

"THE JEW OF ST. JIM'S!" THIS WEEK'S BEST
SCHOOL STORY—INSIDE.

The GEM

2d



THREE JAPERS SET OUT TO MAKE THE JEWISH NEW BOY SPEND A LOT OF MONEY
—BUT THEY FIND IT VERY COSTLY FOR THEMSELVES!



"You're a Jew, aren't you?" asked Crooke of the new boy. "Yes," replied Dick Julian. "Well, we like 'em at St. Jim's," said Crooke sarcastically. "That's why we've come to meet you."

CHAPTER 1.

The Joke of the Season!

MONTY LOWTHER chuckled. Tom Merry and Manners knew what that chuckle meant. Lowther had been silent for about three minutes—almost a record for Monty Lowther. Then he had chuckled.

It was quite evident that an unusually ripping "wheeze" was in the mind of the humorist of the Shell.

It was not all "lavender" to be study-mates to a humorist. It necessitated listening to all his little jokes, and laughing heartily on the spot, on peril of having the jokes explained at full length.

When Monty Lowther chuckled, after three minutes of unaccustomed silence, Tom Merry and Manners knew what to expect.

Tom put down the list of the junior cricket eleven, which he was conning over, and Manners left off reading a photography magazine.

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They looked inquiringly at Lowther. Not that they were specially anxious to hear the joke. But it had to be heard, and it was just as well to get it over at once.

"Well?" said Tom Merry.

"Well?" said Manners.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lowther, evidently very much taken with the humorous idea that was working in his fertile brain.

"Let's hear it," said Tom. "Don't keep us on tenterhooks. Get it off your chest!"

"And when you've told us, I'll tell you whether I've seen it in 'Comic Cuts'!" said Manners.

"Fathead!" said Lowther.

"We're waiting," said Tom, taking up the cricket list again. "Get is over, old chap!"

"It's the joke of the season!" said Lowther impressively.

"Fire away!" said Manners. "Tell us when to laugh!"

"There's a new chap coming this afternoon," said Lowther.

Tom Merry and Manners looked astonished.

"Is that the joke?" asked Tom.

"No, fathead!"

"Oh, get on to it, then!"

"His name is Julian," said Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry and Manners dutifully.

They could not see the joke; but, as Lowther laughed, they laughed. It was only civil.

Then Tom Merry bent his brows over the cricket list, and Manners resumed reading his photography magazine.

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Lowther.

"Eh? Your little joke," said Tom.

"You silly ass, I haven't told you yet!"

"Oh dear! Go on, then!"

"He's coming this afternoon, and his name is Julian," repeated Monty Lowther. "That isn't the joke, you duffers. There's nothing funny in that, is there?"

A POWERFUL STORY OF THRILLING AND DRAMATIC ADVENTURE AT ST. JIM'S—
STARRING DICK JULIAN.

of St. Jim's!



"Not that I can see," confessed Tom Merry. "But I don't always see anything funny in your jokes, so—"

"Why, you silly ass—"
"I—I mean, get on with the washing, old fellow!"

"He's a Jew," said Lowther.
"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Lowther's chums.

"You thumping duffers!" shrieked Lowther. "What are you cackling at now?"

"Isn't that the joke?"
"No, you burbling jabberwocks! Nothing funny in a chap being a Jew. is there?" exclaimed the exasperated humorist.

"Of course not!" agreed Tom Merry. "Look here, you'd better make a signal when you get to the joke. The Scout signal will do, or hold up your hand."

"You frabjous ass! Put that silly cricket list away! You're not going to play cricket this afternoon! Look here, this chap Julian is a Jew, and we're going to pull his leg—see?"

"My dear ass, I shouldn't cut the cricket match to pull his leg if he was King Solomon himself!" said Tom Merry. "Besides, I don't approve of pulling the legs of new kids. Let him rip!"

"Don't I keep on telling you it's the joke of the season?" shouted Lowther. "We're going to pull his leg. Now, this chap doesn't know anybody at St. Jim's, and he will feel a bit lonely when he

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

drops in all by himself. Therefore, we are going to meet him at the station."

"Too deep for me," said Manners, wrinkling his brows.

"Eh? What's too deep for you?"
"That joke. Where's the joke in meeting a new kid at the station?"

"I haven't got to the joke yet!" shrieked Lowther.

"My hat! You are a long time getting to the joke! I'll tell you what, old chap—put it in the 'Weekly' instead. Let it come as a surprise to us."

"Jolly good idea!" said Tom Merry heartily. "Now, the question is whether D'Arcy plays in the match against St. Jude's—"

"Will you listen, you silly fatheads? We're going to meet this new kid,

Julian, at the station and greet him—give him a warm reception and all that; take him to our hearts and welcome him to the school; treat him like a long-lost brother, you know."

"What on earth for?"
"Because he's a Jew?" asked Manners, utterly mystified. "Is there anything specially nobby in being a Jew?"

"That isn't all," said Lowther. "Great Scott! If you put this joke in the 'Weekly,' it had better go in in instalments," said Tom Merry.

Monty Lowther glared at his chums. Really, it was very discouraging to be a good humorist in the Shell at St. Jim's.

"You blithering asses!" said Lowther. "If you'd leave off burbling for a minute, I'd get to the point. The idea is this—the chap's a Jew, you know."

"We've had that."
"And we're going to be awfully chummy—"

"And we've had that."
"And pilot him round the town, and show him the places, especially the tuck-shop and the cinema—"

"Well?"
"And make him spend his money," said Lowther.

"What?"
"Don't you see?" asked Lowther eagerly. "That's the joke."
"Is this where we laugh?" asked Manners.

"Yes, if you've got brains enough to
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Nursing a bitter and unreasonable animosity towards Dick Julian, Monty Lowther piles up all sorts of trouble for himself—until his dislike of the Jewish new boy places him in the shadow of death!

see the best joke you've ever heard of!" yelled Lowther.

Tom Merry wrinkled his brows in a great effort of thought. He was manfully striving to see the joke.

"Laugh, you ass!" said Manners. "He'll explain if we don't laugh! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Tom Merry.

"Oh, you burbling idiots!" said Lowther. "Oh, you crass asses! Lot of good thinking out the wheeze of the season in this study! Stop your silly cackling, you dummies, or I'll start on you with this bat! Shut up, you fat-heads! Look here, do you see the joke, or don't you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, we don't. But that's all right. That often happens. Now, what about the St. Jude's match?"

"Don't you see?" roared Lowther. "This chap Julian is a Jew—"

"Ye gods! We know that by heart."

"And we're going to make him spend his money, and pull his leg—see? Every time he parts with a bob it will give him a pain—see?"

"Why should it?"

"Because—because they're awfully keen on money, you know," explained Lowther. "That's how we're going to pull his leg—see?"

"Oh!" said Tom Merry, working it out in his mind like mental arithmetic. "This chap is named Julian, and he's a Jew, and we're going to pal on to him and lead him into spending money, and it will give him a pain. That's the joke?"

"Yes, you burbling ass!"

"And it's funny?"

"Can't you see it's funny?" shrieked Lowther.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"Blessed if I can! Suppose the chap doesn't mind spending money, then where does the joke come in?"

"But he will. They're all like that."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I don't know any Jews," admitted Lowther, rather taken aback. "But—but, of course, it's so. Anybody will tell you."

"Anybody who doesn't know any Jews, perhaps," chuckled Tom Merry. "Not good enough, Monty. Not worth chucking the cricket."

"Besides, the chap mayn't have much money, and then it would be rather mean to lead him into spending it," said Manners.

"He's rich!" hooted Lowther. "I've heard about him. He's got an uncle rolling in money, who's sending him to St. Jim's. Levison heard Kildare say so. I don't know the uncle's name, but it's a fact. He's got tons of 'oof."

"Then he won't mind spending it, and the joke will fall flat—if it is a joke. I'm not quite sure about that, though I'm willing to take your word for it."

"But he will mind spending it," howled the unhappy Lowther, "because he's a Jew, you know! We'll take him round and make him pay for everything. Of course, we'll square up afterwards. We don't want to sponge on the chap, but all the afternoon we'll watch him going green and yellow."

"But suppose he doesn't go green and yellow?"

"But he will!" roared Lowther. "If he doesn't you can use my head as a football!"

"It isn't the football season for us just yet. Besides, a wooden football would be very rough on our toes," argued Tom Merry.

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Lowther. Like a true humorist,

Lowther failed to appreciate humorous remarks that were directed towards him. "Oh, you're a pair of howling asses, and I wouldn't take you with me this afternoon at any price! You'd spoil the best joke going with your fatheadedness! Rats! Brrrrr!"

Slam!

Monty Lowther departed from the study, and closed the door after him with a concussion that rang the whole length of the passage.

Tom Merry and Manners looked at one another and grinned. Then Manners went on reading, and Tom Merry resumed conning over the cricket list.

Monty Lowther went in search of kindred spirits with a more highly developed sense of humour.

CHAPTER 2.

No Backers!

"YOU fellows busy this afternoon?" Monty Lowther asked the question, and he addressed Study No. 6.

Study No. 6—otherwise Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy of the Fourth—were standing in a little group outside the School House, talking cricket.

Arthur Augustus had lately been cultivating a late cut of which he was very proud. Being an authority on late cuts, he was generously telling his chums all about it so that they could go and do likewise.

But he paused politely as Monty Lowther came out of the School House and chipped in.

"Yaas, wathah!" Gussy replied.

"Cricket," explained Blake. "Anything else on?"

"The jape of the season," said Lowther.

"Oh, one of your Shell japes!" said Herries disparagingly. "Go and bury it, old chap!"

"Something up against the New House?" asked Blake. "It's time we gave Figgins & Co. another whopping!"

"Not this time," said Lowther.

"Look here, you can chuck cricket for once. After all, you won't be missed."

"Why, you fathead—"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"It's only a practice match this afternoon, too," urged Lowther.

"Yaas," said Arthur Augustus. "But we've got to get weady for the St. Jude's return match, you know. I am givin' a lot of attention to a late cut lately. You may have noticed my late cut, Lowthah."

Lowther nodded.

"I've noticed that some of your cuts are rather late!" he assented. "They come after the wicket's down sometimes—very late, indeed!"

Arthur Augustus glared, and Blake, Herries, and Digby chuckled. As a matter of fact, they were growing fed-up with Arthur Augustus' celebrated late cut.

"I wegard you as an ass, Lowthah!"

"Besides, the team will be all right for the St. Jude's match," said Lowther. "Talbot and Tom Merry and Figgins and myself! Why, St. Jude's won't have an earthly! No need to stick at it this afternoon. There's a new chap coming to St. Jim's this afternoon."

"What the deuce does that matter?" asked Blake.

"He's a Jew."

"Well?"

"Well, I want you chaps to come with me to meet him at the station and give him a rousing reception," said Lowther.

Blake, Herries, and Digby stared. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy smiled blandly. He gave Monty Lowther a look of the warmest approval.

"Lowthah, I wegard that as a wippin' suggestion. I take back my remarks that you're an ass."

"Good!" said Lowther. "You'll come?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Rats!" said Blake. "I'm playing cricket."

"Same here," said Herries.

And Digby nodded. They were not in the slightest degree inclined to "chuck" cricket for the sake of meeting a new boy, whether he was Jew or Gentile.

"Weally, deah boys, we can chuck the cwicket for once to act on Lowthah's wippin' suggestion," said Arthur Augustus. "Lowthah, I congwatulate you! I have nevah wegarded you as a fellow of tact and judgment, but I see now that you are weally quite thoughtful. I wegard your suggestion as bein' in good taste. I shall be vevy pleased to go and meet the Hebrew."

"What for?" demanded Blake. "If you want to see a Hebrew, there's old Moses in Wayland—the moneylender."

"Wats! Old Moses is certainly a vevy unpleasant chawactah; but that is because he is a moneylendah, not because he is a Jew. I wegard Lowthah's suggestion as wippin', and I am backin' him up. You see, some persons have wathah a pwejudice against Jews, and this new chap, bein' a Jew, may feel wathah doubtful about his weception. By meetin' him at the station, and tweatin' him civilly, as Lowthah suggests, we shall remove any uneasiness fwom his mind, and show him that he need not feah meetin' any widiculous and old-fashioned pwejudices at St. Jim's. I wegard it as vevy thoughtful of Lowthah."

Monty Lowther looked rather peculiar.

Arthur Augustus, in the innocence of his heart, had jumped at quite a wrong conclusion. It was not precisely with the intention of putting the new boy at his ease that Lowther was planning to meet him at the station.

"Ahem!" said Lowther. "I mean—"

"I know exactly what you mean. Lowthah, and I congwatulate you!" said Arthur Augustus. "And we are backin' you up."

"I'm playing cricket!" roared Blake.

"You are not playin' cwicket, deah boy. I twust that you are not goin' to allow the Shell to outdo us in good mannahs, Blake!" said D'Arcy severely. "We are all goin' with Lowthah to meet the new kid."

"Oh, all right!" said Blake resignedly. "Anything for a quiet life."

"When does the new kid awrive, Lowthah?"

"Three-thirty," said Lowther. "But—but you haven't exactly cottoned to the idea. It's a jape."

"Eh?"

"We're going to jape the new kid," explained Lowther. "You see, he's a Jew, and the idea is to make him spend money and give him a pain. See?"

Arthur Augustus extracted his eyeglass from his waistcoat-pocket, screwed it into his eye, and surveyed the humorist of the Shell with a freezing stare.

"Is that a jape?" he inquired.

"Of course it is. The wheeze of the season!" said Lowther warmly.

"I wegard it as wotten!"

"Look here, you fathead—" "I wegard it," said Arthur Augustus sternly, "as absolutely wotten! I am sowwy to see, Lowthah, that you are the victim of pwejudice. I am still more sowwy to see that you are willin' to wound the feelings of a stwangan for the sake of a wotten jape. And I am sowwy to see that—" "Thanks! That's enough," remarked Lowther. "I don't really want to be acquainted with all your sorrows, Gussy."

"Weally, Lowthah—" "Are you fellows coming?" asked Lowther.

"Hear, hear!" said Herries. "Collah the silly ass!" "Why, you—you—you— Hands off! Chuck it!" shouted Lowther. "Why, I'll—yaroooh! Stop it! Yooooooop!" Bump!

Blake & Co. grasped the humorist of the Shell, whirled him off his feet, and he descended upon the hard, unsympathetic earth with a bump. Then they strolled away, grinning, leaving Monty Lowther gasping for breath.

Once more the great humorist of St. Jim's had failed to find support for his ripping wheeze. It really looked as if that screaming joke would go begging.

It had not occurred to him that his great jape might be considered in bad taste. Now that it had been pointed out to him, he wasn't in the least inclined to admit it. Lowther could be obstinate.

His chums having failed to see the matter from his point of view, he was only made all the more determined to carry the jape through successfully.

But he did not want to do it by himself. Naturally, he wanted an audience. He could not enjoy a joke on his own.

His studymates and Study No. 6 had failed him. Kangaroo of the Shell and Talbot had preferred cricket to the best



"Why, you—you— Hands off! Chuck it!" shouted Monty Lowther, as Blake & Co. grasped him and whirled him off his feet. "I'll—yaroooh! Stoppit! Yoooop!" Bump! The humorist of the Shell descended upon the hard, unsympathetic earth.

"My fwienids are not comin' for such a purpose, Lowthah. I wegard your ideah as bein' in bad taste. I shall make it a point to be vewy fwienidly with the new kid, to show him that we are not all silly duffahs here. I wegard wace pwejudice as a widiculous thing. I wondah that you are not ashamed of yourself, Lowthah."

"Go it, Gussy!" said Blake admiringly. "It's all right, Lowther. He's only getting into training for the House of Lords. Gussy is going to wake them up there some day."

"Pway, don't be fwivolous, Blake—"

"Look here, I didn't come here for a sermon," yelled Lowther, "and I've no time to waste talking to a prize idiot!" Arthur Augustus sniffed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I put it to you that Lowthah's ideah is uttally wotten. I suggest that we show him what we think of it by bumpin' him!"

CHAPTER 3. Kindred Spirits!

"OVER!" The cricketers were at it. Monty Lowther looked on the cricket field with a very morose brow.

Tom Merry & Co. of the School House, and Figgins & Co. were slogging away in the practice match, which was to put the finishing touch, so to speak, to their practice for the last match of the season.

But Lowther was not in flannels. Lowther was in a morose temper.

To do him justice, Monty Lowther did not want to hurt the feelings of the new kid. He didn't want to be lacking in good taste, and he didn't want to be anything like inhospitable.

But Lowther's sense of humour was too strong for him. When he was on the track of a joke, the humorist of the Shell could not be held in.

joke under the sun. Grundy and Dane and Glyn, when they were acquainted with the scheme, had pronounced it rotten. So had Reilly, Hammond, Kerruish, and Gore.

Never had there been such a plentiful lack of appreciation.

Monty Lowther felt sore about it. Certainly there were some fellows who would have entered into a joke against anybody—fellows like Croke and Levison and Mellish—and the more ill-natured it was the better they would have liked it.

Lowther would not admit that there was anything ill-natured in his scheme. He was the best-natured fellow in the world really, only his sense of humour was unduly developed.

But it really seemed that if he wanted anybody to share that great joke with him he would have to fall back on Croke & Co.

That went against the grain. Croke & Co. THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,542.

& Co. were black sheep, and Lowther did not like them. Tom Merry and his friends had little to do with them—especially Crooke, who was an arrant blackguard.

Chumming up with Crooke & Co. for the afternoon was not pleasant, and Monty Lowther did not like the idea.

He came towards Tom Merry as the captain of the Shell came away from the wickets.

"Look here, Tom—"

"Taking a turn with the bat, Monty?" asked Tom cheerily.

"No. Are you coming with me?"

"Can't, old chap!"

Lowther frowned.

"You mean you won't, Tom?"

Tom Merry paused, and a troubled look came over his sunny face.

"Don't get ratty, Monty," he said pacifically. "I'm playing cricket, you know."

"That's not the only reason you won't come."

"Well, no. As a matter of fact—"

Tom hesitated.

"Well?" asked Lowther grimly.

"Don't you think it's a bit rough to jape a new kid like that? What's the good of being down on him?"

"I'm not down on him."

"He would take it pretty sorely, you know, getting at his being a Jew—"

"What does it matter how he takes it?"

"Well, it does matter. I shouldn't like to hurt his feelings," said Tom.

"All Jews are not like old Moses at Wayland, you know."

"Who said they were?"

"Well, nobody," said Tom. "But—but—"

"Oh, have it out!" growled Lowther.

"You think what I'm going to do is caddish. Is that it?"

Tom Merry coloured.

"I hope you're not going to do it, Monty."

"You think it caddish?" repeated Lowther savagely.

"I don't think you'd do anything caddish, Monty. But—but I don't like the idea of—of—"

"Of what I'm going to do. Well, if you think it's caddish, that's enough. I'll tell you what I think in return. I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill, and that you're a silly ass."

"Monty—"

Monty Lowther walked away.

Tom Merry looked after him. But Monty Lowther did not look back. He was decidedly ratty.

Tom Merry hesitated a moment or two, and then ran after him and caught him by the arm.

"Monty, old chap, don't get ratty about nothing—"

"Are you coming with me?"

"Well, I can't. But—"

"Well, if you won't, Crooke will."

Tom Merry's brow clouded.

"I hope you're not going to chum up with that cad, Monty."

"Why not, if my own friends give me the go-by?" said Lowther, with something like a sneer. "Get on with your cricket."

Lowther jerked his arm away and walked off the field.

Tom Merry's face was clouded as he returned to the cricket. It was something very like a quarrel with his old chum—and quarrels were almost unknown among the Terrible Three. But it was a point they evidently could not agree upon.

Lowther marched off the cricket ground in great dudgeon. He went to look for Gerald Crooke. Crooke was easily found; he was hanging about the tuckshop with Mellish.

The two slackers were not interested in cricket.

"You fellows busy?" asked Lowther.

"Yes," said Crooke, with a grin.

"Mellish is busy trying to borrow half-a-crown from me, and I'm busy stopping him."

"I've got a little joke on," explained Lowther. "There's a new kid coming—"

"I've heard about him," said Crooke.

"His name's Julian, and he's a Jew. I heard Cuts mention him. He's rolling in money."

"They always do," said Mellish.

"Blessed if I don't wish I was a Jew!"

"What's the jape?" asked Crooke.

"Meet him at the station, chum up with him—"

"What rot!"

"And take him round and make him spend money," said Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Crooke and Mellish.

Monty Lowther brightened up. His great wheeze was meeting with its just appreciation at last.

"You see, being a Jew, he will have a separate pain every time he parts with a tanner," he said. "We'll take him round and make him stand treat—"

"Bet you he won't."

"Well, if he won't, we'll order expensive things and make him pay his whack," said Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm stony!" growled Mellish.

"Oh, we'll do the ordering!" said Lowther. "I'm in funds."

Crooke jingled money in his trousers pocket. There was always a jingle of cash about Crooke.

"I'm on!" he said. "We'll make him spend money, and watch his face. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Mellish. "I'm on!"

"Come on, then," said Lowther. "He gets to Rylcombe by the three-thirty. We've got time to walk it."

"We'll have a cab home," chuckled Crooke. "We'll make him shell out. By Jove, we'll telephone for a taxi from Wayland and run up a bill."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monty Lowther began to feel that Crooke was not such a bad chap, after all. He hadn't been done justice, Lowther reflected. There was good in everybody; and he had found some in Crooke. Such was the influence of a proper appreciation of his humorous scheme.

The three juniors strolled down to the gates in high good-humour.

Several fellows glanced at them curiously; it was very unusual to see Lowther strolling with the cad of the Shell.

Once outside the gates, Crooke drew a cigarette from his pocket.

"Have a fag?" he said genially.

Lowther flushed uncomfortably.

"Oh, chuck that!" he said. "That isn't what we've come out for."

"Pooh! We shan't be spotted here."

"I'm not thinking of that," said Lowther sharply.

Crooke shrugged his shoulders and lighted his cigarette. Mellish followed his example.

"Look here—" began Lowther.

"Oh, bow-wow!"

Monty Lowther debated in his mind whether he should turn back and abandon his great wheeze and join the cricketers.

But he would not be beaten.

He walked on, with a very red face, and Crooke and Mellish exchanged a wink and went on smoking.

Lowther did not say another word, but he was very glad when the cigarettes were finished and the stumps were pitched into the hedge.

CHAPTER 4.

Expensive!

"RYLCOMBE!" The train stopped, and a handsome, athletic-looking lad in Etons stepped out upon the platform.

From the guard's van a large trunk was dumped down.

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The lad in Etons walked along the platform towards it. And three juniors, who had just come on the platform from the entrance, spotted him at once.

"That's the kid!" said Monty Lowther.

"That's the merchant!" said Crooke. "Not quite such a bouncer as I expected."

"Sheeney, right enough," said Mellish.

"Put on your best smiles," said Lowther. "Mind, we've got to be jolly chummy. Make a good impression on him."

"You bet!"

"Taking the stranger in!" grinned Mellish. "All right, I'm on. We can fool a new kid easily enough."

Lowther frowned for a moment. He did not like to hear his great wheeze described as taking a stranger in, and fooling a new kid. However, he led the way towards the youth in Etons.

The newcomer was giving the porter instructions regarding his box. He was also giving him a shilling, as the trio could not help seeing.

He glanced round as they came up and looked at the three juniors.

"Good-afternoon!" said Monty Lowther politely.

"Good-afternoon!" responded the stranger genially.

Somewhat to the disappointment of the juniors, he did not say "Goot-afternoon!" Somehow they had expected him to speak in the same manner as Mr. Moses, of Wayland, whose weird accent was very pronounced. But the newcomer spoke quite nicely, and in a pleasant and musical voice.

"We're from St. Jim's," said Lowther. "I suppose you're the new kid, Julian?"

The newcomer nodded.

"My name's Julian, and I'm going to St. Jim's," he said.

"We've heard about you," said Crooke. "Thought you might feel a bit lonely at first, so we've come to meet you."

"Sort of give you a welcome to the school," said Mellish.

"Ahem! Exactly!" said Lowther.

The new boy looked very pleased.

"That's very kind of you," he said. "I don't know anybody at St. Jim's. It's jolly decent of you to come to meet a new chap you don't know, and I'm very much obliged."

"We're rather gone on Jews, you know," said Crooke.

Lowther kicked his ankle.

"Gone on Jews?" repeated Julian, in wonder. "What do you mean?"

"You're a Jew, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"We like 'em at St. Jim's," explained Crooke. "That's why we've come to meet you."

Julian looked rather hard at Crooke. "You're very good," he said.

"This way, young shentlemen!" said Mellish, with a chuckle.

Julian flushed.

"Shut up, Mellish!" said Lowther sharply.

His two assistants seemed likely to spoil the whole game.

"What's the matter?" said Mellish. "I'm only showing Chewlian the way. You pronounce your name Chewlian, don't you young 'un?"

"I pronounce it Julian," said the new boy quietly.

"My mistake," said Mellish, sniggering. "I say—yow-ow!"

Mellish broke off suddenly as Lowther kicked his leg.

"Don't mind that ass," said Lowther reassuringly. "Mellish thinks he is

SHORT-LIVED SUCCESS?



"Gosh, I've won five pounds a week for life!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to K. Cormack, 66, Eastwood Mains Road, Giffnock, Glasgow.

clever, you know—a big mistake, but he thinks it. I'm jolly glad to meet you, Julian! My name's Lowther—Monty Lowther of the Shell. This chap is Crooke, one of the ornaments of my Form, and this duffer is Mellish of the Fourth. Do you know what Form you are going into?"

"The Fourth," said Julian. "That's arranged."

"Then we shan't have you in the Shell," said Lowther. "I was—ahem!—hoping that you would be in my study. Have you told the porter about your box?"

"Yes; he's going to put it in the cab."

"You were thinking of taking the cab to the school?" asked Lowther, with an air of surprise.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, I thought you'd prefer to look round a bit first," said Lowther.

"Let them send your box, and we'll take you with us."

"You're very kind. I'll have the box sent, then."

"Hold on a minute. Have it sent in the cab," said Crooke. "It will cost about twice as much as the man taking it, but—ahem!—it looks better."

"Seems to me a waste of money," said Julian with a stare.

"Oh, I suppose you think a lot about money?" said Crooke, his lip curling.

"I suppose a fellow ought to be careful with his money," said Julian, with a puzzled look. "There's no sense in wasting it, is there?"

"You see, we're giving you a tip," said Crooke. "As you're a new boy to the school, we thought we'd show you the ropes a bit. Better send it in the cab, or it will look—well, as if you're rather mean."

"Much better," said Lowther.

"I'll take your word for it, as you know the ropes," said Julian, still looking puzzled. "Porter, put the trunk in the cab, please."

"Yessir," said old Trumble.

The juniors followed Trumble from the station.

The box was deposited in the cab, and Trumble opened the door for Julian.

"That's all right," said Lowther.

"You're to take that box to St. Jim's, Robert. Better pay him in advance, Julian, in case you don't see him again."

"Certainly! How much?"

"It's three shillings to drive to St. Jim's," said Lowther. "But Robert is a poor man, and he has fifteen children. Is it fifteen or sixteen, Robert?"

The old driver grinned. He knew Monty Lowther.

"Seventeen, Master Lowther," he replied.

"So if you paid Robert four instead of three, he would take it kindly, Julian," said Lowther. "We're rather liberal at St. Jim's, you know."

"I don't mind," said Julian. "I should have given him a tip, anyway."

"Well, as you're so generous," remarked Crooke, "you might make it five. Robert's a poor man with eighteen children—"

Julian laughed.

"Yes, make it five," said Lowther.

"Robert's a good sort. He served his country when he was a young man, didn't you, Robert?"

"Yes; I was in the Diehards, sir," said Robert.

"And he's keeping up the reputation of his regiment, and dying hard," said Lowther. "That was in the reign of George the First, wasn't it, Robert?"

"No, it wasn't, Master Lowther," said Robert indignantly. "I ain't ninety yet, and you know it!"

Julian smiled, and placed five shillings in the brown old palm.

Robert touched his hat very respectfully.

The old cab rolled off with Richard Julian's box.

The three practical jokers felt a little disappointed. Julian was spending money according to programme, but it did not seem to give him a pain so far.

"You've got lots of dibs, I suppose?" Mellish remarked enviously.

"Simply rolling in filthy lucre—what?"

"Oh, no!" said Julian. "I am not rich; but I have an uncle who is very kind and generous, and he makes me a large allowance—more than I need."

"He isn't a Jew?"

"Yes; he is a Jew, of course," said Julian. "Do you think it is impossible for a Jew to be kind and generous?"

"Blessed if I wouldn't swap all my uncles for him, Jew or not!" said Mellish, with a laugh. "I should like a good allowance from somewhere."

"I suppose you're hungry after your journey, Julian?" said Lowther.

"Yes; a little. I expected to be at school in time for tea."

"N.G.," said Lowther. "Tea at school is simply rotten! Bread-and-scrape, you know. And tea as weak as water. You'd better come and have a snack in the tuckshop. It's just handy, and we'd like a snack, too."

"Certainly!"

"This way!" chortled Mellish.

That seemed the best part of the joke to Mellish. As he was stony, evidently he couldn't be expected to pay his "whack." But he intended to have his "whack" in the feed at the village tuckshop.

"Hold on, though," said Lowther. "There's Trumble."

"Trumble?" repeated Julian.

"Yes; the porter. It's usual to hand him something. You don't mind my mentioning it, as you are new here," said Lowther blandly. "A St. Jim's fellow is a St. Jim's fellow, you know, and something is expected of him."

"I gave him a shilling," said Julian.

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"Ahem! Of course, if you don't want to make it a decent tip, there's no law to make you," said Crooke. "I'll stand him something myself, as we're with you."

Julian crimsoned.

"But I don't want to be mean!" he exclaimed. "I will give him whatever is customary. I should have thought a shilling was enough for lifting a box out of a train."

"Not for St. Jim's," said Mellish. "We do things rather in style at our school, you know."

"I would suggest another half-a-crown," said Lowther.

"You usually give him half-a-crown?" asked Julian.

"Ahem!" Lowther hesitated.

But Crooke chimed in. Crooke had not been brought up at the feet of George Washington, and a "fib" came quite easily to him.

"Always. It's the thing, you know."

"He must make a lot of money, I should think," said Julian, in astonishment, "with so many fellows at the school, all handing out half-crowns; he must make a pretty good thing of it. But I don't mind in the least, of course. Naturally, I don't know your school customs till I've been among you a bit."

He crossed the pavement, and presented the astounded Trumble with half-a-crown. Then he rejoined the juniors, who checked their grinning as he came back.

Old Trumble bit the half-crown to assure himself that it was a good one, suspecting a joke. But it was quite good, and Trumble whistled, and slid it into his pocket.

Trumble sometimes had good tips from richer fellows at the school, especially fellows like D'Arcy of the Fourth; but he was surprised that a junior should come back and tip him half-crown after tipping him a shilling. But he had no objections to make.

"Now for the feed!" said Mellish.

And the new friends of the new boy piloted him to Mrs. Murphy's tuckshop.

The three practical jokers took the new boy at his word.

They piled in.

Julian himself appeared to have a good appetite, and he did full justice to the good things of Mrs. Murphy.

But Lowther, Crooke, and Mellish outdid him easily. They made it a point to choose the most expensive articles, and they chose them in large quantities.

Julian did not turn a hair.

The feed was going strong when three fellows in Grammar School caps came in.

They were Gordon Gay and Wootton major and minor, of Rylcombe Grammar School.

"Hallo, St. Jim's cads!" said Gordon Gay.

"Kick 'em out!" said Wootton major. Monty Lowther held up his hand.

"Pax!" he said. "Gentlemen, you're welcome! This is a great occasion. Croesus minor has arrived, and he's standing treat all round. We shall be very happy if you will join us. Order anything you like!"

"That's rather a big order," said Gordon Gay, laughing.

"Not too big for Julian," said Lowther. "He simply loves spending money. And he's got a tame uncle who loads him with it. Allow me to introduce you. Julian of the Fourth—Gay, Wootton major, Wootton minor! The chap with the nose is the major, and the chap with the ears is the minor."

"Why, you silly ass—" began Wootton major and minor together.

Julian nodded, and laughed.

"You're very welcome!" he said. "Pile in! It's my treat!"

"Hear, hear!" said the three Grammarians.

They piled in.

Mrs. Murphy looked at Julian rather curiously as the bill mounted up.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sometimes stood tremendous blow-outs in the tuckshop, but he had seldom allowed his expenditure to reach the figure it was now reaching. The good dame made up an account upon a sheet of paper.

"How's it going?" asked Lowther jovially.

"One pound three shillings," said Mrs. Murphy.

"My hat!" said Crooke.

"Better ease off, if the new kid isn't made of money!" grinned Gordon Gay.

"Go ahead!" said Julian. "Don't ease off till you've finished. It's all serene."

"But look here—"

"Oh, pile in!"

"Better fill our pockets while we're about it," said Wootton major humorously. "I'll borrow a sack, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is what I call something like!" said Mellish, whose face was looking very shiny. "You're a pearl of price, Julian!"

"A gem of the first water!" grinned Crooke. "Pass over the tarts, Mrs. Murphy!"

"Yes, Master Crooke!"

Monty Lowther regarded the new boy in wonder. Either his estimate of Julian was quite mistaken, or else the new boy was an adept at concealing his feelings.

If he was suffering any inward pain his handsome face didn't show it. He seemed to be enjoying the feed as heartily as any of the fellows present. Unless appearances were very deceptive, he certainly was enjoying it.

Yet the bill was running up into pounds. Monty Lowther felt that there was something wrong somewhere. His great wheeze—the joke of the season—seemed to be falling flat.

The time came when the juniors, healthy and hungry as they were, were more than satisfied. Even Mellish had to slack down.

"Trot out the bill!" grinned Crooke. Mrs. Murphy trotted out the little bill.

"Two pounds four shillings and ninepence!" she said in almost an awestricken voice.

"Oh crumbs!"

Lowther watched Julian's face. Any fellow might have felt a "pain" at being called upon to pay such a bill.

But Julian did not seem to feel the pain.

He took a five-pound note from an expensive little pocket wallet and dropped it on the counter.

"Fivers, by gum!" murmured Mellish, whose covetous eyes had noted that there were more banknotes in the pocket-book. "Rolling in money, by gad! If this chap wants a chum in the Fourth, I know where he can find one!"

Julian slipped the two pound notes of his change into his wallet, and carelessly dropped the silver and coppers into his pocket.

"About time we got on to the school," he suggested.

"Time we got off, too," remarked Gordon Gay. "Thanks awfully for that ripping feed, Julian. When you feel inclined to share a frugal tea, you can drop in on us at the Grammar School. Don't expect the fat of the land like this. We're not giddy millionaires, but we'll be glad to see you."

"Thank you!" said Julian.

Gordon Gay & Co. sauntered away, and Julian left the tuckshop with the St. Jim's juniors.

"Walk to the school?" he asked. "The lane looks very pleasant."

"Walk!" said Lowther. "My dear chap, you can't walk! A new kid is supposed to arrive in—ahem!—some sort of style."

"There was only one cab at the station, and that's gone with my box," remarked Julian. "There doesn't seem to be much choice."

"Oh, that's all right! There's a telephone-box at the station, and you can get a taxi from Wayland."

Julian paused.

"A taxi from Wayland?" he said. "But Wayland's farther from here than the school is, isn't that so?"

"Oh, the taxi will get here pretty quick!" said Lowther carelessly. "Of course, if you object to the expense—"

"Not at all, so far as that goes, but it seems to me that you fellows at St. Jim's must be very extravagant if you spend money like that. It's rather slacking, too, isn't it?"

"Got him at last!" murmured Lowther to himself. "He's feeling the pain."

The thought that his great wheeze was not falling flat after all quite bucked up Monty Lowther. He smiled cheerily.

"Well, something's expected of a new boy," he remarked. "Of course—ahem—we won't stick you for the taxi. We'll whack it out!"

"Fair whacks!" said Crooke with a grin. "We'll stand it fair all round."

Julian hesitated.

"Oh, come!" said Monty Lowther. "We're really putting you up to a wrinkle, you know. I suppose you don't mind standing your whack in a taxi?"

"It seems to me a waste," said Julian, "but if you fellows want a taxi, I don't mind at all. Let's go and telephone."

"This way!" chortled Mellish.

They walked away to the station, and Lowther telephoned to Wayland for the taxicab.

CHAPTER 5.

Making the Money Fly!

MONTY LOWTHER led the way into the tuckshop.

As yet his little joke could not be said to have panned out well. Julian had plenty of money, and, according to Lowther's theories, he ought to have had a pain whenever he parted with any of it. He had parted with a good deal already, and had shown no sign whatever of having a pain.

But Lowther intended to put him to a severe test in the tuckshop.

Mrs. Murphy came out of her little parlour, and orders were given liberally.

"By the way, I suppose you know it's the custom for a new boy to pay his footing?" Lowther remarked.

Julian looked at him inquiringly.

"I don't know it," he said. "But I have no objection, I'm sure."

"You're ready to stand treat—what?" asked Mellish.

"With pleasure!"

"Of course, if you don't like the idea—" said Lowther.

"But I do," said Julian. "It was very kind of you to come and meet me, and it will be a pleasure to me. Pile in!"

"Oh, good!" said Mellish. "Do you mind if I try the cream puffs?"

"Anything you like!"

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Julian stood with a very thoughtful expression on his face while the humorist of the Shell was busy with the telephone.

An idea seemed to be working in his mind. Good-natured and facile as the new boy had shown himself to be, he was no fool—indeed, he was decidedly keen.

"Let's make an afternoon of it," said Crooke genially. "We're all pretty well heeled, you know. Let's have a run round the country in the taxi, and finish up with a cinema in Wayland, and a taxi home. Equal whacks all round."

"Rather an expensive amusement for juniors," said Julian, giving the Shell fellow a curious look. "But I'm game."

"You'll have to lend me the tin, some of you," said Mellish.

Crooke grunted.

"We three stand the exes," he said. "Mellish is stony, so he'll have to be a passenger. I'm sure Julian won't mind."

"Not at all," said Julian.

"The taxi will be here in ten minutes," said Lowther. "We'll go and have some ices while we're waiting for it."

"Good egg!"

Perhaps Julian considered that he had already paid his footing to the required amount, for he said nothing more of standing treat. Neither did the others.

For that expensive afternoon out it was agreed that "exes" should be whacked out among the three.

Lowther was in funds, and he would have spent his last sixpence on a practical joke, and Crooke, as usual, was reeking with money, and he was given to indulging in expensive amusements. As for Mellish, he was a "passenger."

The two intended that expenses should be run up till the Jewish junior could not stand it any longer. They were already convinced that he was suffering inwardly, and they meant to draw blood, so to speak.

So they paid for their ices. When the taxi came up they embarked in it in great spirits. And Julian, whether he was suffering an inward pain or not, was as cheerful as any of the party, and seemed to enter into the excursion with the greatest zest.

CHAPTER 6.

Turning the Tables!

"LET'S have a jolly long run!" said Crooke. "Blow the expense!"

"Blow it!" agreed Julian heartily.

"Besides, it's good for the taximan!" argued Lowther.

"Of course it is," assented Julian.

"Then we'll have a run round country," said Monty. "We'll show you Abbotsford Castle, and come back by the moor."

"All serene—so long as I'm not too late at St. Jim's."

"We'll see to that," said Lowther. "The Head doesn't wait on the steps of the School House for new boys, you know."

"I suppose not," said Julian, laughing.

"If you didn't drop in at all I dare say he wouldn't notice it," grinned Crooke. "This is going to be a real outing, and confound the expense."

"That suits me all right," said Julian. If Dick Julian was lumbbugging, he was doing it remarkably well.

The taximeter was clicking up at an alarming rate as the car spun along the green country roads.

Julian did not even glance at the indicator, however. He was looking at

the green wooded country with great enjoyment.

It was a sunny afternoon, and the pleasant countryside of Sussex was delightful to the eye. All four of the juniors enjoyed that run.

It was Crooke who first looked at the indicator with some uneasiness.

"Phew!" he ejaculated. "Fifteen bob already."

"Oh, let it rip!" said Julian. "That isn't much when we're whacking it out among three, you know."

"Let it rip, by all means," agreed Crooke.

And it ripped!

But after that Crooke's eye wandered many times to the taximeter. Somehow or other the leaping figures seemed to be troubling him. He wanted to "stick" the new boy for a good sum, but there were limits, since he had himself to whack out as much as the Hebrew junior.

He wondered how much was needed to give Julian the required "pain." No sign of pain showed in Julian's face. His face, in fact, was beaming. He was thoroughly enjoying the scenery, and the ride along the country roads.

The taximan seemed to enjoy it, too.



"Why tell him and start something? Let him find it out for himself!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to I. Robson, 30, Cowan Road, Edinburgh.

It was but seldom he came upon such good customers.

The car sped on, and Crooke caught Lowther's eye several times. He was mutely asking whether the joke had gone far enough.

Lowther held out grimly. He had money in his pocket—money he had intended for certain purchases—and it looked as if those purchases might not be made.

But he was not going to give in. He was going on spending money till the Jewish junior called halt, at any rate. It would be too absurd an ending to his wheeze if he cried halt himself.

"Dash it all, it's turned the quid!" said Crooke. And a little later he made another remark. "Twenty-five bob! It'll be nearly as much back to Wayland, you know."

Mellish grinned. He had a sense of humour as well as Lowther and Crooke, and it struck him as funny to see the two juniors getting "stuck" in this way.

"What does the money matter?" said

Julian breezily. "We're whacking it out, you know. Let it rip!"

"Ye-es, keep on," said Lowther.

"Make it an even fiver before we chuck it," said Julian.

"A fiver!" gasped Crooke.

"Why not?"

"By gum! I'm not going to whack out a third part of a fiver for buzzing about in a taxi—not if I know it!"

"Pooh! We're having an afternoon out, you know!" said Julian. "Don't think about the money. That's nothing."

"He, he, he!" cackled Mellish.

The biters were getting bitten.

Monty Lowther shot a quick, searching, suspicious glance at the Jewish junior. For a moment it flashed into his brain that Julian might have "spotted" the game and was turning the tables on the practical jokers.

But Julian's face was quite calm and placid, and expressed nothing but pleasure in the drive, and appreciation of the kindness of the juniors in taking him out like this on his first day at the school.

Was the fellow an ass, or was he awfully deep? Lowther wondered. But he decided that the fellow was an ass. For he reflected that he would have had to be awfully deep to take him—Monty Lowther—in and pull his humorous leg.

The taxi rushed on. At thirty shillings on the meter Crooke struck.

"We're exceeding the speed limit," he said, "and I'm fed-up, anyway. Let's get back to Wayland."

"Yes; we shan't have time for the cinema, otherwise," said Lowther.

Julian nodded.

"Just as you like," he said.

The taxi turned for the return journey.

Julian had seen Abbotsford Castle and the old bridge over the Upper Rhyl and a great deal of the country. He was learning quite a lot of that part of Sussex; in fact—at a price. But he did not seem to care about the price. It was Crooke who was chiefly worried about that.

Wayland came in sight at last. The taxi drove up to the cinema, and the juniors alighted.

Crooke gave something very much like a snarl as he read the figures on the taximeter.

"Two pounds ten," he said. "And there's the extra passengers, too."

"Shilling each," said Mellish.

"Oh, no!" said Julian. "Shilling isn't enough, considering that the driver has taken us such a great distance. Better give him half-a-crown each for the two extra passengers."

The driver looked quite enthusiastic as he heard that. He regarded it as a simply splendid idea.

But Crooke glared at the new boy as if he would eat him.

"You can hand out half-crowns, if you like!" he snapped. "I'm jolly well not going to."

Julian looked surprised.

"I understand that you St. Jim's fellows always whacked out half-crowns in tips," he remarked. "You remember what you told me in Rylcombe?"

"Ahem! Yes; but—but—"

"And then there's a tip for the driver," said Julian calmly. "Can't hand out less than five bob for a drive like that."

"Oh dear!" murmured Lowther. And Mellish's unpleasant cackle was heard again.

The afternoon was turning out to be more amusing than Mellish had anticipated. The look on Crooke's face was worth almost anything.

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"Two pounds ten on the meter, half-a-crown each for the two extra passengers, and five bob for the driver," resumed Julian cheerfully. "That's three quid in all—I can do figures, you know, being a Jew. That's a quid for each of us. Here you are, driver."

Julian placed a pound in the driver's hand.

After that even Crooke could not hold back. Crooke and Lowther each handed over a pound.

"Thank you, gentlemen!" said the taxi-driver. "Any other time you want a car I 'ope you'll remember me."

"Catch me!" murmured Crooke under his breath.

"Now for the cinema," said Julian cheerfully. "I say, this is a ripping afternoon! I don't know how to thank you fellows for taking such a lot of trouble over a new kid."

Julian's kind entertainers did not answer. They were beginning to doubt whether it was a ripping afternoon, after all.

CHAPTER 7.

The Bitters Bit!

DICK JULIAN and his somewhat morose companions entered the hall of the cinema.

They had stopped at the best picture palace in Wayland. True, there were sixpenny seats to be had if they had wanted them. But Julian, at least, did not appear to want them.

He ran his eyes over the list of prices and found that there were balcony seats at half-a-crown each.

"Four at half-a-crown, please!" he said, dropping half-a-crown down into the little orifice, at the end of which a woman's face appeared.

Crooke glared at Lowther.

"The beast's getting half-crown seats," he whispered.

Lowther grinned a sickly grin.

"Why not, Crooke? He's simply playing our game for us."

"There's a limit, you ass!"

"Well, we can't help it now—unless you're going to look mean."

Crooke grunted. He had come out to make the Jewish junior look mean, not to look mean himself. He sulkily dropped his half-a-crown down, and Lowther followed his example.

"Don't forget little me," said Mellish.

Crooke seemed deaf. He walked on into the house.

"He's forgotten," said Julian calmly. "Never mind—one-and-three each for us two."

Lowther nodded without speaking, and Mellish's ticket was taken.

The four juniors entered the balcony of the cinema and were shown to their seats.

In the interest of the pictures, the juniors soon forgot other matters. But there came an interval soon, and the lights went up.

Then the voice of a diminutive youth in buttons was heard:

"Chocklits! Chocklits!"

The youth in buttons probably meant chocolates, for he carried a tray of those comestibles.

"Who says chocolates?" asked Julian.

"Little me!" grinned Mellish.

Crooke grunted, and Lowther appeared to be deaf.

"Chocklits! Chocklits!"

Julian made a sign to the lad who approached. The new junior selected

the most expensive-looking packets on the tray.

"How much are these?" he asked.

"A shilling each, sir."

"Give us four of them."

"Yes, sir."

Julian handed the four packets round, apparently blind to the unwelcoming look on Crooke's face, and the peculiar expression of Monty Lowther.

"That's four bob," said Julian.

"Better give the kid a bob—he looks a nice boy—that's one-and-eight each for the three of us."

"Wha-a-a?"

"Oh!"

Julian laid one-and-eight on the tray. Lowther followed his example. Julian nudged Crooke, who did not seem to be in a hurry.

"The lights will be going down," he said. "Better settle with the kid."

Crooke choked back some remark that rose to his lips, and clinked one shilling-and-eight on the tray.

Then the pictures came on again. But when another interval arrived, Julian had a proposal to make.

"Chocolates make a chap thirsty," he remarked. "Let's go and get some ginger-pop. I noticed a shop next to this show."

"We should have to pay again to come in!" growled Crooke.

"Oh, that's all right!"

"Is it?" said Crooke. "If you want to throw your money away, I don't!"

"Shurrup!" murmured Lowther.

Crooke snarled.

"Oh, come on!" said Julian. "Let's have some ginger-pop!"

He rose from his seat, and the other juniors followed him.

Exactly what they had to complain of they could not really have said. They had come out with the new boy to make him spend money. He was spending money—more recklessly and extravagantly than they had hoped or expected. They ought to have been eminently satisfied.

But they weren't.

Somehow or other that complete success of the little plot had a disconcerting effect upon the plotters.

It was going a little too far. They had fully expected Julian to turn green and yellow, and every other colour of the rainbow, when he was bamboozled into spending a pound or so.

Instead of which he seemed prepared to spend pound after pound without turning a hair. And as they were compelled to keep pace with him on the principle of "whacking it out," it was the practical jokers who seemed likely to turn green.

For Lowther was near the end of his resources, and Crooke was suffering internal pains at parting with money. There was a limit—and Crooke had reached it. He didn't want to part with any more.

He hadn't even the consolation of swanking over his heavy expenditure, for Julian was expending at the same rate, and in the most careless manner in the world.

In the bunshop they imbibed ginger-pop and then ices. After that, Julian proposed getting back into the picture palace.

"I've had enough cinema!" growled Crooke.

"Same here," said Lowther. "Give it a rest. It's—it's time we got to St. Jim's, I think. And as you're a new kid, Julian—"

"The Head won't be waiting on the steps of the School House for me, you know," remarked Julian.

"Nunno! But—"

"I'm going back to St. Jim's!" growled Crooke.

The cad of the Shell made hardly an effort to conceal his bad temper.

"All serene!" said Julian. "Here's a taxi!"

"We—we could get the local train and walk from Rylcombe," murmured Lowther.

"But it's more comfy in a taxi," said Julian, in surprise. "Why should we go by train? As Crooke says, confound the expense!"

"Oh, ye-es!"

Julian had already signed to the taxi, and it drew up beside the kerb. The practical jokers looked at one another—and stepped into it. There seemed no way of escape.

The car buzzed away out of the market town on the way to St. Jim's.

"What a ripping afternoon!" said Julian. "It was awfully good of you chaps to pick me up like this."

"D-d-don't mench!" said Lowther.

Lowther seemed to be in a state of depression. His humorousness had disappeared.

"I've seen a lot of the place," said Julian. "I never expected such kindness to be shown to a new kid."

Crooke grunted.

"After all, we've lots of time," said Julian brightly. "What do you fellows say to a run round before we get to the school?"

"I'm going straight to St. Jim's," snapped Crooke.

"In a hurry?"

"Yes."

"Oh, all serene!" Julian looked out of the window. "Driver, how long will it take you to get to St. Jim's?"

"Ten minutes more, sir."

"Do it in five, and we'll pay you double what's marked on the meter."

"I'm your man, sir!"

The taxi shot forward like an arrow from a bow. Julian settled back in his seat with a smile.

"Now we shan't be long!" he remarked.

Crooke gave him a look that was positively homicidal.

"You—you've promised the driver double fare?" he gasped.

"Yes; for double speed, you know. You said you were in a hurry."

"I'm not going to pay double!" roared Crooke.

"Yes; we're whacking it out, you know," said Julian.

"I'm not paying double," said Crooke, throwing all disguise to the winds now. "I jolly well won't, and that's flat!"

"But we agreed—"

"Hang what we agreed! Don't be so jolly quick in offering drivers double fares!" snarled Crooke. "I'm not standing it!"

"But you suggested confounding the expense, you know," said Julian.

"If you want the man paid double, pay him double yourself!" said Crooke savagely. "I tell you I won't, and that settles it!"

"I shall certainly pay him double, as I have promised to do so," said Julian quietly, "but if you don't care to whack it out, I'll pay."

Crooke snorted, and made no rejoinder.

"I'll pay my whack," said Lowther quickly.

"Right-ho! It's between you and me, then," assented Julian.

The taxi was buzzing along at a great speed. It came up to the gates of St. Jim's with a rush. The driver had done it under five minutes—just!

"Just done it, sir!" he remarked.



"Run out of money?" asked Dick Julian. "It's all serene; let me square. I've got lots!" Lowther's humiliation was complete now. He was reduced to taking advantage of the generosity of the boy he had set out to jape!

"Quite so," said Julian. "Four bob on the meter, double that is eight. Bob each for two extra passengers is ten, and a bob over is eleven. That's five-and-six each for us, Lowther."

Lowther felt in his pocket. He had been feeling in his pockets most of the way home, making wild attempts to count what remained of his money by the feel.

He could not be quite sure which were shillings and which were half-pennies—only he knew that the half-pennies considerably outnumbered the shillings. A dreadful doubt was in his mind whether he had enough cash to pay his "whack."

"Crooke—" he began.

"There's my bob," said Crooke savagely. "A bob's my share, and that's all I'm paying, and you can whistle for any more!"

Crooke's manner was really leaving much to be desired; but the Shell fellow was haunted by the ghost, as it were, of the cash he had been forced to expend that afternoon, so much in excess of his intentions.

Lowther extracted the money from his pocket, and turned almost green as he looked at it.

"Look here, Crooke," he began hotly, "you agreed—"

"Go and eat coke!"

Crooke strode away to put an end to the argument. Lowther turned an almost beseeching glance on Mellish.

"I say, Mellish—"

"I told you I was stony," said Mellish coolly. "It was agreed that I was to be a passenger, you know that."

And Mellish walked away, grinning.

Lowther was left with Crooke's shilling, and one-and-ninepence of his own money with which to pay the half of eleven shillings.

Evidently it could not be done.

The greatest efforts in mental arithmetic could not make two shillings and ninepence into half of eleven shillings.

Julian gave him a cheery smile. There was a humorous twinkle in the eyes of the Jewish junior.

"Run out?" he asked. "It's all serene; let me square. I've got lots!"

Lowther gave him a fierce look. His humiliation was complete now.

He had played his great joke on the Jewish boy, and the new kid had "spotted it"—that was only too clear now. The twinkle in his eyes told as much, and he had calmly turned the tables on the practical jokers.

Crooke had been shown up as what he was—utterly mean—and Lowther was

reduced to taking advantage of the generosity of the Jew.

There was no other resource. The taximan was waiting for his money.

"I—I shall have to let you lend me two-and-ninepence," muttered Lowther, almost hoarsely, so greatly was he disturbed.

"All serene! Here you are!"

The taximan drove away, more than satisfied. Lowther stood for a moment looking at Dick Julian.

"A very pleasant afternoon," said Julian. "Thank you so much!"

Lowther almost choked.

"I owe you two-and-ninepence," he muttered. "I'll settle it within ten minutes. I can get it here as soon as I see one of the fellows."

"Don't trouble."

"I'm not going to remain in your debt, if that's what you mean!" said Monty Lowther savagely, as he strode away.

Lowther was generally a nice-tempered youth, but he was feeling so sore and defeated now that his manner was really not much better than Crooke's.

But Julian did not seem to mind. He smiled and strode cheerfully across the quad towards the School House.

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CHAPTER 8

Funny or Not Funny?

TOM MERRY and Manners were in the study when Monty Lowther arrived there.

They were waiting for him.

The two chums had determined not to remember their little disagreement with Lowther, and to act as if there had been none. Least said was soonest mended, and so they greeted him with the usual cherry nod.

The table was laid for tea in the study, and there was half a loaf on the table. There was nothing else, so far. Funds were short in the study, so far as Tom Merry and Manners were concerned.

But, as the Terrible Three had their funds more or less in common, and as Lowther had had an unusually large remittance that morning, that was all right. At least, they supposed so.

"We've been waiting for you, Monty," said Tom. "It's past tea-time."

Lowther grunted.

"You've had a long outing," remarked Manners.

Another grunt.

Monty Lowther did not seem communicative.

"I suppose you're hungry, after being out all the blessed afternoon?" said Tom Merry.

"I'm not hungry."

"Fed?"

"Yes."

"Well, we haven't," remarked Manners, "and, as you've got all the funds in your pocket, we're waiting."

"Oh!" said Lowther.

"We want something for tea," said Tom Merry, looking a little puzzled as Lowther coloured up.

"I—I can't stand tea," stammered Lowther.

"Oh, you mean the money was sent to you for something else?" asked Manners. "Well, your uncle might have sent you a few bob over."

"He did send me a few bob over," said Lowther.

"Then why can't you stand tea?"

"Because I can't."

Tom Merry and Manners looked very curiously at Lowther.

Certainly Lowther had been angry when he left them; there had been a rift in the lute. But it was not like Lowther to be sulky—and even if he had been sulky, he would not have been mean.

It was impossible that Lowther was refusing to stand the study tea because they had had words of disagreement. That was not to be thought of.

There was a short silence. Lowther was very red, and evidently irritated and angry. He stared at the bare table.

"Is that loaf all you've got?" he asked.

"That's all."

"Well, I—I'm sorry. I've got 'no tin!' blurted out Lowther. "I suppose you don't think I'd keep it back if I had any, do you?"

"Of course we don't, old chap," said Tom. "We've waited because we knew you had a big remittance. But if it's all gone, I suppose you've done your shopping while you've been out, so—"

"I haven't done any shopping."

"But you've blued all the tin?" asked Manners.

"Yes."

"Well, you'll excuse me if I say you're an ass," said Manners. "You might have remembered that there was

nothing in the study. It's too late now for tea in Hall."

"I didn't think it would all go," said Lowther, "and I forgot about tea, too. I had other things to think of."

"Well, never mind," said Tom Merry consolingly, "it can't be helped, and I dare say we can scrape up some tea along the passage. Talbot will lend us something, if he's got anything."

"The fact is—" said Lowther.

"Well?"

"I want to borrow some money of your chaps."

Tom Merry whistled.

"I must have two-and-ninepence," said Lowther. "I must have it at once. Haven't you got any tin?"

"Just one ha'penny," said Tom, while Manners shook his head.

Lowther uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"You don't seem very joyful after your great jape," said Manners, in wonder. "Tell us about it."

"Oh, rats!"

"Didn't you find the Jew kid at the station, after all?"

"Yes," growled Lowther.

"And how did the great wheeze go?" asked Tom. "Did you make him spend money right and left? And did it give him a pain?"

Lowther gritted his teeth. Never had he looked—and felt—less humorous.

"Oh, pile it on!" he growled.

"You can snigger as much as you like. It was a rotten failure, so now you can cackle!"

"Keep your temper, old son," said Tom Merry mildly. "We're not cackling, and we're not sniggering. I didn't really think the wheeze would be a howling success. How did it go wrong? Wouldn't the chap spend any money?"

"The rotter!" snapped Lowther.

"Yes, he spent money—like water! He's as keen as a razor, as it turns out. He spotted the little game, and never let on."

"Oh!" said Tom.

"Then he played us at our own game," growled Lowther savagely. "Led us into spending money, and—and busted us."

"Oh, my hat!"

"He didn't care twopence how much money he wasted; he was just fooling us, and I never saw it till the finish," said Lowther moodily. "He was an extravagant beast. We agreed to whack out the axes equally, and—and we were willing to spend money just to make him spend it. And—and the beast spent more than we could; so—so, instead of showing him up, we showed ourselves up. Crooke refused to pay his whack at the finish, the mean cad, and the Jew paid for him."

"Oh dear!"

"And—and as Crooke wouldn't square, I couldn't pay up, and—and I had to borrow money of the Jew to settle with the cabman!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lowther glared furiously at his chums. His sense of humour had failed him now, but to Tom Merry and Manners the ludicrous ending of his great scheme seemed extraordinarily funny. They roared.

"What are you cackling at now?" yelled Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly, chortling asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Tom Merry, wiping his eyes. "Ha, ha, ha! It was Crooke who turned out mean instead of the Jew chap, and you who couldn't pay your whack instead of the Jew chap. Ha, ha, ha! And it was jolly decent of him to lend you the money,

too, if he knew you'd been pulling his leg."

"The cad!" said Lowther savagely. "He stuck me for it, and simply enjoyed lending me the money, I could see that."

"A Jew enjoyed lending you money," grinned Manners. "You'll have to revise your ideas about Jews, then."

"I've got to settle with him at once!" snapped Lowther. "I'm not going to remain in the cad's debt."

"Is he a cad?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes, he is—a howling cad!"

"What has he done?"

"He's—done Lowther," chuckled Manners. "Monty, old man, you shouldn't be such a funny merchant. You woke up the wrong passenger."

"I don't want any more of your cackle," growled Lowther bad-temperedly; and he went out of the study and slammed the door.

"Oh, my hat!" said Tom Merry. "Poor old Monty! He did wake up the wrong passenger that time. And now we shan't have any tea."

"Let's go and see Talbot," said Manners.

The two Shell fellows proceeded to the next study, where they found Talbot. They also found Monty Lowther there, and heard him saying:

"Can you lend me two and ninepence, Talbot?"

"Certainly!" replied Talbot. "Here you are!"

"Thanks, old man!"

Lowther passed his chums in the doorway with a frown. They were smiling; they simply could not help it.

Talbot of the Shell looked surprised as Lowther strode away after that black look at his old pals.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" he remarked.

"Nothing—only Monty has been rather too funny," grinned Manners; and he related the story, and Talbot roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And as Monty's blued all the cash, we can't have any tea," said Tom Merry; "so we're looking for a loan. If Monty hasn't cleared you out, Talbot—"

Five shillings were forthcoming at once, and Tom Merry and Manners made their way to the school shop to lay in supplies.

There was very soon a handsome spread in the study, and then they looked for Lowther to share it. Meanwhile, Monty Lowther was looking for Dick Julian.

CHAPTER 9.

Trouble in the Family!

"**B**AI Jove, deah boy, I congwatulate you!"

Thus said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

He addressed Monty Lowther. Lowther was waiting at the end of the passage for Julian to come out of the Housemaster's study.

At present the new boy was shut up with Mr. Railton, and Lowther had not had an opportunity of returning that two-and-ninepence, though it was burning a hole in his pocket. Lowther was savagely anxious to get out of the new junior's debt.

He stared at the smiling swell of St. Jim's as Arthur Augustus offered his congratulations. Arthur Augustus' noble eye was twinkling behind his eyeglass. He looked like a fellow who felt

himself in possession of an uncommonly good joke.

"Eh? What do you mean?" asked Lowther promptly. He could see no grounds for congratulation in the unfortunate events of that afternoon.

"It was wippin', deah boy!"

"What was ripping?" snapped Lowther.

"Your little joke, Lowthah! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You didn't think it was ripping when I told you about it before?" growled Lowther, surprised and irritable.

Arthur Augustus chuckled.

"Certainly not. I regarded it as bein' in bad taste, and I think I remarked as much to you at the time."

"You made a good many idiotic remarks," said Lowther. "I can't remember them all."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Oh, buzz off!" said Lowther.

"But I am congwatulatin' you. It turns out, aftah all, a wippin' joke," said Arthur Augustus, beaming. "The joke was up against you, as it turns out, but that only makes it all the more humorous, you know. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you fathead—"

"I've heard it from Mellish," grinned Arthur Augustus. "Mellish is tellin' it all ovah the school."

"Oh, he is, is he?" snarled Lowther.

"Yaas, wathah! And all the fellows are simply woawin'," chuckled the swell of the Fourth. "I congwatulate you, Lowthah, on havin' brougth off a wippin' joke, when you only intended to be guilty of bad taste. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling idiot—"

"I wefuse to be called a cacklin' idiot, Lowthah. I thought I would congwatulate you. Most of your jokes are wathah wotten, but this one is a wegulah wippah! I saw Cwooke's face when he came in. Ha, ha, ha! It was worth a guinea a box. And you are lookin' wathah gween, now I notice it."

"I'll make you look green and yellow and blue if you don't go and cackle somewhere else!" said Lowther, breathing hard.

"That's the worst of you humowists," said Arthur Augustus, with a nod. "You can nevah take a joke when it turns against yourself. Evewybody is woawin' ovah it. Why don't you woar?"

"I'll jolly well make you roar, you tailor's dummy!" shouted Lowther, and he advanced upon the swell of St. Jim's with his hands clenched.

There would have been a case of assault and battery in another moment, but just then the Housemaster's door opened.

Dick Julian came out, and Mr. Railton looked into the passage.

Lowther dropped his hands suddenly. Mr. Railton gave him a somewhat severe glance, and closed the study door.

"Weally, Lowthah—" began D'Arcy.

Lowther did not heed him. He hurried along the passage to greet the new boy—not with a friendly greeting. Julian looked at him placidly.

"Here's your money," said Lowther roughly.

"My money?" repeated Julian.

"Yes; the two-and-ninence I owe you."

"Oh, thanks!" said Julian carelessly, and he took the half-crown and the three pennies and dropped them into his pocket. "You needn't have hurried."

"I don't choose to remain in your

debt!" said Lowther bitterly. "You will be pleased to hear that all the fellows are laughing over the way you fooled me. You see, I'm not quite a dummy, and I know that you fooled me."

Julian stared at him for a moment, and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"I admit that," he said. "I pulled your leg, and I think you deserved it."

"Oh, you think that, do you?" said Lowther, between his teeth.

"Yes, certainly. I was grateful when you met me at the station, because I thought it was a kindness. I soon tumbled to it that you were out to make game of me—because I am a Jew. I turned the tables on you, and serve you right. There's nothing for you to be ratty about. I wasn't ratty when you tried to pull my leg. You ought to take the joke as good-temperedly as I did."

"Bai Jove! That's quite wight!" chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with a nod of approval. "It's up to you, Lowthah."

"When I want advice from a tailor's dummy I'll ask for it!" said Lowther savagely.

"Bai Jove! If you call me a tailah's dummy, Lowthah—"

"I'm sorry if I've offended you by offended your joke against yourself," said Julian. "Don't you think your sense of humour is rather one-sided? But as you seem to take it badly, I'm sorry."

This was spoken very frankly, and would have appealed to Lowther if he had been in a better temper. But Lowther was very much out of humour just then.

Neither did he, the great humorist, like it to be supposed that he took a joke badly. Even though it was true, it was not agreeable to hear.

"Oh, you're sorry!" he snapped. "Well, you can keep your sorrow. I suppose you mean you're afraid I'm going to lick you? I've a jolly good mind to. It was like your rotten cheek, anyway."

"I don't see it. And as for being afraid you will lick me, I'm not in the least afraid," said Julian quickly. "There is nothing

for us to fight about, but I'm certainly not afraid."

"Well, keep your distance from me, that's all," said Lowther. "I don't like your sort."

Julian crimsoned.

It was an unworthy sneer, and Lowther repented of it the moment he had uttered it. But his evil genius was in the ascendant at that moment, and he walked away without another word.

Julian stood quite still.

Arthur Augustus looked after Lowther in surprise and disgust. He would not have been astonished by such a remark from Mellish, or Crooke, or Clampe,

(Continued on the next page.)



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but from Lowther it was very astonishing.

"Pway excuse me, deah boy," he said; "pway excuse my chippin' in, as I do not know you. Don't mind Lowthah; he is wathah watty because his gweat joke has been such a wotten fwost, you know."

"I suppose he was alluding to my being a Jew," said Julian. "I am not ashamed of the blood in my veins. If I were, I should deserve to be despised. But a taunt like that is mean."

"Lowthah isn't mean, though," said Arthur Augustus. "He's only watty. Pway don't think anythin' about it."

"I am not likely to worry about him or his opinions," said Julian with a slight smile. "It does not matter to me."

"You have seen Mr. Wailton?" asked Arthur Augustus.

"Yes."

"Wippin' Housemaster, isn't he?"

"He was very pleasant," said Julian. "Come for a stwoll wound the place, and I will show you the sights," said Arthur Augustus hospitably.

Julian gave him a quick look; his experience with Lowther, Mellish, and Crooke had made him a little suspicious. But there was only friendly kindness in the noble countenance of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Julian walked away with him, and they joined Blake, Herries, and Digby in the quad. Tom Merry and Manners came up to them as they were chatting, and they nodded genially to the new boy.

"Seen Lowther?" asked Tom. "I saw him ten minutes ago, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "He did not seem in a very good tempah."

"Well, tea's ready, and there's nothing like a feed to soothe the savage beast," said Tom. "We're looking for him. Hallo, there he is."

Monty Lowther was sighted under the chms. He was standing there moodily by himself. His chums joined him amicably.

"Tea's ready," said Tom. "Talbot shelled out, and it's all right. Trot along!"

"A really good spread," said Manners.

Monty Lowther did not move. He looked moodily at his chums.

"I saw you just now speaking to that new cad," he said.

"Just nodded to him," said Tom. "What about it?"

"I suppose you're going to take him under your wing, and make much of him, as those Fourth Form kids seem to be doing?" said Lowther sarcastically.

"Well, I don't know that we are," said Tom. "I suppose we shall have to be civil to him as he's done no harm."

"I'm not going to be civil to him," said Lowther. "I don't like that kind of person; I've got a prejudice, you see. And I'm going to have nothing to do with him."

"That's rather fatheaded, you know. Still, you can please yourself," said Tom. "I believe he is in the Fourth, anyway. There's no need for you to speak to him if you don't want to."

"And I don't want you fellows to speak to him, either," said Lowther.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Manners warmly. "I suppose we can say good-morning to a new kid, if we like?"

Lowther's face set obstinately.

"You can say good-morning to him if you like, but if you do, you needn't say good-morning to me," he replied.

"Monty, old man," said Tom.

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"I mean it," said Lowther grimly. "I dislike that fellow—"

"It's rather unreasonable—"

"I dare say it is; likes and dislikes often are," said Lowther coolly. "But there it is. I want you fellows to give him the marble eye, same as I do."

"Well, I suppose we shan't seek him out, if it comes to that," said Tom, after a pause. "But I suppose we shall be civil to him!"

"Then you needn't be civil to me," said Lowther.

"You're out of humour, old chap," said Tom. "Let's go and have tea now, and talk it over another time."

"It's got to be settled now. Are you going to back me up, or aren't you?"

"In what?"

"In being down on that Jew boy."

"Certainly not," said Tom warmly. "Why should we be down on him?"

"He's done nothing, except decline to be japed, and I suppose that's not a crime. Wait till he does something rotten before you're down on him. So far as I can see, he looks decent enough."

"Perhaps you like Jews," sneered Lowther.

"I've never known a Jew closely before," said Tom, "and before I make up my mind to be down on a fellow, I'd give him a chance to show what he's like. I'd give him fair play first."

"Fair play!" said Lowther. "You told me this afternoon that I was a cad, and now you say I don't give fair play. No need to say any more."

"Monty, old chap, don't get ratty about nothing. What a fellow you are!" exclaimed Tom in perplexity. "Come in and have tea."

"I don't want any tea."

"Monty!"

Monty Lowther walked away with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

Tom Merry and Manners looked at one another in silence, and then went in to tea. But tea in Tom Merry's study was not an enjoyable meal that day.

CHAPTER 10.

Lowther Goes His Own Way!

DICK JULIAN dropped into his place in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

He might have dropped there like any other new kid, without any special notice being taken, but for the unusual conduct of Monty Lowther.

Lowther's great jape on the Jewish junior, and its ludicrous ending, had become a stock joke in the School House, and from there it spread to the New House, and the whole Lower School of St. Jim's cackled over it.

Indeed, the story got to the seniors, and even great men like Kildare and Darrell grinned over the story of how Lowther had gone for wool and returned shorn.

Besides making Monty Lowther very sore, the incident drew general attention upon Julian, so that he came in for a good deal more limelight than a new fellow was entitled to.

Then, too, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made it a point to be very nice to the new junior, simply on the ground that it was up to Study No. 6 to show him that they hadn't any unreasonable racial prejudices.

But it was Lowther's attitude, after the deplorable failure of his great jape, that caused Julian to be specially noted. For Lowther had disagreed with his chums over the matter, and the disagreement seemed likely to become serious and lasting.

The Terrible Three were the leaders of the Shell, and quite important personages. For a mere new kid in the Fourth Form to cause disagreement among them was absurd, as Tom Merry declared.

Any number of new kids might have come and gone without disturbing their lofty serenity, if only Lowther hadn't been such an obstinate ass.

There had been little rows in Tom Merry's study before, and they had always blown over. Tom Merry was determined that there should not be another on the subject of Dick Julian. Manners agreed with him; and they determined to give Monty Lowther his head.

Manners opined that when Lowther was tired of being sulky he would come round. Tom Merry had great faith in the efficacy of the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

So, though Lowther seemed determined to keep up the rift, his chums simply refused to be in disagreement with him.

They treated him exactly the same as



"You haven't answered me, Julian," said Monty Lowther. "My answer!" exclaimed the Jewish junior, and his

before, making cheery remarks, and apparently failing to notice his grumpy replies, and they joined him after lessons in the customary way, and walked with him whether he liked it or not.

Lowther's good-humour would soon have gained the upper hand, and he would certainly have come round, but for the existence of the bone of contention close at hand.

For Lowther was determined to go out of his way to be unpleasant to Julian; and Tom Merry and Manners, naturally, did not intend to be "down" on a fellow who had given them no cause for offence.

The curious circumstance was that if any other fellow had been acting as Lowther was acting, Monty himself would have been one of the first to be down on him, and to point out to the delinquent the error of his ways.

But it is not so easy to see one's own faults as to see those of others. Human nature is made that way. What appears to one's own eyes the firmness of a rock, only too often appears in the eyes of others as the obstinacy of a mule.

Whether Monty Lowther was only as firm as a rock, or whether he was as obstinate as a mule, he kept on his own way.

Indeed, he seemed to take a delight in making himself all the more disagreeable to the new junior, because he knew that his chums disapproved of it. It really looked as if he were trying to provoke them into a serious quarrel—

to such length had Lowther's wrong-headedness gone.

When the Junior Dramatic Society discussed a new play, Lowther suggested the "Merchant of Venice," and proposed the part of Shylock for Julian.

When the caricature of a gentleman with an immense nose was found on the wall of the Common-room, it was safe to attribute that artistic effort to Lowther. And when Tom Merry remonstrated with his chum, Lowther was deaf to reasoning.

"I don't like the fellow," he said. "There's no reason why you should insult him," said Tom.

"Oh, rats!" "It's jolly bad manners, if you ask me."

"Well, I don't ask you!" said Lowther.

"Why can't you leave him alone?"

"Because I don't choose to. I don't like him, and don't approve of him," said Lowther. "It's a prejudice if you like. Why shouldn't I have a prejudice?"

"You used not to have this special one," said Tom. "It's only come to life since you tried to jape Julian and mucked it up."

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

"For goodness' sake let the matter drop!" said Manners. "We've had nothing but snaps and yaps in this study since Julian came. Blessed if I don't wish he'd stayed at home."

"The chap might be a complete outsider by the way Lowther treats him," said Tom. "I believe in being civil to a civil chap."

"If my manners don't suit your high standards, you'd better give me the go-by," said Lowther, shrugging his shoulders. "There's that blessed Sheeney; you can chum up with him instead, you know."

"Don't be an ass, Monty!"

"Well, let me go my own way, then," said Lowther. "Leave me alone. I'm not going to be civil to him, and that's flat. I don't like him."

"You don't like Croke, but you're civil to him," said Tom.

"That's different."

"I don't see it."

"Oh, you don't see anything!"

And Lowther walked away to end the discussion.

Two or three days having passed like that, relations were growing strained in Tom Merry's study. But there was no quarrel, simply because Tom and Manners were determined that there should be none.

The development in Lowther's character surprised them and hurt them. They had never supposed that old Monty could be a persecutor, but he certainly was persecuting Julian.

The new boy affected not to notice, but he must have observed it, and it was likely there would be trouble with him before long, if Lowther did not change his tactics. But Lowther made no secret of his belief that the new Fourth Former was a funk. There was a matter which

worried Lowther, and that was the feed which Julian had stood to the japers on the day they met him in Rylcombe.

Lowther had intended that equal "whacks" should be paid afterwards. He writhed at the idea of being under any obligation to the boy to whom he had taken so intense a dislike.

But the money was not forthcoming. Mrs. Murphy had been paid two pounds four shillings and ninepence for that feed.

Lowther had written home for money the same night; but, after his late remittance, the horn of plenty had ceased to flow. And when he had succeeded in obtaining eleven-and-six to pay his share, he found that neither Croke nor Mellish were willing to "square."

"It was understood that I was a passenger," said Mellish coolly. "Besides, why should you square with Julian? He stood the feed."

"I meant to pay him afterwards."

"Well, I didn't mean to," said Mellish, "and I'm jolly well not going to! And I couldn't, even if I wanted to."

That settled it, so far as Mellish was concerned.

Lowther tackled Croke next, and found Croke decidedly edgewise.

"What utter rot!" said Croke.

"That fellow stood the feed. He hasn't asked us to pay anything; in fact, he would be offended if we offered it."

"I don't care if he's offended," growled Lowther.

"Well, I'm not going to shell out eleven bob, especially to a chap I don't care twopence about," grinned Croke. "After all, we were japing him, and if he pulled our leg we needn't grouse over it for ever and ever."

"It isn't that."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"I don't like him."

"Don't pay him anything, then," said Croke. "If you don't like him you can pay him out by not squaring up better than by handing over eleven bob. Besides, if he's the kind of fellow you make out, it will give him a pain."

"I'm not going to remain under an obligation to him!" said Lowther savagely.

Croke yawned.

"Well, you can leave me under one," he said. "It doesn't bother me—not so much as parting with eleven bob, anyway."

"Look here!" roared Lowther, losing his temper. "The fellow's got to be paid. We were japing him, not sponging on him."

"Oh, rats!"

"And if you don't square up, I'll jolly well punch your head, you mean rotter!"

"More rats!" said Croke. "I'm not paying anything, that's a cert. Pay him yourself, if you're so jolly sensitive about it. Keep off, you rotter! Wow-ow!"

Monty Lowther left Croke's study with a heightened colour. He left Croke on the floor, gasping for breath. Such was the end of the new friendship between Monty Lowther and the cad of the Shell. It had not lasted long.

Monty Lowther thought it over in a savage mood. He simply could not raise over two pounds to pay Julian the whole amount.

But it was true that it had been agreed that Mellish was to be paid for. So Lowther's just "whack," if he paid the bill at all, came to about fifteen shillings.

That Julian did not want him to

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"What's your interest on the money I owe you?" "That's and came with a loud smack across Lowther's cheek!"

pay—and, indeed, probably would not allow him to pay—did not matter to Lowther in his present unreasonable mood. The fact that the new junior would be hurt by the offer of the money was probably an inducement to him to offer it.

"You fellows got any tin?"

Lowther propounded that query suddenly, coming into the study when Tom Merry and Manners were there.

"How much, my infant?" asked Tom, quite brightly. He was glad to see Lowther on the old terms again.

"I've squeezed eleven-and-six together," said Lowther. "I simply must have another three-and-six put to it to settle with Julian."

"Been borrowing more money of him?" asked Manners, in astonishment.

"Of course not, fathead! It's for the feed he stood us the day he came. Crooke won't stand his whack, but I've got to pay mine. I was japing the cad, but not sponging on him—see?"

"I've heard about that feed from Mellish," said Tom. "Julian stood it. He doesn't expect you to pay."

"I'm going to pay."

Tom Merry knitted his brows.

"Look here, Lowther, you know it's jolly insulting to offer to pay a chap when he's stood you a feed on the understanding that he foots the bill," he said.

"Oh, he won't be insulted very easily," said Lowther, with a sneer. "His hide's thick enough. More likely to feel sore about it if I don't pay him. It's up to me, anyway."

"Well, if you intend to explain to him that you intended to pay all along he—"

"I shan't explain anything; only get out of his debt," said Lowther angrily. "Can you stand me three-and-six between you, or won't you?"

"Well, I can't, as a matter of fact. I've only got a shilling," said Tom. "But Julian—"

"What about you, Manners?"

"Tanner!" said Manners, with Spartan brevity.

Lowther paused, frowning, and then a gleam came into his eyes. It was not the old humorous gleam.

"I've got it!" he said.

"What are you going to do?" asked Tom, uneasy at the expression on his face.

He did not quite understand Lowther lately.

"You'll see, if you drop into the Common-room," said Lowther, and, without further explanation, he walked away.

CHAPTER 11.

Julian's Answer!

JULIAN!
The new boy in the Fourth glanced round. He nodded to Monty Lowther with calm civility.

There were a good many fellows in the Common-room, and some of them looked on with interest. Many of the fellows had opined that Lowther and Julian would come to blows before long.

The new junior had been very peaceable—too peaceable, some of the fellows thought. Certainly, Lowther had placed himself in the wrong in the most reckless manner, and did not care how much offence he gave.

"I want to settle with you," said Lowther.

Julian raised his eyebrows.

"You don't owe me anything," he said.

"I owe you fifteen shillings."

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"What on earth for?"

"You paid in the tuckshop the day you came here. In Rylcombe, you remember. I stand a third of the bill."

Julian shook his head.

"But that was my treat," he said. "It was understood that I was standing it."

"I don't choose to be treated by you," said Lowther. "I owe you fifteen shillings."

"I will not take it!" said Julian, for the first time showing signs of anger.

"You have no right to offer it to me."

"You have no right to pay my exes, if I don't choose," said Lowther, "and you've got to take it."

"Yaas, you must take it, deah boy," chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Lowthah was only pullin' your leg, you know; and he ought to pay up."

Julian hesitated, and then nodded shortly.

"Oh, very well!" he said. "You can pay me, if you like, Lowther. I shall put the money into the school poor-box."

Lowther shrugged his shoulders.

"You can do as you like with your own money," he said. "The trouble is,



I haven't the whole sum at present. I'm not a Jew, and I don't roll in money."

"All Jews don't roll in money," said Julian, with a slight smile. "There are many more poor Jews than rich ones. But if you haven't the money, why mention it? You know I don't mention it."

"I mean I'm not going to put you to a loss," said Lowther. "I'm going to deal with you the same as I should with Mr. Moses, of Wayland."

Julian started.

"I owe you some money, and I can't pay it. Therefore, you have a right to charge me interest."

"Interest!" exclaimed Julian.

"Yes; cent per cent, you know."

"Shent per shent, shentlemen!" chuckled Mellish in great enjoyment.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Crooke.

"He, he, he!" howled Levison of the Fourth.

But Crooke, Mellish, and Levison were the only ones who laughed; there was a grunt of disgust from several fellows.

"That's a caddish thing to say, Lowther," said Blake.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Dash it all, Lowther, what's come over you?" asked Kangaroo of the Shell. "You might leave that kind of meanness to Crooke."

"It isn't meanness; it's generous!" grinned Crooke. "Isn't he offering the Sheeny cent per cent? What more can he offer?"

Julian was stonily silent. The insult was bitter, and the Jewish junior had become quite pale.

There were curious looks cast on him from all sides. If Julian stood that, he would stand anything, was the general opinion. If he stood it, indeed, he deserved to have it to stand, Gore remarked to another fellow.

"Name your own interest," went on Lowther, disregarding the disapproval round him. "You can make it twenty or fifty per cent if you like, and I'll pay it. I don't want to argue about it."

"You are offering me interest on the money you pretend that you owe me," said Julian in a low voice.

"Certainly! Shall we say fifty per cent?" said Lowther. "But cent per cent if you like. I dare say that's more in your line."

"You know that I will not take it," said Julian. "You know very well that you have made the offer only to insult me."

"Insult you!" said Lowther. "Not at all, my dear fellow. Of course, it would be an insult to anybody else here."

"But not to me?" exclaimed Julian, his voice quivering with indignation.

"Not to you," said Lowther deliberately.

"Shame!" growled several voices.

"Lowthah, I wogard you as an uttah wotah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus hotly. "I am surprised at you!"

"For goodness sake, shut up, Lowther!" exclaimed Talbot of the Shell. "What's come over you?"

"My dear chap, you're quite mistaken," said Lowther, with the same deliberation. "You don't know young Solomons—I mean Julians. He has his racial traditions to keep up. Before he's been here long he will be lending money to all the fellows and getting interest on it. You can bet on that!"

"Have I done so?" asked Julian, looking round him. "I appeal to every fellow present."

"Sure, you've lent me half-a-quid, Julian darling!" said Reilly of the Fourth. "And sure you've got to wait till next term for it! And it's a broth as a boy ye are to do it!"

"Moneylending already, you see!" jeered Lowther.

"Sure, I asked him for a loan, because he's got plenty of quids!" said Reilly. "And it was decent of him to lend it to a fellow he hardly knew! And if you call it moneylending again, Monty Lowther, you'll step into the gym with me and back it up with your fists!"

Monty Lowther shrugged his shoulders. The general disapproval of his action only seemed to make him more wilful and determined.

"You haven't answered me, Julian," he said. "What's your interest on the money I owe you?"

Julian clenched his hands.

"You want an answer from me?" he asked.

"Of course!"

"That's my answer, then!"

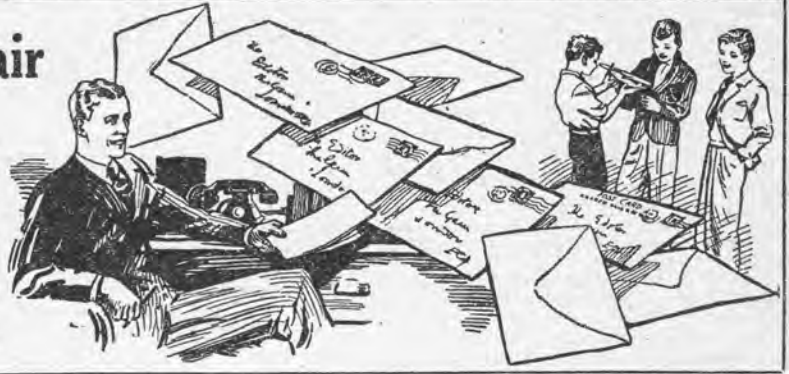
Smack!

Monty Lowther started back as

(Continued on page 18.)

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!—Another great number of the old paper has been prepared for next Wednesday. Martin Clifford makes the bell ring with his St. Jim's story, while Frank Richards' powerful yarn of the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. is one of the best we've had.

In my correspondence of late the St. Jim's character who has been most mentioned is George Alfred Grundy. The burly, boneheaded, hard-fisted Shell fellow seems to have caught the fancy of readers. He is a lively character, and things certainly do happen when George Alfred gets going. In next week's story:

"THE FOOL OF THE SCHOOL!"

Grundy shows what he can do on the football field. As a last resource Tom Merry plays him in a Form match against the Fourth. George Alfred has his own original ideas of how footer should be played, but as they include charging his own men off the ball, and generally being of great help to the opponents, Tom Merry & Co. find it necessary to remove him from the field—forcibly!

Grundy thereupon vows that he will never play for Tom Merry again. He decides to offer his services to football clubs in the district, and puts an advert in the local paper. But the response to it is as amazing to Grundy as it is amusing to St. Jim's!

George Alfred is funnier than ever in this humorous story, and he will keep you in fits of laughter. Don't miss the fun.

"NOT WANTED AT GREYFRIARS!"

From a Lancashire cotton mill to a Public school is a big change for any boy to make, and it's not without some misgivings as to his reception that Mark Linley, having won a scholarship, comes to Greyfriars. Hardly has Mark stepped off the train at Friarale than he gets a taste of what to expect at the school. For Bulstrode & Co. are waiting to "welcome" the millboy, and he is told that if he doesn't go straight back to Lancashire again he will be sorry he ever came to Greyfriars. But Mark's not without courage, and he defies Bulstrode & Co. He realises, however, that he will have a hard task to hold his own against the snobs.

Readers will enjoy every word of this gripping yarn of Linley's early struggles at Greyfriars. See that your GEM is reserved for you.

OUT TO-DAY!

As I told readers last week, the 1938 edition of the "Holiday Annual" is published to-day. For many years this famous book has been a big favourite with boys and girls who enjoy true-to-life school stories, and the current volume

will prove to be more popular than ever. In the "H. A." you can meet all the cheery schoolboys of St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rookwood, and their adventures will keep you entertained for hours and hours.

For instance, there's a thrilling story of sea adventure, in which Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry become involved in a mutiny. Then there's a gripping Yuletide mystery, featuring Tom Merry & Co. on holiday at Gussy's ancestral home. And Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood also find themselves up against a mystery when a new master comes to the school. In addition to these three splendid long yarns, there are many short school stories, poems, articles, a variety show for amateur actors, and four fine plates in colour.

I'm sure all GEM readers would be delighted with the "Holiday Annual," and I strongly advise you all to do your best to secure it. The price is five shillings—and it's worth every penny of it.

IN REPLY TO READERS.

Miss J. Wilson (Stoke Newington, N.16).—I am glad to know you have enjoyed the GEM for five years. Many readers have expressed the wish for the old paper to be published twice a week, but I'm afraid it's not practicable. I will think over your suggestion. Snipe left St. Jim's about three years ago, while Vavasour has been gone just over fourteen months. Tom Merry's uncle pays Joe Frayne's school fees.

E. Harrigan (Reading).—Mr. Railton is in charge of physical training at St. Jim's. There are six Forms in the school. The senior football and cricket teams are chosen from Kildare, Darrell, Rushden, Lefevre, Baker, Gray, Langton, Monteith, Webb, Jones, Mulvaney, North, and Cutts. If you are so keen on the GEM I am sure you would also like the "Magnet." Give it a trial. Sorry none of your jokes was successful. Try again.

Miss L. Wingfield (Henfield, Sussex).—Bob Cherry beat Harry Wharton in a fight when the former first came to Greyfriars. But Harry has improved considerably since then, and now there's not much to choose between them. Bob Cherry is probably the better boxer. The amount of pocket money juniors receive depends on the generosity of their parents. Colonel Wharton is very generous to his nephew.

Miss M. Bremner (Glasgow, S.1).—Very many thanks for your long and interesting letter. Your summing-up of St. Jim's and its characters was very

well thought out. I will pass on your letter to Martin Clifford, who, I am sure, will be delighted to read what you say about his splendid work for the old paper. I fully appreciate your kind remarks about myself, but really my job is made considerably easier with such a versatile and clever author. One of your jokes is a winner. Half-a-crown will reach you in due course.

Miss B. Weale (Coventry).—Blake is 15 years 4 months; Knox, 17 years 5 months; Mellish, 15 years 2 months; Manners, 16 years. The GEM has been running since March, 1907. Thanks for your good wishes.

P. Condon (Sydney, Australia).—Wally D'Arcy is 13 years 6 months. There are over two hundred boys at Greyfriars. I will consider your idea.

A. Hunter (Sunderland).—Sorry to hear that you have been in hospital for three years. I wish you a speedy recovery. Yes, there will be more stories about Talbot soon. You will find that the "Holiday Annual" now on sale is the best that's ever been published. I will let readers know as soon as there is any news about the Greyfriars film. Have another shot at winning half-a-crown.

"A Reader" (Tottenham, N. 15).—You forgot to sign your name in your letter. I am glad to hear that you are following your mother's footsteps in reading the GEM. I hope, like you, she still enjoys it.

R. Follard (Coventry).—Welcome to the GEM! The newsgent did you a good turn when he recommended the old paper. St. Jim's plays Soccer. You will find in a previous reply the list of seniors from which the first team is selected. I will put your suggestion to Martin Clifford. Your "Pen Pal" notice will appear as soon as possible. There is a waiting list.

R. Pike (Nottingham).—Most of the Shell are Boy Scouts. Only Crooke, Gore, and one or two others are not in the St. Jim's Troop. Tom Merry is the best boxer. Lowther and Manners have been at St. Jim's since the stories began. Your joke was rather a "chestnut."

Miss M. Cox (Exeter).—Pleased to learn that your grandmother takes a great interest in the GEM. I hope you are still a reader when you reach seventy-five years old! Send in another joke.

G. Pemberton (Natal, S. Africa).—Thanks for your congratulations to Martin Clifford. The Christian names you ask for are: Harry Manners, Gordon Gay, Richard Redfern, Leslie Owen, and Adolphus Digges.

C. Stewart (Manchester 8).—See reply to Reader Hunter. Mr. Ratcliff is master of the Fifth Form as well as New House master. I cannot give the list of names you require. It would take up too much space. Grundy is 16 years 4 months. R. J. MacDonald is the GEM artist.

PEN PALS COUPON

4-9-37

THE EDITOR.

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Julian's palm struck him on the cheek; then the new boy faced him with flashing eyes.

"That's my answer! You are an insulting rotter, and I have no other answer to give you!"

CHAPTER 12.

The Fight!

"BWAVO!" chirruped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Monty Lowther stood very quiet. His eyes were burning, however; the bitter look intensified on his face.

"Very well," he said, between his teeth; "you'll come into the gym, Julian; I can't deal with you here."

"I will come where you like," said Julian disdainfully.

Lowther turned on his heel and walked away. Julian followed him, and Arthur Augustus joined him at once.

"I'm your second, deah boy."

"Thank you," said Julian.

Tom Merry and Manners had come downstairs, and they met the crowd pouring out of the Common-room.

"What's the trouble?" asked Tom quickly.

"That wottah Lowthah—"

"Cheese that, D'Arcy!" snapped Tom Merry.

"I wepeat, Tom Mewwy, that Lowthah has acted like a wottah! He has offahed Julian intwest on the money he owes him, as if Julian were a wotten moneylendah!"

Tom flushed.

"Lowther, you didn't—you couldn't do—"

"Why not?" said Lowther flippantly. "Nothing surprising in that, is there? The surprising thing is that he hasn't accepted the offer. I can't make that out!"

"Monty!"

"Are you going to be my second?" asked Lowther. "Our Israelitish friend appears to feel insulted, and we are going to the gym."

Tom nodded shortly. He would not desert his chum, sadly in the wrong as he was. He walked in silence to the gymnasium with Lowther, in the midst of the crowd.

Fellows were gathering from far and near to see the fight. It was Julian's first fistic encounter at St. Jim's, and the juniors were curious to see how he would shape. He had been so patient under Lowther's incessant provocations that he had given an impression of being anything but a fighting man.

But several of the fellows who knew something of the manly art of self-defence noted that the new junior was well-knit, athletic, and full of activity. Certainly he was able to put up a good fight if he had the pluck. They were going to see now whether the pluck was there.

In a corner of the gym the juniors formed a crowded ring. Jackets came off, and boxing-gloves were put on. Talbot took out his watch to keep time. At St. Jim's these little affairs were generally conducted properly.

Julian certainly showed no sign of the white feather as he stood facing Monty Lowther. He was perfectly cool and self-possessed, though his face was flushed.

Lowther was not quite his usual self.

As a matter of fact, deep down in his heart Lowther was not satisfied with himself. His better nature was wholly against the attitude he had taken up, and secretly he half repented it. But

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obstinacy had the upper hand, and not for worlds would he have admitted his doubts.

"Time!" said Talbot.

"Play up, ye cripples!" said Kangaroo.

Lowther started the attack, but his attack was half-hearted. He did not really want to hurt his opponent.

But before the first round was half through, Lowther discovered that, even if he had wanted to hurt him, he would not have found it an easy task. For, to his surprise, and to that of most of the onlookers, Julian showed himself a consummate boxer. Julian had never made any reference to his powers in that direction, but they were exhibited now.

The round finished with Lowther being knocked back into the arms of his second. Julian had not been touched.

"Time!"

"Bwavo, Julian!" chirruped Arthur Augustus. "The boundah's a boxer, bai Jove! You will weally have to have the gloves on with me, Julian, after you have licked Lowthah!"

"Lowther's not licked yet!" growled Manners. "One swallow doesn't make a summer, you burbling duffer!"

"Weally, Mannahs—"

"Time!"

Monty Lowther's eyes were glittering as he came up for the second round. He was in deadly earnest now. The idea of being licked by the Jewish junior filled him with rage and bitterness.

The two antagonists were soon going it hammer and tongs. The ring of juniors looked on with intense interest. It was a much more determined and entertaining "mill" than most of the junior "scraps."

Tom Merry and Manners watched in grim silence. They were backing up their chum, as in duty bound; but they could not, for once, feel proud of him. To sit in judgment upon their best pal was not pleasant; but they could not help acknowledging that he was hopelessly in the wrong, and had acted in a way that was unworthy of his better self.

They hoped that he would be victorious, yet they felt that it was not quite right to hope for the victory of the aggressor who had forced a quarrel upon a patient and unoffending fellow. Monty Lowther had, in fact, placed his chums in a decidedly uncomfortable position.

Second, third, and fourth rounds were fought out with growing determination on both sides. In spite of the gloves, damage was done to both the combatants, and the strain on both of them was severe. But neither flinched, and neither was in a mood to yield.

Some of the onlookers kept a wary eye on the door for the prefects. If Kildare or Darrell had dropped into the gym just then, they would certainly have stopped the fight at that stage. But, fortunately, from the junior point of view, no prefects happened in.

The fifth round started amid great excitement. Lowther was growing furious and reckless. Had he been at his best, the opponents would have been well matched, and it would have been difficult to predict upon which side victory would incline.

But Lowther was not at his best. The half-acknowledged sense of wrong had its effect upon him, and he was in a bad temper, too, and that was not a state of mind to assure victory.

As he felt himself getting the worst of it, his temper grew worse and his hitting wilder.

"My only hat!" said Crooke, at the end of the fifth round. "The Jew is

going to be a winner! Samson beating the Philistines again!"

"Two to one on Julian!" grinned Lumley-Lumley.

Julian's nose was swollen and one of his eyes was shut, but he was standing up to the mill with cool and steady determination.

The sixth round ended with Lowther gasping on the floor.

"Better chuck it, Monty, old chap!" murmured Tom Merry, as he made a knee for his principal.

Lowther gave him a fierce look—with one eye. He could not look at anything with the other.

"So you think I'm licked?" he snapped.

"No disgrace in being licked after a tough fight," said Tom diplomatically.

"Well, I'm not licked!"

Talbot, watch in hand, glanced rather doubtfully at Lowther. He was gasping on Tom Merry's knee.

"Time!"

Lowther staggered up. His head was swimming as he toed the line, and his breath came in gasps; but at that moment he would have been killed rather than acknowledge defeat. Julian, calm and steady, came up to time, and the seventh round was fought through.

Lowther stood it out, with herculean efforts, taking his punishment with grim endurance.

Eighth round, and last!

Lowther made a fierce attack, but his blows were wild, and a right-hand drive laid him on the floor.

Talbot began to count.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—"

"You young rascals!" Kildare of the Sixth strode upon the scene. "Put that watch away, Talbot! You young sweeps!"

"Only a little mill with the gloves on, Kildare," said Blake.

"A pretty state they're both in!" said Kildare angrily.

"Lowther and Julian, you will take two hundred lines each, and if I catch you fighting again I'll warm you. Now put on your jackets."

The fight was over.

Both of them feeling decidedly seedy and groggy, the two combatants put on their coats and left the gym.

In the doorway Julian paused and glanced at Lowther. The latter was leaning heavily on Tom Merry's arm. His strength was spent, and he could hardly walk.

"Lowther—" Julian spoke hesitatingly. "I—I'm sorry for this. I didn't want to quarrel with you. There's my fist, if you choose to take it."

He held out his hand.

"Take his fist, Monty, old man!"

whispered Tom Merry anxiously.

Monty Lowther turned his back.

CHAPTER 13.

Strained Relations!

MANNERS came out of the School House on Saturday afternoon with his camera under his arm.

Tom Merry and Lowther followed him out.

The Terrible Three did not look so sunny as of old.

Monty Lowther's persistent ill-humour was quite spoiling the harmony of the Co. Since the fight in the gym Lowther had been more ill-humoured than ever.

He felt very sore about the result of that fight. He knew that only the intervention of Kildare had saved him from acknowledged defeat.

It was a bitter reflection.



Julian swam strongly, with Lowther, dizzy and exhausted, holding on to him. But the new boy was not gaining against the strong current. Lowther's weight was too heavy a burden, and slowly the two juniors were being drawn towards the clanking, cumbrous mill-wheel!

He was not satisfied with his action in refusing to take Julian's hand after the tussle, either. He knew he ought to have taken that hand, so frankly offered.

The disapproval of his own conscience worried him a little, while the disapproval of the other fellows only made him more obstinate.

If Julian had shown some of the unpleasant traits of character that Lowther had attributed to him, Lowther would probably not have disliked him so much. There was something exasperating in the good qualities of the new boy, considering that Lowther had determined to attribute bad qualities to him.

It was impossible to say that he was mean or stingy. Everybody knew that he was nothing of the kind. It was equally impossible to attribute "swank" to him, for he was modest and unassuming.

A fellow who could box as Julian could might have been excused for talking about it a little. But Julian had never talked about it. He had let it come as a surprise to the School House fellows.

It was true that he had lent money. He had plenty of it; and he never refused a loan to a fellow who asked him for one, though in some cases the date of payment was very vague and unfixed.

But as for lending money at interest, Lowther's unworthy insinuation was quite unfounded, and he had to admit it.

So far from getting any interest on his money, it was extremely problematical whether Julian would see the principal again in several cases—such as loans to Mellish.

He was, in fact, good-natured to a fault, and he erred on the side of carelessness with money. Which was

extremely exasperating to a fellow who was determined, by hook or by crook, to make out that he was a young Shylock.

That Saturday afternoon the Terrible Three were going up the river. They were coming back to cricket practice later on. The nets were crowded now.

Julian was at the nets among the rest, and he was showing good form at cricket—another point in his disfavour in Lowther's eyes, for Lowther had held that the Jew, at least, wouldn't be a sportsman.

But, as it happened, Julian played a very good game of cricket, and Talbot and several others of the great players of the Lower School had complimented him.

Lowther's face was moody as he sauntered across the quadrangle with his chums. His moodiness naturally affected his companions.

Tom and Manners, to tell the truth, were getting a little fed up with it. They did not see why Lowther couldn't be a bit more reasonable. Julian seemed to be his "bete noir," and he couldn't get him out of his mind.

A fellow could dislike another fellow without making all this fuss, Tom Merry thought. But he didn't argue any longer with Lowther. Lowther's temper was growing very uncertain, and Tom did not want a quarrel.

The Terrible Three sauntered down to the river in silence, and pushed out a boat and embarked.

Tom and Lowther pulled, while Manners took the lines. Manners made remarks on the subject of the photographs he intended to take, but not in his usual enthusiastic tones. Lowther's moodiness was getting on his nerves.

"Here we are!" said Tom Merry at last, as the boat came abreast of the old mill.

The mill-wheel was grinding on its round. The old mill made a charming picture, backed by the trees and the green fields, and it was well worthy of a photographer's best efforts.

"Good idea to have a bathe," said Lowther.

"Rather dangerous, so near the mill," said Tom. "It wouldn't be a joke to get sucked into the mill-stream."

"I've brought my bathing things," said Lowther irritably, "but if you don't want to swim, all right."

The boat was made fast, and the three juniors landed.

Manners proceeded to take his photographs—always a leisurely process with Manners. Manners never wasted a film, and he took time over his work.

Lowther threw stones aimlessly into the river while Manners was at work, assisted by expert advice from Tom Merry.

Lowther gave a sudden start as an athletic figure came swinging along the towing-path on the other side of the river. It was Julian.

He had finished his cricket practice, evidently, and was taking a stroll up the river with a book under his arm.

Lowther's brow darkened as he looked across the shining waters at him.

Julian did not observe the three juniors on the opposite bank. He selected a shady spot under a tree, sat down, opened his book, and began to read.

Lowther's glance dwelt upon him unamiably. His first thought had been that Julian had come to that quiet spot for a bathe; but the sneering reflection came at once—of course, that outsider couldn't swim!

Lowther found a curious comfort in that reflection. At least, there was one thing the fellow he disliked couldn't do.

He wondered what Julian was reading.

—a book on finance, of course. Then, as the Fourth Former turned his page, Lowther spotted the title on the cover of the book. It was in large letters, and he could make it out even at that distance. It was "The Boy Without a Name."

Lowther was very fond of that book himself, and again he felt a sense of defeat. Evidently Julian's taste as a reader didn't run in the direction of books on finance.

Lowther looked irritably at his chums. They had gone round to the other side of the mill, and Manners was still busy.

"Look here, you fellows, I'm going into the water!" called out Lowther. "I'm fed-up with hanging about here doing nothing!"

"Shan't be long now," called back Manners.

"Well, I'm going to have a swim, anyway."

"Look out for the weir, old chap," called Tom Merry.

"Oh, all right! I'm not a fool!"

Lowther walked away to a clump of willows, and stripped. He changed into his bathing costume and plunged into the water.

Lowther was a good swimmer, and a swim on that sunny afternoon was enjoyable. He felt his ill-humour leaving him as he glided through the shining waters.

In the distance the mill-wheel was grinding, and down to the wheel the current ran at a fast speed.

Lowther did not heed it—he was at a safe distance. But as he went on he forgot the mill-wheel. He swam farther out into the broad stream from under the shadows of the foliage.

In that healthy exercise, and amid such beautiful surroundings, Lowther forgot all bitter feelings, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

He swam till he was growing tired; but the amateur photographer was still busy on the other side of the mill, and Lowther was loath to leave the water. He breasted the current, and headed for the opposite bank.

Julian saw him as he came near the rushes. The new boy rose to his feet in the grass and stood watching him.

Lowther trampled through the reeds and came up the bank, breathing hard. He felt that he had overdone it a little, and that the swim back across the river would tell on him. But his clothes were on the other side, and he had no choice about swimming back.

Julian did not speak, but Lowther did. He seemed never able to come near Julian without giving utterance to a gibe.

"You don't bathe?" he asked.

Julian nodded.

"Yes; I like bathing."

"Swim—eh?" said Lowther.

"Yes, I can swim."

"Is there anything you can't do?" asked Lowther, with a sneer.

The fellow could swim, after all, it seemed.

"I used to live by the seaside, and I learned to swim when I was a nipper," said Julian. "There's nothing in that—any fellow can be a good swimmer if he tries."

"Why don't you go in, then, instead of slacking about?" asked Lowther.

"Is it slacking to read a good book on a half-holiday?" said Julian, with a smile. "I've been playing cricket, and

I didn't come out for a swim. It's rather dangerous swimming here, too, so close to the mill."

Lowther's eyes gleamed; he felt that he had the fellow at last.

"Oh, you're funky of that, are you?"

"Not funky," said Julian. "But I don't see any sense of going into danger for no reason."

"I call that funky," said Lowther deliberately.

Julian looked at him steadily.

"We've had one fight," he said.

"What's the good of having another? You don't like me—why do you speak to me?"

Lowther turned away without replying, and walked down to the water.

Julian looked after him, hesitated, and called out:

"Lowther!"

"Hallo!" said Lowther.

"You're going to swim back?"

"Yes," said Lowther. "I don't funk it, you know!"

"Hav'n't you better walk up the river a bit before you cross?" said Julian.

"You started from well above the mill. I suppose. The current has brought you down a good way."

"I suppose it has," said Lowther.

"What about it?"

"It would be safer to walk up the river a bit to cross. If you start from here, you will be carried lower down when you get into the current, and then—"

"Thanks! I'm not a funk!"

"It's not a question of that," said Julian quietly. "If you start from here, you will be in danger."

"Bow-wow!"

Lowther knew very well that it would have been only prudent to take Julian's advice; but nothing would have induced him to take it. He plunged into the river, and swam out.

Julian did not return to his book. He shaded his eyes with his hand and watched the progress of the swimmer with an anxious wrinkle in his brow.

"The ass!" Julian muttered. "He's tired already—I can see that! Now he's in the current, and—and—oh, the reckless fathead!"

The anxiety grew in Julian's face as he watched the obstinate fellow. Then, as he continued to watch, the Jewish junior threw off his jacket—and then took off his shoes.

CHAPTER 14.

Julian's Pluck!

MONTY LOWTHER was already repenting not having taken Julian's advice.

In swimming across the river, the current had carried him downstream more than he had quite realised. As he started swimming back, the current carried him farther, and the grinding of the mill-wheel sounded louder in his ears.

A dozen feet from the bank Lowther knew that he would have a hard struggle to get across, for he was already tired with his long swim. He thought of turning back—and he would have done so but for the knowledge that Julian was watching him from the bank.

He had sneered at Julian's supposed want of courage. To turn back himself from a chance of danger, under Julian's eyes, was impossible. After what he had said, he could not for very shame's sake turn back.

He set his teeth and swam on.

The current was faster than he had

The Boy Who Wanted The Sack!

By
MARTIN
CLIFFORD

Sent to St. Jim's against his will, Angelo schemed to bring about his own expulsion from the school. But matters didn't work out according to plan, and instead of being expelled, Angelo only found himself in hot water! You will enjoy every word of this great yarn of Tom Merry and Co.

No. 311 of

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thought—and he was more spent than he had believed. He fought his way on—with the roar of the mill-race growing louder in his ears.

The water seemed to be sucking him away. He raised his head to take a swift survey of the river and the distance he had to go.

The mill seemed to be towering almost above him. The bank he was aiming at was still distant. In his ears the roar of the wheel sounded like thunder.

He felt a sudden chill.

For at that moment it was borne in upon his mind that he would never reach the opposite bank. His strength was not equal to the effort.

He must turn back.

Turn back to meet the mockery in Julian's eyes! For he did not doubt for a moment that the Jew would mock him. Yes, even that—that was better than being sucked under the millwheel to a fearful death!

With bitter rage in his breast, Lowther started to swim back—and then he made the discovery that he had left it too late. The current was too strong for him. It was dragging him away—it seemed as if invisible demons under the water were pulling at him—pulling—pulling—

The bank he strove to reach was receding from him.

There was a chill at his heart.

Grind and clank, clank and grind, from the heavy, cumbersome wheel now terribly near at hand!

Monty Lowther realised then what his obstinacy and recklessness had cost him. He was fighting for his life.

He knew it, and he put every ounce of strength he possessed into the struggle. Fighting for his life—and a losing fight! For his efforts were in vain, and the current, ever faster and faster, was sucking him away as if with unseeing hands.

Where were his chums? The mill hid him from their sight; they had no suspicion of his danger. Lowther shouted, but his voice was husky and broken, and the roar of the water drowned it.

He knew that his cries would never reach their ears.

Suddenly his head went under. He came up again, gasping, fighting hard. He knew that it was the beginning of the end. Was there no help?

Desperately he fought on, his strength failing faster and faster.

Splash!

He heard the splash; he guessed that it was made by someone diving.

A dark head appeared on the shining waters; a swimmer was coming on with the current, and with swift and steady strokes.

"Help!" panted Lowther.

The dark head was close to him. Lowther's struggle was feeble now; he was at the end of his tether. His dimming eyes fell upon the face that rose from the water beside him and gleamed for a moment.

It was Dick Julian!

"You—you—" panted Lowther. "Let me alone! Let me alone, hang you!"

Julian's grasp was upon him.

"Lowther, are you mad? Let me help you! Do you want us both to go under the wheel?" panted Julian.

"You!" muttered Lowther dazedly. "You! Oh!"

He made no further resistance. His strength was utterly spent. He was lost—unless the Jew could save him. Could he save him? It did not look like it; it was more likely that both of them would be swept away.



Lowther's mind was growing dizzy, but he was conscious of one thing at that moment—of repentance.

"Julian, you're a brick! I'm sorry!" he panted.

And he held on to Julian.

Julian did not speak again. All his breath was wanted for the fight before him. Well he knew that his life was in the balance as well as Monty Lowther's.

Julian was swimming strongly, powerfully, with Lowther holding on to him. But he was not gaining. Lowther's weight was too heavy a burden, even for the strong swimmer.

"You can't do it!" Lowther's voice was a husky whisper. "You can't! No good both going. Good-bye, Julian!"

"Hold on!"

But Lowther had let go. But as he was swept away Julian grasped him again, and he was held.

There was a shout from the bank:

"Lowther! Good heavens!"

Tom Merry and Manners were racing down to the river. Manners dropped his camera. The photographs were finished; they were returning for their chum, and they found him—thus!

Tom Merry was springing for the water, when Manners caught him by the arm.

"The boat!" he said.

They rushed to unmoor the boat.

Lowther was almost unconscious now. Julian was calm, quiet, steady as a rock, holding to Lowther, and swimming, with failing strength but unflinching courage.

He was not gaining a yard against the fierce current; he was holding back from death, and that was all. But he never thought of releasing his burden.

But the boat was coming now.

The noise of the oars sounded like glad music in the ears of the struggling swimmer. The boat loomed over him; he was grasped from above.

Lowther, sinking into insensibility, was dragged into the boat. Julian held on to the gunwale, panting.

Tom Merry helped him in, and Julian sank into the bottom of the boat in a pool of water, utterly exhausted.

Tom Merry and Manners pulled for the bank. The boat was in the mill-stream, and it was a hard pull back to the shore. But they pulled hard and the bow ploughed into the rushes.

Monty Lowther was lifted ashore. He blinked round him dazedly, with staring eyes.

Julian followed him without aid. He was already recovering.

"My hat!" mumbled Lowther. "That was a go! You—silly asses, taking rotten photographs while I—"

"We didn't see you," muttered Tom, "and if Julian hadn't gone in for you—"

Tom did not finish.

Lowther sat up in the wet grass and blinked at Julian.

The Fourth Former looked down on him, with a faint smile.

"It was a narrow shave," he said, "but a miss is as good as a mile. The boat came in time, or we should be under the wheel before this. Lucky you fellows saw us in time."

"You ought to have let me go," said Lowther. "A silly, fatheaded, unreasonable idiot might as well be drowned as not. Still, as you've fished me out, would you mind kicking me?"

"No, I won't kick you," said Julian, laughing. "I'll shake hands with you if you like."

"After the caddish way I've treated you?" said Lowther.

"Oh, let bygones be bygones! I'd like to call you my friend," said Julian.

"Done!" said Lowther instantly.

And he held out his hand.

"G'wheat Scott!"

It was about an hour later that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy uttered that astonished exclamation.

But there were other fellows who were astonished as well as Arthur Augustus.

There was a general stare as the Terrible Three and Dick Julian came across the quadrangle, chatting together, and evidently on the best of terms.

"Well, my hat!" said Blake. "The lion and the lamb have made it up, it seems."

"I am vewy glad to see that Lowthah is not persistin' in his wotten line of conduct," said Arthur Augustus. "I have told him several times that I disapprove of it. I am glad to see that my remarks have had their effect at last!"

"Dick pulled me out of the river this afternoon, when I was just going under the millwheel," said Lowther, as they came up to Blake and Arthur Augustus. "We jolly nearly went together."

"Bai Jove!"

"My hat!" said Blake, with a whistle. "So that's the reason—"

"Exactly. I'm going to write a thrilling description of it for the next number of the 'Weekly.'"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Julian.

"Meanwhile, there is going to be a little celebration in the study, and Richard Julian—my friend Dick—is the guest of honour. All gentlemen present are invited."

"Hear, hear!"

"Bai Jove! Thwos cheeahs for Julian!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

And the three cheers were given, and they rang very pleasantly in the ears of the Jew of St. Jim's.

(Next Wednesday: "THE FOOL OF THE SCHOOL!" George Alfred Grundy gets going again in this highly amusing story. You'll roar with laughter over his antics as a footballer. Order your GEM early.)

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,542,

HARRY WHARTON & Co.'s DAY OUT!

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

The chums of the Remove at Greyfriars receive an invitation from Harry Wharton's uncle to visit Aldershot and see Colonel Wharton's old regiment, the Loamshires, play in a cup-tie. The Head gives his consent for the Famous Four and Billy Bunter to make the trip. Wun Lung also wants to join the party, but permission is refused him.

The Chinese junior, however, is not to be denied, and he takes French leave, being discovered under the carriage seat by Bob Cherry when the train is nearing Reading.

The juniors alight at Reading, where they meet Colonel Wharton. As the party walk towards the refreshment-room for lunch, Harry Wharton spots Melchior, a gipsy outcast, whom he was responsible for bringing to justice for kidnapping. The man is watching them, but he makes off when he discovers that he has been seen.

What is he doing there? Is he out for revenge? Wharton is left wondering.

(Now read on.)

Bunter and the Biscuits!

"LET him go!" said Bob Cherry, catching Harry Wharton's eye. "We haven't any time to bother with Melchior now!"

"Melchior!" said Colonel Wharton. "Is that the gipsy—"

"The rascal who kidnapped Hazeldene's sister," said Harry. "You remember my telling you about it, uncle. He was sent to prison, but he must have escaped."

"Then he ought to be arrested!" exclaimed the colonel.

"He's gone now."

The colonel pulled at his grey moustache doubtfully. The gipsy had disappeared among the passengers on the platform—and, after all, he had been punished, even if he had escaped part of his punishment.

"Well, let him go," he said. "I dare say we shall never see him again."

And they walked on.

Wun Lung was looking unusually thoughtful. He pulled at Harry's sleeve, and the captain of the Remove looked at him with a smile.

"Bad man your enemy?" murmured the Celestial.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"He lookee like it. P'laps he tly to do you harm—to-day, velly likely."

Wharton shook his head.

"I don't think he's likely to come near us again, Wun Lung. I should only have to point him out to a policeman to have him arrested and sent back to prison."

"If he catchee you in a lonely placee?"

"I'll take care that he doesn't," said Harry, laughing.

"Here we are!" murmured Billy Bunter, as the colonel and the six Greyfriars juniors reached the refreshment-rooms. "I say, Wharton, I suppose your uncle understands that we shall want something a bit more solid than buns and milk. I could do with roast beef and Yorkshire to start with, and something substantial to follow."

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By Frank Richards.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magnet.")

"Dry up, porpoise!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Come in!" said the colonel. "I suppose you boys are pretty sharp set; I know I am."

And as the boys sat down round the white cloth the colonel gave his orders to the waiter.

Billy Bunter listened anxiously, but a smile of contentment soon overspread his fat face. The colonel understood that the boys were hungry.

The table was soon laden with good things.

Time was limited, but the feed was not, and so Billy Bunter ate against time, and performed feats in the gastronomic line that astonished his chums, well as they knew his powers in that direction.

"This is something like!" murmured Billy Bunter ecstatically. "I say, you fellows, I think I can do with another helping; I'm rather peckish."

"The peckishfulness of the honourable Bunter is terrific."

Harry Wharton & Co. have a grand time on their excursion to Aldershot. But danger from an old enemy also dogs their footsteps!

"Well, I'm not a greedy chap, Inky, but I do like a lot."

Wun Lung was also doing himself pretty well, and all the juniors made good meals.

"It will be the first time you've seen the Loamshires play, Harry," said Colonel Wharton. "You know they are my regiment, as they were your father's. They put a really good team into the field, and they have a fine record in the Army."

"Who are they playing, sir?"

"An artillery team—and a fine team, too. The kick-off is at three, so we shall have ample time. As I dare say you know, it is the second round of the Army Cup."

"Who did the Loamshires beat in the first round?"

"They beat the Royal West Kents. I hope they will pull off this game, too."

Harry Wharton's eyes sparkled. He naturally felt a deep interest in the football fortunes of his father's old regiment, and he was very keen to see the match.

The colonel glanced at his watch.

"Time we were moving," he remarked.

The juniors rose, feeling all the better for their lunch.

Billy Bunter showed a strong desire to go to sleep. He had placed himself

outside the biggest lunch he had had for some time. It was an old joke in the Greyfriars Remove that Bunter resembled a boa-constrictor, and always wanted to fall into a state of inertia after a gorge.

But there was no sleep for Billy Bunter just then. The train was in the station, and they had to get to the platform. Bob Cherry kindly lent the fat junior a helping hand, taking a grip on his collar and propelling him out of the refreshment-rooms.

"Hold on, Cherry! Don't shake me like that! You might make my glasses fall off," expostulated Bunter, "and if they get broken you will have to pay for the blessed things! I say, you fellows—"

"Hurry up, there!"

"I say, you fellows, we haven't had any biscuits."

"Biscuits?" said the colonel, looking round.

"Yes, sir; everybody who comes to Reading ought to sample the biscuits. It's famous for them."

"I never thought of it," said the colonel.

"It's all right," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "I'll get Bunter a tin of biscuits when we get back to Friardale."

"But they ought to be sampled on the spot, you know."

"You won't be able to come to Aldershot if you burst in the train," said Bob Cherry warningly.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"There's still time," said the colonel, pressing a coin into Bunter's hand.

"Cut back and get a bag of biscuits to take in the train."

"Certainly, sir!"

And Bunter cut off as fast as his legs would go. He dashed through the swing doors of the refreshment-room and disappeared. Colonel Wharton and the juniors entered a carriage. The engine whistled presently, and Harry Wharton looked anxiously along the platform.

"That young duffer will be left behind!" he exclaimed.

"Bunter! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Buck up!"

Bunter was in sight again. He had a tin of biscuits under each arm, and his pockets were bulging with packages. He came scuttling along, and as he did so a rough figure crossed the platform. Harry Wharton recognised the salvage features and glinting eyes of Melchior, the gipsy.

"Look out, Bunter!"

But the short-sighted Owl of the Remove was in too great a hurry to look out. Right into the gipsy he rushed, and there was a yell from Melchior, and a gasping yell from Billy Bunter.

Both of them went reeling, and Melchior sat down violently on a seat, and Billy Bunter on the platform, shedding biscuits on all sides.

The two tins rolled to right and left, and the lids coming off, cascades of biscuits poured out over the platform.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "Oh!"

"Buck up!" shouted Bob Cherry. The train was beginning to move. Harry Wharton had jumped out.

YOU'LL FIND FOOTER, FUN AND ADVENTURE IN THIS GREAT YARN OF THE EARLY SCHOOLDAYS OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.



"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry. "They're coming!" Melchior and three other ruffians loomed up in the darkness, and rushed to attack the juniors. The odds were heavily against the Greyfriars chums, but they faced the enemy with clenched fists.

Bunter began frantically to collect up the spilt biscuits.

"Come on, you young duffer!"

"I say—"

Harry Wharton grasped the fat junior and hauled him bodily into the carriage, and scrambled in after him. The guard slammed the door. Bunter sat up, gasping.

"I—I say, you fellows, those biscuits have been left behind!"

"You were jolly nearly left behind, you young ass!" growled Wharton. "So was I."

"Yes, but the biscuits—"

"I'm afraid you'll never see them again," said the colonel, laughing.

"Well, it's hard lines," said Bunter. "I spent some time in selecting them, too, you know. I've only got a few pounds of them left in my pockets, so I'm sorry there won't be enough for you fellows to have any."

Colonel Wharton looked at him rather curiously, but made no remark. There was a cheery chatter of voices in the carriage as the train sped on, to the accompaniment of an incessant crunching of biscuits from the corner where Billy Bunter sat.

The biscuits were finished at last, and the fat junior composed himself to slumber. The Chinese junior smiled as he looked at the slumbering Bunter.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh was looking at him, too, with a twinkle in his eyes, and the two Orientals glanced at one another.

"The opportunefulness is great," purred Hurree Singh. "Has my honourable pigtailed chum any crayons in his esteemed pockets?"

Wun Lung shook his head regretfully.

"No clayons," he remarked.

"The wastefulness of the golden opportunity is great!"

"P'laps another time," murmured Wun Lung. "P'laps Bunter feed again, sleep again, and we takee opportunity, p'laps."

"My worthy chum is correctful."

And the two Asiatics chuckled over their intended jape on Bunter, while the fat junior slept on unsuspectingly.

At Aldershot!

ALDRSHOT. The Greyfriars juniors looked about them with keen interest as they walked down Wellington Street.

There seemed to be soldiers everywhere. Harry Wharton was the son of a soldier, and he had always liked to be among them. The juniors asked many questions of Colonel Wharton, who was their guide. They learned much about the famous camp on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey, and of its history.

As they had some time to spare before the commencement of the football match, the colonel showed them the chief sights of the town that could be seen within the radius of a walk—all of great interest to the juniors, though the sight of a restaurant was more welcome than anything else to Billy Bunter.

But he had no chance of entering it. He was ready for another lunch; but, as Bob Cherry politely pointed out to him, the party had not come to Aldershot for the special purpose of seeing him lunch.

"I don't know about being able to sit out a football match," said Bunter doubtfully. "You see, Cherry, it lasts an hour and a half, and I don't see—"

"You can eat the biscuits."

"What biscuits?"

"Those you brought from Reading. You have pounds of them in your pockets."

"I ate those in the train."

"Then you can't possibly be hungry again before bed-time."

"I really wish you wouldn't joke on a serious subject, Cherry! What do you think the colonel would say if I suggested my staying in a restaurant while you fellows looked round the town?"

"He'd probably think you a glutton." "Oh, really, Cherry! If I don't have a snack when I feel that I need one, the result may be serious."

"If you have many more snacks to-day the result may be serious," said Bob Cherry. "I warn you that we're not going to roll you home!"

"Perhaps it would be better to miss the footer match and have a feed instead," Bunter murmured, with an air of reflection. "I couldn't pass an hour and a half on a footer ground without a meal first."

"Well, dodge in somewhere, and we'll make your excuses to the colonel if he misses you, which I don't suppose he will."

"I think that's a rather good idea, Cherry. Lend me a few bob, will you?"

"Rats!"

"Lend me a few bob, will you, Wun Lung?"

"Lats!"

"Lend me a few bob, Inky—"

"The ratfulness is terrific!"

The fat junior glowered at the grinning juniors wrathfully.

"How am I to get a feed when I'm stony?" he demanded. "If you think that's a good joke, there's something wrong with your sense of humour."

"My dear cormorant—"
 "A couple of bob would do, and I'll let you have ten bob back for it out of the prize in 'Answers' football competition. I've been disappointed about a postal order, or I wouldn't ask you."

"More rats!"
 "Then what am I to do?"
 "Wait for the next meal, you bo-constrictor!"

"In justice to my constitution—"

"Blow your constitution!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"More rats!"

Bunter relapsed into silence.

Colonel Wharton had stopped, and was in talk with an officer who had met him at the street corner. The juniors looked about them. The colonel's friend glanced at his watch and departed, and Colonel Wharton turned to the juniors.

"Come on, my lads. We have no time to lose now."

Wun Lung had disappeared into a shop, but he came out immediately with one of his loose pockets swelling visibly. The juniors walked swiftly to keep pace with the military stride of the colonel. Billy Bunter nudged the Chinese junior.

"What's that you've been buying, Wun Lung?" he asked.

The Chinese junior grinned.

"Glub," he replied concisely.

Bunter's eyes glimmered.

"Grub—eh? For me?"

"Yes, Bunter, in case you should expire on the football ground."

"Really, that's very thoughtful of you, Wun Lung. I think I'll have a little of it now to go on with."

Wun Lung shook his head.

"I say, Wun Lung—"

"Lats! Waitee!"

And Billy Bunter had to wait. The party reached the entrance to the football ground and they were about to enter, when Hurree Singh pulled Harry Wharton by the sleeve. Harry looked round.

"Look!" muttered the nabob.

"What is it?"

"The gipsy rotter!"

Harry Wharton started.

For a moment he caught a glimpse of Melchior's dusky face, and then it disappeared. He nodded to the nabob, and his brow was very thoughtful as he entered the ground with the colonel.

The gipsy had evidently followed them from Reading. Of course, the outcast Romany might have intended to come to Aldershot on affairs of his own; but Harry Wharton could not help feeling that the ruffian had followed him, and the glint in his black eyes told that he intended mischief.

He resolved to be on his guard. He knew what he had to expect if Melchior should ever have an opportunity to get his revenge.

But there was no time to think about that now.

The colonel, unconscious of the reappearance of the gipsy, led the way, and the boys followed him to their seats in the grand stand.

The old soldier was very keen on the match, and Harry did not feel inclined to speak to him of the outcast gipsy then.

The colonel looked at his nephew with a genial grin on his bronzed features.

"You will soon see how the Loamshires play, Harry," he remarked. "You will see them put up a good game. The regiments are all very keen to win the Army Cup."

It was near time for the kick-off. The juniors were eager enough, though hardly as eager as the old soldier who

had been through war with the regiment which was now about to show its prowess on the football field.

Billy Bunter was eager, too—but not about football. He was thinking of the recent purchases of the Chinese junior.

He nudged Wun Lung to remind him.

"What have you there, Wun Lung?" he murmured. "It's all right, you know. I'm sitting behind the colonel, and he won't notice."

Wun Lung grinned.

"Likee saveloy?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Wharton will be annoyed if he see you gorgee hele."

"It's all right. I'll manage it on the quiet."

"Velly good."

All eyes were on the ground as the footballers came on to the pitch, and no one cared what Billy Bunter was doing. The fat junior negotiated the saveloy, and followed it up with a slice of cake, and was content.

But Wun Lung had not brought to light all his purchases in the Aldershot shops; there were others, which he did not intend to show to Billy Bunter just then.

A Thrilling Match!

COLONEL WHARTON'S bronzed face lighted up as he looked at the footballers.

"There are the Loamshires, Harry," he said; and Harry looked with keen interest.

A fine, upstanding set of men the Loamshire Regiment's team certainly were. The colonel glanced with an eye of pride over the eleven sturdy footballers.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "They look a fine team!"

"The finefulness of the honourable footballers is terrific," purred Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I have seen them play before."

"You have?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Yes, my worthy chum, at Bhanipur, when I was a nipperful kid, and the Loamshires were in India."

The colonel nodded.

"I remember the match at Bhanipur, Hurree Singh. It wasn't the same team, of course."

"And the artillerymen look pretty fit, too," remarked Harry Wharton.

"They certainly do."

The referee came on the field. The juniors recognised the officer they had seen speaking with Colonel Wharton in Aldershot.

Loamshire won the toss. There was a keen wind blowing, and the artillerymen had it in their faces for the first half.

The artillerymen kicked off, and the game commenced, watched with eager interest by a keen throng of spectators.

Colonel Wharton watched the match with as much interest as any schoolboy watching his college team. His eye followed every movement of the play.

The captain and centre-forward of the Loamshire eleven was a splendidly built non-com, with whom the colonel exchanged a genial glance when he came near the touchline.

"It is Sergeant Price," explained the colonel. "He was with me in India, and is one of the best men in the battalion."

"By Jove! His football is all right," exclaimed Harry.

He was right. The sergeant was the life of the Loamshire attack. It was he who first broke through the artillery defence and put the ball in the net.

The Greyfriars juniors cheered for Loamshire with as much enthusiasm as

they would have cheered for the Greyfriars first eleven.

"Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

"Good old Loamshire!"

Bob Cherry gave Billy Bunter a sounding slap on the back.

"Why don't you cheer, you fat porpoise?" he demanded.

"Eh—what? I think I was dozing off," said Bunter. "I really wish you wouldn't thump me in that rough way, you beast!"

"Rats! Why don't you cheer?"

"I don't feel quite strong enough for cheering; and, besides, what is there to cheer for?" asked Bunter.

"Didn't you see that goal scored?"

"What goal?"

"What goal!" repeated Bob Cherry, in utter disgust. "Fine sort of tame lunatic you are to bring to a football match, and no mistake!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"The Loamshires have just scored their first goal, fathead!"

"I dare say they have, Cherry; but I'm sleepy. I suppose there's no harm in a fellow going to sleep when he's sleepy?"

"Oh, you can go to sleep, or go to Jericho!" said Bob Cherry. And he turned to watch the game again.

Billy Bunter took advantage of his permission. He went to sleep, leaning against the obliging Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

The Nabob of Bhanipur exchanged a glance with the cheerful youth from China. Wun Lung winked expressively.

"My worthy chum has the honourable crayons?" asked the nabob in a whisper. "Me gottee allee light."

"It is goodfoul. Wait till the esteemed Bunter is fast asleep in the arms of Murphy."

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh probably meant Morpheus, but Wun Lung only nodded. The fat junior was already slumbering, and he was not likely to open his eyes again for the match.

The play was growing exciting, however. After the Loamshire goal the artillerymen had bucked up, and were now doing most of the attacking. Loamshire were hard put to it to keep out the opposing forwards.

The juniors watched in breathless excitement.

The artillerymen were pressing harder and harder for the equaliser, and shots came in from all angles. But the Loamshire goalie saved them all, and at length gave one of the backs a chance to clear.

The ball went to midfield, and the Loamshire defence had a respite. But it was only brief. In a couple of minutes the artillerymen were back again, pressing the opposing defenders hard.

Eventually a fast shot came in that would have beaten most goalies, and the Loamshire man was at last beaten. He made a dive to save the ball by the foot of the post, but missed it by a hairs-breadth, and next moment it was in the back of the net.

There was a roar from the supporters of the artillery eleven.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

The players on both sides were panting now. The game had been hard and fast. It was one all, and the first half was nearly over. The players walked back to the centre of the field to renew the struggle.

Loamshire played up harder to get ahead once more during the remainder of the first half, but the artillerymen defended their goal too well.

The whistle rang out, and the first half ended.

The players, pretty well winded by the desperate game, went off the field for their brief rest.

Harry Wharton glanced at his uncle. The colonel's expression was just a little grim. Loamshire, with the wind in their favour, were only level. In the second half, with the wind against them, they might not fare so well.

"Never mind," said the colonel, answering his own unspoken thoughts. "It's a good game, and may the best team win."

"Loamshire, I hope," said Harry. "I don't think our men are quite so tired as the other side, uncle. The artillerymen have had to use more energy in kicking against the wind."

"Yes, that's so. But we shall see."

The ten minutes' interval ticked away, and the teams re-entered the field. Brief as the rest had been, they looked all the better for it, and lined up for the second half with almost as much keenness as at the kick-off.

The Winning Goal!

THE whistle blew, and the ball rolled from the foot of Sergeant Price. The change of ends had brought the wind against the Loamshires, and it was blowing keener now. But the disadvantage seemed to act rather as a spur to the infantrymen than otherwise. They put their beef into it, and from the blast of the whistle most of the attacking was done by the Loamshires.

And in the first quarter of an hour of the second half the ball went into the net from a Loamshire boot, amid a hurricane of cheers.

"One up for Loamshire!" Colonel Wharton's eyes sparkled. "That's more like business, Harry! What a fine goal, too!"

"It was, and no mistake!"

The teams lined up again, and the artillery kicked off. Every spectator on the ground was keenly interested, with one exception—Billy Bunter was sleeping soundly. He had eaten enough since leaving Greyfriars to keep even him quiet, and now he was having what Bob Cherry described as his bo-constrictor snooze.

Some even play in midfield followed the artillery kick-off, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh and Wun Lung turned their attention from the field to the slumbering junior.

"The eyefulness is not upon us," murmured Hurree Singh. "The opportuneness is great, my worthy pigtailed chum."

"Me savvy."

"The crayonfulness of the honourable fat face of the esteemed Bunter would be the wheezy good joke."

"Me savvy!" said the Celestial again.

He drew a cardboard box of crayons from his pocket, and commenced operations on Bunter's fat face. The Owl or the Remove was too fast asleep to be awakened by the gentle touch of the Celestial's artistic hand.

Hurree Singh watched the work with a critical eye and a series of silent chuckles.

"The improvefulness is terrific," he murmured, as two circles appeared round the eyes of the slumbering Bunter, giving his spectacles a larger and more owl-like appearance than ever. "A black spotfulness on his august nose would be very effective. The honourable Bunter begins to resemble the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale."

A black spot on Bunter's nose was followed by a series of green spots over both cheeks, which added to the artistic effect of his appearance.

Wun Lung looked at his handiwork and grinned, and returned the box of crayons to his pocket.

Hurree Singh pulled Bunter's cap a little over his face to conceal the artistic improvements that had been made on his countenance.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

The shout was ringing again over the football ground. The artillerymen were this time the scorers. Backed up by the wind, growing ever keener, they had carried the ball to the Loamshire goal, and, after several attempts, had succeeded in driving it past the goalie.

"Goal!"

The score was level again!

There was still twenty minutes more left to play, however—time for the Loamshires to make another big effort.

The colonel's face was growing anxious now. If Loamshire lost this match, the result would be that the battalion would be knocked out of the competition for the Army Cup—a result that would be a big disappointment to the veteran.

But the Loamshire players knew very well what was at stake, and they played up harder; only, of course, the artillerymen were equally determined to remain in the competition, and so it was, as Nugent remarked, the old story of an irresistible force being brought to bear on an immovable object.

The minutes ticked away and the score was still level.

"Looks like being a draw," muttered Bob Cherry.

"In case of a draw, the teams play

another half-hour," remarked Colonel Wharton.

Nugent pulled out his watch. Five minutes more to play, and the score still level. It looked as if extra time would be wanted.

But now, all of a sudden, the Loamshires made a tremendous effort. With a rush the Loamshire forward line brought the ball goalward, and shots rained in on the goalie. One shot from the foot of Sergeant Price nearly went in, but it struck a goalpost and rebounded into play.

There was a roar of cheering from the crowd. It had been a narrow escape for the artillerymen. There remained only two minutes for Loamshire to win the match before full time.

But two minutes, as it proved, were enough. The ball was lost amid a crowd of players in front of goal, when suddenly it came out like a champagne cork. The goalie was unsighted as the ball whizzed in. He made a frantic dive for the leather—a second too late.

The ball was in the net. There was a roar.

"Goal!"

"Loamshire wins!"

"Hurrah!"

The whistle rang out. Loamshire had won the match with about half a minute to spare!

The spectators were cheering, and the Greyfriars juniors loudest of all. There was a cheer even from the bronzed old colonel.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The players, pretty well spent with their efforts in the hard game, moved off the field. The faces of the Loamshire team were very happy. They had won the match and were still in the running for the Army Cup; a source



Billy Bunter rushed to a mirror and glared at his reflection in it. "I—I—What's happened to my face?" he gasped. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co. "What—who—how— You rotter, Wun Lung!" stuttered the Owl. "This is your doing!"

of great satisfaction to the stalwarts of the Loamshire Regiment.

Harry Wharton's eyes were sparkling as he waved his cap and shouted. He was as gleeful as any at the victory of his uncle's old regiment.

Colonel Wharton slapped him on the shoulder.

"Loamshire wins, Harry! We shall win the cup, after all, I hope."

"I hope so," said Harry. "It was a ripping match, and the artillerymen were unlucky to lose."

The colonel glanced at his watch.

"I dare say you lads would like to run about the town by yourselves for an hour or two," he observed, with a smile. "I can trust you not to get into mischief."

"Oh, yes, uncle!"

"Then suppose you join me again at the hotel," said the colonel. "We will have dinner at seven—quite late enough for boys of your age to be out—and then we can get off in good time for the train home."

"That will be ripping, uncle!"

"Then good-bye for the present! I shall be glad to look up some old friends during my stay in Aldershot."

And the colonel parted with the juniors. He knew that a run on their own would be very acceptable to them.

"Sensible old gentleman, your governor," Bob Cherry remarked, as the colonel walked away. "Wake that porpoise up, Inky, and come along!"

"Very goodfoll, my worthy chum!"

Harry Wharton strolled off with Bob Cherry and Frank Nugent. The nabob grinned at Wun Lung, and shook Billy Bunter by the shoulder. The fat junior started out of a blissful dream, in which a feed on pork-pies in the study at Greyfriars had figured.

"Hallo—hallo—what's up? It isn't rising bell!" he ejaculated sleepily.

The nabob grinned.

"The worthy Bunter's statement is correctfoll," he said; "it is not rising bell. But the honourable football match is over, and it is time to move."

"Oh—ah—yes! I forgot," Bunter took off his spectacles and rubbed his eyes, with rather curious effect on the crayoned circles. "Is the match over?"

"Yes. Loamshire won."

"Did they?" said Bunter, without much interest. "Are we going to have tea somewhere?"

"We are going to join the esteemed colonel at seven o'clock for dinner at his estimable hotel."

"If you think I can go to seven without even a snack—"

"Oh, come along, my Bunterfoll chum, or you'll be left behind!"

"Oh, all right!" grunted Bunter.

And he rose to his feet and followed the chums of the Remove from the football field, rather puzzled by the curious stares and audible chuckles that greeted him from everyone he passed.

A Sudden Attack!

"H A, ha, ha!" Billy Bunter blinked round in amazement. The crowd was melting away outside the football ground, and, as Billy Bunter came out, he immediately became an object of general attention.

A roar of laughter greeted his appearance, and it amazed the fat junior. He blinked at the crowd, and then blinked inquiringly at Hurree Singh.

"What's the row, Inky?"

"It is useless to questionfollly ask me, my worthy chum. The excellent Aldershotfoll persons seem gayfollly amused by your esteemed phiz!"

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"Nothing wrong with my chivvy, is there?"

"It was always a curiousfoll chivvy."

"Oh, really, Inky—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't understand it," murmured Billy Bunter. "What's the matter, Wun Lung?"

"No savvy."

Bob Cherry looked back.

"Come on, you chaps! Why, what—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Bob went off into a roar of laughter. Bunter blinked at him indignantly.

"What are you cackling at, Cherry?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You howling ass! What's the joke?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What is it?" asked Harry Wharton, looking back. "What the— Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Wharton—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked at his chums in wrathful indignation. They were convulsed with laughter, so were the others around him. Everyone who looked at Bunter immediately went off into a roar.

"I believe everybody's gone off his blessed chump!" grunted Billy Bunter, stalking on with great dignity.

Loud laughter continued to greet the fat junior as he marched on, the grinning Removites following him.

Bunter looked back savagely.

"Look here, you chaps, I suppose we're going to have some tea, aren't we? I shall be glad to get away from this silly crowd! Blessed if I know what they're cackling about!"

"If the honourable Bunter could see his esteemed chivvy—"

"Are we going to have some tea?"

"Certainly!" laughed Harry. "Lead the way!"

Bunter was not long in finding a tea-shop. As he entered the waitress gave one look at him and shrieked.

Billy Bunter glared at her.

"My hat, they're all mad in here, too!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the matter, Wharton?"

"Look in the glass!"

Billy Bunter rushed to a mirror and glared at his reflection in it.

"I—I— What's happened to my face?" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What—who—how— You villain, Inky! You rotter, Wun Lung! This is your doing!"

The Removites shrieked.

Billy Bunter made a vengeful rush at the Chinese, but Bob Cherry caught him and held him back.

"Hold on, Bunter! No homicide allowed, you know!"

"I'm going to squash that Chinese!"

"No squashee!" murmured the Celestial. "Good jokee! Me standee feedee allee light!"

Billy Bunter changed his tone at once.

"Now you're talking!" he said. "I don't mind a joke if a fellow is ready to stand a feed to make up for it. I'll get this washed off and join you. Mind, I'm jolly hungry, and I shall expect enough to eat!"

"Allee light!"

And Billy Bunter, having had a wash and cleared his face of the artistic touches of Wun Lung's crayons, sat down at a table with an air of business-like determination. He meant to compensate himself with that feed, and he did.

The Removites all made a good tea,

but Billy Bunter distinguished himself. When the others had all finished, and were ready to go out and see the town, Bunter declared that he was only just beginning.

"Not going yet, are you?" he said. "Don't buzz off when we're just starting."

"If that's a start, what will the ending be?" murmured Bob Cherry, who had been watching the fat junior's performances with curiosity and amazement.

"You see, I'm hungry, you fellows."

"Well, we can't stay here all night!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Suppose you stay here and feed, and when you've done you can go to the hotel to meet my uncle."

"Well, that's a good idea. You'd better settle with the waitress and leave me another ten shillings to go on with, Wun Lung. I dare say I can manage on that."

"Well, of all the cheek—"

"The cheekfulness is terrific!"

"Allee light!" murmured Wun Lung.

"Me teatee fattee Bunter."

And Bunter's suggestion was carried out.

Leaving the fat junior sitting alone at a well-stocked table, with a smile of seraphic contentment on his face, the Removites left the place.

It was already dusk in the streets of Aldershot.

"Now, we haven't much time, and we've got to make the best of it," Harry remarked. "We shall be able to walk quicker without the porpoise. Follow your leader!"

"Right-ho!" said three voices.

And Wun Lung chimed in:

"Light-ho!"

And the juniors lost no time. They saw as much as was to be seen of the soldier town in the short space at their disposal, winding up with a look at Cesar's Camp.

Then Harry Wharton glanced at his watch, and announced that it was time to think of rejoining the colonel.

It was very dark on the common as they strolled townwards again.

"My hat," murmured Bob Cherry, stopping to look about him at a cross-roads, "this would be a cheerful place to get lost in!"

"The cheerfulness would be terrific!"

"No lossee way. Signpostee."

"But how are we to read it?" said Harry Wharton ruefully, glancing up at the signpost. "Looks to me as if we have missed the road."

It was too dark to read the signpost, and the sign was too high up to be read by the aid of matches.

"I'll get on Bob's shoulders," suggested Nugent. "Then I can strike a match and read it."

"Good! Up with you!"

"Lookee out!" yelled Wun Lung suddenly.

The juniors swung round in alarm.

A dusky figure came looming out of the darkness; a hand was raised with a heavy bludgeon in it. A savage blow was aimed at the head of Harry Wharton.

Wun Lung's warning cry had made him turn. He recognised the savage face of Melchior, the gipsy.

Wharton had no time to evade the blow.

In a moment more the bludgeon would have crashed on his head. But Wun Lung, with the nimble spring of a panther, had hurled himself upon the ruffian, and even as the blow fell, Melchior was borne backwards by the spring of the Chinese. The bludgeon swept down, but it missed its object.

"Helpee! Helpee!"

The juniors, amazed and startled as

they were by the sudden attack, rushed to the aid of the Chinese.

But Melchior, with a savage curse, had hurled the little Celestial to the ground and dashed away into the darkness.

Harry sprang to the fallen Chinese.

"Are you hurt, Wun Lung?"

The Chinese sat up, gasping for breath.

"No hurt!" he panted, with a breathless grin. "Allee light."

"You saved me just in time then, said Harry Wharton quietly, gripping the hand of the little Chinese. "That blow would have severely injured me."

"Allee light."

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry. "They're coming!"

Harry Wharton leaped to his feet.

Melchior had some of his associates at hand, and he was returning with them. Four burly figures loomed up in the darkness.

"There they are!"

It was the savage voice of Melchior.

And the ruffians rushed to the attack as the Greyfriars chums stood shoulder to shoulder to receive them.

Loamshires to the Rescue!

HARRY WHARTON faced Melchior, and he was on his guard this time. As the gipsy rushed at him, striking savagely with the bludgeon, the junior dodged the savage blow and came to close grips with the ruffian.

"Hang you! I've got you at last!" muttered Melchior, striving to bear Harry to the ground. "Keep off the other kids!" he shouted to the three ruffians.

And they contented themselves with keeping the juniors from aiding their chum.

"Come on!" muttered Bob Cherry desperately.

And the boys, in their turn, attacked. But three burly ruffians were more than able to keep the juniors at bay.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton was struggling desperately with the outcast Romany.

Melchior had no such easy task as he had imagined in overcoming the captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

It was boy against man, but Harry was the best athlete in the Lower Forms at Greyfriars, and he had boundless pluck. He fought hard, for he knew it would go hard with him if Melchior gained the upper hand.

The gipsy had dropped his bludgeon to leave his hands free for the struggle, and he had now succeeded in getting the junior down on the ground.

But Harry was grasping him hard and still struggling.

The fierce eyes of the outcast glared down on him, and the hard, sinewy fingers were seeking his throat.

"It's my turn now!"

The words seemed to throb in Harry's ears.

Despair was creeping into his heart. His chums could not aid him—they were outmatched already.

"Help!"

He cried out that one word, in little hope that it would be heard.

The gipsy grinned savagely.

He did not think for a moment that Harry's cry would be answered in that lonely lane, but there was a shock for him.

There was a shout from the darkness and a pattering of feet.

"Help! Help!" roared Bob Cherry.

The next minute three soldiers in the uniform of the Loamshires came running up. They had evidently been returning to Aldershot by road when they heard the cries of the juniors.

They did not stop to ask questions. They rushed to the attack, hitting out right and left.

The gipsies reeled away from the fierce blows, and, without stopping to dispute the matter further, they vanished into the darkness as fast as they could go, with the exception of Melchior, whose grasp only tightened on his victim.

But a soldier's strong hand grasped the ruffian, and he was wrenched away, and Harry, relieved of his assailant, gasped for breath.

The outcast Romany fought like a tiger in the grasp of the soldier, and tore himself loose. He made a desperate spring to escape, and eluded the hands outstretched to seize him. Next moment he was racing away into the darkness.

Harry Wharton staggered to his feet. Bob Cherry caught him by the shoulder.

"Harry, you're all right!" said Bob anxiously.

Harry gasped for breath.

"Yes, thank goodness, Bob!" He turned to the soldiers. "I don't know how to thank you fellows. You have saved me from serious injury. You belong to the Loamshires?"

"Yes, sonny," said one of the soldiers, looking at him curiously. "And I think I've seen you before to-day. You were at the football match."

"And you were in the team."

The soldier nodded.

"Yes, and you were with our old colonel."

"He's my uncle," said Harry. "My father was in the Loamshires, and he was killed on the Indian frontier. Are you going to Aldershot?"

"Yes; and you'd better come with us. Those ruffians may not have gone far."

"Thank you! We shall be glad to."

And the juniors walked back to the town with the soldiers.

Harry Wharton chatted with them on the way, glad enough to hear any news of his father's old regiment, and to talk

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Miss J. Garston, 28, Kilcom Road, Brockley, London, S.E.4; girl correspondents; age 14-16; swimming, old film signs, hockey, and cricket.

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with men who had known Captain Wharton when he was in the Army. It was plain from the way the soldiers spoke that the captain had been a popular officer.

They walked with the boys as far as the colonel's hotel, and there they found the old soldier standing on the steps, evidently waiting for the juniors, and a little anxious about them.

"Ah, here you are at last!" exclaimed the colonel. "Bunter has just arrived, and I was getting anxious about you."

"It's all right, uncle," said Harry cheerily. "But it mightn't have been but for these soldiers. We met Melchior, the gipsy on a lonely road—"

The colonel started.

"I had forgotten him. Did he—?"

"He attacked us with his friends, and we should have been in a bad way if help hadn't come."

And Harry Wharton explained.

"I will have the police set on the scoundrel's track immediately!" the colonel exclaimed, his eyes gleaming.

"Go in now and get ready for dinner."

And the juniors went into the hotel, leaving the colonel with the soldiers. Ten minutes later he joined them in the dining-room.

In spite of the perilous adventure they had been through, the juniors made a hearty dinner and enjoyed it. Billy Bunter had done pretty well at tea-time, but he seemed to be quite ready for dinner.

He had a large helping of every course, and he privately confided to Bob Cherry that he could easily have done with two of each.

But even Billy Bunter was satisfied by the time the dinner was over, and he looked contented when they rose from the table.

"And now to catch our train," said the colonel briskly.

And the juniors set out for the station with the kind-hearted veteran. They had had a pleasant day out, and they were getting fatigued, and the prospect of Greyfriars and bed was a welcome one.

The train was in the station, and they were soon speeding away over the metals on the run to Reading.

"You will see nothing more of Melchior," the colonel assured them. "Before we left Aldershot the police were close on his track, and there's no doubt that he will be arrested before morning."

"I shall feel safer with him in prison again," Harry remarked with a smile.

"Yes, and I shall feel more secure about you, too, Harry. But you need

have no doubts. I'm assured that he cannot escape."

The train arrived at Reading and they alighted. Here their ways separated. The colonel saw them into the train for Friarale before he went off to catch his own. He shook hands with the juniors in his hearty way.

"Thank you very much, uncle!" said Harry. "We have had a ripping day."

"Yes, rather, sir!" said Bob Cherry.

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Me tinkle samee."

"Well, I'm glad you've had a good time," said the colonel. "Good-bye, Harry! Good-bye, my boys!"

"Good-bye, sir!"

And the train started, and was soon speeding through the night towards Friarale.

"Well, we've had a grand day, you chaps!" said Bob Cherry.

"The grandfulness is great. Whyfore



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the worthy cloud on the honourable brow of the excellent Wharton?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I was thinking of Wun Lung," he said. "You haven't forgotten that he took French leave? He's got to reckon with Mr. Quelch yet."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"And the Quelch-bird isn't likely to be in a reasonable temper, either," he remarked. "He doesn't like fellows taking French leave."

The train arrived at Friarale and the juniors walked to Greyfriars. Billy Bunter was disposed to grumble at having to walk from the station, but nobody took any heed of Bunter's grumbles.

They reached the school and Gosling's look was very significant when he let them in.

"Which he's with you, is he?" said the porter.

"Who—Wun Lung? Yes, here he is."

"Which there's been inquiring after him."

"Dear, dear!" said Bob Cherry. "No wonder you look sad and distressed, Gosling. It's been weighing on your mind."

The porter snorted.

"Which there's a lickin' for 'im," he said. "And which it serves 'im right, in my hopinion."

The juniors presented themselves at Mr. Quelch's door with some misgivings. The Remove master was about the last man in the school to excuse truancy. His face was very grim as they entered.

"Ah, you've returned, Wharton! I hope you have had a pleasant day."

"Very pleasant indeed, sir, thank you!"

"Was Wun Lung with you?"

"Yes, sir. He—"

"I guessed as much. He left the school without permission." Mr. Quelch selected a cane. "You others may go. Remain here, Wun Lung."

"No savvy—"

"If you please, sir," said Wharton diffidently. "I don't think Wun Lung quite understands the full importance of—"

"Then he must learn—"

"I might mention, sir, that while we were in Aldershot we were attacked by a gang of gipsies, and Wun Lung saved me from serious injury."

Mr. Quelch knitted his brows.

"Of course, in that case, I'm glad that Wun Lung was with you, Wharton. But that can make no difference to the breach of discipline in leaving the school without permission."

"I—I suppose not, sir."

"You understand, Wun Lung, that you have committed a serious offence?" said the Form-master, turning a severe gaze on the Celestial.

Wun Lung met his glance with a bland smile.

"Well, well, you may go, boys. But mind you, Wun Lung, nothing of this kind must occur again. Good-night, boys!"

"Me savvy. Allee light!"

"Good-night, sir!" said the Removites in grateful chorus, and they marched the Chinese away unpunished.

And so, satisfactorily for all concerned, ended Harry Wharton & Co.'s day out.

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