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THE SCAPEGRACE OF THE REGIMENT! A New Story



"I say that one among the four of us is cheating," Ulyett said slowly. "I know the seriousness of that statement. I am not making it lightly. Last night and the night before I was watching—"

"And I was the winner on both occasions!" broke in Jack, unable to restrain his rage any longer. "You're accusing me, that's what you're doing, and if not me, my cousin here, and that's as bad! You're accusing us of being dirty cheats, of robbing you, and you're afraid to say it outright! You're a coward, air—a dirty—"

Jack got no further, and just as well, perhaps, for he was doing himself no good by this sort of talk. It was ungentlemanly, and he would only regret it afterwards.

"Now, look here, young'un," said a dry old major, slipping his arm in Jack's. "Let me get out of this for a bit and cool down."

"No, I won't!"

"Yes, you will," persisted the major, who was an old friend of the boy's father.

"I won't!"

"I won't!" I'll stay here," said Jack stoutly, "until this matter is thrashed out to the last straw!"

"The matter will be thrashed out, never fear, for all our sakes and the honour of the regiment," said the major. "But, for the present, come along with me, like a good fellow."

All might have been well if Marchbanks, another young subaltern, and a man Jack despised and hated, had not burst into an imbecile titter as the boy was being led from the tent.

It was the one spark needed to set Jack's temper rearing and ablaze. Breaking from the major's grip, he pounced on the offender like a cat.

Marchbanks, a scented dandy of the "eyeflash brigade," was seated in a low wicker chair, one dapper leg crossed over the other.

In a trice Jack had seized his patent-leather boots and capripped him backwards, chair and all, in a heap.

A couple of mighty spans on Mr. Marchbanks's skin-tight inexpressibles and half a syphon of soda-water squirted down his immaculate collar served to warn him to let angry men get well out of earshot in future before he giggled.

It was also a lesson to the rest. To look at Jack—fighting Jack now—it seemed as if he were meditating running amuck through the whole mess-tent, landing out right and left, even as he colored.

"Here, catch hold of him, some of you!" called out the major. "Lend a hand, Monty! Let's get the young ass out of this!"

Jack's cousin, who had not opened his lips during all this hullabaloo, rallied to his aid with two or three more pals, and Jack was swept out of the door and away up the lines to his own tent.

Here he was bundled in and espazied on his cot, protesting, and still grappling with his escort like a tiger.

Suddenly his struggles ceased and his limbs relaxed. Much relieved, his friends straightened their backs, panting with their exertions.

"That's right! Cool off now, Jack old man," said the major kindly. "Trust to me to see this matter sifted to the dregs. You stay here for a time and get your wind, till some young man to light the lantern."

The tent all this time had been

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CHAPTER 1.

THE ACCUSATION.

"OLD! There's something here I don't understand!"

Lieutenant Ulyett's words rang out so clear and sharp to everyone in the mess-tent that out of his chair in surprise, he turned to stare in his direction. At a table in one corner four officers were seated playing cards. Three still held their hands steady in their fingers, but the fourth had flung his face upwards in the table.

The fourth was Ulyett, one of the best and smartest officers in the West Lancashire Special Reserve Regiment.

Of the other three players who sat round at him in blank dismay, one

THE CHEAT! "Hold! There's something here I don't understand! I say that one of us four is cheating!" Lieutenant Ulyett's words rang sharp and clear through the mess-tent.

had a face as honest as the day, a jaw like a bulldog, and eyes blue as the summer sky.

It was Jack Lyon—fighting Jack, Jolly Jack, Jumping Jack, according to the mood one caught him in.

The other two had nothing remarkable in their looks to distinguish them, except that one was very red and the other equally white, and both were flustered.

Monty Lyon was the white-faced one, and he was Jack's cousin. They were both typical officer-boys; they had joined the Royal Wests together, and this was their first "camp training."

"Well, what's up?" demanded Jack, seeing that Ulyett sat knitting his brows as if undecided what course next to pursue.

"I refuse to play any more," said the officer bluntly, pushing his chair back from the table to show that what he said he meant.

Jack Lyon rose, bristling like a tiger. For all his jolly, happy-go-lucky nature, he was blessed with a hair-trigger temper which usually landed him into more trouble in a month than falls to most men in a year.

"Look here!" he burst out in a voice half-choked with anger. "What the dickens do you mean by that! You're driving at something! Out with it!"

His eyes, so genial and kindly when he smiled, were glaring into Ulyett's soul like red-hot gimlets.

"I mean what I say!" retorted the other jerkily. "I refuse to play any more! There's some hanky-panky going on here which I don't like!"

"Hanky-panky!" echoed Jack, flinging down his own cards and clenching his fists.

Ulyett was his senior, and to punch his head would mean a court-martial

and disgrace and all the rest of it, but, by George—

"You blackguard!" he sputtered. "Do you mean to insinuate that we're cheating?"

"I don't insinuate that you are cheating," replied Ulyett sternly, laying emphasis on the "you."

"But you do!" roared Jack. "And if you don't, you're hitting at Monty, my cousin. We're the only two that have won your dirty money to-night! Calcross hasn't taken a soul! Here! Don't hold me, you fellows! Let me go!"

Two or three young brother-officers, knowing the stamp of old Jack Lyon was when he was roused, had rested a restraining hand upon his sleeve. But he shook them off.

"Go on, Ulyett! Out with it! Say what's in your mind, or, by James, I'll make you!" he said fiercely, crossing to where the accuser sat, arms folded and brows black.

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The Most Popular School Story.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S



THIS HAS TAKEN PLACE.

Dick Penwyn, a Cornish lad, has been to a Council school, St. Wode's, and arrived there in a very different way from the usual one. He had been to Blagden & Co. to see the new fellow—Lord Lovell. On dismounting their carriage in Florida, he became the guest of both the new juniors, who came up together. Their friendship was the result of Mr. Bush, the schoolmaster of the Fourth Form, who vents his spiteful wrath on Penwyn on every possible occasion.

One afternoon Pen is asked to join in a football practice match, but he much resents his playing. The Cornish lad is racing goalwards with the ball when Blagden and Corton deliberately foul him. Having Corton captain of the school, then orders the captain of the field.

(Read on from here.)

Bunny's Trust.

BLAGDEN, biting his lips, retired. Hawke really looked as if he would kick him off the field if he did not go.

"I like him," exclaimed Hawke. "Love, you know? He must be!" said Lord Lovell, who had followed Hawke to the spot. "Pen, old man, you see him?"

"No," he said bravely, "not much! I can go on! Just give me a hand to get up."

"It was a beastly foul," said the Cornish lad. "That chap Bagford—Baggart—or whatever his name is, an awful deal. What?"

"Quite right," said Newcome.

Pen was assisted to his feet. He was very much shaken, and his head was ringing. It had had a most unpleasant concussion with the ground.

There was a thin streak of blood on his forehead, oozing from under his dark thick hair. He put his hand to it.

"You can't play any more," said Hawke. "You'd better go in and have a rest. It was a rascally trick of Blagden's. I shall speak to him about it. You play footer splendidly, Penwyn."

With that the captain of St. Wode's walked away. There were many looking there who would have given a great deal to have been pressed to like that by old Hawke. Pen knew it, and his face flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, lovely!" said Lovell. "That chap, Eagle, he's a decent chap, you know. Come on, Pen, old man, I'll give you a hand."

And Pen left the footer-ground being rather heavily on his chum's side. There was a burst of comment from the juniors as he went.

"Well, he can play," said Newcome.

"Oh, Blaggy meant to stop him," said Hawke.

"Oh, red!" said Skeat. "Of course, that Council-school bouncer never plays! It was fluke all the while. One swallow doesn't make a summer."

"Rats!" said Newcome.

"Blaggy!" said Blagden.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Rake. "If you stand here jawing, we shan't get any more practice in. Cut the leather again."

And the Fourth-Formers followed the leather again.

"How! wasn't it?" said Bunny, as he looked at Dick Penwyn away. "That was a fluke, a ruffian, you know. He's got a down on you, see."

— A —
New School Tale.
By
CHARLES HAMILTON.
Author of
"THE RIVALS OF ST. KIT'S."

He knew why Blagden and Corton had charged him, and his eyes were sparkling with anger. He had been hurt, and hurt in a cowardly way. If Blagden & Co. adopted these methods, it was quite possible that the worn would turn in a way they would not expect.

"There's a tuckshop here," said Bunny. "Come in! Let's have a ginger-pop. It will set you up, you know."

"Right-ho!" said Pen.

Lord Lovell led him into Mrs. Bramble's little shop. Mrs. Bramble was an exceedingly stout lady with an exceedingly red face. When she came out of her little parlour, she seemed to experience some difficulty in getting through the doorway. Behind her counter she appeared to fill up all the available space. She gave the vicount a beaming smile, and bestowed another on Pen. Whether he received that big smile on his own merits, or because he was accompanied by a vicount, Pen did not know.

"What can I do for you, young gentlemen?" asked Mrs. Bramble, in a fat, comfortable voice.

"Ginger-pop, please!" said his lordship.

"I have some nice, fresh tarts to-day."

"How good!" said Lovell. "Some nice, fresh tarts, certainly."

"The doughnuts are fresh in."

"Oh, lovely! Some doughnuts."

"The cream-puffs are very good."

"Hand them out, ma'am!"

Lord Lovell seemed to have a very simple method of shopping. He bought whatever was recommended to him. It was quite simple, but it needed a long purse. Mrs. Bramble, who was a keen lady with a sharp eye to business, in spite of her plumpness, had taken his lordship's measure at once.

Pen stared at the pile that was accumulating on the counter.

"That's a jolly lot," ejaculated the Cornish lad. "You're not going to eat all those things, Bunny?"

Lovell laughed.

"Ha, ha! No, rather not!"

"What are you ordering them for?"

"Blessed if I know. You eat them."

"I'll take a tart, that's all!"

"The doughnuts are fresh in, and some doughnuts!"

"Thanks—enough's enough, you know."

His lordship rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"I suppose you don't mind taking these things back, Mrs. Creepers?" he asked.

The fat dame frowned.

"Of course, I shall pay for them all the same."

The trown vanished.

"Oh, hold on!" exclaimed Pen. "Some of the fellows would like a feed, if you're going to pay for the stuff."

"How good! I didn't think of that."

"Call them in!"

"Oh, lovely!"

Lord Lovell stepped to the door of the tuckshop. There were a good many juniors in sight, and some of them glanced at the vicount.

"I say, you know," remarked his lordship, "I'm standing treat, don't you see? If you fellows would do me the honour to take a tart or two, you know, should be very much obliged. What?"

The fellows did not need a second invitation.

They came crowding into the shop, and as word passed round the quad, that Lord Lovell was standing treat, fellows came from all sides in great force.

The little shop was soon crammed. Pen and Bunny were jammed against the counter by the flowing tide of juniors, and Mrs. Bramble's good things were handed out as fast as the good dame's hands could move. The juniors grunted cheerfully as they hurried up to be served.

"My word!" said Ramsey. "This is ripping! I wish we had a vicount coming to St. Wode's every day!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hurry up!"

"Go it!" he said. "Oh, go it, you know! Honour! My sure!"

"Ginger-pop this way?"

"Doughnuts! Doughnuts! Hurry up!"

"Cake—plum cake!"

There was a hustling and exclaiming at the door. A crowd of red-faced juniors fresh from the footer field came crowding in. The fellows already crammed in the little tuckshop protested vigorously.

"Hold on! Hold on! Evans. 'Keep out! Take your turn!'"

"Rats!" said Bamford. "We're dry! We want some pop!"

"Stop it!"

"Wait your turn!"

"Oh, rats!" said Newcome.

The fustellers crammed in. There was a swaying and a hustling in the little shop. Bamford and Skeat and Corton, sticking close together, forced their way through the crowd, and tramped to the counter. They contrived to pin Pen against the counter, so that he could hardly move.

"I say, go easy, you know," said Bunny. "You're causing my friend inconvenience, don't you see. Go easy! What?"

"Ginger-pop!" said Bamford.

"Get out the way, Penwyn!"

"Check of these scholarship chaps," said Skeat.

"Yes, rather!"

Pen's eyes flashed.

"Please don't push me," he said quietly.

selected a five-pound note from a wad of others, and laid it on the counter. The fellows simply gasped at the sight of the banknotes. There was no doubt that Bunny was wonderfully well provided with money; and it was not surprising that many fellows, whose pocket-money ranged from a shilling to five shillings a week, looked upon the owner of those banknotes as a fellow whose acquaintance was worthy to be cultivated.

That Lovell preferred Pen to any other fellow at St. Wode's was simply amazing. But he certainly did. He strolled out of the tuckshop with his arm linked in Pen's, when he might have linked it in any arm in the Fourth that he had cared to choose. The fellows generally set him down as soft in consequence. Lord Lovell might be a little soft in some respects, but in his friendship for Dick Penwyn he showed a judgment that nobody else in the St. Wode's Fourth possessed. For he recognised in Pen a lad who was honest and brave, and true and generous—who was a gentleman, in fact, in every true sense of the word, and all the more so because he was young, and was labouring with the force of his noble qualities, not from any expensive training, but from his own kind and brave nature.

They grinned at him provokingly.

But they were not prepared for Dick Penwyn's next move.

A typhon of soda-water stood on the counter close to him. Dick Penwyn seized it, and turned it upon the three grinning juniors.

Whizz!

Zi-ziz-ziz-ziz!

"Oo! Groo!" roared Bamford.

"Goo-ro-ro-roo!"

First in Bamford's face, and then in Skeat's, and then in Corton's, flew the stream of his soda-water.

They staggered back blindly, allowing the other fellows in their attempts to escape from the blinding stream.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bunny.

"Bamford made a spring at Pen; but the hissing soda-water caught him fairly in the eye, and he staggered back."

"Goo!"

"Yow!"

"Yerosh!"

The three wretched, dripping juniors staggered madly away. With a last hiss the soda-siphon was exhausted.

But Bamford & Co. were struggling out of the tuckshop.

They were followed by wild yells of laughter from the juniors. Even their own friends were yelling with merriment. Bamford & Co. looked like half-drowned rats as they emerged from the crowd into the quadrangle, panting and drenched and furious.

"Oh, lovely!" gasped Bunny.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick Penwyn grinned as he set down the typhon. There were many other fellows in the crowd who felt fully inclined to push and hustle him. But they did not do so. The punishment of Bamford and Corton and Skeat was a warning to them; and, considering the crowd, the Cornish lad was given plenty of room.

When that famous treat was over, and Mrs. Bramble handed Lord Lovell an account for three pounds ten shillings, the juniors gasped. They had never heard of a junior paying out a sum like that before.

Lord Lovell did not seem surprised. He opened a little leather case, and



"Get off the field!" exclaimed Hawke, in a voice of thunder. Blagden, biting his lips, retired. Hawke really looked as if he would kick him off if he did not go.

"Yes, rather! Please don't push Penwyn!" said Lord Lovell. "It's rotten! Look here, this is my treat! Can't you be decent?"

Lord Lovell and Corton grinned at one another. In the thick crush there was not much room for a struggle, and they were three to one. They thought they had an excellent opportunity of putting the new junior in his place.

"Get out of the way, Penwyn!" roared Bamford.

"Oh, shut up!" said Pen.

Bamford's armed crimson.

"You—your low case!"

"Oh, ring off, Bam!" said Newcome.

"Why can't you shut up? Why should Penwyn get out of your way? Who are you, anyway?"

"Dry in, Newcome!"

"Rats! Ginger-pop this way!" Bamford, Corton, and Skeat pressed Pen hard to the counter. He was raising a glass of ginger-beer to his lips when a sudden shove from Bamford sent his arm waggling, and the liquid went down his sleeve instead of his throat.

Pen uttered an exclamation. There was a yell of laughter among his juniors.

The Cornish lad turned towards his tormentors.

They grinned at him provokingly.

Study-mates.

M. H. BUSH stopped Lord Lovell when the Fourth Form were leaving the Form-room after lessons that day. There was an agreeable smile upon Mr. Bush's face, as three fellows who were with him smiled at all events, as agreeable a smile as Mr. Bush could possibly work up on his disagreeable features. In spite of the most anxious intentions, Mr. Bush's acid nature would show itself in his rasping tones and his ill-natured manner.

"Bramble, Lovell," he said, "if you please."

"Certainly, Mr. Gorse," said Bunny, pausing at the master's desk.

Mr. Bush smiled in a sly way. He was entitled to occupy the Fourth had called him Mr. Gorse, the offender would certainly have been named. But a vicount, in Mr. Bush's opinion, was entitled to make little mistakes like that if he chose.

"Your study has not yet been assigned to you," said Mr. Bush.

"I've had quite forgotten!"

"Do you wish to occupy the study you have planned in their studies," said Mr. Bush. "I think I shall give you your choice."

"You are very kind, sir."

"I had to go to see my friend Mr. King master," said Mr. Bush unctuously.

"I'm sure I hope so," said the vicount, staring at him and wondering in his own mind what the comic little beggar was so docile civil for.

"Blagden wishes you to go into No. 4 with him," said Mr. Bush.

"I don't wish to occupy the study study with Blagden, Lord Lovell!"

His lordship shook his head.

"Thanks, no!"

"Plummer has made the same request."

"Plummer? I don't know the chap."

"But perhaps you have some predilection of your own?" suggested Mr. Bush.

"I don't know, rather!"

"Then, of course, you may take your choice. If you wish to have a study entirely to yourself, I have no doubt it could be arranged."

His lordship rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Oh, lovely! I don't rather have one chap in the study."

"My friend Penwyn."

Mr. Bush started.

"The Council-school boy?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I believe he's a Council-school chap," said Lord Lovell carelessly. "I like him, you know. He stood up for me against that beastly bouncer Bagshot. Can I have him in my study?"

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Bush, rapping out the words. "I disapprove entirely of your friendship with that—that person."

"He's a decent chap."

"Nonsense!" snapped Mr. Bush. "You must associate with boys of your own class!"

"Come to that, I suppose there's nobody of my own class here," said Lord Lovell cheerfully. "I think Pen's about the nearest."

Mr. Bush gasped.

That chap Newcome seems rather decent, and there's a chap called Spade, or Hoe, or Rake, or something—I forget. But I like Pen best. Pen's a gentleman, you see."

"A—a—a what?" stammered Mr. Bush.

"Gentleman," explained the vicount.

"My dear lad—"

"Can I have Pen?"

"Certainly not! I decline to allow you to have such a person for a study mate," said Mr. Bush angrily. "Your father would have every right to object."

"Oh, stuff!" said the vicount.

"Nothing snobbish about my governor!"

Mr. Bush turned crimson. Bunny's words implied very plainly that he thought there was something snobbish about him.

"I suppose I could ask the headmaster," Bunny suggested. "Perhaps you'd rather not decide, sir. You might prefer me to ask Dr. Wimperis. What?"

Mr. Bush could only stare at him. As a matter of fact, he was exceeding his authority in ordaining what friendships the juniors should or should not form. If Pen was admitted to the Fourth Form at St. Wode's it was evidently to be understood that he was fit to associate with the other fellows in the Fourth. It was not for that, he was not fit to be admitted. He had been admitted, and the rest followed of course.

(Another grand instalment next week.)

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Our Special Complete Tale.

HORACE TADPOLE'S TRICK

A Tale of Gordon Gay & Co. - By PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER I. One Black Eye. GORDON GAY'S handsome face was flushed a deep crimson, and he looked extremely aggressive as he faced the crowd of Fourth Form juniors in his study at Rylecombe Grammar School. "I don't care if Mr. Sharpe is a master. I think he's a blessed cad," he said wrathfully.

"Oh, dry up, dummy!" interrupted Gordon Gay. "Cut the cackle and come to the losses!" Tadpole applied a handkerchief very tenderly to his injured eye, and then resumed his story. "Well," he said, "you chaps know how anxious I was to get my masterpiece finished to-day—"

"And so say all of us!" assented Frank Monk, leader of Gordon Gay's rival trio, but now—with his chums, Lane and Carboy—a more or less peaceful visitor to Study 13. Gordon Gay took another stern look at the strengthening junior standing nervously before him. "I think he's an absolute outsider," he repeated. "Nobody but a cad would scrag a dummy like a Taddy, and now—"

"But get on with the yarn," "All right, Gay, don't shout like that. I want you to understand that I was so engrossed with my painting that I failed to hear Mr. Sharpe come into the study. He evidently addressed me three or four times before I heard; and then, when he shouted out my name right in my ear, I turned round suddenly."

"Really, Gay," interrupted the subject of Gordon Gay's championing. "I don't think you need talk like that. It isn't as though I didn't remonstrate with Mr. Sharpe when he blacked my eye."

"You dummy!" roared Gordon Gay. Horace Tadpole made another dab at his injured eye, but ignored his study-leader's remark. "Before I turned my head," he continued, "I had placed my large paintbrush in my mouth; and unfortunately, in turning, the brush went right into Mr. Sharpe's face—"

"I did remonstrate with him," he said, "but I will explain to you exactly what happened. I was putting the finishing touches to my latest masterpiece when somebody opened the door. As it happens, the door wasn't shut, it was ajar when—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors. "It was a very comical scene, vermillion," said Tadpole, after a pause. "And I suppose Mr. Sharpe forgot himself."

"A jar, dummy!" interrupted Harry Wootton, with a grin. Horace Tadpole nodded his head. "Yes," he replied. "I suppose Mr. Sharpe didn't think it necessary to knock on the door because it was ajar."

"The cad!" "My hat!" "Five hundred!" "The cad!" "A master, too!" "He ought to be japed!"

"What do you mean, fathered?" said Harry Wootton. "You don't imagine that we think that blessed door is a jar, do you?" "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frank Monk. "Old Taddy thinks it's a jam-jar."

"I tried to explain to him," said Tadpole, after a pause, "but he wouldn't listen, and as he stamped out of the study he told me to do five hundred lines for rank impertinence."

The conclusion of this charming Tale. ***** COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS. ***** by Martin Clifford. ***** Leaving St. Freda's. YES, indeed. My mother is well again—and home. "I am so glad," said Dolores. "And as you're going home to her," cried Ethel gaily. Then she paused suddenly, struck by the expression upon the face of the Spanish girl.

"Well, he ought to know what a junior of the Fourth Form resented his behaviour towards them, and were at times inclined to show open revolt. However, Mr. Sharpe raised his eyes now in considerable surprise as he glanced into the classroom and found every chum other than his head resting on his folded arms on the desk. "Boys!" he cried. But not a head moved. Gordon Gay jerked his head up in pretended surprise, and then Mr. Sharpe gave another start, for the leader of Study 13 blinked across the classroom through a beautiful blue-black eye. Nevertheless, the Third Form-master recovered from his astonishment in a moment, and stamping his foot angrily to the floor, roared in stentorian tones: "Monk! Lane! Carboy!"

CHAPTER 2. Thirty Black Eyes.

WHEN Mr. Sharpe, the Third Form-master at Rylecombe Grammar School, entered the Fourth Form classroom to take the geography lesson for the first hour that afternoon he found Gordon Gay & Co., Frank Monk & Co., and the other juniors of the Fourth Form all in their places. Mr. Sharpe was the most unpopular master at Rylecombe, although he was an extremely clever man, and often took pleasure in his own Third Form for different subjects. He was a regular martinet for discipline, and carried his ruling to such an extreme that the high-spirited

roared. "Tadpole! Simpson! Smith! Murton! Robinson!" One by one the heads bobbed up, and each in turn revealed a similarly injured-looking eye. "Boys!" he roared. "And the remainder of the thirty Fourth-formers raised their heads with a jerk. "What's the meaning of this?" "The meaning of what, sir?" said Gordon Gay meekly. Mr. Sharpe spluttered angrily. "Why, the meaning of the meaning of these eyes! Have you all been fighting like a lot of hooligans! Have you all received injuries to your left eyes? Have—"



"I suppose Mr. Sharpe forgot himself," said Tadpole. "When he tasted the vermilion paint he caught me roughly by the collar, and dashed me right through my masterpiece!"

"Our left eyes, sir," "Gay," roared the Fourth Form-master, "don't let me have any impertinence! Come out here, sir!" Gordon Gay heard the murmur that rolled round the classroom and he knew that he could rely on the support of the Form. The young Australian's face bore a grim expression of stubbornness as he stepped up to Mr. Sharpe's table. "Now then, Gay," snapped the Third Form-master, "where did this ruffianly fight take place, and when?" "Fight, sir?" "Yes, fight, you young hooligan!" roared Mr. Sharpe. "I will know what has happened."

"There hasn't been a fight, has there, sir?" he said, turning half-way round and regarding the grinning, black-eyed juniors. Tadpole was the only one not grinning, and he was engaged making frequent dabs at his injured eye.

"I suppose you did it with theatrical make-up paint!" he said. "Yes, sir."

"You are purposefully misunderstanding me, Wootton," he said. "You have surely heard of a door being ajar before now?"

"I wish to know where the fight took place, and who the boys were who were responsible for it."

"I didn't know there had been a fight, sir," replied Gordon Gay. "I know that Taddy—I mean, Tadpole received a black eye in an engagement. That happened in our study!"

"You know very well there has been a fight!" he said slowly. "I wish to know where the fight took place, and who the boys were who were responsible for it."

"I should think it best to leave you to your study, and to let me go to my own room."

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door interrupted the Third Form-master, and the next moment Mr. Sharpe looked up to see the Head of the School (Taddy) smiling so surprised to utter a single word. "What's the meaning of this?" "Every boy with round the room there been a riot!" Mr. Sharpe put the pointer down on a desk, and beckoned Gordon Gay to leave his place. "I have been trying to get the truth from Gay, Dr. Monk," said "But, I regret to say, with no success."

Head-master and Form-master stared at one another for a moment, and there was immediately a scuffling sound from the class. It was a fluttering and hurried display of handkerchiefs, and to the amazement of the Form, the boys turned and faced the class one by one. There was an exception, however, for it was Horace Tadpole who looked so painfully at the head-master through a partially closed eye. "Gay," said Dr. Monk, in a stern voice. "I take it that you have been guilty of some offence?" "Y-yes, sir," he said. "I-I've done it, I made them up."

"I suppose you did it with theatrical make-up paint!" he said. "Yes, sir."

"You will all do two hundred lines by to-night. Tadpole will do five hundred, and he appears to be carrying the joke further than the rest of you."

"Really, sir, I—" "Tadpole," roared Dr. Monk, "remove that black eye!" "I can't! I—" "Say, remove that black eye, boy!"

"But it's a real one, Mr.—" Horace Tadpole stopped speaking as Mr. Sharpe whispered something in the head-master's ear; and the next moment, to the astonishment of the whole class, the Head and his assistant-master walked out of the room.

"That afternoon tea in Study 13 was quite a banquet, and Gordon Gay was complimented by Frank Monk & Co. on his successful punishment of the bullying Form-master of the Third."

The Spanish girl's heart seemed to be in her eyes. In spite of all the efforts of her pride, two big tears wetted her black eyelashes. "Adios, Ethel mia!" "Good-bye, Dolores—adios Dolores!" "Dai Jove! Say a woorie, but not good-bye, you know," said Arthur Augustus. And the sweet voice, standing up to the hearing of Dolores, floated back to the school steps. "A school revoir!"