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START READING OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL STORY TO-DAY




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BAGGY TRIMBLE'S WONDERFUL MOUSTACHE!
(An Amusing Incident in the Splendid Long Complete School Tale in this Number.)



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers.
Address: Editor, The "Gem," The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

ALMOST TOO CLEVER.

A correspondent writes to point out what he deems an error in French which crept into one of the stories. But here is just the funny part of the whole business. It was not an error, only something my chum fancied was one. It makes a big difference. An excited Frenchman shouted out "Va-t-en!" My correspondent wrote to point out that the man would have said "Allez vous-en!" But I do not think he would, not if he were really annoyed and worked up, as in this case he would be. It is wise to go very carefully when setting other folks right. The second person singular and the ditto plural are very tricky and slippery in the French language, and want a lot of judgment. And to make a story life-like is what an author is after. Hence the easier form that was given in this case. Still, it was most excellent of my friend to write. His note showed he was keen on the yarns, also that he was making grand headway with French. If he is wise he will make still more. French is a splendid ally to anybody, and opens many doorways to useful knowledge.

SOMETHING LEFT OUT.

At least, it was not left left out. It was connected with Christmas, and a reader is most displeased. There, I had better give the whole story. Then you can judge for yourselves. You see, at Christmas-time I referred to the festive season in these pages, and hoped that everybody would have a happy time. Now my critic says I merely showed my ignorance. He says I referred only to the festive side of the time, and missed the whole meaning of Christmas. He said a whole host more things, which had far better have been left out, as there are sacred, beautiful subjects which should never find outlet in an angry letter, and an abusive one to boot. I

admit I felt more than a bit sorry about this letter. For one thing, it showed the writer to be giving lip-service to exquisite teachings of charity and love and hope, while at the same time he had failed to grasp even the outer meaning of the lesson of courtesy, and of charity which does not believe itself unusefully. In the same way the man who takes exception to some incident, some omission which shocks his ideas, hesitates, if he is a real man, to impute the ignoble unless he is quite certain of his ground. The critic in question told me I wrote as though Christmas were a Pagan festival. Well, well, it is rather sad, not at all in the spirit of Christmas. I do know that the majority of my friends needed no reminder of the mystery and the wonder of Christmastide. There are mighty truths of which we all know just a very little, and which we hope in the time which lies mistily ahead we may understand better if we strive for the fuller knowledge, strive to be in some small way less unworthy of it; but it is no bad thing, I am sure, to begin to try and comprehend these further things by being courteous and friendly to the next man by attributing the best to him, not the worst, by not assuming that he is ignorant. No, not even if he is an editor! And, of course, editors do not know much—do they?

A BRIGHT IDEA.

It comes from South Wales, and is to the effect that the authors should figure in the Gallery. I do not want to disappoint anybody, but for the moment I fail to see my way to adopt this notion. My friend in the West has had some difficulty in procuring the Holiday Annual. Five shillings and sixpence to the publisher at these offices will set that matter right. It was a fine letter this. One point struck me specially. I fancy the writer must be a seasoned warrior who has seen much of life these late years. He tells me he likes to pretend

that he has heaps of money like Cardew. Well, a cheery little day-dream of this kind is all to the good. No need to make it sordid. And have you noticed that pretending things is oftener far more satisfactory than the reality? Balzac, the great French author, made this fact clear enough. Just picture some of the things you want, or think you want—a motor-car, a brace of them, a fortune, a house in the country, the usual list—and then see if a whole mass of money came tumbling in how soon you would be disgruntled again! It is so. Oh, I know you won't take it from me, but it is so, and I should print the sentence in big capitals, only I hate the idea of worrying that patient champion, the Printer. There must be always something more to dream about and hope for, or man would not be happy. And he isn't happy in any case, or he thinks he isn't. Happiness is one of the inexact sciences which are hard to grasp.

A COMPANION PAPERS' CLUB.

Mr. C. Jackson, of 84a, Copnor Road, Portsmouth, writes to me as follows: "I am desirous of forming a large Companion Papers' Club. Membership would be open to all boys over fourteen, and the objects of the club would be to bring Companion Papers in all parts of the world into close touch. Will all readers willing to help communicate with me as soon as possible? I could start straightaway with a correspondence branch. Lists of members would be distributed, and branches could be formed in every large town, while a magazine containing notices and other information wanted by members would be published."

Your Editor

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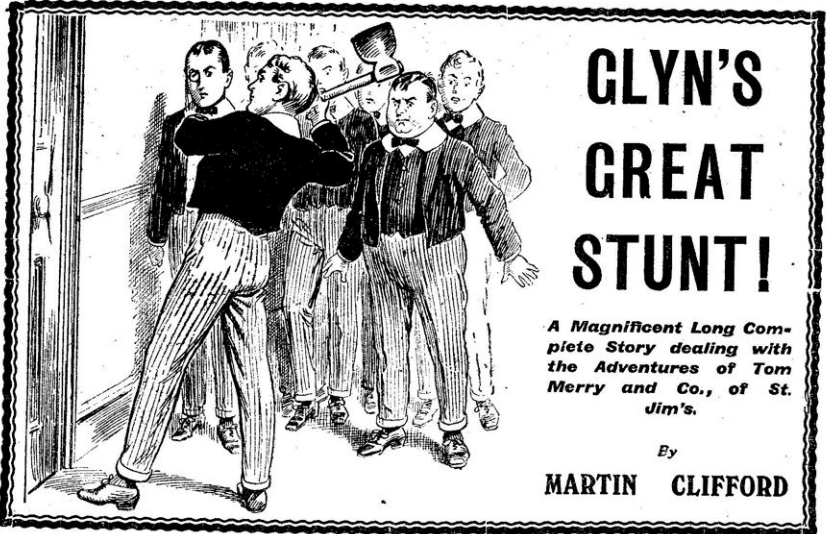
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GLYN'S GREAT STUNT!

A Magnificent Long Complete Story dealing with the Adventures of Tom Merry and Co., of St. Jim's.

By

MARTIN CLIFFORD

CHAPTER I.

The Mystery of No. 11 Study.

MIAOU!
"Bai Jove!"
"Mee-ow-ow-ow-ow!"
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth halted in surprise and alarm. He was passing along the Shell passage in the School House when that wild howl rang out from Study No. 11. It was the howl of a cat in a state of great excitement and indignation. Miaouooooov!
"Shurrup, you silly beast!"
That was Glyn's voice. Apparently he was addressing the cat in Study No. 11.
"Gweat Scott!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

He was shocked as well as surprised. Cats do not howl for nothing. Had it been Mellish's or Trimble's study, Arthur Augustus would have suspected that the cat was being tormented. But it was impossible to suspect Bernard Glyn, of the Shell, of anything like that. But the cat was howling.

It was howling on its top-note. It was putting its beef into it. And Mrs. Mimms' cat was a powerful animal, with a top-note that many a Covent Garden soprano might have envied.

Miaouooooov!
It was a top note tremolo, crescendo and appassionato.

"You silly brute! Shurrup!" went on the voice of Bernard Glyn, of the Shell. "You're not hurt! Dry up!"
Mee-ow-ow-ow!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy thumped at the door. Then he turned the handle; but the door did not open. It was locked on the inside.

"Glyn!" called out Arthur Augustus wrathfully.
Impossible as it seemed to suspect Glyn of cruelty to an animal, the matter did look suspicious—the door being locked, and the cat howling frantically in the study. And there was no answer

to Arthur Augustus' call, save a fresh frenzied howl from the cat.
"Glyn! You wottah! Open this door at once!" shouted D'Arcy.

"Eh? What's wanted?"
"What are you doin' to that cat?"
"Nothing."

"What is it howlin' for, then?"
"How should I know? Perhaps it likes to hear the sound of its own voice—like some silly asses in the Fourth Form."

"You cheeky wottah, Glyn! I ordah you to open this door at once!"

"Buzz off!"
"Let that cat out!"
Thump!

"Go away, you silly ass!"
"I wufese to go away! Let me in at once! I wufese to allow you to ill-use a cat!"

"You silly chump!" roared Glyn of the Shell. "Who's ill-using a cat?"
"What is it howlin' for, then?"
"Go and eat coke!"

"Rats!"
Thump! Bang! Thump!

Three astonished faces looked out of the next study to Glyn's. They belonged to Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther. The cat's frantic howls could be heard the whole length of the Shell passage, as well as D'Arcy's loud thumping. And the Terrible Three of the Shell wanted to know what was "up."
"What's the row, Gussy?" called out Tom Merry.

"Pway lend me a choppah or somethin'. Tom Mewwy—"

"Eh? What for?"
"To bweak in this door."

"My hat! You can't burgle Shell studies, old chap!"

"Glyn is doin' somethin' to Mrs. Mimms' cat. You can healh it howlin', I pwesume!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus warmly.

"Is that the cat?" asked Monty Lowther. "My mistake. I thought it was you, old chap, doing your tenor solo, at first."

"You uttah ass!" shouted Arthur Augustus. "I wufese to cwedit for one

moment that you thought anythin' of the kind!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Bang, bang, bang!

Arthur Augustus sniffed at the Terrible Three, and resumed his attack on the door of No. 11. Inside, the cat was wailing passionately, and Glyn's voice could be heard soothing it—in vain.

The Terrible Three joined Gussy outside No. 11. They were surprised, and interested. If a cat was being tormented, the Terrible Three were quite prepared to fall upon the tormentor, and smite him hip and thigh. They knew that Glyn was not that kind of fellow, but the frenzied howling of the cat most certainly required explaining.

"Glyn!" shouted Tom Merry.
"Go away!"
"Let us in!"
"Rot!"

"What are you doing with that blessed cat?"

"Run away and play!"
Miaouooooov!

"Look here, Glyn, this won't do! Open the door at once!" exclaimed Tom Merry sharply.

"Go and eat coke!"
Thump, thump! Bang! Rap! Kick!

"What on earth's the row?" called out Blake, of the Fourth, coming along the passage with Herries and Digby.

"Is it an earthquake?" asked Herries.
Miaouooooov!

"That howwid boundah Glyn is tormentin' a cat—"

"Oh, rot!" said Blake. "He wouldn't!"

"Listen to the cat, you ass! Cats don't make a feafuhl wow like that for nothin'—exceptin' on the tiles, at any wate."

Juniors were arriving on the scene from far and near now; the din in and outside Study No. 11 reached to a great distance. Levison and Clive and Cardew came along, and Julian and Kerruish, and Grundy & Co., of the Shell, and Kangaroo and Clifton Dane, Kangaroo

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and Dane were Glyn's study-mates, and he had the right of entry to No. 11; but their thumps on the door and shouts through the keyhole were quite unheeded by Glyn. He was evidently busy, though what his occupation was was a mystery. Mrs. Mimms' cat seemed to know, and apparently objected; but the juniors could not guess.

"What can the silly ass be up to?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Don't you know, Kangy? You dig with him."

Harry Noble shook his head. "The chump was doing some of his mucky chemical experiments when I saw him last," he answered.

"He was making something smelly," said Clifton Dane. "One of his rotten inventions."

"Bai Jove! Glyn surely wouldn't be beast enough to make experiments on an animal!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"It's faps he's turned vivisectionist!" suggested Baggy Trimble, of the Fourth.

"Shut up, you fat idiot!" growled Kangaroo. "Glyn's all right. He's only playing the goat—pulling our legs, perhaps."

"Wats! I'm goin' in! If Glyn is takin' to vivisection, this has got to be reported to the Head, so that he can be expelled from the school!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus heatedly. "I should certainly refuse to weman undah the same roof with a vivisectionist. Glyn, you wotbah—"

"You silly ass!" shouted Kangaroo. "It's nothing of the kind, of course! Don't you know these beasts have to take out licences, too? Still, we'll make Glyn open the door, just to show that he's not doing anything rotten. Glyn, you thumpin' ass, open this door at once."

"Oh, fuzz off!"

"Then I'll smash in the lock!" exclaimed Kangaroo. "Get a chopper, somebody!"

"Yase, wathah!"

Baggy Trimble rushed away for a chopper. A couple of minutes later there was a crash on the lock.

"Stop that!" yelled Glyn. "Open the door, then."

"Oh, rats!"

"Crash!"

"Mein Gott! Vat is all tat row, den?" Herr Schneider, the German master, came whisking along the passage from the stairs. "I hears dis noise in mein study, isn't it—vat?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Tom Merry, in dismay.

Kangaroo slid the chopper behind him. The juniors made way for Herr Schneider, as he whisked to the study door and rapped.

CHAPTER 2.

The Great Invention.

"OPEN tat door at vance, mit you!"

"Oh crumbs!" came Glyn's voice, in dismayed tones, from within the study.

The howls of the cat ceased. Tom Merry & Co. stood silent.

The din in the Shell passage had evidently been heard downstairs, and it was not surprising that a master had arrived on the scene. The juniors did not like Herr Schneider—naturally—and they objected to his taking a hand in the proceedings. But there was no gaining him.

"Will you open tat door, Glyn?"

"Yase, sir," said Bernard Glyn reluctantly.

The key turned back in the lock, and the door opened.

Herr Schneider strode into Study
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No. 11. Round the doorway the juniors crowded, looking in.

Glyn of the Shell was rather flushed and excited. To the amazement of the juniors, he had a razor in his hand—a safety-razor.

The cat was on the table, and did not seem to have been hurt. But there was a lather of soap on him.

ASTOUNDING as it seemed, there was no doubt now what Glyn had been doing. He had been attempting to shave Mrs. Mimms' cat with a safety-razor evidently borrowed from some master's room.

Unless Glyn was out of his senses, there was no explaining his conduct. The juniors could only blink at him.

"Glyn!" stuttered Herr Schneider. "Vat's dat? You call be cruel to tat poor cat, isn't it?"

Glyn flushed.

"Certainly not!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"I hear him howl, Glyn, like tunder!" "He didn't like being shaved, sir, that was all. He's not hurt. As if I'd hurt a cat! I'm not a Hun!" exclaimed Glyn.

"Vat?"

"I—I—I m-mean—" stammered Glyn.

There was a rather unfortunate remark, as Herr Schneider had the misfortune to be born in Hunland.

The German master's face was purple. "Glyn, you are insolent poy!" he thundered.

"I—I—I—"

"You torment tat cat."

"No, sir, certainly not. I was shaving him."

"You shave a cat! Are you mad, den?"

"I—I was going to try an experiment, sir."

"You are cruel poy, Glyn!"

"I'm not!" yelled Glyn. "I wouldn't hurt a hair of its head. I tell you it was an experiment, quite harmless. The cat was a bit scared, that's all; not at all hurt. Look at it now."

Certainly, the cat seemed all right now. It was not even attempting to flee.

But Herr Schneider was not to be satisfied—perhaps because of Glyn's unfortunate reference to Huns.

"You come mit me!" he exclaimed, dropping a fat, heavy hand on the Shell fellow's shoulder. "I takes you to te Housemaster."

"But, I say, sir—"

"Gum!" said Herr Schneider comradingly; and he led the hapless experimentor from the study.

With Herr Schneider's heavy hand on his shoulder, and the safety-razor still in his hand, Bernard Glyn was led away down the passage to the stairs. The crowd of juniors in the passage remained in a buzz.

"Glyn must be fairly off his rocker!" said Tom Merry, in wonder.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Must be a bit potty," said Kangaroo.

"He hasn't hurt the cat—he wouldn't. I know that; but what on earth did he want to shave a cat for?"

"Goodness knows!"

"I wufese to allow Glyn to amuse himself by fwightenin' cats," said Arthur Augustus.

"It was an experiment of some sort," said Clifton Dane. "Glyn's as tender-hearted as a girl with animals."

"I wufese to suggest givin' him a jolly good waggin'," exclaimed Arthur Augustus warmly. "It may prevent him from growin' up into a wotten vivisectionist!"

"Good ege!" said Blake.

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll colah him when he comes back, and wash him into the Common room, and wag him," said Arthur Augustus.

"You bet!"

"But I tell you—" exclaimed Kangaroo, concerned for his chum, though he was as puzzled as the rest by Glyn's amazing conduct.

"Wats!"

Arthur Augustus found general support. The crowd of juniors followed Herr Schneider and Glyn downstairs, and waited at the end of the passage, when the German master marched Glyn into Mr. Railton's study.

Glyn was looking flushed and uncomfortable as he was marched in. His conscience was clear; but his mysterious actions had to be explained. And it happened, also, to be Mr. Railton's safety-razor that he had in his hand.

The school house master was not likely to approve of shaving cats, even to demonstrate some valuable scientific theory; and still less was he likely to approve the use of his razor for the purpose.

Mr. Railton was frowning a little as the German master came in with his prisoner. Even to his august study the howls of the tom-cat had penetrated.

"What is it, Herr Schneider?" he asked.

"I find dis poy, sir, tormenting a cat," said Herr Schneider.

"Glyn!" exclaimed Mr. Railton sternly.

Glyn's face was crimson.

"I didn't—I wasn't—I never—" he stammered.

"I heard the cat myself," said the Housemaster. "What have you been doing, Glyn? Is it possible that there is a boy in this school base enough to torment an animal?"

"No, sir—never! I—I—I was shaving him!" stuttered Glyn.

"What!"

"Just shaving him, sir," gasped the unhappy scientific junior. "Didn't hurt him a bit, sir. I was very careful. Besides, it's a safety-razor, and he couldn't be hurt."

"Are you out of your senses, Glyn? Why did you do anything of the kind?"

"For—for an experiment, sir."

"An experiment upon an animal!" exclaimed the Housemaster sternly. "How dare you?"

"Nunno, sir; an experiment with something I've invented," gasped Glyn. "It wouldn't have hurt the cat, sir. He was only—only surprised. Of course, he's not used to shaving!"

"Where did you obtain that safety-razor, Glyn?"

"I—I borrowed it, sir."

"From whom?"

"Ahem!"

"Had you permission to borrow it, Glyn?"

"Nunno!"

"To whom does it belong?"

"Hem! To you, sir!"

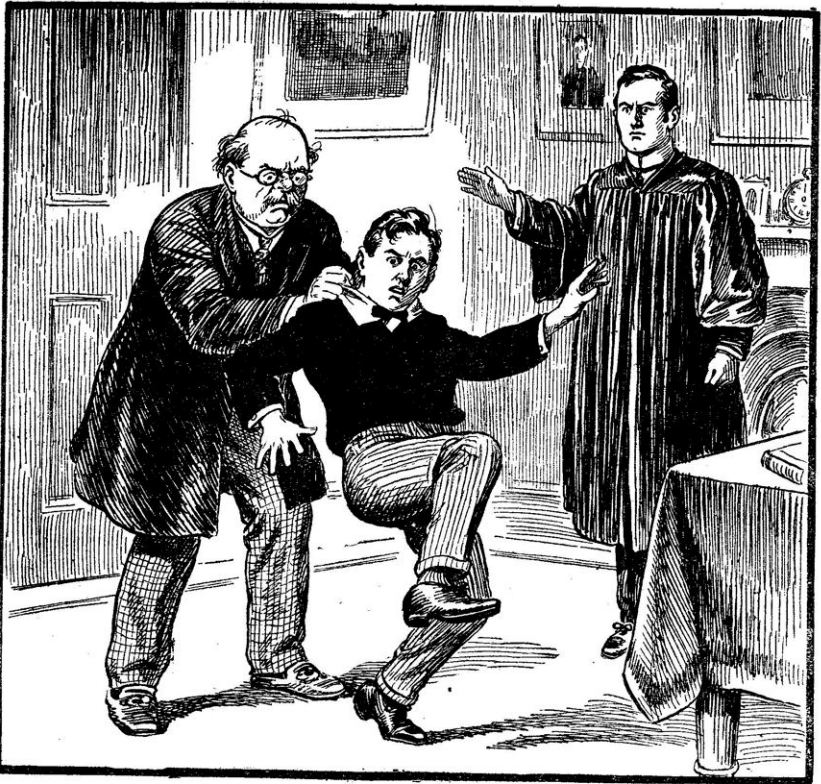
Mr. Railton jumped.

"You—you have had the audacity to borrow my razor for the senseless purpose of shaving a cat! Glyn, I think the school doctor had better see you. You must be deranged!"

"Let me explain, sir!" gasped Glyn. "I—I've made an invention, sir—a really valuable invention. It's a real corker, sir! I had to try it on somebody, and none of the fellows would have had their heads shaved just to please me. They don't understand about being a chump, duty to sacrifice himself to science, sir."

"Are you wandering in your mind, Glyn?"

"Not at all, sir. It's only my invention. I've been working at it for weeks,



Shake, Shake, Shake! "Ow! Leggo!" "Tat poy—tat untrootful, inselent poy!" gasped the German master. "Kindly control your temper, Herr Schneider!" said Mr. Railton sharply. (See Chapter 2.)

and I've got it right at last. But it's got to be tested. It's a thing that will be immensely useful, sir, especially to middle-aged and old people, sir—you, for instance!"

"What?"

"I—I don't mean you're middle-aged, sir," stammered Glyn. "But since you came back from the Front, sir, I've noticed you have a bald spot—"

"What?"

"A bald spot, sir. The tin hats do it. Lots of the fellows are like that after Flanders. I've seen chaps of twenty-five with bald spots after wearing tin hats. And—and it was really for their sakes that I made this invention, sir. My hair-restorer—"

"Your what?" ejaculated Mr. Railton.

"Hair-restorer, sir," said Bernard Glyn, recovering his confidence a little. "I've made no end of experiments, and got it right at last. It's really a wonderful invention, sir—beats anything I've done before. It's got a commercial value, too, sir—worth no end of money. I had to put it to a final test, so I was shaving Mrs. Mimms' cat a bit—"

"Bless my soul!"

"Then I was going to rub my hair-restorer on the bald place, and see how quick it made the hair grow—"

"Mein Gott!" said Herr Schneider blankly. "Te poy is mat—quite mat!"

"I'd let you have some, if you like, sir," said Glyn. "You're awfully bald—"

"Vat?"

"It's quite a joke among the fellows, sir, the way you brush a few skinny hairs over the top of your head to cover it up," said Glyn eagerly. "Of course, it doesn't really cover it up. The top of your head shines like the moon, sir. But I could make it— Yarooooooh!"

Herr Schneider ought to have been grateful for Glyn's generous offer. There was no doubt that the top of his head was like unto the harvest moon. But he wasn't grateful. He seized the hapless inventor of St. Jim's by the collar and shook him furiously. Possibly Herr Schneider had been under the blissful delusion that the careful brushing of his scanty locks concealed

his baldness. Middle-aged gentlemen frequently have that delusion, and naturally they do not like having the painful truth broken to them.

"Shake! Shake! Shake!"

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Horr Schneider!" exclaimed Mr. Railton.

"Shake! Shake!"

"Tat poy—tat untrootful, inselent poy!"

Glyn jerked himself away, breathless. "Ow! Keep off! I was only—"

"Kindly control your temper, Herr Schneider," said Mr. Railton sharply. "I shall punish Glyn for his impertinence."

"I leafs him to you, sir!" gasped Herr Schneider. And he rolled out of the study, his round eyes gleaming with rage behind his spectacles.

Mr. Railton picked up his cane.

"Glyn—" he said.

"Oh dear! Yes, sir?"

"I have sometimes taken an interest in your scientific experiments," said Mr. Railton. "You have often shown great

cleverness. I think you are wasting time in experimenting with such an extraordinary thing as hair-restorer; but that is your own affair. But you are forbidden to try experiments upon any animal, Glyn, whether painful or not. I acquit you of having intended to be cruel, but you must give me your word never to do anything of the kind again."

"Very well, sir," mumbled Glyn. "And now you may hold out your hand, Glyn."

"Oh dear!"
Swish! Swish!
"You-woow!"

Bernard Glyn tucked his hands under his arms as he left Mr. Raitton's study, and squeezed them and groaned. Really, there seemed to be very little encouragement at St. Jim's for a fellow who was engaged in really valuable scientific research, and whose remarkable discoveries were destined to bring hope and comfort to the elderly public—perhaps.

CHAPTER 3.

A Victim Required.

"COLLAR him!"

"There he is!"

"Collar the ass!"

There was a sudden rush of footsteps as Bernard Glyn reached the end of the passage.

Tom Merry & Co. were ready for him. Before Glyn of the Shell knew what was happening, he was collared on all sides and swept off his feet.

In the grasp of six or seven pairs of hands, he was rushed away to the junior Common-room.

There he was landed on the big table with a bump.

He sat up on the table, spluttering.

"Ow! You silly chumps! Yow! Wharrer you at?"

"You are goin' to be wagged, you feathery wotah!"

"Bump him!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sternly.

"Bump him!"

"Frog's-march!" exclaimed Blake.

"You chumps!" roared Glyn. "What's the matter? What have I done?"

"You have been tormentin' a cat, you wottah!"

"I haven't! I'll explain!"

"Bump him!"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

Bump!

Bernard Glyn howled wildly as he was swept off the table and bumped on the

floor. Thrice he smote the carpet with his person, and each time there was a terrific howl in the Common-room.

"Now, are you sorry?" inquired Tom Merry.

"You-woow!"

"That isn't an answer. Are you sorry?"

"Groooh!"

"Give him another!"

"Hold on!" shrieked Glyn. "I'm sorry, if you like!"

"Will you do it again, you feathery wottah?"

"I've promised Raitton not to, so I won't!"

"Grown" Glyn, "so I won't! If you fellows had any decency, you'd let me shave your heads—"

"What?"

"And try my hair-restorer."

"Bai Jove!"

Kangaroo helped Glyn to his feet. Clifton Dane kindly dusted him. He needed dusting.

"Bai Jove," said Arthur Augustus, "Glyn is pottiah than I supposed! Have you been inventin' a hair-westowah, you uttah ass? Is that what you were shavin' the cat for—to westore it's hair with your chemical muck?"

"Yes, you chump!" gasped Glyn.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

Glyn glared round at his hilarious school-fellows. He had put deep research and hard work into that scientific investigation, and he was convinced that he had made a valuable discovery. He could not see anything to laugh at. But Tom Merry & Co. could, and they roared.

"It's a jolly valuable thing, you silly asses!" exclaimed Glyn. "If it turns out to work really well—I mean, when it does—I'm going to ask my father to put it on the market. It may mean thousands of pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's lots of difficulties in the way of testin' it thoroughly. Chaps here ain't bald, worse luck! But if any fellow would agree to have his head shaved quike bare, I could try it on him."

"Try it on your own napper!" suggested Blake. "I'd shave you, if that's all you want."

"Oh! Ah! Of-of-course, there's difficulties in setting to work on one's own napper."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it mightn't work," grinned Trimble.

"It would work all right—practically certain—in fact, quite certain. I say, would one of you chaps like to wear a moustache?" asked Glyn hopefully.

"A—a—a moustache!" stammered Tom Merry.

"Yes. Moustaches are fashionable again since the war."

"Oh, my hat! Chaps in the Fourth Form and the Shell with moustaches!" shrieked Blake.

"Well, I admit it would look a bit unusual; but—"

"Bai Jove! You are weally off your wockah, Glyn!"

"Offer some to the Head," suggested Monty Lowther. "If there's anything in it, Dr. Holmes would like it, I'm sure. He could do with it, anyway."

"I was thinking of that—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But if any of you chaps would care for a moustache, I'd undertake to produce one, with my treatment—"

"Fathead!"

"Ass?"

"What about your old governess, Tom Merry—Miss Fawcett, you know. At her age, her mop is bound to be rather thin. Would you like me to come down with you for the week-end—"

"Eh?"

"And you could persuade her to let me try it on her napper—"

"You silly ass!" gasped Tom Merry.

"There's your father, Manners—"

"My father?" said Manners.

"Yes; I noticed he had a bald spot, when he was here. Could you get him to visit you, and I could try on him. If he didn't care for it, perhaps you could hold him while I—"

"Hold him!" said Manners dazedly.

"Yes; Tom Merry and Lowther would help, and, of course, your pater would be glad afterwards, when the hair began to grow."

Manners stared speechlessly at the hopeful inventor. The juniors yelled.

"You—you—you maniac!" stammered Manners, at last. "I can see myself holding my father, while you play with his head, you dangerous idiot! You ought to be in a lunatic asylum."

"Look here—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bernard Glyn gave a snort, and marched out of the Common-room, leaving the juniors yelling. Valuable as his scientific investigations were, it did not seem likely that he would receive much assistance from Tom Merry & Co.

CHAPTER 4.

A Chance for the Head.

THERE was much merriment among the School House juniors during the next day or two, on the subject of Bernard Glyn's new invention. The scientific junior had made many inventions—some of them successful—the majority not quite successful, though undoubtedly very clever. But "Glyn's Latest," as the juniors called it, fairly took the "cake." Glyn had made mechanical dogs, and invisible inks, and indelible stains, but Glyn's Hair-Restorer was, as the juniors agreed, really the link.

It was hard lines for the schoolboy inventor that the great invention could not be put to a thorough test.

Mrs. Mimms' cat was not available; and Glyn confessed, too, that he was not sure of the result in the case of a cat. His production was intended for the human head. He urged Kangaroo and Clifton Dane to submit to experiment—but he urged in vain. He explained that he would only have to shave one bald spot on the top of the head for his experiment; but neither Noble nor Dane

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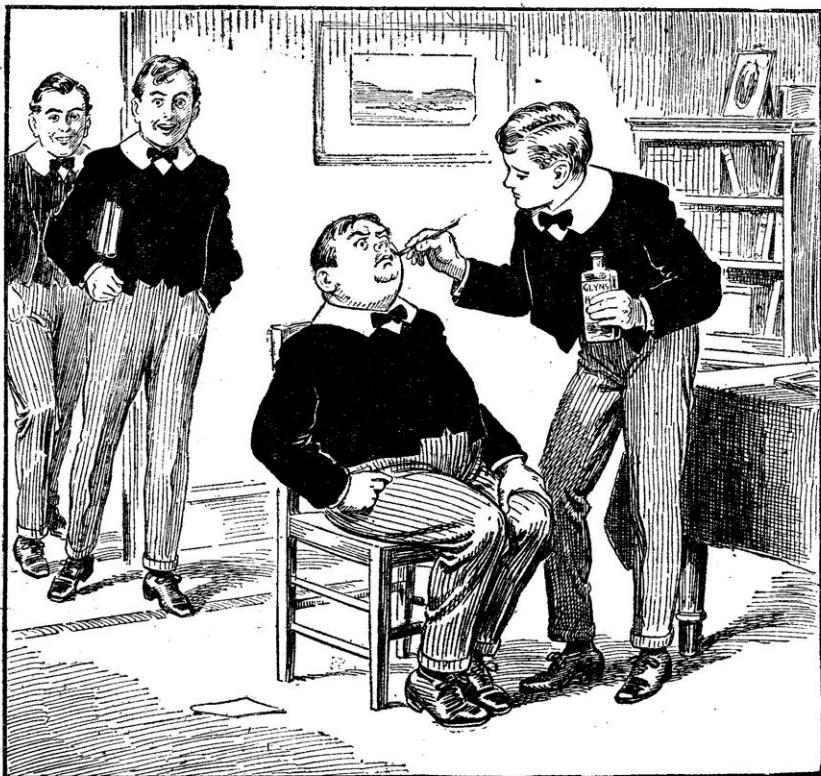
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"Hullo, what's this game?" asked Kangaroo, coming into the study with Clifton Dane for prep. "Giving Trimble a moustache?" roared Dane. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Yes. Shurrup! You're interruptin'!" answered Glyn. (See Chapter 5.)

appeared to have any desire for one bald spot on the top of the head.

The hair-grower was equally efficacious to produce moustaches, according to its inventor; but there again Glyn was baffled.

Nobody at St. Jim's wanted a moustache. Certainly, a fellow who had sported a moustache at fifteen would have attracted plenty of notice in the quad and the Form-room. Not that anybody believed that Glyn's weird chemical solution would really make the hair grow. But they weren't going to take the risk, that was certain. They inquired why Glyn didn't try it on himself—and Glyn did not seem to have any satisfactory explanation to make. No doubt he objected to have a moustache at fifteen.

There were plenty of bald spots at St. Jim's, all ready for the youthful inventor—but they belonged to the heads he could not presume to touch. His offer to Herr Schneider had been received with black ingratitude; and though he glanced longingly at Mr. Linton and Mr. Lathorn, he did not venture to make these gentlemen the same offer. He did make the venture with Mrs. Mimms, the house-

dame, visiting that lady in the house-keeper's room, and beginning to explain

that he had noticed that her hair was going—but he did not get any further than that. Glyn did not mean to be personal at all—but Mrs. Mimms misunderstood him. To Glyn's surprise and indignation, she boxed his ears, and bundled him out. He did not try Mrs. Mimms again.

In his desperation, the schoolboy inventor offered fellows a handsome reward for submitting to experiment; but there seemed to be no takers. And he thought of the Head.

Herr Schneider and Mrs. Mimms had become inexplicably angry; but Glyn argued that the Head was a sensible man, and was bound to be pleased at the prospects of recovering his lost hair ornaments. As a sensible man, Dr. Holmes could not fail to be aware that there was a pronounced thinness in his hair, and he was too intellectual a gentleman to suffer from any absurd "touchiness" on the subject. So Glyn argued to himself, and he decided to put the matter to the test at last.

He was quite conscious of the credit that would accrue to him, if his invention succeeded in making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, so to

speak, on the august cranium of the headmaster. It would be specially valuable as a testimonial, if his invention was placed on the market.

Even if the Head didn't care to use his wonderful specific, there was no reason why he should cut up rusty at the suggestion, like that old Hun donkey Schneider, or that hasty member of the feminine gender, Mrs. Mimms. So Glyn thought, at all events.

And one day, after the Head had retired to his study after lessons, the schoolboy inventor presented himself there.

He tapped rather nervously at the door, and Dr. Holmes' voice bade him enter.

Glyn came into the study, and the Head glanced at him inquiringly over his glasses.

"Well, Glyn?" he said.

Glyn coughed.

"If you please, sir—" he began. He coughed again. "I've been making some scientific experiments, sir—"

"Indeed!"

"I—I think I've made a valuable discovery, sir."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head, look-

ing quite interested. "The science-master has often spoken to me of your keenness in classes, Glyn; he has often expressed himself as very pleased with you. If you have really made some discovery in the course of your experiments, I shall be very pleased to hear about it, Glyn!"

Glyn beamed. "This was encouragement; there was no mistake about that. He had been right in counting upon the common sense and intelligence of his headmaster!"

"Sit down, Glyn!" said the Head. "Now tell me what discovery you have made. I am very much interested."

"Thank you, sir!" said Glyn gratefully. "I—I felt sure you'd encourage me, sir. I've made a chemical solution—quite harmless, of course—for use as a hair-restorer."

The Head started. "A—a—hair-restorer!" he said. "Yes, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" said Dr. Holmes, looking very puzzled. "What a very extraordinary idea. Really, Glyn—"

"It's a corker, sir!"

"A what?"

"I—I mean, it's topping! It will make the hair grow, sir, it's original colour, on bald places."

"Ahem! Really, Glyn—"

"The commercial value will be very great, sir—there may be a fortune in it. Lots of bald and semi-bald chaps will be glad to use it; you may have noticed sir, that lots of men get very touchy when their hair's going thin on top. They have lots of dodges for hiding it, such as brushing what they've got left, sir, across the top—"

"Really—"

"Which often only makes them look bald, sir. But, with my specific, they can grow a new mop—"

"A new what?"

"I mean, a new crop, sir—a new head of hair. Chaps of seventy can have a mop like chaps of seventeen—"

"Really—"

"And I hope, sir, that you—"

"Eh?"

"That you will consent to try it, sir; I should be only too pleased to bring a bottle—and—"

Glyn's voice trailed off.

There was no mistaking the steely look that came into the Head's eyes, or the grim setting of his lips.

Was it possible that Dr. Herbert Henry Holmes, the headmaster of St. Jim's, had the weakness to be "touchy" about his bald spot—just like Herr Schneider and Mrs. Mimms?

Surely not—and yet—his expression looked remarkably like it!

There was an awful pause.

"Glyn!" said the Head, at last, in a changed voice.

"Ye-e-e, sir!" faltered Glyn.

"I suppose you do not intend to be impudent—"

"I, sir!"

"I will take it, Glyn, that such is not your intention. But kindly say no more. Your specific, as you call it, is mere nonsense, and you would do better to devote your leisure time to something more sensible and useful!"

"But sir, if you'd only try—"

"Do not be absurd, Glyn; even if your extraordinary invention were of any utility in itself, it would be of no use to me, as I am not in need of anything of the kind!"

Glyn started.

He thought he understood.

The doctor, apparently, was unaware of that tell-tale spot on the top of his august head, and he was going to decline

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a certain cure for it owing to that blissful ignorance.

Evidently it was the inventor's duty to acquaint him with the true state of affairs.

Glyn felt that.

Dr. Holmes was making a gesture downward—indicating that the interview was at an end. But it wasn't quite at an end.

"If you please, sir—" began Glyn eagerly.

"You may go, Glyn!"

"Yes, sir; but you're mistaken, sir—"

"Mistaken?"

"Mistaken in thinking you don't need

CHAPTER 5.
A Victim at Last.

"IT'S rotten!"

Thus Bernard Glyn, of the Shell, the next day, in the Common-room—

Glyn had recovered from his caning; that was merely an accident, and he did not mind it very much—once it had worn off.

More than the caning, he regretted that he had not been allowed to experiment on the respected cranium of his headmaster. Dr. Holmes was blind to his own interests, or else he was determined to hug the delusion that his bald spot did not show. At all events, there was no chance for the schoolboy inventor there.

Glyn had declared a dozen times that it was rotten; but his complaints only met with laughter. Not a fellow at St. Jim's was prepared to sacrifice himself for the good of humanity by demonstrating the efficacy of that wonderful hair-restorer.

"I venged you as an uttuh ass, Glyn!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, turning his eyeglasses severely upon the genius of the School House. "I wondah the Head did not flog you yestaday. In his place, I should certainly have flogged you for such feaful impertinence."

"You wouldn't care for a moustache, Gussy?" asked Glyn appealingly.

"Wats?"

"Grundy, old chap," said Glyn. "I could do a lot for you, if you liked—I would shave your head clean, and grow you a fresh lot of hair, if you'd let me. Now, you know, your hair's a horrid colour—"

"Is it?" said Grundy, with a glare.

"Yes, horrid; and besides, it grows a good deal like a bath-broom. Now, with a fresh lot—"

Bernard Glyn was interrupted. He rolled on the floor in the grasp of George Alfred Grundy—he had happened on touchiness again. It was surprising how much touchiness Glyn was discovering in the School House of late.

When the two juniors had been dragged apart, Glyn stamped out of the Common-room in quite a bad temper. He made his way to his study, frowning.

There was a light on in Study No. 11, and as Glyn looked in, he discovered the fat and podgy form of Baggy Trimble there. Trimble of the Fourth was looking into the study cupboard, and he spun round with a gasp and a guilty look as the Shell fellow came in.

"You fat burglar!" growled Glyn.

"After the cake—"

"Not at all!" said Trimble, backing round the table. "I—I didn't know you had a cake, Glyn. I never saw you unpack it this afternoon!"

Glyn picked up a cricket-stump.

"Outside!" he said.

Trimble remained behind the table. He was well aware that the stump was

No 37.—HERR OTTO GOTTFRIEDSCHNEIDER.



One of the most unpopular masters at St. Jim's—not wholly because he is a German, as is Herr Gans of Greyfriars, but because he lives up to his nationality. Has a huge moustache, a coarse, thick-set face, and the most Hun-like of all, a bull-like head. He often makes others uncomfortable, but is continually being made uncomfortable himself. Takes the scholars in the most detested of lessons at the school. Constantly bullies the smaller juniors, and hates the French master.

a hair-restorer, sir, I mean. You do, sir!"

"What?"

"That bald spot—"

"On your napper," gasped the Head.

"That bald spot is quite prominent, sir—chaps joke about it—"

"Glyn!" thundered the Head.

He sprang up, grasping a cane from his desk. Glyn backed away towards the door in dismay. It was only too clear, at last, that the Head was just as touchy as Mrs. Mimms or Herr Schneider, and that he wasn't at all grateful for enlightenment.

"Boy! This unheard of insolence—"

"Oh, sir! I—"

intended for use as he passed, if he made for the door.

"I—I say, Glyn—"

"Travel off!"

"I wasn't after the cake, really. I—I was looking for—for—for your hair-restorer—"

"Rats!"

"I—I want to try it, you know," said Trimble desperately.

Glyn's frowning brow cleared. He tossed the stump into a corner, and his look was quite genial.

"Good man!" he said. "I'm very pleased at this, Trimble. You're the only fellow that's offered to put up with a little trouble for the sake of scientific experimentation. You're not such a rotter as I've always thought. Come here; I haven't a razor here now, but I can clip your hair close—"

"I say—"

"I can clip it close enough for the purpose. Then I rub on my specific, and in a day or two you'll have a new crop. If you like, I can make it a beautiful chestnut or auburn, instead of that ugly, tallowy mop you've got at present. It's really a big chance for you."

"You silly, cheeky ass!" howled Trimble. "What about your own mop? Like a horsehair sofa burst!"

"Look here, Trimble—"

"I'm not going to have my head shaved, you ass!" went on Trimble. "I—I'll try the moustache, if you like."

"That's simpler—but, of course, it will look a little odd. Still, it will be a splendid testimonial to the specific—producing a moustache on a kid in the Fourth."

Glyn was already sorting out a bottle. Trimble of the Fourth eyed him rather uneasily.

"I—I say, Glyn, you offered D'Arcy minor five bob to be done—"

"That's so. I'll stand you five bob, if you like."

"I'm afraid I couldn't accept money from you, Glyn, or anybody else. But as it happens I'm short of money—owing to lending my last allowance to Tom Merry. Can you lend me ten bob for a week?"

Glyn nodded carelessly. "Bobs" were matters of little moment to the millionaire's son.

"All right!" he said. "Sit down, Trimble!"

"I—I say, you're sure it will make the hair grow on my lip?" asked Trimble, blinking very uneasily at the bottle in Glyn's hand.

"Quite sure."

"Suppose I were to wash it off at once—"

"You're not to, you ass!"

"But suppose I did—"

"Well, it might or might not make a difference. But you're not to do it, of course. That would spoil the experiment." Glyn looked very suspiciously at Baggy Trimble. "Look here, Trimble, none of your tricks. If I lend you ten bob, you're to play up."

"Oh, of course!" said Trimble meekly.

"And I'll tell you what," said Glyn. "If you've got a trace of moustache to to-morrow morning, I'll lend you another ten bob!"

"Good!"

There was a peculiar glimmer in Baggy's eyes as he sat down in Glyn's chair for the experiment.

Glyn hardly noticed it, however; he was too intent upon the experiment now that he had obtained a victim.

With a camel-hair brush he painted Trimble's podgy upper lip with the specific, which was thick and clinging, like gum, and had a rather unpleasant scent. What it was made of Trimble hadn't the faintest idea; but it felt and smelt like gum mixed with a little cal-

cium carbide. Probably it would have been just as good if it had been. But Glyn's faith in it was evidently profound, though it was not shared by others.

Trimble wriggled a little under the infliction.

"Keep still!" grunted Glyn. "Do you want me to paint your nose? You'll get a tuft of hair growing on your boko if I do!"

"Ow!" murmured Trimble.

"Shurrup! You're as troublesome as that blessed old cat!"

"Hallo! What's this game?" asked Kangaroo, coming into the study with Clifton Dane for prep.

"Giving Trimble a moustache!" roared Dane. "Ha, ha, ha!"

No. 38.—BERNARD GLYN.



Quite a genius at invention, with a practical touch that Skimpole, the other St. Jim's inventor, lacks. One of the best; always ready to enter into a jape. Has often used his inventive powers to assist Tom Merry & Co. in their schemes against the New House fellows. Glyn's father and sister live close at hand. Mr. Glyn is very wealthy. Bernard Glyn shares Study No. 11 (Shell) with Clifton Dane and Harry Noble.

"Yes. Shurrup! You're interrupting!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Glyn's study-mates watched with deep interest as Glyn laid the solution on Trimble's lip with the brush. The operation was finished at last.

"Now dry it before the fire," said Glyn.

"I—I think I'd better go—"

"Dry it first, ass!"

There was no choice for Trimble. He dried the sticky solution on his lip, with some inward tremors. Some of Glyn's inventions had worked, he knew, and there was a bare possibility of this one working. Baggy had intended to make a bee-line for a bath-room and a scrub-

bing-brush, but he had not received the ten-shilling note yet. So he carried out the schoolboy inventor's instructions meekly.

The coating of stickiness was dry at last, and Trimble's fat lip felt very tight and uncomfortable.

"How does it feel?" asked Glyn.

"Rotten! I—I mean, it—it feels as if the hair is growing already, odd chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dane and Kangaroo in chorus.

"Oh, dry up cackling, you fellows!" said Glyn testily. "I shouldn't wonder if Trimble's right. The moustache is certain to sprout to-night, anyhow—unless I've got it all wrong."

"The odds ain't on the sprouting!" grinned Kangaroo.

"Now you can cut off, Trimble," said Glyn.

"But I say—"

"It's all right—quite finished!"

"Ye-es, but you've forgotten some-

"I haven't, ass! Do you think I don't know how to use my own specific?" exclaimed Glyn. "I tell you it's finished! Now cut off!"

"I mean the ten bob!" howled Trimble.

"Oh!" Bernard Glyn had forgotten that unimportant trifle. Baggy Trimble hadn't.

"All right! Here you are Trimble." Baggy's fat fingers closed on the ten-shilling note.

"Don't wash your lip this evening," said Glyn. "Let it keep quite dry, and we shall see what we shall see."

"No need to tell Baggy that!" chuckled Kangaroo. "Docs he ever wash?"

"Yah!" was Trimble's rejoinder to that remark. "I—I say, Glyn, you mean it—you'll lend me ten bob to-morrow if I've got a moustache?"

"Honour bright!"

"Right-ho!" said Trimble.

And Baggy rolled out of the study. With a ten-shilling note in his possession, Baggy's natural destination was the tuckshop. But for once in his life Baggy withstood the attraction of that almost irresistible magnet. The tuckshop had to wait while Baggy headed for the nearest bath-room. There, with steaming hot water, plenty of soap, and a scrubbing-brush, Baggy Trimble set to work on his upper lip, so carefully painted with solution by the schoolboy inventor. And, whether there was anything in Bernard Glyn's wonderful discovery or not, it was pretty certain that Baggy's fat countenance would not be adorned with a moustache on the morrow.

CHAPTER 6.

Amazing.

"LET'S look, Trimble!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

There was a ripple of laughter in the Fourth Form dormitory. The story of Baggy Trimble and his forthcoming moustache had spread. Baggy had been seen revelling in cakes and tarts and toffee to the exact value of ten shillings.

And the juniors had soon learned whence Baggy's new-found wealth proceeded.

All the Fourth Form were interested in Baggy's moustache, and they gathered round him in the dormitory to look for the first traces of the sprouting. But there were no traces to be seen so far.

Baggy's fat upper lip was as smooth as ever.

"It's not growin' yet!" grinned Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as he turned

his eyeglass scrutinisingly upon Trimble's fat face.

"There's something there!" said Blake.

"Only a smear of jam, dear boy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It won't come, you know," said Baggy Trimble. "Glyn's a silly ass, of course. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! Latham will stare in the mornin' if it does! Fancy a Fourth Form chap walkin' in to lessons with a moustache!"

"And there may be something in it," said Levison. "Quite a lot of Glyn's things have worked."

"His invisible ink was all right," said Mellish.

"And his mechanical bulldog—" remarked Herries.

"Yaas. I shouldn't wondah if Twimble has a tewwific moustache by the mornin'. I know I shouldn't wisk it."

"I—I say," said Trimble, in some alarm. "It's all right, you know. I—I scrubbed it off with hot water the minute Glyn let me go."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! You seem very cheery to-night," remarked Kildare of the Sixth, coming into the dormitory. "Turn in!"

The juniors turned in, still chuckling. Baggy Trimble did not sleep so soundly as usual. Ten shillings' worth of tuck was in a state of disagreement within him—the doughnuts did not quite pull with the baked apples, and the jam-tarts seemed to dislike the neighbourhood of the lobster. And he was a little uneasy; well as he had rubbed and scrubbed at his fat lip, he could not help wondering if, possibly, after all, he would be sprouting a moustache in the morning. That would be quick work, certainly, but Glyn seemed to expect it. Trimble comforted himself with the reflection that Glyn was an ass, and fell asleep at last.

When the rising-bell changed out in the frosty morning Jack Blake turned out and glanced towards Trimble's bed. He was thinking of Baggy and his incipient moustache. To his amazement, the bed was empty.

For the first time on record, Baggy Trimble was up and out before rising-bell!

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Blake, in astonishment.

"What's the wow, dear boy?" yawned Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Trimble's up!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Trimble!" exclaimed Levison. "Well, wonders will never cease! What on earth is Trimble up for?"

"Gone to get a shave, perhaps!" suggested Cardew.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! It's poss that somethin' has grown on the silly ass!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "I am wathah cuxious to see him."

There was considerable curiosity among the Fourth, and some of the fellows hurried over their dressing. Blake & Co. were the first out, and they met the Terrible Three of the Shell on the staircase, coming down from the Shell dormitory.

"Seen Trimble?" asked Blake.

"No. Is he down?"

"He was down before rising-bell. We're going to see whether he's gone for a shave."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors hurried out into the quadrangle. But Baggy Trimble was not to be seen there. He was not out of doors, and the curious juniors came in again to look for him. He did not seem to be

downstairs at all, and they came up to the studies.

"Hallo! There he is!"

A fat form was emerging from Tom Merry's study—Study No. 10 in the Shell.

"Hallo, Trimble!"

"What were you doing in my study?" demanded the captain of the Shell.

"Oh!" gasped Trimble.

He turned towards the juniors. Then there was a well of amazement.

Baggy Trimble's appearance was amazingly altered. On his fat upper-lip, astounding to behold, was a curly black moustache!

CHAPTER 7.

Something Like Success.

"IT'S come!"

"Trimble's got it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a shout of amazement from the juniors. Their eyes were fixed on Baggy Trimble, as if glued to his fat countenance.

It was scarcely credible; but there it was.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy faintly. "It's weelly theah! I am glad I did not let that ass Glyn expewiment on me!"

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Blake.

Trimble's face was very red. He blinked at Tom Merry & Co. in an uneasy way.

"Have—have I got a moustache really?" he stammered.

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"Toppin', dear boy!"

"Ripping! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what have you been doing in our study, all the same?" demanded Monty Lowther suspiciously.

"I just dropped in to look at the glass," said Trimble. "I—I felt it on my lip, you know. I say, isn't it queer?"

"It looks queer enough!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So the blessed specific works, after all," said Manners. "Who'd have thought it? It would have done the Head good, after all."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Where's Glyn? Glyn ought to see this!"

"Come on, Trimble—let Glyn see it!" chuckled Blake.

"I—I say, I don't want the masters to see it. I—I shall have to get a shave before brekker!" said Trimble.

"A shave! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's Glyn!"

"Look here, Glyn!"

Bernard Glyn came hurrying up, with an excited face; he had heard a rumour already. His eyes fairly danced at the sight of Baggy Trimble in his moustache.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Spiffing! Didn't I tell you fellows so? I knew it would work!"

Glyn looked as if he could have hugged Baggy Trimble at that moment. The moustache made Baggy, if possible, a little less beautiful than usual; but to Glyn's eyes he was admirable.

The schoolboy inventor peered at the moustache, Baggy watching him rather uneasily. He put out a hand to touch it, and Baggy started back.

"Here, let it alone!" he ejaculated.

"What's the matter?"

"It—it feels a bit sore," said Trimble. "The—the sudden growth, you know. Don't you touch it!"

"Well, I dare say that's so," assented Glyn. "It was sudden enough, and it might make a little soreness. But isn't it a beauty? Come downstairs with me, Trimble—"

"Not like this!" gasped Trimble.

"Yes—I want Herr Schneider to see

it! Then he may allow me to experiment on his napper—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No jolly fear! I—I'm going to get a shave—"

"Don't be an ass, Trimble; you don't want a shave! Keep it!" said Glyn. "There's no law against a fellow wearing a moustache. It's becoming, too. You stick to it!"

"You silly ass—"

"I'll do as much for you other fellows, if you like," said Glyn, looking round.

"You, Gussy—"

"No feah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus.

"You'd look jolly well in a moustache, Gussy!" urged Glyn.

"I am quite awah of that, dear boy; but I'm not goin' to have one, all the same!"

"I—I say, Glyn!"—Baggy Trimble caught the schoolboy inventor by the sleeve. "You haven't forgotten—"

"Eh? What?"

"The ten bob, you know!"

"What ten bob?"

Trimble glared.

"You were going to lend me ten bob, you boulder—"

"Oh, was I?" said Glyn indifferently. "All right; here you are! Come to my study, Trimble; I want to photograph that before you shave it off."

"I—I'll follow you!" stammered Trimble.

Bernard Glyn hurried off to his study to prepare his camera, to put on permanent record that astonishing triumph of his inventive genius.

But Trimble did not follow.

He jammed the ten-shilling note into his pocket, and hurried away in another direction.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy followed him. Baggy headed for No. 2 in the Fourth Form passage, and the swell of St. Jim's looked in after him.

"Twimble, dear boy—"

"Here, you buzz off!" exclaimed Trimble.

"I was goin' to ofiah to help you, Twimble," said Arthur Augustus mildly. "You must get that off befoah bwokkah."

"That's all right!"

"You will want a wazah."

"I—I can manage—"

"I weally do not see how you can manage to get wid of a moustache without a wazah, Twimble."

"I—I'm going to clip it off close, you see—"

"Pewwaps I can assist you. It is wathah difficult to clip it yourself. Shall I do it for you, Twimble?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Wha-ah!"

Arthur Augustus was being good-natured, as usual, but Trimble did not seem grateful for his kind offers of help. He only seemed anxious to get rid of the swell of the Fourth.

"It—it's all right!" stammered Trimble. "You clear off, D'Arcy—I tell you, I can manage all right."

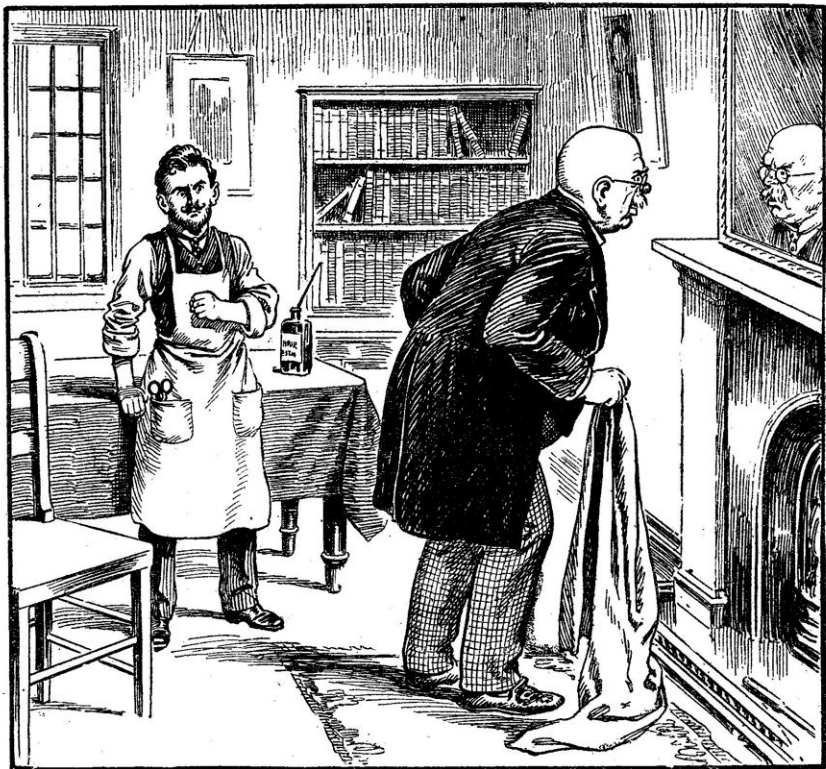
"Oh, vevy well!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. And he walked away.

Trimble's door closed after him.

The juniors had gone downstairs, into the quad; and most of them were very keen to see Trimble at the breakfast-table. If there were any traces left of that sudden moustache, it was certain to attract plenty of attention.

—But when the Fourth Form gathered at the breakfast-table, Trimble took his place with the rest—without a trace of moustache.

His fat upper-lip was as bare as of old.



Ancient locks of hair that Herr Schneider had preserved for years, training them over his head in the fond delusion that they covered up his baldness, had disappeared for ever. The Herr stood speechless. Glyn watched him rather uneasily. (See chapter 10.)

All the fellows looked at him; but there was not the slightest trace of hair about Trimble's extensive mouth—the moustache had vanished without leaving a clue behind.

Trimble grinned as he met the curious glances turned on him.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus, in surprise. "You have clipped it off vewy close, Trimble!"

"Yes, haven't I?" grinned Trimble. "You must have used a wazah, aftah all."

"Perhaps I did."

"Trimble may have to shave every morning now, if the hair restorer goes on working!" chuckled Blake.

And there was a chortle along the Fourth Form table, which made little Mr. Latham glance up reprovingly.

"Silence, please!" said Mr. Latham.

After breakfast, a crowd of fellows gathered round Trimble in the quadrangle, to examine him. Most of them seemed rather disappointed to see no traces of a new moustache coming. As Herries remarked, it would have been no end of a lark if Trimble had had a sud-

den sprouting in the Form-room; it would have been worth while watching Mr. Latham's face when he spotted it.

Trimble did not seem at all alarmed at the possibility, however. He only grinned at the suggestion.

As the fellows went into the School House for lessons, Baggy Trimble joined Glyn of the Shell, and tugged at his sleeve.

"Hallo—growing again?" asked Glyn with interest.

"N-n-no. I—I was thinking you might like to have another try, Glyn, as—as that experiment worked so well," said Trimble. "I'll let you try again, if you like—on the same terms."

Glyn shook his head.

"It's done and done with," he answered. "No need to grow another moustache with the specific, Trimble, now that I know it can be done. You ought to have let me photograph it, though."

"If you could lend me another ten bob—"

"Rats!"

"Rats to you, then!" grunted Trimble. "Yah!"

And he rolled away after the Fourth.

"To tell the exact truth," remarked Glyn to his grinning chums, "I wasn't absolutely certain the stuff would work. I hoped it would, and I thought it would—but I wasn't quite certain. It's proved now. And I've got to give the specific a chance on a bald head now it's proved useful. If you'd let me shave your head, Kangy—"

"I don't think!" chuckled Kangaroo. "You might stand by a chap, Dane."

"I'll stand by you when you shave your own head, if you like!" grinned Dane. "You won't shave mine!"

"Think of the good it will do!" urged Glyn. "You show yourself to all the school with a head shaved perfectly bald, to prove there's no deception—then I come in with my specific, and you grow a head of hair like a spring poet. It won't do you any harm—"

"I'm not chancing it, thanks! Suppose the specific didn't work in my case?"

"Oh, it's a cert!"

"Then I'll tell you what! I'll shave your head bald, and rub in the stuff for you—"

"Oh, don't be an ass, you know!" said Glyn.

And the Shell fellows went in to lessons. Even after the marked success of the experiment on Trimble, nobody wanted his head shaved to prove the efficacy of the specific—even Glyn himself seemed to be chary of that test.

But instead of benefiting that morning by Mr. Linton's valuable instructions in the Form-room, Glyn was thinking of his wonderful specific and of the test it had to be put to, and he decided that Herr Schneider was the man.

Schneider was bald, and Schneider was, after all, only a Hun, so it did not much matter what happened to him if anything went wrong with the experiment. But how to get at Herr Schneider's "napper" was a problem, to which Glyn had found no solution by the time classes were dismissed.

CHAPTER 8.

A Chance at Last.

TOM MERRY & CO. were chatting in the quadrangle after dinner, when Glyn of the Shell came up. The Terrible Three grinned as they saw him. Glyn had a very thoughtful expression, and the Shell fellows could guess what he was thinking about.

"Three hands were raised together to waive him off."

"Not taking any!" said three voices in chorus.

"Ask Trimble!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "Baggy will grow moustaches at ten bob a time!"

"I've asked that fat rotter to let me shave his head," said Glyn wrathfully, "and he won't agree—"

"Go hon!"

"He's proved himself that the specific is all right; but he won't let me shave his head and try it on his mop. Isn't he an unreasonable beast?" growled Glyn.

"I think I've a right to experiment on Trimble under the circumstances. But Kangaroo won't agree to hold him down while I cut his hair—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's rotten, you know. I shall have to come back to Schneider."

"Better not try any larks on Schneider!" grinned Manners. "He will pile in with a pointer."

"I've asked him—"

"Oh, my hat! What did he say?"

"He wouldn't let me finish! He actually slung me out of his study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And the silly old Hun has no end of bottles of stuff he rubs on his silly old head," said Glyn. "He keeps two or three in his study, and his silly old napper niffs like a chemist's shop, as often as not. He tries no end of patent rubbish, and he won't even let me explain to him about my specific. But I want his blessed bald head—I can't do without it. You see, after it was all over, he would be grateful."

"I don't think!"

"You know what a guy he is, with his dashed old pate shining like a full moon!" growled Glyn. "It stands to reason, he would like it covered. That's why he rubs on patent rubbish. That silly fringe of hair he has round it only makes it look baldier. Now, my idea is to shave off those silly rags of hair he's got left, and give him an entirely new mop. It's wasted on a Hun, of course. Still, I don't see why a fellow shouldn't do even a Hun a good turn."

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"If the Hun will stand it!" grinned Lowther.

"He's got to stand it; and that's where I want you fellows to help me. It's a half-holiday this afternoon, and old Schneider's in his study, reading his blessed German papers—you know his way. Well, nearly everybody's out of doors, and a row in Schneider's study wouldn't be heard—"

"Eh?"

"I want you fellows to come in with me. The three of you could hold Schneider in his chair—"

"Hold him!" stuttered Tom Merry.

"While I shave his head—"

"Shave Schneider's head?"

"And give him the specific. Of course, he will be ratty at first—"

"Great pip! I should say he would be."

"But it will be all right afterwards. I can see him thanking us afterwards with tears in his eyes—"

"The tears are more likely to be in our eyes, if we hold Schneider while you shave his head!" chortled Lowther. "I can fancy the Head getting to work with his birch soon afterwards."

"Of course, there's a risk," admitted Glyn. "But even a flogging—after all, what's a flogging? Chaps are supposed to make a bit of sacrifice in the cause of scientific investigation. There are rotters who make experiments on live animals—of course, I wouldn't do that. But an experiment on a Hun is justifiable. It isn't as if it was a dog—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, are you going to help me?" demanded Glyn. "We just rush into his study, collar him, and pin him in his chair! See?"

The Terrible Three roared. Glyn was quite carried away by the ardour of the enthusiastic scientific investigator—but the chums of the Shell weren't.

"Merry, mein boy!"

Herr Schneider was looking out of his study window. The Shell fellows spun round, their laughter ceasing suddenly. If the German master had overheard Glyn—

Fortunately, he hadn't. The full moon face of Herr Otto Schneider was beaming quite good-temperedly.

"Yes, sir?" gasped Tom.

"I want somevun to run down to Rylecombe mit a message," said Herr Schneider. "Perhaps you will like to go for me, Merry?"

"Ahem!"

The Terrible Three were booked for a football-match that afternoon; the School House were playing Figgins & Co. But Herr Schneider rattled on.

"You will call on Mr. Shrimp, isn't it, and tell him to send his man dis afternoon, Merry?"

"Oh!" said Tom.

Mr. Shrimp was the village barber. "He will gum at four o'clock," said Herr Schneider; and he withdrew his head from the window.

"If you please, sir—" began Tom Merry.

Herr Schneider glanced out again. "Vat is it, Merry?"

"We're playing football this afternoon, sir," explained the captain of the Shell. "Do you mind if I ask another chap to go?"

"Not at all, my boy!"

"It's all right! I'll go!" exclaimed Glyn.

"Ferry goot!" said Herr Schneider, and he disappeared from the window, resuming his armchair and his Deutsch newspapers.

"Good man!" said Tom Merry.

"Time we got on the ground, you

fellows. You can cut off, Glyn! Much obliged!"

"Leave it to me," said Glyn. "This is all right. I've got an idea!"

"Take it away and bury it, old chap!" said Monty Lowther.

And, without waiting to be enlightened as to Bernard Glyn's latest idea, Tom Merry & Co. started for Little Side.

Glyn stood for some minutes 'n thought.

His eyes were glimmering. Evidently a very brilliant idea was working in the brain of the schoolboy inventor.

He started for the gates at last. Glyn was "on his own" that afternoon; his chums, Kangaroo and Dane, were in the School House junior Eleven. But Glyn had found an occupation for the afternoon. That message of Herr Schneider had given him the idea, and everything was going well at last.

CHAPTER 9.

The New Hairdresser.

MR. SHRIMP, the Rylecombe barber, was reading a newspaper in his little shop, and occasionally looking up from it to give his assistant the benefit of his views regarding "them Bolsheviks," when the bell tinkled at the door. It was Bernard Glyn, of the Shell at St. Jim's, who entered.

Mr. Shrimp was on his feet at once. The newspaper was thrown aside, and the Bolsheviks left to their own devices for the time.

"Afternoon, sir!" said Mr. Shrimp affably. "Hair-cut, sir?"

Glyn shook his head. "Private theatricals," he explained. "I want you to make me up."

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Shrimp rubbed his oily hands. More than once the village barber had helped the amateur actors of St. Jim's in their make-up, so he was not surprised by Glyn's request. And making-up an amateur actor was a more profitable business than cutting hair.

"Up at the school, I s'pose?" asked Mr. Shrimp.

"No; here."

Mr. Shrimp looked surprised at that. "You want to me made-up 'ere?" he asked. "But what about getting back, sir?"

"I've got the station cab outside; that's all right."

"Oh, jest so, sir! Step into the parlour, sir."

Bernard Glyn stepped into the parlour, and laid a bundle on the table. He opened the bundle, revealing a suit of "reach-me-down" clothes, evidently very lately purchased.

"I can change here?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir."

Glyn changed.

In the new clothes he cut rather an unusual figure. They were men's clothes, and a good deal too large for Glyn. Mr. Shrimp grinned a little as he looked at him.

"You can take in a reef or two for me, can't you?" said Glyn.

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Shrimp took in a reef or two. The reach-me-downs were reduced to more or less of a fit.

"And now for the make-up," said Glyn. "I want to be made-up to look about thirty."

"Bit small for thirty, sir," hinted Mr. Shrimp.

"That's all right; there are men-of-thirty no bigger than I am. Anyway, that's what I want. Moustache and a pointed beard in the French style, and a wig—different colour from my own hair,

And the complexion altered a bit. You see, I don't want to be recognised."

"Ahem! All right, sir," Mr. Shrimp had his suspicions that there was something more than private theatricals in this. But that was no business of his; he held his peace.

His skilled hands were soon at work. Bernard Glyn's appearance underwent a remarkable change. Instead of a rather good-looking lad of fifteen, he was transformed into a decidedly unbecoming man of about thirty, small for his age.

He looked at himself in the glass when the barber had finished, and started.

"My hat! Is that me?" he ejaculated. "You, sir!" grinned Mr. Shrimp. "Bit of a change—what?"

"Yes, rather! Schneider—ahem!—I mean, nobody will know me in this rig—that's a cert."

"Not likely, sir!" Glyn grinned at his reflection. The sharpest eyes could scarcely have detected that his remarkable exterior concealed a Shell fellow of St. Jim's.

"I suppose it looks natural?" he remarked.

Mr. Shrimp coughed. "Natural as life, Master Glyn," he answered. "You rely on me, sir. I used them same things in making up a gentleman for the theatricals at Major Stringer's place last week, sir, and he was delighted. More natural than life, sir, if you ask me."

"Oh, good!" Glyn, gazed to the door.

"The charge is one guinea, sir," murmured Mr. Shrimp. "That includes the 'ire of the things.'"

"Right-ho!" Glyn paid over the guinea cheerily enough.

"Of course, the things 'as to be brought back safe and sound," said Mr. Shrimp, a little uneasily. He could not help thinking that Glyn was more probably engaged upon a practical joke than upon ordinary theatricals.

"All serene!" said Glyn. "I'll bring them home all right. Do I look like a barber?"

"A—a—a what?" "A barber."

"Well, I don't know that I should take you for a 'dressor, sir," said Mr. Shrimp.

"That's the character I'm playing," explained Glyn.

"Oh, I see! Well, come to think of it, I desay anybody looking at you would take you for a 'dressor, first look."

"I shall want some scissors," said Glyn. "Lend me a pair of scissors. And an apron—I'd better have an apron. That will look a bit professional. I'll take it with me in the cab."

"Right you are, sir!"

Mr. Shrimp watched the St. Jim's junior very closely as Glyn departed, and stepped into the cab outside.

The vehicle started for the school, the old driver giving Glyn one startled blink before he drove off.

Mr. Shrimp watched the cab from the window, and shook his head.

"That there young rip is up to some lark, James," he said to his assistant. "No business of mine, but he's up to some game. Where's my paper? Now, talking about them Bolsheviks—"

And Mr. Shrimp plunged into politics again, till he was interrupted by his next customer.

Meanwhile, the station cab bore Bernard Glyn on to the school.

Glyn sat in it very upright and grave, but he glanced rather anxiously at the passers-by in the road, anxious to know whether there was anything in his appearance to excite suspicion. But he was soon relieved on that score. He was

glanced at carelessly several times, but that was all.

He was soon satisfied that he would pass muster at St. Jim's.

But his heart beat a little as the station cab rolled in at the school gates. Old Taggles stepped out of his lodge.

Glyn called to the cabman to stop, and spoke to Taggles from the window. He was glad to pass under Taggles' survey before facing Herr Schneider.

It would be the final proof that his disguise was satisfactory.

There was no suspicion in Taggles' face as he glanced at the rather loud-looking young man in the cab.

"'Zis is St. Jim's—yes?" asked Glyn, with a remarkable imitation of the accent of the St. Jim's French master. A foreign accent was an excellent device for disguising the voice; and there was nothing unusual in a hairdresser's assistant being of French extraction.

"That's it," said Taggles, with a stare.

"I come from Meester Shrimp's," explained Glyn. "It is to see Meester Schneider, to cut ze hair, n'est-ce-pas?"

Taggles grinned.

"School 'Ouse!" he said to the driver. And the cab rolled on to the School House.

From the distant football-field there was a ringing shout:

"Goal!" "Bravo, Tom Merry!"

Glyn smiled. He was glad that most of the St. Jim's fellows were on the football-ground just then. The fever eyes that fell upon him at present the better.

Baggy Trimble was lounging on the steps, and he glanced inquisitively at the new arrival; but there was no suspicion in his glance.

Toby, the page, admitted Mr. Shrimp's new assistant. Toby stared at him when he announced who he was.

"My eye!" said Toby indignantly.

"A barber's man, coming in a cab! My eye!"

"You will show me to Meester Schneider, isn't it?" said the new hairdresser mildly.

"You didn't oughter come to this 'ere door," said Toby.

"Zousand pardons!"

"Oh, gammon! Come on, as you're 'ere."

"Fais oui!" said Toby, in imitation, derisively. "Not so much of your wee, wee, young man. You come hon!"

Glyn smiled under his moustache and beard, as he followed the House page. Toby tapped at the door of Herr Schneider's study, and opened it.

"'Airdresser, sir!" he announced.

"Gum in!" said Herr Schneider.

The new hairdresser came in, and Toby closed the door. The scientific experimenter of St. Jim's was face to face with his victim.

CHAPTER 10.

Not as per Programme.

HERR SCHNEIDER blinked at his visitor over his glasses, and grunted. The curled moustache and little, pointed beard gave Glyn a very Frenchified look; and Herr Schneider did not like Frenchmen—especially since the war. His frown expressed disapproval.

"You gum from Mr. Shrimp's?" he asked.

"Oui, monsieur!"

"Den you are new man?"

"I have only lately become ze hairdresser," answered Glyn, very truthfully.

Sniff from Herr Schneider. It was rather dusky in the German master's study, and Otto Schneider was short-

sighted; but something struck him as a little odd about the hairdresser's young man. Certainly Glyn was not recognisable, and his make-up was remarkably good, but there was something about him not wholly convincing, somehow.

"You are Franzozisch!" asked Herr Schneider, eyeing the young man over his spectacles.

"I am good barhair, sair!" answered Bernard Glyn.

"I did not know tat dere was Franzozisch barber in dis place," said Herr Schneider, with a grunt. "But as you are here, you may go on mit it."

"Zank you, sair!"

Bernard Glyn laid a little bag, which he had brought in the cab, upon a chair, and opened it. Herr Schneider sat down in his armchair, with another grunt.

He was accustomed to Mr. Shrimp's assistant, or to Mr. Shrimp himself, to perform upon his hair, and he did not like being handled by a Frenchman. But there was no help for it.

Glyn set to work in a businesslike way.

The white cloth was fastened round the German master's neck, and draped round his partly form, to catch the severed tufts—which were not likely to amount to much, if the operation was carried through as usual. In fact, there was a good deal of humbug about Herr Schneider's haircutting; he had very little to spare for the scissors.

The hairdresser's chief duty was to make an elaborate pretence of finding something there to cut off.

Mr. Shrimp was accustomed to say, after clicking his scissors industriously for a time, "A little shorter, sir?"

To which Herr Schneider would reply, with greater seriousness, "I tink tat vill do, Mr. Shrimp."

But, in cutting, if Herr Schneider had only known it, was to be a little more serious this time.

Mr. Shrimp had the more or less agreeable task of massaging the top of the Herr's head with some kind of mixture to make the hair strengthen in growth; but this time it was quite a new mixture that was to be used by the amateur hairdresser.

Before that stage of the proceedings, however, it was necessary to make room for improvements, and Bernard Glyn proceeded to clear for action, so to speak.

His scissors were not to be clicked in empty air like Mr. Shrimp's.

From the point of view of the school-boy inventor, there was only one thing to be done; to clear Herr Schneider's head of the straggling tufts of iron-grey hair that remained, which were only in the way, and then to give the whole cranium a liberal dose of the specific.

That would cause the growth, perhaps, of a handsome head of hair, of an artistic shade in brown.

The German master's few grey locks would be quite out of keeping with that handsome head of brown hair, if they were left.

So Glyn did not leave them.

His scissors clicked away industriously.

Herr Schneider leaned back in the chair, his eyes closed, and his spectacles off, dozing with his feet on the fender as the hairdresser did his work.

The clicking of the scissors did not alarm him, he always heard plenty of clicking when Mr. Shrimp was at work on his cranium.

He was quite unaware that his few remaining adornments of a hirsute nature were cropping off one by one.

Glyn worked with a will.

It was his first essay as a hairdresser; but the work was not really difficult, con-

sidering that there was nothing to do but to clear the victim's head of every hair that remained on it.

With a pair of sharp scissors, wielded by an industrious hand, that was soon effected.

Glyn's made-up face wore a smile of satisfaction, as the bald pate under Otto's scissors grew bald and bald.

In a very short time, Herr Otto Schneider's head was as bare, and nearly as smooth, as a billiard-ball.

Glyn went carefully over the cleared surface, snipping off every vestige of a hair that remained.

He was quite warming to his work now.

He had, in fact, almost forgotten that he really was a fellow in the Shell Form at St. Jim's, and not a hairdresser's assistant. There was a buzz of voices outside the study window, announcing that the football-match was over, and Tom Merry & Co. were coming in; but Glyn did not heed. He did not even care how the House match had gone. Much more important matters occupied his thoughts. His celebrated hair-restorer was to be put to the test at last.

"Vat is tat?" exclaimed Herr Schneider suddenly, coming out of his door as the mixture was rubbed on his skull.

"Zat is ze mixture, sair!" said Glyn, almost forgetting his French accent for a moment, but fortunately not quite.

"It does not feel to same as usual."

"Ahem! Perhaps a little stronger than usual, sair—zere has been improvement made in zat mixture."

"Ach!"

"Zat will make ze hair grow verree fast, sair."

"Mein hair he is long enoff," granted Herr Schneider. "But you may go on mit it."

"Zank you, sair!"

Glyn went on with it. He gave the German master plenty of the specific—rubbing it well in, and massaging the bald pate with skill and industry. If there was anything in the hair-restorer, it certainly had a chance now of working its wonders. And it was to be hoped that there was something in it, as the unfortunate German gentleman had been robbed of his last hairs to give it a chance.

Glyn was tireless, when scientific experiment drew him on; it was Herr Schneider who tired of the operation first.

"Tat will do, I tink!" he said at last.

"Perhaps a leetle more, sair—"

"I tell you tat tat will do!"

"Oh, verree vell, sair!"

"Mein koft he feel a leetle cold," said Herr Schneider. "If you haf taken off too rooch—"

"Ahem!"

Herr Schneider threw his wrappings aside, and rose to his feet. He blinked at his reflection in the glass.

He was accustomed to seeing fringes of grey hair carefully arranged to cover up his baldness as much as possible. But he did not see them now.

They were gone—gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream—vanished into the ewigkiet, as Herr Schneider might have said in his own language.

His head was bare—bare as a ball, and glowing with the specific. Bernard Glyn had so indifferently rubbed on it.

Herr Schneider stood and blinked at it. He could scarcely believe his eyes for some moments.

But it was only too real.

Ancient locks of hair that he had preserved for years, training them over his

head, in the fond delusion that they covered up his baldness, had disappeared for ever.

Nothing was to be seen on his skull save the glimmer of the specific.

The Herr stood speechless.

Glyn watched him rather uneasily.

He felt that the German master was bound to get a little bit of a shock, and he wondered how he would take it. At all events, it was done now, and it was no use the Herr kicking up a fuss. But the temper of a Hun was never to be relied on, so Glyn was wary.

"Mein Gott!" ejaculated Herr Schneider, at last.

"Ahem!" murmured Glyn. "You like it all right, sair? I have cut zose hairs a leetle close, to give ze hair-restorer a good chance. To-morrow ze hair vill be growing verree tick."

"Ach!"

Herr Schneider turned towards the amateur hairdresser. He jammed his spectacles a little more firmly upon his fat nose, and stared at Glyn with a deadly stare. Then his eyes wandered round the room, and fell on the poker. He made a jump at the poker.

Glyn backed to the door in alarm.

"Vair—" he began.

"Vun moment," gasped Herr Schneider. "You dummkopf! You Franzozisch villain! You haf made me paid—quite paid! Dere is not vun hair left on mein kopf!"

"There were only a few, anyhow!"

"Vun moment, and I prains you!" roared Herr Schneider.

The poker was in his hand now, and he leaped at the amateur hairdresser.

"Yaroooh!" roared Glyn.

There was no time to get to the door. He dodged round the table as the infuriated German swiped at him.

Crash!

The poker landed on the table, and the impact jerked it out of Otto Schneider's hands. Glyn made a spring towards the door, and Herr Schneider made a spring and intercepted him. The hapless Hun was almost finking with rage as he grasped the schoolboy inventor.

"Now, ten, I tink I bunishes you!" he gasped. "Franzozisch scoundrel, I preaks ebery pone in your poddy!"

"Yooop!"

Thump, thump, thump! Whack! Thump!

"Yarooogh! Help! Oh, crikey!" yelled Glyn, struggling wildly as the exasperated German pounded him, and quite forgetting his French accent and his new profession. "Yooop! Help! Rescue! Rescue! Shell! Yaroooch!"

"Mein Gott!"

In the struggle Glyn's beard and moustache and eyebrows came off, and were strewn upon the floor.

Then Herr Schneider understood. In spite of the make-up on his face—much of which was brushed off against Herr Schneider in the struggle—the genius of the Shell was recognisable now.

"Glyn!" shrieked Herr Schneider.

"Yaroooh!"

Thump! Whack! Bang! Thump! Help!

"Dis is one trick!" panted Herr Schneider. "You gums here, and you plays dricks on me, I tink, and you shafes me head paid, isn't it? Ach! I preaks ebery pone—"

"Yaroooh! Help! Rescue!" roared Glyn, struggling frantically.

The door was suddenly opened. Tom Merry looked into the study, in alarm, with a crowd of fellows behind him.

"What the thump— Is that Glyn? My hat!"

"Yow-ow-woop! Help!"

Thump, thump!

"Draggionoff!" shrieked Glyn. "He's

killing me, you idiots! Collar the Hun beast, and drag him off!"

"Bai Jove!"

Tom Merry rushed in, with Blake and Kangaroo at his heels. Herr Schneider was seized and dragged back. It was time. Bernard Glyn had had plenty of punishment already, and the infuriated Hun really looked like damaging him seriously.

Glyn staggered against the wall, gasping for breath.

"Oh dear! Ow, ow, ow! Wow! Hold him!"

"Bai Jove! What have you been up to, you howlin' ass!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "What are you doin' in that ridiculous clobber?"

"Ow, ow! Wow, wow!"

"Led me go!" roared Herr Schneider.

"I vill preak ebery pone in his poddy! He haf made me paid—quite paid! It is one trick! Led me go, and I vill preak his pones!"

"Weally, Herr Schneider— Ow! Yawoooh!"

"Hold him!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The Herr was struggling furiously, not satisfied yet with his vengeance. Arthur Augustus was knocked away, and Kangaroo sat down in the fender; but five or six juniors clung to the Herr, and held him back. There was a sudden squeak from Baggy Trimble in the passage.

"Cave! Here comes the Head!"

"Oh! Bai Jove!"

The crowd in the passage parted, and the stately figure of Dr. Holmes swept into the study, with a frowning brow.

CHAPTER 11.

All Trimble's Fault.

TOM MERRY & CO. released the German master. Herr Schneider panted with wrath, but he did not venture to collar Glyn again in the presence of the Head. Dr. Holmes looked round him in angry amazement.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "I have been disturbed—disturbed in my study, by this riotous, riot! Herr Schneider, I find your study a bear-garden—a bear-garden, sir! What does it mean?"

"Ach himmel!" gasped Herr Schneider.

"What are all you juniors doing here?" demanded the Head.

"Ahem!"

"Weally, sir—"

"We were come to rescue Glyn, sir," stammered Tom Merry.

"What do you mean? Was Herr Schneider punishing Glyn? Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head, peering at Glyn in amazement. "Is that you, Glyn? What is that on your face? Why are you wearing those extraordinary clothes? Explain yourself at once, sir!" Glyn spluttered.

"I—I—"

"Ach! Tat young rascal!" stutered Herr Schneider. "Look at vat he haf done! Mein kopf—mein kopf!"

Glyn left the explanation to Herr Schneider. He really did not quite know what to say. His excellently-laid scheme had gone wrong, owing to the savage temper of the Hun. Had he retired in the station cab, leaving it to be supposed that he was an assistant of Mr. Shrimp's, all would have been well; the German master's wrath would have been dissipated by the expected outcrop of new hair the next day—as Glyn believed, at least. But now everything was out, before the new hair had had time even to begin growing. Glyn realised that he was in a rather serious position.

Yet even at that moment he did not regret that he had played the part of amateur hairdresser. Whatever happened, he had given his wonderful hair-restorer a first-rate trial. Nothing could alter that important fact. It was even worth a flogging, if it came to that, from the point of view of the enthusiastic devotee of science.

The juniors stood dumb while Herr Schneider stuttered out a breathless explanation, interrupting himself frequently with German ejaculations expressive of Hunnish fury.

Dr. Holmes' face was a study as he listened.

He signed to Herr Schneider to be silent, at last, and turned to Bernard Glyn with a frown of the most terrific wrath.

"Glyn," he exclaimed, "is it possible—is it, I say, possible—that you have been guilty of this—this—this—"

Words failed the wrathful headmaster. "If—if you'll let me explain, sir," gasped Glyn.

"What explanation can you possibly make?" thundered the Head. "You have disgraced yourself as a hairdresser's assistant—"

"Ye-o-es—"

"You came here pretending to be Mr. Shrimp's young man—"

"I—I—"

"You hoodwinked Herr Schneider into allowing you to cut his hair—"

"Yes; but—"

"And with unparalleled audacity you have played a wicked trick upon him, reducing him to complete baldness—"

"Nunno! I—"

"That is what you have done, Glyn! This utterly unfeeling—"

"Not at all, sir—if you'll let me explain—"

"I am waiting!" said the Head, in a grinding voice. "Be assured, Herr Schneider, that the severest possible flogging will be administered for this audacious outrage. You may speak, Glyn, if you have anything to say."

"I—I—I meant to do Herr Schneider a good turn, sir—"

"What! By cutting off his hair?"

"Yes, sir; it was to make room for trying my specific—"

"Your what?"

"My—my hair-restorer, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

The Head gazed at the hopeful inventor of St. Jim's as if he were petrified. He did not even seem to hear a chortle from the juniors in the passage.

"Glyn!" he gasped at last.

"I—I mentioned it to you the other day, sir!" stammered Glyn. "It's really a wonderful specific for the hair, sir."

Herr Schneider's hair will be growing again by to-morrow, sir—"

"Nonsense!" thundered the Head.

"On my word, sir! I've rubbed on a jolly good dose; and it simply cannot fail!" said Glyn eagerly. "If you'd let me try on you, sir—"

"Silence! Boys, how dare you laugh! This is not a laughing matter!"

"Mein Gott! I think not!" muttered Herr Schneider, passing his hand over his bare head and groaning dismally.

"But it's proved, sir!" shouted Glyn.

"The fellows will tell you, sir. I only ask for this matter to stand over twenty-

four hours, while Herr Schneider's hair grows again, sir."

"Stuff and nonsense! If you are serious, Glyn—"

"Quite serious, sir! I wouldn't have shaved Herr Schneider bald if I couldn't have grown him a fresh mop with my specific—"

"You utterly stupid boy! You will be soundly flogged—"

"But it's proved, sir—you tell him, Tom Merry!"

"I—I think there's something in it, sir," ventured the captain of the Shell.

"Glyn's stuff has made a moustache grow, sir—"

"Absurd!"

"We've all seen it, sir! exclaimed Kangaroo eagerly.

"What you say is absolutely impossible!" snapped the Head. "How dare you tell me anything of the kind!"

"We've seen it—"

"It was Trimble, sir!" exclaimed Glyn. "Trimble grow a moustache yesterday, sir—after using my specific once—"

"Glyn! If you dare to make such ridiculous statements—"

"It's true, sir!"

"Yaas, wathab, sir—quite twue; we've all seen it!"

"Where is Trimble?" exclaimed the Head, staggered, in spite of himself, by this imposing concurrence of evidence.

There was a howl in the corridor.

"Leggo, Grundy, you beast! I don't want to go in—I tell you, I won't go in!"

"Here's Trimble!" said Grundy of the

(Continued on page 18.)

MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PICTURE TO BE GIVEN FREE

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO
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ART PLATE :: :: ::

We reproduce here a small line drawing of a magnificent coloured plate which every reader of THE GEM has an equal chance of securing. All you have to do is to secure the names and addresses of SIX of your friends who are non-readers of THE GEM. When you have done this, write them down on a postcard and post them to the Editor of THE GEM, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. All postcards should be marked "Free Plate" in the top left-hand corner. Names and addresses of regular or occasional readers must not on account be sent, otherwise your application for a Plate may be rejected. Before sending in your list, make sure that the names are of non-readers.

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OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL STORY!



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Jim Quinton of the Sixth Form at Harmood's, Bigglesdale, fell the will of John Quinton, his father, is to succeed to a great position at Karradon in Africa. A great deal of mystery is attached to the position which John Quinton really held; but he is supposed to have been almost as powerful as the king himself. Mr. Matlock, the late John Quinton's solicitor, makes known details of the will to Jim Quinton, who at once decides to carry out his father's wishes. He is then introduced to Tim Daly, Erik and Nijollah, a negro, who are to be his servants.

In their presence the solicitor hands to Jim a sealed packet of papers, which John Quinton had left solely for his son's perusal.

Jim has enemies in Dillon Bracster, another Sixth-Former at Harmood's, Bracster senior, and a fellow named Kerzon. On his way back to the school, after the interview with the solicitor, he is attacked; but Erik, who has constituted himself Jim's guardian, frustrates the attempt.

That night Jim enters his study, to find Dillon Bracster with the sealed packet of papers in his hand.

As Jim enters he throws the packet out of the window, and immediately afterwards a yell of terror comes from outside. (NOW READ ON.)

Erik's Night Out.

FOR a few moments both Quinton and Bracster stood quite still, waiting for a repetition of that horrible cry. But no sound came, and the silence only added a new terror to the call.

It was Quinton who recovered himself first, and decided the course to be taken. "Someone's hurt!" he jerked out. "Come on! We'll get below and find out what the trouble is. I'll settle with you later about the other business."

He turned quickly, and went from the room. Bracster followed him more slowly, and was only half-way down the stairs by the time Quinton had reached the entrance hall.

It took Quinton some little time, however to unfasten the bolts and locks, which the school-porter adjusted so carefully each night. As he opened the door and stepped out, Bracster came just behind him.

At first Quinton could see nothing unusual, though the light from the moon THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 625.

was more than usually brilliant to-night. He turned to Bracster, who still hung behind him.

"You've got a torch, haven't you?" he asked. "Switch it on to those bushes. I can't see anything yet."

Bracster obeyed him without a word, and, just as the first flash from his electric torch fell on the broad flower-bed, it illumined a dark object which was moving slowly.

"What's that?" Quinton jumped forward at once, and as he did so, the object suddenly straightened out and stood upright. Not until then did either of the two searchers realise that it was a man. He was swaying a little unsteadily, and then lurched forward from among the bushes towards the light of Bracster's torch.

"What's the matter, Mr. Ker—" Bracster jumped forward now in a way which contrasted strangely with his previous slowness. Yet he pulled himself up abruptly as he mentioned the man's name, and, in a changed voice, began to ask questions, excitedly, and almost incoherently.

"Who are you? Where do you come from? What's happened? I'm Bracster—Dillon Bracster. Did you call out? Quinton's here! He caught me. What's happened?"

"Shut up!" The tall man, who seemed to be recovering slowly from his trouble, half hissed and half whispered the words, then put his arm about Bracster's shoulder, as though leaning on him for support. He whispered something further in a softer voice. Quinton did not quite grasp the words, but he fancied it was a quick command to Bracster to leave everything in his hands.

Quinton had an idea, too, that he had seen the man before, though just at first it was difficult to identify him in the pale light.

"What's the trouble, sir?" he asked, as the man turned to him.

"I've been nearly killed, that's all!" the man answered. "You might, perhaps report to the headmaster that I saw a suspicious-looking fellow stealing into the school grounds, and out of curiosity I followed him. What he was up to I can't say, but the moment he realised that I was following him he made a most murderous attack. It's a wonder I'm alive. I'm going to get along and see a doctor now. Thanks very much for coming down. Good-night!" He turned to go, but Quinton quickly

stepped in front of him, and laid a detaining hand on his coat.

"One moment, Mr. Kerzon!" he begged. "I'll tell the Head, of course, but don't you think you ought to see him personally? What about the packet of papers your friend Bracster threw from the window to you? I want them back!"

"Papers? What d'you mean?" Kerzon was indignant, and tried to shake off the grip which Quinton had upon him.

The truth of the whole situation had come into Quinton's mind almost as soon as he realised who the man was. He remembered Erik's warning, and it took on a definite meaning now.

He tightened his grip, and Kerzon made another effort to break away. Failing in this, he flung himself on to Quinton, and in another moment the pair were struggling violently together.

How the fight would have gone it is difficult to say. Quinton was in splendid condition, but his opponent had muscles of steel, and was full of tricks which were outside the scope of Quinton's knowledge. But he clung to him, and made desperate efforts to throw him.

Then Bracster rushed in, but before he could do anything another figure had appeared, as if by magic, from the dark shadows. Bracster gave a sudden cry of pain, and simply collapsed to the floor, where for a few moments he lay helpless.

When at last Bracster managed to struggle to his feet again, Quinton was standing quite free from the fight. All that the two Sixth-Formers saw was a very brief shadowy conflict, which was difficult to follow because of its swiftness. Then the big man jumped free, and, without waiting for any further opportunity, turned and ran down the drive.

The little man now came towards Quinton, but seeing Bracster on his feet, made a swift leap forward. Bracster instantly jumped on one side, dodging the little man, and then he, too, ran as hard as he could after Kerzon.

Quinton felt inclined to laugh, for there was something ludicrous in the spectacle of the little man jumping about in this fashion, and the effect his performance had had on Kerzon and Bracster.

But he recognised the little man, and his amusement was tempered by a certain amount of wonder. How on earth had Erik managed to turn up in the nick of time again?

"All right, Bazar!" Erik was standing by him now, and whispering to him quickly. "I knew. I watched Kerzon

because he is dangerous. I have the papers. Shall I keep them till to-morrow?"

"You've got them?" Quinton asked. "Good! You keep them till to-morrow. I'll see you then. But how did you—hallo! Who's coming now?"

He turned towards the entrance to the School House to see another figure coming out. It was Farrand, the porter, who had evidently been wakened by the sounds, and was now coming cautiously forth, armed with a poker in one hand and a lighted hurricane lamp in the other.

"I will go. You explain!"

Quinton caught the words Erik whispered, and the next moment the little man seemed to have become part of the shadows again. There was a faint rustling among the bushes, and Quinton turned to face Farrand alone.

"It's all right, Farrand!" Quinton told the porter. "They've all cleared now. You heard the row, I suppose? I don't know what the game was exactly."

The porter began to growl about being wakened up in the middle of the night on account of boys' silly tricks, evidently under the impression that this was some new form of amusement.

"And here's another of 'em, I suppose," he said, and turning from the porter, Quinton saw that Braester was returning. "It's all very well, this is, but it'll have to be reported."

"Of course it will!" Quinton agreed. "But I think we'll get inside now, Farrand. You ought to have come along earlier, you know, and we might have had a chance of making a capture. You didn't see anything more of them, Braester?"

The porter began to ask fresh questions now, but Quinton was not anxious to say much. He had not yet decided which would be the best way to handle this affair, and put Farrand off for the time being by a promise to come to him the first thing in the morning and tell him all that he knew.

"But it's too cold to stand about now," he explained. "And anyhow, the whole danger's over, so I'm going to get back to bed. Come along, Braester! Good-night, Farrand!"

He put his hand on Braester's arm, and led the way into the house again. Braester made no protest until they came to the corridor which led to Quinton's study.

"I'm going to bed," he said sulkily. "I've had quite enough for one night!"

"Oh, no, you haven't!" Quinton retorted in a cheerful whisper. "We're going to discuss this matter very thoroughly in my room right now! You've made rather a mess of your first burglary, but we're not going to let the matter drop quite so easily!"

For a few moments it looked as though Braester meant to put up some resistance, but a very little persuasion on Quinton's part convinced him of the foolishness of making any opposition, and the two went on to Quinton's study.

Here a light was quickly put on, and Braester was gently persuaded to occupy the chair near the window. Quinton himself sat on the edge of the table, which still bore testimony to Braester's handiwork.

"First of all," Quinton began, "how did you know that those papers were in my drawer? Who told you? Why did you want to get them, in any case? Let's have the whole story!"

Braester did not answer at once, but sat staring at the floor as though afraid to meet Quinton's eyes. When at last he did look up there was a queer nervousness in his manner which was very

different from the defiance he had shown when Quinton had first caught him with the papers.

"I'm sorry, Quinton," he began apologetically. "You must think I'm an awful boulder, but I didn't know. I promise you I'll make up for it. Honour bright, I will! There's been a mistake, and I'll be able to prove it to you to-morrow. I—I can't tell you everything just at present. That little fellow who turned up gave me an awful twist. Who was he?"

"Never mind about the little fellow," Quinton answered. "What I want to know is what your game was to-night?"

"It—it was only a joke, but—I really am bad, Quinton! Can I— Get me a drink, old chap!"

He bent forward and covered his face with his hands. Quinton could hear his short, sharp gasps for breath, and for a

I'll get up to bed. I'll be all right in the morning. I think it's getting better now, but it was running down the drain that upset me. I've been an idiot, Quinton!"

In normal circumstances Quinton would have assured him that he was something a good deal worse than that. But for the moment the best plan seemed to be to get Braester to bed, and without any comment Quinton gave him his arm and helped him out of the study and up the stairs to his room.

Braester's companion in the room wakened up as they entered, and acted on Quinton's advice to lend a hand. In a few moments Braester was in bed, and assured them that he really felt better.

"Just keep an eye on him, Dennis," Quinton suggested to the other fellow. "If you think anything ought to be done, come and drag me out!"

He went back to his study and put out



Kerzon made another effort to break away. Failing in this, he flung himself on to Quinton, and in another moment the pair were struggling violently together. (See page 16.)

moment became alarmed. Then Braester sat up once again, though it was obvious that he was still in pain.

"I—I think I'll get to bed, old man," Braester said weakly, and struggled to stand upright. "I'll tell you everything to-morrow. You don't mind?"

Now, Quinton was the last fellow in the world to withhold his sympathy from anyone in pain, and felt annoyed with himself for even harbouring the thought for one moment that this was a little piece of shamming on Braester's part. The thought did flash into his mind, and he instantly put it out again. If Braester were ill, it was up to him to see him safely through, however much he disliked him.

"Where is the pain, Braester?" he asked quickly. "Do you think I'd better go and rout out old Thorpe? He'd understand—"

"No, no!" Braester gasped, and drew in his breath sharply. "I'll be all right lying down. That little beast gave me a horrible jab! If you'd give me a hand

the light, then returned to his bed-room. Apparently, the noise which had been made outside had not disturbed any of the sleepers in the house, and Quinton was quickly in bed again.

It was not much sleep he had that night, however, although about six o'clock he fell into a deep slumber, from which he was awakened by Dick Willoughby sternly demanding whether he intended to get up that day or not.

As a result, it was something of a rush for Quinton to get dressed and down to morning school. He did not see Braester, but Dennis told him that his room-companion was now practically all right, though he intended to report sick this morning.

For the rest of the morning Quinton did not trouble himself about Braester. He meant to see him later, and to have the full story out of him at all costs, but it was scarcely fair to worry the chap so long as he was off colour.

As he was going to his study after

morning school he met Dennis, who hailed him eagerly.

"What did you do to Braester last night, Quinton?" he asked. "He's gone! But he asked me to give you a message. Usual hot air, of course, but he said that I was to be sure and tell you he would get even with you before he'd finished. Quite unpleasant about it he was, too! Anyhow, we've finished with him. He's gone for good."

"Gone?" Quinton echoed the word. "But where? Hospital—or what?" "Hospital? No! I don't think there was anything wrong with him at all last night. That's only my opinion, of course. Anyhow, his governor turned up for him this morning, so it seems, and Braester packed his traps and went off in a car. He told me he wasn't coming back again, and he was jolly glad to get out. A pleasant youth was Braester! I think you've seen the last of him this time."

Quinton asked various questions, but there was no doubt of the truth of Dennis' news. He had only seen Braester for a few minutes just before eleven o'clock, and he was on the point of leaving them. His father had seen the Head and made all arrangements. Urgent business matters necessitated Dillon Braester's immediate presence elsewhere.

"It's very queer," Quinton said slowly; and began to wonder just what the urgent business matters could be, and why Braester had gone to the trouble of leaving an unpleasant message behind him. What connection had these business matters with all that took place last night? In some vague way Jim Quinton felt that Braester had fooled him and let him down.

"Right-ho, Dennis!" Quinton came back to the realities again, and began to laugh. "I guess Braester was just talking hot air when he spoke about getting even with me. I should like to have seen him before he went, as he promised to explain one or two little things to me. Too late now, I suppose. I don't think it's likely we shall ever run across each other again!"

But in his own mind Jim Quinton was puzzled. There was something more behind this than he could quite understand.

The Karradon Syndicate Meets.

ON the evening of the same day on which he had left Harmood's School, Dillon Braester was with his father and Cyrus Kerzon in a private-room at the Maldrum Hotel, in London.

The three of them sat expectantly, and, but for a very occasional half-whispered remark from the elder Braester or Kerzon, they were curiously silent, and apparently engrossed in their own thoughts. When at last a knock came at the door the two men jumped to their feet at once.

A moment later Mr. Adolph Flaxman was announced, and a short, podgy little magnificent tiepin which he wore, he was manner, and the sparkling pendant and magnificent tiepin which he wore, he was a person of some importance in the world.

Both Braester and Kerzon greeted him with a certain amount of deference, but not until the door was closed, and he had sat down in the chair, brought forward for him, did Flaxman trouble to speak.

"So you've begun to bungle things

already, Kerzon?" he began, in a voice which was harsh and sneering. "You haven't brought those wonderful papers, after all! What's the position now?"

"We haven't bungled anything," Kerzon answered quietly. "Only we weren't lucky over our first simple efforts. But we're not depressed because of that. I'm not the sort of man to be put off by one or two touches of bad luck, and the Karradon Syndicate has scarcely begun its work yet. I'll tell you exactly what has happened so far."

It would have been interesting to Jim Quinton to hear how much he figured in Kerzon's story, and how much was known of his movements in the past few days. But it was Erik who came in for the biggest share of the blame.

"What's the proposal now, then?" Flaxman asked curiously. "I've gone so far with this business, and it's got to go through arrangements, and it's got to go through. I don't stand for any failures. You want more money or more help?"

"More help!" It was the elder Braester who spoke. "We've planned the whole thing out. Kerzon and I, with the youngster here, sail for East Africa on Tuesday next. We're counting on having all the papers by then, and we're also calculating on having a deal of six months' start. At the end of that time the country of the Karradons will be ours, and probably the Maraki country as well. All the Quintons in the world will be too late, and even Tim Daly will probably get a cheap funeral if he starts trying to raise trouble."

"Six months' start?" Flaxman queried, and there was no sneer in his voice now. "How d'you mean?"

"If I get this young Quinton into your hands, you're got to keep him quiet for that time," Henry Braester answered. "The others will spend their time hunting for him, while we're busy at the other end. But Kerzon will explain the details. We're not running any risks this time. Here's the boy who will go out as Old Man Quinton's son."

For the first time Dillon Braester was brought into the conversation, and Flaxman eyed him over critically.

"So you are marked down for the king's job in Karradon?" he asked at that time. "You know your part? If it comes off all right you'll never have to do any hard work for a living, and I reckon that will appeal to you!" "He knows his part!" Braester senior interjected. "We'll pull him through, so long as you keep Quinton out of the way, Mr. Flaxman."

Dillon Braester returned to his chair again, and Kerzon began to explain the details of the scheme he and Henry Braester had worked out between them. For an hour or more the three men had discussed every point. Nothing was to be left to chance in this adventure.

Flaxman rose at last, and he was no longer surly and sneering. There was a queer little light shining in his narrow eyes, which would have told those who knew him best that Adolph Flaxman was about to launch another of his big schemes.

Braester and Kerzon were smiling, too. Another six months, and they would be masters with Flaxman of a never-ending flow of wealth.

"There's nothing more?" Flaxman asked as he walked to the door. "You fix this fellow Erik up, and Quinton is handed over to my care? I'll see that Daly and his friends are kept guessing after that. You're sailing on the Ar-

mus? That's the boat the other little crowd were hoping to go by."

"Yes. But we shall not see them on this trip!" Kerzon laughed. "They'll be otherwise employed."

Flaxman left them then, and shortly afterwards Dillon Braester was told that he might just as well go to bed. On the following morning he accompanied his father on a shopping excursion, and for the next two days young Braester had nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Cyrus Kerzon did not accompany the father and son. Early that morning he was at a certain motor-garage in London, but various changes had taken place in his personal appearance. He was wearing a black beard and moustache, while dark glasses concealed his eyes, and his manner of dressing gave an added touch of eccentricity.

Two African men were waiting to meet him, but there was nothing very remarkable about their appearance. They might have been ordinary clerks, but the fact that their complexions had obviously not acquired their tan while poring over ledgers.

They wasted very little time in greeting each other. Kerzon's two companions had had their instructions, and they had undertaken too many dirty-tasks in various parts of the world on Adolph Flaxman's behalf to worry overmuch about their present expedition.

The attendants at the garage brought out a great touring car, and a few minutes later one of the two men was steering it out into the road, while Kerzon and the other man were comfortably seated inside.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the car drew up at the Crown Hotel at Bigglesdale. The landlord was waiting for them, and had been engaged on the first-floor for "Dr. Waterman" and his two friends.

A friend of Dr. Waterman's had made these arrangements yesterday, and had chosen the three rooms. On the opposite side of the corridor the whole of the rooms were taken by one party, consisting of Mr. Matlock, a London solicitor, his friend Mr. Daly, who was a Colonial, and his servant Erik, as well as an important African native who was visiting England under Mr. Daly's guidance.

Shortly after the new-comers had taken their rooms Mr. Matlock left the hotel. An urgent wire from his partner in London asked him to come back, if only for a few hours, and as there was really nothing to keep him in Bigglesdale at present, the solicitor went away by the first train he could get, but expected to come back again on the following day.

Mr. Matlock's guest, who was the rest of his party, everything about the adventure which Jim Quinton and Erik had had with the Braester and Kerzon crowd. They knew, too, that the two Braesters and Kerzon had left Bigglesdale in a tremendous hurry the previous day, and were evidently afraid of the result of their interference.

Even Erik felt satisfied that for the moment his vigilance was unnecessary. After his African man he retired to his own room for a time to take a well-earned sleep. Tim Daly, keeping up his pose of showing Nijellah something of the sights, went out with the African shortly after two o'clock. A car was waiting to take them for a short trip.

All this was reported to Kerzon, who sat waiting quietly in his room. It would be about three o'clock when he and his two companions stood together

in the corridor. One of the men went cautiously to the head of the stairs and took his place there as a guard.

The hotel was very quiet as Kerzon's remaining companion stepped softly across to one of the rooms. For a time he was intent on the lock of the door, Kerzon standing close behind him. Very quietly the door was opened an inch or two at last, and Kerzon held himself ready.

Their task was easy, however. Erik was asleep, and when the very faint sounds awakened him it was to see two people bending over his bed. Before he could move or cry out a damp cloth had been pressed tightly over his mouth, and the two men were literally on top of him. For once Erik's quickness and strategy were of no avail.

Kerzon relaxed his hold presently and stepped out of the room. The man was still at the head of the stairs, and he signalled that there was nothing to fear. A few moments later Kerzon and the other man were carrying the limp form of Erik across the corridor to one of the rooms which they occupied. Here he was quickly settled in the bed.

The rest of the programme was speedily carried out. Kerzon had considered every detail, and nothing was omitted.

"I think he'll be safe enough for twenty-four hours," he remarked, as he looked down at the still form. "I owe him a grudge myself, and I don't think I'll interfere with our programme any further. Now, for Master Quinton!"

Willoughby Comes In.

JIM QUINTON meant to make his last few days at Harmond's as jolly as possible, and it was, he decided, an excellent thing that Braester and his people had decided to abandon their amateur burglary efforts.

And there was no need for him to trouble himself about preparations for the voyage. All that had been arranged by Tim Daly, who had never doubted for one single instant what Quinton's decision would be. At the dock-side offices of the shipping company the baggage of the whole party was even now all ready to go on board the Artemus.

On the day following Braester's departure, Jim Quinton and Dick Willoughby went on the river together, but they did very little rowing. It was the first opportunity Jim had had of telling his friend something of his future movements.

"Br Jove! It's fine, Jim," Willoughby said enthusiastically when he heard the yarn. "I wish I could—"

He stopped abruptly as a new inspiration came to him.

"Why shouldn't I come with you, Jim?" he asked excitedly. "Just for a holiday, I mean? You know how I'm fixed; I can't go out to the governor because he's coming home next year, and I'll go back with him then. So the Head has the worry of fixing up an extra year for me. He just decided yet, but there's visits to relatives, I've never seen, and a course of lectures in London, which will never be of any use to me. What's the prospect of a trip with you, old son?"

"I'd be jolly glad!" Quinton answered promptly. "But there's the Head, and Mr. Matlock, and then Tim Daly. They might raise objections."

"I'm going to try it," Willoughby exclaimed. "I'll see the lot of them and argue the thing over. I'll go to J. H. to-night, and then you can fix up for me to see your friends. It's worth trying."

By the time they reached the school Willoughby's enthusiasm had begun to

affect Quinton. As they entered, Farrand came forward with a message that the Head wanted to see Quinton as soon as he came in.

Jim wondered what the visit meant, but it was nothing of any great moment. The Head had received a message from Mr. Matlock, asking if Quinton could be allowed to visit him at the hotel to-night, as urgent matters had arisen. He would probably not return until late.

Seven o'clock was the hour named, and it meant that Quinton would have to hurry. While he changed from his flannels he told Willoughby what had happened.

"I've got to rush off now and see Mr. Matlock, Dickie," he explained. "Got to take those papers with me that old Erik rescued from Braester, so it sounds like urgent business. I may not be back till late."

"And I may see you before!" Willoughby retorted. "I'm going to see J. H. as soon as I can, then I shall slip down to the Crown, and send you my message. Don't worry about me if you're busy, but just stop in a word for me if you can. You know the idea, old son? Of course, if J. H. turns it down, the programme is off, but I'll make a fight for it."

It had turned half-past six by the time Quinton left the school, and it meant a sharp half-hour's walk to Bigglesdale. Willoughby saw him shortly before he left, but the knowledge that the Head was in his study and was comparatively free determined his course of action. He would see J. H. at once if possible.

Usually a fellow in the Sixth had no great difficulty in getting into the Head's night when he was in his school study. To-night Willoughby found himself quite cordially welcomed, and the task of putting up his big idea was not nearly such an ordeal as he had anticipated.

John Harmond was not at all the ordinary academical headmaster. A brilliant scholar, he had served his country in the consular service until his health demanded that he should return to his native land. What Britain had lost in one sphere she gained in another, for John Harmond's retirement resulted in the birth of Harmond's School.

That was nearly thirty years ago; but at sixty J. H. had a boy's enthusiasm, tempered by a man's experience. He listened quite carefully to Willoughby's story, even prompting him at times and making it easier for the Sixth-Former to state his case.

"Personally," said the Head, when Willoughby had finished, "I should be glad to think that you were going with Quinton. But the matter is outside my sphere. If you could see Mr. Matlock, and he offered no objection, I should be glad to help you. I rather think your father would prefer you to travel."

Willoughby could have jumped for joy, but one didn't take liberties of that sort in the Head's study. Wherefore, he behaved himself quite decorously, and agreed that he would seek an early opportunity of raising the matter with Mr. Matlock. Then he walked quite slowly from the study.

But outside he simply raced back to his own room. Quinton, as he feared, had already gone, but he could not have had more than a few minutes' start. In his new enthusiasm Willoughby's mind raced ahead with his plans. He would catch him to lead to tell Mr. Matlock, and then hang about the hotel on the chance of being able to urge his case himself.

(There will be another grand instalment of this magnificent adventure story next week. Order your copy EARLY!)

GLYN'S GREAT STUNT!

(Continued from page 15.)

Shell, marching the unfortunate Baggy into the study by the collar. "It's all right, sir—Trumble can prove it. He grew a moustache yesterday with Glyn's muck, sir."

"Absurd, Trumble!" exclaimed the Head, "do you dare to assert—"

"But we saw it, sir," exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yea! I—"

"Yeas, wathah! So did we all!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy hotly. "Trumble certainly had a moustache yestahday mornin', sir!"

"That's how I knew my specific was certain of success, sir," said Glyn. "I—I meant to do Herr Schneider a good turn, sir. I wouldn't have touched his top-knot, sir, only Trumble had proved that my specific was a success, sir; Herr Schneider will see to-morrow—"

"I do not believe you 'ord of tat!'"

Dr. Holmes fixed a grim look on the uneasy Baggy.

"Trumble!" he rapped out.

"Ye-es, sir?" mumbled Baggy.

"Did you lead Glyn to suppose that his ridiculous compound caused a moustache to grow on your face?"

"Nunno, sir! I—I—I was hard up—"

"What!"

"Owing to lending my last allowance to—a chap, sir—"

"What has that to do with the matter?"

"N-n-nothing, sir!" gasped Trumble.

"Glyn stood him ten bob for the experiment, I think, sir," said Tom Merry. "That's why Trumble went through it, and grew the moustache—"

"You are easily deceived, Merry, if you believe anything of the kind. What sort of deception have you practised upon your schoolfellows, Trumble?"

"I—I haven't—"

"What!"

"No harm in a chap borrowing a stage moustache from Tom Merry's property-box, sir, is there?" mumbled Trumble.

"I just put it on for a lark—"

"What!" howled Glyn, thunderstruck.

"From my property-box!" said Tom Merry dazedly. "Oh, you fat rascal!"

That's why you were down early that morning, and that's what you were doing in my study when we found you in alarm."

Trumble grinned faintly, in spite of his alarm. The expression on Bernard Glyn's face was extraordinary. He understood—rather late—the truth of that extraordinary outcrop on Trumble's fat face. It was not the wonderful hair-grower that had done it, after all! And on the strength of that experiment's success, he had shaved Herr Schneider's head bald!

Glyn felt a little queer.

If nothing, after all, had grown on Trumble, there was no reason to suppose that anything would grow on Herr Schneider!

"Trumble!" The Head's voice was deep and stern. "You deceived Glyn, I am afraid, for a pecuniary benefit. Your conduct was most unscrupulous, Trumble; and you are partly the cause of Glyn's outrageous and inexcusable action. Indeed, Glyn is less to blame than you, as his intentions, at least, were good. I shall flog you—"

"Yow-ow!"

"As well as Glyn. Both of you will follow me to my study!" exclaimed the

(Continued on next page.)

Head. Herr Schneider, you may rely upon it that adequate punishment will be administered."

The German master only groaned, as the delinquents followed the Head. Punishment was all very well and gratifying in its way; but it would not restore the lost locks to a bald cranium. And even Glyn had doubts about the efficacy of his hair-restorer now—doubts that were to be confirmed in the course of the next few days—for Herr

Schneider's head remained as the amateur barber had left it!

That evening, two juniors at St. Jim's spent most of their time in grooming—but everybody else was afflicted with an incessant tendency to chortle. The next day there was keen and general interest in Herr Schneider's "top-knot," or, rather, in the absence of it. The wonderful specific did not work—the Herr appeared in public with a skull-cap

—and it was weeks before he ventured to abandon that camouflage. And it was a whole fortnight before the hapless Herr's bald head was once more adorned by a fringe of scanty hair as of old. By that time, Bernard Glyn of the "Spectator" had almost forgotten his wonderful specific and the flogging it had earned him, being engaged upon some new scheme—but Tom Morry & Co. still chuckled when they recalled Glyn's Great Stunt.

THE END.

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