

The **TERROR** of CEDAR CREEK! & The **ST. WINIFRED'S ELECTION!**
THIS WEEK'S BEST SCHOOL YARNS.

The **GEM** 2^p

"HANDS OFF MY BROTHER!"

—A Lively Incident from the Great
St. Jim's Yarn—"THE BOY FROM
NEW ZEALAND!"—Within.





Blake Answers Back!

Jack Blake's here to answer your letters and deal with your queries. Write to him c/o The GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Be as candid as you like—Jack Blake likes a plain speaker, being by nature a John Blunt himself! But keep your letter **SHORT**, and enclose if possible a photo of yourself for reproduction on this page. No photos can be returned and no replies given by post.

"Pete," of New York, writes:

Come on, frisk your whiskers! I play a doghouse—and don't think the doghouse is corny. I tried to pull out some armstrongs once, but I'm no shakes at that. Still, I like things barrelhouse. I sure appreciate reading your snappy comebacks—they send me!—but I hate to read an off-time jive. Well, I'll be mailing you a picture in a set of seven brights. Guess you'll blow the top when you see it!

ANSWER: Your friendly note deciphered—with Buck Finn's aid—I now take it you mean me to warm up when you say frisk your whiskers. No, I don't think a doghouse is corny, or old-fashioned, now—I know a doghouse is a bass fiddle. I'd lay off the armstrongs, if I were you. High notes on the trumpet must be a strain after low grunts from the doghouse. Glad you like things free and easy—barrelhouse—and delighted to hear my comebacks "send" you—give you a kick. An off-time jive is certainly a pain in the neck—Trimble's weak excuses are crackerjack off-time jives. I'll look forward to "quizzing" your features in a week's time—though I'm used to all sorts and doubt if I shall be overcome with emotion—blow the top, I mean. By the way, *parlez-vous Français?* If so, do you mind writing in French next time? It's easier!

"Plink Plonk," of Shoreham, writes:

You should hear me on the harp—I'm terrific! I am thinking of writing to the B.B.C. and offering my services. What do you think they will say?

ANSWER: If they've any sense they will say they have referred the matter to the Harp Department, higher up. What do you want to learn the harp for? Are you expecting to be bumped off any minute?

D. A. B., of Winchester, writes:

1. Is Tom Merry a Scout?
2. What was Talbot's batting average last season?
3. Who is top scorer for the St. Jim's junior footer eleven this season?
4. Could Gore of the Shell knock you out?

ANSWER:

1. Tom Merry is patrol leader of the Curlew Patrol.
2. Talbot's average was 32.35.
3. To date, Tom Merry leads with a "bag" of 27 goals.
4. Not if I were looking!

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"Fighting Fit," of Doncaster, writes:

I am fifteen years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in my socks, and weigh 8 stone 1 lb. I'm tough. I play football and cricket and box. Step up to the scales, readers. Anybody like to take me on?

ANSWER: You address your challenge to readers of the GEM, but I must mention there are several fellows at St. Jim's who play footer and cricket and also pack a pretty punch. Some of them would love to accommodate you—but perhaps some reader would like the task of licking you? Seconds out—

E. A., of Aylesbury, writes:

My chums and I have been having the fiercest argument since St. George fought the dragon. Point at issue is: How smooth is a billiard ball? My chum says under a microscope a billiard ball shows more bumps in comparison with its size than the earth does. I say mountains like Everest must make the old earth look anything but round. Settle it, please—and squash my chum as flat as you like!

ANSWER: Sorry, old-timer, it's you I'm going to squash flat! You see, it's a scientific fact that the earth is "rounder" in comparison with its size than a billiard ball. In fact, Mount Everest is comparatively flat, against the "mountains" on a billiard ball. Ask the next scientist you meet to let you have a peep at one through a really powerful microscope!

S. D., of High Wycombe, writes:

I keep several goldfish, and I am always worried as to whether I have the water at the right temperature for them in the winter. Will the goldfish die if the temperature falls a few degrees?

ANSWER: No, they won't. Goldfish can even survive being frozen to 300 degrees below zero, though you sound too kind-hearted to try that on them!

"Expert," of Dunedin, writes:

With what force must I fire a cannon-ball so that it will penetrate a bale of cotton? That's penetrated your defence!

ANSWER: Not this time. It is practically impossible to force any object through a bale of cotton. It will resist a cannon-ball—that fact has been proven. Shoot again some time!

GET TO KNOW DICK ROYLANCE, THE CHEERE, HARD-HITTING NEWCOMER FROM NEW ZEALAND, IN THIS POWERFUL STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S.

The Boy from NEW ZEALAND!



Roylance strode straight at Manners, and there would have been a fight in the quad the next moment. But D'Aroy, Tom Merry, and Lowther interfered at once and the two angry juniors were dragged back. "Let me go!" shouted Manners fiercely.

CHAPTER 1.

The Polite Thing!

"KILDARE'S playing a ripping game just now!" remarked Tom Merry.

"Let him play!" said Manners grumpily.

"There's a grand film at the Wayland Cinema," suggested Monty Lowther.

"Bother the cinema!"

Tom Merry and Monty Lowther exchanged a glance, and groaned simultaneously.

Manners was already sorting out his camera. There was no doubt as to how Harry Manners wanted to spend that half-holiday.

"It's a first eleven match, and there will be something worth watching," Tom Merry said temptingly.

"First eleven matches are small beer. It's junior matches that matter. You've said so yourself, lots of times," said Manners.

"Ahem! That means that we're going out with the camera this afternoon, I suppose?" said Tom Merry.

"Look at the weather!" said Manners. "Clear as anything! Topping for taking a few good pictures! But you fellows can go and eat coke, if you like. Don't let me drag you away from your blessed cinemas and first eleven matches!"

The Terrible Three of the Shell had been discussing what to do with that half-holiday. There was no match on. Manners seemed to have decided the question.

"Oh, we'll come!" said Lowther.

"We'll come!" sighed Tom Merry.

"If you fellows had a scrap of sense," remarked Manners, "you'd be as keen on photography as I am. But if you'd rather mooch about, wasting your time, I don't mind. I'll take young Reggie with me."

"Well, I'd like to see Kildare kicking goals against Abbotsford," admitted Tom Merry.

"And to tell the frozen truth, I'd rather go to the pictures," said Monty Lowther.

Manners grunted.

"It's a go, then! See you again at tea-time."

"Right you are!"

Tom Merry and Monty

Not for the first time, Manners minor lands his brother in serious trouble, this time causing Manners major to make an enemy of the boy from New Zealand.

By

MARTIN CLIFFORD

Lowther left the study, cheerful in looks. Usually the Terrible Three were inseparable, but there were occasions when tastes differed. Tom and Monty bore with their chum and his devotion to his camera nobly; but it was possible to get fed up with cameras.

Tom headed for Big Side, where a number of fellows were gathering to watch the senior match. Monty Lowther wheeled out his bike to ride over to Wayland. Manners went on methodically preparing his camera and his films for a joyful excursion. He was quite satisfied to take his young brother with him for the afternoon. He liked to keep an occasional eye on Reggie Manners, and see that he was keeping out of mischief. Reggie was a decent little fellow in his way, but he showed occasional inclinations towards kicking over the traces.

Manners had just slung on his camera, and was prepared to start, when the door opened and the celebrated eyeglass of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth glimmered in.

"You fellows here— Hallo, Mannahs, deah boy!"

"Hallo!" grunted Manners.

"Tom Mewwy and Lowthah gone out?"

"Yes."

"Bai Jove! I was goin' to suggest a wippin' way of employin' your half-holiday," explained the swell of St. Jim's. "There's a new chap comin' this aftahnoon."

Manners, buckling the strap of his camera, showed a striking lack of interest in the new fellow.

"Chap named Woylance," added Arthur Augustus.

"Ye gods! What a name!" said Manners.

"He's comin' fwom New Zealand."

"Long journey to make in an afternoon."

"Weally, Mannahs, you must be awah that he is not comin' fwom New Zealand this aftahnoon, as he is awwivin' at St. Jim's to-day. I have heard about him. He came ovah fwom New Zealand with his patah. See?"

"I see!" yawned Manners.

"His patah is in London on business, and he is puttin' him in the twain for St. Jim's," explained Arthur Augustus. "Twimble says so. I don't know how Twimble knows. He seems to know evewythin'. It flashed into my bwain that it would only be the wight thing to meet the twain at the station."

"No harm in that," agreed Manners.

"I considahed that you fellows might go. As the othahs have gone out, pewwaps you would care to go on your own, Mannahs."

"I'm going out with my camera," explained Manners.

"Weally, Mannahs, you could put that wubbish aside for once, in ordah to do the polite thing—"

"That what?" demanded Manners.

"Wubbish, deah boy!"

"You silly ass!"

"Pwaps do not uttah offensive wemahs, Mannahs! I weally think that somebody ought to meet this chap Woylance."

"Can't he take a cab from the station without somebody to put him in it?" asked Manners.

"I am thinkin' of the polite aspect of the mattah."

"Well, why don't you go?"

"I should be vewy pleased to go, Mannahs, but I am goin' to watch the football match."

"Put that rubbish aside!" suggested Manners, with a grin.

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"Weally, Mannahs—"

"Good-bye, Gussy!"

Manners gently whirled the swell of St. Jim's out of the way, and walked down the passage. Arthur Augustus looked after him more in sorrow than in anger.

"Bai Jove! I cannot help wegardin' Mannahs as wathah lackin' in pwopah taste," he murmured. "Hallo! Hold on, deah boys!"

Kangaroo, Clifton Dane, and Bernard Glyn were coming down the passage.

"Can't stop!" said Kangaroo.

"I was going to suggest—"

"Good bye!"

The three Shell fellows pushed past Arthur Augustus, and walked on, grinning.

Arthur Augustus breathed hard.

Jack Blake yelled from the staircase.

"Where are you, Gussy? Are you coming, ass?"

"I wefuse to be called an ass, Blake!"

"They're just going to kick-off!" hooted Digby.

"Come on, fathead!" roared Herries.

Arthur Augustus hurried to the stairs to join his chums. Nobody seemed keen on listening to his suggestion with regard to the new boy, and the swell of St. Jim's had to give it up. Somehow it did not occur to his mighty intellect to go to the station himself. He walked down to the football ground with Blake, Herries, and Digby, shaking his head solemnly. He felt that there was a good deal of selfishness about that afternoon.

Meanwhile, Manners of the Shell was looking for his young brother, with the benevolent intention of taking him out along with the camera. Manners was popularly supposed to be nearly as much attached to his minor as to his camera. But he did not find Reggie Jameson of the Third informed him that Manners minor had gone out with Wally and Levison minor, and added, quite superfluously, that he didn't suppose that Reggie would be found dead with that camera, anyway.

Somewhat annoyed, Manners started out by himself. He did not want to go alone, and he had considered that the excursion would be a treat to Reggie. Possibly he was mistaken on that point.

But the cloud soon disappeared from his brow when he got to work with his beloved camera. He enjoyed that afternoon quite as much as Monty Lowther did at the cinema, or Tom Merry on the football ground. But the afternoon, as it happened, was not destined to end so peacefully as it had begun.

CHAPTER 2.

Reggie Asks For It!

"I'VE got an idea!"

Reggie Manners made that remark in Mrs. Murphy's tuckshop in Rylcombe Village.

The three fags had gathered there to enjoy ginger-pop and jam tarts.

"Go it!" said Levison minor.

"Oh, pile in!" said Wally, somewhat disparagingly. D'Arcy minor did not appear to think that Reggie's idea was likely to amount to much.

"There's nothing doing, is there?" demanded Reggie.

"Well, I was thinking of calling a meeting of the Third Form members of the St. Jim's Parliament," said Wally thoughtfully. "I'm not satisfied with the members of the cabinet. It's about time they were turned out of office, you know."

Tom Merry doesn't make much of a prime minister. Now——"

Manners minor yawned.

"Let's dig up something more lively," he suggested.

"Most of the parliament meetings are lively enough," grinned Levison minor. "Wally got a thick ear at the last one, and my nose isn't quite well yet!"

"You see," went on Wally, "I think younger blood is needed. Those old fogies in the Shell aren't much good. We want a cabinet with plenty of push and go, you know."

"Hear, hear!" said Levison minor.

"Oh, give us a rest!" said Reggie.

Wally frowned.

"Well, what's your precious idea, then?" he demanded.

"There's a new chap coming this afternoon. Trimble says he's going into the Fourth," said Reggie. "Some moon-faced booby, I suppose! Let's rag him!"

"It isn't so jolly long since you were a new kid yourself; and if you talk about moon-faced boobies——" said Wally.

"Look here, Wally——"

"I don't like the idea. Ragging new kids is all very well for chaps like Crooke and Racke. It isn't good enough for us. Let the poor beast alone!"

"I'm not suggesting hurting him, you dummy! There's a lot of snow on the ground. We can give him a run to St. Jim's snowballing him."

"Nice impression to make on a new kid!" grinned Frank Levison. "He will think we're a lot of hooligans at St. Jim's!"

"Oh, rot! It's only fun!"

"Don't like the idea," said Wally. "We'll go and look for the Grammar School cads if you like, and snowball them. Let the new kid alone!"

Reggie flushed angrily. Disapproval was always enough to make the wilful fag angry.

"Are you going to set up as a Good Little Georgie?" he demanded sarcastically.

"If you say I'm good, I'll give you a thick ear!" retorted Wally. "I tell you I don't like the idea! It's caddish ragging new kids!"

"So I'm a cad, am I?" demanded Reggie Manners.

"Oh, don't yell at me!" said Wally disdainfully. "I say it's caddish to rag new kids; and so it is!"

Reggie Manners' face set obstinately.

"I'm going to snowball the new kid!" he said deliberately; "and if you don't like it, you can lump it!"

Wally pushed back his cuffs, taking that as a defiance of his lofty rule as chief of the Third Form. But Frank caught his arm.

"Hold on, Wally! You're not going to scrap!"

"Look here——"

"Let's get back! Reggie will come when he's got over his sulks."

"Who's sulking?" roared Reggie.

"You are, old chap. Come on, both of you!"

Frank Levison fairly dragged Wally out of the tuckshop. Reggie Manners followed them more slowly, with a clouded brow. Frank and Wally started for the school, but Reggie remained. He had proposed snowballing the new kid carelessly enough, not caring much about it either way; but opposition made him obstinate. He was going to look for the new arrival now, and give him a hearty snowballing, just by way of putting Wally in his proper place. Which seemed to indicate that Levison minor was right in remarking that Reggie was sulky.

Manners minor mooched about the lane with his hands in his pockets, and a determined and obstinate expression on his face. He knew from Trimble—the Peeping Tom of the School House—that the new boy was coming early this afternoon. As a stranger in the district, he was sure to follow the high road to the school—not one of the short cuts—and so the fag was certain of meeting him.

Reggie improved the period of waiting by kneading several snowballs with great care.

Wally and Frank had long been out of sight when a sturdy lad came swinging down the lane from the village. Reggie watched him as he came along. He was a good deal bigger than Reggie, and his face, a little sunburnt, was very good-looking and glowing with health. He was wearing an overcoat, and had a bag in his hand. Reggie wondered whether this was Dick Roylance, the new junior for the Fourth Form at St. Jim's. He did not want to begin on the wrong party.

As the sturdy lad came swinging up with a springy stride, Reggie shouted.

"Hallo!"

The newcomer paused.

"Hallo!" he responded, evidently surprised at being hailed by a stranger.

"You the new kid for St. Jim's?"

"Oh, yes! I'm going to St. Jim's, certainly!"

"Name's Roylance?"

"Yes."

"Oh, good!" said Manners minor. He had his hand behind him, with a snowball in it, and, having thus ascertained the identity of the stranger, he brought the missile suddenly into view, hurling it with unerring aim.

Whiz! Smash!

The missile took Roylance by surprise. It smashed on his chin, and he staggered back, gasping.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Reggie.

He whizzed a second snowball, which caught the new junior on the nose.

The New Zealander staggered. He was taken by surprise, and for a second or two he rubbed his face, gasping. But he was very quick to dodge the third snowball that flew from Reggie's hand.

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" he ejaculated.

He jumped to the roadside, where snow was piled thick under the trees. In a twinkling he grasped a good handful, and a snowball whizzed back at Reggie, who was about to deliver a fourth shot, and not at all expecting that prompt return.

Smash!

"Yaroooh!" howled Reggie.

The newcomer's missile smashed in his face, and Reggie sat down suddenly in the snow. The new junior chuckled, and gathered up snow at a great rate, pelting the fag right and left.

That was not at all according to Reggie's programme. The matter was not turning out so funny as he had anticipated.

The new junior, chortling, pelted the fag incessantly, and Reggie scrambled wildly right and left to dodge the missiles, having no time to return them.

"Had enough?" chuckled Roylance, at last.

"Yow-ow!" gasped Reggie, sitting up in the snow and blinking at him furiously. "Oh, you rotter!"

"Oh, come now; you're not hurt!" said Roylance. "Let me give you a hand up!"

He stooped and caught the fag by the shoulder, and lifted him to his feet—as easily as if he had been an infant.

Reggie's face was crimson with anger and chagrin. He had completely lost his temper.

"Let me alone, you cad!" he howled, jerking himself away. "Get away, you rotter! Take that, hang you!"

"Ow!" yelled Roylance, as the angry fag hacked at his shin. "Oh, my hat! Why, you cowardly little beast, I'll squash you!"

Reggie, ashamed of his passionate action the moment it was done, was too obstinate to admit repentance. And he had not much time to speak. Roylance seized him by the collar and shook him like a rat. Reggie's teeth fairly clattered together as he was shaken by that strong arm.

"Leggo!" he yelled.

"You young rotter!" panted Roylance. "If you were big enough to stand up to me, I'd give you the licking of your life!"

Shake, shake, shake!

"Yaroooh! Leggo, you rotten bully!" shrieked Reggie.

There was a sudden footstep, and a fellow with a camera slung over his shoulder rushed through a gap in the hedge and leaped into the road.

"Let him go! Let him alone, you cad!" he shouted. And Manners of the Shell grasped Roylance by the shoulder and swung him away from the panting fag with a swing that sent him spinning into the road.

CHAPTER 3.

A Fight to a Finish!

BUMP!

Dick Roylance, of New Zealand, sat down in the middle of the lane with a heavy jar.

Manners glared at him.

Reggie grinned.

His elder brother had come along just in the nick of time—from Reggie's point of view. If Manners had known what had preceded this shaking bestowed on his minor, he would not have acted as he had done. But he knew nothing of all that. He had sighted Reggie squirming in the grasp of a powerfully built fellow, who was shaking him like a rat, and he had dashed up to interfere, as in duty bound.

"Oh!" gasped Roylance.

"You rotter!" shouted Manners. "If you want to tackle somebody, hit a fellow as big as yourself. I'm ready!"

Roylance staggered to his feet.

His handsome, sunburnt face was very grim and angry now. His shin was aching from the cruel hack of the fag's boot, and the names applied to him were very disagreeable.

"Good!" he said quietly. "Step into the field here, my son, and I'll do my best to make you sorry for yourself!"

"I'll give you a chance!" growled Manners. "Take hold of this camera, kid."

He unslung his beloved instrument, and handed it to Reggie.

Manners was a most peaceable fellow, as a rule, but he was angry now; and, quiet fellow as he was, he was by no means to be despised in a scrap.

He stepped through the gap in the hedge, and Roylance followed him. If the fellow wanted to fight, Manners was ready to fight him. Who Roylance was, he had not the faintest idea, and he did not care.

Roylance threw off his overcoat, and pushed back his cuffs.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yes, you rotter!"

"I'll make you take that name back!" said Roylance quickly.

"Rats!"

And they began.

Reggie looked on with a grin. His sulky temper was still in the ascendant, and he keenly anticipated seeing the new fellow licked. Manners was the taller of the two, and somewhat older, and he looked like having an advantage, though he was not thinking of that.

As a matter of fact, however, the new junior was a good deal stronger than Manners. Manners made that discovery after a few minutes of fighting. The new fellow, too, knew a great deal of the manly art of self-defence—another discovery that Manners soon made.

There were no rounds in the fight. It was hammer-and-tongs from start to finish. But when Manners, who was tired with a long tramp over the hills that afternoon, gave ground, breathing hard, Roylance instinctively paused, and gave him time to recover.

Manners came on again, annoyed by being granted a concession by a fellow to whom he had taken a dislike. He attacked hard, and Roylance staggered under two or three blows that got home with great effect.

"Bravo!" chirruped Reggie.

Roylance did not go down, however. He recovered, after giving ground, and then attacked hard. To Manners' surprise, his defence was knocked to the winds, and knuckles that seemed made of iron were planted on his nose like a hammer.

Crash!

Manners of the Shell went down on his back, hard.

"Oh!" gasped Reggie blankly.

Roylance stood back.

The Shell fellow got up dazedly. His nose was streaming red, and his eyes ran water.

"Take a rest," said Roylance. "No hurry, you know!"

"Look out for yourself, you cad!" shouted Manners, rushing on him furiously.

"Oh, all right!"

It was hard and fast fighting now, and punishment was given and taken at a great rate. Reggie looked on wide-eyed. It was dawning on him that the new junior, though not so old as Manners or quite so tall, was stronger and heftier in nearly every way at scrapping.

Reggie had seldom, if ever, seen a fight of such bitter determination, and he had never dreamed that his major could stand up to punishment like this.

But the bitter realisation of defeat was already in Manners' mind. He would not admit that he was beaten, and he fought on fiercely while an ounce of strength remained in him.

But he was spent at last.

A heavy right drive sent him whirling, and he crashed to the ground again. He made a fierce effort to rise, and sank back again from sheer weakness.

Roylance blinked down at him. The new fellow's right eye was closed, and rapidly darkening. His nose was swollen, and his lip cut. He had won, but he had paid for his victory.

Reggie ran to his brother.

"Harry, old chap!" he muttered.

He helped his major into a sitting position.

"Do you want to go on?" asked Roylance.



Manners minor suddenly brought the snowball from behind him and hurled it with unerring aim. Smash! The missile landed on Roylance's chin, and he staggered back, gasping. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Reggie.

quietly, and without a trace of swank. "I'm satisfied if you are."

Manners panted.

"I can't go on, or I'd smash you!" he muttered.

"Right you are!"

"You rotten bully!" shouted Reggie.

Roylance looked at him.

"I won't touch you," he said. "You're not worth it, anyway. I don't see what that chap wanted to stand up for you for, you sneaking little cad!"

"You rotten brute!" snarled Reggie. "Get away from here, you hooligan!"

The new junior made a movement, and Manners staggered up and interposed.

"You've licked me," he said bitterly, "but if you touch my brother again you've got to deal with me, all the same. Come on, if you like!"

Roylance stepped back.

"Your brother, is he?" he answered. "Brother or not, you might stop to inquire a little before you mix in his rows next time. But I'm not going to touch him."

Roylance picked up his overcoat and donned

it, and picked up his bag and went back into the road.

Manners stood breathing heavily, while the new junior tramped on, rather slowly, and disappeared up the lane.

"You're hurt, Harry!" said Reggie.

Manners' bruised face reddened with humiliation. He had chipped in to protect his brother and he had been licked under the fag's eyes. It was not a pleasant or gratifying result.

"You put up a jolly good fight," said Reggie consolingly. "You couldn't help it if he was better than you."

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Manners, not at all consoled by that tactful remark.

Reggie looked sulky at once. He did not make any allowance for his brother's humiliation and his physical sufferings at that moment.

"Well, you were licked," he said. "You're bigger than he is, too."

"Shut up, I tell you!"

"Here's your old camera!" growled Reggie. "I'll clear if you're going to slang me just

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because you're licked. I didn't ask you to chip in, either."

Manners took the camera in silence, and Reggie stalked away.

The Shell fellow moved away slowly and heavily to bathe his face in the brook across the field. But with all he could do to his face, it remained a startling sight. A hard fight without gloves cannot fail to leave traces.

He was not feeling happy as he moved off towards the school at last. He had been licked by a fellow he had never seen before, and, so far as he knew, was not likely to see again. He was feeling tired, humiliated, and spent, and there was an unaccustomed bitterness in his heart—a feeling that was something like hatred of the unknown opponent who had defeated him.

CHAPTER 4. Noblesse Oblige!

"**B**WAVO. Kildare!"

"Good old Kildare!"

"Goal!"

The football match on Big Side had ended, Kildare kicking the winning goal almost on the stroke of time.

Arthur Augustus waved his eyeglass in great excitement and glee. But as the footballers came off the field the swell of St. Jim's jammed his celebrated monocle into his eye and turned it on his chums.

"I wondah if that new chap's awwived!" he remarked.

"What new chap?" yawned Blake.

"The new chap ffrom New Zealand, you know," said Arthur Augustus. "I was thinkin' of lookin' for him, and giving him a word of welcome! It will make him feel wathah at home, you know."

"What about tea?" asked Herries.

"Nevah mind tea now, Hewwies."

"But I do mind!" grunted Herries. "I'm hungry—"

"Same here!" remarked Digby. "Let's scout for tea, and let the new fellow go and eat coke!"

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Blake.

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"I wegard it as bein' up to us," he said. "Study No. 6 is bound to do the polite thing. I suggested to Marnahs goin' along to the station to meet the new chap. But I feah that Mannahs is wathah selfish. We are bound to give the New Zealand chap a cheewy gweetin'."

"Oh, blow!" said Herries. "What on earth does he care whether we give him a cheery greeting or not? Let's see if we can dig up something for tea."

"Pewwaps you may as well see to the tea," admitted Arthur Augustus thoughtfully. "If I can find Woylance, I will bring him in to tea."

And the swell of St. Jim's marched off to look for the new junior. "Noblesse oblige" was Gussy's noble maxim.

The Honourable Arthur Augustus felt that it was up to him to give the New Zealand junior a cheery greeting, at least. A new fellow, especially one from a distant Dominion, was likely to feel rather lost on his first day at a big school; and Arthur Augustus was generously prepared to devote what remained of the afternoon to making Dick Roylance feel at home.

He bore down upon Taggles in his lodge to ask whether Roylance had arrived. But Taggles had seen nothing of him.

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"Bai Jove! He is wathah late!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "His twain must have been in a long time ago. Are you sure you have not seen him, Taggles? You know what a vewy careless old chap you are!"

Taggles grunted and retired to his lodge, apparently not pleased by that remark.

"Bai Jove! Taggles gwows ewustiah ewevy day!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "Howevah, I suppose the chap hasn't awwived yet. Pewwaps I had bettah wait here for him."

Having come to that decision, Arthur Augustus leaned his noble back against one of the old stone pillars of the gateway, and watched the road through his eyeglass.

He had not very long to wait, as it happened. In five minutes or so a lad in an overcoat came up the road, with a bag in his hand.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gazed at him curiously. The stranger had a swollen nose, a black eye, and several bruises on his face; also his collar was crumpled. His appearance, in this condition, was not exactly prepossessing.

The stranger stopped at the gates.

"Is this St. Jim's?" he asked civilly.

"Oh yaas!"

"Thank you!"

The stranger came in.

"Gweat Scott!" murmured the swell of St. Jim's. "Th's must be Woylance!"

He realised that Roylance could not have turned up in that state from choice. The new boy must have had some misadventures on the road.

"Excuse me!" said Arthur Augustus politely.

"You are Woylance. I pwesume?"

"My name is Roylance."

"Yaas. I said Woylance," answered Arthur Augustus innocently. "You are the new kid comin' into the Fourth Form here—what?"

"Yes."

"I am vewy glad to make your acquaintance, deah boy! Pway allow me to intwduce myself—D'Arcy of the Fourth."

Arthur Augustus held out his hand, and Roylance, though he looked a little surprised, shook it.

"I twust you have not had an accident comin' here, Woylance?"

Roylance grinned faintly.

"Not an accident—a fight," he answered.

"Ahem!"

"Not exactly my fault," added Roylance. "I didn't look for a scrap, walking here from the station, you may be sure. I wasn't anxious to turn up at the school in this state."

"Bai Jove, I imagine not!"

"Does my face look very bad?" asked Roylance anxiously.

"Ahem! Wathah knocked about," said Arthur Augustus. "Wailton will be wathah surprised, I feah. I undahstand that you are comin' into the School House?"

"Yes; I've been told to report myself to a Mr. Railton."

"That's our Housemastah, deah boy—a jolly good sort! You had bettah explain to Mr. Wailton. Ahem! I suppose you weally could not help gettin' that black eye if some wuffian attacked you."

"Not exactly a ruffian," said Roylance, smiling. "A schoolboy I think."

"One of the Gwammah School chaps, I expect. Did you lick him?"

"I think so."

"Bwavo! No good tellin' Wailton that, though. He wouldn't care whethah you licked the

Gwammah School cad or not. There are some things that a Housemastah does not compwehend the importance of," explained Arthur Augustus. "Pewwaps you would like me to take you to Mr. Wailton's study?"

And Arthur Augustus marched his protege across the quad towards the School House, apparently oblivious of the curious glances which Roylance's remarkable eye drew from all sides.

CHAPTER 5.

Looking After the New Boy!

TOM MERRY and Monty Lowther were on the School House steps. They were waiting for Manners to come in, rather impatiently. Manners was wanted for tea, but he was staying out. But Tom and Monty forgot Manners as soon as they saw D'Arcy's striking-looking companion.

"Woylance of the Fourth, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "Tom Mewwy and Monty Lowthah, Woylance. Woylance has had a scrap with a wuffianly Gwammawian on the way here."

"My hat! I was wondering if he'd met a motor-car, and tried to stop it with his nose!" remarked Lowther.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Too bad!" said Tom Merry. "You'll have to explain that eye to Railton, Roylance. You must tell him that you didn't come from New Zealand like that."

"I am goin' to explain to Wailton," said Arthur Augustus loftily. "A posish like this wequiah a few words fwom a fellow of tact and judgment. Come on, Woylance!"

The swell of St. Jim's marched his protege into the House, and tapped at the School House master's door.

"Come in!" sounded the deep voice of Mr. Railton.

"That eye weally needs some explainin', but wely on me!" whispered Arthur Augustus.

He marched the New Zealand junior in.

Mr. Railton rose to his feet, a surprised expression coming over his face at the sight of Roylance's remarkable aspect.

"Who is this?" he exclaimed.

"This is Woylance, the new boy, sir."

"Roylance! What do you mean, Roylance, by presenting yourself at school in this condition?" exclaimed Mr. Railton.

"It was not Woylance's fault, sir," said Arthur Augustus, before the new junior could reply. "Woylance was attacked by a beastly wuffian, sir, on his way here fwom the station. It was vewy much against his will, sir, that he weceived a black eye and cwocked nose."

"You may leave the study, D'Arcy."

"Weally, sir, I was goin' to explain—"

"Roylance can explain for himself. You may go."

"Oh, vewy well, sir!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity.

He gave Roylance an encouraging look and quitted the study, closing the door after him.

"Haven't you explained to Railton?" inquired Monty Lowther.

"Wailton was wathah short and sharp, Lowthah. His mannaahs seem wathah to fail sometimes. I weally hope he is not goin' to wag Woylance. The poor fellow could not help bein' attacked by a wascally wuffian, could he?"

"But was he?" inquired Tom Merry.

"Oh, yaas! I think it must have been one of the Gwammawians. Woylance could not have wanted a scwap on his way to school, you know."

"No, I suppose not," agreed Tom Merry, laughing. "Rather rotten of the chap who went for him if he knew he was a new kid turning up here for the first time."

"Yaas, wathah! I am goin' to ask Woylance to tea in Study No 6," continued Arthur Augustus. "If you fellows would care to come, and make a weally impressive occasion of it, we should be delighted."

"Charmed!" grinned Lowther. "It's an honour and a distinction to have tea in the company of a fellow with an eye like that!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"But we shall have to wait for Manners," said Lowther. "The silly chump is still taking photographs somewhere. But even Manners will have to give it up at dark, I suppose."

The Shell fellows returned to the steps, to wait there for their absent chum.

Arthur Augustus waited in the corridor for Roylance. The new junior came out of the Housemaster's study at last.

"Wagged, deah boy?" asked D'Arcy anxiously.

Roylance shook his head.

"Oh, no! Mr. Railton was very decent. I suppose he understood that I didn't get this on purpose."

"Yaas; he is wathah an intelligent chap for a Housemastah," agreed Arthur Augustus. "Pewwaps you would like to come up to the dorm and let me attend to your injuwies?"

"You're very good!"

"Not at all, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus graciously.

=====

ACTION! SPEED! THRILLS!

Dirt track racing was the Head of St. Clair's pet aversion . . . he hated the sport and had put the local speedway out of bounds. It was the "sack" for any fellow who put his nose inside the place . . . but there were two who couldn't resist the lure of the flying cinders. Dave and Con, the Schoolboy Cinder Shifters, knew it was asking for trouble, but they had to race—the speed fever had got them, and it'll get you, too, when you read their adventures in

"SCHOOLBOY CINDER SHIFTERS"

Alfred Edgar's grand yarn,
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He piloted the new junior to the Fourth Form dormitory, and expended quite a lot of trouble in attending to the injuries.

Roylance looked a little better when he had finished, but there was no getting rid of a black eye and a swollen nose.

"I have to see my Form-master and the House dame," said Roylance, as they left the dormitory.

"Follow me, deah boy!"

Arthur Augustus led the way to the Fourth Form master's study, and waited while Roylance interviewed Mr Lathom—to whom another explanation of the black eye had to be made—and then guided him away to the House dame's room.

"Don't let Mrs. Minims give you your tea," he warned. "We want you to come to tea in our study, Woylance. We are goin' to kill the fatted calf in your honah, you know."

Roylance smiled.

"Right you are!" he said.

And after he had seen the House dame, Arthur Augustus marched him off to the Fourth Form passage.

In that quarter his eye and nose drew a good deal of attention and some remarks. Fourth Formers did not stand on ceremony with a new fellow. Roylance entered Study No. 6 with his new friend, and received three separate stares from Blake, Herries, and Digby, who were getting tea. They had never seen a new junior with a face quite like that before. Arthur Augustus, with considerable dignity, introduced the new fellow. Blake & Co grinned and bade him welcome. Dig, indeed, carried hospitality so far as to offer him the window curtain to make a sling for his nose—an offer that was not accepted.

CHAPTER 6.

After the Battle!

"**W**HERE the dickens has Manners got to?" Tom Merry and Lowther asked that question of one another, but, naturally, neither could answer it.

The winter dusk was falling, and it was not possible that an enthusiastic photographer like Manners could be taking photographs in the dusk.

"Seen Manners?" the chums asked every fellow who came in.

But nobody had, till at last Baggy Trimble of the Fourth was able to give information.

"He, he, he! I saw him bathing his nose!" was Trimble's answer.

"Bathing his nose!" repeated Tom Merry.

"He, he, he—yes!" giggled Trimble. "I asked him who'd been punching his nose, and he called me names. He's been licked, you bet!"

And the fat and podgy Baggy rolled in, apparently quite pleased that Manners had been licked.

Tom and Lowther looked at one another.

"I suppose he's got into a row with the Grammarians," said Tom, at last.

"Shouldn't wonder! We shall be too late for tea in Study No. 6 if he doesn't come in!"

"Hallo, here he is!"

A tired figure with a camera came through the gathering dusk, and the Shell fellows recognised their chum. He was looking different from usual, however. His face was in a considerably worse state than Roylance's had been.

"Hallo! Been in the wars?" asked Tom.

Manners grunted.

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"Yes; can't you see?"

"H'm!" murmured Tom. "Come in, old chap! Tea's ready!"

Manners was ill-humoured, and it was very seldom that he was ill-humoured, though his temper was quick at times. It was a chum's duty to bear with a chum, so Manners was given his head, so to speak. Manners followed the two into the House and up to the study. There he sat down in the armchair, evidently fatigued.

Tom and Monty regarded him doubtfully.

"You said tea was ready!" mumbled Manners.

"We're asked into Study No. 6. If you don't care to come—"

"Why shouldn't I come?"

"No reason why you shouldn't, old chap!" said Tom, more and more surprised at this unaccustomed rattiness. "Let's get along, then!"

"I suppose you mean my face looks disgraceful?"

"Well, it's a—a bit disfigured. That won't matter, of course."

"I don't know that I want to show it off, though."

"All serene! We'll have tea here," said Tom pacifically. "You got into a row out of doors, I suppose?"

"I should think you could guess that, looking at me."

"Well, I did guess it, looking at you," said Tom, determined to be good-tempered. "One of the Grammar School cads?"

"No; a rotter—a waster—I'd never seen before!"

A low, bullying cad!" growled Manners savagely. "I got the worst of it, though!"

"Can't always get goals!" remarked Monty Lowther. "The fighting record of this study is good enough to allow for a defeat now and then."

"It wasn't exactly a defeat. I was tired. I'd been a couple of hours on the tramp. Otherwise, I might have smashed the brute, as I wanted to. I'd like to meet him again somewhere!" said Manners, between his teeth.

"A stranger to you?" asked Tom.

"Yes—hang him!"

"Well, he must have been a rotten brute to pick a row with you for nothing!" said Tom.

"We'll trot out and look for him on Saturday, if you like. I suppose he belongs to this neighbourhood? One of us will give him another turn!"

"Well, you'd have licked him, I suppose; but I don't want anybody to fight my battles. I could tackle him if I was at my best."

"Of course you could," agreed Tom. "But did the brute start a row for nothing at all?"

"He was bullying my minor," said Manners. "I came up, and caught him doing it, and went for him."

"I suppose you asked what the trouble was before you pitched into the stranger?" asked Tom.

"No, I didn't! He was shaking Reggie, like a cowardly brute, and then I came up. You'd naturally think Reggie was to blame, of course!"

"Not at all. But I suppose he might be."

"What about tea?" asked Lowther, thinking it was wise to change the subject. "I suppose you're hungry, old fellow?"

Manners rose and looked in the glass. He scowled at his reflection, which certainly was not pleasing to the eye just then.

"I shall get chipped about this!" he growled.

"Linton will jaw me in class to-morrow. Hang the fellow—hang him!"

"Well, you can tell Linton you couldn't help it,"

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

A band leader complains there will soon be no old songs left to sing. Some people, of course, think the band leaders should swing themselves!

Story: "That comedian would have a good act, if he could sing," said the manager of the Wayland Hippodrome to the electrician. "Yes, if he was a comedian!" said the electrician.

STOP PRESS: *A sequel to the film "Robin Hood" is to be made. So the Friar will have another Tuck-in!*

Mr. Lathom says that as far as prep is concerned, the average member of the Fourth won't be bothered. Is that a promise?

When a bus ran down a hill backwards in Wayland, the driver calmly steered it till it reached the bottom. While the conductor, I hope, just as calmly changed the destination boards!

Dame Taggles went to the fishmonger's in Rylcombe. "Are these fish fresh?" she asked. "Fresh, ma'am?" exclaimed the fishmonger.

said Tom. "It's no worse than I was after my fight with Grundy."

"But you licked Grundy!"

Evidently it was the defeat that rankled in Manners' breast, not the damage. And that surprised his chums, too, for Manners was usually a sportsman, and could take the downs with the ups.

"Well, you'll lick this hooligan chap next time," said Monty Lowther. "We'll look for him on Saturday afternoon, and see fair play while you wallop him!"

Manners grunted. Perhaps he had an inward doubt about the walloping.

"Might be the same chap Roylance met," said Tom thoughtfully. "He had a fight with some ruffian fellow as he came here."

"Who's Roylance?" growled Manners.

"The new chap. You've heard him spoken of. A kid from Australia or New Zealand, I hear. He had a scrap on the road here with some ruffian, Gussy says. He came in looking nearly as bad as you. Seems a decent chap, though."

There was a step in the passage, and Arthur Augustus' monocle gleamed in.

"You here, you fellows! You are keepin' tea waitin', if you don't mind my mentionin' it. Bai Jove! Anythin' happened, Mannahs?"

"Just look at 'em! Nah then—down! Lie still, can't yer?"

Safety tip: *If you ever get into a scrap and things begin to look tough, just climb a tree and pull it up after you!*

Herries inquires what he should get a second-hand piano for these days? Afraid I can't think of any good reason at all!

Do anglers ever tell the truth? *inquires a reader. Oh, yes, when they tell each other they don't believe each other!*

Oh, I've borrowed Herries' cornet for a day or two. I can't play it—but neither can he, while I've got it!

A Wayland firm is advertising for a new cashier. *They haven't found their old one yet.*

Now for a few jokes: "Seven days or thirty shillings," rapped the judge. "I'll take the thirty shillings," said the defendant quickly. Clang the fire irons if you've heard it.

"Have you cut the sleeves out yet?" *the tailor asked his apprentice. "Yes, sir; I cut them out right at the start—they were too difficult."*

Grundy went into a restaurant in Wayland where they advertise they will serve anything. "I want an elephant sandwich," ordered Grundy. "White or brown bread, sir?" "Brown, please." "Indian or African elephant, sir?" "Indian," said Grundy. "And how many sandwiches would you like, sir?" "One," said Grundy. "But, sir," protested the waiter, "you surely don't imagine I am going to kill an elephant for one sandwich?"

I'll be seeing you, chaps.

"No!" said Manners, with savage sarcasm. "I've been to a beastly doctor to have my face made like this, of course."

"Weally, Mannahs, you need not snap a fellow's head off! Did you meet the same wuffian who attacked Woylance?"

"How should I know, ass, when I don't know anything about Roylance and his silly ruffian?"

"Is that what you call a polite weply, Mannahs?" asked Arthur Augustus, with chilly dignity. "If you wegard that as civil or polite, I can only we remark that you are labouwin' undah a vewy sewious misappwehension."

"Oh, rats!"

The noble eye of Arthur Augustus gleamed behind his monocle. But he remembered that he had come there to take the Terrible Three to tea, and he forbore to utter the crushing words that rose to his lips.

"Pway come along, deah boys," he said, with elaborate courtesy. "Tea is waitin' in Study No. 6. I shall be vewy pleased to intwoduce you to the new fellow, Mannahs!"

"I don't care a twopenny rap about the new fellow!"

"Bai Jove!"

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"Mannahs, old chap—" murmured Tom Merry.

"I'm not coming!" said Manners. "You fellows can go!"

"But you want your tea!"

"Hang tea!"

"Pewwaps I had bettah wetiah," said Arthur Augustus, in his most stately manner, and he promptly retired.

Tom Merry and Lowther eyed Manners dubiously. They had accepted the invitation to tea in Study No. 6. But they did not like leaving their chum behind. Manners had thrown himself savagely into the armchair again.

"Oh, go!" he said, meeting his chums' glances. "I couldn't eat now, anyway. I'm fairly pipped! Don't mind my temper—I'm feelin' rotten! Get off to Study No. 6, and I'll go and give my nose another bathe!"

"All serene, then!"

Tom and Monty followed the swell of the Fourth to Study No. 6.

Tea in Study No. 6 was a cheery meal. Roylance was very cheery, in spite of his damages, and Tom and Monty rather liked him.

But Tom and Lowther could not help thinking about Manners, and the unlucky result of his afternoon's outing. He would certainly have done better to watch the first eleven match with Tom, or to accompany Monty Lowther to the cinema. And, knowing Reggie as they did, the chums were not at all certain that that lively young gentleman had not asked for all that he had received from the ruffianly stranger. They felt, too, that Manners probably had a secret misgiving on that point, upon reflection.

After tea, they returned to their own study sooner than they would otherwise have done, hoping to find Manners in a better humour. But Manners was not there. Possibly he was attending to his injured nose somewhere. The chums of the Shell began their prep in a less cheery mood than usual.

CHAPTER 7.

Manners Meets His Enemy!

"JACKKEYMO, this is jolly good!"

Smith minor of the Fourth made that remark, and Giacomo Contarini, an Italian junior who had come to St. Jim's at the beginning of the new term, grinned and nodded.

The two were at tea in Study No. 7, which they shared.

Tea was usually a very appetising spread in Study No. 7, for Jackeymo had a skilled hand at turning out Italian dishes. And his macaroni was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Macaroni, made up with cheese and flavoured with tomato, is a dish for the gods: and it has the special merit of being cheap. Frank Smith grinned with glee over his plate, and Jackeymo smiled the smile of the great artist who has found appreciation.

Tap!

Smith minor had just filled his mouth, so Contarini called out "Entrante!" as the knock came at the study door. The Italian junior often dropped into his own language without thinking, though his English was quite good.

Arthur Augustus threw open the door.

"Here you are, Woylance!"

"Hallo, new kid!" said Smith minor, having negotiated his macaroni.

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"Woylance is goin' to share this study, Smith."

"Oh!" said Smith minor, not at all pleased.

Contarini, considerably more polished than the candid Smith, rose to his feet, and nodded to the New Zealand junior.

"Buona sera, signorino!" he said.

"He doesn't know what Bony Sarah means, you see!" said Smith minor; and indeed Dick Roylance was surprised at the greeting.

"It means good-evenin'," said Arthur Augustus loftily. Gussy prided himself on knowing a little Italian.

"You are very welcome, signorino," added Contarini. "It shall be with pleasure that we receive you into our study!"

"Oh, you can come in!" said Smith minor. "If Railton shoved you in here, we've got to have you, anyway!"

"Weally, Fwank Smith, you might put it a little more gwacefully!"

"Bow-wow!"

Roylance smiled. He did not expect the manners of Sir Charles Grandison in the Fourth Form of St. Jim's. If he had, he would certainly have been disappointed. Gussy was the only Grandison that St. Jim's could boast.

"If you haven't had your tea, wire in and try our macaroni," continued Smith minor, who was hospitable as well as candid. "It's ripping! Jackeymo makes it over the study fire; he learned it in Italy. Jackeymo's an Italian, as you can guess by his weird lingo. There's a chair, Gussy; sit down, do. This is a regular feast!"

"Thank you vewy much, deah boy, I have had my tea," said Arthur Augustus. "I came to introduce your new studymate. You will not be expected to do any pwep this evenin', Woylance, as you are a new chap. If you wequiah any information about anythin', wemembah I am next door."

"Thank you very much!" said Roylance.

"Not at all, deah boy!"

Arthur Augustus gracefully retired, and left Roylance with his studymates.

The New Zealand junior, having had his tea in Study No. 6, declined to share in the macaroni. He unpacked his books while Smith minor and Jackeymo finished their tea.

Tea being finished, Smith minor left the study, it not occurring to him to make any remark to his new studymate. Contarini lingered.

"You are from Zealandia, isn't it?" asked Contarini.

"New Zealand," said Roylance, with a smile.

"Si, si!" nodded Contarini. "I am from Italia. We shall be amici—"

"Eh?"

"Friends, in this study—amici," said Contarini, smiling.

"I'm sure I hope so."

"You have received some damage?"

Roylance smiled.

"Yes: I got into a fight on my way here. By the way, I suppose my box ought to have got here from the station by this time."

"Forse che si, forse che no—"

"What?"

"I mean, perhaps yes, perhaps no. But you have your bag with your things?"

"Oh, yes. I left it in the dormitory."

"Buono! We will, if you wish, go and inquire after your box."

"If it's not bothering you."

"Non fa niente. Not at all. Andiamo!" said Contarini.

Roylance left the study with him. In spite of the damage to his face and the aches and pains consequent upon it, Dick Roylance was feeling very cheerful and happy. He had wondered a good deal what the fellows would be like at his new school, and the kindness he had received at St. Jim's had made a very pleasant impression on him.

True, he had only met some of the best fellows so far. He had other acquaintances to make. When he met Racke and Crooke of the Shell, and Mellish and Trimble of the Fourth, he would discover that all St. Jim's was not on the same level.

But so far his lines had been cast in pleasant places. He was pleased, too, with his studymates, though he would have been very glad to have found himself an inmate of Study No. 6. Tom Merry and Lowther, too, had been very cordial, and he liked them. Excepting for his encounter with the two unknown schoolboys on the road from Rylcombe, he was having a very agreeable day.

But his unknown adversary of Rylcombe Lane was not destined to remain unknown much longer. As he left Study No. 7 with Jackeymo, Manners of the Shell came from the direction of the dormitory stairs.

Manners stopped dead as his eyes fell on Roylance.

"You here!" he exclaimed in amazement.

Roylance recognised him at once.

"My hat!" he ejaculated. "You!"

Contarini glanced from one to the other.

"You know Manners?" he asked.

"I've met him," said Roylance grimly. "I didn't know his name."

Manners came towards the new junior, his fists clenching, and a gleam coming into his eyes.

"So you belong to this school?" he asked.

"Yes, as you see."

"You—you're the new fellow they were speaking of—Roylance?" exclaimed Manners, understanding at last.

"Quite so."

"My hat! I might have guessed it, too!" exclaimed Manners. "You were coming here, you cad, when you stopped to bully my young brother!"

Roylance compressed his lips.

"We've had one fight to-day, Manners—if that's your name," he said quietly. "I don't want another, if you don't. But I don't allow anybody to call me a cad and a bully!"

"Cad!" said Manners. "Bully!"

Roylance drew a deep breath. He made a stride forward, and then stopped. Manners was so evidently unfit to stand up to him that he paused. Manners regarded him mockingly.

"Well?" he sneered.

It was so unlike Manners to sneer that Contarini stared at him almost open-mouthed.

But Roylance, who did not know Manners, and had no idea of what a good fellow Manners really was, only looked contemptuous. Truly, Manners had not shown himself in a favourable light, and



"Do you want to go on?" asked Roylance quietly. "I'm satisfied, if you are." Manners gasped. "I can't go on, or I'd smash you!" he muttered.

Roylance could not be expected to guess that he was in an angry, perverse mood, and quite unlike his usual self.

"I won't touch you," said Roylance quietly and scornfully. "I think you've had about as much as you can stand for to-day."

Manners' face flamed.

"I'm ready for you, you cad!" he exclaimed. "I called you a cad and a bully; and so you are a cad and a bully! Now then!"

"You can say what you like, but I shan't stay here to listen to it," answered Roylance. "Say it again when you're fit to stand up and answer for it, and I'll stop you soon enough!"

He walked on with Contarini, without giving Manners time to reply.

The Shell fellow made one step after him, and then stopped. The hopelessness of tackling his enemy in his present state, after the severe licking he had already received, was evident even to Manners.

He swung away, and went to his own study.

CHAPTER 8.

Trouble in the Family!

"OH, here you are, old scout!"

"Time to get on with your prep."

Tom Merry and Monty Lowther greeted their chum with determined good-humour as he came into the study with a black brow.

They could not quite understand Manners just now, but they meant to bear with him patiently. The Terrible Three were too good chums to quarrel over an angry look or a snappish word; and Tom and Monty realised that something must be up with old Manners to make him look and act as he was doing now. It was utterly unlike him.

"Prep!" said Manners. "Hang prep! I suppose I've got to do it. Hang it!"

He sat down.

Manners was the one member of the Co. who never seemed to find prep a bore. Now it made him angry and discontented. He sat down, but he did not begin work.

"Hang it!" he repeated.

"Tired?" asked Tom.

"Yes; I'm tired and aching all over. I stuck it out too long in scrapping with that brute this afternoon. I've never felt so dashed seedy in my life," growled Manners savagely. "A fag in the Third could lick me!"

"You'll feel better later."

"I know that."

"Ahem!"

Manners glared across the table at his patient chums. It really looked as if he would have been glad to quarrel with them, and they were more and more amazed. But they were determined not to quarrel, and they resumed their work quietly. Manners opened a book, and closed it again with a snap.

There was a tap at the door, and Dick Julian of the Fourth looked in, with a cheery smile.

"You fellows finished?" he asked. "Grundy's holding a meeting in the Common-room—about the St. Jim's parliament, you know. He's trying to get up a party to get rid of the old gang. We're going to pelt him with cushions. You fellows coming?"

Tom Merry and Lowther glanced at their unfinished work, and glanced at Manners.

"I'm not coming!" growled Manners. "Hang Grundy! Let the silly fool alone!"

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"Hallo! You picked up a sweet temper along with that eye, didn't you, Manners?" asked Julian, with a stare.

"Oh, dry up!"

Tom Merry coloured with sheer shame for his chum.

"Don't mind him, Julian," he said hastily.

"Manners is out of sorts this evening."

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Julian, though he looked surprised. "Sorry I've bothered you."

He left the study quietly.

Manners gave a snort of discontent.

"No need to apologise for me, Tom Merry!" he said.

"Rather necessary to explain, though, I think," said Tom tartly at last. "What do you want to insult Julian for—one of the most decent fellows in the House?"

"Oh, bother Julian!"

Manners rose and moved discontentedly about the study. His chums worked quietly at the table.

"Awfully busy, I suppose?" said Manners sarcastically, after some moments.

"Not if you want to talk," said Tom, looking up.

"I don't want to talk."

"Then we may as well get on."

"Oh, for goodness' sake chuck up that rot for a few minutes!" exclaimed Manners unreasonably. "You're not usually so jolly keen on prep. You missed it last night to have a boxing match with Figgins."

"That's right enough. We'll chuck it if you like."

"There's a cad I'm going to have a fight with on Saturday," said Manners. "I shall be fit by Saturday, I expect."

"That hooligan who tackled you this afternoon?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Yes."

"You know where to find him, then?"

"Yes I know where to find him!" said Manners grimly.

"Good. We'll come along with you and see fair play," said Tom Merry. "You'll lick the rotter next time."

"I did my best this afternoon," said Manners moodily. "He walked over me, though. But I blacked his eye, same as he did mine. I don't know whether I can lick the beast, but I'm going to try. You could."

"I don't suppose I could if you couldn't," said Tom mildly.

"Oh, don't rot! You're a better man at scrapping than I am!"

"Bosh!"

"Well, you know you are! I could construe your head off, and give you fifty in a hundred at maths and beat you!"

"Granted!" said Tom, laughing. "Not to mention geography, French, German, drawing, music, and some other things, including stinks."

"But you could beat me in a scrap!" said Manners, glaring at his chum, as if daring him to deny it.

Tom Merry's sunny face grew very grave.

"I don't understand you, Manners," he replied. "You're talking jolly queerly this evening. Whether one of us could lick the other doesn't matter a twopenny rap, and it certainly won't be put to the test. You seem to be saying all the most unpleasant things you can think of."

"You know it's true!" growled Manners.

"You're a fool in some things—"

"Oh, am I?" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, you are!"



Detective Kerr Investigates

No. 28.

THE GAS-MASK RESCUE.

AN explosion in the chemistry laboratory one half-holiday was heard all over St. Jim's. Masters and prefects rushing to the spot found Darrell of the Sixth lying outside the lab, almost overcome by fumes. Reviving, Darrell explained that he had been experimenting with chlorine monoxide when he dropped a piece of apparatus and caused the explosion. Almost overcome by the poison gas, Darrell had an impression of a junior wearing an A.R.P. gas-mask, as issued to everybody at St. Jim's. The junior had dragged Darrell clear of the lab and then disappeared. The school doctor, arriving almost immediately, said he had been rung up by a junior, judging by the voice. The gallant rescuer remained to be discovered—Trimble and Piggott both being claimants—and "Detective" Kerr set out to discover him.

KERR: Is that the Rylcombe Telephone Exchange, please? This is St. Jim's. You took a call from St. Jim's to Dr. Short, of Rylcombe, about an hour ago?

OPERATOR: Oh, yes! I remember it.

KERR: Did the fellow who called Dr. Short give his name?

OPERATOR: No, he used the phone in the prefects' room.

KERR: You know same St. Jim's chaps, I dare say. You couldn't identify the voice?

OPERATOR: I'm afraid I couldn't. Whoever it was, he said: "Hurry this call! Dr. Short, Rylcombe three double seven."

KERR: I see. Thanks very much.

KERR: Hallo, Trimble! What's all this about your having performed a gallant rescue?

TRIMBLE: Oh, it was nothing to a brave chap like me!

Tom Merry seemed to gulp something down with difficulty.

"Very well," he said. "If you think so, let it go at that. I may as well get on with my prep."

His face was a little set as he turned to his work. Monty Lowther rose to his feet, with a gleam in his eyes.

"Look here, Manners," he said. "There's been enough of this! If Tom's a fool, it's because he's letting you talk to him like that, instead of rubbing your cheeky nose in the carpet."

"It's all right, Monty," said Tom, in a low voice. "Do your prep, old chap."

Manners gave a grunt.

Lowther sat down again, his brows knitted.

KERR: What exactly did you do?

TRIMBLE: I happened to be near the lab, and when I heard the terrific explosion I didn't hesitate a second. I had been to the A.R.P. store, and Kildare had given me a new gas-mask as my other one didn't fit. Seeing dense clouds of poison gas issuing from the lab, I put on my mask and, fearless as a lion, rushed inside. At first I couldn't make out a thing in the choking black smoke—and the poison gas, of course—but at that moment I saw Darrell lying helpless on the floor. He was literally at his last gasp when, exerting my herculean strength, I dragged him out into the open air.

KERR: My only nat! What a story!

TRIMBLE: I dashed immediately to the phone and rang up Rylcombe three seven seven.

KERR: Which phone?

TRIMBLE: The one in the prefects' room.

KERR: So you're laying claim to being the hero of the hour, too, Piggott? Quite a hefty performance on your part, dragging Darrell out of danger, wasn't it—seeing that Darrell is about twice as heavy as you are?

PIGGOTT: Yes; it was lucky I had my gas-mask. I believe I've strained myself a bit, though.

KERR: And you rang up the doctor as soon as you'd rescued Darrell?

PIGGOTT: Yes; Rylcombe three seventy-seven.

KERR: Whose phone did you use? Mr. Railton's?

PIGGOTT: No; the one in the prefects' room.

KERR: Kildare tells me he issued you with a fresh gas-mask early this afternoon, Merry?

MERRY: Yes, that's correct. The one I had at first was a bad fit. That was before detention class started, though.

KERR: Oh, I'd forgotten you were detained, Merry!

MERRY: Yes, several of the School House were in detention this afternoon—the aftermath of the last House row, when Mr. Ratcliff reported us.

KERR: So if one of them had broken detention he wouldn't be too eager to let it be known?

MERRY: I suppose not.

KERR: By the way, I'd like to ask Dr. Short a thing or two. Do you know his number?

MERRY: It's Rylcombe three double seven, Kerr.

KERR: Thanks, Merry! Well, I'll be seeing you.

(Who is the real hero—Tom Merry? Turn to page 33 to see how Kerr solves the problem.)

There was an uncomfortable silence for a time, while Manners moved about restlessly.

It was true enough that Tom was a more athletic fellow than his chum, though Manners had many advantages in his own way. It had never seemed to trouble Manners before. Probably he was thinking how he could have handled Roylance if he had possessed Tom's fistful powers.

"I'm going to try, anyway!" said Manners at last, speaking in answer to his own train of thought. "Hang him! I'll lick him, or else get smashed up!"

"Oh, you'll lick him all right!" said Tom, almost as if he were soothing a child. Manners did indeed seem rather childish to his chums just

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then. "We'll go on the warpath on Saturday afternoon and hunt him out."

"No need to do that. The cad's here!"

"Here!" exclaimed Tom and Monty together.

"Yes. Here at St. Jim's."

Tom Merry stared.

"But you said he wasn't a St. Jim's fellow, Manners!"

"I said I didn't know who the brute was. It turns out that he's a new fellow, on his way here when I came across him."

"There's only one new fellow come here today," observed Lowther, with a rather strange look at Manners. "That's Roylance, the New Zealand chap."

"That's the hound!"

Tom Merry rose. He was angry now.

"That fellow is the chap you have been calling a brute and a bully and a hooligan?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Well, he's nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Tom, his eyes flashing. "I saw him in Blake's study, and talked to him. He's a thoroughly decent chap so far as a fellow could tell at one meeting. Everybody he's met likes him."

"I must say that he struck me as being decent enough," remarked Monty Lowther. "He seems to think that he was in the right in that scrap this afternoon, too."

"Oh, rot!"

"He didn't know he'd been scrapping with a friend of ours, or a St. Jim's fellow at all, Manners. Gussy thought it must be a Grammar School chap he fought with, and Roylance thought the same I understand."

"He knows better now. I've just met him in the passage."

"You're going to fight Roylance on Saturday, then?" asked Tom.

"Yes I am."

Tom Merry looked troubled.

"Look here, Manners, this isn't good enough! You've been describing a hulking bully to us, and it turns out that you were talking about a chap as decent as anybody here. It's utter rot! Roylance doesn't look like a bully."

"He was bullying my young brother when I came up."

"Well, if you actually saw him——" said Tom, perplexed.

"He was grabbing him and shaking him like a rat!"

"Well, that might be bullying, and it might not. Do you mean to say that he started on Reggie for nothing at all?"

"I don't know what happened before I came up, naturally," said Manners sullenly. "If you're going to suggest that Reggie was to blame, you can dry up. Reggie has his faults, but I suppose he didn't start trouble with a fellow twice as big as himself."

"I don't know about that," said Tom. "Reggie's got a very uncertain temper. He kicked my snins once, and I'd have rung his cheeky neck if he hadn't been your brother. I suppose I'm not a bully, either. I think you might have asked what the trouble was before you pitched into a perfect stranger."

"Well I didn't choose to!"

"And you're going to fight Roylance again, without choosing to inquire whether he had any reason for shaking Reggie?" demanded Tom angrily.

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"Yes, I am!"

"Then think——" Tom Merry paused.

"Oh, go on!" said Manners bitterly. "Tell me what you think. It will be quite interesting!"

"I hope you'll think over it, and change your mind," said Tom—which was not what he had been going to say when he paused.

"Well, I shan't!"

"Look here, Manners, don't be a fool!" exclaimed Lowther, whose patience was not quite so Job-like as Tom Merry's. "You're playing the goat, and you know it! Your minor's given trouble enough in lots of ways already. My opinion of the new chap is that he wouldn't have touched him unless Reggie had asked for it. Reggie's always in hot water one way or another. Anyway you can find out the facts before you make a feud of it."

"I shan't do anything of the kind!" said Manners doggedly.

"Then you're a pig-headed ass!" said Lowther hotly. "You've got a down on this new kid because he licked you, I suppose. If it was a fair fight you've got nothing to grumble at."

"It is a bit unreasonable, old chap!" said Tom.

"Well, why shouldn't I be unreasonable if I choose?" said Manners deliberately. "Suppose I'm down on that new cad, the same as Lowther was down on Julian when he came here because the chap was a Jew?"

"It wasn't because he was a Jew, and you know it!" shouted Lowther angrily. "I was mistaken about him, and I owned up afterwards, too! You're more than mistaken about Roylance. You're down on him from sheer obstinacy, and you know it as well as I do!"

"So my own pals are going to back up that new cad against me!" said Manners, with a sneer. "Well, you can suit yourselves about it. I'm going to fight him on Saturday, all the same!"

And with that Manners flung out of the study and slammed the door after him.

Tom and Monty looked at one another grimly.

"Nice kettle of fish!" growled Lowther. "It's too bad to drag up my old row with Julian. It's rotten!"

"Manners is a bit queer to-night," said Tom. "He must have got a thundering licking, and it's upset him." He wrinkled his brows. "If that new chap were crowing over him, I'd go for him like a shot! But he isn't. There's no swank about the fellow; nothing of the kind. He seems decent in every way, and good-natured, too. Why can't Manners let him alone?"

"Bother the fellow!" said Lowther, rather unreasonably. "He's made trouble enough in this study! Why couldn't he stay in Tasmania, or Timbuctu, or wherever it is he comes from?"

Tom laughed.

"It would be rather thick if a new chap couldn't come to the school because Reggie can't behave himself, and Manners is bound to take up his minor's quarrels," he remarked. "It's utter rot to say the chap's a bully! He's nothing of the kind!"

"Manners may forget all about it by to-morrow," said Lowther hopefully. "Better keep off the subject till he calms down, or we shall have trouble in the family circle, and we don't want that!"

And Tom Merry nodded assent.

CHAPTER 9.

Bitter Blood!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY ambled gracefully along with Roylance when the Fourth Form marched off to their dormitory at half-past nine.

Roylance had made the acquaintance of most of the School House members of the Fourth Form by that time, and, in spite of his black eye and swollen nose, he had made a favourable impression on most of them. He was the subject of curiosity now, as it had come out that his fight in Rylcombe Lane had been with Manners of the Shell.

Manners was such a peaceable fellow, as a rule, that the juniors would have been disposed to lay the blame on Roylance; but, on the other hand, Roylance was evidently a good-natured fellow, and not at all aggressive. It was rather a puzzle how two such fellows had come to logger-heads, especially as they were strangers to one another; and Roylance, since discovering that his adversary was a St. Jim's fellow, had said nothing about Reggie. He concluded, of course, that the fag was a St. Jim's fellow, too, though he had seen nothing of him since the meeting in the lane.

Baggy Trimble gave Roylance a fat grin in the dormitory.

"Did you lick Manners this afternoon, Roylance, or did he lick you?" Baggy wanted to know.

"Don't ask questions!" was Roylance's curt retort.

"That means that he licked you, I suppose?" sneered Baggy.

"Just as you like."

"You are wathah a tactless ass, Twimble!" remarked Arthur Augustus severely.

"Oh, rats!" said the cheerful Baggy.

"Any of you fellows got any embrocation?" asked Roylance, as he was taking his boots off.

"Want some for your nose?" grinned Blake.

"Or your eye?" asked Cardew.

There was a laugh, and Roylance joined in.

"No; for my shin," he said. "I've had a knock."

"I've got a bottle here," said Levison. "Wait a tick."

Levison brought the bottle, and Roylance bared his shin and began to apply it. A good many startled glances were turned upon the black, ugly bruise.

"Bai Jove you've had a bad hack there, deah boy!" said D'Arcy.

Roylance nodded.

"Doesn't it hurt?"

"Well, a bit."

"You haven't been making faces about it, though," remarked Blake, rather admiringly. "It's bad enough to make you limp. How on earth did you get it?"

Roylance did not answer.

"It's a hack," said Mellish maliciously. "That's the way Manners fights, I suppose—kicking a chap's shins!"

"You are a wottah to suggest such a thing, Mellish!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Mannahs is quite incapable of such a cowardly thing!"

"It wasn't Manners, was it, Roylance?" asked Blake.

"No."

"Well, who was it, then?" demanded Mellish. "You've had a bad kick right enough, and that's

a dirty trick! Did you have two fights on your way here?"

"No."

"Then it must have been Manners," said Mellish.

Roylance looked up.

"I've already said it wasn't Manners," he said quietly.

"He, he, he!" came from Trimble. "He's afraid of Manners licking him again if he gives him away!"

"Dwy up, Twimble!"

Roylance coloured, but he did not speak. Levison chipped in.

"I don't want to butt in, Roylance," he said seriously, "but you'll make a lot of fellows think that Manners did that cowardly thing unless you say who did it. I know jolly well Manners wouldn't, but—"

"It was a kid I met on the road," said Roylance.

"A kid came up to you and hacked your shins for nothing?" giggled Trimble. "Give us an easier one. Were you bullying the kid, though?"

"No, confound you!" broke out Roylance angrily.

"Oh, keep your wool on! Manners has been saying that the fellow he fought with was a rotten bully. I've heard him!"

"You heah too much, you eavesdwoopah!"

"Well, Manners was shouting it out loud enough for anybody to hear," persisted Trimble.

"Contarini heard him, too."

"Taci, taci," said the Italian junior hastily.

"What the dickens do you mean by tarchy?"

"I mean, dry up, my good Trimble!"

"Oh rats! You heard him; he was fairly yelling. He said Roylance was a bully and a cad."

Roylance's face was crimson now.

"If you fellows care to hear what happened, I'll tell you," he said. "A kid snowballed me on the road and bowled me over. I snowballed him back and bowled him over. Then I helped him up, and the young rotter hacked my shins. That's all. I shook him, as he wasn't big enough for me to whack. Manners came up just then and pitched into me. That's the whole yarn."

"Then I can jolly well guess who the kid was," chortled Trimble. "Manners minor, of course!"

"Just like the little cad!" said Mellish. "Was it Manners minor?"

"I didn't know the kid," said Roylance evasively.

"Don't you know him now, though?"

"Oh rats! Let the matter drop! I'm fed-up!"

"Yaas, wathah! You talk too much, Twimble."

Kildare of the Sixth came in to put out the lights, and the Fourth Form turned in. Trimble and Mellish did not let the matter drop, but they received no answer from Roylance. The New Zealand junior was apparently asleep.

Roylance's explanation was received in good faith by all; it was evidently the truth. It accounted, too, for Manners having quarrelled with the new fellow, which had been a puzzle before. Some of the fellows wondered whether there would be a renewal of hostilities on the morrow. That was in Roylance's mind, too, and it made him uncomfortable. It was an unpleasant incident to mark his coming to St. Jim's—all the more because he had found that his late adversary was a chum of the fellows he had already made friends with.

It struck him as curious that they should be

chummy with a hot-headed, unreasonable fellow such as he naturally took Manners to be. He did not know Manners yet, and he could only form his estimate from what he had seen.

Silent as he was, it was some time before Roylance slept. But he slept at last, and did not waken till the rising-bell was clanging out in the winter morning.

His eye was a beautiful black when he turned out, and it drew some grinning glances from the other fellows. It was painful, too, but Roylance bore that with quiet cheerfulness. When he went down, Arthur Augustus and Contarini went with him. They found the Terrible Three down early, punting a footer about in the quad with less cheerfulness than was their wont.

At the sight of the new junior a black look came over Manners' face. He left his chums, and came towards the Fourth Formers.

"Come on, Manners!" called Tom Merry.

Manners did not heed.

"A word with you, Roylance!" he snapped out. Roylance stopped.

"As many as you like!" he answered.

"You'll be free on Saturday afternoon, I suppose?"

"I suppose so!"

"What time would suit you, then?"

"For what?"

"To try over again what we tried yesterday!" said Manners grimly.

"I don't specially want to try it over again!"

"You won't have any choice about that!"

"Weally, Mannahs—" began Arthur Augustus warmly.

"Don't you chip in, Gussy! The fellow can speak for himself, I suppose?"

"You have no wight to allude to Woylance as a fellow, Mannahs!"

"Cad, then, if he likes that better!"

"Bai Jove!"

"I will fight you again on Saturday afternoon, if you want me to," said Roylance quietly. "You've called me some pretty names, and I'll do my best to make you sorry for it!"

"I'm surprised at you, Mannahs," said D'Arcy, in a stately way. "You are actin' in vewy bad taste in keepin' up this wow. Weggie was to blame in the first place."

"What do you know about it, ass?"

"I wefuse to be called an ass, Mannahs! And I know that Weggie was to blame, because Woylance says so!"

"It hasn't occurred to you that he may be lying about it?" said Manners sarcastically.

"Certainly not, Mannahs! I wegard the suggestion as sneakin' and mean!"

"Well, I don't know what he said, but I know it's mostly lies," said Manners coolly.

"You know nothing of the sort," said Roylance calmly. "If you had asked me why I was shaking that little rascal, I would have told you."

"He hacked Woylance's shin like a cowardly little wottah!" explained Arthur Augustus indignantly.

"Because Roylance was bullying him, if he did it at all," said Manners.

"Wubbish! He was helpin' Weggie up—"

"Quite an artist in lying, and no mistake!" sneered Manners.

Roylance clenched his hands.

"You want to fight me on Saturday," he said.

"I'm willing to leave it till then. But I warn you that if you call me names again, I'll knock you down without waiting for Saturday."

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"Liar!" said Manners at once.

Roylance strode straight at him, and Manners put his hands up. D'Arcy and Tom Merry and Lowther interfered at once, and the two were dragged back.

"Let me go!" shouted Manners angrily.

But his chums marched him away, willy-nilly.

"Now, look here, Manners!" said Tom Merry. "You're not fit for a scrap to-day. If you must scrap with the new fellow, leave him alone till Saturday, when you can put up something like a fight. If you had any sense, you'd leave him alone altogether!"



Manners stopped dead as his eyes fell on Roylance. "You junior recognised at once the fellow he had to

"Why not ask Reggie what the trouble was about?" suggested Lowther.

"I don't care to."

"Then you're a pig-headed duffer!" said Lowther gruffly.

Manners' eyes gleamed.

"You'd better go and pal up with the new cad, and leave me alone!" he said. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to call him a liar every time I see him, whether you like it or not!"

"He won't stand it," said Tom. "You can't quite expect him to. You'll have your scrap before Saturday, at that rate."

"Oh, he doesn't seem very keen on it!" sneered Manners.

"That's all rot! He's not keen on it because he can see that you're not fit," answered Tom.

"I think it's jolly decent of him to hold off, considering the way you're treating him!"

"More likely he's a funk!"

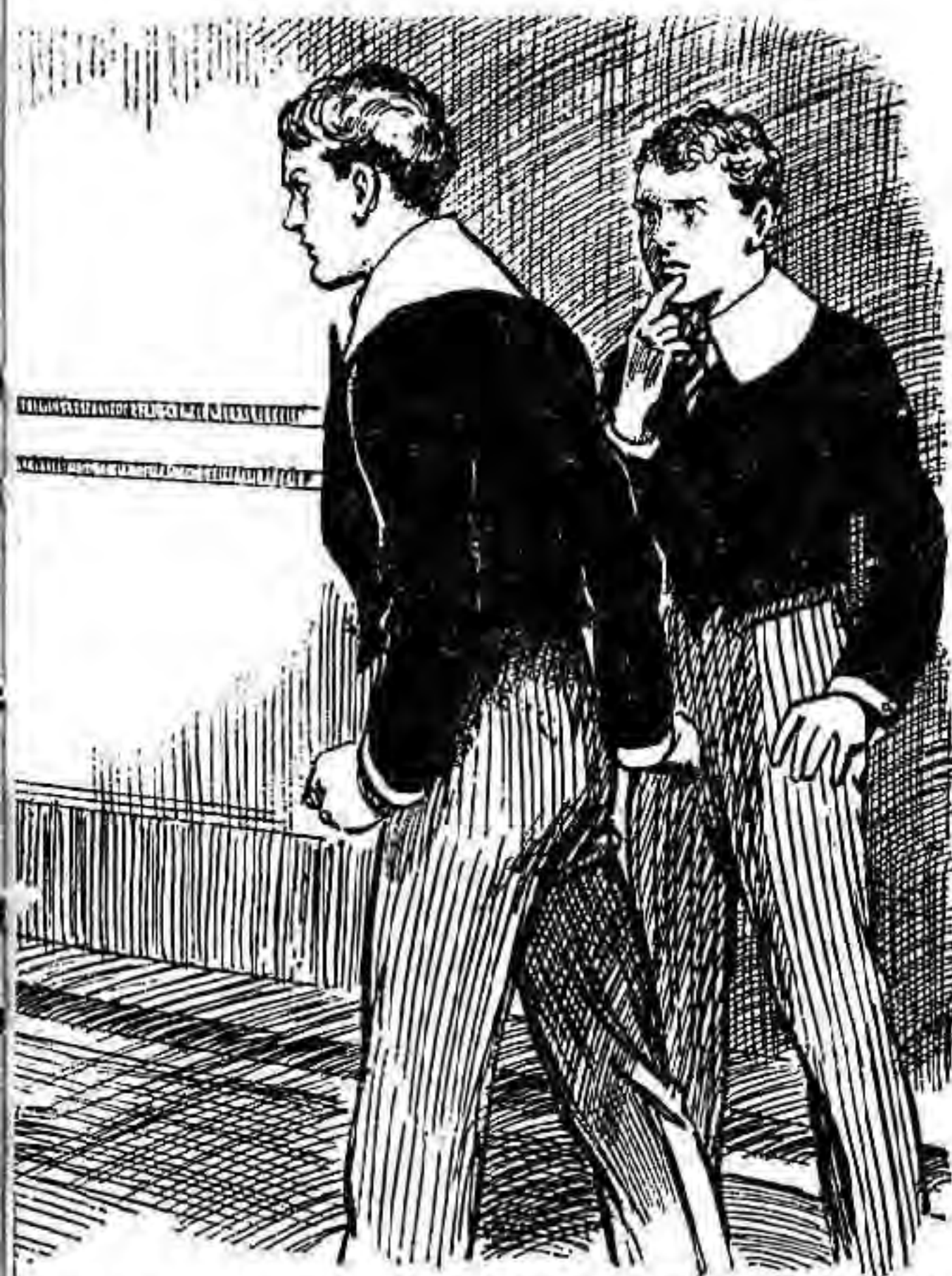
"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Lowther irritably. "On your own showing he walloped you yesterday!"

"It's like you to throw that in my face!" said Manners savagely.

"I don't mean——"

"Ob, that's enough!"

Manners left his chums, and tramped away savagely by himself, with a black brow. They looked after him blankly.



here!" he exclaimed in astonishment. The New Zealand boy with, "My hat!" he ejaculated. "You!"

"Well, my hat!" said Tom Merry. It was all he could say.

CHAPTER 10.

An Unblessed Peacemaker!

DICK ROYLANCE took his place in the Fourth Form that morning.

Mr. Lathom glanced at his damaged face; but that had already been explained to the Fourth Form master. Figgins & Co. of the New House grinned at the sight of him. It was their first view of the junior from New Zealand, and his looks struck them as funny. They had never seen a new boy turn up before in class with a black eye and an ornamental nose.

After morning lessons, Roylance had some unpacking to do, and Contarini and Smith minor

went to help him. He was not seen again till dinner, when Manners gave him a dark look in the dining-room.

Manners had had to explain his eye to Mr. Linton; and the Shell fellows had looked rather grim when Manners told the Form-master that he had been fighting with a hooligan.

Mr. Linton excused him; but he would not probably have done so had he known that the hooligan referred to was really a St. Jim's fellow.

Manners was in a perverse temper that puzzled his chums, and even shocked them a little. Well they knew the perversity of temper that distinguished Manners minor of the Third Form. But the elder brother had never displayed it before, and it was a shock to them to realise that Manners major was not so unlike Reggie as they had deemed.

Besides Tom Merry and Lowther, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was distressed by the turn matters had taken. The swell of St. Jim's had always liked Manners, and would have been disposed to take his side in a dispute with a stranger; but Manners was so palpably in the wrong this time, that was not to be thought of. There was, as Arthur Augustus told Study No. 6 at tea-time, such a thing as justice.

"I weally cannot compwehend Mannahs at all," Arthur Augustus confided to his chums. "I have always wegarded him as a decent sort; but beawin' malice for a lickin' is not manly."

"Well, he's in the Shell, and young Frozen Mutton is in the Fourth," remarked Dig. "It upsets his lofty dignity, I suppose."

"Yaas; but Mannahs is—or was—wathah a sportsman. It is howwid to beah malice. I feel that mattahs cannot go on like this. But the question is: What had I better do?"

Blake, Herries, and Dig stared at him.

"Blessed if I see that it's got anything to do with you!" said Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies——"

"Why not mind your own business?" suggested Dig blandly.

"I wegard this as my business," explained Arthur Augustus.

"Oh!"

"You see, I have wathah taken Woylance undah my wing. And Mannahs is wathah a fwiend of mine, though he does bore a chap howwibly with his camewah. Pewwaps if it were explained to him that he is actin' in a wathah wotten way, it might open his eyes. What do you think, Blake?"

"I think you may get an eye to match Roylance's, if you tried it!"

"Wubbish! I shall speak to him vewy firmly, and point out that he is makin' a vewy bad impwession upon a fellow fwom a distant Dominion. That may have some effect on him!"

"You're going to see Manners now?" asked Blake, as the swell of the Fourth moved to the door.

"Yaas; I feel bound to wemonstwate with him."

"Shall we come and pick up what's left of you after you've remonstrated?"

"Oh wats!"

Arthur Augustus stalked away to Study No. 10 in the Shell. He found the Terrible Three finishing a rather dismal tea. Manners had grown very surly, and it was having its natural effect upon his chums.

"Hallo! Trot in, Gussy!" said Tom Merry, glad of the interruption.

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"I have looked in to speak to Mannahs," said Arthur Augustus, in his most stately way.

"Look out again, then!" said Manners.

"About Woylance, Mannahs—"

"Don't talk to me about that cad!"

"I wefuse to heah a fwiend of mine chawactewised as a cad, Mannahs!" said Arthur Augustus hotly. "How dare you speak of Woylance like that!"

"Oh, go and eat coke! I'm going to have another cut at the cad after prep!"

Arthur Augustus breathed hard.

"I wegard you as a wottah, Mannahs!" he said, at last.

"Dry up!"

"I wefuse to dwy up! I am goin' to explain that you are actin' in a weally wotten and cad-dish way—I am speakin' in a perfectly fwiendly spiwit, of course!"

"You silly ass!" roared Manners, while his chums grinned.

"The woot of this mattah is this," said Arthur Augustus, unheeding: "Weggie hacked the new fellow's shin, and Woylance shook him. Most fellows would have thwashed him; but Woylance appeahs to be a vewy forgivin' chap. Weggie snowballed him, and got snowballed back, and lost his tempah—"

Manners jumped up.

"Shut up, or I'll shut you up!" he said savagely. "I've had enough jaw from these two idiots, without you barging in!"

"You could not possibly shut me up, Mannahs, as I should wefuse to be shut up! I wepeat that you are actin' in a caddish way by owin' a chap a gwudge for lickin' you, when you were in the w'ong all the time!"

Tom Merry caught hold of Manners, and dragged him back just in time.

Arthur Augustus surveyed them calmly.

"Pway let him come on, Tom Mewwy. It appeahs to me that he is in want of anotheah thwashin', and I'm quite pwepared to give it to him!"

Monty Lowther took Gussy by the arm, and led him into the passage, and closed the door on him.

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus in astonishment.

He opened the door and looked in wrathfully.

"I wepeat—" he began.

Monty Lowther picked up the inkpot and made a motion as if to hurl it. The swell of St. Jim's dodged back. The door slammed again. In great wrath Arthur Augustus walked away.

"Are you going to fight every chap who looks into the study, Manners?" asked Tom Merry quietly, when the swell of the Fourth had gone.

"Yes, if they jaw me!" growled Manners.

"You'll have your hands full, then," said Lowther tartly. "You're making yourself a regular idiot with this rot!"

"Oh, cheese it!" snapped Manners.

Lowther's eyes gleamed, but he forbore to reply. Tom Merry and Monty Lowther left the study after tea, leaving Manners at his prep.

CHAPTER 11.

Tact and Judgment!

"WALLY, deah boy!"

"Hallo, old top!" said D'Arcy minor cheerily. "What's biting you?"

"Is Weggie about?"

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Arthur Augustus had run down his minor in the passage near the Third Form Room. He was talking to Levison minor and Joe Frayne; but Reggie was not with them, as he usually was.

"Manners minor?" yawned Wally. "He's in the Form-room, I think. His noble lordship is rather on his precious dig, I believe. It seems that there's no end of dignity in the Manners' family, and it gets upset quite easily, and the world goes round just the same, regardless."

"I twust you haven't been quawwellin' with Weggie, kid?"

"My dear ass, I haven't time to quarrel with a sulky fag!" answered Wally. "His nibs wanted us to join in snowballing some new kid yesterday, and he was offended because we wouldn't. I think the new kid handled him for his cheek, too. Hence those lofty frowns he's been treating us to. But he'll come round presently."

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus.

The swell of St. Jim's went into the Form-room. It was not yet time for evening prep in the Third, and the room was nearly empty; but among the three or four fags there he found Manners minor.

"Weggie, deah boy!"

Reggie looked round, far from graciously.

"I am goin' to speak to you vewy sewiously, Weggie!"

"Great pip!" said Reggie. "What's the row now?"

"It appeahs that you acted wathah wottenly towards a new chap who came heah yestahday, Weggie!"

The fag coloured.

"Well, I'm sorry I hacked him," he said. "I'd have said so if I'd seen him again. I didn't know he was a St. Jim's chap then, and all the way from goodness knows where."

"Your major had a fight with Woylance—"

"Poor old Harry!" said Reggie, his face breaking into a grin. "He was no end plucky. I never thought he had it in him. But the other chap was too much for him."

"He's goin' to fight Woylance again to-night, Weggie."

Reggie stared.

"My hat! What for? I'd have thought he'd had enough of the chap. Why, the fellow was hitting like a blessed steam-hammer! Harry will get licked again, safe as houses. Tell him to let him alone!"

"It is on your account, Weggie."

"What rot!"

"Your bwothah thinks that chap was bullyin' you, and he can't forgive him for it. I am sure it was nothin' of the sort!"

Reggie reflected.

"That's all rot!" he said at last. "Harry hasn't spoken to me about it. If he was owing the new chap a grudge on my account, he would ask me about what happened, at least!"

"Pewwaps his self-wespect was a little wounded, too."

"Oh, I know the game! He's got a grudge against Roylance for licking him, and he puts it down to my account," grinned Reggie. "Just like Harry. Always a highly moral reason for everything he does. Poor old Harry's simply tremendous in the moral line! He can't be satisfied with doing a thing because he wants to, like another chap."

"I am afwaid, Weggie, that you are wathah a young wascal!"

"Go hon!"

Arthur Augustus' unfavourable opinion seemed

to leave the bag quite unmoved. Indeed, it apparently amused him.

The swell of St. Jim's restrained his wrath.

"Weggie as your major is goin' to fight Woylance again on your account, you ought to explain to him. That is why I came here."

"I tell you it's not on my account. That's only Harry's highfalutin gas," grunted Reggie.

"Weally Weggie—"

"Well where is he, then?" asked Reggie. "Old Selby will be coming in to take us in prep soon, and I can't be late."

"He is in his study, I think, Weggie."

"All serene. I'll go and see him," said Reggie. "I don't want the silly old chump to get knocked about again. He had it bad enough yesterday, goodness knows!"

Having come to that brotherly decision, Manners minor left the Form-room, and the peacemaker of the School House followed him.

They stopped outside Study No. 10 in the Shell. Reggie opened the door and went in, and the kind-hearted swell of the School House retreated, hoping for the best.

CHAPTER 12.

Good Old Manners!

MANNERS of the Shell fixed rather a grim look on his minor. Possibly, if he had only realised it, it was the fact that he had been licked under his young brother's eyes that had made the Shell fellow so bitter.

"Look here, don't jaw me, Harry!" was Reggie's beginning.

"Why should I jaw you?" said Manners.

"What do you mean?"

"About that fellow yesterday!"

"That rotter who was bullying you, do you mean? Has he been going for you again?" exclaimed Manners, starting to his feet, with a blaze in his eyes.

"For goodness' sake don't be so jolly stagey!"

said Manners minor ungratefully. "That's always been your fault, Harry. You're so jolly stagey."

"Wha-at?"

"All very well to chip in and help me as far as that goes. That's right enough—right and proper!" said Reggie. "An elder brother ought to do that. But you make such a thundering song about a trifle! You know you do!"

Manners looked fixedly at the bag.

"Is that what you've come here to say to me, Reggie?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Well, no. I hear you're going to fight that chap again. What's the good of asking for another thrashing?"

Manners winced.

"I'm not rubbing it in, you know," said Reggie, with a touch of remorse. "It was jolly fine the way you stood up to him, when you weren't a patch on him for scrapping! But—but let it drop! What is there to make a fuss about?"

"Isn't there anything?" asked Manners. "He was bullying you—my young brother—and when I stopped him he fought me, and licked me! Do you think I can let it rest at that? I'm going to smash him! I'm not the fellow to bear malice, I hope; but this isn't an ordinary case. That brute—"

"That's where you always play the goat!" said Reggie irritably. "There's nothing to make a fuss about, I tell you. He shook me, and I yelled. Great pip! Do you think I'm made of glass, and can't be shaken? I jolly well hacked his shin! Some fellows would have knocked me right and left for it. What's the good of calling him a brute? He let me off easily, really."

Manners stood very still.

"You hacked his shin, Reggie?"

"Yes, I did!"

"Before—before he did anything to you?"

"Well, I was waxy!" confessed Reggie. "I was sorry afterwards. You see, I laid for him to snowball him, thinking he was a silly new kid."

(Continued on next page.)

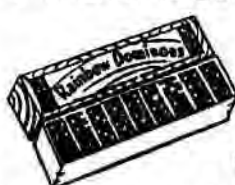
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I could chase about and make a guy of. No harm in that—only fun! Well, he snowballed me back, and fairly flabbergasted me; and I sat down. I was wild. He came and helped me up, and—and—and—” He faltered.

“You didn’t hack his shin then, Reggie?”

“Yes, I did!” said Reggie peevishly. “I tell you, I was ratty, and I never stopped to think. I wonder he didn’t smash me! It was a rotten trick! I was sorry afterwards, but not while he was shaking me, of course.”

Manners breathed hard.

“You let me pitch into a fellow who’d done nothing, and make a thundering fool of myself!” he exclaimed hotly.

“I couldn’t help you being a thundering fool! You always are a thundering fool, if you ask me!” retorted Reggie. “I was waxy, and I’d have been glad to see you lick him. Well, he licked you! I hadn’t any idea that you were saving up grudges about it. I call that silly rot!”

“Oh, you young rotter!” said poor Manners. “So that was all? I called the fellow a liar for saying you hacked his shin!”

“Well, you must be an ass! Why couldn’t you ask me?”

“I wouldn’t insult my brother by asking him if he’d done a dirty, cowardly action, that’s why!”

“Oh, you’re so jolly highfalutin!” growled Reggie. “Seems to me you’ve acted like a silly fool all along. I don’t see why you wanted to pitch into him as you did, either. You might have stopped to ask what the row was about!”

“Oh!” gasped Manners.

He sank into his chair again, and sat staring at the fog. He was feeling utterly humiliated and overcome.

So far as Roylance was concerned, he had been in the wrong. There was no questioning that now. And he wondered, with a feeling of shame, whether his detestation of the new boy had been wholly dictated by his resentment of the supposed bullying, or whether, unconsciously, he had allowed wounded self-love to sway him.

He had obstinately put out of his mind the thought that Reggie might be in the wrong, and yet he had often known Reggie to be wilfully in the wrong. In that painful moment the scales were falling from Manners’ eyes, and he realised, with a hot flush of humiliation, that it was less for the new boy’s supposed sin that he had pursued him with hostility than for having been defeated by him in a fair fight.

Reggie, who was only feeling irritable, stared at his brother’s flushed face without comprehending.

“You young rascal!” said Manners at last. “Oh, you young rascal!”

“Oh, I knew you’d jaw me!” said Reggie resignedly. “You take everything so jolly seriously. You’d better get a job as a judge when you grow up and condemn people to death! That’ll be quite in your line! But I’m not going to have any jaw.”

And Reggie promptly quitted the study and scuttled away, thus making the dreaded jaw quite impossible.

Manners remained for a long time seated. His face was still crimson. He rose at last and left the study. Tom Merry and Lowther met him at the bottom of the staircase.

“Come along to the gym,” said Tom, as Manners moved in the direction of the Common-room.

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“I want to see Roylance.”

“No need to see him now!”

“Is he in the Common-room?”

“Yes; but—”

“Oh, I’m not going to fight him, you ass!”

“Oh!” said Tom.

The chums of the Shell followed Manners, in wonder. The Terrible Three entered the Common-room together, and found a dozen or more fellows there. Roylance was there, talking to Sidney Clive, the South African.

Manners came directly up to him, and Roylance set his lips a little. He was getting tired of the feud.

The juniors gathered round, Racke & Co. grinning in anticipation of a row. Arthur Augustus D’Arcy came in rather hurriedly, and looked on, with an anxious eye.

“Sorry to interrupt, Roylance!” said Manners, in a low, but very distinct voice. “I’ve come here to apologise!”

“Oh!” ejaculated Roylance, in great astonishment.

All eyes were turned curiously on Manners. Tom Merry and Lowther, amazed as they were, were greatly relieved.

“Bai Jove!” murmured Arthur Augustus, in great delight. Never had the swell of St. Jim’s felt so satisfied with his well-known gifts of tact and judgment.

“I’ve just heard from my minor what happened yesterday,” continued Manners, speaking very calmly, though his face was crimson. “He treated you like a little cad, and you didn’t give him half what he deserved. I’m sorry I pitched into you! I didn’t understand. I—I take back what I said to you.” Manners gulped over this, but he got it out. “I can’t say any more than that, I suppose?”

“That’s quite enough,” said Roylance cheerily. “It was only a misunderstanding, and I’m sorry we had any trouble. I’d have explained, if you’d asked me, any time.”

Manners nodded, and turned away. He had been through an ordeal which was a hard one for a fellow of a proud nature; but he had been bound to go through it, and he was glad it was over. There was a snigger from Racke of the Shell, and Manners turned back again. He knew what that snigger meant.

“Of course, if you’d care to meet me on Saturday afternoon all the same, I’m quite ready, Roylance!” he said.

The New Zealand junior laughed.

“But I wouldn’t,” he said. “There’s nothing for us to fight about, that I know of; and I don’t want another eye to match this one.”

Manners laughed, too.

“All serene, then!” he said. Then he looked at Racke. “If you’d like to step into the gym, Racke, I’m your man!”

Racke lounged away without replying.

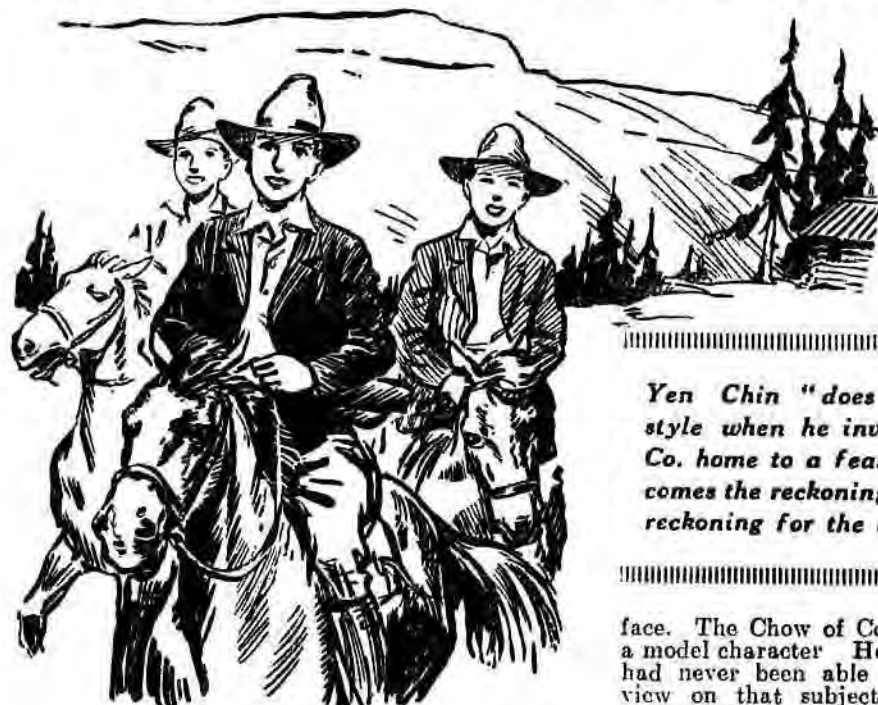
Tom Merry and Lowther marched Manners off to the study in great relief. That evening was a pleasanter one than the chums of the Shell had anticipated. Manners was his old self again, save for the black eye, which really didn’t matter.

And in Study No. 6 Arthur Augustus confided to his chums that some fellows did not think a fellow had any tact or judgment, but that a fellow had, and that some fellows were asses; and Study No. 6 was left to guess at the meaning of that cryptic remark.

Next Week: “MANNERS’ FEUD!”

YOU'LL ROAR WITH LAUGHTER WHEN YOU READ HOW THE CHUMS OF THE
BACKWOODS SCHOOL HAVE THEIR LEGS PULLED BY YEN CHIN—

THE TERROR OF CEDAR CREEK!



By
**MARTIN
CLIFFORD**

Yen Chin "does the honours" in fine style when he invites Frank Richards & Co. home to a feast. But after the feast comes the reckoning—and it's a very sickly reckoning for the chums of Cedar Creek!

Bob Lawless Keeps His Promise!

"HALLO! Sounds like the Chink!" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

Frank Richards and his chums had come down to the frozen creek, skates in hand, after morning lessons at the lumber school. As they reached the bank a loud wail came to their ears, proceeding from the frost-blackened thickets along the stream. It was a howl of anguish, and they recognised the mournful tones of Yen Chin, the Chinese of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards stopped.

"It's Yen Chin, right enough!" he exclaimed. "Somebody's been going for him again."

"Gunten, I suppose," said Vere Beauclerc, with a frown.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" came the howl again.

"Let's go and see him, anyway," said Bob Lawless.

The Canadian schoolboy plunged into the thickets, and Frank and Beauclerc followed him. They came upon Yen Chin in a few moments. The little Chinese was seated on a log, his face buried in his hands, howling in an almost ear-splitting manner.

Frank Richards clapped the Chinese on the shoulder.

"Yow-ow-ow! Ko-ke-ke-keeeech!" wailed Yen Chin.

"What's the matter, John?" demanded Bob Lawless. "For goodness' sake draw it mild with that yelling! It sounds like a coyote with its leg in a trap."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Tell us what's the matter, kid," said Frank Richards soothingly.

Yen Chin looked up at last, with a tear-stained

face. The Chow of Cedar Creek was not exactly a model character. He was a terrible liar, and he had never been able to understand the British view on that subject. But the fellows made allowances for the Oriental. Yen Chin was, in fact, a cunning little rascal in many respects, but he had his good qualities.

And Frank Richards & Co. did not see any reason why the burly Gunten should be allowed to bully him, as he was fond of doing. Bob Lawless had solemnly promised Gunten a terrific hiding if he laid a finger on Yen Chin again, and Bob was the fellow to keep a promise of that kind to the very letter.

Gunten, the Swiss, was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and of late he had kept clear of Yen Chin, who, however, had the long memory of the Oriental for either a favour or an injury, and who had by no means forgiven the bully.

The Chinese looked a little pathetic figure as he sat sobbing on the log, his howls a little subdued now.

"Is it Gunten again?" asked Beauclerc.

"Bad boy Gunten beat little Chinese!" wailed Yen Chin.

"The rotter!" exclaimed Frank wrathfully.

"Beatee velly muchee; me suffice gleat paince! Yow-ow-ow!"

"It's too bad!" exclaimed Beauclerc. "Why can't the brute let the kid alone?"

"He's going to be made to," said Bob Lawless grimly. "I guess I'll see to that."

"Bob liekee Gunten?" inquired the Chinese. "Givee gleat thlashing, oh, yes?"

"You bet!" said Bob. "I'll go and look for Gunten now, kid. Don't make any more row, there's a good chap!"

"Me gleatee paince!" moaned Yen Chin.

"Come on, you chaps," said Bob. "No good keeping Gunten waiting. We can have our skate after dinner."

"Right-ho!"

The three chums proceeded to look for Kern Gunten. A number of Cedar Creek fellows were coming down to the ice, and they met Gunten among them, near the school gate.

"Hold on, Gunten!" called out Bob Lawless.

The Swiss gave him a surly look.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"I guess I want you," answered Bob, planting himself in Gunten's path.

"What's the row?" asked Tom Lawrence.

"Gunten's been bullying Yen Chin again, and I guess I'm going to stop him," said Bob. "I promised you a hiding if you touched Yen Chin again, Gunten. Will you take your jacket off?"

Kern Gunten backed away, scowling.

"Hands off!" he exclaimed savagely. "I haven't touched the Chink, and it's no business of yours if I had!"

"That's right enough!" chimed in Keller, Gunten's chum. "Mind your own business, Bob Lawless!"

Bob took no heed of him. He advanced upon Gunten as the Swiss retreated, with his hands up. The Cedar Creek fellows gathered round.

"Put up your hands, Gunten!" exclaimed Eben Hacke, the American. "I guess you can't back out."

"I haven't touched the Chink!" shouted Gunten.

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Bob impatiently.

"We've just found him howling as if he's nearly murdered. Put up your hands!"

"I won't! I——"

Rap!

Bob's knuckles, landing on Gunten's prominent nose, cut short his words. Gunten gave a howl of rage and leaped at the Canadian schoolboy, his eyes flashing.

"Go it!" sang out Chunky Todgers.

"Pile in, ye cripples!" grinned Dick Dawson.

Gunten was "going it." He had no choice in the matter, and he put up a good fight. Bob Lawless was driven back a pace or two by the Swiss schoolboy's heavy weight. But he soon recovered his ground, and pressed Gunten hard. The Swiss had to retreat, his blows growing uncertain, and his defence was more uncertain still.

Crash!

"Man down!" grinned Chunky Todgers.

Gunten lay gasping on the ground. Bob Lawless waited for him to rise.

Gunten groaned.

"I'm done!" he muttered.

"You're not half licked yet!" exclaimed Eben Hacke encouragingly. "Stand up and take your medicine!"

Another groan

Bob Lawless dropped his hands, his lip curling.

"You're plucky enough when you're tackling a kid half your size, Gunten," he said. "Can't you stand up and take your gruel?"

"Hang you!" panted Gunten. "I tell you I've never touched Yen Chin, not since you spoke to me about him."

"Oh rot!" said Bob tartly. "Well, if you're done, you're done, and you can go and chop chips, for a sneaking funk as you are!"

And Bob Lawless turned away contemptuously.

Keller helped the Swiss to his feet. Gunten did not need so much help as he pretended. His nose was streaming red, but he was not much hurt. The Canadian boys, grinning, went on towards the creek.

"You were a jay to handle the Chink after what Lawless said!" muttered Keller.

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"I didn't!" snarled Gunten. "I haven't touched him! It's a lie!"

Keller whistled. Bob Lawless looked back. The words were not meant for his ears, but he had heard them. There was a rather curious expression on Bob's face as he followed his chums towards the creek.

— — —

The Ways of the Chinese!

"**H**OLD on, you chaps!" said Bob Lawless abruptly, as Frank and Beau were about to put on their skates. The rancher's son was looking rather troubled.

"Oh, you're done with Gunten!" said Frank.

"Yes; but I guess I'm not quite satisfied. Of course, Gunten is a beastly bully, and a licking will do him good. But—but I don't feel so dashed certain that he has been bullying Yen Chin this time."

"Oh!" said Frank, with a whistle.

"Let's see the little beast, anyhow," said Bob shortly.

"All right."

The three chums went to look for Yen Chin. The little Chinese was still sitting on the log, from whence he had had a view of the fight through the leafless thickets. He was doubled up in an ecstasy of mirth, and chuckling gleefully to himself. But as he spotted the three he suddenly became grave and emitted a loud, mournful howl.

"Hallo! Still suffering?" exclaimed Bob gruffly.

"Me suffice fealful painee!" murmured Yen Chin pathetically.

"But you were giggling as we came up," growled Bob. "Look here, Chow, did Gunten really lambaste you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"When?" asked Bob.

Yen Chin hesitated, looking at him cunningly out of the corners of his almond eyes.

"After schoolee," he answered at last.

"It wasn't ten minutes after school that we found you howling," said Bob suspiciously.

"Lickee awful!" moaned Yen Chin. "Me suffice great painee!"

"I say, Lawrence!" called out Bob.

"Hallo!" he replied.

"Gunten was coming out with you when I met him," said Bob. "Do you know whether he had been out of the gates before, since lessons?"

"I guess he hadn't," answered Lawrence. "I saw him mending a skate in the porch."

"Oh! You hear that, Yen Chin?"

"Me heehee. Lickee in gates."

"That's a lie," said Lawrence, who had come to the bank. "Gunten was mending a skate ever since school turned out, and I saw him!"

"My hat!" murmured Frank Richards. "You've been telling lies again, Yen Chin!"

"No tellee lies, Flanky. No can!"

"You said Gunten had licked you since lessons and he hasn't!" roared Bob.

Yen Chin backed away round the log.

"Me makee mistakee," he mumbled. "Meanee sayee, Guntee lickee this morning in Thompson, before comee schoolee."

"Oh, by gum!" exclaimed Bob, staring at him blankly. "You awful little liar! Don't tell me any more lies!"

"No can."

Bob Lawless made a stride towards the Chink, and Yen Chin dodged behind Frank Richards in alarm. Frank caught him by the pigtail.

"You young rascal!" he exclaimed. "You were lying, and you've made Bob thrash Gunten for nothing!"

"Guntsee gleet beaste," pleaded Yen Chin. "Lickee Yen Chin lastee weekee—pool li'l Chinee!"

"I'll give you poor little Chinee!" exclaimed Bob, greatly exasperated. "You've told me bare-faced lies, and made me punch a fellow who hadn't done anything! I'll squash you!"

Yen Chin uttered a terrific howl.

"No squashee Yen Chin!" he yelled.

He dodged round Frank, to the length of his pigtail, howling. Bob Lawless paused, unwilling to handle the little rascal, wrathful as he was.

"I guess you can manage Gunten in the future off your own bat," he said at last. "Come away, you chaps!"

"Blave Bob Lawless angly with pool li'l Chinee?" asked Yen Chin sadly.

"Oh, shut up! You've told me lies, you little rotter!"

"If Bob angly, Chinee cly."

"Cry and be blowed, you little humbug!" growled Bob.

He turned away with his chums, leaving Yen Chin sobbing. Bob was angry, but the sound of those sobs touched him. He turned back to speak a more friendly word. Then he stood transfixed.

Yen Chin, no longer sobbing, had his thumb to his nose and his fingers extended, and was grinning all over his yellow face. As Bob's astonished eyes fell on him making that disrespectful gesture, Yen Chin jumped. In an instant he was mournful again and sobbing piteously, but it was too late. Bob fairly rushed at him.

"You cheeky little scoundrel!" he roared.

"Me solly!" gasped Yen Chin.

"I'll make you sorrier, you rascally heathen!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled the Chinee, as Bob Lawless' powerful hands grasped him. "Yow-oooh! No hurtee pool little Chinee!"

But Bob Lawless paid no heed to his yells. He sat on the log, threw the wriggling Chinee across his knee, and spanked him heartily upon his loose garments. Yen Chin howled dismally.

"There!" panted Bob, rising at last and throwing him aside. "That's a lesson for you, you young rascal! Tell the truth next time, and don't try any more of your spoof!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Bob strode away, with a heightened colour, and joined his grinning chums. He stared at them rather grimly.

"Nothing to grin at that I can see!" he said gruffly.

"Nothing at all!" said Frank Richards, laughing. "Of all the humbugs that Chow takes the cake!"

"Look at him now!" exclaimed Beauclerc, laughing heartily.

Bob Lawless spun round. Yen Chin had his fingers to his nose again, grinning. Bob made a stride towards him, and the Chinee promptly fled.

"Oh, bother him!" exclaimed Bob. "I've got to speak to Gunten. I've thrashed the brute for nothing!"

His chums chuckled as Bob slid out on the ice. He joined Gunten, who scowled at him savagely.

"I'm sorry, Gunten," said Bob with an effort. "I find that Yen Chin was lying, and I've spanked him!"

"Go and hang yourself!" was Gunten's polite reply.

Bob came very near giving Gunten "some more of the same," but he refrained, and left the scowling Swiss to himself. His brow cleared as he joined his chums, and they skated along the frozen creek, and he was in his usual good humour by the time the fellows came in to dinner.

A Pressing Invitation!

"FLANKY!"

After lessons that day the three chums came out together, and to their surprise, Yen Chin stopped them on their way to the gates. The little Chinee was smiling in a way that was childlike and bland, and apparently in the most friendly mood.

"Cut off!" snapped Bob Lawless.

"Blave Bob Lawless angly?"

"Yes, you treacherous little beast!"

"Pool li'l Chinee solly," said Yen Chin sorrowfully. "Chinee bad boy. Wantee blave Bob forgivee, or go dlownee!"

"Rats!" grunted Bob.

"Pool li'l Chinee go dlownee if handsome Bob no forgivee!"

Bob smiled, in spite of himself.

"Well, I guess I forgive you, fathhead," he said. "if that's what you want! Now vamoose, and be hanged to you!"

"Bob velly fiendly?" asked Yen Chin anxiously.

"Oh, yes, any old thing!" said Bob.

"Chinee velly happy," said Yen Chin, brightening up. "Chinee wantee his fiends to comee homee feaste."

"Eh?"

"If no angly with Chinee, comee homee and feaste! Oh, yes?" asked Yen Chin.

"We've got to get home," answered Bob.

Yen Chin's face became miserable at once.

"No likee pool li'l Chinee?" he asked sorrowfully. "Chinee bad boy. Blave Bob no comee because Yen Chin tellee big lie? Me go dlownee."

The three chums exchanged glances. They certainly did not believe that the heathen would go and drown himself if their forgiveness was withheld, but really there was no telling what the queer little Oriental might or might not do.

"We could go," said Frank Richards hesitatingly.

Beauclerc nodded.

Yen Chin was evidently much hurt at his hospitality being refused, and the chums did not like hurting his feelings.

"Oh, I guess I don't mind!" said Bob. "The popper won't mind us being home late, Frank. It's going to be a bright moon. But—"

"You comee?" asked Yen Chin eagerly. "At homee me givee gleet feaste to good, blave fiendee. Velly lich feedee."

"All serene!" said Bob. "Let's get off!"

The schoolboys got into their snowshoes, the trail to Thompson being still under its thick mantle of snow. They started off with Yen Chin cheerfully enough, and they reached Thompson just as the dusk was deepening into night.

Yen Chin was all smiles as they arrived at the building where the laundry firm of Ching Ling and Hop How Chin carried on their business. The little Chinee seemed so delighted with his guests that Frank Richards & Co. were glad they had accepted his invitation after all.

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They followed the little Chinese in, and were greeted with low bows by Hop How Chin, to whom the little Celestial presented them. Then Yen Chin led them into a comfortable little room, where logs were burning in an open grate.

"My loom," announced Yen Chin.

"You've got jolly comfortable quarters, kid!" said Frank Richards.

"Nicee flieecee sittee downee."

Yen Chin's friends sat down on very comfortable couches. The warmth of the fire was very agreeable after the run through the snow.

"Feastee hele," said Yen Chin. "Hopee nicee flieecee hungly."

"You bet!" said Bob Lawless, with great heartiness.

"Hungry as a hunter!" said Frank, smiling.

And Vere Beauclerc nodded and smiled.

"Me goee talkee cooky," said Yen Chin.

"Makee velly gleat feastee for nicee flieecee. Comee soonee."

And Yen Chin glided from the room, leaving the chums to toast their toes, while a murmur of voices, speaking in Chinese, came to their ears from an adjoining apartment, accompanied by a very savoury smell of cooking.

A Feast of the Gods!

FRANK RICHARDS & CO. had about half an hour to wait. They chatted cheerfully round the fire in Yen Chin's comfortable room. The run through the cold air had made them very hungry, and they were fully prepared to do justice to supper when it arrived.

It arrived at last. Yen Chin, who had apparently been lending a hand in the cooking, entered, followed by an old Chinaman bearing a huge dish. The dish was set on a low table close by the fire. It was followed by several more dishes, all of them steaming hot, and emitting a most appetising smell.

The old Chinaman finished laying the table, and then retired, with many bows, and Yen Chin sat down with his chums.

"Solly keepee waittee!" he murmured.

"Not at all!" said Frank.

Yen Chin distributed chopsticks to the schoolboys. They received them with some misgiving. The chums had seen Chinamen eat with those weird implements, but they had not essayed to do so themselves before this.

"Solly no knifee and forkee!" murmured Yen Chin. "In Chinese housee eattee likee Chinee, oh yes! No can?"

"Oh, we can manage!" said Frank.

"Only wantee practice."

"Then we'll practise," said Bob good-humouredly.

"Watchee me," suggested Yen Chin.

"Go ahead, old scout!"

Having helped themselves by means of a large wooden spoon, the chums essayed the use of the Chinese chopsticks. It was certainly a little difficult at first, though Yen Chin handled the peculiar instruments easily enough. By watching his manipulation, the schoolboys at last managed to handle the chopsticks with some effect.

Yen Chin ate at a great rate, with evident enjoyment. As soon as they succeeded in conveying morsels to their mouths the chums of Cedar Creek shared his enjoyment.

Exactly what the savoury mess contained they did not know. Bob Lawless thought it was mainly rabbit, Beauclerc deemed it chicken, and Frank

Richards was inclined to believe that it was partly, at least, pigeon. But whatever it was, it was simply gorgeous eating, as they all agreed.

There were a good many helpings all round, and as the schoolboys grew more used to handling the chopsticks they did the feast full justice. But the time came at last to cry a halt. The keen schoolboy appetites, sharpened by the cold weather, were satisfied at last, and Bob Lawless pronounced it a feast of the gods.

Yen Chin clapped his hands, and the wizened old Chinaman entered and cleared the table.

Sweetmeats, such as the chums had never tasted before, but of a delicate flavour, were placed before them. The sweetmeats being duly disposed of, coffee was brought in, and the guests sipped at it, with a feeling of great ease and contentment.

"Likee Chinee feastee?" asked Yen Chin at last.

"First chop!" said Bob Lawless heartily.

"Ripping!" said Frank.

"Topping, kid!" said Vere Beauclerc, with a smile.

"Chinee so pleasee likee feastee," murmured Yen Chin. "Extla special feastee for honouable flieecee. You knowee meatee, oh, yes?"

Bob Lawless laughed.

"Can't say I do, unless it was rabbit," he answered.

"No labbit."

"Chicken?" asked Beauclerc.

"No chickee."

"Pigeon?" queried Frank.

Yen Chin shook his head.

"Partridge?"

"No partridge."

Bob looked puzzled. It came into his mind that he had heard queer stories of Chinese cookery.

"You get the things here in Thompson, I suppose?" Bob remarked, in a careless sort of way.

"Oh, yes!"

"From Gunten's store, I suppose?"

"No buyee at shoppree."

"Oh! You grow the things?" asked Bob, with an inwardly increasing feeling of alarm. "I didn't know your popper went in for farming."

Yen Chin chuckled.

"No can," he answered. "Buyee froom people in Thompson and Cedar Campee."

Bob hesitated.

"Would you mind telling us what that stew was made of, Yen Chin?" he asked at last.

"Lovelee doggee."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Nicee doggee," answered Yen Chin innocently. "In my countly nicee doggee goodee eatee. Melican man no likee."

"A—a—a dog!" stammered Frank Richards.

Beauclerc turned pale. Yen Chin nodded affably.

"Nicee doggee," he replied. "Not all doggee."

"Wha-a-t else was there?"

"Cattee."

"Cat!" shrieked Bob Lawless.

"Lovelee cattee!"

"Oh crumbs! Oh dear! Grooooh!"

"Oh!" muttered Beauclerc.

"You—you heathen!" stuttered Frank Richards. "You've killed a dog and a cat to make a stew for us?"

"No killee," replied Yen Chin. "Doggee and cattee die."

The three schoolboys staggered to their feet.

Their faces were horribly pale, and the perspiration beaded their brows, as they gazed at the smiling Chinese in horror.

Yen Chin seemed surprised.

"Whattee mattee?" he asked.

"Ow!" moaned Bob Lawless. "Oh, you horrid little heathen beast! Ow!"

"Bob Lawless angly?" asked Yen Chin anxiously.

"Grooh!"

"Wow — wow — waugh!" mumbled Frank Richards. "Oh dear! A—a dog and a—a cat! Geroooooch!"

There was no answer to the little Chinese's inquiry. Like the gentlemen in the play, the chums stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once. They were very anxious to get outside Yen Chin's hospitable dwelling, for painful and pressing reasons.

They made a hurried scramble for the air. In the outer room they passed Hop How Chin, who spoke; but they did not pause to reply. There was not an instant to be lost. In a few seconds they were out in the snow, and then—

But a veil must be drawn over the tragedy. It was heartrending.



An exclamation of dismay broke from Bob Lawless as he came out on the bank of the creek. A few yards from the edge there was a jagged hole in the ice, and close by it Yen Chin's cap lay on the frozen surface. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Bob.

The satisfaction of the great feast was gone. Within them the hapless chums felt wild heavings and quakings. The dog and the cat seemed decidedly uneasy in their new abode.

Yen Chin looked concerned.

"Indigestee?" he asked.

"Groooh!"

"No likee doggee and cattee?" queried Yen Chin. "Chinee lovee doggee and cattee fol feedee. Nicce, nicce. Oh, yes!"

"Yurrrrgh!"

"And—and what were the sweet things made of?" gasped Frank Richards. "That stuff something like calves' foot jelly?"

"Cattee blains."

"C-c-cat's brains!"

"Oh, yes! Velly nicce. You no goce?" exclaimed Yen Chin, as the three chums made a wild rush for the door.

The Last Straw!

"COME on!" said Bob Lawless weakly.
"Oh dear!"
"Ow!"

Three pale-faced, weary-looking youths fastened on their snowshoes and started on the home trail in the early moonlight.

Yen Chin gazed after them from the doorway, apparently lost in astonishment. The leave-taking could not be called polite, after the hospitality the chums had received. But it could not be helped.

The unhappy guests did not show their usual vigour as they glided away from Thompson down the trail. They were feeling very bad. The only remarks that they made for some time were "Grooh!" "Ow!" and "Yurrrrgh!" But they

revived a little after a run in the fresh, keen wintry air.

"Oh dear!" said Bob Lawless at last. "How do you feel, Franky?"

"Wow!" answered Frank.

"How do you feel, Cherub?"

"Horrid!" said Beauclerc.

"Oh, you ass, Bob!" groaned Frank Richards. "You ought to have known. You duffer, I'm a tenderfoot in this country, but you ought to have known."

"I—I never thought! The little beast!" groaned Bob. "Fancy giving a fellow cat and dog to eat! Ow!"

Beauclerc tried to laugh.

"I suppose it's only a matter of custom," he said. "It must be just as good to eat cats as to eat rabbits, or any killed animal, for that matter. I—I feel like becoming a vegetarian."

"So do I," mumbled Frank. "There's a lot to be said for the vegetarian idea. Ow! Wow!"

They ran on in silence for a time. Bob Lawless spoke again at last.

"I—I suppose Yen Chin didn't understand that—that white men don't like that horrid muck the Chinese eat?" he remarked.

"I wonder?" said Beauclerc.

"Well, I was wondering, too," confessed Frank Richards. "It begins to look to me like one of his horrid jokes. He must know jolly well that Canadians don't eat cats and dogs, the horrid little rotter!"

"I guess it was one on us," said Bob. "He spoofed us into going home with him so that he could give us that beastly stuff to eat, and he meant to tell us what it was, if we hadn't asked him. I can see that now. It was in return for the spanking I gave him."

"Oh dear!"

The chums had no doubt on that point now. The "feast" for his "honourable friends" was the outcome of Yen Chin's peculiar sense of humour, and was intended as punishment. It was a splendid feast from the Chinese point of view, but Yen Chin knew very well what it was from the white man's point of view. The chums had been fairly taken in.

"It was a plant!" growled Bob. "I'll jolly well give the little beast a taste of my boot to-morrow!"

The chums arrived home that evening in much less cheery spirits than usual. It was not till the next morning that they felt their usual selves.

When they started for Cedar Creek School in the morning, their feelings towards their kind host of the previous evening were not amiable. To add to their exasperation, when they arrived at school, they found Yen Chin in the school-ground, surrounded by a crowd of fellows, who were roaring with laughter over something he was telling them. The little Chinese was chuckling as he chattered, and Frank Richards & Co. did not need telling what was the subject under discussion.

"Hallo, there they are!" yelled Gunten. "Did you get a good feed, you fellows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How do you like cattie and doggie?" yelled Dawson.

"It's a cat and dog life, isn't it?" chuckled Chunky Todgers.

Bob Lawless strode wrathfully up to Yen Chin, who ceased chuckling at once and became very grave.

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"Goodee-mornee!" he said.

"So you've been telling the fellows?" grunted Bob. "You horrid little beast, I reckon you think it's funny nearly to poison a chap with your Chinese mucks!"

"Chinee solly!" murmured Yen Chin.

"I'll make you sorrier, you heathen!"

"Who's bullying now?" sneered Gunten.

"Oh, shut up, you foreign cad!" growled Bob Lawless.

Yen Chin dodged away from Bob Lawless, who strode after him in great wrath. He felt that what the humorous Chinese wanted was a good licking, and he meant to let him have it.

"No whackee pool li'l Chinee!" yelled the heathen. "Yen Chin go dlownee."

"You young rascal!"

"Me go dlownee!"

"Oh, rats! I—stop him!"

Yen Chin darted away from the crowd and dashed out of the gateway. He fled at top speed for the ice-covered creek. Almost in a twinkling he vanished through the frosty bushes.

"I'll lick him presently!" growled Bob.

"Suppose he drowns himself?" grinned Gunten.

"Oh, don't be a jay!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Lawrence.

Crash!

"My hat!"

From the direction of the frozen creek came the loud crash, evidently the sound of breaking ice. Bob gave his chums a quick look of alarm.

"It—it's not possible—" he ejaculated.

Without waiting to finish he dashed away towards the creek, with the crowd of fellows at his heels. An exclamation of dismay broke from him as he came out on the bank. A few yards from the edge there was a jagged hole in the ice, through which the black water bubbled up, and close by the opening the little Celestial's cap lay on the frozen surface.

Bob's face became suddenly pale. His eyes were riveted in horror on the gap in the frozen creek.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

"The mad young fool!" muttered Frank Richards, utterly aghast.

Not for a moment had the schoolboys believed that the little Chinese would carry out his desperate threat. But the broken ice and bubbling water told their own tale, and they stood transfixed with horror.

"Better call Miss Meadows," muttered Dick Dawson.

Chunky Todgers ran back to the schoolhouse.

Bob Lawless strode out desperately on the ice, but Frank caught him by the arm.

"Don't be an ass, Bob!" he said huskily. "You know how the current runs here—he must be half a mile away by this time."

Bob groaned.

"Frank, old man—I—I never thought—"

"Of course you didn't! You're not to blame," said Frank. "The mad little idiot, to do such a thing! Who could have thought it?"

"I guess he's as far as the island by this time," said Kern Gunten. "We'll find him in the spring, I reckon. You'll be called to account for this, Bob Lawless!"

Bob turned on him fiercely.

"Was it my fault, you rotter? Hold your tongue!"

Gunten shrank back, several of the fellows hustling him away. It was no time for the Swiss' sneering tongue to be heard.

Miss Meadows came hurrying down to the bank, followed breathlessly by Chunky.

"What has happened?" exclaimed the Canadian schoolmistress. "Surely what Todgers has told me is impossible!"

She started, and her face went white as she saw the gap in the ice.

"He—he said he would drown himself, ma'am," groaned Bob Lawless. "I reckoned he was only lying, as usual, but—but—" His voice broke.

"But why—"

Miss Meadows was interrupted by a sudden yell from Eben Hacke.

"Yen Chin!"

"What?"

Hacke pointed upward, and all eyes followed the direction of his finger. Yen Chin, perched on a branch twenty feet above their heads, grinned down at them. Bob Lawless stared up at him dazedly. Miss Meadows breathed with relief.

"Yen Chin, come down immediately!"

"Bob no whackee pool little Chinee?" asked Yen Chin cautiously.

"Come down at once!"

Yen Chin slid down the trunk, and stood before the schoolmistress, with an ingratiating smile on his face.

"Oh!" muttered Bob. "Oh, you young rascal! It was only a trick!"

"Yen Chin," said Miss Meadows severely, "did you make that hole in the ice?"

"Oh, yes, me makee; thlowee lock," explained Yen Chin calmly.

"You threw a rock on the ice?" exclaimed Frank Richards.

"Me thlowee."

"And you placed your cap there, to give an impression that you had fallen in the river?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Me puttee, oh, yes!"

"Oh, you rascal!" said Bob Lawless in great relief, which was mingled with anger. "I might have guessed you were spoofing again."

"No wantee whackee," said Yen Chin calmly.

"How dare you play such a trick, boy?" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "You have very much alarmed me and all your schoolfellows."

"Chinee solly," murmured Yen Chin, with a penitent look.

Miss Meadows turned away impatiently, and Yen Chin trotted after her to the schoolhouse, apparently thinking he was safer there. He grinned back at Frank Richards & Co. as he went.

During morning lessons in the lumber school, the Chinee stole several glances at the chums, but they did not look at him. After school was dismissed he came up to them in the playground.

Bob Lawless gave him a grin look.

"What do you want, Yen Chin?" he asked very quietly.

"No whackee Yen Chin?"

"No," answered Bob. "Leave me alone, that's all."

"Chinee solly."

"Get out, I tell you!"

"Me go dlownee—" threatened Yen Chin.

"What?" exclaimed Frank.

Yen Chin just dodged his foot and fled. The Chinee had tired out the patience of the "Co." with his "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain."

(Continued on page 36.)



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

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

HALLO, CHUMS! After a week's absence yours truly is in the chair again and all set to tell you about another grand GEM programme. This week's St. Jim's story is the first of a gripping series of three featuring Dick Roylance and Harry Manners. As you have read, the latter met more than his match in the New Zealander, but, not unnaturally, the licking Manners received has made him very bitter towards the newcomer. So it is that in next Wednesday's yarn,

"MANNERS' FEUD!"

we find the Shell junior still nursing a grievance against Roylance. For his part, the boy from New Zealand would willingly make friends, but Manners cannot forget or forgive that licking—though usually he is not the one to bear malice. Then Racke, the cad of the Shell, causes more animosity when he makes it appear that Roylance considers Manners a funk, and so matters go from bad to worse. But meanwhile, however, the New Zealander has shown great courage in a matter of life or death, and if only Manners knew of it he would be the first to shake Roylance by the hand instead of carrying on his feud!

"THE TRUTHFUL CHINEE!"

Yen Chin, the wily son of the East, again plays the leading part in the next amusing story of the Cedar Creek chums. Bob Lawless takes it upon himself to reform the Oriental, who has certainly not been brought up on the lines of George Washington. The Chinee's first lesson is to learn to be truthful, and Yen Chin proceeds to be veracious, not wisely but too well! His evident eagerness to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, leads to many uproarious situations, which are not altogether pleasant for his reformer and others! If you like a good laugh—and who doesn't?—don't miss this sparkling story.

"IT ALL DEPENDS ON TUCKEY!"

The election for the junior captaincy of St. Winifred's having ended in a tie, another election must, of course, be held. But both Drake's supporters and Daubeny's supporters remain loyal to their candidates, and neither party can gain a fresh vote. But Tuckey Toodles causes a minor sensation when he declares that he hasn't made up his mind who he will vote for the second time. If he deserts Jack Drake, Daubeny will retain the captaincy; if he sticks to his party, the election will have to be decided by the Head. So it all depends on Tuckey—and he makes the most of the fact that he is a very important person. Who will he vote for? That's the burning question. You will learn the answer in the next grand yarn.

To round off this tip-top number, Kerr is engaged in discovering who put a frog in Mr. Selby's desk; then Blake, in his forthright style, deals with another batch of readers' letters; while Monty Lowther is eagerly waiting to crack some more jokes with you. See you make a "date" with 'em, chums!

All the best!

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Daubeny took Toodles by the collar and spun him away. "Oh! Ow!" ejaculated Toodles as he brought up against the mainmast of the Benbow with a bump and slid to the deck. "Why, of all the rotters—Ow!"

Who Shall be Captain?

"YOU'RE the man, Drake!"

Dick Rodney spoke quietly, but with great firmness. Jack Drake, leaning against the window or Study No. 8 on board the Benbow, regarded his chum doubtfully.

"If you think so, old scout—" he said slowly.

"I do."

"But Daubeny—"

"Now's the time to put Daubeny of the Shell in his right place," said Rodney. "It's up to you, Drake. Daubeny & Co. made a mess of the footer last term. Are they going to be allowed to muck up the cricket in the same way this term?"

"It looks like it, unless—"

"Unless another fellow gets in at the election," said Rodney. "And you're going to do it."

Drake smiled.

"I wish I felt as sure of it as you do, Rodney," he remarked. "But Daub had a big majority last time."

"You weren't standing against him then."

"No; but—"

"A lot of fellows are sick about the way he handled the footer. It's time he was downed and a better man put in his place. I suppose you are a better man."

"I hope so!" said Jack Drake, laughing. "But St. Winifred's generally mayn't think so. It depends on the voting whether Daub goes down, and I'm afraid Daub will bag the votes."

"All the cricketers will be against him."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, all who can really play."

"But there's plenty who can't," said Drake, with a smile. "And if a fellow's a fumbling ass

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THE ST. WINIFRED'S ELECTION!

By Owen Conquest.

he's got more chance of playing under Daub's lead than under mine. All the duffers, all the slackers, and all the merry knuts will back up Daub to the last shoe in the locker. Our crowd's worth ten times as much on the playing fields, but when it comes to voting every duffer is as good as a giddy genius. That's democracy."

"Nothing like trying," said Rodney. "If we do our best we shall have done our best, anyway. If St. Winny's is going to make any show at cricket this season Daub has got to go."

"That's so," chimed in a fat voice in the doorway, as Tuckey Toodles came in. "That's going to be the motto of this study—D.M.G.!"

"What on earth does that mean?" inquired Drake.

"Daub Must Go," explained Toodles.

"Not a bad motto," said Rodney. "Anyhow, it's settled that this study is going to put a man up for election to-night."

"Hear, hear!" said Tuckey Toodles emphatically. "I was going to speak to you fellows about

Who shall be junior captain of St. Winifred's? It's a straight fight between Jack Drake and Vernon Daubeny—and never has an election been so close!

that. Daub's no good. I told Daub he was no good on deck just now, and what do you think the beast did? Kicked me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at in Daub acting like a bully!" snorted Tuckey Toodles. "I'd have kicked him, only—I thought he wasn't worth notice. I just walked away and treated him with utter contempt. I say, it's settled that this study puts up a man, isn't it?"

"Rodney says so," said Drake, smiling.

"Rodney's right."

"Well, I agree," said Drake. "We'll do our best, anyhow."

"Good!" said Tuckey Toodles. "Anyhow, it's two votes to begin with. You two fellows will vote for me, of course?"

"Vote for you!" exclaimed Drake.

"You!" roared Rodney.

Toodles blinked at them in surprise.

"Isn't that what you were just talking about? Isn't this study going to put up a candidate?"

"You howling ass!" said Dick Rodney, in withering tones. "Drake's the candidate."

"Oh, draw it mild! Drake won't get in. Daub's crowd are all against him, to begin with. Better put up a popular chap," urged Tuckey Toodles. "Now, I'm popular."

"Fathead!"

"Fellows like me," said Toodles. "Fellows will vote for me. I've just spoken about it to Raik. Raik says I should be such a junior captain as St. Winifred's never had before."

"Ha, ha! Very likely."

"Besides, I've got ideas for electioneering," pursued Toodles. "I've got brains, you know. You fellows don't know anything about elections. You would just put up a good man and leave him to get it on his merits. Now, that's rot!"

"Oh, is it?"

"Of course it is! Elections aren't won that way. They have to be wangled," said Tuckey Toodles, with an air of great wisdom. "You fellows back me up and I'll wangle it."

"This study doesn't go in for wangling, fathead!"

"Then this study won't get much of a show in any old election," retorted Toodles. "You leave it to me. Get me in as your junior captain, and I'll put you both in the junior eleven. You want to play for St. Winny's this season, and Daub wouldn't have you in the eleven at any price. I'll stick you in if I'm elected. Can I count on your votes?"

"Ass!"

"And now Drake's got plenty of money," continued Toodles, "I shall ask him to put up some cash for the election fund. Election funds are quite necessary. They're for bribing the electors, you know."

"Bribing them!" exclaimed Drake.

Toodles nodded cheerfully.

"That's it. I don't mean handing a chap a ten-shilling note for his vote. You make it worth a chap's while. Every fellow who votes for me will be asked to the canteen, to order anything he likes and as much as he pleases. That will bag a lot of votes."

"Oh!"

"Also, it's made known that if I'm elected all my supporters will be taken to a handsome cinema tea at Kingsford the next day. See?"

"My hat!"

"Lots of dodges in electioneering," said Toodles. "I'm up to all of them, I can tell you. Drake can provide the money for the expenses, as he's got plenty. That's a detail. I'm going to make you cricket captain, Drake."

"Fathead!"

"You shall be skipper of the junior boats, Rodney."

"Ass!"

"I'm going to make up a list of my voters. Can I start with your names?"

"Don't be an ass," said Rodney. "I'm making up a list for Drake. My name goes down first. Yours second Toodles?"

"No!" roared Toodles. "Aren't I a candidate? I've given in my name to Mr. Packe."

"Go and tell him you've changed your silly mind, then."

"But I haven't changed it."

"Change it at once, then, ass!"

"There's such a thing as sense of duty," said Toodles. "Feeling that I'm the best chap for the post, I'm bound to put up as a candidate. If

you fellows don't back me up, I can only say that you're acting jolly rottenly. Disloyal, I call it. Mean!"

"Oh, go an' eat coke!"

"You'll be splitting the vote, and perhaps Daub will get in again!" exclaimed Toodles warmly.

"Go and give in your name to Mr. Packe, Drake," said Rodney.

"Oh, all right!"

Jack Drake walked out of the study, but Tuckey Toodles caught him by the sleeve as he went.

"Aren't you going to back me up, Drake?"

"No, chump!"

"Well, of all the rotters—yarooop!" roared Tuckey Toodles, as Drake took him by his plump shoulders and sat him down in the doorway. "Oh! Ow! Yah! Rotter! I'll jolly well vote for Daubeny now! Yow-ow!"

Jack Drake, quite undismayed by that terrible threat, walked away to Mr. Packe's study to give in his name as a candidate at the junior election to be held that evening on board the Benbow. His was the third name on the Form-master's list. Daubeny of the Shell was the first.

The Rivals!

"DRAKE!"

Vernon Daubeny met the Fourth Former on the deck of the Benbow as he was coming away from Mr. Packe's study.

Drake halted, eyeing the chief of the bucks of St. Winifred's with a far from friendly glance.

But Daub did not seem to notice it. His manner was urbanity itself, and his chums, Torrence and Egan, grinned at Drake in the most cordial way.

Evidently the bucks of the Shell were desirous of burying the hatchet—partly, perhaps, with a view to the forthcoming junior election.

"Well?" said Drake laconically.

"I've been looking for you, old top," said Vernon Daubeny. "I want to have a little talk. Will you step into the study?"

"Thanks, no!"

Daubeny coughed.

"Look here, Drake, what's the good of keepin' up raggin'? We used to be good pals—"

"We always pulled together till last term," remarked Torrence.

"Oh, quite!" murmured Egan.

"Somehow, we fell foul of one another last term," said Daubeny; "but I'm willing to let bygones be bygones, if you are, Drake. A chap can't say fairer than that."

Drake's lip curled.

"Let's have it in plain English, Daub," he said caustically. "Last term I came back to St. Winny's to work for the scholarship, because my pater had lost his money, and I was hard-up. You gave me the marble eye at once when you found out that I was poor."

"Ahem! I—"

"Now it's turned out, in the long run, that matters aren't so bad. My pater's recovered his old position, and more," continued Drake. "Now you hand out the right hand of fellowship. I'm not a suspicious fellow, Daub, but don't you think that this is a little too palpable?"

Daubeny coloured. It was, as a matter of fact, a little too palpable. Vernon Daubeny felt that himself.

Torrence and Egan turned away a little to hide the grins that came over their faces.

"I shouldn't have thought you were a chap to bear malice, Drake," Daubeny said, at last.

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"My dear chap, I don't bear malice. I dare say you only acted according to your nature, but it's not the kind of nature I can be pally with."

"Look here——"

"Besides, I'm up against you," continued Drake coolly. "You're a rotten captain, Daubeny, and I'm going to down you if I can. You made St. Winny's junior football a joke last term. I'm going to prevent you doing the same with the cricket, if I can."

Daubeny set his lips.

"Does that mean that you're standin' against me at the election?" he asked.

"Exactly!"

"Like your cheek! You won't get in."

"That's for the giddy electors to decide," answered Drake. "I'm going to do my best."

And Drake walked away.

Vernon Daubeny bit his lip, and he scowled as he glanced at the grinning faces of his chums.

"Nothin' very amusin' in this that I can see!" he snapped.

"Well, I told you it wasn't any good," remarked Egan. "Dash it all, you can't expect Drake to come round. We dropped him like a hot potato when he was hard up. He's up against you now, and a lot of the fellows will vote for him."

Daubeny shrugged his shoulders.

"They won't outvote my crowd. The Shell are nearly solid for me, and half the Fourth, and the Third Form fags can be brought round. I shall get in by a good majority."

"It's not such a cert as it was last time," said Torrence doubtfully. "I shouldn't wonder if Drake pulled it off. He's popular, and he's a first-class man at games. All the chaps who are keen to play for the school will back him up."

"And all the chap who have played under my lead will back me up," said Daubeny. "They wouldn't have much chance with Drake. And one vote is as good as another."

"That's so."

"Still, we'd better do some electioneering as there's a rival in the field," said Daubeny. "I'm not leavin' anythin' to chance. We'll make a round of the fellows after school, and get their names down, and make 'em promise. Raik's workin' for me in the Fourth. I've told him to promise anythin' he likes. You'll see that I shall get in. I had a two-thirds majority last time."

"You won't get it this time."

"Any old majority will do," yawned Daubeny. "So long as there's one extra vote for me, I don't mind."

"Hallo! There goes the bell!"

Daubeny & Co. strolled away to the Shell Form Room. They met Tuckey Toodles on the way.

"I say, Daub, old chap——" began Toodles.

Vernon Daubeny made a motion with his foot, but he restrained himself. It was no time to kick an elector.

"Hallo, Toodles!" he said cordially.

Toodles grinned in a friendly way, oblivious of the kick he had received from Daubeny earlier in the day. Tuckey had had too many kicks in the course of his fat career to care very much about one more.

"About the election——" he said.

"Oh, yes. You're votin' for me?"

"Ahem! The fact is——"

"I'm gettin' a remittance this afternoon, I expect. If you like to drop into my study after the election there'll be a loan of five bob, if you happen to want it."

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"Thanks; but I'm standing for the election to-night——"

"Eh?"

"I want you fellows to vote for me," said Tuckey Toodles. "You won't get in, Daub. You're no good, you know, and the fellows are fed up with the way you muck things up. I dare say you've noticed that?"

"You cheeky ass!"

"But if you don't want Drake to get in, you vote for me—that's how it stands," said Toodles. "If I get in, I'm going to make you junior cricket captain, Daub, and Torrence captain of the junior boats. As for Egan——"

Tuckey Toodles had no time to finish his ample promises. Daubeny took him by the collar and spun him away, and the Shell fellows hurried on to their Form-room.

"Oh! Ow!" ejaculated Toodles, as he brought up against the mainmast of the Benbow with a bump and slid to the deck. "Why, of all the rotters—ow! I jolly well won't make Daub cricket captain now—ow!"

"Hallo, Fatty! Aren't you coming into lessons?" asked Jack Drake, as he came along with Rodney.

And Tuckey Toodles regained his feet and followed the chums of the Fourth to the Form-room aft. Tuckey's luck was out; his list of supporters still remained a beautiful blank. Popular as Toodles was—according to his own statement—nobody seemed anxious to promise him a vote—and his wonderful electioneering methods could not be put in practice without cash—an article which Tuckey sorely lacked.

As he sat at lessons that afternoon, Tuckey Toodles reflected rather dismally on his chances, and it was borne in upon his mind that his chance of figuring as junior captain of St. Winifred's was decidedly slim. And he began to think very seriously of the five shillings which was to be picked up in Daub's study after the election—if Daubeny "got in."

In Doubt!

DURING lessons that afternoon at the school on the river a great many juniors were thinking about the election. It was the second day of the term, and St. Winny's had hardly settled down to work yet. In the Lower School the election was a matter of considerable importance.

Vernon Daubeny had a good following, but it was certain that there would be a good many votes for Jack Drake. That Drake was the better man for the place was hardly open to doubt—at least, so far as games were concerned. Even some of Daub's supporters were dissatisfied with the way he had mucked up games the previous term.

But if the good cricketers backed up Drake, it was probable that the poor players would stick to Daub, under whose noble leadership they had a chance of showing what they could—or couldn't—do on the playing fields. And the fellows who didn't care much for games were mostly in favour of Daubeny.

Daubeny knew how to make himself agreeable. He was wealthy, and he spent money like water when he had an object to serve. The elegant bucks backed him up to a man, and the "hangers-on" of his wealthy set were sure to support him. It was an honour to be asked into Daub's handsome study to tea—a still greater honour to be asked home by Daub, whose home was rich and

magnificent. Many envious eyes were turned upon Daub on the occasions when his pater's luxurious motor-car called for him on a half-holiday, and there were plenty of fellows eager enough to be asked to take a seat in that motor-car.

Daub's influence, if not of a specially noble kind, was at least very extensive.

Jack Drake had very strong doubts of his success, but he intended to do his best, as he had promised Rodney. Rodney was very keen, and determined not to think of defeat.

After lessons that day there was very keen electioneering on both sides.

Rodney made a round of the Fourth Form, taking down names.

Sawyer major and Rawlings, Estcourt, Furly, Hook, Croft, and a good many more of the cricketing juniors gave in their names for Drake. Sawyer minor of the Third and his friends were also ready to back him up. There was no Second or First Form at St. Winifred's, those Forms having been long abolished.

In the Third, however, Daubeny had a good following. He had appointed Phipps his "election agent" among the fags, and there were plenty of fags who had a great admiration for the leader of the Shell. Phipps brought a goodly list of supporters to Daub's study at tea-time, and sat down to a handsome tea in recognition of his efforts.

Tuckey Toodles, to his wrath and indignation, found his candidature received simply as a huge joke.

It was in vain that he displayed his list of supporters, upon which he had written a dozen unauthorised names, by way of giving it a start. No elector was willing to have his name added thereto.

It looked as if Master Toodles would bag only one vote at the election—his own.

As that was certainly not sufficient to give him a majority, Tuckey began to think still more seriously of the five shillings in Daub's study.

At tea-time Drake and Rodney compared notes in Study No. 8.

"We've gone the rounds pretty thoroughly," Rodney remarked. "I've got down all the names, I think, of fellows who support us."

"How many of the Fourth?" asked Drake.

"Fifteen."

"That leaves only seven for Daub, even if all the others vote for him."

"Toodles won't, I suppose."

Drake chuckled.

"No; Toodles will vote for himself, I suppose. How does it stand with the Third? How many are there of the little bounders?"

"Twenty-four fags in all. Sawyer minor has been doing a lot of work for us; he had a fight with Phipps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've got sixteen names."

"Bravo! That leaves only eight for Daub."

"But the Shell—"

"Nearly solid for Daubeny, I think," remarked Drake.

Rodney nodded.

"I'm afraid so. There are twenty Shell fellows altogether, and only one of them will vote for you, Drake—that's Troope. All the rest are sticking to Daubeny. They don't want a Fourth Form skipper."

"Troope's not a bad sort," said Drake. "He

doesn't suck up to Daub, and he's been left out of the games. I suppose he's sore about that."

"That makes a total of thirty-two votes for you," continued Rodney. "That leaves thirty-three for Daub, and Toodles doubtful."

"Better than I expected," said Drake. "I never thought we'd get such a crowd to back up against Daubeny."

"But it isn't enough," said Rodney, wrinkling his brows. "We want to beat Daub—not merely to run him close. We might get at Toodles, but that would only make it a tie. But, of course, some of the other fellows may back you up. They won't promise to vote for you, but they may not vote for Daub. Besides, most likely they won't all be there."

"That's likely enough, but some of our crowd may be missing—"

"We've got to see that they're not," said Rodney resolutely. "After tea, we've got to keep an eye on them."

Drake laughed.

"We'll do that," he said. "But you're counting in my vote, I think. Can a chap vote for himself?"

"Daub will. If he doesn't, you needn't; but if he does, you can. That will make it all right."

"Right-ho!"

Tuckey Toodles came into the study.

"I say, Drake—"

"Just the fellow I want to see," said Drake. "I want your vote, Tuckey. Sit down and pile in."

Tuckey Toodles sat down and piled in. He had just been to tea with Daubeny, who was keeping open house in the Shell quarters. But he was ready for another tea.

"The fact is, I wanted you fellows to back me up," he said.

"Bow-wow!"

"On second thoughts," said Toodles, with his mouth full of jam—"on second thoughts, I've decided that I don't care much to be junior captain of St. Winifred's. Too much tie on a fellow's time, you know."

"Quite so," grinned Drake. "I could find the time, but you're such a busy chap."

"Exactly. I say, do you think a vote's worth five bob, Drake?"

Drake frowned.

"You young rotter—" he began.

"Daub's offered to lend me five bob if I vote for him."

"Just like Daub!"

"Of course, I shall refuse," said Tuckey, eyeing Drake warily. "I'm too honourable, I hope."

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Besides, I want to back up my own study. There's such a thing as loyalty."

"Bravo, Tuckey!"

"We've always been pals," said Tucker affectionately. "If you won't vote for me, I'll vote for you. I call that real pally."

"Good man!"

"By the way, Drake, could you lend me ten bob?"

"What?"

"Ten bob."

Rodney burst into a chuckle. Tuckey's honourable scruples about accepting Daub's five shillings were explained now.

"I'm not going to give you money to vote for me, you fat boulder!" said Jack Drake gruffly.

Tuckey Toodles looked quite pained.

"I don't mean that, of course. You're hinting that I'm not an honourable chap," he said. "Nothing whatever to go with the election, of course. I back you up because you belong to my study. You lend me ten bob because I'm your pal. See?"

"Oh!" said Drake.

"I'm backing you up, in any case," added Tuckey, feeling that he could afford to make that concession to Drake's principles. Words did not cost Tuckey anything.

"Honour bright?" asked Drake suspiciously.

"Certainly."

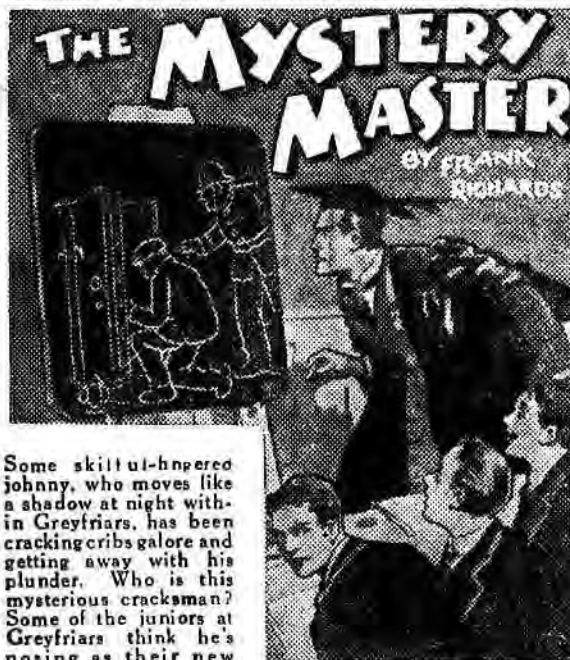
"Then I'll lend you ten bob—next week."

Tuckey's face fell.

"I say, that's a long time, old chap. And, you know, I had a pound note blown away recently, so—"

"Next week or never," said Drake. "I'm not going to bribe."

"My dear chap—"



Some skilful-hpered Johnny, who moves like a shadow at night within Greyfriars, has been cracking cribs galore and getting away with his plunder. Who is this mysterious crackman? Some of the juniors at Greyfriars think he's posing as their new Form-master! You'll thoroughly enjoy reading this full-of-thrills yarn, starring Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.

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Estcourt of the Fourth looked in.

"Time to get along to the Common-room, you fellows," he said; and Drake and Rodney followed him from the study.

Tuckey Toodles followed them, more slowly. His fat mind was in doubt again. Apart from his honourable scruples, it was a doubtful question whether ten bob next week was as good as five bob on the nail. A bird in the hand was worth two in the bush! Tuckey Toodles' mind was still in a state of doubt when he rolled into the Common-room, amid a crowd of excited juniors.

Undecided!

MR. PACKE, the master of the Fourth, came into the Common-room, and the buzz of voices died away. The Form-master was in charge of the junior election. The presence of authority was required on such occasions. Otherwise the voting might have been accompanied by the punching of noses.

"Ah! Ahem!" said Mr. Packe. "It is now—er—seven o'clock. Let us—ahem!—proceed to business."

"We're ready sir," said Daubeny.

The Junior Common-room was crowded. Both parties had turned up in force. Daubeny & Co. had made a round of the ship at the last moment, shepherding their voters into the fold. Drake's enthusiastic supporters had been equally careful. There was not a junior missing from the meeting.

It was known already that Daub's majority, if he kept it, would be very much reduced—that the voting, in fact, would be very close indeed. There was a trace of anxiety in Vernon Daubeny's face.

The election proceeded. Egan of the Shell proposed Daubeny, seconded by Torrence. There was a cheer from Daub's supporters. Drake was proposed and seconded by Rodney and Estcourt. Tuckey Toodles opened his mouth to propose himself, but he closed it again. Tuckey's ambitions had been slain and now he was only debating whether the bird in hand out-valued the two in the bush. That problem had not yet been solved in his fat mind.

A show of hands was called for for Daubeny of the Shell and there was a good show. Daubeny stood with his hands in his pockets, but Seeley nudged him, and he drew out one hand and held it up, voting for himself. Mr. Packe proceeded sedately to count the hands.

"Thirty-three votes for Daubeny," he said.

"Bravo!" chirruped Egan.

Daubeny's face brightened.

It was evident that the voting would be close, but unless every junior in the school was present Drake could scarcely hope to beat, or equal, the vote of his rival.

"I fancy we've got it, you fellows," murmured Daubeny.

"Oh, quite!" grinned Egan.

"Silence, please! Hands up for Drake of the Fourth."

Up went the hands in a goodly crowd.

Again Mr. Packe proceeded to count. He was slow and deliberate, apparently unconscious of the excitement that raged around him. There was a breathless silence.

Rodney looked expressively at Tuckey Toodles. His calculations had been carefully made. He knew the numbers present, and he knew that Drake could not command a majority. But at least there would be a tie if Toodles played up.

(Continued on page 36.)



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THE ST. WINIFRED'S ELECTION!

(Continued from page 34.)

Jack Drake had raised his hand, in imitation of Daubeny's example. Tuckey Toodles grinned.

He felt himself a very important person indeed just then. Drake did not deign to look at him, but Daubeny fixed upon him an almost beseeching glance, and—perhaps by accident—jingled money in his trousers pocket.

Tuckey Toodles was not in a hurry to move.

Mr Packe, sedately counting, was approaching the spot where he stood. Tuckey had not voted for Daub, but Daub's imploring look promised the five shillings if he refrained from voting for Jack Drake. There was no mistaking Daub's look.

But something stirred within Tuckey's plump breast just then, and with heroic resolution he banished the thought of Daub's cash from his mind. His fat hand went up—just in time.

Rodney gave almost a gasp of relief, and there was a murmur from his party. Had Tuckey saved the situation?

The excitement was intense. It mattered little to Toodles who became captain, but it mattered a good deal to the rest of the Lower School.

"Thank goodness!" breathed Sawyer major. "The fat rotter has got some sense, after all."

THE TERROR OF CEDAR CREEK!

(Continued from page 29.)

Gunten had observed that incident. And after school that day, when the chums were starting homeward, they heard a loud howl from the timber. Yen Chin was wriggling in the grasp of the bully, who was laying a rope about the Chinese as he hopped and dodged and wriggled. Gunten felt that his opportunity had come, and he was taking advantage of it.

"Flanky!" yelled Yen Chin. "Helpee! Blave Bob! Helpee!"

But he called in vain. The chums of Cedar Creek walked on.

Gunten grinned and laid on the rope harder.

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There was a general brightening on the faces of Drake's supporters, but Daub and his gang looked daggers at the fat junior of the Fourth.

Tuckey Toodles knew he was the cynosure of all eyes, and he struck an attitude like Ajax defying the lightning.

Breathlessly the juniors hung upon Mr. Packe's words as he made the announcement. Certainly the Fourth Form master had never been listened to with such rapt attention in the Form-room.

"Thirty-three votes for Drake!" announced Mr. Packe, with rather a perplexed look. "The voting has resulted in a tie."

"Oh!"

Daubeny gritted his teeth.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Drake, with a grin.

"We nearly did it, Rodney. Better luck next time!"

"We're not beaten yet," answered Rodney. "A tie's a tie. Listen to Packe."

Mr. Packe was speaking again.

"The voting having resulted in a tie, a fresh election must be held," said the Form-master. "Monday next will be fixed for the election. If the result should still remain in doubt the matter will be referred to the headmaster."

And with that Mr. Packe quitted the Common-room, and the juniors of St. Winifred's broke up in a state of great excitement.

Next Wednesday: "IT ALL DEPENDS ON TUCKEY!"

"Serve the little beast right!" muttered Bob Lawless.

But as a loud howl of anguish came from the unhappy little rascal, Bob Lawless paused. He turned back and strode on the scene. Without waiting to speak he hit out, and Kern Gunten sat down in the snow.

"Let him alone!" growled Bob.

His kind heart had triumphed after all.

"Blave Bob helpee pool li'l Chinee," murmured Yen Chin. "Chinee glateful. Solly playee tlickee. Chinee doee anything for blave Bob."

Bob looked at him. For once the little rascal seemed in earnest.

"Then try to be a bit decent, and a bit less of an awful liar," grunted Bob.

"Me tly," promised Yen Chin, with great earnestness.

And Yen Chin did try, though the result, as it turned out, was not wholly satisfactory.

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