

"HARRY WHARTON'S SACRIFICE!"

GREAT
GREYFRIARS
YARN WITHIN.

The

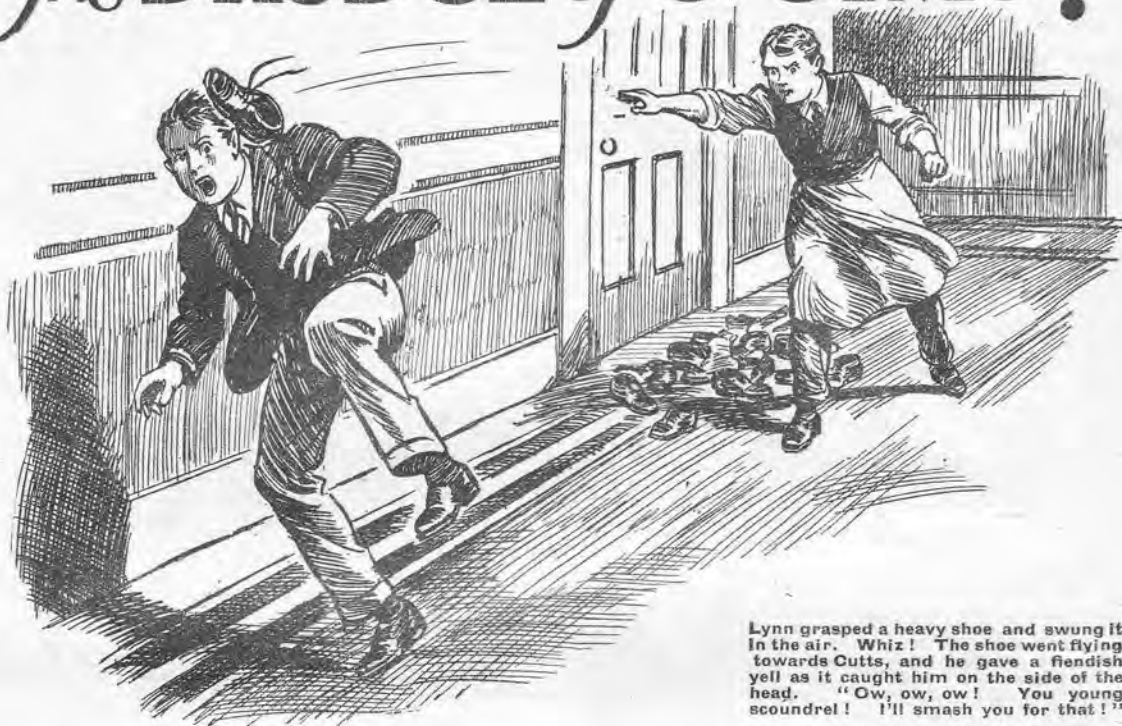
GEM

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THE DRUDGE OF ST. JIM'S!

The DRUDGE of ST. JIM'S!



Lynn grasped a heavy shoe and swung it in the air. Whiz! The shoe went flying towards Cutts, and he gave a fiendish yell as it caught him on the side of the head. "Ow, ow, ow! You young scoundrel! I'll smash you for that!"

CHAPTER 1.

The Newcomer!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY was the first fellow who spotted him.

He was standing just inside the big doorway of the School House of St. Jim's, looking about him in a timid and hesitating manner, with his cap in his hand.

There was no one else in the hall. To Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form, the stranger looked the very newest of new boys, and D'Arcy's heart went out to him at once.

D'Arcy had not forgotten the time when he was himself a new boy at St. Jim's, with all sorts of little difficulties to contend with. And this chap, too, was not very well off in this world's goods.

In the first place, he was not in Etons, neither was he apparently provided with a silk topper. Almost invariably new boys arrived in Etons and silk toppers. The clothes he wore were clean and neat, but they were cheap in material.

The boots he wore were heavy and clumsy, and thick with the dust of the lane. It was evident that he had walked to the school. Honest and respectable poverty seemed to speak in all the garments of the dusty lad as he stood there timidly—and it seemed to speak, too, in the thoughtful lines upon his young, good-looking, intelligent face.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was bound for the tuckshop to purchase certain supplies needed for tea in Study No. 6. Blake, Herries, and Digby, his chums, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,494.

were expecting his return to the study. Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther of the Shell were coming to tea in Study No. 6. So, really, Arthur Augustus had no time to spare.

But courtesy to the stranger came first. Arthur Augustus had no doubts about that.

And he bore down upon the shabby lad in the hall in his most graceful and gracious manner. He remembered having heard that a new boy was coming into the Fourth, but he did not know his name.

"Good-aftahnoon!" said Arthur Augustus.

The boy looked at him.

"Good-afternoon, sir!"

Arthur Augustus smiled indulgently. The fact that the boy addressed him as "sir" proved that the newcomer was, indeed, the greenest kind of new boy possible.

"You're the new boy, eh?"

"Yes."

"Glad to see you, deah boy. Pway allow me to welcome you to the school," said Arthur Augustus in a stately manner worthy of the highest traditions of the noble caste of Vere de Vere.

The lad looked surprised.

"You are very kind, sir."

"Not at all, deah boy. May I inquiah your name?"

"Lynn."

"My name's D'Arcy. You're goin' to belong to this House?"

"I—I think so."

"There are two Houses here," said Arthur Augustus. "School House and New House. This is the School House."

"Yes—that's right. But—"

"Wight-ho! Lucky thin' for you, you know—the School House is Cock House of St. Jim's, you know. No School House chap would be found dead in the New House if he could help it."

Lynn smiled. Perhaps it occurred to him that it would not be a specially agreeable thing to be found dead anywhere if it could be avoided.

"I heard you were comin'," said D'Arcy. "Vewy glad I happened on you, you know. I suppose you are feelin' wathah lost—what?"

"Yes; I wondered if this was the right way in for me."

"Of course it is, deah boy."

"If there is another entrance—"

"Yaas; there are sevewal, deah boy, but we geneewally use this one," said D'Arcy, a little surprised. "Have you seen anybody yet—the Housemastah?"

"No; I was looking—"

"Mr. Wailton is our Housemastah. He is out at pwsent," said D'Arcy. "I'll take you to him when he comes in. Of course, you will have to weport yourself to Mr. Wailton."

"Yes; or the House dame—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Arthur Augustus could not help laughing at the idea of the new boy reporting himself to the housekeeper. "That's all wight, deah boy; I see you are quite a stwangan here. But wely on me. I'll look aftah you. I'll take you to Mr. Wailton as soon as he comes in."

"Thank you, sir."

"Pway don't thank me, Lynn; and you need not call me sir, eithah. That is quite unnecessary."

"But—"

"I dare say you are wathah hungwy aftah your journey—what?"

YOU'LL LIKE TOM LYNN, AND YOU'LL ENJOY READING HOW HE HITS BACK AT THE SNOBS WHO RIDICULE HIS EFFORTS TO MAKE GOOD.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

"Yes; a little. But—" "Then come with me. We're just goin' to have tea, and it will be a weal pleasuah to me if you will have tea with us."

"I—I—" "Not a word, deah boy! Are you hungry?"

"Yes; but—" "Then come with me to the tuckshop, and help me do my shoppin', and then we'll have tea. It's all wight," added Arthur Augustus, as the lad seemed to hesitate. "You can wely on me to see you through. I am an old hand, you know."

"But—but I thought—" stammered Lynn.

"Pway twot along, deah boy. The fellows are waitin' for me."

"Very well." Toby, the School House page, came down the passage as they went out.

"I say," he called out, "are you Lynn?"

The new boy turned his head.

"Yes." "I thought so. You'd better come with me. Master D'Arcy—"

"Pway don't bothah, Tobay. I'm in watah a huwvy," said D'Arcy, turning his eyeglass upon the page for the moment.

"But, Master D'Arcy, that feller—"

"What! Pway don't speak in that impertinent way, Tobay! I am surprised at you!"

"But—but—" "Wun off, and don't bothah!"

And Arthur Augustus marched his new acquaintance out in to the quadrangle, leaving the page staring in blank amazement.

D'Arcy and his companion entered the school shop in the corner of the old quad, and Dame Taggles came out of her little parlour. Arthur Augustus was a good customer, and the dame was very respectful to him, but she gave a very curious glance indeed at his companion.

D'Arcy gave his orders royally. He had lately received a fiver from his noble pater, and in his usual way he was making the money fly.

"Will you help me cawwy these things into the House, Lynn, deah boy?" he asked, as the pile rose to a formidable size on the counter.

"Yes, sir."

"Pway don't 'sir' me. Call me D'Arcy."

"But—but—"

"Pway do as I tell you. I'm an old hand, you know. You can wely on me. Any of the fellahs will tell you that I'm a fellah of tact and judgment. Now, if you can manage the jam and the marmalade and the apwicotts and the buttah and the ham, I think I can manage the west."

And the two boys left the tuckshop under a full cargo.

CHAPTER 2.

An Amazing Discovery!

"MY hat! What a giddy tunity-opportunity!"

Figgins uttered that remark excitedly.

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn, of the

Fourth Form—the famous Co. of the New House—were coming towards the tuckshop as D'Arcy and Lynn emerged.

The sight of the good things with which the pair were laden made Fatty Wynn's mouth water. Funds, as it happened, were low with Figgins & Co., and they had but the sum of sixpence to expend for a tea for three. And here was a cargo of the best, under their very noses, and as it was School House stuff, it was open to them to raid it, according to the laws and customs that had prevailed from time immemorial in the warfare between the rival Houses of St. Jim's.

It did not take Figgins & Co. a moment to decide. They bore down upon the two laden youths with warlike looks. Figgins raised a large hand commandingly.

"Stand and deliver!"

"Wats!"

"Your jam tarts or your life!" said Kerr.

"Pway wun off, you wottahs! We're not lookin' for a wow. I will thwash you New House boundahs some othah time."

Figgins chuckled.

"Gussy, old man, you've dropped on us like corn in Egypt. This is where we raid you bald-headed. Hand over the plunder."

"I wufese to do anythin' of the sort."

"Bump him!"

"Buck up, Lynn!" shouted Arthur Augustus as the New House fellows ran at him.

Tom Lynn, the new boot-boy, came to St. Jim's with the ambition to better his position in life. But the snobbery and persecution of Ernest Levison & Co. made it an uphill fight for the drudge of the school.

Lynn hesitated a moment. But as soon as the New House juniors grasped D'Arcy, Lynn's hesitation vanished, and he rushed to the rescue.

Biff, biff, biff!

The new boy did not look, at the first glance, a great fighting man. But the way he hit out showed that he knew how to use his fists. Figgins & Co. had not expected much resistance—they were in force—three to two—and one of the two was evidently a green new kid. But they found out their mistake suddenly and painfully.

Figgins—the mighty Figgins himself—caught a drive on the chest that made him sit down suddenly with a heavy bump and a loud gasp. Fatty Wynn found himself caught round the shoulders and spun away, so that he staggered half a dozen yards before he also went down to the ground. Kerr, much to his surprise, discovered that he had two to tackle, and he was grasped by Lynn and D'Arcy together, and bumped heavily on the ground.

In spite of the odds, D'Arcy and his comrade had scored, for the moment.

But Arthur Augustus knew it was only for the moment, and he shouted to Lynn to run.

"Buzz off, deah boy! Wun like anythin'!"

They grasped their goods, most of which they dropped, and ran, leaving several tins and packets and jars on the ground; but that could not be helped, for there was no time to stop for all of them.

By the time the astounded New House juniors were upon their feet, D'Arcy and Lynn were racing for the School House.

"After them!" roared Figgins.

The trio rushed in pursuit. But they rushed into Kangaroo of the Shell, and Reilly of the Fourth, and Gore, Bernard Glyn, and several other School House fellows who had been attracted by the row, and they were promptly collared and bumped. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Lynn walked cheerfully into the School House grinning.

"Beaten them, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "We've lost a few of the things, but that weally doesn't mattah—it's all wight. Fatty Wynn is welcome to them. They're weally good sorts, you know, those chaps; but, of course, we're up against them, as they belong to the New House. I must say you handled them wemarkably well, deah boy."

Lynn's brow clouded.

"I hope there won't be trouble about my hitting the young gentlemen," he said.

D'Arcy laughed.

"No feah! They're sportsmen; they won't owe you any grudge. And it wouldn't matter if they did."

"But my position here—"

"That's all wight, deah boy. You'll find the chaps all weady to thump you on the back for handlin' the New House chaps like that. I shall tell them, bai, Jove! Come on!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy led the way up to the Fourth Form passage, and stopped at Study No. 6. There were six juniors in that famous apartment—Blake, Herries, and Digby of the Fourth, and Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther of the Shell.

And they all made the same remark to D'Arcy as he came in, with one voice:

"Ass! You've kept us waiting!"

"Pway excuse me, deah boys. I am bwingin' a fwient to tea—"

The juniors looked at Lynn. He placed his burdens on the study table, and stood with colouring cheeks.

"It's Lynn, the new kid," D'Arcy explained. "Figgins & Co wushed as we came out of the tuckshop, and Lynn handlem them wippin'ly. He knocked Figgins down!"

"My hat!"

"Good for you, Lynn!" exclaimed Tom Merry heartily, extending his hand. "You must be a packet of mustard if you can handle Figgins."

Lynn's colour deepened, and he looked at Tom Merry's outstretched hand in a strange, hesitating manner.

"Give us your fist," said Tom.

"You—you want to shake hands with me?"

"Yes, of course," said Tom Merry in surprise. "Why not?"

"But—but—I—you know—" Lynn shook hands with Tom Merry, colouring quite crimson now as the curious looks of all the juniors in the study turned upon him.

"Lynn is a new kid, you know, and watah nervous," said Arthur Augustus. "I'm goin' to look aftah

him. Pway help me get tea weady, you chaps; instead of standin' wound like a lot of hens, and stawin' at my fwied Lynn."

The table was already laid. The juniors began unfastening the packets, and opening tins and jars. Lynn did not assist. He stood with a very red face, apparently self-conscious to the last degree—more so than the most shy and most timid new boy the juniors had ever seen before. They made it a point not to look at him, so that he might have a chance of recovering his self-possession; but he did not seem to recover it. Digby made the tea, and seven chairs were crammed round the study table.

"Pway sit down, Lynn, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus kindly.

"I—I'd rather not!" stammered Lynn.

"Bai Jove! You don't want to take your foddah standin' up, like a horse, deah boy," exclaimed the swell of the School House in surprise.

"I—I—"

"Here's your chair, kid," said Tom Merry. "Now pile in."

"You—you are very kind, but—but I think I'd better not. I—I musn't. The—the Housemaster wouldn't be pleased!"

The juniors stared at him blankly.

"What's Railton got to do with it?" asked Monty Lowther. "Why should he care whether you have tea with us or not?"

"I—I—you don't understand. You don't know who I am!" stammered Lynn.

"You're the new boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, pile in."

"But—but I think you're making a mistake," said Lynn, with burning cheeks. "I—I am not the kind of new boy you think. I—I—Master D'Arcy didn't give me the chance to explain. I didn't understand what kind of a mistake he was making, but—but I see you don't know. I—I'm—"

"Who on earth are you, then?" asked Tom Merry.

Lynn gasped.

"I'm the new boot-boy!"

CHAPTER 3.

The Guest of Study No. 6!

"GWEAT Chwistophah Columbus!"

"My hat!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

The juniors all exclaimed at once. It wasn't the politest thing in the world to do—but they could not help it; they were so utterly astonished.

The new boot-boy!

They had heard that a new "kid" was coming into the Fourth Form that week. They had not heard that a new boot-boy was expected below stairs. That was not in their department, so to speak.

They stared blankly at the boot-boy. Lynn's face was crimson with mortification. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's little mistake had landed the unfortunate lad into a most uncomfortable position.

"I—I'm sorry," stammered Lynn. "I shouldn't have come here, I know. I'm sorry!"

The next moment he was gone, and the study door had closed behind him.

"Well!" Jack Blake drew a deep breath. "Well, this beats it! Gussy, you ass—you frabjous, bubbling ass! See what you've done!"

"Weally, Blake—"

Tom Merry made a quick stride to

the door. He was the first to recover from his astonishment. He tore open the door and ran into the passage.

Lynn had reached the head of the stairs, hurrying along.

"Hold on!" called out Tom Merry.

Lynn did not seem to hear. He began to descend the stairs, but the Shell fellow dashed after him, and caught his shoulder. Then Lynn looked round.

"What is it?" he muttered. "I—I must go and find the House dame."

"Not yet," said Tom Merry cheerily.

"But—but—"

"You haven't had your tea."

"No; but—but—"

"Come back, then."

"I—I—I—"

Tom Merry drew the boy along the passage. Lynn went half-way back to the study, and then paused resolutely.

"I can't come," he said. "You're very kind, but I can't come. I understand that I have made a fool of myself: I ought to have seen that D'Arcy—I mean, Master D'Arcy—was making a mistake; but—"

"He wasn't making a mistake when he took you for a decent chap," said Tom Merry. "You must excuse us; we were taken by surprise when you told us. We thought you were the new kid that's coming to the Fourth this week. But there's no reason why you shouldn't have tea with us, boot-boy or no boot-boy."

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus, coming out of the study. "Pway twot in, Lynn. We're goin' to have a wippin' spweed!"

"This way in!" said Blake.

Lynn turned his crimson face from one to another of the juniors.

"But Mr. Railton wouldn't like it," he said.

"Oh, he wouldn't mind!"

"I—I am a servant here, you know, and—"

"Come in!"

The juniors settled the matter by marching him into the study, and sitting him down in a chair at the table. Their kindness was unmistakable, and Lynn's worried look left him; but he was very ill-at-ease.

It was a curious situation, certainly. But the same thought was in the minds of all the juniors—they had taken Lynn for a new boy in the school, and when they discovered the mistake they did not intend to treat him with rudeness. They had asked him to tea, and the fact that he was the House boot-boy made no difference to that.

Lynn, somewhat to his own surprise, was soon at his ease. The heartiness of the juniors could not fail to have that effect.

"I am wathah glad I made that wiculous mistake, you know," Arthur Augustus remarked, as he helped the boot-boy to ham and eggs. "Pway pass the salt to Lynn, Hewwies, deah boy. Bwead-and-butthah for Lynn, Blake. I'm jolly pleased to make your acquaintance, deah boy. Do you like your tea stwong or weak? Weak tea for Lynn, Mannahs!"

"You are very kind," faltered Lynn. "Wats! I undahstand now what Tobay was burblin' about. I suppose you are goin' to work with Tobay—what?"

"Yes, if he is the page here. I shall be under him."

"Tobay is a vewy decent chap," said D'Arcy. "I wathah like Tobay. You'll find him easy enough to get on with. I suppose you have to work?"

Lynn smiled over his ham and eggs. "Yes," he said. "It's not from choice. Only, I'd rather work at schoolwork, if it were possible."

"I suppose so," said D'Arcy thoughtfully. "It's easiah, I suppose. But you don't like muggin' up Latin, do you, as a mattach of taste?"

"I've never had a chance to learn any Latin," said Lynn. "I should like to."

"Bai Jove! Would you?"

"But you've been to school?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes; a County Council school till I was fourteen," said Lynn. "I was at evening classes after that."

"Yaas, that's the way to learn things," said Arthur Augustus.

"Try the jam, kid," said Digby.

"Do you play football?"

Lynn looked eager for a moment.

"Yes," he said. "I mean I have played all I could, when it didn't interfere with my work. I may be able to join a team in the village, I hope."

"There's a good village team," said Tom Merry. "Grimes, the grocer's boy, is captain of it, and we have played them."

"We'll introduce you to Grimes," said Monty Lowther. "Chap here named Lumley-Lumley is very chummy with Grimes."

"You're very kind."

"Anothah cup of tea for Lynn, Blake, deah boy."

Lynn found himself enjoying that feed in the study. He had naturally expected to be kept at a distance by the Public school boys—and, indeed, he was destined to discover that all the St. Jim's fellows were not like Tom Merry & Co.

Those cheerful juniors took an interest in him from the beginning, for there was no trace at all of the "bouncer" in Lynn. The kindness he received did not cause him to forget that he was boot-boy, and that it was, in fact, kindness that he was receiving. His nature was too frank and sensible and straightforward for him to think of repaying kindness with over-familiarity. Indeed, he was more likely to err in the opposite direction.

Tea had finished, when there came a tap at the study door, and Toby looked in. The sight of Lynn sitting at the tea-table in the study came as a big surprise to Toby.

"Hallo!" said Blake. "What do you want?"

"I—I—Lynn is wanted downstairs," stammered Toby. "I say, sir, do you know wot Lynn is? He's the noo boot-boy!"

"Yaas, we are aware of that, Tobay," said Arthur Augustus, in his stately way.

Lynn rose to his feet.

"Thank you very much, young gentlemen!" he said. "You have been very kind to me."

"Not at all, deah boy. Good-bye!"

And Lynn followed Toby from the study.

"Decent chap," said Manners, after a pause.

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard him as a fwied," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I cannot quite comprehend his remarkable desiah to study Latin; but ewewy fellow has his little weakness. I am goin' to look aftah him."

And Arthur Augustus kept his word.

CHAPTER 4.

Toby's Subordinate!

Lynn followed Toby downstairs, the School House page looking at him very curiously out of the corner of his eye. Lynn did not appear to observe it. He was buried in thought.

"Bin havin' tea with Master Blake—hey?" said Toby.

"Yes. They were very kind to me," said Lynn.

"I should say they was!" agreed Toby. "Them young gents is sports!"

"They ain't all like that!"

"I suppose not," said Lynn.

"No fear!" said Toby. "But don't you go thinkin' 'ow you're on a equality with 'em, young Lynn, 'cause they've bin kind to you."

Lynn flushed.

"I'm not likely to do that," he said.

"Only speakin' fer yer good," Toby hastened to say. "There's a big difference between you, and you'd better remember it—or you will get pulled up sharp!"

"I know that."

"Ere we are," said Toby. "Mr. Railton is out, an' you're to see the 'Ouse dame. Old Mrs. Mimms is a good sort, though she do insist upon the blessed knives lookin' like new silver. You go in 'ere!"

Toby had stopped at the door of the housekeeper's room. He knocked and opened the door, and pushed Lynn inside, and went his way.

"You'll find me in the boot-room arterwards," he said.

Lynn's interview with the House dame did not last long. When it was over he penetrated into regions farther below, and discovered the boot-room, and Toby in it.

"I suppose you know you're hunder my horders?" was Toby's greeting.

Lynn nodded.

"I'm page, and you're second boot-boy," Toby explained. "No 'arm in 'avin' that clear from the fust."

"None at all."

Toby looked at him suspiciously. The new boot-boy spoke very nicely and clearly, and Toby vaguely felt that his own grammar and pronunciation were not on a level with Lynn's, and felt that it was something of a "cheek" on the part of the second boot-boy to speak better than his superior in position.

"You don't want to put on any airs 'ere, you know," said Toby.

Lynn looked surprised.

"Certainly not," he said.

"You don't want to let people suppose you don't know your place."

"I see," said Lynn. "Can I begin my work now?"

"Ain't you tired arter yer journey?"

"I've rested, and I don't want to slack."

"That's the spirit," said Toby. "Look 'ere! This 'ere is the knife-machine. I clean all the knives 'ere. That's one of your dooties now."

"Yes."

"If you ain't tired, then, you can begin now, and I'll show you 'ow to work it."

"I'll begin at once."

"Take off yer jacket, and put that there apron on," directed Toby.

Lynn did as he was bidden, and soon had the knife-machine going. He cleaned knives at a great rate and with great care.

Toby watched him with approval. In spite of little things about the new boy which Toby did not think suited to his position in life, he was certainly a keen and conscientious worker. When the knives were finished, Toby switched his new subordinate on to the boots. There were always boots to be cleaned, he explained. Boots would crop up all day, as well as the regular two hundred pairs in the morning. There were always two hundred pairs of boots to be cleaned before the rising-bell rang out for the boys to get up.

"Which means gettin' up precious early," Toby remarked. "But that's the way to be 'althy, wealthy, and wise, you know. Show us 'ow you clean boots. That there pair belongs to Master Merry. Start on them."

Lynn started on Tom Merry's boots.

He cleaned them with punctilious care, and with an artistic finish. Toby was moved to remonstrate at what he regarded as labour wasted.

"No need to be too thorough," he said to his pupil. "You needn't go all over them as if they was goin' to be hexamined with a mikerscope!"

"What's worth doing is worth doing well, isn't it?" said Lynn.

"But you ain't doin' boots 'cause they're worth doin', but 'cause you got to," said Toby.

"All the same, I'd rather do them really well."

you 'ow to make the boots uncomfortable inside with a penknife."

"I—I'd rather not," said Lynn.

"It's the only way to get your hown back on a feller like Master Levison," Toby explained, "'cause you won't be able to answer 'im back when 'e rags you."

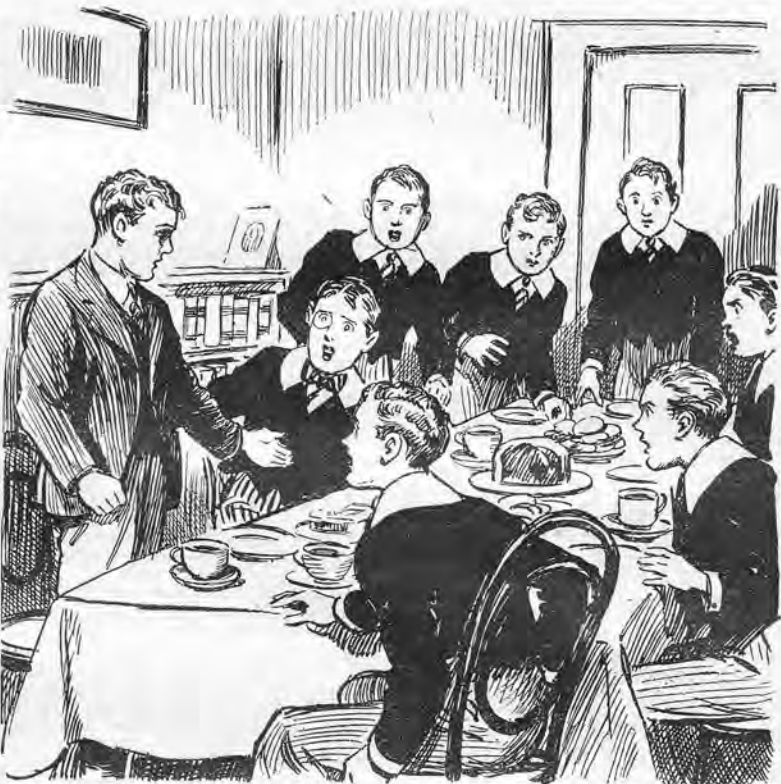
"I'd rather not damage his boots. Besides, he hasn't done anything to me yet."

"E soon will!" said Toby.

And Lynn was destined to discover that that was true. Not all the School House fellows were of the same stuff as Tom Merry & Co.

Toby let Lynn get on with the work, while he seated himself comfortably in a chair, took out a copy of the "Magnet," and started reading it.

Toby had the comfortable feeling that he had secured a very valuable subor-



"I think you're making a mistake," said Lynn, with burning cheeks. "I—I'm not the kind of new boy you think." "Who are you, then?" asked Tom Merry. "I'm the new boot-boy!" replied Lynn.

"Well, every bloke to 'is taste," said Toby. "I don't take all that trouble. But cleanin' them boots is your job now. What 'ave you got on your 'ands?"

"Housemaid's gloves," said Lynn.

"Wot for?"

"To keep my hands clean, of course."

"And what do you want to keep them so clean for?"

Lynn appeared to find that question difficult to answer.

He rubbed away at another pair of shoes without replying.

"I 'ope that don't mean that you've got hideas above your station," said Toby. "You'll 'ave a 'ard life 'ere if that's it."

"I hope not."

"Them boots is Master Levison's," said Toby. "No need to be so careful with them. Master Levison is a beast; and if he finds that you've got any feelings, he'll take a lot of pleasure in raggin' and tormentin' you. I'll show

dinate, who was not likely to complain if more than his fair share of the work was put upon him. Which disposed Toby quite kindly towards the new boot-boy of the School House.

CHAPTER 5.

Lynn Hits Out!

LEVISON of the Fourth came into his study chuckling. His study-mates were there—Mellish and Blenkinsop and Lumley-Lumley.

All the three looked at Levison inquiringly. When Levison was amused it was generally a sign that something uncomfortable had happened to somebody else.

"Well, what's the joke?" demanded Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

Lumley-Lumley was not on good terms with Levison.

terms with Levison, and seldom wasted much politeness upon him.

"The joke of the season!" grinned Levison. "There's a new boot-boy come here—chap named Flynn, or Lynn, or something. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I see nothing humorous in that," said Blenkinsop.

"Only D'Arcy mistook him for a new boy, and took him to his study and fed him," said Levison. "He's downstairs now, cleaning boots. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Mellish. Lumley-Lumley grinned.

"Just like Gussy," he remarked. "Well, the boot-kid is a meal the better off, and no harm done, I guess."

"The funny thing is that Gussy is quite taken with him," said Levison.

"He refers to him as his friend Lynn."

"My hat!" said Mellish.

"Well, why shouldn't he?" said Lumley-Lumley.

Levison sneered.

"I dare say you don't know why he shouldn't," he replied. "You're very chummy with the grocer's boy yourself!"

"I guess I wouldn't be chummy with you," said Lumley-Lumley; "and if you say a word against old Grimes, you'll get a tap on the nose, Levison!"

"Oh rats! They're doing the worst possible thing for that kid—taking notice of him and putting silly ideas into his head," said Levison. "He will have to be put in his place again. I'm the chap to do it!"

"Not the chap to mind your own business, I suppose?" suggested Lumley-Lumley.

"It's everybody's business to see that servants don't put on airs!" said Levison loftily. "If there's any nonsense about him, I'll take it out of him fast enough, you can depend on that!"

Tap! "Come in!" called out Lumley-Lumley.

The door opened and the new boot-boy entered, with a pair of boots in his hand. The juniors all looked at him curiously. Lynn's manner was very quiet and respectful, and there was

certainly no fault to be found with him. But the restless, tormenting nature of Levison was not to be denied. Lynn's position placed him at the mercy of the cad of the Fourth, to worry as much as he liked, and Levison was not the kind of fellow to forgo any advantage of that sort. The merest suspicion that Lynn had ideas "above his station" was sufficient to make Levison resolved to put him in his place.

"Is this Master Levison's study?" asked Lynn, in his low, clear voice.

"Yes," said the owner of that name.

"I've brought your boots, sir. Toby said you wanted them brought to your study when they were cleaned."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Lynn."

"Boot-boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you're the new servant?" said Levison, watching the new boot-boy's quiet, intelligent face to see whether the word hurt him.

But Lynn was quite calm and unmoved as he replied, "Yes, sir, I'm the new servant." Then he moved to the door again, having placed the boots upon the floor near the wall.

"So your name's Lynn?" said Levison.

"Yes."

"Yes what?" demanded the junior.

"Yes, sir."

"That's better. Don't forget your manners. A good servant always has good manners, if he's been properly trained," said Levison.

"More than some juniors have, I guess," remarked Lumley-Lumley.

"You cut off, Lynn. This silly ass is only ragging you."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Stop!" exclaimed Levison, as Lynn turned to the door again. "Don't go till I tell you."

Lynn hesitated.

"I suppose you know you're under the orders of all the fellows here?" pursued Levison. "You are to do as you're told. You are the servant that D'Arcy and the rest have been entertaining to tea in Study No. 6?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you think it's like your cheek having tea with gentlemen?"

"No, sir."

The calm reply took Levison a little aback. Lumley-Lumley chuckled, and Blenkinsop grinned, and even Mellish looked pleased to see Levison set back a little. A glint of anger came into the eyes of the cad of the Fourth. He wanted to "draw" the boot-boy, and the boot-boy declined to be drawn.

"You palmed yourself on them as a new boy, didn't you?" he demanded.

"No, sir."

"D'Arcy thought you were a new boy when he took you to his study?" Levison persisted.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why didn't you tell him you weren't?"

"I did, sir."

"And they had you to tea, all the same?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I suppose you've got it into your low-class head, from that, that you're just as good as any other fellow here?" sneered Levison.

"No, sir."

"Oh, you haven't? Can't you say anything else excepting 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir'?" snapped Levison, feeling that he was somehow getting the worst of it.

"Yes, sir."

"Then say something else, for goodness' sake, and don't chatter the same thing over and over again like a parrot, will you?"

"No, sir."

Levison turned red with anger.

"Look here! If you cheek me, it will be the worse for you!" he said, between his teeth. "I shan't stand much sauce from a boot-boy, I warn you!"

"No, sir."

"I've a jolly good mind to pull your ear now, as a warning to you to be more respectful to your betters!" said Levison.

"If you touch him, Levison, I'll wipe up the floor of the study with you!" said Jerrold Lumley-Lumley quietly, but very meaningfully.

"Mind your own business!" growled Levison.

"I guess you've jawed enough," said Lumley-Lumley. "Lynn, old kid, you can buzz off. Don't mind Levison; he's a rank outsider and cad, you know, and was brought up in a slum, and doesn't know any better."

"That's a lie!" roared Levison.

"Your manners speak for you, I guess," said Lumley-Lumley. "Shut up! You make me tired! You buzz off, Lynn!"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Stop till I tell you to go, you cad!" shouted Levison furiously.

"I'm afraid I must return to my duties, sir," said Lynn.

"You shan't go till I order you!"

"I'm afraid I must, sir."

Lynn quitted the study, and closed the door behind him, leaving Levison crimson with rage and mortification.

"Well, you didn't score off him much, I must say," remarked Mellish.

"Blessed if I'd let myself be put down by a boot-boy, Levison!"

Levison started to his feet.

"I'll jolly well put him down!" he exclaimed. "I'll show him whether I'm going to stand any cheek from a menial!"

"Come back, you fool!" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley, as Levison ran to the door.

But Levison did not come back. He

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tore the door open and ran into the passage, and darted after the boot-boy.

Lynn was about to descend the stairs, when he was overtaken—as he had been by Tom Merry a couple of hours earlier—but in a very different way. Levison grasped his ear and pulled it.

"Take that for your cheek!" he snarled.

Biff!

Lynn did not stop to think. His fist caught Levison full in the face, and the cad of the Fourth rolled yelling along the passage.

From Lumley-Lumley, who was looking out of his study, came a yell of approval.

"Well hit!"

CHAPTER 6.

Levison is Persuaded!

LYNN stood panting, his face crimson, his eyes blazing.

Study doors opened all along the passage. The fiendish yell Levison had uttered had brought a crowd on the scene at once.

"What's the matter?"

"Who's fighting?"

"Bai Jove! Lynn!"

Levison sat up dazedly. His nose felt several sizes too large for him, and there was a trickle of red running down his flushed face. He could hardly believe what had happened. Lynn, the boot-boy, the new servant, had struck him—Levison of the Fourth! It seemed incredible—and it meant the "sack" for Lynn on his first day in his new employment. Levison had only to show his streaming nose to the Housemaster, for that; or, at least, so he considered.

"Did you hit Levison, Lynn?" asked Tom Merry.

The Terrible Three were almost the first on the scene; they did not want to miss a fight if there was one going on.

Lynn nodded.

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry. But he laid hands on me, and I do not think it is my duty to allow that. I hope you don't think so, Master Merry?"

"Certainly not!" said Tom Merry angrily. "How dare you, Levison! What are you ragging Lynn for, you cad?"

Levison staggered to his feet.

"He's struck me!" he panted. "He—a servant! I can't fight with a servant! I shall report this to Mr. Railton, and the rascal will be discharged!"

"Will you?" said Blake, taking hold of Levison's arm, as he moved towards the stairs. "I know jolly well he wouldn't have done it if you hadn't tried to handle him. You thought he would be afraid to hit back, of course."

"Yaas, wathah, you wottah!"

"Let me go!" yelled Levison.

Lynn was looking a little pale. It had meant much for him, that new berth in the School House at St. Jim's, and now he had lost it—on his first day. He had no doubt about that. True, Levison was to blame; but a boot-boy who struck one of the pupils was not likely to keep his situation in a school. Yet he was not sorry for what he had done.

Tom Merry tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Don't be downhearted," he said in a low voice. "We'll stand by you."

"I shall be sacked, I suppose," said Lynn heavily. "Why couldn't he let me alone?"

"You won't be sacked," said Tom quietly. "This matter won't be mentioned to the Housemaster at all; we'll see to that."



Father: "I give you a penknife and this is what you do with it!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to P. Beales, 5, Florence Drive, Enfield, Middlesex.

Lynn gave the Shell fellow a grateful look and hurried away. Levison was struggling in Blake's strong grasp, but he was not likely to get away.

"I'm going to the Housemaster, I tell you!" said Levison, between his teeth. "Do you think I'm going to let a servant treat me like that?"

"You've brought it on yourself, you dirty cad!" said Lumley-Lumley. "He was ragging the poor kid for nothing, you fellows; trying to raise his dander. I guess—and Lynn won't be drawn. Then he ran out of the study after him. It was just sheer caddishness of Levison, and it would be beastly if Lynn got the push over it."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"But he will get it!" said Levison viciously. "Even old Railton won't let a boot-boy stay here who starts fighting with the fellows."

"You're not going to mention this to Railton?" said Tom Merry.

"I am—and at once!"

"We'll see if you can be persuaded not to," said Tom Merry. "Bring him to my study, you chaps; it's farther off. And we don't want the prefects to hear him; he may make quite a row while we're persuading him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Levison, resisting fiercely, was rushed along the passage, in the midst of a crowd of juniors, into Tom Merry's study.

He was whirled into that study and bumped into the table and rolled on the carpet.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Levison, deah boy, stop that wow. Get up and be wagged."

"I guess this is where we put you through it, Levison!" grinned Lumley-Lumley. "What is it going to be?"

"Something lingering, with boiling oil in it," suggested Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got a slipper here," said Tom Merry. "I used it on Levison once before. Lay him across the table."

"Hear, hear!"

"No; there, there!" said Monty Lowther.

Levison was yanked off the floor and plumped, struggling, upon the table, face downwards. He wriggled in horrible anticipation. Tom Merry took up the slipper.

"Now, Levison!"

"Yow! Lemme go!"

"Hold the wottah tight, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, watching the proceedings through his eyeglass. "I do not as a wule approve of cruelty to animals, but in this case I wegard it as impewative to be severe."

"Yow! I'll go straight to Mr. Railton and say—Yaroooh!" Levison let out a terrible yell as the slipper came down.

"Bai Jove! Mr. Wailton would be vewy much surprised if you went to him and said yawoooooh, Levison," said Arthur Augustus in astonishment.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You ragged that kid Lynn for nothing, because he's a boot-boy and can't answer you back," said Tom Merry. "Now, Levison, though you were to blame, it would get Lynn into trouble if you reported to the Housemaster that he had hit you. You're not going to."

"I am!" roared Levison.

The slipper rose and fell with all the force of Tom Merry's muscular arm.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Yah! Ah! Yah! Oh!"

"Will you promise, honour bright, to let the matter drop, Levison?" asked Tom Merry calmly. "We've brought you here to persuade you. We're going to persuade you—if I use up this slipper to rags and have to start on you with a football boot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to report him! I'll get the cad sacked! I'll—"

Whack, whack, whack!

Levison yelled furiously and struggled, but four or five juniors were holding him down on the table and he could not get loose.

"Say when you don't want any more persuading," said Tom Merry.

"Hold on!" roared Levison in anguish. "I—I—I'll do as you want, if you like!"

"Good! You're not going to make any trouble for Lynn with the Housemaster, or the House dame—honour bright?"

"Honour bright!" said Levison, between his teeth.

"But Levison weally hasn't any sense of honah, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy doubtfully. "He won't keep his word, you know."

"If he doesn't," said Tom Merry grimly, "what he's just had will be a joke to what he'll get. If you break your word, Levison, you'll be slipped again and frogmarched and ducked in the river and generally slaughtered. Now you can get out, you cad!"

Levison was released, and he rolled off the table.

"You rotters—" he began.

"Get out!" shouted all the juniors together—and Tom Merry made a threatening gesture with the slipper.

And Levison got out.

And that threatened report was not made to the Housemaster. Levison realised that Tom Merry & Co. were in deadly earnest, and he did not venture to break his word. But towards Lynn, the boot-boy, he felt bitter and rancorous hatred—even more than towards Tom Merry & Co.—and Lynn was destined to feel the effect of it.

CHAPTER 7.

Brought to Light!

TOM MERRY & CO. had stood by the boot-boy from a sense of justice and fair play.

But they had, naturally, very little to do with him. He was not much

in evidence, and during the following day they almost forgot his existence.

Lynn, below stairs, attended to his duties assiduously. Never had the many boots of the School House been so well and conscientiously cleaned—never had the knives had so excellent a polish—never were laborious duties done more carefully and thoroughly. Mrs. Mimms, the House dame, was very pleased with Lynn, and she told Toby that Lynn was worth two of him.

At which Toby only grinned. He was well pleased with Lynn, too. Lynn did far more than his fair share of the work, and never grumbled. All the servants in the School House liked him, as people are bound to like a fellow who is quiet, unassuming, and obliging.

For his leisure hours, which were not many, Lynn had his own occupation, which it made Toby's head ache even to think about.

In the little attic at the top of the House, which was Lynn's room, there were books, well-thumbed and worn, over which Lynn spent much time.

But that peculiar taste of the boot-boy was not generally known. He did not talk much about himself.

But for Levison, Lynn's life in the School House of St. Jim's would have been pleasant enough.

The work was not hard, but it was continuous, and took up most of his time; but he had a reasonable amount of leisure, and he was not of the complaining kind.

And Lynn was a sensible, level-headed boy. He had his ambitions, and he would have been better pleased not to have to start life so low down in the scale. But he knew there was nothing to be ashamed of in any kind of work, so long as it was honest and done well.

He envied the schoolboys, who had nothing to do but study, the thing he longed most for. But it was a perfectly good-natured envy—not a trace of bitterness or jealousy crept into it. They had the luck, as it happened—that was how he looked at it.

He was in a famous seat of learning—and although a boot-boy was not supposed to take any interest in classes or class-work, he was able to pick up crumbs of knowledge, as it were, that fell from the rich man's table.

The thorn in his side was Levison of the Fourth.

Levison had persecuted him in the first place from sheer idleness and malice, without knowing or caring anything about him.

But the blow Lynn had struck had changed all that. Levison's feelings were no longer of idle malice, but of bitter and personal hatred. And he sought for opportunities of making his hatred felt—and he found many.

He came into contact with the boot-boy as often as he could. He delighted to give him orders in a bullying tone and to find fault with him. But Tom Lynn bore it all with quietness, and was never tempted into answering back as he felt inclined.

And Levison, failing to catch him in anything that could be represented as cheek, looked round for more telling methods of making his bitterness felt.

His desire was to provoke the boot-boy into something for which he could me "sacked," and he gave that amicable purpose a great deal of thought.

Even Mellish, though in most things a fellow after Levison's own heart, grew "fed-up" with his malice.

"Why can't you let that kid alone, Levison?" Mellish demanded, a week later.

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after Tom Lynn had come to St. Jim's. "He's civil enough. He hasn't done anything. Why can't you give the poor beast a rest?"

Levison gritted his teeth.

"I'm going to get him the push, somehow or other," he said.

"What for?"

"I hate the beast!"

"Because he hit you?" grinned Mellish. "Why don't you lick him, then?"

"Fight a boot-boy!" said Levison loftily. "No, I haven't come down to that!"

"And he looks as if he could take care of himself, too," said Mellish, with a chuckle. "I fancy you'd have all your work cut out."

"He's a cheeky rotter!" said Levison. "Do you know what he's got in his garret? He's got a Latin Principia there, and he studies."

"Oh crumbs!" said Mellish, with a yawn. "Fancy mugging up Latin without being forced! How do you know what he's got in his room, though?"

"I've looked."

"I guess you're one of the meanest rotters unhung, Levison," said Lumley-Lumley, coming into the study at that moment. "So you've been spying in the servants' quarters?"

"Mind your own business!"

"I guess it's a dirty trick. It's you that ought to be the boot-boy," said Lumley-Lumley in disgust. "Some fellows are born to be rotters, and you're one of them! He's a better sort than you are. If the poor kid is trying to teach himself things, he ought to be encouraged, not sat upon."

"I believe in servants keeping their places."

"No harm in his mugging up Latin if he wants to. I'd lend him a hand with it if I had time," said Lumley-Lumley.

"Hallo! What have you got there?"

Levison had taken a sheet of paper from his pocket, and was regarding it with a grin. It was a sheet of the thick white paper in which goods are wrapped in grocers' shops, and it had been lined with a pencil and was covered with writing in a round hand.

"It's a specimen," said Levison. "If you want to see it, you can come into the Common-room. I'm going to pin it up."

And Levison left the study.

It was evening, and there were a good many fellows in the Junior Common-room when Levison came in, followed by Mellish and Lumley-Lumley.

The sight of Levison pinning a sheet of paper on the wall drew all eyes upon him.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "What is that?"

Levison chuckled, and waved a hand towards the scribbled paper on the wall.

"Gentlemen, allow me to present a sample of the educational work of the lower classes. We have an unsuspected genius in our midst. Look!"

The juniors crowded round the paper in surprise and curiosity. The words upon it were in Latin. It was an exercise such as might have been written out by a fag in the Second or Third Form:

"Cicero reipublicae profuit. Legionibus Romanis duces praefuerunt fortes. Alexander Magnus multis proeliis interfuit." And so on for the whole sheet.

"What on earth does this mean?" asked Tom Merry.

"Is it an exercise?" asked Blake.

"Yes; that's what it is," said Levison.

"Observe the lovely round hand, as

taught by the Council schools. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who wrote that, then?" asked Kangaroo of the Shell. "Why isn't it written on exercise-paper?"

"Because the chap who wrote it couldn't get hold of exercise-paper without stealing it," said Levison.

"What do you mean?"

"Can't you guess who did that?"

"No."

"Lynn!" said Levison, with a chuckle.

"He's learning Latin."

"My hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Some of the fellows laughed. The idea of it struck them as funny. Some of them looked serious, with a compassionate feeling for the poor lad who was labouring against so many difficulties.

"Awful cheek!" said Gore of the Shell.

"Servants are coming to something in our days!" sneered Crooke. "I wonder what the Housemaster would say to a kid mugging Latin when he ought to be cleaning boots?"

"He cleans the boots all right," said Tom Merry. "I don't see why he shouldn't mug up Latin in his spare time if he wants to."

"Yaas, watah!" said D'Arcy. "I regard it as vewy mewitowious!"

"You would!" sneered Levison. "I think it's pure, unadulterated cheek, and funny! A boot-boy learning Latin! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where did you get that paper?" asked Manners.

"Find out!"

"He's been spying in Lynn's room," said Lumley-Lumley.

Tom Merry turned an angry glance upon the cad of the Fourth.

"Have you been to Lynn's room without being asked, Levison?" he said.

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"The cad would hardly have the cheek to ask me to his room!" he said, with a sneer. "It hasn't come to that! I suppose I can go into a servant's room if I want to, can't I?"

"An Englishman's house is his castle, servant or not," said Tom Merry. "It was a mean, dirty trick to go there without permission, and it was stealing to take his property away. You had better take it back!"

Levison bit his lip. His intended joke in holding an ambitious boot-boy up to ridicule seemed to have fallen flat. Arthur Augustus came over to the paper, and unpinned it from the wall.

"Let that paper alone!" shouted Levison.

"I refuse to let it alone! I am goin' to take it back to its ownah," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "You cannot be trusted to do so, Levison!"

"Good old Gussy!"

And, with the paper in his hand, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy quitted the Common-room and went in search of Tom Lynn. And in the Common-room there was a buzz of talk on the subject of that peculiar discovery, many of the fellows laughing, and some, not distinguished for hard work in the Form-rooms, wondering that Lynn should be ass enough to grind at Latin when he wasn't driven to it.

CHAPTER 8.

Gussy Offers to Help!

LYNN was in the boot-room. In that room he performed many of his labours beside the cleaning of boots. The knife-machine was there, and in that room,

too, he cleaned the silver. He was sitting on a box, with his apron on, and a huge pile of spoons and forks on the table before him, and a box of some polishing powder, when Arthur Augustus tapped at the door.

Lynn looked round in surprise. It was not customary for anyone to tap at the door of the boot-room before entering.

"Come in!" called out Lynn.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy entered.

Lynn rose to his feet respectfully at once.

D'Arcy waved his hand.

"Pway don't wise, deah boy."

But Lynn had already risen, and he remained standing, the duster in one hand and a spoon in the other.

"Pway excuse this intwusion, Lynn!" said Arthur Augustus graciously. "I have somethin' here that belongs to you, and I have come to wostore it!"

He laid the sheet of paper on the table.

Lynn's face became red as he saw it.

"I—I—" he began.

"That is your pwperty, Lynn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Levison had it in the Common-woom, so I bwrought it to you."

Lynn's brows wrinkled.

"I left it in my room, sir," he said.

"I'm afwaid Levison went there and took it, deah boy. Pway allow me to apologise for such disgwaceful conduct on the part of a St. Jim's chap," said D'Arcy, in his most stately manner. "I assuah you that we are all ashamed of him."

Lynn smiled.

"It does not matter," he said.

He recommenced polishing spoons as he spoke. He had a great deal of work to do, and even for the pleasure of D'Arcy's conversation he could not neglect his work.

"You are vewy busy, deah boy?" asked D'Arcy.

"Yes, sir."

"Am I bothewin' you if I stay a few minutes? Pway be quite fwank!"

"Not at all, sir. I can go on working," said Lynn.

"I've got somethin' to say to you, Lynn. As Levison pinned that papah up on the wall I could not help seein' it, so I am sure you will not suspect me of showin' an undue intewest in your pwivate affairs," said D'Arcy. "I should not like you to suspect me of impertinence."

Lynn's look was almost affectionate as it rested upon the aristocratic features of the swell of the Fourth. He wondered how many fellows in the big Public school would think that it was possible to be impertinent to a boot-boy. But Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was a gentleman to his slim finger-tips.

"It appeahs that you are muggin' Latin in your spare time," went on Arthur Augustus.

"I'm trying to learn, sir," Lynn coloured again. "I hope you don't regard it as cheek on my part. I don't mean it like that. It doesn't mean that I'm forgettin' my position, Master D'Arcy. But even a boot-boy may think of rising in the world."

"I wegard it as extremewly mewitowious, deah boy. It shows that you've got plenty of Bwewish gwit. I twust you will wegard me as a fwend, my deah kid. You have been muggin' up Latin by yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like some help?"

"Help," repeated Lynn.

"I'm willin' to help you, if you like," D'Arcy explained. "I'm not a vewy bwilliant scholah myself. I don't weally

TRAINING FOR TROUBLE!



"I gotta get in trim. My ma's making me wear that suit to school to-morrow!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss M. Wood, Oak End, St. Michaels Road, Broxbourne, Herts.

get distinguished for that kind of thing. But, of course, I'm pwetty well up in Latin. I should like to help you, and I could pass on to you, you know, some of the instwuction I get fwom Mr. Lathom, my Form-mastah.

"Oh, sir!"

"I wegard it as a duty. Would you like me to lend you a hand?"

"I should be very glad, sir."

"Then it's a go."

"But—but have you the time, Master D'Arcy?"

"Lots of time, deah boy. Now, what time do you study?"

"I always get an hour in the evening, Master D'Arcy."

"Wippin'! I'll make it a point to get my pwp down early, and then I'll come up to your qwartahs, and pile in. That all wight?"

"I don't know how to thank you."

"Pway don't twouble about that. It will be a pleasuah. Now, I won't bothah you any more, as you are busy. Au wevoir, deah boy!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy quitted the boot-room.

Blake, Herries, and Digby were in Study No. 6 when D'Arcy came in. Blake scanned the serious and thoughtful countenance of his noble chum.

"Given young Lynn his giddy paper?" he asked.

"Yaas."

"Now you'd better do your prep if you're going to do it."

"Yaas, I shall have to buck up with it," said D'Arcy thoughtfully. "I've got to do some coachin' to-night."

The chums of Study No. 6 stared at him.

"Coaching?" said Blake faintly.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"What do you mean, image?" asked Blake.

"I'm goin' to coach Lynn."

"Lynn!" gasped Blake.

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard it as vewy mewitowious of him to be muggin' up Latin, and I'm goin' to lend him a hand, you know. I'm goin' to give him some coachin' ewevy evenin' aftah his work is done."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any cause for laughtah, I suppose a fellow is bound to help anothah fellow who's down on his luck.

That's a maxim of the Boy Scouts, too—to do a good turn to somebody or othah, and I'm a Boy Scout."

"Poor old Lynn!" sighed Blake.

"I wegard you as an ass, Blake! I'm goin' to help that chap. I wegard him as extremewly mewitowious. I twust there is no one in this study who is snobbish enough to wegard it as infwaw dig to help a boot-boy?"

"Oh, no!" said Blake. "I was thinkin' of Lynn. If you help him by sitting on his bed and talking—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am goin' to wiah in like anythin'. Now, pway don't talk any more, deah boys. I've got my pwpewawation to do!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did his preparation, while Blake, Herries, and Digby exchanged smiles.

CHAPTER 9.

The Coach!

TOM MERRY, Manners, and Lowther stopped in the passage and stared.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was coming along, laden with books. He had a Latin Principia in one hand and a Latin dictionary in the other, and a sheaf of impot paper under one arm, and two or three class-books under the other arm. And the Terrible Three regarded him with inquiring astonishment.

"Stony?" asked Lowther sympathetically.

"No, deah boy; I have somethin' left out of my last fwah, if you chaps are hard-up."

"Then you're not going to the pawnbroker's?"

"Certainly not, you ass!"

"Not raisin' tin on your books?"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Then what's the little game?" asked Tom Merry.

"I'm goin' to act as coach."

"Oh crumbs!"

"There is nothin' to be surprised at. I'm goin' to coach Lynn in Latin."

"You are!" roared the chums of the Shell in chorus.

"Yaas. Why not?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pway cut the cackle, deah boys! I fail to see anythin' to laugh at."

Tom Merry patted him on the back.

"Pile in, Gussy, old man! I regard it as extremewly meritorious of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, wats!"

And the swell of St. Jim's went on his way, leaving the Terrible Three grinning.

Arthur Augustus ascended the stairs with his burden. High up in the house he went—to the narrow stairs that led to the topmost attic, where he tapped at the door with the Latin grammar.

The door was opened at once by Tom Lynn.

"Here I am, deah boy!" announced Arthur Augustus cheerfully.

"Come in, sir!"

Arthur Augustus went in. It was a small room, but neatly furnished. The window was a dormer, and in daytime it gave a view of the wide playing fields of St. Jim's, with the river beyond. Now it looked out upon a deep blue sky studded with stars.

There was a little wooden bookcase hanging on the wall, and it was full of books—shabby old volumes evidently purchased on second-hand stalls, and cheap editions of classics. There were books on Lynn's little table. The boot-boy had been working when D'Arcy arrived.

Arthur Augustus set down his load upon the table.

"I've b'wrought my books," he said. "I've also b'wrought some impot papah. You will find it bettah than that othah papah."

"Thank you, sir!"

"Now we're goin' to work weally hard," said Arthur Augustus. "Pway don't give me your chair. This box will do wippin'ly."

But Lynn insisted upon giving D'Arcy the chair. Lynn sat down on the box beside him.

"Now, how far have you got?" asked Arthur Augustus. "Are you studyin' this book?"

He picked up "Principia Latina, Volume One."

"Yes, Master D'Arcy!"

"Show me where you are."

Lynn opened the book.

"Bai Jove! You are handlin' deponent verbs—eh?"

"Yes."

"Vewy good! Bai Jove, do you know you're jolly near fit to go into the Fourth Form—if you didn't happen to be a boot-boy, my deah chap!" said D'Arcy, looking at Lynn's exercises. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take the place of a Form-master, and you are the pupil. See?"

"Yes."

"You'll p'p'are a lesson undah my divection, and then I'll make you constwue, same as we do in class."

"Oh, good!"

And they set to work.

The idea of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy as a coach had made the School House fellows smile. But Lynn did not smile; he keenly appreciated the kindness of the swell of St. Jim's, and he found D'Arcy's coaching very useful.

As a matter of fact, Lynn was quite as far advanced in the study of the Latin language as D'Arcy was, and would probably have taken quite a high place in the Fourth Form if he had had the luck to belong to it. But there were many little deficiencies in the learning of the self-taught boy—matters of pronunciation, and so forth.

In that, at least, Arthur Augustus was of great assistance—and his companionship, too, was very agreeable to the lad who had always worked and studied in solitude.

To Lynn the time of study passed with unaccustomed pleasantness. He made the discovery before long that there were some things he could have told Arthur Augustus; but he had far too much tact and right feeling to think for a single instant of showing off to the kind-hearted junior who had helped him.

An hour passed away very quickly, Arthur Augustus finishing by setting a certain portion of work to be prepared for the next day.

"Now it's bed-time," he remarked.

"I weally must considah that you are gettin' on famously, Lynn, deah boy."

"I don't know how to thank you," said Lynn.

"Oh, that's all wight!"

There was a footstep outside the door, and the sound of a whispering voice—the voice of Levison of the Fourth.

"The cad's in his room."

Then a chuckle.

"Never mind; we can go ahead, all the same. He won't dare to tell of us."

And that voice belonged to Crooke of the Shell.

"Right-ho!"

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

The door was flung open.

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Arthur Augustus, from where he stood, could not be seen from the doorway, the open door shutting him off from view.

Lynn stepped forward as Levison, Crooke, and Mellish came in together.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The three cads of the School House grinned.

"We've come to visit you," Crooke explained.

"We think it's like your rotten cheek to be mugging up Latin and that kind of thing!" said Levison contemptuously.

"We're going to stop your cheek! See?"

"We're going to make a bonfire of your giddy lesson-books, and give you a licking if you raise any objection," added Crooke.

Lynn flushed hotly.

"You have no right to come into my room!" he exclaimed.

"Rats!"

"Will you leave?"

"No fear! Don't talk to us, you boot-blackening cad!" said Levison.

"Pile in, you chaps! Here's his rubbish!"

Arthur Augustus had not said a word so far. He left Lynn to deal with his visitors. But his eyes were beginning to gleam, and he was glad that he happened to be in the boot-boy's room at that moment.

Levison stepped towards the cheap bookcase on the wall, his companions following him. They had their backs to D'Arcy now, and so did not see him, although the door was no longer between.

"Books galore!" sneered Levison.

"My hat! Here's a book of botany, and Horace's Odes, and Virgil. Oh crumbs! What a learned boot-cleaner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't clean boots and knives to the tune of Horace's Odes!" said Levison. "It's our duty to destroy these things that keep a servant away from his work!"

"Oh, quite!" grinned Crooke.

"Let my books alone!" said Lynn fiercely.

"Rats!"

"You uttah cads!"

The three ragers swung round at the sound of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's unmistakable voice. They stared at him blankly.

"D'Arcy!"

The swell of St. Jim's advanced towards them, his eyes gleaming.

"You uttah, unspeakable wottahs! How dare you come into Lynn's quartahs without permission?"

"Not likely to ask permission of a servant!" sneered Levison.

"A fellow's quartahs are sacwed to all decent chaps!" said D'Arcy. "You came here to wag him and destwoy his books! You are beastly wottahs! Get out of this woom at once!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"If you don't get out, I shall put you out!"

"Quite sure you could do it?"

"Yaas; I twust so! Lynn will help me, too!"

"If that low cad lays a finger on a St. Jim's chap, he will get the order of the boot!" said Levison.

"You uttah wascal! It is mean and cowardly to take advantage of the fact that he is in employment here!" said D'Arcy witheringly.

"Rot! No need to stand on ceremony with a kitchen drudge!" said Levison.

"It is vewy much to his c'wed it if

he studies as well as dwudgin' below stairs," said D'Arcy. "But it is not your business, anyway! Are you goin'?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No!"

"Then we shall eject you! Come on, Lynn!"

"I've warned you what will happen if that guttersnipe touches us!" said Levison.

"Wats! If there is a wow, I shall explain the whole of the circes to Mr. Wailton, and you will be caned," said D'Arcy.

"Look here—"

"Pile in, Lynn, deah boy! I'll see you though if there's any twouble a'fahwards. Will you go, you wottahs?"

"No."

"Then I shall chuck you out on your beastly necks!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy rushed to the attack.

CHAPTER 10.

No Luck for Levison!

BUMP!

Crooke of the Shell, in the grasp of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, rolled on the floor.

Lynn did not hesitate a second about backing up the swell of St. Jim's.

Well he knew that the matter might be represented in such a way afterwards that it would cost him his employment in the school.

But he could not fail to back up his kind and generous friend, and he was burning, too, with anger at the invasion of his room by the insolent cads of the School House.

Levison and Mellish turned upon D'Arcy, to drag him off the yelling Crooke; but they found that they had the boot-boy to deal with.

Lynn sprang upon them like a tiger.

"Hands off, you drudge!" roared Levison, as a grasp of iron closed upon his collar. "Don't touch me, you cad!"

But Lynn did not heed.

His grip had fastened upon both the juniors at once, on the back of their collars, and his grip was like that of a steel vice. They struggled furiously to loose themselves, but they could not do it. Lynn swung them round, and their heads came together with a loud concussion.

Crack!

"Yah!"

"Ow!"

"Go it, deah boy!" gasped D'Arcy.

"I've got this wottah!"

"Gerroff!" mumbled Crooke.

"I'm goin' to chuck you out, you wotten cad!"

Bump, bump!

Lynn had yanked Levison and Mellish to the doorway. He flung them out one after another, and they bumped and rolled on the landing.

Then came bump, bump, bump, as Levison rolled down the narrow stairs to the passage below, roaring and yelling. Mellish lay and gasped.

D'Arcy and Crooke were rolling on the floor of Lynn's room. Crooke was the bigger and the heavier of the two, but he did not possess D'Arcy's pluck and determination, and he soon cooled down and thought only of getting away. D'Arcy rolled him out of the room, and he bumped on Mellish on the landing.

Arthur Augustus rose, flushed and breathless and dusty, but triumphant.

"The wottahs! Chucked out, bai Jove!"

Lynn panted. "They're gone!" he said. "I think one of them has rolled down the stairs. I hope he's not hurt."

"Serve him wight if he is!" The stairs were very dark, and D'Arcy and Lynn peered down. There was a sound of grunting and mumbling from below.

"It's Levison," said D'Arcy. "Are you hurt, Levison, you wottah?"

"Ow! Yes, hang you!" "Serve you wight!" said Arthur Augustus, with a chuckle. "Hallo! What's that?"

It had not occurred to them for a moment that the uproar must have reached other ears and attracted attention. Kildare of the Sixth, the head prefect of the School House, had come up with a cane in his hand, imagining that it was some "rag" of the juniors that caused the disturbance.

"What's this row here?" shouted Kildare, from the bottom of the garret stairs. "Hallo! Who's this?" He stumbled on the cad of the Fourth. "Get up, Levison! What are you doing there?"

"I've been assaulted by that rotten boot-boy!" howled Levison. "He ought to be sacked! It's disgraceful!"

Kildare turned on the light in the passage. Levison staggered to his feet, dusty, dishevelled, furious.

Kildare fixed his eyes upon the cad of the Fourth.

"Now, what's this?" he demanded. "You say that the boot-boy pitched you downstairs?"

"Yes!" howled Levison.

"What were you doing up there? There's only one garret up those stairs, and it belongs to Lynn. Why did you go there?"

"Oh, to—see him!"

"Lynn!"

"Yes, Master Kildare?"

"Did you pitch Levison downstairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's all wight, Kildare," said D'Arcy, coming down the stairs. "It's lucky I happened to be pwsent, or those wottahs would be tellin' you all sorts of lies about Lynn."

"D'Arcy! So you came here with Levison?"

"No feah!" said Arthur Augustus promptly. "I certainly would not go anywhere with a wotten cad like Levison. I happened to be with Lynn in the woom, you see, when they came there to wag him. I was coachin' Lynn."

"Coaching him?"

"Yaas! He's studyin' Latin, you know."

"Oh!" said Kildare, with a curious glance at the flushed face of the boot-boy. "Well, that's no business of mine. So these three came to rag the boot-boy?"

"Yaas, wathah! They were goin' to burn his books."

Kildare's eyes gleamed.

"I—I say, that was only a joke," stammered Crooke. "We think it's like his cheek to be learning Latin, you know, and we were going to put him in his place."

"It is no business of yours what he does in his own room," said Kildare. "You came to Lynn's room to interfere with him."

"Well, we—we—" stuttered Crooke.

"You have acted like cads!" said Kildare. "Lynn is in employment here, and that alone should make you leave him in peace. What has he done to you?"

"He's a cheeky cad, and doesn't know his place!" growled Levison.

"I'm afraid your opinion on that subject isn't very valuable, Levison. You three came here to rag his room—a rotten, cowardly, caddish thing to do, considering his position here, as he isn't

able to hit back. I'm going to cane you."

"Look here! We—"

"You first, Levison. Hold out your hand!"

"But I—I—I—"

"Hold out your hand!" thundered the captain of St. Jim's.

Levison held out his hand, and then the other. He received two hard cuts that made him howl with anguish.

"Now you, Mellish!"

And Mellish added his howls to Levison's. Then came Crooke's turn, and he writhed and wriggled under the infliction. Kildare pointed down the passage with his cane.

"Clear off!" he said sternly. "And if you trouble Lynn again, I shall give you something you'll remember longer. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

And the cads of the School House went—without a word, but with many mumbling groans.

Kildare turned to Lynn, and his frowning face relaxed.

"I'm sorry this has happened, Lynn," he said kindly. "If there is anything of the kind again, you must come to me or Mr. Railton, and let us know."

"Thank you, sir."

Kildare nodded and strolled away.

"Isn't he a bwick, deah boy?" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy enthusiastically. "A wegulah bwick—what?"

"He is," said Lynn.

"One of the very best," said D'Arcy. "Well, good-night, deah boy! I don't think you will be troubled by those wottahs in your own quarters any more."

"Good-night, sir!"

And Arthur Augustus went his way, leaving the drudge of the School House in his own room, to work over his books for yet another hour before he went to bed.



"I'm going to report him!" exclaimed Levison. "I'll get Lynn sacked!" Whack, whack, whack! The slipper rose and fell with all the force of Tom Merry's arm. The cad of the Fourth yelled and struggled furiously. "Just say when you don't want any more persuading!" said Tom.

CHAPTER 11.

Boot-boy and Footballer!

"GOAL!" Tom Merry slackened pace on his bicycle as the shouts rang across the village green. The Terrible Three were cycling through Rylcombe on Saturday afternoon. Earlier in the afternoon they had been playing in a football match at St. Jim's, and they had ridden down to the village afterwards.

Tom Merry wanted to see Grimes, the grocer's boy. Grimes was captain of the village junior team, and the St. Jim's junior eleven had regular fixtures with them, a fact which Crooke of the Shell, and some other fellows of the same sort deplored. Crooke declared that he would never play against a team of errand-boys and suchlike; but as he was never likely to have a chance of playing, that really did not matter very much. Grimes & Co. could have made rings round Crooke at any kind of game.

"They're playing," said Tom Merry, as he noted the crowd on the village green. "I expect we shall find Grimey there. Let's watch it to a finish."

"Right-ho!" said Manners and Lowther cheerfully.

And they jumped off their machines, leaned them against the railings of the green, and joined the crowd of onlookers.

Grimes & Co. were playing a visiting team from Abbotsford, and the shouts of the onlookers indicated that Grimes & Co. were getting much the best of it.

"How's the score?" asked Tom Merry, addressing a junior in the crowd. It was Gordon Gay of the Fourth Form at Rylcombe Grammar School.

Gordon Gay nodded and smiled.

"Two to nil," he said.

"For Grimey?"

"Yes. They've got a new player in the village team; he's hot stuff," said Gordon Gay. "I've never seen him before, but he's playing a jolly good game!"

"Where's he playing?"

"Inside-right."

The Terrible Three looked out the Rylcombe inside-right, and they uttered an exclamation in chorus.

"My hat!"

"You know him?" asked Gordon Gay curiously.

"Know him! I should say so!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "He's Lynn, the boot-boy in our House at St. Jim's!"

"You don't say so! He plays footer splendidly!"

The chums of the Shell watched the inside-right. It was undoubtedly Tom Lynn, though, at first, they had not noticed him in the blue-striped shirt and

white knickers of the Rylcombe footballers.

Lynn shaped well in football garb. His face was flushed now, and very handsome. He did not see the St. Jim's fellows. All his attention was given to the game. The Abbotsford men were packing their goal, striving to defend; but Grimes & Co. were pressing hard, and undoubtedly the most dangerous among them was Lynn, the Drudge of the School House.

"Ripping!" said Tom Merry, as Lynn obtained the ball and bore it onward. "He's going through there like—like a knife through cheese!"

Lynn was away with the ball. The crowd, thick on the village green, roared applause. Lynn was through the defence; he simply walked round the backs, and he beat the goalkeeper with a fast shot that gave him no earthly chance. Grimes clapped him on the shoulder. Rylcombe were three up, two of which Lynn had scored.

"Bravo!" shouted Gordon Gay, and the Terrible Three together.

Lynn seemed to distinguish their voices amid the cheers of the crowd, for as the players walked back to the centre of the field, he glanced in the direction of the St. Jim's fellows. He waved in response.

The Terrible Three waved their hands in return.

"That was a ripping goal!" said Tom Merry to his companions. "I heard that Lumley-Lumley had taken the kid down here to introduce him to Grimes. I'm glad he's in the team. It's a good thing for him to drop into a good footer team here."

"Good thing for us, I must say!" broke in the disagreeable voice of Crooke of the Shell. Crooke and Gore had come out of the village tuckshop and joined the crowd on the green.

"What do you mean?" demanded Tom Merry, his lip curling as he glanced at the cad of the Shell.

"St. Jim's juniors are playing that team next week!" said Crooke.

"I know that; it's a regular fixture!"

"Rotten, I call it—playing errand-boys and all kinds of ragamuffins," said Crooke, with a sneer. "But this is altogether too thick—to play a team containing a boot-boy belonging to the school."

"Playing against our own boot-boy!" grinned Gore. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Tom Merry started a little.

It had not struck him in that light before; but when he came to think of it, it certainly would be a little queer, playing a team including the boot-boy of the School House.

"Of course, it's impossible!" said Crooke.

Tom was silent.

"I don't suppose the Head would allow such a thing," went on Crooke. "It would be disgraceful!"

"I don't see that there would be anything disgraceful in it," said Tom Merry quietly. "Lynn was quite within his rights in joining the village team."

"Yes; they're about his class!" sneered Gore.

"Exactly; so he joined them, as he had a perfect right to do. Grimes has a fixture with us next week—and he's not likely to leave out his best player. Lynn is far and away the best player in the team."

"Right on the nail!" remarked Gordon Gay.

"If Grimes brings Lynn with him next Saturday, we can't possibly raise any objection!" said Tom Merry.

"Why should you?" said Gordon Gay. Gordon Gay came from the great and breezy land of Australia, and he took a wide view of things. "I suppose the chap won't leave the boots uncleaned while he plays footer—and what else matters?"

"Gentlemen can't play with a boot-boy, I suppose?" said Crooke.

"Gentlemen could," said Monty Lowther. "Perhaps you couldn't, Crooke. But then you wouldn't have to, not being either a gentleman or a footballer."

Crooke turned crimson.

"I certainly wouldn't play!" he exclaimed. "If I belonged to the junior eleven, I'd resign rather than submit to such a thing!"

"Well, you don't belong to it," said Tom Merry dryly, "and you're never likely to, unless you give up smoking, and other rotten things, and train yourself to get fit. So I really don't see how it concerns you at all."

"It concerns me as a St. Jim's chap! What is the school coming to—playing our own servants in a football match!" sneered Crooke.

"If he gets leave from his work on Saturday next week, and Grimes plays him, we shall have to put up with it," said Tom Merry. "As far as I am concerned, it doesn't matter in the least. I'm not a snob, at all events."

"You mean that I am one?" sneered Crooke.

"Yes; though what you've got to be snobbish about, I'm blessed if I can see!" said Tom Merry, with a disparaging glance at the weedy figure and unhealthy face of the cad of the Shell.

"If that low cad plays in a match against the school there will be a row," said Crooke, clenching his hands. "It will be a regular scandal!"

And he strode away with Gore.

"Your giddy boot-boy doesn't seem

(Continued on the next page.)

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to be popular," remarked Gordon Gay, with a laugh.

Tom Merry frowned.

"Some of the fellows are down on him," he explained. "He's a really decent kid, and tries to study in his spare time, and some of the chaps think it's a cheek. I can't see any harm in it."

There was a roar from the crowd.

"Goal! Goal!"

"Lynn again!" grinned Gordon Gay. "You've got a budding Bastin for boot-boy in the School House at your show."

"Looks like it!" laughed Tom Merry. "Hurrah!"

The whistle went, and Abbotsford retired, hopelessly beaten.

The Terrible Three joined Grimes as he came off the field with his men.

"You've got a good man there, Grimey," said Tom Merry.

Grimes grinned.

"Yes, I'm glad he's not in the school at St. Jim's, instead of the boot-room—I shouldn't like him playing against us."

"I wish he were in the school," said Tom Merry. "There would be a place for him in the junior eleven."

"I should say so! He's a regular scorcher!" said Grimes. "I s'pose there's no objection to my putting him in next Saturday? If you wouldn't like it, you just say so, and I'll leave him out, of course—but with him in, I think we might have a good chance of pulling off the match."

"Well, that's a temptation," grinned Monty Lowther.

"Put him in, by all means!" said Tom Merry heartily. "And if he helps you pull off the match, Grimey, you're welcome to it. We want you to bring the best team you can raise."

"And the other players?" hinted Grimes. "I know it's rather a queer thing, the boot-boy playing against his employers' school."

"I don't see why. Anyway, nobody will object, I know that—nobody belonging to the team, I mean—and the others don't count."

"Right-ho, then!" said Grimes. "Three o'clock on Saturday, Master Merry."

"Good!"

And the Terrible Three mounted their bicycles and rode back to St. Jim's.

Tom Merry was in a thoughtful mood. There was no reason whatever why Tom Lynn should not play for the eleven he belonged to against St. Jim's, or any other team; but Tom felt that it was a curious situation, and that it might lead to trouble. But so long as he was assured that the position he took up was the right one Tom Merry was prepared to face the trouble.

CHAPTER 12.

The Drudge in Doubt!

TOM MERRY & CO. were in their study that evening, discussing football, when a tap came at the door, and Tom Merry called out cheerily:

"Come in, fathead!"

Lynn came into the study.

"Hallo, kid!" said Tom kindly. "Trot right in! I say, we saw you playing footer to-day for the Rylcombe kids—it was ripping!"

"First chop!" said Monty Lowther.

"Where did you pick up the game, Lynn? You didn't give the other side a look in."

Lynn smiled.

"I've always played football when I've had a chance, sir," he said.

"Good thing!" said Tom Merry.

"You will make a ripping player if

JUST MY FUN

Monty Lowther Calling!



Hallo, everybody!

They are manufacturing something at Wayland that other firms can't hold a candle to. It's gunpowder.

Mellish complains that merry-go-rounds and so on make him dizzy. He has fair grounds for complaint.

A missionary who went to the South Seas says he found everybody very friendly. Even an octopus he met while bathing tried to shake hands.

Skimpole says he just can't make an omelette out of doors. Well, now try making it out of eggs.

What sort of weather would you prefer if you were the king of a foreign country? A steady reign, of course. "Perfume makes us sigh," states a writer. Makes us sentimental, I suppose?

I hear Australian barrackers are to be watched this season. Authorities are to keep an eye on the bowl!

Hiking is growing in popularity with

film actresses. They wait till a film is half finished, and then walk out.

I hear the B.B.C. can now make any noise you like to mention. But I'd bet they couldn't make the sounds Gore does with his home-made receiving set!

Taggles, the porter, can always foretell the weather. He claims to have the most reliable rheumatic twinges for miles around!

Story: "Look here, my man," said the judge, "if I let you off you're liable to break out again!" "I swear I won't, gu'nor," said the burglar earnestly: "it's breaking in that I just can't 'elp!"

I hear Mr. Ratcliff is working on a book called "Great Floods of the Past Hundred Years." I suppose some poor publisher will have to "wade" through it.

A shower of frogs was reported over a part of France. Over here we have to be satisfied with the same old cats and dogs.

I hear Gibson's father has written Mr. Selby to excuse his son on the grounds that he himself was not very brilliant at school. Young Gibson is a chip of the old blockhead, so to speak.

Story: "How much for that old Greek vase?" asked the buyer. "I'll make it eighty dollars, as it's got a chip out," said the salesman. "Couldn't you make it sixty, and knock another chip out?" suggested the cautious buyer.

Chin, chin, chaps!

you keep on, Lynn. It was worth watching!"

Lynn flushed with pleasure.

"Thank you, Master Merry," he said. "It—it's that I've come here to speak to you about, sir, if you'll excuse the liberty."

"Excuse rats!" said Tom Merry elegantly. "Get it off your chest, kid! Is there anything we can do for you?"

"It's about the match next Saturday," said Lynn, his colour deepening. "Of course, I was glad to join Grimes' team. Master Lumley-Lumley was kind enough to introduce me there, and they are a team of fellows in my own station, and—I didn't know at that time that they had fixtures with the school. I did not know that St. Jim's would play a team of—well, fellows like Grimes and me."

"What's the matter with fellows like Grimes and you?" asked Tom Merry.

"Well, nothing, I suppose, but the difference in—in position and all that," Lynn stammered. "I—I thought—"

"You thought offside, then," said Tom Merry. "There are some snobs here who are up against playing the village, but that's nothing; they don't count."

"But—but I did not know about their match with St. Jim's," said Lynn. "I suppose you wouldn't like me to play next Saturday?"

"Why should we mind?"

"Then you don't mind?" asked Lynn.

"Not a bit!"

"And—and the other young gentlemen—they don't mind?"

"Not the members of the team, certainly."

Lynn drew a breath of relief.

"Then I may play, if I can get the time off?" he asked.

"Of course!"

"Thank you very much, Master Merry."

And Lynn left the study. As he went quietly down the passage Levison and Mellish came out of their room. Levison's eyes glittered at the sight of the boot-boy. Since that coming at the hands of Kildare, Levison had not ventured into the Drudge's room again. He was, indeed, somewhat at a loss how to make the Drudge feel his dislike—until the news of Lynn's football proclivities reached him, and he saw another opening.

"So you play football, Drudge?" he asked, stopping Lynn in the passage.

"Yes, sir," said Lynn.

The word "drudge" grated on his ears, and Levison knew it—which was the amiable reason why he used it.

"Playing in the team of grocer-boys and butcher-boys and chemists' boys—eh?"

"Yes, sir. Grimes has been kind enough to let me play for them."

"Just your mark, of course."

"Yes, sir, just my mark," agreed Lynn calmly.

"And you've got the check to think of playing for them against this school!" exclaimed Levison contemptuously.

"Master Merry says there is no objection."

"And you don't see any objection yourself? You think it's quite right and proper for our boot-boy and kitchen-drudge to play footer against the school that employs him to clean boots and knives?"

"I asked Master Merry," faltered Lynn.

Levison sniffed.

"Oh, of course Tom Merry wouldn't like to hurt your feelings; he's too soft

for that. You'll find that I'm not soft like Tom Merry. I promise you!"

"I have never thought that you were like Master Merry in any way, sir," said the boot-boy—and his tone implied more than his words.

"None of your cheek, you cad!" said Levison savagely. "Look here, Tom Merry doesn't like to set you down, although he knows it's rotten cheek on your part, the same as we all do. I can tell you he will get pretty well ragged by all the fellows if he allows such a thing."

"Yes, rather!"

Tom Lynn's expression changed.

"Do you mean that Master Merry will get into any trouble through his kindness to me?" he asked, with a troubled look.

"Of course he will! All the fellows will be down on him. Can't you see yourself that it's a cheek of a fellow like yourself to think of playing us at footer?" demanded the cad of the Fourth, pursuing his advantage.

Lynn winced.

"I suppose it is," he said, in a low voice.

"Of course it is," said Levison; "and Tom Merry will get jolly well ragged over it, I can tell you!"

He swung away scornfully, and Lynn went downstairs with a clouded brow. Lynn realised only too clearly that the situation was a peculiar one, and he had been perfectly willing to leave the decision to Tom Merry. Tom Merry had decided that he could play for Grimes & Co., but if that was to cause trouble for the Shell fellow among his schoolmates, that was a new and painful thought for the Drudge.

His usually cheerful face was dark and clouded as he went into the boot-room. He had work to do there, and in the boot-room he found Toby cleaning a silver candlestick.

Toby looked up from his rubbing with a curious glance at the sight of Lynn's face.

"Allo! What's the matter, young fellow-me-lad?" asked the page.

Lynn hesitated, and then explained. Toby whistled.

"Didn't know you was a footballer," he said. "You'd better let it alone. The young gents wouldn't like a boot-boy playin' against them, you know. I don't know as the 'Ousemaster would like it if he knew."

"Mr. Railton seems a very kind man to me."

"Yes; but there's things to be considered," said Toby. "Lots of 'umbug in a school like this, you know. The wonder to me is that you 'aven't been sacked when they found you was learnin' Latin and sich."

"But why?"

"'Tain't in your station," grinned Toby. "It's up to the likes of you and me to be 'umble, my son. Verv respectful to your betters, even if they ain't any better nor you. Do you savvy? Get all the tips you can, and never put on airs!"

Lynn coloured.

"I have never taken any tips!" he exclaimed.

"More fool you!" said Toby. "Why shouldn't you?"

"I'm paid wages for my work," said Lynn. "Tips are charity. I never want to have any money that I don't earn."

Toby burst into a roar.

"Where was you brought up?" he demanded. "Oh lor! If fellers only 'ad the money they earns, wot would all the young gentlemen 'ere do for money? They don't earn any; but they 'as plenty."

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"Tips are charity; I don't want that."

"You'd refuse to take one?" gasped Toby.

"Yes."

"Well," said Toby, "all I've got to say is that you're a hass, and you don't know a good thing when you see it! You'll learn better when you've been in service a bit longer, I fancy. You'll get broken in, you know, like a 'orse!"

"But shouldn't a chap be decent and independent, although he's in service?" asked Lynn.

"There's nothing disgraceful in being in service, is there?"

Toby scratched his nose thoughtfully.

"I dunno," he said. "I suppose there must be, as folks look down on it so much. In a place like this, a feller who works for 'is livin' is—is—well, he ain't considered like the others, of course."

"But if nobody did any work at all, what would become of the country?" asked Lynn. "I suppose it's necessary for work to be done, isn't it?"

"I s'pose so," agreed Toby.

"And surely the fellows who do the work ought to be respected more than slackers who stand by letting them do it?"

"Oh lor!" said Toby, to whom this was an entirely new idea. "You do git queer fancies into your 'ead, I must say!"

"And how can there be anything to be ashamed of in being a servant, if there's nothing to be ashamed of in keeping servants?" asked Lynn. "If there's anything rotten in it, it must be much rottener of the people who keep the servants, because they're educated, and ought to know better. If a fellow looks down on me for cleaning knives, he ought to look down much more on the Housemaster, who engaged me to do it—as he's older than I am, and knows better what's right and what's wrong!"

Toby scratched his nose again.

"Well, that sounds all right," he admitted; "but—but, all the same, if you want to keep your berth and not get into trouble, I'd advise you to be 'umble. I s'pose wot you're talkin' is logic; but logic ain't no good 'cept for jawin'. You stick to your work and be 'umble. That's what they like. Larf at 'em be'ind their backs as much as you like, but be 'umble to their faces. That's the way to get on in service, my son, you take my tip. And about your blessed football, don't you rely too much on Master Merry's kindness; all the fellers ain't like 'im. You steer clear of it!"

And that football match, which had loomed up very agreeably in the imagination of the Drudge of the School House, faded into the background. He was prepared to make any sacrifice rather than bring trouble on Tom Merry.

CHAPTER 13.

Lynn is Made Useful!

CUTTS of the Fifth came into the bicycle-shed, and glanced round him. There was no one in the shed, with the exception of Lynn, who was cleaning a bicycle. It was not



Lynn's grip fastened upon Levison and Mellish at together with a loud concussion, Crack! "Yah!" Augustus.

really in Lynn's list of duties—a very long list—to clean bicycles for the juniors; but Arthur Augustus's bicycle certainly wanted cleaning.

The swell of St. Jim's had had a fall, and the bike was caked with mud, and Lynn had seen it, and it occurred to him that there was an opportunity of doing a little in return for the kindness of the swell of St. Jim's. So he was cleaning away cheerfully, making the bike look as clean and bright as a new pin, when Cutts of the Fifth came in.

Cutts, the elegant and dandified Fifth Former, stood looking curiously at Lynn, who did not notice him for some moments. Lynn had not been long enough at the school to know all the fellows by name or sight; but he had observed Cutts, who made quite a prominent figure in the little world of school. He knew that he was rich, that he was followed admiringly by a crowd of the fellows; but he did not know that Gerald Cutts was a black sheep, that he gambled and smoked and broke bounds after hours—those circumstances being little secrets that Cutts of the Fifth kept as carefully as he could from general knowledge.

"Awfully busy—what?" said Cutts.

Lynn looked round quickly at the sound of Cutts' voice, and rose to his feet.

"Yes, sir," he said respectfully.

"You're the new kid in the kitchen, I understand?" said Cutts.

"Yes, Master Cutts."

"Do you always wear gloves when you're cleaning a bike?" asked Cutts, with a grin.

"Yes, sir."

"My hat! The kitchen is coming to something in these days!" said Cutts, much amused. "But never mind that. I want you to do something for me, kid."

"Certainly, sir!" said Lynn, always



boot-boy swung them round. Their heads came they roared. "Go it, deah boy!" gasped Arthur wottah!"

ready to be obliging, although he had not taken Toby's sage advice about being "umble." It was his duty to be respectful, but he did not see any reason for humility.

"I suppose you can find time to get down to the village this evening?" Cutts asked.

Lynn's heart sank a little as he thought of his scant leisure, devoted to study, being cut down still further. But he answered as cheerfully as he could:

"If you wish me to, sir."

"Well, I do," said Cutts. "I don't want you to do it for nothing. I suppose you'd rather be smoking cigarettes after your work's done—eh, and reading the thrilling adventures of Dead-Shot Dave and Bloodstained Bill?"

"I don't read that kind of book, Master Cutts, and I don't smoke."

"No? Quite a little paragon of a boot-boy," said Cutts, laughing. "Still, if you don't smoke, all the better. You're safer to send to Simpson's. I'll stand you a bob for going."

"Thank you, Master Cutts, but I don't want to be paid for it. I'll go for you with pleasure, if you want me to."

"Do they overwhelm you with money in the way of wages here?" asked Cutts sarcastically.

"I'm well paid enough, sir."

"And you don't want a tip?"

"No, thank you, sir!"

"Well, please yourself, but I must say you're a queer fish!" said Cutts, in amusement. "You can go for me, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to go into Simpson's—it's next to the Green Man, you know—and ask him for a box of the usual for G. C."

Lynn looked surprised. That seemed to him a very peculiar order to give,

but he supposed that Gerald Cutts knew his own business.

"Here's the money," said Cutts, handing him a pound note. "Mind you don't lose it."

"I will be careful, sir."

"And don't carry the box home on your head," added Cutts.

"On my head!" said Lynn in astonishment.

"I mean, don't show it round. Slip it under your coat, and keep it out of sight. I don't want everybody at St. Jim's to see it. I suppose you understand?" added Cutts impatiently.

Lynn did not quite understand, as a matter of fact. He did not see why the box of "the usual" from Simpson's should be concealed from sight. But again he considered that Cutts of the Fifth probably knew his own business best.

"Very well, sir, I will be careful," he said.

"And don't smoke any coming home," said Cutts. "They will be too strong for you. There's a bob for you, if you want it."

"Thank you, sir; I'd rather not."

"Please yourself."

And Cutts shrugged his shoulders and left the biker's shed.

Tom Lynn went on cleaning Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's handsome jigger. He could not help thinking about what Cutts had said. But what struck Lynn most was the secrecy of the proceeding. He did not know the rules of the school. The rules of the kitchen were his business. And so he was not aware that smoking was strictly prohibited by the laws of St. Jim's, and he was not aware that Cutts gave little smoking parties in his study with the door locked.

There was something surreptitious about his commission that troubled Lynn a little. But he did not feel that he could refuse to oblige Cutts.

After his work was done that day Lynn found time to go down to Rylcombe. He had to hurry in order to be back to meet D'Arcy in his attic, for the coaching was going on regularly, excepting when Lynn happened to be wanted and had no time.

Lynn found that Simpson's was the tobacconist's in the village, and Mr. Simpson was a very knowing-looking gentleman. He bestowed a wink upon Lynn as he handed him the box of "usual," apparently the brand of cigars chiefly favoured by the doggish Cutts, who prided himself upon being a judge of cigars. Lynn did not appear to see the wink, and he left the shop with the box of cigars under his arm, wrapped in thick paper to disguise what it was.

It was quite dark in the quadrangle at St. Jim's when Lynn came in. He did not enter the school gates, but passed them to go round to the side entrance.

He entered the little gate used by the servants and tradesmen, and paused as three or four dim figures loomed up in the gloom.

"There he is!"

"Collar the cad!"

Before Lynn could be on his guard there was a rush, and he was shoved

roughly backwards and fell heavily to the ground, with Levison, Crooke, and Mellish sprawling over him.

CHAPTER 14.

In Honour Bound!

LYNN bumped down heavily, and the box of cigars crashed to the ground. The boot-boy struggled in the grasp of the ragers. He knew that they must have seen him go out, and had waylaid him in the dark on his return, with the intention of ragging him. And he was taken at a disadvantage. He heard the cigar-box crash under a heavy foot as Crooke trampled over it. Then there was an exclamation.

"Hallo! What's this?"

"Only some grocery or other," said Levison. "Lend a hand to bump the cad!"

But Crooke gave a yell.

"It's not grocery—it's cigars!"

"What?"

"Look!"

Crooke's boot had smashed the box, and a good many of the cigars. The Shell fellow held up a handful of them. The ragers sniffed at them.

"Good cigars, too," said Levison. "I say, if he was bringing them for one of the masters, there will be a row."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Whose are those cigars, Lynn?" demanded Crooke.

"They are for—" "Master Cutts."

Lynn was going to say, when he remembered Cutts' injunction of secrecy. "I was sent for them," he finished. "Will you let me get up, please? I shall hit out if you don't."

"Who sent you for them?"

"I will not tell you."

"Was it a junior—Gore or somebody?"

"No."

"Was it a master?"

"No."

"Let the cad get up, Levison. We're done with him. This is better than ragging. We've got him by the short hairs now."

"What do you mean?" asked Crooke. "There'll be a row if Knox or Sefton or Cutts, or whoever it was, sees his smokes in this state."

"There's going to be a row," said Levison viciously, "and that cad is going to get it right in the neck. It's a serious thing to smuggle cigars into the school for the boys, and a servant was sacked last term for doing it. I'm going to take those cigars to Mr. Raitlon."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Give me those cigars!" exclaimed Lynn, in alarm.

"Rats! You get back into your kitchen, and keep ready to be called upon the carpet and sacked!" grinned Levison.

"We shall get somebody else into a row as well as the Drudge if we go to Raitlon," murmured Mellish.

"I don't care! Let him look out for himself," said Levison coolly. "I'm not going to let slip a chance like this, no fear! We've got the rotter now, and I'm going to make him wriggle. It's the sack!"

"You've no right to take those cigars from me, Master Levison," said Lynn uneasily.

"I'm doing my duty in helping to stop this sort of thing," said Levison loftily. "Come on, you fellows!"

The three juniors walked away. Lynn looked after them, hesitating. He

could not, of course, repossess himself of the broken cigar-box by force. The three were too many for him. And it would have been a very serious matter for the boot-boy to attack three juniors of the house he worked in. He felt that the best thing he could do was to report to Cutts and leave him to recover his property.

Levison & Co. marched off triumphantly to the School House master's study. Mr. Railton was there, and his eyes opened wide when Levison laid the burst cigar-box on his table.

"What ever is this, Levison?" he asked.

"I thought it was my duty to bring it to you, sir," said Levison very respectfully. "They were being smuggled into the school by one of the servants."

Mr. Railton's brows contracted.

"Indeed! How did these cigars come into your possession, then, Levison?"

"We suspected that the boots, sir, was employed to fetch in cigars and things," said Levison calmly. "He looks that kind of fellow, and some of the fellows have seen him hanging about Simpson's shop in Rylcombe. So when he came in just now, we stopped him, and made him give up the box. He wouldn't give it up at first, and it got broken when we took it away. We considered it our duty, sir, to let you know what was going on."

Mr. Railton looked at him sharply. Levison, Mellish, and Crooke were the very last fellows in the School House whom he would have suspected of being troubled with a keen sense of duty.

"You are sure that these cigars were not being fetched for one of the masters?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know for whom they were intended?"

"Oh, no, sir! One of the seniors, I suppose."

"Which servant was it?"

"The new boot-boy, sir. Lynn, I think his name is."

"Very well; you may leave the cigars here."

"Yes, sir."

And Levison & Co. departed. A malicious smile was on Levison's face as he left the study. He felt that he had delivered a blow at his enemy which the Drudge of the School House would not easily be able to recover from. Such an act as smuggling tobacco into the school for the boys was a very serious offence, and punishment was certain to be visited upon the delinquent.

"Here he is!" murmured Crooke.

Lynn came in sight, going towards the Fifth Form passage. He did not glance towards the juniors.

"So it was one of the Fifth!" grinned Mellish. "Cutts, perhaps—or Prye, or Gilmore. I say, they will be ratty about it!"

"Let 'em be!" said Levison.

Lynn went on his way, and tapped at the door of Cutts' study and entered.

Cutts was talking to Prye of the Fifth, and Lynn could not help hearing the words, "three to one against." Matters of sport evidently occupied the attention of the Fifth Formers, and they regarded sport purely and simply from the point of view of making money out of it, like so many so-called sportsmen.

"Hallo, kid!" said Cutts, not unkindly. "Got 'em?"

Lynn explained.

Gerald Cutts uttered an angry exclamation.

"You young fool! What did you let them get the box away from you for?"

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"They were three to one," said Lynn. "I couldn't help it."

"And—and they're taking them to Railton?"

"So Master Levison said."

Cutts gnawed his lip. Prye shrugged his shoulders.

"There'll be a row, Cutts," he said. "Railton will be frightfully down on it. It will mean trouble—bad trouble!"

"Have you given me away, you young idiot?" demanded Cutts roughly, turning to Lynn.

"I didn't mention your name."

Cutts drew a breath of relief.

"Good for you! Keep it dark, do you hear? If those whelps have really sneaked to Railton, you'll be questioned, and asked whom you were fetching the

Cutts more kindly. "I've lost a quid over it, as the cigars will be confiscated now, I say, you look a decent little chap, and I'm sure you don't want to get me into trouble over this."

"Certainly I don't, sir."

"Then don't say a word about my sending you for the smokes. And, look here, if it turns out all right I'll make it worth a half-quid to you."

"I don't want any money, thank you!"

"Oh, you're jolly queer!" said Cutts impatiently. "I don't understand you. It looks to me as if you've got ideas in your head that don't quite agree with the boot-room and the knife machine. The sooner you change them the better for you."

Lynn bit his lip, and his heart was bitter. The Drudge of the School House was evidently not expected to indulge in the luxury of sensitiveness. The finer feelings of human nature appeared to be the exclusive property of Gerald Cutts and his like. Cutts would have knocked down anybody who had offered him ten shillings, but he did not sympathise with a similar feeling on the part of a boots.

"But just as you like," added Cutts. "All I'm concerned about is not being given away. Keep it dark."

"But Mr. Railton may ask me—"

"Oh, tell him some lie or other!" said Cutts carelessly.

Lynn turned crimson.

"I never tell lies!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"Oh, don't tell that to me!" said Cutts irritably. "Ye gods! What is the kitchen coming to? I suppose the juniors have been taking notice of you, and it's got into your head, young shaver. Is that it?"

Lynn had hard work to keep back the tears from his eyes. Why should he not have a sense of honour, as well as another, although he cleaned boots and knives for a living? Cutts saw the quiver in the lad's lip, and gazed at him in sardonic wonder.

"Oh, all right! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," he said. "If you don't tell lies, all the better. You're mighty particular for the servants' hall, I must say. George Washington of the boot-room, by Jove!"

Prye chuckled.

"You'll keep it dark, young shaver?" asked Cutts.

"But Mr. Railton may order me to tell him, and he is my employer, sir," said Lynn, sorely troubled in mind by the difficulties of the position.

"You mean you're going to sneak?" said Cutts fiercely.

"Sneak!" said Lynn, with a start.

"Don't jaw him like that, Cutts, old man," muttered Prye. "He doesn't understand. You could put one of the juniors on his honour, but you can't expect a boot-boy to understand that kind of thing."

"I'm not in the position of one of the schoolboys here, sir," said Lynn. "They could refuse to answer and be caned. But I shouldn't be caned; I should be discharged if Mr. Railton were dissatisfied with me."

"Then you're going to give me away?" said Cutts furiously. "Well, go on, then, you worm! I suppose I was an idiot to think that a drudge of the kitchen could know what a sense of honour was."

Lynn turned quite pale. The words stung him on the raw—as Cutts intended they should. Cutts was a keen observer, and by this time he thought he had correctly gauged the nature of the Drudge. A kid with ideas above his
(Continued on page 18.)



cigars for. Mind you don't give me away."

Lynn looked troubled.

"But what am I to say if Mr. Railton asks me?" he said.

"Anything you like, so long as you don't mention my name."

"Do you mean that you will tell him yourself, sir?"

Cutts burst into an angry laugh.

"Tell him myself? Are you potty, you silly young ass? Don't you know that I might be sacked from the school for it?"

Lynn's eyes opened wide.

"You are not allowed to have cigars, sir?" he asked.

"Didn't you know that, idiot?"

"No, sir; I didn't know it. I should not have fetched the cigars if I had known it," said Lynn, with spirit.

"Don't cheek me," said Cutts, gritting his teeth. "I am not likely to stand much chinwag from a knife-grinder, or whatever you are! Hold your silly tongue!"

Prye murmured something in a low voice, and Cutts' expression changed. His friend had warned him that it would pay to be civil to a "kid" who had it in his power to get him into serious trouble if he chose. The discovery that the cigars were for Cutts might actually lead to his expulsion, or, if it did not, there would be a public reprimand, and the eye of authority would be directed upon him, making it extremely difficult for him to carry on his little game in the future.

"Never mind what I said, kid," said

The Editor's Chair

Let the Editor be your pal!
Drop him a line to-day,
addressing your letters:
The Editor, The GEM,
Fleetway House, Farring-
don Street, London, E.C.4.



HALLO, Chums! I have received several letters from readers lately asking me why their "Pen Pal" notices have not yet appeared. I am sorry if these readers feel impatient at the delay, but the waiting list has grown faster than the notices could be published. I think I have pointed out before that the popularity of this feature is considerable, and notices pour in from all parts of the world. It is astonishing the large number of readers, particularly those in the Dominions, who wish to correspond with others.

If ever there is any space to spare in the GEM I always devote it to "Pen Pal" notices. Every notice takes its turn, and, provided it is sent in with a coupon, it will be published. So I must ask all readers who are still waiting for their notices to appear in print to have a little patience.

OUT TO-MORROW!

By the way, chums, let me remind you that three grand numbers of the "Schoolboys' Own Library" will be on sale to-morrow, October 1st. Hitherto, this 4d. Library has published two numbers per month, but, as I have already told you, there will be three issues in future. The extra one each month will be devoted to St. Frank's stories. The three numbers out to-morrow are: No. 277, "The Scallywag of the Third," a powerful Greyfriars yarn; No. 278, "Follow Uncle James," a ripping story of Rookwood; and No. 279, "The Great Fire at St. Frank's," a sensational tale of Nipper & Co.

"LYNN'S LUCK!"

This is the gripping sequel to the grand story which appears in this issue. It tells of the further exciting and real-life adventures of Tom Lynn. The St. Jim's boot-boy has had to put up with a lot of persecution from Levison & Co., the cads of the school. But, so far, he has proved that he is made of the right stuff, and the would-be snobs have come off second best.

But in next Wednesday's yarn Lynn's task is made a good deal harder by the treacherous scheming of Ernest Levison. The Drudge's desire to learn meets with its reward when he is offered the opportunity of entering for a scholarship which, should he win it, will entitle him to take lessons like the other juniors. It is then that Levison sees his chance of getting revenge on the boot-boy, and he pursues his scheme with a relentless and malicious hatred which brings poor Lynn to the verge of the sack.

Readers will greatly enjoy this

powerful story, which further enhances the reputation of Martin Clifford as being a school-story writer second to none.

"THE STONY FIVE!"

So broke they cannot raise a penny between them! Such is the impecunious plight of the Famous Four and Billy Bunter in next week's fine Greyfriars yarn. Of course, it's nothing new for the latter to be stony! The important thing, however, to Harry Wharton & Co. is to raise the wind for their immediate needs. Bunter has his own original methods of doing this—methods which prove expensive for others!

One of the highlights of this splendid yarn is the arrival of Bunter's long-delayed postal order! No, the age of miracles is not past, and that famous postal order really does come at last. Make sure you read all about it in next Wednesday's GEM. Frank Richards is once again in sparkling form.

"THE CONVICT WHO CAME BACK!"

So he is in the magnificent new cover-to-cover yarn of the Greyfriars chums which appears in this week's "Magnet." It is a masterly story of an escaped convict who goes to Greyfriars as temporary games master in the name of the man whose lying tongue sent him to prison! Every GEM reader will revel in this thrilling story. See that you don't miss it.

IN REPLY.

That is a very old number of the "Boys' Friend 3d. Library" you have been reading, L. Frost, of Chasetown. It was published in October, 1908. At this time the GEM was a penny and the "Magnet" a halfpenny. The "Magnet" was increased in size and price in 1910. It was during the Great War—1918—that both papers became three-halfpence, and then in 1922 they were both increased in size and brought up to their present price.

FORCED LANDING!

"Is it possible," asks J. Melton, of Newcastle, "to land a plane without wheels? I have been wondering what a pilot would do if his machine lost one or both wheels in midair." It would

certainly be a dangerous predicament for any pilot to find himself in. If he had a parachute, he could jump for it and let the plane crash. If not—well, he could only attempt a landing and chance what happened. In point of fact, a Royal Air Force pilot was faced with such a position a short while ago. As his plane flattened out when it dived down on the Solent, the undercarriage struck the water and was wrecked. The pilot then flew back to his aerodrome, and after circling overhead—giving the ground staff a shock when they saw the machine had no wheels—he brought the plane skilfully to earth without damaging it any further.

THE "SHOCK" TREE!

The electricity tree grows in Central India, Jack Mason, of Wimbledon, and its leaves contain sufficient electricity to give one a nasty shock. Birds, insects, and animals are wise to this peculiar tree, and they give it a wide berth. In wet weather the tree loses its electricity, while at midnight, its strength is at its lowest ebb. Its power is strongest in the middle day.

PEN PALS.

Norman Creswell, 33, Clarendon Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 10; age 14-16; Richard Tauber, musical and thriller films, football, cricket, Companion Papers.

E. Martin, 19, Jesmond Road, Hove, Sussex; age 15-17; films; London, New York, California.

R. H. Lee, 27, Meyrick Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.11; members for Pen Pals Club; monthly magazine.

Allan Gee, 27, Lawton St., Congleton, Cheshire; age 21-25; Catholic; Chicago.

Miss Jean McCarthy, 81, Holly St., Dalston, London, E.8; age 13-15; films; U.S.A. and Ireland preferred; girl correspondents.

Miss Irene Silver, 71a, Holly St., Dalston, London, E.8; girl correspondents; age 13-15; U.S.A. preferred; films, story writing.

Eric Pannell, 58, Lake Rd., Portsmouth; Pathoscope films, size 9.5 mm.

Fred Torrington, 415, Pacific Highway, Lindfield, Sydney, Australia; age 13-15.

Doug. Stainer, Box 200, P.O. Warracknabeal, Victoria, Australia; age 13-15; stamps, cycling.

Bruce F. Livie, Roselea, Perth Road, Blairgowrie, Perthshire, Scotland; age 11-16; Sierra Leone, Mexico, Spain.

L. Heritige, 9, Dereham Road, Norwich; pen pals.

Eric Dunn, 50, Roach St., Arncliffe, N.S.W., Australia; films, books; overseas.

(Continued on next page.)

TAILPIECE.

Johnny: "I say, dad, is it true that Nature never wastes anything?"

Father: "Yes, my son, quite true."

Johnny: "Then what's the use of a cow having two horns when she can't even blow one?"

THE EDITOR.

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PEN PALS COUPON

3-10-36

own station, trying to equal his superiors by cultivating truthfulness and a sense of personal honour, Cutts said to himself cynically. He would get it knocked out of him in the long run, but while it lasted Cutts could make use of it to secure himself.

"I won't say a word," said Lynn. "Now, look here," said Cutts, in the genial manner he knew how to assume when it suited his purpose, "you're a decent kid, and I'm sorry I spoke as I did. I put you on your honour not to give me away."

It did not occur to Lynn for the moment that Cutts had no right to put him on his honour to keep a flagrant dereliction of duty. But the lad was only too glad to find that he was not regarded, after all, as a person to whom a sense of honour was necessarily an unknown quantity.

"I promise," he said. "Honour bright?" asked Cutts. "Yes, sir."

"That's all right, then."

Lynn left the study slowly and heavily. Prye looked curiously at the blackguard of the Fifth as the door closed behind Lynn.

"Do you think he'll keep his word?" he asked incredulously.

Cutts nodded. "I believe so. I've sized him up, I fancy," he said, with a cynical grin. "Queer kid, been reading fool-books, I suppose, and getting ideas that don't belong to the boot-room."

"He may get the push if he won't answer Railton."

"Well, I'll tip him ten shillings when he goes, if he does," said Cutts carelessly. "Now, about that handicap at Dolchester; it's three to one against Bully Boy—"

And the blades of the Fifth were soon deep in the interesting and important question of Bully Boy's chances in the Dolchester Handicap, and they forgot the very existence of the Drudge of the School House.

CHAPTER 15.

A Shock for Cutts!

TOBY met Tom Lynn as he came down after his visit to Gerald Cutts' study. He clapped the new boot-boy impatiently on the shoulder.

"Where 'ave you been?" grunted Toby. "Been lookin' for you everywhere. Mr. Railton wants to see you in his study."

"Very well," said Lynn quietly.

"Wot's the row?" asked Toby curiously, regarding the boot-boy's troubled face. "Ave you been up to somethin'—eh?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Mr. Railton was lookin' pretty stiff," said Toby. "Wot 'ave you been a-doin' of, you young hass?"

"I'd better go," said Lynn.

"You 'ad better!" agreed Toby.

Lynn presented himself at the House-master's study. Mr. Railton looked at him with a stern brow, and pointed to the box of cigars on the table.

"Lynn, I am informed that you brought these cigars into the school," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"You were sent for them by one of the boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"His name?"

Lynn was silent.

"Do you hear me?" asked Mr. Railton, raising his eyebrows and his voice a little at the same time.

"I—I'm sorry, sir," faltered Lynn. "I did not know it was against the rules of the school for the boys to send for things at the tobacconist. If I had known it I should not have fetched the cigars."

"Quite so, and you will understand, Lynn, that you are never to do anything of the kind again if you wish to keep your situation here."

"Very well, sir."

"But I wish to know the name of the boy who sent you?"

"I promised him not to tell, sir."

"Nonsense!"

Lynn's lip quivered miserably. He wondered if the Housemaster would have said "nonsense" so sharply if it had been a St. Jim's fellow who made the answer. Was a promise supposed to amount to nothing with a drudge?

Mr. Railton looked at him with a new interest. So far, he had not noted Lynn any more that he was accustomed to noticing the page or the housemaids. "Come, Lynn," he said, less sharply. "You say you did not know it was

wrong to fetch the cigars. If the boy asked you to promise not to tell, you must surely have guessed that it was against the rules of the school."

"I promised afterwards, sir."

"Indeed! After Levison had taken the cigars from you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have seen the boy since, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he asked you to promise not to tell his name, and you did so?" Mr. Railton made an angry gesture. "You should not have made that promise, Lynn. Your duty is towards your employers, and not towards a boy who employs you on dishonourable errands."

"I suppose so, sir," faltered Lynn.

"However, I will not ask you to break a promise—to do so would be very wrong," said the Housemaster. "I must ask you to be more careful in the future, or I fear it will be impossible for you to remain in service here. You may go."

"Thank you, sir."

Lynn left the study.

Mr. Railton, then, did not think it impossible for a boots to have a sense of honour. That was encouraging, at least. And Lynn realised clearly enough that he ought not to have made that promise to Cutts of the Fifth, and that he was lucky not to have been discharged for what he had done. It was a lesson to him not to mix himself up in any way in the affairs of the St. Jim's fellows—a lesson that he determined to remember.

His work was done till the time for gathering up the boots overnight. He went up to his room and found Arthur Augustus D'Arcy waiting for him there.

"Pway, excuse me for comin' in when you weren't here, deah boy," said the swell of the School House gracefully. "Time for work, you know."

Then he noticed the cloud upon the Drudge's face.

"Anythin' w'ong, deah boy?"

"It's all right," said Lynn. "I'm ready, Master D'Arcy."

"Been doin' any footah pwactico lately?" asked Arthur Augustus, as he opened the books, ready for the coaching process.

Lynn shook his head.

PEN PALS

(Continued from previous page.)

A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging topics of interest to each other. If you want a pen pal, post your notice together with the coupon which you will find on page 17, to the address given there.

Miss Marion Hilton, 15, Bye St., Audenshaw, Manchester; girl correspondents; age 16-20; dance bands, films, sports.

Miss I. Powell, 16, Poyntz Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.11; girl correspondents; age 14-18.

Miss Marjorie Panting, 292, Willesden Lane, London, N.W. 2; girl correspondents; age 18-25; dance music, films.

Moosa M. Patel, 64, High Rd., Fordsburg, Johannesburg, South Africa; age over 15; sports, history, ancient languages; Asia, Turkey, Germany, East Indies.

Bill Macpherson, First Avenue, Malvern, Natal, South Africa; age 15-17; cricket, soccer, travel, politics.

Miss Vesta Muller, 39, Palm Grove, Overport, Durban, Natal, South Africa; girl correspondents; age 14-16; travel, geography, music.

Harry Young, 9, Walton Fold, Entwistle, near Bolton, Lancs; pen pals; age 16-20.

John Mather, 288, Springburn Rd., Glasgow; stamps.

Frank Lee Craven, 141, Ivy Rd., Smithills, Bolton, Lancs; stamps, cacti.

Miss Peggy Marsh, 155, Godinton Rd., Ashford, Kent; girl correspondents; age 12-14; sports, films.

Miss Amy Pow, 40, Dalmeny St., Leith, Edinburgh; girl correspondents; age 17-19.

Miss Pat Williams, 5, Fernhurst Villas, College Rd., Cork, Ireland; girl correspondents.

Melvin Pustejovsky, P.O. Box 167, Moulton, Texas, U.S.A.; age 18-20; stamps, coins, films.

Miss Mary Gibb, 23, Beech Street, Barnoldswick, Colne, Lancs; girl correspondents; age 14-17; sports, swimming.

Leslie Crosbie, 20, Ben Jonson Rd., Stepney, London, E.1; age 16-18; astronomy, stamps, natural history.

L. Heritage, 61, Grapes Hill, Norwich; age 12-18; a pen pal on the stage.

Cyril Wood, 5, Park St., Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Notts; age 12-14; cricket, football, snaps, of footer.

Tony Baylis, Whitehall, Alcester, Warwickshire; stamps.

Dave Reid, Lynton, Harboro Rd., Kings-thorpe, Northamptonshire; age 13 up; America, Central Africa; Tarzan stories.

Wm. C. Leitch, 87, Mansfield Place, Aberdeen; St. Jim's and St. Frank's stories.

Robert Kilgour, 711, Second Avenue, Verdun, Pro. Quebec, Canada; age 14-16; sports.

Miss Sylvia Brons, 29, Rushmore Rd., Lower Clapton, London, E.5; girl correspondents; age 15-17.

Lester Lazarus, 953, Rockland Avenue, Montreal, Canada; stamps, sports, music.

Miss Margaret Stevenson, Crampton Rd., Reefton, West Coast, South Island, New Zealand; girl correspondents; age 14-16; stamps, talkies, sports.

Miss Josephine Diamond, 5, Edgar House, Old Ford Rd., Bow, London, E.3; girl correspondents; age 18-22.

Les A. Warren, Maroonah, 5, Leura Rd., Auburn, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia; stamps, wireless.

Scott Carson, 31, Summerhill Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada; stamps; Australia, South Africa, etc.; age 9-12.

David Sullivan, 15, Queen's Parade, Devonport, Auckland, New Zealand; age 12-15; stamps; Eastern Europe, Cook Islands, etc.

Miss Jeanne Barnett, 13, Mountain View Rd., Morningside, Auckland, New Zealand; girl correspondents; age 18-22.

Terence Farrell, 854, Winnipeg Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada; age 16-18; Europe, U.S.A., South America.

Bob Charles, Locarno Hotel, Horsham, Victoria, Australia; stamps, sports.

Owen Kalk, 18, Club Road, Bveulla, Bombay, India; age 15-16; stamps, photos, sports.

Alec B. Mendelssohn, 10, Regal Flats, Twist St., Johannesburg, South Africa; soccer, cricket, wrestling, boxing; preferably Jewish.

V. A. Baxendale, 1, Vincent St., Openshaw, Manchester; sports; America.

"I don't have much time, sir, and Grimes and the rest don't have much."
 "You must be in form for Saturday, you know, old chap."
 "Saturday," said Lynn, colouring.
 "Yaas, wathah! I suppose you haven't forgotten that you're goin' to play for Gwimes against the juniah eleven?"

"I shan't be playing, sir."
 Arthur Augustus raised his eyebrows. "Not playin'!" he ejaculated.
 "No, sir!"
 "Can't you get off?" asked Arthur Augustus sympathetically. "Bai Jove, that's wathah wotten, you know! I suppose there's heaps to be done, and you'd have to ask permish."
 "Yes, I should have to ask permission, sir," said Lynn, willing to let it go at that.

"And you might not get it?"
 "I might not, sir."
 "Well, I twust you will be able to," said D'Arcy encouragingly. "Now, let us wire in at the Latin. We were workin' at the fourth conjugation, I believe."

And the coaching commenced.
 After the juniors had gone to bed, Gerald Cutts of the Fifth came upon Lynn in the passage laden with boots. As he had heard nothing from the Housemaster, Cutts knew that the Drudge must have kept his word, and he was feeling kindly towards Lynn.

It was a condescending kindness, of course, as was suitable for a great man like Cutts of the Fifth towards a mere kitchen boy.

"You didn't give me away, after all, young shaver," said Cutts.
 "No, sir," said Lynn quietly.
 "Well, you're a good little chap, and you can be useful to me," said Cutts.
 "How would you like a ten-shilling note to do as you like with?"

"No, thank you, Master Cutts."
 "Look here," said Cutts, lowering his voice, "if you like to be useful to me, I can make it worth your while. I often want a kid to fetch things, and take messages, and keep it dark, you know. I find I can trust you. If you make yourself useful to me, I'll see that you don't lose by it."

"I can't do anything against the rules of the school, sir," said Lynn, "and since you speak about it, I'll say it was wrong of you to make me fetch the cigars and promise not to tell. I might have been discharged from my place, if Mr. Railton hadn't been very kind to me."

"Wrong!" said Cutts, in a dazed sort of way. "Great Scott! Have we got an amateur preacher to clean our boots? Are you off your dot, you silly young fool?"

"I said what I think, sir."
 "You cheeky whelp! This is what comes of being kind to you, I suppose. You think you can cheek me because of a little secret like that?"
 "No, sir. I don't mean to be cheeky. But I won't do anything of the kind again."

"You won't! You dare to say that to me, you guttersnipe?"
 "Yes, Master Cutts."

Cutts gave him one look, and then reached out and boxed his ears savagely. Lynn reeled against the passage wall, and there was a clatter of falling boots on the floor. Cutts strode away down the passage. Lynn straightened up, his eyes blazing. Gerald Cutts had finished the matter by boxing his ears, as he supposed; but Lynn was fed-up. Not if his place had been at stake would he have endured that from Cutts. He grasped a

heavy shoe, which belonged to Herries of the Fourth, and swung it into the air. Whiz!
 Cutts heard the whizzing of the shoe, and half-turned, and gave a fiendish yell as the shoe caught him on the side of the head.

Bump!
 "Ow, ow, ow! You young scoundrel! I'll smash you for that!" yelled Cutts furiously.

He ran at Lynn. The boy stood his ground, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing.
 "I shall hit back if you touch me," he said between his teeth.

"Cutts! Stand back!" Kildare's voice broke in as he came hurrying along the passage. "I saw you strike him, you brute. How dare you!"
 "He checked me!" howled Cutts.

"He has never seemed a cheeky kid to me," said Kildare. "What did he say?"
 "Mind your own business."

"I'm a prefect, Cutts, and this is my business. Keep your hands to yourself. If you touch that kid again I'll knock you flying," said Kildare, a blaze coming into his blue Irish eyes—a blaze that warned Cutts to be careful.

"I'm willing to tell Master Kildare what I said," said Lynn quietly.

But that was the last thing Cutts wanted. He did not want the head prefect of the School House to know that he was the fellow who had sent for the box of cigars. He rubbed his head, and gave Lynn a furious glare, and strode away. Lynn had made another enemy in the School House at St. Jim's.

Kildare looked curiously at him.
 "Thank you, sir," said Lynn.
 "That's all right," said the captain

of St. Jim's. "Cutts had no right to strike you, Lynn, but I'd be careful how I slung shoes at fellows, all the same, if I were you. Good-night!"

CHAPTER 16.

Tom Merry Takes a Hand!

TOM MERRY & CO. came out of the Form-room cheerfully after morning lessons on Saturday.

It was a fine day, a half-holiday, with a good match in store for the afternoon, and the heroes of St. Jim's did not want more than that to make them happy.

"Looking forward to playing the boots this afternoon?" Levison asked with a sneer as he came upon the Terrible Three and Blake & Co. in animated discussion of football in the Form-room passage.

"Just so!" said Tom Merry cheerfully.

"He oughtn't to be allowed to play," growled Crooke.

"Rats!"
 "He won't!" said Levison, as he walked away with Crooke. "I fancy that will be all right. I've given him a jawing on the subject."

"Oh, rot!" said Crooke. "You were saying the other day that he was going to be sacked over that affair of the cigars, but he wasn't, all the same."

"Railton's such a soft ass! If it had been Ratty of the New House, Lynn would have got it in the neck, right enough, hang him!"

"But it wasn't," growled Crooke, "and Cutts gave me a licking yesterday. He didn't say what it was for, but I knew all right."



Tricking the St. Jim's backs, Lynn found himself with only the goalkeeper to beat. Next moment a lightning shot left his boot. Fatty Wynn's hands just missed the leather, and the ball was in the net! The St. Jim's boot-boy had won the match for his side!

Levison rubbed his ear reminiscently. His attempts to get the Drudge sacked had certainly been a failure, and Gerald Cutts had shown no admiration at all for the strict sense of duty which had impelled the cads of the School House to take the box of cigars to the Housemaster. Cutts had taken opportunities of bestowing sound lickings on all three of the juniors who had been led astray by that misguided sense of duty.

But Levison had his consolation. He felt pretty certain that Lynn wouldn't be able to play in the footer match. The fear of bringing trouble upon the kind friends who had been decent to him was more than enough to make the Drudge forgo that pleasure, much as he would have enjoyed it.

And when Grimes & Co. arrived in the afternoon for the match, Tom Merry discovered that the Drudge was to be absent from the Rylcombe ranks.

"One of your men here, of course," said Tom, as he shook hands with Grimes. "I'll run into the House and tell him you're come."

Grimes shook his head.

"I've heard from Lynn that 'e can't play, sir," he replied.

"Got a better man?"

"No, a wuss!" said Grimes, rather dolefully. "I'm afraid you'll be givin' us another lickin', Master Merry. But it can't be 'elped."

"Why can't Lynn play?" asked Figgins of the New House. Figgins was a great man in the junior eleven. Figgins bore no malice for that little skirmish outside the tuckshop on the day Lynn had arrived to take up his duties at St. Jim's.

"Dunno," said Grimes. "He wrote he couldn't, that's all. I s'pose he can't get off."

Tom Merry wrinkled his brows thoughtfully.

"That's rotten," he said. "I understood he would be able to get the time off. Of course, if he can't, he can't. You really want him to play?"

"Wot-ho!" said Grimes. "But if he can't get leave—"

"It mayn't be that," said Tom Merry. "It may be some rot or other—some cad may have been getting at him. I'll see."

"Yaas, wathah," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Let's go and look him out, Tom Mewwy, deah boy."

Tom Merry and Arthur Augustus hurried into the School House. They found the door of the boot-room open. Lynn was standing at the window, looking out.

"Grimes & Co. have arrived," said Tom Merry. "Grimes wants you to play."

"I—I can't, Master Merry!"

"Why not?"

"Well," Lynn hesitated, "I—I haven't asked leave."

"Why didn't you?"

Lynn was silent.

"Yaas, pway ansawah that question, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus.

"Why haven't you asked leave off for the afternoon. Mrs. Mimms would give it to you."

"I—I think I'd better not play, if you don't mind, sir," stammered Lynn.

"You'd rather not."

"Yes. I—I'd rather not."

Tom Merry looked very grave.

"Now, look here, kid," he said seriously; "if you'd really rather not, that ends it, of course. But are you sure about it? Isn't it some other

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reason? Has anybody been saying anything to you about it?"

"Master Levison said—"

"Yaas, we might have guessed it was Levison," said Arthur Augustus. "I have a great mind to look for Levison, and give him a fearful thwashin', the uthah wottah!"

"Never mind what Levison said!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I don't see what Levison says or doesn't say can make any difference to your playing for Grimes!"

"It—it won't do, Master Merry. I'm a servant, you know," Lynn faltered. "The other young gentlemen would be down on you if you played me."

Tom Merry burst into a laugh.

"Let 'em be down on me," he said merrily. "The gentlemen wouldn't, you can be sure of that; and the others don't matter."

"Wathah not!"

"Come with me to Mrs. Mimms," said Tom Merry, catching Lynn by the arm. "If there's anything that must be done just now, Toby will do it. Toby's a good sort, aren't you, Toby?"

Toby, who was looking in at the doorway of the boot-room, grinned. He would have done anything to oblige Tom Merry.

"Course I will, Master Tom!" he said. "Lynn can get off if he likes, only 'tain't right in his position to play, you know. I've advised him—"

"Oh, take your advice away and boil it!" said Tom Merry good-humouredly. "Come on, Lynn, and we'll interview the House dame."

Lynn—keen enough at heart for a chance to play—suffered himself to be led away by the Shell fellow. Mrs. Mimms was found amenable to reason. She gave Lynn permission at once to leave the house for the afternoon.

"So that's all right, young shaver," said Tom Merry, as he marched Lynn triumphantly away from the house-keeper's room. "Where are your things? Time to change."

"Oh, Master Merry—" faltered Lynn. His heart was too full for many words.

"Buck up, and change!" said Tom.

"Come down to the ground as soon as you're ready. I'll go and tell Grimes you're playing."

And Tom Merry and D'Arcy returned to the football ground. Grimes' rugged face lighted up when he heard that he was to have his wonderful inside-right in the team.

"We'll give you a good fight this time, Master Merry!" he said jubilantly.

"I hope you will!" said Tom Merry heartily.

Lynn came out in a few minutes and joined the Rylcombe lads. Levison & Co. were looking on, and they stared blankly at him as he came into the field.

"The Drudge!" ejaculated Mellish.

"So he's playing after all!" sneered Crooke.

Levison gritted his teeth.

"I hope there'll be a row over it!" he muttered. "I hope Tom Merry will get called over the coals! I hope—"

"Blow your hopes!" growled Crooke. "I knew you were talking out of your silly hat all the time. He's going to play, and you're a silly chump!"

"Let's hiss him, anyway!" said Mellish.

"Good egg!"

The sudden sound of hissing drew many eyes upon them. Some of the footballers ran over to the spot.

"What's that row about?" demanded Tom Merry, with a glitter in his eyes.

"I suppose we can hiss cheeky kitchen boys if we like?" sneered Levison.

"That's just where you make a mistake—your can't!" said Tom Merry.

"Collar the cads, and we'll give them something to make another kind of row about."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Here, hands off! Yah! Oh! Groogh! Yaroooh! Help!"

Levison, Crooke, and Mellish rolled on the turf, and picked themselves up and ran for their lives. And there was no more hissing at that football match.

CHAPTER 17.

Bravo, the Drudge!

TOM MERRY won the toss, and Grimes kicked off. There was quite a crowd round the footer ground. The fellows had heard

that the boot-boy of the School House was playing in the ranks of the visitors, and the peculiar news brought them down to watch.

"The kitchen-boy, by gum!" said Cutts of the Fifth. "Playing footer. Rather a new line in kitchen-boys, I should say!"

"Oughtn't to be allowed!" said Prye.

"That's just what we say!" broke in Levison eagerly. He had returned to the ground, though he was careful not to indulge in any more hissing.

"Don't you think that Kildare ought to interfere, Cutts?"

"Better tell him so," said Cutts, with a grin. "There he is, watching."

Levison hesitated, and then went over to the captain of St. Jim's. Kildare and Darrell had stopped to look on.

"By Jove," Kildare was saying, as Levison came up, "that kid is hot stuff! Look at him!"

"And he's a boots," said Darrell. "He can't have much time for practice."

"He makes the most of his chances, anyway. Look at that! He's simply walking through them! Bravo!"

shouted Kildare. "By Jove, I'll see that that kid has some chances for footer practice after this, as he's so keen on it!"

And Levison, as he heard that remark, decided that he wouldn't request Kildare to interfere, after all.

Some of the fellows had queer expressions on their faces as they looked on. It was certainly very peculiar to see the lad who cleaned their boots playing in the visiting team. But as they watched Lynn their expressions gradually changed to sheer admiration.

There was no doubt that the Drudge was a fine footballer.

His class was quite up to that of the St. Jim's fellows—indeed, as the play went on, it became evident that there were not more than three or four fellows in Tom Merry's eleven who were equal to him.

And not only was Lynn's play of the best, but he "played the game" all the time. No selfish keeping of the ball, no attempting to score when he ought to have passed, and no swank. Just a clean, straight game, played for the side.

Grimes was grinning with delight as he watched him. For once the villagers had a chance of winning. They were accustomed to being beaten by the Saints, as was only natural considering the limited time they had for practice. But matters seemed to be shaping very differently this time.

"Goal!"
It was a sudden shout as the leather went in from the foot of the Drudge, even Fatty Wynn in goal failing to save.

"First blood for the bounders!" sneered Levison to the fellow next to him, who happened to be Reilly of the Fourth. "I wonder how Tom Merry will like that?"

"Faith, and he looks as if he does!" grinned Reilly.

For Tom Merry had slapped the Drudge on the shoulder with a hearty:

"Good man! That was ripping!"

And Levison ground his teeth. It was evident that a goal against him did not make Tom Merry regret that he had been instrumental in getting the Drudge into the village team.

That was the only goal taken in the first half. When the game was restarted after the interval, St. Jim's played up very hard. And they honoured the Drudge with their special attention.

A goal came to Tom Merry in about twenty minutes. And the St. Jim's crowd cheered. The score was level now.

Then a hard, gruelling tussle went on. Both sides were putting all their beef into it. Lynn had forgotten the boot-room now, the sneers of Levison—he had forgotten everything but the great game of footer. He was no longer the Drudge of St. Jim's—he was a keen footballer fighting for his side, and he played up strongly.

The defence of the village team was sound, and the ball went back into the St. Jim's half, and then Lynn was upon it. He was away in a flash, seizing his opportunity. It was a single-handed rush for victory, for there was only two minutes left to play. It was the last chance of a win.

All the crowd knew that, and they watched Lynn breathlessly.

He had left the St. Jim's halves behind, and he eluded the rush of Figgins, and tricked Kerr. He had only the goal-keeper to beat. Fatty Wynn was watching, but the lightning shot that came in gave him no chance. His plump hands just missed the leather—and the ball was in the net!

There was a roar:

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Drudge!"

It seemed like a dream to Lynn to hear the St. Jim's fellows cheering. They were cheering him—the boot-boy, the Drudge!

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Lynn!"

And when the final whistle went, Lynn walked off the field with shouts ringing in his ears, and his heart was too full of happiness for words.

Later in the evening Lynn and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat in the little attic, over the Latin Principia and the impot paper, working. The boot-boy was getting on famously with Latin, and there was every prospect that Tom Lynn would be as good a scholar as he was a footballer.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus, when he rose. "Do you know, deah boy, a can't weally teach you anythin' more? But I'll tell you what—Tom Mewwy can take you on furthah than I can, as he's in the Shell; and he says he's goin' to do it, if you like. Is that all wight?"

And Lynn could only stammer his thanks. At that moment life at the school had never seemed so happy and bright for the Drudge of St. Jim's.

(Next Wednesday "LENN'S LUCK!" Look out for the great sequel featuring the St. Jim's boot-boy. Order early.)

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TWO POUNDS SEEMED A SMALL PRICE TO PAY TO SAVE A SCHOOLFELLOW FROM DISGRACE, BUT IT MEANT A BIG SACRIFICE FOR HARRY WHARTON.

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

Peter Hazeldene, the cad of the Remove at Greyfriars, has borrowed money from Ikey Isaacs, a moneylender. He fails to meet the Hebrew's demands, and Isaacs comes to the school and threatens to go to the Head. Hazeldene, however, succeeds in satisfying the moneylender, for the latter takes his departure.

But, later, Hurree Singh, the Indian junior, finds ten shillings missing from his coat pocket. Knowing Hazeldene's plight, Harry Wharton & Co. suspect him of theft. When they tackle him about it, the cad of the Remove, utterly dispirited by the burden of debt and the fear of expulsion, admits that he picked up the ten-shilling note in the cricket pavilion and paid it to the moneylender.

Harry Wharton & Co. take compassion on him, and, for the sake of Hazeldene's sister, agree to say nothing about the theft.

Hazeldene, however, is still in the clutches of the moneylender. Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove, offers to lend him the two pounds he owes, on condition that Hazeldene invites the bully to his home in the next holidays. Bulstrode wants to become better acquainted with Marjorie Hazeldene. But Hazeldene, who has decided to reform, flatly refuses the bully's offer.

(Now read on.)

Plain Speaking!

"COMING down to the gym, Harry?"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"Oh, come along!" said Bob Cherry. "We're all going down, and even Billy Bunter is going to shake down his tea on the parallel bars."

"I'm not going to do anything of the sort, Cherry," said Billy Bunter. "After a really good meal I don't feel inclined for physical culture, and I'm not going to perform any monkey tricks on parallel bars. I don't mind watching you fellows play the giddy goat, and I'll show you some exercises with the Indian clubs, if you like."

"That you won't!" said Frank Nugent. "You're not going to brain me with an Indian club, you Owl!"

"I don't suppose for a moment that it would actually brain you if I hit you, Nugent, and I'm not really likely to hit you with the clubs—"

"No, you're not, for if I see you go near them I shall chuck you out of the nearest window!" Nugent promised.

"The chuckfulness would be preferable to the brainfulness," said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, "and our Bunterful chum is certainly dangerous with the clubful exercise."

"I'm afraid there's a lot of jealousy in this study," said Billy Bunter, with a shake of the head.

"Let's get down to the gym," said Bob Cherry. "I say, why aren't you coming along, Harry? No need to start on prep for an hour yet."

"I wasn't thinking of prep."

"I hope you're not thinking of your old cricket bat," said Bunter anxiously. "Of course, I could not possibly know that you would mind. If you like, I will redeem it from Skinner to-morrow morning, when my postal order comes."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I'm not thinking about the old bat,"

HARRY WHARTON'S SACRIFICE!

By Frank Richards.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper the "Magnet.")

Bunter; and I think it would be a very old bat by the time you redeemed it, anyway. It's all right, you chaps, run along and leave me alone. There's something I want to think out."

"Right you are!" said Bob Cherry. "Wish I could lend you my brain; it would make it easier for you. Come on!"

The Removites quitted Study No. 1, and Harry Wharton was left alone.

There was a thoughtful shade on Harry's brow as he stood leaning on the mantelpiece in the study. With all Harry's faults—and he had many,

Harry Wharton has many faults, but selfishness is not one of them—as he proves when he is faced with the problem of saving another from disgrace!

though of late they had not been so much in evidence as of old—he had never been selfish, and he was just the kind of fellow to take another's troubles on his shoulders. That, to some extent, was what he was doing now.

His chums considered that Hazeldene had got off lightly, as indeed he had. But Harry Wharton could not dismiss the cad of the Remove's white, miserable face from his memory.

It was no business of his; and Hazeldene might not be worth saving, for that matter. Yet Harry Wharton could not dismiss the matter so lightly from his mind. If only for the sake of Hazeldene's sister Marjorie, he would try to save the cad of the Remove. After all, he had come to have a position of something like authority in the Greyfriars Remove. Fellows looked up to him as leader. Was it not his duty to put out his hand to save a Form-fellow from ruin?

But what could he do to save him from the clutches of Ikey Isaacs, the moneylender? That was the question. He more than suspected Hazeldene of

bad and reckless habits, such as card-playing, and even betting on horses. That was in all probability the cause of his difficulty. If the difficulty were taken away, and the cause continued, what would be achieved? Nothing. The situation would arise again, and Harry's trouble would simply be wasted. It was reform in Hazeldene himself that was wanted. And yet—

It would want thinking out. Harry turned out the light in the study, and went out to take a quiet stroll in the Close to think over matters. In the passage he came face to face with Bulstrode. The Remove bully was grinning.

"Hallo, Wharton!" he said, stopping the captain of the Remove, though Harry would have passed on. "You were in my study a while back."

"I went there to speak to Hazeldene."

"Oh, it's all right! I suppose you know he's in difficulties with a Sheeny moneylender, don't you?"

"I know something about it."

"You brought the Sheeny into his study—I remember." Bulstrode looked at Wharton very keenly. "Have you offered to lend him the money to get him out of his fix?"

Wharton started.

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, you have, then! I wondered why he was so deuced independent! Well, I can only say that you're a fool for your pains. Two pounds doesn't grow on every bush. But perhaps it's on Marjorie Hazeldene's account."

"I don't quite understand you, Bulstrode."

"I mean that I offered to lend Vaseline the money to fix things with the Sheeny, and he refused. It occurred to me afterwards that he was going to get it from somebody else. I hear Inky is broke. So it must be you. You're the only other fellow in the Remove, I believe, who's likely to be ass enough to pay another fellow's debts."

"Thank you! But you say you offered him the money yourself?"

"That was, on conditions; and he refused. He wouldn't have refused if he hadn't been sure of the tin from another quarter. I see how it is. You were mighty chummy with Marjorie Hazeldene when she was here, and you don't want her to know the true story of the bracelet."

"The bracelet?"

"Oh, don't put that on, Wharton! I know you know all about it, and I'll jolly soon show you that I know. I got it from Isaacs direct, and Vaseline has admitted it, and so there's no good beating about the bush. Vaseline owes the Sheeny money for a bracelet he bought for his sister on her birthday."

Harry Wharton started again.

"Are you quite sure of that, Bulstrode?" he asked.

The bully of the Remove looked at him searchingly.

"Do you mean to say that you didn't know, Wharton?" he demanded.

"I certainly didn't know."

"Then why are you going to lend him the money to pay Ikey Isaacs?"

"I'm not going to do anything of the sort. At all events, I haven't offered to do it. As a matter of fact, I haven't two pounds in the world at the present moment."

"Then who is it Vaseline expects to get the money from?"

FRANK RICHARDS IS AT HIS BEST IN THIS GREAT YARN OF THE EARLY SCHOOLDAYS OF THE GREYFRIARS CHUMS.



Harry Wharton drew the money from his pocket and counted out two pounds three shillings and sixpence. "There is the money," he said, laying it on the moneylender's desk. "Now give me Hazeldene's paper, please."

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You had better ask him."

"It must be Inky!"

"Hurree Singh is stony. As a matter of fact, we're all stony in Study No. 1, or practically so," said Harry cheerfully. "Perhaps, after all, Hazeldene doesn't expect to get the money."

"But he refused my offer."

"The conditions might account for that."

"I never believed he had spirit enough to refuse any conditions," said Bulstrode distrustfully. "I suppose you are telling the truth?"

"You had better not suppose anything else aloud, at all events, Bulstrode," said Harry. "I'm not accustomed to having my word doubted."

"Oh, keep your wool on! I can't understand it about Hazeldene, that's all. He seems to be going on a fresh tack entirely."

Bulstrode moved to pass on. Harry Wharton stepped quietly in his way, and the bully of the Remove stopped again.

"Does anybody else know this story besides yourself and me?" asked Harry.

"Probably not."

"Then it ought to be kept quiet."

"Why?" asked Bulstrode sneeringly.

"It's not a pleasant story. Marjorie Hazeldene may be down at the school again some time. It would be rotten if this story were generally known in the Remove. Vaseline has acted badly, but not so badly as a fellow who made a girl's name the talk of the Common-room."

Bulstrode laughed mockingly.

"Rats! It's too good a story to keep."

"Then you mean to make it the joke of the Form?"

"Why not? If Vaseline had accepted my offer, I should have shut up. He

threw it in my teeth, and I'm under no obligation to keep his secret."

"You are under an obligation not to say anything that would make a girl unhappy if she came to hear of it."

"I'm afraid I haven't any time to listen to sermons, Wharton," said Bulstrode, with a yawn. "Will you stand aside and let me pass?"

"No, I won't!"

"Oh, very well; I can wait!" grinned Bulstrode. "You are not going to stand there all the evening, I presume?"

"No. You intend to tell that story to the whole Form?"

"I intend to tell it to the first chap that comes along, if you keep me standing here," said Bulstrode, with evident relish.

"Very well. Now listen to me. When I first came to Greyfriars you licked me once—"

"More than once," grinned the other.

"Very well, more than once. But I stood up to you till the tables were turned, and I licked you, Bulstrode."

"You had rather the best of it last time, I suppose!" said Bulstrode savagely. "What are you getting at?"

"This! If you say a word to a soul about this bracelet story, I'll give you such a licking that you'll hardly be able to crawl for a week!" said Harry Wharton grimly.

A bitter sneer came over Bulstrode's face.

"So you are setting up as a bully, are you?"

"It's the last thing in the world I want to do, but you've driven me to it. Mind, I won't have a word said about Marjorie Hazeldene or this affair at all. If you are going to make me play the bully, I'll play it right enough. If you utter a single word that might cause Marjorie Hazeldene pain if she knew it, I'll give you the biggest licking of your life!"

Harry Wharton meant every word he said, and the bully of the Remove knew it.

There was a momentary silence.

Bulstrode broke it.

"You can keep your wool on," he said, with an effort. "I really had no intention of telling the story except to a few fellows."

"That would amount to the same thing as telling the whole Form at once."

"Well, if you make such a point of it, I don't mind keeping mum. You might have been a little more civil about it."

"If civility would have been of any use, I'm sorry I was uncivil," said Harry. "But it's understood, Bulstrode—not a word!"

"Oh, all right!" snarled Bulstrode.

Harry Wharton stood aside, and the other passed on. He passed on with a glare of savage rage in his eyes, but there was more fear than rage. Bulstrode was not likely to tattle.

Harry Wharton strolled slowly out into the dusky Close. There, in the gloom under the elms, he thought out his problem.

Harry's Mission!

"THE man who invented half-holidays," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully, "ought to have a tin medal!"

Bob Cherry made that remark in the Remove class-room the next day, just before the Lower Fourth were dismissed. The day was Wednesday, a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and the weather was fine and sunny.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, glanced towards the form where the Famous Four sat in a row. Whenever there was any talking in

class, Mr. Quelch instinctively looked towards the form occupied by the chums.

"I think I heard someone speak," said Mr. Quelch.

"Did you, sahib?" said Hurree Singh, upon whom the Remove master's eyes had fallen suspiciously. "The earfulness of the instructor sahib is very acute."

"Perhaps you spoke, Hurree Singh?"

"Yes, sir—"

"Then take fifty lines."

"But, my respected and revered sahib—"

"Take a hundred lines—"

"But allow me to enter upon the worthy explainfulness—"

"Two hundred lines."

"I shall have great pleasure in receiving all the lines you have the generosity to bestow upon me," said the nabob. "But it seems to me unreasonable to punish me for speaking to Wharton before we came into class. But no doubt the instructor sahib knows best. As an Oriental, I am ignorant of the home-grown ways."

"When you said you spoke before you addressed me, did you mean that it was also before you came into the classroom, Hurree Singh?"

"Certainly, respected sahib."

"Then you— But no matter. You need not take any lines."

"The thankfulness is terrific."

"I really wish, Hurree Singh," said the Remove master snappishly, "that you would pay more attention to the instruction you receive, and would cease to speak in that absurd travesty of the English language!"

"The attention to the instructiveness is great, most worthy and ludicrous sahib," said the nabob meekly. "But the instructful lessons I receive at Greyfriars are not shamefully alike with those I received under the tuition care of the worthy moonshee who taught me English in Bengal."

"You must speak the English of England—not the English of Bengal!"

"The worthy moonshee was a learned man, and greatly respected for his knowledge of the language of the English," said the nabob. "I myself heard an English sahib tell him that his English was most picturesque."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Well, well, we will not talk about it now. It is time for the class to—"

"But truly, most respected sahib, I am crammed with eagerness to learn the differentiation of the English speechfulness," said Hurree Singh. "If I have any small and unnoticeable errorfulness in my rendering of the great language of Shakespeare, I am sorrowful, and seek the improvefulness. It is the resultfulness of the early training. As your English proverb says—'As the twig is inclined to grow, so the honourable tree is bent.'"

"The class is dismissed."

Bob Cherry hugged the nabob as they reached the passage with the Remove crowd.

"You inky boulder, how much of your piffle is real, and how much is humbug?" he demanded. "I'm blessed if I can tell t'other from which."

The dusky nabob smiled serenely.

"Perhaps I yielded slightly to the temptation to pull the august leg of the instructor sahib," he purred. "But there are many strangefuls in English to which I am not accustomed, even after all the studyfulness I have bestowed on the tongue. For

instance, in your great Shakespeare's honourable play 'The Rivals'—"

"That's not Shakespeare!" grinned Nugent. "That's Sheridan!"

Hurree Singh shook his head slightly. "I fear that you are slightly mistaken, my worthy chum. Sheridan was the honourable author of the 'School for Candles'—"

"Ha, ha! Do you mean the 'School for Scandal'?"

"Possibly that is the more correctful designation. But as I was saying, Shakespeare, in 'The Rivals'—"

"Sheridan, you inky ass—Sheridan!"

"I must really insist that it was Shakespeare, because my esteemed native instructor in Bengal informed me so with his own tongue," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with quiet and polite obstinacy. "But as that great poet says in 'The Rivals'—'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!'"

"Ha, ha! That's Shakespeare, right enough, but it's in 'King Henry IV'!"

"I am afraid you are wrong, Nugent. But to take that sentence, it is not what we English speakers in Bengal consider sensible."

"What's the matter with it, Inky?"

"In the first place, every head has a crown, unless the person has been scalped by Red Indians."

"Ha, ha! It's not that kind of crown."

"Besides, if the crown of the head were removed, by scalping or otherwise, the person thus crownfully scalped would be more uneasy than a person still possessing the crown of his honourable head."

"Ha, ha! This tame lunatic will be the death of me if he doesn't leave off talking English," laughed Bob Cherry. "There's another kind of crown, Inky—the kind a king wears."

The nabob shook his head.

"It was not that kind of crown that the honourable Shakespeare meant, Bob Cherry."

"Ha, ha! Wasn't it? Why not?"

"The reasonfulness is perfectly clearful. The poet says with distinctfulness, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' meaning that the person concerned is lying down, perhaps taking an afternoon napful snooze."

"Well, what about it?"

The nabob smiled pityingly.

"It is clearful to me, my Cherryful friend, that you do not habitually use the thinking apparatus of your brainful box," he remarked. "Surely it is evident to the most stupidful of asses that a king, or anybody else, would take his crown off before going to bed."

"Ha, ha, ha! It's a figure of speech, Inky, if you know what that is. It's a poetical way of putting it."

"I think you are slightly mistaken, my worthy chum. I cannot regard that line as being worthy of the great poet Shakespeare, whose works I esteem. I could quote you some hundreds of other lines—"

"Not to-day, Inky!"

"Oh, just a dozen or two to show you that—"

"There will be an inky corpse in the passage if you start."

"Oh, very well, my esteemed Cherry! Let us take the little runfulness in the august quadrangle."

The Removites went out into the sunshine. After dinner Bob Cherry, Nugent, and the nabob prepared for cricket practice. But Harry Wharton had other plans in his head.

"Aren't you going to get into your flannels, Harry?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Not just now."

"But we've got on a scratch match, and we want you."

"Let another chap have a chance of

showing what he can do. I want to run down to the village."

"Oh, I don't know that we're set on cricket," said Bob Cherry, who would have changed his plans at any moment to please a chum. "We'll come for a stroll if you'd rather."

Harry Wharton turned red.

"Well, to be quite frank, it's a matter of business I want to see into," he said. "I shall have to go down alone. I'll join you on the cricket field later. As a matter of fact, I haven't a bat till I get my new one."

"Anybody would lend you a bat. But I say, are you going to get your new cricket things to-day? You ought to have expert advice on the subject."

"Certainly. We must all go along with Wharton when he makes the esteemed purchase," said Hurree Singh.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"That's all right, kids. I don't suppose I shall do any buying to-day. I'll explain to you another time. I must really go alone."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"Oh, all right!" said Nugent. "If there's a giddy mystery, we don't want to undersudy Sherlock Holmes and start solving it. Come along to the cricket, my infants, and leave his highness to get on with the mystification."

"Don't be ratty, Nugent—"

Nugent laughed good-naturedly.

"I'm not, Harry. But I'm blessed if I see what's in the wind. But I'm not curious. Go for your little run and see us later. Ta-ta!"

The three Removites strolled off. Harry Wharton went down slowly to the gates with a thoughtful expression on his brow. He did not like putting off his chums, but there was nothing else to be done.

"I say, Wharton!"

Billy Bunter was sidling after him. Harry glanced at him. There was an extremely knowing grin on Bunter's face which rather puzzled Harry.

"What is it, Bunter?"

"You didn't want the fellows to come to the village with you?"

"No; but that's no business of yours, is it?"

"N-no, not exactly. But you'd like me to come, wouldn't you?"

"Not in the least."

"Now, don't be mean, Wharton."

"Mean! What on earth are you driving at?" asked Harry, somewhat irritably. "How is there anything mean in not wanting a fat barrel to roll down to the village with me?"

"Of course, I know very well what you are going to the village for."

Wharton gave a start.

"I don't believe it. What do you mean?"

"I saw you take the money from your desk and put it in your pocket. I think you might take me even if you don't want the others."

"And what do you think I'm going out for?" asked Harry curiously.

"To have a feed all by yourself, of course."

"You young glutton!" exclaimed Harry.

"It seems to me that you're the glutton, when you won't let me have a snack, after the feed I stood last night," said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I'm really surprised at you, Wharton. I didn't think this of you—I didn't, really."

Harry burst into a laugh. It was impossible to be angry long with Bunter.

"Look here, you young cormorant," he said, "I'm not going out for a feed! I'm going on business! There's nothing to eat, and so you don't want to come! So-long!"

And Harry walked out of the gates

of Greyfriars, leaving Billy Bunter looking extremely disappointed.

Harry Wharton strode down the lane, with a moody shade on his brow. He had thought the matter out, and had decided to do what he could to save Hazeldene, for his sister's sake—and perhaps for his own sake, too. What he had learned from Bulstrode had caused a change in his feelings towards the cad of the Remove.

He had known that Hazeldene sometimes betted, and he naturally concluded that his foolish conduct had placed him in the hands of Ikey Isaacs. In that case, Hazeldene would have deserved a licking rather than sympathy.

But now the case was altered. Hazeldene had been wrong to purchase an article he could not pay for and trust to good fortune to find the money. It was foolish and reckless, but the motive was good, and the case was very different from what it would have been had Hazeldene lost the money on cards or the races.

Harry was sorry for him. He had determined before to do what he could for him. Now he had made up his mind to see Hazeldene through, at whatever cost to himself.

The cost was likely to be a serious one—to a schoolboy, at all events. It was a case of money, and Harry had no money excepting that which Colonel Wharton had sent him for his new cricket things. His chums were short of cash, and could not help him. If Harry parted with the only money he possessed, it might be weeks before he could obtain the articles he required—he might be without them all the cricket season.

But, if necessary, Harry was prepared to make the sacrifice. That was one reason why he was now going alone. His proud, sensitive nature shrank from anything in the nature of display. If he saved Hazeldene, no one would know it.

While the chums of the Remove were busy on the cricket field that glorious afternoon, Harry Wharton strode down the lane, with a determined mind, to seek Ikey Isaacs and deal with him.

The Spider's Web!

"CAN I see Mr. Isaacs?"

It was a dusty, dingy little office, in the dingiest part of the High Street of the market town of Dale, a couple of miles from Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton had caught the train from the village station and got out at Dale, where he knew that the moneylender had his office. It had taken him some time to find the dingy little place, but he had found it at last.

A strange, unpleasant feeling, as of a fly getting entangled in a spider's web, came over Harry Wharton as he entered the little office, descending by a step from the street.

A youth with a large nose and shiny complexion was seated on a high stool there, busily engaged in scanning columns of figures in a financial paper. He looked up in a leisurely way as Harry spoke, and looked him over with a pair of bright, black eyes that reminded the Greyfriars junior of a spiteful parrot.

"Mr. Isaacs is engaged at present," Harry made a gesture of impatience. He had come over specially to see Ikey Isaacs, and he did not care to linger in the dingy precincts of the moneylender's office; but there was evidently no help for it.

"I suppose I can wait?"

"Yeth," said the shiny youth. "I suppose you can."

"Is Mr. Isaacs likely to be long?" "That's according to the time he's engaged."

The shiny youth seemed to regard this reply as a pretty good specimen of real humour, for he chuckled as he returned to his paper.

Harry flushed a little. The office clerk evidently did not regard him as a very valuable visitor, perhaps seeing at a glance that he was not the kind of fellow to want to borrow money, and setting him down as someone who had come to intercede for a friend.

But rudeness, especially from such an unpleasant shrimp of a fellow, was hard to bear, and Harry was greatly inclined to take him by the shoulders and fling him out into the street. The fellow was five or six years older than himself, but the athletic, healthy schoolboy could have done it easily.

"Cannot you tell me how long Mr. Isaacs is likely to be engaged?"

"No," said the shiny youth, without looking up from the paper.

"Is it any use my waiting?"

"Yeth, if you like."

Harry made a quick step towards the youth, so quick that the latter laid down his paper and hurriedly slipped off the stool.

"Here, what are you at?" he asked.

"Do you want to be chucked neck and crop into the street?" said Harry.

"I—I— Hands off!"

"Then be civil!" Harry caught hold of the paper and threw it across the office. "Now, you're put here to answer questions, I suppose? Do you know how long Mr. Isaacs will be engaged? If it's a long time, I'll go round for a walk and come back again. I don't want to stay here longer than I can help."

The shiny youth scowled sullenly.

But he was evidently afraid of the stalwart schoolboy, and his tone was unwillingly civil as he replied:

"Mr. Isaacs may be free any moment now."

"Thank you! Then I'll wait."

Harry sat down on an uncomfortable wooden chair. The shiny youth blinked at him, and then crossed the little office and picked up his paper. But he did not read it. He sat staring at Harry. He apparently did not quite know what to make of the rather unusual visitor to the office of Ikey Isaacs.

There was a murmur of voices from behind the door which led to the inner office of Ikey Isaacs. The word "Private" in large letters showed that that room was the moneylender's sanctum. Once or twice a voice was raised in the inner room, and a word came faintly through. Then the shiny youth grinned as if he thought a good joke was going on. Harry Wharton easily guessed that the moneylender was being interviewed by some unhappy victim.

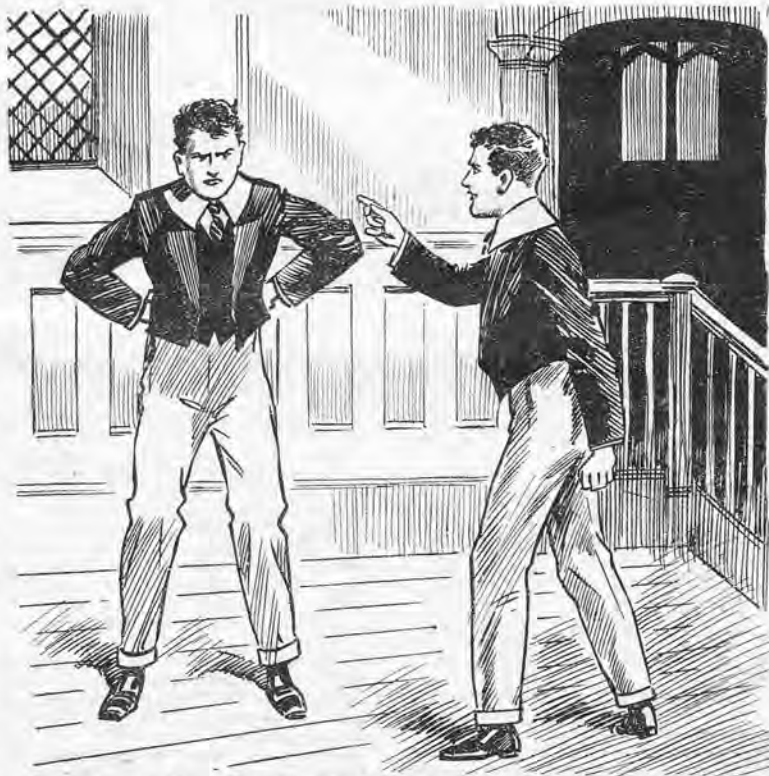
The door of the inner room opened at last. As it opened it partly shut off from view the spot where Harry was sitting, and he was unseen by the moneylender as he ushered his visitor out.

Mr. Isaacs was as greasy and suave as ever. His visitor looked like a farmer, and there was an expression of helpless misery on his face that went straight to Harry Wharton's heart.

"Goot-day, my friend—goot-day!" said Mr. Isaacs.

"One word more, Mr. Isaacs," said the visitor, turning towards him appealingly. "Can't you go just a little easier—"

Isaacs waved his greasy hand deprecatingly.



"Mind," exclaimed Harry Wharton to the Remove bully, "I won't have a word said about Marjorie Hazeldene or this affair at all! If you utter a single word that might cause her pain, I'll give you the biggest licking of your life!"

"I have been too easy alretty, Mr. Fairleigh."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"Goot-afternoon!"

"It was only forty pounds at first that I borrowed," said Mr. Fairleigh miserably. "I've paid you fifty-five in all, and I still owe you twenty."

"Interesh, my friend—interesh," grinned Mr. Isaacs, rubbing his oily hands together. "How can an honest man live without interesh?"

"Yes, but—"

"Show the gentleman out, Jacob."

"But listen, Mr. Isaacs! One word! I cannot possibly meet this, and—and I can't bear the thought of—of— Oh, Mr. Isaacs, if you could only give me another few weeks—"

"Why don't you show the gentleman out, Jacob?"

The farmer looked helplessly at the moneylender and the grinning Jacob, and then jammed his hat tightly on his head and strode out of the office.

Mr. Isaacs rubbed his hands again.

"Jacob, mine poy, do you— Hallo! Who is dis?"

The moneylender stared at Harry, just becoming aware of his presence in the office. Harry rose to his feet. It was with difficulty that he kept back the look of loathing and scorn that he felt was coming over his face. He would not improve Hazeldene's position by telling Mr. Isaacs what he thought of him, that was certain.

The moneylender recognised him at the second glance.

"Ah, it is der young gentleman I saw at der school!" he exclaimed. "I tink we do piziness togetther, mine young friend—eh? Come into mine office."

"I came to see you—"

"Yeth. Come into mine office."

Harry Wharton followed the moneylender into his den, and Mr. Isaacs closed the door; he waved the boy to a seat.

"I'm glad to see you, mine poy!" he said affably. "Vy don't you sit down?"

"Thank you, I will stand."

"You showed me der vay at Greyfriars School to see mine young friend Hazeldene. You have come to me from him, perhaps? Is he going to pay my monish?"

Harry hesitated a moment.

"I've come to see about that," he said abruptly. "I suppose it doesn't matter to you where the money comes from, so long as the debt is paid?"

Mr. Isaacs grinned.

"Not in the least, young shentleman."

"How much does Hazeldene owe you, Mr. Isaacs?"

"I will look at der papers."

"Cannot you tell me the figure?"

"It is about two pounds."

Harry Wharton nodded slightly. Bulstrode had told him the truth. In Harry Wharton's pocket there were thirty shillings, and he had no more money in the world.

"I want to speak to you about that, Mr. Isaacs," he said. "Hazeldene is in a bad vay over this; he is getting desperate."

Mr. Isaacs smiled and rubbed his hands.

"Den he should pay der monish."

"He hasn't got it."

"Den he should persuade some friend to pay it," grinned Mr. Isaacs. "If I don't have my monish I go to der Head."

"You would not get a penny of it, in that case—as you must know. Hazeldene is under age, and you have no right to claim anything from him."

"It would be cheaper for him to pay dan to be expelled."

"Yes, I knew you were trading on

that—"

Harry Wharton checked himself. "Now, look here, Mr. Isaacs, I believe you have had your principal back, and it is only a question of interest."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Isaacs cautiously. "You put the figure at two pounds."

"Dat is der figure, young shentleman, roughly speaking."

"And you have Hazeldene's paper?"

"Yeth."

"Will you give it up for thirty shillings?"

The moneylender stared at him.

"Vy should I give you a paper vorth two pounds for thirty shillings, young shentleman?"

Harry Wharton controlled his temper with difficulty.

"Hazeldene's promise is not worth the paper it is written on, Mr. Isaacs."

The moneylender shrugged his shoulders.

"Ve shall see."

"Excepting by—" Harry was going to say "blackmail," but he checked himself. It was worse than useless to quarrel with the oily scoundrel.

"Where is the thirty shillings to come from?" asked Mr. Isaacs, with a cunning leer.

"That could be paid."

"Den vy not two pounds?"

"Because that would be impossible."

Mr. Isaacs grinned. He evidently thought that if a friend of Hazeldene's could raise thirty shillings, he could raise the other ten.

"My due is two pounds, young shentleman," he said. "Piziness is piziness. Two pounds is der figure. Can you settle dat?"

"No."

"Den I vish you goot-afternoon!"

Mr. Isaacs opened the door leading into the inner office and stood aside for Harry Wharton to pass him.

"Jacob, show the young shentleman out."

Jacob grinned and opened the street door. Harry Wharton hesitated a moment. But he knew by what he had witnessed in the office how useless an appeal to the moneylender would be.

And to make an appeal under the sneering, grinning eyes of the shiny youth was too hard a pill to swallow. The junior turned away with a sickening feeling at his heart, and strode from the place, and Jacob shut the door after him.

Ikey Isaacs rubbed his greasy hands and grinned a greasy grin.

"Der young shentleman has thirty shillings, Jacob," he remarked. "I tink minself dat he come back presently mit two pounds. Ha, ha!"

And Jacob laughed, too.

Harry Finds a Way!

HARRY WHARTON strode away from the dingy office of the moneylender with a cloud on his youthful brow and fierce anger in his heart.

His feelings cooled down somewhat, however, as he walked on in the fresh air and sunshine. He had seemed choked while he was in Ikey Isaacs' office; now he breathed again freely and deeply.

But what was to be done?

That the moneylender would accept thirty shillings for a worthless piece of paper had seemed very probable to him. The man would lose, and not gain, by ruining Hazeldene, for revenge could not be supposed to enter into the calculations of a business man like Ikey Isaacs. Harry did not know that the moneylender felt certain that the boy, if he could raise part of the sum, could with another effort raise the whole of

it, and so was determined not to abate a jot of his pound of flesh.

At another time the required ten shillings could easily have been raised among the chums of the Remove. But it was now an unfortunate time. The money was not to be had there now. Harry Wharton had only himself to depend on. He was used to depending on himself; but now it really seemed that he was in a fix there was no escaping from.

He walked on down the High Street into the town. A wide, high shop window—a window the Greyfriars juniors knew well—attracted him.

It was the shop of the athletic outfitter's of the district, where the Greyfriars fellows mostly dealt. Often had Harry looked into that window, and looked over the stock in the shop, and wished himself the possessor of limitless pocket money.

He stood looking into the window now, with a heavy weight at his heart. There was the very bat he had made up his mind to buy—and he had the money in his pocket to pay for it, if he chose.

His hand slid into his pocket and he jingled the coins. It was his own money; it had been sent to him to lay out as he chose, and he had promised himself that cricket outfit for a long time. He had no bat at all now, either, since Bunter had sold his old one to raise funds for tea. The inclination to go into the shop and carry out his original intention was strong.

After all, why should he not? He had tried to settle with the moneylender and the man had refused his offer. He had no more money to offer. Surely he was free now to do as he liked with it.

But it was only for a moment. Harry Wharton turned firmly away and walked on. He had undertaken to save Hazeldene, and he would save him. But how? Where was the rest of the money to come from?

A gleam of gold and silver in a shop window caught his eye; then a notice on the glass: "Money lent." He started. He was standing outside a pawnbroker's shop, and it had brought a new thought to his mind. His hand went to his watch pocket. His watch was a silver one, a solid and serviceable timekeeper, and he was sure he could get at least the amount he required if he chose to take it into the pawnbroker's shop.

Involuntarily he coloured and cast a quick glance about him. He had passed that shop and even glanced in the window many a time before, careless whether he was seen there or not. But at the thought of pawning an article, a strangely guilty feeling came over him, and a strange nervousness, lest any eye that knew him should see him there.

He entered the shop quickly. It did not take him long to make up his mind. Fortunately the shop was empty, save for the man behind the counter.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

Harry's face was crimson; he could not help it. He fumbled with the watch in his pocket.

"If—if you please—"

"You want your watch repaired?"

"N—no. I—I want you to lend me some money on this."

"Oh, other door, please."

Harry Wharton looked round him.

"Which door?"

The man behind the counter smiled slightly.

"There's another entrance for pledging," he said. "But never mind; come in this way," he added kindly enough. "Come into this room."

"Thank you very much."

Harry Wharton followed the man into the room behind the shop. The man was looking at him keenly, but not unkindly.

"You wish to pledge your watch?" "Yes," said Harry. "I—I—for a short time."

"Very good, sir. Please let me see it."

The man's businesslike tone pulled Harry together. He took out his watch and laid it on the table. The man picked it up and looked it over.

"Fifteen shillings," he said.

"Thank you; that will be enough."

The pawnbroker smiled.

"I could lend you more but for the monogram," he said. "If I have to sell the watch, you see—"

"I shall come for it very soon," said Harry, going scarlet again.

"Yes, I suppose you will. Wait a minute and I will make out the ticket."

"Thank you very much," said Harry.

He put the money into his pocket, said good-day to the pawnbroker, and left the place. The man had been kind and considerate, and Harry breathed more freely when he was out of doors again. He turned his steps in the direction of the office of Ikey Isaacs. He had more than enough money in his possession now to satisfy the moneylender. His heart was lighter. It did not take long to reach the office, and Jacob grinned as he came in.

Harry's face was hard and unrelaxing. There was something irritating in the grin of the shiny youth.

"I want to see Mr. Isaacs," he said abruptly.

The shiny youth tapped at the inner door and opened it.

"He's back again, Mr. Isaacs," he murmured.

Ikey Isaacs grinned.

"Show the young shentleman in, Jacob."

Harry was shown into the inner office. Ikey Isaacs greeted him with a smile, rubbing his greasy hands.

"I am glad to see you again, young shentleman."

"I have come to settle Hazeldene's account," said Wharton shortly. "You said it was two pounds, did you not?"

"I have looked it over. It comes to two pounds three shillings and sixpence, young shentleman," said the oily Mr. Isaacs.

Harry Wharton said nothing. He had not come there to haggle with the usurer. So long as he had enough money to satisfy the rascal's demands, he had nothing to say. He drew the money from his pocket and counted out two pounds three shillings and sixpence.

"There is the money, Mr. Isaacs," he said, laying it on the moneylender's desk. "Now give me Hazeldene's paper, please."

Mr. Isaacs smiled.

"I am a pizness man," he remarked. "Pizness is pizness. Dere is the paper, young shentleman."

Harry examined the paper carefully. He knew Hazeldene's signature well. It was genuine enough and his distrust caused a twinkle of amusement to leap into Isaacs' eyes.

"You will receipt that, Mr. Isaacs."

"Certainly, young shentleman."

Mr. Isaacs dipped a pen in the ink and wrote a receipt across the paper. Harry took it and placed it in his pocket-book. Mr. Isaacs collected up the money from the table.

"If I can do any pizness mit you anytime, I am always at your service, young shentleman," he remarked. "My terms are very moderate. I always try to do justice to my clients. You tink

not? Ah, you never know! Jacob, show der young shentleman out."

And Harry Wharton was shown out of the moneylender's office, with the paper safe in his pocket.

The junior's heart was light as he strode away. He had made his sacrifice, and he had carried out his purpose. Hazeldene was saved; and if quiet and kindly help could save him from future pitfalls, he should be saved. The sacrifice had not been a light one, but Harry did not regret that he had made it.

Hazeldene's Fresh Start!

THE Remove practice was over when Harry Wharton re-entered the gates of Greyfriars. He entered the School House and went upstairs to his study. His chums were not there, rather to his relief. He did not wish to have to explain to them about the afternoon's excursion.

He took the paper out of his pocket and examined it afresh in the study. It was all right. Hazeldene was out of the clutches of the usurer. Harry Wharton enclosed the paper in an envelope and sealed it. His intention was to take it into Hazeldene's study and leave it there, without a word as to whom it had come from. His relations with the cad of the Remove had been strained, and he did not desire Hazeldene to know who he was under an obligation to.

But as he sealed the envelope there was a sound of footsteps outside the study and the door was thrown open, and Bob Cherry, Nugent, and Hurree Singh came in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here you are, then. I

thought I spotted you in the Close. You've got back."

"Looks like it, doesn't it," said Harry, with a smile.

"The lookfulness is correct," said Hurree Singh. "We are glad to gaze upon your beautiful and esteemed countenance once more. But the pressing question of the moment is, have you succeeded in raising any cashfulness?"

"That's it," said Nugent. "We've had some jolly good practice and we're hungry. We're all stony, and unless we sell Bob Cherry's new bicycle lamp—"

"No fear! I've locked it up away from that young demon, Bunter."

"Ha, ha! Have you succeeded in robbing anybody, Harry?"

"The robfulness would be very welcome at the critical moment such as has now heretofore arrived," said the nabob. "We are all in the grip of the hungerfulness, and the tuckshop invites us with the alluring charm of the grubful refreshment."

Harry Wharton laughed.

He drew from his pocket the remnant of the sum he had received from the pawnbroker in Dale. It amounted to one shilling and sixpence.

"Corn in Egypt!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "This will save us from the horrors of famine, at all events. Where did you get it?"

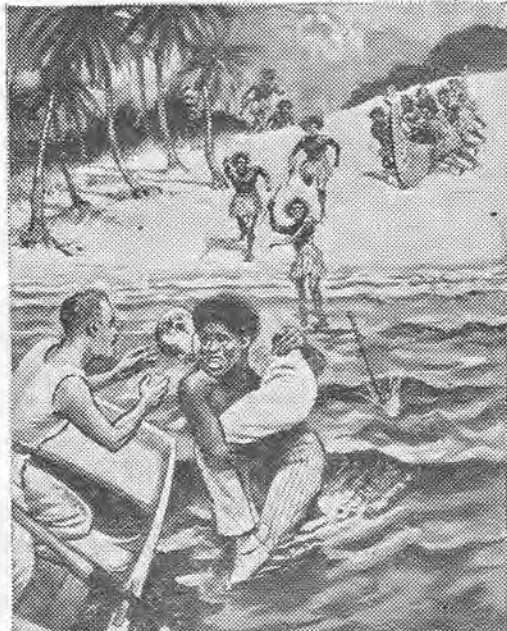
"Oh, there it is, anyway."

"Mustn't ask him," said Nugent. "He may be able to get some more in the same place. We shall miss him when he's arrested."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Harry, laughing. "If you want to know, I—"

"We don't want to know. Come and help us blue this at the school shop."

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"Come along, Harry!" said Nugent, tucking his arm in Harry's. "I say, after we've done this little lot in we'll come along with you to buy your bat and things."

Wharton coloured a little.

"I'm not going to buy a new bat," he said awkwardly.

Nugent stared.

"Not going to buy a new bat?"

"No. I've changed my mind."

"But your old bat's gone."

"I know it is."

"But what are you going to do without a bat?"

"Oh, I shall manage somehow. I'll get my old one back from Skinner as soon as I can raise the tin."

"But if you're not going to buy the things, you've got plenty of tin," said Nugent. "There's the thirty bob your uncle sent you."

"As a matter of fact, I've spent it."

"Spent it! You've been out and blued thirty bob without asking a fellow to come along and help!" exclaimed Nugent in amazement.

"Well, yes. And I can't very well explain, old chap. It—it wasn't pleasant to do, either, but I did—and there's an end."

Nugent squeezed his arm as they left the study.

"All right, Harry, old fellow. I think I can guess, and I won't ask questions. Come along—and mum's the word."

As the chums of the Remove went down the passage they passed Hazeldene. The latter gave them a glance and walked on. He stopped at the top of the stairs and watched the Famous Four go out into the Close. Then he glanced up and down the passage.

There was no one in sight—on a fine half-holiday few Greyfriars fellows remained indoors. The house was very silent and deserted.

Hazeldene turned and went along the passage towards Study No. 1. His footfalls were very light. As he reached the door he glanced in cautiously. He had seen the four chums leave the house, but he did not know where Billy Bunter was. But wherever he was he was not in the study.

Hazeldene entered, his heart beating faster. He glanced round the room. There was Harry Wharton's desk. His eyes lingered on the desk.

Then his glance fell on the envelope lying on the table. He stepped towards it and picked it up, and turned it over in his hands, looking at it curiously. The envelope had not been carefully fastened, and the gum was not yet firmly set. The flap came open in Hazeldene's hands.

He drew out the contents. A sheet of folded paper! Had he hoped to find money there? Probably, for a look of keen disappointment came over his face as he saw that the envelope contained nothing but a sheet of paper.

He unfolded the paper carelessly enough, and then he gave a violent start. His own signature was the first thing that caught his eye, and then the signature of Ikey Isaacs scrawled across a twopenny stamp.

What did it mean? It was his own paper—the paper he had given the moneylender, and which had haunted him sleeping and waking ever since.

BE SURE—

and read the EXTRA-LONG and EXTRA-GRAND yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. entitled:

"THE CONVICT WHO CAME BACK!"

By Frank Richards

in this week's

MAGNET

His paper, with the moneylender's acknowledgment scrawled across it. What could it mean?

Hazeldene stood with the paper in his hand, looking at it like one in a dream, feeling, indeed, as though he was in a dream from which he must awake.

The long terror was over. Here was his paper. He was safe—saved! Who had paid the money, for certainly it had been paid? Someone belonging to Study No. 1 had done it.

It did not take Hazeldene, as he thought over the matter, long to guess who. He knew that Harry Wharton had been absent by himself that afternoon while his chums were on the cricket field. Harry Wharton had saved him.

A change came over Hazeldene's face.

"Splendid fellow!" he muttered.

Strange words from the lips of the

cad of the Greyfriars Remove. But Hazeldene had learned his lesson. From that day forward a new course was marked out before him.

He crumpled the paper into his pocket and left the study. He went out into the Close, and to the jehup upon whose seat a heavy trouble had so long hung it seemed that the sun was shining more brightly. Life was brighter before him than it had been for long weeks past.

The chums of the Remove came out of the school shop. Hazeldene tapped Harry on the arm.

"May I speak to you for a minute, Wharton?"

"Certainly."

The other three juniors strolled on. Hazeldene drew the paper from his pocket.

Wharton gave a start. "Don't ask me why I went there," said Hazeldene. "Don't ask me what thoughts have been in my mind lately. You know what I've done—you know enough. You paid this money for me?"

Harry nodded. "I'm going to burn this paper. I've been a fool, but that's over. If you knew all the circumstances, you wouldn't think so badly of me as you do now."

"I know all the circumstances," said Harry quietly. "I learned them from Bulstrode. No one else will know. Bulstrode has agreed to keep the secret."

"Thank you. I wondered why he was silent. I understand now. You have saved me, Wharton, from being expelled—and from—from bringing trouble on those at home." Hazeldene's voice quivered a little, but he went on quietly.

"I shall repay you this money in time, as soon as I can; but I can't repay the service you have done me. But I'm going to run straighter in future. That's all."

Harry held out his hand.

"And I'll help you," he said. "There was a time, and not so long ago either, when I badly needed a friend to stand by me in making a fresh start—and I found one. And as Nugent helped me, I'll help you—if you'll let me."

Hazeldene did not speak, but he gripped Harry Wharton's hand hard. And Harry knew that his sacrifice had not been made in vain.

(Next week: "THE STONY FIVE!"—another ripping yarn of the early school days of the Greyfriars chums. Don't miss reading about the arrival of Billy Bunter's famous postal order! Order your GEM early.)

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