

that it was; though when Blake & Co. returned to Study No. 6, and discovered how much more Gay had contrived to distribute there they were not so sure of it.

Gordon Gay was certainly not feeling like a successful lawbreaker as he bolted towards the house, only anxious to get out of sight, and get a bath. A mob of Grammarians chased him.

"What are you doing here, you sweep!" shouted Carker. "Stop!"

Gay ran on.

Blake of the Sixth strode into his path. "Stop! Be thrashed. Get out of this! Do you hear?"

Gay had to stop then.

"Go round the back way, if you've got business here!" said Blake angrily.

"I—I—I—" stammered Gay.

"Get out of this at once!"

"I—I'm Gay!" gasped the junior.

"Eh? Are you pretty? What does it matter to me whether you're gay or not? I'll make you sorry if you don't clear out of this!"

"I'm Gay of the Fourth!"

"Oh, my hat!" Blake understood. "You dirty young rascal, what tricks have you been up to? I shall report this!"

"I—I've been helping a sweep—"

"What my soul!" Mr. Adams, the master of the Fourth, appeared in the doorway. "Who—who is this?"

"Gay, of the Fourth, sir!" said Blake.

"He's been playing some trick with a sweep's coat?"

"Gay, you—you actually present yourself in the school in this condition! You—"

"I've been helping a sweep in his work, sir!" groaned Gay. "I—I believe I've got rather sooty."

"I don't believe I want to have a wash before I leave school either!"

"Only the St. Jim's change wouldn't let him," stammered Wootton, major.

"Poor old Gay—always coming a cropper!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Adams frowned portentously.

"I approve of your looking aid to anyone in useful work, Gay, at the present time," he said; "but you know very well that you should not appear here in this state. Go and clean yourself at once!"

"Yes, sir!" stammered Gay.

He went in. He was late for college, having a great deal of washing to do. For the rest of that evening the Grammarians found a new form of entertainment, which the captain of the Fourth found compensating. Whenever they caught sight of Gordon Gay, they howled "Sweep—sweep!"

And when the unfortunate Gay shut himself up in his study as a refuge, the door opened every few minutes, for some noisy youth to head in "Sweep!" and then vanish down the passage.

And when Gay looked his door, the howl of "Sweep!" came through the keyhole at regular intervals until bedtime.

By the time he turned in that night even Gordon Gay had to acknowledge that his latest stunt had not been an unqualified success. And, by way of comforting him, Wootton major and minor made the oft-repeated remark, "I told you so!" which somehow did not seem to comfort Gordon Gay at all.

CHAPTER 6.

Trimble Wants Advice.

"G"USSY, old chap!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his monocle into his eye, and surveyed Baggie Trimble of the Fourth as that polgy-

nyth's figure filled the doorway of Study No. 6.

"Well, Trimble," he said, "I have suggested you several times not to address me as Gussy!"

"Yes, I'll come in!" said Trimble, apparently misunderstanding. And he came in.

"I did not ask you to come in, Trimble!"

"You've got the study to rights again," said Trimble, glancing round.

"I was going to help cleaning up that sort, only—only—"

"Only you did not!" said Arthur Augustus drily.

"Exactly!" assented Trimble. "I had rather a run on my time just then. A chap who's a lot sought after, you know, hasn't—"

"But Jove!"

Trimble sat down, comfortably in the armchair, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy regarded him helplessly. There was nothing rid of Trimble, and the swell of St. Jim's hoped that Blake or Harries or Dig would come in. Not being so very much restrained by considerations of politeness as Gussy was, his chance would have dealt with the intrusive Baggie in the most drastic way. But Arthur Augustus was a slave to politeness, and

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We send addresses along today to V.M.C.A. Stationery Fund, Tottenham, Central Road, London, E.C. 2, thinking that it comes from a reader of this paper.

he prepared to endure Trimble's company as with much fortitude as possible.

Trimble grinned amiably at him from the armchair.

"Glad to drop in for a chat with you, Gussy," he said. "I'm going to ask your advice."

"You are very welcome to my advice, Trimble," said D'Arcy, throwing a little.

Arthur Augustus was always willing to give fatherly advice. Being, as he often stated, a fellow of tact and judgment, he was the right person to come to for sage counsel.

"Well, this is how the matter stands," said Trimble. "I dare say you know that Olive is going away for a few days—"

"Yess, I believe I heard him mention it."

"One of his blessed relations has come over from South Africa," said Trimble.

"Chap in black, I believe. Anyhow, the Head's given Olive leave to see him in London, and stay with him for a few days, where he's staying, you know. Olive's a rather decent chap, D'Arcy!"

"Yess, wath!" said Arthur Augustus, in cordial agreement. Arthur Augustus was pleased to give the South African Junior his best advice.

"I'd like him to have a good time while he's in town!"

"Yess, so would I!"

"Of course, he doesn't know London much," said Trimble. "He would get on worse much better if he had a chap with

him who knows the town. I've reason to believe that the Head would give a chap leave," he said. "I may say I'm certain of it. Now, I'm a regular town mouse, you know?"

"Are you really?"

"Yess! When I'm at home at Trimble Hall, I generally run up to town a lot for the theatre, and big parties, and so on."

"Ah, yes!"

"I've a lot of life in the town!" said Trimble sadly. "I'm the chap Olive needs with him, and when he told me so I agreed at once. Now, would you advise me to give up a few days' lessons, D'Arcy, to show Olive and his uncle round the town in London?"

"But Jove! Does Olive want you with him?" ejaculated Arthur Augustus, surprised out of his politeness for a moment.

"He says so, and he ought to say so," answered Trimble. "I could give him a few days. He's a Colonial, and a chap ought to back up Colonials, oughtn't he, considering the way they come over to pull us out of the stew? Would you advise me to do as he wants, D'Arcy?"

"Yess, wath!"

"Good!" I thought you would!" assented Trimble. "But I'd rather you gave me advice, because a fellow can always rely on your tact and judgment, can't he?"

Arthur Augustus beamed.

"Yess, Trimble! I wath! guide myself on being a chap of tact and judgment," he said. "Unah the circs, I certainly think you had better oblige Olive! He is a very good sort!"

"Thanks, D'Arcy! That's all!"

Trimble rose, and crossed to the door; then, as if suddenly remembering something, he turned back.

"By the way, another point I forgot. I happen to be rather short of money!"

"Oh!"

"Under the circs, I couldn't let Olive stand my men, could I? It would look rather—well, wanting in taste, wouldn't it?"

"Yess, I certainly think so!"

"That's where the difficulty comes in," said Trimble. "Of course, do as you may, for I'm poor, and I've only got three, I suppose, D'Arcy, whether you could lend me the other and let next week!"

Arthur Augustus looked at him sadly. He was unresponsive, but he could not help wondering whether Trimble had discovered the fact that he had had a remittance that day.

"Oh!" he said again.

"Naturally," said Trimble, negligently. "Of course, if you're short of the, never mind! If you haven't the quid, tell me so; I don't mind!"

"I—I happen to have a couple of pounds," said Arthur Augustus. "But I—I—"

He passed. Having given Trimble his advice, he felt under a certain compulsion to lend him the means of following it. Trimble apparently had no doubts, for he held out a fat hand.

"Thanks very much, D'Arcy!" he said heartily. "This is very good of you, Gussie, is just."

"But—not I did not—"

"Was always very a good sort," said Trimble. "I'm really very much obliged, D'Arcy!"

Arthur Augustus, without a word, dropped a pound note into the fat hand.

"By the way, would you prefer to have this bit as a birthday, or next week?" asked Trimble. "Just as you like."

Arthur Augustus very nearly said "Wath." He was well aware that exacting repayment of a loan from Trimble was work very like a dentist's.

"Nevah mind that, Trimble," he said. "Whomever you like."

Cadet Notes.

The arrangements recently noted by which members of Cadet Corps are to be given the privilege of securing admission to the Royal Air Force on attaining certain age limits, was understood, to be followed by a further step towards the same end before long. At present only about two of the existing Cadet Corps have started Air Service Sections via: one of the Liverpool Corps, and the 7th Battalion of the London Regiment Cadet Corps. No matter, however, that it is desired to make Cadet Corps of all sections should be set up in connection with Cadet Corps wherever possible. The training of these sections is not to be confined merely to theoretical work, but it is anticipated that workshop experience will be provided, and there are even rumors that something may be done to allow members of more Cadet Corps as are situated within easy reach of aerodromes to have access to those places for the purpose of obtaining teaching and experience for their members.

This is exactly the sort of thing that ought to be done, and will assist in the maintenance of the boys who join Cadet Corps. It would be a simple matter, having started an Air Service Section in most of the corps, with a number of aids in it who have had some training and experience to instruct these boys for the R.A.F., and guarantee them a career in that direction. No doubt this is what the corps now being considered will eventually lead to, and by this means a very attractive prospect is held out to those belonging to the Cadet Movement. All our readers who are not already members should communicate with the Central Association Volunteer Sections, (Cadet Dept.), Judges' Quadrangle, Royal Courts of Justice, W.C. 1, who will send them particulars of the section, etc., etc. They are especially asked to note that, in making application for this information, they should send some particulars of themselves, and especially their present age, and educational standard, etc.

and quite a little army marched to the aid of his kin. Clive was popular in the Fourth Form, and among the juniors generally. Buggy Trimble was not in the cohort to the gates, however, which rather surprised Augustus D'Arcy, who glanced round for him.

"Isi Jove! Where's Trimble, Clive, dumb boy?" he asked.

"Eh? Trimble? Heased if I know!" answered Clive.

"Shall I look for him?" Clive blinked at the swell of St. Jim's.

"Look for him?" he repeated.

"Yess."

"Certainly, if you like," said Clive, in wonder. "I'm sure I don't mind."

"I mean, you may be late for the train if you wait back for him," explained Arthur Augustus.

Clive laughed.

"I'm likely to wait here for Trimble—I don't think I'll be late."

"I don't want to see Trimble. Why should I?"

"He isn't exactly a pleasant or gratifying sight, that I know of," warned Augustus.

"But as he is going with you, Clive, he—"

"Eh?"

"You're not taking that fat hound, Clive?" exclaimed Levison.

"Not if I know it!"

"Greatest Scott! Isn't Trimble going with you?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in astonishment.

"No fear! If the Head would let anybody off, I'd have asked him for Levison and Cardew. I wouldn't take Trimble at a gift, thank!"

"Did Jove! But—but wasn't it awfully good?"

"No fear!"

"Oh, but Jove! The spoofs' villain!"

"What's the thing you, Gassy?" asked Tom Merry.

That foolish speech Trimble told me last night to London with Clive, said Arthur Augustus. "Is—"

Nervous mind, however, I shall certainly speak to Trimble very severely!"

"Well, good-bye, you chap!" said Clive; and he went down the road with Levison and Cardew, who were going to the station with him.

Arthur Augustus' brow was grim as he walked back to the School House.

He had had some experience of Trimble, but he realised that the fat Fourth-Former had spoiled him more than he.

It was not to get advice that Buggy had visited Study No. 4 the previous day. He had simply pulled D'Arcy's aristocratic leg for the purpose of extracting a loan from him; and Clive's desire for his company in London suited only in Buggy's imagination.

"The unscrupulous young scoundrel!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "I shall warn him to return me that swag, and I have a great mind to give him a faithful thrashing into the bargain."

He was actually telling one faithful whelp all the time—pals! my leg, but Jove!"

Arthur Augustus did not succeed in seeing Trimble before afternoon classes, however. Probably the astute Buggy was keeping out of his way. After lessons he looked for him at once. But Buggy Trimble disappeared the moment the Fourth Form were dismissed.

Arthur Augustus sought him in vain within the walls of St. Jim's. While the swell of the Fourth was seeking him, Buggy Trimble was wandering down Rylands Lane. He had snugly decided to let the matter blow over, if possible, before he interviewed the indignant swell of St. Jim's.

"Hello, Tubby?"

Trimble stopped as Gordon Gay and Woolton major, of the Grammar School,

came round a turning, and the former halted him.

"Hallo, you fellows!" he said amiably, keeping a wary eye on the Grammarian, ready to take flight.

But Gordon Gay appeared to be thinking of anything but a tag. His manner was curiously itself. Perhaps that was because he knew that Trimble was a lucky vessel, and was after information.

"Fancy meeting you!" he said amiably.

"Plenty as ever." The school soon to agree with you, Trimble.

"Trimble shook his head sadly."

"I never got enough," he said. "I really think this school was has gone on long enough, you know. You fellows been able to get any choos lately?"

"Sample this," said Gay, and he held out a packet of toffee.

Buggy Trimble snatched it without waiting to be pressed. The sample he took was an ample one, too.

Woolton major yawned portentously. He did not see any reason for wasting time on Buggy Trimble, unless it was to tell him in a dry ditch by way of a joke.

"Here's a change going on at St. Jim's!" asked Gay affably. "Lewie come back from his little holiday yet?"

"Eh? Why, long ago!" said Trimble.

"You saw him when you came over a few days ago. You blacked him. He, he, he!"

"New I remember, I did," asserted Gay merrily. "Lucky bugger to get a holiday in the middle of term! Anybody else getting an extra holiday lately?"

"Clive's just got one," said Trimble.

"His uncle's come over from South Africa, you know."

Gay was very attentive at once.

"Clive of the Fourth?" he asked.

"That's it. Sidney Clive, you know."

"So he's gone away?"

"He's gone for three days," said Trimble. "I was going with him, only I didn't really care for it. He pressed me a little, but I told him plainly it couldn't be done, you know."

"Hard cheese on him!" said Gay. "It would have made his holiday a success. I've seen! Let's see, that chap Clive has a lot of sisters, hasn't he?"

Woolton major gave a snort. He

"Then we'll say next week," said Trimble. "I'm expecting a better news from my pals at Trimble Hall, you know."

"Oh!"

And Buggy Trimble left the study with a smirk of great satisfaction on his fat face. And, considering that the money was to be spent on showing Sidney Clive round London, Trimble's mood succeeding was rather remarkable.

He made a bee-line for the school shop; and, after an unsuccessful attempt to persuade Mrs. Tuggles to disregard the rationing orders, he expended exactly twenty shillings on articles that had, so far, escaped the eagle eye of the Food Controller.

That evening Buggy Trimble had a fat and shiny look, and was soon to press his fat hands several times on his balding waistcoat, with an expression of suffering on his pocky face. As usual when he was in fettle, he had overdone it. He was heard to groan several times in the Fourth Form dormitory. In fact, he groaned till Horrie buried a book at him. After that Buggy suffered in silence till he fell asleep.

CHAPTER 2.

Gordon Gay's Programme.

TOM MERRY & CO. gathered round the next day to see Sidney Clive off. It was after morning lessons that he started to visit his South African uncle in London, THE GUY LIBRARY—No. 587.



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could see what Gay was after now, and the secret expressed his feelings.

"Sisters?" said Trimble, helping himself to the coffee again. "Never heard of 'em. He may have dozens, for all I know. His people are in North Africa."

"Oh, he doesn't talk much about his sisters?"

"Never heard him."

"I dare say I'm making a mistake," said Gay carelessly. "Clive isn't the chap whose sister comes to the school sometimes?"

"No. That's Levison."

"Yes, of course, now I think of it. Well, to-be, Trimble! Wash your neck when you get home; it can do with it!"

And with that unexpected remark Gay walked away with Wootton major, leaving Trimble blinking with indignation.

"Look here, Gay, you are," said Wootton major, "I know what you were perching that fat joffer for. Chuck it!"

"Isn't it a ripping chance?" demanded Gay. "Clive's a Colonial chap, and his relations haven't been seen at the school. He's away for three days. Well, then, where I come in?"

"You are?" asked Wootton. "You don't come in; you keep out. I tell you, it's a rotten scheme, even for you."

"Rats!"

"You'll be howled out at once."

"Rat?"

"Besides, if you make-up as a blessed sister of Sidney Clive, how could Clive's sister come to St. Jim's, anyway? A girl can't step across from South Africa on a holiday, can she?"

"Didn't you hear that fat burlier say that Clive's uncle had come over? Well, his sister came over with his uncle."

"He didn't—if there is a she at all."

"Oh, yes, she did; and she's going to call at St. Jim's to-morrow afternoon, as it's a half-holiday," said Gay calmly.

"Perhead!" roared Wootton. "Suppose there was a sister, and she came over with the merry old uncle, she wouldn't call at St. Jim's while Clive was away?"

"She's been staying with some relations, and arranged to meet Clive there," answered Gay coolly. "Clive won't turn up—delaysed somehow. There you are."

"Oh, you're all right so far as jaw goes," growled Wootton major, "but I tell you it won't work!"

"How-vee!" answered Gordon Gay. "It will work, and I'm going to work it."

"Hums as you did the sweep honey?" asked Wootton major sarcastically.

"That went wrong somehow."

"So will this!"

"Rats! I'm going to try it on, and you're going to help me make-up in the wood to-morrow afternoon," said Gordon Gay; "and when I get to St. Jim's or Miss Clive—"

"Miss Clive! Oh, my hat!"

"As Miss Clive, I shall make them sit up, and you can let your Sunday socks out that!" said Gordon Gay. "I tell you that this is where we draw Tom Merry & Co., and make them sing snail and lark their diminished heads."

"I don't think!" said Wootton major. To which Gordon Gay politely replied:

"Rats!"

But Gordon Gay had his way, as he conceivably did, and his chance, though with many doubts, agreed at last to lead him their aid.



Gordon Gay in a Tight Corner.
(See Chapter 2.)

general, when the captain of St. Jim's came out.

"Somebody's asked for you on the telephone," said Kiddare, a little grimly.

"Oh!" said Tom.

"It may not be known to your omniscient acquaintances," continued Kiddare, in a sarcastic vein, "that the telephone in the prefects' room was not placed there for the use of juniors. Perhaps you'll explain that to your friend on the 'phone, Merry?"

"Ahem! All right. Shall I take the call?" asked Tom.

"Yes, you'd better. I said you'd come. Better back up, as she's holding on."

"She!" ejaculated Tom. "Is it Miss Farnott, my old governess, Kiddare?"

"No. She gave the name of Miss Clive. Some relation of Clive of the Fourth, perhaps."

Kiddare turned away, and Tom Merry went into the House in a surprised frame of mind.

He did not know whether Clive of the Fourth had any relations in England, excepting the recently-arrived uncle; but if he had any relations of the feminine variety Tom did not quite see why any of them should telephone to him.

However, he lost no time in hurrying to the instrument in the prefects' room.

Darrel and Rusdell were chatting at a window at one end of the room, and otherwise Tom had to tie himself, as he took up the receiver.

"Hallo! Are you there?"

A rather soft voice came back over the wire:

"Is that Tom Merry?"

"Yes, I'm Tom Merry."

"I hope you will excuse me for ringing you up," said the soft voice. "I believe you are a friend of my brother's?"

"Is your brother Clive of the Fourth?" asked Tom. "If so, I'm his friend, certainly."

"I am so glad! I remembered your name, fortunately. Has Sidney come yet?"

"Is he coming back to-day, then?"

asked Tom, puzzled. "I thought he was away till to-morrow night."

"He has not come, then?"

"No."

"Dear me! What shall I do? Do you know whether he has sent word to anyone that his sister Mabel is coming?"

"I don't know," answered Tom. "But if so, it would be to Levison or Cardew, as they're pals. I'll ask them if you like."

"Thank you so much! Shall I ring again, in, say, ten minutes?"

"Will you hold the line?"

"I think the time is up. I will ring up again, I think. I—I— Could I come on to the school if Sidney is not there?"

"Yes; I don't see why you shouldn't," said Tom. "It's odd if Clive doesn't turn up if he arranged to. He's rather a careful chap, as a rule. But most likely Levison and Cardew know something about it. I'll bring them to the 'phone if you like."

"Thank you so much! Shall I ring again, in, say, ten minutes?"

"Yes, that will be all right."

"Very well, then."

Tom Merry put up the receiver. Kiddare had come into the room, and Tom turned to him.

"Is Clive's sister, Kiddare," he explained.

"All serious, kid!"

"But it isn't quite all serious," said Tom. "Clive seems to have arranged to meet her here this afternoon, or meet her somewhere, and bring her here. I can't quite make out. He's not here, I know that, I'm going to fetch a pal of his to speak to the young lady. May I?"

"Certainly!" said the captain of St. Jim's, with a nod, and he walked down the road to join Darrel and Rusdell. Tom Merry hurried out.

"Born Levison or Cardew, you chap!" he asked, as he rejoined Mabel and Levison.

"Levison's in the quad," said Levison.

"Cardew's gone out with Duggan."

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CHAPTER 8.

Very Agreeable Nows.

"MERRY!"

"Here I am, Kiddare!"

It was the following afternoon, and the Terrible Three were sitting together on the School House steps, and discussing things in

"Lerison will do."

Tom hurried away to speak to Lerison. The latter was taking to his minor, Frank Lerison, of the Third, under the cloak when Tom came up.

"You're wanted, Lerison," said Tom. "Do you know whether Clive was coming back here to-day?"

"Not till to-morrow evening," answered Lerison.

"Well, his sister's just rung up—"

"His sister?" exclaimed Lerison.

"Yes. Didn't you know he had a sister, Mabel?"

"Never heard him mention it that I remember."

"Well, she's on the phone, and it seems that Clive arranged for her to come here this afternoon. I said I'd call you, as Clive's pal," said Tom. "You go to the phone in the prefects' room. She's ringing up again in a few minutes. I've spoken to Kildare."

"Oh, all right," said Lerison, evidently surprised and, with a nod to his minor, he went to the School House.

Two or three juniors accompanied Lerison to the prefects' room. They were rather interested in Sidney Clive's sister.

The ring came at the telephone, and Lerison of the Fourth picked up the receiver.

"Hello!"

"Is that St. Jim's—Tom Merry?"

"I'm Lerison of the Fourth—Clive's study-mate," answered the junior. "Is that Miss Clive?"

"Has my brother come?"

"Clive? No."

"Oh dear!"

"He isn't expected back till to-morrow," said Lerison.

"You haven't heard from him?"

"No. Only a postcard this morning to say he'd arrived in London."

"Oh dear! Then he will not be able to meet me in Rycomb and bring me to the school!"

"Well, no. He can't, as he's not here. You're phoning from Rycomb?"

"Yes."

"If Clive arranged to get back here to-day he'd do so. He's as punctual as a clock," said Lerison. "May have been some delay on the line. But it's all right. I can come along if you like, and bring you to the school."

"But—but that's a lot of trouble, and—"

"No trouble at all!" replied Lerison, very cheerfully. "It will be a pleasure, Miss Clive."

"You are very kind. I did not see Sidney at Rycomb Station, and I thought I had better telephone. But I don't—"

"It's all right. Of course, you don't know the way," said Lerison. "Can you walk till I come? Say, at the post-office. I suppose you're telephoning from there?"

"I will start for the school," came the reply. "If you will be so kind as to come, an installment on the road."

"Right-o! I'll start at once! Hold on, though! How shall I know you?" asked Lerison. "Are you like Clive?"

"Yes; we are very alike. But if you are Lerison, I shall know you, as I have seen your photograph."

"Good! Then I'll come."

"Thank you so much!"

"Not at all!"

Lerison put up the receiver. He turned from the telephone, to find that the two or three juniors had increased in number to seven or eight. And there was a very general expression on every youthful face. Arthur Augustus d'Any was there, pushing his eyeglasses thoughtfully.

"Bal Jore!" he remarked. "It is with a careless Clive not to turn up."

"Yes, yes," said the juniors.

"Not at all!"

Lerison put up the receiver. He turned from the telephone, to find that the two or three juniors had increased in number to seven or eight. And there was a very general expression on every youthful face. Arthur Augustus d'Any was there, pushing his eyeglasses thoughtfully.

"Bal Jore!" he remarked. "It is with a careless Clive not to turn up."

"Yes, yes," said the juniors.

"Not at all!"

when his sister is coming. However, we are back!"

"We are—how is it?" said Mervyn Lerison. "I was thinking of a walk towards Rycomb this afternoon. I'll come with you, Lerison."

"Just what I was thinking," said Tom Merry.

"Hurred to show some politeness to Clive's sister," remarked Mervyn. "I'll come."

Lerison grinned.

"Miss Clive isn't expecting to see her St. Jim's," he observed.

"Quite right!" agreed Arthur Augustus. "You fellows stay where you are. One fellow will be enough to go with Lerison. Pray, wait a minute for me while I change my tie, the Lerison."

"I'm not waiting a quarter of a second!" answered Lerison.

"He walked out."

"Perhaps I can make this tie do," said Arthur Augustus hastily.

And he hurried after Lerison, only pausing to make a rush upstairs for his best tie.

The Terrible Three took the same direction, and Blake and Digby joined them. On the way to the gates Mervyn joined up with Kildare and Kermish. Figgins & Co. of the New House were in the gateway. They inquired what was on, and as soon as they learned they found that they couldn't spend a half-holiday better than in strolling down the lane towards Rycomb. Evidently, Sidney Clive's sister was "persona grata" already, though she had not yet been seen at St. Jim's.

All the party agreed that it was awfully careless of Clive to have failed to keep the appointment with his sister at Rycomb. Still, there were plenty of fellows willing, and even eager, to keep it for him. It was quite a little away that marched up the lane to meet Sidney Clive's sister.

Probably they would have been a little less keen if they had known the identity of the "young lady" who stepped out of the telephone-box at Rycomb, and glanced at Wootton major and minor, who were waiting outside the post-office.

"Well, Guy, you cheap!" said the two Woottons together.

"Right as rain!" said Miss Clive.

"You; on the phone!" said Jack Wootton. "But—"

"But—" said the other Wootton.

"Both!" said Miss Clive. "You leave it to me! Hah!"

And Wootton major and minor left it to "her." But they shook their heads as Sidney Clive's sister started for St. Jim's. They almost trembled as the young lady passed P.O. Group in the old High Street. But Mr. Group did not even glance at her, certainly not having the remotest suspicion that the young lady was in reality a junior of Rycomb Grammar School.

"Well, he's done it now!" said Wootton major, in a resigned tone.

And Wootton major agreed that he had "done it." And Gordon Gay's claims could only wonder what the outcome would be.

CHAPTER 9.

"Sister Mabel."

"Bal Jore! That must be Miss Mabel!"

Arthur Augustus was the first to sight the fair stranger.

The little army from St. Jim's was nearly half-way to Rycomb when the young lady came in sight.

They regarded her with some interest as they came nearer. The furrower stopped at the crossroads, and stood looking about her, as if in doubt which way

to take. Lerison ran to ahead of his comrades.

"A very charming young lady!" remarked Arthur Augustus.

Miss Clive certainly looked rather attractive.

She was rather sturdily built for a girl, perhaps, but she was graceful, and dressed very nicely.

Her face was a little sunburnt in appearance, and her eyebrows and eyes were very dark. Nothing could have been more charming than the golden curls that clustered round her face.

"Not much like Clive, to look at," remarked Blake.

"Oh, I don't know! Her face seems rather familiar to me," said Tom Merry. "Must be a resemblance."

"Yes; I should have said I'd seen her before somewhere," said Mervyn, with a nod. "She doesn't strike me as being like Clive, but certainly there's something familiar. Nice-looking girl, anyway!"

Lerison had reached the young lady by this time, and he raised his cap very politely.

She glanced at him.

"You are Ernest Lerison? I am so glad to see you," she said, in a soft and very pleasant voice. "I knew you at once!"

"I should have known you, I—I think," said Lerison, rather dubiously.

"Yes. I am very like Sidney."

Lerison could not see it himself, but he noticed easily. Miss Clive gave him her hand, and to Lerison's surprise gave him a grip that made him jump.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lerison involuntarily.

He had never had a grip like that before, and it nearly numbed his fingers.

The young lady was apparently unusually strong. But she looked strong. Perhaps it was the intriguing air of the Scotch African, who perhaps—

"Are these my brother's friends, too?" asked Miss Clive, as Tom Merry & Co. came up, with their best smiles on.

"Yes; they are pals of Clive's," said Lerison.

And he presented the numerous company, who were all charmed to meet Miss Clive.

Then the party started for St. Jim's.

"I've allowed me to carry your umbrella," Miss Clive said Arthur Augustus d'Any politely.

"Catch!" said Miss Clive.

She tossed the umbrella to Arthur Augustus, and, perhaps by accident, caught his beautiful topper with it—his best tapper, dearest in honour of the occasion.

Crash!

Umbrella and topper rolled in the road together, and Arthur Augustus jumped almost clear of the ground.

Miss Clive, apparently unconscious of the catastrophe, walked on with Tom Merry & Co., leaving d'Any going dumfounded at the umbrella and the hat.

"Bal Jore!" said Arthur Augustus loudly. "Bal Jore, this is very remarkable—very remarkable indeed! I am without surprise—in fact, I am very much surprised!"

And in crisis a dashed frame of mind he folded the umbrella and the topper, and started after the party.

Miss Clive seemed quite unconscious of anything unusual having occurred, and Tom Merry & Co. made heroic efforts to conceal their surprise.

Sidney Clive was rather a serious and thoughtful fellow; but they could not help suspecting that his sister had a very peculiar sense of humor.

"That is St. Jim's, Miss Clive," said Lerison, as the school came in sight.

"What a pretty old place!" said Miss

Mabel said. "Nothing like that in—
South Africa."

"No! I suppose not," said Levison,
with a smile.

"Perhaps we shall find my brother
there before us!"

Levison shook his head.

"I don't see how he could be, as he'd
have to come by Hydecombe," he said.

"He can't have come yet," said Miss Clive,
with a puzzled look. "Society Sidney is not
always so outdone as this!"

"Jolly careful in everything, as a rule.
Must have been some steps on the
line from London," said Levison. "You
haven't come by that line to-day?"

"No! I came from another direction.
What ever shall I do if Sidney is not
there? He was going to give me tea in
his study, and—"

"That's all right. Tea in the study
needn't be interfered with," said Levison.
"I dare say Clive will come in
before it's finished."

"What about Study No. 6?" suggested
Blake. "It's empty, and—"

"How slow!" answered Levison.

"Study No. 6?" said Miss Clive. "I
have heard of Study No. 6."

"Oh, Clive's mentioned it to you!" said
Blake, rather flattered that the North
African young lady had heard of that
celebrated study.

"I've heard a great deal about it," said
Miss Clive, with a sweet smile. "It's
the dearest study, isn't it?"

"Who's at it?"

"Quite an!" chimed in Mandy Lowther
at once. "I see you know all about it,
Miss Clive."

"Study No. 6 is my study!" blurted
out Blake, growing very red in the face.

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Clive. "I really
beg your pardon!"

"No—not at all!" stammered Blake,
anxiously promising Sidney Clive a prize
stick ere when he saw him again.

A good many glances were turned to-
wards Miss Clive in the quadrangle as
Levison & Co. escorted her to the School
House.

"I dare say you'd like a look round the
school, Miss Clive?" Levison remarked,
with the idea of giving his friends an op-
portunity of guessing the study in order
for the distinguished visitor's reception.

"I think I am a little tired," said Miss
Clive sweetly. "Perhaps I had better wait
for Sidney in his study."

The Terrible Three waddled into the
House very quickly, and up to Study No.
5. As a rule, a junior study was not pre-
pared to receive lady visitors without
some tidying first. Levison followed more
dearly with Miss Clive. He would rather
have taken that young lady to the visit-
ing-room for a while, to give his friends
a chance with the study; but Miss
Mabel's word was law, and, indeed, the
young lady was already mounting the
wide staircase. Blake & Co. accompanied
them, and in the Fourth Form passage
Miss Clive stopped at No. 5.

"This is your study?" she asked Blake,
with a gracious smile.

Blake wondered how she knew, for the
number was almost obliterated by time
and damage.

"That's it," he answered.

"I have heard so much about it—I
should like to see it."

"Go certainly."

"Heavens, Miss Clive!" said Arthur
Augustus, at once.

"Right-ho!" said Levison. "Show
Miss Clive your study, D'Arcy. I'll come
back."

Levison hurried on to No. 3, while
Blake & Co. did the honours of Study
No. 5.

CHAPTER 12.

A Very Remarkable Young Lady.

MIS CLIVE seemed charmed with
Study No. 5; so much so that
the charm of the Fourth began
her previous reference to it
as the dearest study. She admired
the view from the windows, and the pan-
els, covered with old stamps, that adorned the
mantelpiece, and the conspicuous photo-
graphs that ornamented the walls where-
over the paper had suffered most severely
from fessing-folds and mauls.

"Ah! You go in for boxing here?" she
remarked, picking up a couple of boxing-
gloves from the table.

"Yes, rather," said Blake. "This
study can box the heads of the whole
passage!"

"I've done some boxing," said Miss
Clive.

"H-h-have you?"

"Yes. Put the gloves on with me for a
few minutes!"

"Oh?"

"I think I could knock you out!" re-
marked the lively young lady, with a
critical glance at Jack Blake.

"Oh, would you?" said Blake, rather
warmed.

"Let's try!" Miss Clive was already
slipping on the gloves.

"H-h-hut—" stammered Blake.

He really did not know what to make
of a boxing young lady.

"I want to show you my favourite
upper-cut," said Miss Clive, with a
charming smile.

"Your favourite upper-cut?"

"Yes. I first with the right—like that
—and let out with the left—like that!"

"Woooh!" roared Blake, as he sat
down suddenly on the hearthstone.

"But Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augus-
tus.

Blake stared up dazedly at Miss Clive.

"Dear me! Did I hurt you?" asked the
young lady sympathetically.

"No, you didn't," growled Blake.

"I'm not made of petty. You took me
by surprise." He scratched to his feet,
raising his chin.

"Put them on!" said Miss Clive.

Blake, in a dazed state of mind, obeyed.
Miss Clive squared up to him in quite a
scientific way; and as Blake did not mean
to hit out at a girl, he simply had no
chance. He was driven right round the
study table, and finished sitting down in
the doorway.

"My hat!" Grundy of the Shell was
passing, and he looked in, grinning.

"Hallo, Blake! Knocked out by a girl!
Ho, ho!"

"Oh, shut up, Grundy!" growled
Blake.

"I dare say I could knock you out,"
said Miss Clive, coming towards Grundy.

"Here, keep off!" exclaimed Grundy in
alarm. "I'm not boxing with a girl!
Keep off, I say—Oh, my hat! Yahi!"

The lively young lady was coming for
him, and Grundy put up his hands in self-
defence; but the upper-cut took effect,
and George Alfred Grundy measured his
length in the passage.

"Crash!"

"Oh, bal Jove!" murmured D'Arcy
dazedly.

Grundy staggered to his feet, blinking
with amazement and wrath. Had Miss
Clive been Master Clive, Grundy would
have rushed into Study No. 6 with
slaughterous intentions. As it was, he
scuttled away to his own study, fuming.

"Have some more, Blake?" asked Miss
Clive.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! as good as a feast,
thanks!" gasped Blake.

Miss Clive picked off the gloves.

"Catch!" she said.

"Yewoooh!" howled Arthur Augustus
D'Arcy, as a boxing-glove whizzed across

the study, and caught him on his aristo-
cratic nose.

The swell of St. Jim's, taken quite by
surprise, sat down. He remained where
he sat, wondering whether he was
dreaming.

"Catch!"

"Oh, crumble!" yelled Harries, catch-
ing the other glove in his eye. "Look
here—"

Blake and Digby looked away, really
wondering whether Sidney Clive's sister
was quite in her right mind.

"Goodness gracious, what's that?" ex-
claimed Miss Clive, suddenly staring out
of the window. "Look! Look!"

Blake and Dig, in astonishment, ran
to the window, and Harries followed
them. Miss Clive crossed quickly to the
door, changed the key to the outside of
the lock, and stepped into the passage,
pulling the door shut after her and turn-
ing the key. She slipped the key into her
pocket, and walked up the passage.

Jack Blake spun round from the win-
dow as he heard the click at the door.

"She—she's gone!" he stammered.

"Oh, crumble!"

"She's locked us in!" stammered
Harries.

Blake ran to the door and pulled at it.
Unfortunately it was locked on the outside,
and the chance of No. 6 were prisoners in
their own study. They gazed at one
another silently.

"What—what does it mean?" gasped
Digby, at last.

Blake touched his forehead.

"Must be petty!" he said. "Stuntwork,
or something! Who ever heard of lady
visitors chucking boxing-gloves at a chap,
and looking fellows in their own study?
Mad as a hatter!"

"Must be, I should think!" granted
Harries.

"Oh, dear!" murmured Arthur Augus-
tus. "I should be the last fellow in the
world to criticize a lady, but really Miss
Clive's conduct strikes me as very
wonderable—very remarkable indeed!"

"It's but what we are going to do!"
gasped Harries. "We're locked in! We
can't stick here!"

"Goodness knows!"

Blake put his mouth to the keyhole, and
called:

"Miss Clive?"

But there was no reply. The young
lady was evidently gone. Jack Blake felt
almost dazed.

"The key's gone from the lock," he
said. "She's taken it away! I—I say,
are we awake, or are we dreaming this?"

"It seems like a faithful dream, dear
boy!"

"Well, it jolly well isn't!" granted
Harries. "And we've got to get out
somehow. I've had enough of Miss Clive,
for one! Hammer on the door!"

"We—we can't make a noise, Harries,
and cause a lot of worry about Clive's
sister!"

"We can't stay here all the after-
noon!" roared Harries.

He kicked at the door.

"Hallo! What's the trouble?" called
out the cheery voice of John of the
Fourth from the passage.

"We're locked in!" said Harries. "Get
the key, will you?"

"Who's got it?"

"Sidney Clive's sister."

"Oh!"

"She's locked us in and locked with
the key. Ask her for it."

"Oh, don't be funny!" answered
John. "Catch me asking her! Give us
an answer, no, Harries!"

"It's true, you chump!" roared Har-
ries.

"How slow! You're pulling my leg!"

"It's quite true, John!" called out
Arthur Augustus. "That very surpris-
ing!"

in young lady has locked on in and gone off with the key!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Dick Julius, in amazement. "You'd better stay there, I think, till she lets you out. Ladies are privileged, 'you know'!" And Julius walked away chuckling.

Herrie breathed hard. "Look here, what's going to be done?" he demanded.

"Take it calmly, dear boy!" Miss Clive is sure to come and let us out soon or late. We can't make a way about it."

Herrie snorted. But Hake and Big nodded assent. Amazing and unexpected as the situation was, they felt bound to take it patiently. Suddenly, if Miss Clive did not choose to land over the key, it could not be taken forcibly. They could only wait till the remarkable young lady from South Africa chose to let them out. And they waited, in a state of astonishment and wrath which words could not have described.

CHAPTER 11.

Answer!

MEANWHILE, Miss Clive had arrived at No. 9. She seemed to know the way well enough, just as if she had visited the School House at St. Jim's before. Lovine of the Fourth was busy there, and his mother had come in to help him; and the Terrible Three were making themselves useful, as well as Figgins, Kern, and Wynn of the New House.

"I am interrupting you, I am afraid," said Miss Clive, with a smile, as the juniors paused in their various occupations. "Do you know, I should so much like to see Tom Marry's study. I have heard so much about it."

"I'll show it to you, with pleasure, Miss Clive," said the captain of the Shell at once.

"Yes, rather!" said Lovine. "Very pleasant indeed!" said Mammie. "You are so kind!" said Miss Clive graciously.

It was rather a relief to Lovine to have his visitor taken off his hands for a little while, as the Shell follows understood; and they escorted Miss Clive at once to their study.

"What a very charming study!" said the young lady.

"Not so bad," agreed Tom Marry. "What a very pretty clock!"

"Do you—do you think so?"

The clock was a battered old shagreen of American manufacture, which had long ceased to go. But Miss Clive looked at it with great admiration across the study.

"It is not going," she said. "Nonsense! Something wrong with the works," said Lovine.

"I'm sure I could make it go," said Tom Marry.

"Could you?" said Tom. "You understand the work? Blessed if I do!"

"Girls are so much cleverer than boys," said Mopsy Lovine solemnly.

"Quite so," agreed Miss Clive. "I am sure I could make it go. Shall I try?"

"Certainly, if you like," said Tom, with a smile.

He was stepping to the mantelpiece to take the clock down for Miss Clive, when he stopped suddenly, petrified. The lively young lady had taken a cushion, and was sitting in it in the air.

"What a—!" began Tom.

"The cushion flew, and it smote the clock face and square, sending it from the mantelpiece with a clack into the fender. Several other articles went along with it.

The Terrible Three simply gaped. THE NEW LIBRARY—No. 357.

"There!" said Miss Clive.

"It's—"

"I said I would make it go."

"To—what that you can't make it go!" gasped Tom Marry.

"Well, it has gone, hasn't it?"

There was no doubt about that. The clock had certainly gone. Miss Clive smiled brightly at the petrified juniors.

"Oh!" stammered Tom Marry. "A—a—joke, I see?"

If the visitor had been of the masculine variety, the chance of the Shell would probably have said him what they thought of the joke. But, as it was, they held their peace.

Miss Mabel turned to the door, and, to the increasing amazement of the three juniors, took the key from the lock.

"What a—a—of that sort!" stammered Mammie.

"Just watch me," said Miss Clive. "I got the key in the outside of the lock—like that!"

"Yes," said Tom, in blank wonder.

"Then I step into the passage—"

and—

Ham!

"Click!"

"Sold again!" came the voice of Miss Clive through the keyhole. "Good-bye!"

There was the sound of the key being jacked out, and then receding footsteps.

Tom Marry and Mammie and Leather looked at one another stumped.

"It is—is she mad?" stammered Lovine.

"Blessed if I know! Looks like it."

"I say, Miss Clive, come and let us out," called out Mammie.

There was no answer. Miss Clive had gone. And the Terrible Three were left to think it over, like Hake & Co. in Study No. 6.

Miss Clive considered down the passage by herself. She cheerfully stepped into the abandoned study, which happened to be Telbet's, and in a couple of minutes turned the table over, and piled the chairs and hurrying on. She had just finished that extraordinary proceeding when Gore came in. Gore stopped dead, staring at the havoc.

"What—what—what the—?" began Gore.

"Here, I say—Oh, my hat! Here, miss, what the—?"

Gore, looking like a fellow in a dream, found himself calmed forcible and pitched upon the upset furniture. Before he could start himself out the door door on Miss Clive, and the key clicked outside. George Gore scrambled up, staring.

Headless of the din proceeding from the room, Miss Clive strode on to Hake's study. Hake and Gropie and Scribe were there, smoking cigarettes and talking apocryphal in their usual way. They stared at Miss Clive.

"Hello, old mate!" said the young lady.

"What a—!"

"Smoking—ch!"

"I suppose we can smoke if we like?" snapped Hake.

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Here, keep off!" roared Croake.

The amazing young lady made a sudden rush at the smoky trio. Hake and Croake were caught by their collars and sent sprawling. Scribe jumped up to catch a drive on the chest that laid him across Hake's. Miss Clive turned the table over as the three, to an accompaniment of furious roars, and then whipped the key out of the door and whipped out of the study.

Click!

The next minute Hake & Co. were hammering furiously on the locked door.

Miss Clive wandered away cheerily. Skinkpole of the Shell was coming up

the passage, and he blinked at the young lady through his big glasses.

"Hello, old bean!" said Miss Clive. Skinkpole jumped.

"I really beg your pardon, miff," he said in his solemn way. "I fear that I failed to apprehend your remark accurately. Oh, ah! Oh dear! My dear young lady—Great Scott!"

Skinkpole had been through some playful ragging in his time, but he had never expected to be ragged by a golden-haired young lady. But he was! His glasses were gently detached from his nose and pushed down his back, and he was taken by the shoulders and set down forcibly in the passage. He submitted like a fellow in a dream.

He blinked dazedly after the young lady as she walked on. Whether he was awake or dreaming was a deep problem to Skinkpole at that moment.

Miss Clive started at the saw Dick Julius looking at her from along the passage. Julius was stammered, as well he might be.

The young lady passed on hastily, and returned to Study No. 9. There was a din proceeding in the Shell passage from several studies, but it did not seem to worry her. She found this nearly ready in No. 9.

"Come in, Miss Clive," said Lovine. "All ready now. Where are Mory and the others?"

"I think they are staying in their study," said Miss Clive.

"I thought they were coming to tea. They've brought their rattles, anyway," said Lovine, in surprise. "Oh, along and tell 'em to look up, Fanny."

"Right-ho!" said Lovine anon.

But the study was empty.

Miss Clive gave the best chair, and she sat down to tea. Figgins & Co. remained, and Cardow had come in by this time. Cardow had to be presented to Miss Clive, and that young lady shook hands with him, giving him a grip that nearly doubled him up.

"Oh, and!" murmured Cardow, withdrawing behind Miss Clive to look at his fingers. "Oh, holy smoke! Oh, jigger! Jigger!"

"Shall I pour out the tea?" asked Miss Clive sweetly.

"Do, please!" said Lovine.

Miss Clive took the teapot gracefully. She proceeded to pour it out, and there was a scalding yell from Fatty Wynn.

"Dear me! Is anything the matter?" asked Miss Mabel.

"Yarrah! You're pouring it over me!" howled Fatty Wynn. "Can't you see?"

"Goodness gracious! So I am!" said Miss Clive, and she jerked the teapot round, sending a steaming stream into Kern's waistcoat.

"Yarrah!" yelled Kern, leaping to his feet.

"Oh, dear! How clumsy of me!" said Miss Clive, withdrawing off the stream, as it was, and sending it into Figgins' neck instead.

Figgins scrambled away so suddenly that his chair rolled over, and he sat on the floor.

Lovine was petrified.

"Do you mind?" asked Miss Clive, smiling at Figgins & Co.

"Nonsense!" snapped Figgins. "Oh, not at all! I—I say, I'll bear off a minute! I—I'm rather hot!"

And the New House too fairly boiled from the study.

"Now all the tea is gone!" said Miss Clive graciously.

Lovine blinked at her, and Cardow stood with wide eyes. If this was Sidney Clive's sister, Clive's study-mates were likely to be absent next time she came to see her brother.

THE ST. JIM'S GALLERY.

No. 20.—Harry Noble.

MOST of us have him better, perhaps, as Kangaroo—and, for that matter, the nickname is in far more common use at St. Jim's than Noble's real cognomen. But we cannot call him Kangaroo at the head of this sketch, you know.

He is Australian, of course, like Squiff of Greentrines. Not unlike Squiff is some other well-known boy, too. They are both the right sort—good at all games, full of pluck and go, and loyal comrades. Noble is hardly such an immoderate practical joker as Squiff, though he enjoys a lark as well as most. I should not like to date a serious person, but there is a somewhat more serious vein in him than Squiff usually shows.

Kangaroo's great chums are Clifton Dunn, who is, of course, a Cornstalk, with the blood of the Red Indians in his veins, and Bernard Allen, the schoolboy tyro. But he has many friends besides these two, though they come first. Tom Merry, Marrow, Leatherstock, Talbot, Mike, and the rest of Study No. 6, Flinders & Co., the fellows in No. 9, and, in short, of the leaders of light and laughter in Island House and New House alike, are to be reckoned among Harry Noble's friends.

But Snoots & Co. love him not at all. Kangaroo is a very outcasted fellow. He does not relish showing the feelings of these two despots—these despots in a school—his mind. He has a very short way with Harry Trindle, for instance, in Australia. They are apt to take short ways with people of that sort when they chance upon them. But that seldom happens in Australia, I should say.

It is doubtful whether Grady quite likes Kangaroo. Mr. Noble is one of those fellows in the Staff who can "cut" certainly, but Grady—though it would not be a dead certainty if one of these would look him over—himself. Still, there is no doubt that Tom Merry, Talbot, and Snoots are Grady's favorites in the Staff, for they have proved it. Grady never means malice; but he prefers Talbot to Tom Merry, and one knows that he prefers Tom Merry to Kangaroo.

When Noble turned up at Brisbane on his way to St. Jim's as a new boy, he was met by a well-accepted despotism in the shape of the Terrible Three, the four chums from No. 9, and Flinders & Co., all prepared to treat him leniently as "A Son of the Empire." They had drilled together for the purpose of a special feed—round, one round, moreover, which was quite handsome; though closer into thirty-nine does not seem a guess to the Bunker or Trindle club, naturally. But then, nobody wanted that.

They had their own idea as to what Noble might be expected to look like. "Some two-and-a-half-inch, with a snout like, or something," Marrow said. "Noble was a fellow of about fifteen on the platform; but he was thin, and they thought he could hardly be Noble. So they were making remarks of the order that I am making now. It is amusing the lark, when the boy in Brown suit really: "Thank you." And he was Noble.

Noble said that England was a nice little place, and asked them if they found it at all difficult to breathe there. After Australia, it seemed a bit tight to him, he said. But he was pulling their legs, that was all.

He began well, by getting up a rare good show in a scrap with the Greentrines; but he had never entered the gates of St. Jim's. That was before the days of despotism, and the two tyrants, who, the Kangaroo, was Australian, and also known at Brisbane Grammar School as "The Three Wailings." Arrived at the school, he was welcomed by Grady, a Cornstalk, cordial and promptly knocked him down.

When he was taken by Tom Merry to interview Mr. Radbone, the new boy calmly set down to the study of the school's quarter. Instead of standing there or low at attention till he came, Tom accidentally asked him if

he would like a cushion; Noble smiled, and accepted it. When the Housemaster turned up to hold the new boy that he hoped he had been quite comfortable while waiting, and Noble replied serenely that he had. It was not exactly the answer Mr. Radbone had expected; but he let it pass.

There was some slight trouble with Arthur Argarath, who was in one of his lefty moods, and took offense when Noble asked him whether he had ever been to the Zoo, and how he got away. Grady wanted to fight; the new fellow didn't. He said that Grady was an amusing little chap, and that he would be sorry to hurt him.



When Noble wanted to come into Study No. 18, and when told that there was no room, offered to make it. Marrow Leatherstock took the job of putting him out. Marrow down it very considerably where his weight. Then Tom Merry took it on, for, as he said, it would never do to be made out to a new chap. They liked Noble all right; but he must go.

There followed a struggle, in which the two wanted each other all over the study, without any decisive result, when the homings of Mr. Radbone upon the scene could be so resented. The Housemaster took the Australian across to the New House, the School House staff studies being just then rather over full. Mr. Radbone explained that he should start the study of Flinders & Co., through Flinders & Co. were Fourth, but should encourage difficult ones than to quarrel with Talbot or Tom Merry; though these two also

the many best saw that it was of little use to make a fuss. But when found his clothes temporarily as an end when Flagg tapped him on the nose. Flagg tried to make point, and got the tails of his coatments about his rising countenance; and Noble was very much amused.

Then the new boy had a row with Snoots, a protest with leading mischief, Flagg was Noble's end, and Mr. Radbone came upon the scene. After that Flagg and Tom Merry had a dispute as to whether Noble should be tried for the New House mischief done or for the Junior House. They got exasperated with each other and with Noble, and when Radbone arrived it was to find the Cornstalk being apparently paid to place by a crowd of excited Staff and Fourth House fellows.

Noble showed that he was a creature beyond the ordinary. It did not need the coaching of Mr. Radbone to prove that; but, of course, that was a student; the point was that the Head was so far away at the time that a very big lot was needed to reach him. The advantage was at once given to study in the Junior House. He offered a place in Study No. 18, as well. But he refused that. A new study was being prepared, and he was to go into it.

Grady told him that he needed to expect to keep it to himself—there were four in the study in which he was. Dune said that those were not really rooms for him in Grady's study. Noble study at the fourth had been given a place—Dune evidently did not care about the company into which he had got. Both reached Noble's notice that he was to be the one fellow in the Staff with a study all to himself.

Mr. Radbone said that Dune and Grady might like Noble, and also wanted a fourth occupant for the study—one, therefore, a fourth. Noble asked whether he could have the study to himself if the other fellows did not want to come in. The Housemaster, somewhat puzzled, replied that he should not distrust them if they had no wish to move from their quarters. That was good enough for Kangaroo. He needed nothing in very sharp order. His fantasia was loaded with despatches; but he signed him to send him out of the study, and was quite cheerful, in spite of it. He meant to stay, it was plain. Noble suggested that they should consider it keep Dune out—two being better than three in a study, as he said, but, instead, Dune and Grady combined against Noble, and were still other too much for him. He admitted at length, down on the floor, with Grady still on his chest, Dune standing on his back, and a deluge of ink threatened, that he would no longer please to have them!

That was the new form of Cornstalk & Co. formed, and they drank success to the success of Kangaroo—Noble, Dune, and Grady. There had been the best of times.

There followed a real row with Flagg. Flagg was frantically jealous, for Noble had stood him out. Flagg had been told that he had accepted. Had Kangaroo been as bold-headed as Flagg there would have been a fight—and Flagg would have had to take a beating. He was angry, and he was angry. He smoothed down the ruffled plumage of the New House junior chief, and asked him to be a side. That is one of the things about Harry Noble that is worth noting. He can cross the line with his words, and a first-class politician, he seldom fails, because he is not overbearing, and has none of the mean spirit that breeds some fellows in pick quarrels with other boys for better reason than that they know they can not follow.

The Cornstalk that may sometimes seem like the cheek when he is dealing with a master of a school, and a Cornstalk, is not a Cornstalk at all. He is a Cornstalk only when he is in the Staff, that is all. It is not quite the same in Kerr; but the results are very different. He is a Cornstalk only when he is in the Staff, that is all. It is not quite the same in Kerr; but the results are very different. He is a Cornstalk only when he is in the Staff, that is all.

know how to hold their trousers in hand. Now in both cases—and especially in Noble's—this applies chiefly to friends. Kanguroo can climb a lot from a friend's back but it is quick enough to let out at an enemy.

Kanguroo became sub-editor of "Tom Merry's Weekly," and was entrusted with the duty of seeing that nothing slipped the press. It appeared with pages of blank walls the last, on which there was a note to the effect that the sub-editor had left out all the gaffs! Kanguroo lost his job.

The Head had made an offer of a prize to anyone who hit a cricket-ball through his window, which was so far away that the ball was reckoned impossible for anyone but a wicket-keeper, and very unlikely for any cricketer. There were many attempts, and many windows suffered—a contingency which Dr. Holmes seemed to have overlooked. But Kanguroo was the prize by a wicket-keeper.

Nobody had doubted the Constable's pick, even before he stopped the runaway horse which carried Harry Glyn's sister Edith off, downing it to run it in. They called him a hero then, and he held it. He pro-

ceeded to introduce his knowledge to the mouth of anyone who used the word again, and kept his promise when Edith repeated it. If it had not been that he had just saved Edith Glyn's life, Bernard would have felt obliged to give him a licking; as it was, however, let him off—which was kind, and wise, because Bernard could not have done it.

Kanguroo has shared in most of the theft expeditions, but he is content, as a rule, to accept "Tom Merry" as a leader, and let it be known that he relied on anything done by him quite on his own. But it was he who captured Constable No. 100, who was being helped in hiding by Gellie, of the Fifth. And a legend sprang up that he had helped to do it. A legend in which his strength, far beyond that of most fellows of his age, was all needed; a veritable fight for life with a constable was the story told by Harry Glyn and Edith, and Edith came to his aid at the critical moment, and the fellow went down under the combined effect of the blow.

There are many other things that might be told concerning the lad from Victoria; but these sketches do not pretend to tell every-

thing. One must not omit to mention, however, that Mr. Glyn was placed in the front series, whereas he had Tom Merry and Talbot had more to do than expose him, cropping possibly gloriously in winning victory for their side, and more especially the vice came to Tom to play the game in the critical match with the Fifth, when those heroes had piled up a big score that seemed to put defeat for them out of the question. But the match was to be fought out to the very last, even long after night-fall, so that there was plenty of time; and Tom and Kanguroo, making nothing, were doing the bowling to reap the tatters, and then, knowing it all over the head, made a century each. Tom, a double century—and Talbot, slipping in with another three-figure contribution, made at red-hot pace. Tom was able to secure with a record score to the Fifth's credit. The Fourth fought to the finish, but were beaten; and Kanguroo deserved even more credit for that than Tom Merry—and get it from Tom, you may be sure.

A fine all-round athlete and one of the best of fellows—that's Kanguroo!

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

ARISTIDES THE SECOND. By ERNEST LEVISON.

THIS is really my cousin's story; but it is no use expecting him to write it. He was the only chap in the Third who bore all that old Selby said. Frank isn't a fool, but he has more interest in the things you find in books than in the things you hear of. Most of the boys in the Third are like that.

It was Greek lesson, and Selby had stopped asking questions about the coastline that the Greeks had been supposed to row up the evening before, and was making a bit of an evening study.

When Larion came to see us, we were in. He hasn't anything in particular to say that interests us, of course, but the longer he goes on quoting the less time there is for us to show him how much we don't know about the lesson, and that's all to the good. So everybody but a few silly ones the more or less still say when we come we also pause enough to put our hands in front of our mouths.

But I don't suppose the Third here were enough or massive enough for that. "There's a modern notion of course," said Larion, "the moderns the Fourth has, speaking largely." Anyway, Frank reckons that he was the only chap out of the whole crowd who heard all that Selby said; and he admitted that at the time he wasn't listening much of what the old Don was saying. It came back to his mind afterwards, in the quiet way things do sometimes; but at the time there he was too busy thinking of the Warble that buzzed away in the window near him would stop before Selby did, or whether Selby would dry up first.

It was all about Aristides the First, a fellow who lived in Athens some time at Therapies, and was famous for being too jelly good "for human nature's daily food," as Mr. Woodhouse says. Old Selby used to think a lot of Aristides, Frank says. It seems surprising that such an unjolly old Don should think a lot of a chap for being just; but you never can tell how a fellow goes himself.

It seems that Selby was himself as a perfect pattern of justice.

He went on to say something that made Frank nod. Selby said, "The fault Athens found in him was that they could find no fault in him."

That was what made Frank nod. Selby said, "I struck the kid as a joke, and he wasted Selby to share it. The fault the Third found with Selby wasn't at all like that, you know."

Ted, who was playing snuggles and crosses with Noble under the desk, and he only gave Frank a grudge back of the skin to signify that he was engaged.

That was Selby said something that made more of them than that. It was that it was "It is my son, certainly," he said, "that

few were really less justice, and that all boys, without exception, like it."

Most likely it was the word "boys" that aroused their attention. I have often thought that the old Greeks and Romans would be a help more interesting to us if we knew a bit more about what they were like as boys. Of course, you can get a bit more and there, but not very often. Most of them are like Edith and Selby—they don't ever seem to have been boys at all.

The knowledge that a master will always be just, since they necessarily realize that he shall be severe, boys being what they are, renders him an object of dislike to his mis-guided pupils. "—What did you say to Selby, Harry?"

"The whole class was at attention now. Selby had fairly scared those last few words. Selby got his lips, and did not answer."

"Stand out here, shouted Mr. Selby. Harry stood out, looking red and feeling nervous."

"Tell me at once what you said to Selby, or I shall—"

"I told him not to be so hard, and the class looked their class across it."

Then he started to go back to his seat.

"Wait: I have not done with you yet! What did you say to Selby?"

"I so, I was scared because I wouldn't—I wasn't, because I'd rather not tell you!" said Selby desperately.

"Nothing of the sort! You have been scared for whispering to them?"

"That comes to the same thing, sir."

"I will not allow you to talk with me! What did you say to Selby?"

Selby was fairly bursting at Selby now. The Constable had stopped, Frank says. But to give Selby back, I suppose.

"You'll come me again if I tell you," Selby replied.

"I shall certainly come you if you do not!"

"Then I'll be to meet, anyway?"

"That depends upon what it was you said, O'Grady."

"I know I shall get it that—so here goes!" said Selby recklessly. "I said that most chaps didn't mind a master being a bit of a heart as long as he was a just head. What they wouldn't stand was his being just a head."

The Third couldn't think that was original, and they would have cheered Selby if they had dared. It isn't original, I read it somewhere once or twice ago. But it did it in pretty well.

"What?" roared Mr. Selby.

"I said to Hobbs that—"

"Do you dare to repeat your impudence, O'Grady?"

"I thought you wanted me to, sir. You said 'What?' And I don't see that it's exactly impudence, either."

"I am sure that it is exactly impudence!" shouted Selby, bringing the case down upon Selby's shoulders. "Where, then,

did you mean to characterize me as 'just a head'?"

"Wally, did not answer that until the case fell again. Then he shouted:

"You!"

Silly of him, of course. No master was likely to stand that. But where was the teacher of the way Selby went to work? He knew where Wally meant; everybody who heard him. Yet he said into the kid still he made him say; and if he hadn't said he would never come on looking into him. I suppose Wally was in a bit of a corner, anyway. Perhaps he got some satisfaction out of that bit of cheek. I hope he did, for he had to pay for it.

Frank says anybody else in the Third but Wally would have howled at the fellow. Selby got then, I don't know. Frank isn't easily made to howl, and among Hobbs and Jameson, yet he had a cheek more of them. He can take as much without letting on as most fellows in the Fourth. Comes of practice, no doubt. Larion isn't as free with the cane as Selby.

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"Where are my glasses?" roared Mr. Selby, just as he had got old Aristides safely introduced—between his hands—over him. It was the old friend who the word, "My old Selby can't be introduced—both sides!"

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Anyway, Wally got it last. And when he set down, banged it Selby hadn't got the cheek to go on speaking about Aristides, and how jelly just the chap was! About the last, I can't think!

It seems to me and suddenly.

"Where are my glasses?" roared Mr. Selby, just as he had got old Aristides safely introduced—between his hands—over him. It was the old friend who the word, "My old Selby can't be introduced—both sides!"

It was all about Aristides the First, a fellow who lived in Athens some time at Therapies, and was famous for being too jelly good "for human nature's daily food," as Mr. Woodhouse says. Old Selby used to think a lot of Aristides, Frank says. It seems surprising that such an unjolly old Don should think a lot of a chap for being just; but you never can tell how a fellow goes himself.

It seems that Selby was himself as a perfect pattern of justice.

He went on to say something that made Frank nod. Selby said, "The fault Athens found in him was that they could find no fault in him."

That was what made Frank nod. Selby said, "I struck the kid as a joke, and he wasted Selby to share it. The fault the Third found with Selby wasn't at all like that, you know."

Ted, who was playing snuggles and crosses with Noble under the desk, and he only gave Frank a grudge back of the skin to signify that he was engaged.

That was Selby said something that made more of them than that. It was that it was "It is my son, certainly," he said, "that

few were really less justice, and that all boys, without exception, like it."

Most likely it was the word "boys" that aroused their attention. I have often thought that the old Greeks and Romans would be a help more interesting to us if we knew a bit more about what they were like as boys. Of course, you can get a bit more and there, but not very often. Most of them are like Edith and Selby—they don't ever seem to have been boys at all.

The knowledge that a master will always be just, since they necessarily realize that he shall be severe, boys being what they are, renders him an object of dislike to his mis-guided pupils. "—What did you say to Selby, Harry?"

"The whole class was at attention now. Selby had fairly scared those last few words. Selby got his lips, and did not answer."

"Stand out here, shouted Mr. Selby. Harry stood out, looking red and feeling nervous."

"Tell me at once what you said to Selby, or I shall—"

"I told him not to be so hard, and the class looked their class across it."

Then he started to go back to his seat.

"Wait: I have not done with you yet! What did you say to Selby?"

"I so, I was scared because I wouldn't—I wasn't, because I'd rather not tell you!" said Selby desperately.

"Nothing of the sort! You have been scared for whispering to them?"

"That comes to the same thing, sir."

"I will not allow you to talk with me! What did you say to Selby?"

Selby was fairly bursting at Selby now. The Constable had stopped, Frank says. But to give Selby back, I suppose.

"You'll come me again if I tell you," Selby replied.

"I shall certainly come you if you do not!"

"Then I'll be to meet, anyway?"

"That depends upon what it was you said, O'Grady."

"I know I shall get it that—so here goes!" said Selby recklessly. "I said that most chaps didn't mind a master being a bit of a heart as long as he was a just head. What they wouldn't stand was his being just a head."

The Third couldn't think that was original, and they would have cheered Selby if they had dared. It isn't original, I read it somewhere once or twice ago. But it did it in pretty well.

"What?" roared Mr. Selby.

"I said to Hobbs that—"

"Do you dare to repeat your impudence, O'Grady?"

"I thought you wanted me to, sir. You said 'What?' And I don't see that it's exactly impudence, either."

"I am sure that it is exactly impudence!" shouted Selby, bringing the case down upon Selby's shoulders. "Where, then,

did you mean to characterize me as 'just a head'?"

"Wally, did not answer that until the case fell again. Then he shouted:

"You!"

Silly of him, of course. No master was likely to stand that. But where was the teacher of the way Selby went to work? He knew where Wally meant; everybody who heard him. Yet he said into the kid still he made him say; and if he hadn't said he would never come on looking into him. I suppose Wally was in a bit of a corner, anyway. Perhaps he got some satisfaction out of that bit of cheek. I hope he did, for he had to pay for it.

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because of his stammering. Selby is. After Wally and his arrival, there is no one in the Third Form who gets it in the neck either from Leggett, or from the other boys. A touch of the trouble to Selby that some of the others get.

"Your manner suggests to me that you are the guilty person, Leggett," snarled the boy.

"I don't know," said Selby. "What was all your Leggett could get out. Stained out here!"

Leggett stood up, looking startled, and said: "I don't know."

"That statement was a relief to Leggett. It was easier than answering questions that frightened him, anyway."

He produced two pieces of paper, a small ball of string with a stick of rubber tied to it, half an apple, a map of the River Plate, folded up small, some lorry-champagne, a dozen or so free-presses, a very large handkerchief, a photo of his mother, several letters, and a species of other articles—but not Mr. Selby's glasses.

"Begrudgingly," snarled the master.

Leggett withdrew. In wasn't at all dignified, really. Anybody knows what a bit of twigs or so will stick into his pockets; and Selby knows better better than that.

"Fingers and nose or any other dirty things," Leggett said, and Leggett went as red as a pouter. But he was allowed to place the things back, and he only got one out across the shoulder. What I should like to know, though, was what that one was. There was nothing really in his pockets, and he couldn't help stammering; and he could hardly have been punished for not having the glasses, I should think. And if he had kept a book, a notebook, wouldn't he have been punished for that?

"My glasses must be found!" snarled Selby the last.

No one replied to that. The opinion of the Third was that it was up to him to find them.

"They said to find them!"

"But we all turn out our pockets!" snarled Manners snarled.

"He did not turn out his pockets in his pocket," said Selby snarled.

"He did not turn out his pockets," said Selby snarled. "Because of your gross impudence, every boy in the Third must turn out his pockets!"

"There was justice again for Selby. If he had made young Leggett turn out his pockets, and a whole school of boys had turned out their pockets, there would have been something like a free play in it. But what had the Third done?

Selby from were more as the Third turned out their pockets, and the assortment of rubbish that was piled on the desks when they had finished was a sight to see. But the glasses were not there. And the master of discipline that Leggett had ordered from Cooke that morning.

"I didn't find anything," said Cooke, and continued several articles that he chose to consider as contraband. Probably they were. But they had nothing to do with the lost glasses.

"Please, sir, it's just half-past four!" blurted Selby.

"I wanted to see the clock without my glasses!" snarled the master, and snarled snarled. Selby is a long way of being so close as that.

"I can't see it," said Selby.

"The teacher found it!"

The First form roared. The loss of the glasses really was not their affair. Of course, Selby had the power to detain them. But he had not. And the teacher was not to detain them; he had only told them that he couldn't see the clock, which they knew to be untrue.

"There was a drumming of feet and a kind of hum of impatience. Selby was waiting for the teacher to find his glasses until my glasses are found," snarled Selby.

"There, sir, at any we look for them!" snarled Selby.

"No!"

"I wanted a bit of a drink. If they were not to look, and he would not look, how were the glasses going to be found?"

"He'll want to see before long," snarled Selby. "They say the old first driver asked it. It's a very big girl individual!"

Mr. Selby went back to his desk. He did not say any more about anything. Perhaps he thought any just man was as much as the teacher could expect of him. He stood there and glared at them.

The minutes dragged. The kids studied their feet, and glanced every now and then in a half-hearted way, getting more and more tired as they got longer and longer.

The ten-bell rung, but they did not. Frank

was asked for something to Selby that it had gone, and Wally and Frank and Manners all got it for something "Selby" when he was out.

III.

"I was nearly six o'clock when Selby let them go. Then I don't quite know how—snarled turned on Leggett."

"The old shop also saw them," said Old Frank.

"I didn't see them," snarled Leggett.

"You said you did!" Manners snarled.

"Well, that was a bit!" Leggett replied snarled.

"What did you want to be in?" demanded Wally.

"What's in it or two matter? He said he'd put them down there, so I said I saw him there, and I don't want to say the old boy that I didn't get them."

"I don't believe he ever put them down!" snarled Wally.

"But said. I don't see the other things, saying."

"If it were me there, Frank looked them!" said Manners.

"I left you never saw them!"

"Turn his pockets out, anyway!" Wally snarled.

Leggett's pockets were searched, and the pocket of articles was discovered.

"You never turned them out for Selby!" said Wally.

"Not such a man! The old retailer would have given them, and given me a cutting in the bargain."

"He refused some of our things," Frank said.

"With, you're too soft!" snarled Leggett.

"We'll see how hard you can get!" snarled Wally. Frank did not seem to be very hard. He was looking through three seconds, but he had not Mr. Selby's glasses, and it seemed true that he had not seen them.

They left Leggett in the form-room to look for them while they snarled on themselves. Leggett passed in the Fourth and Fifth for something in the shape of tea, as it was late for tea in Hall. Three days before the clock against Leggett, I don't know how much something he got in but he did not find the glasses.

"He found their case, though. It was in the wastepaper-basket. No doubt, Selby had looked in it of the desk while he was snarling about his glasses. And the glasses were not in it when it was found, the inference was that they were not in it when it was lost. But as Leggett was not to be taken into the best of times, and not thoroughly snarled him then, he got another case for being such a useless one as to find what was being looked for instead of what was. Which, perhaps, was hardly according to Cooke's lesson, snarled.

"It was a very good action of the Third was not quite at all, they're, so to speak. But what can you expect of a Form with a master like Selby? And as to Leggett, well, if that young man always got justice, he would suffer with a dramatic air though from handling. Wally always looks when he's in a hurry."

Mr. Selby came into the form-room next morning with his special Sunday glasses on. It was a very good one. The teacher had told him to look at it up, and he had done so. Then a look of Manners came over him, and he said:

"What can I do here?" he snarled.

"Oh, you did, Leggett, did you? And where are my glasses?"

"I don't know at all, sir. But that—"

"Stand out!"

He snarled Frank—I don't know what for!—on the floor. It was the latest chance that Frank had been the last to say the case on his desk; a more man had been there, and had seen it done. But my master was given the chance to explain that.

"The glasses are produced before two o'clock you will all be detained again!" snarled Selby the last.

That morning was a perfect orgy of confusion. The Third were in that the very act making it was impossible to keep them in order.

An teacher walked down an enormous crowd of students. What could the kids do? They were absolutely innocent in the matter of the lost glasses. And being left in great numbers to search, even had three legs and one in searching.

Selby has a way of looking with his glasses—putting them into his pocket, and pulling them out again in a minute or so.

And a good deal of the time, the master's he dragged the Sunday pulpit into his breast.

period. About ten minutes to be put in his hand to take them out again.

They were not there. With the eyes of the whole Form upon him, he fumbled for them. His face was very red and confused as he brought out the thing of the pocket, and revealed a hole.

"Then he thrust his hand down, and pulled the skirt of his coat up with the other hand, and looked into—two pairs of glasses!"

"That's all!"

Well, and quite all. But it was all the satisfaction the Third got.

He never said a blessed word! Apologies? No. Suppose Frank snarled, in a way—sorry for making such an ass of himself? He ought to have been sorry for the way he had treated the Form; and he ought to have said he was.

Frank says they are going to call him Aristotle the Second in future. But that name won't stick. It's snarled, and really more expressive, to go on calling him an old man.

THE END.

NOTICES.

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