

GREAT SCHOOL  
STORY

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"THE MAKING OF HARRY WHARTON!"—INSIDE

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*The*

# GEM

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THE ARREST OF "THE BOY WHO KNEW EVERYTHING!" A HUMOROUS INCIDENT FROM THE SPARKLING ST. JIM'S STORY WITHIN.

AS A CYCLIST HE IS A SCREAM! AS A CRICKETER HE IS THE WORLD'S WORST!—



"Oh, gweat Scott!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "My jigga!" The juniors rushed to the aid of the fallen hero, Fisher T. Fish sat up dazedly in the wreck of the bicycle. But he was not dismayed. "I guess I knew there was something wrong with the bike!" he said.

## CHAPTER 1.

### Blake & Co. Scent a Jape!

"HAVE you ordahed any fish for this study, Blake, deah boy?"

Jack Blake looked up, and his fretsaw ceased to operate for a moment. Blake of the Fourth was an amateur carpenter, and fretwork was his latest development. He had flooded Study No. 6 in the School House with photo-frames, paper-racks, and weird-looking inksstands. He was engaged now upon his masterpiece, a fretwork design of the School House at St. Jim's, and his expression showed that he had no time to be bothered with idle questions.

"Fish?" he repeated.

"Yaas," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Fish. Have you ordahed any?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Blake's chum and study-mate, had suddenly entered Study No. 6, with a telegram in his hand, and a puzzled expression on his face.

"No, ass!" said Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Shurrup!" said Blake. "I'm busy. I'm being interrupted by two silly asses now."

Herries and Digby, also denizens of Study No. 6, were sitting on the table, watching Blake's operations with the fretwork, and occasionally offering advice that was ungratefully received.

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"Have you ordahed any fish, Hewwies?"

"No, fathead!" said Herries.

"Have you ordahed any fish, Dig?"

"Of course I haven't!" grunted Digby.

"Then," said Arthur Augustus, "it is vevy remarkable."

Herries and Digby stared at him. Blake went on with his work.

"What is there remarkable about it, chump?" asked Herries politely.

"Because, you see, I haven't ordahed any fish, eithah," explained D'Arcy. "And I quite fail to undahstand why they should telegwaph to me to say that the fish is goin' to be delivahed to-mowwow."

Arthur Augustus held up the telegram.

The curiosity of the chums of Study No. 6 was aroused. Blake took the telegram from the swell of St. Jim's, and they read it. Considering that nobody in the study had ordered the fish, it was certainly, as D'Arcy declared, a little remarkable. For the telegram ran:

"D'Arcy, School House, St. Jim's, Sussex. Arriving Wednesday three. F. T. Fish."

Blake, Herries and Digby read the telegram in astonishment, and read it again. Arthur Augustus polished his eyeglass and gazed at his chums.

"What do you make of that, deah boys?" he asked. "Thwee. F. T. Fish.

Of course, F. T. stands for fwesh tinned—that's clear enough. Mr. Sands, the gwocah in Wylcombe, is ad-vertisin' what he calls fwesh tinned fish, and I wemembah his boy, Gwimes, bwingin' some here the othah day for the House dame. But why should anybody be sendin' us thwee fwesh tinned fish, when we haven't ordahed any? I wegahd it as vevy remarkable."

"Sure you haven't ordered any fish?" asked Blake.

"Quite sure, deah boy. I should wemembah it if I had. Besides, I do not like tinned things—you nevah know what they're made of."

"Might be a present from somebody," Dig suggested.

Blake shook his head.

"Anybody sending a present would sign his name," he said.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Besides, three tins of fish wouldn't make much of a present. It isn't a present. It must be a jape. Some silly ass has been ordering fish for this study for a joke, and the grocer has wired to say they're coming!"

Blake wrinkled his brows in thought. His fretsaw was sticking in the fretwork tower of St. Jim's, but he had forgotten it. Even fretwork took a back seat at the idea of Study No. 6 being japed by a practical joker. If it was a jape it was "up" to the chums of Study No. 6 to discover the japer and foil the jape. That was the pressing business of the moment. So Jack Blake thought it out.

"Somebody's pulling your leg, and

# —THAT'S THE ONE-AND-ONLY FISHER T. FISH, WHOSE VISIT TO ST. JIM'S CAUSES A RIOT OF FUN AND FROLIC.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD**

we've got on to it through the grocer sending this wire," he said. "The question is, who's the silly ass? It might be the New House chaps—"

"Yaas, that's vevy pwob."  
"Or it might be Tom Merry & Co.—"

Dig gave a shout.  
"Got it! It's Lowther! You remember his little game with Ratty—ordering things for him by telephone."

The Fourth Formers grinned at the remembrance. Mr. Ratcliff had fallen foul of Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, and Monty Lowther had "got his own back" in his own peculiar way, by ordering huge quantities of goods from various tradesmen by telephone, to be delivered to Mr. Ratcliff at St. Jim's. Mr. Ratcliff had been driven almost frantic as endless goods piled in from various quarters, which he had never ordered, or dreamed of ordering.

"Lowther, of course!" said Blake, with conviction. "He's been at the telephone again, and he's ordered some of that precious fresh tinned fish for this study. And they'll stand round and yell when it's delivered."

"The awful wottahs!"  
Blake chuckled.  
"But this telegram knocks it on the head," he said. "Now we know—and forewarned is forearmed. We can give Monty Lowther a Roland for his Oliver. Jolly lucky that old Sands thought of wiring to us. Come on! We'll phone Mr. Sands, and turn the tables on the Shell bounders."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
And the chums of Study No. 6 hurried out of the study. Three juniors of the Shell were coming down the passage, and they paused at the sight of Blake & Co.'s excited looks. They were Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, the Terrible Three of the Shell.

"Hallo! Whither bound?" asked Monty Lowther. "Wherefore those excited looks, my infants?"

"Weally, Lowthah, you wottah—"  
"Is it a New House raid?" asked Manners.

"Or has the order gone forth that all Fourth Form kids are to wash their necks?" Tom Merry wanted to know.

Blake did not reply to the chipping of the Shell fellows. He waved his hand to his followers and shouted:

"Charge!"  
The Fourth Formers charged. The charge was sudden and terrific. The Terrible Three were bowled over, and they rolled on the linoleum roaring, and the four juniors hurried on, chuckling. Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther sat up, dusty and breathless, and blinked at one another.

"The—the silly chumps!" gasped Manners. "What did they do that for?"

"The rotters!"  
"After them!" roared Tom Merry.

And the Terrible Three, incensed and indignant, jumped up and rushed after the Fourth Formers. They wanted vengeance, and they wanted it at once. They rushed down the passage and down the stairs after the chums of the Fourth. But they had to halt then. Blake & Co. had walked into the prefects' room, and into that sacred apartment, where the great men of the Sixth most did congregate, it was impossible to pursue

them. The Terrible Three halted outside the door, baffled and furious.

"You rotters!" howled Lowther.

"Come out!"  
To which the dulcet tones of Arthur Augustus replied:

"Wats!"  
Kildare of the Sixth looked out of the prefects' room, frowning.

"Now, then, none of your rags here!" he exclaimed. "Clear off!"

And the Terrible Three, bottling up their vengeance for a future occasion, cleared off.

## CHAPTER 2.

### Tit for Tat!

**K**ILDARE turned back into the prefects' room, and frowned at the chums of the Fourth.

Blake & Co. were looking very meek and mild.

"What do you kids want here?" demanded Kildare.

"Please we've come to ask a little favour!" said Blake meekly.

"Yaas, watah!"  
"What do you want?"

"We want to order something from the grocer's," Blake explained.

*Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior of Greyfriars, visited St. Jim's full of confidence in his own ability to show Tom Merry & Co. what a full-of-pep guy from the United States could do. But all he succeeded in proving was that he was full of "gas"—and then some!*

"Do you mean that you want to use the telephone?"

"Yes."  
"Well, you can use it, and then clear out."

"Thanks awfully, Kildare."  
Kildare went back to the window, where he had been discussing with Darrell of the Sixth the prospects of the first eleven in a forthcoming cricket match. Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy gathered round the telephone. There was a telephone in the prefects' room for the use of those august personages. Juniors were allowed to use it after asking permission from a prefect. When the room happened to be empty, they used it without going through that ceremony. Which helped to account for the discrepancy between the list of calls kept at the exchange and the list kept at St. Jim's.

"Bettah let me telephone, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus, as Blake took up the receiver.

Blake snorted and rang up.

"Rylcombe 101," he said.

"Blake, deah boy, you had bettah leave it to me," said Arthur Augustus firmly. "You see, it will be necessary to be vevy cautious—"

"Sands would recognise your silly voice," growled Blake.

"There is nothin' whatever out of the common wun about my voice, deah boy, and I fail to see why Mistah Sands should wecognise it any more than he would wecognise yours."

"Go hon!"  
The bell rang. Blake spoke into the transmitter.

"Is that Mr. Sands?"

"Yes, sir," came back a voice that Blake recognised as the voice of Grimes, the errand-boy of the Rylcombe grocer.

"Mr. Sands speaking?" asked Blake innocently, disguising his own voice.

"No, sir. Mr. Sands is hout. I'm speakin' for him."

"Very good. You have received an order for some of your fresh tinned fish from this school? This is St. Jim's."

"Yes, sir."  
"What is he saying, deah boy?"

"Tell you presently, Gussy. Was the fish ordered by telephone?" Blake went on into the receiver.

"I think so, sir."

"Very good. It was a mistake—it is not to be delivered."

"Very well, sir."  
"But we shall require some to-night—

you hear me?"

"Yes, sir. How many tins?"

"Twenty—largest size."

"Very good, sir."  
"To be delivered to Tom Merry—got the name?"

"Tom Merry, sir. I know the young gentleman. Anything else, sir?"

"Nothing else now—but I hope we can rely upon those being delivered this evening before eight o'clock."

"Suttinly, sir. I'll bring 'em down myself as soon as Mr. Sands comes in."

"Thank you."  
"And the other lot that was ordered, sir?"

"They will not be wanted."  
"I'll make a note of it, sir. Can I send you anything else?"

"Not at present. Remember—twenty tins, largest size, of your fresh tinned fish, to be delivered to Tom Merry's study, with the bill. Wait for payment."

"Yes, sir."  
"Good-bye!"

And Blake rang off.

"Bai Jove," murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "that's wippin'! Twenty tins at a shillin' each—that will stick the bounders for a pound!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They can fork out the quid, or argue it out with Grimey, just as they like," grinned Blake.

The Fourth Formers returned to Study No. 6 chuckling. That telegram having put them on their guard, the consignment of fish ordered for them would not be delivered—the Terrible Three would have the pleasure of receiving a larger one instead!

## CHAPTER 3.

### Prompt Delivery!

**T**OM MERRY looked into the cupboard in his study in the Shell passage, and gave a sad shake of the head.

Like the celebrated Mother Hubbard, when he got there the cupboard was bare. It was long past tea-time—and the chums of the Shell were hungry. After their unfortunate encounter with the Fourth Formers, they had gone out for a spin on their bicycles, and they had come in ravenous.

"Nothing doing?" asked Lowther.

"Half a loaf," said Tom Merry.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," said Manners. "But I don't think it.

will go round among three. How's the exchequer?"

Tom Merry turned his pockets inside out in eloquent response. Monty Lowther extracted a bad threepenny-piece from his pocket, gazed at it sadly, and put it back again.

"You had half-a-crown this morning, Manners," said Lowther.

"Yes, and I was going to bring in one of old Sands' Fresh Tinned Fish, as he calls them," said Manners.

"Good idea—but we can do without it, if you've still got the half-crown. I'll cut down to the tuckshop—"

"No go!"

"I don't mind—"

"The half-crown's gone. I had run out of films—"

"Films!" roared Lowther. "Do you mean to say you've wasted the last half-a-crown in the family for rotten films for a rotten camera?"

"It isn't a rotten camera!" said Manners indignantly. "It's a jolly good camera."

"Can we eat films?" shouted Lowther.

"I don't know whether you can, but I know jolly well you're not going to try, with my films, at any rate," said Manners warmly.

"Peace, my infants," said Tom Merry chidingly. "We can't eat the films, and we can't eat each other. We shall have to ask ourselves out to tea."

"Tea's over," said Lowther, with a grunt. "Everybody's finished hours ago. Might have dropped in on old Lathom, and pretended he'd asked us—Levison does that sometimes when he's stony, and old Lathom never remembers whether he's asked a chap or not. But old Lathom has fed dogs' ages ago."

"What about Study No. 6?"

"They've finished, of course—they'll be doing their silly prep now—"

"I was thinking of a raid. They charged us in the passage to-day for nothing. We haven't finished with them yet. We can't allow it to pass—quite against the prestige of the Shell. And we can't bump them to-morrow, because we're playing cricket with them. Let's go and raid Study No. 6, and collar whatever they've got."

"Hear, hear!"

Tap!

"Oh, come in!" said Tom Merry.

The study door opened, and Grimes, the grocer's boy from Rylecrobe, presented himself with a basket on his arm. Grimes grinned and nodded to the chums of the Shell, who stared at him in astonishment. There was a large and heavy package in the basket on Grimes' arm, and it was evident that he had come to deliver goods.

"Good-evenin', gentlemen!" said Grimes.

"Top of the evening to you," said Lowther affably. "You've mistaken your way, Grimey. The Housedame doesn't live in this study."

"I've brought the goods," said Grimes.

"Is it a new dodge to deliver groceries in junior studies?" asked Tom Merry, in perplexity.

"I was hordered to bring 'em specially to this study, Master Merry, and 'ere I ham," said Grimes.

"Great Scott! Is that little lot for us?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What on earth is it?"

"The fresh tinned fish, sir!"

The Terrible Three exchanged glances of astonishment. As they had not ordered any of Mr. Sands' special line in fresh tinned fish, they were naturally amazed.

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"All of it fish?" asked Manners.

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Twenty tins, sir, same as was hordered."

"My hat! Somebody has been making us a thundering big present," said Tom Merry. "I wish whoever it was had put in a little variety. A few jars of jam would have been better than twenty tins of fish. Still, they will make the half a loaf go down."

"Hand 'em out, Grimey!" said Lowther. "Sorry I can't give you a pound tip—I've left my cheque-book at the bank."

Grimes grinned, and handed out the package. He unfastened it, and disclosed a stack of twenty good-size tins.

"Thanks awfully!" said Tom Merry.

"Some Good Samaritan knows we're stony, and has sent us that little lot as a present, I suppose. I—Hallo, what's that?"

Grimes presented the bill.

"One pound to pay, please."

"Eh?"

"Twenty tins at a shilling each, sir, that's one pound," said Grimes, in surprise.

The Terrible Three stared at him.

"Yes, twenty tins at a shilling each would be a pound," agreed Monty Lowther. "I can do that in my head. But if you're under the impression that we are going to pay a pound for twenty tins at a shilling each, my estimable Grimes, that is where you are off-side. See?"

"I was told to wait for the money, sir."

"Well, no objection to that," said Lowther, with an air of consideration. "Would you like to sit down, Grimey? You can wait as long as you like. You can wait until you turn into a waiter, if you choose."

"I got to get back," suggested Grimes.

"Then we won't detain you," said Lowther pleasantly.

"I s'pose this 'ere's a little joke," said Grimes. "But I really got to get back, Master Lowther. Would you mind paying the bill?"

"Look here!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I don't know whether you are starting as a humorist, Grimes. We have not ordered any tins of fish, and we haven't any tin to pay for them. See? There's a mistake somewhere."

Grimes shook his head.

"They were hordered two hours ago," he said, "and 'ere they are. They was asked for specially for to-night. I thought that p'raps you young gents was givin' a feed or somethin', and I 'urried down with them as soon as Mr. Sands come in."

"Ordered!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Who ordered them?"

"One of your gents, by telephone," said Grimes.

"Telephone!" shouted Tom Merry and Manners together.

"Yes, sir. I took the horder myself."

"Lowther, you chump! Have you been playing the giddy ox?"

"Of course I haven't!" roared Lowther. "Do you think I should order the stuff for my own study, you fatheads? I don't know anything about it!"

"I've got to get back," said Grimes.

"It must be a jape," said Tom Merry. "Grimey, old man, I'm sorry you've had the trouble; but that stuff wasn't ordered by us. You'd better take it back."

"I can't take back stuff hordered, Master Merry, without special instructions," said Grimes, looking obstinate.

"Them tins was hordered, and 'ere

they are. I come in a 'urry with them, too."

"Well, I'm sorry. It was a joke of somebody or other."

"P'raps you can settle it with 'im, if you pay the bill," Grimes suggested.

"Can't pay the bill. My dear Grimes, the whole exchequer in this study is reduced to one threepenny-bit, and that's bad."

"Well, wot's to be done?" said Grimes.

"Take 'em back."

"Can't, sir," said Grimes. "Shop's closed, for one thing, and I'm goin' 'ome. Besides, I ain't had no instructions to take 'em back."

"Then leave 'em here."

"Can't leave 'em without the money, sir. You know that Mr. Sands never gives credit to the young gents, sir. Tain't our custom."

"Well, if you won't take 'em or leave 'em," said Lowther, "you'd better put 'em in the basket, and stand there with them. We can have tea just the same. You needn't bother about us."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm waiting for that pound, sir," said Grimes.

"Keep it up,"

"Look 'ere, young gents—"

"Oh, rats!"

"I got to be paid."

"Go and eat coke!"

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Kangaroo of the Shell, looking into the study, where the voices were growing a little excited. "My hat! You fellows laying in supplies for a siege?"

"It's a rotten jape!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Some silly ass has ordered this rubbish for us by telephone, and we're not going to take it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Tom warmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Cornstalk.

"Another of Lowther's little jokes, I suppose. He's so funny that he plays jokes on himself. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I didn't order them, you chump!" shouted Lowther.

"I'm waitin' for the money, please," said Grimes, respectfully, but with an air of dogged determination.

"Look here, Grimes, if you don't clear out, we'll sling you out!" said Monty Lowther, who was losing his temper fast. Like a true humorist, he could never see the humour in a joke that was turned against himself. "And we'll jolly well chuck your tins of fresh tinned poison after you!"

"I got to wait for the money," said Grimes grimly.

"Look here, you ass—"

"Look here, you fathead—"

"We're stony broke, if you want to know!" roared Tom Merry. "Understand that?"

Grimes scratched his nose thoughtfully.

"You shouldn't horder the things, then, sir," he said.

"We didn't order them!" said Tom Merry wilyly.

"I suppose I shall have to leave 'em without the money," said Grimes.

"But I shall get into a row with Mr. Sands if they ain't paid for to-morrow."

"Take 'em away!"

"Can't, sir!"

And Grimes settled the matter by walking out of the study. The Terrible Three roared after him with one voice:

"Come back, you silly jay! Come and fetch this rubbish! We're not going to pay for it!"

But Grimes was deaf. He marched on and disappeared.

The Terrible Three glared at the pile of tins on the table. Kangaroo rolled in the armchair and roared with laughter. It seemed funnier to the Cornstalk than it did to the chums of the Shell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Shut up!" roared the exasperated juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 The Terrible Three fell upon the almost hysterical Cornstalk, and flung him out of the chair, and hurled him bodily into the passage, and slammed the door after him. Then they were left alone, with twenty tins of fish piled on the table.

CHAPTER 4.

A Slight Misunderstanding!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY looked into Study No. 6 with a twinkle in his eyes. Blake, Herries and Digby were doing their preparation.

"Come along, deah boys!" said D'Arcy.

"What is it now, image?" demanded Blake.

"I wefuse to be called an image. I have just seen Gwimes, and it appears that he has delivered some goods to Tom Mewwy. I thought we might dwop in and see how they are gettin' on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fourth Formers jumped up from their preparation at once. They were very keen to see how pleased the Terrible Three were with the sudden and unexpected arrival of twenty tins of Mr. Sands' special line in fresh tinned fish.

They hurried along the passage, and found Noble of the Shell leaning against the wall, gasping for breath, and with tears of laughter in his eyes. The Cornstalk looked at them and gurgled:

"Have you heard? Twenty tins at a bob a time! Ha, ha, ha! Lowther is so funny that he has been japing himself! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I twust they are pleased, deah boy?"

"Yes, they are pleased!" roared Kangaroo. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Blake knocked at the study door and opened it. Three furious faces were turned towards them. The Terrible Three expected to see the hilarious Cornstalk again, and they were ready to charge.

"Hallo!" said Blake affably. "I hear you've been ordering supplies on a large scale. Standing a special big feed?"

"No!" yelled Tom Merry.

"You seem to have laid in a big supply of fish," said Blake, scanning the tins piled on the table. "What's it for, then?"

"It's not for us."

"Present from somebody?" asked Blake.

"It's a rotten jape of some rotter. Some silly ass has been ordering this rubbish for us by telephone, and old Sands will want us to pay for them. Grimes wouldn't take them back."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you've come here to cackle, you can get out!" roared Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha! You'll have to pay now, as you've received the goods!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I wish I knew who it was that has been so jolly funny!" howled Tom Merry.



Just as Arthur Augustus, loaded up with the tins of fish, turned into the Fourth Form passage, Knox came along in a hurry. Biff! There was a violent collision, and D'Arcy staggered backwards with tins of fish showering upon him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, it's funny, isn't it?" grinned Blake. "Funnier than ordering three tins for our study—eh?" And the Fourth Formers roared again.

"What! Has somebody been ordering them for you, too?" demanded Lowther.

Blake winked.

"Oh, come off!" he said. "You know jolly well that you ordered three tins for Study No. 6 by telephone!"

"I?" yelled Lowther.

"Yes, you, you funny ass! So we countermanded the order," explained Blake. "And as it was a pity to disappoint the grocer man, we gave him an order for you, instead."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you gave him this order?" stuttered Lowther.

"Exactly. One good turn deserves another!"

"Yaas, wathah! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You chumps!" shouted Lowther. "We didn't order anything for you! You've got the wrong pig by the ear, you fathheads!"

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"But we haven't—we didn't—we never thought of it!" howled Lowther.

Blake whistled.

"Honour bright?" he demanded.

"Yes, you chump!" said the Terrible Three together.

"Oh, bai Jove! You have put your silly foot in it this time, Blake, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus. "It must have been Figgins & Co., aftah all."

"The New House bounders!" said Blake. "Oh, my hat! Well, it wasn't our fault. Lowther is so jolly funny on the telephone, we naturally thought it was Lowther. If you keep a wild, funny man in your study, you've only got yourselves to blame!"

"Yaas, wathah; that's quite cow-wect!"

"You can pay for them!" said Manners warmly.

Jack Blake shook his head.

"No fear; they're yours. But I'll tell you what we will do—we'll take half a dozen of them off your hands at a tanner a time."

"You—you—you—"

"Yaas, that's a good offah!"

"You frabjous asses!" growled Tom Merry. "What put it into your silly heads that we had ordered stuff for you? Has it been delivered?"

"No; we got a wire saying that three tins were going to be delivered tomorrow, and we telephoned and changed it over to you."

"A wire!" exclaimed Tom Merry, in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that old Sands spent a shilling on a wire over a three-shilling order?"

"Yes. Queer, wasn't it?"

"He must be making a whacking profit on this stuff if he can afford to acknowledge three-bob orders by telegram," said Tom Merry. "More likely there's some mistake, and you've put your idiotic foot into it!"

"Wats! Here's the wire!" Arthur Augustus drew the telegram from his pocket and laid it on the pile of salmon-tins.

The chums of the Shell looked at it.

"Arriving Wednesday three. F. T. Fish."

"What on earth does he call it 'F. T. Fish' for?" said Manners.

"That is an abbreviation, deah boy, for 'Fwesh Tinned Fish,'" Arthur Augustus explained.

"Looks to me more like a name," said Tom Merry.

## CHAPTER 5.

## A Fall in Fish!

"A name? How could it be a name?"

"Well, Fish is a name, and 'F. T.' might be the initials. Are you sure this telegram was sent from Rylcombe?"

"I suppose so, as it comes from the grocer's there."

"How do you know it comes from the grocer's, ass? Look here!" Tom Merry read from the form. "'Handed in at Courtfield.'"

"Courtfield!" said Blake. "Where's that? I've heard the name before."

"It's the junction near Greyfriars, where you change if you're going there," said Tom Merry. "Don't you remember?"

"That's a jolly long way from here," said Blake, in surprise. "What on earth could old Sands want to send his telegram from Courtfield for?"

"It can't be from Sands, after all."

"Oh rot!" said Blake. "Then who is it from? Who else sells fresh tinned fish?"

"Yaas, wathah! Answah that, deah boy!"

Tom Merry did not answer it. He looked at the telegram again, and then he suddenly went off into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What's the joke?" demanded Blake, with an uneasy feeling that perhaps some mistake had been made, after all.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you chump—"

"Explain, you ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry, the tears running down his cheeks. "Oh, you asses! Oh, you burbling jabberwocks! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you image?" shrieked Blake.

"If you don't explain—" yelled Lowther and Manners.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors rushed upon Tom Merry. They seized him and jammed him against the wall of the study.

"Now explain, before we jam your silly napper on the wall!" shouted the exasperated juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha! I—I—I—" gurgled Tom Merry. "It doesn't mean three tins of fish. It means that Fish is coming at three o'clock."

"Well, it might mean that," said Blake. "But it doesn't matter what time the fish comes. That telegram means that it's coming."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang!

Tom Merry's head came into violent contact with the study wall.

"Ch! Ow! Yah!"

"Now explain, before we bust the wall with your silly skull!"

"Ow! You chumps! Can't you see? There's a chap at Greyfriars named Fish—a Yankee chap, bristling with initials—"

"Oh!"

"His full name's Fisher Tarleton Fish, I think. Anyway, he calls himself F. T. Fish, and that's what's coming tomorrow."

"Bai Jove! Then it's not fwesh tinned fish at all!"

"Ha, ha, ha! No, it's a Yank—a live Yank!"

"Oh my hat!" ejaculated Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"



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No. 526 of

# BOYS' FRIEND

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THERE was no doubt about it. Tom Merry had read the riddle.

Now that the juniors came to think of it, they remembered the American boy at Greyfriars School whom they had seen on the occasion of a visit to play cricket. F. T. Fish was not in the Greyfriars junior eleven certainly, but he was not the kind of fellow to allow himself to pass unnoticed anywhere, and he had made himself known to every member of the St. Jim's party.

The mystery of the telegram was explained now. F. T. Fish, of the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars, had sent that telegram from Courtfield, near his school, to announce that he was arriving at St. Jim's at three the following day.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Blake, at last. "I suppose that's it. If that silly ass Gussy had remembered asking Fish to come here—"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Rotten bad form to forget issuing an invitation," said Monty Lowther.

"But I haven't invited him!" shouted Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"What? He wired to you to say he's coming."

"Yaas, it appeahs that he has, but I haven't invited him. I weally don't know what he's comin' for. I wemembah the chap, now you speak of him, but I have uttaly forgotten his existence. I don't know him."

"We've been writing to Greyfriars about fixing up the cricket match," said Tom Merry. "I heard from Wharton, their junior skipper, that one of them might be coming over to see us about it, and I said that we should be glad to see him."

"If it's about the cricket, he should have wired to me, as secretary," said Manners.

"He may have wished to me as the most important person," said Arthur Augustus, in a thoughtful sort of way. "Yaas, that is pwobably how it is."

"But he isn't their sec.," said Lowther. "Their sec. is a chap named Nugent."

"May have some important business to see us about," said Tom Merry, "or it may be just a friendly visit. Americans are free and easy chaps, you know, and, after all, we would make any Greyfriars chap welcome; they'd do the same for us."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"One of their chaps came to see Gussy some time back. What was his name?"

"Gwuntah," said D'Arcy. "Gwuntah, or Shuntah, I think."

"Bunter," said Tom Merry, laughing. "Perhaps Bunter's given a glowing account of St. Jim's hospitality, and Fish is coming to see what it's like."

"Bai Jove! I should regard that as a great compliment!"

"Well, we'll make him welcome and entertain him," said Tom Merry. "It's rotten luck to be stony just now. We shall have to stand something decent in the way of a feed—"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Well, you've got enough fish, anyway!" Blake remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"F. T. Fish—fwesh tinned fish!" chuckled Arthur Augustus. "Aftah all, it was a vewy natuwal mistake to make."

"For you—yes!" growled Lowther.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"And now you fatheads can see that you have put your foot in it, you can take that fish off our hands," said Tom Merry.

The chums, of the Fourth looked

serious. Undoubtedly it was "up" to them, in the circumstances, to take the consequences of their extraordinary mistake. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy rose to the occasion in his usual graceful manner.

"Yaas, it's up to us," he said. "We'll take the wubbish. I'll send Sands the money to-morrow, deah boys."

"Now take your blessed potted goods away, Gussy," grinned Tom Merry. "We want the table. We'll take one off your hands, if you like, for threepence."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—" "Lowther's got a bad threepenny-bit, so if you want to make a bargain—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "We'll have one on tick," said Manners. "Yoa shall have the bob on Saturday, Gussy."

"Yaas, deah boy." "Now carry off the other nineteen," grinned Lowther. "They're your property now."

Arthur Augustus regarded the pile of tins in dismay. But there was no help for it. They were his property, and had to be removed from the Shell fellows' study.

"Pway lend a hand, deah boys!" said D'Arcy resignedly.

But Blake, Herries, and Digby were already gone. Arthur Augustus looked round from his contemplation of the stack of tins, and found himself alone with the Terrible Three. Lowther was already busy on the borrowed tin with a tin-opener, and Tom Merry started lighting the fire, and Manners got out the tea-things.

"Bai Jove! those boundahs have gone!" said D'Arcy. "Howevah, I suppose I can cawwy them. I've seen a man at a circus cawwy fifty tins piled up, and put them on his nappah. You might lend me a hand to get hold of the beastly things, deah boys!"

The Shell fellows grinned and lent a hand. Tins were placed on D'Arcy's hands as he held them out and piled up against his chest. The pile rose higher and higher. The tins were placed in a double stack against his elegant waist-coat, and they rose to his chin, and then beyond his chin. The odd one of the nineteen, laid on top of the rest, just met the aristocratic nose of the swell of St. Jim's.

"Mind how you go!" grinned Lowther. "Oh, I can manage all wight, deah boy. I'm not so clumsy."

And Arthur Augustus trod cautiously out of the study with his load.

The Terrible Three chuckled as they watched him go. The stack of tins toppled perilously, but Arthur Augustus was very careful. He trod his way down the Shell passage as carefully as if he were walking on ice.

Unfortunately, just as he turned into the Fourth Form passage, Knox of the Sixth came along in a hurry. The prefect met the Fourth Former in full career. The collision would not have mattered much at any other time, but it mattered very much now.

"Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy. "Look out—"

But Knox of the Sixth had no time to look out.

Biff! "Yawwooh!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy staggered backwards and collapsed, with tins of fish showering upon him.

Biff, biff, biff! Crash, crash, crash! "Ow! Ow! Wescue— Yawwooh! Oh!"

Knox staggered back and gasped, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

CARELESS!



Old Lady: "Did you fall down that hole, my man?" Young Man (sarcastically): "No, I fell asleep and the workmen built the road round me!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to E. Collett, 7, Normansmead, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

"Ha, ha, ha! You young ass! Ha, ha, ha!"

Crash, crash, crash! "Oh, bai Jove! Gweat Scott! Wescue! Yah!"

Blake & Co. rushed out of their study. The sight of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sprawling amid strewn salmon-tins made them yell. Arthur Augustus sat up dizzily amid the flood of tins, and blinked at them. He groped for his eyeglass, but a fresh tinned fish had plumped on it, and the famous monocle was in fragments.

"Bai Jove! Ow! Bai Jove!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you fellows cacklin' at? I fail entirely to see anythin' to cackle at! Ow!"

"You'll pick up all those tins, D'Arcy," said Knox. "I've a good mind to give you lines for being so clumsy. Don't do any more of these juggling tricks in the passage!"

And Knox walked on, chuckling.

"Are you wotahs going to lend me a hand with these tins?" said Arthur Augustus sulphurously, as his chums roared.

"I'll help you, D'Arcy, old chap," said Levison of the Fourth, who had come out of his study with Mellish. "You've been laying in a big stock of fish, haven't you? Lend a hand, Mellish."

Mellish grinned and lent a hand. So did the chums of Study No. 6, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's new possessions were carried into Study No. 6 and stacked there. Arthur Augustus sat down and gasped.

It was not till some time later that it occurred to him to count the tins, to make sure that all had been gathered up. When he counted them he found that there were seventeen. He looked along the passage, but failed to discover any more. He would have asked Levison if he had seen them, but Levison's door was locked, and he did not reply to a tap on it.

Inside Levison's study, Levison and Mellish were enjoying an unlooked-for supper—the chief item on the bill of fare being fresh tinned fish!

CHAPTER 6.

A Feast That Faded!

JACK BLAKE finished his preparation, and looked at the study clock.

"What price a little supper?" he said.

D'Arcy looked up. "That's accordin'," he said. "It depends on the amount of money you spend on it, deah boy."

"Did you work that out in your head?" said Blake admiringly. "Look here, we're laden up with things to eat. What price standing a little supper? There's plenty of time before bed, and we don't want that salmon to eat its head off in the cupboard, do we?"

"Good egg!" said Dig. "I'm getting peckish!"

"We've got nineteen tins of salmon—"

"Seventeen, deah boy—two are missin'—"

"Well, seventeen is enough to feed a giddy army. The Fourth are playing the Shell to-morrow, and we shall have the New House bounders in our team. It's pax with Figgins & Co. Suppose we ask them over to supper?"

Arthur Augustus nodded at the clock.

"Quartah past nine, deah boy; bed-time at half-past."

"That's an American clock, fathead! It's a quarter to nine. Heaps of time. I'll buzz over to the New House and ask the chaps. You fellows get the table laid."

"Wight-ho! I'll ask some of our fellows, too."

And Blake walked away whistling.

For once the warfare between School House and New House was suspended. When the Fourth played the Shell, the respective teams were drawn from both Houses. Figgins & Co. of the New House were to play in Blake's team on the morrow. The cricket season was in full swing. The weather was fine and sunny, and the juniors had arranged a match to fill up the half-holiday.

Blake returned with his friendly foes from the New House—quite a little crowd of them—Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn, the famous Co., and Redfern, Owen, and Lawrence. And Reilly and Kerruish came in with D'Arcy. Study No. 6 was crowded almost to its limit.

"Jolly glad to see you fellows," said Figgins affably. "We're going to lick the Shell to-morrow. Fatty Wynn's in great form."

"Yes, I'm pretty well set," said Fatty Wynn, whose thoughts were on the little supper. "We didn't have much for tea—only a pie and a cold chicken and some saveloys, as well as the toast and the shrimps. Jolly decent of you chaps to ask us over."

"We've come into a fortune in the shape of tins of fish," Blake explained. "Seventeen shilling tins."

Blake dragged the stack of tins out of the cupboard. Fatty Wynn's eyes glistened at the sight. There were a dozen fellows in the study, but seventeen large-size tins of fish were ample to go round.

"Sorry there's nothing else," said Blake politely. "Plenty of bread-and-butter—but only fish besides. We would have got something to follow if the tuckshop wasn't closed."

"My dear chap, this is ripping!" said Fatty Wynn. "If you've got a tin-opener, I'll lend you a hand opening

them. "I've tried old Sands' fresh tinned fish, and it's all right."

"Anybody got a tin-opener?" asked Blake.

"One in my pocket-knife," said Herries, producing that article.

"But how on earth did you get seventeen tins of fish?" asked Figgins in amazement.

Blake explained.

The New House fellows roared over the story. But a sudden thought occurred to Kerr. Kerr was a Scotsman, so naturally he thought of things that escaped the attention of less canny youths.

"You say that they told you on the telephone that some tins had been ordered from the school?" he asked.

"Yes," grinned Blake. "And, of course, that made us dead certain that Lowther had been pulling our leg."

"And you cancelled the order over the phone?"

"Of course. We cancelled that order, and ordered twenty tins for Tom Merry's study instead."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But it turned out that Lowther hadn't ordered any?"

"Yes; I've said so."

"Well," said Kerr, with a chuckle, "it seems to me that you've put your little hoof into it again."

"What do you mean?" demanded Blake warmly.

"Why, if the tins were ordered, and Lowther hadn't ordered them, they must have been ordered by the House dame. And you've cancelled an order by Mrs. Mimms."

"Oh, my hat! I never thought of that."

"She'll be expecting her giddy tins, and she won't get them," grinned Kerr. "Phew!"

"Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that, eithah. Blake, deah boy, you have weally put your foot in it. There will be a wov. Mrs. Mimms will think that we have cancelled her silly ordah for a joke, and she will speak to Wailton about it."

"Better telephone again," suggested Digby.

"Too late. Sands is closed long ago."

Blake grunted.

"Well, a chap can't think of everything," he said. "Sufficient for the day is the salmon thereof. Let's have supper."

"How do you work this blessed thing?" asked Fatty Wynn, who was busy with Herries' pocket-knife.

"Where's the tin-opener?"

"Simple enough," growled Herries. "I'll open it." He took the pocket-knife from the fat Fourth Former.

"Oh, I forgot! It broke the other day when I was prising open a box with it. Sorry."

"Haven't you got a tin-opener in the study?" asked Fatty Wynn.

"We always depend on Herries," said Blake. "Now he's left us in the lurch."

"There's a corkscrew in the knife," said Herries. "You can try that, if you like."

"I'll try it with the blade," said Fatty Wynn, taking the knife again.

"No, you won't!" said Herries warmly. "It'll break."

"That's all right. There's two blades. If one breaks, I'll try the other."

"You—you ass! Let that knife alone!"

"Look here, Herries—" began Blake.

"Twy with the pokah," suggested Arthur Augustus. "Bash the tin with the pokah, you know, and vevy likely it will burst open."

"Ass!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Well, I'll try the corkscrew," said Fatty Wynn. "I'll—"

Fatty Wynn was interrupted. The study door was opened, and Knox of the Sixth came in. The juniors looked at Knox in a hostile way. Knox was a bully, and they did not like him; but as he was a prefect, he had to be treated with outward respect. Knox grinned as he saw the stack of tins on the table.

"Just going to feed—eh?" he asked.

"Yes," said Blake belligerently.

"No harm in having supper in the study, I suppose?"

"Not so long as it's your own grub," said Knox. "Come in, Mrs. Mimms! Here's your tins of salmon. I knew these young rascals had them."

"What?" shouted the juniors.

Mrs. Mimms, the stout House dame, followed Knox into the study. Mrs. Mimms was a kindly soul, but she was looking angry now.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Yes, here they are, indeed. You are very bad boys to take the goods delivered for me—very bad indeed."

"You young rascals," said Knox. "Mrs. Mimms ordered them from the grocer's, to be delivered this evening, and they didn't come. But I remembered seeing D'Arcy loaded up with them, and heard that Sands' boy had been here, so I guessed you young sweeps had raided them. Blessed if I ever heard of such cheek!"

"Look here! They're our tins!" shouted Blake. "Gussy is going to pay for them to-morrow. These ain't the tins you ordered, Mrs. Mimms."

"I ordered sixteen tins by telephone," said Mrs. Mimms. "They were to be delivered to-night. How can you say that these are not the tins, Master Blake?"

"But—but—"

"Take them away, Mrs. Mimms," said Knox. "These young rascals must have got Grimes to deliver them here instead of in the kitchen. Have you got the cheek to say that you ordered this stack of tins for this study, Blake?"

"Well, not exactly. It was a sort of mistake. But—"

"It was a sort of mistake that will get you fifty lines," grinned Knox. "Take them away, Mrs. Mimms. Sixteen, I think."

"There are seventeen tins there!" shouted Blake.

"Yes, seventeen," said the House dame, who was counting them. "I shall leave the odd one. I do not know why Mr. Sands delivered seventeen tins, when I ordered sixteen. I shall not pay for the extra one."

And the House dame left the study with her heavily laden bag. The juniors gazed after her, open-mouthed, as she disappeared with their feed. Knox chuckled and picked up the solitary remaining tin. Fatty Wynn's eyes were fastened on that tin, and he had the corkscrew ready. But the corkscrew was not wanted.

"You'll take fifty lines each—Blake, Herries, Digby and D'Arcy," said Knox. "I shall confiscate this tin."

And Knox walked out of the study with the tin under his arm. That night Knox had salmon for supper in his study.

The juniors were too overcome for words for some moments. They had

asked numerous guests to supper on the strength of that huge and unexpected supply of fresh tinned fish. And the fresh tinned fish was gone from their gaze like a beautiful dream.

"Oh!" groaned Fatty Wynn at last.

"Bai Jove!"

"Oh, rotten!"

Jack Blake looked at his guests with a sickly smile.

"Sorry, you chaps," he murmured. "I didn't expect this, you know. There—there's still the bread-and-butter."

"Thanks!" said Redfern, with elaborate politeness. "I fancy we've got large supplies of bread-and-butter at home. Good-night!"

"Faith, and I'm not hungry for bread-and-butter, thanking ye all the same, Blake darling," said Reilly.

And the guests melted away. The chums of Study No. 6 were left alone in their study with grim faces. Blake broke a painful silence.

"It's all Gussy's fault, of course," he said at last.

D'Arcy extracted an eyeglass from his waistcoat pocket. The swell of St. Jim's had an unlimited supply of those indispensable articles. He adjusted the monocle in his eye and gave Blake a withering look.

"I fail to see how you make that out, you duffah," he said.

"It's all through your inviting blessed Yankees to come here, with idiotic names like Fish—"

"But I have already remarked that I did not invite him—"

"And making silly mistakes over silly telegrams!" roared Blake. "Any silly idiot ought to have known what the telegram really meant."

"Wats! You idiot!"

"Why, you—you—"

"I wepeat—"

"Fathead!"

"Duffah!"

"Chump!"

"Wottah!"

"Frabjous ass!"

"I wefuse to weply to such oppwobvious wemarks!" said Arthur Augustus, with great dignity. And he walked out of the study, and Blake transferred his opprobrious remarks to Herries and Digby, who replied in kind. And the chums of Study No. 6 wreaked their wrath in a terrific slanging match.

## CHAPTER 7.

### An Arrival in Style!

FISHER T. FISH, of the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars, stepped out of the train in the little station of Rylcombe.

Fisher T. Fish was a slim, keen-faced youth. He had sharp features, and sharp eyes of an uncertain colour. His complexion was sallow—a little freckled. He walked with the air of a fellow who owned the earth, or, at least, was conscious that, owing to his extraordinary merits, he ought to own it. Keeness, coolness, and an illimitable confidence in himself seemed the chief traits in the character of Fisher Tarleton Fish.

He cast a patronising look up at the platform. It was a very quiet little country station, and seldom woke up excepting on the occasions when St. Jim's or the Grammar School broke up for the holidays.

"Regular Sleepy Hollow, I guess!" said Fisher T. Fish aloud, as he scanned the platform. "I wonder if any of the jays have come to meet me? Hallo!"

An elegant youth, natty and spotless from the tips of his gleaming boots to the crown of his shining silk topper, was crossing the platform to meet the American junior. A monocle gleamed



in his eye, and Fisher T. Fish knew him. It was Arthur Augustus of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's—a chap whom Fisher had marked down in his mind as a "jay" of the first water.

Arthur Augustus had felt it incumbent upon him to come down to the station to meet his guest. He had requested his chums to join him in doing his transatlantic visitor that honour. Blake had politely told him that he would see him farther first.

The Fourth were playing the Shell that afternoon, and Blake explained that he would see both D'Arcy and his guest at the bottom of the Rhyl, quite cheerfully, before he would risk missing the Form match. The utmost he would do was to put D'Arcy on the list as last man in, if the Fourth batted first, so that the swell of the Fourth would have a chance of getting back to the school in time for his innings.

If D'Arcy did not return in time, Kerruish would be played in his place. But even the risk of being left out of the Form match did not deter Arthur Augustus from doing the polite thing. With Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, courtesy came first and last and all the time.

D'Arcy raised his silk hat very politely to Fisher T. Fish. He hardly remembered the junior at Greyfriars, but he concluded that this must be Fish, as he was the only fellow in Etons who had alighted from the train.

"Glad to see you, deah boy," said D'Arcy.

"Same here," said Fish affably, as he shook hands with the swell of St. Jim's. "I guess you had my wire, what?"

"Yaas."

"I kinder reckoned I'd give you a look up," Fish explained. "Wharton's given me a message for your sec. But I guess I've really come over to see you."

"You are vewy kind. I wergard it as an honah," said Arthur Augustus in a stately way.

Fisher T. Fish nodded as if he regarded it as an honour, too.

"Pretty sleepy here, what?" he said, as they walked out of the station.

"Sleepiah than Gweyfwiahs?" asked D'Arcy mildly.

Fish yawned.

"Nope! Got me there! First time I came to this old island I fell asleep. Like getting into bed, you know, after New York. Ever been to New York?"

"Yaas."

"Guess it struck you as some city, eh?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had to reflect a little before he understood. At St. Jim's, he studied English, German, and French, as well as Latin; but American was not in the curriculum. It was a new language to him.

"Yaas," he said at last. "You mean as a gweat city."

"Just a few," said Fish.

"Yaas."

"You spotted the skyscrapers, what?"

"Yaas; you mean those howwid gweat buildings evah so high—"

"Horrid!" said Fish, with a sniff. "I guess that's your English ideas. Gee whiz! They're the last word in construction—some. Why, in some of our burls, I can tell you, we've got skyscrapers that simply shut the sun right out of sight. Down on the side-walk you feel as if you were underground. What do you think of that?"

"It must be wotten," said D'Arcy gently, under the mistaken impression that Fisher T. Fish wanted sympathy.

"Rotten!" ejaculated Fish. "Oh, my hat! I swow!"

"You—you what?" gasped D'Arcy.

The verb to swow was entirely new to him.

"Oh, that puts the lid on!" said Fish. "Did you ever go on the trollies?"

"Trollies!" exclaimed D'Arcy, in amazement. "Certainly not. I believe my luggage—"

"Your baggage, you mean?"

"My luggage was wheeled on trollies, p'vobably, but I should certainly not think of bein' wheeled on a trolley myself. I should wergard it as undignified."

Fisher T. Fish chuckled.

"I believe you call 'em trams over here," he replied.

"Oh, yaas! I certainly went on the twams."

"Trollies!"

"Trollies, if you like, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus, gracefully yielding the point. "I've got a twap here to take us to St. Jim's. It's the only conveyance I could get. The station cab is engaged,

He did not mind making the little sacrifice if Fish could drive. And the Yankee schoolboy seemed very confident about it.

Fish gathered up the reins in a businesslike manner, and the trap started down the old High Street of Rylcombe.

The horse was fresh and intelligent. He had felt the hand of a master on the reins when D'Arcy drove him from St. Jim's. He did not feel the hand of a master now. It took the horse about two minutes to discover that he could do as he liked with his driver, and he proceeded to do as he liked.

The first thing he liked to do was to break into a gallop, and he took the trap down the village street at a speed that was alarming. The High Street of Rylcombe was not arranged for that kind of thing. Children played there fearlessly, geese wandered where they would; countrymen stood in the middle of the old street to chatter the latest news about the crops, the weather, and Farmer Giles' black bull. The career of the trap, with Fisher T. Fish driving, was fearsome.

"Pway pull in the horse, deah boy," murmured D'Arcy.

Fisher T. Fish shook his head. As a matter of fact, he could not have pulled in the horse to save his life, and he knew it. But it was not Fisher T. Fish's way to admit that he couldn't do anything. Hamlet's advice, to assume a virtue if you have it not, was taken by F. T. Fish. If he couldn't do a thing, he guessed it was up to him to pretend that he could if he liked, but wouldn't take the trouble.

"All O.K.," said Fish airily, as the horse ran away with him. "I always give the beast his head, you know. Yep!"

"But it will wun ovah somebody—"

"I guess they should keep clear."

"But weally—"

"You watch me!" said Fish confidently.

D'Arcy did not watch him, however; he watched the street and the inhabitants thereof. He watched geese run cackling to escape; he watched frightened hens sailing into shops or houses; he watched Gaffer Jones make a wild spring for his life, leaving behind him the stick with which he had plodded about Rylcombe for unnumbered years. He heard the shrill squeal of a pig as the wheel of the trap grazed it.

Then, fortunately, they were out of Rylcombe with nobody killed.

On the wide country road Fisher T. Fish said he would let the horse have its head—the horse having already taken it.

The squeals and yells and squeaks and cackles had excited the horse, and what had begun in mischief ended in real fright. The horse was running away, and it required an iron hand on the reins to pull him in. As Fish could not pull him in, he let him dash on, and the pace of the trap increased alarmingly. The light vehicle swayed and bumped from side to side, and the occupants clung to it. It looked as if they might be shot out any moment, if the trap did not overturn them into the ditch and roll on them.

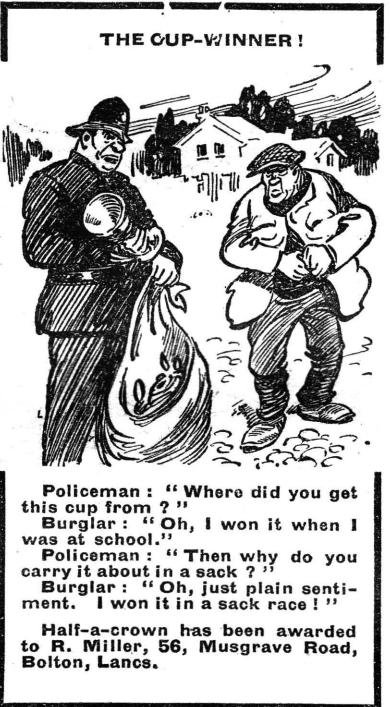
"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus. "I weally wish you would pull up, deah boy."

"I guess he's going all right."

"But it's dangewous. Suppose we meet a cyclist?"

"All the worse for the jay on the jigger, I guess."

"Weally, Fish—"



and it takes some time to walk. We're playin' cwicket this aftahnoon. Pewwaps you would like to see the match?"

"Yep. Cricket is my strong holt," said Fisher T. Fish. "I'll play for you, if you like, if you've got a tough team to beat. I guess that's just where I live."

"I'm playin' in the eleven if I get back in time," said D'Arcy. "Here's the twap. Pway jump in."

Fisher T. Fish jumped in, in the driver's seat, somewhat to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's dismay. He had intended to drive himself. The horse was a good one, and somewhat mettlesome.

There were a good many things Arthur Augustus D'Arcy could not do, perhaps; but among the things he could do was ride and drive a horse.

"You are goin' to dwive, deah boy?" he asked.

"I guess I'm some driver," said Fish. "The horse is wathah fwesh."

"That's all right. I guess I could drive the freshest mustang you could scare up in Texas or out of it."

"All wight, then."

D'Arcy's code made it imperative to him to yield to a guest on all points.

"It's all O.K. He's tiring himself out, and I guess he'll slacken."

Fortunately they did not meet a "jay" on a "jigger." But the horse showed no sign whatever of tiring himself out. He was good for many miles at that rate, and it was doubtful if D'Arcy himself could have pulled him in now. And Fisher T. Fish could as easily have carried him in his arms as pulled him in. But the cool grin of confidence did not leave Fishy's keen, thin face. He held on to the reins as if he were still driving, though he was inwardly wondering what was going to happen.

A grey tower rose over the trees. "There's the school!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "Pewwaps you had bettah give me the weins, deah boy. We can't dwive in at this wate."

"That the gate?" asked Fish, as the great stone gateway of St. Jim's came into sight down the long road.

"Yaas."  
"I'll turn him in, and he'll slacken down."

"Bai Jove!"  
Fisher T. Fish probably would not have succeeded in turning the horse in at the gateway but for the fact that the horse knew the way well, having often been driven to St. Jim's before. He was willing to turn in at the gates, and he turned in. But he did not slacken down; he dashed on furiously, and gravel flew in clouds under the lashing heels. There was a shout from fellows in the quadrangle—a shout that rose to a roar.

"Look out!"  
"Stop him!"  
"Pull him in, you ass!"

The horse dashed on, fellows scattering before his charge. Fish dragged him aside as he seemed bent on charging up the steps of the School House. The horse careered away off the drive, with the trap bounding behind. On the cricket field the juniors were busy, but play was suspended at the sight of the trap and the runaway horse. For the runaway, seeing the playing fields stretching wide before him, dashed right at them, and, with a thud of hoofs, he came thundering upon the cricket pitch.

The fieldsmen scattered like magic. The trap drove on over a wicket, and the wicket-keeper leaped for his life. Someone ran at the horse's head, and he swerved suddenly. There was a crash as the trap overturned, and the horse went over with it, sprawling and lashing. D'Arcy and Fisher T. Fish rolled on the turf, out of the reach of the horse. The swell of St. Jim's sprawled on his crunching topper. Fisher T. Fish sat up dazedly.

The cricketers surged round in fury.  
"You fathead—"  
"You crass idiot—"  
"You lunatic—"  
"You dangerous duffer—"  
"Who is it?"

"Pway don't wag him, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy faintly. "It's Fish, frowm Gweyfwiahs!"  
"Fish! Oh!"

Fisher T. Fish grinned feebly.  
"Yep! I'm Fisher T. Fish—and I guess I've arrove."

## CHAPTER 8.

### Fish Helps!

FISHER T. FISH had arrived—arrove, as he preferred to call it.

He had "arrove" in a sensational manner. There was no possibility  
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for anybody to fail to learn the fact that Fisher T. Fish, of New York, had arrove.

The cricketers, who had been about to commit assault and battery on the escaped lunatic who had interrupted the game, and ploughed up the pitch, paused in time.

The kicking horse was soothed and secured, and led away. Tom Merry, who was fielding, helped up the American junior. Blake dropped his bat and assisted Arthur Augustus to his feet.

The swell of St. Jim's was a little dazed.

"Bai Jove!" he murmured. "Is the horse hurt?"

"No, he's all right," said Blake.  
"Good! Is that cwass ass hurt? I—I mean is Fish hurt?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I think not."  
"I guess I'm all right," said Fisher T. Fish. "It would take more than that to hurt me, I reckon. We don't grow soft over there."

"Over where?" asked Blake.  
"In the Yewnited States," explained Fish.

"I should think a fellow who drives like that must be in a benighted state," murmured Monty Lowther.

"I'm glad there's no damage done," said Fish, looking round.

"No damage!" howled Figgins.  
"Look at the pitch!"

"Yaas, wathah, and look at my clothes," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I have wolloed ova on the pitch—my clothes are howwibly dirty—"

"You can't touch pitch without being defiled," said Monty Lowther solemnly.

But Arthur Augustus was not in the humour to appreciate Lowther's puns.

"Pway don't make idiotic jokes, Lowthah," he said. "I wegard this as wotten. Fish told me he could dwive."

"I guess that's just where I live," said Fisher T. Fish. "You can't scare up many galoots on this side that can drive like me."

"None at all," grinned Tom Merry. "There are some fellows who would drive like you if they could—but we keep 'em shut up in Colney Hatch, out of harm's way."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"If you wouldn't mind getting off the pitch we'll go on playing," said Figgins gruffly.

Fisher T. Fish walked off the pitch. He was a good deal shaken, but his airy confidence had not deserted him. And he was not really displeased at having arrived in such a sensational manner. Fisher T. Fish loved the limelight. He strolled to the pavilion and stood dusting himself down and looking on as the cricketers resumed again. Blake and Herries were batting, and the score showed four down for the Fourth Form for 26 runs.

Arthus Augustus disappeared into the School House. He had to change into his flannels for the match, and he felt badly in need of a wash and brush up, anyway. He was in good time for the game. Fisher T. Fish's brilliant driving had at least landed the junior at St. Jim's in good time—though it had landed them on their necks.

Fisher T. Fish joined the group of waiting batsmen, and joined cheerily in the remarks passed upon the play. From Fish's observations, it appeared that he was a first-rate cricketer. At all events, he certainly had no hesitation in passing criticism on the play.

"I guess your field wants to get a move on, some," he remarked to Figgins.

"What's the matter with them?" asked Figgins, not very cordially. He

was not very favourably impressed with the transatlantic junior.

"Slow," said Fish. "All-fired slow." "Top-notch fieldsman at Greyfriars, I suppose?" said Kerr, sarcastically.

"Nope, much the same. I find everything very slow over here. You should see how we play cricket over there, in the Yewnited States."

"You play cricket over there?" asked Redfern, with heavy sarcasm.

"Not so much as you do over here," said Fish. "But we play it. Quality instead of quantity, I guess."

The juniors looked at him as if they would eat him. St. Jim's prided itself upon its cricket. If Fish had not been a guest at St. Jim's he would have been answered in words plainer than his own. But he had a double claim on the forbearance of the St. Jim's fellows—as a guest, and as a stranger in a strange land. So they gave him his head, as Kerr expressed it in a whisper. But, like the horse to which Fish had given its head when he drove it, he would have taken it in any case.

"I'd like to show you some cricket," Fish remarked. "I guess I could open your eyes some. Yes, sir."

"Bravo, Blake!" shouted Dig, as Blake drove the ball away. Kangaroo of the Shell was bowling, and bowling well, but Blake was scoring fast.

Fisher T. Fish grinned patronisingly. "Wasn't that a jolly good hit?" demanded Dig, a little excitedly.

"Yep, I dare say. But the bowling's weak," said Fish. "That guy won't take that wicket in a month of Sundays. You watch out."

The next ball down knocked Blake's middle stump out of the ground, and Jack Blake carried his bat out. The juniors looked at the oracle from New York. They were sorry to see Blake's wicket go down, but there was some satisfaction in seeing Fish's prediction falsified as soon as it was out of his mouth. But if they expected to see Fisher T. Fish looking sheepish, they were disappointed.

"I guess I could show that pilgrim how to bat," was all Fish said.

Figgins grunted, and went in. Jack Blake caught Fish's remark, and his eyes glistened. He had batted well, and it was only the first-class bowling of the Australian junior that had beaten him. Blake prided himself upon being a cricketer from a cricketing county, and Fish's criticism touched him on the raw.

"Do you bat for Greyfriars?" he asked.

Fish shook his head.  
"No. I guess I haven't time to play for the junior eleven. Besides, it wouldn't really do. No good having a tophole cricketer among a lot of average jays. Like a whale among the tadpoles, you know."

"I'd like to see you bat!" growled Blake.

"I'll bat for your team, if you like!" said Fish readily. "If you've got a tough proposition in this match, and want help, I'm your antelope."

Blake hesitated. He was very keen to see the Greyfriars Yankee bat, to see whether there was anything in his "gas." If he was half as good a cricketer as he evidently believed he was, he would be a valuable addition to any team. But he shook his head. It would not do to take the risk. The match was a pretty close one, and Blake could not afford to risk throwing away a wicket.

Herries went down to Vavasour's bowling, and Redfern went in. Redfern and Figgins between them made the fur fly. The runs began to pile up. The

juniors were cheering the New House fellows loudly when Arthur Augustus arrived upon the field in spotless white.

"How's it goin', deah boys?" he asked. "Six down for 50," said Blake.

"Not a bad avewage," said Arthur Augustus. "If I make a centuwy, the Shell won't have the slightest chance of beatin' us."

"Go hon!" snorted Blake. "I've made 18, so you're dead certain to make a century, I don't think!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Hallo! There goes Reddy!" Redfern had been caught out by the Cornstalk. Reilly went in. But the Belfast junior had bad luck. He had only made 4 when a deadly ball from Kangaroo whipped out his leg stump, and he came off looking rather blue.

"Eight down for 54," said Blake.

"I guess this side wants bucking up," remarked Fisher T. Fish, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that he was taking liberties in passing such open criticism on the cricket. Trifles like that did not trouble Fisher T. Fish. "Now, that galoot ought to have played back to that ball."

Reilly, who had just come off the pitch, gave the American junior a basilisk glare as he heard that remark. "You howling gossoon!" he exclaimed. "I played a bit too far back, and that's why I'm out. Phwat do you know about cricket entirely?" When Reilly was excited, the accent of the Emerald Isle came out very strongly, and he had reason to be excited now. He was greatly inclined to "dot" the Yankee junior's sharp nose.

"I guess I know the game from A to Z," said Fisher T. Fish confidently. "That ball would have been a boundary for me."

"Sure, an it's a pratin' ass ye are—" "Steady!" murmured Blake. "Honour the guest that is within thy walls."

"Shurrup, Reilly!" Reilly grunted and walked away. He

did not wish to be rude to a guest; but, as he confided to his chum, Kerruish, he was "fed up" entirely with Fisher T. Fish already. But Fisher T. Fish was not at all disconcerted by Reilly's plain speaking. He was a plain speaker himself—very.

Figgins was out at last. The score was at 70 when his wicket fell. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy put on his gloves. Fisher T. Fish touched him on the arm.

"I guess you've got a low score," he remarked.

"Yaas; I'm goin' to twy to buck it up."

"Other side good at batting?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Then you haven't much of a look-in, I guess. That fat chap at the other end seems a stonewaller, and what you want is a really top-notch bat at this end to pile up the runs."

"Yaas; I'm goin' to pile up all I can while Fatty Wynn stonewalls," explained D'Arcy.

"Better put me in."

"Eh?"

"I guess I'd pull the game out of the fire for you," said Fish confidently. "I don't say I should make a century. The other fellow couldn't keep up his end long enough; I guess. But so long as the fat chap can keep the innings open, you can count on me for runs. I guess you'd better play me."

"Weally, Fish—"

Arthur Augustus looked distressed. He didn't like to refuse a request made by a guest. But he felt that Fish's request was unreasonable. Fish's batting was an unknown quantity, and if it was anything like his driving, it was not likely to do the side much good. And Arthur Augustus wanted to bat. He had high hopes of pulling the game out of the fire with brilliant batting, while Fatty Wynn stonewalled at the other end.

"Better do it," said Fish urgently. "I don't like to see you beaten."

"But you're not in flannels, deah boy."

"I guess I can bat as I am."

"You see, I'm not the skippah," said D'Arcy feebly. "You must speak to Blake."

Fisher T. Fish turned to Blake.

"Put me in and save the match!" he said tersely.

Blake grunted.

"I suppose it is up to us to play him if he wants to," murmured Arthur Augustus, aside. "I wish you had put him in instead of Hewvies or Weilly."

"Catch me!" said Blake. "I'll put him in instead of you, if you like. It can't make much difference—you can't play Kangy's bowling!"

"Weally, Blake, I fully intend to make a centuwy—"

"But Kangaroo doesn't intend to let you, and it's Kangy's intentions I'm thinking of!" grunted Blake. "I suppose you would be good for a dozen, with luck."

"Last man in!" called out Figgins. "If you like to stand aside for Fish, I'll put him in," said Blake.

Arthur Augustus suppressed a groan.

"All wight!" he said. "Ask the Shell chaps to wait a few minutes while he changes. I'll lend him some clobber."

Fisher T. Fish did not take long to change. He came out of the pavilion in three minutes. He accepted D'Arcy's beautiful bat, and swung it lightly as he walked on to the field.

The Fourth Formers watched him with keen interest. After all, in spite of the superabundant "gas" of Fisher T. Fish, it was possible that he was a good bat, and nobody but D'Arcy had faith in D'Arcy's power of piling up a century. D'Arcy would have made a dozen runs; with luck, twenty or so.

The fellows who had played Greyfriars knew that the juniors there were good cricketers, and it was likely enough that Fish was as good as the



Fish's hands came together to catch the ball as it flew towards him. It landed in his palms, but he fumbled it, and let the leather drop to the grass! "Butter-fingers!" roared the Fourth Formers. "Oh, you chump!" THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,475.

rest. So they were contented to see him go on, and they were ready to cheer him if he made a good score.

Fisher T. Fish took up his position at the wicket with airy confidence. It was the last ball of an over, and Kangaroo of the Shell was bowling. The Australian looked along the pitch, marked Fisher T. Fish with his eye, and smiled. The fieldsmen knew his smile, and they smiled in anticipation.

Down came the ball, like a 4.7 shell. Fisher T. Fish swiped at it gaily, and his bat described a circle in the air.

Crash!

Fisher T. Fish looked at his wicket. The middle stump was clean out of the ground, and reposing with the bails. From the whole field came a joyful chirp:

"How's that?"

And the umpire sniggered as he chirped in response:

"Out!"

"I guess that gets me," said Fisher T. Fish. "I say, wasn't that a trial ball?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess this is where you get off the earth!" remarked Manners, the wicket-keeper.

Fisher T. Fish walked off. The crowd before the pavilion greeted him with grim looks. He had batted for them, and had scored a duck. Fatty Wynn came off wrathfully. He was not out, and he was angry.

"What did you send that idiot in for, Blake?" he demanded excitedly.

"Shush!"

"Gussy would have been bad enough!" howled Fatty. "He would have run me out, I expect—"

"Weally, Wynn—"

"But to plant that straggling cuckoo on me, and chuck my wicket away—"

Figgins and Kerr led the wrathful Fatty away to console him. Fatty Wynn was in a humour to lay his bat about Fisher T. Fish. The innings was over, and the Fourth were all down for 70 runs. The Shell fellows were smiling.

They were good for a hundred, anyway, if a hundred should be wanted.

Blake could have said many things to Fisher T. Fish, but he restrained them. He felt that the Greyfriars chap must be feeling very bad at having let his side down in that disastrous manner. But he did not know F. T. Fish.

There was no sign of abatement in the jauntiness of that cheerful youth.

"I guess that lets me out," said Fish calmly. "You see, the bowling was wild, very wild. I'm accustomed to playing first-class bowling over there. Things happen like that sometimes. First-class bat knocked out by a bad bowler. You see the point?"

Blake & Co. did not reply. Their feelings were too deep for words.

## CHAPTER 9.

### Fish Shows How It Is Done!

THE Shell innings opened with Tom Merry and Kangaroo at the wicket. Blake led his men out to field, Fisher T. Fish among them. Arthur Augustus had gently hinted to Fish that he needn't trouble to field, but Fish was stone deaf to gentle hints. He had shown the St. Jim's fellows what batting was like "over there," and now he was going to show them what fielding was like, and bowling. He calmly requested Blake to let him bowl the first over.

Blake gave him a look that ought to have withered him on the spot—but

Fisher T. Fish took a great deal of withering.

"Bowl the first over?" said Blake.

"Yep!"

"We're playing cricket, you know!" said Blake sarcastically. "This isn't a screaming farce!"

"I guess it would encourage the side if I get the hat-trick in the first over," said Fish. "You've made a pretty low score, and as it's a single-innings match, you've got to pick up on the bowling. That's where I come in. I'm a dab at batting, but bowling is my strong holt."

And Blake gave him the ball, out of sheer curiosity to see what he could do. Fisher T. Fish made his preparations very carefully. He felt that the eyes of all the field were upon him. All the spectators were watching him. It was a great opportunity for Fish to open the eyes of the Britishers on the subject of bowling, and he was prepared to do it.

He bowled to Tom Merry. He took a little run, and turned himself into a catherine-wheel, and the ball went down. The wicket-keeper gathered it with a grunt. It was the widest of wides.

But Fish was not abashed. He sent down the second ball, and waited for the crash of the wicket. It was the crash of the bat that he heard. The ball flew—but the batsmen did not run. Tom Merry knew that it was a boundary.

"Ahem!" murmured Fish.

The third ball was knocked away for three. Then Kangaroo was facing the bowling. The rest of the over added ten runs to the score, and the Shell fellows smiled. Blake, in a deep voice, told Fisher T. Fish to go into the field, and tossed the ball to Fatty Wynn.

Fatty Wynn was the champion bowler. In the House matches, his bowling was the terror of the School House fellows. In the Form matches he was the terror of the Shell. Fortunately for the Fourth, Fatty was in top form. Fatty was inspired, also, by a desire to show Fisher T. Fish how to bowl.

Tom Merry's wicket fell to Fatty's first ball, and Vavasour who followed him in, was dismissed for a duck's egg. Then came Bernard Glyn, and he scored 2, and fell.

As the field crossed over, Fisher T. Fish spoke to the Fourth Form captain.

"Where's the ball?"

"Why, what do you want with the ball?" asked Blake, in sarcastic astonishment.

"Ain't I bowling again?"

"I guess not!" grinned Blake.

"I say, you'd better take advantage of a good bowler when you've got one," urged Fisher T. Fish. "That fat chap's had good luck, but it was all flukes. I guess I can show you some really scientific bowling."

"Yes—with seventeen more on the Shell's score!" growled Blake. "Thanks; I've had some! You can field if you like, or you can sit down and look on. I don't care which."

"I guess I'm not here to spectate," said Fish. "I'd like to save the match for you. But I guess I can show you some fielding!"

"Like your batting and bowling?" queried Figgins.

"I guess fielding is my strong holt. You watch out for my catches. Where am I to field?"

"Anywhere you like," said Blake politely. "The farther off the better!"

Fisher T. Fish sniffed. He was

wearing out Blake's politeness. But he was resolved to show the Britishers what catches were like.

As it happened, he had a good opportunity in the very next over. Kangaroo drove the ball away, and the batsmen ran. The ball came whizzing right at Fisher T. Fish. Kanga had been a little careless, perhaps because his keen eye had spotted Fish was no good. Fish saw the ball coming—even he could not fail to see that it was an easy catch. His hands went up for it and touched it. But he fumbled it, and let it drop to the grass. Then came a roar.

"Butter-fingers!"

"Oh, you chump!"

"Send it in, you fathead!"

For Fisher T. Fish was staring at the ball in great surprise, and the batsmen were still running. Blake dashed up and recovered the ball at Fish's very feet, and returned it; but the batsmen had scored 3.

After that, Fisher T. Fish was specially favoured by the batsmen. If he had muffed the easiest of easy catches, it was safe to send him the ball; he made a flaw in the Fourth Form armour, so to speak, and the batsmen knew that he would never catch them out. He had opportunities enough, but not one of them materialised. The utmost Fisher T. Fish could do was to get in the way of other fieldsmen.

The Shell score was at 60, with four wickets yet to fall. Kangaroo was not out yet, and he looked as if he would never be out. Clifton Dane was at the other end, and the Canadian was backing up the Cornstalk manfully. Fatty Wynn exerted himself upon the wickets in vain, and Blake tried his hardest, and Figgins tried his hardest, but still the batsmen were there.

Fisher T. Fish urged his skipper to put him on to bowl again, but Blake's reply was so gruff that he dropped the subject.

But fortune smiled upon Fatty Wynn again. The score was at 65 when he bowled Kangaroo clean out. In the next over Clifton Dane was caught out by Kerr. Eight down for 65! The Fourth Formers breathed again. There was a chance yet—a slim and slender chance.

All their reliance was upon Fatty Wynn. And the fat Fourth Former rose nobly to the occasion.

Lowther was dismissed for a duck's egg, and the score stood at nine down for the same figure as the over finished.

"Last man in!"

Manners and Thompson were at the wickets for the finish. Two for Manners—67. One more—68. Then 1 for Thompson—69. One wanted to tie—2 to win! But if a wicket would only fall—

"Go in and win, Fatty, old man!" said Blake, who had bowled the last over, giving the ball to the Falstaff of the New House.

Fatty Wynn grinned.

"I'll do my best," he said. "If you hadn't played that howling duffer—"

"I know that!" groaned Blake. "Go in and win, and shut up!"

Fatty Wynn went on again to bowl. Thompson was receiving the bowling now, and he took 1 off the first ball. The score tied. There was a jubilant murmur from the Shell fellows. The game was safe now from their point of view—at the worst it could only be a draw. From the Fourth Form point of view, that was better than a defeat, and they watched Fatty Wynn anxiously as he prepared to bowl to Manners.

Manners swiped at the ball, and it skied towards cover-point.

Smack!

Fisher T. Fish was there. Had he caught the batsman out? His hands had touched the ball—the whole field heard the smack. The batsmen were running. There was a roar of wrath from the field as Fisher T. Fish was seen to drop the ball. He had fairly had it in his hands when he had let it fall. Even then there was time to save the game, if the return had been smart.

The wicket-keeper looked imploringly. Fisher had caught up the ball—there was time to hurl it into the wicket-keeper's hands, and for the wicket to be broken before the batsmen could get home.

But Fisher T. Fish knew a trick worth two of that!

He generally did.

He sent the ball for the wicket.

A good throw-in would have knocked the wicket over before the panting batsman could have reached it. But it was unfortunately a bad throw-in. The ball went yards wide, and the bat was on the crease. The wicket was saved—and the Shell had taken the odd run they wanted!

"Shell wins!" chuckled Tom Merry. "A run and a wicket! Hurrah!"

Blake rushed towards Fisher T. Fish. What he was going to do will never be known, for Arthur Augustus dashed on the field in time.

"Blake, deah boy—"

"Lemme gerrat him!" said Blake wildly. "Let me get his silly head in chancery—only for a minute—"

"Weally, Blake, a visitah—"

The fieldsman closed round Blake and dragged him away. Fisher T. Fish walked off the field, looking quite jaunty.

"Sorry you chaps are licked!" he said to the glowering Fourth Formers. "I did my best for you. I guess it was a tough proposition. One first-class player isn't enough in a team. The odds were against me."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy slipped his arm through his guest's and walked him hurriedly off the field. Fisher T. Fish was in danger of massacre.

CHAPTER 10.

Kerr Has an Idea!

FISHER T. FISH sauntered into the tuckshop with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Many of the cricketers gathered there after the match. Partly owing to the aid of Fisher T. Fish, the game had ended much sooner than was anticipated. Fisher T. Fish confessed that he was peckish, and allowed D'Arcy to order him a supply of the best that Dame Taggles could furnish. Fish sat on a high stool at the counter, and disposed of a cold chicken, which he washed down with coffee, at the same time laying down the law to the St. Jim's juniors on the subject of cricket.

The fellows stared at first—it was amazing to hear a fellow who had proved himself a crass duffer at every branch of the game, laying down the law and criticising players who could have played his head off.

But that was Fisher T. Fish's little way.

Some of the fellows were inclined to be angry, but they soon "got on" to Fish's character, and began to take him humorously, and even led him on to "gas," by way of pulling his transatlantic leg.

"Yes, I guess you should have seen us play over there," said Fisher T. Fish,

JUST MY FUN



Monty Lowther Calling!

Hallo, everybody. Farm labourers have a hard time, we read. Many "harrowing" experiences?

Then there was the chap with mumps who cheerfully observed that he was having a "swell" time!

"Some people think it their job to put other people in their places," writes a reader. Cinema attendants, for instance!

Gore tells me his pater shoots pheasants and rabbits sitting on a shooting stick. How ever does he get them to sit on it?

**Remember, says an authority, that constant telephoning gives the face a set expression. An automatic dial?**

Story: "Gimme a square meal, guv'nor," pleaded the tramp—but he grumbled when the householder brought him a dog biscuit!

'Nother: "So you've been in service in France?" asked the matron of the new maid. "How do French and English dishes compare?" "Oh, they both break up as easily, ma'am!" replied the maid.

Then there was the country visitor

having finished eating, and commencing operations with a large toothpick. "I guess it would be a sight for sore eyes, what?"

"It must be," grunted Blake, "if they all play as you do. I admit I never saw a cricketer quite like you before."

"And you never will, in this old island," said Fisher T. Fish airily. "They don't grow here. What you want is hustle, sir—hustle. Hustle all the time. Now, in New York, we make things hustle—just a few. My popper made and lost three fortunes before he became a millionaire. Now he's got a million dollars."

"Whose?" asked Blake innocently.

D'Arcy gave his chum a warning look; but Fisher T. Fish only chuckled.

"Very smart for a Johnny Bull," he commented. "But I guess the race is to the swift over there. It's get on or get out!"

"Same as in a pack of giddy wolves," murmured Figgins. "I don't think I should brag about that myself."

"We learn to do things over there," said Fisher T. Fish, who seemed never tired of expatiating upon the great qualities of his beloved country. "Not talk—but do! That's us! Business from the word go! Savvy?"

"Not talk—but do!" murmured Blake. "Oh, my hat! And to see him muff that catch!"

The Terrible Three came into the tuckshop. Tom Merry called to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Grimes is waiting for you, Gussy."

"Bai Jove!"

to London who thought it was usual to run pell mell down Pall Mall. Ow!

Headline from the "Wayland Courier": "Admiral Turns Market Gardener." Yo-ho-hoe!

Cricket story: "Who is umpiring this match—me or you?" snapped the disgruntled umpire to the protesting batsman. "Neither of us!" snapped the batsman.

"What is to stop a man investing £100,000 in safe securities and living on the interest?" asks Skimpole. Earning the capital!

**"I want a nice quiet job without much exertion," writes a reader. What about qualifying as a window-box weeder?**

"Is green really unlucky?" inquires Digby. Not a bit of it, old chap. Just try me with a few pound notes!

I see somebody disbelieves in the Flood. He won't take Noah for an answer!

Did you hear about the schoolgirl who thought LXXX meant love and kisses?

I see a trawler has been arrested for poaching. A "fishy" business.

**A Wayland centenarian gives the English climate the credit for his great age. Yes, it's enough to put years on anyone!**

Wally D'Arcy's Wisdom: Remember the fish—so long as he keeps his mouth shut, no harm befalls him.

Story: "Do you wish to see Oon Chung Ping, the great Chinese mystic?" "Yus—tell 'im 'is bruvver's 'ere!"

Tails up, chaps!

"Mrs. Mimms has settled for sixteen tins, and you've got to settle for four," said Tom Merry, laughing. "Pay up and smile."

"Yass, but it's wotten!"

And Arthur Augustus slipped out of the tuckshop to settle with Grimes for the four tins of fresh tinned fish, one of which had been lent to Tom Merry, and two of which had been raided by Levi-son and Mellish, while the fourth had been confiscated by Knox, the prefect.

The chuckles of the juniors as D'Arcy departed caused Fisher T. Fish to look at them inquiringly.

Tom Merry explained to him the mistake over the telegram, and the ordering of the twenty tins of fresh tinned fish by the chums of Study No. 6.

Fisher T. Fish roared.

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess I made my wire plain enough."

"If you'd put in the word 'o'clock' after 'three,' there wouldn't have been any mistake," said Blake.

Fish shook his head.

"I guess that was impossible."

"Eh? How was it impossible?"

"It would have run over the twelve words," explained Fish.

"Oh!"

"As it was, I had an argument at the post office about 'School House' being one word!" said Fish indignantly. "Wanted to make out it was two words. Fact! I stood there for a quarter of an hour jawing at them before they'd admit that it was only one word; and then it was only to get rid of me. But I guess they couldn't

come any of their old buck over me—nope! They would have to get up very early in the morning to take a rise out of F. T. Fish!"

The juniors grinned. It would certainly have been difficult to overcharge a fellow who was ready to spend a quarter of an hour arguing over a penny. Fisher T. Fish might own a millionaire for a "popper"—perhaps—but he evidently had learned the value of money, and how to take care of it.

"No; I guess Fisher T. Fish is wide-awake all the time," said the Yankee schoolboy, with satisfaction, as he started on jam-tarts. "I guess he knows his way about—just a few! I guess I shall have to be spry to-night when I get back."

"How's that?" asked Tom Merry.

"I shall be late. It's a half-holiday at Greyfriars, the same as here. But my train won't get in till ten o'clock—half an hour after bed-time for the Lower Fourth. I guess I shall have to use all my wits to get out of a licking."

"Bai Jøve!" said D'Arcy, who had returned to the tuckshop, having settled with Grimes for those famous tins of fresh tinned fish. "Have you come away without asking permish?"

"I didn't want to ask permission, I reckon."

"Why not, deah boy?"

"Because it would have been refused," chuckled Fisher T. Fish. "It was easier to absquatulate—"

"To what?"

"Absquatulate," explained Fish. "That means vamoose."

"And what may vamoose mean?" asked Blake.

"I swow! You don't know what vamoose means!" exclaimed Fish, in surprise. "Well, my hat! It means to slide. Know what that means?"

"Yaas, of course!" said D'Arcy. "Slide is an English word. But I uttably fail to see how you can slide in this warm weathah. Have you a skatin'-wink at Gweyfwiahs?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fish.

Arthur Augustus looked surprised and nettled.

"Weally, Fish, I do not see the joke. How can you possibly slide without ice to slide on? I fail to see."

"Slide means to levant!" roared Fish.

"Levant! Gweat Scott! And what does that mean?"

"You don't know that word? Gee-whiz! When I say levant, I mean, to pull up stakes."

"Pull up stakes!" said D'Arcy dazedly. "What stakes?"

"Oh, great snakes!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Don't you study English? Pull up stakes means to mizzle—get out—absquatulate—travel—clear. Got that?"

"Oh, now I compwehend—"

"As I was saying, it was easier to absquatulate without asking first," explained Fish. "I shall get out of a row somehow when I get back—you bet! Fisher Tarleton Fish never gets left. That's his strong holt."

"But suppose the Head discovers that you absquatulated without permish?" said Kerr. "He might send somebody after you."

"Not an expensive railway journey, I guess."

"He might telegraph to somebody here to send you back. Suppose he wired to the police station to look for a runaway junior?"

Fish laughed.

"I guess that's not likely," he said. "He'd wait till I get back to lick me. But if he did, I guess I should wriggle

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out somehow. I guess I'm not leaving this hyer show till the eight train."

"I should like to see you arguing it out with a bobby."

"I should pull that bobby's leg, and raise his blind, you bet!" said Fisher T. Fish confidently. "Raise his blind!" said the juniors blankly.

They could dimly guess at the meaning of the American verbs to absquatulate, to vamoose, to slide, to pull up stakes—but to raise a blind was quite beyond them.

"Never heard of that?" asked Fish compassionately. "I guess the English language is making bigger strides over there than it is on this side. When I say I should raise his blind, I mean that I should straddle his ante."

"Oh ewumbs!"

"That means, go one better, of course," said Fish. "And if I had to argue it out with a Johnny Bull bobby, I kinder calculate that I should annex the jackpot."

"Would you weally?" gasped D'Arcy, who had never even heard of a jackpot, and hadn't the faintest idea how it was annexed.

"I guess so—some!" said Fisher T. Fish.

Having finished his refreshments, Fisher T. Fish slid off the high stool. Jack Blake mentioned that he had to go in to get on with his fretwork, and Fish caught at it at once.

"You go in for fretwork, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, rather," said Blake. "I'm making a fretwork model of St. Jim's. I made the design myself. Brooke helped me to draw it, and I'm cutting it out. It's an ornament to make for the study, you know. Like to see it?"

Blake felt a little more cordial towards the muffer of catches and thrower away of wickets, when he found that he was interested in fretwork.

"I guess so," said Fish. "I'm nuts on fretwork myself. If you've got a difficult bit on hand, I guess I could help you out."

"Come up to the study," said Blake.

Fisher T. Fish strolled away with the chums of Study No. 6. Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn walked away towards the New House—Kerr with a peculiar twinkle in his eyes. The Scottish junior was evidently thinking something out. Figgins and Fatty Wynn were grinning. Fish amused them.

"What do you think of that merchant?" asked Kerr, at last.

"Walking gasworks," said Fatty Wynn.

"I wish I could see somebody pull his leg, and take a rise out of him," said Figgins. "I'm dashed if I ever heard a chap gas as he does."

"Good egg!" said Kerr. "I'm on!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"Suppose the Head of Greyfriars missed the bounder, and was waxy about his taking French leave, and phoned to the police station in Rylcombe for him to be collared and sent back?" said Kerr.

Figgins stared.



"I guess I'll make this clock keep good time!" said F of the clock and caught Blake on the nose! "Ow!" r

"He wouldn't."

"He might," said Kerr.

"Well, he might if he was ratty; and Fish is enough to make anybody ratty," said Figgins. "But—"

"Well, he's going to," said Kerr deliberately.

"Eh?"

"At least, a bobby is coming here for Fish."

"What! How do you know?" asked Figgins, in astonishment.

"Because I'm the bobby," said Kerr coolly.

"Oh, my hat!"

"We've got a bobby's uniform in the props of the Junior Dramatic Club. You know, I played P.-c. Fatsides in our comedy," said Kerr. "The fellows here know it, but that cheery merchant doesn't. What do you think?"

Figgins and Fatty Wynn roared.

"It would take him down a peg or two, and stop the escape of gas," Kerr suggested.

"But he's a guest," said Figgins, hesitating.

"Not our guest. He belongs to the School House chaps. Nothing to do with us. Besides, it's up to us as Britishers to show that blessed Yankee that he isn't quite so smart as he fancies he is."

"It would be a ripping joke, but—"

"Jolly good wheeze!" said Fatty Wynn. "If he hadn't been a visitor, I'd have hammered him for chucking my wicket away as he did. The Shell beat us, and all through that frabjous ass!"

"That's true," said Figgins. "He ought to be boiled in oil!"

"And look at that catch he muffed, and the way he threw in the ball, and



h. Buzz! Whiz! The mainspring suddenly flew out and Blake. The clock was not likely to gain any more!

saved their last wicket for them!" said Fatty Wynn indignantly. "And after that to gas about cricket as if he knew the game better than we do. Why——"

"We'll do it," said Piggins. "Come on, Kerr!"

And the three juniors, chuckling, disappeared into the New House.

## CHAPTER 11.

### Fish Makes Himself Useful!

**J**ACK BLAKE and his comrades led the guest from Greyfriars into Study No. 6.

The fretwork model lay upon the table in that famous apartment.

When it was finished it would make a silhouette of St. Jim's, seen from the quadrangle, and Blake was very proud of the idea.

He had left off the work at a very difficult bit of the clock-tower, which required great care.

Fisher T. Fish looked at it, and nodded.

"Is this it?" he asked, not very enthusiastically.

"That's it," said Blake.

"I guess you've got a few things to learn in fretwork," Fisher T. Fish remarked. "You don't mind my saying so, of course?"

Blake glared.

"Oh, not at all!" he gasped.

"What's this?" asked Fish, tapping the clock-tower.

"That's the school tower."

"Yes. I guess that will want careful handling," said Fish, regarding it attentively. "I'll do that bit for you, if you like."

He took up the fretsaw.

"Hold on!" said Blake uneasily.

"Can you handle that?"

Fish looked surprised.

"I guess that's just where I live," he said. "You watch me."

He started operations without waiting for any permission. That was one of his little ways. Blake did watch him, very un- easily. There were some hours of work in that fretwork model already, and he didn't want to see it spoiled. Fisher T. Fish started with a heavy hand, and Blake gave a gasp.

"Hold on! You're not following the line!"

"That's all O.K.! You watch!"

"But I say——"

"Bai Jove!"

"Stop it!" roared Blake, as the fretsaw zigzagged. "You—you chump, you've cut off the top of the clock-tower."

"Gee-whiz, so I have!" said Fish, with a nod. "I guess this isn't a good saw. You should see the fretsaws we use over there! I——"

"You ass! You're sawing down through the library now!" howled Blake. "Leave it alone!"

Politeness failed Blake as he saw the work of his hands being cut to pieces. He grabbed the fretwork model, and jerked it away from Fisher T. Fish, breathing hard.

"Let it alone, you ass! You've ruined it already."

"Sorry. I knew there was something wrong with the saw," said Fish.

Blake, with feelings that could not be expressed in words suitable for a visitor's ears, put away his fretwork. Fisher T. Fish glanced at the clock on the study mantelpiece, and started.

"Gee-whiz, it's not so late as that?" he asked.

Blake snorted.

"No. That's an American clock."

The American junior grinned.

"Half an hour fast," he commented.

"Why don't you put it in order?"

"I've put it in order once or twice, but it only makes it go faster."

"Oh, you don't know how to handle clocks!" said Fisher T. Fish, taking the clock from the mantelpiece. "I guess I'll regulate it for you. I guess I'm a dab-hand at regulating clocks. Some!"

"Weally, Fish, deah boy, you needn't twouble——"

"No trouble at all," said Fish. "It won't take me a minute." He took out the back of the clock.

"There's somethin' or othah there that you pves one way to make it go slowah, and anothah way to make it go fastah," said D'Arcy.

"Better be thorough," said Fish, with a shake of the head. "I'll take a squint into the works and see what's wrong."

"Don't bust it!" said Herries, in alarm. "It's an American clock, but it's the only one we've got, and we can guess at the time by it."

"I'll make it go like a chronometer," said Fish.

"I say, what are you unscrewing there?" asked Blake warmly.

"That's all right. I guess——"

Buzz! Whiz!

Something jumped out of the clock

and caught Blake on the nose, and Blake roared.

"Ow! What's that?"

The clock had ceased to tick. It was not likely to gain any more.

"I guess the mainspring's broken," said Fisher T. Fish calmly. "Sorry; I'm afraid I shan't be able to do anything for that clock. It was a bit too far gone, I calculate." He put it back on the mantelpiece.

The chums of Study No. 6 exchanged glances. A great and almost overpowering desire was upon all of them to seize Fisher T. Fish by the scruff of the neck, and bump him upon the study carpet, but they nobly restrained that desire. Fisher T. Fish never knew what a narrow escape he had had.

He was looking round the study as if in search of fresh worlds to conquer. His eyes fell upon Herries' cornet, and he made a stride towards it.

"You play the cornet—eh?" he asked. "I guess I'm a dab at playing the cornet. I'll——"

"No, you won't!" said Herries excitedly, jumping between Fish and the cornet. "You'll jolly well let my cornet alone!"

"Weally, Hewwies, deah boy——" murmured D'Arcy.

"Let's get out of doors," said Blake hastily. "What do you say to a spin on a bike, Fish? It's lovely weather for a spin."

"Yaas, that's a good ideah!"

"Yep!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm great on cycling, I guess. I'll go slow, so that you galoots can keep up with me."

Jack Blake was famous on the cycle track at St. Jim's. Again he felt an almost overmastering desire to bump the visitor.

"Keen on cycling—eh?" he asked.

"Correct."

"Won no end of races, I suppose?"

"I guess I don't trouble about races. You see, it wouldn't be exactly the thing—the other fellows wouldn't have a look in. It would be a walk-over all the time for me. But I'll give you a little run, if you like, just to show you how we ride over there."

"Good egg!" said Blake. "Come on!"

"Yaas, wathah! I'll lend you my bike, Fish, deah boy."

Arthur Augustus led the way down the passage with his guest. Blake, Digby, and Herries followed them, and in the lower passage they signed to the Terrible Three to join them. Tom Merry & Co. came up.

"That—that boulder is going to show us how to cycle," said Blake, in suppressed tones, as Fish strolled on with D'Arcy. "You chaps come, too. We'll get him on the cycle track, and see what he can do. Of course, he can't cycle any more than he can play cricket, or drive traps, or mend clocks. I'm beginning to understand him. We'll leave him a thousand miles behind, and see if it will stop his gas."

The Terrible Three chuckled in chorus. They were quite willing to lend their aid in reducing the volume of Fisher T. Fish's gas. And the School House juniors marched down cheerfully to the bike-shed for their machines. There would be much solace and satisfaction in making Fisher Tarleton Fish confess that there was at least one thing that he could not do.

## CHAPTER 12.

## Something at Cycling!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY, in the kindness of his heart, had offered to lend Fish his machine. Somebody had to do so, as Fish had no cycle with him—and it was "up" to D'Arcy, as the Yankee school-boy was his guest. But as he remembered the fate of the fretwork and the clock, D'Arcy felt some inward misgiving.

He was quite assured in his mind that Fish could not do anything extraordinary in the way of riding, but he might do something extraordinary in the way of damaging bicycles. And Arthur Augustus' "jigger" was the handsomest and most expensive of jiggers. It had cost D'Arcy's pater ten guineas, and D'Arcy was very careful with it. And the way Fish dragged it off the stand in the bike-shed was not reassuring.

"I—I suppose you can ride, deah boy?" said D'Arcy uneasily.

Fisher T. Fish smiled.

"That's just where I live!" he said.

"I should not like the machine to be smashed up."

"Well, that depends on the other riders," said Fish. "If they run into me on the track, I can't answer for what happens to the jigger."

"Oh, that's all right; they won't run into you. But pewwaps you might run into them."

"I guess I've got my eye-teeth out. You watch me, that's all."

There was no doubt that Arthur Augustus would watch him.

"You've got a cycle track here—what?" said Fish, as they wheeled the machines out.

"Yes; and a jolly good one," said Tom Merry.

"You should see our cycle tracks over there," said Fish. "Dandy ones, I can tell you. How many laps are we going to ride?"

"How many can you stand?" asked Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha! I guess I could tire you all out, and come up smiling at the finish," said Fish. "I don't want to be hard on you. Make it six."

"Right-ho!"

"And I'll give you once round as a start," said Fish.

"What!"

"You start a lap ahead, to give you a chance," explained Fish.

"We'll start level," said Tom Merry, with a grin. "Perhaps you won't have many laps to spare at the finish."

"Well, I don't want to kill you, I guess."

"You won't kill us," grinned Blake. "Here we are."

Fisher T. Fish tried the bicycle. Then he raised the saddle a little, his thin legs being longer than D'Arcy's.

"I guess this is O.K.!" he said.

"You can start us, Gussy," said Monty Lowther. "You're not riding. Bang your eyeglass on the post here for a signal."

"Weally, Lowthah, you ass—it would bweak my monocle!"

"Go hon!"

"I will say one—two—three—and go!" said Arthur Augustus, taking up his stand beside the track. "Are you weady?"

"Quite ready!" grinned Manners.

"Yep!"

"One—two—three"—Arthur Augustus paused—"go!"

And they started.

Round went the racing wheelmen, six of them keeping pretty level and one

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straggling behind. The one was Fisher T. Fish. He was working away at the pedals for his life, but the St. Jim's juniors were simply walking away from him. There was a chuckle from the juniors who had gathered to see the race.

"I kinder guess that this is where the Yank gets left!" remarked Kangaroo of the Shell, in imitation of Fish's beautiful American language.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pile in, Fishy!" shouted D'Arcy minor of the Third Form. "Put your tinned beef into it! Get a move on! Hustle!"

"Weally, Wally—" murmured his major, in remonstrance.

"Get off and push it!" howled Wally. "You'll go faster! Get out and walk, Fishy, or I guess you'll get left."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pway shut up, Wally," said D'Arcy



severely. "That isn't the way to talk to a guest, you young wascal."

"Tain't my guest," said Wally cheerfully. "I wouldn't own him. My only Aunt Jane! Did you ever see a chap ride like that?"

The cyclists had swept round a whole lap before Fisher T. Fish had done half. They had expected to beat him, and to beat him easily, but they had not quite expected that. They were laughing as they rode now. Long before Fish had completed the lap, they passed him on their second round, and Monty Lowther playfully tickled his ear as he passed.

"Oh, I swow!" gasped Fish.

He was panting for breath, and labouring heavily with the machine. The bike was going beautifully; it was a rider that was wanted.

The sight of the Yankee junior labouring on a lap and a half behind the others made the St. Jim's fellows yell. Herries laughed so much that he almost fell off his bicycle. In the third lap Herries jumped off and cleared off the track so as to be able to sit down and laugh comfortably.

"I guess that's one petered out already!" gasped Fisher T. Fish.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Digby. "And here's another!"

And he wheeled off the track.

Fisher T. Fish was encouraged. He did not know that they had gone off to laugh. He put on a spurt, and started on his second lap as the Terrible Three and Blake were completing their third. They passed him, chuckling, and Fish spurred hard and ran into Blake's rear wheel as he caught them up. Blake, who was a splendid rider, gripped hard and just saved himself from a fall, wobbling away and jumping off, alighting on one knee with the machine falling beside him. Fisher T. Fish rode on.

Blake sent a deadly glare after him.

"Oh, you ass! You silly ass! You chump!" he roared. "You fouled me! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blake dragged his machine away. He had had a nasty knock on the shin from a pedal, and he was fed up.

"Better give that merchant a wide berth," grinned Tom Merry, as the Terrible Three rode on in a bunch; "he's dangerous at close quarters."

The Shell fellows were not exerting themselves now. It was not necessary. They finished their fourth round, and again passed the labouring Fish. Monty Lowther twirled off Fish's cap as he passed, avoiding a wild plunge of the Yankee schoolboy's bike, and rode on, waving the cap in the air, amid yells of laughter.

By the time Fish had finished the second lap, the chums of the Shell were level with him again. Monty Lowther reached out in passing and replaced the cap, backwards, on Fisher T. Fish's head.

There was a shriek of laughter from the crowd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus, with tears of laughter in his eyes. "I wegard that as weally funny! Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish was struggling manfully with his third lap when the Terrible Three had finished. They rode off, and stood looking on with sweet smiles as Fisher T. Fish came pedalling painfully along.

"What have you jays stopped for?" gasped Fish. "Played out?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've done the sixth," howled Manners.

Fisher T. Fish had shot past them, and he now essayed to turn. The race was over, and there was nothing to ride on for. Fisher T. Fish meant to turn the bike almost in its own length, and come home with a flourish to the group of juniors. As it happened, he turned the bike in less than its own length—the machine curled up, and for a moment there was a vision of waving arms and legs, and wheels whirling. Then there was a terrific crash.

"Oh, gweat Scott! My jiggah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors rushed to the aid of the fallen hero.

Fisher T. Fish sat up dazedly.

He had one foot through a wheel, he was sitting on the other wheel, and a pedal was entangled in his jacket.

But he was not dismayed.

"I guess I knew there was something wrong with this bike," he said, gasping. "Of course, on a good machine I should simply have left you standing. Some!" "You've ruined my jiggah!" shrieked Arthur Augustus.

"I guess it's about ready for scrap-ping now!" agreed Fisher T. Fish.

(Continued on page 18.)





Let the Editor be your pal. Write to him to-day, addressing your letters: The Editor, The GEM, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**H**ALLO, chums! Martin Clifford and Frank Richards are in tip-top form again in next Wednesday's number. As a matter of fact, they are always in tip-top form, but next week they excel themselves. To have two such famous school-story writers providing your entertainment week in and week out is a big feather in the cap of the GEM. But the best school yarns, and only the best, has always been the policy of the old paper—hence its continued success for twenty-nine years. No one can deny that Martin Clifford and Frank Richards are unequalled as school-story authors.

Next week the St. Jim's yarn is an extra good one. It is called:

#### "THE SIGN OF THREE!"

The story opens in a dramatic manner, with Tom Merry receiving a cryptic message from India. It is just a slip of thin paper on which is inscribed three dots. What it means and who sent it are mysteries to Tom. Manners and Lowther regard it as a joke, though they can't see where the humour comes in. Tom Merry, however, has vague suspicions that it's a veiled threat—and when a Hindu is seen lurking in the school at night his suspicions are confirmed! What is the man doing there? Is he seeking to harm the Shell junior? The gravity of Tom's peril is only fully recognised when General Merry, his uncle from India, arrives at the school.

Here's a thrilling long yarn, with a strong spicing of fun and japing, which readers will enjoy immensely.

#### "THE MAKING OF HARRY WHARTON!"

Our special Greyfriars story has gone over big, as they say in the film world, and there's no doubt that it's the most popular serial the GEM has ever published. It would surprise you all to see in my correspondence the tremendous interest readers have shown in the revival of the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co.

In next week's gripping chapters you will read how Bob Cherry and Nugent, by deduction and investigation, get on the track of Harry's scheming rival, whose cunning has caused Wharton to

make such a bad show in the Seaton-D'Arcy exam. Harry Wharton has done little to deserve the friendship of Bob and Nugent, but when it comes to a question of fair play they are prepared to stand by him in spite of his perverse ways.

The Jester has more half-crowns to award readers for their jokes, while "Just My Fun" contains all the best wisecracks of the week. Look out for this ripping number, chums!

#### ACE FILM STUNTER.

Crashing a plane or a motor-car, or falling from a dizzy height—these suicidal feats are all in the day's work to Eddie Newman, ace stunt man of British films. Ever since he was a boy Eddie has thrived on thrills. At the age of fourteen he decided that the office stool was not nearly exciting enough for him, so he ran away and went to sea. Since that time he has experienced adventure in all parts of the world, taking on any job that offered any thrills.

Finding himself with nothing to do in New York, he tried film work. One studio had a vacancy for a man who was prepared to leap fifty feet from a blazing building into a net! The last man who had tried it had broken his neck! But that didn't scare Eddie. He performed the stunt satisfactorily, receiving only a few bruises. That was his first taste of stunting, and later, when he was back in England, he took it up as a living. Now nothing is too dangerous for Eddie, whose iron nerve and death-defying feats have earned him a big reputation as a stunt man.

#### CRASHING AT FULL SPEED.

In one film a woman driver was called for to crash a car into some ladders and a milk cart. Eddie took it on, and dressed up as the woman. But in performing the stunt the accelerator got jammed when the car was travelling at full speed. It smashed its way through

ladders and milk cart, and wrecked itself against a wall! Eddie, however, escaped with little damage.

In another film he played the part of an Arab, who, after being shot, had to fall twenty-five feet down a cliff, landing on a mattress placed at the bottom to break his fall. But the flowing robes of Eddie's Arab costume upset his calculations, and he nearly missed the mattress altogether. As it was, he just hit the edge of it.

#### ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!

Of course, no stunt man can always steer clear of injury in such a dangerous calling. Eddie Newman has had his share of broken limbs and ribs. During a scrap in one of his pictures he broke four ribs. But he pluckily carried on until he collapsed. Another time he had to jump into the sea from the masthead of a four-masted schooner. He hit the water flat, and was rendered unconscious. But he was rescued just in time.

Eddie's biggest thrill, however, was not connected with film stunting. He was working for an aircraft company, and one night he had the desire to fly a machine. He had never piloted a plane before, but he didn't hesitate. He was hardened to risks. Eddie got the plane going, and in a moment it was whirling him all over the landing ground. He hadn't the faintest idea what to do to stop the machine, and it was fortunate he didn't do anything to make it rise. Eddie's joyride ended with the plane nose-diving through a hedge!

#### TRAVELLING TYPISTS.

Enterprise pays—especially in these days of fierce competition. A group of unemployed typists in New York banded together and evolved a scheme for earning a living, and it has had very profitable results. They pooled their resources and invested in a motor-car, which they have converted into a typing bureau. With big notices on the car inviting anyone who has a letter to dictate, or a typing job to be done, to stop them, they drive slowly round the busy streets. Business is so brisk the typists are thinking of forming a company and putting a fleet of cars on the road!

But for originality in making one's own job in the world you have to hand it to young Gerald Allen, an American boy. He started up as personal escorter of children. His card reads: "Kiddies took to school and returned prompt, in perfect condishun—if received that way. Military discipline. Rates 25c. a week. Refined conversashin. No extra charge for nose-wipin. All I ast is a trial."

#### TAILPIECE.

Photographer: "To have the picture more lifelike, sir, I would suggest that your son places his hand on your shoulder."

Father (with expensive son): "I think if he puts his hand in my pocket it would be still more lifelike!"

#### THE EDITOR.

L. P. Remedios, 2b, Abou Sittee Lane, Penang, Straits Settlements; age 17-20; snaps, sports, magazines.

Oliver Donnelly, 8, Tullow Street, Carlow, Ireland; overseas; cigarette cards, aviation, ships.

Philip Joyce, 16, Eberston Terrace, Headingley, Leeds 6; age 13-14; overseas; stamps.

Miss Madge Barlow, Upper Hope Street, Oudtshoorn, Cape Province, South Africa; girl correspondents; stamps, views; Glasgow, Portsmouth, New Zealand, U.S.

Geoffrey Featherstone, 13, Alma Street, Barnsley, Yorks; age 15-16; London, Edinburgh, Northern Ireland; sport. (Continued on page 28.) THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,475.



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James Rowbotham, 23, Ashfield Road, Sale, Cheshire; age 13-15; overseas; riding, scouting.

PEN PALS COUPON

23-5-36

"But it wasn't much class, I reckon. I should have beaten you chaps hands down on a good machine."

"The machine was all right," chuckled Tom Merry, as he helped Fisher T. Fish to disentangle himself from the wreck. "It was the rider that wasn't any good, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Oh, my jiggah!" said D'Arcy, surveying the wrecked machine. It certainly was a wreck. The pedals were twisted, the rims bent, the forks awry, the spokes smashed. A great deal of repairing would be required to restore that handsome jigger to its state of pristine glory. Arthur Augustus picked it up mournfully and carried it away; it was impossible to wheel it.

Fisher T. Fish limped off the scene of his triumph.

"Hurt?" asked Blake.

"I guess I've got some scratches," said Fish. "Can't come down a sockdolager like that without getting a whack or two. I'm sorry I shan't be able to show you chaps how to win a cycle race. If I'd a good machine, it would have been a sight for sore eyes—you hear me?"

But the juniors only grinned. Fisher T. Fish had been hopelessly beaten. But nothing would have induced him to own up to that patent fact. The St. Jim's fellows had been as far as ever from taking Fish down the necessary peg or two. His jaunty self-confidence was unabated. He limped off the track with the air of a victor rather than one vanquished, and as he rubbed his bruises with embrocation, he expressed again his regret that he wouldn't be able to show the St. Jim's chaps what cycling was really like—owing to the lack of a good machine.

## CHAPTER 13. Sitting Up!

"COME and see my bulldog!"

It was up to the chums of Study No. 6 to entertain their guest. Herries felt that he was deserving well of the study in taking Fish to see his bulldog. To talk to Towser, the bulldog, and to tickle him under the chin, afforded Herries any amount of entertainment, and, to Herries' mind, any properly constituted fellow ought to have been sufficiently entertained by going and doing likewise.

"Got a bulldog, hey?" said Fish, with interest.

"Yes, rather!" said Herries proudly. "You'd better not touch him, perhaps—he doesn't like strangers to touch him. But come and look at him; he's a beauty!"

"You should see our bulldogs over there—" Fish was beginning.

"Come and see the bulldog over here," broke in Herries. "I don't think you've got anything over there quite like Towser."

"Pway be careful, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. "Don't go too near the beast. Towzah has no respect whatever for a fellow's twousahs."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Fish confidently. "I've got a way with dogs. I guess I never saw a dog I couldn't master."

"Might be dangerous," said Monty Lowther solemnly. "Towser eats fish, you know."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Come on!" said Herries. "You can talk with him, you know. I keep him on the chain. It's one of the rules here—people don't like his playful ways. He doesn't really bite, you know, unless

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you hurt him. He might give you a playful nip, but it wouldn't really hurt. It's just his way."

"Oh, I guess he won't bite me!" said Fish. "I can manage bulldogs. That's my strong hold."

"Weally, Fish, I do not venture to touch him myself, and you had better not—"

Fish smiled.

"It's different with me," he said. "I've got a way with dogs. I'll take Towser off his chain and make him sit up and beg. You watch me."

"Towser won't do that for anybody," said Herries shortly. "He's not one of your blessed Dachshunds. He's a dog."

"I guess I could make him do it—all by kindness, too—force of will, you know," said Fisher T. Fish.

"Well, if you like to take the risk of handling him, it's your own look-out," said Herries. "He might take a bit out of your bags, but he won't really bite you unless he's hurt. Of course, his teeth might go in deeper than he intended—that has happened."

Towser looked out of his kennel and greeted the arrival of the juniors with a growl. Herries patted him affectionately. He was very fond of Herries; but he did not like being touched by anyone else, and his growl was of quite a different type when a strange hand caressed him.

Fisher T. Fish regarded the big bulldog critically and shook his head in a disparaging sort of way.

"Not what we should call a really dandy dog over there," he remarked. "Not much go in him, I reckon."

"If he got after you, you'd find enough go in him," grunted Herries.

"Oh, I guess he wouldn't go after me! He hasn't got it in him. I can handle dogs, too. Now, you see me teach him to sit up."

"You can't do it!" said Herries gruffly.

"I guess it's as easy as rolling off a log to me."

Or muffing a catch!" suggested Blake.

Fisher T. Fish did not seem to hear that remark. He devoted his attention to the bulldog and patted his head encouragingly. Towser blinked at him and growled—quite a different growl from the affectionate rumble he had bestowed on Herries. But Fisher T. Fish did not notice it; perhaps he was not quite so well up in the manners and customs of the canine breed as he fancied.

"Good dog! Good boy!" said Fish soothingly. "Now, you trot out hyer! I guess you're going to do as I tell you, just a few."

And Fish cast off the chain from the collar, and the big bulldog stood free.

The junior drew back a little. Towser was not a ferocious dog at all; but if he was worried he was liable to get excited—and his teeth were formidable. When Towser had been tormented once by a rascally junior, Levison of the Fourth, he had been known to make a deadly attack; and if he had succeeded in getting hold of Levison at that occasion it would have gone hard with the cad of the School House.

Fish was not intending to be cruel, of course; but dogs do not like to be worried, and Towser specially had an aversion to it. So the juniors gave him plenty of room. Fish grinned as he saw it.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "If he should break out, I'd grip him by the collar and hold him so that he couldn't do any harm."

"You—you—" Herries snorted. "Do

you think you could hold Towser in? Two of you couldn't hold him in!"

"I guess I could hold him some."

"We are not afraid," said Arthur Augustus indignantly. "But I do not want to have my twousahs ruined if you excite that beastly creature."

"Now, Towzy, good dog!" said Fish, rubbing Towser's neck caressingly—a caress that Towser hated.

He was a dignified dog, Towser was, and he did not like being mauled by every chance-comer. His eyes opened wider, his jaws parted a little, and a deeper growl rumbled from his throat.

"Better let him alone," said Herries. "He's growling."

"I guess he growled at you, too."

"That was a different kind of growl."

"I didn't notice any difference myself. It's only his way," said Fish airily. "He likes me already."

"Does he?" murmured Lowther.

"Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

But that remark was unheard by Fisher T. Fish.

The Yankee junior continued to fondle Towser, Towser's growl growing deeper every moment. His stump of a tail was moving angrily, but Fish thought that he was wagging it in appreciation. Fisher T. Fish's ignorance of dogs and their ways was abyssmal in its depths.

"I'll put the chain on again," said Herries.

Herries knew that it was only his presence that was keeping Towser from snapping at the Yankee schoolboy, but Fisher T. Fish was in blissful ignorance of the fact.

"Nope!" said Fish. "That's all right. You watch me."

"Weally, Fishay—"

"Now, sit up!" commanded Fish.

"Sit up, Towser! You hear me? I guess you're going to sit up! Got that? Give me your paw!"

Towser stared at him disdainfully. Fisher T. Fish took the paw and raised it by force, as an instruction to Towser of what was expected of him. That reached the limit of Towser's patience. He snapped at Fish's hand and closed his jaws on it, making the terrible teeth meet tightly without penetrating the skin.

Towser did not mean to bite; he meant it as a warning that he wanted to be left alone, but Fish did not understand that. He turned quite pale as he felt the jaws on his hand. He snatched the hand away, and, too excited and alarmed to know that he was not even bitten, he grasped the dog's collar tight, so that he could not attack.

Towser struggled. He was struggling to get loose; but Fish imagined that he was struggling to attack him. He held on to the collar tenaciously, and Towser turned his teeth on the grasping hand. Fish, in terror, jabbed his foot at the bulldog's head, giving Towser a nasty jar, and the bulldog, twisting himself loose, made a jump at him.

Fish turned and ran in terror of his life.

Towser was already hurt, and excited and angry. It only needed the sight of his assailant running to decide him. He dashed furiously after Fisher T. Fish, with a growl that made the Yankee junior's blood curdle.

"Towser! Towser!" shouted Herries.

But Towser did not heed his master's voice; he rushed on. Fisher T. Fish clambered madly up the nearest wall, with the bulldog's jaws snapping only two inches below his feet as he scrambled up.

"Gee-whiz!" gasped Fish.

Towser leaped after him, and fell

short, and growled furiously. He snuffled along the shed as if in search of some means of getting at his supposed enemy, and, finding that there was no means, he sat down. He sat quite still, patient, quiet, but with gleaming eyes fixed upon Fisher T. Fish, promising only too clearly what he would do when the junior was within reach of his jaws again.

Fisher T. Fish gasped for breath. He was sitting on the roof of the shed, which fortunately sloped only a little. The bulldog was watching him with the grim and deadly patience of a bulldog. Unless help came to remove Towser, Fisher T. Fish was destined to spend a long time on the roof of that shed.

The juniors stood round and looked at him and at the bulldog. Nobody was likely to touch Towser in his present mood with the exception of Towser's master. And Towser's master was very much annoyed.

"Well, you haven't made him sit up yet!" said Herries gruffly. "How long are you going to be about it?"

"I guess I give that bulldog up. He's a rotten breed," said Fish. "I guess I could handle a pure-bred bulldog O.K.!"

That was the last straw. If there was anything Herries prided himself upon, besides his wonderful powers with his cornet, it was his ability to tell a dog's breed. Towser, according to Herries, was of the purest bulldog breed, a very king among bulldogs.

To traduce Towser's breed was to incur the deadliest enmity that Herries was capable of feeling. Fisher T. Fish might be a visitor. He might be a stranger in the land. But when he said that Towser was not a pure-bred bulldog he placed himself outside all the laws of courtesy—so Herries considered. And Herries replied to Fisher T. Fish's remarks with a plainness of speech that was worthy of F. T. F. himself.

"Rotten breed!" said Herries. "You idiot!"

"Weally, Hewwies, old man—" murmured D'Arcy.

"You fathead!" yelled Herries. "What do you know about dogs? As much as you know about cricket or cycling? Or as much as you know about fretwork and mending clocks and driving traps? You silly chump!"

"I guess—"

"You blithering, burbling jabber-work!" roared the incensed Herries. "You babbling duffer! Rotten breed! My hat! Better breed than any blessed Yank, I know that!"

"Herries, old chap—"

"Of all the silly, cheeky, gassing idiots that ever gassed—" went on Herries, with undiminished eloquence.

"Remember, he's a visitor," murmured Tom Merry, nearly choking with laughter. "It's all true, but don't pile it on. Manners, you know!"

"Manners be blowed!" shouted Herries.

"Eh? What's that?" said Manners of the Shell, supposing that he was alluded to. "Look here, Herries, what do—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Manners be hanged—"

"Why, you silly chump—" said Manners wrathfully.

"I don't care twopence for manners, so—"

"I guess you don't," said Fisher T. Fish, from the top of the shed.

"Manners will give you a dot on the nose if you don't cheese it!" roared Manners.

"Eh?" said Herries. "Who's talking



"Towser! Towser!" shouted Herries. But the bulldog did not heed his master's voice; he rushed on. Fisher T. Fish clambered madly up the wall of the shed, with Towser's jaws snapping only a few inches below his feet!

to you? I'm talking to that skinny, fat-headed, wall-eyed, chopper-chivied monkey on the shed!"

"Hewwies, you wude beast—"

"He says my dog isn't pure bred. Well, a pure bred bulldog never lets up a chap he means to watch. We'll see whether Towser lets him off. Don't you fellows interfere—you'll get hurt if you do. I warn you. Towser is riled, and no wonder—pawed about by the blithering, burbling, chortling chump! Watch him, Towser! Watch him!"

Towser growled as an assurance that he would not fail to watch Fisher T. Fish. Herries stalked away. The other fellows gazed at this proceeding in dismay. They knew that no one but Herries could remove Towser from his watch; and unless Towser was removed Fisher T. Fish was a prisoner on top of the shed for the term of his natural life.

"Baj Jove!" said Arthur Augustus. "Call that dog off, Hewwies!"

Herries snorted, but made no reply. Tom Merry ran after him and caught him by the arm.

"Herries, old chap, call Towser off. Fish can't stay up there!"

"Can't he?" sniffed Herries. "Let him get down, then!"

"But Towser will bite him—"

"Towser won't touch him unless he's a well-bred dog. Fish says he ain't. Well, if he ain't, Fish can handle him all right."

"Herries, old chap—"

"Oh, rats!"

"Herries, old chap," stalked round the School House and disappeared. Tom Merry rejoined his chums in dismay. Herries had evidently made up his mind. The aspersion upon the breed of his bulldog had finished the matter for Herries. He wasn't going to call

Towser off. Nobody else could do it. The juniors were in what F. T. Fish would have called a jam. They stood and consulted together, and watched Towser—and Towser watched Fisher T. Fish.

At that moment Toby, the School House page, came round the corner of the School House. There was a grave and alarmed look on Toby's face.

"Is a gentleman named Master Fish here?" he asked.

"I guess I'm that antelope."

"Master Herries told me I should find you here, sir," said Toby. "You're wanted."

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

"There's a policeman asking for Master Fish, sir. I've showed 'im into Study No. 6," said Toby.

The juniors jumped.

"A policeman!"

"Yes, sir. He says Master Fish has run away from Greyfriars, and he's come to take him back."

"Oh crikey!"

CHAPTER 14.

The Arm of the Law!

TOM MERRY & CO. simply gasped.

It had been suggested more in jest than in earnest that the Head of Greyfriars might think Fish had run away from school, and apply to the police to send him back. Nobody, of course, had supposed for a moment that such a thing would happen.

And now it had happened.

A policeman in Study No. 6, waiting for Fisher T. Fish, to take him back to Greyfriars.

"Well, I swear!" gasped Fish.

"My only hat!"

"Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish!" gasped Manners.

"A pretty kettle of Fisher T. Fish!" grinned Lowther.

But no one laughed; the matter was too serious.

Herries came into sight with Figgins and Fatty Wynn of the New House. The three juniors were grinning.

"Seems that somebody is looking for Fish," said Figgins.

"Fat bobby in Study No. 6," said Fatty Wynn.

"Call that bulldog off!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Herries, you chump, call that blithering dog off! I'll slip out of the school and get down to the station while the bobby's in the study."

"Yaas, that's a good ideah!"

"I guess you can tell him I'm gone as soon as I've vamoosed," said Fish. "Call that dog off, do you hear?"

Herries heard, but he did not call the dog off.

"Herries, old man——"

"Look here, Hewwies——"

"Can't interfere with the law," said Herries stolidly. "If there's a policeman waiting to see Fish, he's going to see Fish. We can't break the law!"

"Bai Jove!"

"If Fish bunks, the bobby might go to the Head, inquiring," said Manners thoughtfully.

"I guess I'm going to light out, all the same!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Will you call that dog off, you jay?"

"No, I won't!" said Herries. "Toby, go and fetch the policeman here!"

"Yessir!" said Toby. And he hurried away.

"Look here!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I'm not going back to Greyfriars in charge of a bobby! Call that bulldog off!"

"You can argue it out with the bobby," said Herries calmly. "You said that if anything of the kind happened you'd pull the bobby's leg and manage it all right. Well, now's your chance!"

"Yaas, watah! There's somethin' in that!" agreed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Fisher T. Fish did not appear to think that there was anything in it. He simply raved. The idea of being taken back to school in the charge of a policeman was unthinkable. He would leave St. Jim's laughing behind him, and he would find all Greyfriars laughing when he arrived there. Fish was not very keenly sensitive to ridicule, perhaps, but this was the limit.

He was still raving when the constable arrived on the scene, piloted by Toby. The juniors all looked at the policeman with interest. He was a short, fat constable, with a red, ruddy face and a thick moustache. His feet were very large, and he walked with sounding steps.

He stared stolidly at the juniors, and at the bulldog, and at the frantic youth on the roof of the shed. Figgins, Kerr, and Herries were grinning, as if they saw some comical side of the matter that was lost to the other fellows. Tom Merry & Co. were serious enough.

D'Arcy whispered to Tom Merry that if a pound note was any good, he was ready to tip the limb of the law to that extent. But Tom Merry shook his head. He had heard tell of a policeman who could not be bribed, and, for all he knew, this might be the very policeman.

"Which of you young gents is Master Fish of Greyfriars?" asked the fat constable, in a deep and rumbling voice.

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"I guess there's no such person here," said Fisher T. Fish, denying his own identity with perfect coolness.

The policeman shook his head.

"I've got certain information that he's here," he replied. "Is it you?" he added, dropping a heavy gloved hand on Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's shoulder.

The swell of St. Jim's jumped back.

"Bai Jove! Certainly not!"

"Master Fish is an American, I understand," said the officer. "The young gentleman on the shed is the person, I think."

"I kinder guess you can't figger it out that I'm an American, any more than the other galoots hyer," said Fisher T. Fish.

"As if a dead donkey wouldn't know him by that accent!" gasped Blake.

The constable signed to the junior to descend.

"Come down, Master Fish!" he said.

"I guess it can't be done till that dog's gone."

Herries called off Towser. Towser had done his duty. The bulldog reluctantly obeyed his master's voice, and abandoned his prey. The chain clinked as Herries fastened it on the bulldog's collar, and never had any sound appeared more musical to the ears of Fisher Tarleton Fish.

"Now step down, sir, so that I can take you in charge," said the constable.

"I guess I'm not going to be taken in charge," said Fisher T. Fish. "Where's your warrant? I suppose there's some law in this hyer old country, ain't there?"

"No warrant is necessary for taking a runaway schoolboy back to school, sir."

"But I ain't a runaway schoolboy!" yelled Fish. "I'm hyer on a visit, I guess!"

"You must settle that with your headmaster, sir."

"I guess I'm not going with you!"

"Then I shall have to take you by force."

"Look hyer! Don't you lay hands on a free American citizen!" roared Fish. "Why, it's up against the American constitution, and the Star-Spangled Banner, and everything. You just walk your chinks. You hear me?"

"Will you kindly step down, sir?" said the policeman stolidly.

"I guess not."

"Will one of you young gentlemen lend me a ladder?" said the policeman calmly. "I must proceed in the execution of my duty."

Herries obligingly fetched a short ladder, which the policeman placed against the side of the shed. The juniors looked on in dismay. Fisher T. Fish brandished his fist at the red face of the policeman as he stepped on the ladder.

"I guess that I shall dot you on the nose if you come up!" he shouted.

"Bai Jove! You mustn't wesit the law, Fishy, deah boy!"

"Better go quietly, Fish."

"It can't be helped, you know."

"Grin and bear it."

Fisher T. Fish snorted. Good advice was showered upon him from all sides, but he did not seem at all inclined to take it.

"I guess I'm not going with that jay," he said. "You watch out, bobby. If you put your cabeza in reach of my fist you get a sockdolager on the nose. You watch out!"

"I've got to hexecute my dooty."

"Bust your dooty! You walk your chinks out of hyer."

The fat policeman did not "walk his chinks." He steadily ascended the

ladder, and his red face came within hitting distance of Fisher T. Fish's fist. The St. Jim's juniors almost held their breath. If the Yankee junior was reckless enough to strike a policeman there was no telling what the consequences might be.

But there was no need for alarm. Fisher T. Fish brandished his fist until the red face was close upon him, and then he left off brandishing it. His dire threats to the policeman were only a little more of his abundant flow of "gas."

The heavy, gloved hand descended upon his shoulder, and he was jerked down the ladder to the ground. There he would have run; but the hand was closed upon his shoulder with a firm grip.

Fisher T. Fish was a prisoner—in the hands of the law!

"I guess this lets me out!" groaned the Yankee schoolboy. "The Head must have been off his chump when he wired for this jay to fetch me. Oh, gee-whizz!"

"Why don't you pull his leg?" asked Herries.

"Or raise his blind?" said Figgins.

"Or straddle his ante?" suggested Fatty Wynn.

The juniors grinned, in spite of the seriousness of the situation. Fisher T. Fish looked very far from attempting any of those operations. The hand of the law had crushed him. He looked quite crumpled.

"I guess I'm in for it!" he groaned. "What a played-out old country, where a pilgrim can't give himself a holiday without being collared by a bobby. Oh, Jee-rusalem!"

"Yaas, it's vewy wuff," said Arthur Augustus, sympathetically. "I should wecommend you to wemonstwater with your headmastah, you know."

"You come with me," said the policeman. "We're catching the eight o'clock train, and there ain't too much time."

"Look here," said Fish, "I was going to catch what train I liked. I guess there isn't any need for you to come with me."

"I've got my dooty to do."

Arthur Augustus sidled up to the policeman with a pound in his palm. He had resolved to try it, in spite of the well-known fact that members of the Force are utterly impervious to the influence of bribery and corruption.

"I say, officah," murmured D'Arcy.

"If you'd let my fwient off——"

"Dooty, sir."

"And if a pound would be any good——" whispered D'Arcy.

"What?" thundered the policeman. "Trying to bribe me in the hexecution of my dooty! I'm ashamed of you, sir. I'm a pore man—pore, but honest!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Lowther. "Are you the chap? I've heard of you before."

But the juniors did not grin at Lowther's little joke. Arthur Augustus slipped the offending note back into his waistcoat pocket.

"Sowwy!" he murmured.

"Bribe me!" gasped the policeman. "I'm a pore man, sir, but never have I took a bribe!"

"I beg your pardon, officah," said Arthur Augustus. "It was vewy w'ong of me. I owe you an apology. I apologize most sincerely."

"Very well, sir; the matter's hended. Come along, Master Fish!"

Master Fish came along. He couldn't help it. And the juniors followed.

CHAPTER 15.

Fish Has the Last Word!

THE news that Fisher T. Fish, the visitor from Greyfriars, had left his school for the long journey without permission, and was being taken back by a policeman, had spread.

Crowds of juniors from both Houses came to see him marched off.

Tom Merry & Co. were very uneasy that the masters might see the policeman from the School House windows; but the officer was very considerate. The juniors tried to get him to take the path by the elms, where he would be out of sight from the windows, and they found it quite easy to manage. The policeman was very good-natured—or perhaps he had his own reasons for not wanting to be seen.

Quite an army of juniors marched round them to the school gates. Taggles had come out of his lodge to lock the gates, and he stared at the procession in amazement.

"Well, my heye!" he gasped. "What's that?"

"I guess it's my unlucky day," said Fisher T. Fish.

"What's he arrested for, officer?" asked the school porter.

"Run away from school," said the policeman.

"I ain't run away!" roared Fish. "I guess I was paying a visit."

Taggles grunted. Taggles did not approve of boys at all, and he was not sorry to see one of the obnoxious race getting it in the neck.

"That's right," he said. "Take him away, officer. I 'ope 'e will get a good licking from his 'eadmaster—that's wot I 'ope."

"Oh, you go and eat coke, Taggy!" said Tom Merry.

The policeman paused, and fixed his eyes upon Taggles with an intent gaze.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said.

Taggles stared.

"Yes, it's me," he said. "Wot about it?"

"A hold offender," said the policeman. "Don't let me catch you drunk and disorderly agin, my man, that's all."

Taggles turned crimson, and the juniors chuckled gleefully.

"Wotcher mean?" spluttered Taggles, nearly speechless with wrath. "I ain't never seed you afore, and well you know it."

"Drunk and disorderly—forty bob or a month," said the policeman. "Who paid your fine last time, my man?"

"I ain't never been fined!" yelled Taggles. "You slanderin' villain! I ain't never been drunk and disorderly."

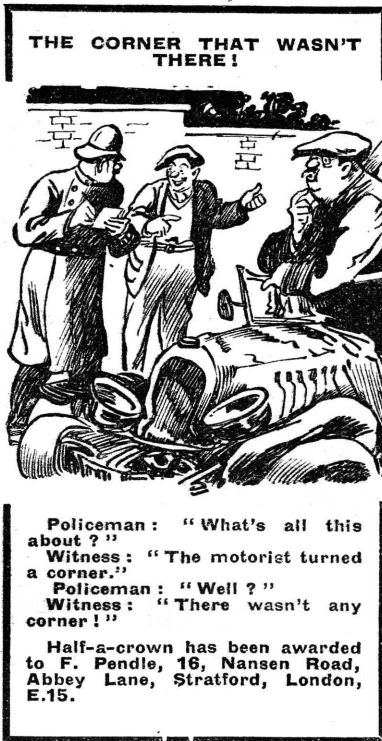
The policeman wagged a finger at him.

"You be careful," he admonished. "I've got my heye on you."

Taggles struggled for words; but before he could find any the policeman had marched his captive out of the gates. Tom Merry & Co. followed.

The Co. had already obtained permission from the Housemaster to see their guest to the station when he departed for the eight o'clock train at Rylcombe. The other fellows had to remain within gates, excitedly discussing the happening. Down the road towards Rylcombe marched the fat policeman, with his hand on the collar of Fisher T. Fish. Tom Merry & Co. walked round them with serious faces. Only Herries, Figgins, and Fatty Wynn did not look serious. They were grinning all the time.

They reached the station, with twenty minutes to wait for the train.



The policeman took the Greyfriars junior upon the platform, and the St. Jim's fellows accompanied them there. They were very sympathetic towards the downhearted Fish, but they could do nothing to help him. The arm of the law was too strong for Tom Merry & Co.

"Bai Jove! This is a wotten endiu' to the aftahnoon!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I'm vevy sowwy this has happened, Fishay."

Fisher T. Fish groaned.

"Not so sorry as I am," he said. "I guess I could have handled the Head all right if I had walked in on my lonesome. But if I'm marched in by a bobby, it's a mule of a different colour. I reckon it's a licking."

"Wotten! It's jolly awkward not bein' able to bwibe a policeman," Arthur Augustus confided to Blake.

"Of course, it's vevy noble of them, and all that, but it makes things doodic awkward sometimes."

"It does—it do," agreed Blake.

"It's all right for Fish," said Herries. "He's only got to pull the bobby's leg, or raise his blind, or whatever it is. Besides, nobody ever takes a rise out of him, so he's bound to come out all right, isn't he?"

"Pway don't pile on a chap when he's down, Hewwies!" said Arthur Augustus severely.

"Oh, rub it in!" said Fisher T. Fish resignedly. "I guess I've come out at the little end of the horn this journey."

"You don't admit it?" said Herries, in astonishment.

"I guess it's up against me."

"Sure you didn't plan this all along, so as to make a striking exit?" suggested Herries.

Fisher T. Fish considered. He would willingly have said so, but he felt that such a yarn would not hold water, and he shook his head.

"Nope!" he said.

"Here comes the twain," said Arthur Augustus disconsolately.

The train was coming in. It stopped in the station, and the policeman

marched his prisoner towards it. He opened the carriage door, and told Fisher T. Fish to "op it!" Fish hopped it, and sat down in the carriage with a lugubrious visage.

The St. Jim's fellows crowded round to shake hands with him and wish him luck. The policeman stood by the carriage door, not getting in himself. He was unfastening his helmet, and he took it off as the juniors were saying good-bye.

"Ain't you getting in?" demanded Fish, with a gleam of hope.

The policeman shook his head.

"Can't," he said, in quite a different voice. "I should be late for calling-over if I did, you see."

There was a roar of surprise from the juniors. They knew the voice now. As they stared blankly at the policeman he dragged off the thick moustache with his hand.

The juniors yelled.

"Kerr, you fighful spoofah!" "It's Kerr! Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Figgins.

"Are you still going to say that nobody could take a rise out of you, Fishy?"

"Nobody could pull his leg—what?" chuckled Fatty Wynn.

"He knows how to handle policemen," grinned Herries. "You fat-head, Fish! Do you think I should have let him nab you if Figgy hadn't told me who it was?"

"Well, I swear!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "This lets me out! Gee-whiz! You—you—you're not a policeman. Well, carry me home to die."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stand back, there!" called out the porter.

The juniors, shrieking with laughter—as much at the expression upon Fisher T. Fish's face as at the joke of the New House juniors—crowded back. The carriage door was slammed, and the train started.

"This is where the Fish-bird sings small," chuckled Herries.

"Who said the age of miracles was past?" grinned Kerr. "He actually hasn't a word to say for himself—not a word! Ha, ha, ha!"

But Kerr was mistaken.

The window of the carriage jammed down, and Fisher T. Fish leaned out excitedly as the train moved on, gathering speed.

"I say, you jays!" shouted Fish.

"Yaas, deah boy?"

"Don't you think you took me in! I guess not—some!"

"Wha-at!"

"I guess I knew it all the time. I was just playing up, you know, to see how far that jay would carry the joke. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gweat Scott!"

"I guess it's not so easy to take a rise out of Fisher T.—"

The roar of the train drowned the rest, and the last words of Fisher T. Fish were lost to the juniors of St. Jim's.

"Gas to the last," grinned Blake.

"Of all the nerve—"

"Of all the cheek—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Tom Merry & Co. walked back to the school, chuckling over their peculiar experiences with the boy who knew everything.

THE END.

(Next Wednesday: "THE SIGN OF THREE!" Watch out for this great yarn of thrills and fun at St. Jim's—in which Tom Merry finds himself up against a mysterious peril from India! Order your GEM early.)

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# THE MAKING OF HARRY WHARTON!



In the far from gentle hands of the Removees Harry Wharton went bumping round the field. "Boys!" Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was standing by the ropes, looking on at the scene in amazement. "What is the matter? What are you doing?"

## The Swot!

**B**OB CHERRY of the Remove stopped at the door of Study No. 1 at Greyfriars, and rapped on it with his knuckles.

"Ready, Nugent?" he sang out cheerily.

The door opened, and Nugent appeared. There was rather a worried look upon Nugent's handsome, usually sunny face.

"Just a minute, Cherry."

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Can't be did. The fellows are all on the ground, and Wingate, our respected captain, is there, too. Come along!"

"I'm waiting for Wharton."

Bob Cherry grunted.

"Wharton again? That chap's a regular bother. Why isn't he ready?"

"I'm not coming," came a voice from within the study. "You needn't wait for me."

"He says he's not coming," muttered Nugent; "but—"

"But he's got to come," said Bob Cherry.

"Exactly; but he won't!"

"I'll speak to him."

Nugent hesitated, and did not move aside for Bob Cherry to enter. Nugent was the best-natured fellow in the Remove at Greyfriars, and he hated rows; and Bob Cherry, the new boy in the Remove, had already had more than one dispute with Wharton.

"Just a minute," he said. "Stop where you are. I'll speak to him."

And Nugent turned into the study again and spoke in a low voice to the junior who was seated at the table, pen in hand, his books before him, deep in the conjugation of a difficult Latin verb.

Bob Cherry rapped his heels on the floor impatiently. How Nugent could be so patient with the obstinate, self-willed fellow he chummed up with, Bob Cherry could not understand. Harry Wharton had his good qualities, but he was the most difficult fellow in the Remove to deal with. To refuse to come out to football practice that fine

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afternoon, when the captain of Greyfriars himself had given the order, was exactly like Wharton. In his stubbornness he never stopped to count the odds against him.

"I won't come!"

Bob Cherry did not hear what Nugent said, but Wharton's reply was distinct enough for anybody in the passage to hear.

"I tell you I won't come!"

"The captain—"

"Hang the captain!"

"There will be a row."

"I don't care!"

Bob Cherry stepped into the study, a frown on his cheery face. Nugent turned towards him with a hopeless gesture, and Harry Wharton looked up from the table. A dark, handsome fellow was Harry Wharton, whom the Remove had never quite been able to understand since he came to Greyfriars.

He gave Bob Cherry a far from friendly look. It was not Harry Wharton's nature to forget that he had stood face to face with Bob Cherry in the gym, and had received the licking of his life.

Not that Harry bore malice in a small or mean way. He did not hate Bob Cherry. He would not have injured him in any mean way. But he keenly resented his humiliation, and he looked forward to the time when he would be able to avenge his defeat.

"I say," said Bob Cherry abruptly, "this won't do, you know, Wharton. You were at Greyfriars before I was, and you ought to know that it's one of the school's strictest rules that the Forms shall all turn up to regular football practice."

Harry Wharton looked sullen. "I don't think it's a good rule. For my part—"

"That's got nothing to do with it. It's a rule, and it's got to be observed," said Bob Cherry quickly.

Harry Wharton made an angry gesture, and rose to his feet.

"Look here, you are interrupting my work," he said. "I can't get on while you are chattering here. Why can't you leave me alone?"

"If we leave you alone, Wingate won't," said Bob Cherry. "You know how strict he is on this point."

"I tell you I'm going to work!"

Bob Cherry looked at him curiously. "What the dickens are you swotting about now?" he demanded. "I didn't know you were such a glutton for work."

"He's entered for the Seaton-D'Arcy prize," said Nugent.

"Oh, and what's that?"

"The Latin prize. It's given every year to the best Latin scholar in the Remove," Nugent explained. "Wharton has made up his mind to go in for it; why, I don't know."

A slight sneer appeared on the lips of Harry Wharton. He had reasons good enough for entering for the Seaton-D'Arcy prize, and he was determined to carry it off in the teeth of all opposition.

His only serious rival was Hazeldene of the Remove, but Wharton knew how dangerous a rival he was, and that he would have all his work cut out to beat him.

"Well, of course, I can understand a fellow wanting to swot if he's going in for an exam," Bob Cherry admitted. "But it doesn't pay in the long run to neglect taking exercise. It's no good turning up on exam day with your head full of knowledge and your state of health too unfit to make any use of it. Anyway, the footer practice can't be cut."

Harry Wharton stood uncertain. His eyes were fixed on the floor, and his hand was fumbling with the middle-button of his jacket, a habit he had when he was annoyed or disturbed in mind.

"Come on," said Bob Cherry. "It's only half an hour, if you like—"

Harry Wharton shook his head.

"I won't come."

And he dropped into his seat again and took up his pen. Nugent and Bob Cherry exchanged looks.

"You can tell Wingate that I'm working for the Seaton-D'Arcy prize," said Wharton. "I'm not going to be disturbed. Now leave me alone."

"You obstinate ass—" began Bob

# MORE GRIPPING CHAPTERS OF HARRY WHARTON'S EARLY ADVENTURES AT GREYFRIARS.

## By FRANK RICHARDS

Cherry wrathfully. But Nugent caught his arm and hurried him out of the study.

"There's bound to be a row," said Bob, as they went down the passage to the staircase.

Nugent nodded gloomily.

"Yes; Wharton has several times out the practice, and Wingate has been very easy with him so far. I fancy he's got to the end of his patience now."

"Well, Wharton wants a lesson."

Nugent did not reply. Harry Wharton was his chum, and, with all his faults, that prevented Nugent from saying anything against him.

Hazeldene came out of his study as they passed. He had a coat on over his football things, and he joined them.

"Is Wharton coming?" he asked, with a grin.

"No," said Nugent shortly.

"My hat! Wingate has an idea that he won't turn up, I believe, and he's in the right temper for him," grinned Hazeldene. "My idea all along was that Wharton would go too far one of these times."

"Oh, shut up, Vaseline!" said Nugent irritably. "I believe you'd be pleased to see Wharton in a row with Wingate!"

"It would do him good!" grinned Hazeldene, who was known in the Remove as Vaseline in honourable recognition of his oily ways. "Not that I want to get him into trouble, of course."

"Oh rats!" said Nugent.

And the two went on quickly, leaving Hazeldene to follow. Neither of them cared much for the company of the cad of the Remove.

### Asking For It!

**T**HERE was a good crowd of fellows in football garb on the junior ground, and with them was Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars. Big, rugged Wingate had a heart of gold, and he was liked as much by the junior Forms as by the Sixth. He was very keen on athletics, and could be relied upon to keep the school up to the mark.

There were some in the Remove who had shown a disposition to shirk regular practice, and among them was Harry Wharton. No one could have called Wharton a slacker, but his intractable nature caused him to rank with the slackers, coercion being as intolerable to him as hard work was to the others.

Wingate looked round rather irritably as Nugent and Bob Cherry came up.

"You're late!" he rapped out.

"Sorry, Wingate, but—"

"All right. Are all the Remove here now? Mind, I'm going to put an end to the slacking in the Remove, and every fellow who hasn't a doctor's certificate excusing him has got to turn up. All here?"

Wingate looked round.

"All but one," said Hazeldene. "Wharton's not here."

Bob Cherry gave him a savage look.

"You rotten sneak!" he muttered.

Hazeldene looked at him with an air of surprise.

"What do you mean by sneak?" he asked. "Wingate asked an ordinary question and I answered him; that's all!"

"Quite right, too," said Wingate. "Hold your tongue, Cherry! Does anybody know why Wharton is not here?"

"He's studying for the Seaton-D'Arcy exam," ventured Nugent. "He hopes you will excuse him this time, Wingate."

Wingate's brow darkened.

"And hasn't he any time to study for the Seaton-D'Arcy exam except during the hour of practice?" he asked. "Go and tell him to come here at once!"

Nugent hesitated.

"Well, why don't you go?"

"Can't you let him—"

"Do you want a licking, Nugent? Go and fetch him at once!"

"Nugent means that he won't come," said Hazeldene, "and, as Wharton's his chum, he doesn't want to have to yank him off by his ears."

There was a giggle among the Remove.

"Oh, I see! Bulstrode, you're head boy of the Form; you can go and fetch Wharton here. Some of you others go, too. If he won't come, carry him!"

Bulstrode, the bully of the Lower Fourth, grinned.

"Right you are, Wingate!"

And he hurried off, accompanied by Hazeldene and half a dozen others. Harry Wharton was not popular in the Remove. His proud, reserved ways jarred on the fellows, who had their

**There's no place for football slackers in the Remove at Greyfriars—as Harry Wharton finds out, with painful and humiliating results to himself!**

faults, certainly, but were mostly a frank, good-natured set.

Bob Cherry and Nugent remained where they were. It was impossible to defend Wharton, who was hopelessly in the wrong. Bulstrode and Hazeldene and the rest entered the School House, and hastened up to the Lower Fourth studies. Bulstrode belonged to Study No. 1 himself, being the study-mate—very much disliked—of Harry Wharton.

The door was ajar, and Bulstrode sent it wide open with a kick.

The door flew violently back and crashed against the wall, and Harry Wharton sprang up from the table with a startled exclamation.

The Remove fellows rushed in.

Harry glared at them.

"Come out!" roared Bulstrode.

"What do you mean?" asked Wharton savagely. "Get out of this study!"

Bulstrode laughed mockingly.

"You've got to come to practice," he said. "Wingate has sent us to fetch you!"

"I won't come!"

"Ha, ha! You've got to!"

"My dear booby, if you won't come we're to fetch you!" grinned Hazeldene.

"If you lay a finger on me—"

Bulstrode advanced on him without hesitation, and the other Remove fellows backed him up.

Hazeldene's eyes fell curiously on the written work on the table. He saw that Harry had been "swotting" at Latin, and he knew the reason. Hazeldene's eyes gleamed as he glanced over the work. Wharton was a much better Latin scholar than the cad of the Remove had deemed.

As the juniors advanced on Wharton,

Hazeldene leaned on the table, a shifty look in his eyes.

"Are you coming, Wharton?"

"No!"

Bulstrode wasted no more time in words.

"Collar him!" he shouted.

And the Remove fellows rushed straight at Harry.

With gleaming eyes Harry Wharton faced them, hitting out right and left, and his blows were well planted. Bulstrode reeled back over a chair, and Trevor was knocked sprawling across him.

But the next moment Wharton was swept off his feet. Down he went with a bump that jarred him, the Remove boys swarming and scrambling over him.

The shock of the heavy fall had dazed him, and he could offer little resistance now. He was pinioned in a moment.

Hazeldene sprang to help Bulstrode, and in doing so knocked the table over, and Harry's papers mixed themselves on the floor, with the upset inkpot in their midst. And the cad of the Remove contrived to trample on them as he moved.

"My hat," exclaimed Hazeldene, "what a wreck! I hope these papers are not yours, Bulstrode."

The bully of the Remove grinned.

"No, they're not mine; they're either Nugent's or Wharton's, I expect. It doesn't matter. Hold him tight, you chaps!"

"We've got him!" panted Hughes.

Harry was struggling desperately, but with so many hands upon him he was powerless. He was dragged roughly to his feet.

"Wingate said carry him if he wouldn't come," grinned Bulstrode. "I fancy the frogmarch is just the thing for him."

"Good wheeze!"

"Let me go! I'll—"

"Ha, ha! What will you do? Seems to me you can't do anything just now. Now, then, over with him! Do you like the frogmarch, Wharton?"

"You cad!"

"Ha, ha! Bring him along!"

The grinning juniors bore Wharton out of the study. Along the passage they went, frogmarching the wriggling junior with a vim, which showed how unpopular he was.

Hazeldene remained behind for a moment or two to give the finishing touch to the upset papers, and thus ruin work which had taken Harry hours to do. Hazeldene meant to win the Seaton-D'Arcy prize if he could, and he was not troubled by any honourable scruples as to how he won it.

Down the Remove passage went the crowd, bumping along with their prisoner, down the staircase and into the sunshine of the quad.

A yell greeted their appearance. Boys crowded up from all sides, shouting and laughing, as the party marched on with their unfortunate prisoner towards the footer ground.

The Remove gathered there greeted them with a cheer, and came crowding round, too, and even Wingate's face relaxed into a grin.

"We've brought him," said Bulstrode.

"I see you have," grunted Wingate. "I didn't tell you to bring him in fragments. Let him stand up."

Harry Wharton scrambled to his feet as the Removites released him. His clothes were rumpled and torn and dusty, his collar hanging loose, his necktie gone. His hair was ruffled, his face dirty, and a thin stream of red trickled

from his nose, which had received a hard knock in the scuffle.

He realised that he cut a ridiculous figure. There was nothing dignified in this resistance to overpowering force. He had refused to come, and he had been brought by force, and there were sneers and grins on every face, jeers on every lip around him.

"Well, Wharton, what have you to say for yourself?" asked Wingate.

"I won't practise!" said Harry savagely. "You've brought me here, but I won't practise, and you can't make me."

Wingate's face set sternly. There had never been a junior at Greyfriars who dared to speak in those terms to the captain of the school.

"Wharton, listen to me. Had any other junior at Greyfriars uttered those words, I would have taken him up before the Head for a caning," said Wingate quietly. "If I do not do so in your case, it is not because you are a person entitled to special consideration, but because I know you have had a bad training. That bad training we are going to correct if you stay at Greyfriars."

"I won't stay—I—"

"I fancy you will. At all events, here you are at present. You have said you will not take your part in the Form practise."

"I will not!"

"I have said that you will. I will not cane you, as you deserve. I know that that would not probably do such an obstinate young brute any good. I shall leave you in the hands of the Remove, with instructions to see that you do practise."

"I won't!"

Wingate smiled slightly.

"Very well. I leave Wharton to you chaps. You will see that he does practise, and you will keep it up for half an hour. If he shirks you know what to do."

There was a general grin. The Remove had dealt with slackers before.

"We know what to do, Wingate—rather!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "You can trust us."

"I know I can."

And, with a nod, the captain of Greyfriars walked away. And then even into Harry's obstinate mind came a doubt, as the Remove closed round him like a pack of wolves.

### In the Hands of the Remove!

**N**UGENT thrust his way forward through the crowd. Bulstrode glared at him.

"Keep back, there, Nugent!"

"I won't!"

Nugent thrust his way on, with Bob Cherry backing him up. Bob Cherry was just as much inclined to "rag" Wharton as any other fellow in the Remove, but he liked Nugent, and intended to stand by him.

"Collar 'the cad!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

"Stop!" cried Nugent. "Now, Harry, old chap, you can see it's no use. Come on to the field and—"

Harry Wharton's face set determinedly.

"I won't!"

Nugent had no time to say any more. The Remove were not to be trifled with. A rush of the juniors swept Nugent and Bob Cherry away, and Harry Wharton was seized by many hands.

His struggles were not noticed with so many against him. He was dragged off his feet, and rushed into the field, and Bulstrode and the roughest spirits of the Remove clustered round him.

"Where's the ball?" called out Bulstrode.

"Here you are," said Hazeldene, slinging the ball to the bully of the Remove.

"Stand back, you fellows!"

The Remove crowded back, leaving the gasping Wharton standing alone. Bulstrode slammed the ball at his legs.

"Now, then, Wharton, kick!"

Harry Wharton kicked. The ball flew from his boot and fairly smacked in Bulstrode's face, bowling over the bully of the Remove like a ninepin.

There was a roar of laughter as Bulstrode went down with a bump.

Bulstrode was on his feet again in a moment, however, his face red with rage where it was not muddy.

"You cad!" he roared.

He leaped at Wharton like a tiger. The Remove backed him up, and Wharton was seized and frogmarched to the centre of the field. Dazed and helpless, he could offer no further resistance. Nugent made a movement to rush to his aid, but Bob Cherry caught him firmly by the arm and held him back.

"Let me alone, Cherry."

"Shan't!" said Bob coolly. "You're not going to interfere with the Form and get yourself ragged as well. Let them do what they like with the brute."

"He's my chum, and—"

"You've got a queer taste in chums, and no mistake. But you can't help him now. I suppose you're not going to buck against Wingate's orders?"

Nugent stopped.

"No, I suppose not; but it's rough on him."

"It will do Wharton good. Wingate knew what he was about. It's only rough handling from the Form that will do him any good."

Nugent was silent. He knew that Bob Cherry was right, but it was unpleasant to him to see Harry Wharton roughly handled by the Remove.

And roughly handled he was! Harry hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels as he was flung down in the centre of the field, and told to stand up and kick.

Bulstrode threw the ball at his feet as he staggered up.

"You're having a lesson in footer," he explained. "You won't be let off until you have kicked a goal. Better buck up!"

He took good care that Wharton should not get another goal on his countenance this time. Harry kicked the leather out of the way, and tried to bolt. But the Remove seized him in a twinkling.

The juniors were greatly excited now. Harry's obstinacy roused the worst side of their natures, and they were growing rougher.

"Use him for a giddy football himself!" said Hazeldene. "Get a goal with the rotter!"

"That's a good idea," said Bulstrode.

"Kick the rotten outsider, you chaps!"

"Here, draw it mild!" exclaimed Hughes, a sturdy Welsh junior.

"You're not going to kick a fellow when he's down while I'm here!"

"I'll kick you, if you don't get out of the way."

"You won't!"

"Here, chuck it, Bulstrode!" exclaimed Trevor. "That's going too far. Make it the frogmarch again. Wharton, you utter ass, why don't you give in?"

Harry gritted his teeth, but did not reply.

The trouble of the disliked practice was as nothing to the ordeal he was undergoing, but his spirit was not easily broken.

"Oh, all right!" growled Bulstrode, finding the majority against him. "The frogmarch, then, and bump him this time!"

Harry Wharton went bumping round the field.

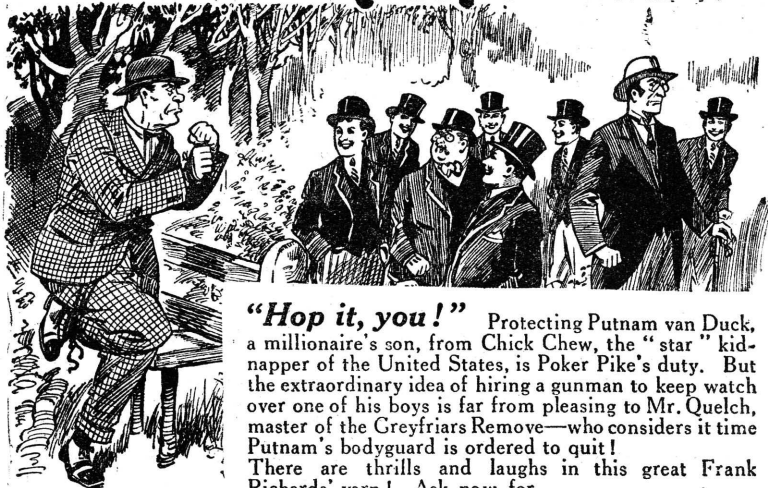
"Boys!"

The crowd suddenly halted. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, was standing by the ropes, looking on at the scene in amazement.

"Boys! What is the matter? What are you doing?"

"It's all right, sir!" said Bulstrode. "We're only frogmarching Wharton, sir."

## ORDERED to QUIT! By FRANK RICHARDS



"Hop it, you!" Protecting Putnam van Duck, a millionaire's son, from Chick Chew, the "star" kidnapper of the United States, is Poker Pike's duty. But the extraordinary idea of hiring a gunman to keep watch over one of his boys is far from pleasing to Mr. Quelch, master of the Greyfriars Remove—who considers it time Putnam's bodyguard is ordered to quit! There are thrills and laughs in this great Frank Richards' yarn! Ask now for

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TWOPENCE

# The MAGNET



"Let him come here."  
 "He won't do the Form practice, sir, and Wingate's told us to deal with him."

"Ahem! Let him come here."  
 Harry Wharton was released. He staggered towards Mr. Quelch, who looked at the wretched figure with a mingling of compassion and disgust.

"Wharton, this is a disgraceful state for you to appear in!"

"It wasn't my fault, sir," said Harry dejectedly.

"Is it a fact that you have refused to take part in the usual Form practice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you deserve all you have received, and a caning into the bargain. Perhaps, however, you have received enough punishment for the present. Go at once into the House and get yourself clean!"

Without a word, Harry Wharton turned sullenly away. In spite of the presence of the Form-master a jeer from the Remove followed him. With burning face, and seething with anger, Harry Wharton disappeared into the House.



As the Remove footballers rushed at Harry Wharton, he hit out right and left. Bulstrode reeled back from a left-hander under the chin and fell over a chair, and Trevor was knocked sprawling across him.

Up Before the Head!

**N**UGENT came into Study No. 1 an hour later; and found Harry Wharton there. Wharton had cleaned himself and changed his clothes, but he could not remove his bruises from his body, nor the discolorations from his face. He was looking white and strained and more sullen than Nugent had ever seen him before. He was not working, but sat, pen in hand, evidently unable to compose himself to study.

He looked up at Nugent. Nugent was the only fellow he liked at Greyfriars, but now his glance was not very friendly.

"Getting on all right?" asked Nugent cheerily, thinking it best to make no reference to the scene on the football field.

"No!" growled Harry. "Why, what's the matter with your papers?" asked Nugent, looking at the crumpled mass on the floor. They still lay where they had fallen.

Harry Wharton smiled bitterly. "That was done when they fetched me from the study."

"I say," said Nugent, "that will throw you back a lot, Harry."

"Yes."  
 "I wish you hadn't stuck out like that over nothing. The footer practice wouldn't have bothered you so much as this if you had taken it on. I say, that looks to me as if it were done on purpose."

"I believe it was. Hazeldene knocked the ink and papers down."

Nugent started.

"Vaseline! Your rival for the Seaton-D'Arcy!"

"Yes; he did that, of course."

"The mean rotter!" exclaimed Nugent. "He ought to be cut by the Form. Of course, it's no good saying anything. He'll pretend it was an accident, and was done in the scuffle. And really, you brought it on yourself, Harry. How can you expect to be able to resist the captain of the school and the whole Remove?"

Harry Wharton was silent. It had been borne in upon his mind that he couldn't keep up his useless resistance, for he would not willingly have gone through that experience on the footer field again for a fortune. But the thought was bitter to him.

"I'd give up the prize," he said, "but

I won't let that rotter Hazeldene have it after that!"

Nugent nodded approval.

"Yes, it's a fellow's duty to keep it out of the hands of a fellow like that," he said. "Hazeldene is the only one up against you, and if you drop out it will be a walk-over for him. The other fellows knew his form too well to enter, but I believe you could beat him if you tried."

"I know I could," said Wharton. "The Remove doesn't think so, though. They are with Hazeldene from start to finish, and they want him to win, too."

"That's not because they like Hazeldene—they don't, but—"

"But because they dislike me," said Harry satirically. "I know that, Nugent, and that's why I went in for the Seaton-D'Arcy in the first place."

Nugent looked puzzled. "I don't quite follow."

There was a bitter expression upon Harry Wharton's face.

"I went in for the Seaton-D'Arcy prize because I knew the whole Form would hate to see me get it," he said deliberately. "They'd rather a cad like Hazeldene had it than I. They will be ready to tear their hair if I capture it. And that's why I went in for it, and why I'm going to work hard to win, as a blow in the face for the whole Remove for the way they've treated me."

Nugent's lips were set. He did not speak.

"Now do you understand?" said Wharton mockingly.

"Yes, I understand."

"And what do you think about it?" said Harry, driving him to speak.

Nugent's eyes showed scorn. "I'll tell you," he said. "I think you are acting the part of a fool, and worse. It's very well to go in for the Seaton-D'Arcy and win it, but your motives are caddish."

Harry Wharton turned crimson.

"You asked for my opinion, and now you've got it," said Nugent. "The Remove here is no better and no worse, I suppose, than the same Form at any other school. If you had treated them well, they'd have treated you well. You set up to hold them at armslength, for no reason but your own rotten, sullen pride, and they resent it; and they

will keep you at armslength, and farther!"

"Nugent!"

"You asked me to speak. I think you're wrong all along the line, and worst of it all in what you've just said. If it wasn't that you saved my life the day you came to Greyfriars, I'd never speak to you again."

And Nugent turned away.

Now that Wharton had what he had asked for, he realised that he had risked Nugent's friendship out of sheer perversity, and at that moment he realised, as he had not realised before, how much Nugent's friendship meant to him, and how lonely he would have been at Greyfriars without it. But it was not in his nature to retract.

"I saved your life," he said, "that's true; but I've asked you to leave that out of account."

"I can't, you see, and that makes all the difference."

Bob Cherry put his head in at the door.

"Wharton here? Ah, I see you are! The Head wants to see you in his study. Mr. Quelch sent me to tell you."

Harry hesitated. Nugent's face was grave now. The resentment was gone out of it. It was extremely probable that Wharton's visit to the Head's study meant fresh trouble for him.

"Very well, I'll go," growled Wharton.

Bob Cherry grinned and vanished. Harry, without glancing at Nugent, left the study and made his way to the Head's room.

But even his heart felt a little tremor as he knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

The Head's voice answered the knock. Harry Wharton opened the door and went in. Dr. Locke was alone, and his face was very serious.

"Ah, it is you, Wharton!" he said. "I sent for you. Close the door. I want to speak to you very seriously."

Harry stood silent and rebellious.

"I hear," resumed the Head, "that you refused to take your football practice with the Form you belong to this afternoon. I believe you were somewhat roughly handled in consequence."

Harry coloured. The Head's keen eye seemed to be scanning the bruises

on his face, and the far from pleasant-looking swelling on his nose. Somehow a feeling of smallness took possession of the boy as he faced the impressive figure in scholastic gown. The sullenness died out of his face, and an uneasiness took its place. His hand fumbled with his jacket, for Harry Wharton never felt himself able to think clearly unless he was fumbling with that jacket button.

"Will you tell me what your reason was?" the Head went on quietly.

"Were you ill this afternoon?"

"No, sir."

"Do you dislike athletic sports?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Was it a desire to study?" asked the Head. "I know that you have entered for the Seaton-D'Arcy prize."

"I did want to work, sir."

"But you know that there is a time for study and a time for exercise, and the laws of the school have not been made without reason. An hour's exercise in the open air would have done you good, and would certainly have disturbed you less than the experience which you did undergo, I should imagine."

"Ye-es," said Harry, as the Head paused and expected him to say something.

"Then it was not wholly a desire to work that prevented you from cheerfully doing your duty this afternoon?" said the Head.

"I didn't want to go out. I don't see why I should practise if I don't choose!" broke out Harry.

"Ah, I see! You have not yet learned the value of discipline. What are you fumbling with that button for?" said Dr. Locke testily. "Let it go! Now, Wharton, I suppose you understand that a school could not be maintained if every boy were allowed to do exactly as he pleased?"

"I suppose not, sir."

"And you have no special right to privileges which are not granted to other boys, I suppose?"

"N-no," stammered Harry, colouring under the quiet irony of the Head's tone.

"Then am I to understand that your view is that schools should be abolished?" asked the Head. "Really, that is the only logical outcome of your position."

Harry Wharton turned crimson. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and he felt that at that moment he was looking utterly absurd.

"Now, you see, Wharton," went on Dr. Locke, in a kinder tone, "that you have taken up an absolutely impossible position. You have not reasoned it out, but have acted like a wilful child. For your own sake, and for the sake of Colonel Wharton, your guardian, I ask you to think this matter over and come to a more sensible decision. May I depend upon you not to provoke again such a scene as that of this afternoon?"

"Ye-es, sir!" said Harry slowly.

"That is right, Wharton," said the Head encouragingly. "If you do not persist in being wrongheaded, you will grow to like Greyfriars, and to be glad that you came here. You have entered for the Seaton-D'Arcy prize. I believe, from what I have seen of your work, that you have every chance of winning it. Do so, if you can, and show your Form-fellows that there is something in you. Play the game with the rest, and show them that you are not a slacker. You may go."

Harry Wharton left the Head's study with a strange feeling in his heart, a feeling that he could not exactly

define. He went slowly and thoughtfully back to Study No. 1, and found Nugent there.

Nugent was looking gloomily out of the window, and did not see Harry enter. A feeling of shame and remorse struck Harry as he saw the gloom in Nugent's face. He crossed the study quickly, and touched him on the arm. Nugent turned round, but not without the usual smile on his face.

"I'm sorry, Nugent!" said Harry impulsively.

Nugent's face lighted up.

"That's all right, Harry!"

### Bunter Talks Too Much!

THERE was a great deal of curiosity in the Remove the next day as to the course Harry Wharton was likely to take in regard to the football. The decree had gone forth from the powers that were that the Remove were to "wire into" practice for a certain time every day, and that there were to be no exemptions without a doctor's certificate to back them up.

And in consequence there was no little conjecture in the Greyfriars Remove as to whether Wharton would turn up for practice again.

"He won't!" Hazeldene declared to a group of juniors in the Close. "He's swotting over Latin in his study, you know, to try to get the Seaton-D'Arcy away from me—which he won't succeed in doing, either!"

"I heard that a lot of his papers were mucked up yesterday in the row in Study No. 1," Trevor remarked.

"I saw some of 'em on the floor," said Bulstrode. "Blessed if I quite know how they got there. We meant to rag him; but, of course, we should draw a line at mucking up a chap's work."

"Of course," agreed Hazeldene. "I didn't notice anything myself. But it was his own look-out, anyway. Fancy setting himself up against the Form captain!"

"Oh, he's a regular rotter!"

"Wingate will be on the ground to see if he turns up this time, I expect," Bulstrode remarked. "I suppose we shall have to fetch him again. I've got an idea. If we have to carry him out, we'll give him a ducking in the fountain while we're about it!"

"Good egg!"

"It will cool his temper for him!" grinned Bulstrode.

And the Remove quite liked the idea. Harry Wharton's conduct had put up the backs of his Form-fellows more than he realised.

When the time came, Bulstrode and his companions were quite ready. But, somewhat to their disappointment, their intervention was not required.

Prompt to the time, Harry Wharton appeared on the junior football ground. He was clad in football shorts and shirt, evidently prepared for practice, and Nugent and Bob Cherry were with him.

Wingate glanced at them.

Harry reddened as he saw the captain's eye turned on him, expecting some reference to the affair of the previous day but Wingate made no remark. He was not the fellow to rub in the humiliation of defeat.

"Let me see what you youngsters can do!" he exclaimed.

"You can captain one side for the practice match, Bulstrode, and you can take the other, Nugent."

"Right-ho, Wingate!"

The juniors turned out into the field.

There were twenty of them out to practice, and two teams of ten aside were quickly formed, Harry Nugent, and Bob Cherry filling places in Nugent's front line. Wingate started the game, and he looked on with keen interest at the play.

Harry Wharton showed quite good form. His ball control and speed were splendid, and his endurance was equalled only by that of two or three fellows on the field.

Wingate's eyes followed him with interest.

Nugent's team hemmed Bulstrode's men round the goal, and broke through eventually. Bob Cherry passed to Harry, who sent the ball into the net with a fine shot, beating Trevor in goal easily.

"Bravo!" shouted Wingate. "You'll do, Wharton!"

Harry Wharton gave the captain of Greyfriars a bright look. The praise from the captain, who had been so incensed with him yesterday, came as a pleasant surprise.

Harry was glowing with the healthy exercise of the game, and the pleasing consciousness that he was showing up very well in the practice match. Nugent patted him on the shoulder as they came off.

"By Jove, Harry!" he exclaimed. "You'll do. Keep on like that, and it won't be long before you're in the school second eleven."

Wharton's unexpected quality on the football field caused him to go up somewhat in the estimation of the Remove.

Nugent did not conceal his delight. Although he had stuck to Harry through thick and thin, he had felt very keenly the taunts of the Form at having chummed up with a "slacker." The fellow who had scored the only goal in the practice match could hardly be regarded as a slacker any longer.

There was an unaccustomed good-humour in Harry Wharton's face as he came into the study to tea after the practice.

Bulstrode was there with the short-sighted Billy Bunter, who was known in the Remove as the Owl. Billy looked up and blinked through his spectacles at Harry.

"Hallo, is that you, Nugent?" he said. "What do you think of Wharton now—eh? Not such a measly rotter, after all, is he?"

Harry coloured.

"Of course, he wants a licking worse than any chap I've ever met," went on Bunter. "He's an ungracious beast, and all that, but he can play footer; I'll say that anywhere!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bulstrode.

"What are you cackling at, Bulstrode? What—isn't that Nugent? My hat! I say, I thought that was Nugent. No offence, Wharton. If you've come in to tea, I don't mind having tea with you to show there's no ill-feeling. I'm stony-broke just at present, but I'm expecting a postal order this evening, and then I'll settle up."

Nugent came in and broke into a laugh as he heard Bunter's remark.

"Same old postal order, Bunter!" he said. "Never mind, you can have tea with us. As it happens, I've got in a good supply from the tuckshop."

"Thank you, Nugent; you're a decent sort. I always liked you, and—"

"And the grub! So you did, Bunter."

"I didn't mean that."

"Never mind what you meant. Shove the kettle on and make up the fire. Then you can lay the cloth."

"Certainly, Nugent. I'd do anything to oblige a nice fellow like you," said

Bunter. "In fact, I've filled the kettle already, thinking you would be coming in to tea now. I'll shove it on—"

"Keep that filthy kettle away from my trousers!" yelled Bulstrode, who was sitting with his feet on the fender.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Bulstrode; I didn't see your legs here! I—"

"You utter idiot, you're jamming that kettle on my knees!" shouted Bulstrode, jumping up in a rage. "You've blacked my trousers, you shrieking ass!"

"I'm sorry. It's due to my short sight, you know," said Bunter, jamming the kettle on and stirring up the fire. "It really isn't safe to come near when I've got a kettle in my hand."

Bulstrode growled savagely as he dusted down his trousers.

"You've got some good things here, Nugent," went on Bunter, looking over the contents of the parcel Nugent laid upon the table. "These are all right. It's really generous of you to stand a feed, and when my postal order comes—"

"Oh, rats to that postal order!" said Nugent. "And Wharton is standing half this grub, too."

"I say, Wharton, you don't mind my calling you an ungracious beast just now, do you? It was really only a—a figure of speech."

"You're quite welcome to have tea with us, but draw it mild about that postal order, please," said Harry, with a smile. "And I advise you to have a good look at a fellow in future before you start talking about anybody behind his back—"

"Oh, I wouldn't do a thing like that, Wharton—"

"I don't know what you call it, then. I say, Bulstrode, are you going? Won't you have tea with us?"

"No, I won't!" said Bulstrode.

And he stalked out of the study. Harry's face darkened. It was the first advance he had made to Bulstrode, and he had made it in a moment of unusual good-humour. The rude rebuff brought the colour to his face.

"Cad!" said Nugent, as the door closed.

Harry Wharton was silent. He sat down to tea with a cloud on his brow. A rebuff was bitter to his proud nature, and his natural reserve prevented him from exposing himself to the chance of one. For the first time he had allowed his reserve to slip from him, and he had been hurt in return. Yet it was not to be wondered at.

He had assumed the right of being as standoffish, so to speak, as he chose, and it was hardly to be expected that the first time he graciously chose to be in a good temper the other fellows would come round at once and become friends with him.

As a matter of fact, the rebuff would never have been uttered by Bulstrode but for the circumstance that he had an invitation to tea in Trevor's study.

"I hope Bulstrode hasn't put you into a bad temper, Wharton," said Billy Bunter. "It's so rotten to sit down to tea with a fellow in a bad temper, you know."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Certainly, old chap! Anything to oblige. I hope you will get the Seaton-D'Arcy prize, Wharton. It will be twenty guineas in cash, and it's worth having."

Harry grunted expressively.

"I suppose you're pretty safe for the written work," Billy went on. "I think that Vaseline thinks so, too, from what he was saying to Hughes the other day. But Hughes said—"

"Oh, hang what Hughes said!" exclaimed Harry irritably. "Why can't

you shut up and let us have some peace?"

"I really don't think that's the proper way to speak to a guest," said Bunter, shaking his head. "Do you, Nugent?"

Nugent laughed. "I'm sorry!" said Harry, colouring.

"Granted!" said Bunter cheerfully. "It was really a curious thing Hughes was saying. It was about the viva voce part of the examination, you know. He said—"

Harry muttered something. Billy Bunter's long-winded stories were boring to listen to, but Nugent was interested now.

"Well, what did he say?" Nugent asked.

"Why," said Billy Bunter, delighted to have found at least one willing victim, "he said that in the jabberjee part of the exam Wharton would be nowhere if he happened to lose that button off his jacket—that one he's fumbling with now. Funny thing how he's always fumbling with that button. I suppose it's really a kind of incipient sanity—"

"Ha, ha! But—"

"That was how Hughes put it. He said that whenever Wharton was doing

The Exam!

THE examination for the Seaton-D'Arcy prize was to be held on the Monday, and for the rest of that week both the rivals worked hard. Nugent gave Harry Wharton all the assistance he could in his studies, and Bob Cherry would willingly have helped if Wharton had been a little more gracious about it.

As for Hazeldene, he was always gracious enough to anybody who could be of use to him, and he had so many sympathisers in his rivalry with the unpopular Wharton that he never lacked any aid he needed.

He could find favour in the eyes of the prefects, too, by a sufficient use of soft soap, as Bob Cherry scornfully termed it, and so any aid he wanted in the way of coaching by the Latin scholars of the Sixth was readily forthcoming. If Wharton had asked any help of Wingate himself, the captain would willingly have coached him; but Harry asked nothing of anybody.

He was determined to win the prize, however, and he worked hard. He was one of the cleverest boys in the Remove when he chose to exert himself, and his



"Now then, Wharton, kick!" exclaimed Bulstrode. Harry Wharton kicked. The ball flew from his boot and fairly smacked in Bulstrode's face, bowling the bully of the Remove over like a ninepin.

anything he was always worrying with that button, and that once when it came off he started fumbling for it in class, and answered Monsieur Millerand in German instead of French. But I don't remember it."

"By Jove, I do!" said Nugent. "I say, Harry, there's a good tip, you know. I've noticed it before, and—"

"Of course, it's a silly habit of Wharton's, but fellows do get into habits," said Billy Bunter. "I noticed Hazeldene seemed to be very much interested in what Hughes said. Of course, he hopes that Wharton won't be able to answer the questions when the time comes. He said that really Wharton ought to be in the lunatic asylum."

"Look here, you ass—" broke out Harry hotly.

"Don't get into a temper, Wharton. I'm not saying that you ought to be in a lunatic asylum, you know. It was Vaseline said so, and he said, too—"

"Never mind what he said," put in Nugent.

"Yes, but really—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry Wharton; and he walked out of the study.

intellectual qualities were of a more solid description than Hazeldene's, who was much more flashy and a great deal more shallow.

Given a fair trial, those who could judge would have said that Harry Wharton would have the better chance of winning the coveted Seaton-D'Arcy prize. Perhaps Hazeldene knew that. At all events, it was noticed that he grew sourer as the Monday grew nearer. Doubts were probably creeping into his mind.

The written work for the exam had to be sent in on Saturday, and the two competitors had been allowed a certain freedom from classes for the purpose of getting it completed. The papers were in by the set time, and then the rivals waited anxiously for Monday, to face the harder test of examination in the Head's study by the Head himself.

A curious proof of Harry Wharton's unpopularity was the anxiety manifested by the Remove that Hazeldene should win.

The cad of the Remove was not really liked by anyone, and yet there was hardly a fellow in the Form who would

not have given a lot to see him carry off the Seaton-D'Arcy prize.

Excepting Nugent, and, perhaps, Bob Cherry, Wharton had no sympathisers, but that fact was far from discouraging him. It only aroused the obstinacy of his nature, and made him all the more determined to win.

In spite of his determination, however, Harry Wharton felt a slight tremor as the time came round for appearing before the Head.

The examination was, by the rule of the foundation, in the hands of Dr. Locke, the sole judge of the merits of the candidates. As five strokes boomed out from the old tower of Greyfriars, Harry Wharton gave a slight start, and his fingers fumbled nervously with his jacket button.

"Not nervous, old chap?" said Nugent.

Harry shook his head.

"Oh, no! Hazeldene looks more nervous than I am, I think."

Nugent glanced at Hazeldene. He was certainly looking disturbed, and he was licking his lips, which seemed very dry. His eyes were gleaming with a restless light.

"Well, we shall be through before long," said Harry, "and a fellow can only do his best."

Hazeldene came towards Wharton, a curious expression upon his face.

"You think you are going to get it, Wharton?" he asked.

"I hope so," said Harry shortly.

"I don't think you've got the thing up better than I have," said Hazeldene.

"I had an idea all along that I should get the better of it in the jabberjee part; but we shall see."

And he moved away and stood in the doorway. At this moment Wharton's name was called.

"Well, good luck, old chap!" said Nugent.

Harry nodded and went to the door. Hazeldene moved aside to let him pass, and then his foot seemed to catch in the mat, and he fell heavily against Wharton.

Harry reeled back against the doorpost under the shock. Hazeldene threw an arm round him to save himself, and hung on to him for a few moments before he released him.

"I'm sorry!" he exclaimed, as he stepped back. "My foot caught—"

"It's all right!" said Harry.

He passed on. Hazeldene stroled into

the room again, a peculiar smile for a moment appearing on his lips. There was something in his right hand—something which had not been there when he fell against Wharton—and he slipped it into his waistcoat pocket without allowing anyone to see it.

Harry Wharton entered the Head's study. Dr. Locke was ready, with a long paper before him. The boy stood up to answer, feeling much more cool than he had expected. The Head's manner was very kind, and put him at his ease at once. Dr. Locke was certainly not one of those who wished him to lose.

At the first question, Harry's hand went to the button on his jacket by force of habit. Then a thrill of uneasiness went through him.

The button was gone! His fingers fumbled in the place, but there was no button, and a strange lost feeling took possession of Wharton.

His answer to the first question was absolutely at random. Dr. Locke looked at his flushed face in surprise.

"Is anything the matter with you, Wharton?"

Harry coloured more deeply. He could not confess to the curious uneasiness which was the result of the loss of the button. He was the slave of a habit too absurd to be explained.

"No, sir!" he muttered.

"You are not ill?"

"I am quite well, sir."

"Very well, we will continue," said the Head.

The questions were resumed, but Harry's answers grew more at random. It was useless to struggle against the nervousness which was growing upon him and overmastering him. It was not only that he failed to answer difficult questions, but matters of common knowledge in the Remove seemed too much for him now.

The Head broke off at last.

"That is sufficient, Wharton," he said. "You may go."

Harry went miserably to the door. He knew that he had made a poor display; that any youngster out of the Third would have shown up as well as he had done in that exam. He knew that he had failed!

(The loss of that button has ruined Wharton's chance in the exam. But will Hazeldene be allowed to succeed by his treacherous trick? Don't miss next week's gripping chapters.)

## PEN PALS

(Continued from page 17.)

Miss Margaret Radmall, 5, Tavistock Road, West Bridgford, Notts; girl members for correspondence club.

Bobbie C. Steele, 119, Melton Road, West Bridgford, Notts; members' for correspondence club.

Tom Gray, 1, Duchess Avenue, Dunedin, New Zealand; age 13-14; motor, aeroplanes, films.

Clif Poole, 181, Crinan Street, Invercargill, New Zealand; swimming, camping, wireless, photography.

Des Fagan, c/o E. J. O'Neill, Dunvars Road, Halswell, Christchurch, New Zealand; age 14-16; stamps.

Jim Martyn, 228, Thames Street, Oamaru, New Zealand; age 11-16; stamps.

D. Harrison, 18, Rusham Park Avenue, Egham, Surrey; pen-pals; age 13-15.

Robert Falle, 39, Ann Street, St. Heliers, Jersey; stamps.

Alec Wait, 55, Belmont Avenue, Oranjezicht, Cape Town, South Africa; age 12-16; stamps.

Bud Best, 381, Belsize Drive, Toronto, Ontario, Canada; stamps.

Miss Virginia Hooper, Lane 1220, House 56, Avenue Road, Shanghai, China; girl correspondents; age 14-16.

Miss Daphne Weir, P.O. Box 953, Shanghai, China; girl correspondents; age 16-19; tennis, archery, photography, stamps.

Miss Winifred Kemshall, 22, Roydon Grove, Lincoln; girl correspondents; age 18-20; radio, dance bands, cycling, films.

J. W. May, 10, Balcombe Road, Horley, Surrey; age 14-15; cricket, stamps, cig. cards.

Walter Smith, Box 69, Richmond, Queensland, Australia; age 13-16; stamps, sports.

Albert Barton, 13, Martin Street, Thornbury, N.17, Melbourne, Australia; stamps; age 13-15.

J. Sinclair, 61, Dundas Place, Albert Park, Victoria, Australia; age 13-19; cycling, stamps.

Arthur Edward Goodman, Hillmont, Upper St. John's Road, Sea Pt., Cape Town, South Africa; age 16-19; U.S.A., Great Britain.

Dennis Taylor, 77, Welholme Road, Grimsby; match brands.

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