



SCHOOL NOTES.

March 1905.

To my Boys.

THIS is the last time, boys, that I shall have the opportunity of addressing you through the pages of your School Magazine, as your Head Master. I can assure that to me it is no easy task, for all kinds of thoughts and feelings come crowding into my brain and seem to stop the flow of my pen. It seems difficult to realize that after 22 years as a Head Masster, spent amid the bright and active scenes of boyhood, I am entering on a new sphere of work. But be that as it may, let me here say how happy have been my 8½ years spent amongst you in the dear old Grammar School, and how hard it is to say good-bye. These happy years I shall, in thought, live over and over again. I shall always think of our interesting work in School, when together we have tried to get at the meaning of some difficult passage in French or Latin author, or traced the cause and effect of some important point in History. I hope that you, too, will remember, as I feel sure you will when you are older, how I have tried to impress upon you the fact that your character is of far more value than Latin or French, History or Mathematics. How often you have heard me say "I would rather have 10 boys of good character in the School than 100 clever ones." I pray that those words so familiar to you all may some day bear fruit in the lives of all of you. And what shall I say about those

happy hours in the playing fields? How often I shall think of those old days when we worked together to get our opponents out, or tried to snatch a winning goal, or shouted till we were hoarse with cheering on the team in some great match with our old friends, the Coatham boys. I shall always remember with pride our famous cricket and football teams of 1903, when we did not lose a match, and kicked 74 goals against 14. Play up School! Just one word in reference to those corrections which a Head Master has to undertake for the sake of discipline and the morality of boys. I hope you will think that I have always tried to be just. If there is one among you who feels that he has been unjustly punished, I ask that boy's forgiveness, and earnestly beg that he will try to feel that if an injustice has been done, it has been through some error of judgment and quite unintentional. And now, before I say farewell, let me give you one parting word of advice, not as your Head Master, but as your friend. Above all things be honest and straightforward in all you do or say; scorn to tell a lie; consider it beneath you to deceive your master or to copy from your neighbour's book and present the work as your own; be God-fearing boys, courteous and polite to everybody; do your best in school and in the playing field; "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." In your games be loyal to your

captain; play for your side, not for yourself, and help the weaker boys, it will make them manly as well as yourself.

May that glorious Priory Arch, placed daily before your eyes, and ever pointing heavenward, stimulate you to high and noble aims. Try to live up to these ideals, and so you will be a credit to yourselves, to your school, to your town and country, and you will hand down to others the good reputation which the dear old Grammar School has long maintained. And so farewell! Let me add that should any of you come into Cheshire at any time, you will always find a most hearty welcome at Daresbury Vicarage from your old Head Master and affectionate friend,

T. T. LEE-JONES.

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Mr. Trevor has kindly sent the following contribution to the School Magazine:—

The Governors met on 16th December, 1904, when they received the resignation of the Rev. T. T. Lee-Jones, on his preferment to the benefice of Daresbury, Cheshire. Colonel Chaloner (the Chairman) moved the following resolution:—

“That the resignation be accepted; and the Governors desire to place upon record the great satisfaction they have felt in Mr. Lee-Jones’ services as Head Master of the School for upwards of eight years, and their regret at his leaving.

“They also desire to express their high appreciation of the manner in which he has discharged the duties of his position, not only to them, but also to the pupils who have been under his care.

“The Governors desire to convey to Mr. and Mrs. Lee-Jones their heartiest good wishes for their future prosperity and happiness in life.”

He said he did not think it would be right to allow this resolution to pass without adding a few words on behalf of himself and his colleagues, to express their deep regret at the approaching departure of the Head Master. Although he had not had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Lee-Jones for as long a period as some of his Co-Trustees had done, he had at any rate known him quite long enough to realize and appreciate the energy and ability which he had shown in the management of the School. Ample proof of this was to be found in the successful results which he had attained. It mattered not

whether it was in the School work, in the improvement of the buildings, in the numbers of the School, or even in the playing fields at cricket and football, which are by no means unimportant parts of a lad’s education, the same progress and satisfactory results were to be seen, and they felt, no doubt, that this was due to Mr. Lee-Jones’ tact, energy, and ability, and fully realised what a difficult task it would be to replace him. They were, however, glad to think that what was their loss would be his gain, and desired, therefore to congratulate him on his preferment, and to assure him that he carried with him their sincere good wishes for his and Mrs. Lee-Jones’ happiness and prosperity in his new sphere of influence. He begged to move the resolution which had been read, and also that this resolution should not only be entered in the Minutes, but that a copy of it, signed by the Board, should be given to Mr. Lee-Jones. Mr. Trevor seconded the resolution, and other Governors present cordially endorsed the remarks of the Chairman, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

Richard Chaloner, Col.,
Chairman.

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SCHOOL SPORTS.

THE School Sports, which had been postponed owing to bad weather, took place in the School Field on Wednesday, September 21st. It was a beautiful day, and there was a splendid gathering of the friends and relations of the boys. Thanks to the energy of the Judges, the quickness of the boys in getting to the starting-post, and the excellent starting of Mr. Lowes, everything passed off most successfully. There was some good running and jumping, some of the finishes being very close, and we most heartily congratulate Robson on winning the Challenge Cup for the second year in succession; nor must we forget to mention the excellent jumping of Smales and the running of Ellis, which showed immense improvement on his running of the previous year. Our good friend, the Rev. J. F. Williams, who takes such delight in boys’ games, and whom we were so sorry to lose from Guisborough, presented the prizes. The following is the list of the prize-winners:—

120 Yards, boys over 14.—1st Robson, 2nd Smales, 3rd Ellis.

120 Yards, boys under 14.—1st Robinson 2nd Brice, 3rd Ward.
 High Jump, boys over 14.—1st Smales, 2nd Page.
 High Jump, boys under 14.—1st Trees i., 2nd Ward.
 Hurdle Race.—1st Robson, 2nd Pannett.
 Sack Race.—1st Ellis, 2nd Shutt.
 100 Yards, boys between 12 and 15.—1st Winter, 2nd Bewick, 3rd Million.
 Donkey Race.—1st Stevenson and Carter, 2nd Ellis and Hutchinson.
 Throwing Cricket Ball.—Holmes.
 Mile Race.—1st Ellis, 2nd Robson, 3rd Smales, 4th Carter.
 Little Boys' Race.—1st Carter, 2nd Ward, 3rd Hutton.
 100 Yards, boys over 14.—1st Ellis, 2nd Robson, 3rd Winter.
 100 Yards, boys under 14.—1st Robinson, 2nd Brice, 3rd Newoombe.
 Siamese Race, boys under 14.—1st Annett and Pybus, 2nd Ellis and Winter.
 Siamese Race, boys under 14.—1st Hutton and Trees i., 2nd Lee-Jones and Wilson.
 Egg and Spoon Race.—1st Scace, 2nd Annett.
 Quarter-Mile Race.—1st Smales, 2nd Pybus, 3rd Robson.
 Obstacle Race.—1st Wood, 2nd Bewick, 3rd Shutt.
 Consolation Race.—1st Fordham, 2nd Scollett, 3rd Gibson.

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FOOTBALL.

THE Season of 1904-1905 opened with very fair promise, for out of the famous 1903 team we had 6 left, and several of the reserves of the previous season had much improved. But we had lost some excellent players. We sadly missed Allison in the back line, and the dashing play of George Pybus, at centre-forward. However, the boys played up well at the beginning of the term, and though there was a great deal of slackness towards the end of the term on the part of some of the players, the record for the term was not a bad one. We played 12 matches, won 5, lost 4, and drew 3. This term there is an excellent spirit among the boys, and though they are smaller than last term's team, they are all keen, there is more combination, and the backs and halves are in excellent form. Every member of the team is a trier and works hard, and if only we had a little more weight in the forward line, the team would be a really good one.

SCHOOL v MR. FRENCH'S XI.

On School ground, Sept. 24th. The visitors were a very heavy team, and, after a good game, beat the boys by 5 goals to 2. Goal-scorers for the School were Annett and Bewick.

Team:—Ellis, goal; Wood and Holmes, backs; Fordham, Bewick, and Mr. Thomas, halves; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Million, Mr. Garthwaite, forwards.

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SCHOOL v AYTON F.S.

Played at Ayton on Oct. 1st. Both teams were composed of boys under 16 and one master. A very even game resulted in a win for the visitors by 2—1. Goals scored by Annett and Winter.

Team:—Ellis, goal; Wood, Holmes, backs; Knight, Bewick, Million, half-backs; Annett, Scollett, Pybus, Winter, Fordham, forwards.

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SCHOOL v DARLINGTON G.S.

At Darlington; a very hard fought and interesting game ended in a draw of two goals each. Scores by Robson and Annett.

Team:—Pannett, goal; Wood, Holmes, Fordham, Bewick, Smales, halves; Robson, Annett, Scollett, Robinson, Winter, forwards.

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SCHOOL v COATHAM G.S.

Away. The School lacked the services of two of the usual team and being over-weighted made but a poor display. The match ended in a victory for Coatham by 4 goals to nil.

Team:—Pannett, goal; Wood, Smales, backs; Ellis, Bewick, Fordham, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Scollett, Winter, forwards.

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SCHOOL v CHURCH LADS BRIGADE.

A great benefit match on the Brigade ground. Pybus was in a scoring mood and notched all 3 points for the school. The Brigade also annexed 3 points, one a penalty.

Team:—Ellis, goal; Wood and Holmes, backs; Fordham, Bewick, Smales, halves; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Robinson, Winter, forwards.

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SCHOOL v STOCKTON G.S.

At Stockton. A very even game throughout. Guisborough had the majority of the play, but only netted the sphere four times, while Stockton put on three. Goals for the

school scored by Robson, Bewick, Pybus, and Ellis.

Team :—Pannett, goal; Wood, Holmes, backs; Fordham, Bewick, Smales, halves; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Ellis, Million, forwards.

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SCHOOL v Mr. FRENCH'S XI.

Played on the School ground in dirty weather. The School playing a re-constructed team were rather feeble, but improved later, and eventually ran out victors by 5 goals to 3. Scored by Pannett (2), Robson, Wood, Pybus.

Team :—Winter, goal; Wood, Holmes, Fordham, Bewick, Million, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Smales, Pannett, Pybus, forwards.

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SCHOOL v COATHAM G.S.

At Guisbro.' The Guisborians were completely overweighted and outclassed, and had to acknowledge defeat by the ignominious total of 7 goals to nil.

Team :—Winter, goal; Wood, Holmes, backs; Fordham, Bewick, Smales, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Million, Pannett, Pybus, forwards.

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SCHOOL v WOODCOCK'S XI.

Played on School ground on Nov. 5th. School were assisted by Mr. Garthwaite. A very fast game resulted in a draw of 4 goals each. Goals were scored by Robson, Mr. Garthwaite, Fordham (2).

Team :—Pannett, goal; Wood, Holmes, backs; Million, Bewick, Ellis, half-backs;

Robson, Annett, Fordham, Pybus, Mr. Garthwaite, forwards.

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SCHOOL v CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

Played on School ground on Nov. 12th. The School had a very weak team, three men being absent. The Brigadiers had almost all the play, and won a poor game by 8 goals to nil.

Team :—Pannett, goal; Bewick, Wood, backs; Knight, Fordham, Ellis, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Robinson, Winter, forwards.

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SCHOOL v SILCOATE'S SCHOOL.

The first match against Silcoates was played at Saltburn on a muddy ground. School played a poor game in the first half and only scored 2. Eventually they were victorious by 5—2. Points scored by Robson (2), Annett, Holmes, Scollett.

Team :—Pannett, goal; Wood, Holmes, backs; Winter, Bewick, Million, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Scollett, Smales, forwards.

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SCHOOL v OLD BOYS.

The old boys were conspicuous by their absence, only four turning up. However, the captain, Pybus, got together a fairly good team, which the school-boys beat, 6—1. Goal scorers, Robson (3), Annett, Smales, Winter.

Team :—Pannett, goal; Wood, Holmes, backs; Ellis, Fordham, Smales, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Million, Scollett, Winter, forwards.





THE CONVERSION OF LIMEY.

By STANLEY W. GRACE.

“WELL, let him jack out if he likes. All the better.” “Is it, though? What if the little beast sneaks?” “What if he sneaks? Why, then he'll get the soundest licking he ever got in his life. That's what will happen if he sneaks.”

“Well, are we to wait till he's asleep?”

“Wait till he's asleep! No, not likely! That would be one or two o'clock in the morning.” “Yes, but you know how he sucks up to Old Everton, and the Captain doesn't seem to have sense to kick him—fact is, he's a beastly little sneak. He got licked only the other day for sneaking, but never mind, it's worth the risk to have him out of it.”

“Of course it is. Well, good-bye. Don't forget—Three Castles!”

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The above conversation took place between morning school and dinner-time between two youngsters of the lower fourth at Featherley, who were planning a great dormitory feast for that evening.

The Petergate dormitory had for the first time in cricket annals come out at the top of the tree, for they had the greatest number of runs to their credit. Out of the six matches played with the other dormitories they had won 4, lost 1, and drawn 1, and as none of the other dormitories could claim similar honours, they were, of course, elated, and thought they could not be satisfied till they had celebrated their prowess in the field by a stunning good feed.

This dormitory was a small one, boasting

only eighteen boys, but of whom eleven seem to have carried all before them at cricket. It was two of this select eighteen who were discussing the evening's plans at the opening of the story.

Roper and North were the moving spirits in the affair, and they meant to spare no pains to make it a huge success. North was the younger, and he it was who raised doubts as to the advisability of beginning their feed before the obnoxious customer in question was asleep. Roper, being somewhat older, and more disposed to take risks, agreed, as we have seen, to do any licking which should become necessary.

Here I will describe the boy who was being discussed: the new boy, who, throughout the term, had never missed a call-over, and never failed when put on at a Latin author. His name was Limey, and because of his methods for evading punishment he was nicknamed “Slimey.” He—Limey, or Slimey, whichever you will—was slightly younger than either Roper or North, had red hair, and eyes that never seemed to be able to look straight at you. “Slimey” from his first day was cordially disliked, but he well merited his name, for although you knew you detested him, he always seemed to slip out of everything, and you could prove nothing against him. He had not been late for the early rolls once. True, he was late for dinner once, and for afternoon school, and just as a search party was being got up he arrived breathless and with a long tale that he had missed his turning, taken a wrong road, and before he knew of his mistake had wandered several miles away from the school. His tale was

believed as no one could prove to the contrary.

He was not a member of the Petergate eleven, nor had he any desire to have anything to do with it; but on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons went for long walks by himself, and as he brought back a few specimens of plants he passed as a great botanist.

The remaining six boys of the dormitory were all more or less keen to get into the team, and one or two had asked Roper, the Petergate captain, to try them again and again, but there was no change made in the eleven, so they contented themselves with watching the matches against the other dormitories, and backing up and cheering on their side on every possible occasion.

One of them was allowed once to umpire in one of the matches; at this he was highly elated, and thought the next step would be to get into the team.

Now to return to our two friends, Roper and North. After they had parted Roper took the opportunity to get in supplies from the school tuck shop. He had collected from the dormitory the sum of 16s. 8d., and was weighing in his mind how and on what he should spend it.

Meeting Waterfield, his chum, he asked him to help him get in the grub.

Waterfield was ever ready to take a share in, and in fact direct affairs which bore on the grub line, so they set off together.

"Now, Watty," began Roper, "shall it be two almond cakes or one?"

"Oh, two, by all means, they're only one-and-threepence each, and there's no end of a lot in them."

"Now, as to stone ginger, there's seventeen of us, shall we say two dozen?"

"Eighteen, you mean," replied Waterfield, but two dozen will be enough."

"No, I don't mean eighteen," returned Roper, "Slimey isn't coming!"

"Isn't coming?" said Watty; in a voice which showed he was delighted at the thought of an extra bottle. "Why on earth not?"

"Well, when I say he isn't coming, of course, I mean he isn't taking part in the feast. He'll be in the dorm, though, of course."

"And the reason is——" went on Waterfield, his face by this time smiling all over.

"Because," answered his friend, "he won't have anything to do with it, and moreover, contributed nothing towards it,

and what's more, says he'll tell Everton if we go having feasts in the dorm."

"Well, I'm blowed, I really am. He'll tell Evvy, will he? Oh, let him sneak, and upon my honour, his life will be a perfect misery."

"That's just what I told North. Well, then, we'll say two dozen—six 'ham and chickers,' four loaves, and a pound of butter."

"The loaves and butter are all right, but let's have a dozen 'ham and chickers,' they're only fourpence each."

"All right, a dozen, I don't care, and a bob's worth of 'bickers,' you know the sort."

"That's all right! Now, let's see, that comes to fifteen shillings exactly. That's just right."

"How do you make that out? We collected sixteen shillings and eightpence, I thought."

"Well, with the 'Three Castles' that's right."

"Three Castles! What Three Castles?"

"Oh, Watty! Watty! What a silly fellow you are—dense as ever. Didn't North tell you?"

"No, he told me nothing, and I wish you'd give up that beastly pun on my name; that's about the fifth time to-day."

"Hang the pun! But didn't he tell you about the 'Three Castles'?"

"I don't even know what you mean, or what they are."

"Well, then, I'll tell you, but we want really to keep it a secret. They're cigarettes!"

"Cigarettes?"

"Yes, rather! Won't that be grand to finish up with?"

"Rather, by Jove! That's a great idea."

"Oh, the ass that Slimey is not to come. He little knows what he's missing."

"Doesn't he though? He overheard North talking to me about them, and that's what he gives as his reason for not coming."

"That attaches a double value to the cigarettes," said Waterfield, "besides the smokes, they keep old Slimey away, but we must see that——"

At this moment the first dinner bell rang, and further intercourse was stopped.

Dinner being over, I will leave these two to enjoy their afternoon cricket, and see what Master Limey has been doing since his overhearing the plans for the cigarettes. Having obtained leave from his Form

Master, and a signature from his House Master, on pretext of a headache, to go down town to the chemist, and cut cricket, he sauntered slowly to the village, his mind revolving many plans and various plots against his enemy, the dorm.

"I could not possibly join them," he mused, "for if they're copped I'm done for, and the game's up! Oh! no, no, no, it would never do for Limey to be found smoking *with* the others. I know they'll get copped, and how grand for Limey to be the only boy who didn't smoke, when the matter is gone into next day, but they think they'll enjoy their cigarettes alone, do they? Oh no, no, just let me wait until they have finished their revel, and some no doubt, those who had never smoked before, will soon feel sick, and drop off to sleep, the others will soon follow suit, and then it's my turn—I begin my little packet of Egyptians, and make the smell so bad that when the porter comes in in the morning, he can't help smelling the cigarettes—then they're done, clean done. Oh how jolly they will feel when old Smuggy (Smuggy was the porter) starts rousing them to know what all the smell is, and then when it is reported—the whackings! Whew! All whacked except Limey!!! Well, here I am at the shop, I'll get some good Egyptians, and wait for the fun as quietly as I can."

Just as his noble thoughts had come to this climax, he was suddenly conscious of North coming out of the very tobacconist's shop he was about to enter, with a very suspicious looking round tin in his pocket.

"Hullo, Slimey—Limey, I mean—what are you down for?"

"What's that to do with you?" drawled Limey.

"Oh, nothing whatever, I was a fool to ask!"

"You were, but I suppose I must tell you. I got leave to come down to get something for my headache, it's beastly bad, and I feel a bit faint. I need not ask what you're down for!" he added, eyeing North's pocket with the tin in it.

"No, you need not, because you know already, and if you did not I should not tell you!"

"I don't feel fit enough to quarrel just now, I must go for my stuff."

"And I've no time to stand talking here, or I shall get copped."

"You mean you're down without leave!"

"Of course I am, I slipped cricket for the first time this term, but Roper knows all about it. You, of course, asked leave!"

"I did, I hope when a fellow's ill, he's allowed to go and get some medicine."

"Well, I'm off," and, saying this, North turned abruptly round, and started off for the School.

Limey went on too, in the opposite direction, with a very dejected air, and occasionally holding his hand to his head; every now and then he would look round to see if North were watching him, but he flattered himself if he thought North bothered his head about him. In a few minutes North had turned the corner, and was out of sight.

Limey at once threw off his tired appearance, and looked furtively down the road.

"Now I must be quick," he muttered, "or who knows who will turn up next; but Scot! what a shave! Another second and I should have been in the shop, and met him there, and then where would my headache have been? O, I suppose I should have got out of it somehow. Well, that's as near as I want to go to getting nabbed."

He had now come up to the shop for the second time, he gave a careless but searching glance all round, and finally entered.

The old man in the shop was busy packing up some tins on a shelf; hearing someone entering, he turned round, touched his forehead, and bade our friend Limey "Good afternoon!"

"Good afternoon!" returned the slippery one. "An ounce of Egyptian cigarettes please, those at ninepence will do."

The old man looked in the direction the boy pointed, and packing them up, said:

"Ye be goin' ter 'av fine times up at the College, mister—what's a goin' on?"

Limey, not relishing this familiarity, replied cautiously:

"Fine times! Why?"

"I don't think as there's much 'why' about it. Ye see, ye be the second young gentleman as 'as been in 'ere this same afternoon for cigarettes. I just sold a tin of 'Three Castles' to Master North, and a puffed young gint 'e is an' all, when 'e gets the tin he opens it 'ere in the shop, an' says, 'Won't you take one?' I replies, 'that I will, sir, and right 'eartily,' and 'ere I am a smoking it!"

During this harangue Limey had serious thoughts of denying that he had anything



THE BOYS BELOW MADE A LOOP, AND THE FIRST LOAF WAS DESPATCHED.

to do with Featherley at all, but he remembered his cap, and said simply:

"Oh yes, I see. I'm only getting these for North, you know, he forgot them, and asked me to come back for them." Saying this, he thought it high time to end the interview, and, bidding the shopman good afternoon, walked casually out of the shop.

Seeing the coast clear, he first thought of returning to the School, but on second thoughts he decided to pay a visit to the Chemist, in case any trouble should arise. So he bought a little case of menthol for twopence, and then with inwardly a self-satisfied countenance, and feeling very much pleased with himself, but outwardly a look so dejected—he might indeed have had twenty headaches—he walked very slowly back to Featherley.

"That's escape number two," he muttered. "If I'd been in before North, that silly old ass of a shopman would have told him how I had just been getting some cigarettes. North would have pumped him, and he would have suspected me, that's one disadvantage of red hair. But no, my dear North, you see what you've missed by your hurry! Ten minutes later and you would have caught me buying cigarettes.

Ah, the luck goes with me!"

* * *

CHAPTER II.

Now we must leave Limey and his cogitations, to see how North fared after leaving him to cure his headache. He found his way by means of paths and tracks well known to him, and arrived at the School without being detected. He immediately made his way to the game where Roper was, and soon told him of his success. They then decided not to tell the others until the evening. While they were walking round, Waterfield came up; he, being one of the three privileged ones, was soon shown the cigarettes, and having seen them, was not long in expressing his approval. They all three walked off together, and after a minute or two Waterfield began:

"Now, you chaps, it's all very well having got the things together, but how are we to get them up? We can't be seen in the corridors with a loaf under each arm, it might arouse suspicion, and the two dozen ginger beer are no joke. We can put the ham and chickens in our pockets."

For a few moments the other two were

silent, for although the things were quite safe at present, stowed away in the play-room, they had quite forgotten to make plans for getting them up to the dormitory.

"It's a beastly nuisance," said North.

"Well, whatever is going to be done must be done quickly, as in an hour from now prep. begins, and there will be no chance then, so if we are to have this feed to-night, now's our time, and we must get them up at once."

These proposals of Roper seemed reasonable, and all three fell to thinking of the best way to achieve their object.

"I've got it, old chap," said Waterfield at last. "Well, Watty, my boy, let's have what you've got, and we'll see whether it's worth having." "Yes, blaze away," said North.

"Well, you know our dorm. is in the East wing, and the window at the end looks out on to the orchard. No one passes by as a rule, and one of us with a rope can haul up, while the other two fetch the grub and fix on. How's that?"

"Not out!" said Roper with a grin—"In other words it will do splendidly. What do you say, North?"

"First rate," said North. "By Jove, Watty, what an engineer you'd make, and now let's go and change, and one of us can stay up in the dorm., and the other two can go in search of the grub."

"Yes, and we must cut tea," said Waterfield.

"Rather! Tea before such a feed as we're going to have won't wash down," said North. "We're certain not to be missed."

In seven minutes all three were changed, and Waterfield was ready to haul the grub up, and to stow it away under the beds and mattresses, and other places which he considered would be safe from the eagle eye of Smuggy the porter. He waited at the East window for several minutes, devoutly hoping his colleagues in the affair would not be caught, when suddenly, to his intense relief, he saw Roper and North open the little gate at the end of the orchard, and pick their way to the window. They were each carrying a large loaf; each had his pockets stuffed with what looked suspiciously like 'ham and chickens.'

"Bravo!" said Waterfield, letting down his rope. The boys below made a loop, and the first loaf was despatched, then the second, then the 'ham and chickens'.

followed. The ginger-beer was then fetched, and all the other things, and last, but not of least importance, the tin of "Three Castles." At last all were landed and put away somewhere in the dormitory. Preparation was got through somehow, and at last the bell for bed went, and fifteen minutes later all the lights were put out.

"We'll wait till Smuggy has been round," said Roper, as the others began showing some anxiety to begin the feast, "and then I think the coast is clear."

"Now, Slimey," began Waterfield, "We'll give you one more chance to have some grub, you may join us if you like."

"You're very kind, but you know, my dear chap, such things are not in my line, therefore I must be excused."

"Well, are you going to sneak?" asked North.

"You mean, I suppose, am I going to report the matter to headquarters? Well, that will depend on how much you disturb me, I shall see in the morning; perhaps it won't be necessary."

"You mean we shall get copped?"

"Well, it's rather risky my dear fellow, to go having feasts in a bedroom!"

"O, don't 'dear fellow 'me, and don't you bother your head about us. We're ready to take all risks, even the risk of your sneaking! Now shut up, and put your little head beneath the clothes, and go to peepy, else you'll be so tired in the morning you won't have strength enough to sneak?"

This speech of North's produced an outburst of muffled laughter from the rest of the dormitory. Limey said nothing, and it looked as though he were obeying North's orders to go to sleep.

In half an hour's time the heavy tread of the porter was heard at the end of the landing. He entered quietly, walked round the room with his candle held aloft, the better to see the beds in which the occupiers were now pretending to be asleep. Some even gave a loud snore; others pretended to be carelessly awake, as though they had tried to get to sleep and could not. The porter, being satisfied that all was well, went out and shut the door behind him.

Now, if the reader expects that as soon as the porter got outside the door the boys immediately bounded out of their beds and flew to get the eatables, he is greatly mistaken, and does not know Mr. Smuggy.

On the contrary not a boy moved or spoke for fully ten minutes after the porter had left, for they knew he had a habit of waiting for periods of anything from three minutes to a quarter of an hour, just outside the door, that he might report anyone who spoke. After ten minutes had elapsed, Waterfield, who was beginning to feel hungry, started up in bed and said:

"Now then, we're all right. Come on you fellows." They all cautiously sat up in bed, and a few whispers went round. It was by this time quite dark, and Waterfield struck a match and went in search of three candles, which he had not forgotten would be necessary. They were soon lit, and the whole dormitory—with one exception—crept forth from their beds and gathered in a ring on the floor, while Roper and his two colleagues went in search of the grub. As each thing was brought, it was laid on the floor in the centre of the ring, the others applauding chiefly by their faces, for they thought sparkling eyes and smacking of lips a safer form of showing their contentment than making a noise.

As the last part of the menu was brought into the ring one boy said that the sight of so many good things made his mouth water. Hearing this, Roper suggested that it had better stop watering, for as he was near the candles it might put them out!

For this joke Roper received several pinches, which made him squall.

"Shut up, you ass," muttered North, "and let's begin." The bread and butter was soon cut up, and the ham and chicken passed round. They all did justice to the spread, and were beginning to feel very merry. Soon they thought they would like a drink of something, and as they started to open the ginger-beer they noticed for the first time they had no corkscrew. Now, such a calamity, at such a time, might have very well beaten an ordinary dormitory, and ordinary boys, but not such boys as our friends Roper, Waterfield, and North.

As general discontent had set in at the prospect of nothing to drink, North told the others to shut up their growling, while he crept on tip-toe to the end of the dormitory, in search of a jack knife which he had in one of his pockets. He soon returned, and having undone the wire of one of the bottles, was about to prise the cork up with his knife, when the cork

flew out with a terrific roar, and hit a boy on the cheek who was seated the other side of the ring.

"Confound you!" exclaimed the boy in too audible tones, and at the same time rubbing his cheek.

"Shut up, you ass, Langdon, how could I help it? The beastly thing flew out!"

should not be his blanket which was to be used.

Roper suggested that someone heavy should sit on a bottle while someone else undid the wire, but as each one vowed that he was jolly light this proposal shared the fate of the first.

"Well," said Roper, "it's all very well to



"HE SEIZED A BASIN, AND DASHED ITS CONTENTS OVER THE BED."

"Well, point the next at the ceiling, and not at me," retorted Langdon.

North wiped his hand with the nearest bedclothes, and then they realised that the worst of all was, not that half the ginger-beer was spilt, nor that the cork had hit Langdon on the cheek, but the awful report the cork gave. An intense silence followed, but they soon saw that there was no harm done, for nobody appeared. The bottle, or rather the remains of the bottle, soon vanished, and then the question arose: Were all the bottles going to go off like a pistol? Because if so, they felt sure that two dozen revolver shots would be bound to wake somebody. This set them thinking, and various suggestions were made. One was that they should smother each cork with a blanket from one of the beds, but as every blanket was owned by someone, serious objections were raised, as each boy determined that it

squash and put a wet blanket on every decent proposal I make, but we must drink the stuff to-night somehow."

"I've got it!" said North.

"Well, what is it?" growled Roper.

"Let's open them in Slimey's bed!"

"Yes, yes!" came in chorus from the others.

"I wonder if he's awake! Are you awake Slimey?"

"My dear fellows! How on earth do you think a fellow can sleep with all this beastly row going on. Awake? I should think I am awake, I've tried and tried to get to sleep, but you won't let me. You might be quieter."

As he was awake they did not further this proposal, so Waterfield suggested trying another in the same way as the first, and trusting to luck whether the cork came out like a cannon ball, or like an ordinary sensible cork. He took the

wire off, nothing happened, he then began prising the cork with North's knife, which he successfully did without any noise whatever.

The others were delighted, and another, and yet another bottle was entrusted to Roper's skill, all of which he managed with the same success. The cakes and biscuits were passed round, and all ate and drank as hard as they could. They soon forgot all about their past danger, and nine or ten were opened without mishap. Then they grew careless, and in response to loud whispers for ginger-beer, Waterfield chucked over three or four bottles, and told them to open them themselves. They immediately proceeded to do so, but they had no sooner got the wire off, than four reports as from a quick-firing gun were heard. One of the corks hit Roper on the forehead, another banged against the ceiling, a third went harmlessly against a wall, while the fourth rattled up against a jug and basin, thereby making additional noise.

Death-like silence followed this fusillade, for everyone thought that although the first report had escaped notice, these last explosions must wake the whole school, and bring masters swooping down on the dormitory.

But somehow or other, everyone at Featherley that night slept so soundly, or else the reports did not reach beyond the walls of the dormitory, that after the boys had waited breathlessly for five or six minutes, they were still undisturbed.

"Now I votes we chuck it," said North.

"I have just been thinking," put in Roper, "that it was Waterfield's chucking it that made the beastly thing blow up."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, you can't expect that if you shake up ginger-beer and go chucking it about the room, the corks will do anything else but blow out. The first bottle, I expect, got shaken up more than the others in being hauled up here. Therefore, I propose that we don't chuck them, but keep them still." So saying, he took one of the bottles over to a wash-hand basin, and stood it in for a few minutes, then proceeded to open it, and got the cork out without accident.

At this huge success several others thought they too would cool the ardour of their ginger-beer in water. They managed it most successfully, all the other bottles being opened almost noiselessly.

After the cakes had received due attention, and the biscuits having almost vanished, and as the last round of ginger-beer was being served out various healths were drunk. Waterfield proposed the health of Roper, who was their captain. This was drunk with much enthusiasm, and as much noise as they dare make; the team was then proposed, and then a health for the three who had got the feast up. Roper proposed Waterfield, and Waterfield proposed North. While they were drinking North's health, he was suddenly seen to dart up from their midst and go over to a certain corner of the room and look for something. He soon came back, and held up where all might see it, the tin of "Three Castle" cigarettes! "Something to finish up with," he explained, as he handed them round.

The delight with which they were received far exceeded that with which they hailed the early portion of the feast. They were exultant, and although the majority of them could not possibly know whether cigarettes were nice or not, yet they one and all rejoiced at seeing them. While they were lighting up Roper explained that the idea of the cigarettes was kept a secret between him and his two friends in order that the others might be surprised.

Some of the party were now of the opinion that the surprise was, after all, the best part of the cigarettes, for as they got half-way through them, they did not seem quite so nice as they had anticipated. Some began to drop theirs, others let them go out, but the rest managed to get through a whole one with more or less effort (chiefly more). Some even started a second one, and North, just by way of showing the others how used he was to it, smoked three one after the other, and also volunteered to the others (most of whom had either crawled or were crawling into bed), a few tips on the cleaning of pipes, and his favourite pipe tobacco during the holidays; he also gave a rather lengthy discourse (his audience had dwindled to two or three) on the best way to cut cigars, and how to make them draw. But he saw that his wise remarks and experience were being wasted, so with the help of those who had not yet succumbed to sleep he cleared up the remains of their revels, and then all got into bed. A few whispers went round. Some bade each other good night, and in ten minutes

all the revellers (including the veteran North) were sound asleep.

"What a time they have been," muttered Limey as he sat up in bed, yawned, and then struck a match to look at the time.

"Why, it's a quarter past one! what sneaks to keep me awake all this time, but although I am so beastly fagged I must have my smoke. But how the room smells of tobacco! Never mind, it will be much worse when I've finished." So saying he lit up one of his Egyptians, and took a story book from under his pillow. He soon finished his first one, and then lit up another; before he had finished it he was feeling very sleepy, but decided that he must light up a third, as North had smoked three.

"I could not be beaten by a chap like North," he muttered as he pulled at his cigarette, "but how hot it is! and I'm so sleepy. Never mind, I'll finish this and then go to sleep."

He did not seem to notice that he was getting sleepier and sleepier, his eyes closed, his head fell back, and as it did so the cigarette dropped from his mouth and rolled into the bed. Five seconds more, and he was fast asleep.

* * * * *

"What a horrible smell!" said North, starting out of his sleep and rubbing his eyes. "I say, am I dreaming, or is the place really on fire? It can't be the result of our smoking, it does not smell like tobacco smoke at all. Hullo! I'm glad I woke up, I can scarcely breathe. I suppose the windows are the first thing. Hullo, Watty! Wake up you chaps! The room is on fire. Buck up, Roper, buck up and help me!"

But despite his calls for help no one answered. He called again, and as they showed no signs of waking he wondered whether they could be suffocating. He could scarcely breathe himself, nor could he make out his whereabouts. He wanted to find a window, but could not. At last he crashed up against a washstand, this told him where he was at once, and he made for the nearest window and opened it, and felt round about it with his hands. What at first had appeared to be a spark finally turned out to be smouldering bed-clothes, and, to his horror, he discovered that a bed was on fire, and that bed was Limey's!!

He again shouted loudly for help, and

went back to the washstand, seized a basin, and dashed its contents over the bed. The noise he made, and his shouting, awoke Roper and several others. He soon explained what was the matter, and they one and all seized basins, and hurled the water over Limey and his bed. The other boys opened windows, and the smoke began to clear.

Limey, being properly soaked, desired, on finding himself awake, to know where he was, and what the others were drowning him for. By way of answer, they dragged him from his bed, and poured yet more water on the smouldering clothes. They at length succeeded in putting it quite out. The shutters were now all down, and the windows up, and as the first streaks of morning sunlight entered the room they were able to see about them, and gaze at each others pale faces.

Now that they were safe they started a discussion as to the cause of the fire. They found that Limey would not volunteer any information, and for a few minutes were puzzled and could not make it out. Waterfield was strolling round the room, and as he approached Limey's bed, on the side that the clothes were not burned, his eye caught sight of a piece of paper. He picked it up, and found in it four Egyptian cigarettes.

"Ho, Ho!" he exclaimed, "I think I now see the cause of the fire! Look here, you chaps; look at these cigarettes! Limey has been smoking, and that's how he set his bed on fire."

They were on the point of tackling Limey on the subject, when their House Master, being disturbed by the noise, appeared at the door. He stood for a minute in dumb amazement at the scene before him. Water all over the floor, some charred bed-clothes soaking in a pool, and half-dressed boys scattered round about. After looking at this for a few seconds, he said quietly:

"What is all this, and who did I hear had been smoking?"

North was about to make reply, when Limey suddenly, and in a few words, explained that he had been smoking, had fallen asleep, and a cigarette had set his bed on fire.

He was going to add some excuses, but was cut short by Mr. Everett saying sternly:

"Keep your story now, you can reserve it for further enquiry. All of you get

dressed at once and assemble in the 4th form room. Be down in ten minutes."

He then, after ascertaining that the fire was quite out, and that there was no further danger, lifted the mattress off the bed and put it on the floor.

As he did so, he found hidden beneath it a small book covered in brown paper. He took it up, looked at it, and put it under his arm. He then took the remaining cigarettes from Waterfield, and as he was leaving the room, held up the book he had just found, and said to Limey:

"This will want explaining, too!"

They all dressed quickly and silently, for they were too low spirited to say much. They even forgot to ask Limey what the book was Mr. Everett had found.

At a quarter to five they all went down to the schoolroom, where they found Mr. Everett waiting for them.

North gave him a truthful account of their feast and smoking, and added that he had both recommended and bought the cigarettes. Limey was then asked for an explanation, and to the surprise of the whole room, told, without flinching, how he did not join the others, but decided to smoke alone, and how he had fallen asleep in the act.

Mr. Everett told them he would report the matter, and that they would hear more about it. By nine o'clock that morning every boy in the School had heard of the fire, and of North's waking up in time to save them from suffocation, and they were not a bit surprised to hear 'Big Tom' ring instead of the ordinary School bell.

There was not a boy but knew that when 'Big Tom' rang, it meant everyone was to assemble in the great hall.

At a quarter past nine every one was in his place, waiting for the doctor to speak. Amid pin-dropping silence he rose, and told the Petergate dormitory to stand.

The whole eighteen stood up, and the Doctor explained, though quite unnecessarily, the reason for their being called together. He told North to give an account of himself. North at once rehearsed what he had previously told Mr. Everett earlier in the morning. After he had finished, Limey was called upon to say what he knew of the fire. He confessed his share in the matter, and gave a truthful account of his motives for acting

as he did. "What have you to say about this?" asked the Doctor, holding up the brown paper-covered book which Mr. Everett had found beneath the mattress.

Now, the boys had come there prepared for surprises, for it was a great surprise to most of them for Limey to be caught doing anything wrong, but as for smoking in the dormitory, they could scarcely believe their ears. But imagine their surprise when Limey told the Doctor and the whole School that the brown paper-covered book was no less than a key to Caesar Book VI., the very book they were doing this term. Of course, he owned up to having used it, hence the reason why he never failed when put on at Latin Author. When Limey had finished, the Doctor expressed his sorrow at what had occurred. While he commended North on his conduct in waking the others and throwing water over Limey's bed, he said they would all be very severely punished, and Limey especially so, as he had been caught cribbing as well as smoking.

After giving them a straight talking to, he dismissed them to their several classrooms. For the next fortnight Limey led a far worse life than he had done before. For now he was openly proclaimed as a sneak, and a sneak, too, of the very worst type.

But a change was coming over Limey, he bore all the bullying with scarcely a word, and for the first time in his life appeared at games. He was gradually giving up that sneaking, hunted appearance, that he used to have. The boys were not slow to notice this, and one by one they left off bullying him, until at last even his worst enemies let him alone. Soon he began to gain friends, and next year, when the Petergate dormitory again got the victory at cricket, it was with his assistance.

Little did Limey think when he was buying those cigarettes on that memorable afternoon, and when he was smoking them, what trouble was in store for him; but still less did he think that that very trouble was going to save him. The boys, when they see him now, whether in the class-room, in the dormitory, or at the games, seem to have forgotten his past sins, the very name of "Slimy" has ceased to exist, and they even forget that he has red hair, for Limey is converted

