

£10 A WEEK—"THE SCARLET STREAK!"

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The GEM 2^D LIBRARY

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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RYLCOMBE



TRIMBLE TRIES THE GLAD EYE!

(Read the magnificent school story "Cousin Ethel's Chem"—inside.)

OUR "SCARLET STREAK" COMPETITION

First Prize £5.

AND FIVE PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

YOU MUST NOT MISS THIS, BOYS!

HERE we are, you fellows, with a really topping new one-week competition. You will enjoy it, because it is a novel idea, with such jolly good prizes attached to it. You are all reading our grand new serial, "The Scarlet Streak," which appears on page 23 of this issue. Well, we have written a paragraph about it, which the artist has put into picture-puzzle form.

This, by the way, is the fourth of a series of one-week contests, and with each new puzzle there will be more splendid prizes.

In attempting to solve the puzzle it will help if you read the story and see the film; also, the sense of the sentences will assist you. But you should remember that each picture or sign may represent part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three words.

Try your hand at solving the paragraph—you can see that the opening words are: "The Monk is the . . ."—and then write your solution IN INK on a sheet of paper. Cut out the puzzle and the coupon together; attach your solution to the tablet, and, having signed and addressed the coupon IN INK, post your effort to:

GEM, "Scarlet Streak," No. 4,
Gough House, Gough Square,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

so as to reach there not later than **FRIDAY, MAY 7th**. Any efforts arriving after that date will be disqualified.

RULES WHICH MUST BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

The First Prize of £5 will be awarded for the correct, or most nearly correct, solution. The other prizes will follow in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to divide any of the prizes should it be necessary in the case of ties.

You may send as many efforts as you like, but each must be complete in itself, and must consist of a solution, a puzzle, and a signed coupon. Solutions containing alternatives will be disqualified. The decision of the Editor will be absolutely final.

No one connected with the staff or proprietors of this journal may compete.

Our Grand Story, "The Scarlet Streak," has been filmed by the Universal Co. Read the story and see the film.

"THE SCARLET STREAK" NO. 4.

I enter "Scarlet Streak" Contest No. 4, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

Name.....

Address.....

4

GEM. Closing Date, Friday, May 7th.

ETHEL! When George Figgins of the New House at St. Jim's hears that name he is strangely moved: when he sees the fair owner of that pretty name his happiness is complete. So much does Figgy think of Cousin Ethel, indeed, that he is prepared to "dodge" a cricket match so that he can meet her at the station. But Figgy's chums have something to say about that!

COUSIN ETHEL'S CHUM



A Grand Long Complete Story of the Chums of St. Jim's, introducing Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's fair cousin.

By
**MARTIN
CLIFFORD.**

CHAPTER 1.

Figgy Thinks Too Much!

KERR smiled.

Fatty Wynn chuckled.

George Figgins of the Fourth, who was the cause of both the smile and the chuckle, remained oblivious of both.

Figgins of the Fourth was leaning against the trunk of an elm, in the quadrangle of St. Jim's, with his hands driven deep into his pockets, and a wrinkle of thought in his youthful brow.

Figgins, evidently, was thinking.

So deeply was he immersed in his cogitations, whatever they were, that he did not observe Kerr and Wynn bearing down upon him.

It was a sunny afternoon, a half-holiday at St. Jim's, and a junior House match was due that afternoon, the first match of the season. Figgins, generally the keenest fellow in the New House on games, seemed to have forgotten all about the House match. Fellows were already going down to Little Side from both the New House and the School House; and Figgy had not even changed, so far. He was not thinking of cricket.

But his chums were thinking of it, and they had come out to look for Figgins.

Figgy, with his eyes on the ground, deep in reflection, did not see them coming.

Fatty Wynn had a ball in his hand; Kerr had a bat under his arm. As they drew near to Figgy, and still the deeply-reflecting Figgy did not observe them, Kerr slid the bat down into his hand and gave George Figgins a playful lunge with the business end of it.

"Ow!" Figgy rubbed his ribs. "You ass! You've jolly nearly punctured me! Ow!"

"Time!" said Kerr.

"Time for what?" asked Figgins crossly.

His comrades stared at him.

"Have you forgotten the House match?" demanded Fatty Wynn indignantly. "Tom Merry and his gang are on the ground already."

"Oh, the House match!" said Figgins.

"Buck up, old man!" said Kerr. "There's no time to waste. We've been looking for you."

"I was thinking—"

"You looked like it," agreed Kerr. "What the dickens are you beginning, that for, Figgy? It's not in your line."

"Oh, don't be an ass, you know," said Figgy. "The fact is—" He paused.

"The fact is, that we shall keep the School House boundaries waiting, if you don't get a move on," said Kerr.

"Yes. But—"

"Oh, come on," said Wynn. "What the thump is the matter with you, Figgy? You've been talking for days about giving the School House the kybosh in this match. Now you mooch about day-dreaming, and seem to have forgotten that there's such a thing as cricket in the giddy universe."

Figgins coloured.

"Not at all!" he answered. "Of course, I'm jolly keen on the House match. Frightfully keen."

"You don't look it!" grunted Fatty Wynn.

"But I was thinking—"

"We shall be late!" urged Kerr. "Look here, Figgy, cricket is cricket; and if thinking has this effect on you, don't do it. Let this be the last time as well as the first."

Fatty Wynn chuckled.

Figgins did not chuckle. He was very serious.

"I was thinking—"

Kerr sighed deeply.

Evidently he had to hear the outcome of Figgy's unusual mental exercises, before the junior skipper of the New House got a move on.

"Cut it short, old man," he said. "What were you thinking? Let's know the result—if any."

"She—" began Figgins.

"What?" ejaculated Kerr and Wynn, in unison.

"I—I mean—"

"Who?" demanded Kerr. "Who's she?"

"That is—I mean—I meant to say—"

If Figgins had been red before, he was crimson now. His eyes drooped before the surprised stare of his comrades.

"Well, what did you mean to say?" demanded Kerr. "Is Dame Taggles bothering you about your account at the tuckshop?"

"Eh! No! Of course not."

"But you said 'she'—"

"D-d-did I?" stammered Figgins guiltily. "I—I really meant to say— The fact is—hem!"

"If you really meant to say that, Figgy, you needn't have taken the trouble. There doesn't seem to me to be any sense in it."

"Look here, Kerr—"

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"You fellows coming down?" shouted Redfern, of the New House, passing in the distance. He did not wait for an answer, but went on towards the cricket ground.

"We're late, Figgy."

"That's because you keep on interrupting me," said Figgins morosely. "A fellow can't get in a word, Kerr. I was saying—"

"You were saying 'she'—"

"Never mind that," said Figgins hastily. "That was a slip of the tongue. What I was thinking is this, that you're vice-captain, Kerr, and I think it's a jolly good idea for you to captain the side to-day, if only to get your hand in. Don't you think so?"

"Well, my hat!" said Kerr blankly. "If you think so, Figgy, I don't mind, of course. But what has that to do with the 'she' you were babbling about?"

"Nothing, of course."

"You want to play under my lead, instead of the other way about? It's rather potty, but I don't mind."

"Anything so long as we get going," said Fatty Wynn.

"That's settled, then, so get in and get changed, Figgy."

"I—I don't mean that exactly," stammered Figgins, still very pink. "I—I mean, you captain the side, Kerr, and we'll try a new man. Young Pratt—"

"Pratt's in the team already."

"Oh! I—I forgot—"

"You forgot!" yelled Fatty Wynn.

For Figgins to forget a man who was in his team was so very remarkable that Fatty began to have doubts about his sanity.

"I say, Figgy, are you ill?" asked David Llewellyn Wynn, with great solicitude.

"Yes, ass," said Figgins. "I mean, no, of course not. I mean, young Digges—Digges is rather coming on at cricket, you know, and I believe in giving a man a chance. What about young Digges?"

"Young Digges can go and eat coke!" said Kerr. "You're not standing out of this game, Figgins."

"No jolly fear!" said Wynn emphatically.

"You—you see—"

"I see!" agreed Kerr. "I quite see! Fully! I remember now hearing D'Arcy of the Fourth mention that his Cousin Ethel was coming down to St. Jim's to stay with Mrs. Holmes. I gather from your potty observations that she is coming to-day. Is that it?"

George Figgins' speaking countenance was like unto a boiled beetroot in hue.

"He, he, he!" came an unmusical cackle from under the elms.

Kerr looked round angrily at Baggy Trimble.

That fat youth was sauntering by, idle as usual on a half-holiday. Trimble of the Fourth had no concern with cricket—frowsting in a study, or "mooching" about with his hands in his pockets, was more in his line. As the talk of the New House Juniors was no business of his, Baggy Trimble naturally stopped to listen to it. That was one of Baggy's little ways.

"Cut off, Trimble!" snapped Kerr.

Figgins did not heed the inquisitive School House fellow. He did not even hear Baggy's cachinnation. He was deep in his rather troubled thoughts.

His look showed that Kerr had found him out, so to speak.

He hardly dared look at his comrades.

"Is that it, Figgy?" repeated Kerr.

"Well, you see," said George Figgins haltingly. "the fact is that Miss Cleveland—Cousin Ethel, you know—does happen to be coming this afternoon—"

"I thought so!" said Kerr grimly.

"As she happens to be coming by the three-thirty, at Rylcombe, I—I thought—that is to say, I mean, that if I didn't happen to be playing cricket I'd walk down to the station—"

"Only you happen to be playing cricket."

"And—and see her safe to St Jim's," said Figgins.

"Safe?" repeated Kerr. "Is there any danger in Rylcombe Lane?"

"Well, you see—"

"Lions and tigers wandering about loose, or anything like that?"

"Oh, don't be an ass, Kerr! I mean—"

"He, he, he!"

Baggy Trimble contributed another cachinnation.

This time it was unfortunate for Baggy. Fatty Wynn, who had been growing more and more exasperated as he listened to Figgins, turned round on the fat School House junior. He took aim at Baggy Trimble with the cricket-ball he had in his hand.

"Where will you have it, you cackling dummy?" he demanded.

Apparently Baggy did not want it at all, for he turned

and fled. The cricket-ball whizzed after him, and it smote Baggy Trimble on Baggy's tight trousers.

It was not a cachinnation that proceeded from Baggy then. It was a fiendish howl.

"Yaroooh!"

"Right on the wicket!" chuckled Kerr.

"Yow-ow-ow! New House rotter!" howled Trimble.

And as Fatty Wynn fielded the ball, Baggy Trimble vanished among the elms at his best speed.

Kerr and Wynn exchanged a glance, and took Figgins by either arm.

"Come on, old chap," said Kerr.

"But I was thinking—"

"This way!"

"Young Digges, you know—"

"Just time to change for the match," said Kerr.

"But, you see—"

"Hurry up!"

Figgins seemed disposed to resist. But, with a devoted comrade gripping either arm, Figgins had to walk, and he walked. He could not escape from his loyal chums without having a fight on his hands first; and, fortunately, Figgy stopped short of that. Kerr and Wynn marched him away to the changing-room, where they helped him to change; and then, as if not willing to trust him out of their sight, they walked him down to the cricket-ground, still affectionately arm-in-arm.

Figgy resigned himself to his fate. His only consolation was that Cousin Ethel, on arriving at Rylcombe by the three-thirty, was not really likely to meet with any serious dangers in Rylcombe Lane, and was, in fact, quite certain to arrive safe and sound at St. Jim's, though escorted by her devoted Figgy.

CHAPTER 2.

Getting a Move On!

TOM MERRY jammed the end of a cricket-bat on the door of Study No. 6, in the School House, and the door flew open.

Tom looked cheerily into the study.

He was in flannels, with a bat in his hand, and a cheery smile on his good-looking face. The junior School House skipper seemed to be finding life fully worth living that sunny spring afternoon.

"Ready?" he called out.

"Bai Jove! Tom Mewwy—"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth, was alone in the study. He was standing by the open window, with a letter in his hand. In his other hand was a crisp slip of paper, evidently a banknote. On the table lay a thick envelope daubed with red sealing-wax—apparently the registered envelope in which the banknote had arrived at St. Jim's. The aristocratic visage of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wore an expression of satisfaction.

He glanced round from the window at the captain of the Shell.

"Bai Jove! You made me jump!" he exclaimed.

"I'll make you jump again if you don't get a move on!" said Tom cheerily. "Forgotten the House match?"

"No feah. But—"

"Where are the other asses?"

"Blake and Hewwies and Digby are changin', deah boy. I am just goin' down to change, but I think I had better w'ite an answah to this lettah first, you know."

"You'll be late."

"That's all wight, deah boy. I feel bound to w'ite at once, because my patah asks me to acknowledge the receipt of the banknote. You see," went on Gussy sagely, "a fellow is bound to respect a fathah's wishes in any case; and, moreover, a patah who shells out a tennah at a time is the sort of patah to be encouraged."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Lucky bargee!" he said. "Is it a tenner?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"That shows that it's better to be born lucky than clever," remarked Tom.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Well, buck up," said Tom. "If you're late, and we have to field first, I shall put in another duffer—"

"Wats!"

Tom Merry swung cheerily on down the passage, and joined Lowther and Manners, who were waiting by the stairs.

In Study No. 6 Gussy resumed the perusal of the letter from his noble pater.

His countenance was very pleased and satisfied, though he shook his noble head a little over Lord Eastwood's epistle.

"I am sending you ten pounds," the letter ran. "As you inform me that you actually owe nine pounds sixteen

shillings and sixpence to your tailor, I desire you to settle this account at once. But I desire also to impress very seriously upon your mind that this extravagance is not—"

"Bai Jove!" murmured D'Arcy, interrupting himself. "The patah is a good sort—a vevy good sort—but he weally doesn't understand. I suppose he weally would not like me to walk in the quad in old twousahs, and he could scarcely desiah me to wuff it to the extent of havin' shabby gloves and out-of-date neckties. A fellow ought to be able to wuff it, but there is a limit."

He resumed the letter, but paused once more. There were two more pages to read; but really, the interesting part of the letter was all in the first sentence, which he had already perused.

D'Arcy was a dutiful son; he always read his father's letters to the very end. Although he did not always agree with his father's views, he always thanked the old gentleman politely for his well-meant advice.

Still, there was a time for everything.

He decided to finish the perusal of Lord Eastwood's letter after the House match. A lecture on extravagance would be as beneficial in the evening as in the afternoon, even if it did not improve with keeping.

So he stepped to the table, and laid down the letter, unfinished, and the ten-pound note beside it.

He picked up a pen and dipped it in the ink, and drew note-paper towards him, to dash off a grateful acknowledgment of the banknote—his grateful acknowledgments of the noble earl's good advice could be rendered later. In point of fact, Gussy was probably a good deal more grateful for the banknote than for the advice. The banknote was going to settle a long outstanding account with Mr. Wiggs, the local tailor; while the good advice, of course, would have been of no use whatever to Mr. Wiggs, who doubtless would not have taken it as a gift.

"Dear Father," D'Arcy began.

There were footsteps in the Fourth Form passage, but Arthur Augustus did not heed them.

"Thank you very much for the welcome remittance," he scribbled on.

"Ready?" bawled a voice in the doorway.

D'Arcy glanced up.

"Pway do not intewwupt me, Blake. I am w'itin' a lettah—"

"The fellows are all on the ground," said Herries, looking into the study over Jack Blake's shoulder. "Do you want to be late?"

"Not at all, deah boy. But—"

"Oh, come on!" said Digby from the passage. "You can scribble letters to the girl at the bunshop another time, Gussy."

"Weally, Dig—"

"It's all right. I dare say she'll get a letter from some other glad-eyed ass to-day, and she can get yours to-morrow."

"You uttah ass!" roared Arthur Augustus. "I am not w'itin' a lettah to any gal at any bunshop. I wepudiate the suggestion."

"Well, come on," said Blake.

"I want to catch the post with this lettah, you see—"

"Do you want to catch this bat with your fifth rib?" asked Blake.



"Now come along, old chap!" said Jack Blake. "You can't keep the team waiting!" Biff! Bang! Prod! Under the lunges of three cricket bats, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was driven headlong out of Study No. 6, uttering a series of wild howls as he went. Blake & Co. followed him, grinning. "You feahful asses—" gasped D'Arcy. "I keep on tellin' you—Ow! Wow!" (See Chapter 2.)

"Weally, you know—"

"Because that's what you're going to do, if you don't get a move on instanter."

"Weally, Blake—"

"You crass ass," said Blake severely, "I've fairly nagged Tom Merry into putting this whole study into the School House team. Now you want to keep him waiting."

"I have no desiah whatever to keep him waitin', Blake. But I am bound to w'ite an acknowledgment—"

"Gerrup!"

"You are wastin' time, Blake, by intewwuptin' me—Yawwoop!"

The business end of Jack Blake's bat interrupted Arthur Augustus quite rudely. He jumped and yelled.

"Now come on, old man," said Blake.

"You uttah wuffian—"

"Don't I keep on telling you that the fellows are waiting to begin?" roared Blake. "Here, you chaps, biff him with your bats. Never mind if you damage him. Tap his head; there's nothing in it to hurt."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus dodged round the table as his three chums proceeded to "biff" him with their cricket bats.

It was useless for Gussy to explain that his duty as a dutiful son, and his gratitude as the recipient of a tenner, required him to acknowledge Lord Eastwood's letter by the next post. Three lunging cricket bats were not to be argued with.

Under the lunges of those bats Arthur Augustus was driven headlong out of Study No. 6, uttering a series of wild howls as he went. Blake & Co. followed him, grinning.

"You feahful asses," gasped D'Arcy, rallying in the passage. "I keep on tellin' you—Ow, ow! Wow!"

"Keep him moving."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus travelled towards the stairs. With three persuasive bats behind him there really was nothing else that he could do. He was rounded up in the changing-room at last.

Generally, Gussy required a good deal of time for changing. On this occasion he changed with remarkable celerity.

All four members of Study No. 6 being down to play in the House match, it was no time for Gussy to be allowed to keep his captain waiting on the cricket-ground. Jack Blake had argued loud and long with the junior captain that Study

No. 6 ought to be played in a lump, as it were, and Tom Merry had agreed. In such circumstances, the least thing they could do was to be on Little Side in time. If Gussy did not see it, his chums were prepared to open his eyes on the subject, at the cost of any amount of lunging at his noble person with their bats.

So Gussy changed in record time, and walked down to Little Side with Blake and Herries and Digby. Tom Merry & Co. were already there, and Figgins had just arrived with Kerr and Wynn, and joined the New House crowd. As they reached the cricket-field Gussy uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Bai Jove! The banknote!"

"Eh? What banknote?" granted Blake.

"I had a wegistahed lettah ffrom my patah—"

"Good old pater!"

"But, owin' to you asses dwaggin' me away, I have left the lettah on the studay table."

"That's all right."

"But I have left the banknote lyin' there, too."

"You always were a careless ass with money."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Oh, the giddy banknote's all right," said Blake. "It won't fly away, and I suppose nobody will bag it."

"No, ass! But the door and the window are open, and it might blow away."

"Rubbish!"

"It might blow into the fire, if the fire was alight."

"Well, it isn't, is it, ass?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Dry up, old man. Here we are, Tommy. Don't say that Study No. 6 are not on time," said Blake.

Tom Merry smiled.

"Only just in time," he said. "And now you're here, let's see if you are any good. Gussy opens with Talbot."

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy went to the wickets with Talbot of the Shell, and all such minor matters as banknotes and letters home vanished from his noble mind as he devoted himself to piling up runs against the New House.

On the table in Study No. 6 the ten-pound note lay where the swell of St. Jim's had laid it.

It stirred in the draught from the open door every now and then. Presently a fellow in the Fourth Form passage opened the passage window to shout to another fellow down in the quad.

A gust of wind swayed the door of Study No. 6, caught the ten-pound note, and whisked it upon the window-sill. From the window-sill it fluttered, a few minutes later, downward to the ground.

Half an hour before, Mr. Wiggs of Rylcombe might have counted with absolute certainty upon the settlement of his little bill. But as Gussy's tenner floated away on the spring breeze the settlement of Mr. Wiggs' little bill became every moment more and more problematical.

CHAPTER 3.

Findings Keeping!

"CADS!"

Baggy Trimble of the Fourth made that remark. It was not addressed to any particular persons, but to St. Jim's generally, or perhaps the whole universe.

Baggy was discontented that afternoon.

Fortune, which seldom smiled on the fat junior, was now turning on her darkest frowns.

Remittances did not arrive from Trimble Hall. But that was not a matter of surprise to Baggy. But his allowance that week was mortgaged ahead at the school shop, and his last week's allowance had had to be handed over bodily to Dame Taggles for goods consumed. This left the hapless Baggy in an even more than usual impecunious state.

Having no cash in his own pockets, his natural resource was to attach himself to some fellow who had cash.

For that reason he had kept an affectionate eye on Racke and Crooke on the Shell, who had planned one of their shady little excursions for that afternoon. But all Baggy's ingratiating smirks had passed unheeded. Racke and Crooke had gone out without him.

A desperate attempt to raise fresh credit at the school shop had proved unavailing. Dame Taggles was like adamant, and not so much as a penny bun was to be had until Trimble's account was settled.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, when he was in funds, was generally a resource for Trimble; but D'Arcy was playing cricket now, and, with the selfishness to which Baggy was accustomed, thinking entirely about cricket and not at all about Baggy.

Five or six fellows, upon whom Baggy had bestowed ingratiating smiles, had failed to be drawn; indeed, Cardew

of the Fourth had gone so far as to kick him, as an unmitigable hint that his company was not desired. Baggy was generally blind and deaf to hints, but a hint of this kind simply had to be taken.

For all which reasons, Baggy was discontented and unamiable, and he mooched about the quad with his fat hands in his pockets, and expressed his morose feelings by ejaculating:

"Cads! Rotters!"

Three o'clock rang out from the tower, and it reminded Baggy of what he had overheard while listening to Figgins & Co. under the elms near the New House. D'Arcy's cousin, Ethel Cleveland, was coming to St. Jim's on a visit to the Head's wife, and she was to arrive by the three-thirty at Rylcombe Station. Figgins, certainly, would not be there to meet her, and D'Arcy was in the cricket match. Ethel would walk from the station, and it occurred to Baggy that he might as well trot down to Rylcombe and meet Miss Cleveland.

In his own fat and fatuous way, Baggy considered himself a ladies' man—indeed, he fancied that upon more than one occasion when Ethel had been at St. Jim's, her eye had singled him out. Could she, indeed, fail to be impressed by a really handsome fellow with a really distinguished presence like Baggy? Unfortunately, Baggy had always been shouldered aside, as it were, by jealous fellows who did not want to be cut out by a really good-looking chap. At least, that was how Baggy regarded it.

This was a chance for him, but he doubted a little whether it was worth the walk to Rylcombe. Baggy did not like exertion in any shape or form, and it was a mile to the village station. Still, he reflected that he might as well be walking to the village as mooching about the quad. And there was a possibility—a remote possibility—that Miss Cleveland might be inveigled into the village shop for refreshments after her journey; and when Baggy, after the refreshments had been consumed, discovered that he had forgotten his purse, surely it would be up to Cousin Ethel to settle the little bill—temporarily, of course.

Baggy turned that possibility over in his fat mind as he mooched along with his fat hands driven deep in his pockets. Suddenly he gave a start.

A strip of flimsy white paper was fluttering on the ground almost at his feet.

Baggy Trimble was not quite so well provided with Bank of England notes as his desired fellows to believe, but he knew one when he saw one.

He fairly pounced upon that flimsy strip of engraved paper.

"A—a fiver!" he gasped. "Oh, my only hat! A—a a tenner!"

Baggy Trimble's round eyes fairly bulged at the ten-pound note.

Only for a moment. The next his fat fist closed over the banknote, to hide it from sight.

He was quite alone. Almost all the fellows were gathered on the playing-fields.

Baggy stood for a moment or two in thought.

He was "stony" that day; not so much as a halfpenny remained to him. And he had found a ten-pound note!

Whose was it?

Indubitably Baggy's.

Findings were keepings—in certain circumstances, at least. Had Baggy Trimble lost an article of value, and had some other fellow found it, Baggy would have expected the immediate return of that article, and would have been greatly shocked had the finder proposed to keep it. But when Baggy himself was the finder, the matter took on an entirely different aspect.

There was the banknote, blowing about. It might have blown into the fountain, and sunk there. Surely Baggy was entitled to keep a thing that he had rescued from destruction? It might have been picked up by some dishonest fellow who would have kept it—but Baggy did not follow that train of thought any further.

The probability was that it had blown out of a study window, having been left carelessly about a room. In that case, Baggy had only to inquire for the owner in the school. But possibly it had blown from a great distance, and the owner might be undiscoverable. Baggy preferred to think that it had blown from a great distance, and that the owner was undiscoverable.

Why, if he put a notice on the board that a ten-pound note had been found, it might be claimed by some dishonest fellow who had no right to it! There were dishonest people about—Baggy had only too much reason for being aware that there was at least one such person!

Undoubtedly that "treasure trove" was Baggy's, but, to do the fat young rascal justice, he was feeling very uneasy in his podgy mind as he rolled away with the banknote in his pocket.

If it belonged to some fellow at St. Jim's—

He resolved that it did not. It had been blowing about

ever since it was lost—possibly from as great a distance as Rylcombe or Wayland. Some punter or bookmaker had dropped it at Abbotsford races, very likely.

Still, it would be just as well not to mention that he had found it. Some people did not believe that findings were keepings. It was extremely unlikely, for instance, that such a belief was held by the person who had lost the ten-pound note.

Baggy rolled out of gates.

He felt that his ten-pound note would be safer outside the school.

He could not change it at the school shop. Dame Taggles would open her eyes a little too wide, so soon after having refused him credit to the extent of a half-crown. There were wealthy fellows like Racke of the Shell, and Cutts of the Fifth, who could have changed a tenner, but they were quite certain to want to have absolute proof that it was Baggy's tenner before they did so.

Outside the school there were still difficulties in the way. You had to sign your name on a banknote before the shopkeepers would take it—an absurd formality in Baggy's opinion, and very awkward at times.

If the banknote belonged to some pig-headed individual who did not believe that findings were keepings, Baggy did not want it to be going about with his name written on the back, as a clue.

Still, there was the banknote; even if it could not immediately be changed, it made Baggy feel quite wealthy to know that it was in his possession.

And suddenly a new and bright idea came into his mind, and his fat face was irradiated by a smile.

Cousin Ethel!

D'Arcy's cousin was well provided with money. It was quite likely that she would be able to change the note for him. She was merely a brief visitor at St. Jim's. She would go on the morrow, most likely, taking the banknote with her. That would be the end of it. It would be rather agreeable to ask Miss Cleveland, in a casual sort of way, to change a tenner for him. It would show her what a wealthy fellow he was, and that Trimble Hall and its vast riches were no figment of his fancy.

Baggy chuckled.

With a cheery fat face, he rolled along the lane towards Rylcombe, to meet Cousin Ethel at the station.

CHAPTER 4.

The House Match!

TOM MERRY clapped his hands.

"Bravo, Levison!"

"Well hit!"

"Good old Levison!" murmured Cardew of the Fourth, stopping a yawn in the middle to make that remark.

Ernest Levison was at the wickets now, with D'Arcy at the other end. Talbot of the Shell had been bowled by

Fatty Wynn; Manners, who followed him, had been caught out by Kerr in the field; and Lowther, who followed on, had been caught by Figgins. Levison of the Fourth had followed, and was getting the bowling from Fatty Wynn of the New House—and hefty bowling it was! But Levison of the Fourth seemed quite able to deal with it, though the Welsh junior was not only the best bowler of his House, but the best bowler in the whole Lower School of St. Jim's.

Blake and Herries and Digby, waiting their turns to bat, looked on with great approval—though they were not bothering much about Levison. They were feeling proud of Gussy, who was still at the wickets and going strong. Blake's emphatic declaration that Study No. 6 ought to be played in the lump seemed to be proving well-founded; for a single member of that famous study had already seen three other batsmen out and still looked as fresh as paint. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was demonstrating that he knew something about cricket as well as about the cut of a waistcoat and the crease of a fellow's trousers.

Ralph Reckness Cardew, of the School House Fourth, had strolled down to the field to see the game rather reluctantly. Both his chums, Levison and Clive, were in the House junior team. Cardew might have had a place himself had he been keen on it. But he was not keen. But after watching the game for a time he found he was still less keen on watching than on playing. Still, he had a comfortable chair in front of the pavilion, and he was too lazy to move.

Near him, three fags of the Third—or three Third Form men, as they would have called themselves—watched with much greater keenness. D'Arcy minor, Levison minor, and Manners minor all had majors in the School House side, so they had honoured the match with their distinguished presence. Frank Levison was yelling himself hoarse, as his brother knocked the ball to the boundary; Manners minor was a little cross, Manners of the Shell having been dismissed for two; but Wally D'Arcy was unusually pleased with his elegant major, Gussy. He pointed out with pride that old Gussy could bat, though a fellow would never have believed it to look at him.

"Bravo! Good old Ernie!" Levison minor was yelling.

"Can it, old bean!" said Wally of the Third. "Not so much of your 'Ernie'! You're at St. Jim's now, not in the giddy nursery at home, Levison minor!"

"Rot!" retorted Frank. "Hurrah! Bravo!"

"Not a bad punch!" said D'Arcy minor. "Your major can bat a little, young Levison!"

"A little?" exclaimed Frank indignantly.

"Yes, a little! But he won't last so long as my major!"

"He's making more runs," said Frank Levison warmly.

"Taking more risks, you mean."

"I mean making more runs!" hooted Levison minor.

Wally of the Third chuckled.

It was always easy to "draw" Levison minor on the subject of his major. It was said in the Third that Frank

BARBAFOUS!

Cockney Hairdresser: "They say, sir, the cholera his in the hair." Gent (feeling somewhat uneasy): "Indeed! Ahem! Then I hope you're very particular about the brushes you use!" Hairdresser: "Oh, I see, you don't understand me, sir; I don't mean the 'air of the 'ead, but the 'air of the hatmosphere!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Jack J. Jarrett, 4, Queen's Road, Croydon.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM!

A gentlemen's outfitter was somewhat surprised by a young lady who wanted to buy a tie as a present for one of her admirers. She said he was a footballer and she wanted something appropriate. "Perhaps you can tell me his club colours?" suggested the outfitter. "I'm sorry," answered the customer slowly, "but I really forget them." Then suddenly she brightened up visibly. "Ah, the very thing!" she said suddenly. "Show me some of those fascinating Cupties, please!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss Jessie Pollock, 2, New Durham Road, Sunderland, co. Durham.

A BITING RETORT!

"Roger," said the farmer, "talking about poultry, can you tell a young turkey from an old one?" "Yes, indeed, I can, sir." "How?" asked the farmer. "By the teeth," the boy replied. "Oh, rubbish—nonsense!" fumed the farmer. "I'm ashamed of you, Roger! Turkeys have no teeth!" "No, sir," replied Roger, grinning; "but I have!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Hector Ledger, 16, Netherfield Road, Crookes, Sheffield.

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SURREY ON TOP!

SOME SAUCE!

An Irishman who had just arrived in New York was taking his first walk under the escort of his brother, who had been living there several years. In the window of a shop he saw a great mound of fresh cranberries. "What are them?" he asked. "Them is cranberries," said his brother. "Are they fit to eat?" "Fit to eat?" queried his brother. "I should just say they are. Why, when them cranberries is stewed they make better apple-sauce than prunes does!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to Master W. J. Broome, 83, High Street, Egham, Surrey.

MISUNDERSTOOD!

Gent (to beggar at the door): "I suppose you are often pinched by hunger?" Tramp: "Yus, sir; but more often by the police!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to M. Gillmore, Danesbury, Warren Drive, New Brighton.

firmly believed that his major ought to have been captain of the school; Kildare of the Sixth comparing very unfavourably with Levison of the Fourth, in Frank's opinion.

"Looks a bit winded, doesn't he?" said Wally, with a wink at Manners minor over Frank's shoulder.

"Just thinking so!" grinned Reggie Manners.

"What utter rot!" said Frank hotly. "He's sound as a bell. I rather think he will be 'not out' at the finish."

"Impossible, dear man! My major will not be out at the finish," said D'Arcy minor. "Look how he's set!"

"There he goes again!" exclaimed Frank. "Hurrah!"

"What's the odds that he's stumped this time?" asked Wally.

"Hundred to one?" suggested Manners minor.

"Rats!"

Levison of the Fourth was not stumped, however, in spite of the liberal odds offered against him by Reggie Manners. Frank waved his cap and yelled as "Ernie" got safe home after a three.

"Now you watch my major!" said Wally of the Third, as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy prepared to receive the bowling.

"Bow-wow!" said Frank Levison, his keen interest in the game subsiding a little.

Cardew glanced round from his chair with an amused grin at the fags. He wondered where they pumped up their enthusiasm from; enthusiasm was not in Cardew's line.

"There goes my major!" said D'Arcy minor, as Arthur Augustus knocked away the ball and ran. "Now that will be four, if your major doesn't let him down, young Levison."

"My major won't let him down, and it won't be more than two," said Frank.

"Four, you young ass!"

"Two, you duffer!"

"Punch my nose if it isn't four!" exclaimed D'Arcy minor hotly. "I tell you my major's winning this match for our House!"

"Figgy is sending in the ball!" grinned Reggie Manners.

The ball came in like a bullet from Figgins of the New House, and Arthur Augustus' bat was on the crease only just in time after the second run. Frank Levison grinned, Manners minor chuckled, and Wally of the Third looked rather sheepish.

"Where's your four?" grinned Frank.

"Oh, rats!"

"This is where I punch your nose, I think!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Reggie Manners.

Levison minor gave Wally of the Third a playful tap on the nose. Wally of the Third promptly collared his chum and backed him up against the nearest solid object—which was Cardew's chair.

"Here, look out, you fags!" exclaimed Cardew, as Levison minor sprawled across his knees.

"Who are you calling fags?" demanded Wally of the Third, with a truculent glare at Ralph Reckness Cardew.

"Whom, young man, whom?" murmured Cardew.

"What kind of grammar does Mr. Selby give you in the Third?"

"Cheeky ass!" said Wally. "Here, you chaps, up-end this chair and shift that Fourth Form slacker!"

The three minors united at once. The wicker-chair went spinning, and Cardew was deposited on the grass.

"Oh, gad!" he ejaculated.

Tom Merry looked round.

"Not so much ragging there!" he called out. "This isn't a bear-garden! My hat! You ragging with the fags, Cardew?"

Cardew picked himself up with a pink face. To so lofty a youth as Ralph Reckness Cardew it was distinctly unpleasant to be accused of ragging with the fags.

"My dear Thomas," he drawled, "your remark displays your usual lack of perspicacity. Keep your eye on the cricket, my good fellow. You understand that—and nothin' else!"

"Fathead!" said Tom good-naturedly; and he turned to watch the game again.

The three minors stood shoulder to shoulder, expecting something like trouble from Cardew. But the dandy of the Fourth was far too lazy to deal with them. He yawned, put his hands in his pockets, and strolled away. And the next moment the firm union of the three minors was turned into vigorous disunion as they competed for the abandoned chair.

Cardew strolled off the field in the direction of the School House. Sidney Clive had not batted yet, and Levison was still well-set at the wickets, so he did not seem likely to get the company of his chums for some time to come. He was bored—a state in which he often found himself—and rather regretted that he had not joined Racke and Crooke for the

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afternoon. He decided to smoke a cigarette in the study by way of consolation, and drifted lazily up to the Fourth Form passage. Under the influence of his chum, Cardew had almost given up that shabby habit; but away from them he sometimes dropped into it.

He stopped at the door of Study No. 9, the study he shared with Levison and Clive, but did not enter. He knew that if he smoked there Levison would detect it at once when he came in, and he did not want an argument. He grinned, and walked along to Study No. 6.

All the members of that celebrated study being on Little Side, he was safe from interruption there. And if Blake & Co. found a reek of tobacco-smoke in their study when they came in, what did it matter? They would not know that Cardew had smoked there, and he would not care a button if they did know.

He strolled into the study. The door and the window were both open, and from the open passage window came a rather powerful draught. Cardew closed the study window, and sat down in D'Arcy's comfortable armchair, and lighted a cigarette.

He leaned back in the chair, with his feet on the table, and blew little blue rings of smoke to the ceiling, his eyes lazily half-closed. He did not expect to be interrupted. But, as a matter of fact, he was destined to be interrupted in a very unexpected manner.

CHAPTER 5.

Looking After Ethel!

C OUSIN ETHEL stepped from the train in Rylcombe Station.

She paused for a moment or two, glancing up and down the platform, as if half-expecting to see a familiar face there.

Possibly the cheery, rugged face of George Figgins was in her thoughts. It was a half-holiday at St. Jim's, she knew; and she knew that her boy chum would meet her at the station, if he possibly could. There had been no arrangement to that effect, and certainly Ethel would not have wanted Figgins to turn down his fellow-cricketers for the purpose, had she known that that day was the date of a House match.

Evidently, Figgins had not been able to come, for he was not there. Neither was the affable countenance of Arthur Augustus, her cousin, to be seen. Ethel hardly noticed a fat fellow who was loafing by an automatic machine, fingering the little iron drawer by which packets of toffee emerged when a penny was placed in the slot. Baggy Trimble had a ten-pound note in his pocket, but he had no penny, and he had been struck by the interesting idea of wangling the machine open somehow without the insertion of a coin. This was the kind of bright idea that naturally occurred to a mind like Baggy's.

The fat junior was so keen on his experiment that he hardly observed the train coming in. He had just given it up as a bad job as Ethel Cleveland walked by on her way to the exit.

Baggy spotted her then, and spun round.

He rolled towards Ethel, raising his cap with an ingratiating smirk, which he fondly believed to be a killing smile. Baggy had great faith in his powers of fascination.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Cleveland!" said Baggy. "You remember me, what? Trimble of the Fourth—Gussy's old pal."

Ethel looked at him.

She remembered Trimble, certainly; once seen, Baggy was not easily forgotten. If only on account of his circumference, he was likely to be remembered. Baggy prided himself upon being a "wide" youth, and in one sense, at least, he was remarkably wide—much wider than Fatty Wynn of the New House.

Ethel gave him a slight nod.

"So glad to meet you here, Miss Cleveland," went on Baggy. "Gussy's in the House match to-day, you know, and he asked me to come. I gave up my place in the eleven to oblige him."

"Indeed!" said Ethel.

"Of course, it was a pleasure, too," said Trimble. "House matches aren't much to me. I thought I'd stand out and give Levison a chance. He's not a bad cricketer. May I carry your bag?"

Ethel hesitated a moment.

Certainly, she had seen Trimble a good many times, but what she had seen of him had not impressed her very favourably.

As a matter of fact, she would have preferred to walk to the school without the company of that fat and fatuous youth. But she realised that it was undoubtedly kind of Trimble to stand out of a cricket match in order to meet her at the station at D'Arcy's request.

Naturally, she was not aware that Trimble of the Fourth was a fibber compared with whom Ananias and George Washington were as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine. He did not look much of a cricketer, but she was unaware that he had about as much chance of playing for his House as of playing for I Zingari or the M.C.C. And although she had never seen any signs of his "palliness" with Gussy, she did not know that the Honourable Arthur Augustus would not have touched him with a barge-pole, and certainly would not have made any such request as stated by Trimble.

So she smiled kindly, and allowed the fat youth to take possession of her bag.

"Hold on a minute, Miss Cleveland," said Trimble, as Cousin Ethel was moving on again.

"Why?" asked Ethel, stopping.

"The fact is—" Trimble hesitated.

"Yes"

"Hem! I had to come on to meet the train, you know,

Trimble did not look like a fellow who had ten-pound tips from home, but he talked like a fellow who was likely to "swank," so Ethel set down the ten-pound note to what her chum Figgins would have called "gas." She did not suppose for a moment that Trimble was in possession of any such sum.

"Will sixpence do?" she asked.

Trimble smiled.

"I generally tip these people pretty liberally," he said.

"I believe in encouraging the lower classes, when they're respectful."

"Oh!"

"I generally make it half-a-crown," said Baggy airily.

"But don't you make any mistake, Miss Cleveland—I don't want to borrow anything. It occurred to me that you might be able to change my tenner, that's all."

"Dear me!" said Ethel in surprise. "You really want to change a ten-pound note?"

"Didn't I say so?"



St. Jim's Jingles!



No. 34—DORIS LEVISON.

"Be good, sweet maid," the poet
quoth,
"And let who will be
clever."

But Doris Levison is both,
A girl of high endeavour.
Good in the best and noblest sense,
Clever in her vocation;
Her popularity's immense,
So is our admiration!

The Levisons may well be proud
Of their delightful sister;
When absent from our cheery crowd
Right sorely have we missed her.
Her winning smile, her mellow voice,
Her charming ways and pleasant
Make all her schoolboy chums
rejoice
Whenever she is present!

Her hair is bobbed in modern style
(To fashion she is dutiful);
You'd have to travel many a mile
To find a girl more beautiful.
The flush of health has tinged her
cheek,
Her eyes are shining brightly;
Lissome and lithe is her physique,
Her step is light and sprightly.



DORIS,
Levison's Sister.

She watches all our schoolboy games,
And joins our merry missions;
She sympathises with our aims,
And spurs our fond ambitions.
George Figgins worships at her
shrine
With silent adoration;
While Gussy votes her just divine,
And adds his adulation!

As for her brothers, they agree
That Doris is delightful;
While even Racke, who seems to be
More than a trifle spiteful,
Declares that Doris is a girl
Of really stunning qualities—
In fact, she sets all hearts awlirl,
And joins our japes and jollities.

It is a pleasant task I vow,
To write of charming Doris
(Although I should be writing now
A hundred lines of Horace).
So I will wish this witching maid
A life serene and tranquil;
She'll dub me flatterer, I'm afraid—
At least, her brother Frank will!

NEXT WEEK:—PATRICK REILLY, OF THE FOURTH

and I couldn't take a platform ticket," said Trimble.
"That's all right, if I tip the man as I go out. See?"

"I see," assented Ethel.

"I haven't any change!" explained Trimble.

Ethel smiled.

"I understand. I have plenty of change," she said.
She lifted the purse that hung on her wrist.

"It's really an odd position," said Trimble. "I had a whacking remittance this morning from home—from Trimble Hall, you know. I find myself in the curious position of having a whole tenner in my pocket, and not a single brown. He, he, he!"

"Indeed!" said Ethel.

"Odd, ain't it?" said Trimble. "But it often happens to me. You see, in my thoughtless, generous way, I lent my last pound-note to a fellow in the Fourth. I gave my last half-crown to a blind beggar as I was coming to the station. That's me all over!"

Ethel looked at him.

If this fat fellow was a friend of her cousin Arthur Augustus, she mentally decided that Arthur Augustus was growing rather careless in his selection of friends.

"Hem! Yes. If you really want change for a banknote, I can give it to you, if you like," said Ethel, dubiously.
"My father gave me twelve pounds for my expenses on my holiday, and it is all in pound notes. If you really—"

"Oh, good!" said Baggy.

A ten-pound note appeared at once in his fat fist.

"Dear me!" said Ethel again.

"So much obliged to you, Miss Cleveland," said Baggy cheerily. "It will save me bothering my Form master to change it, you know; and old Lathom might make a fuss about a fellow having so much pocket-money. There's rules on that subject, you know. But dash it all, if a fellow's father is a millionaire, a fellow likes to have some money in his pocket, rules or no rules, what? Thank you very much!"

Baggy's round eyes fairly glistened as he received nine pound-notes, a ten-shilling note, and four half-crowns, in exchange for that tenner of which the owner was unknown.

Ethel tucked the ten-pound note safely away in an interior compartment of her purse.

"Mind you don't lose it, you know," said Baggy.

Ethel smiled.

"I never lose money," she said.

"Well, some people are careless," said Trimble. "Some people will let a ten-pound note blow away, you know."

The girl laughed.

"I shall not let it blow away," she said. "I have never had a ten-pound note before, and I shall take care of it."

"Oh, I've had lots," said Trimble. "My pater fairly rolls in money, you know—he thinks nothing of sending me a couple of fivers at a time. Only I don't generally let on, because the beaks make a fuss if a fellow has tons of money. Racke of the Shell got into quite a row one day, swanking with his banknotes. Railton spotted him, and Racke had to hand the money over to be allowed out to him. It made Racke awfully green, I can tell you."

"I should think that was very sensible of Mr. Railton," said Ethel.

"Oh, yes, quite. But a fellow doesn't like it," said Trimble. "I'd rather not have it mentioned that I have tenners and so on. You wouldn't mention changing that note for me, for instance, would you?"

"Certainly not."

"That's all right, then," said Trimble. "My House master would make me shell out if he knew—and the fact is, it won't last long. I'm too free with money for a sum like this to last long. Fellows borrow of me right and left, you know. Here we are."

At the barrier Baggy "tipped" the waiting porter half a crown with a lordly air. Ethel gave up her ticket, and the half-crown from Baggy was doubtless more welcome to the porter than a platform ticket would have been. Baggy Trimble, richer than he had ever been before in all his fat career—in spite of the vast riches of Trimble Hall—rolled out of the station with his fat little nose in the air, and a look of being monarch of all he surveyed.

"We'll take a cab, what?" he said. "Dash it all, I'll telephone for a taxi if you like, Ethel."

Miss Cleveland frowned.

She was "Ethel" to her chums at St. Jim's, but she had a very decided objection to being "Ethel" to this fat fellow. "I would rather walk, thank you," she said very curtly.

"It's a long way—"

"I like the walk."

"The fact is, I don't care for walking," said Baggy. "I'd rather phone for a taxi, see, and we'll have a snack in the tuck-shop while we wait for it to come over from Wayland. Don't you be afraid—I'm footing the bill."

Doubtless Baggy was desirous of "swanking" with his new-found wealth; also, he liked the idea of a ride in a cab with Miss Cleveland, subjecting her all the way to the fascinations of the "glad eye." By the time they reached St. Jim's, Cousin Ethel, could scarcely have failed to succumb to the fat Baggy's uncommon charms.

But Miss Cleveland was not taking any, so to speak.

"If you prefer a cab, take one by all means," she assented. "I shall walk."

"Look here, you know—" objected Trimble.

"Let me take my bag, please," said Ethel.

"No fear—if you're walking, I'll walk," said Trimble discontentedly. "But let's stop at Mrs. Murphy's shop. She's got lovely cakes."

"I am going to have tea with Mrs. Holmes."

"A few jam-tarts won't hurt you," urged Trimble.

"Thank you very much, but I would rather get to the school at once," said Ethel.

And she started.

Baggy Trimble rolled after her. So far, Miss Cleveland did not seem to have felt the effects of Baggy's gladsome eye, or else she was concealing those effects very cleverly. They walked down the village street, and at the door of the tuck-shop, Baggy paused.

"Better stop here a few minutes," he said.

Ethel did not seem to hear. She walked on.

Baggy rolled on again. Then he paused. It was all very well to escort Cousin Ethel to St. Jim's; it was an honour and a distinction, and it would draw envious glances upon him when he arrived at the school. Nevertheless, money was burning a hole in Baggy's pocket; and the cakes and tarts in the village shop were tempting.

"I say, I'll catch you up in a minute!" he bawled.

Ethel turned back.

"Very well; but give me my bag."

Trimble yielded the bag, and plunged into Mrs. Murphy's shop. Cousin Ethel walked on—minus Trimble, and apparently not at all dissatisfied at having lost her escort. Baggy Trimble really intended to catch Ethel up, and walk into St. Jim's in possession of that valuable prize. But although the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak—and there was much more flesh than spirit about Trimble of the Fourth.

For once he was in unlimited funds, and so—for once—he was a welcome customer at the village shop, and Mrs.

Murphy was delighted to turn out her best things for him. Baggy sat at the counter and stuffed and stuffed till he could stuff no longer, and when he had finished a pound-note and some half-crowns passed over to Mrs. Murphy—and Trimble rolled out of the shop, and almost crawled along the road to St. Jim's.

And from the strange feelings that stirred within him, Baggy felt that he had overdone it a little. As a matter of fact, he had overdone it a lot!

CHAPTER 6.

Cardew is not Pleased!

TAP!

The door of Study No. 6 opened.

Ralph Reckness Cardew jumped.

He was smoking his third cigarette, and there was a blue haze in the study.

The House match could not be over for a long time yet, and Cardew had no fear of interruption.

But, as the door opened, it rushed into his mind that some member of the study had come in for something; and it rushed into his mind, at the same moment, that he was booked for a scrap. Whether it was Blake, or Herries, or Digby, or D'Arcy, no member of Study No. 6 was likely to allow his cool cheek in smoking in the study to pass unpunished.

Cardew jumped—but he did not rise.

If he was booked for trouble, he was booked for trouble, and that was all there was about it! Certainly he was not going to show any sign of alarm. And so, as the study door was pushed wide open, and a girlish figure entered, Cardew was lounging back in the chair, his feet on the table, the cigarette in his mouth sending a trail of blue smoke ceiling-wards.

For a second or two Cardew sat as if rooted in the arm-chair.

He had not even heard that Ethel Cleveland was expected at the school, or if he had heard, he had forgotten. The sight of Cousin Ethel's bright young face gave him a distinct shock.

Into his own face the colour rushed in a crimson flood.

His attitude, which would have implied a cool and impudent disdain of what Study No. 6 might think of him, had Blake & Co. entered, suddenly became ridiculous in his own eyes as a girl's surprised face looked at him.

He jumped up from the chair, and threw the half-smoked cigarette into the grate. For once in his life the cool, nonchalant dandy of the Fourth was overwhelmed with confusion.

"Miss Cleveland!" he stammered.

Ethel nodded.

She was surprised to find Cardew in Study No. 6, and she had not failed to note how he was occupied when she entered. Indeed, the atmosphere of the study made her cough a little.

"I expected to find my cousin here," she said.

"He's—he's playing in the House match this afternoon," stammered Cardew. "His friends are all in the team."

Never had he felt so uncomfortable. He was conscious that his face was red, and that consciousness made it redder. What evil spirit had worked upon him to smoke that afternoon? He did not really care for smoking—it was only a pose—one of his many affectations. He knew that it made him look ridiculous to Ethel, and he hated looking ridiculous.

Ethel hesitated just within the study.

She had not known whether Arthur Augustus would be there, but she had intended to wait for him if he had not come in. She had already been to the Head's house, and had had tea with Mrs. Holmes there, and it was now past the usual tea-time for the juniors. But, with Cardew in the study, she decided not to wait.

"My cousin is playing cricket, then?" she asked.

"Playin' no end of a game," said Cardew, his coolness returning a little. The scapegrace of the Fourth was never out of countenance for long. "Breakin' all known records when I last saw him. First man in, and lookin' like bein' not out at the finish of the giddy innings. But I suppose the School House innings is over by this time," he added.

"Then Arthur will be in the field?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But the match can't last much longer," said Cardew, with a glance at the study clock. "If you'd care to walk down to Little Side and see the finish, I'd be no end honoured to take you there, Miss Cleveland."

"Thank you very much, but—"

Cardew winced a little.

"But you intended to wait here for D'Arcy, and I'm in the way," he said. "All serene, I was just goin'."

"Not at all! But—"

Cardew picked up a sheet of paper and waved it in the air, opening the window.



Like a streak of lightning Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sped down the pitch. The ball came in like a bullet from Figgins of the New House, and the swell of St. Jim's bat was on the crease only just in time. "Hurrah!" There was a storm of cheering from the onlookers. (See Chapter 4.)

"Smoky, isn't it?" he said.
 "Yes," answered Ethel rather dryly.
 "If I'd known that ladies were expected I'd have given that fag to Mellish or Trimble," sighed Cardew. "I suppose you think me every sort of a silly ass, Miss Cleveland?"
 Ethel smiled faintly.
 "If you do, you're right on the wicket," said Cardew. "Never was such an ass—even Gussy isn't such a one! When the door opened I fancied it was D'Arcy comin' in. He would have punched me for smokin' in his study. Serve me right—what?"
 Ethel did not answer.

As a matter of fact, she wanted Cardew to go, so that she could wait in the study for her friends to come in. She did not care to wait there in the company of a fellow with whom her acquaintance was so slight.

Cardew quite understood. Having cleared the study of smoke as well as he could, he closed the window again, and crossed to the door. Being quite well aware that he cut an absurd figure in the girl's eyes, he was as keen to go as Ethel could be to see the last of him.

"I leave you in possession, Miss Cleveland," he said. "Try the armchair; it's quite comfortable. Like me to light up the fire?"

"Thank you, no."
 "Anythin' I can do?"
 "Nothing, thanks."

"Except clear?" grinned Cardew. "Quite so! Miss Cleveland, I have the honour to take my leave!" And, with a deep bow, the dandy of the Fourth retired from the study.

He was smiling as he left; but as he went down the passage towards the stairs he gritted his teeth, and his brow darkened.

"Fool!" he muttered, addressing himself. "Goat! Triple ass! Caught smokin'—like a silly little fag of the Third! She must think me a thumpin' duffer!" He shrugged his shoulders angrily. "After all, what does it matter what she thinks?"

But somehow it did seem to matter, for Cardew's brow was dark as he swung out of the School House and tramped away moodily towards the cricket-ground.

He had loafed a long time in Study No. 6; the House

match was near its end. Figgins and Redfern of the New House were at the wickets, and Tom Merry & Co. in the field. Talbot of the Shell was bowling to Figgins, who was in great form, and seemed quite able to deal with Talbot. The three minors were still where Cardew had left them—Wally in possession of Cardew's chair.

"How's it goin', my merry men?" asked Cardew.
 "Our House all down for 100," said Wally. "My major did the best of the lot. Young Levison's major petered out."

"My major had rather bad luck," Frank explained. "It was like this—"

"Dear youth, I am sure that only a miracle could have prevented your major from winnin' the game on his lonesome own," said Cardew gravely. "How is the casualward goin' on?"

"That uncomplimentary allusion was to the New House. "Eighty for eight wickets," said Reggie Manners. "We shall beat them."

Cardew yawned.
 "You kids seein' it out?" he asked. "What energy! What endurance! What fatheadedness!"

Cardew walked away again. He had hoped to find his chums disengaged; but both Clive and Levison, of course, were in the field. The slacker of St. Jim's did not care to watch them fielding; he sauntered away from Little Side, with his hands in his pockets, yawning. His straying footsteps took him in the direction of the gates, and his lazy face broke into a grin at the sight of a fat figure that came plodding in. It was Baggie Trimble, and he looked fat and shiny and sticky and weary. His complexion was pasty, with an artistic touch of green.

"Feelin' toppin'—what?" asked Cardew.
 "Groooogh!" was Trimble's reply.

"You look no end fit," said Cardew, gazing at him. "Sort of look as if you'd been on a Channel steamer on a rough day. Been smoking, dear boy?"

"Groogh! No. I've got a pain!" gasped Trimble. "I say, Cardew, give me your arm as far as the House, will you? I—I—I feel sick."

"So do I, dear man."

"You been having a spread?" asked Trimble.

"No, old man; merely the sight of you," said Cardew urbanely. "You have that effect on fellows, you know."

"Yah!"

Baggy Trimble rolled wearily on towards the House without the aid of Cardew's arm. Cardew grinned and strolled away towards the school shop. He had had no tea, and he decided on light refreshments with Dame Taggles.

He found a good many of the New House batsmen in the shop, discussing the match—generally expressing the opinion that New House would win, and that old Figgins would knock up the necessary runs.

Apparently it was going to be an exciting finish—though Cardew did not feel excited. Fellows came in for a hasty snack, and rushed back to the cricket-field. Fatty Wynn was disposing of refreshments of a rather solid nature, when Kerr put his head in at the door.

"Wynn here? You fathead! Redfern's down! Man in—man in, you howling ass! Come on!"

Kerr grasped his plump chum by the arm and rushed him away. Half a dozen New House fellows rushed after them.

"Dear-me!" said Cardew to Dame Taggles. "What an excitin' life! Do you think the New House will win, Mrs. Taggles?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the good dame.

"Neither do I—and care exactly as much," said Cardew. "But it's frightfully excitin'. Did you notice my hand tremblin' as I lifted my ginger-beer?"

"Lor', Mr. Cardew, how you do talk!"

"Mrs. Taggles, in that remark you display the well-known perspicacity of the sex you adorn," said Cardew gravely. "Talkin' is where I come out strong. A wise old johnnie said, once, 'Let whosoever will make a country's laws, if I can make its songs.' Likewise, my idea is, let whosoever will do the workin', but let me do the talkin'. Some day, madam, I hope to get into Parliament, and get four hundred a year for it. If you feel frightfully keen to see how the House match is gettin' on, madam, I will mind your shop for a few minutes while you scud down to Little Side."

Dame Taggles laughed, without even trying to understand what Cardew was talking about.

"You don't enthuse?" asked Cardew, nibbling his cake. "Same here—I never did! My hat! I seem to have the shop all to myself! Is there a fire? Or are all those fellows really buzzing off to see Figgins knock his wicket over? Amazin'! When in doubt, follow the crowd! Au revoir, madam!"

Cardew left the school shop and walked back to Little Side. Whether the slacker of the Fourth chose to "enthuse" or not, there was no doubt that a swarm of St. Jim's fellows were "enthusing." Loud yells and hand-claps greeted every smite of the willow as the House match drew on to its exciting finish.

"How's the giddy game?" yawned Cardew, coming on Redfern of the New House. "How many goals are you up?"

Redfern stared at him.

"Goals?" he repeated.

"I mean runs," amended Cardew.

"Fathead!" was Redfern's reply.

"Won't you enlighten me, though?" asked Cardew. "I'm frightfully keen—pantin' for information."

"Haven't you any eyes? Look at the board."

"Too much trouble, old bean," answered Cardew, without turning his head. "There's a limit, even to House enthusiasm."

"Ass!"

"What did you say?" asked Cardew politely.

"Ass! Fathead!"

"Good gad! They know me as well in the New House as they do in my own House!" said Cardew.

He strolled away towards the three minors. Frank Levison seemed in a state of tremendous satisfaction.

"Did you see him?" he asked, as Cardew came up.

"Him? Which him?" asked Cardew. "Was it a him ancient or modern?"

"Fathead! My brother—he caught Redfern out."

"Did he? Wonderful!"

"It was jolly clever!" snapped Frank.

"Clever isn't the word! It was amazing! I stood astonished," said Cardew. "At least, I should have stood astonished if I'd seen it! Unfortunately, I didn't."

"Oh, chuck it!" granted Levison minor, and he turned back to the game.

"We shall win," said Wally of the Third. Tom Merry's team representing the House, the fags felt a proprietorship in it. "We shall win! They're nine down for ninety-four—that fat duffer Wynn was last man in. He's too fat to last long. Besides, he's a bowler."

"There goes Figgins, though," said Reggie Manners.

"Four!"

"Bravo, Figgins!"

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"Figgy! Figgy! Figgy!" roared the New House. "Ninety-eight—two to tie, and three to win," said Reggie Manners. "We shall do it yet; Wynn's going to get the bowling. If Tom Merry puts a good man on, Wynn is bound to go."

"What about second innings?" asked Cardew.

The three minors gave him three distinct glares of contempt.

"Don't you know it's a single-innings game?" demanded Wally of the Third. "Don't you know anything?"

"Very little, I fear," said Cardew. "But I'm always wilfin' to learn from the men who know things—I really must cultivate the Third!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

The field crossed over, and Levison of the Fourth was given the ball, against Fatty Wynn's wicket. Frank Levison grinned gleefully.

"Now we shall see something," he remarked.

What they saw was a single run by Fatty Wynn, which brought George Figgins to the batting end.

"Ninety-nine—as the doctor says!" remarked Cardew. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now! School House is licked."

"Rats!" retorted the three minors in chorus.

"My brother—" began Frank.

Cardew laughed.

"Your brother won't be able to touch Figgins in three months," he said. "If I were a bettin' chap—which I should be if bettin' weren't immoral—I'd offer you six to one that Figgy knocks the stuffin' out of the School House next ball. I can see it in his eye."

"Rats!"

"Fathead!"

"Can it!"

The ball went down, the best that Levison of the Fourth could give, and Levison was a good man. But George Figgins was in great form—Figgins was the hope of his side now, and Figgins justified the confidence of the New House. The ball whizzed away from the gleaming willow, and Figgy and Fatty Wynn ran, and ran again.

There was a roar from the swarm of New House fellows.

"Well done, Figgy!"

"New House wins! Hurrah!"

"Hip-pip! Good old Figgy!"

There was a rush of enthusiastic New House fellows to seize George Figgins and bear him shoulder-high from the well-fought field. Figgins, red and happy, grinned down on the cheering throng.

"And you wanted to cut the match, you ass!" said Kerr. "Do you thing young Digges would have played up like that, fathead?"

"Hardly!" chuckled Fatty Wynn.

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Figgins!"

"Well won, Figgy, old man!" called out Tom Merry cheerily. "We'll beat you next time."

"I don't think!" grinned Figgy.

"Yaas, wathah! As a mattah of fact, if I had taken a few more wuns, you know, you fellows—"

"That silly owl was right," said Wally of the Third, with a glare at Cardew. "Not that he knew what he was talking about! Figgins has done it."

"If Ernie had had another chance—" said Frank.

"Give Ernie a rest, old man, and let's go and get some grub," said Wally.

"Let's!" said Manners minor. "I'll be jolly glad to get some tea, and still gladder to give Ernie a rest."

"You young ass—" began Frank.

"This way to the tuckshop!" said D'Arcy minor. "Come on—there'll be a rush."

And the three minors shouldered their way off.

Cardew joined Levison and Clive as they walked back to the House.

"Congratters!" he said. "No end of a game! Did you notice me watchin' you all the time, burstin' with enthusiasm?"

"Were you waiting all the time?" asked Clive, in surprise.

Cardew coughed.

"Well, perhaps, not all the time," he admitted. "I saw the beginnin' and the end; but, as Aristotle remarked, a cricket match has a beginnin', a middle, and an end—or, if he didn't say it about cricket matches, he said it about somethin'. Feeling tired?"

"Not very."

"Astonishin'," said Cardew. "I'm feelin' frightfully fagged."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothin'. That's why."

"Fathead!" said Clive.

"What about tea in the study now?" asked Cardew. "Sure you're not feelin' tired after the cricket!"

"Quite!"

"Then you can call in at the tuckshop for the supplies. I'll wait for you in the study armchair."
And Ralph Reckness Cardew strolled away towards the House, whistling.

CHAPTER 7.

Two is Company!

"**B**AI Jove! Ethel!"

Cousin Ethel rose from the armchair in Study No. 6, and smiled brightly at her cousin.

Arthur Augustus shook hands with Ethel, and Blake and Herries and Digby in the doorway ducked their heads and grinned amiably.

"I twust you have not been waitin' long, Ethel."

"Only a little while," said Ethel cheerily. "After having tea with Mrs. Holmes, I thought I would call and see you, Arthur. As you were not in, I waited."

"That was weally wippin' of you, deah gal," said Arthur Augustus. "I should have been fwrightfully disappointed not to see you, you know. Perhaps you know there was a House match on this aftahnoon—"

"Yes; Cardew told me."

"Oh, you've seen Cardew? I suppose the lazy boundah was slackin' around somewhah," said Arthur Augustus. "I felt quite suah, Ethel, that you would guess that there was a cricket match on, as I did not turn up at the station."

Ethel coloured faintly.

As a matter of fact, she had guessed that there was a cricket match on, because Figgins had not turned up at the station. She realised that she had not thought very much on the subject of her excellent and affectionate cousin, Arthur Augustus.

"Did you have a good journey, deah gal?"

"Oh, quite," said Ethel.

"I wish you'd arrived in time for the match," said Blake. "You'd have liked to see it, Ethel—uncommonly good, you know. Gussy did no end of stunts with the willow."

"Yaas, wathah! I am bound to admit that I put in a wathah good innings," said Arthur Augustus. "If I had put on a few more wuns, you know, the New House would not have pulled it off."

"Did the New House win?"

"Hem! Yaas. Just won, you know."

"Oh, give 'em their due!" said Blake. "They had a wicket in hand. There's no doubt that Figgins put up a terrific innings."

Ethel gave Blake a very pleasant smile.

"Figgins was playing?" she asked.

"Yes; he's New House junior skipper, you know," said Blake. "The silly ass—"

"Eh?"

"Figgins, you know. He's a good chap, but no end of an ass in some things," said Blake. "The silly ass—Figgins, you know—had some scheme of cutting the House match, I heard Kerr say. Fancy cutting a House match! Goodness knows why! He was in tremendous form, and certainly his House would never have won the game without him. But all these New House men are rather asses."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Dig contributed a chuckle.

"Kerr and Wynn fairly had to lug him down to Little Side," he said. "They came along arm-in-arm, and wouldn't let him go till the match started. He looked like bolting."

Ethel laughed.

"I wonder why?" she said.

"Oh, he's a duffer, you know!" said Herries.

"Oh!"

"Anyhow, there he was, and he just beat us," said Blake. "Miss Ethel, I hope you're going to stay for tea in the study. It's a long time since you came to St. Jim's, you know, and we—"

Ethel smiled and shook her head.

"Thank you, I have had tea with Mrs. Holmes, and I must be going back to the Head's house now. I wanted to speak to Arthur, that was all—and Arthur's friends, of course."

"Bai Jove, deah gal, that's weally wuff on us, you know," said Arthur Augustus. "Tea in the study is a wegulah function, you know, Ethel, when you honah St. Jim's with your pwesence."

"But I am staying a week with Mrs. Holmes," said Ethel.

"Oh, wippin'!"

"Good!" said Blake. "Then we bag you for to-morrow, Miss Cleveland. This study has first claim."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Ethel laughed merrily.

"Done!" she said.

"We'll make a partay of it," said Arthur Augustus. "Tom Mewwy and Mannahs and Lowthah, and perhaps Study

No. 9, and perhaps we might have a man or two from the New House. Do you wemembah Figgins, Ethel?"

"Hem! Yes."

"He's wathah an ass, but quite a good chap, one of the best, and he weally played good cwicket to-day," said Arthur Augustus. "If agveeable to you, Ethel, I'll ask Figgins."

"Please do, Arthur," said Ethel sweetly. "I am always glad to see any of your friends. And now I must go back to the Head's house."

"Pway allow me to see you as fah as Dr. Holmes' house, deah gal," said Arthur Augustus.

And Ethel, with a smile and a nod to Blake & Co., left the study with her elegant cousin.

"Bai Jove! Talk of angels, you know," said Arthur Augustus, as they walked out of the School House in the falling dusk.

"What—"

"There's that chap Figgins. I was speakin' of him, you know."

George Figgins was hanging about near the School House door in a sort of aimless way.

But he no longer looked aimless when his glance fell upon Cousin Ethel. He sprinted towards her a good deal like an arrow from a bow.

"Ethel, I—"

"I am so glad to see you," said Ethel, shaking hands demurely with Figgins. "I hear that you have been doing wonderful things at cricket to-day."

"Oh, blow the cricket!" said Figgins.

"Bai Jove! Weally Figgins—"

"I—I mean—" stammered Figgins.

"That is wathah a diswepctful way to speak of a gweat game, Figgins," said Arthur Augustus a little severely. "And you did remarkably well, too. I was quite surprised to see a New House man bat so well."

Figgins eyed Arthur Augustus, and looked sheepishly at Ethel. From his point of view, Arthur Augustus, charming as he was, was a superfluous person on the spot.

"This way, Ethel," said Gussy; and, with a nod to Figgins, he walked Cousin Ethel off towards the Head's house.

But George Figgins, sheepish or not, was not to be nodded off so easily. He walked on the other side of Miss Cleveland.

Cousin Ethel had a double escort to the Head's house. Arthur Augustus gave Figgins a slightly disapproving glance. More than once it had been borne in upon Gussy's noble mind that Figg looked upon Ethel rather as his cousin than as Gussy's. Which, of course, was not as it should have been, and was a sample of New House "neck."

However, the three arrived quite amicably at Dr. Holmes' house, where Ethel said good-bye to them with an impartial smile.

After the door had closed on Ethel, Figgins stood staring at the door, greatly to the surprise of Arthur Augustus. What attraction that solid oak had for Figg was a mystery to the swell of St. Jim's.

He stared at Figgins in quite a marked way; and Figg, becoming aware of it, started and coloured, and turned away from the house.

"Feelin' fagged after the cwicket, Figgins?" asked D'Arcy.

"Fagged! No."

"You are lookin' wathah queeah."

"Am I?" murmured Figg.

"Yaas, wathah! Weally, almost like a fellow in a twance," said Arthur Augustus.

"Oh!"

"You had bettah go and lie down a bit, old chap, if you feel knocked up by the game," said Arthur Augustus considerably. "Aftah all, you took quite a remarkable numbah of wuns for a New House man."

"Fathead!" was Figg's ungrateful reply.

"Weally, Figgins—"

Figgins drove his hands into his pockets and tramped away towards the New House. Arthur Augustus, with a slight sniff, departed for the School House.

CHAPTER 8.

Tea in Study No. 6.

"**T**HERE'S the ass!"

Blake made that remark as Arthur Augustus came back into Study No. 6 in the School House.

There were six juniors in the study, Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther of the Shell having dropped in. And all the six seemed to be waiting rather anxiously for Gussy.

"Weally, Blake—" began Arthur Augustus.

"We've asked these chaps to tea," said Blake.

(Continued on page 16.)



EDITORIAL!

By TOM MERRY.

IT'S really surprising how many people there are in the world who become wise—after the event. In this case I'm dealing with the Cup Final that was fought out at Wembley last week. Fellows at St. Jim's, whose names I needn't mention here, are now saying that they knew in advance who would win the Cup. Lucky fellows! The gift of prophecy, however, has passed me by, and in many respects I'm very thankful that it has, bearing in mind the old saying that a prophet is seldom honoured in his own country. Certainly, St. Jim's as a whole, has no time for the prophet. But to return to the great fight at Wembley. Doubtless you read in last week's story by Mr. Martin Clifford, how Blake, Herries, Gussy, Lowther, and Manners, and your humble servant, were taken in by Baggy Trimble. When I say taken in, I don't mean taken into the Stadium, for the fat porpoise left us stranded at the ticket barriers. I refer to the amazing sequence of events that led up to "Trimble's Cup Final Party." Well, we've become wise after the event, and I sincerely trust that Baggy will profit by the lesson he received. All's well that ends well aptly describes the end of Trimble's party, for we managed to see the game all right. And what a game it was! The critics say that Cup Final football does not reach the high standard one might expect from two teams who have battled their way through the qualifying rounds, but Manchester City and Bolton Wanderers certainly played fine football. One can say that without taking into account the result. After all, it's not a very comforting ordeal to play before a "gate" of a hundred thousand people. Even experienced veterans must feel something of a tremor on finding themselves surrounded by that vast sea of faces.

But, apart from the game itself, there were lots of things to interest the crowd: the rival partisans with their rattles and megaphones and "musical" instruments, etc. We were all very tired when we got back to St. Jim's, I can assure you; but not too tired to bump Baggy Trimble for spoofing us. Talking of the fat junior brings me to mention the special story from his pen which describes his visit to town on the occasion of the 1925 Cup Final. I think you'll like that story—it shows Trimble as he really is.

And next year's Cup Final—but that's too far ahead to talk about yet, except to say that I hope I shall see it.

TOM MERRY.



FIRST in the FIELD!

By George Alfred Grundy,

"I'M a famous footer "star,"
The finest at St. Jim's by far.
At barging, charging, tackling,
booting
I'm great! And you should see my
shooting!

Tom Merry tells me to my face
I'm not entitled to a place
In the eleven which he bosses;
He bids me stick to noughts and
crosses!

My vanity is hurt. But wait!
When I arrive at man's estate
I'll show Tom Merry and his band
I'm the best player in the land!

I'll be a genius at the game,
Big clubs will hanker for my name.
The management of Swansea Town
Will offer me ten thousand down!

The "heads" of Manchester United
With my fine form will be delighted.
And the directors of West Bromwich
With one accord will pay me homage.

Burnley and Barnsley, Stockport,
Stoke,
My services will all invoke.
And they'll be disappointed, very,
If I refuse to play for Bury!

At Newport and at Aberdare
They'll want me badly, I declare.
The Spurs, the Pensioners, the Ham-
mers,
Will be incessant in their clamours!

And when the Cupties come along
You'll find George Alfred going
strong.
He'll be another Charlie Buchan,
And play the game as very few can!

Tom Merry, and his "Merry Men,"
Will doubtless be forgotten then.
And I shall be the one bright star
Whose football fame will spread afar.

They laugh and chaff at me to-day,
They get convulsions when I play.
But wait till Grundy's made a name,
Then they will hide their heads for
shame!

OUR CUP FINAL CHATTER!

By DICK REDFERN.

MR. RAILTON holds the record at St. Jim's for Cup Final attendances. He has witnessed no less than fourteen Finals. Mr. Rateliff has only seen one, and on that occasion he had an unhappy experience. He lost his seat in the grand stand; his gold watch; his train back to St. Jim's; and his temper!

THE HEAD has not seen a Cup Final since the palmy days of the Corinthians. At that time he had a relative taking part in the match. Dr. Holmes hoped to see this year's Final, but his duties chained him to St. Jim's.

IN the old days, when the Cup Final was played at the Crystal Palace, two Fifth-Formers once walked from St. Jim's to London to see it for a wager. It was thought that they could not cover the distance in time; but they did, and returned to St. Jim's that evening looking as fresh as daisies.

WILL the day ever come when the Public Schools will participate in the English Cup Competition? Imagine St. Jim's being drawn to play Manchester City in the first round! All "gate" records—if the match was played at St. Jim's—would go by the board. The men from Manchester would win, of course; but I reckon Kildare of the Sixth would worry their defence!

TAGGLES, the porter, has never been to a Cup Final. Somebody offered him a free ticket for this year's game, but Taggy declined. "Wot I says is this 'ere," remarked Taggles. "Modern football ain't worth goin' round the corner to see! Now when I was a young man, we 'ad some wunnerful footballers. There was G. O. Smith an' Steve Bloomer an' other shinin' lights. But the standard of football these days is progressin' backwards!"

GEORGE HERRIES, the cornet-player of the Fourth, considers that the Wembley authorities should allow him to organise a band to play at the Cup Final. The sort of "music" that Herries dispensed would not "soothe the savage breasts" of a Cup Final crowd, and I fancy that Herries would not arrive back at St. Jim's in one piece!

BAGGY TRIMBLE has had the unmitigated cheek to ask fellows to join his "party" to the Cup Final for 1927! He has come out with the old, old story of his pater sending him some tickets for the great event. On the strength of various invitations for 1927, Baggy has tried to raise sundry loans. Up to the time of writing, however, our fat ass has been unlucky—very. The only thing he's raised so far is the dust from study carpets and the echoes with his yells.



TRIMBLE'S TRIP to TOWN!

A Chapter of Calamities on Cup Final Day (1925), Described by the Fat Junior Himself!

bered, of course, that Editors don't work on Saturday afternoons.

Down in the hall there was a man in uniform.

"Where can I find the Editor of the GEM?" I asked him.

"At the Cup Final, sir—if you're lucky!" was the reply. "But it will be rather like looking for a needle in a haystack, searching for one gentleman among a crowd of a hundred thousand!"

I gave a groan as I realised that I had drawn blank.

"What about the sub-Editors?" I asked.

"Are they at the Cup Final as well?" The man in uniform nodded. And my visions of a free lunch at the Ritz or the Walled-off faded into thin air.

I went back to the taxi, and asked to be driven to my Uncle John's place in Mayfair Mansions.

Uncle John, I knew, wouldn't be at the Cup Final. He's not a bit interested in football; he duzzent even know weather the referee is the chap who plays at centre-forward or right back!

As the taxi threaded its way through the streets my appytite grew keener and keener. I had not eaten anything since brekker at St Jim's; and I only made a very poor brekker, having been callously refused a fifth helping of bacon and eggs.

By the time we arrived at Uncle John's house I felt simply ravenous.

The taxi-driver—one of these mercenary sort of men—demanded his fair, but I told him my uncle would see to that. Then I rolled up the front steps and gave a loud peal at the bell.

A pompous butler answered my ring.

"Is Sir John Trimble-Trimble at home?" I inquired.

"No, sir."

"Oh crumbs! You don't mean to tell me he's gone to the Cup Final?"

"No, sir. Sir John has gone to Parris for the week-end."

I eggspained to the butler that I was Sir John's nevwew, that I was ravenously hungry and wanted a meal, and that there was a little matter of three-and-six to settle with the taxi-driver for bringing me from The Fleetway House to Mayfair.

Now, the butler ought to have said: "Pray step inside, sir! Dinner will be served immediately! Kindly permit me to pay off the taxi-driver!" He ought to have said this, but he didn't. He simply glared at me, and shut the door in my face! I can't think what our modern menials are coming to! When my Uncle John hears about this incident, that beast of a butler will be sacked on the spot.

I then spent a painful five minnits with the taxi-driver, who threatened to call a policeman and give me in charge for bilking. But I managed to passify the rotter at last by leaving my name and address with him—at least, I didn't leave my own name, but Gussy's. Gussy's a generous pal, and I was sure he wouldn't object to paying a trifling sum like three-and-sixpence!

The taxi rolled away, and I was left stranded on the pavement outside my uncle's house, feeling jolly mizzerable as well as hungry. My carefully arranged programme wasn't panning out at all. I had missed the Editor of the GEM; I had missed my Uncle John; and I should no doubt miss my old pal, Martin Clifford, who, being a keen sportsman, would be certain to have gone to the Cup Final.

My plight was pretty desprit. I simply had to get a meal somehow, somewhere. Luckily, I had threepence in my pocket—just enuff to pay my bus-fare to the suburb where Martin Clifford lived.

I boarded a bus after the usual Rugby scrum; and then I had an awful row with

the conductor, who said that a fellow of my circumference ought to pay dubble fare because he occupied space enuff for two people. Cheek!

By the time I reached Martin Clifford's house I was so weak and faint through lack of nourishment that I could hardly stand. I peeped into Martin's garridge, and saw that his two-seater was missing, so I concluded he was at the Cup Final. But his maid would be at home, and I determined to coax a meal out of her. A fellow must either eat or die, and I had no intention of shuffling off this mortle coil just yet!

I dragged myself up the front steps and rang the bell. The maid appeared at once. "Good-afternoon!" I said, raising my cap. "I've dropped in to see my old pal Mr. Clifford."

"He's not at home, sir."

"I know that. He's at the Cup Final. But I—I've seen him, and he gave me a message for you. He wants you to give me a jolly good tea, and—er—look after me generally until he gets home. Then we shall spend the evening together."

The girl was inclined to be a bit suspicious at first; but I assured her that everything was quite O.K., and she showed me into the drawing-room. I sank down on to the settee, and waited eagerly for tea to arrive.

When it did arrive it was an awful self. A small cup of China tea and two fingers of bread-and-butter! Why, you might as well have offered a bun to a hungry rhinocerrus!

"Look here, miss," I protested, "Mr. Clifford wants you to give me a tea—not an apology for one!"

"What would you like, sir?"

"Plenty of everything you've got!" I replied promptly. "I'm not greedy, but I've had nothing to eat since brekker! What I really need is about three meals rolled into one!"

The maid withdrew; and when she returned it was with a laden tray stacked with eatables. There was cold rabbit-pie, and a big plum-cake, and a dish of delishus pastries—everything, in fact, that a starving fellow could desire. After a day of crushing disappointments, I was at last beginning to enjoy myself. Not for many a long day had I enjoyed a feed so much.

I hoped to be out and away before my old pal Martin came back from the Cup Final. There are times when you shrink from a meeting even with old and trusty friends!

But just as I was leaving the house a two-seater pulled up outside, and Martin Clifford jumped out. I was fairly cornered!

Instead of behaving like an old pal should, Martin Clifford acted in a perfectly Hunnish manner. I suppose his favorite team had been beaten in the Cup Final, and he wanted to take it out of somebody. Anyway, he wasn't a bit pleased to find me at his house, and, after a few words with his maid in the hall, he eyed me very sternly.

"Look here, Trimble," he said, "you have behaved in a very disgraceful manner! You called at my house without permission, and represented to the maid that I said you were to be given hospitality! I cannot permit this sort of thing! You must be punished, and I will give you a choice of punishments! Would you prefer that I dealt with you myself, or that I write and inform your headmaster what has occurred?"

I threw myself on Martin Clifford's mercy, hoping to get off lightly. But he made me touch my toes, and gave me a painful half-duzzen with his Malacca walking-cane. I almost wish I had let him report me to the Head instead!

After the whacking, I must admit that Martin Clifford was quite decent. He motored me back to Wembley in time for me to catch the St. Jim's charabong. And he didn't say a word to Tom Merry and the other fellows about what had happened. But everybody wondered why I rode back to St. Jim's standing up instead of sitting down!

THE END

Supplement II.
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 951.

ON the morning of the Cup Final of 1925 I travelled up to Wembley with a big crowd of St. Jim's fellows. They were all crazy about the Final, and there was any amount of speculation as to which team would win. All the way up the fellows could talk of nothing else, and I got bored stiff.

To tell the trooth, I wasn't interested in the Cup Final; anyway, I wasn't sufficiently interested to want to sit for ninety minnits in a stand, squashed like the middle sardeen in a closely packed tin. And, as for the game itself, a dazzling footballer like me always gets a pain when he watches the feeble efforts of twenty-two common-garden players. If twenty-two Trimbles were performing, it would be another matter.

Besides, I hadn't got a ticket for the grand-stand. The cost of a grand-stand ticket was a ginny, and I hadn't got any sooperfewus ginnies to chuck away. As for standing to see the match with the ordinary rank and file, that would be far beneath my dignitty!

Of course, if I had really wanted to get into the ground without paying, I could have done so. I don't mean by bilking; that sort of thing is forrin to my nature. But I could have got in on the strength of one of my cousins being a reserve linesman. He would have wangled a free pass for me if I had wanted one. But I didn't.

My object in coming up to town was to call on a few of my old pals. I had worked out a plezzant little programme which would ensure a very enjoyable day. First of all, I would call on my dear old pal, the Editor of the GEM Library, at The Fleetway House, and persuade him to take me out to lunch, either at the Ritz or the Walled-off Hotel.

After a harty repast, I would take an affekshunate farewell of the Editor, and leave him to foot the bill. Then I would trot round to Mayfair Mansions, where my wealthy Uncle John resides. I would persuade Uncle John to take me round and show me the sites of London—the Monument Abbey, the Westminster Zoo, St. Paul's Museum, and so fourth. And after the site-seeing, we would wind up with a jolly good tea at some swell restereong.

Then, in the evening, I would call on my old pal Martin Clifford, who writes the GEM stories. Dear old Martin! I could see his honest, rugged face beaming with joy as he clasped me by the hand and welcomed his stout pal from St. Jim's. We would go out together, and do a cabaret show, and a theatre, and a little dancing, and a late dinner. By this time the St. Jim's charabongs would have gone back; but no doubt my pal Martin would run me back to the school in his two-seater.

So, you see, I had all my plans cut and dried, and I had something better to do than to watch a silly old Cup Final.

I borrowed enuff munny from Gussy to take me from Wembley to The Fleetway House in a taxi. It was a fearfully slow jerney, the streets being conjested with traffek of all kinds. All the world, it seemed, was going to the Cup Final, and we were the only people travelling from Wembley instead of to it!

But at long last we reached our destination, and I was feeling jolly peckish by the time I rolled into The Fleetway House.

The grate bilding seemed strangely desolate and deserted. I ought to have remem-

COUSIN ETHEL'S CHUM



(Continued
from
page
13.)

"I am vewy glad to see you, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus gracefully. "As a mattah of fact, I am wathah peckish myself. I have played the whole aftahnoon, you know, on a bun and a glass of milk. I weally think I could pile in like Twimble or Fatty Wym." "

"Same here," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Well, ass, it's up to you," said Blake. "Where is it?"

"Where is what, Blake?"

"The tenner, ass!"

"Bai Jove! I had forgotten the tennah," said Arthur Augustus. He glanced at the study table, which was ready laid for tea. "What have you fellows done with it?"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"It's not here, fathead!"

"Wats! I left it on the table, as you know, with my patah's lettah, when you wushed me away to the changin'-woom," said D'Arcy. "I suppose it has droppod on the floah. But I wegwet to say, deah boys, that that tennah will not be available for a studay spread."

Blake gazed at him.

"Is this our old pal Gussy?" he asked. "Is this the pet idiot we've watched over and brought up in the way he should go? He has a tenner—not a measly five, but a tenner—a genuine tenner—ten of the best—and he declines to stand a study spread to his old pals! Do my aged ears deceive me?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Gussy, old man," urged Herries, "play up! Don't let the study down before these Shell bounders!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Gussy growing stingy in his old age!" said Digby sorrowfully.

"Weally, Dig—"

"Gentlemen," said Monty Lowther, "we seem to be a little de to drop. Let us clear, and leave these Fourth-Form kids to settle their family differences in private."

"Pway do not go, you fellows," said Arthur Augustus. "Pway allow me to explain. My patah sent me that tennah specially to settle a tailah's bill. It is yah-marked for that purpose, you know. I am bound in honah to pay Mr. Wiggs nine pounds sixteen shillin's and sixpence."

"And we were counting on the tenner!" said Blake. "You couldn't mention that earlier, could you, fathead?"

"How could I mention anythin', you ass, with you fightful wuffians lungin' at me with cwicket-bats?" demanded Arthur Augustus indignantly.

Tom Merry laughed.

"Something in that," he said. "Well, if the tenner is ear-marked for a tailor, it looks to me as if the spread is off—and we'd better be off, too."

"Of all the chumps!" said Blake. "To think that we've asked three fellows to tea on the strength of that tenner, and now it turns out that the tenner belongs to a tailor. Look here, Gussy, can't you diddle your tailor?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"It's quite a fashionable thing to do," argued Blake. "Quite the thing in the West End."

"Wats!"

"Perhaps I may make a suggestion?" said Monty Lowther. "A tailor, being only the ninth part of a man, ought really to be paid only a ninth part of his bill. Let us blow the other eight-ninths."

"Why not give the tailor an order for a new suit?" asked Manners. "I've heard that a tradesman is just as pleased to get a new order as to get his bill paid. You have to do one or the other."

"Yaas; but there must be a limit to that sort of thing, I should think," said Arthur Augustus, rubbing his noble nose thoughtfully. "But, weally, I am bound to pay Wiggs, because the patah sent the banknote specially for the purpose. Awfly sowwy, you know."

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"Thus do the hopes we had in him touch ground and dash themselves to pieces—Shakespeare!" murmured Lowther.

"Oh, that's Gussy all over!" said Blake. "It comes to this—that only three-and-six out of the tenner is available. But three-and-six is three-and-six, after all."

"Splendid!" said Lowther. "I see that they keep you up to the mark in your arithmetic, in the Fourth Form."

"Fathead! Find the tenner, Gussy, and we'll change it at Dame Taggles', and make the three-and-six go as far as possible. After all, it works out at a tanner each for seven."

"And we are seven, as the young lady remarked in the poem," said Monty Lowther. "Moreover, I can add a bob to the funds."

"That's all wight, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus. "I was only explainin' that the tennah is not available for a studay spread. As a mattah of fact, I have a ten-shillin' note and some half-crowns."

The juniors gazed at him.

"You—you—you—" gasped Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Then everything in the garden is lovely," said Tom Merry, laughing. "But if you'll take my tip, you'll pick up that tenner and put it in a safe place, first of all. Tenners ought not to be left about."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I'll cut down to the tuckshop, while you fellows root about for the tenner," said Blake. "No good wasting time."

"Good egg!"

"Shell out your wealth, Gussy, you frabjous ass!"

"Weally, Blake, I stwongly object—"

"What?" roared Blake. "Are you going to tell us that the ten-bob note is ear-marked, too? Was it sent you specially to pay your silk-sock merchant, or the necktie-man?"

"Nothin' of the kind, deah boy! I object—"

"Is Gussy really growing stingy?" asked Herries in wonder.

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"What do you object to, then?" roared Blake.

"I object to bein' called a fwabjous ass, Blake."

"Wha-a-at?"

"I stwongly object to such expressions. I wegard them as oppwobious."

Blake picked up a fives bat. He felt that words were wasted on the Honourable Arthur Augustus, D'Arcy, and that nothing but a fives bat, well laid on, would meet the case.

"Hold on," said Tom Merry, laughing. "We haven't come here to see a dog-fight." He jerked the bat away from the incensed Blake. "Shell out, Gussy, and give your chin a rest."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Shell out!" roared Blake.

"Heah you are, deah boy—a ten-shillin' note," said Arthur Augustus, handing it over. "Here are a couple of half-crowns, too. At the same time, Blake, I am bound to remark that I wish you would not wear at a fellow. I have mentioned that befoah."

Jack Blake suppressed his feelings, and departed from the study with a ten-shilling note and two half-crowns—a quite sufficient sum even for a spread for seven.

Then Tom Merry & Co. started to look for the missing tenner.

As D'Arcy had left it on the study table, along with his father's letter, the probability was that it had drifted about the study somewhere, and they expected to find it in a few minutes.

They did not find it, however.

Lord Eastwood's letter was still there—the tablecloth had been laid over it. But the banknote was not there; and the study was searched from end to end, and from side to side, without any discovery being made. Six juniors were feeling a little tired of it, by the time Blake came back from the school shop laden with parcels.

"Here you are," said Blake cheerily. "Found the giddy tenner?"

"No; can't see it anywhere," said Tom Merry.

"I suppose the ass shoved it into a pocket after all."

"Wats! I did nothin' of the kind!"

"Well, let's have tea; and we'll have another look round after tea," said Blake. "I expect that I shall find it all right."

And seven juniors sat down to an expensive spread, to which they did full justice. Six of them chatted merrily, chiefly on the exciting incidents of the House cricket match. But Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was rather silent and thoughtful. The search for the banknote had been thorough, and Gussy could not help feeling that, it was no longer in the study.

He was worried. For Mr Wiggs was growing a little

impatient about his bill; and if that tenner was lost, it really was impossible to ask Lord Eastwood for another. And the swell of St. Jim's was faced with the unpleasant prospect of a series of painful interviews with an irate tailor. And that prospect almost spoiled tea in the study for Arthur Augustus.

CHAPTER 9.

Lost, Stolen, or Strayed!

TOM MERRY rose to his feet with a cheery smile. The festive board had been cleared; almost the last crumb of the ample spread had disappeared from view. After a cricket-match, an ample spread, and a cheery chat, Tom was feeling eminently satisfied with the universe generally. Prep remained to be done; but that couldn't be helped. It was probable that prep would be rather scamped in a good many juniors' studies that evening.

"Thanks, you fellows!" said Tom. "We'll be travelling along now—we must put in something to show Linton in the morning."

"What about the banknote?" asked Manners. Tom whistled.

"My hat! I'd forgotten that! We'll help find the banknote before we clear. Many hands make light work!"

"Oh, I expect I shall spot it pretty soon," said Blake. "It can't be far away."

"I twust so," said Arthur Augustus. "It will be fwihtfully awkward if I have to tell the Wiggs man that I cannot pay him!"

"What rot! The banknote must be somewhere." "Pile in!" said Tom. "We'll up-end the whole giddy study, if necessary. We'll find it!"

Seven juniors, invigorated by tea, proceeded to search Study No. 6 once more. This time the study was fairly rooted over, scarcely an inch of it being left unscanned.

But the result was the same as before. The juniors ceased at last, and locked at one another. It was quite clear that Lord Eastwood's ten-pound note was not in the study at all.

"The fathead must have put it into his pocket!" growled Blake. "Nothin' of the sort!" "Turn out your pockets, and let's see."

"I will turn out my pockets, Blake, but I know vevy well

that I laid the banknote on the table beside my fathah's lettah. It was lyin' there when you came in for me."

"Well, you know what an ass you are!" urged Blake. "Wats!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy turned out all his pockets, and every one of them was scanned by his comrades; his purse and his pocket-book were searched. But there was no sign of the tenner.

Faces in the study were looking grave now. "Dash it all, this is queer!" said Tom Merry. "Banknotes can't walk away. Has anybody been in the study?"

"Nobody was likely to come into our study, I suppose, on a half-holiday," said Blake.

"Only Cousin Ethel," said D'Arcy. "She was heah when we came in. I wondah if she saw anythin' of the beastly banknote."

"The window was open when we left," said Digby. "Suppose the wretched thing blew out of the window?"

"Yaas, that's what I am afwaid of, owin' to you fellows playin' the giddy ox—"

Tom Merry nodded. "That's about it," he said. "A banknote would blow about like a feather. If the door and window were both open—"

"But a draught from the door wouldn't be likely to shift it farther than the floor," said Manners.

"If somebody opened the passage window there would be a regular blow along the passage," said Tom.

"But did somebody?" said Blake. "Dash it all, Blake, the banknote must have blown away!" said Tom. "The only other possibility is that somebody has pinched it, and we don't want to think that."

"We may have to think it, all the same," said Blake quietly. "Look here, the study window was closed when we came in and found Ethel here, so if the banknote blew out, it must have been before that. Well, that was long before dusk. If the banknote was blowing about the quad for hours in broad daylight, it must have been seen."

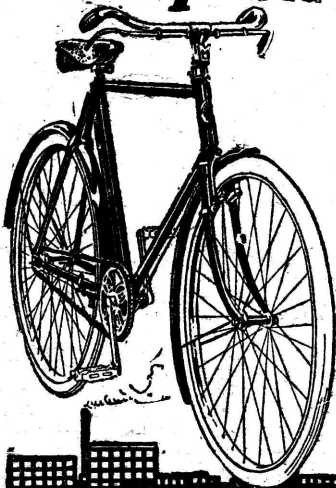
"Most likely."

"If it was seen, it was picked up," said Blake. "So, whether it was blown out of the study or not, somebody's got it."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy uttered an exclamation. "It's all wight!" "What's all right, ass?"

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"It stands to reason that the banknote must have been seen if it was buzzin' about in the quad," said D'Arcy. "Well, a fellow who saw it would pick it up. He would natu'ally put a notice on the board for the ownah to claim it; and most likely there is a notice on the board now, all the time."

Tom Merry looked relieved.

"That's so," he said. "One of us can cut down and look."

"Good!" assented Blake. "Even Gussy talks sense at times. If a fellow found it, that's what he would do. I suppose you've got the number of the note to identify it, Gussy?"

"Not at all, deah boy."

"Well, of all the fathheads—"

"But the numbah is mentioned in my fathah's lettah, so that is all right. I can easily look."

"You—you—" Blake breathed hard. "Look, then, ass!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy consulted the epistle from Lord Eastwood. His lordship was meticulously careful in money matters—an example that had not yet been followed by his hopeful son. The number of the ten-pound note was stated in the letter.

"0002468," said Arthur Augustus, reading it out.

"That's all right, then. We can claim it if a fellow's picked it up," said Blake. "I'll cut down and see."

Blake hurried out of the study.

Tom Merry & Co. waited rather anxiously and uneasily for him to return.

Blake was gone only a few minutes.

He came back with a grave face.

"Nothing on the board!" he said curtly.

"Bai Jove! Then the w'etched thing was not picked up!"

Blake snorted.

"Ass! If it blew out of the window it was picked up long ago."

"I'm afraid that's pretty certain," said Tom Merry gravely. "If it blew out, it must have dropped pretty near the House windows—on the path, most likely, under the windows. It's practically certain that somebody must have seen it—among swarms of fellows. But, of course, there's no proof that it did blow out."

"Perhaps the findah has taken it to the Housemastah, and Mr. Wailton may be waitin' for it to be claimed," said D'Arcy.

Tom shook his head.

"Mr. Railton would put a notice on the board at once," he said.

"Sure!" said Herries.

"Bai Jove! It's feahfully wotten!" said D'Arcy. "Wiggs will have to wait for his bill, aftah all."

"Bother Wiggs!" said Blake crossly. "It looks to me as if there's a thief about somewhere, and that's a good deal more serious than Wiggs and his blessed bill! I wonder where Trimble was this afternoon?"

"Bai Jove! It's frightfully unjust to think of Twimble in such a connection, without any evidence at all, Blake!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus hotly.

Blake coloured a little.

"Trimble's the only fellow I can think of in the House rotten enough to bag things from a fellow's study!" he said.

"Even Twimble is not wotten enough for that, Blake! We know that he will bar a fellow's tuck; but money is quite a different mattah!"

"That's so," said Tom. "For goodness' sake, don't let's be hasty."

"May as well speak to Mr. Railton, and make sure that the banknote hasn't been handed to him," suggested Digby.

D'Arcy shook his head.

"Not a word to Mr. Wailton," he said. "We're goin' to keep this dark. We don't want to start a scandal about a thief in the House, when vewy likely the w'etched thing may have blown into some cornah of the quad, and may be lyin' there all the time."

"It's not likely," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "But it's possible. I—I think we'd better say nothing till to-morrow, at any rate. In morning break we can root about for it in the daylight."

"That's all very well," said Blake. "But there's no evidence that it blew out of the study at all. It looks to me—"

Blake broke off. Then he added:

"We'll find out where Trimble was this afternoon. I'm not accusing anybody—but it would be just like Trimble to sneak into the study and root about for tuck, and if he saw the banknote on the table—"

"I weally cannot think so, Blake."

"Well, the blessed thing's gone!" said Blake crossly. "It's a rotten thing to happen. But keep it dark, for goodness' sake, unless we have to spout it out. Not a word as yet."

That was agreed upon, and the Terrible Three left the study. Blake & Co. settled down to prep, but their thoughts wandered a good deal from their work.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 951.

It was possible that the banknote was fluttering about somewhere, the sport of the wind. It was possible—but—

But in his heart every fellow there felt assured that the missing tenner had fallen into human hands—which meant, and could only mean, that there was a thief in the House.

CHAPTER 10.

Not Trimble!

"THERE'S the fat frump!"

Monty Lowther was alluding to Trimble of the Fourth. The fat "frump" was reclining, not to say sprawling, in an armchair in the junior Common-room, when the chums of the Shell came down after prep.

"Leave him to Blake," said Tom Merry. "Blake seems to be suspicious of him, but—"

"He's the most likely man," said Manners.

"Yes; but—"

"Anyhow, no harm in knowing where he was this afternoon," said Monty Lowther. "No need to let on a syllable about the missing tenner. If he was off the scene, that lets him out, and it's easy enough to pump Trimble."

"Oh, all right!"

Lowther strolled over to Baggy's chair. Baggy glanced at him with rather a lack-lustre eye. He was still feeling some sickly effects of his tremendous spread at Mrs. Murphy's that afternoon. Not for the first time in his fat career, Baggy had feasted not wisely but too well.

"Hallo, old fat bean," said Lowther affably. "Had a jolly afternoon?"

"Oh, ripping!" said Trimble.

"Frowsting in the studies, as usual—what?"

"Looking after the ladies," said Trimble, with a smirk.

"Wha-a-at?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting Cousin Ethel at the station," said Trimble. "I thought it would please her. And it did! We had quite a pleasant stroll about the village."

Trimble smirked again. He wished to convey the impression that Miss Cleveland had been absolutely fascinated. He did not succeed in conveying that impression.

Tom Merry & Co. exchanged glances.

If Trimble had met Cousin Ethel at the station, evidently he had not been rooting about the junior studies, and Blake's suspicions fell to the ground.

Study No. 6 came into the Common-room while Trimble was speaking, and they heard what he said. Blake and Herries and Digby looked at one another. D'Arcy looked at Trimble, with a frowning brow, and strode across to him.

"What did you say, Twimble?" he asked.

Trimble blinked at him.

"Hallo, Gussy! You needn't worry about your cousin. I looked after her all right!"

"Do you mean to say that you had the astoundin' cheek to meet my cousin at the railway-station, Twimble?"

"Well, I like that!" said Baggy warmly. "You fellows go playing games, and leaving girls to look after themselves, and a courteous chap does the right thing, and you grouse! I can jolly well tell you that Ethel was glad to see me!"

"You will kindly allude to my cousin as Miss Cleveland, Twimble, if you have the cheek to allude to her at all."

"Look here, you know—"

"You had no wight whatevah to butt in," said D'Arcy.

"It is weally remarkable how fellows butt in when my cousin Ethel is around. Figgins of the New House is always at it, just as if Ethel were his cousin and not mine at all. But Figgins is a decent chap, at any rate."

"Ain't I a decent chap?" bawled Trimble.

"I am sowwy to say you are not, Twimble! In fact, you are nothin' of the kind. You are a wank outsiders!"

"Look here, you cheeky beast—"

"I do not wegard you as a propah person to speak to any gal!" said Arthur Augustus severely. "You have a howwid way of gwinnin' at gals, an' gogglin' your sillay eyes at them, which is vewy offensive."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Passed unanimously," said Monty Lowther. "Let's kick Trimble for meeting Miss Cleveland at the station."

"Yaas, wathah!"

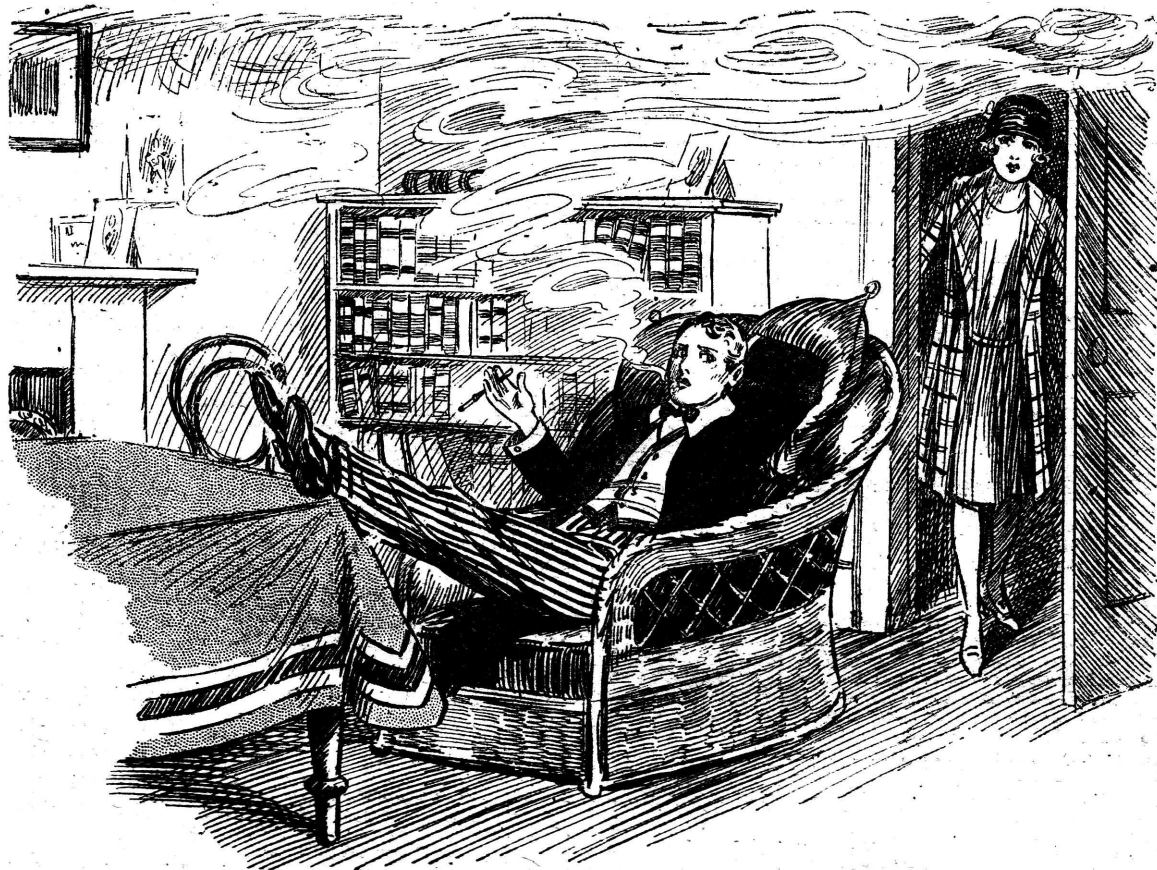
Baggy Trimble detached himself hurriedly from the arm-chair.

"Look here, you rotters—"

"All together!" said Blake. "Make room for a chap! If Trimble bursts over the floor, we'll club together to tip the maid to clean him up. Now, then—go it!"

But Baggy Trimble did not wait for the juniors to go it. He rolled in haste out of the room.

"Now that fat brute's gone, we can speak," said Blake, in a low voice. "Did he go to the station, or is he lying,



There was a tap on the door of Study No. 6, and Ralph Reckness Cardew held his breath in sudden alarm. Next moment the study door was pushed wide open, and a girlish figure entered. It was Ethel Cleveland. Cardew was lounging back in his chair, his feet on the table, smoking. (See Chapter 6.)

as usual? If he met the three-thirty that accounts for most of his afternoon, and he couldn't have been nosing up and down the studies in his usual style."

"I pwesume that he went to the station, Blake."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

"He said so, deah boy."

"Fathead! That's evidence that he didn't."

"Bai Jove!"

"Easy enough to find out," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Cousin Ethel will know whether he met her at the station or not."

"Yaas, wathah! As Ethel's cousin, I can call at the Head's house to say good-night to her," said D'Arcy. "I will ask her whethah the fat bwute had the cheek to meet her there."

"Good egg! That will settle it," said Tom.

Levison and Clive and Cardew came in. Ralph Reckness Cardew glanced at Blake & Co. with a rather amused glimmer in his eyes. He was wondering whether the chums of Study No. 6 had detected any flavour of tobacco-smoke in their study. Certainly they would have done so had he not cleared the atmosphere on account of Cousin Ethel.

But Blake & Co. gave no sign. If any lingering aroma of Cardew's cigarettes had remained in their study they had been too busily occupied to notice it.

Levison claimed Manners for a game of chess, and Tom Merry and Monty looked on, with Cardew and Clive. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy went out, to call at the Head's house to see Ethel.

The swell of St. Jim's came in again a little later, and joined the fellows round the chess-table.

"I've seen Cousin Ethel, you chaps," he said. "She says that fat boundah Twimble met her at the station."

"Oh, gad!" said Cardew. "Is Baggy turnin' out a ladies' man!"

"He had the feahful audacity to meet my cousin at the station, Cardew. I wegard it as a fwightful cheek on his part. He gave Ethel the impression that I had requested him to do so. That was an uttah fabwication, you know!"

"Hard cheese for Miss Cleveland!" said Cardew. "Fancy findin' a face like that waitin' for you at a station! But she seems to have turned him down. I met Baggy comin' in quite late, and he looked horrid down in the mouth. Is it pos-

sible that Miss Cleveland resisted the fascinatin' effects of Baggy's glad eye?"

"P'way do not discuss my cousin in that light mannah, Cardew," said Arthur Augustus stiffly.

"Dear man," said Cardew, "I have the honour—more or less—to be a distant relation of yours. Miss Cleveland bein' your cousin, is a still more distant relation of mine—somethin' like tenth cousin twice removed, or somethin' of the kind. So you may take it, old bean, that I am not discussin' your first cousin, but my tenth cousin twice removed. Catch on?"

"I wegard you as an ass, Cardew."

"Naturally," yawned Cardew. "You couldn't regard me as anythin' else. An ass can only regard anythin' as an ass."

"I did not mean that, you duffah!"

"I did!"

"Weally, Cardew—"

"So you met Trimble coming in late, Cardew?" asked Blake. "Was it very late?"

"Just before the finish of the House match."

"That accounts for him fwom soon atah thwee till quite late," said Arthur Augustus. "If he went nosin' into our studey, it must have been befoah thwee."

"Hallo! Missed a cake from your study?" asked Levison, looking up from the chess with a laugh.

"Not exactly, deah boy, but—"

"We cleared you out of the study about two," said Herries. "That gives him an hour."

"But what's the trouble?" asked Cardew.

Blake dragged Arthur Augustus away before he could reply to that question. It had escaped Gussy's memory, for the moment, that the whole affair was to be kept a secret.

"Let it drop now," said Tom Merry. "It's really not fair to pick on Trimble in this way; and anyhow, most of his afternoon is accounted for. The affair will be the talk of the House soon, at this rate."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Chuck it, old man!"

"I have been thinkin'—"

"Draw it mild!"

"You uttah ass! I wepeat——"

"You keep on repeating yourself, old man. Give it a rest."

"I wepeat that I have been thinkin'——" exclaimed Arthur Augustus hotly. "Hammond of the Fourth——"

"Well, what about Hammond of the Fourth?"

"Hammond is wathah a fwiend of mine, you know. I should have helped him with his lines, if I had not been playin' cwicket. Hammond was doin' lines in his studay this aftahnoon, and it's next to ours in the Fourth Form passage, and if anybody went into Studay No. 6, Hammond may know. I wemebah that his door was wide open when we went down."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings——" said Blake admiringly.

"Weally, Blake——"

"Let's ask Hammond, without letting on," said Lowther.

"Yaas, wathah! Leave it to me—as a fellow of tact and judgment, you know."

"Hold him by the ears, while I go and look for Hammond," said Blake.

"You uttah ass!"

Blake went to look for Hammond. He found that youth finishing his prep in Study No. 7 in the Fourth Form passage.

"I hear that you stayed in to write lines this afternoon, Hammond?" Blake began.

"Your hearing is quite good, old bean," answered Hammond.

"Were you in your study when we bunked Gussy down to the cricket?"

Hammond grinned.

"Yes. I heard the row you made."

"How long did you stay in?"

"Until soon after three," said Hammond. "Yes, I remember it was striking the quarter-past when I went down to take my lines to Mr. Lathom." He stared at Blake.

"What the thump does it matter?"

"Well, it does matter," said Blake. "We want to know whether any japer mooched into our study up to three o'clock this afternoon."

Hammond shook his head.

"No," he answered.

"Sure?" asked Blake.

"Not before ten-past three, I'm certain. My door was open, and I should have seen him. Besides, I came out of the study once, to call to Kerruish from the passage window, and ask him how the match was going."

"Thanks," said Blake.

He rejoined Tom Merry & Co. in the Common-room.

"Trimble's cleared!" he said laconically.

"Suah of that, deah boy?"

"Hammond's certain that nobody went into the study before ten-past three. After that, we know that Baggy was booked for the arfternoon. Trimble never went into Study No. 6 at all."

"That settles it," said Herries.

"Yaas, wathah; and you will wemebah, Blake, that I remarked that it was quite unfaith to pick on Twimble——"

"My dear man, you're always talking some rot; you can't expect me to remember it all."

"Weally, Blake——"

"Somebody mooched into the study after Hammond had gone down, and before Cousin Ethel got there," said Blake.

"That's the somebody we want to find."

"Unless the banknote flew out of the window, deah boy."

"Oh, rats!"

"I have been thinkin'——"

"Again!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "Gussy, old man, you'll burst your brain-box at this rate. Aristocratic brain-boxes are not built to stand this continuous strain."

"Wats! I have been thinkin' that perhaps Ethel may have seen somebody when she went to the studay——"

"Great pip! He keeps on doing it!" said Blake in wonder. "How does Gussy do it, with a brain like his? We'll ask Ethel to-morrow; but mind, not a word about the tenner!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

And it was left at that. And Tom Merry & Co. went to their dormitory that night in a rather uneasy and anxious frame of mind. The banknote was missing, and all they had discovered, so far, was that suspicion did not rest upon Baggy Trimble.

CHAPTER 11.

Was It Cardew?

GEORGE FIGGINS came out after second lesson, on the following morning, with a bright face.

Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, had commended Figgins that morning.

Figgy had been unusually, indeed amazingly, attentive

to Mr. Lathom, and had indeed been a model pupil. For reasons of his own, Figgins had not dared to run the slightest risk of being detained in morning break.

It was not Mr. Lathom's commendation, gratifying as that no doubt was, that brought the sunny look to Figgy's rugged face. It was the fact that he was free for a quarter of an hour, and that he knew, somehow, that Cousin Ethel would be walking in the Head's garden during that quarter of an hour.

He came out with Kerr and Wynn, his inseparable chums, but outside the House, he scudded off. For once the New House trio did not seem to be inseparable. Kerr smiled as he noted that Figgy took the direction of the Head's garden; but Fatty Wynn, a little slower on the uptake than the Scottish junior, stared.

"What's Figgy after?" asked Fatty Wynn. "Come on, Kerr! What are you jerking at my arm for?"

"Come along to the New House," said Kerr.

"But Figgy's bolted off towards the Head's house——"

"All the more reason why we shouldn't, old man. This way."

And David Llewellyn Wynn, comprehending suddenly, grinned a plump grin, and walked away towards the New House with Kerr.

By chance, perhaps, Cousin Ethel was leaning on the gate of the Head's garden, under the shade of a big tree. She smiled as George Figgins came up, and blushed and raised his cap.

"I—I thought that perhaps I might see you for a minute," said Figgins.

"Did you?" said Ethel.

"I'm so jolly glad to see you, you know."

"That's very kind of you."

"It was rotten luck that there was a House match yesterday," said Figgins.

Ethel smiled.

"I have heard that you had a wonderful innings, and won the game for your House," she remarked.

"Oh, it wasn't so bad, so far as that goes!" said Figgy.

"But—hem—I mean—hem. I wasn't thinking much about cricket, really. I say, you don't mind my coming to speak a word now, do you?"

"I am glad to see you," said Ethel frankly. "I'm always glad to see you, as you know,"

Figgins' eyes danced.

"It's no end good of you to say that," he said. "I don't know why you should be, Ethel. I'm not a clever chap like Kerr, or a good-looking fellow like Tom Merry, or a nut like old Gussy, and the fellows say I can't talk sense on any subjects but football and cricket—and rowing, perhaps.

And boxing!" added Figgy, after a little thought.

Ethel laughed.

She hardly knew herself why she liked Figgy so much, unless it was because he was so brave and loyal and frank and unassuming—a fellow who always found something to admire in other fellows, but never dreamed of admiring himself. But perhaps those were reasons enough for liking Figgy. Figgins would have gone through fire and water for Ethel; he had certainly never said so, but she knew it. Anyhow, there was no doubt that Ethel did like Figgins, and liked him ever so much better than any other fellow, howsoever clever or good-looking or otherwise attractive.

"Good-morning, Miss Cleveland!"

Cardew of the Fourth strolled up, raising his cap with an elegance that Figgins never could have equalled if he had practised the art before a looking-glass for a whole term.

Figgy looked at Cardew as if he could have eaten him.

Cardew was quite aware of it. He knew that Figgins wished him at the end of the earth, and that, in all probability, Miss Cleveland shared Figgy's wish. But as neither could possibly say so, Cardew leaned on the gate and looked as if he had come to stay. It pleased his whimsical and rather malicious humour to torment poor Figgy.

"Jolly mornin'—what?" said Cardew. "You're lucky to have the run of the Beak's garden, Miss Cleveland! Little boys like us aren't allowed in the sacred precincts. I suppose the Head feels that he can trust you not to tread on the flower-beds or to biff a cricket-ball through his glass frames."

"I suppose so," said Ethel, smiling.

Figgins wondered how Ethel could smile at Cardew's airy piffle. He did not feel like smiling himself. Indeed, he was feeling, and looking, horribly glum.

But there was help at hand for Figgins. Levison and Clive came along, raised their caps to Cousin Ethel, and took Cardew by either arm and walked him away.

"Look here, what's this game?" demanded Cardew angrily. "Do you want me to punch your silly noses, with Miss Cleveland lookin' on?"

"Just as you like," said Levison dryly. "Miss Cleveland

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would have the further treat of seeing us roll you in the quad and bump you hard!"

"Don't be a rotter, Cardew," said Clive quietly. "Leave Figgins alone!"

"Did Figgins ask you to look after him?"

"Oh, rats!"

"I was enjoyin' his face," said Cardew regretfully. "Figgins has such a speakin' countenance when it gets goin' that it's an entertainment in itself. Come back with me and let's all enjoy it!"

Instead of which Levison and Clive walked Ralph Reckness Cardew onward, far away from the gate of the Head's garden.

The next five minutes were happy ones to George Figgins. Figgins was not much in the conversational line, as a rule; but Cousin Ethel seemed to like to hear him

talk. Figgy mentioned that he had been asked to tea in Study No. 6 that day. He laid plans for bike spins while Ethel's visit lasted. He stated that he hoped to "wangle" it to get asked to tea in the Head's house during that stay.

"Fellows dodge it, as a rule," said the honest Figgins. "It's a bit fearsome, you know, having tea with the Head. But, of course, it's quite different now. Oh dear!"

Figgy's last ejaculation was caused by the sight of Blake and Tom Merry coming up the path that ran by the gate. Ethel smiled and nodded to the newcomers. Figgins tried to smile at them, and succeeded in producing a ghastly grin. "We wanted to ask you something, Miss Cleveland," said Tom.

"Yes?" said Ethel.

"We want to know whether a chap butted into my study yesterday afternoon," explained Blake.

"Oh!" said Ethel.

"You remember you came there and waited for Gussy," said Blake. "We sort of wondered whether you might have seen any chap mooching about the study. We've got a rather particular reason for wanting to know, as it happens."

Cousin Ethel wrinkled her pretty brows a little.

"Jape in the study—what?" asked Figgins.

"Well, something of the kind," said Tom. "You wouldn't mind telling us, Miss Ethel, if you saw a fellow there when you went?"

"There was a boy in the study when I came there," said Ethel hesitatingly. "But—"

"If you'd rather not tell us, don't, of course," said Tom at once. "But it happens to be a rather particular matter."

Ethel coloured.

"I don't know whether I ought to say," she answered. "The fact is, a Fourth Form boy was there."

"Not Trimble?"

"No, it was not Trimble."

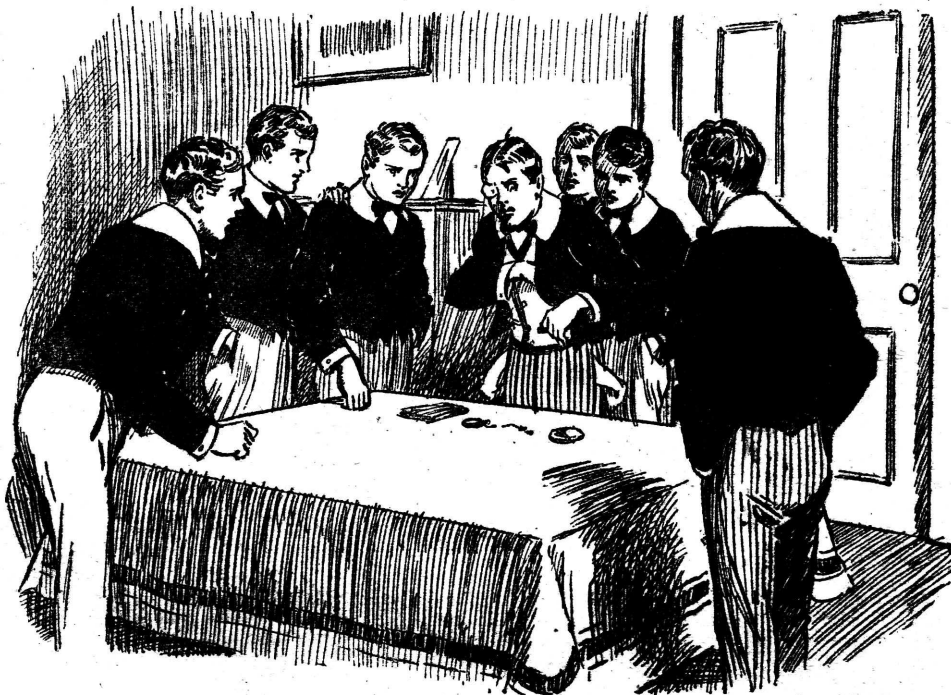
"School House chap?" asked Tom.

"Yes, he belongs to the School House." Ethel hesitated. "I don't know whether I ought to mention his name. I suppose from what you say that he was there without permission?"

"Well, yes. But that wouldn't matter," said Blake. "No harm in butting into a fellow's study, if it comes to that. But the fact is, Miss Ethel, something rather serious has happened, and we want to find out anybody who butted into Study No. 6 yesterday afternoon."

Ethel smiled faintly.

"If you mean that someone was smoking there, I am afraid that I ought not to give him away," she said.



"Turn out your pockets, Gussy!" said Jack Blake, "and see if the tenner's there!" Arthur Augustus D'Arvy turned out all his pockets, and every one of them was scanned by his comrades. His purse and his pocket-book were searched, but there was no sign of the banknote. "Dash it all!" said Tom Merry, with a grave face. "This is queer! Banknotes can't walk away!" (See Chapter 9.)

"Smoking!" repeated Blake. "My hat! Some cheeky rotter had the nerve to smoke in my study! Why, I'll—" Blake broke off suddenly.

"There, you see," said Ethel. "I really think I had better not mention his name!"

"Never mind the smoking," said Tom Merry. "That's only a silly trick, anyway. We'll pass over the smoking, Blake, if that's all."

"Oh, yes, that's nothing!" said Blake. "You needn't be afraid of helping on a row, Miss Ethel, really. It's something rather more serious—a dirty trick, in fact—and if we don't land on the right fellow, we may land on the wrong one!"

Cousin Ethel glanced at Figgins. Instinctively she looked to the loyal Figgy for advice in a matter of doubt. Figgins understood.

"It's not a rag, you fellows?" he asked.

"No, no! Something rather unpleasant. But we'd rather not go into details," said Tom Merry. "If Ethel saw a fellow in the study we want to ask him for an explanation. It's no question of ragging or anything of that kind."

"I think I'd give the name, then," said Figgins, looking at Ethel.

"Very well. It was Cardew," said Ethel.

Tom Merry and Blake jumped.

"Cardew!"

"Cardew of the Fourth! My hat!"

"Cardew was in the study when I came there," said Ethel, a little distressed. "I hope I have done right to tell you?"

"You certainly have," said Tom. "We were bound to find out sooner or later, and you may have saved a lot of trouble and talk. Cardew's all right. Now we know he was there we can ask him next if he saw anybody—see? That's all we want."

"Oh, that is all right, then!" said Ethel, relieved.

A bell clanged.

"Oh, my hat! Third lesson!" grunted Figgins.

Tom Merry and Blake hurried off, leaving Figgins the chance of a last word over the gate. George Figgins overtook them, however, half-way to the House.

"Anything up, you chaps?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tom.

"Serious?" asked Figgins.

"Beastly serious! We'd better tell Figgy, Blake. We don't want it all over the school; but we can trust Figgy, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 951.

and he can help. The beastly banknote may be blowing about somewhere all the time!"

Figgins whistled.

"A banknote missing?" he exclaimed.

Tom Merry concisely explained about D'Arcy's ten-pound note. The junior captain of the New House listened with a very grave face.

"I say, that's rotten!" he said. "I wouldn't say a word about it yet if I were you. We can tell fellows we can trust and have a jolly good hunt for the dashed thing after class. It's barely possible that it is hanging about somewhere and hasn't been found."

"Barely!" assented Blake.

"Anyhow, we're narrowing down the time," said Tom. "If it was taken from the study, we're getting near the time when it must have been taken. Nobody went to the study before three, and after Cardew was there Ethel was there till you came in. We want to find out when Cardew went there, and whether he saw anybody about."

"That's it," said Figgins.

George Figgins scudded off to join Kerr and Wynn, and Tom Merry and Blake walked on to the School House more slowly. Blake glanced at the captain of the Shell several times dubiously.

Tom Merry met his glances and coloured.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked.

"Cardew!"

"But—but it's impossible!" stammered Tom.

"Is it?" said Blake.

"I—I'm sure."

"Cardew backs horses on the strict q.t.," said Blake dryly. "Fellows who back horses find themselves up against it pretty severely sometimes. The banknote was there—and Cardew was there! What the thump was he doin' in my study? He isn't a grub-raider like Trimble!"

"No. But——"

Tom Merry broke off.

"There's a thief in the House somewhere," said Blake grimly. "I'm not accusing Cardew. He may be able to explain. But I know that he's a good bit of a blackguard! And I want to know what he was doing in Study No. 6 when all the fellows belonging to it were out?"

"It's impossible!" muttered Tom.

"That's what we're going to see after class!" answered Blake; and he nodded to Tom Merry and walked away to the Fourth Form-room. Tom Merry went on to the Shell-room.

"Jolly nearly late, old bean!" said Manners, meeting him at the Form-room door. "Why, what—what's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing!" stammered Tom.

"You look jolly serious for nothing the matter!" said Monty Lowther, staring at his chum.

Tom Merry did not answer, and the chums of the Shell went into the Form-room together. Mr. Linton came in to take his Form in third lesson; but for once Tom Merry, generally quite an attentive pupil, heard hardly a word from the master of the Shell.

Was it Cardew?

That was the question that buzzed in his mind to the exclusion of Mr. Linton's learned instruction on the subject of Latin prose. Was it Cardew?

THE END.

(It was rather rough on Ralph Reckness Cardew, but whom else, in view of the evidence, could suspicion fall upon? Be sure you read the second of this splendid series of stories by Martin Clifford, entitled, "BARRED!" You will enjoy every line of it!)

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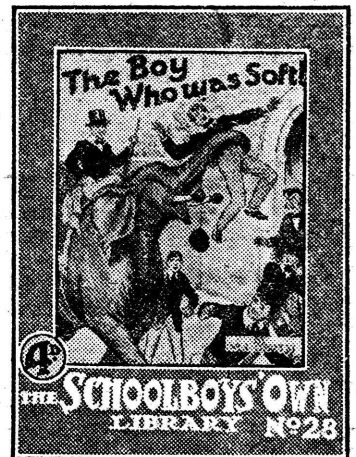
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Balked!

BOB EVANS loosed his hand on the rail, and jumped to the front of the engine, dropping full length, stretching hands desperately downwards, clutching at the baby as the engine thundered towards her!

He could hear the brakes squealing, but they were not powerful enough to pull up the train in time. The locomotive was still rocking on the rails under its terrific speed; his ears were filled with its thunderous roar, and fierce wind whipped at his clothing, as he poised on the quivering metal.

He saw the white face of the child, terror in her eyes, as his strong fingers grabbed at her frock. For one awful instant he thought that he had missed. Then he plucked the child clear, drew her up, and clung to the front of the locomotive with the baby gripped safely in his arms.

He hung there while the engine slowly ran to a halt, stopped by the hand-brake which Bob had applied before he left the footplate. He let himself down off the engine, then stood trying to soothe the crying child.

He looked back along the track, and he saw the engineer who had driven his car, running towards him.

"My gosh! That was the smartest thing I've seen!" the man gasped as he came up. "I never thought you could do it! It was as—"

"Well, you hold the baby!" Bob exclaimed. "The poor kid's scared out of its life. I want to look for someone on this train!"

Mary was in one of the covered trucks, and it was as he leaped away from the engineer that Bob saw the girl running towards him. She was staggering a little, but she smiled as Bob's arm steadied her.

"Thank Heaven you're here!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Bob—it's been terrible! I must have fainted in the car when the Monk and that woman had me—they put me in one of the trucks!"

"Where's the woman?" asked Bob quickly.

"She ran out of one door as I jumped down from the other!" Mary answered. "But what—"

She broke off and stared at the engineer as he held the baby whose life Bob had saved; and it was as she tried to question the young reporter that they heard a cry along the line behind them, and the frantic mother came running up.

She tore the weeping babe from the engineer's arms, then turned to Bob.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" she gasped. "You saved her—"

Bob grinned, and he nodded to the engineer.

"He's the hero!" he said, and the grateful mother turned her attention to the other man.

"Better slip away," Bob whispered to Mary, "before anybody can start inquiries. We don't—"

Mary nodded, and they moved off while the engineer was still engaged with the rescued baby and her mother.

"But how did you get on to the engine?" Mary asked, and Bob told her something of his hazardous climb along the rope stretched between the moving car and the leading truck of the goods train.

"I saw them put you aboard," he said. "And the Monk had a scrap with the driver—they both fell out of the engine. The train was running away, with the throttle open wide, so I had to do something. The Monk's somewhere about here; the best thing we can do is to get back to the 'Daily Times' office before the Monk starts something fresh!"

"Yes," Mary agreed. "But I must telephone father—he'll be dreadfully worried!"

Bob could guess the inventor's state of mind; all the news he had had since Mary had fallen into the hands of the gang was a garbled message over the phone, in which the Monk's voice had mingled with his daughter's.

"He'll probably go to the office, too," Bob said. "It would be a good idea to phone him and ask him to meet us there! Now, where did that engineer leave my car? Ah, there it is! Come on!"

They hurried down the low railway embankment to where the car was standing on the grass. As they jumped in, and Bob drove off, the bushes near at hand parted, and the hard features of Lizzie, Mary's late wardress, looked out. The woman nodded to herself as she watched them go, and an ugly smile creased her grim lips.

Down the line the Monk was staggering alongside the track. His clothing was covered with the dust and dirt of his fall, and his scraggly-bearded, saturnine features bore marks of his terrible fight on the footplate.

He was muttering and
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THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

BOB EVANS, a young reporter on the "Daily Times," has been ordered to find the inventor of the Scarlet Streak, a wonderful machine which emits a powerful destructive ray. Possession of it means kingship of the world. The inventor is

RICHARD CRAWFORD, whose real name is John Carson, who has been working on the invention for years with the sole assistance of his daughter,

MARY CRAWFORD. Bob gets into touch with them, and helps them against

THE MONK, a crook who, with his aides, **LEONTINE** and **COUNT K.**, is trying to get possession of the invention that he may terrorise the world. The gang of crooks make an attack on the Crawford home, and kidnap Mary, taking her to their headquarters, the **HOUSE OF THE CLOSED SHUTTERS**. Bob is lured there by the gang, and he makes a desperate fight to rescue the girl. The Monk, however, gets away with Mary, accompanied by a woman whom they call Lizzie, and who is Mary's wardress. The Monk and Lizzie race off with Mary in a car; Bob follows in another machine. The Monk bursts a tyre near a railway-line. He gets Mary and her wardress into a covered truck of a goods train, then rushes to the engine and starts the train. An engineer gets to the footplate; he and the Monk fight, and both are thrown off. The train roars on—a runaway! Bob catches it up in his car, and manages to get on to the footplate just in time to see a child on the line ahead. He jams on the handbrake, but the engine thunders on.

(Now read on.)

cursing to himself as he moved along the rough road. He knew that Leontine and Count K would be following, and he was looking out for their car. It showed a few moments later, heaving along the rutted by-way in a rising cloud of dust.

Sight of it lent the Monk strength, and he half ran towards it, holding up his hand. The machine stopped, and Leontine and the count stared in amazement at the dishevelled appearance of their chief.

"What's happened?" gasped the count.

"What's happened?" exclaimed the Monk savagely. "That ram-headed young fool Evans has butted in again—that's what's happened! I tried to get the girl away on the train, but the cursed engineer came over the tender on to the footplate. He fought, and we both fell out of the cab. Bob Evans picked him up, then he got on the train and stopped the engine or something!"

"So he's got Mary Crawford back—and what's happened to Lizzie?" asked the count.

"I don't know!" snarled the Monk. "But I know what'll happen to Bob Evans next time I get my hands on him—confound him!" and his dark, sunken eyes blazed in vicious hate. "Anyway, we must find Lizzie—she was with the girl, and there'll be the devil to pay if Evans gets hold of Lizzie and makes her talk! I'm beginning to get afraid of that young rip, even if he isn't much more than a boy!"

He climbed into the car, and they cautiously drove further along the road. They had not gone far before Lizzie showed on the road ahead of them. They picked her up, then the machine swung round and headed back to the House of the Closed Shutters, with the woman telling the Monk what had happened in the train.

"Well, if Evans and Mary Crawford go back to the inventor's house," commented the Monk, "we shall know it, because I've got a man watching the place now! We'd have had the Scarlet Streak itself in our hands if that durned newspaper man hadn't butted in!"

The Monk gritted his ugly teeth as he thought of the way Bob had balked him.

It was while the Monk and the rest were running back to their headquarters that Mr. Crawford was putting the finishing touch to the cross word puzzle which held the secret of the hiding-place of the blueprints—plans of the Scarlet Streak. He had been waiting for news of his missing daughter, and now that the puzzle was finished, he determined to go to the "Daily Times" building to see Bob and to find out whether he had any clue to Mary's whereabouts.

The inventor was working in his laboratory, and he called the young butler in.

"Look here, I'm going out—and while I'm gone I'm going to leave you in charge of the place!"

The butler nodded as his grey-haired master moved over to a drawer and took an automatic pistol from it.

"Take this," he said grimly, "and if any strangers try to get into the place—shoot!"

The butler took the weapon gingerly.

"I—I'm a man of peace, Mr. Crawford," he said as he held the weapon between finger and thumb. "I—I hope—"

"There won't be much peace if the Scarlet Streak gets into the wrong hands!" the inventor told him. "I'm going to the 'Daily Times' building to see Mr. Evans. Guard the house carefully while I'm gone! And use that gun—if you have to! We've had enough trouble here already, and you know the kind of gang we're up against!"

"I do!" said the butler fervently, and he followed the inventor to the front door, then closed and locked it behind him as he went out.

Mr. Crawford had already ordered his car, and it was waiting at the kerb. As he stepped into it a man who was watching the house from some near-by bushes, started.

He was an evil-faced fellow, and if Mr. Crawford had gained a glimpse of him, he might have recognised him as one of the Monk's gang. But he didn't see him.

The fellow watched the car glide smoothly down the street, then he slipped a leg across the saddle of the motor-cycle against which he had been leaning. A moment later, and the powerful machine was roaring off—bound for the House with the Closed Shutters.

The Monk Succeeds!

WHEN the butler closed the door, he made straight for his pantry at the end of the broad hall. There was a telephone here, and he switched the instrument through to the exchange, just in case a call should come through for the house.

He examined the automatic pistol nervously, then laid it down by the telephone and sat staring at it for long minutes after his master had gone. It was as he was looking

at the weapon, that the telephone bell tinkled with a suddenness that all but made him jump out of his seat.

He grabbed the receiver; it was Miss Mary's voice that came to his ears.

"Yes, it's me, miss," he called. "You're all right, and—No, he's not here, miss. He's just gone. What—oh, the master 'as gone to see Mr. Hevens at the 'Daily Times' Building. No, not long—about five minutes. Yes, miss—thank you, miss!"

He hung up the receiver. Mary had told him that she was telephoning from a call office, and that she would go straight to the "Daily Times" offices.

Even while the butler was speaking to Mary, the man on the motor-cycle was braking his machine to a skidding halt outside the gang's headquarters, where the Monk and the rest had just alighted from their car.

"Crawford's gone out!" the man gasped, as he ran up to them. "There's only the fool butler left in the house!"

The Monk's dark eyes lit up, and he smiled suddenly. Count K. glanced at him.

"It's our chance to hunt for the blueprints of the Scarlet Streak!" he exclaimed.

"You're right!" the Monk growled. "The house is as good as empty—we'll never get another chance like this!"

His tone was exultant, and they made their arrangements swiftly. From the cellars of the house four of the gang appeared, they leaped into another car, while the Monk, Leontine, and Count K. returned to their own; in a matter of seconds they were off, with Leontine suggesting a plan of campaign.

"We don't want to break in," she said. "We can't do it in broad daylight. If you leave it to me, I'll get round the butler with some yarn and get inside—then I'll let you in."

"I'll stay outside and keep watch," suggested the count, and the Monk nodded.

They reached the house on Euclid Terrace, and alighted from the cars. The terrace was situated in one of the loneliest parts of the city, right on the outskirts, and there were very few people about.

The gang split up, leaving Leontine to make her way to the big front door. She rang the bell; a few moments later the butler opened the door cautiously and peered out.

Leontine smiled at him, her white teeth flashing, her sleek black eyes glowing. She was dressed in the height of fashion—as ever—and the butler opened the door wider.

"I want to see Mr. Crawford," she said.

"You can't; he's out," the butler told her, and there was a scared look in his eyes.

"I must see Mr. Crawford," Leontine told him, and she raised her lorgnette and smiled as she looked at him. "Do you mind if I wait?"

The butler hesitated. She had the appearance of a lady, and he did not want to offend one of his master's friends. He nodded at last, then threw the door wide, and closed it behind the visitor as she entered.

They crossed the hall, and he pointed to a chair.

"Perhaps you will—" he began.

"Do you think Mr. Crawford will be very long?" asked Leontine, smiling at him. "I am afraid I cannot wait for—"

Her voice trailed away, and she swayed where she stood. An instant later and she dropped into the chair, her head falling back. "Water—please!" she gasped. "I—feel faint!"

The butler caught her hand and tried to rub it; then he straightened up and dashed wildly towards the doorway behind Leontine. From the corners of her eyes she watched him go. The moment that he disappeared, she darted from the chair and ran silently to the front door. She opened it, and beckoned to where the Monk and his men were waiting.

She closed the door behind them, then pointed to where steps showed at the other side of the hall.

"Up there—that's the way to the laboratory. Quick!"

The gang sped past her, and she sank into the chair a few moments before the butler reappeared, a glass of water in his hand. She sipped it delicately.

"Pull another chair up," she said weakly. "Don't go—I have these fainting fits, and I—I don't want to be left—alone!"

It was just a ruse to keep him near her—to give the gang time to search the upper rooms. Outside the house, Count K. was keeping watch against intruders, and to signal should the inventor chance to return.

Swiftly, silently, the Monk and the rest sped to the laboratory. The arch-crook paused on the threshold, looking around the long, white-walled room. His glowering eyes took in the acid-stained benches, the electrical apparatus, and the instruments which filled one side of the room.

A slow, evil smile curved his lips. "Now to find the blueprints of the machine!" he said exultantly. "Get to work! They must be here somewhere—search the place from floor to ceiling!"

The rest dashed into the room and began the search. One of the men made for the inventor's desk. It was strewn with papers; there were signs of a dozen attempts to complete the Cross Word puzzle which contained the secret of the hidden blueprints.

The man picked up a sheaf of papers and looked through them. He laughed as he saw the Cross Word puzzles. The Monk strode over to him.

"What the heck are you grinning at?" he growled.

"This!" exclaimed the man. "That guy must be a nut on Cross Word puzzles!"

"You fool!" snarled the Monk, as he dashed the papers from the fellow's hands. "These don't matter! Don't waste time! Look for the blueprints!"

He glanced through the papers as the man moved away. All about the laboratory, now, the search was going on. Eager, evil eyes peered into the drawers and cupboards, searching through the instruments that littered the benches.

One man found a drawer full of papers. He heaved it out of its slot and carried it across to the Monk.

"What's all these?" he asked.

"Bills, you fool!" snarled the Monk. "Bills and receipts for apparatus—you'll find nothing among those. Can't you use your eyes, confound you!"

And he angrily hit at the drawer. The man's hold on it was loose, and it slipped from his hands, to crash heavily to the floor.

Down below the butler heard it fall, and he started from the chair beside Leontine. He stared wildly at the steps. The sound had come from the laboratory, and he knew that there should be no one there. But a crash like that couldn't happen of itself.

He jumped to a table at the side of the hall, plucking out the automatic, which he had hidden there. He jumped to the low flight of steps which led to the alcove from the hall and to the stairs beyond.

The steps were carpeted, and, in his nervous haste, he slipped and all but fell back into the room. The fall jerked his finger on the trigger, and the weapon exploded in his hand. He recovered himself, however, and, with teeth gritted, made a dive for the stairs.

In the scientist's room, the gang had heard the accidental shot.

"One of you behind the door!" the Monk snapped. "It must have been that fool butler; he heard the drawer fall. Jump on him as soon as he shows, then we'll all rush!"

They grouped themselves, standing tensely, eyes on the doorway. They heard the butler's running footsteps along the passage outside. He hesitated at the door, and then looked in. For the moment he saw nothing, then he stepped into the laboratory and the man behind the door flung himself forward.

The butler saw him coming. He yelled and leaped away, but he was too late. The gang were on him an instant later. One snatched the weapon out of his hand, while the rest strove to drag him to the floor.

If the butler had been scared of the gang, he got over it when he came face to face with them. He hit out with both hands, and for the fraction of a second he broke free.

He sent one man headlong with a swinging right that crashed full between his eyes; then they were on him again. He stood up to them and fought back, but one man, with a vicious jump, crashed his bunched fist full under the butler's jaw and knocked him backwards across a table.

He fell heavily—senseless.

"That's fixed him!" growled the Monk. "Now what are we—"

"Bring him downstairs!" Leontine showed in the doorway, and she pointed to the man as she spoke. "We can't lock him in his pantry. He'll be safe enough there. Hurry!"

One of the gang bent, hauled the butler up, and flung him over his shoulder as though he had been a sack of coals. The fellow was the strongest member of the gang, muscles



Bob could hear the brakes of the engines squealing, but they were not powerful enough to pull up the train in time; then his strong fingers went out to the child and they closed upon her frock. (See page 23.)

bulging under his coat. He followed Leontine as she led the way. A matter of seconds later and the inert figure of the butler was locked in the pantry at the end of the hall.

The moment that he had been taken from the laboratory the Monk and the rest renewed their interrupted search. One of the gang noticed, for the first time, the panel of switches near the curtained alcove at one side of the big room.

He stared at them for a moment or so, gazing at the plugs below. He looked at the alcove, hesitated for a moment, then stepped towards it. His hands went to the curtain and he pulled it back.

For an instant he stood staring at what he saw, his eyes starting from his head. He lifted a hand to his head, as though to shield himself from what met his eyes, and his involuntary movement sent his hat flying. Then he turned and yelled to the others:

"Here's th' machine!"

The Monk was at his side in a jump. His dark eyes glowed as he saw what the alcove contained, then he and the man dragged the machine out into the centre of the laboratory.

It was the Scarlet Streak. It ran easily on its wheels, and the gang stared aghast at its terrifying aspect. There was brute, fierce strength in the lines of the bulbous head, and the giant lens looked out on them like an evil eye.

"It's the Scarlet Streak!" gasped the Monk, as he examined it. "The death-ray machine itself! This is a thousand times better than all the blueprints Crawford's got!"

He spoke exultantly, running his tapering fingers over the smooth metalwork of the machine, examining the switches, peering at the dial set to one side of the massive head.

"Go steady with it!" grunted one of the gang, as the crook's fingers settled about one of the massive switches. "You don't want to blow us all up!"

"Don't be a fool!" the Monk snarled at him. "The thing isn't connected. That thick flex on the floor there plugs into the switch-board. The machine won't work without current!"

He patted the side of the Scarlet Streak as he spoke, and his thin lips writhed off his teeth as he exclaimed in evil triumph:

"With this in our hands we can rule the whole world! It won't take me five minutes to see how the thing works. Bring that cable; we'll give the Scarlet Streak a test!"

And there in that quiet laboratory, the Monk toyed with cataclysmic forces that, unleashed, had power to annihilate the house and the whole town about it!

The Ray!

WHEN Mary had telephoned to the house of Euclid Terrace, to learn that her father was on his way to Bob's office, she ran back to the car, and the young reporter sent it speeding on towards the offices of the "Daily Times."

Arriving there, they went straight to the office of the chief editor, Mr. Harley.

"Hallo, Bob!" exclaimed the chief. "You look as if you've been through the— He broke off as he saw Mary. "This is Miss Crawford," said Bob, and he introduced the chief to the inventor's daughter. "Has anybody been here for us?"

Mr. Harley shook his head. "No; nobody's been here for you or Miss Crawford."

"Well, we're expecting someone," Bob answered. He added quietly: "Do you mind if we wait in here?"

The chief looked from Bob to Mary, then he smiled slowly.

"I'm just going," he said. "That'll be all right. Who's the lady?" he added softly. "Your sweetheart?"

Bob grinned, and he heard the boss chuckle quietly. A moment later and the two were alone. Bob moved to where Mary was sitting in a chair, and he leaned over her.

"Feeling tired?" he asked, as one hand closed over hers.

She shook her head, then smiled up at him.

"I wonder if father will be long?" she asked. "He should be here by—"

There came a tap at the door. It opened, and the inventor himself showed on the threshold. He stared at them, a smile on his face.

Mary ran towards him and threw her hands round his neck.

"Mr. Evans has pulled you safely through again!" he exclaimed, and he thrust a hand in the direction of the young reporter.

"Better sit down, sir," said Bob, "then we can tell you all that's happened."

They seated themselves at the desk. Bob and Mary gave the inventor an idea of what had happened during the night and the following morning. It was just as he finished that the telephone-bell strummed shrilly. Bob picked up the receiver.

"Hallo?" he called.

"Th-that Mr. Evans?" came a stammering, gasping voice from the other end of the wire. "They've locked me in the pantry, b-but I'd got th-the phone through! They're h-here—all of 'em! Th-they—"

"Who's that?" Bob interjected.

"The b-b-butler, sir! They're all in th-the—"

His words snapped off. Bob heard a woman's voice, a crash, a sudden yell, and then the line went dead.

It was Leontine, watching in the hall of the Crawford home, who had caught the butler's excited voice. She had interrupted his call.

Bob rattled on the receiver rest, but he got no reply. He set the instrument down, then turned to the inventor and his daughter.

"It was your butler!" he exclaimed. "Something must have happened!"

"At the house?" gasped Mr. Crawford, alarm in his eyes.

"I left him to guard the place! What—"

"He said something about being locked in the pantry," Bob answered.

"The telephone there must have been switched straight through to the exchange," Mary cut in. "We'd better go—"

"It can only be the Monk!" the inventor exclaimed. "If he's there, with the Scarlet Streak—"

His voice ended in a gasp; then he made a dash for the door, the others with him.

A few seconds later they were piling into Mr. Crawford's car, racing for the inventor's home. And while the chauffeur sent the machine all out, foot hard down on the accelerator pedal, the Monk was trying to find out how the Scarlet Streak worked.

He clamped home the armoured cable that led to the switchboard; but, though the Monk tried all the switches on the machine, he could get no result.

He muttered an imprecation as he stripped his hat from his heated forehead and flung it to a chair behind him.

"Try one of those switches over there!" he growled. "Go steady!"

One of the men snapped a switch down with a spluttering of blue sparks. The Monk bent to the switches on the Scarlet Streak again, and very gingerly he pressed the end one home.

Instantly from the lens of the machine there came a dazzling ray of white light, and the Monk jerked upright with an exclamation of satisfaction.

He slipped his hand over the front of the lens, then pushed the head of the death-ray machine round. The gang watched him, some plainly showing their funk of the fear-some-looking machine.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," the Monk snarled at them. "This light won't hurt you. Nothing happens until the other switches are closed. This is only a sighting beam."

He brought the Scarlet Streak to rest, the light striking out across the room.

"One of these switches brings the ray into action," the Monk went on, and he fingered the one nearest him. The crooks crowded to a safe distance from the lens. "The only way is to experiment and to—"

As he spoke he slammed the switch home. Livid blue sparks stabbed viciously at his fingers. In the same instant—

READ THE STORY!

"THE SCARLET STREAK"

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SEE THE FILM!

there struck from the Scarlet Streak a livid ray that seared their eyes. The laboratory was filled with a muttering, booming roar through which struck the frightened cries of the gang.

A foot of smoke struck upwards, with the burning tongue of red from the machine licking the heart of it!

The Monk jerked the switch back the moment he saw what was happening.

"It hit the chair!" one of the men gasped. "It—"

"It hit something! We've found out how it works!" the Monk half-yelled as he ran towards the chair on which the ray had struck.

The back of it was all burnt away—vanished to thin, grey dust!

"Your hat was on there, boss," one of them said shakily. "It's gone!"

It was on this chair that the Monk had flung his hat. There was no sign of it now. It had disintegrated like the upper part of the chair!

The Monk grinned, and stepped quickly back to the machine. He pointed to the dial set at one side of the bulbous head.

"I've got it now," he told them. "That dial controls the distance."

It was at that very moment that the car bearing Bob and Mary and the inventor roared into the drive leading to the house. It pulled up at the front, and the three leaped out. They raced into the hall, and as they came Leontine slipped out at the other side and sped from the building. She had seen them coming!

A thudding came to Bob's ears as he leaped across the hall, and he saw the door of the butler's pantry quivering under blows, while the voice of the man himself sounded, muffled and desperate.

Bob made a jump for the door, turned the key in the lock, and whipped the door open. The dishevelled figure of the butler staggered out into the young reporter's arms, blood on his face and his clothing torn.

"Th-they're up in the laboratory!" he stammered.

"The scoundrels!" gasped the inventor. "I'll—"

He made a dash for the steps that led upward, but Mary caught his arm and pulled him back, while Bob and the butler raced ahead. When they reached the corridor above, Bob darted ahead of his companion. The laboratory door was closed; but he slammed it open, then stood on the threshold, looking in.

He saw the Monk standing by the Scarlet Streak. The atmosphere was filled with the acrid reek of electrified air. To Bob it looked as though the Monk was alone, for the rest of the gang had heard them coming, and had hidden until he got into the room.

Across the width of the laboratory Bob gazed into the glittering eyes of the Monk. There was triumph on the crook's face—triumph, and something of fear. Nothing seemed to go right for him when Bob Evans came on the scene!

With a shout, Bob leaped at the man, only to be bowled almost off his feet as one of the gang attacked him from the side. Bob fended him off, twisted, then brought his fist crashing to the fellow's jaw, knocking him clean off his feet just as another came at him, smashing blows to his head.

Bob's teeth gritted as the man's knuckles slugged home; then he bent and tore into the man with both hands. He drove him back as the fellow closed with him, and they cannoned into a table. It went over with a crash, skidding papers in every direction.

The butler raced into the room, and he dived straight at the Monk. One of the gang came to his chief's assistance, and tore the butler away, but the man fought back gamely.

Mary and her father reached the threshold of the laboratory, and they stared aghast at the fight that was raging. Without thought for himself, the grey-haired inventor leaped into the room, grappling at the Monk as the bearded man attacked Bob from behind.

One of the gang saw the inventor coming into the scrap, and he smashed out at him with all his strength. The inventor reeled, then sprawled headlong at his daughter's feet.

Mary dragged at the man who had dropped across her father, hauling him off with desperate strength. She tried to pull her father away from the figures that whirled all about them, most of the gang piling on to Bob now.

"Mary"—her father's voice came to her ears as her arms went about him—"take this!" From the side-pocket of his coat he pulled an automatic-pistol. "If they try to get away with the Scarlet Streak—use it!"

Mary's fingers closed about the cold butt of the heavy weapon, and she started up in time to see Bob being driven down the length of the laboratory by a man who was fighting like a tiger. Bob was staggering as he went backwards.

His head was reeling, and he saw his assailant only through a veil of mist. There had been three men on to

him. Two lay by the machine, half-knocked out, but they had taken their toll.

Mary saw the man knock Bob through the open window at the end of the laboratory. He fell on the little balcony beyond. She called to the man:

"Hands up, or I'll—"

A glimpse she had of his features, then one great fist closed about the barrel of the weapon that she held; with a vicious jerk he twisted it from her grip, then leaped again at Bob's reeling figure.

Back in the room, Mr. Crawford struggled to his feet, only to be knocked headlong as one of Bob's late assailants, seeing the inventor rise, leaped at him again.

The butler was still fighting gamely, but he was spent now. He made a dive for the man who had attacked his master, only to feel iron-hard knuckles rock home under his jaw. The furious punch picked him half off his feet, knocking him back towards the Scarlet Streak.

Mr. Crawford saw him falling—falling against the switches!

The inventor had a glimpse of Bob and the man fighting out on the little balcony before the window, with Mary striving to pull the man off.

The fraction of a second later and the butler's falling body crashed against the switches.

The inventor's cry of horror was drowned by a sullen roar.

From the lens of the Scarlet Streak there darted a slash of vivid fire, full to the figures in the window!

Gouting smoke blotted everything out.

The butler dropped from the machine and fell prone to the floor. One of the gang shot a hand to the switches and pulled them open, cutting off the death-ray.

Slowly—slowly the smoke cleared, billowing away.

When it had gone it revealed a jagged hole gaping in the hall from floor to ceiling.

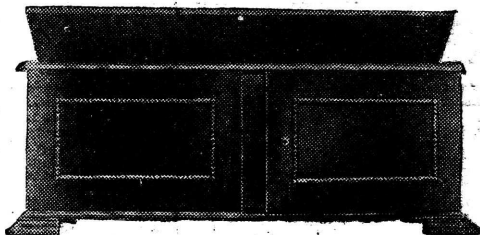
Where Mary and Bob had been on the balcony there was now—nothing!

(What Fate has befallen the courageous Bob Evans and Mary Crawford? Make no mistake about reading next week's extra-thrilling instalment of this powerful serial, chums. And remember also that there is another £10 in Prize Money offered in connection with this great story of breathless adventure.)

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SOME DOG!

A LOYAL girl reader from Chelmsford writes me a very interesting letter in which she mentions a little story concerning her puppy dog Tony. Now Tony is out of the ordinary run of puppies, for as a youngster he swallowed a balloon, nearly finished off a pad of printing ink, and then swallowed one of his own teeth. Not satisfied with that, young Tony then turned his attention to a counter—my correspondent doesn't say what kind of counter—and demolished that. Then, like Alexander of old, he looked round for fresh worlds to conquer, so to speak, and finished up with half a wooden reel. Yes, Tony still lives; in fact, he's very much alive. It's to be hoped that he doesn't get within range of Gussy's "tousahs," for Tony appears to be no respecter of things or persons when he's "hungry."

"THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY!"

Friday of next week will be well worth looking forward to as, on that day, two new numbers of our popular library appear. No. 27 is entitled, "The River House Rivals," and deals with Hal Brewster & Co. of the River House School, whilst No. 28—"The Boy Who Was Soft!" is written by popular Owen Conquest, and introduces an extraordinary new boy who comes to Rookwood. You chaps who are on the look-out for good school stories should make a point of getting these two new volumes. Don't forget—On Sale Friday of Next Week!

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Short and sweet, isn't it, my chums, but the story is bang on the wicket, and shows Martin Clifford coming into better form than ever. Mind you read this yarn, boys!

GUSSY!

A whole Supplement is devoted to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's, and it goes with a swing from beginning to end. Look out for it!

"THE SCARLET STREAK!"

There will be another rattling fine instalment of this amazing serial yarn, boys, next Wednesday, and remember the offer of

£10 A WEEK

in prize-money for solving the simple Picture Puzzle based upon the story and the film is repeated. To complete this bumper programme there will be another St. Jim's Jingle by our Rhymer. Mind you order your GEM in good time. Chiu, chiu!

YOUR EDITOR.

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