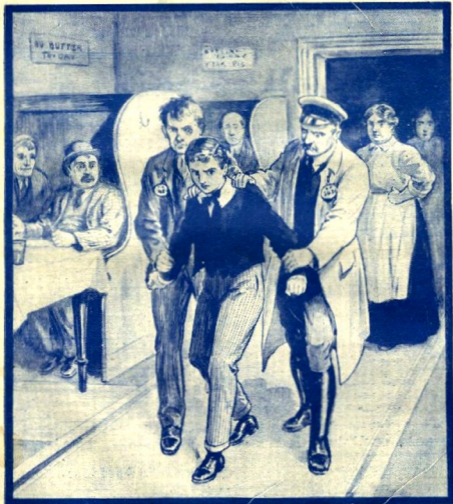




REDFERN'S GREAT ADVENTURE.



CAPTURING THE SCHOOLBOY SPY!

(A Dramatic Scene in the Splendid Long Complete School Tale in this Issue.) 20-9-19.



REDFERN'S GREAT ADVENTURE

A Magnificent Long Complete Story

of

TOM MERRY & CO. at St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Talk on the Telephone.

TING-A-LING-A-LING!

The telephone-bell rang loudly in Dr. Holmes' study.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head of St. Jim's. "Really, this is most distracting! This is the fifth time I have been rung up this morning! I sincerely hope the Vicar of Wayland is not going to pester me again! If so, I shall be inclined to speak harshly to him."

The Head rose to his feet, and moved towards the dreaded instrument.

Dr. Holmes disliked telephones. They were quite all right for people who had no work to do, and plenty of time to waste; but to a busy man they were an abomination.

On no less than five occasions that morning the Head had been rudely roused from his studies by the clang of the telephone-bell.

Dr. Holmes was a very patient old gentleman, but he felt that he was getting near the end of his tether.

"Hallo! Are you there?" he exclaimed.

An indignant voice hailed him over the wires.

"You sleepy old fool——"

"What!"

"You moonstruck, silly idiot——"

The Head jumped.

Seldom in the course of his lengthy career as headmaster of St. Jim's had he been addressed with such gross disrespect.

"Wake up, can't you!" the voice went on. "You promised to send my luggage up to the house right away. I've been waiting here two hours, and there's no sign of it!"

"My—my good man——" gasped the Head.

"I'll 'good man' you! When I give

an order I want it complied with at once!"

"But—but——"

"In case you are not yet fully aware of my identity, I may mention that I am Colonel Breesop speaking! Send my luggage up to the house instantly, you star-gazing clown of a country school!"

"Bless my soul! There must be some mistake!" faltered Dr. Holmes.

"What's that? Isn't that the cloak-room at Rylcoumbe Station?"

"I am the headmaster of St. Jim's!"

"Oh, by gad!"

"You have addressed me with extreme impudence, colonel!"

There was a stammering apology from the other end.

"Behave me, sir," said the colonel. "I thought I was speaking to one of those bow-tied porters at the railway station! The beastly exchange must have given me the wrong number!"

"Evidently!" said the Head coldly.

"I—I'm doocid sorry, sir!" said the colonel. "I shouldn't dream of calling you a moonstruck, silly idiot! I should keep my thoughts to myself!"

"Sir——" began the Head.

But Colonel Breesop had rung off.

"Dear me! What a very rude person!" murmured Dr. Holmes, replacing the receiver on the hook. "I do hope he gets the right number next time!"

And the Head seated himself at his writing-table, to ponder once again over volumes of forgotten lore.

Scarcely had the worthy gentleman resumed his studies when——

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

It was the telephone again.

The Head's feelings were almost homicidal. He came within an ace of hurling the hated instrument out of the window.

Buzz-z-z! Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

"Really, this is too bad!" muttered Dr. Holmes.

And, placing the receiver to his ear, he almost bellowed into the transmitter.

"Go away! Go away at once! I regard you as an impertinent and ill-mannered person, sir!"

"What—what!" came in a strangled voice from the other end of the wire. "I refuse to be pestered and annoyed in this persistent manner!" shouted Dr. Holmes.

"My dear sir——"
"You may be in the habit of bullying your men on parade," snapped the Head, "but you are not going to bully me!"

There was a breathless pause. Then the voice at the other end exclaimed: "My dear Dr. Holmes! Is it possible that you have been drinking?"

"Dud-dud-drinking!" stammered the Head.

"Yes! You seem to imagine that I am an Army officer!"

A horrified expression came over the Head's face. Now he came to think of it, that voice sounded familiar.

"Who—who are you?" he gasped.

"I am Dr. Locke of Greyfriars!"

Dr. Holmes nearly fell down. His worst fears were confirmed.

"You have addressed me with almost unpardonable rudeness!" said Dr. Locke.

"Dear me! I was not aware—I did not know——"

"I ring you up for a few moments' genial conversation," said the headmaster of Greyfriars, with some heat, "and I am immediately told to go away!"

"I—I was under the impression that you were Colonel Breesop!" stammered Dr. Holmes. "I apologise most sincerely if I have given offence!"

Dr. Locke was considerably mollified. "I quite understand," he said. "I myself am frequently pestered on the

telephone by half-pay colonels and others!"

The headmaster of St. Jim's looked greatly relieved.

"What did you wish to say to me, Dr. Locke?"

"I have made arrangements for all my boys to have a week's holiday," said Dr. Locke. "It is ostensibly a Cricket Week—though, of course, those boys who have no wish to play cricket may go to their homes."

"But—but the summer vacation has only just finished!" said Dr. Holmes.

"True; but as this is Peace Year, I think the boys are entitled to an additional week. Colonel Wharton, the father of one of my boys, is holding a Cricket Week at Wharton Lodge; and Wharton is anxious that some of your juniors shall join them."

"Are you suggesting, Dr. Locke, that I should give my scholars a week's holiday also?"

"If I may say so, I think it would be an excellent idea. It would be beneficial not only to the boys, but to the masters, who have found the pace very strenuous during the last few years."

Dr. Holmes reflected for a moment.

"I think you are right," he said at length. "Thank you for letting me know your intentions, Dr. Locke. I will speak to Railton and Raschiff, and obtain their views. I have little doubt that they will be in favour of an additional week's holiday. By the way, when will your Cricket Week take effect?"

"Next week."

"I see. I have no doubt that we shall follow your lead. A Peace holiday had not hitherto occurred to me."

"I intend to play golf," said Dr. Locke.

"Really! Then I will endeavour to join you," said the headmaster of St. Jim's. "A week on the links will put fresh vigour into me!"

The conversation continued on these lines for some moments, and then Dr. Holmes rang off.

There was a scuffling of feet in the passage without; and Baggy Trimble of the Fourth, who had been standing with his ear glued to the keyhole, sped away to the junior Common-room with the glad tidings.

"I say, you fellows—" he exclaimed breathlessly.

Tom Merry and Manners looked up from their game of chess.

The spectators of the game—Monty Lowther and Talbot and Harry Noble—looked up also. And with one accord they shouted:

"Buzz off, Baggy!"

The fat junior remained, bursting with news and importance.

"Next week—" he began.

"Scat!"

"Next week—"

"Are you asking to be knocked into the middle of it?" inquired Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Next week is to be a holiday!" blurted out Baggy breathlessly.

"Rats!"

"But it's a fact!" persisted Trimble.

"I happened to hear the Head jawing to Dr. Locke, of Greyfriars, on the phone. It appears that the Greyfriars fellows are having a week's holiday, and Dr. Locke persuaded our Head to give the same privilege to us."

"My hat!"

"The fat idiot actually expects us to swallow a yarn like that!" growled Harry Noble. "Bump him!"

And Baggy Trimble was seized by five pairs of hands and deposited with great violence on to the floor of the Common-

room. The fat junior lay bounding in the dust like a pricked balloon.

Not one of the juniors believed him—then. But later on an announcement on the school notice-board convinced them of the truth of Trimble's statement.

The announcement was brief and to the point.

"NOTICE!

"Arrangements have been made whereby the whole school may proceed on holiday for one week, commencing on Monday next.

(Signed) RICHARD HOLMES,
"Headmaster."

There could no longer be any doubt about it.

Seniors and juniors alike, when they read that cheering bulletin, were transported into the seventh heaven of delight.

"A week's holiday!" chorled Monty Lowther. "Hurrah!"

"And we haven't long returned from our caravan tour!" said Tom Merry.

"This is luck, and no mistake!"

And for the remainder of that memorable evening, St. Jim's buzzed like a beehive with excitement.

CHAPTER 2.

Reddy the Unruly!

"TWELVE good men and true!" murmured Tom Merry.

Manners and Monty Lowther, who were seated at prep with their leader, looked up in surprise.

"What are you babbling about now?" said Lowther.

"Twelve good men and true!" repeated Tom Merry.

"Yes, we've heard that bit," said Manners impatiently. "How does the chorus go?"

Tom Merry spread out on the study table a letter which had arrived for him by the evening post.

"Read that!" he said.

Manners and Monty Lowther glanced at the letter in wonder. It ran as follows:

"Greyfriars School, Friaridale.

"Dear Tommy,—If your Head consents to give you a week's holiday—and I think he will—would you like to bring twelve good men and true from St. Jim's for a cricket week at Wharton Lodge?"

"Besides cricket, there will be boating, bathing, fishing, bopotch, and marbles.

"We are looking forward to seeing your cheery chivvies again. Let me know by return if this can be arranged.—Yours ever,

"HARRY WHARTON."

"Sounds good!" said Monty Lowther.

"What about it, Tommy?" asked Manners.

"Of course, we shall accept," said Tom Merry. "The question of the moment is, where are the twelve good men and true coming from?"

"Here, are three!" said Monty Lowther. "And we'll jolly soon pick up the rest. Follow your uncle!"

Monty Lowther led the way to Study No. 6 on the Fourth Form passage, and he beat a tattoo on the door. Jack Blake's voice bade him enter.

"We come," said Monty Lowther, advancing into the study, "not to bury Gussy, but to praise him. In fact, we're going to do him the high honour of asking him to Wharton Lodge for a cricket week. Likewise you, Jacky boy. Are you game?"

"Wharton's invited a dozen of us," explained Tom Merry. "Would you two care to come?"

"Yas, wath!"

"Like a shot!" said Jack Blake.

"Good! That's first. What about Digby and Herricks?"

"Afraid they will be otherwise engaged, dear boy," said Arthur Augustus. "Hewwies an' Dig are goin' on a walkin' tour with Towsh.

They asked me to come, but I can't stand that howwidi beast. He has no respect what-ehv for a fellow's trousers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We ought to enjoy our little selves at Wharton's place," said Jack Blake.

"Wharton's a topping fellow."

"One of the best," said Tom Merry. "Come along, you fellows! We'll ask old Talbot to join us."

Reginald Talbot was taking an evening stroll in the quadrangle. He readily agreed to accompany his schoolfellows to Wharton Lodge.

"I was just trying to puzzle out how and where I should spend the holiday," said Talbot. "Afraid I should have had rather a painful time if this invitation hadn't turned up."

Tom Merry nodded.

"That brings our total up to six," he said. "Who else is there?"

"Count me in," drawled a voice. "I don't know what you're gamin' about, Tommy, but where you lead I follow! Same remark applies to my pal Sidney."

Cardew and Clive had strolled up to the group of juniors.

Tom Merry explained what was afoot, and the two Fourth-Formers cheerfully consented to take part in the excursion.

"What about Levison?" asked Manners.

"Levison's goin' home," said Cardew.

"That's a weddin' in the family, or something. Anyway, he won't be available."

"Tommy, lad," said Monty Lowther, "we seem to have forgotten the existence of that famous home for incurables called the New House. Can't leave Figgy & Co. out in the cold, you know."

"My hat!" said Tom Merry. "I'd clean forgotten Figgy! Come on!"

And the Terrible Three went over to the New House.

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn were playing chess in their study. At least, Figgins and Kerr were playing chess, and Fatty Wynn was giving the doubtful benefit of his advice.

"Welcome, little strangers!" said Figgins. "What's the latest?"

Tom Merry explained his mission.

"A cricket week at Wharton Lodge!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn. "How topping! There's bound to be unlimited supplies of tuck!"

"Dry up, you greedy cormorant!" growled Manners.

"Rats! Eat, drink, and be merry is the best holiday motto."

"How many fellows are going, did you say?" asked Figgins.

"Twelve," said Tom Merry. "And we've got eleven. Any suggestions for the twelfth man?"

"Redfern!" said Kerr promptly.

"Hear, hear!"

"Mustn't leave Reddy out," said Figgins. "Reddy'll be worth his weight in whipped-cream walnuts!"

Redfern was run to earth in his study. He was reclining in the armchair, with a thoughtful expression on his handsome face. In fact, he was so absorbed in thought that he did not notice the Terrible Three's entry.

"Reddy!" roared three voices in unison.

The New House jumbo came out of his reverie with a start.

"Hallo! Do you want me, you fellows?"

"We do—we do!" said Monty Lowther. "Would you like to spend next week at Wharton Lodge—Harry Wharton's place, you know?"

"I should like to very much," said Redfern.

"Right you are," said Tom Merry. "We'll count you in."

"But—"

"What are you butting about?" Redfern coloured.

"I—I'm afraid it can't be done," he said.

"Eh—"

"There's nothing I should like better than to spend the week at Wharton Lodge with you fellows, but—"

"Is it a question of the?" asked Tom Merry, thinking he understood. "If so, you can set your mind at rest. Wharton's standing treat. I'll invite him down to my place later on to make it square."

"Perhaps you've made some other arrangements about spending the holiday?" suggested Tom Merry, at length.

"Yes, that's it."

"Well, why the merry dickens couldn't you have said so at first?"

"Going home?" asked Monty Lowther.

"No."

"Going to another fellow's home?"

"No."

"You're not staying behind at St. Jim's, surely?" said Tom Merry.

"No."

"Then what in thunder are you going to do?" asked Manners, exasperated.

"That's my blazer," said Redfern.

"All right. Don't get huffy. If you don't want to explain, you needn't."

Tom Merry turned to Redfern.

"Then you can't come with us!" he said.

Redfern shook his head.

"I'd like to, but it can't be done," he said.

"Very well. We shall have to invite somebody else in your place."

And the Terrible Three left Redfern's study, closing the door none too gently behind them.

"Hoped if I can make Redfern out," said Monty Lowther. "He seemed to be trying to keep something back."

"He doesn't often have any secrets from us, either," said Tom Merry.

"Wonder what he's going to do with himself! Still, he's right, in a way. It's no business of ours."

"I vote we ask Kangaroo to complete the menagerie," said Monty Lowther.

"So be it," said Tom Merry.

And Harry Noble of the Shell was duly invited to fill the vacant place, though why Redfern had not availed himself of the offer was a mystery.

CHAPTER 2.

Reddy's Resolve.

MONDAY morning dawned at last. St. Jim's was nothing with excitement.

Long before the rising-bell changed out its shrill summons a good many fellows were up and doing.

Portmanteaus were packed, trunks were got ready, and from breakfast-time onwards a constant stream of cabs and taxis rattled in and out of the school gates.

Tom Merry's "lucky dozen," as most of the other fellows called them, were the first to depart.

They set off on foot for the station, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 60A.

carrying cricket-bags and other baggage, and a good-humoured crowd saw them off.

"An revoir, you fellows!"

"Mind you put it across Wharton's team in the cricket-match."

"And take care of our pet Gusty," said Digby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Dig, I trust I am quite capable of takin' care of myself!"

"Go home!"

Just as Tom Merry & Co. were passing the school gates, George Alfred Grundy of the Shell came up at the double.

"I say, Merry!"

"Hello!" growled Tom.

"You seem to have made a mistake."

"Eh—"

"You've left your skipper behind!"

"What?" said Tom Merry, looking puzzled.

"You want a fellow to lead you on to victory, and all that, I take it, and you've forgotten me!"

"You!" stammered Tom Merry.

"Certainly!" said Grundy. "Your memory wants repairing. You should remember me, Anyway, I'm coming along."

"Weally, Gwunday—"

"You'll never lick the Greyfriars fellows without me!" declared Grundy.

"Bow-wow!"

"The All-Highest has spoken!" said Monty Lowther.

"Wa, ha, ha!"

"You silly chump, Grundy!" said Tom Merry. "Run away, and pick yourself up. We've got no use for a prize chump!"

"Why, you—"

Just as Grundy was about to splutter, he saw that the Terrible Three were already on their way.

"Far be it from us," said Monty Lowther solemnly, "to commit assault and battery on a fellow at such a time as this. But if you don't clear off, old sport, there will be a dead Grundy lying about!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Do I understand," said Grundy, "that I'm not wanted!"

"Right on the wicket, old top!" said Figgins. "If we find ourselves in a fix at any time, we'll wire for you. Ta-ta!"

And the juniors passed on out of gates in a merry procession, leaving George Alfred Grundy shaking a pious and threatening fist after them.

Grundy soon got over his disappointment, however.

One of his study-mates—William Gunn—was writing an uncle in Scotland, and the invitation was extended to Grundy and Wilkins.

An hour later the trio set off in high spirits.

There were scenes of great animation in the old quadrangle.

Seniors and juniors and fags were whisked away in the various vehicles, happy in the knowledge that a period of pleasure lay before them.

The morning was well advanced when Redfern strodded out into the quad.

He was shortly joined by his two chums, Lawrence and Owen.

"What's the programme, Reddy?" asked Lawrence.

"Eh—"

"What are you going to do with yourself during the holiday?" demanded Owen. "Not going to cool your heels at St. Jim's, surely?"

"No jolly fear!"

"Where are you going, then?" exclaimed Lawrence. "You've been so jolly mysterious the last few days that we haven't been able to get a word out of you. What's the little game?"

Redfern grinned.

"I don't mind explaining things to you

two fellows," he said. "You'll understand."

"Of course we will!" growled Owen. "You can trust your uncles. Aren't you going home for the week?"

"No."

"Whither bound, then?"

"To London."

"London!" echoed Lawrence and Owen together.

Redfern nodded.

"I didn't want the other fellows to know," he said. "They might have voted me off my rocker. But we three have been chummy ever since we came to St. Jim's as scholarship kids, and you've a perfect right to know what I intend doing."

"Going to see the sights of London?" inquired Lawrence.

"There won't be much time for that," said Redfern, rather grimly. "You see, I shall be working all the time."

"You're working?"

"Yes—morning, noon, and night, I expect."

Reddy's chums stared at him in astonishment.

"You—you're going to spend your holiday at work!" blurted out Owen, at length.

"Exactly!"

"But—but what's the whosms?"

"The fact is," said Reddy, "I'm fed up with being short of pocket-money. My people, as you know, are none too well off. The only way I can get cash is to earn it off my own bat. I mean to put in a good spell of work during the holidays, and then I shall come back with money to burn. I know it sounds beastly avuncular, and all that, but I'm sick of being short. Next term I hope to have plenty of tin."

Lawrence and Owen stared harder than ever.

"So you're going to earn cash by the sweat of your brow!" exclaimed Lawrence.

"Yes!"

"But you'll never find a job——" protested Owen.

"Oh, yes, I shall! I'm not entirely without savvy!" said Reddy modestly.

"I've found work before—when I bunked from St. Jim's and got a reporter's job, you remember—and I'll find it again!"

"But how?" asked Owen.

"And where?" asked Lawrence.

Reddy's chums were very excited by this time. Their leader was for ever talking their breath away by suggesting unheard-of schemes of this sort.

"In Fleet Street," said Redfern, "there's a building called Byron-Hotes. The editorial office of 'Youth' is there. You've heard of 'Youth,' of course?"

"The new boys' paper?" said Lawrence.

Redfern nodded.

"I hope to get a temporary job on the staff," he said.

"My hat!"

"I think I can fill the bill," Redfern went on. "I shan't care if it's an office-boy's job, so long as I can rake in a little cash. It will be an experience, too!"

"A pretty grim experience," I should say," remarked Owen. "How the dickens are you going to live?"

"Oh, I shall rent a room somewhere."

"If you're lucky!" said Lawrence.

"London's packed to overflowing. There's always room for one more," said Redfern. "Anyway, I'll choose that. If I can get a job at, say, thirty-five bob for the week, I'll guarantee to keep myself in spite of the high cost of living; and I shall have a good margin of cash left over."

There was a long pause



Whack, whack, whack! Redfern wielded the same with tremendous vigour. Phipps writhed and yelled and threatened, but all to no purpose. (See Chapter 6.)

"Well, of all the mad wheezes—"
said Lawrence at length.

"Of all the potty, idiotic ideas—"
snorted Owen.

Redfern smiled.
"You think I'll come a cropper?" he asked.

"I don't think—I know!" said Lawrence. "Why don't you chuck this wheeze, and go home, like a sane and sensible chap?"

"I'll wager you anything you like," said Redfern, "that I make good. Dash it all, I'm not a fool! I've had stories accepted by boys' papers before now, and I'm game to tackle any amount of work on the staff."

"But supposing you don't get a job on 'Youth'?" said Owen.

"Then I'll get one on 'Old Age'!" There was no mistaking Redfern's determination. Both Lawrence and Owen realized that it would be useless to attempt to turn him from his purpose.

Reddy's mind was made up—in fact, it had been made up long since—and he was not likely to swerve from his intentions.

"You're determined to see this thing through?" said Lawrence.

"Yes!"

"Then we'll jolly well come along with you!"

"Yes, rather!" said Owen.

Redfern shook his head.
"It can't be done!" he said. "In the first place, there wouldn't be room for the three of us on the staff of 'Youth.' In the second place, it's just possible you may have been right just now, Owen, when you said 'living in London, would be a grim business. If there's any chance of its being like that, I'll face it alone. I wouldn't dream of asking you fellows to share it with me!"

"But you'll need the brotherly eye!" protested Lawrence.

"Brotherly cove! The best turn you fellows can do for me is to keep away."

"You'll send for us if you find yourself up against it!" said Owen.

"Yes, I'm likely to do that! Well, I must be getting a move on, or I sha'n't reach London in time to interview the editor. So long, you fellows!"

Redfern shook hands with Lawrence

and Owen—rather abruptly, perhaps, for Reddy disliked scenes.

Then he turned on his heel, and went away with his swinging stride.

"The fool!" muttered Lawrence, as he watched his chum depart. "He'll go to London and starve, like Byron did!"

"It wasn't Byron, ass—it was Chatterton!"

"Well, Chatterton, then! Reddy will go the same way home, if he's not careful! He's crazy keen on journalism, and there's no stopping him. But—but I wish he had thought twice about this!"

"Same here!" said Owen.

And the faces of the two chums were very wistful as they watched Dick Redfern setting forth on his strange adventure.

CHAPTER 4.

The Street of Ink.

REDFERN was tired and hungry when he stepped out of the London terminus.

A break walk over Waterloo Bridge banished the former feeling.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 606.

As for the hunger, that would have to be remedied later. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and Redfern was aware that some editors—only a very few, by the way—put aside their pens and went home at that hour.

Pushing his way through the crowded Strand, Redfern swung past the Law Courts and along Fleet Street, keeping his eyes open for Byron House.

He found it at length—one of the buildings on the right-hand side approaching Ludgate Circus.

On one of the upper windows was displayed the magic word "Youth."

The St. Jim's junior mounted three flights of stairs, and entered the office. A rather unpleasant-looking youth, of seventeen, or thereabouts, shuffled up to the inquiry counter.

"Good afternoon!" said Redfern cheerily.

"Cut it out!" said the youth. "What do you want?"

"Is the editor in?"

"Yes; but he's busy."

"You might ask him if he can spare a few moments?"

"I might, and I might not!" growled the unpleasant-looking one. "The editor won't see anyone—except valued contributors. Don't tell me you're one of those!"

Redfern was nettled by the speaker's sarcasm.

"Strikes me," he said, "you could do with a Fighting Editor up here!"

"A Fighting Editor! Why?"

"To put you in your place, my son! You're a jolly sight too cheeky!"

"Look here—"

"I'm looking—and the sight of your face makes me feel ill! You're wearing a mask, of course? That can't be your natural face!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a merry laugh from behind the counter. "That's one in the eye for you, Phipps!"

Redfern glanced at the speaker, who was a cherry-faced fellow, seated

before a typewriter, on which he had been clicking away industriously.

"I say!" exclaimed Reddy. "I can't get any satisfaction from this merchant," and he pointed to Phipps. "P'haps you'd be good enough to get me an interview with the editor?"

"Pleasure! What name?"

"Redfern!"

The cherry-faced youth, ignoring the protestations of Phipps, disappeared into an adjoining room, across the door of which was written: "Private."

A moment later he returned.

"The editor will see you now!" he said. "This way!"

And Redfern was ushered into the editorial sanctum.

For some time past Reddy had been consumed with curiosity as to what sort of a person the editor of "Youth" was.

Editors, he knew, were a mixed lot.

A good many editors of boys' papers were, sittingly enough, young men fresh from the public schools and the "Varsities. Some few, however, were doddering Methuselahs, with chronic gout and flowing beards.

The editor of "Youth" belonged to the former category.

He was a man still in the early twenties of life, clean-shaven, and very business-like in manner and appearance. He was working in his shirt-sleeves.

"Take a seat!" he said.

And Redfern sank into the recesses of a spacious and comfortable armchair.

"Won't keep you a minute," said the editor.

And he resumed his task of trimming up proofed pictures and pasting them into a current copy of "Youth."

Redfern, whose previous experience stood him in good stead, knew what the editor was engaged upon. He was compiling what is known as a "make-up"—a specimen copy of the next issue, for the guidance of the printers.

Having completed this, the editor thrust the copy into an envelope, which

he marked "Urgent," and then pressed a bell on his desk.

Phipps appeared, darting a scowl at Redfern as he came in.

"Send that over to the printers—sharp!" rapped out the editor.

And Phipps withdrew.

"Now," said the editor, swinging round in his revolving chair, until his keen eyes rested upon Redfern, "what can I do for you?"

"I want a job, sir," said Reddy.

"What sort of a job?"

"A temporary job on the staff of your paper."

"H'm! But you're only a schoolboy. What do you know about the work of a boy's paper?"

"Lots!" said Reddy. "We run a paper at St. Jim's."

"So you're from St. Jim's, are you? I might have guessed as much from your cap. What's the idea of your wanting a job? You've not run away, I hope?"

"No, sir. I want to make some money during the holiday."

The editor stared, as well he might.

"You—you're not pulling my leg?" he asked, at length.

"Not a bit of it, sir! I'm ready and willing to tackle any work you may care to give me, either in the office or out of it, or both. I can do shorthand and typewriting; I can write school yams, and—"

"Blow your own trumpet!" suggested the editor.

Redfern flushed.

"It's no use being backward in coming forward these days," he said. "I'm not swanking; I'm simply stating what I can do!"

"Do you read 'Youth'?"

"Every word, sir."

"Good! What was this week's story about?"

Redfern described the story in detail.

The editor was amazed at the junior's accuracy, though he did not betray his amazement.

"And you say you can write?" he asked, when Reddy had finished.

"Yes, sir."

The editor smiled.

"Lots of fellows of your age say the same," he said. "They can certainly write—after a fashion. They cover a few sheets of foolscap with hieroglyphics and imagine they've written a good story. As a rule, however, their efforts find a home there."

And the editor indicated the wastepaper basket in the corner.

"In that basket," repeated the maiden editor of dozens of aspirants for literary honours.

Redfern fumbled in his pocket.

"I can show you some of my work, sir," he said.

And he handed over the last short complete story he had written.

The editor read it through, Redfern watching him intently the while. But he could deduce nothing from the mask-like face of the reader.

"So you want a temporary job on the staff—what?" said the editor abruptly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you shall have it. But let me warn you that it will mean hard work and long hours."

"I don't mind either, sir."

"Splendid! You can start to-morrow morning at nine."

Redfern left the editorial sanctum with his heart beating overtime.

In spite of the gloomy forecasts of Lawrence and Owen, he had successfully surmounted the first hurdle. He had secured a temporary appointment on the staff of "Youth."

"You seem very chirpy," said a voice.

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Looking up, Redfern recognised the fellow who had taken his part against Phlips, and secured him an interview with the editor.

"I've been given a job here," said Reddy.

"Good!"

Phlips, who hovered near, scowled more fiercely than ever.

"Beautifully!" he remarked. "Falling on the editor's neck and begging favours."

Redfern clutched his hands, and took a quick step towards Phlips.

The other youth swung him back.

"Don't take any notice of friend Phlips," he said. "He lost his manners when he was an infant, and he hasn't found them again yet! My name's Clare. I'm the sub-editor, and I shall be very pleased to show you the ropes."

"Thanks awfully!" said Redfern gratefully.

"You'll find Burton, the editor, quite a good sort," said Clare. "He's a bit of a slave-driver, but that's only natural. He puts the paper before everything."

And, although the work's hard, it's not unpleasant."

"I've had a taste of it before," said Redfern, "and I like it."

"Look here, Pinkie—" began Phlips.

"Redfern, please!"

"Redfern, then. Now that you're here, you'll have to make the tea and run the errands!—Understand?"

"I shall take my orders," answered Redfern quietly, "from the editor."

"That's the stuff!" said Clare approvingly.

He turned again to his typewriter, and Redfern grasped his way now too gently past Phlips, descended the stairs, and entered into the roar and bustle of Fleet Street.

He was, on his own, a stranger in a strange land, but his heart was light, and he did not regret his decision.

"Now for a good, square meal!" he murmured.

And he began to scout round for a likely-looking restaurant.

CHAPTER 5.

Making His Way.

Redfern rose to his feet like a giant awakened.

For half a crown he had obtained a feed which would carry him on till the next morning.

"It's a question of getting digs now," he reflected. "They say that London's overcrowded. The lamps are still sticking to the big hotels, and that throws a big strain on the other places. But, if the worst comes to the worst, I can spend the night at a railway-station."

Happily, there was no need for this drastic step.

In the rather doubtful neighbourhood of the Waterloo Road Redfern secured a vacant bed-room, situated above some small, but clean, lodgings.

It was a small bed-room, not much bigger than eight shillings, and the rent asked was eight shillings.

Redfern clinched with the offer at once.

Tired out by the exertions of the day, he was soon sound asleep.

He was awakened next morning—not by the twittering of birds, but by a perpetual clash and clatter from the dining-room below.

Taxi-drivers, railwaymen, and others were swarming in to breakfast.

"No use trying to get another forty winks," murmured Redfern.

He rose, dressed, and went downstairs.

An odour of fried bacon was wafted up the narrow staircase.

"Good morning, sir!" said the proprietress, as Redfern appeared. "What would you like for breakfast?"

"Two fried eggs and fried potatoes," said Reddy promptly. "Also some bread-and-butter, mink, and coffee."

And, within five minutes Redfern was attacking his breakfast with zest.

"My hat! If only the St. Jim's fellows could see me now," he reflected, "they'd have a series of blue fits!"

Redfern was quite out of his element in the little dining-room.

His well-washed apron, to say nothing of his flannel and school cap, seemed oddly out of place.

But the food was good and wholesome, and Reddy told himself that he could hardly afford to stay at the Ritz or the Savoy.

A brisk stroll in St. James' Park occupied the junior till half-past eight. Then he started for the office.

Mr. Burton, the editor, had not arrived. But Clare was there, typing away as if for a wager.

"Phlips was there, too, and he glared at Redfern. A copy of a sporting paper was spread out before him on the desk, and he was busy making some of 'sure signs' and 'best bets'."

"Ready for 'best bets'?" asked Clare, as Redfern came in.

Reddy nodded.

"Anything you like," he said.

"You'd better pile in and correct these proof-sheets, then. Do you know how?"

"Yes, railway!"

Redfern started himself at a desk, and he was soon very busy with his fountain-pen.

Correcting proof-sheets is a tedious job, but a very necessary one. It is a mistake to class such work as unskilled labour. For the proof-reader requires a more than average knowledge of the English language, and he must be a master of orthography.

Redfern became absorbed in the story he was reading.

It was entitled, "The Honour of the Form," by Herbert Windsor—an author whom Reddy had unconsciously taken for his model when writing stories for "Tom Merry's Weekly."

"Getting on all right," said Clare, looking up from his typewriter.

"Fine, thank!"

"If the story doesn't come in quickly enough, ring up the printers. The complete items must be passed for press by two o'clock this afternoon. But if the printers had their own way the pages would hang fire until about next Christmas."

"Are they as bad as all that?" asked Redfern.

Clare laughed.

"It's not their fault, bica 'em!" he said. "They are responsible for the printing of about forty other weekly papers besides 'Youth,' and they are late some every day by about forty other editors. Poor old printers! There's a hard life."

"Bah!" growled Phlips, looking up from his sporting paper. "They're a set of born-tired slackers!"

"Disciples of you, then," said Clare.

"If you don't say that pink rag away and get on with your work, I shall have to administer a little gentle correction."

Phlips authority thrust his sporting journal into the wastepaper-basket. He had been chastised by Clare before, and the experience had not been such as to "franch an editor."

Clare was an admirable sub-editor. If things went wrong in the office, he adjusted them himself—a far better procedure than to be continually worrying the editor with tales of woe.

Redfern resumed his proof-reading. Presently the opening of a full-topped desk in the adjoining room glowed that

Mr. Burton had arrived. It is an editor's privilege to reach the office an hour later than his subordinates.

A moment later Mr. Burton poked his head through the connecting door.

"Good morning!" he said.

Clare responded with a fierce volley on the typewriter. Phlips very modestly said, "Good-morning, sir!" And Redfern looked up with a smile.

"Hand at it!" said the editor.

Redfern nodded.

"Bring the proofs in to me when they are read."

"Very good, sir."

Redfern rang up the printers; and after some pleasant bickering with the foreman, the pages came in thick and fast.

The long, complete school story was finished at length.

Then followed an instalment of a serial—a rousing story by a well-known author.

Lastly came the Chat page, which Mr. Burton himself wrote every week.

It has been said that only one reader in ten takes the trouble to peruse the Chat pages. That may be so in the case of many loose papers; but the editorial chat of "Youth" was read by everyone.

It was split up into a series of powerful and fascinating paragraphs. Some people, in fact, bought the paper for the Chat alone.

At the foot of the Chat page a competition result was announced.

Dick Redfern uttered a sudden exclamation when his eye fell upon it.

For this is what he read:

"RESULT OF SHORT STORY

COMPETITION:

A ST. JIM'S BOY CARRIES OFF

THE HONOURS!

"I have pleasure in announcing this week the result of our recent short story competition.

"Of the many hundreds of short stories submitted, the best is undoubtedly that by

"RICHARD BROOKE,

St. James' School,

Ryeburne, Surrey.

"The story in question was considered by the judges to be an excellent piece of work; and Mr. Brooke is to be warmly congratulated upon winning the First Prize of Fifteen Guinea's."

Then followed a list of "consolation" winners.

Redfern blinked in astonishment at the printed page.

So Dick Brooke, the day boy, had won a prize in "Youth."

"It was a prize worth winning, too."

"My only aunt!" muttered Redfern.

"Why didn't I go in for this competition? I would have scored just as good a chance as Brooke. And I might have made some pocket-money for each term, too!"

But it was no use wasting time in vain regrets.

Redfern corrected that page, which was the last. Then he passed the whole of the proof-sheets together and took them in to the editor.

Mr. Burton glanced over the corrected pages with an approving eye.

"You're no mug at this game," he remarked.

"I'm beginning to feel quite a veteran at it, sir."

"Excellent! Strikes me you'll prove a very useful addition to the office staff. Can you write letters?"

"Of course!"

"I don't mean the usual type of letter

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"Just a few lines, hoping you are quite well, as it leaves me at present." I mean answers to correspondents.

"I'll have a smack at it, sir."

"Here you are, then."

And the editor handed over a tremendous pile of letters—the contents of the morning's postbag.

"When in doubt," said the editor, "consult Clare." Good man, Clare. He knows his job.

Redfern nodded, and was about to quit the room, when Mr. Burton called him back.

"With regard to your salary—" he said.

"Yes, sir?"

"Would two pounds for the week satisfy you?"

"Perfectly, sir?"

And Redfern made a hasty mental calculation as to whether he could live on two pounds and save money into the bargain.

He decided that it could be done. His bed-room cost him eight shillings; his food would average a shilling a meal. It was very plain living, but Reddy had roughed it before, and he was quite prepared to do so again.

The editor initialled the proof-sheets and handed them to Redfern.

"See that these go to the printers," he said.

And Reddy withdrew.

On reaching the outer office he found that Clare and Phipps had gone to lunch.

"Better get mine, I suppose," thought Reddy.

And, clapping his St. Jim's cap on his curly head, he sallied out into the bright sunshine, well satisfied with his first morning's work on the staff of "Youth."

CHAPTER 6.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

TOM MERRY & Co. were having the time of their lives at Wharton Lodge.

Colonel James Wharton, of the 21st Lancers, knew how to look after his guests.

Even Fatty Wynn had all his wants supplied, and the juniors waxed fat under the influence of the simple life.

There were many attractions at and around Wharton Lodge.

No cricket-match had yet been definitely arranged between the St. Jim's and Greyfriars juniors. But there was boating and bathing and fishing, and afternoon picnics in the Hampshire woods.

Tom Merry & Co. had not forgotten the mysterious behaviour of Dick Redfern.

His name frequently cropped up in the course of their conversation, and there were all sorts of conjectures as to the manner in which he was spending the holiday.

"He's acting for the films, if you ask me," said Figgins. "I've heard Reddy say that he's very keen on the cinema."

"Rata! He's gone to visit a maiden aunt who keeps a pastrycook's shop!" said Fatty Wynn. "Trust Reddy to know what's good for him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He may have gone to London," said Monty Lowther, little dreaming how near he was to the truth.

"But why should he go there?" asked Tom Merry.

"To earn money, my son. I heard him mention once that he was fed up with being in the state known as stony. Ergo—that means therefore—he's probably carrying sandwich-boards down the Strand!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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"You needn't cackle," said Monty Lowther. "That's a very profitable occupation. Unskilled workmen are living on the fat of the land these days. Take the stage profession, for instance. There are first-class actors drawing about five guineas a week, and the fellows who slouch along the Strand advertising their performances get double that amount. High-ho for the life of a sandwich-board man!"

"Weally Lowthah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus d'Arcy. "I wegard you as a cwas am!"

"Hs, hs, has!"

Monty Lowther had spoken largely in jest.

But, as a matter of fact, Redfern actually was in the Strand at that moment, not carrying a sandwich-board, but carrying sandwiches.

Rather than spend a lot of money by patronising a restaurant, Redfern had purchased a packet of sandwiches, which he intended to devour when he got back to the office.

He mounted the stairs of Byron House, and was about to enter the room in which he worked, when he suddenly stopped short.

The office was not empty, as Reddy had anticipated.

Phipps was there, and his movements aroused the junior's suspicions.

"Wonder what the little game is!" mused Redfern.

And he moved cautiously into the room on tiptoe, so cautiously that Phipps, who was bending over a desk, heard no sound.

Before going out to buy his sandwiches, Redfern had placed the corrected proof-sheets in an envelope, which he had addressed to the printer, and placed in a tray, which was cleared every hour or so by the printer's devil.

Redfern now saw that the envelope had been ripped open, and that Phipps had the proof-sheets on the desk in front of him.

As Reddy approached, Phipps was bending over the Chat page.

Then, with a quick stroke of his fountain-pen, he scored out the name "Richard Brooks," and substituted another name in the margin.

Redfern gave a violent start.

For the name which Phipps had substituted was "Percy Mellish."

Not for the life of him could Redfern guess what Phipps' motive was in making this alteration.

That it was a bad motive he felt certain. Phipps was just the sort of fellow to stoop to a low-down trick.

Having made the alteration, Phipps surveyed it critically for a moment, and then gave a chuckle.

"I'll make Percy go halves over this!" he muttered.

And then a hand fell upon the speaker's shoulder.

Phipps span round with a guilty start.

"You!" he panted.

"Yes; it's I!" said Redfern. "I've been standing here all the time, and I saw you make that alteration in the proofs. The game's up!"

Phipps went pale.

All his usual arrogance and self-possession deserted him, leaving him like a pricked balloon.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"I want to know," said Redfern grimly, "why you changed Brooke's name to Mellish's? And I should advise you to tell the truth for your own sake!"

Phipps began to whimper.

"Don't give me any way!" he pleaded. "Don't tell Burton! It will mean the sack for me if you do!"

"It would be no more than you

deserve," said Redfern, in contempt. "Buck up! I'm waiting for your explanation."

"I—I changed the name," faltered Phipps, "so that Mellish should win the fifteen guineas. The department that despatches the prices wouldn't have known anything was wrong. They'd have sent the cheque to the fellow whose name appeared in the paper as the prize-winner."

"But why this sudden interest in Mellish?"

"He's my cousin."

"Oh!"

Redfern understood now.

The wretched Phipps, by inserting the wrong name, had hoped to do Mellish a good turn. His motives were not devoid of self-interest, for he had intended to go halves with his cousin.

Phipps had not paused to reflect that either Mr. Burton or Clare might discover the trick. Neither had he supposed that there was anything to fear from the new member of the office staff.

"You howling cad!" said Redfern at length. "You deserve to be lynched!"

Phipps was shaking like a leaf. He was wondering what Redfern would do next.

"Send me that pen!" said Reddy.

Phipps obeyed.

And then Redfern scored out the alteration on the proof-sheet, leaving it as it had stood in the first instance.

This done, he put the proofs into a fresh envelope, which he handed to the printer's devil, who came in at that moment.

Then he turned to the cowering Phipps. "You—your not going to tell Burton!" quavered that youth.

"No."

"Oh, good!"

Phipps brightened up at once. But his face fell the next moment, as he watched Redfern produce a smart walking-cane—the property of the absent Clare—from the corner.

"Here, I say, what's the little game?"

"I'm going to give you a hiding!" said Reddy, between his teeth.

"Hands off, you rotter! I—"

Phipps got no further.

The cane lashed upon his tight-fitting trousers, and he executed a jazz on the office linoleum.

Whack, whack, whack?

Redfern wielded the cane with tremendous vigour.

Phipps writhed and yelled and threatened, but all to no purpose. He had to take his gruel.

Redfern did not desist until the cane snapped in two.

"If I catch you up to any of these tricks again," he said, "you'll get a double dose!"

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Phipps slunk into a corner, groaning and gasping.

Shortly afterwards Clare returned from lunch.

"Afraid I shall have to buy you a new cane," said Reddy.

"Hallo! What's happened?"

Phipps fairly trembled at the knees. He was afraid that Redfern would give him away to Clare, which would have been almost as bad as reporting him to the editor.

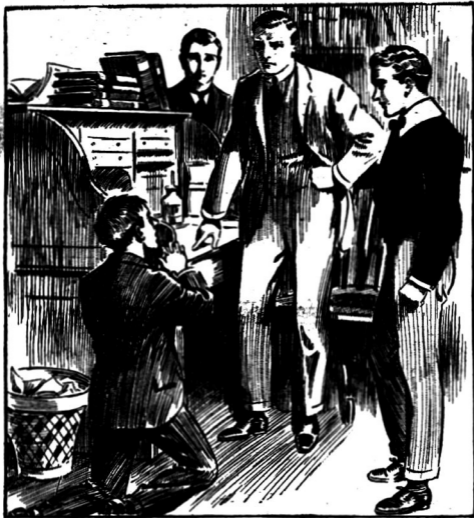
But he need not have feared.

"I broke your cane chastising a wild animal," said Redfern to Clare. And, although the explanation sounded curious, Clare made no comment.

A few moments later the editorial staff of "Youth" were hard at work.

Even Phipps was busy. He was bringing the office files up to date.

Redfern borrowed Clare's typewriter,



Phippo threw himself into an attitude of piteous appeal, grovelling on the floor before Mr. Burton. "Let me off, sir!" he wailed. "I-I-I was only a job!" (See Chapter 2.)

and set to work answering readers' letters.

It was a difficult task. To some people it would have been a hopeless one.

The first letter which Roddy took up was from a Liverpool reader, who asked the following string of questions:

1. How old is the editor?
2. Is he married?
3. Does he keep white mice?
4. Is he a Bolshevik?
5. Can he tell me how to cure the war on my nose?
6. Does he play marbles?
7. What did he do in the Great War?

Another reader, hailing from Birmingham, wanted to know the full names,

ages, weight and height of all the characters in "Youth."

Unless this information was supplied by return of post, threatened the writer, he would give up reading "Youth," and start keeping rabbits.

Roddy rattled off breezy replies on the typewriter at a speed which astonished the others.

Occasionally he had to appeal to Clare to help him out with some information, but only very occasionally.

The afternoon was well advanced when the editor summoned Roddy.

The junior noticed that Mr. Burton, usually cool as a cucumber, even in times of great pressure, was very excited.

"Sit down, Roddy. I wish to speak to you on a most important matter!"

Roddy wondered vaguely what was coming.

"I have just received a telegram to the effect that Mr. Herbert Windsor, who writes our long, complete school stories each week, is ill."

"My hat!" muttered Roddy.

"He will not be able to get his usual story written this week," continued Mr. Burton. "I am therefore going to ask you to fill the breach."

"Me!" said Roddy ungrammatically. The editor nodded.

"You're the only writer I've come across whose style is anything approaching Mr. Windsor's," he said. "Apart from which, you have a sound and comprehensive knowledge of the characters"

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who figure in our stories. I want you, for one week only, to act as deputy for Mr. Windsor. Will you take it on?"

Redfern gasped. The editor's suggestion fairly took his breath away.

He, a mere schoolboy, was being asked to deputise for one of the best-known writers of school stories living!

At first Reddy felt inclined to tell the editor frankly, there and then, that the task was above his weight—that he was not equal to it.

On second thoughts, however, he realised that he would be quite capable of turning out a story in the style of Herbert Windsor. Not in the best style of Herbert Windsor, perhaps; but he could at least write a story up to the average.

"Well!" said Mr. Burton. "I'll do it, sir," said Redfern. "I'll have a jolly good shot at it, anyway."

"It will mean working like a nigger," said the editor. "I want the story complete within four days."

Redfern nodded. "You'd better clear off at once," continued Mr. Burton. "Take this Empire typewriter home with you, and get busy on the story. You needn't show up at the office for four days. Just 'phone me each day what progress you are making."

Like a fellow in a dream, Redfern quitted the editorial sanctum.

A few moments later he was walking over Waterloo Bridge with a typewriter and a packet of foolscap under his arm.

But he hardly noticed the weight of the machine in his excitement. He was face to face with the biggest task of his life.

It was not a question of dashing off a few hundred words.

The story he had been commissioned to write would be a long one, requiring a great deal of time and thought.

But Redfern was undaunted. Never before had he tackled a task with such enthusiasm.

After a hasty tea at the dining-rooms over which he had his temporary abode, Reddy went up to his room, and mapped out the plot of his story.

"Better not do any typewriting to-night," he murmured. "I shall make too much of a clatter. And I don't want to go out of this place on my neck."

When his plot was cut and dried, therefore, Reddy turned in for the night.

He awoke next morning with a peculiar sense of fitness.

Breakfast over, he busied himself in his room. And the taxi-drivers and the railway-men who came into the dining-rooms during the morning were surprised to hear an incessant clicking noise overhead.

Dick Redfern's story was already beginning to grow under the keys of the typewriter.

CHAPTER 7.

A Comedy of Errors.

DURING the next few days Dick Redfern worked as he had never worked before.

Some are born journalists; others have journalism thrust upon them. Redfern belonged to the former class.

This was the first really big story he had ever written, and he found the task anything but easy.

At the same time, he revelled in the work. He would cheerfully have written the story as a labour of love. The question of remuneration had not entered his head as yet.

Whilst he was working Reddy was shut off from the world.

He took a brief stroll every morning; THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 605.

but the remainder of the day was spent in his room.

The proprietress brought his meals up to him; but when Reddy happened to be in the toilet he forgot all about food, and frequently left it untouched.

"I hope you ain't ill, 'er!" ventured the proprietress one morning.

Redfern grinned. "Not a bit of it, Mrs. Smith!" he said.

"I wonder that there clickin' noise don't give you a headache."

"I'm used to it," said Reddy. And he resumed his operations on the typewriter.

Mrs. Smith went downstairs with a dark suspicion forming in her mind. Ever since Reddy had shut himself up in his room, the proprietress had wondered who he was and what he was doing.

Was he really a schoolboy? Or were his Etons merely a cloak to cover up his identity?

"I'm convinced that he's up to no good," murmured Mrs. Smith, as she went downstairs. "What does he mean by that perpetual tap, tap, tap? Is he rapping' off wireless messages? I wonder!"

Mrs. Smith's knowledge of typewriters, unlike Sam Weller's knowledge of London, was neither extensive nor peculiar. The good woman imagined that Reddy was in possession of some secret—perhaps death-dealing—apparatus.

One—perhaps the dining-room below, she confided her fears to Bill and Toby Martin, a couple of taxi-drivers, who were seated at breakfast.

Although they had made their fortunes during the war by refusing to take anybody anywhere, and by charging a pound or so for each refusal, the two Martins always came to Mrs. Smith's dining-rooms for their meals.

They were a couple of stolid, beefy-looking men, with hearty appetites and a hatred of everything that wasn't British.

Mrs. Smith approached them with rather a scared expression on her angular face.

"Which there's strange goings-on upstairs—" she began.

"Ho! Somebody refuses to pay the rent—what!" said Bill Martin. "Just say the word, ma'am, an' we'll chuck 'em out!"

"'Er, 'er!" said Toby.

"It ain't that," said Mrs. Smith, lowering her voice. "But there's a young feller upstairs what's up to some shady business. Listen!"

Faintly from above came the clicking of a typewriter.

"I've 'eard that row for days," said Bill. "What is it?"

"Ah! What is it!" said Mrs. Smith mysteriously. "That's what I've laid awake of nights askin' myself. There's somethin' very fishy goin' on, I'm certain. That's the worst of people comin' here without references. I never know who they are or what they're up to."

"Of course," said Bill Martin, draining his coffee. "This bloke might be a spy!"

"Exactly! The war's over, but the German spy system's still goin' strong. I think," said Mrs. Smith, "that the matter ought to be investigated."

"That's a good word!" said Toby. "I'll back it both ways!"

"Come on, Toby!" said Bill. "We'll go up an' see what sort of a game this merchant's playin'."

And the two taxi-drivers mounted the stairs, the proprietress following at a discreet distance.

The clicking noise became more pro-

nounced as they approached Redfern's room.

"He's rapping' out signals right enough," said Toby, who had a vivid imagination. "Go easy, mate!" he added, as Bill prepared to open the door.

"Shouldn't be surprised if the despit' rasal' as a brace of revolvers in 'is 'ig-pockets."

Bill Martin, however, feared no foe. He threw open the door, and led the way into the room.

Redfern was making fine progress with his story.

He had just inserted a fresh sheet of paper into his machine, and he rattled off a few words before looking round to see who his visitors were.

He stared in surprise at the grim faces of Bill and Toby Martin, and at the trembling figure of Mrs. Smith in the background.

"What's up?" exclaimed Reddy. Bill Martin levelled an accusing forefinger at the St. Jim's junior.

"The game's up, young shaver!" he said.

"What the merry dickens—?"

"There you are!" said Toby triumphantly. "He's mutterin' to 'issell in German! 'A spy, sure enough!"

"Look here," said Redfern irritably, "keep off the grass! Can't you see I'm busy? What do you want with me, anyway?"

"We're goin' to put you under arrest!" said Bill Martin firmly.

"Wh-a-!"

"It'll serve you right if you're took to the 'oose an' shot!" said Toby.

"You silly chumps!" said Redfern, starting to his feet. "You must be potty!"

Toby advanced into the room, and glanced at the sheet of paper in the typewriter.

Then he gave a violent start. Across the top of the page appeared four words in German, as follows:

"Teuffl! Donner und blitzen!"

"Here's proof!" said Toby excitedly. He could not read German, but he knew, at least, that the words were not English. That was quite sufficient, in Toby's opinion, to justify an arrest. And Bill, when he saw the typewritten words, agreed with his brother.

The heavy hand of Toby Martin descended upon Redfern's shoulder, and he was hustled to the door.

"Hands off!" he exclaimed angrily. "I warn you that I shall hit out!"

The grip on Reddy's shoulder became tighter.

Wrenching himself free, Redfern, whose ability as a fighting-man had been put to the test a good deal recently, launched out his fist.

"Yaroooooch!" yelled Toby, as Reddy's clenched fist smote him fairly between the eyes. "Back up, Bill! Don't let 'im bunk!"

Bill Martin ripped the sheet of paper out of the typewriter and put it in his pocket as a useful piece of evidence. Then he came to his brother's rescue.

Redfern was powerless against the combined efforts of the two men. He put up a game fight, but the odds were against him, and Bill and Toby, one on each side of him, dragged him out of the room and down the stairs.

There was quite a commotion in the dining-room when prisoner and escort passed through.

"What's up, Bill?"

"What's the young rip been doin', Toby?"

There was a chorus of questions from the men who were having breakfast. "We've captured a spy, mates!" said Toby Martin.

"An' we're goin' to run 'im in!" added Bill, with relish.

"Great Scott!"

"A spy!"

"The excitement was intense.

Quite a crowd of men swarmed out into the street, and saw the prisoner bundled into a taxi which stood outside.

"You prise idiots!" shouted Redfern, as the vehicle moved off along the street.

"Are you drunk, or mad, or both?"

"Give 'im a dot on the booko, Bill,"

said Toby, "to keep 'im quiet!"

And Reddy received a playful tap on the head which made him see stars.

Never had Reddy felt so utterly helpless and exasperated.

He had been progressing splendidly with his story.

As a matter of fact, he had been working on the last chapter, describing a German master's downfall.

And now he was being whisked away, against his will, presumably to the police-station.

It was useless to argue with his captors. In their blind zeal it had not occurred to them that they might be making a mistake.

The taxi drew up at the nearest police-station, and Redfern was marched inside. He made no resistance this time.

"What's the charge?" asked a smart-looking police-sergeant.

"We've nabbed a German spy!" said Bill Martin proudly.

"In broad daylight!" added Toby. The sergeant ran his eye over Reddy's youthful, athletic figure.

"What utter piffle!" he said.

Bill Martin impressively produced his evidence.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed.

The police-sergeant glanced at the typewritten words, and turned to Redfern.

"What does this mean, kid!" he asked, not unkindly.

"It's part of a story I'm writing," said Redfern. "I should have finished the yarn by now if this precious pair of idiots hadn't barged in!"

The sergeant nodded sympathetically.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Redfern."

"Don't you believe 'im!" said Toby Martin. "It's Ernie, or Schneider, or something like that!"

"Have you anything on your person which will prove your identity?" asked the sergeant.

Redfern fumbled in his pocket, and produced a letter addressed to him at St. Jim's.

"Good enough!" said the sergeant. "It's up to you," he added, turning to the two taxi-drivers, "to apologise to this young gentleman!"

"W-w-what!" stammered Bill.

"Apologies!" echoed Toby.

"Exactly! Master Redfern's no more a German spy than I am!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"He'd be quite within his rights," continued the sergeant, "if he brought an action against you for assault and unlawful arrest!"

"I won't go so far as that," said Reddy.

He was laughing now. The baffled expressions on the faces of Bill and Toby would have made a cat laugh.

"I—I——" faltered Toby. "Ain't you a spy, then?"

"No!"

"Nor yet a Bolshevik?"

"I'm not quite sure what that means," said Reddy. "But I'm not one, anyhow!"

The police-sergeant chuckled.

Toby Martin, realising that he had been too hasty in jumping to conclusions, extended his hand to Redfern.

"Which I'm sorry this should have happened!" he said.

"That's all right!" said Reddy, taking the proffered hand.

"Had you take you back in the taxi, sir?" asked Bill, moodily.

"I'd be glad if you would. I want to get my yarn finished."

Mrs. Smith stared in surprise when Reddy re-entered the dining-room with Bill and Toby. She had expected to see the two taxi-men only.

"Haven't you put him under arrest?" she exclaimed.

"There weren't no need to," said Bill. "This young gent ain't a spy at all. He's a norther, as ever was!"

"A what?" gasped the proprietress.

"A norther—chap who writes stories," said Bill lucidly. "We've woke up the wrong passenger, us am!"

"But—but those signals he was rap-pin' out——" began Mrs. Smith.

"They wasn't signals at all!" exclaimed Toby. "He was a typin' of 'is story!"

"Oh!"

Mrs. Smith looked genuinely distressed.

She recalled the rough handling Redfern had received, and turned to him with a look of remorse.

"I suppose you'll be givin' up your room, sir, after what's happened?" she said.

"Not a bit of it!" said Reddy. "It was was just a mistake, that's all. I bear no malice."

And, with a cheerful nod to the taxi-drivers and the proprietress, Reddy mounted the stairs thrice at a time, eager to put the finishing touches to his story.

CHAPTER 8.

The Plot that Failed.

"A T last!" Redfern uttered the words with keen satisfaction.

His story was finished. His task was accomplished.

Whether the manuscript would find favour in the editor's sight remained to be seen.

Anyway, Reddy felt that he had done his best. And no man, whether he is a writer of fiction or a Prime Minister, can do more.

Redfern glanced through the typewritten pages, put them in order, and then took the manuscript along to the office.

He was well within the specified time-limit. The editor had given him four days, and it was the afternoon of the fourth day.

It was with a beating heart that Redfern ascended the staircase of Byron House.

For the first time the fear of failure gripped him.

Supposing his story were "turned down!"

Mr. Burton was not the sort of man who accepted stories haphazard regardless of their merits and demerits. He was nothing if not critical; and the fears which assailed Redfern were, perhaps, only natural.

After all, he was a very young writer; and what right had he to expect success with his first big effort?

In the outer office Clare and Phipps were hard at work. Reddy nodded to them, and passed into the editorial sanctum.

"Well," said Mr. Burton, "is the great work complete?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Good! You must have worked night and day on this job!"

"I've certainly put in a good deal of overtime," said Reddy.

And he handed over the manuscript.

"I don't profess to have beaten Mr.

Windsor at his own game," he said. "But I've put my best into it, sir!"

"I'm sure you have!" said the editor. "You can leave this little packet with me. I'll read it, and let you know the verdict in a couple of hours. Meanwhile, you'd better go and get a square meal and a rest. You look played-out."

Redfern followed the editor's advice. He had been working at top pressure, and the writing of that story had taken heavy toll of his energy.

A good feed, and a rest in one of the parks, brought relief.

It was nearly six o'clock when Reddy got back to Byron House.

He was still very concerned for the fate of his story.

Had the labour been in vain? Was his precious manuscript—the fruits of long and lonely hours of toil—reposing in the depths of the wastepaper-basket?

When Reddy reached the outer office he found it empty.

Passing on into the editor's room, he saw that Clare and Phipps were standing beside Mr. Burton's desk.

Clare's face was pale with anger; and Phipps stood quaking as Reddy had seen him quake a few days previously, when the alteration had been made on the proof-sheet.

And then Redfern caught sight of something which sent an icy chill through him.

His worst fears were confirmed. In the corner of the room stood the wastepaper-basket. And in the basket, torn into a hundred fragments, was his manuscript!

For a moment the room seemed to swim round the unhappy junior.

He began to wish that he had never come to London to carry out his daring scheme.

For nearly four days he had worked hard and unremittingly, fired with ambition and with the desire to make good.

And he had failed utterly!

It was a bitter pill for the junior to swallow.

As he stood there, with his crestfallen gaze on the destroyed manuscript, he felt that the world was harsh and out of tune.

The voice of the editor brought Reddy to himself with a start.

"Redfern, I am sorry, my boy, but I have bad news for you!"

Reddy murmured a smile.

"Yes, I know, sir. My story wasn't up to standard!"

"On the contrary, it was a rattling good yarn."

"What?"

Redfern fairly jumped.

If, as the editor asserted, his story was a rattling good one, why was it lying in the wastepaper-basket!

"Since you left the office this afternoon," said Mr. Burton, "a very startling and unpleasant incident has occurred. I went out of the room for a few moments, and in my absence Phipps came in, removed your story from my desk, and wantonly destroyed it."

"My hat!"

"Clare happened to come in, and he caught Phipps red-handed," said the editor.

"That's so!" said Clare. "The beastly worm had a grudge against you, old chap, and he ripped your manuscript to pieces. I was too late to stop him."

Mr. Burton turned to the author of the outrage.

"If I had known you were a snake in the grass," he had said, "I'd have asked you long ago. As it is, I shall hand you over to the police."

"The—the police!" faltered Phipps.

"Yes! This is too serious a matter to be dealt with in any other way. You deserve to be sent to prison!"

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Phipps self-control, already in rags, glowered him entirely.

He threw himself into an attitude of piteous appeal, grovelling on the floor before Mr. Burton.

"Let me off, sir!" he wailed. "I—I—it was only a joke!"

"The sort of joke which is the stepping-stone to Fentonville or Dartmoor," said the editor grimly. "Get up, you worm!"

Phipps jolted to his feet.

"I shall have me arrested, sir!" he entreated. "Anything—but that! My people would never let me hear the end of it! They'd chuck me out—"

"And a jolly good job, too!—Perhaps you would be good enough, Clara, to fetch a policeman!"

"With pleasure!" said Clara.

He had reached the doorway when Redfern called him back.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, turning to Mr. Burton, "but I'd rather you didn't press the matter."

"What! You want him to go scot-free?"

"He can hardly expect that," said Reddy. "But I should prefer that the police were kept out of it."

"As you wish," said the editor. "The affair concerns you more directly than anyone else. You are the victim of this low-down trick, and if you don't want Phipps to go to prison, as he richly deserves, there's nothing more to be said on that score. You needn't fetch that policeman, Clara!"

Phipps darted a quick look of gratitude at the fellow he had wronged.

But he was not destined to go unpunished.

"You are dismissed from the staff of this paper," said Mr. Burton. "You will receive a week's salary in lieu of notice, and you'll quit this place at once!"

"Won't you give me another chance, sir!" pleaded Phipps.

"Look here," broke in Clara. "Take your money, and clear! The sight of you makes me feel ill. If you stay here another minute I'll pulverise you!"

"Clara—!" began Mr. Burton.

"I can't help it, sir! When I think of the beastly trick this worm has played I can hardly keep my hands off him!"

The editor made no further protest. His own feelings were on a par with those of the indignant Clara.

Phipps was handed his money, and he slunk from the room.

"You're getting off jolly lightly!" said Mr. Burton.

Phipps didn't think so.

His position on the staff of "Youth" had been a comfortable one. Clara had done the bulk of the work, and he—Phipps—had enjoyed a good time and a good salary.

His jealousy of Redfern had prompted him to destroy the manuscript. Clara had caught him in the act, and this was the sorry sequel.

He was sacked!

"Thank goodness!" said Mr. Burton, when the footsteps of the wretched youth had died away.

Then he turned to Redfern.

"I am afraid this is a big blow for you, my boy," he said.

"And a blow for us, too," chimed in Clara. "We haven't a story to go to press with."

"Great Scott, no!"

In his concern for Redfern, the editor had quite overlooked the fact that the destruction of the story left him without copy for the next issue.

Even at that moment the telephons-bell rang, and the printers were clamouring for the manuscript.

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It was a desperate situation.

Clara's handsome face was clouded over. The editor's expression was that of a man face to face with a hopeless problem. But from Dick Redfern burst a sudden chuckle.

Mr. Burton turned upon the junior almost irritably.

"It's far from a laughing matter," he said. "And you ought to be the last to laugh. Do you fully realise what this means, Redfern? Your story has been destroyed, and—"

Redfern plunged his hand into his pocket.

"It's all serene!" he said.

The editor and sub-editor stared at him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" gasped the former.

"Simply this—that when typing my stories I always make it a rule to take a carbon copy."

"Oh!"

"I have here," continued Reddy, with the air of an auctioneer about to shoot the odds, "an exact duplicate of my story!"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Clara.

And Mr. Burton, his editorial dignity thrown to the winds, jumped to his feet and proceeded to wait the St. Jim's junior round the room.

The situation was saved!

CHAPTER 9.

A Startling Discovery!

"WRALLY—must go up to town, dear boys!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made this observation over the breakfast-table in the spacious dining-room at Wharton Lodge.

At the head of it sat Colonel Wharton.

The St. Jim's juniors were ranged down one side, and the Greyfriars juniors down the other.

Breakfast was in full swing when Arthur Augustus made his remark.

"I trust, D'Arcy," said Colonel Wharton, "that you are not fed up, as you call it, with your present environment?"

"Greatest South, no!" said Gussy. "I'm havin' a ripping time, sir!"

"Then why the thump do you want to go rushing up to London?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"To see my tailah, dear boy. It is imperative that I should see him. I ordahed a new set of flannels—"

"The fifteenth set this season?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Wats! I ordahed a new set, an' the beastly tailah hasn't sent them!"

"Why not write?" suggested Harry Wharton.

"I've already written, an' received no response."

"Write the merchant!" said Dob Cherry.

"I've sent a telegram every day, an' he hasn't come up to the scatch!"

"My bat!"

"Tailahs are (wightfully independent boggahs these days, bai Jote!" said Arthur Augustus.

"They've made their fortunes since the armistice was signed, an' they've got swelled pusses an' swelled heads. I shall have to administrah a severe weppimand to my tailah. I'm not goin' to be twested like this!"

"Not by all the blood of all the Gummies!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"There's a fast train up to town in half an hour," said Arthur Augustus, consulting his watch.

"Hs, hs, ha!"

"Mind you get back in time for the cricket-match to-morrow!" said Tom Merry.

"We're short of men as it is. Kangaroo's crocked, and Clive doesn't feel fit."

"I think," said Manners, "that some of us had better go up to town with Gussy to keep an eye on him. You know what Gussy is. He'll spend about a fortnight in the West End studying the tailors' dummies!"

"Hs, ha, ha!"

Accordingly, the Terrible Three decided to accompany the swell of St. Jim's on his mission.

Breakfast over, they whirled Gussy away to the railway-station.

Monty Lowther wagged an admonishing forefinger at Arthur Augustus across the carriage.

"We're going to give you ten minutes with your tailor," he said—"no more and no less! Ten minutes is quite long enough to point out to him the error of his ways!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Monty's quite right," said Tom Merry. "If you stay a second longer we'll scarp you!"

By eleven o'clock Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and his escort had reached the fashionable emporium in Bond Street from which most of Gussy's magnificent attire emanated.

On entering the establishment, Arthur Augustus jammed his monocle into his eye and addressed one of the assistants.

"I wish to see the propwetiah!"

"Yesir! What name, please?"

"D'Arcy—A. A. D'Arcy, of St. Jim's."

"Very good, sir!"

After a moment's delay, the proprietor appeared.

He was a prosperous-looking man, with a bald head and a bland smile.

"Good-morning, sir!" he said genially.

Arthur Augustus surveyed the proprietor with a freezing stare.

"This is no time for formalities, sir!" he said heatedly.

"I—I beg your pardon!"

"I regard you as an extremely lax an' unbusinesslike person!" said Arthur Augustus severely.

"Sir—"

"Some considerable time ago," said Arthur Augustus, "I ordahed a set of flannels from this establishment. Up to the time of w'rim—I-I mean, speakin'—the flannels have not come to hand! You have put me to verry great personal inconvenience!"

"But, my dear sir, I assure you—"

"Your assurances are, I regret to say, not to be relied upon!" said Arthur Augustus stiffly. "You have failed to come up to the scatch in a verry elementary business transaction!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" murmured Monty Lowther.

"Pway be silent, Lowthah! I can deal with this person without any interwptions (from you)!"

"Well, buck up, and strew the hungry chuckyard with his bones, then!" growled Manners.

"You'll exceed the time-limit, if you're not careful!" warned Tom Merry.

"There's only four minutes to go!"

Arthur Augustus resumed his attack upon the proprietor.

"I repeat, you have failed to come up to the scatch—"

"But your flannels have been sent, sir."

"Eh!"

"They were despatched several days ago."

"Bai Jote!"

"You have not received them, sir!" Gussy shook his head.

"They were addressed to you at St. James' School, Rylcombe, Sussex."

"Greatest Scott!"

"You silly chump!" roared Tom Merry, turning upon the bewildered

Gussy. "You forgot to give your new address at Wharton Lodge!"

"Oh crumbs! That is most unforch." "Before you start bullying your tailor again," said Monty Lowther, "it wouldn't be a bad idea to make sure you are in the right!"

Arthur Augustus frankly extended his hand to the proprietor.

"I regret my extreme weakness to you, sir," he said. "As one gentleman to another, I apologise!"

"That's all right, sir!" said the proprietor.

"I shall have to drop a line to the Home dues at St. Jim's," said Arthur Augustus, "askin' her to send the cheque to me at Wharton Lodge. I quite ought!"

"You should Felmanise, my son!" said Monty Lowther. "There are too many leakages in your memory-tank!"

"Weally, Lowthab—" "Oh, come on!" said Manners impatiently. "We don't want to hang about here all day! I want to go along to Kodak's, in the Strand, to see about a new camera!"

"Bliss your camera!" growled Tom Merry. "D'you think we came to London expressly for your benefit?"

"It's most important that I should get my camera—"

"Be-r-r!"

Manners was not to be done. He hailed a passing taxi, and the driver actually condescended, on being promised a tip of five shillings over and above his fare, to take the Terrible Three and Arthur Augustus along to the Strand.

The camera was duly purchased, and then Tom Merry voiced a general feeling.

"I'm hungry!" he said.

"Same here, ditto, and likewise!" said Monty Lowther. "Anyone know where we can get a good feed? In my young days, I remember there was a restaurant in the Strand called Simpson's. Was it destroyed by an air-raid during the war, or is it still going, strong?"

"There it is!" said Manners, pointing farther down the street.

With keen appetite the four St. Jim's juniors passed in.

A cheery-faced waiter escorted them to a table.

"Blissed if I can make head or tail of this menu!" growled Monty Lowther.

"Why do they word the beastly things in French? Instead of putting 'Chocolate Eclair' in a respectable manner, they go and shove 'Eclair au Chocolat'!"

"It's disgusting!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors gave their orders, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy acting as interpreter to the baffled Lowther.

They were half-way through their soup when Manners gave a violent start.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"Where?" said Monty Lowther, looking round. "I don't see the dear lady!"

Manners ignored his chum's chaff.

He was on his feet in an instant, pointing dramatically to one of the tables.

The other three followed his gaze.

Then a startled exclamation burst from the lips of each of them.

"Redfern!"

"Bai Jove!"

"What on earth's he doing here?"

In a twinkling the juniors had left their table and were seated at Redfern's.

They wrung Reddy's hand like a pump-handle, and fired a volley of questions at him.

"Wherefore this thumser?" asked Monty Lowther.

"What are you doing in London?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Explains, dear boy!" said Arthur Augustus.

Redfern chuckled.

He saw that there was nothing to be gained by concealing the facts.

"Possess your little souls in patience until after lunch," he said, "and I'll tell you my story!"

CHAPTER XX.

The Eleventh Man!

"WELL!" said Tom Merry, when the table had been cleared.

"Trot out your tale of woe!"

"It isn't a tale of woe," said Reddy. "Quite the reverse, in fact—"

"Have you been carrying sandwich-boards down the Strand?" asked Monty Lowther.

"You silly ass!"

"Or making a fortune at taxi-driving?" inquired Manners.

"Bai Jove! I've been working on the staff of my favourite paper."

"Kai!"

"At the present moment," said Redfern, "I'm temporary sub-editor on the staff of 'Youth.'"

"Bai Jove!"

"It's great!" said Redfern. "I almost wish I didn't have to go back to St. Jim's at the end of the week. Give me the life of a journalist every time."

"Look here!" said Tom Merry. "Are you pulling our legs?"

"Not a bit of it, old son! You remember that I refused the invitation to Wharton Lodge? Well, the reason was this: I wanted to earn some pocket-money, besides gaining some useful experience. So I applied for a job on the staff of 'Youth,' and got it."

"My hat!"

"It's pleasant work," Redfern went on, "but I'm feeling rather played out at the moment. You see, I had to take Herbert Windsor's place this week."

"What?"

"Yes—you mean to say that you had to write a long school story?" exclaimed Manners.

"Yes, Herbert Windsor broke down, and the editor asked me to have a shot at taking his place. It was grueling work writing that story. I don't think I could do it over again. I don't want to try, anyway, until I've had a lot more experience!"

Tom Merry & Co. were astonished.

Dick Redfern was a fellow who, in his time, had played many parts.

There was the memorable occasion when he had run away from St. Jim's, and secured a reporter's job on the local paper.

There was also the more recent affair, when he had distinguished himself by winning the light-weight boxing championship, open to all public schools in London.

These efforts brilliant though they were, went by the board in the face of this new achievement.

"Your story was accepted!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

Redfern nodded.

"I had rather a shock at first," he said, "when I found it lying torn to pieces in the wastepaper-basket. I thought it had gone the way of most amateur efforts. But it turned out that a fellow called Phipps—a cousin of Mellish, and much about the same stamp—had destroyed the yarn out of spite."

"Great pip!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "What happened then?"

"Phipps was slung out of the office on his neck. Luckily, I'd taken a carbon copy of the story, so it was all right."

"Tommy," murmured Monty Lowther, "you look like having to resign the editorial chair of the 'Weekly' in favour of Reddy."

"Bai!" said Redfern. "Tommy's a far better editor than I should ever make. I'm quite content to remain a humble contributor. By the way, would you fellows care to come up and have a chat with Burton, the editor of 'Youth'? He's one of the best."

"Could we see the proofs of your story?" asked Manners.

"I expect so."

"Burrh!"

Reddy led the way to Byron House, and a couple of very capable clerks were present in the editorial office.

Mr. Burton was able to get a good deal of helpful information and suggestions from the St. Jim's juniors, and he, in turn, gave them a good insight into the work of the paper.

Arthur Augustus was very impressed by the speedy way in which Clare manipulated the typewriter.

"Bai Jove!" he murmured, "I don't believe I could go so fast as that myself, dear boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm jolly sure you couldn't!" said Redfern. "Clare's a wizard!"

"Like to have a shot?" asked Clare, smiling at Gussy.

"Thanks, dear boy!"

Arthur Augustus sat down at the typewriter, and, with painful slowness, began to thump at the keys.

In the space of ten minutes or so he had contrived to type his own name—with variations.

The result was as follows:

"ar thar' ar Augustuz D'arCY!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors, when they caught sight of Gussy's handiwork.

"Weally, you know," protested the swell of St. Jim's, "I coudnah that it's quite a good effort!"

If you were on the staff of this paper, Gussy," said Monty Lowther, "the circulation would drop down to one."

"Who would be the one?" asked Clare, laughing.

"Gussy himself, of course!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lowthab, you stabb wotab—"

"Fai!" said Monty Lowther. "Let not the corridors of Byron House redden to the tramping of feet and the thudding of blaves!"

"Here's Reddy's story!" said Manners suddenly.

And the St. Jim's juniors eagerly scanned the proof- sheets.

For over an hour they remained absorbed in the story.

When they had finished reading it congratulations were showered upon the blushing Redfern.

"A ripping yarn, old scout!" said Tom Merry.

"Yess, wathab!"

"Are you going to write any more?" asked Manners.

"There's no need," said Reddy.

"Herbert Windsor's fit again, and he'd keep the pot boiling. I don't know that I could manage any more, either. Any fool can write a story once in a way. It takes a genius to turn them out every week!"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't become a genius," said Clare.

"No, wathab not!"

"Redfern's help has been invaluable," Clare went on. "But he's worked himself to a standstill. Might I suggest that you fellows take him away to a complete change of scene?"

Tom Merry uttered a sudden exclamation.

"My hat! We're wanting a man to complete our team against Greyfriars! What about it, Reddy?"

"I don't know."

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"Yes; what about it?" chorused Manners and Lowther.

Redfern could not resist the appeal. To remain in London would be to invite a breakdown. Apart from which, a match with the Friars was a treat he could ill afford to miss.

"I'm game!" said Reddy.

"Bwavo!"

"Then you'd better come back with us to Wharton Lodge," said Tom Merry. "The match comes off to-morrow—the day after."

Reddy was very pleasing to himself. He wanted a spell in the open air, to clear the cobwebs from his brain. Even work on the staff of a boys' paper becomes monotonous unless relieved by healthy sport.

Tom Merry & Co. bade farewell to the editor and to Clare, and they were soon speeding away through the pleasant country-side, eagerly looking forward to one more tussle with their dearest rivals, the chums of Greyfriars.

CHAPTER II.

Saints versus Friars.

DICK REDFERN slept the sleep of the just that night.

When he awoke the sun was streaming in at the window of his bedroom—the same bed-room in which many a gallant Cavalier had slept in the days of the Civil War.

A dip in the sparkling river was followed by breakfast.

And at ten o'clock, under a cloudless summer sky, the great match commenced.

Harry Wharton & Co. were confident of victory, and they had good grounds for confidence.

There had been several encounters with St. Jim's earlier in the season, and the Friars had won most of them. They saw no reason why they should not add to their laurels.

Their confidence increased when, going in on a good wicket, they put together 180 runs.

St. Jim's followed on. But, in spite of a plucky stand by Kerr and Jack Blake, midway through the innings, they were dismissed for a score which fell considerably below their opponents' total.

This came lunch.

"This won't do!" said Tom Merry emphatically. "If we go on being licked by these beggars people will be saying that Greyfriars is the only school in the South where they play cricket with a capital C."

"That's so," said Figgins. "Hands off that pork-pie, Fatty! Your bowling will suffer."

"Rats!" said Fatty Wynn. "The only time my bowling suffers is when I fail to lay a solid foundation. Take this morning, for instance. We should have got rid of the Friars much more cheaply if I'd eaten a good breaker. As it was, I contented myself with a snack consisting of four rashers of bacon and half a dozen fried eggs."

"My hat!"

"If you call that a snack," said Monty Lowther. "I pity our opponents when you've had a good, square meal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fatty Wynn devoured the pork-pie, and then he started on his twin brother which stood near. He also emptied so many bottles of ginger-pop that Monty Lowther declared he would go off like a punctured tyre.

But there was nothing the matter with

Fatty Wynn's attack when the game was resumed.

He captured quite a lot of wickets. Unfortunately for the Saints, however, Harry Wharton & Co. scored freely off the other bowlers.

There were several good scores. Bob Cherry retired with 40 to his credit, and Harry Wharton, Vernon Smith, and Mark Linley also did well.

"At last!" gasped Ralph Rockness Cardew as the final Greyfriars wicket fell. "This is sickening, dear boys! We want two hundred and fifty to win. At the risk of being accused of faint-heartedness, I think we shall find the job a bit above our weight. Even with the century Guay intends to make I hardly think we shall win."

"We'll go under fighting, anyway," said Tom Merry. "Come on, Talbot!"

And the Saints started on their uphill task.

Tom Merry and Talbot batted carefully.

They had need to, for Hurree Singh, of Greyfriars, was a bowler whom it was not wise to take liberties with.

There was another danger, too, which the batsmen did not fully realise at first.

Bob Cherry was keeping wicket for Greyfriars, and Bob was the last word in smartness behind the stumps.

With the score at 50, and the batsmen showing every indication of staying together, Talbot was smartly stumped.

Bob Cherry whipped off the balls, and the Greyfriars fieldsmen in the slips rapped out the appeal as one man.

"Howatt!"

On the spot the umpire, who had been standing on the long, long lead to the pavilion.

George Figgins took his place.

Figgins was a sensible youth, and he ought to have profited by Talbot's experience.

But he was caught napping. Before he had time to settle down, Bob Cherry had added another victim to the list.

Kerr came in next.

The Scottish junior did not need to be warned against Bob Cherry. He made up his mind to steer clear of any risk of being stumped.

And yet it was Bob Cherry who brought about Kerr's undoing.

Hurree Singh sent down a fast, rising ball.

Kerr sucked it with the bat, and the next instant it reposed in the ready hands of Bob Cherry.

Tom Merry was still at the wicket.

But for that fact the Saints would have abandoned hope there and then. As it was, there was just a chance that the skipper of the Shell might save them.

Monty Lowther stroled out to the wicket, humming the Dead March as he went. Possibly he anticipated sharing the fate of Kerr.

"Play up, Monty, for goodness' sake!" urged Tom Merry.

The humorist of the Shell did his best. He hit up a dozen in as many minutes, and then scrambled to a fast ball from Hurree Singh.

But, bearing in mind that Monty Lowther, as a cricketer, was not in the same street with fellows like Tom Merry and Talbot, he had done well.

And then Cardew came in.

Bob Rockness had scored "a big round night" in his first innings. He did not seem to have taken the game seriously.

But he was serious enough now.

He bowled a couple of balls back to the slower, and the third ball he sent careering gaily to the boundary.

"Well hit, sir!"

There was a chorus of applause from the pavilion.

"Let the good work go on!" said Monty Lowther.

Cardew did.

His style was a curious mixture of dash and caution.

Sometimes he would bat steadily right through an over; at others he would leap out of his groove like a tiger, causing the fieldsmen to "see red."

The hundred was hoisted at length amid loud cheering.

The Sams had a long, long way to go, but they were not at the end of their bowing resources.

The game was in an interesting position when the tea interval arrived.

St. Jim's required exactly a hundred runs to give them the victory, and Dick Blake, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Jack Redfern, Manners, and Fatty Wynn had not yet gone in to bat.

This sounded very cheerful; but Kerr drew the attention of his schoolfellows to a very important point.

"There will only be an hour and a half left for play," he said. "The match can only be won by big hitting."

"That's so," said Tom Merry.

Tom's score was already 88, and he had hopes of reaching the coveted century.

The tea interval seemed interminably long to the eager St. Jim's fellows.

But it was ended at last, and Tom Merry and Cardew resumed their innings.

And then Hurree Singh came into his own.

With his first ball he bowled the captain of the Shell, and a few moments later he caught and bowled Cardew.

Jack Blake and D'Arcy were now at the wickets. But Blake did not stay long. Frank Nugent, fielding at mid-off, held a hot drive, and Blake walked back to the pavilion saying things.

And then the real partnership of the innings began—a partnership which put even the Merry-Cardew stand into the shade.

Dick Redfern came in to join D'Arcy, and there was some lusty hitting.

Redfern had been unlucky in his first venture. He had played a fast ball from Hurree Singh on to his own wicket, and he meant to avoid a repetition of the occurrence.

Hurree Singh began to tire. The batsmen, on the other hand, began to get into their stride.

Three times in succession Redfern pulled the ball past square-leg to the boundary.

"Encore!" shouted Monty Lowther from the pavilion. "Keep it up!"

But it was now D'Arcy's turn to do some hitting.

Few would have thought, to look at his graceful, elegant figure, that the swell of St. Jim's would be of much use where hard hitting was required.

But Arthur Augustus excelled himself.

Whether he drew inspiration from Redfern's flushed, determined face, or whether he had made up his mind beforehand to smite and spare not, was uncertain.

Anyway, Arthur Augustus delighted the crowd by giving the Greyfriars fieldsmen plenty of leather-chasing.

Harry Wharton & Co. never gave up.

(Continued on page 15.)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR.

There can be no question as to which are the most popular characters in schoolboy fiction to-day.

If a general consensus of opinion were taken on this subject, I have no doubt but that the votes would be shared by Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's; Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars; Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood; and Frank Courtney & Co. of Highcliffe. And other schoolboys who would be well in the running are Dick Trueman & Co. of Courtfield County Cricket School, and Gordon Gay & Co. of Eylescombe Grammar School.

Why do these characters command such a wide measure of popularity?

This is a question which has often been put to me; and its answer is not the difficult.

They are popular because they are upright, sporty, fun-loving fellows. They are not prigs or Puritans. On the other hand, they are not mean or caddish.

Some of the more critical of my readers frequently ask if our characters are ever allowed to grow up. Even so, I write there is a letter on my desk from a Manchester reader, who states:

"Harry Wharton came to Greyfriars in 1906, at the age of fifteen. Now, eleven years later, he is still fifteen; and a hundred years hence, I imagine, I shall be able to share the above successfully for another century—Wharton, instead of being a doddering old man, will still be a merry, bounding schoolboy of fifteen."

And why not?

Harry Wharton and his chums are so deeply rooted in the affections of British boys and girls that neither the Editor nor Mr. Frank Richards has the slightest desire to pitchfork them into unromantic middle age.

They will remain as they are—active, youthful Peter Pans. I should not dream of allowing them to reach the fortieth and wain-wreck day period.

The past history of the Companion Papers is a very proud one. But no average editor is content to rest upon the laurels of past achievement. It is to the future he looks, and he is for ever planning new features which will be of benefit to the papers he controls, and what is more important still—to the readers of those papers.

The biggest thing, as yet, that I have ever contemplated planning before the boys and girls is the "Holiday Annual," which will shortly be on the market. I will go so far as to say that it is the most ambitious venture ever made in the world of boys' literature.

The "Holiday Annual" will prove an invaluable asset to every reader of the Companion Papers. Owing to the quality of the paper on which it will be printed, there will be no surplus copies of the "Annual" available. Nobody will have to go short; and it is "up to" every reader to see that he—or she—is not that somebody!

I want my readers to realize that any suggestions or ideas which I further receive in connection of the Companion Papers are warmly welcomed. Some of them may, on due consideration, be found impracticable; but send them along, so and with the brain-owner; and they—both the suggestions and the brain-owner—will be duly acknowledged. In certain cases the Editor may see his way to award cash payments to the senders.

One more point before I draw this serial to close.

When in doubt upon any subject, write to your Editor about it!

Some people suppose that an editor, so long as his paper flourishes, is indifferent to the personal wishes of his readers. This is not so in my case. The reader may not bag the letter I like it. I am your Editor; remember, also, that I am your friend.

I look forward with confidence to the day when the Companion Papers will not only be in the forefront of boys' literature, but will also read and cherished by every home by means of every class and example of school.

And then, when Martin Clifford and Frank Courtney and Owen Conquest shall have joined the ranks of the immortals, and others carry on the good work, then, looking back across the years, the boys and girls of future ages shall truly say:

"They were giants in those days."

The Editor's Chat.

The Companion Papers are:

THE MAGNET. THE BOY FRIEND. THE DEV. THE PE'RY POPULAR. CHUCKLES. EVERY Friday. Every Monday. Every Wed. Every Friday. Every Friday. Every Friday.

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

EXTRA SPECIAL!

I want to tell you something this week about the Great Annual that we have been talking about for some time past.

THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL
For Boys and Girls

It is full title, and it deals chiefly with the famous members of Greyfriars school, St. Jim's, and Rookwood. I know that all readers of the Companion Papers will be delighted to hear that it contains

FOUR LONG, GRAND SCHOOL STORIES.

These stories are about fifty pages in length, and deal with the famous schools which you all know so well.

Among the illustrations to these stories each one has a beautiful full-page art photograph by a famous artist.

FOUR MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATES

are included in the Annual, besides hundreds of other pictures and sketches.

A SPLENDID PLAY.

also figures in the book. This in itself will give amusement and entertainment to thousands of amateur actors. It is entitled "The Footlights," and is written by Harry Wharton & Co. of Greyfriars.

HEAPS OF SHORT STORIES

are contributed by well-known characters of the famous Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood schools, and there are dozens of bright poems about these schoolboy favourites.

An excellent feature is a full-page reproduction of the "Greyfriars Herald" and "Tom Merry's Weekly." This will delight every reader I know.

A GREAT REDSKIN STORY

entitled, "Straight Face's Sacrifice," will be found most thrilling and exciting. It occupies fifty pages of the Annual, as does also the grand

ROMANCE OF OLDBN BAYS

entitled, "In Moonlight's Case." Two of the beautiful coloured plates illustrate striking scenes in these stories.

PORTRAIT GALLERIES

of Greyfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood form a most interesting feature of the book, and will be most popular with all readers of the Companion Papers.

"Who's Who" of the three great schools also supplies a most useful and interesting feature.

STAMP-COLLECTING

is dealt with in a clever article by a great authority on the subject, and will be found most instructive and helpful to every follower of this great hobby.

There is a fine article on Boxing, also one describing "The Mechanism of a Motor-Cycle."

PUZZLES, CONJURING, AND TRICKS

of all kinds are included by the dozen, careful instructions being given as to how they should be done.

The "Holiday Annual" is a very thick book, and I have not nearly sufficient space to tell you about all the great features it includes. There are

HUNDREDS OF PICTURES

which will create roars of laughter, and the book will supply many, many happy hours to all readers.

The price will be 5s. It appears on OCTOBER 16.

There is going to be an enormous rush for copies, so be sure to order yours in advance, or you may be disappointed.

THE "GREYFRIARS HERALD."

The reappearance of the great school journal is another event which you must not on any account forget.

I have utilised so much space in telling you about the Annual that I have not room to say much about the "Herald." The first number is now on the printing-machines, and it will be on sale on October 26th.

Remember this great day, and remind all your chums about it. It will soon be time to give your advance order—a very necessary thing to do—or you may hear the fatal words on the publishing day—"Sold Out!"

DON'T FORGET—OCTOBER 26th!

NOTICES.

FOOTBALL.

Holmbrid Juniors F.C. waste dates—average 14—5 miles.—Write J. Dignam, hon. secretary, 17, Highfield Terrace, Mary Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.

Derbydale F.C. waste members for football team—age 14-16.—Write H. B. Fludd, 20, Lilford Road, S.E. 5.

Penbury F.C.—away matches.—C. W. Barnes, Treasurer, Chambers, Ingram Court, Rowchurch Street, E.C. 3.

Players wanted for North London football team—age 17.—Apply G. Allen, secretary, 4, Wesley Place, Newington Butte, S.E. 11.

Albion Juniors F.C. waste matches—average age 14.—Apply C. Lamond, 98, Peabody Square, Blackfriars Road, S.E. 1.

Condon Athletic—matches wanted—average age 16.—Write E. Colvert, a Condon Street, Slough.

Pen F.C.—mediums—average 16. N. H. & A. P. Thomas, 298, Bridge Road, Battersea Park, S.W. 11.

Matches wanted—14-16—3 mile radius.—Apply secretary, 238, Victoria Park Road, S.E. 5.

BACK NUMBERS.

C. A. Basher, 19, Eaglehill Street, Camberwell, S.W. 1, wants to exchange American newspapers from an American reader for back numbers of the Companion Papers.

F. A. Shaw, 61, Pontypriid Road, Porth Houlida, Glam., offers many hundreds of Companion Papers, etc., for sale. Stamped addressed envelopes.

W. Consens, 206, Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green, N. 4, has back numbers of the "Magnet" for sale—Votes 9-13. Please state volume wanted and price offered then writing.

J. Johnston, 20, Boham Street, Govanhill, Glasgow, has a large number of Companion Papers to sell or exchange for others.

Miss Gertrude Keltley, 114, Westbourne Road, Watford, S.E., offers 2d. for stories of Curdie.

Miss Kate Eaton, 65, Bromley Gardens, Shortlands, Kent, offers 1s. 6d. each for "Magnet" No. 1, "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," and the story about Clavering.

THE
TREASURE SEEKERS,A Grand New Serial,
Commences in Next Week's

GEM.

Don't Miss It!

REDFERN'S GREAT ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 14.)

Even when the second hundred was hoisted, and the Saints were within 50 runs of victory, they kept on keeping on.

"And now the eyes of the Saints turned anxiously to the clock.

On the stroke of seven stamps would be drawn.

"Would D'Arcy and Redfern manage to wipe off the arrears in time?"

"I think they will," said Tom Merry. And his optimism was justified.

Redfern and D'Arcy remained together, resisting all efforts on the part of their opponents to sever their partnership.

And just before the clock chimed Dick Redfern leapt out of his crease and made the winning hit—the finest effort of the day!

"Despite a poor start, the Saints had beaten the Friars by four wickets.

In the words of the poet, it was a famous victory. And there was great rejoicing in the ranks of the Saints that evening.

"Gussey, old top," said Monty Lowthion, "I take back all the unkind things I've said and written about you in the past. But for you, we should have been smashed—yes, even to a pulp!"

"Wats!" said Arthur Augustus. "It's Welfern who deserves the praise. I took my cue from him, that was all."

"Well, you won us the match between you," said Tom Merry. "And we sha'n't forget it in a hurry!"

"I've never enjoyed a game so much in my life!" declared Redfern.

The colour had returned to his cheeks. He looked—and felt—in the pink of condition.

"You'll stay down here until the end of the week, I hope!" said Tom Merry. Redfern nodded.

In due course Dick Brooke received the fifteen guineas awarded to him in the story competition, and Redfern received a similar sum for his own story. He had also been able to save a little from his salary.

When he got back to St. Jim's, and Lawrence and Owen—who had been very anxious on his account—met him in the school gateway, they were surprised and delighted to learn of the success which had crowned Dick Redfern's Great Adventure.

THE END.

(Next Wednesday! "THE FAG'S HONOUR!" by Martin Clifford. Order your copy of the GEM early in advance.)

NOTICES.

Owing to the great number of Readers' Notices I have on hand, I am devoting extra space for them this week.

K. Miller, 63, Beverley Street, Nottingham, wants "School and Sport," "Boy Without a Name," "Through Thick and Thin," "Mystery Island," also "Magnets," 176-227; also "Gems," 53-115, 224-266, clean. Write first.

J. Shiel, 13, West Port, Dunbar, Scotland, wants "Gems" and "Magnets," with old covers. Write first.

J. Kinloch, 16, South Portland Street, Glasgow, offers for sale 29 "Boys' Friend" Libraries and "Sutton Blake Library," 2s. 6d.; Ernest Stammers, 3, Blyton Street, Gravelly, Houghton-to-Spring, Darbass, offers a large number of Companion Papers for sale.

A. Brigan, 67, Tennant Street, Leith—"Magnets" between 100 and 400. Stanley Hanson, 27, Tachy Street, Townhead, Glasgow, offers for sale nearly two hundred blue-covered "Gems" at 2d. each.

G. Ryde, 58, Hallowell Lane, Manchester, wants "Gems" before No. 100; good price. Write first.

J. W. Whitmore, 21, Moalgue Square, W. 1, will supply "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," "School and Sport," "After Lights Out," etc. Enclose stamped addressed envelope.

J. W. Lawrence, 145, High Street, Hampton Hill, Middlesex, offers a large number of Companion Papers for sale at 2d. each.

John Cronin, College Street, Killarney, wants to exchange 26 "Magnets," 19 "Good Legs" and 12 "Greystriker Herald" for good magic lantern with slides.

F. Emery, 2, Queen's Road, St. John's Wood, London, N.W. 8, has 20 "Magnets" for sale. First good offer. Enclose stamp.

F. Bottomley, 45, Downhills Park Road, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N., has "Magnets" and "Gems" for sale.

Ed Clark, 106, Colombo Street, St. Albans, Christchurch, New Zealand—"Magnets" between 200 and 250. Write first.

H. Clarke and G. Doag, 16, Eoppy Street, Cellardyke, Androthier, Fife, offers 55 "Nelson Lee Library" at a penny each.

Harold Makin, 22, Whitty Street, The Brook, West Derby Road, Liverpool, offers a large number of Companion Papers, etc., including "Greystriker Herald," for sale at a low price.

Zomer Lubban, Mackay, Clarence River, N.S.W., Australia—"Tom Merry," "Miser," "Hero and Kessel," "Boy Without a Name," 3d. each offered.

Kenneth Bean, 722, Anahly Road, Hull—"Gems" before 499. Write first. Would change for stamps. "Magnets" for sale from 50l.

P. Miller, 71, Fairlaw Street, Moss Side, Manchester—"After Lights Out," 21d.; also a number of "Gems" between 227 and 473. Write first.

T. A. Fottler, 6, Mortlake Road, Egham—"Nelson Lee," 1-100; also odd numbers up to 142.

Pat Corcoran, 26, Seville Place, Dublin—the three tales, "The Coming, Taming, and

Making of Harry Wharton"; also 1 and 2 "Magnets," 28, No. 1 "Gem"; 1d. each offered. Write first.

Andrew Balloun, 10, Elgin Street, Clydebank, offers for sale a large number of the Companion Papers.

A. C. A. C. 228, South Frederick Street, South Shields—"Magnets" or "Gems" before 200. State price.

L. McDermott, 31, Claremont Street, Plymouth, offers a large number of back numbers of Companion Papers, etc. Best offer taken.

C. W. Parsons, 8, Magdalen Avenue, Wills Road, Bath—"Bob Cherry's Barring Out," 3d.; "Harry Wharton's Christmas Pastimes," 2d. Write first.

Miss Mary O'Callaghan, 121, Insk Street, Sheffield—"Magnets" up to 249; also "Gems." Any condition. Write first.

Mrs. F. C. Reeve, 29, M-Caul St., Toronto, Canada, wants back numbers of the Companion Papers—as far back as possible. She would like to get them in equal quantities and will pay a fair price. She would like to hear from someone who has a large stock of papers. Odd numbers and small lots are not wanted. Write first.

F. Scroth, 27, the Parable, Church Village, Llanwitni Vardre, Glam.—"Penny Papers" in which Carlew's arrival occurs.

B. Field, Southampton Road, Romsey, Hants, offers large numbers of Companion Papers for sale at a penny each.

Miss C. Buckingham, 3, Dermody Road, Lewisham, S.E.—"House on the Heath," "Bob Cherry's Barring Out," and "Hunter's Postal Order"; 5d. each offered. Also double numbers before 117. For sale some Companion Papers 5d. each. Write first.

Miss Jean Cairns, Mansfield, Broughtly Ferry, near Dundee—"The Gems of No. 9" (400), "Great Sports Tournament" (408), and "Kilbuck for Ireland"; 5d. each offered. Write first.

Richard Gamble, 44, Millman Street, London, W.C. 1, has back numbers of Companion Papers for sale (clean) at 1d. each.

J. Stringer, 6, Ansty Street, Portway, West Bona, E. 12—"Bob Cherry's Barring Out" (clean); 3d. offered. Write first.

Fred Gamble, 29, Denmark Street, Belfast, wants to purchase Companion Papers. He also wishes to dispose of "Boys' Friends," Write for particulars.

W. G. E. Dyer, Glencoe Home, Appendix Street, Southam, Rugby, offers 100 "Gems" and 20 "Magnets" to sell.

George Mooney, 45, Main Street, Dundee, wants odd numbers of "Boys' Friend" Libraries; 3d. each offered. Write first.

J. B. C. Godfrey, Conway Road, Carlton, near Nottingham—"Magnets" 1-5; 5d. each offered.

V. Lynn, 159, Edmund Street, Sheffield—"Magnets" (clean) 1-400. Write first.

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A NEW Home Picture Weekly

In addition to the FREE plate, No. 1 of the FAMILY PICTORIAL gives you fascinating pictorial pages dealing with the stage, the cinema, football, amateur photographs, etc.—two grand serials—two other stories—articles on gardening and poultry, and many other unique features. Pictures on every page. Make sure of 'Your copy' now!

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