

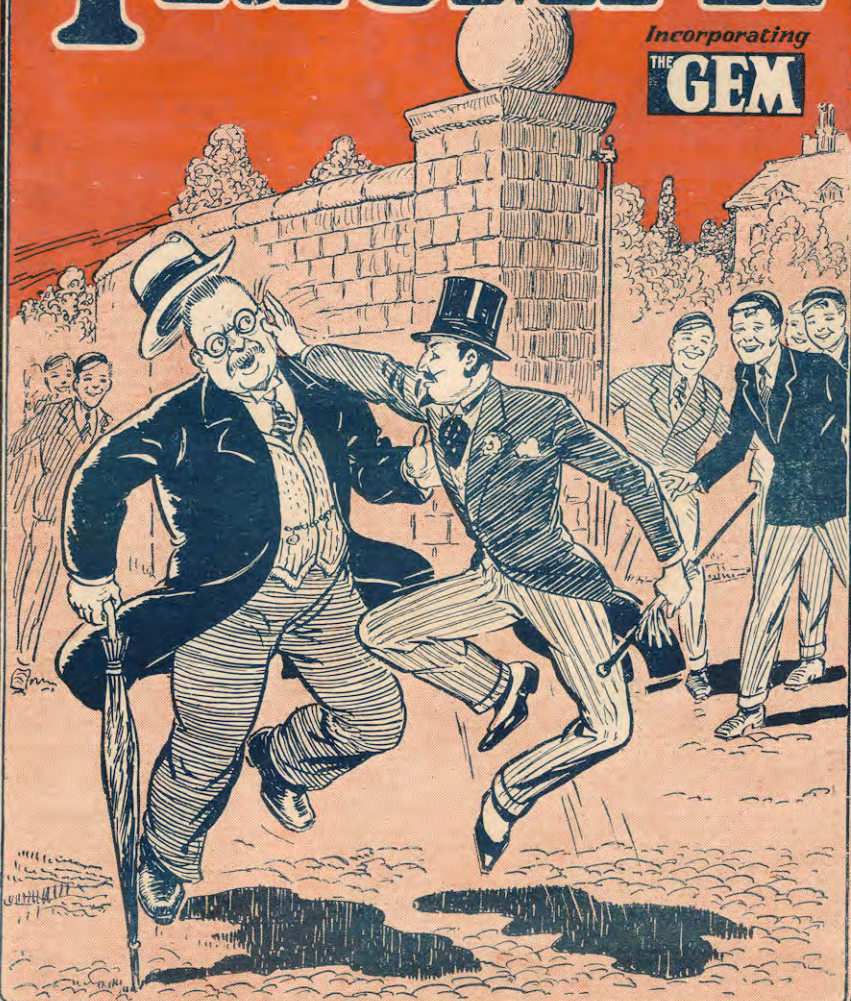
TRIUMPH 2?  
Every Tuesday

THE RIVAL SCHOOLMASTERS

GREAT ST. JIM'S  
SCHOOL STORY *Inside*

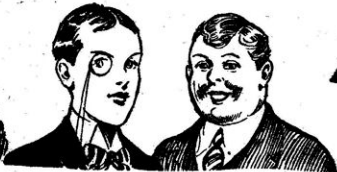
# TRIUMPH

Incorporating  
THE **GEM**



NEW FEATURE No. 1.—THRILLING AND AMUSING—UP-TO-DATE SCHOOL YARN!

## IT'S ST. JIM'S



AGAIN!

THIS WEEK:  
THE RIVAL SCHOOLMASTERS

## GORE IS TOO FUNNY

"A WFUL cheek!" growled George Gore of the Shell. Gore was not a pleasant fellow, and was always one of the first to raise a complaint.

But on this occasion there were others who agreed with him.

"Blessed nerve!" said Ernest Levison of the Fourth.

And half a dozen other fellows in the passage muttered words of a similar nature.

Tom Merry and his famous studymates, Harry Manners and Monty Lowther, came into School House just in time to hear these remarks. Tom Merry was swinging a football in his hand. He and some chums had been putting the ball about in the quad, and the footer and themselves were both pretty muddly.

"Hallo! What's bitten Gore?" asked Tom Merry.

"Listen. Listen to the impudent German pig!" growled Gore.

Tom Merry bristled at that. It was true that Herr Schneider, who taught German at St. Jim's, was German born, but he was not a Nazi; in fact, he had for years protested against the discredit and bad name that Hitler had earned for his "Fatherland."

"Listen to him intirely!" said Reilly, the Irish lad.

Herr Schneider, like many of his countrymen, was musical. It was not at all uncommon to hear snatches of German songs booming from his study, and he was going it now.

"Awful cheek to yell that here in these days!" said Gore.

"Like his nerve intirely!" echoed Reilly. Tom Merry laughed.

"Oh, rats! It's a free country," said Monty Lowther. "Thank goodness it isn't like Nazi Germany, where a chap can only sing what the police will let him. Schneider's making an awful row, but it's really an unsolicited testimonial to British freedom."

But Gore didn't see it in that light. Gore was indignant. Perhaps the fact that he had fifty German lines to write out for Herr Schneider made his indignation all the keener.

The unconscious Herr went on singing.

"Like a blessed megaphone, I'll admit," said Monty Lowther. "There, he's finished now. No harm done."

But Herr Schneider wasn't finished. He started off on another German song.

"I'm not going to stand it," said Gore. "Get ready to dodge, you chaps. I'm going to talk to him."

He bent down to the keyhole of the study door and called through.

"Put a sock in it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herr Schneider broke off his song suddenly. The juniors scuttled back to the nearest corner.

Herr Schneider's temper was not always to be depended upon.

The study door opened, and Herr Schneider blinked out through his big spectacles. There was no one in the passage.

"Ach!" murmured Herr Schneider, frowning. "Ach!"

And he drew back into the room and closed the door.

Gore peered cautiously round the corner. He grinned: until from the study came the booming voice of the German master once more.

"Blessed if he isn't still going it!" exclaimed Gore. "I'll talk to him again."

"Better chuck it," advised Levison. "He'll spot you next time."

"Oh rats!"

"Ass!" said Tom Merry. "You're asking for trouble."

"Rot!" said Gore.

And the Shell fellow crept cautiously back down the passage towards the German master's study door.

The other fellows watched him from the corner. They preferred to keep at a distance. Herr Schneider was a hard hitter when he was in a bad temper.

Gore put his mouth to the keyhole again.

"We don't want to hear your rotten—"

The door flew open, and Herr Schneider rushed out so suddenly that he collided with Gore before the Shell fellow had time to flee.

Gore made a jump to escape, but Herr Schneider's hand closed upon his collar.

"Ach! Den I have caught you mit yourself!" exclaimed Herr Schneider, shaking the junior till his teeth seemed to rattle.

"Ow!" cried Gore. "Leggo!"

Too late, he realised that Herr Schneider had been waiting just inside the door, in the hope that the practical joker would come back.

It was, as Gore said afterwards, just the sort of trick one might have expected of Schneider.

"You say put sock in it, ain't it, after?" said Herr Schneider. "You are vat you call sheeky mit your master before."

Herr Schneider had a cane in one hand, and he proceeded to whop the humorous Shell fellow, who was not feeling at all humorous now.

"Ow! Leggo!" Gore roared. "Leggo, you rotten German pig!"

The pain caused by the punishment he was receiving had caused Gore to lose control of himself.

"Vat, you call me names mit myself!" cried Schneider, purpling with anger. "Then I cane you again!"

"Back! Whack! Whack!"

Herr Schneider had lost his temper, and was really hitting too hard.

Tom Merry was about to step forward and attempt to calm the enraged German, when another master came on the scene.

Gore saw the newcomer, too.

"Help!" yelled Gore. "Mossoo, stop him!"

It was Monsieur Morny, the French master

—more familiarly known as "Mossoo"—who was coming down the passage.

Monsieur Morny was a good-natured little man, who hardly ever inflicted punishment, and he now looked on at the scene with grim disapproval in his glance. Herr Schneider was not a bad sort—except when anyone roused his temper.

"Herr Schneider," Monsieur Morny exclaimed, "I protest against zis! Zat is too much zat you do."

The German stopped his whacking and glared up at the newcomer. Then, seeing who it was, he murmured "Ach!" and resumed the good work.

Whack, whack!

"If you shall strike zat boy vunce more, it is zat I shall call the Housemaster!" exclaimed Monsieur Morny indignantly.

Herr Schneider paused. His temper was passing, and he began to realise he was giving a little too far. Mr. Raitton, the Housemaster of the School House, would certainly have disapproved.

Herr Schneider released Gore, but he bestowed an angry frown upon the French master as he strode back into his study.

Slam!

Monsieur Morny coloured. He had been about to follow the German master into the study, and the door had slammed fairly in his face—indeed, it came near to disarranging his beautiful little pointed black beard.

"Ma foi! I sink—" began Monsieur Morny, in great wrath.

Then, controlling his indignation, he walked away.

George Gore limped off and joined the crowd round the corner of the passage, groaning.

"Does it hurt?" asked Blake of the Fourth.

"Does it hurt?" growled Gore. "Of course it does, you silly idiot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was jolly decent of Mossoo to chip in," said Tom Merry.

"Blow Mossoo! Blow everybody!" growled Gore.

And he departed to nurse his injuries and his wrath.

## RACING HERR SCHNEIDER

"WHAT'S the giddy game, Gore?" Gore put a finger to his lips.

"Shush!" he whispered, and Levi-

son "shushed."

It was the day after Gore's encounter with Herr Schneider. It was a half-holiday at St. Jim's, and the weather having mended a little, most of the scholars were on the footer field where Tom Merry & Co. were playing Figgins' team from New House.

School House was well-nigh deserted. Not only were all the fellows out of doors, but so were all the masters, with the exception of Herr Schneider.

Seated in his study, Herr Schneider looked unhappy and depressed. Though he hated the

Nazi regime, he loved his Fatherland, and it hurt him to read of any Nazi defeat.

And the war news had been bad to-day—from Germany's point of view. The Nazis had launched a big attack against the Maginot Line, and had suffered heavily for their temerity, and had been forced to retreat without having gained any ground.

Herr Schneider sat staring moodily into the fire.

What was this Hitler doing to his Fatherland?

Outside the German master's study door Gore was occupied in an exceedingly active manner.

He had a strong cord in his hand. He had looped one end over the handle of the door and drawn it tight. The other end he was fastening to a gimlet which he had driven into the doorpost almost up to the handle.

Levison watched him wide a grin.

When the cord was tied securely from the door-handle to the gimlet, it was impossible for the door to be opened from within.

The German master was a prisoner in his study.

"Bottling him up, like the giddy Nazi fleet!" grinned Levison.

"That isn't all," said Gore, with a chuckle. "I'm going to talk to him."

Levison whistled softly.

"What again? Better look out. Remember what happened last time. Probably he'll know your voice now, and—"

"He won't know my voice," chuckled Gore. "That's where the little joke comes in. I've been practising 'Mosso's' voice."

"Enhance my carholes!" ejaculated Levison.

"Keep watch at the end of the passage," said Gore. "Whistle if anybody comes along."

"Right-ho!" said Levison.

He took up his watch at the end of the passage.

"All serene!" he called out softly.

Gore knocked on the door.

"Gum in!" came the German master's grumpy voice from within.

Bang! Gore knocked again.

"Gum in!" roared Herr Schneider. "Gan-not door door open?"

"Mon Dieu! Venez vous!" said Gore in an excellent imitation of the high-pitched tones of Monsieur Morny.

"Open ze door yourself, you Sherman peeg!"

"Vat?"

"Peeg! Sherman peeg, zen!"

"Mein Gott!"

"Open ze door, you Sherman rottair!" went on Gore. "I zink zat you are vun peeg. I zink zat you should be sent home to Shermany wize ze ozzier rottairs!"

"Ach, himmel!"

"Ven zat you go to Shermany, you can tell Hitler zat ze French Army come soon and bottle him up in Berlin, like ze British Fleet bottle up ze rotten Sherman Fleet."

The door-handle rattled as Herr Schneider dragged at it from within.

"Mein Gott! You hold mein door wize yourself!" roared Herr Schneider. "You gum here and fasten mein door and insult me, Herr Morny!"

"Bah! I speak upon you!"

"French frog!" yelled the imprisoned German master, dragging furiously at the door, but dragging in vain.

"Sherman rottair!"

"Mein Gott!"

The door creaked and groaned as Herr Schneider dragged at the handle from inside.

But the strong cord held it fast. It did not yield half an inch.

"Let me out!" roared Herr Schneider.

"How rare you fasten me up in mein study mit meinselt, you pestally French frog! Yah! Gown!"

"It is you zat is ze coward! You dare not come out and face a Frenchman! Bah!"

"It is tat I cannot open der door! Ven tat I get out, I break every pore in your poddy! Ach!"

"Ma foi!" squeaked Gore. "You dare not, peeg! Sherman sausage! Ven zat you dare to come out wize you, I zrash you, isn't it? Bah! Sherman sausage! Hun! Fat cochon!"

Gore, thinking he had done enough—walked away, joining Levison at the end of the passage.

age. Levison was nearly doubled up with laughter.

"Ration my rhapsody!" he murmured. "There'll be squalls over this! Old Schneider thinks that was Mosso!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He may go for Mosso bald-headed when he meets him."

"That's what I want," said Gore coolly. "Mosso's given me lines, and Schneider's given me lines. I'd like to see 'em scrapping with one another. Let's get off. We don't want to be seen around these parts."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two schoolboys departed, leaving Herr Schneider sulkily raving in his study.

Gore, with the utmost coolness, strolled round the quad under the German master's window about ten minutes later. He saw an infuriated red face glaring from the window.

"Gore!" called Herr Schneider.

"Yes, sir?" said Gore, taking off his cap respectfully and coming under the window.

"Mein door is fastened without. I want you to go round and open it," spluttered Herr Schneider.

"Without what, sir?" asked Gore innocently.

"Without noddings. It looked on the without side—on the outside—is," screamed the German master.

Gore beamed with understanding.

"Oh, sir, yes, sir! You're locked in, are you? Shall I go and get a locksmith?"

"Nein, nein!"

"I don't think there are nine locksmiths in Rylcombe, sir," said Gore. "I think there's only one; but he could manage it."

"I did not say nine—I said nein, you stupid boy! Go round and open my door. It is fastened outside by a cowardly peeg!"

"Hit me with a holystone!" ejaculated Gore. "I'll try, sir."

Gore went into the house and unfasted the cord at the German master's door. The door was dragged open, and Herr Schneider came out furiously.

"There you are, sir," said Gore. "Someone had fastened you in with this cord. One of the fags, I suppose."

"It was not a fag. It was tat French frog!" roared Herr Schneider. "But I will talk to him—ja, ja! I will talk to him! Have you seen Monsieur Morny?"

"Mosso, sir? He's just gone out."

Monsieur Morny had been out for more than an hour, as a matter of fact; but, of course, it did not suit Gore to give that information.

Herr Schneider ground his teeth.

"Gone out! To coward! You do not know vere he is gone, Gore?"

"Yes, sir. I believe he's gone to the post-office for his French newspapers."

"I gif him French-newspapers! You may go!"

Gore walked away cheerfully. A few minutes

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TRUMPET Office,  
The Fleetway House,  
Farringdon Street,  
London, E.C.4.

HOW-DO, PAIS—I hope old readers of the TRUMPET will forgive me if I address my first few words this week to the many thousands of readers joining us in the "Gem".

Here's a proposition—If you are a TRUMPET reader and you like to make a pen-friend of one of the "Gem" readers, or if you are a "Gem" reader and would like to get to know one of the TRUMPET readers, drop me a line and I'll try to arrange it.

All you have to say is: "I am a TRUMPET (or "Gem") reader and would like to correspond with a "Gem" (or TRUMPET) reader."

I want the "Gem" readers to feel they are joining a great party of friends, and perhaps this correspondence idea will help us to bind ourselves into a closer bond of friendship.

Yours till true friends fail each other.

THE EDITOR.

later the stout German left School House with his overcoat on, and a stick in his hand. Gore and Levison watched him with great glee.

"He's after Mosso," whispered Gore. "He'll meet him coming back from the post office. My only hat, this is going to be rich!"

Levison whistled.

"I say, if they're going to scrap, we ought to be on the scene," he said. "We'll take some of the fellows. Don't want to make ourselves conspicuous, or the Schneider bird might smell a rat."

"What-ho!" said Gore, with a chuckle.

They strolled down to the footer field, where a crowd of fellows were watching the junior match.

"Hallo! What's the joke?" asked Bernard Glyn, one of the onlookers, as he caught sight of Gore's grinning face.

"Something's up," explained Gore. "I've just seen Schneider."

"Oh, blow Schneider!"

"He's been calling Mosso names, and he's gone to look for him with a stick," said Gore.

"What!"

"It's a fact. It'll be worth seeing, too," said Gore. "Who's coming?"

"But, faith, he can't be going for Mosso!" exclaimed Rylcombe.

"You're spooin', Gore!"

Gore shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I only know what I've seen and heard," he said, "and I'm off to see the fun. You fellows can please yourselves."

"Be jabbers, I'm coming!" said Rylcombe.

"Say, here, I guess," said Lumley-Lumley. "Quite an army of juniors started for the gates, headed by Gore and Levison. The football match went on, but it was almost deprived of spectators. A House match was a House match, but a scrap between masters was still more worth seeing."

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"SLIGHT LOCAL ACTIVITY AT ST. JIM'S"

"A CH! Stop mit you!"

Monsieur Morny stopped.

He had been walking back from Rylcombe post office, where he had bought a batch of newspapers from his beloved France.

Like Rylcombe, the Frenchman, Monsieur Morny felt himself in exile when he was not able to tread the boulevards of "gay Paris."

The French papers he bought regularly came as a sort of whiff of his beloved homeland, and with his "Figaro" and "Matin," he promised himself an enjoyable afternoon.

But he had almost reached the gates of St. Jim's when the portly form of Herr Schneider loomed up in his path, eyes gleaming furiously behind his spectacles.

If Herr Schneider had been calmer, he would have complained to the Head of the shocking insults he had received, as he supposed, from the French master. But he was not calm: far from it!

He had been fastened up in his study and insulted. He had been called a German pig and a coward—and a coward he certainly was not!

And he was bent on taking summary vengeance for the insults that had been heaped on him.

"Bon jour!" said Monsieur Morny, surprised but polite.

"Ach! French peeg!"

Monsieur Morny jumped. He doubted if he had heard aright.

"Monsieur!" he exclaimed.

"Dere is now no locked door between us, you French frog!" roared Herr Schneider.

"Vill you repeat vat tat you have said, den?"

"But I have said nozing!" exclaimed the astounded French master. "You call me names. I zink zat you are very excited. I beg you to be calm."

"I vill not be calm!" roared Herr Schneider. "You haf insulted me! You haf called me peeg and goward!"

"Zat is vun lie, peeg-dog!"

"It is not a lie, peeg-dog!"

"Monsieur, endure zat language from nobody!" exclaimed Monsieur Morny indignantly. "It is zat you are ze peeg!"

"French frog and goward!" roared Herr Schneider, shaking his umbrella at the French master.



Smack!

Monsieur Morny's open hand came across Herr Schneider's fat, red cheek with a crack like a pistol-shot. Mossoo was, as he would have described it, "au bout de la patience." He had no patience left.

Herr Schneider staggered back for a moment; then, with a roar like a bull, he fairly hurled himself upon Monsieur Morny. His umbrella came down with a resounding thud across the French master's shoulders. Mossoo gave a yell of rage. He was not much more than half the size of the stout German, especially sideways. But he was as full of pluck as a Scotch terrier. He rushed upon the German master, hitting out right and left.

There was a roar of voices as a crowd of St. Jim's fellows came tearing up.

"Go it, Mossoo!"

"Suppress his satisfaction!"

"Lemme hold your hat, sir!"

"Vive la France!"

"Hurrah!"

The seriousness of the matter was quite lost on the juniors. It was, as Digby remarked, as good as the movies.

Mossoo, though the smaller of the two, seemed to be getting the better of it. He was at his bulky antagonist like a fiery bantam, planting punch after punch upon the confused and bewildered German.

"Take zat viz you!" shrieked Mossoo in his high-pitched voice. "And zat! And zat! Is it not zat I have held my tongue so long and never said zat it is zat I zink of you? I zink zat you are a cochon! Bah! Take zat and zat!"

"Mein Gott!"

Monsieur Morny's beautiful silk hat fell off in his excitement, and Gore picked it up for him. Bernard Glyn rescued his bundle of papers from the mud. The juniors stood round in a cheering ring.

"Go it, Mossoo!"

"Pile in, ze jaspers! Pile in! Give the spalpeen socks!"

"Hurrah!"

"Ach!" gasped Herr Schneider, rolling round in wild endeavours to get at his more nimble antagonist. "Himmel! I provoke every pose in your poddy! Ach! Vait till I gets hold of you, you French frog! Ach!"

"Bah! Prenez donc! Take zat!"

"Ach! Mein Gott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Two to one on Froggy!" yelled Gore.

"Herr, ha, ha!"

Herr Schneider, driven to fury by the rain of blows from the active Frenchman, made wild rushes at his foe, and succeeded at last in getting in a blow.

The blow had the weight of fourteen stone behind it, and it doubled poor Mossoo up like a penknife. He landed on his back in the muddy lane and moaned.

"Get up mit you!" roared Herr Schneider, prancing round the fallen Frenchman.

But poor Mossoo could not get up. He was not an athlete, and the terrific blow had completely knocked him out.

The German, his rage calming somewhat, and feeling he had had some satisfaction for the insults heaped at him, turned away at last and walked off towards St. Jim's.

He had had the best of the encounter, anyway.

Clifton Dane, a Canadian junior, knelt beside poor Mossoo, and helped him into a sitting position.

Monsieur Morny blinked at him dazedly.

"I zank you, mon garcon. Helas! I feel verree bad. It is so zat I have had pain of ze mud's foot. Mon Dieu! Zat Sherman mad, I zink! I do not know why for he shall come and quarrel wiz me."

Monsieur Morny woz got to his feet, leaning heavily on the Canadian junior. He was still gasping, and he was hurt, but more than the hurt to his body was the hurt to his pride. He had been knocked down—in the presence of onlookers! His face was crimson with shame and rage.

Gore handed him his hat. He put it on in silence, and walked slowly towards the school, followed by the juniors.

When they reached St. Jim's, he went into

the school and up to his room without another word.

The juniors dispersed, grinning over the scrap, but at the same time concerned for poor Mossoo. They felt that it wasn't quite fair that he should have been licked when he had done nothing, apparently, to deserve it.

"Mossoo means to go for him again," said Clifton Dane. "I could see the gleam in his eye. And, if you ask me, he hasn't a caribby."

Tom Merry & Co. came off the footer field, and simply gaped when they heard the news. Gore and Levison could have enlightened them as to the cause of the quarrel, but they did not do so.

But what was the woz about, dear boys? exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the dandy junior.

"All Schneider's fault," said Clifton Dane. "Gore saw him start out after poor old Froggy, and fetched us to see the fun."

"Gore!" said Tom Merry suspiciously, and turned to that junior. "Did you have anything to do with it, Gore?"

"Me? Why should I?" said Gore.

"I don't see how he could," remarked Glyn. "We all saw it. Schneider stopped Mossoo in the lane and picked a quarrel with him. He called him names, and Mossoo smacked him, smacked him several times—but Schneider got in a blow at last, and Mossoo went down for ten."

## MOSSOO ON THE WARPATH

MONSIEUR MORNY was not seen again that day. He stayed in his room.

Levison declared that he saw him, from the quad, striding to and fro in his study, and gesticulating.

But when two or three fellows went to look, they found that the French master had drawn his blind, perhaps having spotted Levison in the quad.

But the shadow of the little Frenchman could be seen, crossing and re-crossing the blind of the lighted room, for quite a long time.

Mossoo was evidently thinking over the insult that had been put upon him, and the juniors wondered what was to come of it.

However, dormitory time came, and nothing was seen of Monsieur Morny outside his study, and the juniors went up to their beds.

Shortly afterwards, Herr Schneider was in his study when there came a tap at his door.

"Gump in!" growled Herr Schneider.

Monsieur Morny entered.

Herr Schneider stared at the French master. Monsieur Morny was the very last person he had expected to visit him, under the circumstances.

Mossoo's face was very pale, and his eyes were burning. The stout German rose to his feet, in anticipation of hostilities, but Mossoo had not come there for fistfuffs!

He closed the door carefully behind him, and, folding his arms across his chest, stood looking at Herr Schneider for some moments.

"Was denn?" said Herr Schneider.

"Monsieur"—Monsieur Morny's voice was trembling with suppressed emotion—"zis day you have insult me—a Frenchman!"

"It is in ze insult me first, Herr Morny!"

"Zat is a lie, and ze insult you to me give cannot be forgiven nevair! I demand ze satisfaction!"

"Ze vat?"

"Ze satisfaction!" repeated Monsieur Morny, his eyes glittering. "We Frenchmen do not fight viz ze feet. Zere is vun vay zat a gentleman he shall fight! Zat insult shall be viped out in blood!"

"In blood!" repeated Herr Schneider.

"Mais oui!"

"Mein Gott!"

"Zat you are mooch pigger as me, zat is true," said Monsieur Morny. "Also, I cannot fight like ze bully viz ze hands. I offer you ze choice of ze rapier or ze pistol!"

Herr Schneider blinked over his spectacles at the furious little Frenchman. He could hardly believe his ears at first.

But there was no doubt about it. Monsieur Morny was challenging him to settle the matter in Parisian fashion—in a duel.

And, to judge by Mossoo's deadly looks, the duel would not be a mere comicality. Mossoo was out for blood!

"But zat is against te law," said Herr Schneider.

"In zis country, oui; but in France—"

"But ve are not in France, mein herr."

"Zat is no mattair."

Herr Schneider sat down again. In his young days, at a German university, Herr Schneider had fought in duels. He was exceedingly proud of a little scar on his face which was a souvenir of it.

Students' duels, in which the combatants are carefully guarded against possible damage, had been part of the German university education when Herr Schneider had been qualifying for his degree, and the trifling scars were highly prized by the youths of his college days.

But though Herr Schneider had been through the harmless and necessary duel of his student days, many long years ago, he was not in the least inclined to go through a more serious one now.

"I tink tat you are silly!" he remarked. "I vill do nothing of te sort! It is verboten—forbidden—in zis country!"

Monsieur Morny drew himself up.

"You refuse!"

"Ja, vat!"

"Zeh I call you a coward!"

"I haf alretty galley you a goward," said Herr Schneider; "and you may gall me a goward as long as you like, mein herr!"

Monsieur Morny trembled with rage.

"Zen after you have insult me, you refuse to give me satisfaction!"

"I do nothing tat is against te law," said Herr Schneider.

"Zen I strike you viz my feest!"

"Den I trows you out of te room!"

Monsieur Morny unfolded his arms, and strode towards the German master and shook a furious fist within a foot of his nose. Herr Schneider pushed his chair back a little and blinked at him.

"Zeh I give me ze satisfaction, you Sherman rottair?"

"Nein!"

"I have in my room ze swords zat are all ready. Zere is a moon, and ve can fight behind ze chapel vizout fear of interruption."

"Vill you go away, and not be so ridiculous!" said Herr Schneider calmly. "Vat would te headmaster say if he should hear of dis?"

"Zat is nozing to me. My honour demand zat I have ze satisfaction."

"Nonsense!" said Herr Schneider scornfully. "And now, if you not go out of mein study, I dakes you py te neck and trows you out!"

The stout German rose to his feet, towering over Monsieur Morny, who backed away.

"I go," he said, "but zat is not ze finish! You refuse ze satisfaction! Zen I force you! If you not fight like ze gentleman, I keel you like ze dog!"

"Rubbish!" said Herr Schneider. "All tat is against te law!"

"I care nozing for zat! Ze honour demand zat I have ze satisfaction! Ze you vill see!"

With that threat, Monsieur Morny bounded out of the study, and Herr Schneider sat down, infinitely relieved.

Monsieur Morny rushed up to his room, pale with rage. He had to pass the door of the German master's bed-room, and the light in the passage had been turned out.

As the little Frenchman rushed along in the dark, there was a sudden collision, and a gasp from some unseen person he had run into.

"Oh, my hat!"

Monsieur Morny staggered back. "Mon Dieu! Vat—who is tat?"

But only the sound of rapidly receding footsteps came in reply.

"Who is tat, I say?"

Silence.

Monsieur Morny could guess easily enough that it was some junior out of his dormitory, but he had no time to waste on juniors just then. He rushed on to his own room.

The little Frenchman was in deadly earnest. He had been insulted. Whatever the result,

whatever the scandal, that insult had to be wiped out.

Herr Schneider would probably not have sat so peacefully if he had seen how the French master was occupied in his room just now.

Monsieur Morny had unlocked a big trunk and taken out of it a long leathern case.

He opened the case, and a couple of thin, long blades glimmered in the light. The case contained a pair of duelling swords—a relic of Mossoo's youthful Parisian days. Mossoo was on the warpath!

## THE JAPERS

"WHAT luck?"

Half a dozen voices in the Shell dormitory asked that question as the door opened, and Bernard Glyn, the amateur inventor, came in, breathing hard.

Glyn closed the door behind him and panted. Tom Merry & Co. sat up in bed, and blinked at him in the gloom.

"Rotten!" said Glyn.

"Have you fixed up the bell?"

"You've been jolly quick!" said Monty Lother.

"Spotted?" asked Kangaroo.

"No," said Glyn. "I was just going into Schneider's bed-room when Mossoo came charging along the passage like a mad bull and fairly bowled me over."

"Mossoo?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yes," growled Glyn. "So I bolted. I've got the wire and the bell in my pocket now. I say, you chaps, I fancy something's up!"

Glyn spoke seriously. It was a jape on the German master that had taken him out of his dormitory.

It was quite a simple scheme. By means of an electric bell concealed under the German master's bed, a wire, and a dry battery, it was possible to give Herr Schneider a series of surprises during the night which would certainly interrupt his rosy dreams.

But the schoolboy inventor had been interrupted.

"What's up?" asked Tom Merry. "Anything wrong with Mossoo?"

"Yes. I think he's just been to see Schneider," said Glyn. "I heard a door slam downstairs, and I think it was Schneider's; then Mossoo came bolting up like a maniac. Looks to me as if there's going to be more trouble."

"Where's Mossoo now?" asked Tom Merry.

"Come to his room, I think," said Glyn. "I'm going back when the coast is clear. Old Schneider won't be long in getting to bed now."

"I'll come with you," said Tom Merry, slipping out of bed. "It's too good a jape to be missed. I'll put the wire down while you're fixing the bell."

"Right-o!" said Glyn.

Tom Merry hurriedly slipped on his clothes. Bernard Glyn opened the door, peered into the passage, and listened. All was dark and silent.

"Coast's clear," said Glyn.

"Come on, then."

In their socks the two Shell fellows crept down the passage without a sound. There was a light under Monsieur Morny's door, but the door was closed.

Herr Schneider's room was quite dark; the German master had not come up to bed yet. Tom Merry opened the door, and the junior slipped in and closed the door behind them.

"Now, sharp's the word," whispered Glyn. "We shall want a light. I've got a torch in my pocket. You can hold it for me."

Tom Merry held the little torch, while Glyn proceeded with the work in hand. It did not take long. With a length of wire he secured the electric bell underneath the bed, near the head and quite out of sight.

The wire attached to the bell—a double-insulated wire, of course—was run down the leg of the bed nearest the wall and then passed along the wall close to the floor and pushed out of sight under the edge of the linoleum that covered the floor.

"Put out the light," whispered Glyn as he reached the door with the wire. "Mustn't let

it be seen in the passage. I've got to run this wire along the passage—it will go under the edge of the linoleum."

Tom Merry turned off the light.

"How about going under the door?" he asked. "If it gets stuck, the current won't pass."

"That's all right—the door doesn't fit close to the floor, ass. Lots of room for a wire to pass."

"Good!"

Glyn opened the door and drew the wire carefully under it, close to the door-jamb, and pushed the coil along the passage.

Then, before he could proceed farther, the sound of an opening door was heard, and footsteps in the passage.

"Cave!" whispered Tom Merry, staring into the gloom.

"Get back into the room," muttered Glyn.

"Tain't Schneider."

"But the wire—"



There was no escape. "En garde!" shouted the French master. "You will be arrested mit der police!" protested the German teacher. "En garde, or I will steek you like a peeg!" shrieked Monsieur Morny.

"That's all right!"

Glyn pushed the coil of wire close to the wall and left it there. It was not likely to be found in the dark.

The two juniors drew back into Herr Schneider's room, and Glyn noiselessly closed the door.

They waited in the darkness of the room, their hearts beating fast.

"Who was it?" asked Tom in a low voice.

"Mossoo, I think. He's going down again."

"Well, he won't come in here, anyway," said Tom.

"Not likely. Hush!"

The footsteps in the passage had stopped outside the German master's door. Tom Merry caught hold of Glyn's arm in consternation.

It certainly was not Herr Schneider outside, but whoever it was, he was coming into that room.

"He's coming in!" whispered Tom breathlessly.

"Cover—quick!"

There was a big wardrobe on the other side of the room, standing across a corner, and they backed away to it, squeezing behind it in the dark.

It would not have done for them to be discovered in Herr Schneider's room, whoever the newcomer might be.

They were barely in their hiding-place when the door-handle turned and the door opened abruptly. The two Shell fellows scarcely breathed.

They expected the light to be switched on, but the darkness remained unbroken. The newcomer entered the room and closed the door. They could hear him breathing quickly.

Who was it?

They were soon enlightened on that point. A muttering voice became audible in the silence of the room.

"Ma foi! He will come! And then we'll see!"

It was Mossoo, muttering to himself in French.

Tom Merry and Glyn remained perfectly still in their hiding-place, but their hearts were thumping.

What did it mean? Monsieur Morny was evidently waiting in that room for the German master to come up to bed.

What was it that was to be seen? Was he meditating some attack upon the herr in the dark? That did not seem at all like Mossoo, yet why didn't he turn on the light?

The minutes passed.

They heard the Frenchman moving and a sound as if he had laid down some heavy article; they could not guess what it was.

Then silence.

The blinds were down, and not a glimmer of light penetrated into the room.

From the movement Monsieur Morny had made they knew that he had taken up his position behind the door. Thus he would be concealed from sight when the door opened. What was his object?

He could hardly have come there to renew his fistical encounter with Herr Schneider. He must have had enough of that, and must have known that physically he had no chance against the German.

But evidently his surreptitious visit to the German master's room meant mischief.

The two juniors felt thoroughly uneasy.

They could not get out of the room without discovery while Mossoo was there, and if they waited they had to wait until Herr Schneider came, when it would be still more impossible to get out without discovery.

And they felt, too, that something was in the air. They knew the Frenchman's excitable nature, and they knew that he had been brooding over his injuries.

It was possible that their presence might be the means of preventing something very serious happening.

But the juniors had not much time for thinking the matter out. In a quarter of an hour there was a sound of heavy footsteps outside.

They heard a quick breath from the Frenchman.

The door was thrown open and the German master came ponderously in. The open door hid the Frenchman from his sight as he pressed the electric switch.

The room was flooded with light, and the juniors, in their hiding-place, blinked. Herr Schneider closed the door, and in doing so revealed the Frenchman.

"ACH!"

Herr Schneider started back a pace or two, blinking wrathfully at the Frenchman.

Monsieur Morry clutched up the case he had laid down, and placed his back to the door. Herr Schneider still blinked at him.

"Yat is all tat, den?" he demanded. "Vy for is it tat I find you in mein room, like a purplar, Monsieur Morry?"

The French master clicked open the case and revealed two duelling blades.

Herr Schneider blinked at them, his pale blue eyes growing bigger and rounder behind his spectacles.

Mossoo slipped his hand behind him and turned the key in the lock; then he took the two weapons from the case and threw the case upon the bed.

"Choose!" he said dramatically.

"Yat!"

"Choose!" repeated Mossoo. "You have insult me, and you refuse ze satisfaction! It is not zat I permit you to refuse. Here ve are alone, and ze door is locked. Here ve will fight like ze gentlemen—Choose!"

"Mein Gott!"

"Here, in zis room, we fight to ze death!" said Monsieur Morry.

"Zat nodding of te sort!"

"Coward!"

"It is against te law."

"Zat matters not! You sall zink of zat before zat you insult me!"

Monsieur Morry threw one of the blades towards Herr Schneider, and it fell glittering at his feet. He grasped the other in a businesslike way.

"En garde!" he said.

"Nonsense!"

"Take up zat sword!"

"I will not!"

"Zen I steek you like ze peeg!" said Monsieur Morry, and he made a pass at Herr Schneider which made him jump back in alarm.

"Put you are mad!" roared the German. "Go away mit your nonsense, or I shouts for help!"

"Shout, zen! Ze door is lock; no vun can enter," said Monsieur Morry. "Here ve are man to man—a French gentleman against a Sherman peeg! It is too much honour for you zat I fight vix you, but I have been insult, and zat can only be viped out in blood. I give you vun minute to take up zat sword, and if you do not take him I run you zrough ze body like a peeg!"

"Mein Gott!"

Herr Schneider glared helplessly at the Frenchman. Mossoo was in deadly earnest; there wasn't the slightest doubt about that.

He had ensconced himself in the German master's bed-room in order to force him into a duel to the death.

The door was locked, and the Frenchman, sword in hand, was between Herr Schneider and the door. The fat German's red face became paler.

Behind the wardrobe Tom Merry and Bernard Glyn looked at one another in utter consternation.

They understood now, and, but for the seriousness of the situation, the little Frenchman's ferocity would have made them inclined to laugh.

But it was evidently no laughing matter.

They certainly didn't want to see Herr Schneider stretched in his blood on the floor of his bed-room; still less did they want Monsieur Morry to be taken away and hanged—which was the natural result of having that kind of "satisfaction" in this country.

There was dead silence in the room. Mossoo had given his enemy a minute's grace to pick up his weapon and defend himself. Herr Schneider grunted asthmatically and stooped to pick up the rapier.

Tom Merry pressed Glyn's arm.

"We've got to stop the silly fools!" he whispered.

Glyn nodded.

"En garde, monsieur!" said Monsieur Morry with deadly politeness.

Herr Schneider glanced wildly round the room as if in search of an avenue of escape.

Had the window been open he would certainly have risked a jump, but the window was shut, and the blinds were down. There was no escape, and there was no help.

The rapier trembled in Herr Schneider's fat hand.

"Vun moment!" he gasped, "I brotest tat!"

"En garde!"

"Dey will hang you if you shall keel me!" the German gasped.

"En garde!"

"You vill be arrested mit der bolice!"

"Ach! Mein Gott! Dis is dreadful! Herr Morry, I peg you to be calm. I am villin to abogise tat I have you keeled!"

"Zat is too late! En garde!"

"Ach! I vill not!" roared Herr Schneider.

"Help! Help!"

"Bah! I speet upon you! You are a coward! En garde, or I vill you steek like a peeg!"

"Help!"

Tom Merry and Bernard Glyn jumped out from behind the wardrobe.

Evidently the moment had come to chip in. Herr Schneider was dodging round the table, and the Frenchman was rushing to the attack.

Tom Merry flung himself upon Mossoo, grasping his right arm and dragging it down. Bernard Glyn ran behind him and threw an arm round his neck and dragged him backwards.

"Run for it, Herr Schneider!" panted Tom Merry.

Monsieur Morry struggled desperately. "Let me go! Leave me zat I keel him! Release me vix you! Garcons, zat you let go vix me! Ah! Ze coward, he run!"

There was no doubt about that. The moment the ferocious little Frenchman was collared by the Shell fellows, Herr Schneider was bound for the door.

He unhooked it like lightning, tore it open, and sped into the passage, panting like a pair of very old bellows.

"Ach! Mein Gott! Hold tat madman, mein poy! Ach! Ach!"

And Herr Schneider disappeared.

## CORE EXPLAINS

TOM MERRY and Bernard Glyn had chipped in only in the nick of time.

In another moment—so carried away had Monsieur Morry been by the desire to avenge himself—there would undoubtedly have been bloodshed.

But now, in the grasp of the two boys, the little Frenchman sank down limply on Herr Schneider's bed.

His excitement had passed, leaving him almost exhausted.

He realised at last the serious results from which the boys' intervention had saved him.

BUT next day it was evident that relations were still very strained between Herr Schneider and Monsieur Morry.

Tom Merry saw them encounter each other at the entrance to Great Hall, when the school gathered for prayers, and the German gave the Frenchman the curtest of good-mornings.

Tom Merry turned round and caught Gore smiling, and the suspicion returned to Merry that Gore knew more about the origin of the quarrel between the French and German master than he had yet confessed.

Rumours were going round the school that someone had heard Herr Schneider accusing Monsieur Morry of having locked him in his room and then insulted him through the door.

Tom Merry went along to the passage in which Herr Schneider's study was situated. He saw the marks of the deeply inserted gimlet. Once again Tom Merry remembered how he had heard that Gore had been the one to fetch other fellows to watch Herr Schneider go for Mossoo at the school gates.

Gore came out of School House for morning break, and Tom Merry bore down on him at once.

Gore looked a little alarmed.

"What's the row?" he demanded.

"Look here," said Tom Merry, "rumour says that the Schneider-bird accuses Mossoo of having fastened his door and then slanged him through the keyhole. Now it was you all the time; I'm sure of that! You can be a bit of a mimic if you want to be!"

Gore paled. His whole attitude was one of guilt, and he seemed to realise that he was giving himself away.

"I suppose you're not going to sneak?" he growled anxiously.

Tom Merry knitted his brows.

"No," he admitted; "but if someone tackled the Schneider-bird or Mossoo and told him the truth, matters could be put quite straight."

"If—But who?"

"You can, Gore!"

"I?" exclaimed Gore.

"Yes, you. It's up to you to own 'em!" said Tom Merry firmly.

Gore sneered.

"And get a licking. No fear!"

"If you don't do the right thing," said Tom Merry, raising his voice, "I won't tell any master, but I'll tell the other fellows, and we'll jolly well give you the licking ourselves."

Gore scowled as he turned and walked away, but after last period that morning he was seen going towards Monsieur Morry's study.

The result was witnessed by Tom Merry & Co. just after the midday meal.

They saw Herr Schneider waddle down the school passage and meet Monsieur Morry at the door of his room.

"Pardon, Herr Schneider!" they heard Mossoo exclaim. "I lose ze head—I be've ver' bad! Pardon, monsieur!"

"Ach, tat no matter!" replied the herr. "I accused you wrongly of fastening me in my study—when it vas tat wretched poy Gore. I think tat I ought to punish him."

"No, no!" protested the French master. "He confess, and I promise he not be punished."

Herr Schneider nodded.

As a matter of fact, on reflection, he had no wish to prolong anything connected with their quarrel.

He realised now that if their quarrel came to the ears of the Head of St. Jim's, the Head would be sure to take a serious view of it.

The herr was in fact, very anxious to hush the matter up.

So him to masters shook hands. And the Frenchman kissed the German on both cheeks. It was evident that the Franco-German war at St. Jim's was over!

Next Tuesday in the TRIUMPH—Another of these fine St. Jim's tales, telling how a Nazi spy installed himself as a master at the school. Please tell your pals about the THREE new features that start this week. They'll be able to get TRIUMPH every week, if they order a copy from any newsagent.