# "FIDDLER DICK" IS COMING (See Inside).

TELESCOPE COUPON:



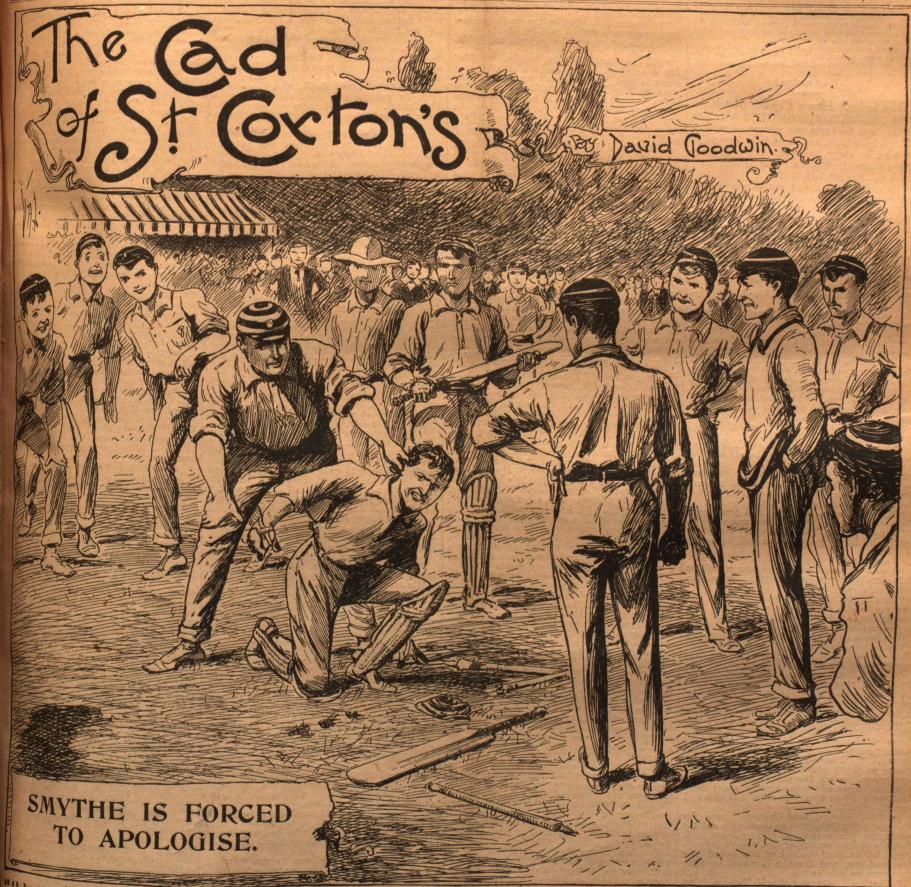
EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S

STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.

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EVERY WEDNESDAY-ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 7, 1909.



"I humbly apologise—ooh!'" gabbled Smythe, "'for behaving like a cad and a bounder; and I beg West's pardon for having insulted a better cricketer than myself. Ow! I've made a fool of myself, and I deserve the biggest kick you can give me. Wow!"

SCOUT OUTFITS OFFERED TO READERS THIS WEEK.



## The (Irveden Dramatists.

#### Another of CHARLES HAMILTON'S Laughable School

Tales.

The 1st Chapter. Disappointed Sightseers.

OME on !" "What's up?" No.

"There's going to be a row in

"Good! This way, you fellows!"

"Good! This way, you fellows!"

And a crowd of fellows, with eager looks, followed Gatty and Greene along the Fourth Form passage at Cliveden.

Pankhurst and Price, the auburn-haired chums of the Fourth, were strolling along the passage with linked arms towards No. 4 Study. They were chatting as they went, unconscious of the fact that a crowd of interested juniors were following eagerly in their wake.

But Gatty and Greene and Fish and the rest had no doubt about it. There was to be a row, and they meant to see the fun. For were not Panky and Price the deadly rivals of the chums of No. 4 Study—Poindexter, Neville, and Flynn? Which of the two parties could really be considered head of the Fourth Form at Cliveden was a question that had never been satisfactorily answered, the incessant "rows" on the subject leaving it precisely where it was in the beginning. Since Lincoln G. Poindexter had come to Cliveden and formed the "Combine"—himself, Dick Neville, and Micky Flynn—there had been war in the Fourth, but it really seemed as if honours were easy between the Combine and the "Old Firm." But the alarums and excursions of the rivals of the Fourth afforded much entertainment to the Form; hence the keenness which the juniors showed on the present entertainment to the Form; hence the keenness which the juniors showed on the present occasion in following Pankhurst and Price to

ness when a cocasion in following Pankhurst and Free occasion in following Pankhurst and Free No. 4.

Yet the Old Firm did not look hostile to anyhody at that moment. They strolled up to the door of No. 4, and Pankhurst tapped on it. The voice of Lincoln G. Poindexter from within bade them enter, and they entered. The door was closed, and the dozen or so juniors in the passage looked at one another rather blankly.

Doesn't look like a row," said Fish, in a

dissatisfied tone.

"Doesn't look like a row," said Fish, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Oh, you wait a bit!" said Greene confidently. "You'll see Panky and Price come flying out in a tick."

They waited.

But the door of No. 4 Study did not reopen, and the Old Firm did not come out "on their necks," as the waiting juniors expected. There was no sound of disturbance within No. 4.

The watchers were puzzled. They stole closer to the door of the study, and then they could hear a murmur of voices from within But it was only a murmur, and the voices were not raised in wrath.

Gatty and Greene looked utterly disgusted. "My word," said Gatty, "it's not a row, after all!"

"Oh, wait a bit!" said Greene, in a tone of remonstrance. "Give 'em a chance."

They gave them a chance for two more minutes, long minutes to the impatient Fourth-Formers. Still there were no sounds of strife, still the study door was not thown open, still the Old Firm were not thrown out.

still the study door was not thown open, still the Old Firm were not thrown out.

And then several of the juniors, openly declaring their belief that the whole thing was a swindle, walked away in dudgeon. Green, looking considerably exasperated, kicked open the study door and looked in.

His face grew decidedly wrathful at what he saw

he saw.

Pankhurst and Price were seated at the table, looking anything but warlike. Dick Neville and Lincoln G. Poindexter were vis-avis with them. Micky Flynn was pouring out tea, having just risen to lift the teapot from the grate. The tea-party, in the glow of the knight fire, looked very cosy and cheerful. They all looked round at Greene, and Greene snorted

snorted. "Hallo!" said Poindexter. "What do you

"Hallo? Said 10.
"Well, you rotters," said the disgusted Greene. "Here we've been wasting five minutes waiting for you to begin—"
"Begin! What are you raving about?" asked Pankhurst pleasantly.
"I thought there was going to be a row—"
"My dear ass—"

"I guess there is a row," said Poindexter.
"But if you leave off talking it will stop,
Greeney. Shut the door after you."
"Look here, Puntdodger—"
"Faith, and sure I don't know why peaceable chaps like us should be supposed to be always rowin' one another!" said Micky Flynn,

looking up from the task of pouring out the tea, but without ceasing to pour. "Bedad, and I think— Bejabers, and what's the matter wid ye, Panky?"

Pankhurst had leaped to his feet with a yell.
Micky, as he looked round, had allowed the teapot to sway, and the hot tea was pouring over Pankhurst's legs instead of into the tea-

Ow-ow! Gre-rooh!"

"Faith, and I—"
"Wow—wow! You utter ass! Ow! I'm
scalded!"

Micky Flynn hastily snatched the teapot round from the direction of Pankhurst, and Poindexter yelled furiously as a splash of hot tea caught him in the neck. He jumped up, and the startled Irish boy started back, and the remainder of the tea was poured over Diek

and the startled Irish boy started back, and the remainder of the tea was poured over Dick Neville's shoulder.

What further damage Micky Flynn might have done we cannot say. The scalded juniors grasped him, and bumped him down on the hearthrug, and wrenched the teapot away.

"You—you dangerous lunatic!" gasped Neville. "Ow! I'm wet!"

"Faith, and I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Greene.

"I'm scalded!" growed Pankhurst. "If this is the way you receive visitors—"

"Sure I—"

"I guess I'm scalded myself!" groaned

"I guess I'm scalded myself!" groaned Poindexter. "Don't let that dangerous maniac get up. He wants jumping on!"
"Quite so!" grinned Price. "I'll jump on him if you like!"

him if you like!"

"Arrah, thin—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Greene. The doorway was packed with juniors behind Greene, all yelling with laughter. The scene in No. 4 Study seemed to amuse them as much as if the expected row had come off, after all.

"Faith, and it was all the fault of that omadhaun Greene, makin' me look round!" gasped Micky Flynn. "And if ye jump on me sure it's a thick ear I'll be givin' ye, Sidney Price!"

me sure it's a thick ear I'll be givin' ye, Sidney Price!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess he's right," said Poindexter, turning his wrath in a new direction. "Sling those rotters out!"

The order was obeyed at once.

Micky Flynn scrambled to his feet, and the Combine and the Old Firm rushed in line at the intruders. Whether it was all Greene's fault it was all Greene's fault or not, Greene had to pay the piper, and re-lieve the feelings of the scalded juniors.

Poindexter and Pank-hurst grasped him, and Greene ceased to laugh, Greene ceased to laugh, and roared in another way. But they did not spare him for his roaring. They hurled him at the crowd in the doorway, and Greene and the crowd went reeling into the passage.

Then the door was slammed and locked.

In the passage were heard voices in pain heard voices in pain and wrath, and then there was a tremendous kicking and thumping at the door, but it was locked, and did not budge. And at the hint of a prefect coming upstairs, the belligerent juniors scuttled away, and the allied rivals of and the allied rivals of the Fourth were left in

The 2nd Chapter. Poindexter Knows How to "Raise the Wind."

AITH, and it's dusty I am!" grumbled "Clumsy ass!" said Neville. "Make some

more."
"Sure, if ye call me a clumsy ass,

"Well, I do call you a clumsy ass! Look at my jacket—soaked!" And Neville hung his jacket on a chair-back towards the fire, and sat down again at the festive board in his

shirt-sleeves.

"Sure, I'm sorry to interrupt the harmony of the proceedings," said Micky Flynn, looking round. "But it's myself that can't allow any Saxon spalpeen to call a descendant of the kings of Ireland a clumsy ass!"

"Sit down!"

"Faith, and I—"

"I guess we'll scalp you if you don't shut up and make the tea!" said Poindexter. "Remember we've got visitors present."

"Sure, I beg ye're pardon, Panky—"

"All right; so long as you shut up!" said Pankhurst cheerfully. "We didn't come here to listen to you performing a solo on your chin. Cheese it!"

Micky Flynn looked wrathful for a moment, and inclined to assault the auburn-haired

and inclined to assault the auburn-haired junior on the spot; but he remembered that Pankhurst was a visitor, and made fresh tea

The slight disturbance in the study did not much affect the cheerfulness of the tea-party. They discussed tea and sardines, ham and eggs and toast, and the cricket prospects for the coming season, and the training schemes for the Boy Scouts of Cliveden, cheerily and amicably. Pankhurst and Price felt, and showed, a considerable curiosity as to why they had been invited to tea in No. 4; but they asked no questions on the subject. They knew asked no questions on the subject. They knew that the Combine had something to communicate, but apparently the hosts were leaving it

Tea was over at last; and the juniors, that meal having been disposed of, drew their chairs round the fire and roasted and ate chest-nuts. It was then that Lincoln G. Poindexter

"I've got something to say to you chaps," he remarked.

Pankhurst grinned.
"I didn't think you had asked us in here solely for the pleasure of our company," he re-

marked.

"Quite so!" said Price.

"Oh, not at all!" said Poindexter amiably.

"Of course, we like to see your cheerful chivvies round the table!"

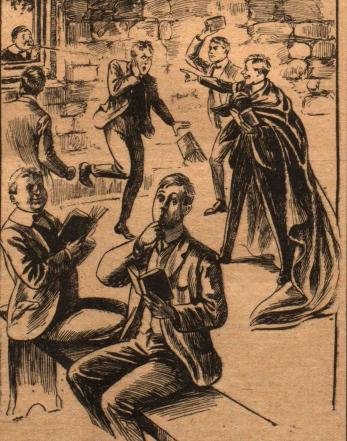
chivvies round the table!"

"Sure; and the glow of ye're hair, Panky darling, is as cheerful as a coke fire—"

"You let my hair alone," said Pankhurst.

"Yes, dry up, Micky!" agreed Poindexter.

"We've got to talk business. Now, look here, you kids, you've joined with us in the Boy Scouts of the Fourth Form. Instead of ragging one another, we've agreed to form a patrol between us, and make the Boy Scout idea go for all it's worth in the Lower Forms."



Poindexter rubbed his ear ruefully. Micky Flynn. "And casements came a glimmer of metal, and Cuffy of the Fifth was distance and the good tay's all covered in the very act of using a pea-shooter. "Look there!" roared Poindexter. "Collar him!" Through one of the open

"Quite so!"
"Now, my idea," said Poindexter into sively, "is that we should go right ahead, of joining the Territorials when we is school. I guess we want to make things in practise shooting as well as scouting in as well as marching, and so forth."
"That costs money," Pankhurst remarks "Correct. That's what I'm coming to! I thinking of raising funds for the Fourth Roccuts Troop."
"Good wheeze—if you are

"Good wheeze—if you can do it!"
"We can do it."
"Blessed if I see how!" said Panton wrinkling his brows.
"We don't want to independent."
"I guess so." guess so."

"I guess so.
"We could have a whip round among a
selves, but—"
"That wouldn't be sufficient."

"That wouldn't be sufficient."
"Then how—"
"That's what I'm coming to. Why not a dramatic performance?"
"A—a—a what?"
"A dramatic performance," said Points
and devote the gate—I mean box-office receipts—to a fund for its

"My hat!"

"My hat!"
"I guess it's a ripping idea! The low
Form Dramatic Society ought to be the
give a good entertainment. Were all a
and we're jolly clever fellows—some of a
"Faith, and it's a janius, non,
dexter. It's a ripping Hamlet in day
self!"

"Yes," said Pankhurst sussially of can imagine Hamlet with an linb bugge."
"Quite so!" grinned Price. "I word make it a comedy instead of a lurgely but that's only a detail."

"Ye ginger duffers—"
"Order!"

"Order!"

"Sure, Puntdodger darling—"

"Order! Shut up! Ring of! Wat by you think of the wheeze, Panky?"

"It's all right," said Pankyr! their fully. "Till football starts we shall have its of time to devote to the drama. Invision or eason why we shouldn't turn out a rally good entertainment, if you chaps will raise that there are fellows in the Fourt who an get miles ahead of you on the bards!"

"We'll discuss the parts late! aid Poindexter hurriedly, just in time to prevat one emphatic remarks being made by Neulle at Flynn. "If the idea's agreed on—"

"That's agreed on. But I don't quite we how we shall raise the wind by it is the enough to get an audience to an anature formance when it's admission free. If we charge them for coming in—"

"They'll of the reserve the said Print."

"They'll of the property of the prope

charge them for coming in—"They'll all stay outside," said Prine "Oh, I don't know! You see, they in all the talent of the Fourth Fourth said

all the talent of the Fourth Form; alls, pose all the juniors will come to sears ripping representation of Hamlet!

"We might let it be known, too, the like who don't come will get sealped the extensuggested Neville.

"Well, that's one way of setting audience," grinned Pankhurst. "It mills influence the Lower Forms, but we sealping the Sixth."

"We'll put it straight to Thenlyn, make him to put it to the seniors, ice he god of the cause," said Poindexter.

exactly thinking of a regular charge in the mission. You see, some of the kink make. exactly thinking of a regular chapt it mission. You see, some of the kinds afford even a tanner, and we don't seniors could afford a bob or era like crown, and we don't want to stop take generous. My idea was to have a more just inside the door, and every fellow applied to put something into it, according to the solution of the property of the share a more in pennies, while the rich falses to the put in what they like."

"That's a good idea. But the principles."

"That's a good idea. But us ance?"

"Yes, the play's the thing," agreed dexter, in the words of Hamlet, thing's settled, we may as well decide play now. Of course, we must consider the fourth of the fourth form has society."

"Of course."

"So I don't see how we can give spill the fourth of the fourth form has society."

"So I don't see how we can give spill the follows say to 'Hamlet'?"

"Faith, and I can do Hamlet."

"Agreed!" said Pankhurst.

can do Hamlet."

"I was just thinking," said Pist, "I was just thi

"Me bejabers!"

"Now, look here "Ring off! I tell you

"Let me point out

Poindexter; "Hamlet goes what a what will goes with the work with the work with the work of the work with the work of the wore

an take the part of Brutus quite as well as and Hamlet. Faith, if you have Brutus, I'll have Julius

Lassus is mine!" said Dick Neville.

Const snakes, and what do I take?"

Const snakes, and what do I take?"

Const snakes, and what do I take?"

Const snakes, and what do I take?" of jolly well going to be Brutus or

ar you can be the ghost of Cæsar if you like,

der darling "
der darling "
not Portia?" said Price. "We shall The not Portia: said Trice. We shall have a Portia—we can't make Brutus a have even in an amateur performance."

The policy of the policy and think I'm going to play a giddy

ia wasn't a giddy girl. She was a

Roman matron."

Roman matron."

Ana! Look here, Puntdodger; you stage-manage and be one of the leading ters, too! You can be a conspirator!"

Lean stage-manage and act as well.

Lean stage-manage and act as well. at "I can stage manage and act as well.

an be a giddy conspirator, or Cinna the
or anybody he likes. As it happens, I
studied Mark Antony's part, and know
enty well. I shall only have to polish up
lines a bit. I'll give you the oration

to you jolly well won't!" said Pankhurst.
gree you the speech after the assassinaat ample of Brutus—"
ats! We don't want any free samples

We'd better make up a list of the learn up the parts, and then fix a

de the leading parts of the drama having measured to the five juniors themselves, as as only just, they proceeded to make a list the smaller parts, and the fellows most rs only just, they proceeded to make a list of the smaller parts, and the fellows most undet of fill them, and then the meeting in & 4 Sudy broke up, and the Fourth Form matter Dramatic Society proceeded to take the rest of the Form into their confidence on

#### The 3rd Chapter. The Dramatists.

N the few occasions when the Combine and the Old Firm joined forces they had no difficulty in carrying the the Fourth Form at Cliveden with The Boy Scouts scheme had caught on. th the allies at the head of it; and now the a of a dramatic representation to raise as for the troop became popular as soon as

was no lack of histrionic talent in the form, to judge by the offers the com-

mened mmber of fellows who could play a Mark Antony was amazing. Fellows to Poindexter in the passage, and rating the famous oration at him, to in that they were just the chaps he

t, as stage-manager and president tanic society, had plenty of work on it, and heaps of worry on his mind; has the hardest task of all was to to listen to—the remorseless reciters.

all seemed to be going well for n, the master of the Fourth, ob-

assion for them to use No. 8 Room resentation on a certain evening; ter had fixed the date over a week ter had fixed the date over a week detect to allow time for rehearsals. Some for the enthusiastic young dat a week might not be enough. difficulty was to persuade the the small parts were just suited at that there couldn't be a dozen different or sixteen Mark Antonys play.

was a slight difficulty about the sage. The room was a fair size, a raised dais that served very well but there was hardly room for a group. Besides, if nearly all the Form a stage, where was the audience to

ther sternly limited the number of King, the fattest boy in the Assigned the parts of all the assigned the parts of all the assigned the part of the Roman igned the part of the Roman igned the part of the Roman igned the part of the Roman igner said that they could igne to the imagination of the

suggested, in a humorous the whole performance to the che audience, which would save rehearsing; but he was immethe audience, which would be rehearsing; but he was imme-

as the question of costume. Clety had a certain quantity of ties, and, with altering, many be made to do. Then others be made to do. Then others the costumier's in Clivebank. chap wore a toga," Poindexter do for a Roman; and a toga out of a sheet with a pair of seedle and cotton.

out of a sheet with a pair of out of a sheet with a pair of out of a sheet with a pair of needle and cotton.

In a swimmingly," Poindexter chums a day or two later. "I all the duffers to take their task for more, at last. "It's cheek of some of these

dating!" agreed Neville. "They think tas take parts which would have made

Irving grow pale. By the way, I'm getting on splendidly with Cassius."

"Faith, and ye're right!" agreed Micky Flynn. "The cheek of them is astonishing. Why, young Trimble actually offered to take Julius Casar off my hands! He couldn't get within miles of the part. It takes a jolly clever fellow to play Julius Casar. I'm getting on rippingly!"

And Micky, to show how rippingly he was getting on, started with:

"The ides of March are come—"
And Poindexter and Neville fled.
"Curious how that chap will bore one with going over his part," said Neville. "I say, Punty, what do you think of this for Cassius, in the tent scene:

"I denied you not,
He was a fool that brought my answer back!"
Hallo, where are you, Poindexter?"
But Poindexter was gone.

It was a curious circumstance that although every member of the cast was willing to recite to any extent, he never had any time to spare

It was a curious circumstance that although every member of the cast was willing to recite to any extent, he never had any time to spare to listen to another fellow "spouting." But this, we believe, is not at all unusual in amateur dramatic societies.

One thing was certain. The play had taken firm hold of the juniors' minds; and for some days they lived, thought, spoke, and breathed Shakespeare.

Shakespeare.

The histrionic turn of their minds cropped

The histrionic turn of their minds cropped up in curious ways.

When Mr. Lanyon asked Pankhurst why he was late in class one morning, Pankhurst absent-mindedly replied that it was not that he loved Cæsar less, but that he loved Rome more. An answer which earned him fifty lines at once from the astounded Form-master. And Poindexter, being sent on a message to the Head, conning his part over as he went along, quite forgot his message when he reached the Head's study; and when he was

"We're all here, except a few citizens," said Dick Neville. "What a row they're making at cricket!"

There's a beast looking in at the window!"

"There's a beast looking in at the window!" said Pankhurst.

"I guess that doesn't matter. It'll improve his mind. Now, look at your parts; and then spout from memory when your turn comes. I'm prompter on this occasion; but you won't always have me to help you, so do your best."

"Quite so!"

"Faith, and I—"

"And if you're going to do Julius Cæsar, Micky, drop that unearthly Tipperary accent. Cæsar with a brogue would be rotten!"

"Look here, Puntdodger—"

"Order! Now, then, Brutus—"

"Right-ho!" said Pankhurst:

"'What means this shouting? I do fear

"'What means this shouting? I do fear the people Choose Cæsar for their king!"
"Go ahead, Cassius!"

"'Ay, do you fear it?"" said Dick Neville.

"'Then I must think you would not have it so?""

"'I would not, Cassius, yet I love him

"You utter ass!" said Poindexter. "Where did you get that line from? It doesn't make "Ow!"

"If you're going to mew like a cat, Pank-Something stung me!" howled Pankhurst.

"Something stung me!" howled Pankhurst.
"It stung me on the mouth."
"Oh, rats! Get on with the washing!"
Pankhurst glared; but he rubbed his mouth, and got on with the washing.
The scene progressed, and, excepting for the unfortunate circumstances that most of the actors forgot most of their lines, all went very



As Brutus and Julius Cæsar staggered on the stage, fighting desperately, and Mark Antony was bonneted by the scenes, the audience jumped up, convulsed with merriment. In a few seconds the actors were all fighting, amid yells from the audience that rang through Cliveden.

asked why he had come, answered that he came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The first rehearsal had been fixed for Saturday afternoon, in the lower apartment of the old tower, a spot which the amateur dramatic society expected to have all to themselves while the other fellows were on the cricket-field.

And Poindexter, as general manager, re-sponsible for the production, looked forward to the rehearsal with a certain amount of uneasiness.

> The 4th Chapter: The First Rehearsal.

INCOLN G. POINDEXTER looked round the apartment. It was on the ground floor of the old tower, and was spacious enough. The windowless case-ments gave views of the playing-fields, and the Fifth Form fellows could be seen playing cricket; and their shouts, and the merry click of bat and ball came clearly to the ears of the

of bat and ball came clearly to the ears of the amateur dramatic society.

But the Cliveden dramatists were not thinking of cricket now. They had their parts in their hands, and were looking properly solemn.

The play had, of course, been mercilessly cut for representation. Poindexter had charge of that department, and he had not spared the blue pencil. The juniors were to turn out the whole performance in a couple of hours, and there might be delays. Unimportant scenes had been taken out bodily. Long speeches the fellow who was to speak the lines. The Poindexter version of the play might have made the Bard of Avon weep if he had seen it. But Poindexter was a businesslike fellow. What he gave, he wanted to be a success, and it was no use giving too much.

well. With a celerity that would have amazed a professional company, the actors got into the heart of the play, owing to the stage-manager's extensive cuts.

Greene, in a wonderful robe, took the part of Portia, and he was pronouncing that lady's lines when he gave a sudden jump, and broke off.

"You, now!" said Poindexter. "What are you ow-ing for?"
"Something stung me!"
"Rats!"

"Rats!"
"It wasn't rats—it felt like wasps!"
"Bosh! Why— Ow! Ow!"
Greene grinned.
"Ha, ha! You've got it now!"
Poindexter rubbed his ear ruefully. He looked round in wrath.
Through one of the open casements came a glimmer of metal, and Cuffy of the Fifth was discovered in the very act of using a peashooter.

shooter.
"Look there!" roared Poindexter.
"The—the beast!"
"Collar him!"

Some of the dramatists made a rush to the casement, some to the door. But before they could reach him Cuffy had fled, laughing so loudly that he could hardly run.

The disappointed juniors returned wrathfully to the rehearsal.

"Rotters!" said Neville. "They don't understand the drama Lat's gat on."?

fully to the rehearsal.

"Rotters!" said Neville. "They don't understand the drama. Let's get on!"

"Here they come again!"

A dozen Fifth-Formers, as well as a crowd of fags belonging to the Lower Forms, blocked the windows as the rehearsal went on. But there was no more pea-shooting, and the dramatists endured the staring and grinning as well as they could.

The Cliveden fellows did not take the drama as seriously as they ought to have done. Perhaps they did not consider that the Fourth

Form actors were quite up to the necessary form for Shakespeare.

At all events, they persisted in regarding Julius Cæsar, as rendered by Poindexter and Co., rather in the light of a comedy than of a tragedy.

Co., rather in the light of a comedy than of a tragedy.

When Poindexter declaimed, with great force, the oration of Mark Antony, and told the awe-struck company that if they had tears they must prepare to shed them now, the lookers on from without only shed a mighty gust of laughter.

In the face of want of appreciation like this, it showed a great determination on the part of the amateurs that they stuck it out.

But they did stick it out. They went through the rehearsal to the bitter end, and before the finish came they were left in peace. The spectators, with aching ribs, had retired chuckling over the rehearsal, and the players finished to no sound but their own voices. Lincoln G. Poindexter professed himself quite satisfied.

"It's ripping for a first rehearsal!" he de-clared. "Of course, some of you forgot your lines, but I guess that was only to be ex-pected. You'll polish 'em up before Wednes-day."

pecter day."

"Yes, rather!"

"And faith, ye'll polish ye're own, won't ye, Puntdodger, darling? They need it."

"Don't you interrupt your stage-manager, Micky Flynn!"

"Sure, and I——"

"Sure, and I——"

"Sure, and I—"
"Order! The worst parts," went on Poindexter thoughtfully, "are Brutus and Casca."
Brutus and Casca—otherwise Pankhurst and Price—glared at their candid stage-manager.
"Blessed if I think so!" said Pankhurst.
"I guess I received."

"I think—"
"I guess I wasn't asking you what you think!"
"I'll tell you without being asked!" said Pankhurst heatedly. "In my opinion, Mark Antony was the rottenest we've heard, and Price will bear me out."
"Quite so!" said Price.
"You'll want bearing out on an ambulance if you don't shut up, Panky!"
"Rats! Of all the Chicago cheek—"
"Besides, you weren't quite so rotten as

"Besides, you weren't quite so rotten as Casca!" I think I did Casca pretty well," said Price. It was better than anything you tinned-beef frauds did, anyway!"
"Look here, we don't want any recriminational."

tions

tions!"

"Don't you begin 'em, then!"

"I was giving my verdict as stage-manager and president."

"And I was dissenting from that verdict as a sensible person and a chap who knows what's what."

"Look here, Panky—"

"Look here, Puntdodger—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Dick Neville.

"Keep the fighting for the last act. Shut up!"

"Keep the fighting for the last act. Shut up!"
"I guess you can't tell your stage-manager to shut up, Dick!"
"Oh, rats! Don't row! Let's get along to the tuckshop, and have tea. It's my treat."
Neville's suggestion was like oil poured on the troubled waters. It was adopted without a dissentient voice, and the amateur dramatic company adjourned.

The 5th Chapter. The Programme.

LTHOUGH the amateur dramatists had come very near to a battle that was not on the programme, they were pretty well satisfied upon the whole with the first rehearsal. They worked away at their parts, getting letter-perfect, more or less, and studying gesture and delivery before looking-

studying gesture and delivery before lookingglasses.

There were rifts in the lute between the Combine and the Old Firm. At times, when excitement ran high, they forgot that they were allies, and dropped into old habits. Old habits were not easily thrown aside; but with some difficulty, actual fisticuffs were avoided, and in calmer moments the juniors worked together amicably for the good of the cause.

And the difficulties vanished one by one under their determined onslaughts. The costumes were got ready, and, whether they resembled the costumes worn by ancient Romans or not, they were good enough for the stage, Poindexter said. Other details were seen to, and satisfactorily settled.

The Fifth Form ceased to rag the rehearsals, and the Lower Form fags were systematically thumped into treating the Fourth Form dramatists with respect.

Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, promised to be present at the perferences.

Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, promised to be present at the performance, and his presence, besides giving the show a tone, was certain to bring other Sixth-Formers there; and where the Sixth want the Fifth

was certain to bring other Sixth-Formers there; and where the Sixth went the Fifth and the Shell were pretty certain to follow.

A large audience meant success to the "wheeze," whatever the acting was like. That was where the cute American junior scored.

"I guess we shall rope in the kopecks," said Poindexter, in his curious American language, with a chuckle. "The fellows will pony up before they see the play. We're going to give them a really good performance; but, whether they like it or not, we rake in the shekels."

"Yes, rather!" said Dick Neville. "And the Boy Scouts troop will have a lot to thank the Cliveden Dramatic Society for."

"Correct!"

"Faith, and it's right ye are; but I'm

"Correct:
"Faith, and it's right ye are; but
doubtful about the Old Firm," said M
Rlynn, "I'm rather doubtful about
fellows, but about them I'm auxious. Micky

can't act for toffee. Still, if I do Cæsar, it will keep the thing up to a certain level."

"I wish you'd chop off some of that accent, Micky! You were spouting a while ago, 'Sure, the ides of March are come.' That'll make 'em grin!"

"Faith, and it's ye'self that was saying, 'I guess they are all honourable men,'" said Micky Flynn indignantly.

Poindexter coloured.

"I guess that was a slip."

"You'd better leave off guessing!" chuckled Dick Neville. "This is a Shake-spearean drama, not a guessing competition."

spearean drama, not a guessing competition."

The doubts the Combine felt of the histrionic abilities of the Old Firm were reciprocated by Pankhurst and Price.

"I suppose we can't grumble at Puntdodger

"I suppose we can't grainfile at I introduced being stage-manager, as he thought of the wheeze, Pricey," Pankhurst confided to his chum, as the date of the performance drew near; "but I can't help feeling nervous about it. I rather think my Brutus is a good thing."

thing."
"Quite so,"

it. I rather think my Brutus is a good thing."

"Quite so," said the loyal Price.

"And your Casca is all right, Pricey."

"Well, I was thinking so myself, Panky."

"But Micky Flynn as Cæsar! Great Cæsar! And that tinned-beef bounder as Mark Antony! It's enough to make a tabby cat weep! But it's no use telling him so."

"Quite so."

"And then there's Neville as Cassius. I warned him the other day that he would need an entire change of manner and method to make anything of the character, and offered to take him in hand and give him a few lessons, and all the gratitude he showed was to call me names."

"Rotten!" said Price.

"Some of the others are as bad," said Pankhurst. "I tried to show Greene how to do Portia, but he said quite rudely that he knew more about Shakespeare than I did. Then Gatty as Lepidus; he doesn't want any assistance or instruction. He prefers to muck the part up his own way. The conceit of these bounders is wonderful."

"I've noticed it myself."

"And then there's Poindexter all the time

"I've noticed it myself."
"And then there's Poindexter all the time thinks he knows better than anybody else, and trying to give instructions. It's sickening!" said Pankhurst. "I do detest a chap who said Pankhurst. "I do detest a chap who wants to be always instructing fellows how to do things

Price stared a little, but he assented. Pank-

hurst was quite unconscious of any unintentional humour in his remark.

With this mutual distrust of one another's abilities, the two parties felt an equal uneasiness as the date of the representation drew nearer.

uneasiness as the date of the representation drew nearer.

Poindexter began to wish that he had assigned a later date, but it was impossible to postpone the performance. The room had been assigned to them for that particular evening, and it was not always easy to get a room; and if the performance had been put off, for whatever reason, there would have been a general chuckle all through Cliveden. Every fellow who had expressed doubts of the abilities of the amateur dramatists would have said immediately, "I told you so," and that would have been intolerable.

The later rehearsals showed improvements, however, and upon the whole the dramatists were not distrustful of themselves.

On the evening before the performance the programme was placed on the notice-board that all Cliveden might read.

Crane and Cuffy, of the Fifth, were the first to discover it there, and their chuckles brought a crowd of fellows to the spot to read the programme. Crane read it out to an interested crowd:

"The Cliveden Amateur Dramatic Society

"The Cliveden Amateur Dramatic Society will give a performance of Shakespeare's tragedy, 'Julius Cæsar,' on Saturday evening, commencing at seven p.m.

"All Cliveden fellows, juniors and seniors, admitted free; but a collection-box will be placed inside the door, into which the audience are invited to put such contributions as they are inclined to offer.

"It is hoped that the collection will be wholly of silver, but coppers will not be barred.
"Trevelvan, our boroused captain."

barred.

"Trevelyan, our honoured captain, has promised to come. Follow his good example, and roll up in your thousands!

"The cast is subjoined, and any alterations may be made at the discretion of the management. The latter do not guarantee the appearance of any particular artist.

JULIUS CÆSAR .....Michael Murphy Flynn
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR .....G. Simpson
MARCUS ANTONIUS. Lincoln G. Poindexter
LEPIDUS .....G. Gatty
BRUTUS .....H. Pankhurst
Sidney Price CASCA Sidney Price
CASSIUS Richard Neville
A SOOTHSAYER E. Trimble
CÆSAR'S WIFE Smith minor
PORTIA K. Greene ROMAN SENATE ..... Herbert Fish CROWD ..... Lawrence King Herbert Fish

All Cliveden grinned over that notice, though why, the Fourth Form dramatists could not make out.

And the next day Fish constantly found himself addressed as the Roman Senate, while King was alluded to as Crowd, and Smith minor was called upon to fag under the name of Mrs. Cæsar.

"Never mind" said Lincoln C. Poindeyter.

of Mrs. Cæsar.

"Never mind," said Lincoln G. Poindexter,
"let 'em snigger! We'll knock spots off 'em
when we give the performance. All I'm doubtful about is Brutus and Casca."

"Rats, and many of 'em!" said Pankhurst.

"I'm feeling quite assured on that point. But

I admit I've my doubts about Julius Cæsar,

Mark Antony, and Cassius."

"Look here, Pankhurst—"

"Look here, Poindexter—"

And once more it nearly came to a row.

The 6th Chapter. Shakespeare—With Variations.

HE great night came.

Needless to say, the Fourth Form dramatists were in a state of nervous tension. They were looking forward to seven o'clock with mingled pleasure and dread.

But, on the score of the size of the audience they had nothing to fear. Nearly all Cliveden had decided to come and see the Shakespeare merchants, as they had disrespectfully named

the amateur actors.
Polite invitations had been sent to the Formmasters, and even to the Head; but, for some reason—unknown—these had not been accepted. But the seniors were to turn up in strong force, and, of course, the Lower Forms would follow suit.

The Sixth persisted in regarding the affair humorously, and more than one had declared that it was worth while coming for a good

Such remarks were treated by the amateur

Such remarks were treated by the amateur dramatists with lofty scorn.

But, anyway, whether they laughed or wept, the contributions in the money-box would be the same; and, as Poindexter remarked, that

the same; and, as Poindexter remarked, that was an important point.

As the time drew near, the room began to fill, fellows pushing for good places as eagerly as a first-night crowd at a London theatre.

Poindexter had placed a metal money-box, of ample dimensions, just inside the door on a chair. It was too prominent to be overlooked, and every fellow who did not stop and slide something in at the slit in the lid would be conspicuous. But, to do them justice, very few of the fellows overlooked the money-box.

Poindexter, looking out from behind the scenes, saw fellow after fellow stop, and heard the clink of metal as it dropped inside.

The contributors were mostly laughing as they made their contributions. But it did not matter much if they laughed so long as they paid.

"My word, said Pankhurst, who was in the green-room—somewhat clumsily constructed of screens—donning the garb of Brutus, "I can hear the money-box clinking from here. This means a harvest for the Scouts!"

"Correct."

"Correct."
"Faith, and that can't be altered, even if

these ginger merchants do muck up the acting!" grinned Micky Flynn.

"Are you looking for a thick ear?" asked Pankhurst pleasantly. "If you are, I can give

one."

"Quite so," remarked Price.

"Faith, and I—"

"Order! Don't begin arguing now,
Panky!"

"I wasn't! It was Flynn beginning!"

Panky!"

"I wasn't! It was Flynn beginning!"

"Well, ring off. Do your best, you two.

And remember that this is supposed to be a tragedy, not a comedy."

"I was just going to remind you of that, Puntdodger."

"Don't you take the trouble to remind your."

Puntdodger."

"Don't you take the trouble to remind your stage-manager of anything. He's all right."

"Glad you're satisfied. The audience won't be, I'm afraid."

"Oh, come, don't begin ragging now!" remonstrated Dick Neville pacifically.

"Who's ragging?" inquired Poindexter.

"Who's ragging?" demanded Pankhurst.
And Dick Neville, between two fires, so to speak, gave up peace-making, and went on making up as Cassius.

The sounds of the room filling up did not inspire the dramatists with more confidence. When they looked out from behind the scenes they saw a sea of faces, mostly wearing anticipatory grins.

When seven rang out, of course, the curtain

patory grins.

When seven rang out, of course, the curtain was not ready to go up. But the audience were ready, and impatient. They commenced stamping on the floor, and cat-calling, and shrieking out encouragement to the players.

"Buck up, there!"

"Look out in goal!"

"On the ball!"

"We shall have to begin, or there'll be disorder," said Poindexter hurriedly. "We really ought to have been ready to time!"

"We've got such a jolly ripping stagemanager," Pankhurst remarked, in a casual way.

way. "Oh, don't jaw! Buck up, Dick-I mean

Cassius!"
"Nearly ready."
"I'm waiting," remarked Brutus — alias

"I'm waiting," remarked Brutus — alias Pankhurst.
"Wait quietly, then."
"Certainly. But the audience won't."
Pankhurst was certainly right there.
A real theatre crowd could not have been more impatient for the raising of the curtain than were the Cliveden fellows.
"Up with her!"
"Show yourselves!"

"Show yourselves!"
"On the ball!"

"On the ball!"
"Never mind the grease-paint!"
"Kick-off, can't you?"
"I'm ready," said Neville hastily. "I think this toga will keep fastened. I'll hold it just here in my hand. It's a short scene, after the way you've cut it, Punty. Come on, all of you!"

The curtain rose.

According to the programme the scene was "Rome—a public place," and, with the aid of stretched paper screens painted by the dramatists themselves, the stage-manager had

done his best to produce an illusion to that

done his best to produce an illusion to that effect.

But the illusion was not perfect, for several voices were heard to mutter questions as to what was intended.

"It's Rome," said Crane, of the Fifth, in a stage whisper—"Rome—a public-house."

And there was a general chuckle.

The little joke and the chuckle reached the ears of the amateur dramatists, and they turned red under their grease-paint. But they went on gallantly.

Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden, frowned round on the chucklers.

"Give them a chance!" he said.

And the audience quieted down. The first scenes went off pretty well, and as the play progressed the actors gained more confidence. Poindexter had cut out all that seemed, to his judgment, superfluous, and the result was that the players got to business very quickly. When the vain petition was presented to Cæsar, and Cassius and Brutus went on their knees, there was enthusiasm in the audience.

"Don't be a rotter, Julius!" called out someone. And there was a roar.

"Faith," said Julius Cæsar, looking towards the audience, "and if ye interrupt me, Philpot, it's a thick ear I'll be giving ye!"

And the audience shrieked.

"Shut up, you ass!" whispered Poindexter fiercely. And Julius Cæsar turned to him with exaggerated dignity.

"Sure, and shut up ye'self, Mark Antony

exaggerated dignity.
"Sure, and shut up ye'self, Mark Antony

darling!"
"Will you get on with the washing, you

ass?"
"Faith, and I'm getting on. Sure, you've

And Micky Flynn, forgetting where he was, went on with some lines that belonged to an earlier part of the play:

"Let me have about me men that are fat, Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

Only in his confusion the Irish junior mixed the lines, and delivered them as follows: "Sure, let me have about me men that

are sleek. Fat-headed men, and such as sleep o'

nights. The rest was drowned in a yell of laughter from the audience, and Trevelyan could make no attempt to suppress it now, for he was laughing himself till the tears ran down his

cheeks.
"Oh, you frabjous ass!" muttered Pank-

hurst.

"Faith, and I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the audience.
him have fat-headed men about him!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the audience. "Let him have fat-headed men about him! And he's got em, too!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Order!" said Trevelyan, almost weeping with laughter. "Order!"
And at last the merriment was hushed, and it was possible to hear again what was going on on the stage. Cæsar, having declared his intention of keeping Publius Cimber in exile, he was stabbed by the conspirators, and made his celebrated dying observation, but not quite according to order.

Some of the conspirators, in the excitement of the moment, had struck with more force than was necessary, and Micky Flynn let out a yell. "Faith, ye omadhauns—"
"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the audience.
"Shut up!" whispered Poindexter fiercely, from behind the scenes. "Fall down dead!"
"Fall down, you idiot!"
"Don't I say something here?"
"Say 'Et tu, Brute!""
"If you call me a brute, Puntdodger—"
"Villain, that's what you say!"
"Is see!"
The whole dialogue was audible to those who

The whole dialogue was audible to those who sat near the stage, and the effect may be imagined. The audience yelled and gasped, and some of them looked as if they were going into fits. Micky Flynn fell with a loud bump,

into fits. Micky Flynn fell with a loud bump, and gasped:

"Et tu, Panky—I mean, et tu, Brutus!"

"Oh, you frabjous dummy!"

"Faith, and I—"

"Shut up! You're dead!"

"Wait till I get you behind the scenes!"

murmured Julius Cæsar. "I'll jolly well show you whether I'm dead or not!"

It was some minutes before the audience were quiet enough to hear any more. Then Poindexter had re-entered as Mark Antony, and was speaking. speaking.

"Oh, mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low? Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,

spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare you well!

"I guess-

"Ha, ha, ha!"

How the rest of the scene went the actors hardly knew. The audience were gasping, and they had hardly recovered their breath after so much laughter when the next scene was on. In much laughter when the next scene was on. In the next scene Brutus addressed the crowd, composed of Lawrence King. King listened with exemplary patience, and answered for the citizens of Rome, and then in came Mark Antony and the rest with Cæsar's body. Cæsar's body was heard to grunt expressively as it was dumped down on the floor. "Go it, Puntdodger!"
"We'll lend you our ears!"
"On the ball!"

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me

your ears!
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
I guess the evil that men elo——"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Guess again!"

"Oh, you unspeakable, tinned-beef ass!" muthered Pankhurst, behind the scenes. "And you "Faith, shut up, you ginger merchant!" said the body of Cæsar, raising its head thought. "Lie down, you dummy!"

"Lie down, you dummy!"

"Faith, and I..."

"Lie down, you dummy!"

"Faith, and I..."

"Lie down, you dummy!"

"Faith, and I..."

"Let him go on!" roared the audience "Order! Go it, Julius!"

"Silence, ye omadhauns..."

"Silence, ye omadhauns..."

"Shut up, ass!"

"Rats to you, Panky! I..."

"You come off!" grunted Pankhurst whole show mucked up. You can speechify without the scenes, seized Micky Flynn by the ankles, and dragged him out of sight. If Micky had taken that lying down, all might have gone well yet; but Micky's blood was up. Mark Antony west on with his speech, but his voice was drowned by a fierce altercation proceeding from behind the scenes. It was followed by a sound of struggling, and then fighting forms bumged against the screen, which toppled over on the stage. It was made of stretched paper on a frame, and as it fell on Mark Antony, the latter's head went through it, like a clown head through a paper hoop at the circus. That was the last straw.

As Brutus and Julius Cæsar staggered on the stage, fighting desperately, and Mark Antony was bonneted by the scenes, the audience jumped up, convulsed with merriment. They stood on the seats, yelling and cheering and roaring with laughter, and egging the combatants on. Julius Cæsar was soon floored by Brutus, but Neville and Poindexter rushed to his aid, and, of course, Price dashed to assist his chum. In a few seconds the cast were all fighting, amid a babel of yells from the audience that rang through Cliveden.

Exactly how the unrehearsed scene on the stage would have ended, we cannot say; but the entrance into the room of two or three masters and prefects put a finish to it. The

Exactly how the unrehearsed scene on the stage would have ended, we cannot say; but the entrance into the room of two or three masters and prefects put a finish to it. The audience, gasping with merriment, dispersed, and the amateur dramatists were cleared out still fighting, and the light turned out in the room. For hours afterwards, fellows were still bursting into yells of laughter at all moments

### The 7th Chapter.

OINDEXTER had secured the money-box.
There was no doubt that the secured the money-box. There was no doubt that the representation of Julius Cæsar had been a ghastly failure as far as the drama was concerned. But the collection was still intat, and when the dramatists met together, and peace was restored, and recriminations ceased, the money-box was produced. It weighed very heavy, and gave forth a musical clink as Poindexter shook it.

"Well, there's that!" said Pankhurs, as he tenderly rubbed a swollen eye. "You felows have managed to muck up the play, but—"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Poindexter indignantly. "If you had let Flynn alone—"

"If Flynn hadn't acted the giddy goat—"

"If you'd had any gumption—"

"I tell you—"

"Faith, and I—"

"Look here—"

"Faith, and I—"
"Look here—"
"Oh, don't begin all that again!" exclaimed Greene "I think you two sets of silly asses have slanged each other enough. Let's see what there is in the box."
"Correct! There's a jolly lot there, and, after all, the object of the drama was to get a fund for the scouts; so we've really succeeded."

funid for the scouts; so we've really succeeded."

"In spite of Poindexter's crass—"

"Oh, ring off, and let's see the tin!"
Poindexter felt in his pockets for the key, and unlocked the box. He opened the lid, and poured out the contents clinking on the table.

The juniors were looking on eagerly. The collection was their only consolation for a ghastly dramatic failure, and considerable bodily injuries. But as they looked at the catents of the money-box, the anticipatory eageness died out of their faces, and was replaced by looks of blank dismay.

"My only hat!" said Pankhurst.

"Great snakes!" gasped Lincoln G. Poindexter. "I know, now, why the rotters were grinning when they put the stuff in."

There were three coins in the box. One was a halfpenny, one was a penny, and one was a threepenny-piece. The rest of the collection consisted of buttons!

There were buttons in all shapes and size, ald designs and colours, all sorts and conditions duttons—trousers buttons, waistcoat buttons, coat buttons, shirt buttons!

The amateur dramatists looked at the heap debuttons, and looked at one another weakly.

Pankhurst was the first to recover himself.

The amateur dramatists looked at the least buttons, and looked at one another weakly.

Pankhurst was the first to recover himself.

"So that's the collection," he remarked castically. "I move that a vote of thanks passed to Lincoln Jackass Poindexter, Esquifor his wonderful and successful scheme to a the wind."

And Lincoln C. Poindexter, for ongain

And Lincoln G. Poindexter, for once in his life, hadn't a word to say.

The audience had bought their laugh than after all. The sum total realised was found things considered, it is not surprising that the things considered, it is not surprising that the fellows were a long time before ther, left of laughing at the sad case of the Circles Dramatists.

A Grand Complete "Camping Out" Tale appears next Wednesday. THE END.