

IN DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL

TH**ERE** has been a noticeable commotion going on for some time past in the school kept by our old friend Dame Europa. Not that any two of the scholars have been having it out with fists in the old-fashioned way; on the contrary, there has been much talk of a new plan for settling all disputes by a show of hands, which only failed when it became evident that every disputant was secretly resolved to hit out when he was ready, and to take a vote only when he was sure of the popular voice. Of late no one has felt ready; the school has been working hard, and even those who seem to be in the best training physically are reluctant to waste their pocket-money in paying the heavy fines now in force against fighting. The result has been a prolonged period of snarling and backbiting and intriguing in corners which has made many regret the days when accounts were settled honourably and without hatred on either side, and the weaker took his licking like a man.

The present trouble is rather a long story. The boys in Dame Europa's school have been growing; they are bigger and stronger than they were, and have larger appetites: moreover, the old exclusiveness of the place has been to some extent broken down, and besides several new boarders there are now admitted—as non-residents, for tuition only—a cousin of England's, a promising scholar and athlete of Japanese origin, and the whole nursery-full of England's younger