

THE BOY WITH MONEY TO BURN!

**GREAT ST. JIM'S
YARN INSIDE.**

The **GEM** 2^p

**This Week's Best
School Stories!**

MONEY-BAGS MINOR!

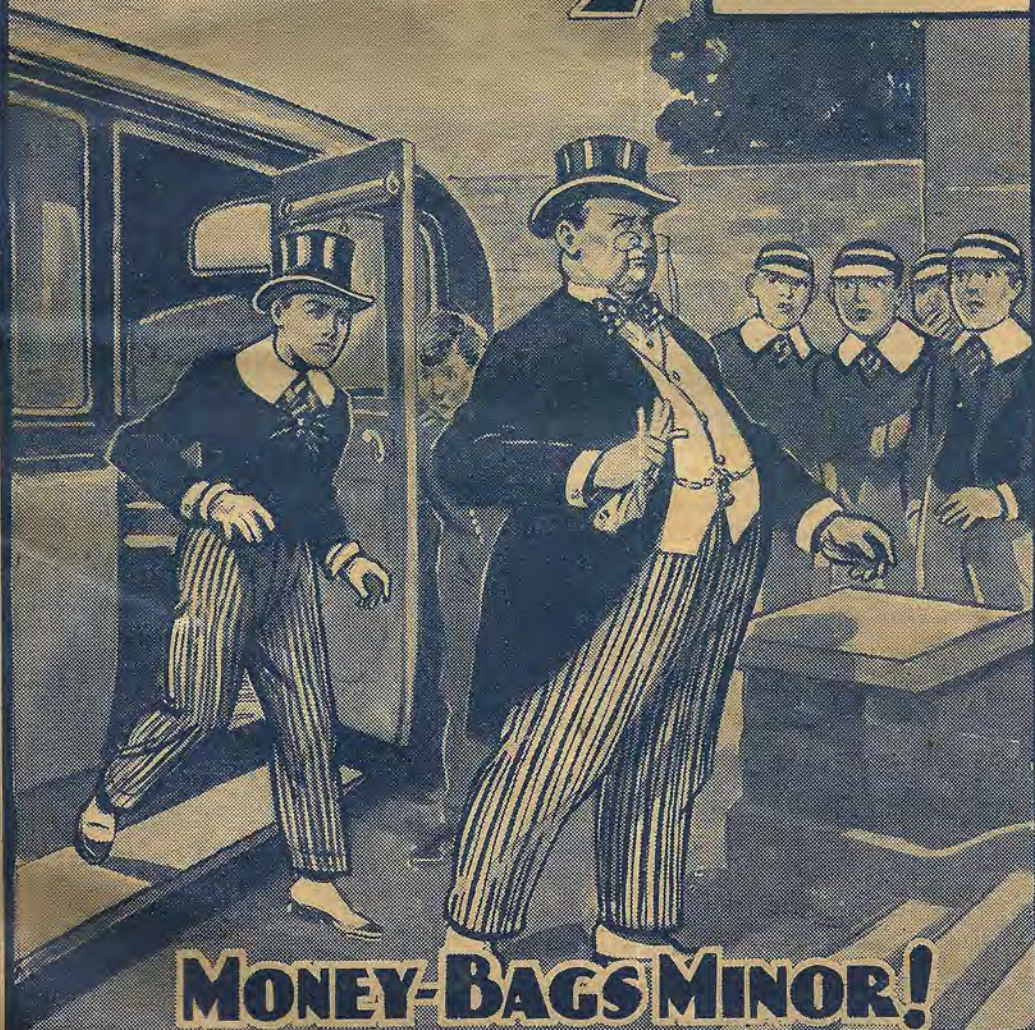
By Martin Clifford.

THE CHINESE CAPTAIN!

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MONEY-BAGS MINOR!



HOW'S YOUR LUCK THIS WEEK?

Read what the stars foretell,
by PROFESSOR ZARRO.

THE remarkable accuracy of horoscope forecasts has made almost everybody interested in watching what luck the stars prophesy for them week by week. Here is a horoscope for every GEM reader, specially prepared for this paper, which indicates what luck the stars foretell for you. The horoscopes cover the week from Wednesday, March 16th to March 22nd.

January 21st to February 19th.—A week in which you'll find yourself more energetic than you've been for a long time, and consequently you shine in all sports. Thursday, March 17th, is a day when all sorts of out-of-the-ordinary things happen. The rest of the week is unusually quiet.

February 20th to March 21st.—There is a chance you may lose something you value this week, but this may be avoided through the help of a friend. The week-end will be disappointing, I'm afraid, but after it's over look forward to lively times. Monday is definitely a "red-letter" day!

March 22nd to April 20th.—A curious tendency this week is for those fellows interested in music to have the luckiest times! You chaps who caterwaul on mouth-organs ought to cheer up on news like that. For all, it's a fortunate week rather than otherwise. A gift, or return of something you thought missing, plays a big part in your run of luck. The quiet amusements are best favoured.

April 21st to May 21st.—Money comes your way early in the week, but Saturday is "tops" for enjoyment. There are indications of possible trouble for the lazy folk, and probably a slice of luck will be missed because you are late for some appointment or other. If you are expecting good news, it will come on Friday, leading to the pleasurable Saturday already mentioned.

May 22nd to June 21st.—You have been having a run of bad luck in minor affairs; the tide turns after today, Wednesday, and you notice at once a feeling of being more sure of yourself. Sunday is the best day of the week. You start it with good news, enjoy the day itself, and, in the evening, hear of another good time to come.

June 22nd to July 23rd.—Family affairs are "front page news" for you this week. They are not altogether lucky, however, and may bring about a change in your life. There is every possibility of talk of your future

with your parents. The bright note of the week, however, is the fact that money will be plentiful.

July 24th to August 23rd.—This is a week when you should do big things, such as achievements in school, on the playing field, or at work. You will also find yourself becoming more contented, as a result of this feeling that at last you've done something worth while. Sunday brings a meeting with old friends, or maybe a visit on your part to see them.

August 24th to September 23rd.—Early next week you will find an entirely new interest in life. It may be that you'll take up a new hobby—it may be a new friendship—almost anything, in fact, that provides that "new interest." Friday is a difficult day, probably bringing an argument, or "words" with a relation. All is cleared up quickly, however.

September 24th to October 23rd.—Sorry, but I'm afraid there's a "ticking off" coming your way this week. I can't say what it's about, but perhaps you can guess that, knowing the things for which you might be blamed. As compensation, there are indications that you'll get a lift-up in your work, especially if you seize the chances that you will find coming your way this week. Friday is your luckiest day.

October 24th to November 22nd.—Prize-winning is in the air this week, but, naturally, you can't win a prize unless you have entered for a contest of some sort. For both boys and girls, someone of the opposite sex will play an interesting part in your affairs. When difficulties crop up—as they seem bound to do towards the end of the week—use tact to get over them.

November 23rd to December 22nd.—There are signs that you have been fearing an unfortunate happening, but it won't happen this week, so you can put your mind at rest. In fact, it almost seems as if you could get away with anything during the next seven days, but don't try setting a booby-trap for your teacher just because I've written that!

December 23rd to January 20th.—Friends play a big part this week, and especially if you are a member of a gang. In the latter case, you'll have a rip-snorting good time with your pals, especially at the week-end. By the same signs, all team games in which you take part are attended by good luck for yourself.

BIRTHDAY INDICATIONS.

WEDNESDAY, March 16th.—Everything seems "set fair" for the coming year. Ambitions will be realised, and even your friends will share your good luck. Prospect of travel, family affairs more settled, enjoyable work.

THURSDAY, March 17th.—There's every chance of your receiving an unusually large amount of spending money during the course of the next twelve months. It will help you to have good holidays, and to get something you have been wanting a long time.

FRIDAY, March 18th.—You'll be fitter this year than you've ever been before, and, if suffering from recent illness, the cure comes quickly. Relatives may hamper pet schemes. December is the good luck month.

SATURDAY, March 19th.—Rather a muddled year lies ahead, and until you've sorted everything out you won't find your best luck. A grand year for sportsmen, however, and the younger you are, the better.

SUNDAY, March 20th.—A year of steady progress, capping what you have already achieved. You'll look back on this year with happy memories, even if not particularly exciting ones. Your only troubles will come through hearing of other people's bad luck.

MONDAY, March 21st.—There are signs that you will be parted from your best friend during the coming year—not through a quarrel, however, but through one or other of you moving, or something like that. You find another firm pal soon afterwards, however. It's an adventurous year, with many exciting times, especially if you get about a good deal.

TUESDAY, March 22nd.—Not a particularly happy year, I'm afraid, though the things that money can buy will come your way easily. It's friendship, fulfilment of ambitions, and so on, that you are liable to miss. There are also chances of enforced alteration in important plans. The main thing, however, is not to worry—your difficulties will sort themselves out.

ANYTHING WAS WITHIN THE REACH OF AUBREY RACKE, SON OF A
MILLIONAIRE—EXCEPT THE FRIENDSHIP HE DESIRED!



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.
A New Arrival!

"WACKE!"

"Eh?"

"Wacke!" repeated D'Arcy of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

He spoke with a very thoughtful look on his face.

Three inquiring stares were turned upon him by Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther.

"Are you awake?" Monty Lowther inquired affably. "Try ducking your napper into the fountain."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Do you mean that you want a whack?" asked Tom Merry.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Otherwise," said Manners, "what are you burbling about?"

"Wats! It sounds familiah."

"What does?"

"Wacke."

"Either Gussy has gone off his rocker," remarked Tom Merry thoughtfully, "or else he is trying to pull our leg. In either case it's time to bump him."

Arthur Augustus backed away hastily.

"Will you lend me a quid, Aubrey?" asked Trimble. "You've got plenty." Racke did not reply, but he reached out of the car and thumped Trimble on the hat. Baggy let out a wild yell as the topper was squashed on his head.

"Pway don't play the giddy ox, deah boys! I was simply wemarkin' that it sounds familiah, and I must have heard it somewhere before."

"What?" shrieked the Terrible Three together.

"Wacke, of course!"

"If he says whack, I suppose he means whack," said Lowther. "Give him what he's asking for."

Whack, whack, whack!

Tom Merry bestowed the first whack upon Arthur Augustus' shoulder, which spun him towards Manners.

Manners gave him the second whack, and spun him towards Lowther.

Monty Lowther delivered the third, which sat Arthur Augustus down on the steps of the School House with a heavy bump.

"Gwoogh!" gasped Arthur Augustus breathlessly.

The Terrible Three grinned down at him from the top of the steps.

"Satisfied?" queried Tom Merry. "If you want any more whacks, we're yours to command. Say the word!"

"Yaroooh!"

"That isn't the word."

"You uttah asses!" gasped THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

*It's one thing to be rolling
in money, but it's quite
another to prove oneself
worthy of a decent fellow's
friendship—as purse-proud
Aubrey Racke soon finds
out at St. Jim's!*

Arthur Augustus. "You feahful wuffians! Gwoogh!"

Jack Blake came out of the School House with Herries and Digby. They stared at the swell of St. Jim's as he reposed on the steps, trying to recover his breath.

"Well, that's a jolly dangerous place to sit down," said Blake. "Suppose somebody walked on you, Gussy?"

"Gwoogh! I am not sittin' down—I mean, I did not intend to sit down! Those theew uttah wottahs have wolloed me ovah!" shrieked Arthur Augustus, scrambling to his feet. "Pway hold my eyeglass, Blake, while I give them a feahful thwashin'!"

"He asked for it!" said Tom Merry. "He distinctly said 'Whack!' so we whacked."

"I did not say whack, you howlin' duffah! I did not pwnounce an aspivate in the word. I said 'Wacke.'"

"And what in the thunder did you say 'Wacke' for?" demanded Blake, in astonishment.

"I was wepeatin' the name because it sounded familiiah, and I wondahed where I had heard it," said Arthur Augustus, glaring at the Terrible Three. "I weally do not believe it was a misundahstandin', you uttah wottahs!"

"Name!" said Lowther. "Do you mean to say you know somebody named Wacke?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what the merry dickens do you mean, if you're not right off your rocker?" asked Herries.

"I am not off my wockah, Hewwies. I was alludin' to the new kid. Twimble has told me there is a new kid comin' in the School House, and his name is Wacke. And I have heard the name before somewhere."

"My hat!" said Tom Merry. "If a new kid comes with a name like Wacke, he will get chipped. Why doesn't the duffer change it to Jones, while there's time?"

"First I've heard of the new kid," said Blake. "Odd how Trimble knows everything! I suppose he always will so long as they make keyholes to doors. So you know the new merchant, Gussy?"

"I do not know him, Blake. But I've heard the name before. I think I heard my bwothah Conway speakin' in a disappwovin' way of somebody named Wacke. I was wondewin' if this new chap is the same chap, or a connection of that chap. He's comin' to St. Jim's this aftahnoon."

"Well, never mind Wacke," yawned Blake. "New kids don't matter, so long as they don't shove them into Study No. 6. Coming down to footer—if you've finished sitting on the steps?"

"Bai Jove!"

"Well, what's biting you now?"

"Nothin' is bitin' me, Blake, and I wegard the question as wiculous! I wemembah now," said Arthur Augustus, somewhat excitedly. "Old Conway was talkin' about Wacke & Hacke, the gweat contwactahs."

"Fathead!" hooted Blake. "That isn't Wacke. It's Racke."

"Yaas. I said Wacke."

"Racke, you ass!"

"Yaas, Wacke," said Arthur Augustus innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I see nothin' whatevah to cackle at! Pew-waps you've heard of Wacke & Hacke, the contwactahs. They supply somethin' or othah for somebody or othah," said Arthur Augustus, a

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little vaguely. "They supply it in enormous quantities, you know, and make twemendous pwofits, and woll in money, you know. I wemembah old Conway was speakin' wat h severely about Wacke & Hacke and their pwofit-eewin'. He was wathah disgusted."

"Of course, a fellow is natuwallly disgusted with wottahs who pwofitteer. But if this young Wacke is a son of old Wacke, he is not responsible for his patah makin' pwofits out of contwactin', and it is up to us to tweat him civilly. It's the same as if his patah was a burglah, you know—it would not be his fault."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! What's that thumping row?" exclaimed Digby.

Hoot!

A huge motor-car swung in at the gates of St. Jim's. The juniors all glanced towards it curiously. It came up the drive with a roar and a rush.

"Bai Jove! That isn't the Head's car——"

"Racke, I bet you!" grinned Lowther.

The big car ground on the gravel, and came to a halt in front of the School House.

Toby, the page, much impressed, rushed out to open the door. A fat man of middle age and a lad of about fifteen or sixteen descended. The arrival of the great car had drawn general attention to the spot, and fifty pairs of eyes at least were turned upon the new arrivals.

CHAPTER 2.

The Millionaire!

TOM MERRY & CO. did not exactly stare at the new arrivals, but they could not help regarding them with interest.

The tremendous car, which was worth fifteen hundred guineas at least, was alone an object of interest. And the two personages who had descended from it were interesting, too, in their way.

Evidently they were father and son. The father was fat and florid, with a nose that somewhat resembled an eagle's beak, and gold-rimmed glasses perched on it. His jaw was square, though some of its squareness was hidden by layers of fat. His clothes were well-cut, and evidently expensive, and upon his ample waistcoat was a heavy gold chain; in his tie a diamond pin gleamed. The glitter of his silk hat, however, almost outshone his prominent diamond.

The son was somewhat pasty in complexion, and far from sturdy; and there was an air of consequence about him that struck the juniors at once. He was also inclined to gorgeousness in attire.

Apparently he was blessed with much money, and he did not believe in hiding his light under a bushel. He was dressed in very smart Etons, and he wore, like his parent, a watchchain that could be observed at a considerable distance. There was also a glitter of a diamond in his tie.

Monty Lowther raised his cap very politely to the newcomers as they came up the steps of the School House. There was a lurking glimmer in Monty Lowther's humorous eye. He foresaw some fun in the new boy.

"Excuse me, sir!" said Lowther politely. "Mr. Racke, I believe?"

The fat gentleman paused.

"Yes, my lad."

"So happy to see you here, sir! Happy and

honoured! We have heard of your great work," said Lowther sarcastically.

Mr. Racke smiled genially.

"Quite so—quite so. Aubrey, these are some of your future schoolfellows."

Aubrey looked at the juniors and nodded carelessly. Aubrey evidently had a very good opinion of himself. There was none of the diffidence of a new boy about Aubrey.

Mr. Racke and his hopeful son passed into the House, Toby showing them to the Head's study.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Manners.

"Bai Jove, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus faintly. "I weally don't know how I shall stand that chap in the School House. Do you think he could be persuaded latah to buwy his diamonds in the garden?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spending-it-now!" grinned Lowther. "That's the giddy motto of the Racke family. I suppose the family income was thirty bob at one time, and it's thirty thousand pounds now. And they're spending it!"

"Who wouldn't be a contractor?" grinned Blake. "What I like about that chap is his name—Aubrey. I wonder if he was called Aubrey before his father became rich?"

The juniors chuckled.

Trimble of the Fourth came hurrying along the passage.

"Has he come?" he asked excitedly.

"He's come," said Tom Merry. "You can give us all a rest now, Trimble. Young Racke can lend you all you want and never miss it."

"They're frightfully rich," said Trimble, his eyes glistening. "Rolling in money, you know. My pater knew them ten years ago, and they hadn't got fifty quid to their name, my pater says. They don't speak to him now."

"What I can't understand is why the Head is letting that young bouncer into St. Jim's," said Blake. "It's rather a come-down for the old school."

Trimble blinked at him.

"Why, you ass!" he gasped. "I tell you they're rolling in money! Old Racke is going to be a baronet, my pater says—and that costs an awful lot. He could buy up this school and never miss the money. Old Racke will be a billionaire. He's a millionaire now. I'm going to be jolly civil to young Racke, I can tell you."

"Yes, you would!" grunted Blake.

"Oh, you're an ass!" said Trimble. "Of course I'm going to be civil to him, and—and ask him home to Trimble Hall and all that."

"Better get the hall built before you ask him to it," suggested Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trimble grunted and rolled away to station himself in the passage near the Head's study, evidently to claim acquaintance with the new boy at the earliest possible moment.

Tom Merry & Co. grinned and went down to the footer field. For Aubrey Racke and his money they did not care two pins.

But there were other fellows of Trimble's way of thinking.

Levison, Mellish, and Crooke joined Trimble in the passage.

It was some time before the door of the Head's study opened and Mr. Racke and his son came out. They glanced carelessly at the group in the passage as they went to the door.

Mr. Racke stepped into the huge car and bade good-bye to his son.

Trimble & Co. watched them with respectful attention.

"Good-bye, Aubrey!" said Mr. Racke. "Now, I'm leaving you here to make a new start. Mind you do me credit!"

"Yes, that's all right," yawned Racke junior.

"If you want any more money you've only got to drop a line."

"I will," said Racke.

"Plenty now—what?"

"I think so—fifty or sixty."

"My son is not to be stinted in anything," said Mr. Racke, with a proud glance at the junior's pasty face. "You're to keep your end up here, Aubrey. Anything you want you're to have."

"I'll remember."

"You're to keep your end up with the best of them," said Mr. Racke. "And don't forget about making friends with young D'Arcy, the son of Lord Eastwood. I expect you'll do that."

"All serene."

"Don't spare the expense, mind."

"I won't."

"Well, that's about all. Good-bye, Aubrey!"

Mr. Racke had finished his parental advice. A



"Sorry, chief, but the wife insists on doing it!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to F. Merritt, 28, Rosebery Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.2.

fat hand shook a flabby one, and the great car rolled away.

Aubrey remained standing on the steps of the School House, with his hands in his pockets, and a bored look on his face. He glanced round as Baggy Trimble came up to him with an ingratiating grin.

"Jolly glad to see you, Racke!" said Trimble heartily.

Racke stared at him.

"You don't remember me?"

"No, I don't."

"My name's Trimble."

"Never heard it before."

"Haven't you?" said Trimble a little unpleasantly. "My pater used to do business with yours about ten years ago."

"I dare say he did," yawned Racke. "The pater did a tremendous amount of business."

"Not so much ten years ago," grinned Trimble. "My pater had to collect an account from Racke & Hacke, and they kept putting him off."

"Oh, rot!"

"Then you don't remember me?"

"No, certainly not!" said Racke with emphasis.

"What a bad memory!" said Trimble, still grinning. "Your pater has a bad memory, too. I think he called you Aubrey just now."

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Racke started.

"What about it?" he demanded fiercely.

"When I saw you two years ago——" said Trimble.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Do you remember me now?"

"Ye-es," said Racke unwillingly, "I—I remember you."

"Good! I thought you would," said Trimble agreeably. "We're going to be great friends here, aren't we, Aubrey?"

He emphasised the name with a chuckle.

"I've got to see the master of the Shell," said Racke, without replying to Trimble's remark. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

"Come with me, dear boy."

Trimble took Racke's arm quite affectionately and led him into the House. Racke made an angry motion to throw Trimble's arm off.

"Oh, I say, Aubrey——" began Trimble.

Racke set his lips and left his arm where it was. With linked arms they arrived at Mr. Linton's door.

Levison, Mellish, and Crooke stared after them in surprise.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Levison. "Trimble's done the trick; he's palled on with the giddy millionaire at the start!"

"Cunning beast!" growled Mellish.

Racke went into the Form-master's study, and Trimble came back along the passage, grinning.

"You seem to be getting on all right with the millionaire!" grunted Crooke.

Trimble smiled.

"Yes, rather; we're really old pals, you know—quite old pals. I'm going to be very chummy with Aubrey." And Trimble chuckled a fat chuckle.

And when Racke came out after his interview with the master of the Shell, Baggy Trimble joined him at once, and persisted in being chummy with him. Aubrey, for reasons best known to himself, stood it without demur.

CHAPTER 3.

No Takers!

"HALLO, here's young Spending-it-now!" remarked Monty Lowther.

The Terrible Three had come in from the footer, and were on their way to their study, when they came across Aubrey Racke in the passage.

The resplendent youth glanced at them.

He was standing in the doorway of Tom Merry's study, No. 10 in the Shell, and looking into the room, empty at that moment.

He made room for them to pass into the study, and they gave him a nod, though not much pleased or impressed by the youthful Racke.

"This room belong to you?" asked Racke.

"Yes, this is our study," said Tom. "Are you in the Shell?"

"Yes."

"Got your study yet?" asked Tom Merry politely. He did not care two pins whether Racke had his study yet, but Tom was always civil to a new fellow.

"Not yet," said Racke. "Mr. Linton is going to tell me about it. He said something about finding room for me. Do you generally go three to a study here?"

"Yes; sometimes four. But the smaller rooms

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have only two," said the captain of the Shell. "I hope you'll get a comfortable room."

This was said in a tone that hinted that the conversation was at an end. But the heir to the Racke millions did not move from the doorway.

"I've been looking into the studies," he remarked. "This one seems to be about the best of the bunch."

"Yes, it's one of the best."

"I should like this study."

"Ahem! You see, we're three already. We could hardly find room for a fourth," said Tom.

"We're highly honoured," said Monty Lowther solemnly. "We know what a distinction it would be for us, Racke, but we're full up."

"Full up, and fed-up," murmured Manners.

Racke laughed.

"I don't want to share the study with you," he said.

"Oh, good!"

"I want it to myself."

"Eh?"

"It's about the best room in the passage. I don't think much of the accommodation here, anyway," said Racke, with a curl of the lip. "I thought a big Public school like St. Jim's would have no end of style. These shabby little rooms, though——"

"These what?" exclaimed the Terrible Three, with one voice.

"Shabby little rooms," said Racke.

"You cheeky ass!"

"Oh, no offence, you know! But after what I've been used to, this comes as rather a shock to me."

"Well, my hat!"

"You dreamt that you dwelt in marble halls?" asked Monty Lowther pleasantly.

The juniors chuckled. It was quite true that the junior studies at St. Jim's were not palatial. Nobody expected them to be; in fact, nobody but a purse-proud bounder could possibly have wanted a palatial study.

"You see," went on Lowther, "it's really your appearance, Racke, that makes the study look shabby—by contrast, you know. Didn't you notice, out of doors, that the sun looked rather pale beside your watchchain?"

Racke frowned.

"Well, about this study," he said abruptly. "I should like it. I suppose there would be no objection to a fellow having his room papered and redecorated—at his own expense, of course?"

"I don't know whether the Housemaster would object," said Tom. "But we've never had a chap here before who wanted to do it. We've got a couple of millionaires' sons—Glyn and Lumley-Lumley. But they're quite decent."

"I don't see why a fellow shouldn't be comfortable. I should want new furniture, too. I couldn't live among those old creaks."

"Mention it to Railton," said Lowther. "Railton would simply rush to furnish a study for you, my infant. If he's short of cash, he would do it on the hire-purchase system."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, I mean at my own expense," said Racke. "I've got plenty of money. I intend to furnish my study regardless of expense."

"Well, buzz off, and get on with it," said Manners. "Shut the door after you, will you?"

"But about this study——"

"Good-bye!"

"I should like this study. I should want it to myself, too. Could you three fellows arrange to change into another?"

"Oh crumbs!"

"I'll make it worth your while, of course. I don't expect favours for nothing."

The Terrible Three looked at Racke, and looked at one another. The idea of giving up their own study, their somewhat shabby but beloved old quarters, at the request of a stranger, struck them as comical. But Racke's offer to make it worth their while made them jump.

"Worth our while?" repeated Tom Merry.

"Certainly."

"You mean, you'd let us bask in the light of your countenance, and the blaze of your diamonds?" asked Lowther.

"I mean, I'd make it worth your while. It's worth a fiver to me."

"Eh—a fiver!"

Racke took a little leather wallet—a very expensive wallet, with a big gold monogram on it—from his pocket and opened it. It was crammed with banknotes, as the Shell fellows could not help seeing. The new fellow in the Shell had at least fifty or sixty pounds in his possession.

Tom Merry & Co. were not the kind of fellows to be much impressed by money. Their feeling was one of mingled contempt and compassion for the fellow who was "swanking" with his share of the bloated profits of Racke & Hacke.

Racke detached a five-pound note from the rest, and held it out between a fat finger and thumb.

"There you are!" he said.

The Terrible Three looked at it.

"Are you offering us money?" gasped Tom Merry, hardly able to believe his ears and his eyes.

"Isn't it enough?"

"Enough!" snapped Tom.

"If it isn't, name your figure. I'm not accustomed to bargaining when I want a thing," said Racke arrogantly. "I can afford to have what I want. I'll make it a tenner if you'll let me have the study."

"Bump him, scalp him, or frogmarch him?" asked Lowther.

"Bag the silly ass!" growled Manners. "I've got a cricket stump here! Chuck him across the table, you two!"

"Hold on!" said Tom Merry.

"Look here, this study isn't going to be insulted by that putrid outsider!" roared Manners.

"He doesn't know any better," said Tom pacifically. "Look here, Racke, I'll give you a friendly tip. Don't go about St. Jim's offering chaps money, or you'll get scalped."

Racke shrugged his shoulders.

"I've had money borrowed of me already by three fellows, and I haven't been here two hours," he said.

Tom Merry bit his lip.

"I dare say I could guess the names of the fellows who have borrowed it," he said. "There are not many of that sort here. Anyway, your money isn't wanted in this study. And, considering the way you've come by it, it would be rather better taste to keep it a bit dark."

"What do you mean? I had it from my father," said Racke, flushing.

"Oh, we know all about Racke & Hacke," said Tom impatiently. "I don't want to slang your father to you, so I won't say what I think on the



"Your pater has a bad memory," said Trimble. "I think he called you Aubrey just now." Racke started. "What about it?" he demanded fiercely. "When I saw you two years ago—" went on Trimble. "Oh, shut up!" exclaimed the millionaire's son.

subject. But you'd better not swank too much with the Racke profits at St. Jim's."

Racke laughed sneeringly.

"I've generally seen people pretty keen after them, all the same," he remarked.

"Put that banknote out of sight, and take yourself out of sight, and think yourself lucky that you're not bumped. Good-bye!"

"But I want this study!"

"Don't be an ass! Clear off!"

"I suppose I haven't offered you enough; but I should think a tenner—"

"Will you get out, you horrid worm?"

"If you think I'm going to make it a pony, you're jolly well mistaken!" said Racke warmly. "I've got lots of oof, but I'm not going to chuck it away!"

"Gentlemen," said Monty Lowther, "talking to that rotten oof-bird being of no use, I suggest that we bump him!"

"Hear, hear!" said Manners.

"Here, hold on!" shouted Racke, in astonishment, as the two Shell fellows grasped him.

"What's the little game?"

Bump!

"Yaroorh!"

"That's the little game," explained Monty Lowther. "Will you clear off, and take your loot with you?"

Bump!

"Yoop! Leggo! Help!"

Bump!

The third bump landed Aubrey Racke at some distance from Study No. 10.

Manners and Lowther returned to the study grinning, leaving the heir of Racke & Hacke seated on the passage floor, gasping.

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CHAPTER 4.

Blake's Reply!

"BAI Jove! What are you doin' down there, deah boy?"

Arthur Augustus paused in astonishment and turned his celebrated eyeglass upon Aubrey Racke.

That youth was seated on the floor, looking dusty and dishevelled, and pumping in breath, as the swell of St. Jim's came along.

Racke glared at him. He was a little hurt and very breathless, and in a state of anger and fury.

"I've been assaulted!" he howled.

"Bai Jove, that's wotten! I don't believe in these twicks on a new kid, even a wathah unpleasant new kid," said Arthur Augustus. "Pway allow me to assist you to wise, deah boy."

Racke accepted a helping hand from the swell of the School House. He rose, gasping, to his feet.

"Who's been playin' twicks on you, deah boy?" asked D'Arcy sympathetically. The swell of St. Jim's concluded that Racke had been bumped on account of his father's profits, and he felt that it was unjust. It was not Racke's fault that his pater belonged to the vampire species.

"Three beastly cads!" growled Racke. "Thank you!"

"Pway step into my study, and I will give you a bwush down!" said Arthur Augustus politely.

"Thanks!"

Racke followed the swell of St. Jim's, and they entered Study No. 6. The study was empty, as Blake, Herries, and Dig had not yet come in from the footer.

Arthur Augustus selected a handsome ivory-backed brush, and proceeded to brush down Racke's dusty Ettons.

Racke glanced round the study with interest. It was a very pleasant study, larger than Tom Merry's, with a wide, big window, giving an extensive view of the quadrangle and the playing fields, and the New House across the quad.

The furniture, certainly, was in the somewhat chipped state natural to junior furniture. But there were some articles of value about the room that caught Racke's eye. The brush D'Arcy was handling was worth a guinea, and there was a bronze clock on the mantelpiece that was worth ten times as much. Racke felt that there was money about, and it made him feel very friendly.

"You in the Shell?" he asked.

"No; I'm in the Fourth, deah boy."

"Oh, I'm in the Shell!" said Racke. "That's the Upper Fourth, isn't it?"

"Yaas; the Shell boundahs pwetend that it's the Lowah Fifth," said Arthur Augustus. "It's weally the Uppah Fourth, in a way, at least. Have you met Tom Mewwy yet? He is captain of the Shell—a vewy decent chap."

"I've only met the three rotters who bumped me in the passage," said Racke. "I've met some Fourth Formers—Trimble, Levison, and Mellish. I don't think much of them."

"You are quite wight there."

"This is a jolly good study—as studies go here," said Racke.

"Yaas; we're wathah pwoud of our quartahs," said Arthur Augustus complacently. "It's considahed wathah a distinction to belong to Study No. 6. There, I think your clobbah is all wight now."

"I dare say you know a chap here named D'Arcy?" remarked Racke.

"Bai Jove! Yaas, wathah!"

"He is the son of Lord Eastwood, isn't he?"
 "Yaas!" said D'Arcy, with a smile.
 "And his brother's a lord, too?" said Racke.
 "You appeal to know all about it, deah boy. But old Conway isn't exactly a lord—as the eldest son, he takes the courtesy title, that is all."
 "I want to see D'Arcy," said Racke. "Perhaps you could introduce me to him?"
 "Quite easily."
 "Friend of yours?" asked Racke.
 "Yaas; I have a vewy high opinion of him," grinned Arthur Augustus. "As a mattah of fact, I am D'Arcy of the Fourth, Wacke."
 "Oh, are you?" said Racke, staring at him.
 "The Honourable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, second son of Lord Eastwood."

"Yaas!"
 "I'm jolly glad to meet you!" said Racke, holding up his hand.

"You are vewy flattewin'," said Arthur Augustus, shaking hands with Racke, with great politeness.

"My pater has met your brother, Lord Conway," said Racke.

"Ahem!"
 Arthur Augustus coughed as he remembered some of Lord Conway's remarks on the subject of Racke & Hacke, and bloated profits.

"The pater's going to be a baronet shortly, too," said Racke. "That costs money."

"Yaas, I pwesume it does," said Arthur Augustus. "When King James the First invented bawonetices, he sold them at a thousand pounds each; but I believe the pwice has gone up."

"Nearly ten thousand, I should say," said Racke. "And even then, you have to know how to go about it."

"Yaas; knowledge of that kind must be vewy valuable," said Arthur Augustus. "I suppose as Mr. Wacke becomes wichah and wichah it will be wathah disappointin' to him not to be able to become a pwince."

Racke blinked at Arthur Augustus. He did not quite know how to take him. Arthur Augustus proceeded to lay the cloth for tea. The cloth was somewhat grubby, and there were several holes in it. Racke glanced at it with surprise and disdain.

"I say, D'Arcy!"

"Yaas, deah boy?"

"I suppose I could share this study?"

"Oh cwumbs!"

"What did you say?"

"The fact is, deah boy, Shell fellows aren't allowed to share studies with Fourth Formers. The two Forms are kept distinct, you know."

"But I dare say that could be arranged. I would speak to the Housemaster about it, if you really wanted me in this study," said Racke eagerly.

Arthur Augustus writhed inwardly. He did not want Racke in the study—the prospect of such a thing made him shudder all over. But his politeness forbade him to say so.

"We should get on together first-rate, you know," said Racke.

"Bai Jove! Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes! I'd have the place smartened up a bit, too! I've got lots of money, you know."

"Have you weally, deah boy?"

"My idea is to have the room refurnished throughout," said Racke. "I'd send an order to London and give 'em carte blanche. Regardless of expense, you know."

"I hardly think I should care to have my study furnished weardless of expense, Wacke."

"Oh, that's all rot, you know!" said Racke. "Spending money is good for trade, I suppose. Why shouldn't a chap spend his money when he's got lots?"

"You are a vewy lucky chap."

"If you're ever short of tin, you mention it to me," said Racke generously. "I've always got a spare fiver for a friend."

"Oh cwumbs! I—I mean, thanks awfully, deah boy, but I will not twouble you."

"Well, what about sharing the study?" asked Racke. "I'd like it no end. I understand that you have tea in the studies here. There'll always be a jolly good tea in my study, and I shouldn't ask you to stand any of the expense."

"I should hardly care to sponge on you, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus, nobly controlling his feelings. He was repenting him that he had acted as a good Samaritan towards this unspeakable bounder. He wondered how he could possibly get Racke to leave the study, without actually asking him to go.

"Well, is it a go?" asked Racke. "I'll cut



"Isn't baby clever? He's only six months old and he's learned what to do with a hammer!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss J. Cockroft, 6, Grantham Street, Oldham.

off and ask the Housemaster, if you like, and I dare say it could be fixed up for me to stay here."

"Ahem! I—I think—"

"You'd like me here, I suppose?"

"The—the fact is, we're four already," said D'Arcy. "I'm afraid that Blake, Hewwies, and Dig would not care for a fifth."

"I dare say I could arrange it with them."

"Ahem!"

"Suppose I arrange it with them, it's all right, what?"

"Yaas, if you like," said Arthur Augustus, with a slight smile. He knew that there was no possibility of Blake, Herries, and Digby agreeing to have that bounder in Study No. 6.

There was a sound of footsteps in the passage. Jack Blake came in, Herries and Digby following him into the study.

The three juniors glanced at Racke in some surprise.

"Hallo!" said Blake. "Have you been chumming up with young Spending-it-now, Gussy?"

"Weally, Blake, that is wathah a diswespectful way of alludin' to Wacke!"

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Racke.

"But what about tea?" said Blake, heedless of Racke. "You were going to have tea ready, Gussy, you image!"

"I object to bein' called an image, Blake. I have been bwushin' down young Wacke. Some boundahs have been bumpin' him."

"I suppose his diamonds dazzled them," said Herries. "How much did you lend on those diamonds, Racke?"

"Lend on them?" said Racke, in surprise.

"Yes. You're a pawnbroker, aren't you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Hewwies, you are vewy personal!"

"Well, a chap shouldn't wear diamonds in his tie and his cuffs," said Herries. "He must expect to get chipped about it if he does."

"Some fellows can't afford to," said Racke.

"No; we can't all be profiteers," said Herries. "No; we can't all be ashamed, too, I hope."

"Rubbish!"

Herries' eyes gleamed.

"I don't want to hammer a new kid," he said.

"There's the door, Racke!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"What the dickens is the fellow doing here?" growled Herries. "How you can stand his diamonds and his watchchain, I'm blessed if I understand."

"Wacke wants to share, this study, deah boys—"

"Can't be did," said Blake at once. "Sorry, Racke, no room."

"I want to share the study with D'Arcy, not with you," said Racke disdainfully. "I've made friends with D'Arcy."

"Oh, bai Jove!"

"Same old Gussy!" growled Blake. "Every unspeakable toad fixes himself on Gussy. But it's no go, Racke. You can't share this study."

"I suppose it can be arranged," said Racke, who had apparently learned nothing from Tom Merry & Co. "You don't seem to have too much cash in this study—"

"Eh?"

"Judging by your tablecloth and your butter in the soap-dish," said Racke, with a sneer.

Blake breathed hard.

"If a fiver would be of any use to you, you've only got to say the word," said Racke. "I'll stand you three fellows a fiver to clear out of the study, and leave it to D'Arcy and me."

Jack Blake did not reply. When he recovered from his astonishment, he strode towards Racke, and fastened a finger and thumb on his ear, with a grip like a vice.

Racke gave a howl as he was forcibly led to the door.

"What do you mean?" he yelled. "Let go my ear! I—"

"Outside, you toad—"

Racke was swung into the passage by the ear, and the door of Study No. 6 slammed on him.

He stood in the passage, rubbing his crimson ear, and blinking with rage at the door of the study. There was no mistaking Jack Blake's reply.

CHAPTER 5.

Gussy's New Friend!

AUBREY RACKE attracted considerable attention in the Shell the next day.

Everybody who had heard of Racke & Hacke, and their unsavoury millions, had a look at the new junior.

A dozen fellows, perhaps, had heard of Racke & Hacke before Aubrey came to St. Jim's. But everybody had heard of them now. And the fellow whose father had been a poor man in 1928 and a millionaire in 1938 naturally excited some interest.

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Besides, as Monty Lowther remarked, the millions were on view. All millionaires didn't display their wealth in this open-handed way to an admiring public. A chap who wore sixty or seventy pounds' worth of jewellery, and carried fifty pounds in banknotes in a five-guinea pocket wallet, was worth looking at—as worthy of regard, according to Lowther, as anything in the Zoo.

In everything but his wealth, Racke was a perfectly commonplace person. Perhaps it was natural that he should "swank" a little about the only attribute he possessed. As a matter of fact, he did not swank a little. He swanked a lot.

The change in the fortunes of the Racke family had come suddenly, and had quite turned Racke's head. The happy family lived, talked, and breathed wealth. And to see a fellow living, talking, and breathing wealth was a novel experience for the St. Jim's fellows.

There were wealthy fellows at the school. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had a very liberal allowance. Bernard Glyn of the Shell was remarkably well provided for, but no one would have guessed it from his conversation. Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth was the son of a millionaire, who grudged him nothing; but Lumley-Lumley did not talk about the millions of the Railway King. He was, in fact, rather shy on the subject.

There was no shyness of that sort about Aubrey Racke.

His talk, sooner or later, was sure to veer round to the subject of money. If a fellow spoke to him of footer, Racke would mention what he had paid for his footer boots—of course, twice as much as anybody else would have paid. If boating was mentioned, Racke would refer to the fact that he had a boat of his own—the very best thing that money could buy.

He played very indifferent footer with his expensive boots, and he was a poor hand at rowing the valuable boat; but trifles like that did not matter to Aubrey. It was the wealth that counted in his eyes.

Indeed, having seen Manners at work with his camera, and finding that it was an expensive presentation camera, Racke promptly telephoned to Blankley's for a new camera twice as expensive as Manners'. Racke & Hacke's money was soon a standing joke in the School House.

Some of the fellows were of the opinion that the Head oughtn't to have admitted such an out-and-out bouncer at St. Jim's at all. Possibly the Head considered that St. Jim's would do Aubrey good, and that Aubrey would not do St. Jim's any harm. In that Dr. Holmes was perhaps slightly mistaken, not knowing much of the youthful Racke's character.

Before Racke had been at St. Jim's two or three days he had half a dozen nicknames. Monty Lowther always alluded to him by the remarkable title of "Spending-it-now." Kerr of the New House called him Racke, R.O.E.; and when Racke inquired what the initials stood for, he was told they stood for Regardless of Expense.

Finn, the American, called him the Gold-Bug; and he was called Cressus junior and Moneybags minor. But Racke did not mind. He took all those titles as testimonials to his wealthy importance.

Fellows of a humorous frame of mind sometimes delighted in drawing him out, and making him talk of his wealth to a grinning circle in the Common-room.

Monty Lowther would ask him solemnly why he did not wear ear-rings, which would give him an additional excuse for loading his person with gold

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty
Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

My dog Towser could track any criminal easily, states Herries. Smellementary, my dear Herries!

I hear a new road is to be opened in Wayland. The old ones will be opened quite frequently, as usual!

A tip is an insult, says a writer. I find the bigger the insult, however, the more the waiter appreciates it!

"£80,000 Profit on Razor Blades," runs a headline. In spite of cutting competition.

Sunflowers twelve inches across were recently produced by a secret method of cultivation. A blooming mystery.

Gore claims he saw a sea serpent whilst off Dungeness last vac. When a sea serpent claims to have seen Gore I shall believe it!

Story: "I'll examine you for fifteen dollars," said the go-ahead American medico.

"O.K., doc.," agreed the patient. "And if you find it, we'll split fifty-fifty!"

Funny, they say business gets slack when money gets tight!

"I am working on a theory that the sun may explode at any moment," said Skimpole to Talbot the other evening.

"Possibly," agreed Talbot. "But if I were you, I wouldn't neglect my prep on the strength of it—or Linton will certainly explode to-morrow morning!"

Whilst fellows are taught woodwork, girls are taught cooking. Cliff House girls have an idea that Bessie Bunter must have been taught woodwork, judging by her cooking.

A local football referee is only four feet nine and a half inches in his socks. Spectators complain that when he ducks he is practically no target at all!

True story: "I'll be weedy any minute now, deah boy," said Gussy in response to Blake's anxious inquiry on a half-holiday.

"All right," said Blake, "but for goodness' sake do pick out a minute that isn't more than half an hour away!"

A police inspector says fur thieves will be punished with severity. Those who take the wrap will take the rap!

"Caught in the gale, the plane groaned like a live thing," wrote Wally D'Arcy in a serial story. A moanoplane, no doubt!

Remember, some chaps get up bright and early; others just get up early!

"Free Fight Among Spectators at All-In Wrestling," Brawl-in wrestling, I presume.

Must tell you: Skimpole rarely visits the films, but Talbot persuaded him to go the other night. After a short period, Skimpole wanted to leave.

"The seat is so uncomfortable," he explained.

"No wonder," grinned Talbot. "You haven't turned it down!"

Remember, it will be on the back of page 13 next week. What will? Page 14, of course.

Turn over, chaps!

and precious stones. Lowther also suggested to him to wear his ten-pound notes in the form of a necktie, so that all St. Jim's could feast their eyes upon them.

Racke was assigned to Crooke's study, which was really the most suitable place for him. Gerald Crooke was a purse-proud bounder, though, in comparison with Racke, he was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine.

Crooke's studymate had recently left, so there was a vacant place. Racke found that all his wealth could not procure him a study for himself. But he got on very well with Crooke, who was glad to have a studymate who did not want to borrow money of him.

Tom Merry & Co. regarded Racke with mingled contempt, compassion, and amusement. But there were plenty of fellows willing to make friends with him.

Levison and Mellish, and Clampe and Piggott, chummed with him at once—as far as he would let them. Impecunious fellows found that they could

put up with Racke's little ways, on the chance of picking up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

Trimple of the Fourth overflowed with affection for him. But friends of this kind were not really what Racke was looking for. He wanted to get on pally terms with the best fellows in the school—that is to say, the best from a social point of view.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as the son of a viscount and the brother of a lord, was the fellow he had marked out as his especial chum.

Racke, who expected to be flattered himself, was willing to flatter Arthur Augustus to any extent to obtain his friendship.

D'Arcy of the Fourth was the easiest-going fellow at St. Jim's, and he found it difficult to keep the friendly Racke at a distance.

He could not bear to hurt anybody's feelings, and he did not know how to convey to Racke the fact that his friendship was not desired. But, as

he pathetically confided to Blake, Racke made him "shuddah."

Gentle hints were no use to Racke—he was blind to them. He was determined to be friendly with Arthur Augustus, and the swell of St. Jim's really began to fear that, in self-defence, he would be bound to bestow upon the heir of millions a "feahful thwashin'."

"I weally cannot stand the chap talkin' to me, deah boy!" he told Blake. "Do you think it would be feahfully wude to tell him so?"

"Not at all," said Blake. "I'll tell him for you, if you like."

"Ahem!" I don't want to hurt his feelings, you know."

"That's all right; he hasn't any!" said Blake reassuringly.

"Of course, it is wathah flattewin' for the chap to be keen on my society," said Arthur Augustus. "I'm awfully obliged to him! But—but that tiepin, you know—it's howwid bad taste! And—and he stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat when he was speakin' to me this mornin', and it made me shuddah! And—and he told me all about his money!"

"Well, he hasn't anything else to talk about," said Blake. "This is the penalty you pay for being a hopeless aristocrat, Gussy! But I'll tell you how to get rid of him, if you like."

"I should be awfully obliged to you, Blake, if it could be done without woundin' his feelings."

"Quite easy! Tell him it's a mistake about your pater being a lord, and that your mater takes in washing!" said Blake cheerily. "Then he'll cut you dead!"

"Weally, Blake, you don't weally mean to imply that the fellow is persistin' in speakin' to me because of my patah's title?"

"You ass! What do you think he is after, then?"

"Wats! I do not like the chap vewy much, but I wefuse to believe that he has such a howwid, wotten motive for bein' friently!"

Blake chuckled.

"Did you put it down to your own fascinations?" he asked agreeably. "My dear chap, you haven't any!"

"I wegard that wemark as wude, Blake!"

And Arthur Augustus dropped the subject and strode away.

Racke spotted him in the quadrangle and joined him.

"Half-holiday to-morrow!" Racke remarked. "I'm thinking of taking a motor-car out for a run. You'd like to come?"

"Thank you, deah boy; I'm afwaid I have anotheah engagement."

"Oh, chuck it up and come with me!" urged Racke. "Look here, I'm going to have a first-class car from Wayland, and a ripping lunch-basket. We're going for a drive to the coast."

"Bai Jove!"

"We're going to have a jolly time! I want you to come," said Racke earnestly.

Arthur Augustus hesitated. He did not like Racke, but he felt flattered that the new junior so earnestly desired his company on that excursion. Besides which, Gussy was tender-hearted, and disliked hurting the feelings of anyone. And he could see that Racke would be very disappointed if he refused to come.

"You can bring your friends, if you like," urged Racke.

"My fwiends will be playin' footah to-morrow."

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But if you desire it, Wacke, I will accompany you."

"Good! Then it's a go?"

"Yaas. Thank you vewy much, deah boy!"

Racke was satisfied; and the same evening he wrote to his affectionate parent informing him that he was getting on famously with the son of Lord Eastwood, and that he had no doubt that next vacation he would receive an invitation to Eastwood House, where he would meet any number of "nobs."

CHAPTER 6.

Racke's Party!

"TOM MEWWY!"

"Hallo, my son!" said the captain of the Shell. "Wherefore that troubled brow?"

"I shall have to stand out of the match this aftahnoon, deah boy!" It was after morning lessons on Saturday. "You have wemarked several times that Julian is as good a footballah as I am, so I suppose you wouldn't mind puttin' Julian in!"

"Not in the least!" said Tom cheerily. "In fact, it's time Julian had a show in a House match. But you're an ass to cut footer on such a ripping day!"

"Can't be helped, deah boy! I'm goin' out for the aftahnoon!"

"Going out with Spendin'-it-now?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Behold, he blushes!" said Manners.

"I'm not blushin', Mannahs, you ass! I happen to be goin' out for the aftahnoon with young Wacke!"

"Well, it may do him good," said Tom Merry judiciously. "Perhaps he will learn manners from you, Gussy!"

"Yaas, I wegard that as vewy pwob. So it's all right about the House match, Tom Mewwy?"

"Right as rain, my infant! Don't worry!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, you speak as if it is a mattah of uttah indifference whethah I play in the House match or not."

"So it is, my dear boy," said Tom; and the Terrible Three walked on, leaving Arthur Augustus frowning.

Tom Merry had taken it quite equably; but Blake was not so equable when he heard of it. Herries and Dig were not in the House team, and Blake considered that Study No. 6 ought always to be well represented on such occasions. After dinner, he ran Arthur Augustus down and tackled him on the subject.

"What's this rot about your missing the House match?" he demanded.

"In the cires, Blake, I can't play this aftahnoon. I am wathah sowwy to miss the match. I twust you will try to keep your end up against the New House."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Blake. "You won't be missed as far as that goes!"

"Wats!"

"But it's rot. What are you going out with young Billions for, after making out that you don't like the chap?"

"There is no harm in goin' out with him for once, Blake!"

"Has he lent you a fiver?"

"I wegard that question as insultin', Blake!"

"You're a silly ass!" said Blake, with Yorkshire directness. "The less you see of that



Jack Blake fastened a finger and thumb on Racke's ear with a grip like a vice. The new boy gave a howl as he was led forcibly to the door. "Ow! Let go my ear! I—" "Outside, you toad!" snorted Blake.

bounder the better! He's no class! He's chummy with Crooke and Levison and Trimble and that lot. He smokes!"

"I have nevah seen him smokin'."

"I believe he gambles, too. Trimble says he drinks!"

"Twimble is a backbitin' beast!"

"And he's a swanking, purse-proud cad, anyway!"

"I feah that I cannot listen to you wunnin' Wacke down, Blake, as I have agweed to go out with him this aftahnoon!"

"Fathead!" growled Blake. "What sort of a time will you have with Crooke and Levison? You know their little games when they're out of sight of the prefects—"

"Bai Jove! Are Cwooke and Levison goin' with Wacke?"

"I heard Crooke say so."

"I was not aware of that. Howevah, I have given Wacke my word now, and I cannot withdraw it. It is wathah howwid, but there you are!"

"Well, don't come home tight," said Blake.

"You howwid ass—"

"If you come back smelling of smoke and spirits, we shan't admit you to the study. That's a tip!"

"I wefuse to listen to such howwid suggestions, Blake! I am suah they will behave themselves decently in my pvesence!"

"They couldn't if they tried, and I'm jolly sure they won't try. Look here! Tell Racke you can't come, and come down to the footer!"

"Imposs! He is depending on me!"

"You could quarrel with him," suggested Blake. "Suppose you knock him down?"

"I wefuse to knock him down!"

"Then he wouldn't want you to come," urged Blake. "Go and give him one in the eye now!"

"I wegard you as an ass, Blake!"

"Coming, Blake?" yelled Herries from the quadrangle; and Blake had to go down to Little Side to join Tom Merry & Co. there.

Arthur Augustus proceeded to look for Racke in a somewhat worried frame of mind.

He had not bargained for the company of the blackguards of the School House. But he could not dictate to Racke what friends he should take with him in his car.

He found Racke in the doorway of the School House with Crooke and Levison.

The latter two grinned agreeably at Arthur Augustus.

"Time the car was here," Racke remarked.

"Here it comes," said Levison.

A big car turned in at the gates, and rolled up to the School House.

It was a handsome car, and Arthur Augustus regarded it with an approving eye. In any other company he would have enjoyed a run in that big automobile. But politeness forbade him to express any opinion on the company he so unexpectedly found himself in.

"All ready?" said Racke.

"Yaas, deah boy."

The four juniors entered the car. Baggy Trimble came dashing out of the School House with his hat on.

"Here I am, Racke, old fellow!" he exclaimed.

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"And there you can stay!" said Racke curtly, closing the door of the car.

Trimble blinked at him indignantly.

"Look here! You want me to come, I suppose?" he exclaimed.

"Your mistake; I don't!"

"Oh, I say, Aubrey—"

"Drive on!" said Racke.

Trimble held on to the handle as the chauffeur started the engine.

"Look here, Racke, I'm coming, of course!"

"You'd better let go; you'll get pulled over."

"Is this what you call being friendly?" demanded Trimble.

"Not at all!"

Crooke and Levison grinned.

"Of course, I don't want to come if my company isn't welcome," said Baggy, with dignity. "As my pal Gussy is in the party—"

"Is Trimble a pal of yours, D'Arcy?" asked Racke.

"Bai Jove! This is the first I've heard of it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let go, Trimble, you ass!"

"Will you lend me a quid, Aubrey?" asked Trimble.

"I lent you a quid yesterday!"

"Well, you've got plenty!" sneered Trimble.

Racke did not reply, but he reached out and thumped Trimble on the hat.

There was a yell from Baggy as the topper was squashed on his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Trimble let go the handle, and the car swung down the drive.

Baggy Trimble extracted his head from his hat and shook his fat fist after the car.

"Yah! I won't come now!" he yelled.

"Yah!" He broke into a run after the car and overtook it as it slowed down, turning out of the gates. "I say, you chaps, his name isn't Aubrey. His name's Peter! He, he, he! He's called Aubrey since he got rich quick! He, he, he!"

The car swung into the road.

"Good-bye, Peter!" yelled Trimble.

And the party started.

CHAPTER 7.

A Very Merry Outing!

RACKE sat with a very crimson face in the car.

Arthur Augustus avoided looking at him. He understood that the wretched snob's feelings could not be pleasant at that moment, after Baggy Trimble's surprising revelation.

But Crooke and Levison were grinning. It suited the cads to be friendly with Racke, but privately they thought no better of him than the other fellows did, and they were greatly tickled by the revelation.

More than once they wondered why Moneybags minor endured Trimble's familiarity and lent him quids. Evidently it was to keep that awkward fact dark; and at the first refusal to meet his demands, Trimble had blurted it out.

Crooke and Levison enjoyed the situation.

"What a wippin' car!" Arthur Augustus remarked, by way of getting off the subject.

But Racke's dear friends were not at all disposed to get off the subject. They lacked the exquisite manners of the swell of St. Jim's.

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"Cheeky young rotter, that Trimble," said Crooke. "I suppose it's true that he knew you before you came to this school, Racke?"

"No, it isn't!" said Racke savagely.

"I've heard him say that his pater did business with yours, and couldn't collect his accounts from Racke & Hacke. Of course, I don't believe it!" said Crooke, in a tone that implied that he did believe it.

"It's all lies, of course," said Racke. "Old Trimble was a commercial traveller, I think, and my pater turned him down!"

"Of course, your people were always rich, weren't they?" said Levison.

"Of—of course they were," said Racke.

"It's just rot of Lowther to nickname you 'Spending-it-now,'" continued Levison agreeably.

"At any rate, I do spend it!" snapped Racke.

"You don't seem to have much to spend, Levison!"

"I haven't," said Levison, with a laugh. "I couldn't have paid my whack in this car. I'm willing to sponge on you like Crooke and D'Arcy—and I own up!"

"Weally, Levison—"

"But if Trimble didn't know you," said Crooke, in a thoughtful sort of way, "how does he get that queer idea into his head that your name's Peter?"

"It's a lie!"

"Then your name really isn't Peter?"

"Of course it isn't!" roared Racke.

"Peter's a jolly good name," said Levison.

"I've got an Uncle Peter. Still, I think I shall call him Uncle Aubrey after this!"

"It sounds more aristocratic!" grinned Crooke. "What do you think, D'Arcy?"

"I do not think at all about mattahs that do not concern me, Cwooke!"

"Yes, let the subject drop; Racke doesn't like it," remarked Levison.

"Oh, certainly! It's all right, Racke; we don't believe for a moment that your name isn't Adolphus—I mean Aubrey," assured Crooke. "I suppose you were named after a relation—what? Some rich uncle?"

Racke did not appear to hear the question, and his dear friends let the subject drop at last, though with the intention of making it the joke of the School House when they returned to St. Jim's.

The car buzzed on by green lanes and dusty roads. It was a splendid afternoon, and the drive was enjoyable enough. Arthur Augustus tried to feel at his ease; but it was not easy for him to join in the chat of his companions.

Crooke and Levison talked "gee-gees," a topic which was evidently agreeable to Racke. Some of Racke's overflowing wealth evidently went on "gee-gees." When the car was a dozen miles from St. Jim's, Crooke produced his cigarette-case and passed it round.

Three young rascals began to smoke.

"You'll have a fag, D'Arcy?" said Crooke, with a grin.

"I thank you, Cwooke, but I will not have a fag!"

"Oh, come, we're out for the day!" said Crooke. "No chance of prefects spotting us here. No humbug, you know!"

"I decline to weply to that remark, Cwooke!"

"Well, please yourself," said Crooke, shrugging his shoulders. "Blessed if I see the use of keeping up a game of spoof so far from the school!"

Peculiar Postmarks

Postmarks sometimes have more than a mere postal significance, and our stamp expert tells of some strange examples.

THOUGH most stamp collectors prefer unused to used stamps, there's a lot to be said for postmarked stamps and postmarks themselves. In many cases, when a stamp's genuineness is doubted, a postmark can clinch matters.

For some unknown reason, forgers seem to ignore the evidence a postmark can often give. More than a few times they have been known to produce immaculate forgeries, then spoil things—for themselves, at least—by faking a postmark which could never possibly have been used.

EASY PREY TO THE UNSCRUPULOUS.

Black is the almost universal colour of a postmark. We ourselves tried out red when we started adhesive stamps. The following directions, issued by the Secretary of the G.P.O. in April, 1840, to all postmasters and sub-postmasters, show how the ink was made: "1 lb. printers' red ink, 1 pint rendered oil, ½ pint of the droppings of sweet oil, to be well mixed."



Next door to a postmark is this overprint, which rendered Russian stamps usable in the Ukraine.

Such a doubtful composition proved easy prey to the unscrupulous, who systematically cleaned off the postmarks. The loss of revenue that resulted caused the authorities to swap the stamp's colour for the postmark's. Our lovely, famous Penny Black became the familiar Penny Red, and postmarks henceforth were made in black.

Possibly the Afghans had heard of our experiences, for when they started stamp issuing in the 1870's they were determined to take no chances. Their postmarking took the form of a snip out of every stamp sold across the post office counter. In other words, their stamps were "used" before being used.

"There is such a thing as bein' respectable, Cwooke."

"No harm in a smoke," yawned Levison. "These are good fags, too. I hope the smoke doesn't bother you, D'Arcy," he added, as the swell of St. Jim's coughed.

"As a mattah of fact, it does a little, Levison."

"Sorry!" said Levison.

He continued to smoke, giving Arthur Augustus the benefit of it as much as possible. There was, as Crooke had said, little danger of being spotted by anybody belonging to St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus fervently hoped that they would not pass anybody he knew while he was in the company of three such unspeakable bounders. Even the trip to the coast did not reconcile the fastidious Gussy to the company he was in.

"Where are we going to stop?" asked Levison.

"Picnic on the seashore," said Racke.

"Ripping!"

Consequently, if you're lucky enough to obtain any early Afghans, don't despise the snipped ones.

A KING'S SPECIAL POSTMARK.

From time to time postmarks have had more than a mere postal significance.

King Ferdinand II. of Sicily was, it seems, very proud of himself. As might be expected, his portrait appeared on the stamps, but it was too grand and important a thing to be defaced by a normal postmark. Accordingly, a special ornate frame postmark was adopted, which, when used, framed the king's head most artistically.

This whim was seized on by the king's enemies, and when they got the chance they saw to it that the postmark passed right through his portrait instead of surrounding it.

More recently, in Persia, a somewhat similar thing occurred. When Shah Ahmed was deposed the postal officials were ordered to mark, good and proper, any letters franked with stamps bearing his likeness. They had to smear the stamp with burnt cork. Severe punishment was promised anyone who failed to do this.

A practice which has done much to lower the significance of postmarking in the eyes of the collector has been that of postmarking to order; that is, issuing stamps to dealers already postmarked for the benefit of those stamp collectors who believe a stamp is only genuine when "used." Numerous European countries, just after the Great War, were guilty of this. The postmark generally looks "too good to be true," being neatly placed in the corner of the stamp. Further, when you turn the stamp over, more often than not you find its original gum, still bright and fresh, shining up at you.

The rapid car was eating up the miles, and the sea came in sight at last. Wide and blue, the Channel rolled in the sunshine, dotted with sails and the smoke of steamers.

"Bai Jove! That's wippin'!" said Arthur Augustus. "It's been a splendid wun, Wacke."

"It's a topping car!" said Racke. "They're charging me a bob a mile, you know."

Levison and Crooke grinned, and Arthur Augustus shuddered.

"Racke, R.O.E.!" murmured Levison.

"You'll have a tidy bill to pay," remarked Crooke.

"Oh, that's nothing to me!" said Racke airily. "I can afford it!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

"Did you speak, Gussy?"

"N-no!"

The car stopped in the road near the shore, and the juniors alighted. Racke lifted out a heavy lunch-basket. He gave instructions to the

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A postmark de luxe! Here's how the Persians dealt with their deposed Shah.

chauffeur to wait, and the party selected a spot for camping.

The picnic was very enjoyable by the side of the blue, smiling sea, and the run in the car had given the juniors an appetite.

The lunch-basket had been packed, like everything appertaining to Aubrey Racke, regardless of expense. It was, as Levison declared, a feast for the gods.

Arthur Augustus frowned as a couple of long-necked bottles came into view.

"Champagne, by gum!" said Levison. "That's simply topping!"

"Oh, let's have a good time, and hang the expense!" said Racke. "Fish out the glasses, will you—four?"

"Thwee will be enough," said Arthur Augustus quietly. "I do not dwink champagne, Wacke."

"Oh, be pally, you know!" said Crooke. "A short life and a merry one!"

"You would get into a feahful wow if the Head knew."

"Well, you're not going to tell the Head, I suppose?" said Racke.

He had drunk a couple of glasses in a way that showed that champagne was no new drink to him. It had the quality, at least, of being much more expensive than ginger-beer, though perhaps not equal to it as a beverage.

Arthur Augustus sat on the sand in a state of restive discomfort. He was longing for the outing to be over. He felt that his politeness would not stand much more of the company of these riotous bounders.

But his sufferings had not reached the maximum yet. The feed being over, Racke produced a pack of cards, to the evident satisfaction of Levison and Crooke. Both of them had hopes of relieving Money-bags minor of some of his wealth.

"What's the game going to be?" said Racke. "You play bridge, of course, Gussy?"

"Yaas."

"Any objection to a quid a hundred?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Levison. "Draw it mild! We're not all giddy millionaires, Spending-it-now, you know."

"I do not play bwidge for money, Wacke."

"What do you play it for?" grinned Racke, who was excited with the wine he had swallowed. "Look here, I'll lend you some money, if you like. I've got lots."

"I wufuse to gamble!"

"Oh, don't be an ass! You don't want to look on while we play, I suppose?"

"Certainly not! If I had known you intended anythin' of the sort, I would not have come with you," said Arthur Augustus, with deep resentment. "If you are goin' to gamble, I will take a stwoll."

"Take a stroll, and be hanged!" said Crooke, who was red and flushed. "We don't want any nincompoops here!"

"If you allude to me as a nincompoop, Cwooke, I'll—"

"Well, why don't you have a game, and leave humbug at home?" said Crooke aggressively. "Do you think old Kildare or old Railton might happen on us, twenty miles from school?"

"I do not think anythin' of the kind. I am thinkin' of my self-wespect."

"Oh, don't be funny!"

Arthur Augustus clenched his fists for a moment. But it was not much use to fight

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Crooke of the Shell—that would not undo his folly in having joined such a party. He walked along the shore with his noble nose high in the air.

Crooke and Levison and Racke laughed scoffingly.

Racke, who was under the influence of the champagne, seemed to have forgotten his desire to keep well in with the Honourable Arthur Augustus.

The three young rascals proceeded to gamble, and Racke's famous pocket-wallet came into view, with the greedy eyes of Levison and Crooke on it.

But Racke did not prove an easy pigeon to pluck. After an hour's play, Gerald Crooke was scowling and morose; he was several pounds out of pocket. Levison had done very well, though. He had annexed a fiver belonging to Racke. The Fourth Former was looking very cheery.

Arthur Augustus had not appeared. The swell of St. Jim's did not intend to return until the hour fixed for starting back to the school.

"This is something like," remarked Racke. "No reason why a chap shouldn't have a good time when he's at school, that I can see—specially when he's got plenty of money."

"Oh, give us a rest about the money!" snapped Crooke, who was in a very ill-humour after his losses. "We know you're rich, Peter Racke."

"Cheese it, Crooke!" said Levison hastily, as Racke's brow darkened. "Keep your temper. You shouldn't play, if you can't lose!"

"Who can't lose?" snapped Crooke.

"Well, keep your temper!"

"Who's not keeping his temper?"

"Oh, shut up!"

"If you want a thick ear, you cad—"

"Don't begin to row now!" said Racke savagely. "Your deal, Crooke!"

Crooke sullenly took the cards and dealt. There was a step on the rock path, and Racke looked up, expecting to see Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"You've come back to take a hand?" he asked. "Why— Oh, my hat!"

It was not D'Arcy. It was Mr. Railton, the Housemaster of the School House, who stood there looking down at the dismayed gamblers with a thunderous brow.

CHAPTER 8.

Brought to Book!

UTTER dismay fell upon the trio. The cards slipped from Crooke's unsteady hand, scattering over his knees, and on the sand.

Mr. Railton did not speak. His grim glance took in the whole scene—the empty, long-necked bottles on the sand, the flushed faces of the three juniors, the cards, the cigarettes, the money.

The three juniors sat frozen. Racke was the least dismayed. He had not been long enough at St. Jim's to realise the full seriousness of the escapade. But he knew that it was serious.

Crooke and Levison were almost frozen with fear.

What on earth had brought Mr. Railton there? They were twenty miles from St. Jim's, in a lonely spot on the sea coast.

It was not unusual for Mr. Railton to take a little run down to the sea on a half-holiday, but the juniors had never dreamed of falling in with him.

It was the wildest of chances that he should have chosen that afternoon for a breath of sea air—that his walk by the coast should have led him in their direction. That had not entered into their calculations at all.

The Housemaster had been sauntering along the shore carelessly enough, when he spotted the party. At a distance he had taken them for a gang of riotous trippers.

As he came nearer he had seen that they were St. Jim's fellows. Then he had walked directly towards them, the sand deadening his footsteps, and his arrival came as a complete surprise to the "blades."

Mr. Railton broke the tense silence at last.

"Crooke, Levison, Racke! Get up!"

The juniors rose to their feet.

Crooke and Levison were pale. Racke was trying to recover his nerve.

It was not for Racke, the son of Racke, the millionaire, to be bowled over by an angry Housemaster. But in spite of his upstart insolence, Racke quailed under the stern eye of the Housemaster of St. Jim's.

"I need not ask you what this means?" said Mr. Railton, his tone as cutting as a knife. "I can see only too well. So this is the way you amuse yourselves when you are out of sight of the school?"

"I—I—I—" stammered Crooke, with a deadly look at Racke.

Expulsion from the school was looming over him, and at that moment he could have struck the upstart of St. Jim's senseless with keen pleasure. This was the result of helping Racke to "spend it now!"

"I take you as the one chiefly responsible, Crooke, as you are the eldest," said Mr. Railton.

"It isn't true, sir!" shouted Crooke. "I was led into this. It was Racke's idea from the beginning!"

"Is that true, Racke?"

Racke gave the cad of the Shell a glance of contempt. His precious pal was not likely to stand by him in the hour of danger.

"I brought the party out, sir!" he said. "I am not denying it. I don't see why a chap shouldn't have some fun when he can afford it!"

"You call this fun?"

"Yes, sir!" said Racke.

"The—the fact is, sir," said Levison, "it—was really only a—a sort of joke, sir! We are not in the habit of playing cards, of course. We thought it would be rather a lark to try!"

"Yes, that's it, sir!" said Crooke, quick to catch the cue from the more cunning Levison. "I've never played cards before—for money, I mean. I've played round games at Christmas for—for nuts."

Mr. Railton looked at them hard.

Naturally, he did not know the two rascals so well as they knew one another, and he was not unwilling to believe that matters were not quite so bad as they looked at first glance.

"You hardly seem to be aware of the seriousness of the matter!" he said. "Are you aware that if a policeman saw you so engaged you would be liable to arrest and prosecution?"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Crooke.

He knew it well enough, but it suited him to appear quite ignorant of that dreadful possibility.

"Is—is it possible?" ejaculated Levison.

"You know that gambling is illegal, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but we weren't gambling!" said Levison confidently. "I—I hope you don't think so badly of us as that, sir!"

"What do you call it, then, Levison?"

"Well, it was just a lark, sir!"

"I hope you are speaking truthfully, Levison, and that you did not realise the seriousness of what you were doing," said the Housemaster quietly.

"I assure you, sir——"

"It was only a game, sir," said Crooke. "Of course, it was wrong—I knew that! But I didn't think of it before. Racke just proposed a game of cards to kill time, that was all. We—we weren't going to keep our winnings, of course!"

"Of course not!" said Levison, looking quite shocked.

"I am afraid I cannot wholly believe that statement," said Mr. Railton dryly. "I am willing to believe that you did not realise to the full the rascality of your conduct. I shall report this matter to Dr. Holmes to be dealt with and leave it



"Dear me, Brown! My father always said I should soar above all other scientists!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to H. Jones, 267, Allesley Old Road, Coventry.

in his hands. I trust that he may consider a severe flogging sufficient to meet the case."

"Oh, sir!"

"You deserve to be expelled from the school—all of you!" said Mr. Railton. "Racke, as a new boy, is probably the least to blame."

"I don't see any harm in it, sir," said Racke.

"What!"

"I've done it before, often enough."

"Indeed! Am I to understand that you were allowed to smoke and gamble and drink at home?"

"I've generally done as I liked!"

"You will not be able to do as you like at school, Racke! Indeed, I think the Head may consider that St. Jim's is not a proper place for you after your very peculiar training."

Racke's jaw dropped.

"I—I don't want to leave St. Jim's, sir," he faltered.

"You will probably have no choice about that. You have apparently added drinking to your other vices," said Mr. Railton, with a glance at the champagne bottles. "I would never willingly have believed that such conduct was possible among St. Jim's boys."

"We—we just tasted the stuff to see what it was like, sir," said Levison. "It was packed in the luncheon-basket by mistake."

"By mistake, Levison?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Racke telephoned for a tip-top

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lunch, and the duffers couldn't have known that it was for schoolboys. They sent us just the ordinary lunch-basket of the most expensive kind. We didn't know the champagne was in it till we unpacked it!"

"That's so, sir," said Crooke. "I had just a sip—it quite made me sick, sir!"

"You ordered the lunch-basket, Racke?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Where did you order it?"

"At Blankley's, in Wayland, to be put in the car, sir."

"Did you specify that champagne was to be placed in the basket?"

"N-no, sir!"

"Did you explain to them that you were a schoolboy?"

"N-no, sir!"

"Are you willing that investigation should be made at Blankley's, and the terms of your order inquired into?"

Racke was silent.

Mr. Railton's lip curled.

"I do not think I need ask you any more questions," he said. "You will return to the school at once! You came, I suppose, in the car I passed in the road?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You will return immediately. On my return I shall report the matter to Dr. Holmes. You will certainly be flogged, and you may be expelled from the school. Another point! I understand, from your remark as I came up, that you had a companion here?"

The three juniors exchanged glances.

They had forgotten Arthur Augustus D'Arcy for the moment.

"Was he a schoolfellow?" asked Mr. Railton.

Racke drew a long breath.

"No, sir!" he said distinctly. "A fellow that I knew, that's all."

Crooke and Levison were silent. Crooke would have been glad enough to drag D'Arcy into his disgrace, but after what Racke had said he could not speak.

"You assure me that it was not a St. Jim's boy?" asked Mr. Railton.

"Yes, sir," said Racke calmly.

Even at that moment the heir of Racke & Hacke realised what a claim it would give him upon the son of Lord Eastwood to "face the music" without having dragged D'Arcy into it!

As for being sacked from the school, Racke did not believe that would happen.

He simply could not realise that the Head might expel a fellow with so much money.

"Very well!" said Mr. Railton. "It he does not belong to the school his conduct is no concern of mine. You will return at once and remain within the gates."

"Yes, sir," said Levison humbly.

Nothing more was said. In silence the Housemaster watched the merry "blades"—not so merry now—take their departure, and the big car rolled away with them.

CHAPTER 9.

Looking After Gussy!

TOM MERRY smiled as a big motor buzzed in at the gateway and rolled up to the School House. The House match was over, and the Terrible Three were chatting on the steps when the merry party came home.

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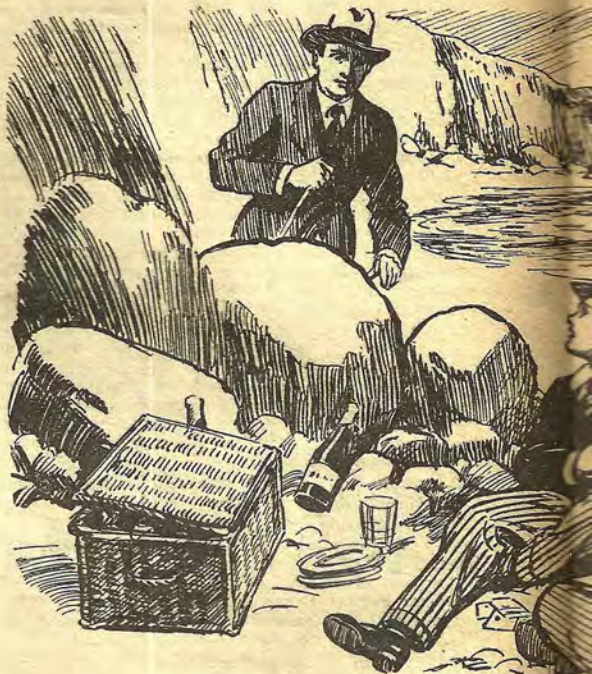
"Here comes young Spending-it-now!" grinned Monty Lowther.

"They don't look very joyful, though!" Manners remarked, critically surveying the three juniors as they alighted from the car.

"Where's Gussy, I wonder?" Tom Merry remarked.

The big car rolled away, and the three "blades" came up the steps.

Racke was looking cool and unconcerned, as far as he could; but Levison and Crooke made no attempt to conceal their dismay. The two young rascals were completely knocked over by the discovery.



Racke looked up as he heard a step, expecting to see D'Arcy, the Housemaster of the School House, who stood looking down.

They were anticipating the interview with the Head with the gloomiest forebodings.

"Hallo! Had a good time, Racke?" asked Tom Merry.

"Ripping!" said Racke coolly.

"Oh, let us be joyful!" grinned Monty Lowther. "Wherefore that worried frown, Crooke, my merry blade?"

"Go and eat coke!" growled Crooke, and he swung sullenly into the House.

"Anything happened?" asked Tom.

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Railton dropped on us!"

"Railton!" ejaculated the Terrible Three.

"Yes. He had chosen this special afternoon for a trot by the sea, and he dropped on us! Rotten luck!"

Tom Merry looked puzzled.

"Well, Railton isn't dangerous," he said. "What did it matter if he dropped on you?"

"We happened to be playing cards."
 "Oh, you rotter!"
 "And the champagne bottles were in evidence. It was rather a knock-out!"
 "Who wouldn't be a merry blade?" grinned Lowther. "Did you ask Railton to take a hand in the game? Or offer him some cham?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I think it'll be a flogging," said Levison, rubbing his hands. "I think we shall get out of the sack—Racke being a new boy—and myself a youngster under Crooke's influence—"
 "My hat!"
 "It may come hardest on Crooke," said Levison



But it was not Arthur Augustus! It was Mr. Railton, down at the dismayed gamblers with a thunderous brow!

coolly. "An older fellow than me, he ought not to have led me into it."

"More likely you led him, in my opinion," growled Manners.

"Lucky Railton isn't of your opinion," said Levison calmly. "I shouldn't wonder if Racke isn't sacked, though."

"They won't sack me in a hurry," sneered Racke. "My pater would kick up a row, I can tell you."

"The Head would tell your pater to go and eat coke—in more classic language," remarked Monty Lowther. "You're in a bad box. You'd better not come any swank with the Head, or you're a gone coon."

"Oh, rot!" said Racke uneasily. And he followed Crooke into the House.

Blake, Herries, and Digby came up the steps.

"So you've come back," said Blake, eyeing Levison rather grimly. "Where's Gussy?"

"Haven't the least idea."

"He didn't come with you?"

"No."

"Was he with you when Railton found you boozing and smoking and gambling?" said Tom Merry.

Blake jumped.

"Found what?" he yelled.

"That's what he found," said Monty Lowther, with a chuckle. "Young Money-bags was spending the profits of Racke & Hacke."

"The rotten hound!" growled Blake. "I suspected something of that kind. But I know Gussy wouldn't have a hand in it!"

"He'd gone for a stroll when Railton came on us," said Levison. "Racke told old Railton a thumping whopper—told him the other member of the party didn't belong to St. Jim's, so D'Arcy's clear."

Blake drew a deep breath.

"Jolly narrow escape for Gussy!" he said. "If he'd been found with them, he'd have been set down as a rotten blackguard like the rest. I fancy this will cure him of consorting with bounders!"

"Perhaps he's not clear of it yet," sneered Levison.

Blake clenched his fists.

"You mean you're going to sneak, you toad?"

"Not at all; it wouldn't do me any good. I'd put it all on Gussy, if I could! But I can't," said Levison coolly. "But if Crooke is sacked, he will jaw it all out at the top of his voice. He won't be sacked alone."

"Gussy's done nothing wrong," said Blake fiercely.

"He will have to prove that, if it comes out that he was one of the party," said Levison, shrugging his shoulders. And he strolled into the House, leaving the chums of the School House dismayed and uneasy.

"My hat!" said Digby. "This is a go! It serves the dummy right for having anything to do with that blackguard Racke!"

"The beast has been fairly forcing his friendship on Gussy ever since he came," grunted Herries. "I've told Gussy a dozen times to have nothing to do with him."

"Same here!" growled Blake. "Gussy is such an obstinate mule. But those cads will keep it dark, surely?"

"Gussy will be able to say that he didn't join in their blackguardism," said Tom. "The Head will believe him."

Blake groaned.

"Gussy's such an ass. Most likely he'd think it the game to stand by them, if it all came out. He would be afraid of looking a Good Little Georgie, if he said he wasn't a bad little boy like the rest, and all that. It's just like him to own up, and face the music with them."

"Don't let him, then."

"I won't if I can stop him!" said Blake doubtfully.

It was in a worried frame of mind that Tom Merry & Co. waited for Arthur Augustus to come in.

Tea was over in Study No. 6, and the six juniors were in that famous apartment, discussing the matter, when Arthur Augustus' footsteps were heard in the passage.

Six grim faces were turned upon the swell of St. Jim's as he entered.

Arthur Augustus looked very tired, and a little cross, and considerably indignant.

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"Oh, here you are!" grunted Blake.
 "Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus, sinking into the armchair. "Fwightfully fagged, deah boy. I have been tweeked with gwoss diswespect."
 "Meet Railton?" asked Blake anxiously.
 "Waiton? No."
 "Oh, good!"

"I left the party for a time," explained Arthur Augustus. "I had my weason for leavin' them. When I came back, they were gone. Actually gone off in the cah, you know. Wasn't it wotten? It took me quite a long time to wealise that they had played me such a wotten twick. I had to walk four miles to a beastly station, and take a beastly slow twain, and I have weally had a vevy fatiguin' journey. I am fwightfully tired and fwightfully hungwy."

"Serve you right!" said Blake heartlessly.

"Weally, Blake—"

The door opened, and Trimble of the Fourth looked in, with a look of excitement on his face.

"Gussy here?" he exclaimed. "I thought I saw him come in!"

"I weally wish you would not address me as Gussy, Twimble!"

"There's going to be a jolly row," chuckled Trimble. "Jolly glad I didn't come with you, after all. He, he, he!"

"Weally, Twimble—"

"Get out, you fat duffer!" growled Blake.

"I say, Railton's come in, and he's been with the Head. Crooke, Levison, and Racke have been sent for—"

"Shut up!"

"Look here, you know, they've been sent for, and— Yaroo!" roared Trimble of the Fourth, as Blake seized him and hurled him bodily into the passage.

The door of Study No. 6 slammed after him.

"Bai Jove! What was Twimble talkin' about, deah boy?"

"Oh, gassing, as usual!" said Blake gruffly.

"Have Cwooke, Wacke, and Levison got into a wow?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Are you hungry?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Then we'll get tea for you," said Blake. "You stick in that chair, and don't move. You can cut down to the tuckshop, Dig!"

"Right-ho!" said Digby.

"Bai Jove, you are weally kind, Blake!"

"I believe in kindness to animals," said Blake.

"Weally, you ass—"

"Shove the cloth on, Herries—"

"I will go and speak to Wacke while you are gettin' tea."

"Never mind Racke now."

"But I want to tell him how I wegard his conduct in desertin' me, deah boy, and to tell him that I wufese to speak to him again."

"You can tell him that after tea," said Tom Merry. "Don't deprive us of your company, Gussy, after deserting us at footer."

"Bai Jove! If you put it like that, Tom Mewwy—"

"I do put it like that," said the captain of the Shell solemnly.

"Then I will leave Wacke till aftah tea, deah boy!"

Arthur Augustus settled down very cheerfully to be looked after and waited on. Never had his friends been so attentive.

It did not occur to the easy-going mind of Arthur Augustus that there was an ulterior motive for their excessive attentiveness.

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By the time tea was over the interview of the delinquents in the Head's study was also over, and Arthur Augustus was quite ignorant that it had taken place.

Whether Arthur Augustus would have insisted upon joining Racke & Co. to face the Head, his chums could not feel sure; but they were quite sure that they did not mean to give him a chance.

CHAPTER 10.

A Flogging for Three!

OUTSIDE Study No. 6 there was a good deal of excitement in the School House.

Tom Merry & Co. were keeping Arthur Augustus too busy for him to become aware of it, and Trimble's effort to impart information had been nipped in the bud.

But the rest of the School House was in a buzz. The story of the afternoon's excursion was known far and wide. The heir of the Racke millions had been spending his money in the way most profits are spent, and he had been caught in the act.

Racke senior could spend profits in vulgar extravagance and profusion as much as he liked. He could paint the West End red to any extent. But Racke junior was not quite so free to do as he liked. Racke junior was being called to strict account.

All the school knew that Racke and his companions had been caught gambling and smoking and mopping up champagne—caught in the very act by Mr. Railton himself.

The general opinion was that Racke's stay at St. Jim's would come to a sudden and inglorious end.

Racke was cool, almost jaunty, as he obeyed the summons to the Head's study; Levison and Crooke were white and worried.

In the passage quite a crowd of juniors gathered to see them when they came out.

But they did not come out soon. A murmur of voices could be heard from the study, and Trimble ventured along to the keyhole, and he came back with the report that the Head was slanging the three wretched "blades" a treat. After that an ominous sound was heard from the study—the heavy swishing of a birch.

"Flogging 'em, by gum!" said Gore of the Shell.

"Well, they've asked for it," remarked Kangaroo. "I wonder if they're going to be sacked, too!"

"What a surprise for the old man if young Racke came home sacked!" chuckled Mellish.

There was a sound of yelling from the study.

"That's Crooke," said Kerruish. "Crooke never could stand a licking."

"Young Racke hasn't yelled," remarked Glyn.

"There goes Levison!"

Levison's voice could be heard, raised in anguish, but Racke had not been heard to yell. Crooke's minor was evidently tough.

"Perhaps the Head's laying it on lightly on account of the millions," said Trimble sagely.

"Rot!" said Kangaroo.

"Here they come!"

The study door opened, and three juniors limped out. They were twisting with pain as they walked.

Crooke was fairly doubled up. The flabby slacker of the Shell was in no condition to bear punishment. Levison was pale, but there was a

sardonic smile on his hard face. Racke was looking furious.

"Sacked?" asked a dozen voices, as they came squirming down the passage.

"Sorry to disappoint you," said Levison politely. "We're not sacked. The Head thought a flogging would meet the case. We agreed."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow!" mumbled Crooke.

"I'll write to my father about this!" snarled Racke. "The governors will hear about this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear chap, the governors don't care twopence for you!" said Clifton Dane. "They're more likely to think the Head ought to have sacked you."

Racke scowled and went on his way.

Levison went to his study to console himself with a cigarette. He was hurt, but he was congratulating himself on having escaped cheaply.

The Head had taken the view that Racke was the worst of the party, and that the others had been, to some extent, under his influence.

The fact that Racke was a new-boy worked in his favour, or certainly he would have been expelled. As it was, all three had been flogged, and Racke had received a warning that if he was discovered in the same habits he had no mercy to expect next time.

The Head had a natural reluctance to send the boy home before he had been at the school a week, and he could make allowances for the bad training Racke had evidently received at home.

Also, he hoped that the severe lesson might make all the difference to him. He made the lesson severe enough. The heir to millions was quite pale as he entered his study, and found Crooke groaning in the armchair.

Crooke looked up at him with a sullen, savage brow.

"Precious ending to an outing!" he snarled. "You needn't ask me to another—if you're fool enough to have another."

Racke set his lips.

"There'll be a good many others; but I shall be more careful next time," he said. "It was rotten luck that Railton should have dropped on us as he did!"

"Something's always happening when a fellow thinks he's quite safe!" growled Crooke. "You can leave me out next time. I don't see keeping it dark about D'Arcy, either. He was with us."

"He didn't do anything to be punished for."

"Well, no; but he ought to have faced the music with us," said Crooke, rather unreasonably. "The Head wouldn't have believed that he was a whitewashed angel if D'Arcy had told him so. I don't suppose he'd have told him so, either."

"Oh rot!" said Racke.

There was nothing said in the study for some time, only a chorus of groans and mumbles.

When Racke left the study at last, Crooke was still squirming in the armchair and groaning. The black sheep of the Shell had had a lesson that was likely to last him some time.

Racke went down the passage when he had recovered, and tapped at the door of Study No. 6 and looked in.

Arthur Augustus was there alone. It was more than an hour since the flogging, and Blake & Co. had gone out after tea.

Arthur Augustus, who was tired after his long journey that afternoon, remained in the study armchair, resting. He was thinking of seeking

out Racke & Co., when the door opened and the fellow he was thinking of looked in.

Arthur Augustus rose to his feet and jammed his eyeglass into his eye. With that aid to a crushing glance, he surveyed Racke.

His look started at Racke's face, and travelled down to his feet; then it travelled up again to his face.

The process was what Arthur Augustus described as "lookin' the wottah up and down." It was intended to wither Racke on the spot.

Racke, however, did not wither in the least. He seemed surprised.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Weally, Wacke—"

"I thought you'd have got in by this time," said Racke. "I'd have come before, only I've been feeling rather bad. The Head laid it on pretty thick."

"I am sowwy you are in twouble with the Head, Wacke, but aftah your wotten conduct in desertin' me this aftahnoon, I wefuse to speak to you again!"

Racke chuckled.

"You don't know what happened, then?"

"I don't care a wap what happened. I know you buzzed off and left me stwanded miles from the school, and I had a feahfully exhaustin' journey home."

"Jolly lucky for you I did. Haven't the chaps told you what happened?" asked Racke. "Railton spotted us, and we've been reported and flogged."

"Bai Jove!"

"Railton sent us home at once. If we'd told him you were in the party you'd have been

(Continued on the next page.)



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flogged, too!" explained Racke. "I only hoped you wouldn't fall in with Railton after we were gone."

"Gweat Scott!"

Arthur Augustus sank limply into the armchair and blinked at Racke.

CHAPTER 11.

Not to be Dropped!

"YOU—you were caught out by Wailton, Wacke?" gasped the swell of St. Jim's at last. "Smokin', gamblin', and dwinkin'!"

"Yes."

"I wondah you haven't been sacked!"

"The Head went easy with me because I was a new boy; haven't had time yet to get into the high and moral ways of the giddy school," said Racke, with a sneering laugh. "My pater would have made a row if I'd been sacked, I know that."

"The Head would not care for your patah, Wacke."

"My pater could buy up the school, and the Board of Governors, too, if he liked," said Racke arrogantly. "Money talks, you know. Anyway, I'm left off with a licking. I can stand a licking—I'm not soft. Crooke is fairly knocked out!"

"I must remark that it serves you all wight, Wacke! As you had no choice about leavin' me stwanded, I ovahlook that mattah. I see that it was a misundahstandin'," said Arthur Augustus. "But it is wathah wemarkable that the Head has not sent for me, as I was a membah of the party."

"The Head doesn't know."

"Oh!" said D'Arcy.

"Crooke and Levison said nothing—it wouldn't have helped them. I told Mr. Railton there was no other St. Jim's chap in the party."

"You—you did? But that wasn't true!"

Racke shrugged his shoulders.

"You have actually told Mr. Wailton a falsehood to scween me!" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's.

"I suppose you don't want a flogging, do you?"

"It would not be a question of a floggin' for me," said D'Arcy, with great dignity. "I have done nothin' w'ong!"

"The Head would have believed that you were tarred with the same brush, as you were a member of the party."

"I twust that the Head would have accepted my assuance on that point," said Arthur Augustus. "As a mattah of fact, I feel bound to explain to the Head that I was a membah of the party. If I had known about this, I should have come with you to see the Head."

"Lucky for you you didn't!"

"Bai Jove! I undahstand now why those boundahs were keepin' me in this study!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Howevah, I shall go to Mr. Wailton and tell him that I was a membah of the party. Othahwise, I am placed in the position of deceivin' him."

"You can't," said Racke quietly. "He wouldn't believe that you came with us without joining in the little game—even if you could tell him that you were a good Little Georgie who was shocked at the naughty goings-on of your bad little companions!" And Racke grinned.

D'Arcy winced.

"I should not tell Mr. Wailton that. But I feel bound to let him know that I was in the

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party, as the party has been hauled ovah the coals."

"No need to! You're safe out of it now—I've seen to that. I've stuffed Railton up; you don't want to tell him so, I suppose!"

"Bai Jove! It's a wotten posish," said D'Arcy. "Do you sewiously mean to tell me, Wacke, that you told Mr. Wailton a falsehood?"

Racke looked curiously at the swell of the School House. In the estimable home circle of Racke & Hacke, a falsehood was not considered a very deadly sin.

Probably Racke senior had as many falsehoods as fivers to his credit. Such surroundings and such training had naturally made Racke cynical and unscrupulous.

But he was no fool; and he could see that Arthur Augustus was in earnest, and was seriously distressed.

Among any of his earlier associations, the heir of millions would have regarded such a distress as palpable humour. But he was keen enough to see that D'Arcy's scruples of honour, though new to his experience, were genuine enough. He was surprised, that was all.

But D'Arcy's sentiments woke no echo in his heart. They helped to lower his opinion of Arthur Augustus' intelligence. A fine sense of honour did not consort with bloated profits.

"It's howwid!" continued Arthur Augustus, moving restlessly about the study. "I undahstand that you did it to scween me, Wacke, supposin' that I should have been misjudged and flogged. I suppose I ought to feel vewy much obliged to you. But I wish you hadn't done it. It is howwid!"

"I stuffed Railton up to keep you out of it," said Racke. "I took you into the affair, and I couldn't see you suffer if it could be avoided."

"Yaas, I know your motive." It did not even occur to D'Arcy's simple mind to suspect that Racke's motive was bad. "I suppose it was frienship on your part; but I wish you had not done it. I cannot mention the mattah to Mr. Wailton now without giving you away, Wacke, and, of course, I cannot do that. And—and it is wotten."

To Racke's mind it was a trifle light as air. But he did not say so. He was quite willing to humour what he considered a weird peculiarity in the son of Lord Eastwood.

"Well, it can't be helped now," he said. "I—ahem—I wouldn't have told a lie to save myself."

"I am sure you wouldn't, deah boy! I should despise any fellow who would."

Racke suppressed a grin.

"So would I," he said. "But it was a question of saving you, you see."

"I am sure you misundahstood the mattah, Wacke. I was in no dangah. Mr. Wailton knows me well enough to twust me."

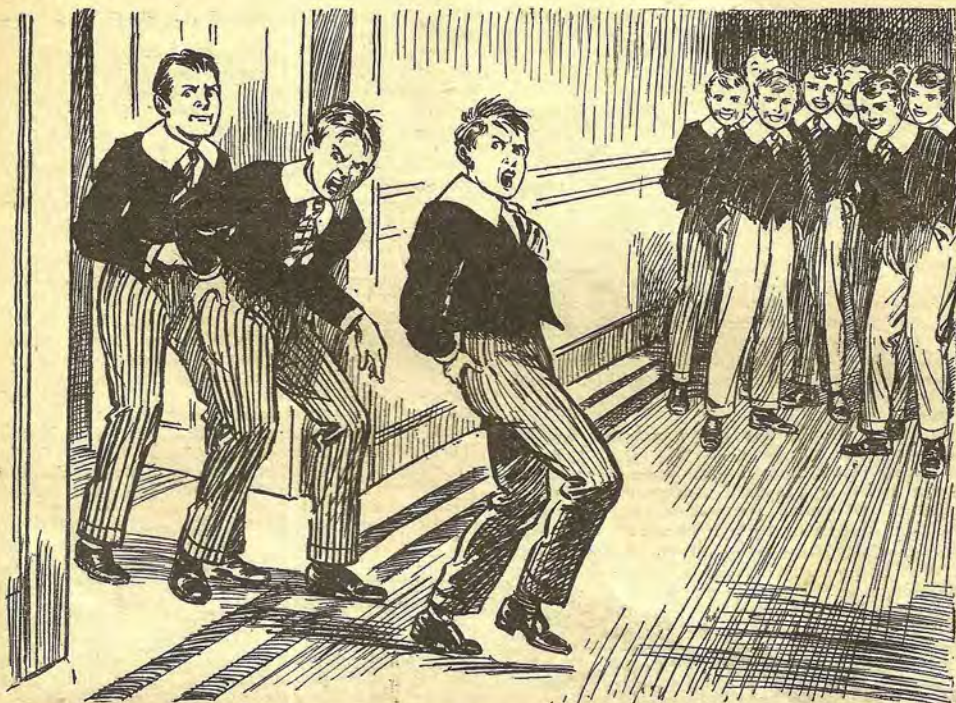
"Well, I thought you were," said Racke. "I did it to save you. Of course, it's rather on my conscience. But—but it was frienship, you know—I felt bound to see you clear of the trouble."

"I am vewy much obliged to you, Wacke! I quite undahstand how uttally wotten you must be feelin' about it at the pwesent moment," said Arthur Augustus sympathetically.

Racke was not conscious in the least of feeling at all rotten about it; falsehoods came too easily to him for that. But he nodded gravely.

"Pway nevah do anythin' of the kind again, Wacke. It is weally howwid!"

"Never," said Racke. "I—I must try to forget



"Here they come!" There was a murmur among the crowd of juniors waiting to see the three "blades" emerge. The Head's study door had opened and Racke, Crooke and Levison limped out, twisting with pain as they came. It was a sorry ending to their afternoon out!

about it—it will worry me for a long time, to think I have been guilty of deceit."

"Yaas, I suppose it will. I am weally vewy sowwy," said D'Arcy unsuspectingly.

There was a pause.

"The—the fact is, Wacke," said Arthur Augustus at last, "I'm sowwy I came out this aftahnoon. As our tastes are so dissimilah, deah boy, we are not likely to pull togethah in any way. I don't want to pweach to you, but evewythin' that went on this aftahnoon was what I wegard as wotten. I think you will agwee with me that we had bettah not have much to say to one anotheah aftah this."

Racke's eyes glittered.

He was perfectly well aware that Arthur Augustus did not want his friendship or his acquaintance. That had made no difference to him. He was determined to know Lord Eastwood's son and to pal with him.

He had come to St. Jim's as much as for anything else to make acquaintances among rich and titled people. But Arthur Augustus was not to get rid of him so easily. Racke had already learned that the swell of St. Jim's was easily imposed upon.

"You mean you want to throw me over because I got you out of a scrape in a way you don't approve of?" he said.

Arthur Augustus coloured.

"Not at all, Wacke. You can't call it thwowin' you ovah, as we are not weally fwinds. And it is not because you lied to Waiton. It was howwid,

but I know you acted against your conscience for my sake, and I am gwateful. But I can't have anythin' to do with a chap who smokes and gambles and dwinks."

"What's the harm in havin' a good time?"

"I do not wegard it as a good time; but I don't want to pweach to a fellow oldah than myself. But—but I can't have anythin' to do with you."

"If that's all, I'll chuck it over," said Racke. "I don't much care for that kind of thing, really. It was more to please Crooke than anything else. It's not to my taste. But—but you're the only chap I've taken to, D'Arcy, since I've been here, and—and—"

"Weally, Wacke, if you are sewious about givin' up that blackguardism, of course—"

"Honest Injun?" said Racke.

"Then we can be fwinds, if you like."

Arthur Augustus felt that he could say no less, after that tremendous sacrifice Racke had made for him, in telling a lie on his behalf.

He was not likely to suspect that Crœsus minor took to lying like a duck to water. And perhaps he was a little flattered at the idea of exercising a good influence over Racke, and bringing him back to the path of decency.

"Done!"

When Racke returned to his own study, he found Crooke still groaning in the armchair.

He lighted a cigarette, with a smile. If Arthur Augustus could have seen him just then, he would have known exactly how much Racke's "honest

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Injun" was worth. But Arthur Augustus did not see him.

CHAPTER 12.

Lowther's Little Wheeze!

"CONFOUND the fellow!"

Thus Jack Blake of the Fourth in Tom Merry's study a few days later.

Blake was frowning, and the Terrible Three were sympathetic.

"I'm not going to stand it," said Blake. "Can't you suggest what a fellow can do? That beast Racke has fairly fastened himself on Gussy. Gussy doesn't like him any more than we do, but he thinks Racke has a claim on him, and they're pals. Sooner or later Gussy will be landed in some of his rotten scrapes."

"Most likely," said Tom Merry. "Racke is an out and out cad. Why doesn't Gussy give him a wide berth?"

Blake snorted.

"The ass! Racke has made out that he got Gussy out of the scrape with Railton, by lying to him. Gussy thinks that lie must have given Racke an awful twist, and takes it as a proof of devoted friendship. Of course, the cad calculated on that—and he'd lie as soon as he'd breathe."

The Terrible Three grinned. It really seemed that the unspeakable Racke was succeeding in establishing himself as Gussy's pal.

And most of the House knew the kind of fellow Racke was by this time. He was a bigger

blackguard than Crooke of the Shell, which was saying a good deal.

More than once, already, he had broken bounds at night, leaving the Shell dormitory to seek some low haunt in Rylcombe. But he was exceedingly cautious about it, and was likely to keep up that method of "spending-it-now" for some time, till he was found out and sacked.

Crooke, Levison, and Mellish were his chief companions in his escapades, with Piggott of the Third and Clampe of the New House.

He had also formed an acquaintance with Cutts, the black sheep of the Fifth, and his set. Cutts & Co. despised the profiteer's son from the depths of their hearts; but all was grist that came to their mill.

That the unsuspecting Gussy should form such a friendship was naturally a worry to his chums. But that was not all. Sooner or later the swell of St. Jim's was likely enough to get implicated in some of Racke's questionable adventures. He had had one very narrow escape already.

"It's no good arguing with the ass," said Blake. "He believes that Racke has given up blackguardism. He's actually accused me of running the fellow down—because I told him what all the House knows."

"Silly ass!" commented Manners

"Well, he is an ass," admitted Blake. "But I'm not going to see him taken in by that beast. I've promised Racke a thick ear if I ever find him in my study; but that only puts Gussy's back up. He doesn't even know that Racke is buttering him because he's the son of a giddy nobleman, and rich. Racke intends to go to Eastwood House in the vac. He's pulling Gussy's leg for that. And suppose the brute gets bowled out, and Gussy gets landed with him?"

"Likely enough," said Monty Lowther.

"Well, what's a fellow going to do?" demanded Blake. "Herries proposes giving 'em a hiding each whenever they speak to one another."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'd do it quick enough, only that would make Gussy give our study the go-by, and leave him in Racke's hands. The silly ass thinks he doesn't need looking after."

"Lots of silly asses are like that," remarked Tom Merry. "The more they need looking after, the more they don't think they need it."

"Suppose—" began Monty Lowther.

"Oh, none of your blessed funny jokes!" growled Blake, catching the humorous gleam in Lowther's eyes.

"I've got an idea," said Lowther indignantly.

"Well, you can go ahead," said Blake, more graciously. "If it's a way of choking off Croesus minor, I'll be glad to hear it."

"Suppose Lord Eastwood were ruined—losses through shares collapsing, or something like that—"

"Eh?"

"And Gussy had to leave St. Jim's, fairly on his uppers," pursued Lowther. "That would be a test of friendship. All Gussy's true pals would rally round him—us, for example. I can see myself folding him to my manly chest, and weeping over him."

"Oh, don't be a funny ass!"

"But Racke's sort of friendship wouldn't stand such a strain," said Lowther sagely. "You can bet your Sunday socks on that."

"What about it, fathead? I suppose Lord Eastwood isn't going to get ruined just to carry out a wheeze like that, is he?"

"Not likely! But there's no law against

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spoofing a cad to show him up in his true colours."

Blake looked reflective.

"By Jove! It might work. Racke doesn't like Gussy, really; I'm sure of that. He has to keep up a lot of humbug with him, and keep dark a lot of things he would like to brag of. I know Gussy's nobby ideas make him simply wriggle sometimes. If he thought there was nothing to be got out of Gussy, he would be glad enough to round on him and tell him what he really thinks of him. I'm jolly certain of that."

"Well, there's your chance," said Lowther. "Put it to Gussy that, if Racke stands that test, you'll take him to your manly chest and make much of him. If he doesn't, Gussy is to chuck him up."

"I'll jolly well try it," said Blake. "Come along, and help me jaw to Gussy."

"Any old thing!"

Blake hurried to Study No. 6, followed by the Terrible Three.

D'Arcy, Herries, and Dig were in the study, and there was a sound of voices raised in argument.

"I wufuse to listen to a word against Wacke, Hewwies! It is not his fault that his patah is a wotten pwofiteer!"

"It's his fault that he's a low blackguard!" hooted Herries.

"I wufuse to believe that about Wacke! He has given me his word that he nevah does anythin' of the sort."

"A lot his word's worth!" grunted Digby.

"Wats!"

Arthur Augustus looked round as Tom Merry & Co. came into the study. He was looking a little excited.

"Hallo! Naughty kids quarrelling?" said Tom Merry chidingly.

"Wats! These chaps are wunnin' down my fwiend Wacke, and I'm not goin' to stand it! Wacke is all wight. He can't help it if he is wollin' in money. And when a chap wants to be fwiendly with me, I'm goin' to be fwiendly with him if he's all wight."

"A beastly toad bloating on profits!" snorted Herries. "Some day he'll be up before the Head again, and you'll be up along with him, and you'll get sacked together!"

"Wubbish!"

"That will be nice for this study!" growled Digby.

"Wats!"

Monty Lowther closed one eye at Herries and Digby.

"Gentlemen," he began impressively, "let dogs delight to bark and bite—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"I've got a wheeze!"

"Go and bury it!"

"I wufuse to listen to a wheeze wegardin' my fwiend Wacke!"

Lowther looked pained.

"Oh, Gussy, after I've taken the trouble to think out a plan for proving that Croesus minor is true blue and silencing all these doubting Thomases!"

"Why, you ass," began Herries, "he isn't true blue! He's only sticking to Gussy because the silly ass has a silly handle to his silly name!"

"I wogard that as slandab, Hewwies! Lowthah, deah boy, if you have weally an ideah for convincin' these asses that Wacke is all wight, I shall be vewy pleased to heah it."

"More likely to prove that he's all wrong!" said Digby.

(Continued on next page.)



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Let the Editor be your pal.
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addressing your letter to:
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HALLO, Chums! Once again I bid you that cheery greeting. It's always one of my most pleasant duties to sit down and "talk" to my readers through the medium of this chat. It's my only chance of getting together with my world-wide band of readers, and expressing my views on the merits of various GEM stories. I feel sure that all of you are always eager to know what's on the programme the following week, and so I make it my chief object to give you some idea of what to expect.

Next Wednesday's St. Jim's story, called:

"HE THOUGHT HE WAS A 'TEC!"

features the highly amusing adventures of George Alfred Grundy, when he takes the trail as a detective. As you all know, George Alfred is every imaginable kind of ass, and when he starts on some new stunt there's no knowing what amazing and amusing antics he will get up to.

As I said, in next week's yarn he sets up as a 'tec, the reason being that Manners' valuable camera has disappeared. Nobody knows what's happened to it, so the budding Sherlock Holmes of St. Jim's resolves to seek out the culprit who has taken it. Grundy's methods of detection are unique, to say the least, and he finds himself the object of not a little laughter and ridicule. But does George Alfred mind? Not he! It makes him all the keener to solve the mystery of the missing camera and show his schoolfellows what a great detective he is.

How he goes about it, and what success he has, I will leave Martin Clifford to tell you next Wednesday. But, believe me, chums, if you like a good laugh—and who doesn't?—you must read this ripping yarn.

"GREYFRIARS SAILORS ON PARADE!"

Harry Wharton & Co. are in merry mood, too, for Greyfriars is granted a day's holiday, and the Remove sailors—a cadet corps recently formed by Wharton—seize the opportunity of putting in a day's training-cruise in the old schooner, the Marjorie. Their adventures are full of fun.

Another stamp article, illustrated jokes, Monty

Lowther's fun column, and "How's Your Luck This Week?" complete this tip-top issue. One more word. If you have a friend who doesn't read the GEM, just lend him a copy—thus doing your friend and yours truly a good turn.

All the best,

THE EDITOR.
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

"Shush!" said Lowther severely. "Gussy, you do me proud! Now, here's the wheeze. Racke is actuated—good word!—by feelings of sincere friendship towards you, and your pals won't believe it."

"Yaas, exactly!"

"Now, suppose Racke learned that your pater was ruined, and that you had to leave St. Jim's on your uppers? He would stick to you like glue and prove that he was a friend in need. Then these bounders would have to shut up. For the sake of proving Racke's good qualities, you are entitled to apply the test. And afterwards," said Lowther severely, "I hope you fellows will think as highly of Racke as—as I do!"

Arthur Augustus frowned thoughtfully.

"For the sake of convincin' these duffahs, I wathah think it is a good ideah," he admitted. "I would not adopt a wheeze for showin' up a fellow in a bad light, but to show him up in a



"I wonder why the car won't go? It was all right before I got the puncture."

Half-a-crown has been awarded to T. Sudano, 86, Claim Street, Hospital Hill, Johannesburg, South Africa.

good light is all wight. And when Wacke's weally good qualities come out, I twust you fellows will have the gwace to ask his pardon."

"So we will—when his good qualities come out," grunted Herries—"not before!"

CHAPTER 13. Found Wanting!

"**H**EARD about Gussy?"

"Eh—what about D'Arcy?" asked Racke, looking at Trimble.

The Peeping Tom of the School House was bursting with news as he entered the Common-room.

"I heard Blake and Digby talking about it—quite by chance, of course," said Trimble. "They looked awfully cut up. I'm sorry for Gussy!"

"What's the matter with him?" exclaimed Talbot of the Shell.

"Ruined!" said Trimble impressively.

"Rot!"

"He's heard from his father—Lord Eastwood, you know. Blake was simply groaning over it!" said Trimble. "Ruined, you know! Shares in something that went smash! Gussy will have to leave St. Jim's!"

"My hat!" said Talbot. "Poor old Gussy!"

"More of Trimble's rot!" said Gore.

"I tell you I heard 'em talking it over!" yelled Trimble. "You can ask Blake. Here's Herries—ask him."

Herries came into the Common-room, with a glum face. He was surrounded at once by eager juniors.

"Is it true, Herries?"

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"Is poor old Gussy done for? Has he got to leave?"

"Oh, don't talk to me about it!" said Herries gruffly. "I don't see how you fellows know! It's too rotten!"

"Then it's true?"

"Poor old Gussy!"

"Is Racke here?" said Herries. "Gussy wants to speak to him. Blessed if I would! But I said I'd tell him."

"Good chance for Racke to chip in with his profits!" grinned Gore. "Ask your pater to lend Gussy a million pounds or so, Racke!"

"I'll bet you it's something of the sort D'Arcy wants to see him for," said Crooke shrewdly. "I wondered why he was chumming with Racke so much. Of course, he knew this was coming, and he thought a millionaire would come in useful!"

"Clear as daylight!" said Mellish, with a snigger. "Awfully deep of Gussy, too! Racke could see him through this if he liked."

"Well, are you coming, Racke?" asked Herries.

"Oh, I'll come!" said Racke carelessly.

Herries tramped out of the Common-room, as gloomy as a funeral. Racke lounged carelessly to the door.

His vision of a vacation at Eastwood House—of mixing with earls and lords and countesses—had faded from his gaze like a beautiful dream.

The earl's son he had cultivated so assiduously was a beggar; his home was to be sold up; he would have to leave school; his title would not count for much in circumstances of poverty and perhaps disgrace.

There was a bitter sneer on Racke's lips.

Mellish's suggestion had come into his mind before Mellish had made it.

Why had D'Arcy sent for him now—him, when he had a crowd of older friends? Because he was rich—because he hoped that the profits, which he had affected to despise, might be drawn upon to support a sinking household—because he had hopes that, through Racke of the Shell, Mr. Racke's wealth might be tapped. It was all as clear as daylight—to Racke.

He had lied and concealed and denied to gain D'Arcy's friendship—for this! In order to plant upon himself an importunate beggar.

His lip curled bitterly at the thought. He would soon show that poverty-stricken aristocrat that he was not going to sponge on Aubrey Racke.

That was the charitable thought with which Racke made his way to Study No. 6.

Blake and Digby were outside the study, looking like funeral mutes. They nodded to Racke silently, and Blake opened the door.

Racke, with the same sneering smile on his lips, passed in.

Arthur Augustus rose to meet him, looking very grave.

"Have you heard, deah boy?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, I've heard!"

"It is vewy kind of you to come to me in the circumstances. I am afwaid it will not be evewy chap who will offah me his fwendship now."

"I'm afraid not," said Racke, with a grin. He took a case from his pocket and lighted a cigarette, enjoying the expression that came over D'Arcy's face. "You're in rather a bad box, D'Arcy. What have you asked me here for?"

"I undahstood that you had given up smokin', Wacke."

"Your mistake."



A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging views on matters of mutual interest. If you wish to reply to a notice published here you must write to the Pen Pal direct. Notices for publication should be accompanied by the coupon on this page, and posted to THE GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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"I am afraid that I cannot be friendly with a smokin' boundah, Wacke."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you laughin' at, Wacke?"

"Your confounded cheek," said Racke deliberately. "Do you think anybody will bother about your friendship now? If you could get the friendship of a chap like me, rolling in money, you'd be jolly lucky. I've been pretty well fed-up with your airs and graces for the past fortnight. If you think I'm going to stand the same kind of thing from a beggar, you're mistaken."

"A—a beggar?"

"That's what you are, isn't it?" Racke laughed scoffingly. "Do you think I don't know why you've sent for me? My money comes in useful when a chap's down on his luck—what? But don't you make any mistake! My money won't come your way! So you're leaving St. Jim's? I give you my best wishes! I'm certainly not going to give you anything else. I believe you knew this was coming, and you had an eye on my cash all the time. Well, you've made out that I'm not good enough for you."

"I nevah said so, Wacke."

"You thought it, and I could see it plain enough. Well, now it's my turn. You're not good enough for me, and you can go and eat coke!"

And Racke swung away to the door.

The door was pushed wider open, and Blake, Herries, and Digby, and the Terrible Three came in.

Racke gave them a sneering look.

"Don't handle him, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus quietly. "I've had a vewy painful shock."

"You'll probably get some more of the same kind when the truth gets out," sneered Racke.

Miss S. Norton, 6, Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.1; girl correspondents; age 18-21; papers, books; any part of the British Empire.

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PEN PALS COUPON

19-3-38

"You'll begin to see why fellows put up with your swank. They won't put up with any more of it; you can take that from me!"

"This wotten wheeze has worked out the w'ong way," said Arthur Augustus. "Blake, I beg your pardon. You were wight about that disgustin' wottah, and I was w'ong. I have had a vewy painful surpwise. I did not think there was such a wascal in this world. Pway do not handle him!"

The juniors allowed Racke to pass.

That evening, when Arthur Augustus appeared in the Common-room, a sympathetic crowd learned that there was nothing whatever in Trimble's startling news. Racke heard it with feelings better imagined than described.

The juniors heard the whole story from Lowther and yelled over it. Trimble's inquisitiveness and tattling had been made use of to spoof Racke in a way he could not suspect, and Money-bags minor had shown himself up in his true colours.

It did not make the St. Jim's fellows think much worse of Racke than they did already. That was scarcely possible.

They agreed that young Money-bags was a worthy son of old Money-bags. And when Racke made a hopeless attempt to set himself right with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the conversation was very brief, and Racke retired from it with a swollen nose. Whereat Study No. 6 rejoiced. For Money-bags minor wasn't worth a pinch of salt.

(Next Wednesday: "HE THOUGHT HE WAS A TEC!" George Alfred Grundy's efforts to solve a big mystery are a scream! Don't miss the fun!)

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

HE COULDN'T PLAY FOOTER FOR TOFFEE, BUT HE WON THE MATCH
FOR HIS SCHOOL!

The Chinese Captain!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing
every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magnet.")

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

In the absence of Harry Wharton, who leaves Greyfriars for a short holiday, Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, takes over the captaincy of the Remove. It was only in a spirit of fun that certain juniors secured him a majority vote in the recent election for vice-captaincy—but the Celestial's control of Form affairs promises to be anything but funny!

Bulstrode, the bully, tries to force Wun Lung to resign in his favour, but he gets the worst of it in an "argument" with the Chinese!

The Remove are due to meet Lowerdale Juniors in a footer match, and they expect Wun Lung to nominate a captain for the game. To their amazement, however, he nominates himself—and, as Bob Cherry remarks, he doesn't know a football from a toy balloon!

Meanwhile, Bunter has become interested in a scheme, advertised in a paper, whereby he can earn three pounds a week by doing simple work at school. He sends for particulars and waits confidently for a reply. Just before the match with Lowerdale, Bunter approaches Bob Cherry.

(Now read on.)

On the Ball!

"I SAY, Cherry—"

Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove at Greyfriars, approached Bob Cherry. Bob, wearing football-shirt and shorts, was standing before the pavilion on the Remove football ground, and he looked somewhat gloomy.

"Oh, don't bother me now, Bunter!" growled Bob.

"It's an important matter. You know I wrote to those homework-people—"

"Yes; have you found out it's a swindle—"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I've found out nothing of the sort. They are a very decent firm, I think. They must have replied to my letter by return of post, as I've just had their answer."

"It's a ripping letter and bears out my first impression of them, Cherry. The thing is genuine enough. Can you lend me six bob?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!"

"If they don't want you to send any money, what do you want six shillings for?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Well, you see, I can't expect them to provide materials for nothing, can I? It's no good being unreasonable. If they give me a chance to earn three pounds a week by doing easy and artistic homework, that's as much as I can expect. But I'll read out the letter.

"Dear sir,—We are in receipt of yours, and have much pleasure in sending you herewith particulars of our system of homework. You will see by the enclosed card of instructions that the
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work consists in colouring picture-postcards. The work is easy to any person of average ability, and three pounds a week may be easily earned in spare time. The only condition is that you use colours supplied by the Patriotic Homework Association at the cost price of six shillings.—Yours faithfully, the Patriotic Homework Association."

"You see, it's quite genuine," said Bunter. "If I send the money now, I can get the box of colours down by Monday morning, and start earning three pounds next week. If you could lend me six bob—"

"Well, I can't!"

"You see, you could have it back out of the three pounds next week."

"I haven't the tin!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"But you lent me a bob yesterday, and—"

"Yes, ass! But that's all the more reason why I haven't any to lend now."

Bunter blinked at Bob Cherry.

"Well, if you can't, you can't," he said. "I say, Inky, will you lend me six bob?" asked Bunter, turning away from Bob Cherry hopelessly. "It's awfully important."

"I have no cashfulness about me, my worthy chum," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Oh, I don't mind going up to the study for it," said Bunter generously. "I'd do a little thing like that to oblige you, Inky."

"The obligefulness of my worthy chum is terrific, but the shortfulness of the cash is also great."

"Oh, really, Inky! I say, Wun Lung, will you lend me six bob?"

"Me havee no cashee 'boutee me," said Wun Lung.

"Well, I don't suppose you carry money in your football clothes," said Billy Bunter. "But I'll go up to the study if you like."

"Velly good! You goee up to Lussell's study—"

"Yes," said Bunter eagerly.

"Openee light-hand drawer in bookcase, and you takee out what is there, and you keepee it, with my kind legards."

"Thank you very much, Wun Lung. You're a jolly good chap. Of course, you can have it back out of the first three pounds I get from the Patriotic Homework Association."

The Chinese grinned.

"Me no wantee it back."

"I shall insist on putting it down to the account, anyway. Thank you. I'll be off."

And Billy Bunter rushed off, leaving Wun Lung with a peculiar grin on his face.

The Lowerdale eleven were coming out now, and it was time to start the match. Bowes of the Fifth had agreed to referee.

Wun Lung and Warrington tossed for choice of goal. There was a keen wind blowing from the sea, and the toss was rather an important point.

WUN LUNG'S CAPTAINCY CAUSES A RIOT AMONG THE REMOVE AT GREYFRIARS!

Wun Lung won the toss and chose, of course, to kick with the wind.

The sides lined up, and there were ironical shouts of encouragement from the throng of fellows round the ropes.

"Go it, Ching Ching!"

"Buck up, Ah Sing!"

"Good old China!"

Wun Lung smiled expansively.

"Me buckee up," he murmured.

Warrington kicked off, and the Lowerdale forward line came down the field like lightning.

But if the Greyfriars front line was weak, their defence was sound, and the backs played up manfully. There was a hard struggle before the home goal, and the leather shot in from Warrington's foot. But it was promptly fisted out again by Hazeldene, and the ball dropped in front of one of the home backs. It was cleared in a second, almost to the half-way line, and the play went to midfield again.

The Greyfriars forwards had a chance at last, and in a flash Bob Cherry was on the ball. The leather went bounding away from his boot, and Bob went bounding after it. The opposing halves were left standing, and the backs were wide apart. It seemed as if the Removeite would break through.

Bob Cherry had reckoned without his captain. Wun Lung was very keen—too keen, as a matter of fact. He meant to show all Greyfriars that he could play footer, and that he could captain a team as well as the next fellow.

He was "on the ball" also, with great energy. He raced up to Bob, covering the ground quite as fast as Bob. But instead of placing himself in readiness to receive a pass if Bob found it necessary to part with the leather, he lent his assistance in dribbling the ball.

The result might easily be guessed. His foot clumped on Bob's ankle, and Bob gave a yell. He half-turned, collided with the Chinese, and both fell to the ground.

In a moment or two the Lowerdale right-back had cleared and the goal was safe.

An Amazing Victory!

WUN LUNG jumped up like a cat. Bob Cherry was a little slower in getting to his feet. He looked up at the Chinese with an expression that ought to have withered him up on the spot; but Wun Lung apparently was none the worse for it. He grinned amiably.

"Better luck next time," he remarked.

"You—you shrieking ass!" said Bob Cherry, in measured tones. "You screaming dummy!"

"No callee captain names or me order offee field."

"Eh?"

"Tleat captain with respect."

"You—you'd order me off the field?"

"What you tinkee?"

Bob Cherry's feelings were too deep to be expressed in words. His assistance was wanted, too. The Lowerdale forward line was pressing hard for a goal. He raced away without another word to the Chinese.

The Remove defence were fighting desperately to defend their goal, and after a long struggle the ball went to midfield again. Wun Lung rushed after it, his quaint little face glowing with determination, but the ball went into touch.

The Lowerdale team had made up their minds



The ball shot in suddenly from Wun Lung's boot, and the goalie clutched at it a second too late. There was a roar. "Goal!" The Chinese captain of the Remove, whose play was a big joke, had scored!

to pay little attention to the Chinese. But Wun Lung was watchful as a cat. In the rush for the ball following the throw-in, he seized his chance. There was a shout of amazement from the crowd as Wun Lung was seen to be in possession of the ball.

"Go it, Wun Lung!"

"On the ball! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Chinese was through the opposing half-backs in no time. The backs closed up in a businesslike way to stop him.

Wun Lung's dribbling made the spectators roar with laughter. He looked like a hen on hot bricks, as Skinner remarked, and his peculiar motions seemed to indicate that the ground was red-hot under him.

But the ball went along, all the same, and Wun Lung dodged round each back in a way that left them standing. Only the goalkeeper stood between him and a goal, and for a moment the laughter was stilled.

Was it possible that the Chinese captain was going to score? The Lowerdale goalie was laughing, but he laughed a little too much. The leather shot in suddenly, and the goalie clutched at it a second too late. There was a roar:

"Goal!"

The goalkeeper stood gaping. It was a goal!

The crowd simply yelled. There was as much laughter as cheering, but the Greyfriars fellows were in high good humour now.

"Hurrah! Goal!"

"Bravo, Wun Lung!"

Wun Lung beamed round on his followers.

Bob Cherry slapped him on the shoulder with a slap that made him stagger.

"Bravo, kid! Ripping!"

"Me teller you me makee lipping captain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why you laffee?"

The whole team roared. But the Lowerdale eleven had finished laughing. They fully expected more than to equalise.

The goalkeeper flung out the ball, and the sides lined up again. Lowerdale were as serious as a bench of judges now. Encouraging shouts rang from all quarters, addressed to Wun Lung:

"Go it, Chin China!"

"Show 'em how to play footer!"

"Me showee!" murmured Wun Lung.

And the tussle recommenced. The first half, however, was very near its close, and it ended with the score still one up to Greyfriars.

The sides indulged in a much-needed rest during the interval, and Greyfriars chuckled over Wun Lung's goal.

The Chinese was contentedly sucking a lemon when a fat face adorned with a pair of spectacles was projected into the dressing-room.

"Is that beast here?" asked Billy Bunter wrathfully.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Which particular beast is it you want?" asked Bob Cherry. "There are a good many here, and one more since you came!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, it's that Chinese beast!"

"Me here!"

"Oh, you're here, are you? I—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Time's up!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"No time now, Bunt! Buzz off!"

Bob Cherry pushed the fat junior into a sitting position, and the footballers went out into the field again.

The change of ends brought the wind into the faces of the home team, and a keen and biting wind it was. They kicked off, and the second half commenced.

The Lowerdalers were evidently out for an early equaliser. With the wind behind them, they attacked strongly, and for a long time the tussle was wholly in the Greyfriars half.

The Lowerdale goalie stamped about and waved his arms to keep himself warm, but Hazeldene, in the home goal, had plenty of exercise to keep him warm. The leather shot in at him from all angles, and it really looked as if there were half a dozen balls being used in the game, one after another.

But Hazeldene played up wonderfully. He put "paid" to every attempt, and the Lowerdale forward line, baffled, fell back at last from the goal that seemed impregnable to their assaults.

The crowd cheered Hazeldene uproariously. He had had the hottest of hot ten minutes, and he had proved himself a first-class goalie.

The Lowerdalers, spent somewhat after their exertions, fell back at last, and the tussle was transferred to their own half. They broke away now and again, but the Greyfriars defence was sound, and they could not get through.

But at last, when the second half had only a quarter of an hour to run, they succeeded in beating Hazeldene, a shot from close in by Warrington giving Hazeldene no earthly chance of saving.

The score was equal now.

Bob Cherry made a grimace as he walked back to the centre of the field again.

"We shan't pull it off now," he remarked; "but it'll be a draw."

"Me score another goalee!" said Wun Lung.

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

But the Chinese junior was in earnest. The Greyfriars fellows were fighting hard, and, in spite of the strong wind and the Lowerdale defence, they brought the ball up and forced the visitors to concede a corner.

The corner-kick was followed by a rush for goal. Bob Cherry sent the ball in, and it came out again, and then Nugent headed it in. But the goalie saved yet again. The ball dropped fairly at the feet of Wun Lung. The little Chinese was on it in a flash.

A couple of Lowerdalers were bearing down on him, and a frenzied yell rose from the Greyfriars crowd.

"Shoot! Shoot!"

The little Chinese kicked desperately. The next moment he was rolling on the ground, charged over by a Lowerdale half-back.

The ball sailed into the goal, and the goalkeeper was about to fist it out again when his foot slipped in the turf. Before he could recover himself the ball was in the net.

"Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

The Greyfriars spectators roared.

And, what was more, it was the last goal of the match; for the whistle went a few minutes later, and the match was over, and the Greyfriars Remove retired from the field victors by two goals to one.

Wun Lung had captained the winning team!

Wun Lung's Little Joke!

IT was long before Greyfriars left off laughing over that football match. Wun Lung was received with cheers as he came out of the pavilion. He had certainly won the match, as both goals had been scored by him.

"You'd better chair him!" said Bulstrode sarcastically. "A chap who can score goals like that ought to be chaired—or suffocated—or something!"

Bob Cherry took him at his word.

"Good wheeze!" he exclaimed. "Collar the Chinese!"

And in a twinkling Wun Lung was grasped by three or four pairs of hands and hoisted into the air.

"No dloppee me!" said the little Celestial.

"We won't drop you, Chin Chin," said Trevor.

"Bring him along!"

"Hurrah! Stand back, there!"

Way was made for the triumphal procession. Most of the Remove crowded round Wun Lung as he was borne along.

Nugent, who, fortunately, had his mouth-organ in his pocket, strode ahead, playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," or as near as he could get to that famous air.

So they brought the Chinese to the door of the House, and there at last he was allowed to slide down and stand on the steps.

"Speech! Speech!" howled the Remove.

"Me speakee!"

"Go ahead!"

"Silence for Chin Chin!"

"Fire away, Wun Lung!"

"Me speakee, my fiends. We've played a gleat game to-day—"

"Hear, hear!"

"The greatfulness of the esteemed game was terrific!"

"We have won a gleat match. I've been backee up velly well by my team—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Me score goals, but much cledit due to the lest of the team."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Me ploud of my team!" said the Chinese captain. "Me congratulate you all! Me glad goodee news for Whalton when he return. Me glad leadee Lemove eleven again, and score more goals. Me done."

And the Chinese walked away into the House. The Remove laughed and cheered.

The chums of Study No. 1 went in, and Billy Bunter caught Bob Cherry by the sleeve in the passage. He blinked up at Bob, who looked at him good-humouredly. The result of the Lowerdale match had improved Bob's temper.

"Well, what is it, duffer?" he asked.

"Can you lend me six bob, Cherry?"

"Oh, are you on that tack again? Didn't Wun Lung lend it to you?"

"Wun Lung is an utter beast!"

"But I'm sure I heard him say you could go to the bookcase in his study, and take what you found in the right-hand drawer."

"Yes; but the heathen rotter had it fixed up. It moved a spring or something when I pulled the drawer open, and a cloud of pepper flew into my face. There wasn't any money in the drawer—nothing but pepper."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" growled Billy Bunter. "It was very unpleasant, and I was sneezing for ever so long. And I haven't got the six shillings. I particularly want to send for the colour-box to-day."

"Look here, ass, the thing's a swindle on the face of it! They only want your tin."

"Oh, really, Cherry! They distinctly stated in the advertisement that you were to send no money."

"Yes, ass; and now they've got you to write, they're asking for six bob."

"That's for the colour-box."

"How much do you think the colour-box is worth?"

"Six shillings, I suppose."

"Sixpence, most likely."

"Oh, no!" said Bunter confidently. "They distinctly state in their letter to me that the colour-box is supplied at cost price."

"My only hat! They'd distinctly state anything for the sake of roping in your tin. Can't you get that into your napper?"

"I'm sorry to see that you allow personal jealousy—"

"Eh?"

"To carry you so far," said Bunter, with dignity. "You don't want me to earn three pounds a week, and put you fellows in the shade."

"Oh, suffocate him and come on!" said Nugent.

"I say, you fellows, you might manage that six bob. I could let you have it back when my postal order comes—"

"Oh, shut up! Can we raise six bob, you chaps? It's cheap to get rid of him at the price; and when he sees that the thing's a swindle, he will be satisfied."

"The thing's quite genuine, Cherry. They say so distinctly in the advertisement."

"Here's the tin, dummy. Now buzz off!"

"Thank you, Cherry! I shall put this down

to the account. Of course, I cannot accept it as a gift. Hold on a minute! Don't march off while I'm speaking to you!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "I want to ask you a question."

"Buck up, then!"

"Would you rather have this back out of my next postal order, or out of the first three pounds I get for doing artistic homework?"

But the chums of the Remove were striding away, and Bunter's question was never replied to, and that important point remained unsettled.

An Interrupted Rehearsal!

THE unexpected victory over the Lowerdale eleven had put the Remove into a good humour with their Chinese captain, and the storm Bulstrode was trying to raise was lulled for the time.

But the Chinese captain was soon found to be trying the patience of his followers again.

As captain of the Remove, he was president of the Form debating society, and at the next meeting of that society he claimed his rights.

As he consulted Study No. 1 first, they were bound to back him up, though the consultation was on the same lines as that preceding the football match.

They advised him to keep off the grass, and he declined to take their advice; but he had kept his part of the compact, and they had to keep theirs. But this was not the end; it was only the beginning.

The meeting of the debating society was on Monday evening, and it was got through to the perfect satisfaction of Wun Lung.

On Tuesday came a rehearsal of the operatic and dramatic society. Harry Wharton was president and stage manager of that important society, which had many times distinguished itself in the history of the Greyfriars Remove.

The vice-captain of the Remove naturally took Wharton's place, though it was quite unexpected on the part of the rest of the operatic and dramatic society.

The meeting of the society was to take place in Study No. 1, and Wun Lung was already there. The little Chinese had taken Wharton's place in the study, somewhat to the disgust of Billy Bunter.

After tea on Tuesday prep was hurried through, as there was business on hand. Bunter was clearing the table when Ogilvy, a member of the society, came in. He had a parcel in his hand, which had evidently just come by post.

"That's for you, Bunter," he said; and he slammed it down on the table. Bunter gave a howl of alarm.

"Careful, you ass; you might break it."

"What the dickens is it, then?" said Ogilvy.

"My colour-box," said Bunter, unfastening the string. "I've been expecting it all day."

"My hat! Are you taking up painting instead of ventriloquism?"

"I'm earning three pounds a week by homework," said Bunter loftily.

Ogilvy stared.

"Rats!" he remarked. "And many of 'em!"

"You can believe me or not, as you like," said Bunter. "A firm I know is paying three pounds a week for artistic homework, easily done by any person of ordinary ability."

"Some spoof advertisement, I suppose," said

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,570.

Ogilvy, who was a canny Scotsman, and generally knew how to look after his money.

"Nothing of the sort—quite genuine. You don't have to send any money; only six shillings for a colour-box, and here's the colour-box to prove that they are reliable," said Bunter, finishing opening the packet, and taking out a flat wooden box.

The juniors stared at the box. It was a cheap thing, worth perhaps a shilling, and evidently made abroad. Even Billy Bunter was a little disappointed as he opened it.

"You've given six shillings for that," said Ogilvy. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!"

"It's worth about a tanner."

"I suppose they know the value of their own colour-boxes," grunted Bunter. "They distinctly stated in their letter that the colours could be supplied at cost price."

"Then where would their profit come in, ass?"

"They get their profit from the postcards I am going to colour," said Bunter, in a tone of patient explanation. "They are running an immense business in coloured postcards."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you'll see!" snapped the fat junior. "You'll change your tune, I expect, when I'm getting three pounds a week. I'm going to begin at once. They've sent a packet of postcards for me to colour, and I can do them this evening. I shall post them to-night, and get the first cash down to-morrow or the next day."

"I should like to see the colour of that cash," said Ogilvy.

"Look here," said Bunter, as Morgan and Hazeldene came into the study. "I hope you're not going to make a row this evening when I've got to work."

"Certainly not," said Nugent. "We're only going to rehearse."

"Couldn't you do it out in the passage?"

No one troubled to reply to this question. More members of the operatic society were arriving, and Bunter had to retire into a corner with his colour-box and picture postcards.

There, but with an extremely discontented expression on his face, he set to work. There were six postcards in the bundle, and the colouring did not seem a difficult matter. Bunter expected to get it done in an hour or so, and post the cards off to the Patriotic Homework Association.

"Now we're nearly all here—quite enough, at all events," said Bob Cherry. "It's time for the giddy rehearsal. We had started on Julius Cæsar. We shall have to leave Mark Antony out of the show this time, as Wharton isn't here."

"Well, we can get on all right without Mark Antony," said Hazeldene.

Wun Lung rose from the easy-chair.

"No leave out Mark Antony," he remarked.

"Must," said Nugent. "Wharton's not here."

"Suppose me takee part?"

"You—you take the part of Mark Antony?"

"Me consultee you 'bout it."

"Well, then, we advise you to let it alone."

Now—

"Me consultee you—now you backee me up."

"Eh?"

"Me captain Lemove, plesident of dlamatic society. Me takee part of Mark Antony, and you backee me up."

The chums of the Remove looked at one another helplessly.

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"Oh, talk sense!" said Bob Cherry, in a hopeless tone. "You take the part of your grandmother! You can't even talk English!"

"The Englishfulness of the honourable rotter's speech is absurd," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "As one trained with terrific carefulness in that esteemed language, I speak with the ear of authority."

"Me speakee lipping. Me takee part of Mark Antony."

"Let him rip," said Nugent. "It can't be helped. Where were we in the play?"

"Mark Antony's oration comes next."

"Can we cut that?"

"No cuttee—me lehearse."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Ogilvy. "Go ahead! We ought to let the fellows in to hear this."

"Here, hold that row!" growled Billy Bunter. "How's a fellow to do artistic homework with a din like that going on?"

"Fliends, Lomans, countlymen, lend me your ears."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I come to bully Cæsar, not to please him."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft intelled with their bones,

So let it be with Cæsar."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The noble Brutus—"

"Oh, don't!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "I can't stand the noble Brutus!"

"The noble Brutus,

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious,

If it were so, it were a glievous sin,

And glievously hath Cæsar answered it."

The Removites were roaring by this time, and Billy Bunter growling discontentedly at the noise. But Wun Lung went on bravely.

"You all did see that on the Lupelcal,

I thlice plesented him a kingly clown—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "A kingly clown!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play be quiet while me lecite my part," said Wun Lung. "Me—"

"Hold on! As secretary of the dramatic society I move that the present rehearsal be adjourned indefinitely!" exclaimed Nugent.

"I second the motion," said Ogilvy.

"And I third it!" roared Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! I'm off!"

And the amateur actors rushed out of the study, laughing like hyenas; and Wun Lung was left rehearsing alone, with a look of wonder on his face.

In Style!

"GREAT Scott! Look!"

"My hat!"

"Oh crumbs!"

The Removites had cause for amazement. It was the morning, and the Form were in their room, waiting for Mr. Quelch, who was not so punctual as usual.

Wun Lung was the last to come in, and when he came in the Remove simply gasped. For Wun Lung was in splendid array.

The fellows had known for some time past that something was going on, for Wun Lung had had several visits from the Friardale tailor, who brought bundles of garments; but they were always fitted in the secrecy of a locked study. Now the secret was out!

EVERY WEDNESDAY

Wun Lung had evidently taken his position as Form captain seriously, and was dressing for the part, to do it full justice. The little Chinese was clad in the full and gorgeous robes of a mandarin on state occasions in his own country. His everyday attire was a little singular, but his present get-up was, as Bob Cherry put it, a flabbergaser.

He was almost lost in the ample folds of his robes, from which curious figures stared out in all the colours of the rainbow. Blue, green, and gold peacocks, mandarins in gorgeous robes, were depicted on the flowing garments of the little Chinese. It was a triumph, at all events.

Wun Lung's face was quite serious as he entered the class-room, and he did not appear to understand the gasp of merriment that greeted him. He looked round innocently, and moved towards his place in the Form, with a swish of flowing robes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I think this takes the bun."

"What on earth will Quelch say?" said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The door opened and the Remove master came in. He glanced at the class, with elevated eyebrows, as he heard the laughter. Then he caught sight of Wun Lung—and stared.

"What—what is this?"

The Remove giggled.

"Wun Lung! Is that you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Come here!"

Wun Lung approached the Form-master.

Mr. Quelch looked at him, with a severe brow. The Form-master was strongly inclined to laugh, but he restrained himself. A smile on his face would have led to an explosion from the whole Form.

"What does this mean, Wun Lung?" he asked sternly.

"No savvy."

"Why have you dressed yourself in this—this absurd fashion? Boys, silence! I do not allow laughter in the class-room. Answer me, Wun Lung."

"No savvy."

"Why have you put on these clothes?"

"Mandalin's lobes, sir," said the little Chinese innocently. "Me havee them madee to fit, and me wear them."

"But why?"

"Me captain of the Lemove."

"But—but—"

"Me dless as mandalin now me captain," said Wun Lung, with a beaming smile. "Looke all light. What you tinkee?"

Mr. Quelch smothered a laugh.

"You may go to your place, Wun Lung."

"Thankee you, sir!"

And Wun Lung sat down.

Mr. Quelch's stern brow brought the Remove to something like gravity, but there were little gusts of laughter all through the morning lessons.

A good many impositions fell to the lot of the juniors, for the Form-master was not to be trifled with. But Bob Cherry said that the fun was worth it. When the morning lessons were over, and the Remove was dismissed, Wun Lung rose from his place and marched at the head of the juniors to the door.

He moved with a dignity that befitted his garments of state.

With a slow and dignified stride he marched on, and would doubtless have reached the door in

safety had not Skinner purposely trodden on the tail of his flowing robe and kept his foot there. The little Chinese was brought to a sudden stop, and he stumbled and fell.

He went down with a bump, and there was a yell of laughter.

Wun Lung sat up and blinked round him.

"Sorry," said Skinner. "Quite an accident."

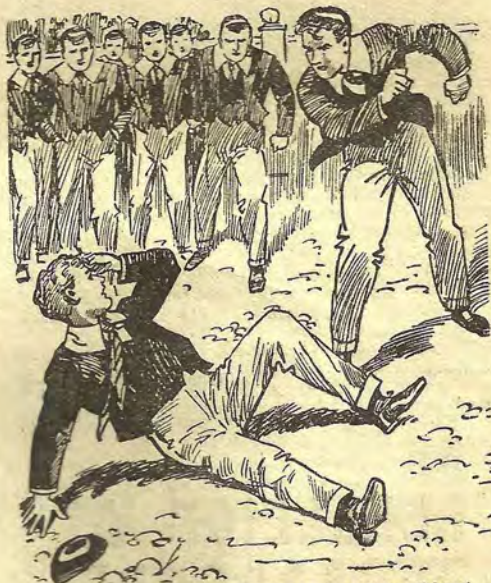
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beastee!" said Wun Lung. "Lotter! Tleadee on lobe on purpose!"

"Go out quietly!" called Mr. Quelch.

And the Remove marched out, and Wun Lung carefully gathered up his robes as he went down the passage.

"My hat!" exclaimed Temple of the Upper Fourth, as he came out into the passage at the same moment. "What's that? The ghost of



Bob Cherry was game to the last, and he did not give in to the Remove bully until he could no longer stand. "I—I'm done!" gasped Bob, as he made an effort to rise. "But I'll take you on again to-morrow, Bulstrode!"

Greyfriars, or a nightmare come out for a walk by daylight—or what?"

"It's a tropical beetle," said Fry.

"Oh, rather!" assented Dabney.

"Better capture it and pin it up, then," grinned Temple.

And the Upper Fourth Formers made a rush for the gorgeous Chinese.

But two or three Removites ran up, and they changed their minds. They contented themselves with marching along solemnly after the Celestial into the Close, looking for an opportunity of tripping him up.

"We shall have the whole school cackling at us over that duffer!" Bulstrode growled to his crony Stott. "Somebody ought to yank that rubbish off him!"

"Let's!" said Stott.

"Well, come on, then! We'll roll him in the puddles!"

And Bulstrode dashed towards the little Chinese. Bob Cherry stepped quickly into the way, with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

"What's the little game?" he asked quietly.

"Get out of the way! We're going to bump that duffer!"

"Your mistake—you're not."

"Will you get out of the way?" roared Bulstrode.

"Not much!"

"Then I'll jolly soon shift you!"

And Bulstrode rushed at Bob. The sturdy junior did not move. He met the attack steadily, and in a moment more they were reeling to and fro in each other's grip.

There was a shout and a rush of fellows to the spot at once.

"Hallo! A fight—a fight!"

"It's Bulstrode and Cherry!"

"Go it, Bulstrode!"

"Go it, Cherry!"

They were "going it," and did not seem to need much encouragement. They had been on the verge of a fight ever since Wharton left.

Bob was really no match for the burly Bulstrode, but he was the last fellow in the world to stand bullying. And, although not so big nor so strong as the Remove bully, he was a tough customer, and Bulstrode soon found that he would have all his work cut out to get the better of him.

They stumbled and rolled on the ground, fighting furiously.

"By Jove, that looks like business!" said Ogilvy. "Go it, Cherry! Give him beans!"

Nugent and Hurree Singh dragged the struggling combatants apart.

"Stop that!" said Nugent. "You can have it

out on your feet, you know, according to the rules! Now then!"

"Mind your own business!" snarled Bulstrode savagely.

"Oh, shut up! Toe the line, now!"

And the two juniors, both very red and excited, faced one another. In a moment they were at it hammer-and-tongs.

Bulstrode had the advantage of longer reach and greater height. But he had less pluck than his opponent, and more regard for getting hurt.

Both received severe punishment, but it was pretty clear that Bob Cherry was getting the worst of it. That made no difference to Bob's determination. He was game to the last, and he did not give in till he could no longer stand. One of his eyes was closed up, his nose swollen, and his face darkened with bruises.

And when he had reached that state, Bulstrode also was staggering, and evidently not worth another round.

"I'm done!" gasped Bob Cherry, as he made an effort to rise, and sank back again from sheer exhaustion. "But I'll take you on again tomorrow. Bulstrode!"

"And I'll give you another licking!" grunted Bulstrode.

But when the morrow came he was careful not to quarrel with Bob Cherry again. He had won the fight, but such a victory was worse than many defeats might have been, and it was a long time before Bulstrode got rid of the marks of victory.

Harry Wharton's Return!

"WHARTON'S coming back this afternoon," Nugent remarked the next day. "I sha'll be jolly glad for one. I miss him."

Bob Cherry blinked out of his half-closed eye. He was still feeling very severely the effects of the previous day's mill.

"Yes, rather! I think the whole Form miss him. Things are getting into a pretty mess without him, anyway."

"I say, you fellows, I'm thinking of standing a big feed when Wharton comes back," Billy Bunter remarked. "It would please him, and look as if we were glad to see him again. I was thinking of spending a pound on it."

"Good wheeze! Go ahead!"

"Well, I haven't had my remittance yet from the Patriotic Homework Association. There's been some delay."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to cackle at, Nugent! They've answered me fairly enough. I sent in the postcards I coloured, and they replied that the work isn't quite up to their standard. That's not surprising, considering that I was doing the work with a crowd of silly asses making a row round me!"

"So the idea's a wash-out?"

"Not at all. They've sent me a fresh packet of postcards to colour, and it will be all right next week."

"Who's paying postage?"

"I am, of course. I couldn't expect them to. I pay postage in advance for their replies to me."

"So it costs them nothing to go on with the wheeze?"

"I suppose not—except their time."

"I dare say they've got plenty of time," grinned Bob Cherry. "People who don't work for a living generally have. And, anyway, they'll get 'time' some day when the police get hold of them!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! As a matter of fact, they

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"Well, you'll see it will be all right next week, Cherry. The only thing is I'm short of money, and I want to treat Wharton well when he comes back. Will you fellows lend me the pound I want, and have it back out of my first remittance from the Patriotic Homework Association?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"Of course it isn't!" said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I want to raise the pound to-day, as Wharton's coming back, and I think you fellows might—"

"Ask us another!" said Bob Cherry. "I don't know the answer to that one!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"We'll go down and meet Wharton's train," said Bob Cherry.

"I say, Cherry, I was talking—"

"Yes, I know you were, Bunt; you generally are! We'll go down and meet Wharton's train, Nugent, and walk home with him. I'm jolly glad he's returning! He'll put a stop to the pranks of that howling ass of a Chinese!"

The doings of the Chinese were indeed making the Remove restive.

Wun Lung seemed to think that his rank as Form captain was a grand opportunity for indulging his peculiar sense of humour in every possible way.

He had called a Form meeting the previous evening, and contrived to lock up the whole Remove in the Form-room, keeping them there raging for a whole hour. He explained through the keyhole that there had been signs of insubordination, and that this was an instruction in discipline.

But the Remove did not appear to see it quite in the same light as Wun Lung, and for some time afterwards it was dangerous for him to go near any of them.

Bulstrode had led a party in search of him with the idea of avenging the injury, and had led them into a booby-trap, a bagful of cayenne pepper descending on their heads as they opened the door of his study.

The avengers had fled, but they had not left off sneezing till they went to sleep that night, feeling as if they had no noses left.

Bulstrode was not satisfied with that, and he had risen in the middle of the night to take summary vengeance on the Chinese by inverting a jug of water over him in bed. Then a fearful yell had startled the Removites from slumber.

Bulstrode, in approaching the Celestial's bed, had trodden with his bare feet on a dozen tin-tacks, of which Wun Lung had sagaciously scattered two or three hundred round his bed, in anticipation of something of the sort.

Bulstrode received little sympathy. The whole Form laughed at him, and the bully was still limping.

It dawned upon him and his friends that it would be safer to let Wun Lung alone; but it was pretty certain that if Wharton did not soon return there would be an explosion in the Remove.

For that reason, as well as for others, the chums of Study No. 1 were glad that Friday had come, and that Harry was returning to Greyfriars at last.

Wharton was coming by the five o'clock train, and immediately after afternoon lessons Bob Cherry, Nugent, and Hurree Singh put on their caps and coats to go down to the station to meet him.

Bunter blinked at them inquiringly as they went.

"Wait a minute for me," he said. "I'd like to come and greet Wharton, you know. I suppose you'll be standing him a bit of a feed at the tuckshop?"

"No we shan't! Buck up, if you're coming!"

"H'm! On second thoughts, I think I'd better get on with colouring those postcards, and I may have some money down in time for a feed to-morrow."

And Bunter did not join the party.

The chums walked down to the station, and arrived there in good time. They were on the platform as the train came steaming in.

A door swung open, and Harry Wharton jumped out.

"Here he is!"

And the three juniors rushed up to greet him. Harry had only been away a week; but his chums had missed him, and were glad enough to see him again. And his looks showed that he was glad, too.

"How have you been getting on while I've been away?" was his first question, as they walked out of the station.

"Rotten!" said Bob Cherry. "I wrote and told you the result of the football match."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes; that was a stroke of luck. What has Wun Lung been doing since?"

"Everything that he shouldn't do, I think," growled Bob Cherry. "The whole Form's in an uproar. Of course, Bulstrode's been making all the trouble he could."

"You look as if there had been trouble."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Yes; we had a row yesterday. But that's nothing. Things are getting into an uproarious state. I firmly believe that Wun Lung would be lynched in the Form-room, if he remained captain of the Remove much longer."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Harry Wharton listened to the tale of the doings of Wun Lung, and laughed heartily over it as they walked to Greyfriars. But he fully agreed that it was about time the captaincy of Wun Lung came to an end.

They entered the gates of Greyfriars; but though it was still bright daylight, there were no Removites in the Close. It was somewhat surprising, and the chums guessed at once that something was "on."

"Wun Lung again," said Bob Cherry.

"Better have a look for him," said Harry Wharton.

He tossed his bag into the porter's lodge, and they looked for Wun Lung. The gym was drawn blank, and so were the Form-room, the studies, and the dormitory.

Curiously enough none of the Remove could be seen, either.

A grinning Third Form fag enlightened them at last.

"They're in the woodshed," said the fag.

"What on earth are they doing there?"

"Ragging the Chink!"

"What has he been doing?"

"Experimenting with the garden hose."

"My hat! Come on, you chaps!"

The chums hurried off in the direction of the woodshed. The sound of many voices soon warned them that they were on the right track. A crowd of Removites, all highly excited, stood by the woodshed, against the door of which Wun Lung was held in the grasp of Stott and Skinner.

Bulstrode had the garden-hose in his hand. He was drenched from head to foot, and stained with mud, and his face was dark with savage anger.

"Hold him!" he said angrily. "I'll teach him to turn the hose on us! We'll show him how to captain the Remove!"

Swish! Sizz! Swish!

There was a terrific yell from the unfortunate Chinese. The stream of water smote him full in the chest, and he was drenched to the skin in a moment.

Splashes of water went over Skinner and Stott, and they yelled, and promptly let go of the prisoner.

"Hold him!" shouted Bulstrode.

"Rats! We're getting soaked!"

"Help!" yelled Wun Lung. "Ow! Me wet! Me velly wet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bulstrode!"

"Make him dance!"

"Dance, you beggar—dance!"

Bulstrode kept the stream of water playing on the Chinese.

And Wun Lung did dance. The stream was strong and fast, and he was dazed by the impact of the water, and he jumped to and fro like a frightened rabbit as it drenched him.

The Remove yelled with laughter. Wun Lung

had been experimenting with the hose, and by accident or design had drenched a dozen or more of the juniors. They were getting their own back now, with a vengeance!

Harry Wharton dashed swiftly on the scene. He had little doubt that the Chinese's peculiar sense of humour had led him into the scrape, but he thought it had gone far enough.

"Hold on!"

Bulstrode swung round as the Famous Four dashed up.

"Oh, get out!" he growled. "Mind your own business!"

There was a roar from Stott. As Bulstrode swung round, the stream of water caught him in the neck. Bulstrode started, and turned the hose away, and the water streamed into the very midst of the Removites.

There was a general scattering and yelling.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'd better chuck it, Bulstrode."

"Well, he's had enough. He won't be so funny next time."

Wun Lung had rolled over in the flood of water. Harry Wharton helped him up. The little Chinese was streaming, and looked like a half-drowned rat.

"You'd better come and change your things," said Harry, with a smile.

The Chinese gasped.

"Me glad you come back," he murmured. "Me had 'nuffee of being captain! Me lesign!"

And so ended the reign of the Chinese captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

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