

AMAZING NEW PROGRAMME OF SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

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PAGE 2.

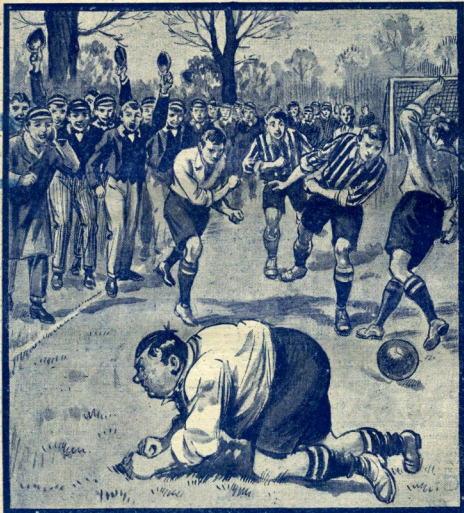
# The GEM LIBRARY 1<sup>D</sup> 1<sup>2</sup>

No. 710  
Vol. XXII.

20 Pages.

Every Wednesday.

November 4th, 1922.



## BAGGY TRIMBLE HAS HAD ENOUGH!

An Amusing Incident from the Grand Long Complete Story Inside, describing the Great Fight for the Cardiac Cup.

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

The Editor would like to hear from his reader clubs. Address all letters to Editor, "The Gem Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

My Dear Chums,—

Make sure of next week's Bumper Number of the GEM! I am very anxious indeed that nobody should be left out. You want to make quite sure of your copy, for the rush will be unprecedented. As I told you last week our new programme will be found to surpass in every respect anything I have hitherto given in the GEM. Next Wednesday's issue will be a genuine Bumper Number, crammed full of good things!

The GEM is marking a new era. Next week's copy will set you all thinking! It is the good old GEM, with all the popular features as per usual, and also a budget of fresh attractions!

You will see the beautifully coloured cover (it really is a masterpiece) is well worthy of the traditions of the GEM—and the GEM has traditions of which any paper might well be proud. We have all of us long been wanting, and asking for, a coloured cover. Well, now we have it—at least, we shall have it next Wednesday, and I hope when you write to me about the changes and developments, you will tell me exactly your impressions of this excellent cover. As

regards this point, and all the other new features, I feel sure there will be enthusiastic approval from all my myriad supporters.

Then, as to the photo cards of celebrated footballers, I know these are just what you would like.

They are magnificent portraits, showing some of our most famous footballers in action on the field of play. But that is not all! Each of these Real Photographs bears the player's own autograph, so that in this unique Presentation series you get the splendid Real Photos, full of life and action, with the player's own signature as well. You will find that no other paper on the market can offer you what next Wednesday's GEM will give you!

Do you know, I find it a bit difficult to speak of next week's special number. It means a lot to me, I believe you all feel the same. We shall have twenty-eight pages of the best, mere scope for everything, and a much longer yarn of St. Jim's. Over and over again I have received complaints that Mr. Martin Clifford's stories have had only one fault—they have been too short! Well, we have longed for a bit more concerning the favourites of the old school, but as they say—everything comes to the fellow who knows how to wait. So here.

The detective yarn I am giving next week is full of snap and surprises, while Mr. Duncan Storm starts off with a bang with another of his relishing adventures serials, which will leave you asking for more.

Next week's number is not behindhand in sport, either. Just have a look at the new complete sporting story. You will say it is a topping addition to our programme.

It is not necessary for me to say anything more about the coming triumph next week, but don't get "left." Make sure of getting the GEM next Wednesday, and after you have been carefully through the paper, just let me know, on a postcard, your real opinion of the special photo card, the stories, and all the other items on our splendid "bill."

I know an thing for certain, namely, that you will say the St. Jim's yarn is a winner. I think myself that "Rival Footballers!"—the title of the St. Jim's story—is the best and a brightest tale Mr. Martin Clifford has turned out. It is distinguished by all the old vim, and dry humour we always associate with this writer.

You will find Grundy to the fore, and D'Arcy again. Poor old Gussy strikes a bad patch, it falls out this way. The Fourth Form puts in some footer practice in the corridor, and, unfortunately, the frisky leather cannons against the stately Mr. Latham. Poor old Gussy gets blamed, though it is not his fault. Result, fines and detention for D'Arcy, and more trouble still when Mr. Latham finds the swell of St. Jim's on the field of play, despite the detention order. How it all pans out, see next week's Grand Number. You will be ready to shout, "Three cheers for the GEM!"

YOUR EDITOR!

# "My Readers' Own Corner."

Tuck Hampers and Money Prizes Awarded for Interesting Paragraphs.  
(If You Do Not Win a Prize This Week—You May Next.)

All Attempts in this Competition should be Addressed to "The GEM," My Readers' Own Corner," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

## THIS WINS OUR TUCK HAMPER! As Per Request!

"Change here for Limerickgalwayanmayo!" cried a porter at an Irish station, as a train rolled in. The stationmaster, who was standing near, reproved his subordinates. "Haven't I told you before to sing out the names of the stations clearly and distinctly? Bear it in mind, and sing 'em out. D'ye hear?" "I will, sir!" replied the porter. And the passengers in the next train that arrived were considerably astonished to hear the official singing: "Sweet dreamland faces passing to and fro, change here for Limerick, Galway, and Mayo!"—A Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been awarded to Miss G. M. Thomas, Cillbridey, Alltreen Hill, Pontardawe, Glanorganshire, South Wales.

## NOT WHAT SHE MEANT!

Two young ladies were returning by tramcar from a theatre, having been to see a well-known opera. As the conductor came for the fares, one of these ladies remarked to the other: "Do you know, I simply adore 'Carmen.'" The conductor, very embarrassed, blushed to the roots of his hair, and replied: "Sorry, miss, you had better try the driver; he's a single!"—Half a crown has been awarded to F. E. Cushing, 12, South Quay, Great Yarmouth.

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## TOO TOUGH!

Mrs. Lympt: "I say, butcher, that piece of meat you sold me yesterday was so tough that I could have mended my boots with it!" Butcher: "And why didn't you?" Mrs. Lympt: "Because the nails wouldn't go through!"—Half a crown has been awarded to J. Podgornoff, Veneta Cottage, Inkmarinn Street, off Stanley Street, Woodloongabbah, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

## IN SHORT—HE KISSED HER!

A fair young lady from Aberystwyth Took corn to a mill to make gristlyth. The miller, named Mace, Took hold of her face, And united those parts that they kystwyth!

Half a crown has been awarded to Leonard King, 162, Wheeler Street, Maidstone, Kent.

## TO KILL MOTHS!

Pat went to the chemist for something to kill moths, and was given a packet of moth balls. Next day he came back with the remains of two of them. "Is it you that was after sellin' me those things?" he shouted. "It was. And what's wrong with them all?" inquired the chemist mildly. "Wrong with 'em, is it?" cried Pat. "If you can show me anyone at all who could hit a moth with one of them balls, let alone kill it, I'll give you sixpence!"—Half a crown has been awarded to Paul Bratlin, 14, Pomeroy Street, Clarence Road, Cardiff.

## THOSE FRIVOLOUS FIREMEN!

The dear old lady pushed her spectacles upon her forehead, and put down with an indignant sniff the newspaper she had been reading. "Those firemen must be a frivolous lot," she remarked. "Why do you think that, granny?" asked her grandson. "Because it says as plain as you can read it in this paper," the old lady explained, "that after the fire was under control at a building last night the firemen played on the ruins all night. Why could they not go home to bed, like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"—Half a crown has been awarded to A. S. Hatten, 64, Stourvale Road, Pokesdown, near Bourne-mouth, Hants.

## ONE NEVER KNOWS!

The doctor was giving a lecture to some girls. "It has been found that there is sulphur in human bodies," he said. "Sulphur!" exclaimed a pretty girl. "And how much is there in a girl's body?" "Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor, "according to the girl." "Ah!" remarked the pretty one. "That's why some of us make better matches than others!"—Half a crown has been awarded to A. W. Wells, 13, Brookling Street, Rangoon, Australia.

## TUCK HAMPER COUPON

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No attempt will be considered unless accompanied by one of these Coupons.

# Fighting for the Cup!

A Grand, Long, Complete School Story of the Chums of St. Jim's, telling of the strenuous fights on the footer field for the handsome silver cup to be presented by Ralph Reckness Cardew of the Fourth.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Draw for the First Round!

"HERE'S Kildare!"

"Trot in, Kildare!"  
It was a chorus of welcome in Tom Merry's study. Kildare of the Sixth, the captain of St. Jim's entered the study, with a good-natured grin on his face.

There were eight juniors in the study, and—strange to relate—they were all football captains.

Never had so many football skippers been gathered together in one room, at the old school, since St. Jim's had had a local habitation and a name.

With so many captains, there was no room in the study for members of the team; the captains had it all to themselves. But there was a good crowd of footballers in the passage, anxious to hear the result of the "draw" in Tom Merry's study.

Tom Merry placed a chair for Kildare, and the St. Jim's captain sat down.

Kildare had kindly consented to preside over the draw for the cup-ties in the junior competition—the competition for the Cardew Cup.

That cup—already celebrated in the school—had not yet put in an actual appearance; but it was understood that Cardew's noble grandfather, Lord Reckness, was "standing it."

It might arrive at the school any hour, or any minute; in the meantime, the rival footballers were getting on with business.

The usual School, House, and Form teams were not taking part in the competition in an official way; they had been split up very considerably. Eight parties, in all, were in the contest, from the Shell to the second, and of late there had been very keen recruiting up and down the school, on the part of the rival captains. As a matter of fact, not one of the eight elevens was yet in a complete state—some of them, indeed, were very much under-manned—especially Grundy's. Grundy of the Shell had claimed to put in an eleven; but it was suspected that, so far, Grundy's team was about ten men short of the required number. Nobody seemed to be keen on following the great Grundy to victory.

Kildare glanced over the assembly. It was a great honour for the juniors to hold their competition under the official cognizance of the captain of the school; and they appreciated it.

"All here?" asked Kildare.  
"Yes, this is the lot!" said Tom Merry cheerily. "There will be eight teams in the ties."

"Quite a good number for the Lower School to turn out," said Kildare, with a smile. "Where is Cardew?"  
"Where's Cardew, Levison?" asked Tom.

Levison of the Fourth shook his head.

"Blessed if I know. We can get on without him, Kildare."  
"Oh, quite!" assented Kildare. "But as the donor of the cup, I thought he would be present. By the way, where is the cup?"

"The—the cup?" repeated Tom.

"Yes. I understand that Cardew is presenting a silver cup, to be retained by the winning team," said Kildare. "I suppose the cup is in existence? Where is it?"

"Not on view yet," said Blake.

"Isn't it at the school?"  
"It doesn't seem to have arrived yet," said Tom Merry. "But it's all right, Kildare. Cardew's acting in good faith."  
"By gum!" said Grundy of the Shell. "If Cardew has been pulling our legs—"

"Cheese it!" said Levison, rather sharply. "The cup will be forthcoming all right. Cardew's straight as a string."  
"That's so!" remarked Figgins. "But the cup ought to be here."

"Chaps would like to see it," said Redfern.  
Kildare's expression was rather curious. Cardew's offer of a silver challenge cup was the talk of the school; but it was a little odd, to say the least, that the cup had not arrived when the draw for the first round in the contest was taking place. Still, that was not Kildare's business, if the juniors were satisfied.

"Well, let us get on," he said. "I take it for granted that Cardew is acting straight, and that this isn't one of his little jokes."

"If I thought so——" gasped Blake.  
He did not finish. Words could not express his feelings in the event of the Cardew Cup turning out to be a practical joke on the part of Ralph Reckness Cardew of the Fourth.

"Impossible!" said Tom Merry.  
"Quite impossible!" said Levison, speaking up for his chum, though there was a troubled look in his eyes. "You can rely on Cardew to play the game, Kildare."

"Very well!" said the St. Jim's captain. "Let's get on. As Cardew's friend, Levison, you'd better mention to him that it would be advisable to have the cup where it can be seen, before the ties are played."

"I—I will!" stammered Levison.  
"There will be four ties in the first round," said Kildare, taking up a pencil. "All the captains present?"

"We are all here," said Wally of the Third.  
"Names?" said Kildare, taking the slips of paper that were ready for him.

"Merry, Blake, Figgins, Redfern, Levison, Racke, D'Arcy minor, and Grundy."

"Racke?" said Kildare, with a slight raising of his eyebrows. "You're in it, Racke?"

Aubrey Racke, the slacker and black sheep of the Shell, reddened and frowned.

"Why not?" he asked sulkily. "I suppose I've a right to put in for the cup, the same as anybody else?"

"Certainly," said Kildare, good-naturedly. "I'm glad to see you taking up football in earnest, Racke. It's a good thing for you. You are able to raise an eleven?"

"I hope so," said Racke. "A good many fellows have promised me. None of the teams have filled up, so far. Grundy's got nobody."

"Is that the case, Grundy?"

George Alfred Grundy gave a snort.

"Wilkins and Gunn will play in my team," he said. "If they don't, I'm jolly well—hem! I mean, I fully expect to raise the winning team."

"In the event of a team not turning up for the tie, the match will be awarded to the team on the ground, according to the rules," said Kildare.

"That's so."  
"Very well. Now for the draw."

Eight names were written on eight slips, which were put into a hat. Kildare made the draw himself, and the eight captains watched him anxiously. Wally of the Third—otherwise D'Arcy minor—looked quite concerned. The cheeky fag had little expectation of getting into the final; but he hoped that the Third would struggle through the first round, at least. There was a good chance of that, if Wally & Co. were drawn against George Alfred Grundy.

"Tom Merry—Redfern."  
"Sozry for you, Tommy!" grinned Redfern of the New House.

Tom Merry smiled, not seeing any occasion for sorrow.

"Blake—Figgins."  
"Poor old New House!" said Blake commiseratingly.  
"Poor old Study No. 6!" murmured Figgins.

"D'Arcy minor—Grundy."  
"Oh, good!" ejaculated Wally of the Third; and there was a grin in the study. Grundy snorted. He felt that it was beneath his dignity to be drawn against a fag of the Third. But there was no room for objections; he had to abide by the draw.

"Levison—Racke!"  
Aubrey Racke looked rather relieved. Levison & Co. were sure to put up a good game; but they were not so formidable as Tom Merry or Figgins & Co. would have been. Racke felt that he had a ghost of a chance, at least.

"The ties will be played on Wednesday," said Kildare.  
"Good!" said Tom Merry.  
"And as soon as the cup's on view I'll drop in and see it," added the captain of St. Jim's.

And he took his leave. The meeting in Tom Merry's study broke up, and Ernest Levison went on his way with a rather worried frown on his brow. Sidney Clive joined him in the passage.

"Well!" he asked.  
"We're drawn against Racke's crowd," said Levison.

Clive laughed.  
"A soft thing for us in the first round," he said.  
"Yes, I think so. But—" Levison set his lips. "I wish that dashed cup had come. Kildare seems to have some doubts on the subject. If it isn't on view soon the fellows will begin to think that the whole thing is a hoax."

Clive whistled.  
"Cardew wouldn't—"

"Of course, not. But it's queer. Kildare's told me to mention it to him. Where is he?"

"In the study, I think."  
"I think I'd better put it to him straight," said Levison.  
To which Sidney Clive agreed, and the two chums of the Fourth proceeded to Study No. 9—to "put it straight" to Ralph Reckness Cardew.

### CHAPTER 2. Cardew's Way.

"WHAT the thump—"  
"Great Scott!"  
Levison and Clive uttered those exclamations simultaneously as they entered Study No. 9 in the Fourth Form passage.

A surprising sight met their gaze.  
Ralph Reckness Cardew, the dandy of the Fourth, was alone in the study. His occupation was a most remarkable one.

He was seated at the study table, with a pencil in his hand and a sheet of impot paper before him.

On the table lay a handsome gold watch and chain. Next to it lay a small silver watch. Next in the row of valuables was a diamond tiepin; next to that a pair of pearl sleeve-links. Three or four other articles of personal ornamentation lay in the row.

Cardew was engaged in casting up a column of figures; apparently, he was valuing his jewellery. It was so extraordinary an occupation for the dandy of the Fourth that his study-mates could only stare at him blankly. Cardew started a little as they came in, and a slight flush came over his handsome face.

"Hallo! The merry meetin' over?" he asked.  
"Yes, it's over," said Levison. "But what the dickens are you up to, Cardew?"

"A mild form of mathematics."

"But what—?" asked Clive.  
"Stock-takin'!" explained Cardew airily. "I suppose you know that the enterprising and industrious section of humanity who keep shops go over their stock every year and value it, and ascertain how they stand? Well, that's what I'm doin'."

"But what does it matter—?"  
"Lots!" said Cardew gravely. "The difficulty is that I haven't much knowledge of this abstruse branch of business. Public school education really leaves much to be desired. They don't train us how to get the best value out of our watches and pins and things in times of difficulties."

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"Does that mean that you are hard up?" asked Clive.  
"With your usual perspicacity, old top, you have hit the right nail right on the head," said Cardew. "I am up against it, an' I've got a bill to meet. If you asked me to lend you a tanner I should have to refuse."

"Then I won't ask you," said Clive, laughing. "But surely you're not thinking of selling your things?"

"Not at all! I am thinkin' of lendin' them to my uncle."

Clive stared.  
"Your uncle—Lord Lilburn?"

Cardew chuckled.  
"Not that jolly old uncle," he said. "My unrelated uncle—Uncle Solomons, of the three brass balls."

"Oh! Pawning them?" exclaimed Clive.

"Just that!"  
"You awful ass!" said the South African junior. "Don't think of anything of the kind. If you're hard up, you've got two pals who will lend you some tin. I've got a quid at your service."

"Same here!" said Levison.

"Dear men!" said Cardew. "I wouldn't touch you for your last quids. Besides, they wouldn't be any use. I want twenty-five."

"Twenty-five pounds!"

"Guineas!"

Sidney Clive looked very grave, and Levison very troubled.

"I hope this doesn't mean that you have been playing the goat again, Cardew?" said Clive very quietly.

"Yes."

"You've been backing horses—"

"Oh, no! There are more ways than one of playin' the goat, just as there are more ways than one of killin' a cat. I'm twenty-five guineas out in my accounts," said Cardew.

"It worries me. You know how careful I am in money matters."

"I know what a careless ass you are," said Clive. "It's really too bad, Cardew! I suppose you've spent the money on the football cup, and it's put you into difficulties?"

"Not exactly. Near, but not quite there," said Cardew.

"But I understood that your grandfather, Lord Reckness, was standing the football cup you've offered to the school."

"So did I," said Cardew calmly.

"And isn't he?"

"As it turns out, he isn't."

"And you've purchased the cup—"

"Not yet."

"My only hat!"

Cardew's study-mates understood now. They looked at the dandy of the Fourth almost aghast.

The Cardew Cup was taken for granted, as it were, by all St. Jim's. If it failed to materialise, the outcome was hardly to be thought of. The whole school was agog with it; rival football captains were recruiting their teams; the draw for the first round in the competition had actually taken place, under the auspices of the captain of the school. And there was so cup!

"You awful ass!" almost groaned Levison. "Why, you couldn't stay on at St. Jim's, Cardew, if—if—if—"

"Shouldn't want to," said Cardew. "Besides lookin' a silly swankin' ass, I should be fairly lynched by the fellows. Wouldn't do, would it?"

"Why did you offer the cup in the first place, then?"

grunted Clive, knitting his brows.

"Lend me your ears and I will expound unto you," said Cardew, with a weary calmness. "Dear old granddad has never refused me anythin' yet, and twenty-five guineas is nothin' to him. The excellent old gentleman is rollin' in filthy lucre. I took it for granted that when his worthy an' fascinatin' grandson asked for the sum it would be shelled out by return of post—as per usual. But, alas! Isn't there a proverb which mentions the fact that there is many a slip twixt cup and lip? The same applies to a football cup in these jolly circumstances. Dear old granddad is laid up with gout an' things—the merry results, I fear, of a mispent youth. Uncle Lilburn is in charge at Reckness Towers. Uncle Lilburn has butted in."

"Oh!"

"Bein' a dutiful son, he is lookin' after his pater's affairs—especially his financial affairs—with great care," continued Cardew. "The dear old gen is helpless in his hands. So—through my beloved uncle—I have received a lecture on economy, instead of twenty-five guineas. I've no doubt that it's really the more valuable of the two; but it's rather useless to me as matters stand. You see, I can't walk into Blankley's, at Wayland, an' offer them a lecture on economy in return for the silver cup. We shouldn't click!"

"You awful ass!" said Levison.

"You know me better than I know myself, Ernest, old bean," said Cardew lightly. "However, we're not at the end of our merry resources. This gold tucker was a present from granddad, so it must be worth somethin' considerable—unless the shopman diddled him. The tiepin is a real diamond—an'





There were exclamations of admiration on all sides as the handsome cup offered by Cardew was revealed to the general view. "Three cheers for Cardew!" shouted Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The cheers were given with a will. Then a procession of juniors marched the famous cup into the School House to be handed over to Mr. Ralston, the Housemaster, to take charge of. (See page 8.)

diamonds are worth money. The sleeve-links cost five guineas, so they ought to bring in a quid at least. Altogether, by askin' Uncle Solomon Jacobs to take care of these triffin' gewgaws, I ought to be able to raise the necessary wind. What?"

"It's rotten!" said Clive.  
"What on earth would the fellows say, if they know!" said Levison, in a low voice.

"That's an interestin' question," remarked Cardew. "But not a pressin' one, as they won't know. I'm mentionin' these things to you chaps in confidence—partly because I don't want you to refer to the fact that my usual adornments are missin', which might make the fellows smell a rat—and partly because the expression on your faces amuses me."

"Isn't there any other way?" asked Clive.  
"Not that I know of. This is an easy way. Besides, it will be no end of a joke on granddad."

"How's that?"  
"I'm goin' to send him the tickets," said Cardew cheerfully. "Pull his noble old leg—what?"

"You frightful ass!"  
"Make Uncle Lilburn feel a bit small—what?" grinned Cardew. "He'll chuck them into the fire, most likely. Still, you fellows will tell me the time when I ask you, won't you?"

"Fatehead!"  
"Know anythin' about the value of this kind of stuff?" yawned Cardew. "Stands to reason they'll never be redeemed—so I want to raise the top-sized loan on them."

"You oughtn't to do it," said Clive abruptly.  
"No!" asked Cardew. "Anythin' else to suggest, old bean? There never was a chap more open to good advice than little me."

"You can't stand the cup, as you undertook to do," said Clive. "You ought to own up plainly, and apologise to the fellows."

"Dear man!" said Cardew.  
"I know it would be hard—"

"Too hard for me, old man."

"Kildare told me to mention to you that the cup ought to be on view by this time," said Levison.

"It will be on view to-morrow," said Cardew cheerily. "I'm bringin' it back from Wayland with me, after callin' on Uncle Solomon Jacob Isaacs. It's ordered already, with a suitable inscription—top style, no end of a jolly old cup. It will mean no end of kudos for this study."

"Not if the fellows knew the facts," muttered Clive.

"But they won't know. After all, what would anybody think of anybody, if he knew the facts?" asked Cardew. "Our opinion of our most esteemed acquaintance would go down below zero, if we really knew all about him—what?"

"Oh, rot!"  
"Thanks!" said Cardew imperturbably. "Now, run away and talk football with some of the other strenuous youths, and leave me to my mathematics."

Levison and Clive exchanged a glance. They were utterly dismayed by what they had just discovered; but they knew that it was useless to argue with Cardew, even if they had a better solution of the problem to suggest. Levison threw open the door. The next moment he uttered a sharp exclamation. There was a patter of feet in the passage, and a study door slammed.

Clive followed Levison into the passage.  
"What's the trouble now?" he asked, as he saw Levison knitting his brows with anger.

"Trimble!" said Levison briefly. "He scudded away just before I opened the door. I fancy he was eavesdropping, as usual."

Clive whistled.  
"Then—"

"Don't worry, dear boys!" called out Cardew. "Nobody takes any notice of Trimble's yarns—especially since his last tall story about you, Ernest, old buck. Let him rip!"

"Cardew, I wish you'd—"

"Run away and play, old bean!"

Levison and Clive went down the passage; and Ralph Reckness Cardew was left to his peculiar task.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### A Kicking for Trimble!

**T**OM MERRY gave Cardew of the Fourth a rather sharp look, when he came on that cheerful youth after lessons the next morning. Cardew bestowed upon him a genial nod.

"I was going to speak to you, Cardew," said the captain of the Shell.

"About the cup?"

"Yes."

"All serene. I've got leave to go over to Wayland after dinner, to fetch it home," said Cardew amicably. "Blankley's have promised that it actually shall be ready this afternoon without fail. I'm bringin' it home in a taxi. I suggest askin' the Housemaster to take care of it until it's awarded to the winner's team."

"That's a good idea," assented Tom. "But—"

"Anythin' else?" asked Cardew.

"Well, yes. Trimble's been spinning a very curious yarn about that cup," said Tom.

Cardew raised his eyebrows.

"You find time to listen to Trimble's yarns?" he asked. Tom Merry coloured.

"Don't be an ass, Cardew! A fellow can't help hearing what's talked of up and down the house. It was understood that your grandfather, Lord Reckness, was standing the cup, which you were presenting. According to Trimble—"

"Dear man, don't give me Trimble's yarns at second-hand," sawned Cardew. "I find Trimble a bore."

"You don't want to hear it?"

"No."

"I'd like you to tell me that there's nothing in it," said the captain of the Shell.

"Well, that depends," said Cardew gravely. "Does Trimble insinuate that I have burgled the silversmith's for the cup? If so, you can take it from me that the report is considerably exaggerated."

Tom Merry laughed.

"No, you ass! But—"

"Does he imply that I'm palmin' off a nickel-silver cup?" inquired Cardew. "If so, I assure you that Trimble is mistaken. The cup is solid silver, and really quite nobby."

"I won't say anything more about it," said Tom. "I'm sure there's nothing in it, though I should have liked to hear you say so plainly. But let it drop."

Cardew nodded and smiled, and sauntered on. Tom looked after him rather dubiously. He never quite knew what to make of Cardew of the Fourth—few fellows did, as a matter of fact, if any.

"It's all rot, of course!" said Manners. "Cardew couldn't be such a fool—"

"Only Trimble's yarns," said Lowther.

Tom Merry nodded.

"I suppose so," he said. "Let's take no notice of it—except to kick Trimble if he spins his yarn in our hearing. The fat rotter admits that he got his information by listening at Cardew's door. A fellow who would listen at a key-hole would tell lies."

After dinner that day Ralph Reckness Cardew put on his hat and walked out of the gates of St. Jim's. It was known that he was going for the famous cup, and a good many glances followed him. In the circumstances, it was rather odd that Cardew should go alone, without either of his two chums; but evidently he preferred to do so. That circumstance gave some colour to the story Baggie Trimble was already spreading over the Lower School.

But Trimble's gifts as an Ananias were too well known for the fat junior to be much heeded. His story made a rather unpleasant impression, but that was all, so far at least.

Tom Merry dismissed the matter from his mind. But it was brought back to him a little later. The Terrible Three were sauntering under the elms after dinner, when their attention was drawn by loud yells of anguish, in the unmistakable tones of Baggie Trimble of the Fourth.

"Hallo! Baggie in trouble!" yawned Monty Lowther. "Somebody kicking him, I suppose. Let's go and kick him, too."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You uthah wotah!" It was the voice of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form. "Take that!"

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"Yaroooh!"

"What's the trouble, Gussy?" asked Tom Merry, as the chums of the Shell came on the scene.

"Yoop! Help!" roared Trimble. "Make him leggo! It's true!"

Arthur Augustus, with a heightened colour, was holding Baggie by the back of his collar. Apparently, his noble foot had been at work on Trimble, for there were several patches of mud on Baggie's tight trousers.

"The uthah cad!" said Arthur Augustus, breathing hard. "Pewwaw, you fellows, have heard what this fat wotah is insinuat'ing. He is makin' out that Cardew isn't gettin' the football cup from his gwandfather at all, you know, but is goin' wround to pawntshops poppin' his watches and pins and things to waise the money."

"We've heard it," said Tom.

"As Cardew is a distant wolation of mine, I wofuse to allow Trimble to twadence him in this waseally mamnah," said Arthur Augustus hotly. "It is a simply beastly insinuation, you know. If Cardew waised the money for the cup in such a way the fellow'd wou'd wofuse to touch the thing!"

"Yes, rather!" agreed Tom.

"Of course, it is quite untrue. I am goin' to kick Trimble till he owns up that he is lyin'."

"Good egg!"

"Yow-ow!" howled Trimble. "It's true! Yoooop!"

Gussy's noble foot smote again, and there came a fresh mark on the garments of Baggie Trimble, and a fresh howl from Baggie.

"What do you say now, you fat wotah?"

"Yarooop! Yow-ow! Whoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is not wreally a laughin' mattah, you fellows," said Arthur Augustus. "You know the twouble that was caused by Twimble spinnin' wrotten yarns about Levison of the Fourth a few weeks ago. Now he is beginnin' on Cardew, who is a wolation of mine. Do you own up to you are lyin', Twimble?"

"Yow-ow! Leggo!"

"Do you own up?" roared Arthur Augustus.

"Ow! It's true! Wow! Ooooop! Leave off kickin' me, you beast!" wailed Baggie, struggling in the grasp of the swell of St. Jim's. But Gussy's grip on his collar was like iron. For once Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had forgotten all about the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, and he was in a terrific "wax."

"It's true, is it?" said Tom Merry, frowning at the hapless Baggie. "And how do you know anything about it, Trimble, if true?"

"I heard Cardew tell Levison and Clive—"

"He didn't tell you?" said Tom, with a curl of the lip.

"Of course he wouldn't! He's keeping it dark."

"Then you own up that you were listening at a keyhole!"

"N-n-no! I—I happened to be passing his door—"

"That's enough!" said Tom in disgust. "You were listening, and you make out that you heard this story. I've no doubt that part of the yarn is true—you were listening. The rest is lies, I'm sure of it. Kick him till he owns up, Gussy. I'll help you if you get tired."

"Yass, wathah!"

"Yoooop! It's true!"

Biff, biff!

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Now it is true, you wotah!" demanded Arthur Augustus.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

"Answah me, you wascal! Yes or no?"

"Yes—No!" howled Trimble. "Not at all! Oh crumbs! Oh, no! Wow!"

"You admit that it is all whoppahs?" demanded the swell of St. Jim's.

"No! I mean, yes! Yes!" roared Trimble. "Leave off kickin' me, you beast! Yes! Yes! Yes! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you apologise for makin' up such whoppahs about my wrelations, you howwid boundah?"

"Ow! Yes! Anything you like! Certainly!" groaned Trimble.

"That is satisfactory," said Arthur Augustus, releasing Trimble's collar. "You can cut!"

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"We'd better give him a kick each," said Monty Lowther.



George Gore strode up to his panting, unhappy captain, and brandished a brawny fist under his nose. "You dummy!" he roared. "You frabjous chump!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the onlookers. The sight of a football captain being ragged by a member of his team seemed exhilarating. (See page 12.)

"The more Trimble is sicked the better it is for him. Hold on a minute, Baggy!"

But Baggy Trimble did not hold on. He cut!

#### CHAPTER 4. The Cup!

"**B**AI Jove! Heah he is!"

"Cardew's come back!"

"Now for the giddy cup!"

It was close on time for afternoon classes when a taxicab drove up to St. Jim's, with Cardew of the Fourth sitting inside. There was a rush of fellows at once to greet Cardew.

He was surrounded as soon as he alighted from the taxi.

"All sewene, deah boy?" asked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Why not?" said Cardew.

"Where's the jolly old cup?" asked Figgins of the New House.

"In the cab."

"Oh, it's come, then?" said Grundy of the Shell, with a slight snort. Apparently, dark doubts had been working in the powerful brain of George Alfred Grundy of the Shell.

Cardew shook his head.

"No, Grundy, it hasn't, old bean!"

"Hasn't come!" shouted Grundy. "What do you mean by saying it's in the cab if it hasn't come? Pulling our legs—what? Look here, Cardew—"

"I'm lookin', old top."

"You mean to say that that football cup hasn't come?" demanded Grundy.

"Exactly."

"Bai Jove!"

"Cardew—" began Tom Merry, with a troubled brow.

Grundy interrupted.

"I want to know what this means," he snorted. "That football cup was offered, and it's the talk of the whole school. We play the first ties on Wednesday. Still there's no cup. Cardew said plainly he was going to fetch it to-day."

"That's so!" assented Cardew.

"Now you say it hasn't come?"

"Precisely!"

"Then what do you mean?" roared Grundy. "I want to know what you mean by it, Cardew!"

"Dear man," said Cardew, "I should think my meanin' was fairly clear. A silver cup, bein' an inanimate object, is not endowed with powers of volition. It simply couldn't come."

"What?"

"Therefore it had to be brought!"

"Brought!" repeated Grundy.

"Exactly," assented Cardew. "I've brought it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you—you—you silly ass!" stuttered Grundy, as he realised that the dandy of the Fourth had been "drawing him." Do you mean to say that you've got the cup with you now?"

"Just that, old bean."

"You—you—you—" stuttered Grundy.

"Oh, dwy up, Gwundy!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"You are always puttin' your silly foot in it."

"Shut up, Grundy!"

"Sit on Grundy, somebody!"

"Trot out the jolly old cup!"

The "jolly old cup" was promptly trotted out, its wrappings removed, and it was revealed to the general view.

There were exclamations of admiration on all sides. Undoubtedly the Cardew Cup was a handsome trophy, well worth competing for by the junior footballers of St. Jim's. Three or four fellows held it up on high, for all the crowd to see.

"Bai Jove! That's wippin'!"

"Good old Cardew!"

"Hurrah!"

"Well, it's a jolly good cup!" confessed Grandy of the Shell. "That cup will look fine in my study when I've won it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Thow cheers for Cardew of the Fourth!" shouted Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The cheers were given with a will. Then a procession of juniors marched the famous cup into the School House, heading for Mr. Raitton's study. The Housemaster was to take charge of the great trophy until the time came for Dr. Holmes to present it to the winning team.

"I say, Cardew—!" called out Baggie Trimble.

"Well, my fat old tulip!"

"What's the time!"

"Eh?"

"Tell us the time by your gold watch!" hooted Trimble.

Cardew smiled serenely. He knew why Baggie Trimble made that request before a crowd of fellows. It was to expose the fact that the dandy of the Fourth was no longer in possession of his gold watch.

But it was not necessary for Cardew to answer Trimble. Three or four fellows collared Baggie and sent him spinning away. There was a hoist from Trimble as he disappeared.

That was an appropriate answer to Baggie and his insinuations—in the opinion of Tom Merry & Co.

Leaving Trimble sprawling and gasping, the juniors marched on to Mr. Raitton's study.

Tom Merry tapped at the door, and the Housemaster bade him enter. Mr. Raitton looked a little surprised at the sight of the crowd. But he understood, as he saw the glistening cup.

The Cardew Cup was placed on the study table.

"Ah, so this is the cup!" said Mr. Raitton genially.

"That's it, sir," said Tom Merry.

"Yes, watah!"

"A very handsome trophy!" said Mr. Raitton. "It is exceedingly kind and sportsmanlike of your grandfather, Cardew, to offer so very handsome a cup for competition among the juniors of this school."

"He is quite an old sport, sir," said Cardew seriously.

"But it's really more from my uncle than my grandfather."

Leivison caught his breath.

He was quite aware of the nature of the "uncle" to whom Cardew was alluding, though Mr. Raitton, of course, supposed that the junior was alluding to Lord Lilburn. That the dandy of the Fourth should venture to pull Mr. Raitton's leg in this way fairly took Leivison's breath away. But the Housemaster had no suspicion, naturally. He nodded genially.

"Then the thanks of the Lower School are due to your uncle also," he said. "My boys, I will take care of the trophy, with pleasure, until the day comes for its presentation."

"Thank you, sir!"

And Tom Merry & Co. departed, leaving the handsome silver cup in the care of their Housemaster.

It is safe to say that Ralph Reckness Cardew was the most popular fellow at St. Jim's just then. Leivison and Clive, as his study-mates and chums, came in for a share of reflected glory. The Cardew Cup certainly brought a great amount of "kudos" to Study No. 9, as Cardew had declared. But Leivison and Clive by no means enjoyed that kudos.

Their knowledge of the way Cardew had "raised the wind" worried them. They knew that Trimble's yarn, though generally discredited, was true. And the thought of what would come of it if the facts came to light troubled them deeply. A trophy that was "stood" by Cardew's rich relations was one thing—the real circumstances were quite another. Cardew would certainly have been flogged if the Head had known that he had visited a pawnbroker's at all. But that was not the worst. The whole affair would have become humiliating and ridiculous—not at all the sporting affair the St. Jim's fellows at present considered it.

Cardew, however, was evidently not worrying. He bore his blushing honours, thick upon him, with genial nonchalance.

That night, in the Fourth Form dormitory, Baggie Trimble's voice was heard on the subject again.

"Aren't you going to wind your watch, Cardew?"

No answer.

"I say, Cardew, where's your diamond pin?"

Whiz! A pillow hurtled across the room and smote Baggie Trimble, and sent him sprawling with a roar. And the voice of Baggie was heard no more.

But most of the fellows could not help noticing, now that Baggie had drawn attention to the circumstance, that Cardew

did not wind his watch, and that his diamond pin was not to be seen. And some of them observed that he was not wearing his pearl sleeve-links.

Nobody made a remark on the subject. But there was an uncomfortable impression in some minds, and Leivison and Clive wondered how long it would be before all the Lower School "tumbled" to the fact that Baggie Trimble, for once, was telling the truth, astonishing as that was in itself.

## CHAPTER 5:

### Going Strong!

ERNEST LEIVISON had other matters for consideration, apart from the curious ways of his chum Cardew. Study No. 9 had been drawn against Racke & Co. in the first round, and Leivison had to think about the composition of his eleven. Cardew, on the ground that a fellow couldn't very well play to win his own cup, had gracefully declined taking part in the contest at all. Clive, of course, was available, but Leivison had to look for nine men outside his study, which was a matter requiring the very deepest consideration.

Two of the ties were to be played out on Wednesday—Tom Merry versus Redfern of the New House, Leivison versus Racke. The other two were to come along on Saturday, as it was not feasible for four matches to be played on the same day.

Study No. 9—Leivison and Clive at least—were determined to win the cup if they could; and they felt pretty secure for the first round. What kind of a team Aubrey Racke would succeed in putting into the field was rather a mystery; but whatever sort of team it was, Leivison felt fairly sure of beating it. But it was not like him to leave anything to chance, and he was as careful as if he had been playing Tom Merry & Co.

Blake's team was not playing that day, and several of the members thereof lent their services pro tem. To Leivison. He recruited Herries as a back, and Dig as a half. Dick Julian came in for the front line, and Roynance, the New Zealand junior. Wildrake was recruited, and Lumsley-Lumsley and Barrance. Reilly came in next, and then Leivison had only the question of eleventh man to consider. He made an attempt to borrow Fatty Wynn of the New House for goal, but Fatty declined; it couldn't be done, as Fatty had already lent himself to Redfern for the latter's match with Tom Merry. Grandy of the Shell offered himself, first explaining that it was miles beneath his dignity to play for a team captained by a Fourth-Former. Miles beneath his dignity as it was, Grandy was willing to do it. But Leivison wasn't willing, and the great Grandy's services went begging, as it were. Finally Leivison put Herries in goal, and put his minor, Frank of the Third, in the front line.

Leivison's minor was a very keen footballer, very fleet of foot, and a great man in Third Form footer. He was booked to play in Wally's team on Saturday; but he was very glad to play for his brother on Wednesday, and, with some slight misgivings, Leivison put him in.

Half Leivison's team consisted of borrowed players, who would be wanted elsewhere when Saturday came, so that if he survived the first round he would have the selection of players to see to over again. But sufficient for the day was the trouble thereof. Leivison gave all his attention to the first tie, leaving consideration of later matches till a later date.

Meanwhile Racke of the Shell was still more exercised in his mind.

Aubrey Racke had "put in" for the contest chiefly in a spirit of bravado. His football was simply rotten, and he did not care much how rotten it was, as a rule. But it pleased his vanity to take part in the competition, and he had a faint hope of struggling through somehow. Certainly he would have been very glad to win the cup. It's solid value was a great attraction in Racke's eyes. It was worth the money Cardew had paid for it, and would be useful as a reserve if the cash ran short in some of Racke's little speculations on the elusive "gee-gees." That was how the noble Aubrey looked at it.

On Tuesday there was a meeting in Racke's study, and Aubrey looked over his recruits. They were what Tom Merry would have called a patchy lot.

Cooke and Scrope of the Shell, Mellish of the Fourth, Chowle and Clampe of the New House—all friends of Racke's, and no doubt very worthy on that account, but not of much account on the football field. They had joined up with the idea that some wild chance might land them winners of the cup, and the knowledge that, anyhow, they stood to lose nothing. George Gore of the Shell had joined up also; he was not wanted in any other team that was playing on Wednesday, so he joined Racke's team for the sake of the game, without in the least concealing his gruff contempt for his fellow-members. Then Gunn of the Shell had come in, some of the fellows surmising that Racke had lent him half-a-quid as an inducement.

Racke's team then numbered eight, and Racke was almost

at his wits end to bag the other three. He was driven to putting in Trimble—though what use Baggy was on a football field was a deep mystery. Mulvaney minor of the Fourth was induced to "come in"—again with a suspicion of bribery and corruption. Grundy, after being refused by Levison, offered his services to Racke—having already offered them to Tom Merry and Redfern. But even Racke would not accept Grundy as a player, and again the great George Alfred retired baffled and indignant. Clarence York Tompkins was finally bagged as eleventh man; he was not much of a footballer, but he had a rich uncle, which was a great recommendation in Racke's eyes. So Racke, conveniently forgetting that he was on bad terms with Tompkins, asked him, and Tompkins generously consented to do his best. Nobody could do more than that; but it was very probable that Tompkins' best would be extremely like unto many other fellow's worst.

Anyhow, there was the eleven. Racke was prepared to take the field and woo the fickle goddess victory, though that goddess was likely to prove very coy.

It was not with great satisfaction that Racke looked over his team when they met in his study to tea on Tuesday. Racke was standing a handsome study spread, and at such a function his team appeared to advantage—they rolled up as one man and made a frontal attack on the good things, and carried all before them. It was only to be hoped that they would play up as effectively on the footer field.

Baggy Trimble was an easy first. But all the members did very well indeed. In fact, it was rumoured in the School House that Racke was only keeping his wonderful team together by constant spreads in the study, and that a cessation of the spreads would have led to rapid desertion.

"After all, we're not playing a very hefty team," Racke remarked. "Only a scratch lot picked up by a Fourth Form study."

"That's so," said Trimble. "We'll beat 'em! Pass the plum cake."

Gore gave a snort.  
"Beat your giddy grandmother!" he said. "They'll wipe this lot up in two shukes."

"Oh, rot!" said Crooke. "We can play footer, I suppose!"

Another snort from Gore.  
"Something wrong with your supposer, then."

"Anyhow, we'll do our best!" said Clarence York Tompkins, in his mild way.

Snort again.  
"Fat lot of good that will be, so far as you're concerned."

"Anyhow, we don't stand to lose anything, even if we don't get the cup!" said Chivie.

"Be-r-r-r!" said Gore. "Look here, Gunn, you can play footer after a fashion. You back me up, and we'll try to keep down the goals on the other side. With luck, we mayn't be beaten by more than a dozen."

"Oh, cheese it!" said Racke angrily.  
"You'd better hand over the captaincy to me, Racke," continued Gore. "I don't say I could win, with a team like this, but I'll keep down the margin!"

"Go and eat coke!" snapped Racke.  
"Well, have your own way, but you'll be guyed no end. You'll see."

"Rats!"

Racke had an uncomfortable feeling that probably Gore was right, but he certainly did not mean to give up his exalted position of captain, even of that patchy and scratchy team. It was Racke's first chance of figuring as a football skipper, and he intended to hang on to it.

Gore, having finished his tea, quitted the study, and slammed the door, by way of testifying his opinion of Racke and his merry men. One by one the tea-party dropped off, till Racke and Crooke were left in their study with only Baggy Trimble for company. They gave Trimble expressive glances, but Baggy was blind to them. There were still eatables on the table, and Baggy Trimble was never finished, at a feed, till the eatables were finished.

"I tell you what," said Baggy, blinking at the two black sheep of the Shell. "We mayn't win the cup, though I assure you that I intend to play like a giddy International."

"Oh, cheese that!" snapped Racke.

"H'm! Still, if we don't win it, we can make the other fellows feel awfully small about it, when they bag it," said Trimble. "Nobody wants to win a cup that was bought by a fellow pawning his watches and rings and things."

"Is there anything in that yarn?" growled Racke.  
"It's true!"  
"Nobody believes a word of it," said Crooke.

"Ask Cardew to tell you the time!" grinned Trimble.  
"I tell you he isn't wearing a watch now."

"Might have gone to be repaired."  
"He had a silver watch, too, and he isn't wearing that. Couldn't both be gone for repair at the same time."

"It's odd!" said Racke.  
"And where's his tie-pin and his sleeve-links?" grinned Trimble. "Dropped wearing them, just when both his watches have gone for repair? That's rather steep! He, he, he!"

"I believe there's something in it," said Racke with a nod. "But—"

"I've spoken to Levison," said Crooke. "He's as close as an oyster. But he didn't actually deny the yarn."

"He couldn't!" said Baggy.  
Racke's eyes glittered.

"If we lose the match, we'll make the most of it," he said. "If we're out of the show, we'll make it ridiculous for the others, if we can. That will be something."

"Somethin' in that!" agreed Crooke.  
"Now you can cut, Trimble!" said Racke, his expressive glances having failed to produce any effect on the lingering guest.

"I'll just finish the jam, old chap!"  
"You'll cut!"  
"I say, you know—"

Racke picked up a cushion. Baggy Trimble decided to retreat. It really was not polite to a guest; but Baggy Trimble was a rather trying guest. Very thoughtfully, Baggy tucked a cake under his arm to carry off to his own study, but that action, thoughtful as it was, appeared to exhaust Racke's patience. It was the cushion that Baggy got, not the cake, and he departed from the study of his kind entertainers with a loud yell.

CHAPTER 6.

The Cup Ties!

WEDNESDAY dawned bright and sunny—a clear, cold day, and the St. Jim's footballers were happy to see that there were no signs of rain. It was a half-holiday that day, and two of the ties were to be fought out, and one of the matches, at least, would be worth watching. After dinner there was a general move of the juniors to the football ground.

Every fellow at St. Jim's, by this time, had seen the handsome silver football cup—in Mr. Raiton's study. The Cardew Cup was still the great topic in the Lower School. There was a rival topic—the yarn spun by Baggy Trimble concerning the extraordinary methods employed by Ralph Reckness Cardew to pay for the cup that bore his name.

The story had by no means died away.

Racke & Co., for their own reasons, believed it, or affected to believe it. Racke & Co. were not of much account

personally; but they stated their opinions, and stated them freely. They kept in public view the fact that Ralph Reckness Cardew was, obviously, no longer in possession of a watch, though it was well known that he was the owner of two of those useful articles. Cardew's diamond pin was well known in the Lower School—such articles of adornment were rather rare in the Fourth. Even Arthur Augustus P'Arcy never sported a diamond pin, save on very impressive occasions. And it was an odd coincidence, at least, that Cardew's famous pin had not been seen since the day the Cup arrived at St. Jim's.

Tom Merry tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, but he could not help feeling uneasy and annoyed. Every footballing fellow had hailed with satisfaction the news that Lord Reckness was standing a silver cup to be competed for, in his grandson's name. But for the cup to be stood by a junior pawning his personal belongings was ridiculous and unsavoury. The whole thing might have been stopped by the Head, if it was true, and if it came to Dr. Holmes' knowledge. That would have been a crushing blow, covering the whole Lower School with ridicule as with a garment.

Tom did not believe the story, but he could not be blind to the fact that Cardew's jewellery was no longer to be seen, and to the still more noticeable fact that Cardew eluded the subject, and never gave a categorical denial to Trimble's yarn. And the gruff curtness of Levison and Chivie, when they were spoken to on the subject, pointed to the same conclusion.

Still, it was only one of "Trimble's yarns," and certainly

(Continued on page 12.)

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# The ST. JIM'S NEWS

Edited by TOM MERRY.

## OUR GUY FAWKES' STORY!

### Gay Gets the Guy! OR, THE MIS-GUYDED GRAMMARIANS.

By Tom Merry.

"DEAR me!" murmured Herbert Skimpole of the Shell, as he came smiling along from Rylcombe towards St. Jim's and reached the cross-roads. "What a most peculiar day!" It was the Fifth of November—the day of guys and gunpowder. Darkness had fallen, and the stars and moon were shining. From all quarters came the sounds of exploding fireworks, and the sky was alive with flashes of light and coloured cascades of sparks and whizzing rockets.

Back at St. Jim's, the Fifth of November celebrations were in full swing, but Skimpole's massive intellect was above such child's play. The boys of the Lower School had made, and the fireworks did not interest him. He had left St. Jim's just as the great guy procession was about to start out—for the Head had forbidden the burning of the guy in the school precincts.

Skimpole, however, halted at the cross-roads and blinked through his huge eyes-glasses at the scene before him.

Under the lamp, Gordon Gay & Co. of Rylcombe Grammar School were congregated. They had a barrow with them, illuminated with fairy lights, and on it was perched a very weird and grotesque figure.

It had once been a guy—and a very funny guy at that. But since, alas! the barrow had run out of the Grammarians' hands and hauled into the ditch at the wayside, with the result that when they pulled the barrow up to the road again, they found their guy ruined beyond repair.

"What horrid repair!" said Gordon Gay. "Our guy's done in! And those St. Jim's bouncers will be along here with their guy soon. They'll have a laugh of us properly, and— My hat!"

The Grammarian leader broke off when he saw the weedy Skimpole blinking at them from the roadside. Gordon Gay's brain acted swiftly.

"Chaps," he said tensely, "there's that brainy break Skimpole of St. Jim's. He'll make a splendid guy—a real, live guy! Nab him!"

Skimpole's long legs broke into a run when he saw the warlike Grammarians coming, and he streaked back in the direction of St. Jim's. But Skimpole was by no means an athlete, and within a very few minutes he was dragged back from behind by Harry Wootton and Frank Monk, who had overtaken him easily.

With a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth and struggling wildly, the genius of St. Jim's was dragged back to the cross-roads.

"Go! him!" chuckled Gordon Gay, who was hastily dismembering the broken-down guy. "That's topping! It won't take us long to rig up this chump!"

Skimpole was gagged, and a horrible guy's mask was put over his face, and those parts of his face which did show were painted in weird colours. A battered topper was placed on his head, and he was arrayed in all manner of ludicrous garments. Gordon Gay & Co. transferred their guy's clothing to Skimpole. His legs and arms were tied, and he was dumped on to the wheelbarrow. The Grammarians looked at their real guy and shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Skimpole, thus arrayed in all the glory of a Guy Fawkes, looked deliciously funny. His eyes-glasses were affixed on the nose of the mask, and the effect was even more comical—especially when Skimpole rolled his eyes.

"Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled Gordon Gay. "This is great! This guy beats the other one! What a guy!"

"Gerrugh! Gog! Gog!" came from the luckless guy.

The Grammarians smiled again as Frank Wootton and Monty Hong took hold of the wheelbarrow and trundled it onward. The rest of the chortling Grammarians followed behind, cheering and jeering, and letting off fireworks, in a spirit of great abandon.

#### To the Rescue!

"My only lat!" I ejaculated.

We—that is to say, the juniors of St. Jim's—had entered a large field by Rylcombe Wood with our guy, which was carried slant on a stretcher. To our amazement we saw Gordon Gay & Co. also there. They had a guy perched on a wheelbarrow. It looked a very funny guy, and weird noises were coming from it.

Gordon Gay & Co. had lit a bonfire, and were executing a weird species of war-dance round the wheelbarrow. We blinked. "Bal jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, adjusting his monocle and gazing at the figure on the wheelbarrow. "That's not a real guy, dear boys; it's alive!"

Yes, the Grammarians' guy was alive, there could be no mistake about that. We looked at each other grimly.

"I—I say," said Ilkale uneasily. "I don't like the look of this, do you? Those chumps wouldn't be using one of their own gang as a guy. It's more than likely that they've captured one of our chaps, and have rigged him up as a guy!"

"Oh cwmbs!" Gordon Gay & Co. had ceased their dance, and were gazing at us, ready for a fray.

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We had taken our stand at the other end of the field.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gordon Gay mockingly. "They've come to rescue Skimpole. I reckon we'll hang on to our guy, kids!"

"Skimpole!" I gasped. "Then they've caught old Skimpy! Chaps, we're not going to stand this. Charge!"

We charged right across the field, taking no notice of the fiery squib that were hurled into our midst. Blake and Levison coloured Carboy, who, in the excitement, ran right into our arms. The rest of the St. Jim's brigade dashed to the rescue of Skimpy from the wheelbarrow.

"Back up, kids!" roared Gordon Gay. "Escape, St. Jim's!" I shouted. "Up, boys, and at 'em!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" "Up, boys, and at 'em!" "Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" "Up, boys, and at 'em!"

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regis Fifth of November carnival of it! The guy on the wheelbarrow was pelted and jostled, and was placed in the midst of the firework show.

All of a sudden there was a shout from Frank Monk:

"Look out, boys, the guy's aight!"

Some of the sparks had caught the guy's clothing, and set it on fire. The laughter of the grammarians ceased, until they realised that the conflagration was not serious, so long as they took it in hand immediately.

So the unfortunate guy was yanked from the wheelbarrow, and rushed over to the ditch that ran along the side of the field.

"Is with him!" chuckled Gay, removing the gag.

Splash!

"Yerrugh!" gurgled the guy as he sank. With a fizzing noise and a cloud of smoke his flames in his raiment were put out by the murky waters of the ditch.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Gordon Gay & Co.

A weird, bedraggled head came up out of the clammy ditch. The mask and the eyeglasses had fallen off in the water, revealing the features of the guy, Gordon Gay & Co., as they gazed at the face over the ditch, silently ceased to laugh, and expressions of blank bewilderment crossed their faces.

"Wh-what the-why the-—" stuttered Gordon Gay.

"Yerrugh! You—you howling losers! You fatheaded chumps!" booted Carboy.

stamping about in the ditch. "You scatter-brained cuckoos! Groogh!"

"Great pip!"

The Grammarians gazed at their school-fellow like boys in a dream.

"Carboy!" stuttered Gordon Gay, in a faint voice. "How—how the merry dickens did you get into that rig-out?"

Carboy splutteringly explained. Gordon Gay & Co. went quite limp.

"Then—then we've been done!" booted Gay wrathfully. "Those St. Jim's bouncers fooled us! They changed Carboy for Skimpole! We've been ragging one of our own chaps!"

"You fools!" screamed poor Carboy. "Lemme gerroust!"

He was released, and a pretty picture he looked. Gordon Gay & Co. were quite overwhelmed by their spoofing. They could only grin sheepishly.

And, in another field yonder, we St. Jim's fellows were having a fine time with our own guy and fireworks. Gordon Gay & Co. had not the heart to interfere. If they had, they would have got it in the neck, for we had reinforcements, too. Figgins & Co. had joined us, and fetched in a fresh supply of fireworks.

It was some Fifth of November for us! Skinny sorrowed, of course, but he soon got a fresh pair of eyeglasses, and we found his others in the ditch later.

As for Gordon Gay & Co.—we had quite taken the wind out of their sails!

FLASHES OF THE FIFTH.

(Some interesting Opinions on Guy Fawkes' Day, by various St. Jim's Celebrities.)

A. A. D'Arcy.—I wogahd the Fifth of Novembah as a weally wippin' sort of festival, but Jove, but I hate those bowwid jumpin' jacks—they make such a mess of a fellah's trousers!

Baggy Trimble.—Beastly waste of money, I call it, spending quids on fireworks! If I had my way, we'd have feeds on the Fifth, instead of fireworks.

Taggles.—Young rips! Which I think as 'ow the Fifth of November oughter be stopped! Wot with crackers chucked in my winders, an' bein' disturbed half the evenin' by them bangs and loorid lights, life ain't worth livin' on the Fifth for a respectable porter! Wot I says is this 'ere, hif the young rips must 'ave fireworks, then school-porters oughter 'ave the day off!

Mr. Latham.—Guy Fawkes' Day is a national institution, which far be it for me to discredit, but boys are inclined, unfortunately, to carry things too far. The young reprobate who dropped a handful of crackers down my study chimney into the fire shall be punished severely—when I have recovered from the shock.

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Here is a splendid new competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find a history of Southampton Football Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears under the puzzle, pin it to your solution, and post it to "HISTORIES No. 3" Competition, GEM Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, November 9th.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the fall amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Boys' Friend," "Magnet," and "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The puzzle grid contains the following elements:

- Top row: "SO UT", "P", "20 CWT", "CL UB, like", "I subscribe to VARIOUS charities", "OTHER".
- Second row: "The Spurs", "Everton", "The Arsenal", "Adrian Miller", "owed IT P/cep IT /ion", "3R JE", "Hunting Football Cricket Shooting", "M A N".
- Third row: "of A B", "of", "associ", "ED", "e d".
- Fourth row: "RELIG IOUS", "P titution.", "T", "The trouble COMMENCED in RUSSIA", "H", "St MARY MARY".
- Fifth row: "M S", "AMP", "20 CWT", "& P naturally".
- Sixth row: "The new film is ENTITLED 'The Wrecker'", "St MARY'S", "The XI ma de".
- Bottom row: "W VER", "PRO GR S", "W have A", "This GORGEOUS Gem will 1000.", "RE S".

I enter "HISTORIES No. 3" Competition and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and binding

Name.....

Address.....

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## "FIGHTING FOR THE CUP!"

(Continued from page 9.)

it was not possible to act upon it. The cup had been accepted for competition, the day had come for the first ties to be played, and there was nothing to be done. But an uncomfortable feeling was spreading far and wide.

Owing to the unadvised titillation of Racke & Co., the news was spreading beyond the Lower School. Catts of the Fifth had heard it, and Catts was very humorous on the subject—making all sorts of remarks for the juniors to hear. It was only a matter of time before the prefects of the Sixth heard the rumour—if they had not heard it already. Then, most assuredly, there would be inquiry. Cardew, if taken before the Head, could not continue to indulge in nothing but airy persiflage; he would have to answer plainly. And the Head's extreme annoyance and wrath could be imagined, if Cardew had to own up that the story was true. It was practically certain that the contest would be stopped, and that the Head would order Cardew to return the cup to the silversmith's, the money to be used to redeem the articles he had left with Uncle Solomons. The bare possibility of such a happening as that was dismaying to contemplate. Racke & Co. had the satisfaction—a great one to them—of seeing that they were casting a cloud over the great sporting event about which all the Lower School had been so keen and enthusiastic.

Worrying as it was, there was, as Tom realised, nothing to be done but to go ahead. So he could only try to dismiss the matter from his mind, and go ahead as if it were not!

On Wednesday afternoon Tom Merry led his team to the field—a very good team, though nothing like the eleven that was accustomed to playing for the school under Tom's leadership.

It consisted of Tom Merry, Manners, Lowther, Talbot, Kangaroo, Dane, Glyn, Keruish, Hammond, Reilly, and D'Arcy—Arthur Augustus having generously lent his services as his own party was not playing that day.

Redfern & Co. were on the ground, and they looked very fit. On the whole, they were not up to the level of Tom Merry's team; but they had a mighty man in goal—David Llewellyn Wynn. Every contesting team would have been glad to bag Fatty Wynn for goal; but Fatty, as he was not wanted by Figgins till Saturday, had decided to play for Redfern, as a New House fellow. Figgins and Kerr were in the team, too, playing under Redfern's leadership for once. Figgins was going to beat everybody else hollow on Saturday; but in the meantime he kindly gave Redfern his aid. After helping Reddy to beat Tom Merry, he was prepared to give Reddy a thumping licking in the next tie, as he kindly informed him.

Whichever way it went, it was certain that there would be a good game, so far as Tom Merry and Redfern were concerned. But a great many of the sightseers preferred to watch the game between Levison's team and Racke & Co. They were curious to see what would happen to the slackers.

It was not likely to be football, but it would be funny, as Jack Blake remarked.

Ralph Reckness Cardew was among the onlookers. He looked on with a grin, as Levison tossed with Racke for choice of goal.

Blake gave him a nod. "They don't seem to look happy!" he remarked. Cardew laughed. "I fancy some of Racke's giddy heroes are repentin' of their temerity already," he said. "I've got a suspicion that Trimble will bolt as soon as Racke's jolly old eye is off him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Quite a crowd gathered round the field to watch. It could not be said that Racke & Co. looked like a winning team.

Possibly they had not realised the heftiness of the task they had undertaken, till they stood on the field facing their opponents. Now they realised it clearly enough. It was true, as Racke had pointed out to his followers, that they stood to lose nothing, even if they didn't capture the cup. But the exertion of a strenuous football match was something; and it was not at all in the line of the flock of slackers and black sheep that Racke had gathered together.

Racke won the toss, and gave Levison the wind to kick off against. The ball rolled, and the game started.

Then it was still more clearly borne in upon the minds of Racke & Co. that in putting in for the cup they had taken on a task altogether above their weight.

Levison & Co. attacked from the start. The forwards came down the field in great style, going through Racke & Co. like a knife through cheese. Even Levison minor, of the Third, fag as he was, charged the burly Scrope off the ball, Scrope weakly yielding the leather. THE GEM LIBRARY—No. 769.

Gore and Gunn and Mulvaney minor put up a defence, but the rest were simply nowhere.

There was a roar as the ball went in, within five minutes the whistle, from the foot of Levison minor.

"Goal!" "Well kicked!" "Bravo, young Levison!" roared Wally & Co. from the crowd.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "First blood to us!" grinned Levison, as he walked back to the centre of the field.

"Looks like our win!" chuckled Clive. "Looks like a jolly old walk-over!" remarked Cardew, Blake, and the chief of Study No. 6 nodded.

As the teams lined up there came a roar from the neighbouring pitch, where Tom Merry and Redfern and their followers were playing a rather more serious game.

"Goal!" "Bravo, Tom Merry!" Tom Merry was beginning well. But though there was better game going on so near at hand, a crowd of fellows remained to watch the antics of Racke & Co. From a humorous point of view, Racke & Co. were well worth watching.

### CHAPTER 7.

#### Rough on Racke!

"P LAY up, slackers!" "On the ball, Racke!" "Give Trimble a chance!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

There were plenty of encouraging shouts from the crowd, though chiefly of an ironical tone. Racke & Co. did not seem very much encouraged.

Ashley Racke was doing his best—he was bitterly determined to bag a victory if he could, somehow or anyhow. Gore and Gunn and Mulvaney minor played their hardest, but only to keep down the margin of defeat. But in a quarter of an hour the rest of the team were in a sad condition. Chowke fairly crawled off—he had bellows to mend with vengeance, and they seemed past repair so long as he remained on the field. Clampe was the next to go, and he looked as if he did not find life worth living at all.

Baggy Trimble remained a little longer, sitting on the ground and pumping in breath. He did not flee, simply because he hadn't breath enough left to flee with. But as the footballers closed in strife again, Baggy crawled away very slowly and painfully towards the back, amid yells from the spectators.

"Go it, Trimble!" "Good old tortoise!" "Roll over and over, old chap."

Trimble did not heed. He crawled on. He would have given a hundred juicy jam-tarts to be safe off the football field.

But a rush of the game came his way, and the hapless Baggy was overwhelmed. Racke and Crooke fell over him, and two or three more fell over Racke and Crooke, and Baggy Trimble vanished from sight.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Two to one they burst him!" grinned Cardew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Fortunately, Baggy Trimble did not suffer that ultimate calamity. But when the footballers rolled off him, he lay extended on the ground, puffing and blowing helplessly like a landed grampus.

"On the ball, Baggy!" roared Blake. "Ha, ha, ha!" Kind hands helped Trimble off the field. It was only too obvious that his footballing exploits were over.

Racke was now three men short—not that it made much difference, with such men.

Levison & Co. proceeded to walk all over the slackers. Seven goals piled up, one after another, and Racke & Co. would not have been very much surprised if they had increased to seventy.

Racke's own determination was petering out now. He began to think that it wasn't worth while staying on that dreadful field for a dozen solid silver cups—or even solid golden ones.

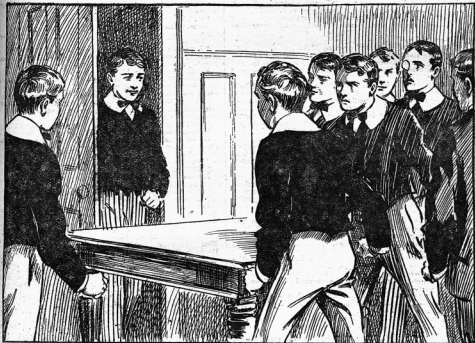
His temper was by now at its very worst, which was no doubt the reason why he fouled Levison most palpably in the penalty area, thus helping the enemy to add an eighth goal.

George Gore strode up to his panting, unhappy captain, and brandished a brawny fist under his nose.

"You dummy!" roared Gore. "Get to your place!" snapped Racke breathlessly. "You frabjous chump!" "Look here, Gore—"

"You silly owl!" "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the onlookers. The sight of a





"Hai Jove, heah is Cardew!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Every eye turned on the doorway, in which was framed the elegant figure of the dandy of the Fourth. Cardew glanced into the room carelessly. Tom Merry wondered whether he had heard what had been said about him. Cardew seemed quite undisturbed, however. (See page 15.)

football captain being ragged by a member of his team seemed exhilarating.

"You—you burbling dummy!" roared Gore, beside himself with wrath. "Can't you even play fair!"

"Look here—"

"You can't play footer, but you might play fair!" bellowed Gore. "That's another goal gone."

"Lene up!" howled Racke.

"Shut up!"

"What?"

"I'm captaining this team, from now on!" shouted Gore.

"Understand?"

"You're not!" shrieked Racke.

"And I order you off the field!"

"Wha-a-a-!"

"Get off!" roared Gore.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The spectators almost wept.

A football captain being ordered off the field by one of his own followers was too rich—it was the climax! Jack Blake fairly sobbed.

"This does it!" he gasped. "This takes the cake! This puts the lid on! Oh, my only Aunt Sempron!"

Lefevre of the Fifth, who was referee, bustled up. But Gore did not heed him.

"Are you going off, Racke?" he shouted.

"No, you fool!" yelled Racke.

"Then I'll put you off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop that!" shouted Lefevre.

But Gore was too enraged to heed. He rushed at Aubrey Racke, hitting out right and left.

There were yells of merriment round the field, as Racke collapsed under that attack.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Gore!"

"Stand up to him, Racke!"

And this is football!" said Blake, wiping his eyes.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lefevre's strong grip fastened on Gore, and the Shell fellow

was heaved off the field. Gore staggered up, and stamped away—evidently done with that remarkable match.

This left Racke four men short; and of the seven that remained, three sat on the ground, pumping in breath, and refused to move. Only Gunn and Mulvaney and Tompkins tried to stem the attack; Racke was chiefly occupied in mopping his nose, whence Gore's fists had drawn the "clear" in copious streams. If ever an ambitious, incapable repented of his vaulting ambition, Racke did just then.

"There goes the ninth!" gasped Cardew. "What a game!"

"Goal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The whistle blew for half-time. Racke & Co.—what were left of them—crawled off the field.

They did not return after the interval.

They had had enough. Racke realised that it was not much use doubling Levison's score, and being beaten by eighteen goals instead of nine, to nil. So he let the game go—which was doubtless the wisest thing he could do. Indeed, even a prospect of victory would hardly have dragged Racke back to the field in his present pumped and painful state; and if he had gone, he would have gone alone. So the ambitious Aubrey gave it up; and Levison & Co. remained victors at half-time, with the really remarkable score of nine goals to nil.

And the spectators, when they had recovered from their merriment, and wiped away their tears, moved off, to see how Tom Merry & Co. were getting on.

### CHAPTER 8. A Hard Fight!

**T**OM MERRY & CO. were still going strong. The first half had ended, with a score of one to one, Redfern having put the ball in just before the whistle. The second half was beginning, and Tom Merry's crowd were going in great style, attacking hotly, when the crowd arrived from Racke's quarter. The new arrivals were just in time to see Talbot of the Shell put the leather in.

"Good man!" said Blake. "Tommy's crowd will pull this off. Reddy's only got New House wasters in his lot."

"They're playin' up, though," remarked Cardew.

"Struggling for life," said Blake. "All over bar shouting."

"Wait and see!"

"Lot you know about it!" grunted Blake.

At which Ralph Reckness Cardew smiled and shrugged his shoulders. As a matter of fact, he knew more about football than any one would have supposed from his manners and customs.

But he yawned as he looked on at the game. He had been interested in Racks's game, from a point of view of humour; but he seemed to find the really good play he was now witnessing rather a bore. In the match that had just ended, both his chums had been playing; but here there was no footballer in whom he was specially interested—not even his distant relation, the Honourable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

After standing about for ten minutes, Cardew was thinking of walking off—only hesitating because of the unhappy reflection that, bored as he was, he would be just as bored anywhere else. The fellow least interested in the fate of the Cardew Cup seemed to be Cardew himself.

"Hallo! Here you are, old chap!"

It was Sidney Clive's hearty voice; and the South African junior clapped Cardew on the shoulder. Levison was with him, looking very bright and cheery. Farical as the match with Racks & Co. had been, Ernest Levison was very pleased with his win; it put his team into the second round for the cup, at all events. The two chums had changed after the suddenly-terminated match, and come down to Little Side to watch the other game. Cardew gave them a nod.

"Still keen on footer?" he asked.

"Naturally!"

"After the strenuous time you've been havin' with Racks & Co.?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! Gussy's going strong!" exclaimed Jack Blake.

"Bravo, Gus!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was away with the ball. He put in the leather amid loud cheers, even Fatty Wynn in goal for once being found wanting.

"Two up for Tommy!" grinned Blake. "That's three to one. What price Reddy's crowd now, Cardew?"

And Blake chuckled.

"It's a jolly good game," said Clive. "A bit different from our giddy match with Racks. Racks put up a better game than I expected, though."

"Thanks!" drawled a sarcastic voice.

Aubrey Racks had arrived on the ground, apparently curious to see the result of the other tie. Levison and Clive were as fresh as paint; but Racks looked anything but fresh. He had played only half a match, but it had worn him out. Slacking and cigarettes had not helped Racks when he came to a test of physical endurance.

"Not at all," said Clive, laughing.

"How are your men, Racks?" asked Cardew sympathetically.

"Trimble's dead, I suppose?"

"Wouldn't he be much loss if he were?" grunted Racks.

"I agree! Chowie and Clampe at the last gasp!"

Racks scowled. He was rather touchy on the inglorious subject of his wonderful eleven.

"Well, they played, anyhow!" he snapped. "They haven't spent the whole afternoon alarkin' round with their hands in their pockets, Cardew."

Cardew nodded and smiled.

"A hit—a very palpable hit!" he assented.

"As for the dashed cup, hang it!" continued Racks. "I don't know that I should care to own a cup that was got by such methods. It will be nicknamed the Pawnbroker's Cup, I expect!"

Cardew reddened a little.

He affected not to hear Racks's remark, however, and turned away to watch the football. Levison and Clive were silent and frowning.

"I wonder what the Head will say when it comes out," said Racks, pursuing his advantage. "Think he'll ever hear of it, Cardew?"

"Of what?" asked Cardew, very quietly.

"Of the way you raised the wind to buy the Pawnbroker's Cup!" chuckled Aubrey Racks.

Cardew looked at him, with a gleam like steel in his steady eyes.

"Racks, old bean, you're no end of a giddy humorist," he said. "May I remark that you bore me with your refined pleasantry? Would you mind shuttin' up, at my earnest request?"

"I'll please myself!" snapped Racks.

"Your mistake," said Cardew sweetly. "You'll please me! You see, if you address another word to me, dear old bean, I shall hit out, and land just on the spot where Goro landed—on your jolly old boko, Racks!"

"You cheeky rotter— Yarsooop!" roared Racks, as

Cardew suited the action to the word without a second hesitation.

Crash!

Aubrey Racks measured his length on the ground, with roar.

"Cardew!" muttered Levison.

"I warned the dear man," smiled Cardew. "He won't have it. Now, just look on while Racks and I have a perate combat!"

Racks staggered to his feet. But there was no desperate combat—that was far from Aubrey's thoughts. In point of fact, Racks was so tired out by half a football-match that he could not have stood up to a fag of the Third, and certainly Cardew of the Fourth would have knocked him right to left with ease. The Shell fellow staggered back, fixing Cardew a look of the deadliest animosity.

"I'll remember that, Cardew!" he said between his teeth.

"Do, old bean!" said Cardew negligently.

Racks walked away, his face black and bitter with rage. Cardew dropped his hands into his pockets again, and gazed at the football and yawned.

"Bit of a bore, isn't it?" he yawned.

"No!" grunted Clive.

Levison was glancing rather anxiously after the retreat of Aubrey Racks.

"That fellow means mischief," he said.

"Let him," said Cardew negligently.

Levison was silent. Racks had deserved what he had received; but he was full of bitterness, and likely to stop nothing to avenge that blow. His defeat rankled bitter with him, and his being out of the football competition, as well as the ridicule his hopeless essay had brought upon him, that blow from Cardew was the finishing touch. Hitherto Racks had contented himself with sneering at the Cardew Cup, and advertising Trimble's yarn as widely as possible. But there was more mischief that he could do, if he chose, and it was likely enough now that he would choose. Soon or later the tattle on the subject was bound to reach other ears, and now it was likely to be sooner rather than later.

Levison could not help thinking so, as he watched the last sheep of the Shell striding away with a savage brow.

Cardew seemed quite indifferent.

"There goes Biggins!" exclaimed Clive suddenly.

"Good old Biggins!" said Blake.

Biggins had hit the ball into Tom Merry's goal. Racks & Co. were now two to three; but there remained only five minutes to go. Both sides were playing up very hard so far. Tom Merry was excelling himself. It would have been too awfully rotten for the junior captain of football to be left out of the great competition in its earliest stage, and Tom was putting everything he knew into the game.

"Master Cardew!"

Cardew glanced round carelessly. Toby, the House-pag, came on the ground, with a letter in his chubby hand.

"Registered letter, sir," said Toby. "Mr. Railton told me to bring it to you."

"Thanks, old bean!" yawned Cardew. "In the circumstances, I excuse you for forgetting the silver salver."

Toby grinned and retired. Cardew stood with the letter in his hand and a whimsical smile on his face.

"Whacking remittance from our noble grandfather-what?" asked Clive, with a smile.

Cardew shook his head.

"I fancy not. Pawn-tickets, I imagine," he answered, in a low voice that reached the ears only of Levison and Clive.

"What?" exclaimed the two juniors together.

"You see, I sent the pop-tickets on to granddad, havin' no further use for them," yawned Cardew. "I thought it would take a rise out of him and out of my kind Uncle Lilburn. I felt that they ought to realise the severe straits to which they had reduced me between them. Sent them by registered post, you know; an' I fancy that Uncle Lilburn sent them back by the same. Savvy?"

"You ass!" said Levison.

Cardew glanced at the letter again, and gave a little start.

"But it's not Lord Lilburn's fist," he remarked. "It's the dear old granddad's writing. Lord Reckness must be better, as he's able to deal with his own correspondence. I wonder—"

Without stating what he wondered, Cardew opened a little pear-handled penknife and cut the envelope. He drew out the enclosure—rather a bulky one—and unfolded it. Several slips of cardboard came into view, and there was a rustle of crisp paper.

"Keep them out of sight!" whispered Levison hurriedly.

Cardew laughed, glanced at his letter, and slipped it into his pocket.

"You fellows interested in seein' the finish of this extrin' match?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!"

"Then I shall have to love you and leave you," said Cardew.

And, with a nod, he walked away.

"Cardew—"

The dandy of the Fourth did not seem to hear. He walked on his way, whistling.

Five minutes later there was a roar round the field. The whistle had sounded and the match was over—Tom Merry's team were the winners by three goals to two. Roddy & Co. were "cut." Tom Merry was booked for the semi-finals. Loud cheers greeted the victors as they came off.

Then Levison and Clive looked for Cardew. But that youth was not to be found within the precincts of St. Jim's.

## CHAPTER 9. All Scenes!

"TOM MERRY!"

"Yes, Kildare."  
Kildare of the Sixth came into the junior Common-room with a grave face. It was after tea, and most of the footballers were gathered in the Common-room, discussing the afternoon's football and the results thereof.

Tom Merry was in a very cheerful mood. He had had a hard fight for victory that day, but he had pulled it off, Levison was very cheery, too. He also was booked for the semi-finals. But at the back of their minds both the juniors were a little troubled, and so were some other fellows. More and more the yarn told by Baggie Trimble had come to the front, though it was now Racke who was its chief propagandist, so to speak, rather than Trimble. Many fellows were already debating whether the competition would be stopped by the Head, if the tale turned out to be true, and that was more than sufficient to cast a shadow over the sporting event.

The grave look on Kildare's face was enough for Tom Merry, as he noted it. Kildare had heard at last! Tom Merry did not need telling that.

Levison set his teeth.  
This was Racke's revenge; he had informed the captain of the school of what all the juniors, and some of the seniors, already knew. Levison was sure of that. All eyes were on the captain of St. Jim's as he came in.

"I've heard a rather queer story about the football cup," said Kildare abruptly.  
"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus, with a dismayed look.

"Yes," said Tom.

"Is Cardew here?"

"I—I think not."

"He's gone out of gates," said Clive.  
"That's unfortunate. It's close on look-up, however, so he can't be long," said Kildare. "But you should know the circumstances, Tom Merry. I have been informed—I need not mention by whom—that there is something very queer about this affair of the cup. I remember that there was a good deal of delay in its arrival here. Have you heard it said that Cardew, instead of receiving the cup from Lord Reckness, as was supposed, bought it himself, and raised the money by going to a pawnbroker's with his watch and chain and rings and other articles?"

"I've heard it said," answered Tom uncomfortably.

"Is it true?"

"I hope not."

"Has Cardew admitted it? I am told that it is the talk of the Lower School," said Kildare, frowning. "It is my duty to look into the matter, as head prefect, and report it to the Head, if true."

"I know that, Kildare. It's the talk of the Lower School right enough," said Tom. "But it started with Trimble, and he's an awful fibber. Nobody would take his word."

"It's true, all the same," said Racke, who had followed Kildare in. "And Levison and Clive know that it is."

"That is enough, Racke," said Kildare curtly. He looked at Levison and Clive. "Have you two fellows anything to say?"

"Nothing!" answered Levison; and Clive shook his head. They could have said much; but they had no intention of doing so.

There was a pause.

"Well, I shall have to question Cardew," said Kildare at last. "If the story's true, the Head must know; and I'm afraid that means stopping the competition. Cardew will be punished, if he has done as he is alleged to have done, and the cup will be sent back, I presume. I'm sorry; it's hard on the fellows who have taken the thing seriously."

"Wally, Kildare, you seem to be conclusively that the howdy story is true," said Arthur Augustus.

"Cardew was not plainly denied its truth," said Kildare. "Well, no," said Blake.

"Then it looks as if it's true. According to what I have been told, everybody has noticed that Cardew is no longer wearing a watch, and that other articles have disappeared that he usually wears. Have you noticed this, Tom Merry?"

Tom coloured with great discomfort.

"Well, everybody has," he said. "But—but Cardew is a queer fish, Kildare. That yarn being spun about him would be quite enough to make him look up his silly trinkets in a trunk, to give it colour—just to pull the fellows' legs."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"That would be just like Cardew," said Blake, with a nod. "Just one of his funny tricks."

"He jolly well won't be able to show them up, if he's asked," said Baggie Trimble. "You ask him when he comes in, Kildare."

"Dwy up, Twimble, you eavesdroppin' wotah!" said Arthur Augustus. "Bai Jove, heah is Cardew!"

Every eye turned on the doorway, in which was framed the elegant figure of the dandy of the Fourth.

Cardew glanced into the room carelessly.

Tom Merry wondered whether he knew what was "on." It was quite probable that he had heard what was said in the Common-room as he came along the corridor.

He seemed quite undisturbed, however.

"Oh, here you are, Cardew!" said Kildare.

"Yes, dear man," said Cardew easily, sauntering into the room with his hands in his pockets. "Am I wanted?"

"You are!" said the captain of St. Jim's rather grimly.

"How lucky that I blow in, then," said Cardew amiably.

"Quite at your service, Kildare. I don't usually have tea with the Sixth; but if you've come specially to ask me—"

There was a grin among the juniors. They were sure now that Cardew knew what was going on; and they could not help admiring his nerve.

"You know what's being said about you, Cardew," said Kildare.

"Compliments, I hope," said Cardew. "Has Racke been singin' my praises? Has Trimble been burstin' with admiration of my good qualities? Thanks, both!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is a serious matter, Cardew," said Kildare, knitting his brows. "It is being said that you did not receive from Lord Reckness the purchase money for the silver cup, and that you raised it by going to a pawnbroker's—which I suppose you know is against all the rules of the school."

"A pawnbroker's!" repeated Cardew.

"Yes."

"What is a pawnbroker?"

"Eh?"

"Oh, I know! Gentleman whose coat of arms is three golden balls!" said Cardew, with a nod. "I've heard of such gents. They bring financial relief to the poor and afflicted, for a consideration, I'm sure they must be nice men. What am I accused of havin' put up the spout, Kildare? The Head's piano?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or the Housemaster's Sunday hat?" asked Cardew, Kildare's stern face relaxed.

"Cardew, be serious, I tell you! It is my duty to ask you to show me your watch, and—"

"Which? I've got two."

"Well, both," said Kildare; "and other articles of value. Let me see—pearl eave-links, I think, and a diamond pin. Show the articles, and the matter ends here. Otherwise—"

"Dear man, there isn't going to be any otherwise," said Cardew amiably. "If you're curious to see the poor little trinkets, why shouldn't I satisfy your curiosity?" He pushed back the lapel of his jacket. "There's the jolly old diamond—in my tie! Gaze an' admire!"

"Yas, there it is!" exclaimed Tom Merry, in relief. "I was sure there was nothing in it."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"And here's the giddy gold watch," continued Cardew, taking it out. "Handsome and expensive birthday present from my distinguished an' noble grandfather, a peer of the realm. Genuine gold case, monogram on back, jewelled in every hole, check action, and all wool double width—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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"Here's the jolly old silver watch," continued Cardew. "Lucky I've got it about me, what? Not so expensive as the other, but keeps better time." He pushed up his cuffs. "Here's the merry sleeve-links. Rather tasteful, don't you think, Kildare? Not gaudy, but quite neat."

There was a cluck in the Common-room. Levison and Clive stared blankly. Only too well they knew the truth of Trimble's story—yet here were the articles which, as they had believed, were reposing in the strong-box of a Wayland pawnbroker. They could scarcely believe their eyes; but they were deeply relieved. As for Racke, he was fairly flabbergasted; and Trimble's fat jaw dropped, and his wide mouth remained wide open in his amazement:

"Anythin' more I can show you, Kildare, while I'm on the job?" asked Cardew amiably. "I don't often get a Sixth Form prefect to admire my little belongin's like this. Let me make the most of the chance. Like to see my silk socks?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, you young ass!" said Kildare, laughing. "It's all right, Cardew. I was bound to look into the matter, and I'm glad it turns out that there's nothing in it. Let it drop."

And Kildare, quitted the Common-room.

"Nothin' in it!" murmured Cardew, glancing curiously after the captain of St. Jim's. "Good! That's news—and good news!" He looked across at Levison and Clive. "You fellows had tea?"

"Yes," said Clive.

"Then I shall have to get mine on my lonely-own! Tarts!" And Racke strolled out of the Common-room.

He left Tom Merry & Co. feeling greatly relieved. And by general consent Baggy Trimble was bumped, as a warning to him—not that warnings were of much use to Baggy.

Ralph Reckness Cardew was reclining in the study arm-chair when Levison and Clive came into Study No. 9 in the Fourth. He looked up at his chums with a whimsical grin.

"Horrid disappointment for poor old Racke!" he said. "I felt for Racke! I was thinkin' of punchin' his nose—"

"I've punched it!" said Levison.

"Good man!"

"But how—"

"How—" said Clive.

"Doesn't it really look as if silly asses have special luck?" said Cardew. "You remember that letter on the footie ground? Dear old granddad's better—and he's up again, and Lord Lilburn has gracefully retired from the Townsmore or less gracefully. And my noble ancestor sent to back the pop-tickets, with cash to redeem the goods. Is goin' to tell Uncle Lilburn about it—it will buck him up a end, I'm sure. That's why I left you so hurriedly, old bean—I felt that delay wouldn't do any good."

"You've had a narrow escape of jolly serious trouble," said Clive.

"About my hundredth, isn't it!" yawned Cardew. "Then it's all serene now!" asked Levison.

"All! Dear old grandfather's stood the cup, after all—just as he would have done in the first place, if my beloved Uncle Lilburn hadn't taken advantage of his jolly old gas and butted in. Everything in the garden is lovely-bloomin', in fact. I've done wrong, you fellows—"

"Oh!" said Clive. "You can see that!"

"Not at all. I'm takin' your word for it," said Cardew imperturbably. "Takin' your word for it, old bean, I'm repentin'!"

"You silly ass!"

"It's usual, I believe, to kill a fatted calf, or somethin', for a repentant prodigal," said Cardew. "So suppose you fellows help me to get my tea? I've been sittin' here for half an hour tryin' to work up energy enough to put the kettle on."

"Fathhead!"

"By the way, how did the match go?" asked Cardew.

"Tom Merry won!"

"Good old Tommy! I hope he'll win the cup in the final."

"We're after it, too, ass."

"By gad, so you are! I'd forgotten! I hope you'll win it, too," said Cardew amiably. "I'll tell you what—if the giddy cup comes to this study, shall we pop it, and stand a magnificent spread?"

Cardew's chums did not answer that question. They collared Ralph Reckness Cardew, and jerked him out of the armchair, and the dandy of the Fourth smote the study carpet with a resounding bump.

THE END.

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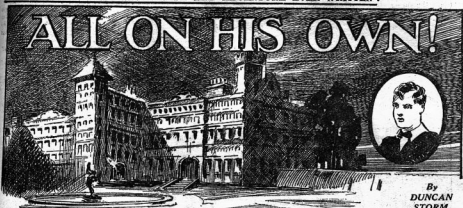
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### The Opening Chapters.

John Wobby, commonly known as Wobby, together with James Ready, Sweet, and a Chinese named Lung chum together in the great school of St. Beowulf's, get on the track of one of the most expert gang of burglars in the country.

Wobby, who is the master of a pet kangaroo, has in his possession a pocket-book belonging to one of the scoundrels. From this he learns of the gang's intentions of smuggling their ill-gotten gains out of the country. He plans to capture the plunder. At the dead of night he and his pals steal out of the school, and are soon set on the trail. They are instrumental in capturing some of the gang, after which they drive to Whitechurch Castle, where they find some of the jewels hidden in a well. Here they are shadowed and attacked; but, by the timely arrival of John Lincoln, a governor of the school, and a party of men, their assailants are captured. Mr. Lincoln is interested in the lads' exciting adventures, and promises them an adventure even more exciting later on.

A few days later, during a paper-chase which is organized by one of the masters, Wobby gets on the track again, and finds some more of the plunder hidden beneath the surface of the water in the centre of a pool. Wobby, through Mr. Lincoln, restores them to their rightful owner, Lady Castlewood.

At the school that same evening, supper is interrupted by the sudden appearance of Lady Castlewood, accompanied by Dr. Brackenbury, the Head. She thanks the lads, kissing them each in turn, much to the amusement of the other juniors at the school, and then invites them to Castlewood Manor to meet her nephew, Viscount Waffington.

The boys fulfil the engagement, the much surprised Waff surprising them with his superior abilities. Through Mr. Lincoln, Waff gets permission to join the chums in their hunt for the last of the gang.

### The Mysterious Mulberry Hill.

It is doubtful if there were six happier boys in the world than those who were whirled away in John Lincoln's car to High March Castle.

Everything was before them. There was a splendid adventure in prospect, and, after that, a golden vision of miles of adventures as long as a cinema film.

The happiest of all of them was that very keen boy, Viscount Waffington, taken for the first time out of his leading strings and his nursery and allowed to mix with real live boys, whose experience of life was far in advance of his own.

Rank and riches have their drawbacks, and Waff's good, gentle aunt had only acted in accordance with the traditions of her people when she had kept Waff too long in leading-strings.

Little wonder that poor Waff was fed up

with his nursery and his playthings! Little wonder that he was delighted to find himself accepted as the pal of real live boys who had not only lived a rough school life, but who had come from distant homes in the far ends of the world.

He felt like a prisoner let out of goal, and his heart went to these new chums who were so different from the swell kids his aunt had imported as his playmates from time to time, under the fond impression that he was still a delicate and ailing boy who must not play too roughly.

The car was within three miles of High March when John Lincoln pulled up.

"I have got to make a call, boys," he said.

"I think that a little exercise will do you good before dinner, so you can wait for me or walk it, as you like. The short cut to High March is over the tail of Windmill Down and through the Lower Spinney, but don't let that kangaroo of yours run loose, or he might scare one of my keepers into shooting him."

The boys voted for walking the rest of the way.

Nobby was hauled out of the car by his collar, and a slender steel chain was made fast to it. Then away went John Lincoln down a long avenue to call on a broker magistrate.

"I know where he's going," said Wobby, with a wink. "He's going to see old Grummitt, the magistrate—the one they call 'Grumpy.' I guess he didn't want to roll up with a crew of tugs like us and a kangaroo! Old Grumpy would want to gaul the lot of us. Come, gentle tugs!" added Wobby. "This is the path. We lie us over the downs, past the spinneys, and by Mulberry's Windmill. I know the place!"

As they went along, Nobby jumped several times at the end of his chain. Waff was highly amused at this.

"Now you see him jump this clump of gorse," exclaimed Wobby, really proud of showing off the agility of his pet. "Hey-up, Nobby!"

Nobby leaped into the air and cleared the gorse with a magnificent bound.

As he landed on the other side of the clump there was a sudden rush and a whir with an angry growling. Two pheasants from John Lincoln's preserves went off like a couple of rockets, startling Nobby so much that, with a sudden and unexpected bound, he was off as well, the steel chain running red-hot through Wobby's fingers.

"Hi, stop, you rascal!" cried Wobby.

But Nobby was off. He liked the short cut grass of the downland which was soft and cushiony under his long hind shanks. It was real kangaroo country, and he had no desire to be strangled at the end of his chain.

Off he went, with the boys after him, the chain clinking and trailing.

Wobby tried to grab the chain, but Nobby jerked it in one of his long bounds and Wobby fell on his nose.

Waff tried to tread on it. He trod on the chain all right, and promptly stood on his head.

Nobby bounded forward, towards the spinney.

"Stop him, boys!" cried Wobby in real anxiety. "If one of those dubsided keepers sees him, he's as likely to shoot him as not. I wouldn't have that happen for anything!"

But Nobby had reached the fringe of the coverts and in another second he was into cover.

The boys dashed into the wood after him, flitting amongst the trees and underwood. Their movements were observed not by keepers, but by four grey-looking men who were seated in a tiny hollow playing whist with a grassy pack of cards.

One of these heard the crashing as Nobby bounded through the woods.

He dropped his cards, and cautiously putting up his head behind the shelter of the thick holly bushes that shrouded their retreat, watched the chase as the boys flitted through the trees.

"Here's better luck than winning the jackpot!" he muttered. "It's those kids again and their kangaroo. Come on, boys, if we get 'em now, we'll soon make 'em squeal where the stuff is hidden away!"

The four men climbed out of the pit and followed in the chase, taking careful cover amongst the trees.

The boys were making such a noise in their ineffectual dashes at Nobby's chain that they did not hear any footsteps on the dried leaves of the wood.

"Don't be afraid of kicking up a row, pebs!" panted Wobby. "If any keepers catch us they will be Mr. Lincoln's keepers and they won't run us in. The more noise we make the less likely they'll be to take a pot-shot at Nobby."

The boys went hallooing through the woods, followed by those four scowly-looking men, the last of the great gang of burglars whose plans they had so successfully counteracted.

Presently there came a stop in the hunt. Nobby had come to a standstill with his back against a tree. He was really playing with the boys.

"Look out, pebs!" ordered Wobby. "He's hanking. Sometimes you can catch him when he does this. He'll wait till we are right close up, and then he'll be off like a flash of greased lightning! Waffo, you get out there—at cover-point, and see if you can grab his chain if he goes that way. The rest of you—draw a cordon round him!"

The four shabby men glanced at one another as they heard Waffington's name.

Wobby made a dash forward.

Nobby, as an example of how he could balance himself by his great tail, leaped sideways, and was off, bowling over Jim Ready like a singlet as he tried to stop him.

The chase commenced again, the boys  
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Wobby climbed along the massive timbers, holding on like a fly to the edge of the great sail. As it moved downwards, Wobby slid to the end and dropped to the ground.

following up the runaway kangaroo, and the four men following up the boys.

"It's a bit of luck!" said their leader. "That's the young vicarunt' laself. If they've done us for his aunt's jewels, we can do the old lady by catching the boy and his mates, and shipping them over to the other side on the craft when she comes in to-night. Instead of taking the jewels, we'll take the kid, and we'll hold 'im to ransom in Amsterdam—and the other boys as well. They all come from this swell school. Their people can afford to pay."

They followed the trail, quickly skirting the spinney, which reached up the down-side almost to Mulberry's Windmill.

A shout of triumph announced to them that the kangaroo had been recaptured. Stepping low, they hurried along a dry ditch which bounded the plantations, where they got a glimpse of the boys clearing the woods, hauling the unwilling Nobby with them, and making towards the old windmill.

Kip rubbed his dirty hands together. "Easy as pickin' up money!" he exclaimed. "See, they are making for the old mill. All we gotta do is to catch 'em inside, clap them in some of the old buzz, shut up the kangaroo, and they are ours. It couldn't have happened better for us. Keep cover, you chaps; they are fair walking into it."

The boys all unconscious that they were being watched by the eyes of the enemy behind that leafy screen, made their way up to Mulberry's Mill.

Mulberry's Mill was a great feature in the landscape of the neighbourhood of Barham. Goodness knows who Mulberry was. It was said by the boys of St. Beowulf's that Mulberry had been a miller with a nose so red that he had not dared show his face to an unkind world.

For years and years, it was said, no man ever saw old Mulberry, till at last it was noticed by the coastguard that the mill's sails were not turning. Then they had gone up to the mill and forced an entrance, to find that old Mulberry had died with a beautiful smile on his face, and that his red nose was red no longer.

That was the story of Mulberry's Mill, though the kids of the Lower School had embroidered it up. They said that on windless moonlight nights the mill started working on its own, and the ghost of Mulberry.

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could be seen carrying the sacks in and out, his nose shining like a red lamp.

The door of the mill as the boys approached it was secured by a large padlock and staples.

"We can't get in," said Jim Ready. Wobby examined the padlock.

"Can't we!" he said. "The chap who padlocked this mill last did not send the wards home. I'll get it open in a jiffy!"

"He drew his big knife from his pocket. It was a tremendous knife, and Wobby had won it in a raffle on board ship. It had blades, a saw, corkscrew, pliers, and many other strange tools, and also a prong with which you could pull a stove out of a horse's hoof."

Wobby, not having a horse, had turned this into a very efficient skeleton-key, and, inserting this into the padlock, he worked it skilfully, till, in a few seconds, Mulberry's Mill was opened for inspection.

A rat scuttled away at the approach of the boys as they crowded through the doorway.

"My hat!" exclaimed Wobby, looking round the picturesque old interior with approval. "This is a proper burk. What a robbers' cave it would make. Up the stairs, boys! Let's have a look from the top gallery!"

### The Last of the Gang!

THEY were five floors in the mill, and by the time they had reached the fourth floor the boys and Nobby were nearly exhausted.

"Get your wind back, boys, then we will climb out and get on the gallery to enjoy the view. My word, what a place this would have been to defend in the old days. It's as good as a castle!"

Wobby carefully went to a narrow slit of a window which looked out in the direction from which they had come.

Suddenly he gave a low whistle.

"What's up?" asked Stickjaw.

"Why, it's nothing up!" replied Wobby. "But cast your eye out of this window, and you'll see the last of the gang on our track. Four men—and the same four that chivvied us through the woods at the end of the paperchase."

Stickjaw went to the window, and whistled under his breath.

There was no doubt as to the identity of the stealthy four who were stepping up cautiously to the mill.

"We are trapped!" said Stickjaw. "No time to get down and bolt the door against them."

"We are trapped sure enough," retorted Wobby; "but we are the bait, and not the rat. We can't take those tags in here, they are curs. Old Mulberry did more than locks and bolts on his outer door. He noticed that every trap in the stairway bolts. The bolts are fine, but the wood's pretty rotten!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Jim Ready.

Why, hold these two top floors apart, then, then climb down the sails—last of all down starts the wind vane running across the slats. Then we run round to the door, shove the padlock back in the wall, and we've got the lads locked in as safe as they are in a quod."

"But what about them climbing down the sails?" asked Jim Ready.

"Don't show your ignorance of windmills, young Jim," answered Wobby. "As soon as the wind vane brings the sails round in the wind they'll start revolving, and a breeze is freshening. In a few minutes the chaps who tried to jump the rails will have their heads knocked off. These lads are safe if they only attack us, and it looks as that's their luck."

The boys peered down on the advancing figures from the narrow slit window, which enabled them to see without being seen. Wobby blessed the memory of the eccentric old Mulberry, the miller, who had braved up all the windows of his mill into narrow slits, so that he should not be observed in his retreat.

There was no doubt now about the mischief of intentions of the party which was shadowing them.

"We got the young rascals now!" said Jim triumphantly as they came to the door.

Wobby could hear his words plainly.

"Not quite so dead cert as you think in golden nugget!" he muttered. "Close on the trap, boys!"

The heavy wooden trap at the head of the ladder was lowered gently down, and the bolts were shot home. Then the boys waited breathlessly on the dark floor.

They soon heard curses and stambles as Kip and his friends found their way up the ladders. They were on the next floor before long.

"The young rips are up here somewhere!" they heard Kip grumble. "They could as have got away. This is the only way up."

He had come to the trap. They had him push at it, and it lifted ever so slightly by the way of the bolt wards.

"Hi, there!" he shouted.

"Hallo!" replied Wobby from above.

"Open this trap!" ordered the burglar.

"What for?" asked Wobby.

"Want to have a talk with you and your young mates," answered the voice below; "then maybe we can come to some arrangement with you!"

"Yes," answered Nobby, "I know the sort of arrangements that you sort makes. In the same arrangement that the spider makes with the fly when he walked into his parlor. You aren't goin' to walk into our parlor, old cobber, I can tell you that!"

"Oright, then!" replied the man on the ladder. "You think you are mighty smart, but we'll soon bust this old trap!"

They heard him giving directions to his followers, and soon there were heavy bumps and gruntings as they dragged up a heavy timber from the lower floor.

"They are going to batter the trap now!" whispered Wally, full of delight in this spectacle. "Let's sit on it!"

"No, my young friend," replied Wobby, in a whisper, "you don't sit on any trap. These lads are armed with automatics, and the first thing they will do is to seize us up by spring through the trap. These are a gang of proper stiffies we are dealing with. Stand back!"

They heard gruntings from below. On the ladder underneath the attackers had got the heavy timber which they proposed to use as a battering-ram.

Thump! it came, and the old wood of the trap ground under the bump.

But it held bravely.  
"Get up to the little door on the great floor and close the sails," ordered Wobby. "They can't see you!"

"There's a muffled report, and a white, jagged splintering showed in the trap as a ball tore through the wood.

"Told you so!" muttered Wobby. "Get off with you! Down the sail, then round to the door. There's an iron bar there by the door better than the padlock. Slip it through the staples, stand aside from the door, and wait till I come."

"What about Nobby?" whispered Jim.  
"I'll look after Nobby," replied Wobby, "quack-off with you!"

Wobby watched his pals run up to the next story, and, with great satisfaction, saw them climbing down the open slats of the sails.

The four men down below were very busy with the battering ram, and it was plain that the old trap could not for long withstand the heavy blows.

But—  
There was a rending of timbers like the opening of a parking-case, and the head of the battering ram crashed through.

"Get you now, you young dorks!" cried a triumphant voice from below.

"Look here!" called Wobby. "What will you take us to let us go?"

"We wished to gain time by parley."  
"What will I take from you to liberate jewels that you young rips have taken from me!" replied the man's voice from below.

"We know you've got 'em hidden up! But we aren't going to talk about that till we've got hold of you. Twist her out, boys! Another bash like that last will smash a way!"

Wobby was of the same opinion.

As the ram crashed home again, tearing and rending the last fragments of the trap from the bolts, he slipped up to the top floor and let the next trap fall with a bang.

Listening for a moment, he heard the angry yells of the gang as they struggled through the broken trap only to find that their quarry had taken refuge on the top-most story of the mill.

"Oright, young fellers!" yelled Kip. "We'll soon get you out o' that! Then we'll put you through it!"

"We'll see about that!" shouted Wobby, making as much noise as he could with his feet on the floor above so as to convey the impression that his efforts were still with him.

Half a dozen bullets, rattling through the trap and floor, showed him that the ruffians below were firing on the off-chance of wounding a boy or two and with the intent of scaring the fight out of them.

Wobby moved quickly now. Swiftly he set the wind-vane running and dragged Nobby out on the little gallery of the mill.

It seemed a dizzy height from here to the ground. But close by the mill was a huge

pile of spoiled hay, and this was to be Nobby's jumping-mat.

Nobby balanced up on the wide rail.  
"Off you go!" said Wobby, giving his pet a flick on the tail.

Wobby, leaping far out in the air, came sailing down upon the mass of soft hay like a cannon-ball, rising again in another leap which brought him safe to the ground.

It was the greatest leap of Nobby's life, and the boys below, who had secured the mill-door, could scarce forbear to cheer.

Now they were all looking up breathlessly for Wobby had closed the slats of the mill's sails and the wind-vane was heading the hood of the mill to the wind.

Down came Wobby, sliding along the massive timber, holding on like a fly to the edge of the sail. But the boys gasped, for the sail had caught the wind and was slowly revolving.

Up it went, Wobby clinging to its edge, controlling the circle of his last revolution.

Down it came, and before it could rise again, Wobby slid the rest and dropped to the ground.

"Behind the haystack, quick, boys!" he cried.

The boys dodged behind the haystack. Wobby had caught Nobby's chain as that animal suddenly watched his master, and Nobby was dragged into shelter against the pistol-fire of the gang, now trapped in the mill.

"They are bashing through to the top-floor, boys!" gasped Wobby. "Now, we've got to start a signal that will bring the mill-sails flying fast in the freshening breeze of the hay! Don't eat the stack! I'm going to—"

Wobby searched in his pocket for matches. "Fire it!" he added.

The boys stared at one another aghast.  
"Fire a stack!" exclaimed Sticklaw. "I say, Wob," he added protestingly, "we'll all get roasted!"

"You won't!" replied Wobby. "The police will say 'Thank you!' Those tugs will bash down the door of the mill as soon as they realize that we've got them trapped, and we want the police here before they can do that. There they are!"

"Up to the gallery of the mill were four trembling wilds. The gang had broken through, only to discover the mill-sails flying fast in the freshening breeze.

"Can't they stop the mill?" asked Jim.

"Not they!" replied Wobby, with a grin, as he fired the old stack in half a dozen places. "They know more about treadmill than windmill!"

The old stack lit up quickly, sending out thick coils and wreaths of blue smoke, which drifted over the mill, giving it the appearance of being on fire.

"That will stir up the neighbourhood!" exclaimed Wobby, with great satisfaction, as he surveyed his handiwork. "The stack is

worth about two pounds, but the police would give a couple of hundred to get hold of these lads in the mill!"

"They ran round to the door now, and Wobby drew his boomerang from under his waistcoat.

"If they burst out," he said, "I'll stonch one of 'em at least!"

Soon there were bangings on the inside of the mill door and yells from the imprisoned misdoers to be let out.

"You stop there till the police come, my dugs!" replied Wobby, well pleased by the way the iron bar held in the staples. "They'll be all here soon—police and fire brigade and the rest!"

The old stack was smoking bravely now, sending a signal up that could be seen for miles, and, before the first crash of the gang's battering-ram could be brought to bear on the door, a car was seen racing up over the dows.

"Hurrah!" cried Wobby. "It's Mr. Lincoln himself, and Nobby as too, it's got Mr. Travers in it!"

It was, indeed, the right car, and not only did it bring John Lincoln and Mr. Travers, of Scotland Yard, but it also brought a sergeant and three constables, who were there to receive their captives when the iron bar bent in the door and four eager, hunted faces showed.

"Game's up, gentlemen!" said Mr. Travers politely. "Ah," he added, "All old friends! Step out! Drop your firearms! Sorry, but this is an important capture, so I'll have to clap the bracelets on you!"

There was no more light in Kip and his friends. Seizing they handed over their pistols and submitted their wrists to the handcuffs.

"What does it all mean?" asked the sergeant of police of Wobby.

Wobby grinned as Kip, with a snarl, turned on him.  
"Wait a bit, young chaps!" he said. "We ain't finished with you yet!"

Wobby took no notice of him.  
"What does it mean, sergeant?" he said affably. "Ah," he means that this is the last of the gang that we've put into your hands all on our own!"

THE END.

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