

IN THIS — "THE MAKING OF HARRY WHARTON!" A GRIPPING STORY
ISSUE OF GREYFRIARS.

The **GEM** ^{2d}



THE NEW BOY WHO HAD FIERY RED HAIR AND FLARED UP WHEN CHIPPED ABOUT IT!—



Clinging to roots and digging his fingers into clayey earth, Rook slowly descended the steep quarrieside. Down and down he went to the help of Lowther, never hesitating in that perilous descent.

CHAPTER 1. Very Red!

"DID you ever?" said Manners.
"Well, hardly ever," murmured Monty Lowther.
And Digby of the Fourth, who was a great French scholar, chimed in, in Fourth Form French:
"Jammy!"

By which he probably meant *jamais*.
The subject of these remarks was crossing the quadrangle of St. Jim's from the gates towards the School House. The group of juniors on the steps of the School House had their eyes upon him at once. And, indeed, he was rather a striking person to look at.

He was evidently a new boy, as he was a stranger to the eyes of Tom Merry & Co. He was dressed in Etons, and wore a silk topper; but the topper did not quite conceal a very remarkable head of hair. The hair was very thick, not to say bushy, and it was of the most brilliant and striking red in hue. There were red-haired boys at St. Jim's—there were sandy boys—but all the juniors agreed that nothing quite like this had ever been seen in the school before. The new boy's hair was not merely red, it was fiery. It was aggressive.

And it attracted general attention at once.

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At school all new boys are, as a matter of course, looked up and down, and round about, and asked personal questions. As Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth said, a new fellow was expected to give his name, age, Form, and starting price. But of all the new boys who had come to St. Jim's, probably not one had been the recipient of such immediate and marked attention as this youth, who was strolling across the quadrangle with an easy air, as if it belonged to him.

"Bai Jove! It's wathah stwikin'!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth. "If gingah shows pluck, as the pwoverb says, that chap must be a vegulah hewo."

"Looks like a swot," said Lowther.
"I weally do not see that he looks like a swot, deah boy."

"He's well read," explained Lowther.
"Well 'red'—see?"

"Bai Jove! Is that a wotten pun?"
"No, it isn't, fathead! It's a jolly good pun!" said Lowther warmly.

"Chance for the St. Jim's Fire Brigade here," said Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pway don't cackle, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy severely. "The chap may think you're cacklin' at him, and vegard us as a set of wude boundahs."

"Oh, he wouldn't be put out by that!" said Monty Lowther blandly. "It wouldn't be easy to put him out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's coming to the School House," growled Herries. "I don't see why he couldn't be put in the New House. We've got enough funny merchants here—D'Arcy and Lowther."

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Well, he can't help the colour of his hair," said Tom Merry. "And red is a good colour, anyway. Gentlemen, don't forget your manners."

"Yaas, wathah! Pway be decent, deah boys!"

The stranger had arrived at the steps of the School House by this time. He looked at the group of smiling juniors collected there, and Arthur Augustus, who was nothing if not polite, raised his hat very courteously. The newcomer raised his hat in reply, and then the full glory of his hair, so to speak, burst upon the juniors.

Blake covered his eyes with his hand, and Monty Lowther pretended to faint. Arthur Augustus jammed his monocle into his eye, and gave them a severe look of reproof, and then addressed the newcomer in the most affable manner. If the wild man from Borneo had come to St. Jim's, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy would have treated him with unfailing politeness.

"Good aftahnnoon, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. "Are you goin' to belong to the School House?"

"Yes."

"Then you are vewy welcome."

—BUT WHO WAS AS COOL AS ICE WHEN FACED WITH PERIL! READ
ALL ABOUT ARTHUR ROOK IN THIS POWERFUL ST. JIM'S YARN.

for PLUCK!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

"Jolly glad to see you!" said Monty Lowther, recovering from his faint, and addressing the newcomer affably, "I heard you were dead."

"Did you?" asked the new boy.

"Yes, I read it in our history-book in class," said Lowther blandly. "You fellows will remember the passage: 'Rufus was slain by an arrow discharged by Sir Walter Tyrell, while hunting in the New Forest.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The new boy turned almost as red as his hair.

"Oh, draw it mild!" he said. "I say, I suppose this is St. Jim's, isn't it?"

"Certainly!" said Lowther.

"Oh, good! I thought, perhaps, I'd dropped into a lunatic asylum by mistake."

"Oh!"

"Ahem!"

"Not at all, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "Lowthah is the only one here, and we let him wun on because he can't help it."

"Why, you ass—" began Lowther warmly.

"Let my hair alone, for goodness' sake!" said the new boy. "I'm fed-up with it! I've been called Rufus, or Carrots, or Coppernob ever since I can remember. Give it a rest! I can't help my hair any more than you can help your face."

Lowther glared. He was a true humorist, inasmuch as he had no appreciation whatever for humorous remarks directed against himself.

"What's the matter with my face?" he roared.

"Don't ask me. The question is—what isn't the matter with it?" said the new boy calmly.

Lowther pushed back his cuffs.

"I can see that you've come to St. Jim's specially to get a thick ear, young Rufus," he remarked. "And I!"

Tom Merry and Manners seized their chum, and jammed him against the stone balustrade of the steps.

"Cheese it!" said Manners.

"Chuck it!" said Tom Merry.

"Look here—"

"Shut up! You shouldn't chip the new boy—"

"Yaas, wathah! It's a shame!" said Arthur Augustus.

"A burning shame!" said Lowther, recovering his good humour, as he saw an opportunity for another pun.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's your name, kid?" asked Tom Merry kindly.

"Rook—Arthur Rook."

"Come in, Wook, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "I'll show you to the Housemaster's study, if you like."

"Thanks!"

"Not at all, deah boy. Come in!"

And Arthur Augustus, in the most courteous manner in the world, marched the new boy into the House, and knocked at the door of Mr. Railton's study. The School House master was

there, and as Rook entered, with his hat in his hand, Mr. Railton glanced at him. He did not appear to notice the striking "topknot" of the new boy.

"If you please, sir, this is Wook, a new chap," said Arthur Augustus.

"Thank you, D'Arcy. Come in, Rook."

Arthur Augustus retired and closed the study door. He rejoined his friends on the steps of the School House.

"You ass!" growled Monty Lowther.

"If you hadn't been in such a hurry, we might have planted him on the New House. Figgins & Co. would have been welcome to him."

"Wats!" said Arthur Augustus. "I wefuse to allow you youngstahs to chip Wook on account of his cawwoy hair. It is certainly vewy remarkable, but it is quite poss that he is sensitive about it—you nevah know."

"Go hon!"

"I shall be up against anythin' of the sort," said D'Arcy firmly; "and even if he is put into our study, I shall make him welcome."

"Good old Gussy!" chuckled Tom Merry. "Always the champion of the oppressed. But Gussy is quite right,

If Arthur Rook had one sore point it was having his leg pulled about his ginger hair, which is why he had many fights on his hands when he came to St. Jim's! Yet it was one of those fights that cured him of his weakness and proved him a plucky "Ginger"!

and it's up to you fellows to take his fatherly advice. There will be enough chipping from the New House chaps, I expect."

And when the new boy came out from his interview with Mr. Railton, he found Arthur Augustus D'Arcy waiting for him, prepared to show him that graceful courtesy which stamps—or should stamp—the caste of Vere de Vere.

CHAPTER 2.

Chucked Out!

"HALLO! What price carrots?" Levison of the Fourth asked that impertinent question as he met the new boy and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in the Fourth Form passage.

Rook flushed.

"You ought to carry round an extinguisher with you," observed Mellish, who was with Levison. "You're dangerous."

"You'll find me dangerous, if you don't ring off!" said Rook angrily. "Chuck it!"

"Yaas, wathah! I considah your wemarks as wude, you two wottahs,"

said Arthur Augustus severely. "Especially as Wook is to be your study-mate."

"What?" exclaimed Mellish and Levison together.

"You said Study No. 8, didn't you, Wook, deah boy?"

"That's it," said Rook. "Mr. Railton says there are three in the study already. I'm going to make a fourth."

"Yaas, that's Lumley-Lumley and these two wottahs, Levison and Mellish."

"Look here, that freak isn't coming into our study," said Levison warmly.

"No fear!" grunted Mellish. "He can go back to old Railton and ask for another. We don't want him in Study No. 8."

"It isn't a question of what you want, but of what you're going to have," said Rook coolly. "This is the show, D'Arcy?"

"Yaas," said Arthur Augustus, opening the door of Study No. 8 in the Fourth Form passage. "Hallo, here's Lumley! Lumley, deah boy, pway allow me to intwduce Wook, a new boy. Mr. Wailton has put him in this study."

"Trot in," said Jerrold Lumley-Lumley, looking at the new boy curiously. "Brought your extinguisher with you?"

"Weally, Lumley—"

"Oh, let him run on!" said Rook. "I'm used to it—I've had it ever since I was born."

"I say, I guess I'm sorry," said Lumley-Lumley quickly. "Don't mind me. Come in, Rook, my infant, and make yourself at home."

"Thanks!"

"That red-headed freak isn't coming into my study!" bawled Levison, following the two juniors in. "I won't stand it."

"Weally, Levison—"

"And I won't, either," said Mellish. "I should be afraid of fire! He, he, he!"

"Oh, you two can go and eat coke!" said Lumley-Lumley. "If Railton's put him in here, here he stops; and, anyway, he's an improvement on you two chaps!"

"I won't have it!" roared Levison.

"Look here, we're enough in this study as it is, without having a blessed fire-brand shoved in on us. Rook, or Crow, or whatever your name is, you can go back to Railton and ask him to put you in Study No. 6. That's D'Arcy's study, and he can have you, as he seems so precious fond of carrots!"

"Levison, you wottah!"

"I'm not going back to Railton," said Rook calmly. "This study will suit me, I think."

"Bwavo! Stick to your guns, deah boy!"

Levison and Mellish advanced upon the new boy, exchanging a glance. Both of them were bigger than Rook, and he did not look a very difficult subject to tackle.

"I tell you Railton will shove you somewhere else if you ask him," said Levison.

"I'm not going to ask him."

"We don't want you here!" said Mellish.

"Sorry!"

"Then you won't go?"

"No."

"Do you want to be chucked out on your neck?" demanded Levison.

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Rook measured him with his eye. "Well, yes, if you can do it!" he said.

Levison made a spring at him. Lumley-Lumley jumped up from the table and pulled that article of furniture to one side, to give them plenty of room.

"Go it!" he said encouragingly. "Give me your topper, Rook—I'll hold it! Pile in, ye cripples!"

Levison and Rook seemed to be waltzing round the study. But Levison soon found that it was a little more than he could do to "chuck" out the new boy. He called to Mellish.

"Lend a hand here, Mellish!"

"Right-ho!" said Mellish.

He rushed forward to lend a hand. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's eyeglass dropped from his eye, and he pushed back his spotless cuffs and stepped into the way.

"Fair play's a jewel, deah boy," he said. "Fway-put up your hands."

"Hear, hear!" said Lumley-Lumley. "Let's see you wallop Gussy, Mellish."

Mellish backed away. He knew that Arthur Augustus, elegant youth as he was, was a particularly tough customer in a "scrap."

"I'm not going to fight you, you ass!" he growled.

"Yaas, you are!" said Arthur Augustus, giving the cad of the Fourth a tap on the nose, which drew a wild yell from Mellish. "I'm not goin' to have the twouble of gettin' weedy for nothin'. Put up your paws, you wottah!"

"Ow!" roared Mellish. "Yow! Yah!" He retreated out of the study into the passage under a shower of blows.

"Wotten funk," said Arthur Augustus, jamming his monocle into his eye again. "Go it, Wook, deah boy! Wallop him!"

The two struggling juniors neared the door. They suddenly parted, and as they did so Rook let out a straight drive. Levison went flying through the doorway and crashed upon Mellish.

"Ow!"

"Yah!"

"Hu w w a h!" shouted Arthur Augustus, as Mellish and Levison rolled over one another in the passage. "Bwavo!"

Three Shell fellows were coming down the passage—Kangaroo, Clifton Dane, and Bernard Glyn, the chums of the end study. They stopped just in time to avoid treading on the sprawling Fourth Formers.

"Hallo! What's the row?" demanded Kangaroo.

"These two wottahs have been extremely wude to a new boy," said Arthur Augustus. "They have been chucked out. They wanted to go for him, two for one, the frightful wottahs."

"Oho!" said Kangaroo. "That sort of thing ought to be stamped out! Come on, kids—stamp it out!"

"Yow-ow!" roared Mellish and Levison simultaneously, as the Cornstalk & Co. walked upon them. "Ow! Gerroff! Yah! Oh!"

"We're stamping it out—"

"Ha ha, ha!"

The Shell fellows did not exactly stamp; but they trod very hard, and they walked on grinning, leaving Mellish and Levison covered with dust and panting with rage.

The two cads of the Fourth did not enter the study again. They shook their fists at Rook, and tramped away—probably in search of a clothes-brush. They needed one.

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"You'll be all wight here, Wook, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "If those wottahs bothah you, thump them again!"

"Right-ho!" grinned Rook.

And Arthur Augustus retired. Lumley-Lumley looked very queerly at his new study-mate. Rook caught his glance, and flushed.

"Let my hair alone!" he exclaimed.

"I'm not going to touch it," said Lumley-Lumley humorously. "It's dangerous to play with fire."

Rook came across the study to him and pushed back his cuffs.

"Look here," he said. "I'm going to be in this study. I don't want any jokes about carrots, or fire, or blazes, or anything of that kind. See?"

"I guess so!"

"Then chuck it! You look a decent chap, and I'm willing to be friends. But I'm fed up on that subject—see?"

"Precisely!" said Lumley-Lumley, with unruffled calmness.

"Let it drop, then. I'm liable to lose my temper when I'm chipped about it."

Lumley-Lumley chuckled.

"If you start fighting whenever you're chipped about it, you'll have enough fights on your hands here," he said.

"We don't stand on ceremony in the Fourth. You'll never be called anything but Carrots, or Coppertop, or Rufus, or something of the sort all the time you're here. Better take it good-temperedly, and you'll get less of it. That's my advice to you. I guess."

"Oh, rats!" said Rook.

"Thanks!" said Lumley-Lumley serenely. "I won't row with you—you'll have enough rows, I reckon, if you're going to get your rag out whenever you're chipped about your topknot. What the deuce does it matter if a chap calls you Rufus?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Rook crossly.

Lumley-Lumley laughed and left the study.

Rook was left alone in the room. The anger died out of his face, and a downcast, miserable look came over it. He crossed to the glass and looked at his reflection in it, and shook his fist at the red head.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had been quite right in his surmise—Arthur Rook was sensitive upon that subject. To a sensitive nature trifles light as air may give a deadly sting—and Rook had been deeply wounded by the thoughtless banter which was carelessly uttered, and never intended to give pain.

CHAPTER 3.

An Interrupted Experiment!

THE Terrible Three of the Shell came into their study looking very ruddy and cheerful. They were fresh in from cricket practice, and ready for tea.

"I hear that new kid is in the Fourth," said Monty Lowther, as he ignited wood in the grate preparatory to making tea. "I've been thinking out a limerick about him to put in the next number of the 'Weekly.'"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Tom Merry. "He mightn't like it."

"Stuff! How do you think this goes:

"There's a kid in the Fourth who's named Rook,
Whose napper resembles a book.

If you look at his head

You can see that it's red,

If your eyes aren't too dazzled to look!

"Red—read—see?" said Monty

Lowther, explaining his pun at last, as he generally had to do.

"Eh?" said Manners. "What's that about the Red Sea?"

"Nothing about the Red Sea, ass!" roared Lowther. "Don't you see the pun? His head is red, and a book's read! See?"

"Yes, I see!" said Manners lazily. "Why is a book like the Red Sea? What's the answer? I give it up."

"You—you—fathead—"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom Merry, who was looking into the cupboard.

"Where's the crocks?"

"Blow the crocks!" said Lowther. "I'll tell you the limerick over again—"

"Oh, shurrup!" said Tom Merry.

"Once is once too often! You're not going to put that rot in the 'Weekly.'"

"Rot?" demanded Lowther warmly. "It's a jolly good limerick!"

"Rats! How do you know whether Rook would like it?"

"Bosh! I don't care twopence whether he likes it or not!"

"I knew a chap once who had a big nose, and he was frightfully sensitive about it," said Tom Merry, with a shake of the head. "Nobody cared twopence whether he had a big nose or a little nose, or whether he had a nose at all; but he always thought people were looking at his big nose. You never can tell how people take these things. Let Rook's hair alone, in case he doesn't like jokes about it!"

"Oh, rats!" said Lowther. "I'm not going to waste my limerick!"

"Somebody's been here and borrowed our crocks," said Tom Merry. "There isn't a cup left, or a saucer, either."

Jack Blake of the Fourth put his head in at the door.

"You fellows been borrowing our crocks?" he asked.

"No; somebody's been borrowing ours," said Tom Merry, laughing. "Is somebody standing a tea-party in the passage?"

"More likely that fathead Glyn taking them for his chemical muck!" growled Lowther. "He's always doing it."

"If he's got my crocks—" said Blake wrathfully.

Gore of the Shell came out of his study next to Tom Merry's and glared in.

"You chaps got my cups and saucers?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha, ha! No!"

"Somebody has! I'll—I'll—"

"Let's go and see Glyn," said Blake.

The juniors hurried down the passage to the end study, wherein dwelt Kangaroo, Dane, and Glyn of the Shell. Bernard Glyn was a youthful inventor, and great on "stinks," as the juniors called chemistry. When he was engaged in chemical experiments, the end study was turned into a laboratory, and the smell thereof sometimes drove his study-mates to violence. Glyn was a keen experimenter; and when he was in need of vessels to contain his weird compounds he would raid them out of other studies without compunction.

Upon a celebrated occasion Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had purchased a beautiful set of crockery for Study No. 6, and the whole set had been missing the next day, and was discovered in the end study containing an indelible ink that Glyn was just then engaged upon; and the schoolboy inventor had certainly succeeded in making that ink indelible, so far as the crockeryware was concerned.

Trifles like that did not trouble a keen youth in search of knowledge, but they had an exasperating effect upon

fellows who wanted tea, and found that their teacups had been used to hold ink or dye or chemical compounds with terrific smells.

Jack Blake opened the door of the end study with a kick, and there was a sharp exclamation within:

"Quiet, you chaps!"

Bernard Glyn was there, and he was busy.

On the study table there were a variety of bottles and glass tubes and perforated bowls used for straining liquids. There was also a large array of teacups and saucers, and each of them contained a dark crimson fluid.

Glyn glanced round.

"Want to see the experiment?" he asked. "Come in; only don't jolt the table! I think I've got it now!"

"Got what?"

"I'm experimenting with a dye," said Glyn. "You know the secret of the old Tyrian dye is supposed to be lost, but I can see I've got it."

"There's something else you're going to get, too!" roared Blake. "Chuck that muck out of my teacups! We want to have tea!"

Glyn shook his head.

"Impossible! I've got the fluid in various states. If they got mixed now it would spoil the experiment. When I've finished this, I shall be able to make an indelible dye in any colour—quite permanent—"

"Do you mean to say that that muck won't come off?" demanded Gore.

"No fear!" said the schoolboy inventor proudly. "When I make an indelible dye, it's an indelible dye, I can tell you!"

"You—you—you've mucked up all my tea-things, and you've got the cheek to say it won't come off!" roared Gore.

"My dear chap," said Glyn patiently, "what would be the good of an indelible dye if it came off?"

"Why, you—you—you—"

"Don't jolt the table!" said Glyn. "I'm waiting for the last lot to strain off!"

"I'll strain it off for you!" yelled Gore.

"You ass, let that alone! Ow! Oh! Yaroo!"

Gore had picked up the nearest of the cups, and inverted it over the head of the schoolboy inventor. Glyn stuttered and spluttered as the crimson dye ran down his face.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groogh! Groo-cooh!"

"Give him some more!" shouted Gore.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Chuck it! Leave off, you idiots!" yelled Glyn, as the juniors tossed the cups of crimson fluid over him. "It won't come off! Ow! Stop it! Chuck it!"

"We're chucking it!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"Ow! Hah! Huh—hug - g - gh! Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors carried off the stained cups and saucers, leaving the contents behind—swamping over the schoolboy inventor.

Bernard Glyn dabbed at his face and head with his handkerchief in dismay.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Kangaroo, coming into the study, and staring at his chum in amazement. "What's the little game—trying to colour yourself to resemble Rook?"

"Groogh!"

"Is that a new experiment?" asked the Cornstalk, in wonder. "Will that stuff come off?"

"Groogh! Those silly asses—groogh—they've swamped me in it—yow!"

because I used their—groogh—crocks! Ow! And it won't come off!"

Kangaroo yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha! You'll be a pretty sight, then! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up!" yelled Glyn. "There's nothing to cackle at, you dummy—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The exasperated inventor caught up a cricket bat, and Kangaroo staggered out of the study, still yelling with laughter.

For the next half-hour Bernard Glyn was busy in the bath-room, rubbing and scrubbing. When he had finished there were streaks of dye down his face still, and he had reduced the colour to an art shade in red. But like the celebrated smile—the crimson dye would not come off!

"Rook's a hot-headed chap, Levison," said Monty Lowther, with the solemnity he generally assumed when he was perpetrating a bad joke.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By the way, you haven't heard my limerick," said Lowther.

"Shut up!" said Tom Merry.

"Rats!" replied Lowther cheerfully.

"There's a chap in the School House named Rook—"

"Cheese it!"

"May be said to resemble a book—"

The new boy stared at him.

"How do you make that out?" he demanded.

"If you look at his head, you can see he's well-red—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"



"Go it, Wook, deah boy!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Wallop him!" The new boy suddenly released a straight drive, which landed full on Levison's chin. The cad of the Fourth went flying through the doorway, to bump violently into Mellish.

CHAPTER 4.

Too Funny of Lowther!

FIRE!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was sitting in the Common-room after tea that evening, earnestly reading the latest number of the "Magnet." He jumped up quite startled as Levison of the Fourth uttered that shout of alarm.

"Bai Jore," he exclaimed.

"Where?"

"In the doorway," grinned Levison.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked round, puzzled. Rook was coming into the room, and D'Arcy comprehended. He laid down the "Magnet," and jammed his eyeglass into his eye, and turned it witheringly upon Levison.

"Levison, I regard that as a wotten joke!" he said.

"Go hon!" said Levison.

"I should recommend Wook to punch your head."

"If your eyes aren't too dazzled to look!" concluded Lowther.

The fellows in the Common-room chuckled. Rook coloured until his complexion resembled his hair, and came over towards Monty Lowther.

"Look here—" he began.

"Wait a minute," said the humorist of the Shell. He picked up D'Arcy's copy of the "Magnet," and held it up to shade his eyes. "All right now, I'm looking."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think you're a silly ass," said Rook angrily, "and I've a jolly good mind to punch your silly head!"

"Wouldn't be fair play," said Lowther solemnly. "I can't punch yours, you know. Can't play with fire without burning your fingers, you know."

"You—you silly chump!"

"Go on!" said Lowther encouragingly. "Must expect you to

have a fiery temper in the circumstances."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

Rook looked round angrily at the grinning faces.

"I tell you I'm fed-up with this!" he exclaimed. "If you're looking for a thick ear, you've only got to say so!"

"Ain't he a scorcher!" murmured Lowther.

That was too much for the new junior. He made a rush at Monty Lowther, and the humorist of the Shell dodged round the table.

"Don't mind him, Rook," said Tom Merry. "Lowther was born like that—he can't help it. He was born funny."

But Rook did not listen. He was pursuing Monty Lowther round the table, and was caught up with the humorous junior and grasped him.

"Now, you funny ass—"

"Help!" yelled Lowther. "Fire!"

Then Lowther's head disappeared under Rook's arm, and the new junior hammered him. He was hammering in deadly earnest, and Monty Lowther roared.

"Go it, Wook, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus encouragingly. "Give him a feahful thwashin'!"

"Leggo!" roared Lowther.

Hammer, hammer, hammer!

"Yarooooh!"

It was evidently not a joke any longer. Monty Lowther returned grip for grip, and got his head out of chancery, and the two juniors scrambled about, punching one another heartily. Monty Lowther was bigger and older than Rook, and it was soon clear that the new boy was no match for him.

Rook's head went into chancery in its turn.

"Chuck it, Monty!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Look at my nose!" roared Lowther.

His nose was indeed an interesting

study. It seemed to have doubled in size, and it was streaming red.

"Well, you started it, you know."

"Rats! I was only joking!" growled Lowther. "Why can't a fellow take a joke?"

Rook was struggling fiercely to release his head, and at the same time he was punching the Shell fellow in the ribs.

"By Jove, he's burning my waistcoat!" exclaimed Lowther, and he released the new junior and pushed him away.

Rook staggered against the table.

His face was crimson and his hair was ruffled, and he was panting for breath.

Monty Lowther wagged a warning finger at him.

"Don't be an ass!" he said chidingly. "Hit a fellow your own size, you know—not a chap who can make rings round you!"

"You rotter!"

"Yaas, wathah! I agree with Wook in chawactewisin' you as a wottah—"

"Pax!" said Monty Lowther. "Now, don't come on again, or I shall have to hurt you. Don't play the giddy goat. Of course, I can excuse you for being hot-headed!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The best thing you can do," said Lowther seriously, "is to put your head in a bucket of water! It's dangerous to go about like that!"

Rook made a movement, and Lowther put up his hands promptly, thinking that the new boy was about to renew the attack.

But he did not.

His features were working, and, to the surprise of the juniors, he suddenly burst into tears.

There was a sudden hush in the Common-room.

Every fellow in the room felt awkward, and Monty Lowther looked surprised and rather shamefaced.

"Oh I—I say!" he exclaimed. "Don't turn the waterworks on, for goodness' sake! What's the matter?"

"Waterworks are just what are needed!" grinned Levison. "You should stand on your head to blub, Rook, and you might put out the con-

flagration, you know."

But no one laughed.

Rook stood for a moment, trying to conceal his emotion, and then turned and hurried out of the Common-room.

He left an awkward silence behind him.

"Blubbing ass!" said Levison at last.

"Hold your tongue!" growled Tom Merry.

"Well, Lowther didn't hurt him much," said Mellish. "What was he crying for?"

"It wasn't that, you fathead!" said Manners. "He wasn't blubbing because Lowther punched him!"

"He punched me!" said Lowther.

"It's his poor feelings that are hurt!" chuckled Levison. "My hat! We'll give him some more to blub for, won't we, Lowther?"

But Monty Lowther was not at all inclined to accept that overture of alliance from the cad of the Fourth. Indeed, it was a humiliation to find Levison upon his side, and it made him realise more than anything else could have done that he had acted badly.

"Oh, go and eat coke, Levison!" snapped Lowther.

"Well, he was an ass to blub!" said Gore of the Shell. "It was only a rotten joke, anyway. Of course, all Lowther's jokes make a fellow more inclined to cry than to laugh!"

"Yaas, wathah, that's the vewy twue!"

"Br-r-r-r-r!" said Lowther.

Tom Merry tapped his chum on the arm.

"You'll have to tell him you're sorry, Monty!"

Monty Lowther snorted.

"Catch me!" he said.

"You don't want to be a cad!"

"Oh, rats! If you're going to begin calling me names—you know I was only chipping him. What does it matter if the silly chump's hair is red—or pink—or blue, for that matter?" growled Lowther.

"You ought to tell him you're sorry—and chuck chipping him!"

"Well, I won't!"

"Monty—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Well, I'll tell him for you!" said Tom.

Lowther glared.

"If you do, I'll punch your silly head!" he exclaimed.

"Look here—"

"I'll say what I like!" growled Lowther. The humorist of the Shell was exceedingly annoyed that his refined humour had led to such a painful scene, but he was nowise inclined to admit himself in the wrong; he was annoyed with himself, annoyed with Rook, and annoyed with things in general. "He shouldn't be a soft ass! We don't want blubbing babies at St. Jim's. I'll tell him that, if you like!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Yaas, wathah, Lowthah; do cheese it! You owe Wook an apology, and it would be caddish not to tell him you're sorry!"

"Do you want a thick ear, Gussy?"

"I should wefuse to have a thick ear, Lowthah! And I am sure Tom Mewwy agrees with my statement of the case."

"Yes, I do," said Tom.

Monty Lowther bestowed a glare upon his old chum.

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"So you think I'm a cad, do you?" he asked.

"I didn't say that!"

"Yes, you did—or much the same! Well, if that's your opinion, you can keep it—and you needn't speak to me again till you've changed it!" snapped Lowther.

And he stalked out of the room in high dudgeon.

Tom Merry looked worried. Levison and Mellish burst into their unpleasant chuckle simultaneously.

"Quite a rift in the lute!" grinned Mellish.

"Trouble in the happy family!" sighed Levison.

Tom Merry turned his back upon them.

CHAPTER 5.

Rook Takes Possession!

ARTHUR ROOK was not seen in the Common-room again that evening.

After the painful scene there, some of the fellows had made up their minds not to "chip" him any more upon a subject upon which he was absurdly sensitive. Some of them had made up their minds to chip him all the more. Fellows like Levison, Crooke, and Mellish were distinctly pleased to find that the red-headed junior had a sensitive nature that could be played upon and tormented to any extent. They were not likely to let pass such an opportunity for displaying their peculiar gifts.

Rook probably felt that he had been ridiculous, and looked so, and so he kept out of the public eye.

He did his preparation in his study, and he was there, working on one side of the table, while Lumley-Lumley worked on the other, when Levison and Mellish came in.

The "class" Rook had shown as a fighter had quite driven out of Levison's mind any idea of "chucking" Rook out, and making him find fresh quarters. That was evidently not feasible. But Levison was almost as well pleased at the prospect of having the new fellow there to worry and banter.

"By Jove! Warm in here," said Levison, as the precious pair entered.

As there was no fire in the study on that warm evening, it was clear that he was referring to Rook's fiery hair. The new boy flushed, as he seemed always to do when his unfortunate peculiarity was alluded to, but did not look up.

"Yes; what we want is a water-works," said Mellish.

Rook's flush deepened.

That allusion to his "blubbing" in the Common-room cut him more deeply than the absurd jokes about his red hair.

His look showed the cads of the Fourth that their remarks were getting home, and they continued with great enjoyment.

"Somebody ought to buy an extinguisher for this study."

"Save us something for coal in the winter!"

"Dangerous to cross a field with a bull in it, I should think!"

"Yes—he would see red, and no mistake!"

"I guess you fellows are interrupting my work," said Lumley-Lumley. "Can't you do your jawing in the passage?"

"Got our preparation to do," said



Son: "You can take your finger off that leak now, father."

Father: "Thank goodness! Is the plumber here at last?"

Son: "No. The house is on fire!"

A football has been awarded to W. Small, School House, Oakham, Rutland.

Levison. "Can anybody lend me a fan?"

And Levison, as he sat down at the table, made a pretence of fanning himself with a sheet of impot paper.

Rook was silent.

The new junior having declined to be drawn, the cads settled down to do their preparation. When that was finished they were ready to resume their gentle amusement before going to bed.

"I've thought of an improvement on Lowther's limerick," remarked Levison. "What do you think of this: 'There's a chap with a gingery mop, who looks like a furnace on top—'"

"He, he, he!" cackled Mellish.

Rook rose to his feet.

"You fellows were going to turn me out of this study when I came in," he said. "You'd have done it if you could."

"Well, you're dangerous at close quarters, you know. I don't like a study in scarlet," said Levison.

"Well, one good turn deserves another. Now I'm going to turn you out!" said Rook.

"Wha-at!"

"I'm going to shove you out, and not let you in again till you've learned manners. I don't want any more of your humour. See?"

"He's seeing red!" grinned Levison.

Rook threw the door open wide.

"Out you go!" he said.

"Rats!" said Levison. "Do you think you can scare me, you blubbing ass? I'll give you something more to blub for!"

"I can't lick Lowther, though I'm going to try again," said Rook. "But I can lick you. I'll take you on, one at a time. Now, are you going?"

"You'll take us two at a time, if you try any nonsense," said Levison. "I can see myself being turned out of my own study—I don't think!"

"I mean bisney. If you come for me two at a time I shall use the poker—that will be fair play," said Rook.

"Now, out you go!"

And he laid violent hands on Levison.

"Back up, Mellish!" shouted Levison.

Mellish was not a fighting man, but

as he knew his turn was coming next, he backed up readily enough. The two juniors fastened upon Rook, and the red-headed junior struggled in their grasp. But the two of them were too much for him.

Lumley-Lumley rose to his feet and stood regarding them calmly.

"Shall I lend you a hand, Rook?" he asked.

"You mind your own business!" roared Levison. "Hang on, Percy! Get him down, and I'll give him a walloping with the ruler!"

"You bet!" gasped Mellish.

"What do you say, Ginger?" asked Lumley-Lumley. "I'll pile in, if you like."

"Go and eat coke!" said Rook.

Lumley-Lumley laughed.

"Well, manage it yourself!" he said. "Ginger for pluck, you know! And they're both funks!"

Bump!

Rook descended heavily on the floor, with Levison sprawling across him. Mellish staggered away, gasping.

Rook hurled Levison off and sprang to his feet, flushed and panting. He made a dive for the grate and seized the poker.

"Put that down!" yelled Mellish.

"Fair play!" gasped Levison.

"Two to one isn't fair play, I guess!" said Lumley-Lumley. "Rook gave you fair warning. Two to one and a poker—that's fair!"

"Yow!" roared Mellish, as the end of the poker was jammed into his ribs. "Ow! Leave off! Yah! I'll let you alone! Oh!"

"Get out!"

"But I—ow, ow! Yah!"

Mellish fairly bolted from the study, with the poker jabbing at his back. He roared with pain in the passage.

Levison was on his feet now, regarding Rook very dubiously.

"Don't you touch me with that poker!" he growled. "I'll—oh! Keep off! Yah! Ow! You'll break my ribs, you idiot! Yaroo!"

Levison dashed out of the study, with the poker jabbing in his ribs.

"Don't come in again!" said Rook. "Or come in one at a time, and I'll use my fists. Come in two at a time, and I'll use the poker. That's fair warning!"

"You rotter—"

"You outsider—"

"I guess you're outsiders now!" chuckled Lumley-Lumley. "Ginger's the insider!"

Rook turned upon him.

"Do you want to be chucked out after them?" he demanded.

"I guess you wouldn't find it so easy, Ginger."

"I shall try—if you call me Ginger again!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Lumley-Lumley, good-humouredly. "I won't call you Ginger if you don't like it. Don't play the giddy goat!"

"Look here, I'm coming in!" howled Mellish.

Rook stood ready with the poker.

"Come on, then!" he said.

"You can't keep us out of our own study!"

"I'm going to try."

"Look here!" roared Levison. "Do you mean to say that you're going to keep us out for good—out of our own study?"

Rook nodded.

"That's it!" he said. "For good—until you learn manners!"

"Why, I—I'll smash you! I'll—"

"Come on, then. I'm ready to be smashed!"

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"Ha—you ginger-headed freak—"
Whiz!

Levison's Latin dictionary came buzzing through the air, and it caught him on the chest and bowled him over in the passage. He roared as he went down. Blake & Co. came out of Study No. 6 to see the cause of the disturbance.

"Hullo! What's the row?" asked Jack Blake.

"I've turned those cads out," said Rook coolly. "They're not coming in here again till they get better manners!"

"Bwavo, deah boy!" chortled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Gingah for pluck!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Rook.

"Bai Jove! What?" said D'Arcy, rather taken aback.

"You're touching the forbidden subject, Gussy," said Blake, with a chuckle. "You mustn't call him Ginger. Make it Coppertop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison and Mellish made a sudden rush into the study. Rook brandished the poker in real earnest, and they rushed out again faster than they had rushed in.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Blake, in alarm. "Steady with that poker, young 'un!"

"Let 'em come one at a time, then!" said Rook.

"Yaas, wathah! Fair play, you wottahs!"

But fair play was not in Levison's line. The cads of the Fourth went down the passage, and Rook slammed the door. Lumley-Lumley looked at him with a grin.

"You're really going to keep them out—eh?" he asked.

"Yes," said Rook.

"Oh, I don't mind—glad to get rid of them!" said Lumley-Lumley. "But I think you're playing the giddy ox! If you take it as a joke, they'll get tired of it."

"It's not a joke to me!"

"Well, you are a queer fish!" said Lumley-Lumley.

And he went on with his work, and Rook, with a clouded brow, turned back to his books again.

CHAPTER 6.

Very Wet!

WHEN the Fourth Form went up to their dormitory, a good many fellows glanced at Rook, and grinned.

Levison and Mellish glanced at him and scowled. But the extremely rusty manner in which the new junior received chipping stopped many of the humorous remarks that would have been made. It was not worth having a fight on one's hands for the sake of a feeble joke.

Rook went to bed, and Kildare of the Sixth saw lights out in the dormitory.

There was the usual chatter in the dormitory before the fellows went to sleep. Levison and some others held a discussion upon the price of ginger. Some of the juniors giggled, but as Rook remained silent and refused to be drawn, the discussion died away, and the fellows went to sleep at last.

Rook was sound asleep, and the hour of eleven had chimed out from the old clock tower of St. Jim's, when the new boy was suddenly awakened.

Swish! Swoosh!

He started up with a cry.

Water was descending upon his head

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in a shower—cold, icy water, that sent shivers through him as it swamped down upon him.

"Oh, oh! What—what!"

There was a chuckle in the darkness, and a sound of retreating footsteps.

Rook sat drenched and furious. He understood what had happened. It was a "ragging"—his head had been swamped with water, and the practical joker had got back into bed.

"Who was that?" roared Rook.

There was another chuckle, and then silence.

Rook sprang from the bed, seized a towel, and began towelling his head and shoulders furiously. Some of the fellows woke up.

"Hullo! What's the row?" yawned Blake.

"Somebody's drenched me with water!" yelled Rook.

"Oh crumbs!"

"Has it put out the fire?" called a voice from the darkness.

"Who was it?" shouted Rook. "Who was it—you rotten funk!"

There was no reply to the question. Rook rubbed his head as dry as possible and then stumbled over to the switch near the door, and turned the light on. The awakened juniors blinked in the sudden flood of light.

"Better put that out!" said Herries.

"It will be seen from the quad, and you'll have the masters here."

"I don't care! I want to know who's smothered me with water," said Rook.

"Bai Jove! It's a wotten twick," said Arthur Augustus. "Might make a fellow catch cold, you know."

"I'm going to know who it was!" said Rook. "Was it you, Levison?"

Levison snored.

"Oh, he's asleep!" grinned Lumley-Lumley.

"I believe he's only shamming," said Rook. "I'll jolly soon see, anyway."

He rushed to Levison's bed and grasped the bedclothes with both hands and dragged at them.

Levison speedily showed that he was awake then. He grasped the bedclothes and held them back, struggling.

"So you're awake, you cad!" said Rook.

"Let my blankets alone!" yelled Levison.

"Did you throw that water over me?"

"Find out!"

"That's what I'm going to do!"

Rook dragged harder at the clothes and Levison was hauled off the bed along with them, and bumped on the floor. He yelled.

"Shurrup!" said Blake. "You'll have Kildare up here."

"Blow Kildare!" said Rook.

Levison jumped up. Rook was upon him in a moment. He dragged the cad of the Fourth towards the nearest wash-basin.

"Leggo!" yelled Levison. "What are you up to?"

"I'm going to give you the same thing."

"Ow! Leggo! I—Yah!"

Levison went down with a bump, with Rook upon him. The new boy dragged the water-jug from the washstand and swamped its contents over Levison.

The cad of the Fourth shrieked under the sudden flood of cold water.

"Groogh! Groogh! Oh!"

"How do you like it yourself?" grinned Rook.

"Groogh! Ow!"

"What's the sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, deah boy!" chuckled

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It was a wotten twick!"

"Gro-oo-oo!"

Levison staggered to his feet, drenched with water. Water was running down his hair and his face, and soaking his pyjamas.

"Oh, you rotter! Groogh! Oh, you beast! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison rushed at Rook, and in a moment they were fighting furiously. There was a sudden yell of warning from Page:

"Cave!"

There were footsteps in the passage. But the fighting juniors did not heed. The door of the dormitory opened, and Kildare of the Sixth looked in angrily.

"What's this row about? Why, you young rascals, stop it! Separate at once, do you hear?"

The St. Jim's captain's strong grip dragged the fighting juniors apart.

"Levison, you're all wet! What does it mean? What do you mean by making a disturbance at this hour of the night?" demanded Kildare angrily.

"Ow! The beast swamped me with water—"

"Rook, you—"

"Wook was swamped first, Kildare, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "If you're goin' to sneak, Levison, tell Kildare the whole bisney."

"Oh, I see!" said Kildare. "You have been playing a trick on the new boy, Levison, and he has done the same to you. Is that it?"

"I—I—I—"

"You will take a hundred lines, Levison, and if there's any more row here I'll bring a cane with me when I come again," said Kildare. "Now get to bed."

Rook threw his wet pillow upon the floor and took the pillow from Levison's bed. The cad of the Fourth watched him with glaring eyes.

"Get into bed! Do you hear?" said Kildare.

"He's got my pillow!" roared Levison.

"Mine's wet!" said Rook. "He can have it if he likes wet pillows; I don't."

"You will have to do without one, Levison," said Kildare. "You shouldn't play such tricks. It's your own look-out. Get into bed!"

Levison gritted his teeth. He folded up a coat to serve as a pillow, and turned in. The captain of St. Jim's switched out the light and left the dormitory.

"It doesn't seem quite so funny now, entirely, does it, Levison darling?" chuckled Reilly.

"Oh, dry up!" growled Levison.

"Better hold your pillow over Rook's head and dry it with the heat!" said Mellish.

There was a sound of someone getting out of bed.

"Hullo! Who's that moving?" said Mellish, in alarm. "I say—Ah! Ow! Who's that dragging my bedclothes off? You cad, Rook—"

Bump!

Mellish descended on the floor, and howled.

"Shurrup!" shouted Blake. "You'll have Kildare back again in a minute!"

Rook turned in.

Mellish breathed fury in the darkness, but he did not approach the new junior's bed. He gathered up his bedclothes and sorted them out, and turned in again.

And that night, at least, there was no more trouble for the new fellow in the Fourth.

CHAPTER 7.

A Rift in the Lute!

TOM MERRY wore a worried look the next day.

He had not made it up with Monty Lowther.

Lowther, as a matter of fact, was feeling very sore about what happened in the Common-room the previous day. He was ashamed of himself; but he would not admit it to himself or anybody else. The best thing he could have done would have been to tell Rook he was sorry for chipping him, and there the matter would have ended. Lowther had meant no harm, and he had been surprised and pained at seeing the new fellow taking his little joke so seriously.

But Lowther, like a good many fellows who found themselves unintentionally in the wrong, did not choose to admit that he was in the wrong.

He seemed to be under an impression that it was "up" to him to prove he had been in the right.

And the result was that, instead of telling Rook that he was sorry he had chipped him, he intended to keep on the process of chipping, taking up the position that Rufus ought to have more sense than to take offence, and that if he did have any sense it was time he learned.

There was very seldom any disagreement among the Terrible Three; they were inseparable and always on the best of terms. Any little rift in the lute never lasted. But Monty Lowther was very much "on his dignity now." And an argument on the subject did not mend matters.

"I'm not going to tell him I'm sorry, because I'm not sorry!" said Monty Lowther decisively.

"Then you ought to be!" said Tom Merry tartly.

To which Lowther rejoined:

"Rats!"

"Well, let the matter drop," said Manners, in the role of peacemaker.

"The chap's a silly ass and he ought to be cured," said Lowther. "It was simply idiotic to blub over a harmless joke."

"Well, he's touchy."

"Then he oughtn't to be touchy. What the dickens does it matter whether his hair is red or any blessed colour of the rainbow?"

"Not at all. But he thinks it does—and it's his hair, you know," said Tom Merry mildly.

Lowther sniffed contemptuously.

"Well, my idea is that he ought to be cured, and the best way to cure him is to keep on chipping him till he takes it good-temperedly," he said.

"Oh, that's all rot! Let the chap alone."

"It's for his own good," said Lowther virtuously. "Why, if a chap lets little things like that worry him he must be spoony, and the sooner he gets it knocked out of his head the better it will be for him."

"But it isn't your business to knock it out," said Tom Merry. "It's silly of him to care about such piffle, but it's his own business."

"Our business, too," said Lowther. "What is the Press for? We represent the Press on the 'Weekly.' That's just what a school magazine is for—to touch fellows on their silly little weaknesses and cure 'em. That's why I want my limerick in the 'Weekly' this week."

Tom Merry shook his head.

"Better not, old man."

"I think it ought to go in; and I'll make up another one, too, showing the silly ass that he ought to have better

sense. Something in this style: 'Shall we have a whip-round for a tub? For a fellow who goes on the blub—!'"

"Look here, Monty, it won't do!"

"It's going in!" said Lowther.

"It can't!" said Tom Merry.

"Who runs the comic column in the 'Weekly'?" demanded Lowther, with some heat.

"Who's editor?" demanded Tom Merry in his turn.

"I'm going to run my column how I like?"

"I'm going to edit the paper how I like."

"Rot!"

"Well, I mean it."

"So do I," said Lowther. "My limerick's going in."

"It's staying out."

"I won't have it left out."

"Well, I won't have it left in," said Tom Merry, beginning to lose his

slammed the door. Tom Merry was looking very excited, but his anger never lasted long. He gave Manners a look of dismay.

"Well, this is rotten!" he said. "I wish Rook and his red hair had never come here!"

"Oh, Monty will come round!" said Manners.

"Well, I can't ask him to," said Tom Merry.

"Rot!" said Manners. "You can ask him to; and I'm going to make you. What a silly storm in a teacup! Blow Rook!"

And after morning lessons that day, Manners led Tom Merry up to Lowther to make it up. But Lowther was obdurate.

"Come, Monty! Don't be an ass!" said Manners. "There's nothing to row about."

"Nothing at all," said Tom Merry. "And it's only affording fun for Mellish and Levison if we fall out, Monty. Be reasonable."

"Is my limerick going into the 'Weekly'?" demanded Lowther.

"Well, no."

"Then you can go and eat coke!"

And Monty Lowther strode away with his hands in his pockets. Manners gave a low whistle, and Tom Merry contracted his brows.

"Well, the fat's in the fire now," said Manners, in dismay. "When a chap gets on the high horse, I'm blessed if I know what to do with him!"

"Better leave him alone till he gets more sense," growled Tom Merry.

"Oh crumbs! Now you're getting on the high horse yourself!" wailed Manners. "What am I going to do with the pair of you? I've a jolly good mind to look for that fathead Rook, and punch his silly red head."

Tom Merry burst into a laugh.

"That wouldn't do any good," he said. "And, from what I can see, Rook will get his head punched enough, from the way he's started. Lowther's in the wrong, and if he doesn't choose to come round, he can go and eat coke."

And as Lowther didn't choose to come round, there remained a rift in the lute, so to speak. And Tom Merry and his old chum did not speak when they encountered one another, which was extremely uncomfortable for Manners, who remained on good terms with both of them.

Hence the worried look that adorned Tom Merry's brow that day.

But as the proverb says: "It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good." And Mellish and Levison derived considerable enjoyment from the quarrel in the camp of the Terrible Three.

Mellish, with the amiable intention of making matters worse if he could, ventured to take a hand in the proceedings, but not with satisfactory results to himself. He sidled up to Monty Lowther as he discovered that wilful youth walking the quad with his hands in his pockets, and a cloud upon his brow.

"I hear you've fallen out with Tom Merry," he remarked, by way of beginning.

Lowther glared at him.

"Would you care to mind your own business?" he asked.

"Ahem! I thought I'd tell you the way Tom Merry is talking about you," said Mellish.

"Talking about me—eh?"

"Yes," said Mellish, feeling that he

HE MADE TRACKS!



A Chinaman was delivering his laundry in a Wild West mining camp when he heard a grunt behind him. He stared round, to see a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly-fallen snow.

"Huh!" he gasped. "You like my tracks? I quickees makee some more!"

A football has been awarded to J. Degner, 31, Mela Street, Low Hill, Liverpool 6.

temper as Monty Lowther lost his.

"That's flat. I'll blue-pencil it."

"You'll blue-pencil my contribution!" shouted Monty Lowther.

"Yes; that's an editor's duty. Why, you've helped me to blue-pencil some of the other fellows' rubbish!" said Tom Merry.

"That's different. This isn't rubbish."

"Your mistake—it is."

"Oh, go and eat coke! I'm not going to have any of my stuff blue-pencilled. If it is, I'll resign from the 'Weekly.'"

"You can resign if you like."

"You want me to?" demanded Lowther, with blazing eyes.

"I don't care twopence either way!" retorted the editor of "Tom Merry's Weekly" in the heat of the moment, which was not quite accurate, for he did care a great deal more than twopence.

Lowther breathed hard through his nose.

"Very well, I resign!" he snapped.

"Resign, and be blown!" said the editor.

Lowther quitted the study, and

was getting on. "Talking about you behind your back, you know."

"Liar!" said Lowther promptly; and his fist came straight out from the shoulder, much to Mellish's surprise. And Mellish sat down in astonishment.

Lowther pushed back his cuffs, and glared at him.

"Want any more?" he demanded.

"Ow! No!" groaned Mellish, dabbing his nose with his handkerchief. "You—you beast! I was taking your side—Ow!"

"Well, you know what you'll get if you take my side any more," said Lowther, and he stalked away.

Percy Mellish was dabbing his nose ruefully, when he came upon Tom Merry. The captain of the Shell was looking very glum.

"I say, Tom Merry—" began Mellish.

"Hallo! What's the matter with your nose?" asked Tom Merry.

"I've been fighting with Lowther," explained Mellish.

Tom Merry sniffed.

"Oh, draw it mild! Lot of fighting you could put up against Lowther," he said.

"It was about you," said Mellish.

"About me!" exclaimed Tom, in astonishment.

"Yes; about you. Lowther was running you down, and I took your part."

"Lowther was running me down?" said Tom Merry.

"Yes, behind your back, you know. I spoke up for you, and he—"

"You worm!" said Tom Merry, in measured tones. "You awful cad! Do you think you are going to make me believe a yarn like that? Put up your hands!"

"But I—I—I—Ow!"

Tom Merry walked away, leaving Mellish in a horizontal position. The cad of the Fourth sat up, and dabbed his nose, which had suffered further injury.

"Ow! The beasts!" he groaned. "Ow! I'd better leave 'em alone! Ow!"

And Mellish went away to bathe his nose. And even the possibility of making matters worse between the chums of the Shell could not tempt him to interfere again.

CHAPTER 8.

Prepared to Dye!

"COMIN' out, deah boy?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked into Study No. 3 and asked that question.

Rook was in the study alone. He was sitting in the armchair, with his hands in his pockets, and a black look upon his brow. The setting sun gleamed in at the window, and showed up to full advantage the striking hue of the new junior's hair.

"No!" said Rook.

"Not mopin', eh, deah boy?"

"Why should I be moping?" demanded Rook fiercely.

"Oh, nothin'—no weason at all!" said Arthur Augustus hastily. "I weally wish you wouldn't be so beastly touchy, Wook. Only you don't look very cheerful!"

"I'm not feeling very cheerful!"

"Come out to cwicket pwactice, then. It will liven you up, Wook!"

"Oh, I'm fed up with it!" said Rook, getting up from the chair, and striding about the study restlessly. "I suppose

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you think I'm a silly ass to take offence when fellows chip me about my carrotty hair, don't you?"

"Well, yaas, it seems to me wathah idiotic," confessed D'Arcy. "What does the colour of your hair mattah, deah boy?"

"It doesn't matter at all, I suppose," said Rook. "Only—only I hate it! It makes me feel queer and different from other chaps. That's rotten!"

"Bai Jove! I wathah pwide myself on bein' a bit different fwom othah chaps," said Arthur Augustus. "Chaps don't want to be cast all in the same mould, you know. You may have noticed that I have a wathah nice way of speakin'."

Rook grinned.

"Yes, I've noticed that," he said.

"Well, chaps chip me about that!" said Arthur Augustus tolerantly. "But I don't mind. And it doesn't make any difference. Why should it? But I say, if I were in your place, I should make it a point to be vewy pwoud of my special shade in hair, you know, and wegard it as a distinction. If you can't do that, why don't you dye it?"

"Dye it?" said Rook.

"Yaas, wathah," said Arthur Augustus, his eye gleaming behind his eyeglass as a great idea came into his mind. "There's a chap in the Shell here who can make dyes and things. You've seen that chap goin' about with a vewy wed face—the fellows upset his wotten dye ovah him because he bowwowed all the ewocks to put it in. Well, he could make a black dye as well as a wed one, and he's always lookin' out for a chance to make expewiments. He would jump at the chance of dyin' your topknot for you!"

"He couldn't do it," said Rook.

"Quite easy, deah boy! I could do it myself if I knew how," said Arthur Augustus. "He's in his study now, muckin' about with wotten inks and stains and things. Come and see him, and we'll put it to him."

Rook hesitated.

"It would be wippin' to have a nice head of black hair, or auburn, you know!"

"It's auburn now!" growled Rook.

"It isn't really red—I call it auburn."

"Ahem! Yaas! Wathah a pwonounced shade in auburn, that's all," agreed Arthur Augustus. "He could dye it black, or blue, or gween—"

"You ass! Do you think I want green hair?" howled Rook.

"No, no, of course not. I was only puttin' the case. Come and see Glyn, and see what he can do!"

"Well, I may as well see him," said Rook, after some hesitation. "I'd give my whole tern's pocket-money for a good dye that wouldn't show!"

"Come and see him, then, deah boy!"

And Arthur Augustus marched the new junior down the passage to the end study. He knocked at the door, and turned the handle, but the door did not open. He knocked again.

"Glyn, deah boy—"

"Buzz off!" came the schoolboy inventor's voice from the study. "I'm busy!"

"It's wathah important, Glyn! I've got the new chap here, Wook."

"Go and bury him!"

"He's awfully intewested in your expewiments, Glyn!"

"Oh, well, you can come in if you like!"

Bernard Glyn opened the door. His face still looked very queer from the

red dye, though constant washing had changed it to a pale pink by this time. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his fingers and wrists were deeply stained. The table was covered with vessels of all sorts of shapes and sizes, filled with mysterious-looking fluids.

"Pway allow me to intwoduce my fwend Wook," said Arthur Augustus. "Wook, deah boy, this is Glyn of the Shell, a weamarkably clevah fellow. He invents things, you know!"

"Glad to see you," said Glyn. "By Jove, that's a ripping colour, if I could get it in a dye!" And he regarded Rook's hair admiringly.

Rook frowned, and Arthur Augustus hastened to pour oil upon the waters that were already growing troubled.

"Wook wants you to help him, Glyn, deah boy. I suppose those wotten dyes—"

"Those what?"

"Those awfully clevah dyes would do for a chap's hair?"

"I could make one that would do," said Bernard Glyn. "Quite simple! I'd like to try, for an experiment. Would you like your hair dyed, Rook?"

"If you could do it a good colour that wouldn't wash off," said Rook.

"Of course it wouldn't wash off, ass! My dye is indelible!" said the Liverpool lad. "I'll try if you like!"

"If it washed off, you'd only be where you were before, Wook, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus.

"It wouldn't wash off," said Glyn. "What colour would you like? I've got a beautiful green here. It looks black in the jar, but when it's dried, it dries a splendid green!"

"Wook doesn't want gween hair, Glyn!"

"Well, what colour? I've only done red, green, and black so far," said the schoolboy inventor.

"Black," said Rook.

"I've got a splendid black—dead black—and it's the safest of all not to come off," said Glyn. "If you'd like to try it, I'll shove it on. It will take some time, but I don't mind the trouble. If it turns out a success—I mean, when it turns out a success—I'm going to patent it as a hair dye."

"Can you shove it on without touchin' my face?" said Rook dubiously. "I don't want to go round with a face like yours, you know."

"Get some towels from the dorm, Gussy. I'll towel him up as if he were going to be shampooed," said Glyn.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Arthur Augustus hurried off for the towels. Bernard Glyn's eyes were gleaming now. He was keenly interested in the experiment. He had already asked Clifton Dane and Kangaroo to let him experiment at dyeing their hair, but his studymates were not "having any," and they had told him so—with unnecessary emphasis. Rook's desire to have his hair dyed was a stroke of luck for the schoolboy inventor.

Rook glanced rather doubtfully over the jars on the table. The red dye was easily distinguishable, but the black and the green looked the same in the jars. Glyn explained that they dried differently.

D'Arcy came back with an armful of towels.

"I say, you'll want those towels in the dorm," said Rook. "If they get dyed they won't be any good."

"Oh, that's all wight; I've taken them fwom the Fifth Form dorm."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lock the door, in case any silly ass



Levison went down with a bump, with Rook upon him. The new boy grasped a water-jug and swamped the contents over the cad of the Fourth. Levison shrieked under the sudden flood of cold water. "Groogh! Ow! Oh! Groogh!"

comes along to interrupt," said Glyn, and D'Arcy turned the key. "Sit down here, Rook. Better take your collar off. That's right. Now, hand me the towels, Gussy—make yourself useful!"

"Mind you don't get any on my face and neck," said Rook anxiously.

"I'm going to cover up your face and neck. That's all right."

Glyn passed the towels over Rook's face, and stuffed them into his collar. The new junior was blindfolded now, and could see nothing of the proceedings. Glyn was very careful to cover up all the skin below the level of the hair.

Rook could see nothing, but he very speedily felt something. He gave a yell as the schoolboy inventor started on his hair.

"Ow! You're burning me! Yow!"

"That's all right—"

"Yah! Oh—"

"It's only the feel of the stuff," said Glyn. "Like having a dry shampoo, you know. Not dangerous at all; in fact, it assists the growth of the hair. Don't wriggle, or it will run down your face, and it won't come off. You're getting for nothing what other people will have to pay five bob a bottle for when I've taken out my patent. Keep still; the burning will soon pass off."

"It's not passing off yet!" howled Rook.

"That's all right; it will soon!"

Glyn had put on a pair of gloves, and was working the dye into Rook's hair with busy fingers. Arthur Augustus watched in great admiration. The red hair was disappearing from sight, and becoming a jetty, shiny black in hue.

"Bai Jove, that's wippin'!" said D'Arcy.

"Feels ripping!" growled Rook. "Ripping my blessed scalp off, I think!"

"Oh, you must gwin and beah that, deah boy!"

"One doing won't be enough," Glyn remarked. "I shall have to give it a second coat to-morrow, Rook. But that will be easy enough, and it won't cost you anything. This will be enough to cover up the original colour of the hair,

and nobody who saw you would ever suppose you were ginger."

"Yaas, wathah; it's covewin' it up a tweat."

Glyn worked away industriously, kneading the dye into Rook's thick hair. There was no doubt that it was a success—temporarily, at all events. The red had vanished, and a glossy black had taken its place. There was a greenish glimmer in the shiny black, but that, Glyn remarked, was only because it was wet. It would pass off when it was dry.

It was finished at last.

"Now, you ought to sit in a warm atmosphere for an hour or two to dry it," said Glyn. "Gussy will light a fire in your study."

"Yaas, wathah!"

The obliging swell of St. Jim's hurried away to light the fire. Bernard Glyn bestowed a final kneading upon his victim's hair, and then removed the towels.

"Look in the glass!" he said.

Rook did so, and gave a jump of amazement.

The red hair had vanished, and the alteration it made in his appearance was striking. His hair was jetty black, and gleaming with wet. His ruddy complexion looked very queer under the black hair. His complexion had matched his hair, but it was very far from matching it now. His hair looked as if it belonged to somebody else.

"Black enough—ch?"

"Ye-es. How long will it take to dry?"

"Only about an hour—perhaps two. Keep near the fire, but not too near, as the stuff is slightly inflammable, and might catch alight."

"What!" yelled Rook.

"No danger after it's dry," said Glyn reassuringly. "Don't shove it too close to the fire while it's wet, that's all. I'll give it another coat to-morrow—"

"And this won't wash off?"

"My dear chap, when it's once dry, steam-engines and wild horses couldn't wash it off!"

And Rook went to his own study to dry his hair, keeping a towel wrapped over it, in case of any accident from its being slightly inflammable. Curiously enough, successful as the dyeing experiment had been, Rook was looking only half satisfied.

It had occurred to him that it was better to have red hair that agreed with his complexion than black hair that stood out in startling contrast to it. But it was too late to think of those considerations now—he was in for it!

CHAPTER 9.

Green as Grass!

LUMLEY-LUMLEY came into his study about an hour later, and jumped.

He had cause to be surprised.

It was a hot afternoon, and a big fire was blazing in the study. Near the fire sat Rook, with his head tied up in a towel.

"Jolly warm here!" growled Lumley-Lumley.

"Had to have a fire to dry my hair," said Rook. "Let it out now, if you like."

"Been washing your head?" asked Lumley-Lumley, eyeing him.

"No; Glyn's dyed my hair."

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

"It won't be ginger any more," said Rook. "I'm sorry to stop the fellows having their little jokes, as they enjoy them so much. But there you are!"

"What colour have you got?" asked Lumley-Lumley.

"Black!"

"Blessed if I'd let that tame lunatic muck about with my hair, if it was yellow or pink!" said Lumley-Lumley. "What are you keeping it tied up for?"

"Glyn says it's inflammable till it dries."

"Isn't it dry yet? I'd like to see it, I guess!"

Rook put up his hand under the swathing towel and felt his hair.

"Yes, dry enough," he said. "I

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suppose I may as well have this towel off now."

He unpinched the towel, and jerked it off his head.

Lumley-Lumley gave him one look, and then uttered a wild yell.

"Oh crumbs! Great Scott!"

Rook grinned rather sheepishly.

"I suppose it's a great change?" he remarked.

"Great change! Great snakes and earthquakes!" shrieked Lumley-Lumley. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—"

Lumley-Lumley staggered back, gasping with laughter.

"You silly ass!" he roared. "You shouldn't have let that dotty chump muck about with your hair! He isn't safe! Ha, ha, ha! Did he tell you it was black?"

"It is black!" said Rook warmly. "I looked at it in the glass when it was finished. Do you mean to say the red shows through now it's dry?"

"Red! Ha, ha, ha! No; green!"

"What!"

"It's green!" shrieked Lumley-Lumley. "Oh, my only Uncle Joseph! Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

The unhappy Rook gave a wild yell.

"Green!"

"Yes, Ha, ha, ha!"

Rook made a bound to the looking-glass. He staggered back speechlessly as he caught sight of his reflection.

There was no doubt about it. Glyn had evidently used the wrong dye—Rook remembered that they had looked the same colour in the jars. The schoolboy inventor had made a mistake—and Rook's hair had dyed a bright, vivid green!

"You'd better get that washed off before anybody else sees you!" chuckled Lumley-Lumley.

"Washed off!" bellowed Rook. "It won't wash off! It's indelible—"

"Won't wash off! Oh, my hat!"

Lumley-Lumley staggered out of the study, almost in convulsions. Fellows came along to hear what the wild yells of laughter were about. There was a shout as a junior with a red, furious face and bright green hair dashed out of the study.

"Gweat Scott! What's that?"

"It's Rook!"

"What the dickens—"

"What the deuce—"

Lumley-Lumley reeled against the wall, almost overcome.

"He's been having his hair dyed!" he moaned. "He's let Glyn dye his hair with some of his blessed scientific dyes—and it's dyed green instead of black—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Bai Jove! Poor old Wook!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think he's gone to see Glyn now!" gasped Lumley-Lumley. "Somebody had better follow him—or I think there'll be murder done!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors rushed down the passage. There were already sounds of wild strife from the end study. As the crowd of fellows reached the open doorway, there was a crash, and they looked in and beheld the study table on its side, bottles and vessels of all kinds smashed on the floor, and Rook and Bernard Glyn rolling among the wreckage clutching in a deadly embrace.

The juniors shrieked.

It was no laughing matter for Arthur Rook; but the sight of the

junior with green hair almost convulsed the other fellows.

His red hair had been striking enough; but its new colour was much more striking than the old colour had been.

Rook was evidently in a state of frantic rage.

He was rolling over on the floor with Glyn, hammering him wildly. Glyn would have been fully a match for the Fourth Former in ordinary circumstances. But Rook seemed to have the strength of three or four fellows at this moment.

Glyn seemed like a child in his hands. He was yelling for help, under the impression that Rook had suddenly gone mad.

"Help! Lend a hand! Draggimoff! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Green as grass!" roared Manners.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to call him greens instead of carrots!" chuckled Levison.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! It's wotten! Glyn has no wight to make such a widdleous mistake! And that awful colour won't come off, you know. Poor old Wook is green-haired for life now!"

"Oh, my aunt! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help!" moaned Glyn. "He's killing me! Help!"

Thump, thump, thump!

The juniors rushed in and dragged the infuriated Rook off his victim.

Rook struggled furiously in their grasp. He evidently did not consider that he had finished yet. Bernard Glyn sat up dazedly, with one hand to his eye, and the other to his nose, and panted.

"What's the marrer with him?" he gurgled. "Is he mad?"

"No, only green."

"Gween as gwass, you awful ass! You made a mistake with the dye."

"Great Scott!" Glyn stared at Rook, and then, in spite of himself, he burst into a yell of laughter. "My hat! Isn't he funny? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lemme gerrat him!" roared Rook.

"I must have taken the wrong jar!" gasped Glyn. "You see, they look the same colour when they're wet. I thought it looked a little greenish, though. But—it was all Gussy's fault; he was talking—"

"Weally, Glyn—"

Rook made a desperate effort, and broke away from the juniors who were holding him, and hurled himself upon Glyn again.

"Ow! Help! Help!"

"Collar him!" roared Kangaroo.

"He's dangerous!"

Rook was collared once more.

"Lemme alone!" he shrieked. "I'm going to smash him! I'm going to pulverise him! I'll put a stop to his scientific experiments! Leggo!"

"Weally, Wook, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus, laying a restraining hand upon the new junior's shoulder.

Rook gave him a ferocious glare.

"You're as bad as he is!" he yelled.

"You've got me into this!"

"Oh, bai Jove! My deah Wook—"

"Take that—and that—and that—and that—"

"Ow! Bai Jove! Help! Dwag him off! Oh!"

Rook was dragged off D'Arcy, and the swell of St Jim's staggered back, clasping his nose in anguish.

"Ow! You awful wuffian! You wottah! Is this the return you make for my friendship, you fwightful beast? Ow!"

"Your friendship's rather dangerous

to a chap when he's going to have his hair dyed," chuckled Tom Merry.

"I did my best for the uttah wottah! Ow!"

"You silly ass!" roared Rook.

"I wefuse to be called a silly ass—"

"You—you burbling josses—"

"I decline to be chawactewised as a jossah. I shall wetire fwom the study, and I twust you will apologise when you are coolah," said Arthur Augustus, with a great deal of dignity; and he marched off with his nose in the air.

Rook turned a ferocious glare upon Bernard Glyn.

"Now, how are you going to get this stuff off my head?" he demanded.

"Can't be done!" said Glyn. "It's a fast dye—quite indelible."

Rook panted.

"Do you mean to say it won't come off?"

"Why, you made a point of that yourself!" said the schoolboy inventor. "You wanted a dye that wouldn't come off. You know you did!"

"Not a green dye, you idiot!"

"That was an accident, of course! Accidents will happen. All scientific experiments are liable to accidents. I don't claim to be infallible," said Glyn indignantly. "I've never said that I'm above making an occasional mistake."

"You—you—"

"The dye is fast enough. It won't wash out. It's all right in that respect, just as I said. It's only the colour that's wrong."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will it wear off?" yelled Rook.

"Well, in the course of time, perhaps. I wouldn't say for certain. In a year or two—"

"A—a—what?"

"A year or two. Perhaps two or three years—"

"Let me get at him!" shrieked Rook.

"Better not!" said Blake. "You've spoiled his beauty already as much as he's spoiled yours. Better come and see what you can do with hot water and soap."

"Come on! We'll all lend a hand scrubbing," said Tom Merry.

And Rook agreed to that, as the last hope.

CHAPTER 10.

Fast Colours!

THE juniors, almost in hysterics, marched the unfortunate Rook away to a bath-room. Tom Merry turned on the hot-water tap, and Blake whipped off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves and took a brush and a cake of soap.

"Now shove your head under the water, and I'll scrub it!" he said.

"Hold on! It's boiling water!" said Manners.

"Well, the hotter the better," said Blake.

"Idiot!" yelled Rook. "I don't want to be scalded!"

"Well, if you're going to raise silly objections to every trifle, I don't see how you're going to get that dye off—"

"Fathead!"

Rook turned on the cold-water tap, and the bath filled. He plunged his head into the hot water, and the obliging Blake worked soap into his hair and scrubbed. He scrubbed with great energy, and Rook roared with pain.

"Groogh! Don't rub my scalp off! Groogh!"

"Well, the harder the better—"

"Is it coming off?" spluttered Rook.

"No, your scalp's all right—"

"I mean the dye, idiot!"

"Oh, the dye! Yes, some of it's

coming off. The water's turning green.

"Does it look better?"

"No, it looks just the same; but some of it's coming off."

Jack Blake scrubbed away industriously. Rook roared with pain, and snatched the brush away from him and began to rub his head himself. There was no doubt that the hot water was taking on a greenish tinge. Some of the dye was coming off, in spite of its boasted "fastness."

"Getting on," said Tom Merry, encouragingly. "It still looks green—rather a fresh green, in fact. But in the long run—"

"Ow! My head's sore already!" groaned Rook. "I can't stand any more of it!"

"Better keep at it," said Blake.

"Chump! I feel as if I'm being skinned!"

And Rook lurled the brush into the bath, and took a towel and began to towel his head. A greenish tinge came over the towel as he rubbed his hair.

His face was crimson with exertion now, and he looked a great deal like a freshly-boiled beetroot. He looked into the glass, and gave a yell of rage as he saw that his hair was almost as green as ever. It was simply a somewhat lighter green.

"Oh, the villain! I'll pulverise him!" he groaned.

"It's rotten hard lines," said Tom Merry. "But it's bound to wear off. All Glyn's blessed inventions have something wrong with them, and I'll bet you that this isn't a really fast dye."

"Besides, when the hair grows, it will grow red like the old lot," said Blake, "and you can have the green crop out off then. Only for a time you'll be partly red and partly green."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rook rubbed his hair dry, and replaced his collar and tie. His scarlet face and green hair formed a remarkable contrast.

"Oh, what a silly ass I was to let him touch it!" he groaned.

"Well, you were," agreed Blake. "What's the matter with having red hair? It's as good as any other colour, and better than green."

"I wish I could get it red again!" muttered Rook.

He stamped out of the bath-room.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy met him in the passage and stopped him.

"Wook, deah boy," he said kindly, "I'm willin' to ova-look the remarks you made in the excitement of the moment, and to excuse you!"

Rook glared at him.

"I'm not willing to excuse you, fat-head!" he said.

"Weally, Wook—"

"You're as big an idiot as Glyn!"

And Rook stamped on to his study, leaving Arthur Augustus in a state of great indignation.

Rook was not seen downstairs again that day.

He remained in the study, keeping his green hair to himself as much as he could, and looking forward with horror to appearing in the class the next morning.

That the horrible dye would wear off in time was very probable. But how long would it take? That was a very pressing question for the unfortunate junior.

Bernard Glyn looked into the study later on. The schoolboy inventor was showing plain signs of the rough handling he had received. His nose was swollen, and one of his eyes was closed. But Glyn did not bear any malice. He was generously admitting that it was

JUST MY FUN

Monty Lowther
Calling!



Hallo, everybody!

What did the American bankrupt say? Ohio (Oh, I owe)!

Mr. Ratcliff complained of stomach pains after dining in Wayland. Grill—ill—pill—bill!

I don't care what you say, a dance band drummer who also croons has a "hum drum" life!

I know an actor who says he never needs to order his dinner—the audience give him the "bird" every night!

Reflection: The law is strong, yet easily broken.

And, after all, tyre manufacturers live on the "flat" of the land.

"Tell me," said Mr. Lathom, in history class, "what happened after the sacking of Rome?" "Oh, he got another job, sir!" replied Gore.

One from the Third Form Room: "A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending."

Bankers are now taking interest in films, we read. I suppose they just can't help "taking interest."

I note a Minister of Television is proposed. He'll be the First See Lord.

"Whatever you do, there are millions of stars looking at you," said the open-air lecturer. "Not to-night, guv'nor," came a voice; "it's cloudy!"

only natural for Rook to be annoyed at the way the experiment had turned out. Rook glared at him as he looked in.

"I say, Rook, I'm sorry the way that's turned out!" said Glyn. "But I can make it all right for you, if you like."

"Can you get it off?" howled Rook.

"That's impossible; it's a fast dye. But I can dye it black for you, if you like. Come to my study, and I'll do it over again with the right dye."

"Yes; I'm likely to trust myself in your hands again, you dangerous lunatic! I suppose you'd make it pink or purple next time!"

"Oh, no! I'd be jolly careful—"

"Oh, get out!"

"I'll bring the stuff here, if you like, and—"

"If you bring it here, I'll make you drink it!" yelled Rook. "Get out, you lunatic!"

He grabbed up a cricket stump and charged at Glyn, and the schoolboy inventor slammed the door and fled.

But Rook had a good many more visitors. The story of the unsuccessful dyeing operation was soon all over the House, and fellows came from far and near to see it. They opened the door and looked into the study with various excuses, and went into convulsions at the sight of Rook's hair and fled. Fellows came over from the New House to see it, and even seniors of the Fifth Form looked in. Rook was in a state of growing exasperation, and he took to hurling things at whoever opened the door.

The Government is going to do something for the farmers, we read. Another "crop" of suggestions?

As the butcher said when asked why he took to the business: "Well, I was always fond of animals."

Then there was the new town crier who carried a bunch of onions to make him cry properly!

Headline: "Trombone player gets £20 a week." Just by letting things slide?

"Troubles are good for us," says the Head. But Crooke complains he is getting too much of a good thing.

I hear Mellish was caught raiding the larder. Disappearances were against him.

Short one: "What's 'horse sense'?" asks Herries. The ability to say "Nay!"

"A great cricketer is an artist," says a writer. Well, he certainly draws the crowds.

They say the members of the Third Form are alike in many disrespects. Ow!

The school medico warns us that car troubles come from not keeping the mouth shut when asleep. And thick car troubles come from not keeping the mouth shut when awake!

Then a giant Frenchman 8 feet 6 inches in height is glad Leap Year is longer than a normal year. He will have more time to get down to things!

Story: "What are those queer-looking statues over there?" "They're not statues—they're workmen busy on their new Government jobs."

As Dame Taggles' friend remarked, discussing her family: "Yes, all my family's names begin with an aitch—'Orace,' 'Enry,' 'Ebert,' 'Aroid,' and 'Arriet.'" Hexactly! Back again next week, chaps!

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn came over from the New House together and looked into the study. Rook had a pile of missiles ready on the table.

"I say," began Figgins affably, "I hear you— Oh!"

A pat of butter caught Figgins in the eye.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Kerr. "What the— Yah! Oh!"

A jam tart squashed in his eye, and he retreated into the passage.

A Latin grammar followed him, and Fatty Wynn hastily shut the door.

"The chap seemed to be annoyed," said Fatty Wynn.

"Groogh!" said Figgins, wiping butter out of his eye. "Groogh! The silly ass!"

"Better let him alone!" grinned Blake. "It's having a very bad effect on his temper. Hallo! Here comes Cutts!"

Cutts of the Fifth came along the passage, grinning.

"Where's the chap with the green hair?" he asked. "I want to see him."

"He's very ratty," warned Blake. "He's chucking things."

"He'd better not chuck things at me!" said Cutts.

And he opened the door of Study No. 8 and looked in, and burst into a yell of laughter at the sight of Rook.

"Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

Whiz!

A loaf came hurtling through the air, and it smote Cutts on the chest and

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fairly bowled him over. He reeled out and sat down in the passage.

"I told you so!" griped Blake.

Cutts of the Fifth jumped up in a fury.

"I'll smash him!" he roared.

"Look here, Cutts—"

Cutts did not heed. He charged into the study. Rook drew the poker from the fire, where it had been getting red-hot. Cutts suddenly halted as the hot poker was flourished under his nose.

"I'll—I'll— Oh! Yah! Keep that poker off, you young villain!"

Cutts retreated out of the study with a yell of pain as the red-hot poker came into contact with his person.

Cutts was Rook's last visitor. Red-hot pokers were not a joking matter, and the green-haired junior was left alone in his glory after that.

CHAPTER 11.

A Close Crop!

ROOK came into the dining-room to breakfast the next morning with a cap on.

Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, who was at the head of the table, greeted him with a frown. All the fellows in the dining-room knew why the cap was there, and they grinned. But the Fourth Form master knew nothing about that dyeing operation, and he was angry.

"Rook!" he rapped out, as the new junior sat down.

"Yes, sir," said Rook.

"How dare you sit down at the breakfast table with your head covered!" said the Form-master.

"Have you no manners?"

"If you please, sir—"

"Take your cap off instantly."

Rook turned scarlet.

"I—I— If you please, sir, I want to keep it on."

"What—what! Have you a cold in the head?"

"No, sir."

"Then why do you wish to keep your cap on, Rook?"

"To—to—to cover up my hair, sir."

"What! I do not understand you, Rook. Why do you wish to cover up your hair?" demanded Mr. Lathom, in angry surprise.

"The—the colour, sir—" stammered Rook.

"Nonsense, boy! If you mean that jests have been made about your hair being red, you are very foolish to take notice of them. Take your cap off at once."

Rook hesitated.

"If you please, sir, my hair isn't red now," he stammered.

"What! What do you mean, Rook?"

"It's green, sir."

Mr. Lathom stared blankly at him.

"If this is a joke, Rook, I must point out that your Form-master is not a proper person to be joked with. Take fifty lines, and remove your cap at once."

Rook removed his cap.

Mr. Lathom looked at him and adjusted his spectacles carefully and looked again. There was a ripple of laughter through the room. Mr. Lathom seemed astounded. He rose from his place and came down the long table to have a closer look at the peculiar head of hair sported by the new boy.

"Rook, what in the name of goodness have you been doing to your hair? It is green!"

"It's been dyed, sir."

"Dyed! Boy, do you mean to tell me that you have been so utterly absurd as

to have your hair dyed green?" shrieked the Form-master.

"It was a mistake, sir. It was meant to be black, and the silly idiot used the wrong dye, sir!"

"This is utterly ridiculous! Go and wash it off at once!"

"It won't wash off, sir; I've tried."

Mr. Lathom was amazed.

"You—you mean to tell me that this horrible colour will not wash off, Rook? That you are going about with green hair?"

"I can't help it, sir. It won't come off."

"It is extraordinary—unheard-of! Rook, you cannot possibly appear in the Form-room in that state."

Rook looked a little more cheerful. He was not specially anxious to appear in the Form-room, so far as that went.

"Very well, sir. If I am to miss lessons—"

"But—but something must be done. You must go down to the barber's in Ryecombe this morning and ask him what he can do to remove that absurd dye, Rook. And if you make any further attempts to dye your hair you will be caned most severely!"

The usual decorum of the dining-room was not at all observed that morning. Nobody seemed to be able to look at the new junior without laughing; even the masters could not help smiling when they saw the green hair.

When the fellows went into the Form-rooms Rook made his way to the village. He put on the largest cap he could find and pulled it down over his forehead and his ears to conceal the peculiar colour of his hair and to avoid trouble with the village boys. By this device he was able to reach the village barber's without half the population of Ryecombe following at his heels, which would certainly have been the case if they had seen the remarkable colour of his hair.

Mr. Mopp, the village barber, was, fortunately, alone in his shop, excepting for the boy who aided him in his labours; he was not a busy man in the mornings.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Mr. Mopp.

"Shave, sir?"

Rook granted. Mr. Mopp sometimes secured a tip from the senior boys by asking them whether they wanted a shave; but Rook was not in a mood for compliments.

"No," he said.

"Haircut, sir?"

"No!" growled Rook.

"Ahem! Then what can I do for you, sir?"

"I suppose you know something about hair dyes?" said Rook.

Mr. Mopp rubbed his shiny hands.

"Certainly, sir! You have come to the right place for that. We have Serooger's dyes at six shillings a bottle, and something of our own which is quite as good—in fact, better—at half the price. What colour do you prefer, sir?"

"I don't want my hair dyed!" growled Rook. "I've been dyeing it—I mean a silly idiot has been dyeing it for me—and I want to get it off."



"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Lumley-Lumley. "Your hair's a bound to the looking-glass. He stared speechlessly at the reflection he had used to."

"Ahem! That is a different matter. But I will do my best," said Mr. Mopp. "Kindly take a seat, sir."

Rook sat down. He was unwilling to remove his cap; but it had to be done, and Mr. Mopp almost fell upon the floor at sight of Rook's hair.

"G-goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "He, he, he!" yelled the barber's boy hysterically.

"It's not a laughing matter!" yelled Rook. "I want this stuff got off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"George, hold your tongue!" gasped Mr. Mopp. "How dare you laugh in the presence of this gentleman! Ha, ha, ha! I mean leave the shop at once!"

George left the shop, grinning; his yells could be heard dying away in the distance.

Mr. Mopp made a heroic effort to be grave.

"I—I presume the wrong dye was used!" he gasped.

"Yes," growled Rook.

"I will see what I can do."

Mr. Mopp saw what he could do. He tried all sorts of concoctions upon Rook's hair, but the dye refused to budge.

"Got it off?" asked Rook at last, as the exhausted barber ceased his labours.

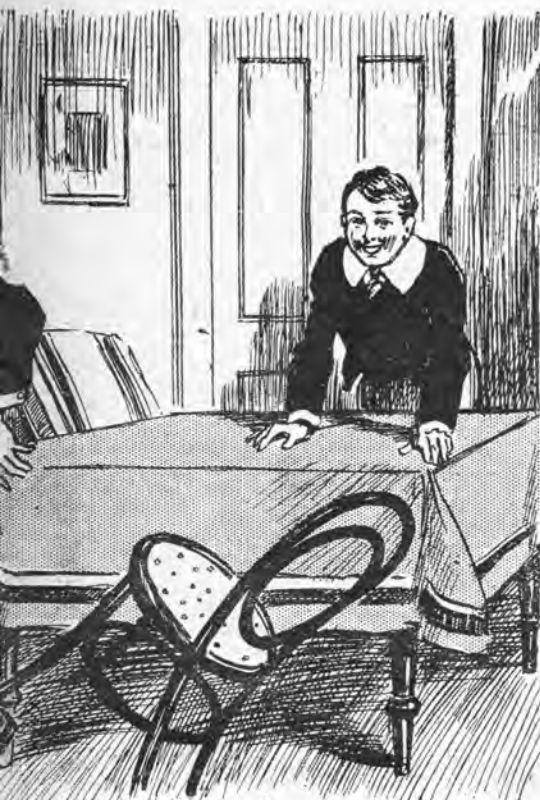
"I have made a difference to it—a distinct difference," said Mr. Mopp. "It is lighter now—decidedly lighter."

Rook looked in the glass and scowled at his reflection.

"It's the same as ever!" he grunted.

"No, no; a little lighter—decidedly lighter," said Mr. Mopp. "If you come to me every day for—for a week or two—"

"Week or two!" yelled Rook. "I want it off now—at once!"



en!" The unhappy Rook gave a wild yell, and made reflection. His hair was a bright, vivid green! Glyn rone dye!

"Ahem! I'm afraid that is impossible. I will cut your hair very short, if you like," said Mr. Mopp. "Then it will be less—less noticeable. The new hair, of course, will grow its natural colour, and at your age hair grows quickly."

"Cut it, then!" said Rook surlily. Mr. Mopp set to work with his scissors.

He cut off all the hair he could get at, and that certainly made a difference. Rook looked a great deal like a convict when he had finished. The hair was cropped off quite close to his head all over, but what was left persisted in glaring a vivid and offensive green.

"There! That is very much better!" said the barber. "Look in the glass."

Rook looked in the glass and snorted. "Can't you get any more off?" he demanded.

"I have shaved it quite close," said Mr. Mopp. "I assure you that when the new hair grows, it will be its natural colour. If you come to me in a few days for a fresh cut, I think this—this extraordinary colour will all be gone."

"Br-r-r-r!"

"If you would care to try a new dye—"

"Rats! I've had enough of dyes!" growled Rook. "How much?"

"Two shillings, please!"

"I'll make Glyn pay for it, the beast!"

Rook handed out the two shillings, which was certainly a reasonable charge, considering the time Mr. Mopp had spent on his labours. Then he jammed his cap down on his head and left the shop. When he was gone, Mr. Mopp sat down and laughed till he wept.

The boys had come out after morning

lessons by the time Rook arrived at St. Jim's.

"Here he is!" roared Gore of the Shell.

And an interested crowd gathered round Rook as he came in.

"Got it off, Rook?"

"Is it greens or carrots now?"

"Let's see it."

"Go and eat coke!" snorted Rook.

Gore jerked off his cap, and there was a yell of laughter at the sight of the close-cropped hair.

"Convict 99!" howled Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Rook snatched his cap from Gore, and jammed it on his head, and strode away to the School House. Mr. Railton met him as he entered. The School House master was trying not to smile.

"I hope you have succeeded in getting that absurd dye removed, Rook," he said.

"It won't come off, sir!" growled Rook. "Would you mind if I wear my cap indoors, sir, till it's gone?"

"H'm! Perhaps you had better do so, Rook; I will speak to Mr. Lathom. My boy," added the House-master kindly, "I trust you realise now that you acted in a ridiculous manner in wishing to have your hair dyed at all. It was very foolish of you to take notice of thoughtless jokes about your hair being red. I suppose that was your motive."

"Ye-es, sir."

"The colour of one's hair is a matter of very small importance—and red, too, is a sign of virility, and should be a cause of pride rather than otherwise," said Mr. Railton. "I hope you will never do anything so foolish again, Rook."

"Yes, rather, sir! I only wish it were red now!" groaned Rook.

"It will soon resume its natural colour, Rook. Pray take a more sensible view of the matter in future, and do not show an absurd sensitiveness upon a point that is not of the slightest importance. Extreme sensitiveness upon such a trifling matter, Rook, is a sign of personal conceit."

And Rook, after receiving that little lecture, went to his study to hide his remarkable hair from the general view. That afternoon he appeared in the Form-room with his cap on, and he seldom appeared with his head uncovered after that—till the natural growth of his hair gave Mr. Mopp another chance, and then a fresh hair-cut relieved Rook of the green dye.

CHAPTER 12.

Friends Divided!

MONTY LOWTHER was seated in the study in the Shell passage, a few days later, when the new boy came in. Lowther was looking glum. His breach with his study leader had not been healed, and matters were extremely uncomfortable in Tom Merry's quarters. It was time now for the "Weekly" to appear, and the proofs were about to be returned to Mr. Tiper, the local printer, who had

the honour of printing the school magazine.

Monty Lowther was very sore about the exclusion of his contribution by the heavy hand of the editor. He felt that it was not chummy, and he declined to admit that his contribution was not in good taste, and, therefore, ought to be included.

He frowned at Rook as he came in.

"Well, what do you want, Ginger?" he demanded. His feelings towards the junior were far from amiable just then.

Rook's eyes gleamed. "Never mind the ginger," he said. "I've come to talk to you. I've heard from Levison that you are putting something about me in your rotten school magazine."

"Well?"

"Well, it's not going in!" said Rook. "Have they made you chief editor, by any chance?" asked Monty Lowther sarcastically.

"No, they haven't. But I have a right to say that I won't be made fun of in your rotten silly paper, and I mean it!"

"You can go and eat coke!"

"I want you to undertake not to put in the limerick, or whatever it is," said Rook, breathing hard.

"And if I don't undertake it?" suggested Lowther.

"Then I shall jolly well stop you!"

"Oh, you'll stop me, will you?" said the Shell fellow, in a reflective sort of way. "And how are you going to do that?"

"I shall find a way soon enough," said Rook angrily. "I think it's cad-dish of you to think of doing such a thing! It's in rotten bad taste!"

"Go hon!"

"And I won't have it, so that's plain!"

"And I don't care twopence whether you'll have it or not!" said Lowther, his own anger rising. "Clear out of my study, and don't be cheeky!"

Rook clenched his hands.

"Will you do as I want?" he demanded.

"I'll do as I like!"

"Then we may as well settle it now," said Rook, throwing off his jacket.

"Come on!"

"Don't be a young ass!" said Lowther. "You know I can easily lick you!"

"Then you can do it. I'm going to lick you, if you don't."

"Oh, chuck it!" said Lowther uneasily. "I don't want to hurt you. But you ought to know that a Shell chap can't let a Fourth Form kid come into his study and bully him."

"The Shell chap shouldn't be a rotten cad, then!"

Lowther jumped up.

"If you want to go out of this room on your neck, Rook, you're going the right way to work!" he exclaimed.

"Come on, then!"

"Look here—"

"Will you leave that foolery out of your rotten paper?" demanded Rook.

As a matter of fact, the "foolery," as Rook politely termed Lowther's poetic efforts, had already been excluded by the chief editor. But Lowther, from a feeling of pride, did not choose to explain that.

"No, I won't!" he said.

"Then take that!"

"That" was a drive with the right, and Lowther took it upon his nose. That was enough for Monty Lowther.

He simply jumped at Rook.

In a second more they were fighting hammer-and-tongs—tramping to and fro

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in the study, crashing into the furniture, and hammering one another with terrific energy.

Rook was not up to Lowther's form in that kind of work, and he received plenty of punishment, but he put up a stout fight. "Ginger for pluck" certainly seemed to be true in Rook's case.

"Hallo, hallo! What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Tom Merry, coming into the study with Manners, as the fight was raging its hottest.

"I'm licking Rook!"

"I'm licking Lowther!"

Manners and Tom Merry hurled themselves upon the combatants, and dragged them apart. Rook gasped, and dabbed his nose with his handkerchief; Lowther caressed his eye. And they glared at one another savagely.

"Now, what's it all about?" asked Tom Merry pacifically. "Chuck it! You've slogged one another quite enough!"

"He's a cheeky cub, that's what's the matter!" said Lowther.

"I'm not having any rot about me put in the paper!" said Rook. "I tell you. I won't stand it from anybody!"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Tom Merry. "That's settled. Lowther isn't going to put anything about your blessed topknot into the 'Weekly'."

"I'm going to do as I like about that!" roared Lowther.

"But it's settled, Monty!"

"You needn't call me Monty—and it's not settled! I was going to leave it out; but now that Fourth Form fat-head has tried to bully me, I'm going to put it in!" said Lowther angrily.

"You shan't put it in!" said Rook.

"I will!"

"You won't!"

"You can't put it in, Monty," said Tom Merry, looking very worried. "We agreed on that!"

"We didn't agree on that! You took it upon yourself to say so!" growled Lowther. "I'm not under your orders, and you can go and eat coke! I'm going to put that limerick in, whether you like it or not, Mister Chief Editor, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Tom Merry's eyes flashed.

"Look here, Monty!"

"Oh, shut up with your Monty! My name's Lowther!" growled the other.

"Well, Lowther, then, if you like that better. That rotten limerick is scratched, and it's not going in, and that settles it!"

"I'm satisfied with that," said Rook.

"You won't be so satisfied when you see the paper!" sneered Lowther.

"You'll find it there all right."

"If I do, there'll be trouble!"

"Pooh!"

Rook's eyes began to blaze again, and Manners pushed him out of the study.

"You cut off!" he said. "We'll settle this with Lowther."

"So long as it doesn't go in, all serene," said Rook. And he went down the passage, still dabbing at his nose.

"Now, Lowther," said Tom Merry, "don't play the giddy goat. Be a reasonable chap. The proofs are all made up to send to Tiper, and you don't want to alter them just to worry a kid who hasn't done you any harm."

"Look at my eye!"

"Well, it's no worse than Rook's nose."

"I'm not going to be bullied by a Fourth Form kid!" howled Lowther.

"But Rook was in the right, you

know," said Manners, rather unfortunately.

"Oh, was he?" said Lowther. "Well, I can tell you that limerick's going in. And if you chaps want to side with a gingery freak against an old chum, you can do it; but I'll shove that limerick into the 'Weekly,' in spite of you. So there!"

And Lowther tramped out of the study and closed the door.

"Oh, blow Rook!" said Manners dismally. "There's Monty gone off on his ear, and all the fat's in the fire. What are you doing with those proofs, Tommy?"

"I'm going down on my knee to take them to Tiper's," said Tom Merry quietly.

"But Lowther!"

"Lowther can go and eat coke!"

"He will be ratty if his precious limerick is left out after this, Tom."

"Let him be!"

And Tom Merry, with the proofs of the "Weekly" tied up in a bundle on

AWAITING THEIR CHANCE!



The village fire brigade stood watching the top storey of a three-storey building blazing merrily. An onlooker questioned the captain about their inactivity.

"Our hoses ain't any too powerful," he replied. "We'll have a better chance when the fire gets to the ground floor!"

A football has been awarded to A. McLaren, 19, Clarence Road, Grappenhall, near Warrington.

his handlebars, cycled down to the village, and handed the precious copy into the hands of Mr. Tiper himself.

Monty Lowther saw him go, with a brow like thunder.

When he came back, he met Lowther in the quadrangle, and made one more overture towards peace.

"Monty, old man—" he began.

Lowther interrupted him roughly.

"You've taken the proofs down to Tiper?"

"Yes."

"Without my stuff in the paper?"

"Without that limerick—yes," said Tom. "You see—"

"That's enough."

"But, Monty, old chap—"

Monty Lowther turned his back. Tom Merry, with a heightened colour, walked away to the House without another word. The breach was complete now.

CHAPTER 13.

Lowther Has His Way!

KILDARE of the Sixth was at tea in his study, some time later, when Lowther knocked at his door.

"Come in!" Kildare sang out cheerily.

The captain of St. Jim's looked round curiously at Monty Lowther as he entered. The junior's usually sunny face was darkly clouded. Darrell, who was having tea with Kildare, looked at him very curiously, too, and Lowther flushed a little under their gaze.

"Hallo! What's the trouble with you?" asked Kildare.

"Nothing. I want a pass out of gates, please, Kildare?"

"What for? Going ragging the Grammarians, I suppose?"

"No; only going to the village."

"Important?" asked Kildare.

"Something's been left out of our paper—the 'Weekly,' you know," said Lowther. "I want to go down to Tiper's and rectify it."

"Oh, that's all right," said Kildare. "You can have a pass for that."

And he wrote it out at once.

Monty Lowther left the captain's study and went out into the quadrangle. Levison and Mellish were in the doorway, and they glanced at him curiously.

"Going out?" asked Levison.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Lowther.

Levison laughed.

"Where did you pick up those lovely manners?" he queried.

"Oh, shut up!"

And Lowther strode away.

"Quite a rift in the lute, and trouble in the cheery family circle," said Levison, with a grin. "Lowther and Tom Merry don't speak now. Shocking, isn't it?"

Mellish chuckled with great enjoyment.

"They've fallen out before, and made it up again," he remarked. "It looks a bit more serious this time. I heard Lowther ask Gore to let him do his prep in his study this evening. As a rule, he's on fighting terms with Gore. But he prefers him to Tom Merry and Manners just at present. I wonder what he's gone out for?"

"I fancy I know."

"You generally know a precious lot of things!" yawned Mellish. "What is it this time?"

"They've been rowing over Lowther's stuff being shoved out of the 'Weekly,'" said Levison. "My belief is that he's gone down to Tiper."

Mellish whistled.

"To have it shoved in, after all?"

"That's it."

"There will be trouble when we get the 'Weekly,' then? Tom Merry will be bound to get his back up over that."

"Well, it's like Lowther's cheek, as Tom Merry is chief editor and knight of the blue pencil!" grinned Levison. "I wouldn't stand interference."

"Suppose we drop him a hint?"

"He might drop you a thick ear in return. Better let Lowther have his way; all the fat will be in the fire then."

"He, he, he!"

Monty Lowther, quite unconscious of the enjoyment of the two cads of the Fourth, strode away to Rylcombe with a gloomy brow. If he had realised how he was playing into the hands of his old enemies, he might have desisted. But he did not know it, and all the

(Continued on page 18.)



**Let the Editor be your pal. Write to him to-day, addressing your letters :
The Editor, The GEM, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.**

HALLO, chums! After next Saturday footers and footer boots will mostly be greased and put away till next August. It is the official end of the football season, and Soccer once more gives way to King Willow. Over eight months of football is quite enough, if you are a player, and cricket comes as a refreshing and welcome change. Of course, many cricketers have been practising for several weeks, and County games are in full swing already.

Tom Merry & Co. have made an early start. They have already played one match, and won it. Now the second House match is due to be played, and there is no little keenness on the part of the juniors to get places in the House teams. No one is keener than Wally D'Arcy of the Third, and in next Wednesday's ripping yarn:

"WALLY ON THE WARPATH!"

he and his fag followers agitate for places in the School House eleven. Tom Merry's verdict is that there's nothing doing, and he flatly refuses to entertain the idea of even one fag being admitted to the team. Hence Wally goes on the warpath against the junior skipper, trying all ways—chiefly of a forcible nature—to coerce Tom into playing him. Tom Merry has a really hectic time of it, and the climax comes when he is imprisoned in the old tower of St. Jim's when the all-important House match is due to start. Who are the culprits? Could Wally & Co. be guilty? You will find the answer to this problem in the lively, long story of school fun, adventure, and cricket, which appears next week.

"THE MAKING OF HARRY WHARTON!"

Already I've had a good many letters from readers expressing great delight at the appearance in our pages of Harry Wharton & Co., and, judging by the very early response to our special Greyfriars story, I can see I shall be simply snowed under with letters of praise and congratulation. Still, all letters are welcome! I would like to hear what every individual reader has to say about this yarn. So drop me a line. Every letter will receive a reply from me, though not all at once!

The big feature of next Wednesday's chapters of this powerful story is the arrival at Greyfriars of the cheery Bob Cherry. The breezy manner in which he blows into the school, as if he had been there all his life, is typical of the happy-go-lucky nature of Bob. Like most new boys, however, Bob finds himself the victim of a leg-pull, which has the effect of bringing him into contact, for the first time with Harry Wharton—a meeting which ends in blows being

struck! Look out for these gripping chapters of Harry Wharton's early experiences at Greyfriars—and remember to give your order for the GEM early.

TWO TEASERS TO TEST YOUR WITS!

Our office-boy came into me this morning, and, by way of greeting, he said: "You're good at puzzles. Work this one out!"

"Right!" said I. "I'll do my best!"

"A boy was sent by his mother on an errand," explained the office-boy. "The article cost twopence-halfpenny, and he paid for it with a sixpenny piece. The shopkeeper gave him threepence-halfpenny change in two coins, one of which was not a threepenny-piece. What were the two coins he received?"

Well, after a good deal of thought, I had to confess I was baffled. The office-boy then told me the answer—you'll find it at the end of this chat—and, really, it was so simple that, to save my dignity, I had to get my own back on him.

"Here's one for you, then," I said in return. "A ladder is hanging down the side of a ship in port. The rungs of it are one foot apart, and the two bottom ones are submerged in water. If the tide rises one foot an hour, and it will be high tide in three hours' time, how many rungs will be under water at high tide?"

The office-boy smiled knowingly.

"Huh! That's an easy one!" he said, and, much to my discomfiture, told me the answer—you'll see it in the same place as the other. "You see," chuckled the office-boy, as he left the room, "I heard that one when I was at school!"

Rubbing it in—what?

THE HOT AND COLD MAN!

How would you like to be hot when the weather's cold, and cold when it is hot? Going about on a freezing cold morning without an overcoat, glowing with warmth when everyone is shivering, is a happy thought. But what about on a hot summer's day? Fancy having to wear a heavy overcoat when other fellows are lightly attired, with open-neck cricket shirts! Not so good, says you!

But that happens to be the case with a man living in Pennsylvania. He had severe sunstroke, and its after-effects on his health was to make him shiver on a hot day and feel very warm when it was cold. So far, doctors have been

unable to effect a cure for the man's strange malady. They are as puzzled as I was just now!

RAINING SNAKES!

I have often told you of amazing showers that sometimes fall from the clouds. Many cases have been reported of fish being drawn up into the clouds by a gale, to be showered down with the first fall of rain. The same thing has happened to shellfish, and even frogs, I believe! Well, now snakes can be added to the list of the world's strange showers. This unique event happened near Dumka, Bengal, a little while back. Men were working on the roof of a house when dozens of snakes began to fall on and all around them. A gale was blowing at the time, and the explanation is that the snakes were blown from trees near by. Still, it must be pretty unpleasant to have snakes falling on your napper when you least expect them!

THE MIDGET MOTOR-CAR!

No motor-car manufacturers in the world have done so much to provide motoring for the million as British car makers. Now another big step has been made in this direction. It is the Scoota, a midget two-seater, four-wheeler car, which costs only eighty pounds! It can attain a speed of fifty m.p.h., and does eighty miles to the gallon. The tax is only four-pounds-ten, and it is as cheap and easy to run and drive as a motor-bike. The Scoota has many other advantages over bigger cars, not the least of which is the fact that you can garage it in your hall, if you like! It is only three feet wide, seven feet long, and two feet six inches high, and it's an ideal bus for dodging in and out of the traffic. It seats two comfortably, in spite of its smallness. If anything goes wrong with the two-and-a-half horse-power air-cooled engine, you can remove it from the back, where it is mounted, in five minutes! Lastly, it's so simple to control, you can learn to drive it in three lessons, efficiently enough to pass the driving test!

PEN PALS

Paul Dorkins, 48, Daore Road, Upton Manor, London, E.13; age, 13-14; stamps, swimming.

William Brock, 26, High Road, Potters Bar, Middlesex; age, 12-16; Army; curio collecting.

Miss A. Beasley, 16, Lower Quinton, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire; girl correspondents; age, 12-16.

Miss Evelyn McIndoe, 190, Albert-bridge Road, Belfast; girl correspondents; age, 14-15; Guides, dressmaking, verse.

Miss Rex Chasen, c/o The Butts, Oughterside, Maryport, Cumberland; girl correspondents; age, 18 up.

Miss Betty Collins, 58, Windermere Avenue, Church End, Finchley, London, N. 3; girl correspondents; age, 12-18; animals, Nature.

RIGHT OR WRONG?

The answer to the first problem is that the other coin was a threepenny-piece, which, with a halfpenny, was the change the boy received. The solution of the second teaser is, two rungs. Naturally, the ladder lifts with the ship as the tide rises!

TAILPIECE.

Angler: "Contrary to belief, fishermen don't lie about the fish they catch."
Friend: "But a good many lie about the fish they don't catch!"

THE EDITOR.

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PEN PALS COUPON
2-5-36

obstinacy in his nature was aroused now.

The other fellows had tried to overrule him, and he was not going to be overruled—that was how he persisted in looking at it.

He arrived at Mr. Tiper's, and found Mr. Tiper himself there, in the composing-room. Mr. Tiper was helping his solitary assistant to "set up" the local paper, which was a more important enterprise in Mr. Tiper's eyes than the school magazine of St. Jim's.

"The 'Weekly's' not printed yet?" Lowther asked.

"Not yet, Master Lowther," said Mr. Tiper. "We're starting on it this evening."

"Good! Can you let me see the proofs? There's something been left out," Lowther explained. "I want to shove it in."

"Certainly! 'Enry, give Master Lowther the proofs of the 'Weekly.'"

Lowther spread out the proofs on a table, and took out a pencil. The Comic Column in "Tom Merry's Weekly" was under Lowther's supervision, and he had left a space in it where the famous limerick should have been. That space was still empty, and would have had to be spaced out in the printing. Lowther wrote in the limerick concerning Rook and his red hair in pencil.

Mr. Tiper had no suspicions. It was not uncommon for the schoolboy editor to come down to make some alterations at the eleventh hour. And he knew nothing, of course, of the dispute between the editor and the sub-editor of "Tom Merry's Weekly."

"That's all," said Lowther. "It wasn't much—only a limerick left out. When are we going to have the copies?"

"To-morrow afternoon, Master Lowther."

"Right-ho! Good-night!"

And Lowther quitted the printer's. He was very thoughtful as he walked home to St. Jim's. He had taken a great deal into his own hands in making that alteration without the editor's knowledge and consent, and his heart smote him a little when he was half-way home.

He paused in the lane, half minded to turn back and cut out the offensive limerick, after all.

But he thought of Rook and his dictatorial manner, and his heart hardened. He kept on to the school.

Taggles let him in, and assured him that he would report him for being out after locking-up, and Lowther snorted, and showed him the pass.

Then he went into the School House. "Done it?" asked Levison, meeting him in the passage.

Lowther started a little, and stared at the cad of the Fourth.

"Done what?" he asked roughly.

"I know where you've been," grinned Levison. "Shall I tell Tom Merry?"

Lowther flushed with anger.

"Tell him, and be hanged!" he said.

"Let me alone!"

And he swung away.

Rook was coming down the passage, and Lowther gave him a glance of grim dislike, and passed him without a word.

Rook looked at him, and then glanced at Levison's grinning face. He could see that something was "on."

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"You'll see when the 'Weekly' comes along to-morrow," grinned Levison.

Rook started.

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"Tom Merry has agreed that that rotten limerick won't go in—if that's what you mean," he said. "I said I wouldn't have it."

"It might be in, all the same," said Levison. "Lowther's just been down to Tiper's, the printer's, I fancy."

Rook set his lips.

"I understand. If it's in, after all, I shall know who did it, and there will be trouble. Not that I believe you, either. You'd be glad to make trouble, anyway. You're cad enough."

And he turned his back on Levison.

Monty Lowther had gone up to the Shell passage, but he did not go to Tom Merry's study as usual to do his preparation. He took his books into the next study, where Gore, Vavasour and Skimpole were at work at the table. George Gore made room for him to sit down, giving him a curious look.

"Still on fighting terms next door?"

he asked.

"Yes," growled Lowther.

"I'm very sorry," said Vavasour.

"Nothin' serious, is it?"

Lowther did not reply to that question. He sat and did his work with a grim and gloomy brow, and when it was finished left the study without a word.

"Cheerful chap to dig with, isn't he?" said Gore.

"I'm sorry he's on bad terms with Merry and Manners," said Vavasour.

"Oh, they'll get over it!"

"Perhaps it would be a good idea for a tactful fellow to step in and make friends of them again," Skimpole remarked thoughtfully, blinking at Gore through his big spectacles. "I should be very pleased to do anything I could. Perhaps if I were to point out to Lowther that it is absurd of him to act in this manner—"

"Take off your specs first," said Gore.

"My dear Gore, why should I take off my spectacles before making that very sensible and timely remark to Lowther?" asked Skimpole, in surprise.

"Because he's pretty certain to dot you on the nose, or in the eye," said Gore, with a grin.

"Ahem!" said Skimpole thoughtfully. "Perhaps it would be wiser not to interfere."

CHAPTER 14.

A Fateful Blow!

THE next day was a half-holiday at St. Jim's. The School House juniors were playing a House match with Figgins & Co. from over the way, and Tom Merry was somewhat exercised in his mind about it.

Monty Lowther was a prominent member of the School House Eleven, and his name was down to play in the House match.

As Tom and his chum were not on speaking terms, it was somewhat difficult to speak to Lowther about it, but after morning lessons Tom Merry made the plunge. He came up to Lowther as the Shell came out from the Form-room.

Lowther met him with a glance like steel.

"Monty, old man—" Tom Merry began, in a conciliatory manner.

"I think I've mentioned that my name's Lowther," said the other elaborately. "I'm Monty to my friends."

Tom reddened.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" he said.

"If that's all you've got to say, you can go and say it to somebody else," said Lowther.

"Well, that isn't all," said Tom, trying to keep his temper and speak good-humouredly. "I suppose you haven't forgotten we're playing the New House this afternoon? Are you going to play—same as usual?"

"No; I don't want to play this afternoon. I'm going out."

"Look here, Monty—"

"Lowther, please!"

"Lowther, then— Look here! You're not going to cut the cricket because of that silly rot about your limerick being left out of the 'Weekly'?"

"Perhaps it isn't left out, after all," said Lowther unpleasantly.

"Yes, it is. The proofs have been with Tiper since yesterday, and they're to be delivered this afternoon. They're printed now."

"Yes; with the limerick in."

"I don't see how you make that out," said Tom, puzzled. "It was left out of the proof."

"I called on Tiper last night, and put it in again," said Lowther deliberately. "You put it in," exclaimed Tom Merry, "without consulting me?"

"I think we'd had enough consultation on the subject—too much, in fact. I told you I wouldn't be bullied into leaving it out—and there you are!"

"Nobody wanted to bully you. I think you're a wrong-headed ass!" said Tom Merry angrily. "You know what we did to Levison who meddled with the 'Weekly,' and put something insulting into it."

"You wouldn't find me so easy to handle as Levison!" said Lowther, with a curl of the lip. "But if you want to, go ahead! I don't mind."

"I've a jolly good mind—" began Tom Merry, clenching his hands.

"Good mind to what?"

"To give you a jolly good licking!" exclaimed Tom, his anger flashing out. "That's what you want. It was like your cheek to meddle with the 'Weekly' after it had gone to the printer's, and you know it!"

"I'm ready to step into the gym, if you mean it about the licking," said Lowther. "With or without gloves, just as you like."

Tom Merry was greatly inclined to take him at his word for a moment or two; but he restrained his temper.

"I think it was rotten of you!" he said. "I promised Rook that it shouldn't go in, and now he'll think I've broken my word!"

"That's all right; I'll let him know who put it in."

"Then you'll be fighting him again, and that's rotten of you, too, as you know you can lick him easily. It would be better for you to pick rows with a chap who can stand up to you!" said Tom scornfully.

"I seem to be pretty rotten all through, in your opinion," said Lowther. "You can stand up to me, I suppose, if Rook can't! And I'm ready!"

"I'm not going to fight you, Monty," said Tom Merry quietly. "We've been chums too long to start quarrelling with one another now, especially about such rot as this! But if it had been anybody else—"

"Don't let that trouble you; we're not chums any longer, as you've thrown me over for that red-headed cad!" said Lowther bitterly.

"I haven't. It was you who—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" said Lowther. "Of course, it was my fault—I know that. You are never in the wrong, and

I always am. I don't want any more of that. And I'm not going to play in the cricket team so long as you're skipper, anyway. You can put Rook in, as you're so fond of him."

"Look here, Lowther, you'd better play—you don't want to go out—"

"I'm going for a stroll over Wayland Moor," said Lowther. "If Rook wants to find me, when he sees the 'Weekly,' you can tell him where I am. I feel just in the humour to give him a hiding."

"But, I say—"

"You've said quite enough."

And Lowther stalked away. While the other fellows were preparing for the House match, Lowther walked off by himself, and left the school.

Tom Merry went down to the cricket ground in a worried frame of mind.

"Where's Lowther?" asked Blake.

"He isn't playing to-day," said Tom shortly. "I'll put Gore in, if he'd care to play."

"What-ho!" said Gore emphatically.

"I'm your man!"

"Get into your things, then!"

Gore dashed away for his flannels. He did not have many opportunities of playing for his House, and he was glad of the chance. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy came up to the School House junior skipper with quite a worried brow.

"I trust you are not still on wotten terms with Lowthah, deah boy?" he said.

"Yes," said Tom Merry.

"I'm awfully sorry. If I can do anything—"

"You can't, Gussy; thanks all the same!"

"I don't know," said Arthur Augustus, with a wise shake of the head. "In a matter of this sort, a fellow of weal tact and judgment—"

"Here come Figgins & Co."

And the House match began. That Tom Merry was in a worried mood was evident from the fact that Fatty Wynn, of the New House, bowled him for a duck's egg. Fatty was a great bowler, but it was very seldom that Tom Merry's wicket went down for a duck to any bowling.

"Nevah mind, deah boy," said D'Arcy consolingly, as Tom came back to the pavilion. "I will make it a point to knock up a weally big score."

"Do!" said Tom Merry, with a faint smile.

And Arthur Augustus went in with a flourish and a determination to do great things for his House—an intention that was unfortunately nipped in the bud by a fast ball from Fatty Wynn, which whipped his leg stump out of the ground in the twinkling of an eye.

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy, in surprise.

And he walked back dolefully to the pavilion, disdaining to answer sarcastic inquiries as to the market price of duck's eggs.

Tom Merry was looking on at the batting with a far from cheerful brow, when the consignment of the "Weekly" arrived.

"May as well go and look at it while the fellows are batting," said Arthur Augustus. "The chaps who aren't playing in' would like to see the numbah."

Tom Merry nodded.

While the School House innings continued, Blake and Manners knocking up runs at a good rate, Tom Merry unfastened the bundle from the printer's in his study, and the copies of the "Weekly" were handed out.

Rook was there to receive one, and he took it away without a word, and started reading it in the lower passage. He was not long in finding the uncomplimentary limerick that referred to

himself. His eyes were gleaming over it when Levison joined him.

"Something about you there," said Levison, with a grin.

Rook looked up from the copy.

"Do you know where Lowther is?" he asked.

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes," said Rook, clenching his hands.

"I heard him telling Tom Merry he was going for a stroll on Wayland Moor," said Levison. "He's not playing cricket this afternoon. But I should advise you—"

Rook did not stay to hear Levison's advice, good or bad. He crushed the paper in his hand, jammed on his cap, and strode away. Levison looked after him with a grin. Rook took the lane towards Wayland, and Levison knew what he was going for.

"More trouble in the family," he remarked to Mellish. "Rook's gone to look for Lowther."

"The more he hammers him the better I shall like it," said Mellish amiably, "and if Lowther licks him—and I expect he will—it will serve him right for keeping us out of our study. I'd lick him myself if—if—if—"

"If you could?" suggested Levison.

"Well, you can't, either!" growled Mellish.

"My dear chap, it's more sensible to let the cat pull the chestnuts out of the fire!" grinned Levison. "Lowther is the catspaw just now, though he doesn't know it."

"He, he, he!"

And the two amiable youths strolled down to the school gates to see Rook off. Rook was striding down the lane at a great rate, and he turned into the footpath through the wood and disappeared. And Mellish and Levison chuckled, and strolled away to the tuckshop.

Rook strode on with a grim brow. He understood that Tom Merry was

not responsible for the appearance of that unfortunate limerick in the pages of the "Weekly." It was Monty Lowther, and he meant to deal with Monty Lowther himself. The fact that he was no match for Lowther in a fistful encounter did not make him hesitate for a moment.

Rook had not been long enough at St. Jim's to know the surrounding country very well, but he found his way to the moor at last. It was a wild and lonely stretch of country, rich with gorse, and full of dangerous pitfalls for the unwary.

Half-hidden in the gorse and thickets were great gaps where, in old times, quarries had been worked. Those near the road had been fenced in, but out on the lonely moor there were no fences, and wandering animals had often been lost in the old quarries.

Rook tramping across the moor, knee-deep in thick ferns, found himself unexpectedly on the verge of a yawning chasm, and started back with fright.

The great gap barred his way, and as he paused and looked about him, he caught sight of a St. Jim's cap among the gorse on the other side. Then he made out the back of Monty Lowther's head.

Lowther was seated near the old quarry, leaning back against a mass of rugged stone, and reading a book that rested on his knees. He heard Rook give an exclamation and glanced round.

"So I've found you!" said Rook.

He was not a dozen yards from Lowther, but the intervening quarry made it impossible to reach him. Lowther looked across at him coolly.

"Have you been looking for me, Rufus?" he asked.

Rook clenched his hands.

"I've seen that foolery of yours in the 'Weekly,'" he said.



"I say," began Figgins affably, "I hear you— Oh!" A pat of butter caught him in the eye! "Hallo!" exclaimed Kerr. "What the— Yah! Oh!" A jam-tart squashed in his eye, and a Latin grammar followed for Fatty Wynn. The New House juniors retreated from the study. Rook had had enough of being chipped about his green hair!

"And you couldn't wait for me to come in?" said Lowther cheerfully. "I suppose that's what comes of being hot-headed?"

"If it wasn't for this gap between us—"

"So near and yet so far!" said Lowther, with provoking good humour. "The deadly vengeance will have to wait. But you're very useful standing where you are, you know—you answer the purpose of a danger signal."

"You cad!" roared Rook. "If I could get at you—"

"Don't let that trouble you," said Lowther politely. "You can go round. You have only to walk a hundred yards or so to the left, and it's narrow enough to jump over—if you care to risk it! Ginger for pluck, you know!"

"I'll give you Ginger!" said Rook, between his teeth. "Will you wait there for me?"

"Well, I'm not going to run away," said the Shell fellow. "I'm not a soldier, but I'm ready to face the fire!"

Rook made no reply, but hurried along the edge of the quarry in the direction the Shell fellow had indicated. At some distance, it narrowed to a width of six or seven feet—an easy jump for an active lad, but one that many would have avoided. For, narrow as the gap was, the depth was more than two hundred feet, and the bulging of the sides prevented one from seeing what was below.

There was a splashing of water—most of the old quarries being flooded with the rain—as a stone was displaced by Rook's foot. The splash came from far below. But Rook did not hesitate. He took a little run and jumped.

Monty Lowther was still seated by the big stone when Rook came striding along the side of the old quarry towards him.

The red-haired junior halted in front of him, trembling with rage.

"Warm, isn't it?" said Lowther.

"Get up and come on!" said Rook, throwing his jacket into the ferns.

Lowther rose lazily to his feet.

"Anything to oblige!" he said. "I'll give you a licking if you want one. You've caused me enough trouble, with your silly red head and your silly ways, and if you want a licking in return, I'm ready to give it to you!"

"Come on, you cad!"

And Rook rushed to the attack. Lowther met him with left and right, and the new junior staggered back. Lowther laughed.

"Better think twice," he suggested. "You can't touch me, you young ass! I don't want to hurt you, but—Oh!"

Rook, blind with rage, was springing at him. Lowther put up his hands, but not before a heavy blow crashed in his face.

The Shell fellow reeled, and his foot caught in the ferns on the edge of the quarry.

"Look out!" shrieked Rook, realising the other's danger.

Lowther made a fearful effort to recover his balance, his face going white as chalk as he felt himself swinging over space, but the effort did not save him. Before Rook could think of helping him, he was gone.

Rook stood dazed on the edge of the quarry.

There was a cry—a faint splash from far below.

Then silence

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The wretched boy, with all the rage gone out of his face now, stood alone, dazed.

CHAPTER 15.

Ginger for Pluck!

ROOK did not move—he did not speak.

He could not.

The suddenness of that fearful happening had deprived him of all power of speech or movement.

He stood alone—with the wild moor round him, the sun shining, the birds circling over his head—as before. But in that minute what a fearful change!

He groaned aloud at last.

Lowther was gone—gone to his death—and the unhappy boy felt that the brand of Cain was upon his brow.

He had not meant it, but the boy who had reeled under his blow was gone to his death whether he had meant it or not. It seemed to the lad that the very sun was darkened as he dashed his hand over his eyes and looked wildly about him.

His first thought was to call for help. But there was no building within miles—there was no help to be had. His second thought was to throw himself upon his knees on the edge of the chasm and call to Lowther. There was a chance—a faint chance yet. He remembered the splash. The fall might not have killed the unfortunate junior.

"Lowther! Lowther!"

The echo of his voice alone answered him. It reverberated through the hollows of the quarry with a sound like thunder.

"Lowther, I'm sorry! I didn't mean it! Lowther, answer me if you can—one word!"

But only the dim rolling echoes came back.

Rook staggered to his feet and looked

WHEN GANGSTERS CAME TO GREYFRIARS!



Read the Sensational Schoolboy-Adventure Yarn of **HARRY WHARTON & CO.**, of Greyfriars, in this week's issue of our Grand Companion Paper, the **MAGNET**.

wildly, frantically, round him. It was not punishment he was thinking of; he did not think of himself at all in that fearful moment. Lowther lay at the bottom of the quarry—perhaps dead, perhaps stunned, perhaps drowning in the accumulation of rainwater. Rook had sent him there unintentionally, but his hand had struck the blow, and it was for him to save the junior if he could be saved.

It was no time to think of himself.

And then his coolness returned. His very blood seemed frozen with horror at the thought of what the bulging walls of the quarry might be hiding from his eyes, but his brain was strangely clear and cool now. He knelt again by the dangerous verge and looked down.

To look down alone required courage and a steady nerve. He tried to pierce the darkness below, but he could see nothing.

He scanned the sides of the chasm. They were almost perpendicular, with stones and roots creeping out of the earth. At any other time the thought of such a descent would have made him giddy; now he grasped at the ferns on the edge of the quarry and swung himself over.

Below him the sides of the quarry bulged, but he clambered downwards, clinging to the roots and digging his fingers into the clayey earth.

Down and down, till his feet swung over space where the quarrieside receded inward, overhanging the gulf below.

Above him was a steep slope of fifty feet; below him unknown depth, and no support for his feet—and his arms were already aching under the strain.

Yet he did not hesitate.

Suddenly from the space below came a sound, a splashing sound, and then a voice:

"Rook! Great Scott! Is that you?"

A thrill ran through the junior.

It was Lowther's voice, and he turned almost giddy with the relief. He clung on desperately to the roots in his hands. Stones, displaced by his weight, rattled past him and fell into the quarry.

"Rook! Hold on, for goodness' sake!"

Rook panted.

"I'm holding on, Lowther! I—I thought—" He could say no more.

"I'm all right," came back Lowther's voice faintly. "I'm in a foot of mud and water. I've hurt my leg, I think—that's all!"

"Thank goodness!"

"Take care, Rook! Were you coming down for me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you ass! You can't do it—you can't! Go back!" shouted Lowther.

"I'm not going back!"

Rook groped with his feet below, but could get no hold. He lowered himself farther, till he was hanging with his hands upon the outermost bulge of the quarrieside.

Then Lowther's voice came again:

"Steady on, Rook! Another inch or two and you can get your foot on a rest. The wall bulges out just under you."

Rook made an effort, and his foot rested upon the spot Lowther had seen from below. It was time, for his muscles seemed to be cracking under the strain.

Slowly—slowly he worked his way down.

Then suddenly the roots to which he held came out in bunches in his hands. He gave one faint cry and fell.

A rush through the air—splash!

He was in thick mud and water, blinded, stunned. But he struggled up,

gouging water from his eyes, and looked wildly round him.

Far above his head the opening at the top of the old quarry was a mere line of blue sky.

Mud and clay and foul water splashed round him as he moved. He gazed about him. Lowther was lying half embedded in it, his face white as chalk.

"You're hurt, Rook?"

"No, I—I think not," gasped Rook. "But you—I thought you were killed. You did not answer when I called. I thought—"

"I didn't hear you call! I think I was stunned for some minutes," said Lowther. "I don't remember hitting the ground here. You awful ass to climb down here! You might have been killed!"

"I don't think I should have cared if—if—"

"Lucky for both of us the rain's been here," said Lowther, trying to speak cheerfully.

"You're hurt!" said Rook.

"Only my leg—a bit of a sprain. I came jolly near drowning in that muck, though. If I'd fallen with my face in it—Ugh!"

Lowther shuddered.

"I—I'm sorry, Lowther! You know I never meant—"

"Of course I know it, fathead!" said Lowther. "I'm to blame. Rook, old man, I've treated you like a cad, and it's up to me to say I'm sorry."

"If you had been killed—"

"Well, I'm not killed. But how the dickens are we going to get out of this?" said Monty Lowther. "We can't climb out—at least, I can't! And I don't think you could climb up. You can't fall upwards, you know, and you did the last twenty feet like a plummet."

Rook shivered as he gazed up the side of the quarry.

"I couldn't climb it," he said.

"It was jolly plucky of you to try to get down," said Lowther. "Ginger for pluck, and no mistake. Excuse me," he added quickly.

Rook grinned ruefully.

"You can 'Ginger' me as much as you like," he said. "When I think of what might have happened I could kick myself for being such a silly chump. You can call me Rufus, Coppertop, and Ginger, and Carrots, and any old thing, after this."

"After this I jolly well shan't!" said Lowther. "Do you know, you ass, that you've risked your life a hundred times coming down here, and that we're not out of the wood yet. I don't know any way out of this quarry, and we're miles from a house."

"May be a way out if we follow it along," said Rook hopefully.

"May be. They say a man fell in here once, and died of hunger," said Lowther. "That's what you've let yourself in for."

"And you!" said Rook.

"Well, I fell in; and you followed me of your own accord," said Lowther. "Do you know what I think you are?"

"A prize idiot, I suppose," said Rook.

"Call me anything you like," Lowther gripped his hand.

"I think you're the bravest chap I've ever come across, and you're the only chap who's ever made me feel down-right and thoroughly ashamed of myself," he said. "Give me your fin! If we get out of this all right I'm your friend for life—if you care to have such a silly ass for a friend."

"Ginger and all?" said Rook, with a faint smile.

"Ginger and all!" said Lowther. "Done!" said Rook.



Referee: "What's the idea of the fur coat?"
Boxer: "They say my opponent's going to knock me cold, so I've come prepared!"

A football has been awarded to B. Fearn, 29, Brooke Avenue, Garlinge, Kent.

He rested for some minutes in the mud. Then he squeaked his way up.

"We've got to get out of this before night," he said. "Can you walk?"

Lowther made a grimace.

"I can't; I've got a sprain. Look here, Rook, you buzz off, and if you get out, you can bring help for me."

"I'm not going to leave you," said Rook quietly.

"But I can't walk!"

"I'm going to carry you."

"But—but, I say—"

"Get on my back," said Rook.

Lowther gave in. With the Shell fellow on his back, Rook tramped away, squeaking through the mud along the bottom of the old quarry. He stopped at last. A wall of earth shut him in. He paused, with a groan.

"It's no good, Lowther, there's no way out."

"Put me down," said Lowther quietly.

He slid to the ground. Rook stood panting with exertion. Far above a bird winged across the blue. The juniors were silent for a long time.

"The fellows know we came in this direction," Rook said at last. "They'll search for us."

"If they don't find us, kid—"

Rook scanned the sheer walls of the quarry.

"I'm going to try it!" he said.

"Don't; you'll break your neck!"

"I'm going to try."

And the plucky Rook tried. Lowther watched him anxiously, with terror in his face, as he slowly won his way up the quarrieside. How long did that climb last? To Rook it seemed hours; to Lowther, watching from below, years. But at last, with aching limbs and reeling brain, he crawled out over the verge of the quarry.

He lay in the gorse, breathing hard in exhaustion, for five minutes or more. Then he called to Lowther.

"Keep your pecker up! I'll have help here as quick as I can!"

"Right-ho!" sang back Lowther.

And he waited—waited, while the sun sank lower in the west, and the old quarry darkened with black shadows, till at last voices sounded above, and a rope came rattling down the quarry-

side—with Rook clinging to it—and Lowther, at last, was dragged from the depths of the quarry.

CHAPTER 16.

The Clouds Roll By!

"WHAT the dickens—"

"Bai Jove! It's Wook!"

"And Lowther!"

A car had driven into the old quad and stopped before the School House. The driver got out and helped two mud-grimed juniors to alight—one of them leaned heavily upon the shoulder of the other as he stood on the ground.

They were so covered with mud and clay that they were scarcely recognisable, but Rook's red hair told who he was. And then the juniors recognised Lowther.

"What on earth have you been doing?" asked Tom Merry.

Lowther winced as the pain in his leg gave him a twinge. But he replied, with his usual airy cheerfulness:

"I've been falling into the old quarry on the moor."

"Monty!"

"And Rook, like a silly ass, climbed in to help me out," said Lowther.

"Bai Jove! Wook, old man, it was plucky!"

"Lowther's hurt his leg," said Rook. "Give him a hand in. And I want a wash."

"You can pay the man with the car, Gussy," said Lowther. "He will want paying. Give him something extra for pulling me out."

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!"

An excited crowd of juniors gathered round Lowther and Rook as they went into the School House. Mr. Railton met them in the Hall, with a startled exclamation:

"Goodness gracious! What ever's happened to you?"

"Fell into the quarry, sir."

"Lowther! Are you hurt? You are limping."

"Only a bit of a sprain, sir; no damage done," said Lowther.

"But Rook—did he fall in, too?"

"No; he climbed in to fish me out. Very plucky of him, sir. Then he had to climb out again to get help."

"Rook, you did a most courageous thing, though it would have been wiser to go for help without descending into the quarry at the risk of your life."

"I—I wanted to see if Lowther was—was—" stammered Rook.

"I understand," said the Housemaster softly. "You are a brave lad, Rook! Your House should be proud of you!"

"So we jolly well are, sir!" said Tom Merry.

"Good old Coppertop!" said Kangaroo. "Bravo, Ginger!"

"Hurrah!"

Tom Merry & Co. helped the two muddy and clayey juniors up to the dormitory, and helped them to scrape off the mud. Tom Merry examined Lowther's damaged leg, apparently forgetting that he was on bad terms with its owner. The leg was not much hurt; it was only a big bruise and a twist of the muscle, which was likely to cause the Shell fellow to limp for a few days.

"Thank goodness it's no worse, Monty—I—I mean, Lowther."

Lowther chuckled.

"Don't keep that up now, Tommy. You don't want to row with an old pal when he's down, do you?"

"You know I don't, Monty."

Monty Lowther stretched out his neck.

(Continued on page 28.)
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HARRY WHARTON PILES UP MORE TROUBLE FOR HIMSELF!—



"I won't be caned!" exclaimed Wharton. But Mr. Quelch thought otherwise! Gripping Harry by the collar, he brought down the cane again and again upon the junior, and not till his arm was tired did he release him.

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

Brought up by a maiden aunt, and utterly spoiled, Harry Wharton is sent to Greyfriars by his uncle to have the benefits of a strong discipline. Harry, headstrong and reckless, hates the thought of going to school, and determines to make Greyfriars glad to get rid of him.

In the train he meets Frank Nugent of the Remove Form, who is returning to Greyfriars. In a sullen and miserable mood, Wharton falls out with the cheery Nugent. They fight in the carriage and Harry is licked.

On the way to the school a car collides with the cab in which Nugent is riding, and he is pitched into the River Sark. Harry dives in for him and rescues him. Grateful for saving his life, Nugent tries to befriend Harry at Greyfriars, but the sullen new boy wants no friendship at the school he hates.

Wharton is put into Study No. 1, with Nugent, Bulstrode, and Billy Bunter. Wharton and Bulstrode soon have a row, and the latter's camera is smashed by the new boy. Wharton refuses to pay for it, and so, after lessons, he is collared by his Form-fellows and carried to the Form-room to be put on trial.

Tried by the Form!

WHARTON tore himself free and looked round him savagely. A group of Remove fellows were at the doorway, cutting off his escape, and the others were round him, ready to pin him again, if necessary. The new boy was fairly in the toils now. Bulstrode was regarding him with a sneer.

"We've got you, you see!" he exclaimed. "You can't slither out of it, you cad! We're going to give you a Form trial."

Harry Wharton did not reply. He was too enraged to speak, and his eyes were flaming with anger. But his rage only drew louder laughter and jeering from the Remove.

"Nice-looking kid, isn't he?" said Russell. "Sweet-tempered, and all that. His people must be proud of him, and must like to have the dear boy at home."

Harry Wharton flushed hotly. He

The MAKING of HARRY WHARTON! By Frank Richards.

knew how much he was wanted at home—about as much as he was wanted at Greyfriars, for that matter. It was a galling thought.

"Ah, he blushes!" said Skinner, grinning. "Is it possible that he is not valued in his home circle—that he is not the adornment of a happy fireside?"

Wharton made a spring at Skinner, but the Remove clustered round him and dragged him back.

"None of that!" said Bulstrode. "If you want a licking you can have it presently, cad. At present, we're going to see into the matter I've called a meeting for. Chaps, here you behold the outsider who has had the cheek to stick himself into our respectable Form, and I ask you if you ever saw such a rank outsider in all your natural?"

"Never!" said the Remove, in one voice.

Russell stood up on a form.

"Order!" he exclaimed. "Order, gentlemen! Bulstrode has called a meeting of the Form to decide a matter between him and the new kid, and as we've got no time to waste, I vote we look into it at once. I'll be judge—"

"That you won't!" said Bulstrode.

"I'm judge!"

"Fathead! You—"

"Who are you calling a fathead?"

"I'm calling you a fathead, and so you are! Hang it, how can a chap be accuser and judge as well? It's not in reason. You might as well try the prisoner in your own study, without calling the Form into the matter at all."

"Oh, you can judge, if you like. I don't care!"

"Very good! I am judge, and everybody else present is on the jury. The prisoner is accused of— Who is that?"

Someone was pushing at the door of the Form-room. It opened, and Nugent presented himself. He looked round him inquiringly.

"Hallo! What are you kids up to?" he asked.

"It's a Form meeting," said Russell, with dignity, "and I'll thank you to be a little more respectful, Nugent."

"Oh, rats! Are you bullying the new kid?"

"We'll bully you if you don't shut up," said Bulstrode angrily. "Shut that door, and don't let anybody else in, chaps. We can't be all night about this affair. You shut up, Nugent. Go on, Russell."

"Right-ho! The prisoner is accused of wilfully and deliberately, and with malice aforethought, breaking and destroying a camera—"

"Don't use such beastly long words, Russell!"

"Don't you interrupt, Skinner!"

"Oh, get on with the washing!"

"The camera belonged to our esteemed fellow-citizen, Bulstrode," went on Russell, with a withering glance at Skinner, "and he demands compensation for the damage to the same. Wharton busted the camera. He is hereby sentenced—"

"He hasn't been tried yet," said Nugent.

"Oh, I forgot! Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed on you forthwith, according to law?"

Harry Wharton did not reply.

"Prisoner at the bar," roared Russell, "have you anything to—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

The judge turned red.

"The prisoner is found guilty of contempt of court!" he exclaimed. "And sentence is passed accordingly—"

ANOTHER STIRRING INSTALMENT OF HIS EARLY DAYS AT GREYFRIARS.

"Wait a bit," said Nugent, stepping forward. "The prisoner hasn't defended himself yet. I'm counsel for the defence."

The judge looked puzzled. "We never have counsel for the defence here!" he exclaimed. "Then it's time you did!"

"I leave it to the jury," said Russell. "Let Nugent speak!" said several voices. "It won't make much difference, anyway."

There was a general laugh. The prisoner had been found guilty beforehand, as it were, and already sentenced, in the minds of the Remove, and the trial was only a matter of form.

"Very well! Counsel for the defence, go ahead!"

"Bulstrode hasn't made his accusation yet."

"He accuses the prisoner at the bar of—"

"Can't he speak for himself?"

"Yes, I can!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "I say the new chap broke my camera by bashing me with it, and that he owes me two guineas for it."

"Have you any witnesses to prove the assault?"

"Why, you ass, you were there yourself!"

"That has nothing to do with it. I'm counsel for the defence, not a witness for the prosecution," said Nugent severely. "A fat lot you know about law, and no mistake, Bulstrode! Have you any witnesses to call?"

"Yes; there's the Owl."

"Where is the Owl? Produce your Owl."

Billy Bunter was brought forward. He blinked round through his big spectacles at the assembly in the dusky Form-room.

"Are you the witness for the prosecution?" demanded Nugent.

"Yes, he is," said Bulstrode.

"Silence in court! I will have no tampering with the witnesses," said the counsel for the defence. "I appeal to the judge for protection."

"Right-ho!" said the judge. "Bulstrode has to shut up. Let the Owl speak for himself. He's got a tongue in his head."

"Oh, rot!" said Bulstrode savagely.

"I—"

"Silence in court!" said the judge, with a frown.

"Are you the witness for the prosecution?" demanded Nugent again.

"Yes, I suppose so," bleated the Owl.

"You suppose so? Don't you know whether you are or not?" said the counsel for the defence severely.

"Yes, I do. I'm the witness," said Billy Bunter.

"Then why could you not say so at once?"

"Well, you see—"

"What I see is not evidence. It is what you saw that the court wishes to know."

"Yes; but you see—"

"You must not repeat yourself, witness."

The witness looked hopelessly muddled. He blinked round without speaking again. The counsel for the defence turned to the judge.

"I put it to you, sir, that this witness is absolutely unreliable," he said.

"He does not know what he saw, and he makes persistent and unmeaning references to what I saw, which has nothing to do with the case."

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Remove.

"I perceive that the jury are amused," said Nugent. "I do not wonder at it, when I look at the witness whom the prosecution have had

the audacity to bring forward. I demand that my client be dismissed without a stain upon his character."

"You howling ass!" shouted Bulstrode. "I tell you he's busted my two-guinea camera, and you saw him do it yourself!"

"The prosecutor has entirely failed to make out his case," went on Nugent imperturbably. "He tells us something about a broken camera, and cannot produce a single witness to prove that—"

"Billy Bunter saw it all—"

"I have proved Bunter's evidence is unreliable."

"Well, I'll question him, and—"

"You can't! It's not in order!"

"I appeal to the judge."

"The prosecutor is at liberty to question the witness, if he doesn't keep us all night about it," was the decision of the learned judge.

"I protest again—"

"Rats to you! Go on, Bulstrode!"

"Right-ho, your worship! Now, Billy Bunter! Were you in the study when the accused bashed me with the camera?"

"Yes, I was!" said the Owl.

"Did you see him bash me with the camera?"

"No. You know I'm short-sighted," said Billy Bunter innocently. "I saw you—"

GREATEST SCHOOL STORY EVER WRITTEN!

Hating Greyfriars and everybody in it, Harry Wharton ran away from the school. But it was that action which shaped the course of a new life for him—at Greyfriars!

"Ass! You saw the camera go on the floor?"

"No, I didn't! I heard a fearful row, and asked Nugent if you were fighting."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the jury.

"The witness is unreliable," said Nugent. "I said so from the first. He saw nothing, and I demand that the case be dismissed at once, with damages for my client."

"I'll damage him if he doesn't pay for my camera!" howled Bulstrode.

"I must hold that the prosecution has failed to make out its case—" began the judge.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Question the prisoner!"

"That's not in order!" said Nugent instantly.

"Yes—yes!" shouted the jury.

"Good! Now, prisoner at the bar, did you, or did you not, break my camera?"

Harry Wharton glared at the prosecutor, but did not reply.

"Did you bash me with my camera?" Still the new boy was savagely silent.

"Better answer," whispered Nugent.

"No good being sulky about it, Wharton. Speak up!"

"I'm not going to take any part in this fooling!"

"Don't be an ass! You—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Nugent bit his lip. The Remove were all waiting for the new boy's reply, but it did not come.

"Prisoner at the bar," said Russell,

"you have heard the prosecutor's question. Have you any defence to make?"

Harry Wharton was doggedly silent.

"Do you deny bashing Bulstrode with the camera, and breaking it?"

Still silence.

"The prisoner refuses to answer," said the judge. "The natural conclusion is that he has no defence to make, and so I sentence him—"

"Hold on a minute!" exclaimed Nugent. "I was on the spot, and I can tell you!"

"You're not a witness."

"Bulstrode knocked Wharton's books off the table, and punched him, and then—"

"You're not a witness!"

"I can prove that the prisoner was provoked, and—"

"You're not a giddy witness. You couldn't give evidence against the prisoner when Bulstrode wanted you to, and so you can't give it in his favour. That's the law."

"Yes—yes! But I tell you—"

"Shut up! The prisoner is found guilty and sentenced—"

"You're an ass! It's the jury who have to find the prisoner guilty, not the judge," growled Nugent.

"Very well, I leave it to the jury. Gentlemen of the Remove—I mean the jury—is the sulky-faced waster—I mean the prisoner at the bar—guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" shouted the Remove.

"Prisoner at the bar, you are found guilty by a jury formed of your fellow-countrymen, after a fair and judicious trial. You are found guilty of being a cad, a rotten outsider, and a sulky beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence in court! Also of having broken Bulstrode's camera, with malice aforethought and felonious intent, and you are hereby sentenced to pay two guineas for the camera!"

"Good!" said Bulstrode.

"And if you do not by the end of the week pay that two guineas to the prosecutor, you will be adjudged a dishonest and unprincipled bounder, and will be cut by the Form."

"Hear, hear!"

"And will receive a dormitory licking into the bargain."

"Bravo!"

"The court is now dissolved," said Russell, looking at his watch. "It's high time we had tea. Prisoner at the bar, you are at liberty to scoot! Bunk!"

Harry Wharton swung himself away savagely. He felt himself an object of derision to the whole Form, and, although he provoked the feeling by his own humour, he felt it none the less keenly.

Nugent would have spoken to him as he went, but he swung off, and a chorus of hissing followed him. And the meeting of the Remove broke up.

The First Licking!

THE Remove at Greyfriars usually had tea in their studies—at least, when they were in funds—and very cosy some of those meals were. Seldom more than half the Form turned up for tea in Hall.

After the trial in the Form-room, Billy Bunter went straight to Study No. 1. It was his turn to get the tea, and he proceeded to the duty at once. Nugent looked out for Wharton, and found him staring out of one of the

tall windows in the Hall. He tapped the new boy on the shoulder.

Harry turned his head and looked at him. The expression of his face was not pleasant. The scene in the Form-room had left him in a state of smouldering fury, and he was in a mood for a quarrel.

"What do you want?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing; only it's tea-time."

"Is it? Where do we have tea in this rotten place?"

"That's according," said Nugent, pretending not to hear the disparaging remark applied to Greyfriars. "Fellows who have the tin generally have tea in their own studies—you can get tuck from the school shop. You'll fall into that later. At present, I'll be pleased if you'll come to tea in the study."

"I suppose I can have my tea in the Hall?"

"You can if you like, of course; but if you'd rather go co. in the study, we can make an arrangement. But for this evening you will be my guest."

"Thanks, I'll go to the Hall."

Nugent's eyes glinted. Wharton had saved his life, and Nugent was grateful, and he had a patient temper and a real compassion for the boy who was the victim of a bad training. But patience had its limit, and he felt that he was reaching it.

"You might be a little more civil about it, at all events," said Nugent angrily. "It isn't every fellow who would take any trouble over you!"

"I don't want you to take any trouble over me," said Harry sullenly. "Why can't you let me alone? I haven't asked any favours at your hands, or anybody else's here. I hate the place and the people! Let me alone, then!"

"I'll take you at your word," said Nugent, between his teeth. "I wanted to make things a bit easier for you, because—"

"Because I pulled you out of the river," snapped Wharton. "Can't you let that rest?"

"Very well," said Nugent, compressing his lips hard. "I'll leave you alone, as you wish. You won't be troubled by me any more. But, by George," he added, his anger breaking out in spite of himself, "if it wasn't that you ran that risk for me, I'd—"

"Well, what would you do?" sneered Wharton, as he paused.

"I'd give you such a licking that you wouldn't be able to crawl for a week afterwards!" exclaimed Nugent, with flashing eyes.

"Would you? Suppose you do it now?"

"No, I won't! I could if I liked, and you know it!"

Harry bit his lip. The experience in the train had shown him that he was no match for Nugent. It was useless to blink at a fact like that.

Nugent looked at him bitterly for a moment, and then turned and walked away. Harry stared out of the window gloomily. There was something like remorse in his heart. He knew that Nugent meant well by him, and he knew that he had thrown away a friendship that might have been priceless to him. His solitude in the midst of the great busy school was bitter to him, and Nugent, at least, was willing to be his friend. But the sullen obstinacy which had always been his curse was not so easily cured.

The sound of a bell ringing came to his ears, and he guessed that it was the

signal for tea in the Hall. He made his way thither, and found the Remove coming in; not more than half the Form. He went to the same table and sat down, but no one spoke to him. Curious glances were thrown at him, a good deal as if he were a peculiar animal, but he kept his eyes upon his plate as he ate.

After tea there was the usual preparation to do, which the Remove had the privilege of doing in their own studies instead of in a class-room under the eye of a master. Harry Wharton made his way to Study No. 1, and, as he opened the door, a scene of extreme cosiness broke upon his view.

The fire was burning brightly, and the light glimmered upon a white cloth and gleaming crockery. The juniors were finishing tea, and Billy Bunter was refilling his cup. The kettle was singing away in the grate with a cheery homely sound.

The scene was very cosy—very different from that chilly great Hall. At that moment, more than any other, a sense of his isolation smote upon Harry.

Billy Bunter looked up as the door opened.

"Hallo! Who's that?" he said, blinking. "Is it you, Skinner? Have you seen the new cad? He hasn't condescended to have tea with us."

Before Harry could speak, Bulstrode gave a yell. The short-sighted Owl was pouring out the tea as he talked, and he sent a stream of it into Bulstrode's plate.

"You ass!" shouted Bulstrode. "Look what you're doing! You've flooded my sardines!"

Bunter blinked at the plate.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't see—"

"Well, you had better look next time, ass! Give me some more sardines."

"I'm sorry—"

"Hang it all! Give me some more sardines!"

"I'm sorry, but there aren't any more!" gasped Bunter.

"You—you villain, you've spoiled my last sardines!"

"It was all Skinner's fault for coming in so suddenly!"

"That isn't Skinner, ass; that's the outsider!"

"Oh, is it? Then why don't you give him a licking for coming in so suddenly?" said the Owl.

"I want to do my preparation," said Wharton.

Bulstrode grinned ill-naturedly.

"Then you can wait till we've done with the table, or you can take your books on your knees," he said.

Harry looked dubiously round the study. There was not much room in the apartment for four people at the best of times, and for tea and preparation to run simultaneously was rather an impossibility. He instinctively looked at Nugent for advice, but Nugent did not look at him.

"I don't see how you can do your prep here at all, either," said Bulstrode. "There isn't room in one of these studies for four fellows. I don't see why we should be bothered with you! Go and do it in the Form-room!"

"Well, I'd rather do it there than in your company!" said Wharton.

"Go and do it there, then!"

Harry Wharton gave another glance round, took his books, and left the study. The bully of the Remove grinned.

"We've got rid of that rotter!" he exclaimed. "If we stick together over it we can keep him out of the study altogether. I don't see why we should be troubled with him. The Form-room



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"The VOICE
of the
TEMPTER"

is a great deal too good for the cad! I wonder how he'll like it?"

Harry Wharton did not like it at all.

There were several other boys of the Remove in the Form-room, as well as most of the Third Form, doing their preparation. The room was in a buzz, excepting when a master was there, and it was chilly and cheerless. The fire in the grate was not near the desks, and it burned very low, and the boys did not dare to make it up very high.

Harry Wharton thought of the cosy study with something like a sigh. When bed-time came, Wharton joined the rest of the Form going up. No one spoke to him, but a good many of the fellows talked "at" him, in a way that showed how extreme was his unpopularity.

"Lights out in ten minutes!" said Wingate, looking into the dormitory.

The Remove began to undress. Bulstrode came over to Harry's bed.

"I say, cad," he remarked politely, "you haven't told me when I'm to expect the cash for that camera!"

Harry Wharton looked at him steadily.

"You will never get it from me!" he said.

"You refuse to pay up?"

"Yes; it was your own fault it was broken."

"By George, if you don't pay up, I'll make you smart for it! I think you'd better have your first lesson to-night—Hullo!"

The door opened, and Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came in.

"I have a word to say to you boys," he said, as the buzz of voices died away.

"There has been too much noise in the dormitory of late, and it must cease. I shall be specially attentive to-night for any disturbance, and I warn you that none had better take place. The offenders will be severely punished."

"Yes, sir," said Bulstrode.

"Good-night, my boys!"

And the Form-master retired. Bulstrode scowled after him savagely.

"What the dickens does that mean?" he said. "It's the first time Quelch has been so beastly particular about a little noise."

"Oh, I know what it means!" said Skinner, grinning. "He thinks that we're going to rag the new fellow, and he doesn't want us to do it."

"So we were. Well, that's what I call rotten! Fancy a master stepping in to save mammy's boy from going through it! I suppose Wharton has been sucking up to him."

"That's a lie!" said Wharton.

"Oh, it's a lie, is it?" said Bulstrode, turning upon him. "Well, Quelch or no Quelch, I'll make you eat those words!"

"Shut up, now, Bulstrode!" said Nugent. "Let him alone. A row after what Quelch's said means a half-holiday's detention for the whole Form, and I'm not going to stand that on your account."

"Righto!" said a dozen voices. "Shut up, Bulstrode!"

The bully of the Remove scowled, but he gave in. He strode back to his own bed, and Harry Wharton was left alone.

Wingate found the Remove dormitory in a state of unusual quietness when he came in to turn the lights out. And he left it so. After the Form-master's warning, the boys of the Remove did not leave their beds, and the new boy escaped what would probably have been the severest ordeal of his experiences at the school.

Harry slept very soundly, and did not wake till the rising bell went. It was a crisp, cold morning, and the



"Poor little thing!" said Bulstrode tauntingly. "He misses his mammy, you know!" Harry Wharton's face blazed with wrath, and he caught up his teacup and flung the contents full in the face of the bully of the Remove!

Remove turned out into the quadrangle for a brisk run before breakfast.

Harry Wharton went out also, and even he felt the influence of the crisp air and the bright sunshine, and his face was cheerful for the first time since arriving at Greyfriars.

The Remove were warming themselves with a game of leapfrog, and Harry looked on, thinking that he would willingly join in if he were asked. But he was the outsider, and no one looked at him. He had made a bad start at Greyfriars, and a bad start was not easily retrieved.

"Get out of the way!" shouted Bulstrode.

Harry looked round quickly, but not in time. Bulstrode came rushing by to take his leap, and shouldered the new boy roughly aside. Harry staggered and fell at full length on the ground.

Bulstrode laughed jeeringly as he went on. The new boy sprang to his feet, his face dark with passion.

But Bulstrode was gone. He was almost at the end of the line by this time, and as Harry ran towards him, he was bending to make a back in his turn. Before Harry could reach him, he was hustled back by three or four other fellows.

"Get out!" cried Skinner angrily. "What are you trying to do? Get out of the way!"

"I—"

"Shut up! Get aside!"

Half a dozen fellows hustled Wharton away, and he had to retreat. Sore and savage, he walked away, and was first in to breakfast. Bulstrode sat opposite to him at the breakfast-table, and grinned at him across it.

Harry scowled at him in reply, but his scowl only drew upon him derisive glances and muttered jibes. Sulky looks were about the worst thing for anybody at Greyfriars, as Harry was quickly discovering.

"What is going on down there?" asked Mr. Quelch, from the head of the table. "What is all that laughing and muttering about?"

"It's only the new kid, sir," said Bulstrode. "He's looking as if he would like to harm somebody!"

"Bulstrode, how dare you?"

"Well, he is, sir. Look at him!"

The Form-master looked at Harry, and the new boy's sullen face grew more sullen as he felt Mr. Quelch's eyes fixed upon him.

"What is the matter with you, Wharton?"

"Nothing?"

"Nothing what?" said the Remove master angrily.

"Nothing, sir!" said Harry unwillingly.

"You had better not forget to address me in a respectful manner the next time you speak," said Mr. Quelch. "And now take that scowl off your face instantly! You are among civilised people here, and I object to your sitting down to table scowling like a hooligan! You hear me?"

The Form-master's words were not likely to remove the sullenness from the new boy's face. Every eye at the table was fixed upon him, and his ears were beginning to burn. He felt that he looked foolish, and the tears of utter vexation started to his eyes.

"He's snivelling!" muttered Bulstrode, loudly enough for the whole table to hear. "Poor little thing! He misses his mammy, you know! Did-dums!"

Harry's sullen face blazed out into wrath.

He could not reach his taunting enemy with his hands, but he caught up his teacup and, without stopping to think, flung the contents full in the face of the bully of the Remove.

Bulstrode started to his feet with a yell. The hot tea smothered his face and hair, and drenched his shirt and waistcoat. He reached over the table towards Harry in mad rage; but the Form-master was on his feet now.

"Wharton," he thundered, "leave the room instantly! Go and wait for me in my study! I will deal with you there."

Harry hesitated a moment. He was in a humour to disobey even a Form-master. But he turned and went, and a muttered hiss followed him.

In the Form-master's study he waited, like a wild animal in a cage. He could not keep still, but walked to and fro while he waited for Mr. Quelch to appear. His cup of bitterness seemed to be full now.

It was a quarter of an hour before Mr. Quelch entered. His face was very grave and stern. He fixed his eyes upon the boy's sullen, savage face.

"Wharton," he said, quietly, "you have not done well since you came to the school. You seem to have done everything you can think of to make the Form you belong to dislike and despise you."

"I hate them!" muttered Harry.

"Silence, Wharton! You must not speak like that. You should be ashamed to use such an expression. If I did not know that there were certain peculiarities in your training which formed some excuse for you I should send you to the Head to be severely flogged for your conduct this morning!"

Wharton set his teeth, but did not speak.

"As it is," went on the Remove master, "I shall not do so. I shall see whether a caning will have any effect upon you before I try severer measures." He picked up a cane from the table and tested it in his hand. "Hold out your hand, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton did not stir.

The brow of the Remove master became black as night. He seemed on the verge of an explosion, but he restrained himself.

"Did you hear me, Wharton? Hold out your hand instantly!"

"I won't!"

"What!" Mr. Quelch spoke in tones of forced calmness. "Do I understand you to say that you will not, Wharton?"

"I won't!" muttered Harry doggedly. "I didn't want to come to this place! I don't want to stay here! I won't be caned!"

"Will you hold out your hand?"

"No!"

Mr. Quelch wasted no more time in words. He seized Harry by the collar with his left hand and with the right he caned him. The blows fell with lashing force upon the junior's back.

Harry was helpless in the iron grip of the Form-master. The rain of blows made his back tingle with pain, and not until his arm was tired did Mr. Quelch release him.

"There," said the Form-master, flinging the cane on to his desk. "I hope that will be a lesson to you, Wharton!"

Harry did not speak; his face was white and his lips quivering, and if he had spoken he would have burst into a torrent of tears.

"Go! Leave the room, Wharton!"

Harry left the Remove master's study without a word.

The "Outsider" Runs Away!

LICKED, by Jove!"

Bulstrode uttered the words in tones of derision as Harry Wharton came out of the study. The boys of the Remove were going to early chapel, but Harry Wharton did not join them. He turned towards the stairs.

Nugent made him a sign to come. "You can't cut chapel, Wharton," he said. "Come along!"

Harry did not reply or even turn his head. He went upstairs and flung himself into a chair in Study No. 1. He was furious, but even his fury was not equal to the misery and humiliation he felt. A sense of utter helplessness was oppressing him, too. He had set himself to defy the discipline of the school, and it was dawning upon him that he had no earthly chance of success.

He was feeling too sick and dazed to think or care what might come of his absence from morning chapel. He heard the quarter chime from the school tower, and knew that it was time to appear in the class-room.

He was inclined to remain in the study, defying everything; but what was the use? He would be taken by force if he did not go, and a fresh humiliation under the mocking eyes of his Form-fellows would be too bitter.

He rose wearily and glanced in the glass. His face was white and drawn-looking, and his eyes strained. He smiled bitterly at the reflection. Nugent looked in at the study door.

"Time for class, Wharton!" he called out, and vanished.

Harry Wharton slowly left the study. "I won't stay here!" he muttered. "I've had too much of it! I hate them all! I'll run away!"

The thought had crossed his mind before.

Why should he stay—why shouldn't he run away? He had no home to go to. He knew how Colonel Wharton would greet his return if he went back to the Lodge. Cold looks and curt words and a forced return to Greyfriars—that was all he had to expect from his uncle's house.

No, he could not go home—he no longer had a home. But the world was wide; there were many roads to take.

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and he was no coward. He could face his fortune, whatever it was.

He went downstairs and made his way to the Remove-room. The boys stared at him as he entered—several minutes after the rest of them had taken their seats—but Mr. Quelch seemed to be unaware of his late arrival. Harry took his seat, Nugent making room for him, to receive a black look in return for his kindness.

But the signs of suffering in the outsider's face were so evident that a less good-natured chap than Nugent would have borne with him patiently then.

Mr. Quelch was sometimes a severe man, but he was just. He knew that the new boy was in no condition at that moment to do his work well, and he passed over him lightly. Harry was not called upon to construe, and in the German class later he was let alone, Mr. Quelch having spoken a word to the German master. Harry did not observe it; he was too occupied with his own thoughts to know that he was the object of kindness, or to feel anything like gratitude if he had noticed it.

After morning school he withdrew by himself to a solitary quarter of the grounds to think over his new project and make his plans. The Remove fellows went down to the football ground.

In the afternoon Mr. Quelch expected Harry to do his work like the rest; but the boy's mind was too busy with his

PIE-OUS THOUGHT!

Mr. Latham (in English lesson): "O-u-s" at the end of a word often means 'full of.' For example, glorious, full of glory, and furious, full of fury. Can any boy give me another example?"

Fatty Wynn: "Yes, sir. Pious, full of pie!"

A football has been awarded to W. Dronsfield, 8, Sunnyside, Muswell Hill, London, N.10.

secret thoughts for that. He was soon in trouble again. In construing he blundered in the simplest passages, amid the suppressed titters of the class, and was finally rewarded for his efforts with an imposition of fifty lines.

Harry smiled grimly as he received the imput. He was to show up the lines the next day; but he was determined that when to-morrow came Greyfriars would know him no more.

His plans were made. When school was dismissed he left the Form-room with an elastic step. He heard the whispered jeers of the Remove boys without heeding them. He would soon be rid of them all.

"The outsider's bucking up," Skinner remarked to Bulstrode. "He looks as if he had found some ripping new whooze, or something. What's in his little mind, I wonder?"

Nugent wondered, too. He could see that Harry was thinking of something that he kept a secret. The new boy did not come into the study that evening, taking his tea in Hall with the Form. Nugent met him shortly afterwards.

"You can come into the study to do your prep," he said. "No need for you to stick in the Form-room, you know."

"I'm not going to do any!"

"Eh? Do you know what that means to-morrow morning?"

"That's my business!"

Nugent stared after him as he walked away.

"Off his rocker!" he muttered.

"That must be it. By George, he'll get

flayed if he starts bucking against the powers that be in this manner!"

"The kid's got a bee in his bonnet, I believe," said Bulstrode, coming into the study when Nugent had nearly finished his preparation.

"What kid?" yawned Nugent, laying down his pen.

"The new rotter. I just met him on the stairs, and he's got his cap and overcoat on—not his school cap, either. I asked him if he were going out, and he only glared at me, and said never a word."

"He can't go out; it's past locking up."

"Of course, I don't see why he wants a coat on for a stroll in the quad on a fine night like this. Perhaps he's going to run away, though," said Bulstrode, bursting into a laugh.

Nugent gave a start, left the study, and hurried downstairs out of the House. He ran down quickly to the gates, and, as he suspected, he saw the new boy just turning away from them.

Wharton had evidently determined to go out, and had gone down to the gates to leave the school, and had found them locked. The next moment he hurried away, and, in the darkness of the wide quadrangle, Nugent lost sight of him.

Nugent stood hesitating. He had little doubt now as to the new boy's intentions. He had made up his mind to run away from Greyfriars. But, having found the gates locked, was he likely to attempt to scale the wall? In places the ivy grew thick on the wall, and it would not be difficult, but—

Nugent hurried in the direction in which Wharton had disappeared. He could hear a rustling, which he knew was the sound made by the thick ivy as someone climbed through it. Nugent ran towards the wall, just in time to see a form mount it and disappear on the other side. There was the slight thud of the boy dropping into the lane.

"Wharton!"

Nugent called out the name cautiously. He would have given anything to induce the reckless fellow to return. He knew, though Harry did not, what a big offence against the school discipline the new boy was committing, and how severe the punishment would be. But the runaway either did not hear or did not heed.

Nugent did not hesitate long. He clambered into the ivy, crossed the high wall, and dropped into Friardale Lane.

He knew that the new boy must have gone in the direction of the village. His only chance of escape was to get on the railway. With a fast-beating heart, Nugent ran through the black shadows of the lane towards the village. In a few minutes he came in sight of a form tramping doggedly onward through the gloom. He quickened his pace, and dropped his hand upon Wharton's shoulder.

Wharton swung round quickly in alarm. The moment he had passed the school wall the terror of capture had fallen upon him. His heart beat like a hammer, and he gave a cry of anger as he recognised Nugent.

"You!" he cried. "You have followed me?"

"Yes," said Nugent quietly.

"What do you want?"

"I want to prevent you from making a fool of yourself," said Nugent. "Do you understand what you are doing?"

"What I am doing is my business!"

"You can't get away."

"I'm going to try," said Harry doggedly. "I am not going to stay at Greyfriars. I hate the place and everybody in it! I hate you! Now let me go!"

"I won't let you go. Were you thinking of going home?"

"Home?" Harry laughed bitterly. "No, I wasn't thinking of going to my guardian. He would send me back to Greyfriars. I am going to look for a job."

"You must be mad! Come back with me."

"I tell you I won't!"

"We'll keep this a secret; no one need ever know you thought of running away. I tell you, Wharton, you'll be sorry for this. You would be sorry for it if you got away. But you can't get away; they'll search for you!"

"They won't search for me yet. I shan't be missed till calling-over."

Nugent drew a deep breath.

"Yes, you will, for I shall tell them."

Harry looked angry.

"You will betray me?"

"Yes," said Nugent firmly, "to prevent your running away."

"You—you bound! You coward!"

"Call me what you like. You'll thank me for it some day."

"Well, betray me if you like; I don't care! I don't ask any favours of you. I'm going, all the same, and I defy them to take me back. Let me go!"

"Wharton, listen to me!"

"I won't listen! Take your hand from my shoulder!" said Harry, in a low voice of concentrated passion.

"I tell you, I—"

"Then take that!"

Wharton lashed out furiously, and Nugent staggered back from a blow full in the face. He uttered a sharp cry, and his hand went up to his cheek.

"Now betray me if you like!"

And Harry Wharton strode on down the lane, and in a moment the darkness had swallowed him from sight.

Nugent reeled unsteadily. He leaned against a tree, pressing his hand to his cheek, where he felt the stinging pain of the blow. He was dazed and confused, but one thought was clear in his mind—he had done with Wharton now!

"Let him go! I—"

Nugent ceased the muttered words. From the darkness of the lane rang a startled cry—a cry of pain—and then there was the sound of scuffling feet in the gloom.

The next moment Nugent was running towards the spot as fast as his legs would carry him.

A Fresh Start!

HARRY WHARTON strode on savagely after his paring with Nugent. But amid the rage that swelled in his breast there was a secret feeling that he did not care to acknowledge to himself—a feeling of shame. He had struck the boy whose only aim had been to befriend him, and Nugent had not returned the blow. And although his anger was still at white-heat, the half-acknowledged consciousness that he had acted like a cad was discomforting.

As he strode on he had eyes and ears for nothing, and he did not observe a shadowy figure that lurked in the gloom of the trees by the roadside. He did not observe it until there was a sudden footstep and a grasp on his shoulder.

"Stop!" muttered a hoarse voice, and a cudgel whirled in the air. "Stop, young shaver! I want—"

Harry Wharton was in no mood to stop for anybody. He lashed out with his fist, and the footpad reeled back from a fierce blow. Then, with a muttered curse, the man brought the cudgel swinging down.

The boy gave a cry of pain as the heavy weapon crashed on the arm he

instinctively threw up to defend his head. The blow numbed him, and he sank on his knees. The stick whirled over his head again.

"Now, hang yer! Your money—your watch! Quick! Afore I—"

There was a patter of footsteps and a form came dashing up, and before the tramp realised that he had a new foe to deal with, a blow in the face sent him staggering. Harry Wharton reeled away and fell in the road, and Nugent stood over him, facing the footpad with clenched fists.

There was a muttered curse, and the ruffian, black with rage, sprang at him. The cudgel whistled through the air, and Nugent could not escape the blow. There was a thudding sound, and the boy dropped in the road.

Harry Wharton scrambled up.

"Help, help!" he shouted.

There was a crash in the hedge, a

match. He struck one, and the wind blew it out; but a second one he succeeded in sheltering in his hand, and he caught a glimpse of Nugent's face.

A groan of horror left his lips.

The face was white and deathly, save where a red streak ran from under the curly hair and tinged the white skin with crimson.

"Nugent, for mercy's sake, speak!"

The terrible thought was in Harry's mind that his rescuer was dead. The wind caught the match and blew it out. Darkness swallowed up the white, red-smear'd face.

"Nugent! Oh, Nugent, forgive me! I—"

Harry broke off, a sob choking his voice. The mark of his blow was still on Nugent's cheek, and Nugent lay at his feet, insensible—struck down in his defence.

The boy sprang up. Nugent could not



With a muttered curse the ruffian brought his cudgel swinging down. Harry Wharton instinctively threw up his arm to defend his head, and the blow crashed on it. But at that moment there was a patter of footsteps, as Nugent raced to the rescue.

pounding of footsteps across the adjoining field. The footpad was gone. He had no mind to deal with two foes, and he had made good his retreat. But if he had only known it, he had little to fear, for that savage blow had stunned Nugent, and he lay still and silent in the dust of the lane.

Harry Wharton looked about him wildly.

"Nugent! Was that you, Nugent?" There was no reply. Harry moved a few steps, and stumbled over the insensible junior. He gave a cry of alarm.

"Nugent, is it you?"

The dead silence was broken only by the echo of his own voice. He dropped on his knees and felt over Nugent's face with his hands. Something warm, something wet, came on his fingers, and a terrible thought came into his mind.

"Blood!" he whispered.

He fumbled in his pocket for a box of

be dead! He must get help—he must! His brain was in a whirl. As he started to run wildly from the spot a low groan broke the silence.

A groan but it was music to Harry Wharton's ears! It showed that the worst—the horror he had feared—had not happened.

In a second he was on his knees at Nugent's side again.

"Nugent, can you hear me?"

Silence.

"Nugent, answer me! If you can speak, speak for goodness' sake!"

Still that same grim silence.

A shudder ran through Harry Wharton. Was that groan that he had heard the last sound Nugent would ever make audible to human ears?

"It was for my sake—after I had—"

He broke off. The remembrance of what he had done was too terrible.

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He scratched another match, but the wind instantly blew it out again. He struck another, and in the glimmer before it was blown out he caught two dark eyes fixed upon him from the colourless face of the lad before him.

He hung down the burnt match with a glad cry.

"Nugent!"

He heard a faint moan in the darkness, a sound of pain from lips struggling to shape words.

"Thank goodness! I—I feared—Oh, thank goodness! Nugent, speak to me!"

"What—what—" The voice came eerily from the boy extended there, sounding faint and far away. "Wharton, is it you?"

"It is I."

"What—what has happened?"

Harry Wharton seized the fallen lad's hand in his own with a convulsive grasp. His relief at finding that the worst had not happened to Nugent almost overwhelmed him.

"Nugent! Oh, I feared—"

"I—I remember."

Nugent made an effort to rise, and sank back again with a groan of pain and weakness.

"Don't move; we are safe now."

"That ruffian struck me down."

"Yes, instead of me. You saved me."

"My head is aching. By Jove, how it pains! I am glad I came up in time, though I shall be better in a few minutes," said Nugent, his voice growing stronger as he spoke. "I—I must have been stunned."

"I feared that you—that you were—"

Harry broke off, he could not finish the sentence. Nugent pressed his hand. He understood.

"Don't speak of it, old fellow! I know how you must have felt."

"Can you get up? I must help you to the school."

Nugent drew a deep, quivering breath. The pain in his head was intense, but he was not one to say much about that. He put his hand to his temple to still its throbbing, and sat up in the road.

"I shall feel more fit soon!" he muttered. "It was a hard crack. Never mind; all well that ends well. It might have been worse."

"Goodness knows, it might! But—"

"Get some water from the ditch in your cap, Wharton. My head's on fire. That will do it more good than anything else. There's blood on my face, too, and that must not be there when I get back to Greyfriars. The less said about this affair at the school the better."

Harry Wharton obeyed. Nugent sat up, leaning back against a tree. Wharton brought the water, and the cut

on the head under the thick hair was washed. It was still bleeding, but Harry, under the cool directions of the injured lad, bound it up with their handkerchiefs.

"Nugent, it may be dangerous."

"Rata!" said the Remove lad cheerfully. "It was a painful knock but my cap protected me, and I partly dodged it. If it had caught me fairly, on the head I rather think I should have been a goner."

"Nugent, can you forgive me?"

The word broke abruptly from Harry Wharton. It was new to the proud, passionate lad to express contrition. The words came strangely from his lips, but they came from his heart.

Nugent gave a whistle. His head was aching horribly. The injury was not a serious one, but it was extremely painful. A feeling of satisfaction came over him, however.

"Do you mean that, Wharton? I thought all along that you weren't such a hopeless rotter as the chaps thought, and I would have stood by you."

"I know you would, and I hated you all the more for your kindness. But—"

"Let it happen again! Let's get back to Greyfriars."

Harry Wharton hesitated.

Nugent staggered to his feet. His brain swam with the effort, and he leaned heavily upon the new boy's shoulder.

"You must come back," he said, "for the simple reason that I cannot get to the school without assistance."

A pang of remorse smote the new boy.

"It's all my fault."

"Well, that's so," said Nugent. "It was all your fault. But come back with me, and we'll keep all this dark and make a fresh start. You won't find the fellows in the Remove so hard to get on with if you try. You haven't tried, so far. If you come to a place determined to find only enemies there, you're pretty certain to find them."

"I've been a fool!"

"Exactly. Give me your arm, and let's go back. Make up your mind to it, old fellow, and I can promise you that you'll find Greyfriars a ripping place. The Remove don't like you now, but we'll stick together and bring them round. Is it a go?"

"Yes!"

And the two juniors—friends now—shook hands upon the compact. And so Harry Wharton faced his difficulties again, to fight his battle out, with a true chum by his side to help him to win.

(Hullo, hallo, hallo! Bob Cherry's cheery voice is heard at Greyfriars next week. Don't miss reading how he fares as a new boy.)

GINGER FOR PLUCK!

(Continued from page 21.)

"Punch my head," he said, "as hard as you like! I deserve it! I made Rook the same offer in the car, but he wouldn't take it on."

"I wouldn't either," said Tom, laughing. "You deserve to have your head punched if ever anybody did. But give me your fin instead, you ass!"

"But you haven't told us how you came to fall into the quarry," said Blake.

"It was a collision—"

"Bai Jove! What sort of a collision. Lowthah, dear boy?"

"Between my nose and Rook's knuckles. Like a pair of silly asses, we started slogging one another too near the quarry. Rook might have gone in, but, as it happened, I was the chap who took the tumble. It served me right!"

said Lowther. "Tom, old man, I'm sorry I put that rot into the 'Weekly,' and I apologise!"

"Never mind that, Monty, old man," said Tom Merry. "If you made it up with Rook—"

"That's all right, isn't it, Rook, old fellow?"

"Yes, that's all right," said Rook. "And you can call me Ginger as much as you like, and as long as you like! I don't mind."

"I think we've both had a lesson," said Monty Lowther thoughtfully. "I don't mind admitting that I've played the giddy ox, and Rook admits that he's played the giddy goat. So we're quits—and chums. Rook's my pal now, and anybody who says anything against old Rook will have to talk it over with me when I'm able to stand on my blessed leg again!"

"Hear, hear!" said Blake heartily. "I was going to pulverise you when you came in, because the New House have won the match; but, in the circus, we'll stand you tea in the study instead. Gussy, go and blow the rest of your liver, and don't spare expense!"

"Yass, wathah, dear boy!"

And there was a very cheerful party in Study No. 6 to tea that evening. Rook was the guest of honour; and Rook only grinned serenely when Tom Merry rose to propose a toast—in ginger-beer.

"Ginger for pluck! And here's long life to Ginger, and long may he wave!"

And all the School House might have heard the roar that followed:

"Ginger for pluck! Hurrah!"

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