

"THE SCHOOL FROM 'DOWN UNDER'!" SUPER NEW ST. FRANK'S STORY STARTS TO-DAY!



# The GEM

THE BEST PAPER FOR BRITISH BOYS

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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**A  
FRIGHT  
FOR THE  
FORM-MASTER!**

AN AMUSING INCIDENT FROM THE RIPPING ST. JIM'S YARN. "THE MECHANICAL MAN!"—INSIDE.

# The MECHANICAL MAN!



Meet the mechanical man—Bernard Glyn's most amazing invention. It puts poor old Gussy "all in a fluttah"! But read what happened when Mr. Selby, the irascible Form-master, met it in his bed-room in the night!

## CHAPTER 1.

### The Missing Letter!

"FIGGINS & CO. have something up their giddy sleeves, chaps!"

"Heah, heah!" agreed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's.

"There's no doubt about it," continued Jack Blake. "I know old Figgy, and when he commences to chuckle to himself at prep, it's because there's something up his sleeve."

"His arm, perhaps," said Herries absently.

Jack Blake, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and Digby stared at him in silence. Herries hastily apologised.

"I've been with Lowther all the evening," he explained hastily. "You know how Monty's jokes grow on one. I jolly well agree with you, Blake, about Figgins & Co."

"Heah, heah!"

"Look how they were whispering to one another at tea," said Blake. "We can safely say they are up to something." "Not much doubt about that."

The chums of Study No. 6 in the School House were all agreed on that point.

"Then there isn't much doubt about it being up against us," said Jack Blake decidedly. "So we've got to jape them before they can jape us. We'll—"

Blake broke off suddenly as the door of Study No. 6 opened hastily, and the form of Mellish, the cad of St. Jim's, stood framed in the doorway. There was a look of surprise in Mellish's little eyes.

"Sorry to interrupt you fellows, but the evening post THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,377.

is just in," said Mellish, "and so I brought up the only letter there was for this study."

"Bai Jove, that's wathah wippin' of you, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus, holding out his hand. "Pway hand oval the lettah, Mellish!"

"But I don't know whether it's for you or not."

"It's for me, of course."

"No; I don't know that it is, Blake."

"For me?"

"Don't be an ass! It's mine, of course!"

Mellish glanced from Digby to Herries, and shook his head.

"I can't say that it's for any of you," he said.

Jack Blake & Co. stared at him.

"Not for any of us? Then what have you brought it here for, ass?"

"It's addressed to Study No. 6," said Mellish, glancing at a neat, little blue envelope. "It's addressed to the Chief of Study No. 6, St. Jim's College, in fact."

Instantly Jack Blake & Co. were across the room. Two chairs were overturned, and the tablecloth swept from the table.

They crowded round the startled Mellish.

Jack Blake snatched the letter from the rather frightened Mellish. Herries promptly made a grab for it, and there was a sound of tearing paper.

"You weckless boundahs!" gasped Arthur Augustus, also making a grab for the letter. "Gwoat Scott!"

When the scrimmage ceased Jack Blake held up a small piece of pale blue paper less than an inch square.

"Who's got the rest of the letter?"

"Bai Jove!"

The Fourth Formers stood staring at the inch of blue

—FEATURING BERNARD GLYN'S LATEST AMAZING ROBOT!

By

## MARTIN CLIFFORD

envelope held between Jack Blake's thumb and finger in amazement. Jack Blake also looked at it.

"Pretty nice if it contained a banknote—eh? Fine set of asses some people will look then, won't they?"

"Gweat Scott! I was wathah expectin' a fivah from the patah to-day."

"Then if it was in this letter, it's probably torn now. But where's the rest of the letter?"

"Bai Jove!"

Digby looked round the room in amazement. It certainly had been an exciting scrimmage, but scarcely exciting enough to cause a letter to utterly disappear.

An amazed expression crept into the faces of the juniors.

"Have a look under the tablecloth, Gussy."

"Yaas, wathah! No, it isn't here, deah boys!"

"Sure you haven't got it, Blake?"

"Of course I'm sure, ass!"

"Pway make a thowough search, deah boys!"

The affair of the missing letter was surprising. It certainly had been a small envelope, and the juniors could account for a corner of it, but where the remainder was none of them could think.

They moved all the furniture in that part of the room; they examined their own clothing to see whether it had got into a pocket by any chance, but not a trace of it could be found. The juniors were astounded.

"Bai Jove! I wegard this as wemarkable—wemarkable in the extweme!"

"Jolly funny, and no mistake," muttered Jack Blake, looking round blankly. "Did you see where it went to, Mellish?"

"No," answered the cad of the Fourth. "I'll help you look for it, if you like."

"Bai Jove, that's wathah good of you, Mellish!"

"Only you needn't trouble," put in Jack Blake. "If four can't find a small letter, five won't be able to. Look here, chaps, we'll have the giddy carpet up before we lose the epistle."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Do you mind clearing, Mellish? We're going to find that letter if it rains ink!"

"Yes, of course," said Mellish hastily. "But I wanted to talk something over with you first—something jolly important."

"What's it about?"

"About Figgins & Co.," said Mellish, still in the doorway. "Do you chaps know Figgins & Co. have a great wheeze on against the School House to-night. I—"

"Bai Jove! We suspected it, deah boy!"

"Hold on, Mellish!" put in Jack Blake quietly. "How do you happen to know this?"

"I—I overheard them talking about it."

"Do you mean to say you listened?"

"I overheard them."

"Which is the same thing in your case," said Jack Blake scornfully. "I don't know whether you chaps want to hear the rotter's news, but I don't!"

"Bai Jove! Wathah not!"

The leader of Study No. 6 opened the door.

"The window or this way, Mellish?" he asked pleasantly. "Take your choice."

"I shall jolly well go to Figgins."

"You can go to Taggles, the porter, if you like."

"I shall tell Figgins something I know about your plans," said Mellish wrathfully. "I know very well you've got something on against the New House, just the same as Figgins has something on against you."

"Bai Jove! Then you must have been listenin' at the door!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"What a young sweep! Bump him, chaps!"

"Look here, Blake, if you touch me—"

"Bump him!" cried Jack Blake.

"Right-ho!"

"On the ball!"

And a general rush was made for the cad of the Fourth. Mellish did his best to retreat, but he was too late to escape.

Digby and Herries pounced upon him just as he attempted to round the corner in the corridor. The other two came rushing up.

### CHAPTER 2.

#### Good News!

**O**F all the young sweeps!"

"To go and think of giving his own House secrets to Figgins & Co."

"Bump him! Bump him, deah boys!"

And bumped Mellish was.

The four had Mellish in a very convenient attitude, and were bumping him vigorously. Mellish's shouts were becoming prodigious.

Suddenly Arthur Augustus uttered an exclamation.

"Bai Jove!"

"What's up, Gussy?"

"What's the giddy wheeze now?"

"Gweat Scott!" muttered the swell of St. Jim's, picking up a small square affair which looked as if it might have been a blue envelope. It was the missing letter for which they had almost ransacked Study No. 6.

And it had been found in the passage, too, a good six yards from the study door.

How could it have got there?

Arthur Augustus jammed his monocle into his eye and glared at Mellish. He felt certain that the letter had dropped from Mellish's pocket.

For an instant Arthur Augustus met Mellish's eyes with a steady glance. The cad of the Fourth coloured deeply.

Jack Blake did not notice the glance.

"My hat! The giddy letter has turned up, chaps!"

"Yaas, wathah; it's the lettah all wight, deah boys," answered Arthur Augustus quietly. "Mellish. I must wequest you to wemove yourself instantly, or I shall administah a feaful thwashin'!"

Jack Blake glanced up quickly.

There was something about Arthur Augustus' threat of a "feaful thwashin'" which was different from the tone in which it was usually uttered. He looked as if he really meant it.

"You'll be sorry for this, you set of bullies!" almost wept Mellish. "You see—"

"Are you goin' to wemove yourself, Mellish? I will give you threee seconds—"

And Mellish went.

Arthur Augustus could not be absolutely certain the letter had dropped from Mellish's pocket, because he had not actually seen it do so. He was certain, as far as his own mind went, but that was not enough for the swell of St. Jim's.

Without further remark he led the way back to the study. He did not mean to say a word about his suspicions.

"Jolly funny about my letter turning up in the passage just—"

"Bai Jove! Your lettah, Digbay, deah boy?"

"Yes, my letter, dear ass," said Digby, holding out his hand.

"Oh, let's have a look at it!" grinned Jack Blake, suddenly taking the letter from Arthur Augustus' hand. "No good going all over the old row again. The letter is addressed to me, of course, and— My hat!"

Before any of the others could stop him, Jack Blake had ripped open the dishevelled envelope. The contents consisted of a gilt-edged correspondence card. The leader of the School House Fourth Form stared at it without speaking.

Arthur Augustus allowed his monocle to fall from his eye.

"Gweat Scott! What uttah cheek! He has opened one of my lettahs!"

"Go hon!" grinned Blake.

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Our Magnificent New St. Frank's Story Starting To-day!

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"Blake, I must wequest you, as a fwiend, to hand ovah the lettah instantly! Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus had caught sight of the few words scribbled across the card in a graceful, girlish handwriting. Jack Blake suddenly gave vent to a cheer.

"Hurrah! Good old Cousin Ethel!"

"Pway wead it out, deah boy."

"Will all you Study No. 6 people please play cricket for my eleven on Saturday, the match to start at eleven-thirty, on the private ground at Cleveland Lodge?" Jack Blake read excitedly. "You are also to please promise not to say a word to anyone else about it. P.S.—The other side are frightfully good."

"Bai Jove, how wippin'!"

"Rather! It really is from Cousin Ethel, Blake?"

"Of course it is, kid; there's her name!" exclaimed Jack Blake, with increased excitement. "An all-day match, chaps!"

"Hurrah!"

"Any idea who the other side is, Gussy?"

"Bai Jove, wathah not! I know they have a large house-party at Cleveland Lodge, deah boy, but I don't know who is there. Bai Jove, although I say it, I wathah fancy we shall have a wippin' time!"

"Rather!"

"And on the wippin' gwound they have laid out at the lodge!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "A wegular countwy house cricket match!"

"Rather!"

The invitation card passed from hand to hand. Digby dashed across the room, and tapped the barometer.

The barometer did not work, as it happened, having been damaged by a cricket ball on a wet afternoon when indoor cricket was being indulged in.

Digby did not think of that.

"It's going to keep fine, chaps; there isn't a giddy cloud."

"Yaas, wathah! I considah the warm weathah has set in propably this time."

"And we're not to tell any of the others, kids!" exclaimed Jack Blake, glancing at the card again. "Cousin Ethel has underlined that."

"Yaas, wathah—"

"Just like Cousin Ethel. She doesn't want to make Tom Merry and Figgins & Co. envious—"

"Bai Jove, I nevah thought of that! I considah it wippin' of her in the extweme. Fancy what we should feel, deah boys, if Tom Mewwy & Co. had been asked to play and we had been left out in the cold."

Jack Blake chuckled.

"Not a word to the Shellfish, mind!"

"Wathah not! Bai Jove, poor old Tom Mewwy—"

"And poor old Figgins," said Digby. "My hat! Wouldn't he feel sick if he know!"

"But he musn't know, deah boys!"

"Of course, it's jolly hard on Tom Merry & Co."

"Rather!"

"And on Figgins & Co., but you can't blame Cousin Ethel."

"No, wathah not! I should considah it my duty to administrah a feahful thwashin' to any wottah who had the w'etched cheek to blame Cousin Ethel for anythin', deah boy."

"She says the other side are frightfully good. Had to get the best fellows from St. Jim's, of course."

"Yaas, wathah! Of course, Tom Mewwy isn't a weally bad bat, but—"

"And, although Figgins knows a bit about fielding, still he—"

"Many chaps think Wynn pretty useful with the ball, but in a really classy match—"

"Of course!" chuckled Jack Blake. "What could Cousin Ethel do? She had to get the best men—"

"Yaas, wathah, and she has got them, bai Jove! Although I make the wemark myself, you can't weally beat Study No. 6 fellows for all-wound bwiliance in the cwicket field. There may be othahs who can keep their ends up."

"Hear, hear!"

"But keepin' one's end up isn't everythin'," went on Arthur Augustus warmly. "You want someone who can wise to the occasion—"

"That's it!"

"Hear, hear!"

"So I considah Cousin Ethel has acted wemarkably wisely in askin' me to play, deah boys, although I make the observation myself—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Gussy! Ten to one he gets a pair of spectacles!"

"Pway don't be so widiculous, Hewwies. I wathah fancy I am not in the habit of gettin' a pair of spectacles—"

"Saturday is the day, kids," chuckled Jack Blake.

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"Thank goodness it's a whole holiday, so we shan't have to ask to get off!"

"Bai Jove, yaas wathah! We shall have to be careful not to let Tom Mewwy or Figgy hear a word about it."

"Rather!"

"Not a giddy word, chaps! Ahem!"

The door was being opened, and Tom Merry appeared round the door.

His face was a trifle flushed, and he looked excited.

"Pax, kids!" he grinned pleasantly. "Holding a mothers' meeting, or is Gussy reciting?"

The Fourth Formers did not answer.

They were glancing at one another warningly.

Tom Merry, the hero of the Shell, was the last fellow in St. Jim's who must hear anything about Cousin Ethel's invitation.

## CHAPTER 3.

### Tact and Judgment!

"HALLO, Tom Merry!"

And Jack Blake carelessly picked up the latest number of the "Weekly."

"Hallo, Jack Blake!" answered the Shell junior, sauntering into the room, followed by Manners and Lowther. "I say, we—we arranged something for Saturday, didn't we, kids?"

Jake Blake started. He had forgotten about that for the moment. They would have to get out of that somehow.

Arthur Augustus and Digby exchanged glances.

"Bai Jove, yaas, wathah, deah boy! But—"

"A walk in the country, wasn't it, as there is no cricket on?"

"Yaas, wathah, only—"

"Well—" said Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah, only undah the cires—"

"Ring off, ass!"

"Weally, Digbay, I must wefuse to allow you to address me in that wude mamnah. It is quite twue that we awwanged to go for a countwy walk with Tom Mewwy, and undah any othah cires, it would have given me gweat pleasuah. However—"

"The fact of the matter is," exclaimed Tom Merry, "we three won't be able to come. Got something else on."

"Bai Jove—"

"Yes, I know it's rather rotten to cry off when everything has been arranged," said Tom Merry apologetically.

"We wouldn't do it, if we could help it; but—"

"Bai Jove, how wemarkably funny, deah boy. As a mattah of fact—"

"Ring off, ass!" muttered Jack Blake quickly. "We're—we're sorry you have to cry off, Tom Merry—"

"Gweat Scott!"

"I mean, it will disappoint Figgy. Still, if you can't help it, you can't."

"That's awfully decent of you."

Jack Blake went rather red.

"Don't mention it; not at all."

"No, wathah not. As a mattah of fact, we are weally weliwefed."

"Shut up, Gussy!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Ass! That's all right, Tom Merry. Well—we'll arrange the walk for another day."

"Yes, rather!" exclaimed the hero of the Shell hastily.

"Delighted. Almost any time. Come on, chaps!"

And the Terrible Three departed from the study.

Jack Blake dropped back in his chair with a sigh of relief.

"What luck!"

"Yaas, wathah, I considah it wippin' luck myself."

"And what a cackling young ass you can be, Gussy, when you like!"

"Bai Jove—"

"Another two minutes and you would have given the show away, ass!"

"Wats, Blake! Undah the cires—"

"So you would. If Tom Merry found out we were jolly glad they couldn't come for a walk, he'd have wanted to know why."

"Bai Jove, I nevah thought of that, deah boy! Yaas, wathah, undah the cires, I am wathah glad I didn't explain—"

Jack Blake laughed.

"Yes, you handled the matter very nicely."

"Yaas, wathah! It always requiahs a fellow of tact and judgment to handle these delicate mattahs, deah boy. I considah it vevy lucky I happened to be in the study when Tom Mewwy came in. I dwead to think of the feahful bungle you othahs might have made of the affair."

"Ha, ha, ha!"



"Yawoogh! Wow!" shrieked Arthur Augustus as the rival juniors tugged at him vigorously in opposite directions. Suddenly there was an ominous tearing sound, and D'Arcy's coat split up the back. "Leggo! You uttah wottahs! You're wuinin' my attiah."

"Weally, Hewwies, I fail to see any weason for wibald laughtah. But for me—"  
 "Hear, hear!"  
 "But for me—"  
 "Rather!"  
 "But for me—"  
 "Hurrah!"

Arthur Augustus screwed his monocle in his eye and viewed the grinning juniors loftily.

"I wegard you as waggin' wottahs—I wegard you as waggin' wottahs in the extweme. Bai Jove!"

"Hallo!"  
 "What's up now, Gussy?"  
 "What about Figgy, deah boys?"  
 Jack Blake whistled.

"Yes, we musn't forget we've got the New House to jape," he said thoughtfully.

"Yaas, wathah, only there's plenty of time for me to think out a wattlin' ideah before the bell goes for dorm, deah boys. If you will all wotiah fwom the study and leave me to considah the mattah—"

"We shall find you still considering it when we return."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Let's get on with the bisney," said Herries.

"Howevah, I twust—"

"Rats! We've got to think of something, Blake."

"Oh, I'll do that all right. My hat, we've got something else to do first, though."

"What's that, deah boy?"

"Explain to Figgy we aren't going for that country walk."

"Bai Jove, I was nearly forgettin' that. But as I successfally awwanged the mattah with Tom Mewwy, I considah you othahs had bettah wemain in the backwound while—"

"You make an ass of yourself, exactly!"

"Pway don't wag, Dig."

"Like you did before."

"Wats! Undah the cires—"

Jack Blake jumped to his feet.

"Ring off!" he exclaimed. "This'll want some handling, I can tell you, because Figgins & Co. were jolly keen on the walk."

"Yaas, wathah; and the soonah I get it ovah the bettah!

Weally, Blake—"

"What's the matter now, ass?"

"Are you comin' with me, deah boys?"  
 Jack Blake grinned.  
 "Looks like it, Gussy," he said pleasantly. "Come on, chaps!"  
 And the four quitted the room.

CHAPTER 4.

Gussy is Wanted!

**T**AP!  
 Figgins & Co. of the New House took no notice. They had not heard the knock at their study door.

Tap!  
 "Pway open the door, deah boys!"

Figgins started, and Kerr jumped to his feet.

"What do you want, Gussy?"

"What are you young asses doing in the New House?"

"They've come to be bumped."

"Weally, Kerr, pway don't be so widic! Howevah, open the door and I will explain."

Figgins & Co. exchanged glances, then the sound of a desk-lid being slammed down came to the School House juniors. The next moment Kerr had turned the key of the door.

The chums of Study No. 6 came in suspiciously.

Figgins sat down in the easy chair, and crossed his long legs.

"What do you School House kids want?" he asked.

"You haven't come to borrow some grub, have you?" asked Fatty Wynn anxiously.

Jack Blake glanced round the study without answering.

As far as he could see, Figgins & Co. had been doing nothing. There was a very innocent expression on Kerr's face, too.

Jack Blake thought of the jape Mellish had said Figgins & Co. were planning, and exchanged glances with Digby. Digby had also been looking about the room.

"I twust we are not disturbin' you, deah boys—"

"You are!"

"Weally, Figgy!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, somewhat aghast. "I twust you will wemembah I ain a guest in your study!"

"Ha, hn, ha!"

"A burbling young ass who has drifted in with the tide,

you mean," grinned Kerr. "What's the reason for the visit?"

Arthur Augustus replaced his monocle, and viewed the Scots junior through it loftily.

"Weally, Kerr, I must wequest you not to address me as—"

Jack Blake sat down on the edge of the table.

"The fact is, Figgy, we want to see you about something."

"Yaas, wathah; only pway don't intewwupt, deah boy. As I was about to explain to Figgy—"

"What is it, Blake?"

"About—about the walk we arranged for Saturday."

Figgins started and looked at Kerr. Fatty Wynn was looking at Jack Blake.

"Yaas, wathah, deah boys—about the walk we awranged for Saturday. We find now—"

"To put it bluntly," said Jack Blake carelessly, "we've got another engagement."

"You uttah duffah, deah boy—"

"So, if you want to take a country walk, you'll have to take it with Taggles or Mrs. Mimms' tabby cat. Sorry, and all that, but it can't be helped!"

"You weckless ass, deah boy—"

A grin had spread over Figgins' face.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!"

"Good!"

"And, after all, a country walk isn't wildly exciting."

"Not unless you take Gussy with you."

"Weally, Kerr, I wegwet I cannot afford to allow that remark to pass. Jack Blake, I considah that you have made a wotten muddle—"

"Oh, Gussy's all right if you keep him on a leash!" grinned Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"I shall want to—have a chat with you, Gussy, some time to-morrow," said Figgins.

"Certainly, deah boy! If any difficulty has awisen—"

Figgins went rather red.

"Oh, it's nothing; but—but I've run to a new panama hat, you know, and I want to get something decent in the way of a hatband."

"Yaas, wathah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, with absorbing interest. "I shall be willin' to offah you my advice. I twust you are contempalin' havin' a necktie to match the hatband, deah boy?"

"Haven't thought of it, but—but if it's the thing—"

"Bai Jove, wathah! And socks to match the necktie, deah boy. Quite the thing, weally!"

"I—I see."

"Yaas, wathah! And, weally, I do not think you can do bettah than a wippin' pink—"

"By Jove, I don't think I could stand pink socks, Gussy!" muttered Figgins doubtfully.

"They might bark at you, mightn't they?"

"Pway don't be fwivolous on a sewious mattah, Kerr: "It all depends whethah you get the wight pink. There are pinks and pinks—"

"Not to mention carnations."

"Weally, Blake! Howevah, a owushed stwawbewwy—or, wathah, a mixture of owushed stwawbewwy and wose-pink would look simply wippin'!"

Jack Blake jumped down from the table.

"Coming, chaps?"

"Right-ho! It's all right about Saturday, then, Figgy?"

"Yes, rather! A crushed strawberry, you say, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah; only, of course, a salmon is wathah daintay."

"Yes; but—but couldn't I go in for something a little less startling? A dark blue—"

"Gweat Scott! Much too sombre, deah boy. This is the age of light colours."

"What about green, then, Gussy?"

Jack Blake, Digby, and Herries looked at the long-limbed leader of the New House juniors in amazement. Of all of them, Figgins was the least inclined to think of clothes, as a rule.

For a moment Jack Blake thought there must be some joke on, but a second glance told him that was not the case. Figgins was in dead earnest.

And, what was even stranger, Kerr and Fatty Wynn were listening to Arthur Augustus' words with interest.

"A gween, if it is the wight gween, is certainly in wippin' taste," the swell of St. Jim's was saying enthusiastically, "especially in the mattah of socks, pprovided there is a pink clock. Nothin' at all loud, of course, but vevy neat."

At that moment the door was pushed open, and Tom Merry looked into the room.

"Pax, kids!" he said. "Someone told me I should find you here, Gussy."

"Yaas, wathah! But I am busy just now, deah boy. I am havin' a vevy important conversation with Figgy!"

"Oh, I'm not going to interrupt, only—"

"Only what, deah boy!"

"Oh, nothin'! Only—"

And Tom Merry went rather red. Arthur Augustus waited impatiently.

"If it's about the walk on Saturday—"

"Oh, no; nothing about that!" exclaimed the Shell fellow.

"It's really nothing, only when you've got time I'd be jolly well obliged if you would drop into our study and— and give me your advice."

Arthur Augustus jumped to his feet.

"Certainly, deah boy! I should wegard it as a pleasuah. Pway what is the difficulty?"

"Oh, there's no actual difficulty! I bought a new pair of cricket bags this week, and the crease doesn't seem to be down the centre of the leg."

"Good gwacious!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "I will come to your woom instantly, deah boy!"

"What's that, Gussy?"

"I'm just goin' to wun into Tom Mewwy's woom, as he is in a feahful way about his owicket twousahs, Figgy."

"Don't be an ass! Sit down!"

"Weally, Figgy, as Tom Mewwy is in a feahful way—"

"You are going to stay here, Gussy."

Jack Blake grinned pleasantly.

"Wrong again, Figgy! The one and only is coming back to Study No. 6 with us—"

"Weally—"

"No, he isn't."

"He's coming to see about my giddy cricket bags, aren't you, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"What about the—the choice of a hatband for my new panama?"

"Yaas, wathah! I wathah fancy I ought to settle that mattah even before I attend to the cwease in your twousahs, Tom Mewwy. Howevah— Pway welease my arm, Digbay."

"You are coming back to the study, Gussy."

"No; weally impos, deah boy."

"Impos or not, you're coming!" said Digby. "We've had enough of being in here listening to Figgins rave about panamas. Come on, kid!"

"No, weally; it is uttahly impos. Tom Mewwy is in a feahful way, and Figgy is nearly worn out with twyin' to settle the vevy important mattah of selectin' a hatband. Pway welease my arm instantly, Hewwies!"

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"Yes; there's no need to take Gussy with you."  
 "Isn't there, Kerr?" asked Jack Blake pleasantly. "You don't know Gussy as we know him! Quick—march!"  
 "I wufuse to quick-march! I wufuse— Weally Digbay, I shall administah a feahful thwashin' in a minute, in spite of the weathah bein' feahfully warm. Digbay, deah boy, did you hear my observations? You uttah wottahs, I—"

"I say, you oughtn't to drag Gussy away if he wants to stay here, you know. Don't you go, Gussy!"  
 "No, wathah not! I have already wufused to go. Welease me—welease me instantly!"  
 But in spite of Arthur Augustus' refusal, he was being dragged to the door. Figgins & Co. were following up.  
 "Don't you go, Gussy! Blessed if I would be yanked about like a sack of flour!"  
 "Gweat Scott! What an uttably wotten ideab, Kerr, deah boy! Welease me!"  
 Jack Blake was barring the way.  
 "What's the idea, Blake?"  
 "Gussy's coming home."

"No, he isn't! He's coming into our room, aren't you, old chap?"  
 "Yaas, wathah!"  
 "You mean you're going to stay here, Gussy?"  
 "Yaas, wathah, Figgy! Welease me—welease me instantly!"  
 "Rot!"  
 "Piffle!"  
 "I tell you—"

Fatty Wynn suddenly rushed across the study and caught Arthur Augustus by the arm.  
 "Stay to supper, Gussy! We've got buns—iced buns—"  
 "Ring off, ass! Gussy has given his word to come with us into our study."  
 "Yaas, wathah!"  
 "And he's given his word to stay here."

"Yaas, wathah, Figgy! Gweat Scott! You uttah wuffians!"  
 Tom Merry had caught hold of Arthur Augustus by the coat. Figgins & Co. promptly seized one of his legs, and he had to hop about on the other.

Digby and Herries obtained a further grip, glancing at Jack Blake.

Jack Blake nodded.  
 It would never do to leave Arthur Augustus alone in the New House study, or let him go to Tom Merry's room. He would be almost certain to let out something of the secret of Cousin Ethel's letter.

Jack Blake & Co. considered they were in honour bound to prevent that.

Manners and Lowther caught Arthur Augustus round the waist; Kerr seized his other leg.

"Yarooogh! Wow! You uttah wottahs!"  
 The rival juniors tugged vigorously in opposite directions. Arthur Augustus gave vent to a despairing shout. His coat was giving an ominous tearing sound.

The next instant the portion of coat Tom Merry was clinging to gave way, and Tom Merry went to the floor with a bump.

Kerr promptly fell over his legs, and tried to save himself by clasping Herries round the neck.

"Leggo, you ass!"  
 "You wottahs! You uttah wottahs!"  
 "My only Aunt Jane!"

And Jack Blake and Figgins felt themselves being dragged down.

They happened to bump their heads together just before they reached the floor, but that made no difference to them. They were clinging to Arthur Augustus as firmly as ever.

CHAPTER 5.

Rough on Gussy!

"YOU wottahs! You fearful wuffians!"  
 "Yank him along, School House!"  
 "All together, Shell!"

By a great effort Jack Blake & Co. had got Arthur Augustus on his feet again and, hauling with a will, were gradually dragging him from the study.

Tom Merry and Figgins & Co. were trying to drag him other ways, but for his own sake the swell of the School House was aiding his chums now.

He was trying to wrench himself free of the others.  
 "That's the style, Gussy!"

"He wanted to come with us all the time!"  
 "You wottah, Digbay!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "You weckless fibber! I shall administah feahful thwashings all wound—"

"One last wrench—"  
 "All together! Hurrah!"

And with a violent tug Jack Blake, Digby, and Herries dragged their chum from the study.

"Ow!" shrieked Arthur Augustus. "O-ow!"  
 "That's all right, kid! Now for it!"

"I wufuse to move! I wufuse to go with you, as I no longah wegard you as fwriends."

"That's all right!"  
 "I wufuse to considah it all wight. As a wattah of fact, I look upon it as all wong. Gweat Scott!"

"Tom Merry's coming—"  
 "Slam the door in their faces! Ha, ha, ha!"

Herries had acted upon the advice instantly. He slammed the door with a will.

A shout greeted the action, and the School House juniors could guess what had happened.

"Ha, ha, ha! They ran into the door, chaps!"  
 "My hat—"

"Hurry up!" gasped Herries, who was clinging to the door knob. "I can't keep them in much longer."

"Ready, Gussy?"  
 "I wufuse to be weady. I wufuse—"

"His other arm, Dig."

"Right-ho!"  
 "Welease me, you uttah wuffians!"

"Help push him along, Herries, when I give the word—now!"

Releasing the door knob Herries spun round. The next

TAKING NO CHANCES!



Pat (on meeting Mike walking backwards through woods):  
 "Begorra, and phwat are ye doing tha' for?"

Mike: "Bejabbers these woods are haunted, and I want to see that nobody walks behind me!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to E. Shyne, 3, Cochran Street, Oldham, Lancs.

moment he had lowered his head, and was pushing Arthur Augustus along with all his might.

"On the ball!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha! Get on with the washing, kids!"

"Hewwies, you wuffian! Digbay, you wottah! Blake, you uttally weckless beast—"

"Yank him along! That's the style! My only Aunt Jane!"

Jack Blake thudded against the wall and gasped. But there was no time to stop. Figgins & Co. and the Terrible Three were racing after them.

It would be a near thing whether they would gain the School House before Arthur Augustus was recaptured.

"Put a spurt on!" gasped Jack Blake, glancing back. "Tom Merry's coming!"

"And old Figgy—"  
 "My hat! They'll snatch you baldheaded, Gussy, if you don't sprint up!"

"I wufuse to spwint up! I wufuse to be snatched bald-headed, or any othah wotten way!" panted the swell of St. Jim's, who was becoming more flustered every minute. "I intend to administah a feahful thwashin' to Tom Mewwy for wumplin' my attiah!"

"Look out, there!"  
 "My hat!"

"And I intend to administah a feahful thwashin' to Figgy for the same weason! Gweat Scott!"

Jack Blake & Co. had rounded the corner in the corridor. They had done so at top speed, dragging Arthur Augustus with them.

"Look out! My only Aunt Jane!"  
 Toby, the boot-boy, was cleaning the passage window. In order to do this successfully, he had to mount a tall pair of steps, which blocked the way.

"Bai Jove!"  
 "Look out, Toby!" exclaimed Blake.

It was too late. Toby's thoughts were far from such an everyday duty as window-cleaning.

The Study No. 6 juniors rushed into the steps with a bump.

Toby gave vent to a loud yell, and made a despairing grasp at the window-ledge.

He missed the window-ledge and caught the basin of water he had placed there himself; then the steps overbalanced themselves.

Toby shrieked again. He realised that he was falling, and a moment later he knew that he had fallen.

He came down on top of Digby with a thud, and actually hit Herries on the head with the metal basin of water.

"Bai Jove! Gweat Scott!"

The water was streaming down Arthur Augustus' face; the wet window-leather was clinging round his neck. For a moment the swell of St. Jim's did not realise what had happened.

Neither did Jack Blake until the steps fell on him.

"Yarooogh!" he yelled.

"Gweat Scott! Bai Jove!"

Herries let Arthur Augustus go, and clasped his own head.

"Oh!" he gasped. "O-oh!"

The sound of thudding feet behind them told Jack Blake the rival juniors were on their track. There was no time to be lost.

Jack Blake sprang to his feet.

"Sorry, Toby!" he panted. "Scud for it, chaps!"

"I wefuse—"

"Come on, Herries!"

"Oh!" groaned Herries. "Oh!"

"Come on, ass! Wake up, Gussy!"

"I wefuse to wake up! I mean— Bai Jove!"

Jack Blake and Digby were dragging Arthur Augustus over the fallen steps. Herries followed, still holding his head.

Toby was sitting on the passage floor, trying to understand what had happened.

"There they are!"

"Now we have them!"

Tom Merry's voice rang out loudly. The rivals were almost up to the bend of the corridor.

"Come on!" gasped Jack Blake.

"Oh!" groaned Herries. "Oh!"

"Another few yards! Ha, ha, ha!"

A crash had sounded behind them. Without having to turn round, the School House Fourth Formers knew what had happened.

Tom Merry & Co. had fallen over the steps.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!"

"Gerrup! Lemme gerrup!"

"Ass!"

The cries behind them were becoming confused. Fatty Wynn's distressed pant could be heard distinctly enough, though.

"Let me get up, Tom Merry!"

The Study No. 6 juniors began to chuckle.

"Just listen to them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Ring off, Gussy!" chuckled Jack Blake. "We've had enough trouble with you already. The least you can do is to stop cackling."

"Gweat—gweat Scott!"

"Yes, rather, Gussy! You owe that much to us for all we've done for you, anyway!"

"You wetchd waggin' wottahs!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "You weckless wuffians!"

"Good!" grinned Digby, as they gained the Fourth Form corridor. "Here we are, kids!"

"Open the door, Dig."

"Come in, Gussy!"

"I wefuse to come in—I wefuse—"

But Gussy's refusal made no difference. Into the study he went, and he was very indignant.

"I shall wefuse to wegard any of you as fwintah in futuah!"

Jack Blake did not answer.

He locked the door as quickly as he could, then dropped into the easy-chair wearily.

"My only hat! What a time it has been!"

"Rather! I feel—"

"Bai Jove!" suddenly shrieked Arthur Augustus. "Gweat Scott!"

Jack Blake started, then understood.

Arthur Augustus had just caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

"Gweat Scott! Bai Jove!"

Jack Blake, Digby, and Herries began chatting coolly about the cricket invitation they had received from Cousin Ethel. Not one of them even glanced towards the swell of St. Jim's.

## CHAPTER 6.

### Problems of Attire!

"**B**AI Jove! Look at me—look at me, you wuffians!" Jack Blake did not answer. He did not even turn in his chair.

"Of course, Dig, we've jolly well got to arrange about getting over to Cleveland Lodge on Saturday."

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"Blake! Blake, you uttah wottah, look at me!"

"We could cycle."

"What about the bats and things?"

"My hat, yes! Cycling wouldn't be up to much."

"Jack Blake!" shouted Arthur Augustus. "Jack Blake, you weckless boundah, just look at my attiah! I ordah you to look at my attiah!"

Jack Blake glanced up coolly.

"Did you speak, Gussy?"

"Yes, Gussy, did you say anything?"

"I thought I heard a remark myself," remarked Herries. "It couldn't have come from Gussy, though, because he has decided to cut us."

"You wetchd waggahs!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Look at me! Look at my attiah!"

Jack Blake looked.

"Well, there isn't much to rave at, Gussy," he said. "I've seen you look a lot neater."

"Yes, Gussy, I am surprised at you! Your—your collar has come undone!"

"My collah has uttahn disappeared, you wuffians!"

"Humph! So it has," said Digby thoughtfully. "Going to give up wearing collars now the warm weather has set in?"

"My hat, I rather like that idea of yours, Gussy, of not having any buttons on your waistcoat," observed Herries. "Eton chaps always leave the last button of their waistcoats undone, but not having any buttons at all beats that wheeze hollow."

"Rather!"

"And it must be nice and cool with a two-foot split down the back of your coat!"

"You wottah, Blake!" gasped Arthur Augustus, screwing round in order to see the tear in his coat. "Bai Jove, I am dwessed like a twamp!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus wheeled round and directed a withering glare at the chuckling Herries.

"I wegwet to say, Hewwies, that your extremely wotten behaviour has left me no othah wesource but to administah a fearful thwashin'! Pway put up your hands, Hewwies!"

"Wait until I've finished these grapes."

"Hewwies, I ordah you to put up your hands!"

"Sorry, but I'm busy with this apple just now."

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"My hat, Gussy, you can't expect decently dressed fellows like Herries and Dig to start putting their hands up to a blessed tramp, can you?"

"Gweat Scott, what uttah cheek! Howevah, I shall weturn before long, and I shall thwash you all thowoughly! For the present, I must wettah, and change my clothes!"

Jack Blake started.

"Oh, don't go, Gussy!"

"Yaas, deah boy, it is uttahn imposs for me to wemain in this wig-out."

"You're all right, old chap."

"Weally, Blake, I twust you believe you are speakin' the twuth. As a mattah of fact, I wegwet to say I am very far from bein' all wight. I shall not wemain away long."

"Yes, but—"

Arthur Augustus waited obligingly. He was a wonderfully good-natured fellow.

"Yaas, deah boy?"

"Oh, it's nothing—only—only I wanted to speak to you about something."

"Speak away, deah boy!"

"Yes, rather—only I was going to ask Digby and Herries to clear out for a moment or two!"

"My hat!"

"What giddy cheek!"

Digby and Herries spoke together.

"That's jolly funny, Blake, because I was going to ask you two to do the same!"

Herries started.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I jolly well do. I was going to ask you and Jack Blake to clear out while I had a chat with Gussy."

"My hat! I was going to do the same, as it happened! It was on the tip of my tongue!"

"Bai Jove! How wemarkable, deah boys!"

The dear boys looked at one another suspiciously.

Jack Blake got up and opened the door.

"Anyway, I asked you two to clear first."

"But I was just going to—"

"It was on the tip of my tongue."

"Bai Jove! I wegard this as funny in the extreme!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "Is it poss that you are all in the same difficulty, deah boys?"

The other three started.

It certainly was possible.

"Bai Jove! Has it anythin' to do with personal attiah, deah boys?"



Jack Blake went red.  
 "Well, in a way—"  
 "You see—"  
 "I'm not quite certain about that—that new blazer," stammered Herries. "Of course, I don't care a rap about togs, as a rule, but it would be rather rotten to turn up at Cleveland Lodge for the cricket in a beastly blazer that set people's teeth on edge, wouldn't it?"  
 "Bai Jove! Yaas, wathah! Howwible!"  
 Jack Blake glanced at his chums, and laughed.  
 "My hat! We're all in the same boat!" he chuckled.  
 "We want your advice about cricket togs, Gussy."  
 "Yes, that's it."  
 "Rather!"  
 Arthur Augustus smiled happily. He felt very much as Fatty Wynn always felt when the subject of a feed was introduced into the conversation.

"Nor I."  
 "My hat!"  
 The distinct and unmistakable sound of chuckles could be heard.  
 There were some juniors outside the door.  
 Jack Blake grinned.  
 "A jape, kids!" he whispered. "Not a giddy word. Ten to one they haven't heard us."  
 "I say! The young rotters must have turned the light off in the passage."  
 "Yes, that's it."  
 "Ring off, kids! They've come to rag us!"  
 And Jack Blake slipped under the table.  
 Herries and Digby grinned and disappeared behind the bookcase. They all listened intently.  
 Subdued voices could be heard through the door.  
 "I don't believe they're there, Kangaroo."



"Look out, Toby!" exclaimed Blake, but the warning came too late. The Study No. 6 Juniors, rushing Gussy along the passage, charged into the steps. Toby let out a wild yell as the steps overbalanced and he fell, the basin of water he had been using swooshing over D'Arcy!

"Delighted, deah boys!" he said pleasantly. "I will wash away and change my attiah. It would be uttably impos for me to remain in this state."  
 "But the bell will be going in a minute, ass!"  
 "Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that. Howevah, I will wash away and change my coat. I must uttably refuse to remain in this weally wotten state a moment longah!"  
 And before any of them could get across the study to stop him, Arthur Augustus had vanished.  
 "Of all the cackling young asses!" growled Jack Blake.  
 "Suppose Tom Merry or Figgins collars him?"  
 "Gussy'll take care they don't do that."  
 "Humph! There's no telling with the one and only—"  
 Jack Blake stopped speaking. A very deliberate, steady tramp could be heard outside in the passage.  
 Herries and Digby exchanged glances.  
 "Tom Merry or Figgins come for Gussy! My only Aunt Jane!"  
 The light in Study No. 6 suddenly went out.  
 "You silly duffer, Dig!"  
 "You utter ass, Herries!"  
 "Which of you young burglars turned the light out?" demanded Jack Blake. "Getting humorous in your old age, Dig?"  
 "It wasn't I!"

"Saw 'em go in!"  
 "Yes, but— Ha, ha, ha!"  
 The chuckles were renewed, and the heavy tramp was to be heard again.  
 The next moment the door of Study No. 6 was pushed open.

CHAPTER 7.  
 A Shock for Gussy!

THE three Fourth Formers watched expectantly from their places of concealment. The dim light from the passage scarcely gave any light at all into the study.  
 Nothing could be heard but the steady tramp.  
 The chuckles had ceased.  
 "My—my hat!"  
 Herries suddenly gasped. A tremendous shadow could be seen on the passage wall.  
 Almost at the same moment there was a scraping noise, then the cause of the shadow appeared in the doorway.  
 To Herries and Digby it looked like a man well over seven feet in height and broad in proportion.  
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"My only Aunt Jane!"

"Great Caesar!"

The huge thing was coming into the room, walking with a jerky, heavy stride. Jack Blake tried to scramble from beneath the table.

Digby dashed from behind the bookcase and fell over Jack Blake's legs.

"Ass!"

"Ow!"

The huge figure had trodden on Digby's foot. Digby gave vent to a yell.

"Yarooogh!"

"What is it? Look out, Herries!"

The huge figure marched on, knocking over a chair, and brought up against the wall. As far as Jack Blake & Co. could see, it now appeared to be trying to walk through the wall.

"Great Scott! This is Bernard's Glyn's work!"

"Look!"

In some way the huge figure screwed round, and the moment it had done so its eyes lighted up. For an instant there was quite a glare from the huge eyes.

"Glyn, you rotter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's Kangaroo's laugh."

"And there's Bernard Glyn!" cried Herries. "Turn on the light."

A moment later the light was on.

"My aunt!"

The three Fourth Formers stood staring at a shambling being which vaguely resembled the form of a man just big enough to get through an ordinary doorway.

In the light it was obvious enough that the figure was put together roughly, but in the dark it had been quite awe-inspiring.

Jack Blake dashed to the door.

"Hallo, Kangy! Up to the old wheeze again, then!"

Harry Noble, the Australian junior, grinned.

"We thought we'd let you see how it worked, Blake," he chuckled. "Jolly good idea, don't you think?"

"Has Figgy seen it?"

Bernard Glyn, the amateur inventor, shook his head.

"No one but we six have seen it," he said. "In fact, it's only just made. Kangaroo was keen on the idea."

Jack Blake chuckled.

"Ripping! Come into the study."

"Yes, come into the study!" shouted Digby. "Come in and be bumped, you rotters!"

"Dry up, Dig!"

"What's the wheeze?"

"Do you mean to say you're going to let Cornstalk & Co. rag us, Blake?"

Jack Blake waved his hand.

"We can talk about that in a minute, Dig!" he exclaimed. "Come on in, chaps!"

Cornstalk & Co. looked doubtful.

"What's the idea?" asked Clifton Dane suspiciously.

"You'll find out in a minute, old chap. It's pax!"

"Oh, all right, then!" remarked Bernard Glyn. "Whatever you do, don't hurt that figure, though."

"Not much! My hat! How on earth did you make it, Glyn?"

"Oh, that was easy enough!" laughed the young inventor. "I'd got all the motors—just clockwork things, you know, but jolly strong ones, and there are lots of them. As soon as one motor is running down it starts the second one going, and so on. That thing will walk about for nearly twenty minutes."

"My hat!"

"How's the body made?"

"Only a framework of cane, to keep it light, and the togs sewn on," grinned Bernard Glyn. "I wanted to try my idea of a lot of clockwork hitched up so that they work in succession. It's only a mechanical man. Nothing to get excited about."

Jack Blake chuckled loudly.

"It's the very thing we've been looking for, anyway," he grinned.

The others stared at him.

"What's the idea, Blake?"

"Just the one thing that will do," went on Jack Blake. "Have you chaps forgotten that it's up against us to jape the New House asses to-night?"

"My hat!"

"You don't mean—"

"But that's what I jolly well do mean!" exclaimed Jack Blake enthusiastically. "Bernard Glyn has been rather quiet lately, and Figgins & Co. won't be expecting anything like this."

"No. Rather not!"

"How can it be worked?"

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"Do you mean letting it loose in the New House?" exclaimed Bernard Glyn. "I'm not agreeing to that idea, Jack Blake. I know old Figgy, and I don't want the motors inside that figure hurt."

"Oh, that'll be all right! Figgins won't hurt the motors."

Bernard Glyn looked doubtful.

"I don't like it, Blake."

"Neither will Figgins!" chuckled the chief of Study No. 6. "Look here! All we've got to do is to push the thing into their dormitory the moment lights are out. It'll drive all the young asses out like smoking a pipe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It will if the eyes light up like they did just now."

"The eyes will light up all right," said Bernard Glyn. "The eyes are electric glow-lamps, and they are switched on every twenty seconds, automatically."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ripping!"

"Suppose one of the prefects sees it?"

Jack Blake grinned.

"We'll take jolly good care they don't, Kangaroo," he said. "I propose we slip along to the box-room near their dormitory at once, and hide the thing there until the bell goes."

"Yes. But about the motors?"

"Oh, the old motors will be right enough!"

"Yes, that's all very well. But suppose—"

"What's the good of supposing?" grinned Jack Blake. "Don't grouch, Glyn. Hallo!"

Someone else was approaching the study now.

Jack Blake was on his feet in a flash.

"It's Gussy, chaps. Turn out the light."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Digby and Herries understood. The light was turned out instantly.

Bernard Glyn hastily pulled out a lever inside of the automaton and started it going.

"Shift the chairs, Herries," he whispered. "It'll walk round and round the table if you do."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at his giddy eyes!"

"My hat!"

The juniors laughed softly. Arthur Augustus was coming rapidly nearer; they could hear him humming gently to himself.

Another moment, and he would gain the study.

The juniors waited breathlessly.

The door was flung open at last.

"Hallo, deah boys! Bai Jove! Gweat Scott!"

And Arthur Augustus uttered a wild shriek, flinging up his hands. The next instant Bernard Glyn also shrieked.

Something both heavy and hard had hurtled through the air. It concluded its flight by striking the amateur inventor of St. Jim's on the bridge of the nose.

"Yarooogh! Ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gweat Scott! Help! Bai Jove—"

"Ring off, ass!" gasped Jack Blake, turning on the light. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus glanced at the figure, and dropped into a chair.

"You uttah wottahs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's for Figgins & Co—"

"And we're jolly well trying it on the dog!" chuckled Harry Noble.

"Bai Jove! I am all in a fluttah! I considah this as wotten in the extweme! Bai Jove, what an awful-lookin' contvaption!"

Bernard Glyn groaned loudly.

"You ought to be in a home! Of all the frabjous asses—"

"Weally, Glyn—"

"Look at my nose!" shouted the inventor.

Arthur Augustus looked.

"Bai Jove! It's bleedin', deah boy!"

"Ass! You threw something at me! I've a jolly good mind to—"

"Bai Jove! Now I come to think of it, I wemembah I had somethin' in my hand—a book of patterns, deah boy."

"A chunk of lead, more likely."

"Pway don't be widic, deah boy! It was not vevy heavy, as a mattah of fact. I twust none of the patterns have fallen out, bai Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Digbay, I fail to see any cause for wibald laughtah. Bai Jove, I am still in a fluttah!"

"Blessed if I don't feel as if I've got about three noses— all bigger than each other!" growled Bernard Glyn. "Look

here! Jack Blake, I'm not coming into this room again unless you chain up that prize ass!"

"Weally, Glyn— Howevah, I will ovahlook your wude-ness undah the ciros. I might wemind you, though, that it is always weekless to put me in a fluttah."

"Ass—"  
"Weally—"  
"Oh, ring off, Gussy!" laughed Jack Blake. "Stop cackling for once in your young life, and we'll give you particulars of the wheeze against the New House!"

"Yaas, wathah! Wire ahead, deah boy!"

And just as Jack Blake commenced to explain a junior crept past the closed door of Study No. 6.

It was Mellish, the cad of the Fourth, and it was anything but a pleasant glance he directed against the closed door.

CHAPTER 8.

In the Night!

"RING off, ass! Don't make a row!"

"Yaas, wathah! But, as a mattah of fact, I am not in the habit of makin' a wov. How- evah—"

"Ring off, duffer!" whispered Jack Blake quickly. "No cackling!"

"No, wathah not; but—"  
"Oh, gag the young ass, someone!" whispered Digby. "Hallo!"

"Yaas, wathah! I was twyin' to explain that I thought I saw someone ovah there, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "I'm almost certain I saw somebody cweep along."

The Study No. 6 juniors stopped. Lights had been out some time now, and the prefect on duty had been the round. The Fourth Formers left the dormitory soon afterwards.

They were in the passage now, crouching down against the wall.

"I thought I saw someone move myself."  
"Yaas, wathah, Digby, deah boy! Somebody who was cweepin' along."

"Oh, Mrs. Mimms' cat, probably!" whispered Jack Blake. "Anyway, it wasn't a prefect or a master. Get on with the washing!"

"Yaas, wathah! Bai Jove!"  
"There's someone coming the other way now." Jack Blake peered through the darkness.

There was someone approaching this time. There could be no doubt about it.

For a moment the leader of the School House Fourth Form was puzzled how to act.

Presently he chuckled.  
"It's all right, kids. It's only Cornstalk & Co."  
"Bai Jove! Imposs, dear boy! Cornstalk & Co. wouldn't crouch down by the wall—"

"They would if they mistook us for prefects."  
"Bai Jove, I nevah thought of that! Hallo, deah boys!"

Arthur Augustus called out softly, and the other party of juniors came on at once.

Harry Noble was grinning.

"My hat, I thought we were snatched baldheaded that time!" he whispered. "Gussy looks just like Dr. Holmes in the dark."

"Bai Jove—"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Howwies, I see no weason for wibald laughtah in Kangawoo's remarks!" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's, with dignity. "I considah it weally a stwikin' honah to be mistaken for our respected headmastah—"

"Yes; but the Head might not feel so honoured."  
"Weally, Digby—"

"Dry up, Gussy!" said Jack Blake, moving forward.

"Bernard Glyn here?"  
"Yes; I'm here all right."

"Good! Let's get on with the washing, then."

The amateur inventor of St. Jim's was still a little doubtful about the safety of his motors. However, there was no turning back now.

He led the way on tiptoe to the little box-room.

"Anyone got any matches?"  
"Bai Jove, I nevah thought of bwingin' any, deah boy!"

"Oh, we shan't need matches, Blake," whispered Bernard Glyn. "Get the door open, someone. There, that's better than matches."

The St. Jim's inventor touched a lever in the side of his walking giant.

The eyes at once lighted up and remained alight.

"Quite useful little batteries run those glow-lamps," he exclaimed. "If they get damaged there'll be a row, I can tell you!"

(Continued on next page.)



Do you know a good joke? If so, send it to "THE GEM JESTER," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.). Half-a-crown is awarded to the sender of every joke that appears in this column.

ONCE BITTEN—

The village magician stepped to the front of the stage in the local hall.  
"Will the gentleman in the front row kindly lend me his hat for the purpose of my next trick?" he asked.  
The gentleman in question shook his head, replying:  
"Not until you return the lawn-mower you borrowed from me last year!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to E. Barratt, 46, Chester Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

OH, YEAH!

Bully: "Why are you running away? I thought you said you could lick me with one hand tied behind your back."  
Small Boy: "I'm just going home to get some string!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to D. Teague, 16, Livingstone Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLER.

Teacher: "Now, remember, that what you sow, that also shall you reap. If you sow turnip seed you will get turnips, and if you sow—"  
Johnnie (interrupting): "Please, teacher, I sowed some bird's seed, but I didn't get a parrot!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to C. Magner, 9, Downing Road, Dagenham, Essex.

LEARNED HIS LESSON.

Sambo: "Ah ain't gonna run after no mo' trains."  
Rastus: "Why ain't yo'?"  
Sambo: "'Cos Ah run after one de odder day and when Ah caught it Ah was two stations past whar Ah wanted to get off!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to H. Brunt, 46, Shrewsbury Lane, Shooters Hill, Plumstead, London, S.E.18.

SAME AGAIN!

Diner: "Two years ago I dined here and couldn't pay my bill. You threw me out into the street."  
Manager: "I'm very sorry, sir."  
Diner: "Don't mention it. I'm afraid you'll have to do it again!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to F. Cox, 314, Lancaster Road, N. Kensington, London, W.11.

COMING AND GOING!

Joe: "Where be yo going, Jargo?"  
Jarge: "I bain't going nowhere."  
Joe: "Course ye be."  
Jarge: "No, I bain't—I be coming back!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to R. Keates, 173, Staines Road, Laleham, Middlesex.

WRONG AGAIN!

Sergeant: "Right about face."  
Recruit: "Thank goodness I'm right about something at last!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to P. Deaves, 25, Grosvenor Gardens, Upminster, Essex.

WELL MET.

Pat: "Good-morning, squire, and may I ask what brings you out into the fields so early this morning?"  
Squire: "I'm seeking an appetite for my breakfast."  
Pat: "Well, well! I'm seeking a breakfast for my appetite!"  
Half-a-crown has been awarded to D. Lewis, The Elms, Church Street, Studley, Warwickshire.

Jack Blake chuckled.

"My hat, isn't it weird!"

"Yaas, wathah! Pway get the thing wound up, deah boy!"

Bernard Glyn began winding—a rather long job, but he finished at last.

"He'll walk about for a good twenty minutes anywhere now," he observed. "That ought to be long enough to send the New House asses dotty."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How's the wheeze going to be worked, Blake?"

Jack Blake left the room for a few moments. He came back chuckling gleefully.

"We're in luck. Figgins & Co. have left their door ajar."

"Good, deah boy!"

"Someone will have to slip along and open it properly, though, to let the giddy freak find its way into the room!" exclaimed Digby. "Shall I go?"

Bernard Glyn shook his head.

"No need to do that," he explained. "If the door is ajar it'll be all right."

"Weally, deah boy, I fail to see—"

"Ass!"

"Bai Jove, Glyn, deah boy, I must request you not to address me in that weally wude maunah."

"Cheese it! What's the idea, then, Glyn?"

"You'll see. Stand out of the way, Dig."

Digby jumped hastily out of the way, and Bernard Glyn started his invention working. With a controlling hand on one of the levers he guided it through the doorway.

"Now watch," he whispered. "Ready?"

"Yaas, wathah! Wire ahead, deah boy! Bai Jove!"

The amateur inventor had sent his invention on its walk. The curious, steady tramp was to be heard in the corridor again.

Jack Blake chuckled loudly, and Herries began to choke.

"My hat! Look at it!"

"Plew!"

Bernard Glyn suddenly whistled thoughtfully. Jack Blake glanced at him.

"What's up?"

"My hat! I don't believe I locked the steering-gear up!" exclaimed the inventor anxiously. "It may turn round any minute—"

"Bai Jove! No, it's all wight, deah boy. It's wummin' stwaight for the door. Ha, ha, ha!"

With a stately tread the huge figure was approaching the door of the New House dormitory. A few more seconds and the door would be reached.

Jack Blake watched expectantly. What would happen when the door was gained?

The next moment there was a crash, and the door was flung open. Bernard Glyn's invention had let itself into the large room by simply walking into the door.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good wheeze, Glyn!"

"Wippin'—weally wippin'!"

The School House juniors laughed silently. They were waiting for the shrieks. They waited for about half a minute.

"My hat, the kids must be jolly sound asleep, and no mistake!"

"Yaas, wathah! Gweat Scott!"

A crash had come from the New House dormitory. It sounded as if a water-jug had been knocked off the wash-stand.

Jack Blake grinned.

"If that doesn't wake them—"

"Bai Jove! It doesn't appesh to have done so, deah boy. Weally, this is wathah weamarkable—"

"My hat!"

There was another crash. Something else had been knocked over by Bernard Glyn's invention.

"Bai Jove! They can't be there, deah boys!"

Jack Blake started. It seemed utterly impossible that anyone could sleep through the noise which was going on in the New House dormitory—even Fatty Wynn, after a study supper, could hardly be expected to do that.

The chief of Study No. 6 began to move forward.

"I say, chaps, they can't be there!"

"Wathah not!"

Jack Blake wheeled round.

"Trying to jape us in some way, I expect," he exclaimed crisply. "I left word with Reilly to keep an eye open, so if they attempt to raid the dormitory they won't have it all their own way."

"What about our study, though, deah boy?"

"The door's locked."

"Good—not to say wippin'! I nevah thought of that!"

The juniors glanced at one another in dismay.

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"What's to be done, Glyn? The kids aren't in their room, that's certain."

Bernard Glyn growled.

"I know what I'm going to do, anyway!" he exclaimed. "I'm going to capture that invention. Blessed if I should like the motors to be damaged."

"Ha, ha, ha! Seems to me it's the room that's been damaged!"

"Yes; but think of the jar to the motors as the collisions take place."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Right-ho, old chap! My aunt!"

One last crash rang out; then the figure came marching from the room. In the distance its movements looked so life-like that Jack Blake started.

Arthur Augustus hastily donned his monocle.

"Gweat Scott, it's coming back to us, deah boys!"

"No, it isn't; it's turning round."

"My only Aunt Jane!"

To the blank amazement of the School House juniors, Bernard Glyn's invention suddenly walked into the wall. An instant later the impact had caused it to wheel round, then it disappeared altogether.

"Gweat Scott, it's gone down the othah cowwidor!"

"So it has!"

"My hat, it'll wander right past the prefects' room!" gasped Jack Blake. "And I know Kildare is sitting up working. Glyn, you ought to be boiled in oil!"

"I didn't lock the steering-gear!"

"What evah is to be done, deah boys?"

Bernard Glyn began to run forward.

"It must be caught," he exclaimed. "I'm not going to have ripping motors like those loose about the place! It must be caught, whatever happens, Blake!"

"Rather!"

"Get on with the washing, chaps!"

And the juniors rushed forward. They had slippers on, and so made very little noise. It was well for them that that was so.

A dozen yards run, and Jack Blake had gained the turning which led to the other corridor. He stopped dead the moment he rounded the bend.

"Stop!"

"What's the mattah, deah boy?"

"Kildare's there!"

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus, and he pulled up in time. "What a nawwow escape!"

"Dry up! Not a sound, you chaps!"

"What's to be done now, Blake?"

Jack Blake did not answer at once. He peered cautiously round the passage corner instead.

"Yes, it's old Kildare all right."

"Yaas, wathah! Standing in his study doorway, bai Jove!"

"What's he doing, anyway?"

Blake watched for a moment or two, then drew back.

"I think I've got it!" he whispered. "He heard Glyn's giddy invention walk past his door and looked out to see what it was. He can't have seen the thing, though, or he'd have followed it up."

"Yes, that's it!"

"Yaas, wathah! I nevah thought of that! Bai Jove, Kildare's comin', deah boys!"

Jack Blake glanced round the corner again, then spun round.

"Scud for it, kids! Kildare's coming, and no mistake!"

"Must have thought the thing came this way, I suppose."

"Yes, that's about the size of it," agreed Jack Blake. "Sprint for all you're worth, kids, but don't make a sound!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

And the juniors pelted back along the corridor in record time.

## CHAPTER 9.

### A Fright for a Form-master!

MR. SELBY, the Third Form master, awoke with a start.

He had not been quite as judicious in his choice of supper as he might have been, and he had been troubled by dreams in consequence. He awoke with a very violent start, in fact, and sat up.

There was someone in the room! The Third Form master was certain of it.

"Who—who is there?"

Mr. Selby tried to speak sternly.

He could see nothing, but he could hear someone moving about the room. Then suddenly a chair was knocked over. The Third Form master was out of bed in a flash.

"Good gracious!"

A gigantic form was striding towards him, a form which

(Continued on page 14.)

GATHER ROUND, CHUMS, FOR MORE NOTES AND NEWS FROM—



Let the Editor be your pal! Write to him to-day, addressing your letters to:  
The Editor, The GEM, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House,  
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**H**ALLO, CHUMS! In this number appears the first exciting instalment of Mr. Brooks' magnificent new serial. I am firmly convinced that this latest masterpiece of his will beat all records for popularity. It is just the all-school story that readers like. If you have read the opening chapters you'll fully agree with me. If not, turn to page 22 and get started on them. Cricket, lively japing, school adventure and mystery—all are features of this ripping new serial story.

In next week's rousing chapters Nipper & Co. make careful plans for springing a "wow" of a jape on the "Aussies," but—"the best-laid schemes oft gang agley," as the old proverb tells us, and the chums of St. Frank's get the shock of their lives! You simply must read all about it.

#### "TOM MERRY & CO.'S REGATTA!"

Popular Martin Clifford has "turned up trumps again" with another ripping yarn of Tom Merry & Co. St. Jim's are holding their annual regatta on the River Rhyd, and there is much excitement among the rival crews of the junior school. But a lot of trouble comes about before the crews get to grips—and Gussy is the cause of it all. He offends a local landowner who owns the stretch of water over which the races will be rowed. It's just like Gussy to do a thing like that on the eve of the regatta. What transpires then makes a story that you will revel in.

Another tip-top number of "Tom Merry's Weekly," the Gem Jester's prize selection of readers' jokes, and Mr. Brooks' weekly chat, complete another grand programme. Watch out for it next Wednesday, chums!

#### THE THIRD TEST.

Now for Manchester! Excitement among cricket enthusiasts all over the country and in Australia grows more feverish as Friday of this week draws nearer. For at the headquarters of Lancashire County cricket, Australia and England meet again in the third of their thrilling battles for the "Ashes."

Manchester has so far been an unfortunate ground for producing definite results in the Tests, for not since 1905 has a match been won there! England was successful on this occasion, winning by the big margin of an innings and 80 runs. From that time, however, five Tests have been played at Manchester and every one has been left drawn. Not a very hopeful outlook for Friday! In all, eight matches have been left unfinished since the first Test match was played there in 1884—and drawn! England, however, has the balance of victories in her favour. Of the five Tests that have been finished we have won three.

Let's hope that the match on Friday will be as thrilling as that memorable game in 1902, when Australia won by only three runs! But, at the same time, we in England hope that the result will be reversed in our favour! Well, here's to Manchester and a rousing Test match!

#### THE OCEAN RAILWAY.

Your pal—John Readman, of Bristol—was not pulling your leg when he told you that a railway runs across the sea off the coast of Germany. In crossing from the mainland to Sylt Island, trains pass over the Hindenburg Dam, which is built on the sandbanks between the island and the coast. The dam is seven and a half miles long, and big waves frequently break over the railway lines on it.

#### A FORTUNE IN STAMPS.

Thirteen thousand pounds for thirteen penny and twelve twopenny stamps! Such is the price that 25 Mauritius stamps fetched at a London auction the other day, and it is a record. The stamps were issued in 1847 from a small post office shack on the island of Mauritius. The man who engraved the copper plate for printing the stamps made the mistake of etching the words "post office" instead of "post paid." One thousand stamps were printed, and only two penny orange and five twopenny blue have been discovered in unused condition. The King has a twopenny blue in his collection.

#### THE HIKING HOLIDAY.

A Wolverhampton reader has written to me asking for some hints on a hiking holiday. He is thinking of joining three companions on a hike. Well, I, personally, think it's an ideal way of spending a holiday—that is, if you go about it in the right way. First of all, plan your itinerary, the route you propose to take, and the places where you will halt for the night. Some hikers prefer to go wherever the fancy takes them, but I think it's better to fix a route in advance. And remember, too, that you're not out breaking walking records on your hike. Don't overdo the mileage per day.

The question of kit is a problem; all items must be cut down to a minimum. Your ruc-sack may not seem heavy to you when you first start out, but after two or three hours walking it will feel four times as heavy. Also, don't have the ruc-sack too low on the back. In addition to the necessary shirts and underwear and toilet requisites, carry a light mac, needle, thread and buttons, a small first-aid outfit, a torch, and a good map. An extra pair of shoes and a liberal supply of socks are advisable. Look after your feet, for on them depends the enjoyment of your holiday. If you intend to camp out at night your load will, of course, be heavier, for your kit will include tent, ground-sheet, stove, cooking utensils, etc. But if these items are distributed among the party, the extra weight will not be so bad. It is well worth it for the adventure of camping out. By the way, always get permission from the farmer before pitching your tent in a private field.

#### TAILPIECE.

Binks: "Didn't you hear the burglars?"  
Jinks: "No, they took things very quietly!"

#### THE EDITOR.



A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging topics of interest to each other. If you want a pen pal post your notice to The GEM LIBRARY, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.O.4.

Lionel George Baylis, Whitehall, Alcester, Warwickshire, wants to exchange stamps; age 13-15.

Jack Turner, 12, Byron Street, Cambridge, via East London, South Africa, wants correspondents interested in engineering, stamp collecting, and in the "Magnet."

Miss Louise Matz, Revelstoke, Box 547, British Columbia, Canada, wants girl correspondents; age 15-17.

Miss Irene Mills, 747, Middleton Road, Chadderton, Oldham, Lancs, wants a girl correspondent, preferably in North America; age 14-16; sports; tennis, dancing, swimming, hockey, films.

Miss Vera Lacey, 22, Salisbury Street, Mill Hill, Derby,

wants a girl correspondent in New Zealand—preferably Wellington or Christchurch; age 14-16.

Joan Attewell, Swanbourne, Bletchley, Bucks, wants girl correspondents in England, Hollywood; age 11-13; interested in athletics and writing short plays.

William Holmes, 36, Thorney Lane, Midgley, Luddenden Foot, Yorks, wants correspondents anywhere; interested in school books and papers.

J. Gold, 437, Commercial Road, London, E.1, wants correspondents overseas; interested in cricket, Rugby football, and stamps; age 16-17.

Billie Lloyd, Albemarle Hotel, Marine Parade, Brighton, wants correspondents interested in stamps; age 13-15; Africa, India, China, Australia, South Seas.

Ronald Watts, Rippledene, Wraysbury Road, Staines, Middlesex, wants a pen pal interested in football, cycling, and Gem and "Magnet"; age 13-15.

Jack O'Connor, The Revenue, Valentia, Kerry, Ireland, wants to hear from readers in Spain, South America, Africa, or Australia; age 16-19; exchange stamps and magazines.

B. A. Barnett, 54, Seadley Road, Pendleton, Manchester, wants a stamp correspondent in Africa; age 10-12.

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## The Mechanical Man!

(Continued from page 12.)

seemed to almost reach the ceiling. Its eyes suddenly lighted up and then went out. Mr. Selby stared for a moment or two. He was incapable of movement for the time being.

The figure came steadily on, then Mr. Selby recovered himself. He turned and fled.

Round the bed he dashed, uttering wild, despairing shrieks.

"Help! Help!"

Mr. Selby was not a courageous man. If the awful form had been anywhere but between the door and himself he would have rushed wildly from the room.

He could not do that without passing the form, though, so he did the next most natural thing to a man of his temperament.

He picked up a chair and flung it at Bernard Glyn's invention.

So far as he could tell, the chair knocked the creature in the face, and it nearly went over, but did not make it utter a sound.

It was the silence as much as anything else that terrified the Third Form master.

He kept the bed between the figure and himself, and shouted at the top of his voice.

"Help, Kildare! Help!"

He remembered with horror that his room was a good way distant from any of the other rooms, with the exception of Kildare's study. Mr. Selby forgot for a moment that Kildare was sitting up, working.

"Help! Help!"

The sound of footsteps in the corridor outside was completely drowned by Mr. Selby's shouts. He heard nothing until the door was flung open, and the suddenness of it added to his distress.

"Good gracious, sir! What's the matter?"

"Kildare, is that you? Thank goodness! Look!"

Kildare started violently.

The biggest man he had ever seen was striding towards him.

Perhaps Kildare had the soundest nerves of anyone in the college, but he jumped hastily to one side as that figure approached.

"Good gracious!"

Bernard Glyn's invention's eyes lighted up again. Kildare gazed at them in amazement, then the figure blundered into the wall.

It continued its attempt to walk through it.

Kildare half grasped the situation, and the next instant he switched on the light.

"It's all right, sir! It's only a—a trick! Phew!"

As Kildare stood staring at Bernard Glyn's invention it blundered on.

In the full glare of the light the figure, of course, was not very natural looking. The face consisted of a rounded piece of wood painted by Clifton Dane. Still, the way it walked was wonderfully clever.

That was the first thing that struck the captain.

Then the seriousness of the trick dawned upon him. He glanced hastily towards Mr. Selby.

The Third Form master's face was deathly white, and his hand was shaking.

"What—what is it, Kildare?"

"Only something one of the juniors has made," explained Kildare, who had

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No. 21. Vol 1. (New Series).



## LOOK THROUGH OUR TELEVISOR

ROBERT DIGBY SPEAKING

Glad to see you all! You know me, I expect, as the fourth member of the famous "Co." of Study No. 6—Blake, D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby. "And Digby"! That's because I'm not so much to the fore as my pals. I'm quiet by nature. Though I play footer and cricket, I don't appear in the limelight very often. The other fellows get the goals, or score the centuries—though Merry, the skipper, says I back-up well, which is something!

Backing-up is perhaps my line. In our study it's just as well there's a fellow with a level head to keep some of the wilder spirits in order! Blake is our leader, of course—and a first-class leader, too! But he comes from Yorkshire, where they know their own minds—and he's always ready to air his on the slightest provocation. He's usually right, but—Imagine D'Arcy trying on a new necktie when Blake is rooting around the study, searching for a lost cricket bat! Lots of fellows laugh at D'Arcy, but his sterling qualities are well enough known to take the sting out of their chuckles. Gussy is the finest sort of fellow, though he is a wee bit fussy over his old neckties, and over his elegant "clobber" generally.

Herries, of course, is a rough diamond compared with Gus. Herries is passionately fond of his bulldog, Towser, whom he smuggles into the study on every possible occasion. As Towser invariably manages to chew Gussy's trouser hems or something equally heinous, you can imagine that Towser's visits are not conducive to harmony among us! Nothing will convince Herries that Towser is not the most marvellous specimen of a bulldog ever! He may be right, too—but there's a time and a place for bulldogs, perhaps, which Herries can never see!

There's just one thing I'd like you all to know. Study No. 6 is the home of the most illustrious "Co." you can find at St. Jim's—the Terrible Three notwithstanding—and Blake, D'Arcy, and Herries are three of the finest pals a fellow could have. Whatever we get up to next, you'll find me as usual—backing-up!

(Continued from next column.)

sculler. From the start Monk led by a few feet. Merry quickened and took lead at half-way point. Monk, going steadily, regained lead, rowing beautifully straight course—a difficult feat in a racing skiff! Merry pulled up at three-quarters, his stamina standing him in good stead now. Ding-dong, neck-and-neck on the last stretch—till in the last few lengths the fierce pace told on Monk, and the Grammarian dropped suddenly behind—leaving Merry to win the coveted "Diamonds" after one of the most exciting races on record!

## THIRD TEST

## SAINTS' RECORD AUSTRALIA

Wally D'Arcy at the Microphone

It is level-pegging between the sides who are competing for the silver shield presented by Harry Noble's uncle. The St. Jim's junior eleven and Harry Noble's "Aussies" have won one match each out of the five. Merry is making one change to-day in his eleven—Pratt drops out for Clifton Dane. Figgins has protested against Pratt's being dropped, Pratt being a New House man, but Merry feels Dane is in form at the moment.

Merry is spinning the coin with Noble. Perfect weather—a huge crowd. What's that? Merry returns to the pavilion. Noble leads his men out to field. Merry and Figgins, padded and gloved like gladiators of old, sally forth to the crease.

Click! Didn't see much of that one! Merry snicked it through the slips—a "four" to start with! Crack! There goes the ball again—a speck in the sky! Batsmen run three. Figgins faces the bowling, from S.Q.I. Field, the New South Wales man from Greyfriars School. Cra-ack! Figgins is in form—I'll say he is! Batsmen running again: yes, and again! Now Figgins clouts the last ball of the over clean over all heads, for "six"!

A great start, Saints, if you can keep it up! Things are apt to go wrong when you make such a brilliant beginning against class bowlers—but, no! Merry and Figgins are enjoying one of those partnerships when nothing can go wrong—when even good bowling seems child's play! Field and Noble are slaving hard, but without avail. Now there is a change of bowlers—but the only thing that would disturb the Saints' opening pair would be a howitzer!

There goes the fifty! Cheer, boys! Now sixty, seventy—boundaries come thick and fast, and the total averages nearly two runs a minute! The hundred looms near—Figgins drives hard into the long field to send it up!

## Flying Squad Report

## MERRY "LIFTS DIAMONDS"

Rylecombe Regatta, held on the Rhy, drew large entry. Rylecombe Diamond Sculls, open to boys under sixteen, attracted Flying Squad. News that Grammarians were in hard training to "lift" the "Diamonds" made Saints redouble efforts. Grimes and his village pals also keen to win! Saints entered four crack scullers—Tom Merry, George Figgins, George Kerr, and Jack Blake. Squad patrolled river bank in full force and cheered on all cylinders! Preliminary heats saw Figgins defeat Grimes, the grocer's assistant, by a narrow margin; while Merry beat Carboy of the Grammar School by half a length! Blake and Kerr both unluckily knocked out by Frank Monk—Kerr "stalled" by floating tree-trunk! In the Final, Merry was opposed by Frank Monk, the latter an accomplished and tireless



Week Ending July 7th, 1934.

# ST MATCH STAND AGAINST AN ELEVEN

Hurrah! "Aussie" bowlers are tiring, but game. They return to the attack—but Merry and Figgins are, if anything, better than ever! A hundred and fifty rattles on the board—the second hundred approaches. So, too, does the lunch interval. Merry hits a "six" just before lunch is signalled—St. Jim's 207 for no wicket in exactly two hours! Soon after lunch, Figgins skies one into Conroy's safe hands—Figgins leaves with 103 to his credit—a gallant century! Blake joins Merry, and the good work goes on apace. Merry, slightly slower than Figgins, tops his century, passes Figgins' score. Merry declares the innings closed at 300 for 1. Merry himself is 154 not out!

Some say Merry has left it too late to declare—there are only about two hours left to play, and the "Aussies" have to bat twice! Still, we are safe from defeat—now, Fatty Wynn will have to bowl like the demon he is!

Hey, hey—it's coming true! Noble sticks, but he cannot find a man to stay with him! Wynn is in deadly form—a "hat-trick" in his third over, and two more wickets in the next! Squiff, of Greyfriars, gives us five minutes of real fireworks, till D'Arcy reaches one of his drives with an agile leap on the very boundary! Good old major!

"Aussies" all out for 50. An hour left, and they follow on. Saints are on top of their form to-day. Wynn can make the ball do anything. Crash! Down goes another wicket—another, and another! Noble, who carried his bat for 28 in the first innings, sticks doggedly again, and Squiff backs him up. They look like hanging on till stumps are drawn—but Noble edges one and Blake snaps it with one hand! Squiff grimly holds the fort, but the rest come—and go! Last wicket falls with ten minutes to play—"Aussies" all out again for 49, and St. Jim's victorious in the Third Test! If we can keep this form going, the "rubber" is ours.

## St. Jim's News Reel

A good start is everything in a sculling race. Gussy got a "good start" the other day when he found his skiff was leaking!

Gors says he once rowed a mile in sixty seconds dead. Dead is right. It must have been in a previous existence, Gors!

Herbert Skimpole says nothing would please him better than to stroke an eight to victory in the Thames Challenge Cup. Skimmy, old chap, you'll have more success stroking a cat!

### SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE



Take away the matches marked A, B, C, D, and E, and three squares only will remain.

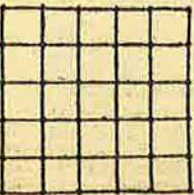
## MONTY LOWTHER CALLING



Hallo, everybody! Skimpole has just started writing a new history of the world. He's got as far as: Chapter I. Adam. Mr. Linton warns us that when meeting a savage bull quick thinking is necessary. He who hesitates is tossed! South America, we read, is the oddest place in the world. How can you expect it to remain even with all those earthquakes? Running a theatrical show, Wally D'Arcy accepted apples and oranges for admission. When Hobbs offered a cabbage and demanded ripe tomatoes as change he was hoofed out! Wireless accounts of the Test Matches are being broadcast to America. It is denied, however, that they are trying to broadcast "barracking" back to our grounds! A running champion was acting as umpire. Appealed to for a "run out," he gave it as a dead-heat! Talking of cricket, it's a crime to stay indoors on a day like this, as the convict remarked in his cell. Like the fellow who got ten years and won a world cruise in a competition! Dame Taggles has acquired a little Pekinese dog of which she is very fond. The other day she took it into the Mudland Bank in Wayland, and said: "I want to go to the pictures. I wonder if you'd put Trixie in my deposit account?" The weary hiker staggered into the hostelry. "All the way from Wettingham? You're surely tired!" asked the innkeeper's wife. "Yes," agreed the hiker. "I must say it's dashed uncomfortable sitting cramped up in a milk lorry!" "What are Quakers?" demands a reader. "People who live near volcanoes!" "Man ruthlessly cuts down the trees that help to make him what he is!" declares Skimpole. A nasty feller! Old Isaacs, sending a complaint to the Wayland police, wrote: "On Wednesday last my car was run into the back of it!" Sorry, we are! Skimpole says that Englishmen have the most impressive heads in the world. The stately "domes" of England! Buck Finn comments that Americans have the hottest feet. Hotcha! Yes, and it was Skimpole who thought an electric drill was used in our mechanised army! Kerr offers this new version of an old proverb: "Penny wise—pouch fullish!" They say young Frayne went into a Rylcombe stationer's and asked for an incredible pencil! Not like Wally D'Arcy, who walked round and round P.-e. Crump in the village till Crump demanded what he was up to. "Well," explained Wally, "I've lost a sixpence, and I've looked everywhere but under your feet!" Cheerio!

## CALIBAN'S PUZZLE CORNER

The diagram on right shows a number of intersecting points, indicated by black dots. Can you circle round six dots so that no two encircled dots are on the same line, whether vertical, horizontal, or diagonal?



a strong suspicion as to which junior it was. "Merely a mechanical man!" "But in my room, Kildare—my room!" "Yes, sir; and no wonder it startled you! I expect you have only just woken up."

"Yes, that is so." "Pretty awful thing to wake up and see, and no mistake, sir," said Kildare rather anxiously. "I—" "But in my room! How could it have got into my room?"

Kildare started. "By Jove, I heard something walk past my study with the most extraordinary tread!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps the junior who made it was practising with the thing, and it escaped!" "But how could it get in here? The door was closed!"

Kildare's face became grayer. Mr. Selby turned on him furiously. "Kildare, someone deliberately put that thing into my room!"

"We—we don't quite know that yet, sir."

"But someone must have done so!" thundered the Third Form master. "Was my door shut when you came in?"

"Yes!" "Then some lad brought that—that thing here, opened my door, and put it in!" cried Mr. Selby, almost inarticulate with anger. "And he closed the door afterwards!"

Kildare said nothing. There was nothing to say. He was rather upset, but he could not prove the master's suspicions unfounded. As a matter of fact, he thought they were well founded.

Mr. Selby's explanation could be the only possible one.

The Third Form master had recovered himself completely now.

"Take that thing away, Kildare!" he cried. "To-morrow this affair will be thrashed out!"

"Yes, sir. Good-night, sir!" But Mr. Selby did not answer. He had been in too great anger even to hear the captain's "good-night."

Kildare dragged Bernard Glyn's invention from the room, an anxious expression still on his handsome face.

### CHAPTER 10.

#### A Scarcity of Money!

"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus uttered the exclamation as he sat up in bed the following morning.

Jack Blake and the other juniors turned from the dressing-tables.

"What's up, Gussy?"

"Bai Jove, I wondah what happened to Bernard Glyn's invention last night, deah boys?"

Jack Blake chuckled as he struggled with his collar-stud.

"Goodness knows! Cornstalk & Co. have been hunting all over the coll for it since first bell."

"Bai Jove, has it disappeared, then?"

"Rather! No one seems to have heard or seen it! Awful rag, only Bernard Glyn's so jolly frightened about the motors."

"Oh, bother Bernard Glyn's invention!" exclaimed Digby, jumping out of bed.

"What's the weather like, kids?"

"Fine!"

"Hurrah!"

"Yaas, wathah! Isn't it gwand?" said Arthur Augustus enthusiastically.

"I shouldn't wonder if the wicket at Cleveland Lodge is weally wippin' to-morrow, deah boys."

"Rather; only don't cackle aloud, Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus found his monocle, and screwed it into his left eye.

"Weally, Hewwies, I am not in the habit of—"

"Dry up, then!"

"I wefuse—"

"Here comes Tom Merry, ass!"

"Hallo, Shellfish!"

"Hallo, Fourth Form kids!" said Tom Merry cheerfully.

"Were you kids out on the warpath last night?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Japing Figgy?"

"Bai Jove, yaas!"

"Then why didn't you tell us?" demanded Tom Merry indignantly. "Jolly nice sort of idea for the School House not to act together. You must be an ass, Blake! We three were out on the same wheeze."

"Japing Figgy?"

"Yes; only it was a frost," went on Tom Merry, with increased indignation. "Bernard Glyn says your idea was a wash-out as well. If you'd only had the sense to tell me about it—"

"Or if you had told us about your wag, deah boy—"

"Eh?"

"Funny ideah for the School House not to act togethah, deah boy," added Arthur Augustus. "Weally, Tom Mewwy, I am wathah surprisid that you did not come for our advice."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry began to chuckle as well.

"Anyway, the whole thing was a misfire," he laughed.

"Figgins & Co. also drew a blank, didn't they?"

"Rather!"

"Came here with bolsters," said Reilly, "an' went for us in our beds."

"That's so; only we weren't in our beds—"

"No; we were jolly well under them!" grinned Kerruish, the Manx junior. "We'd left our bolsters wrapped up in the bedclothes, and the way Figgins & Co. went for them was enough to kill you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did you attack them, kids?"

Reilly shook his head.

"Not much, me bhoy!" he chuckled. "There were too many of them for us, with Blake & Co. out of the room. We just watched, and they got scared. They hurried away to see if their studies were being wrecked."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What a giddy frost all round!"

"Yaas, wathah! I considah it was a fwost myself, deah boys."

Tom Merry laughed heartily, then became grave again.

"But we haven't come here to talk about japes!" he exclaimed. "We've come to know whether you chaps can do us a favour."

"Bai Jove, how wemarkably funny, deah boy!"

"Dry up, ass!"

"Weally, Digbay—"

Tom Merry looked from one to the other.

"Why funny, Gussy? We often do each other favours."

"Yaas, wathah; only, as it happens, we had just decided to ask you to do us a favour, deah boy."

Tom Merry grinned.

"Good egg! Delighted, Gussy; only ours is rather a big thing."

"Bai Jove, so is ours—a mattah of gweat importance—"

"Not as big as ours, anyway!" exclaimed Tom Merry anxiously. "Look here, Blake, can you chaps lend us some money until next week—a matter of a pound?"

"Gweat Scott!"

"My only Aunt Jane!"

Expressions of blank amazement flashed across the faces of the Study No. 6 fellows. They stared at Tom Merry & Co. in utter astonishment.

Tom Merry met their glances steadily.

"I know borrowing money is rotten, and all that," he said; "but this is a pressing bisney, as I can't possibly get any money from home in time—"

"Bai Jove! Gweat Scott!"

Tom Merry's astonishment increased.

"Of course, if you'd rather not—"

"Bai Jove, it isn't that, deah boys; but, as a mattah of fact—"

"As a matter of fact—"

"As a matter of fact, Tom Merry," exclaimed Jack Blake, "we were thinking of coming to you on the same giddy mission."

"Not to borrow money?"

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy—or, at least, to ask you to lend us some, if a fivah I am expectin' f'rom the governah does not turn up by—"

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"Does not turn up in time," added Jack Blake, flashing a warning glance towards Arthur Augustus.

"Yaas, wathah! That is how the mattah stands, deah boys; but as we wequiah the money for a vewy pressin' mattah—"

"Couldn't you put it off, Gussy?"

"Bai Jove, uttably imposs! I was about to p'pose that you put your mattah off, deah boy, and lend us the money—"

"Then you'd have to go on proposing till doomsday!" said Tom Merry decidedly. "It's jolly awkward!"

"Yaas, wathah; but if you allowed your affair to stand over—"

"Don't be an ass, Gussy!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy— Howevah, I will ovahlook your wudeness if you will put your awwagements off for a day or two and lend us some money, in case my fivah does not turn up."

Tom Merry shook his head, a puzzled expression on his face. Manners and Lowther were looking at one another anxiously.

"Is there a pretty good chance of your fiver turning up, Gussy?"

"Weally, Mannahs, deah boy, there is no tellin'. I twust it will."

"Could you lend us a little if it does?"

"Yaas, wathah, with pleasuah!"

"Good, kid!"

"Yes, rather; jolly decent of you, Gussy."

"Not at all, deah boy!"

Tom Merry suddenly turned to Lowther.

"What about Figgins?" he whispered. "There's just a chance he may have some ready cash."

"Bai Jove!"

Figgins & Co. had come into the room at that moment. Arthur Augustus caught Jack Blake by the sleeve.

"I p'pose we tackle old Figgy, deah boy!"

"Good wheeze! Hallo!"

Figgins & Co. were hurrying into the room in some excitement. The leader of the New House juniors was making straight for Arthur Augustus.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!"

Figgins & Co. exchanged glances, then Figgins plunged ahead in some concern.

"Gussy, have you any money you can lend me?"

"Bai Jove!"

"We don't want very much, just a few shillings—say a pound."

"Gweat Scott!"

"We could let you have it back early next week."

"My only toppah!"

Figgins stopped speaking, and went rather red.

"Of course, it's not a nice thing to go about borrowing," he said apologetically, "but there are times when you can't help it."

"Yaas, wathah! I agree with you entirely, deah boy; but—"

"I thought you would, old man," said Figgins heartily.

"Ten shillings would do, perhaps, but it would run us rather short."

Arthur Augustus looked very concerned.

"Weally, deah boy, it is uttably imposs!"

"How do you mean impossible?"

"Well, I am vewy p'ressed in money mattahs myself until a fivah awwives f'rom the patah," exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "I shall be awfully pleased to lend you some then, but—"

"But, as it is, we were thinking of borrowing from you, Figgy," added Jack Blake.

"My hat, so were we!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Bai Jove, low wemarkable, deah boys!"

Figgins looked from one to the other suspiciously.

"Are you chaps ragging?"

"No; wathah not!"

"Honour bright, Figgy!"

"Ha, ha, ha! We're all in the same boat, it seems," said Lowther, with a chuckle. "Quite a lot of scarcity of money about, and no mistake."

"Yaas, wathah; but if you fellows would only put off your awwagements for a day or two, and lend us the money—"

"And if you only went in a home!"

"Weally, Figgy—"

"Or borrowed Tower's collar and chain!"

"Bai Jove, Hewwies— Hallo, Kildare!"

The juniors stopped speaking to look at Kildare. It was not often that the captain paid a visit to the Fourth Form dormitory at this time of the morning unless something serious had happened.

There was a very stern expression on his face as he came striding towards the little group of juniors.



CHAPTER 11.  
Before the Beak!

"HURRY into your clothes, D'Arcy!" Arthur Augustus started.

"Yaas, certainly, Kildare, deah boy, though I am not in the habit of hawwyin' into my clothes!"

"Break your habit for once, then! Hurry up, Blake!"

"Right-ho!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "Anything happened?"

Kildare looked closely at the chief of Study No. 6, then glanced at the juniors.

"Which of you youngsters were out of your dormitories after lights-out last night?"

The juniors stared blankly at the captain of St. Jim's. Arthur Augustus even stopped in the middle of fastening his necktie—a thoughtful matter with him, as a rule.

"Bai Jove, I was, deah boy."

"And I!"

"Same here!"

The admissions came together. The stern expression on the captain's face became sterner.

"All ten of you—eh?"

"Yaas, wathah; but I twust—"

"I suppose Glyn and his set were out as well?"

"Weally, Kildare, I twust you do not expect us to say whether Bernard Glyn was out with us or not?"

"Where is Glyn now, then?"

"He is looking for something he—he can't find," explained Arthur Augustus.

Kildare smiled.

"Yes; he'll find it in my room," he said. "Ready?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Come on, then."

"Bai Jove, where to, deah boy?"

"To Mr. Selby's room," answered the captain—"all ten of you!"

And the juniors followed, looking very blank. Something had happened, there could be no doubt about that. Perhaps Mr. Selby had caught sight of them the previous night—or perhaps Kildare had.

Jack Blake shook his head at that thought. Kildare would have been one of the first to punish a junior for breaking bounds, but he also would be one of the last to report that junior to Mr. Selby.

Jack Blake could not make it out, and, somehow, the expression in the captain's eyes did not invite questions. The ten marched along in silence.

With scarcely a pause with knocking and opening the door, Kildare led the way into the Third Form master's room, and the juniors found themselves facing Mr. Selby.

Standing in a line were Cornstalk & Co. There was a red flush on Mr. Selby's face.

"So these are the lads, Kildare?"

"These are the lads who were out of their rooms last night, sir," said the captain. "I have not questioned them at all."

"But I have questioned Glyn!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, in a voice which thrilled with anger. "He admits that—that the absurd figure was made by him. Is not that so, Glyn?"

"Yes, sir; I made it."

"And you—you dared to put it in my room?"

Bernard Glyn shook his head.

"No, sir; as I explained just now, I don't know anything about that. We—we were playing with the figure, and it escaped. It went down the corridor leading to your bed-room, sir, so if your door was open—"

"But my door was shut!" thundered the master. "That figure was deliberately put in my room by one of you boys."

"It wasn't by me, sir!" said Glyn quietly. "Nor Blake, Herries, Digby, or D'Arcy."

"Wathah not, sir—"

"Silence!"

"Yaas, wathah, sir; but—"

"Silence, D'Arcy!"

"Yaas, sir!" murmured Arthur Augustus, with a start. Mr. Selby glared at each of the juniors in turn.

"What junior dared to play the trick on me?" he demanded at once. "I warn you that it will be better for the guilty junior to confess."

There was no answer.

"What junior dared to play the trick on me?" repeated Mr. Selby, raising his voice. "Answer me instantly!"

The rival groups of juniors glared at one another. Jack Blake looked puzzled.

If the Terrible Three were the culprits, it was strange Tom Merry had said nothing about the trick. The same applied to Figgins & Co.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"We didn't do it, Blake," he whispered.

"Figgy, then?"

"Wrong again!"

"Boys, answer me!"

"Yaas, wathah, sir!"

"It was you, then, D'Arcy!" thundered Mr. Selby. "I might have known—"

"Bai Jove, wathah not, sir!" gasped the swell of St. Jim's. "I twust I am not in the habit of playin' wathah wotten twicks on my eldahs. Weally, on my word of honah, I know nothin' about the mattah!"

"What were you about to say, then?"

"I was only goin' to remark that it is a vevy funny affair, sir," said Arthur Augustus.

No one even smiled. It was too serious a matter for laughter.

With Dr. Holmes they would have felt a good deal more at ease; but Mr. Selby was a very different man from the Head. The Third Form master had little knowledge of human nature, and was inclined to class all the fellows together.

Someone had played the trick upon him, and he saw no reason why it should not have been Arthur Augustus, or anyone else.

"I order the culprit to stand up and confess instantly!" he cried. "I shall not ask again!"

No one moved. All were looking at one another again. Mr. Selby waited grimly.

"Kildare, pass my detention-book!"

Kildare passed it. Mr. Selby found the page marked "Saturday," and glanced at his unwilling guests.

"All you thirteen boys are detained for to-morrow's whole holiday!" he exclaimed. "Further action will be taken, of course, but for the present you are in detention."

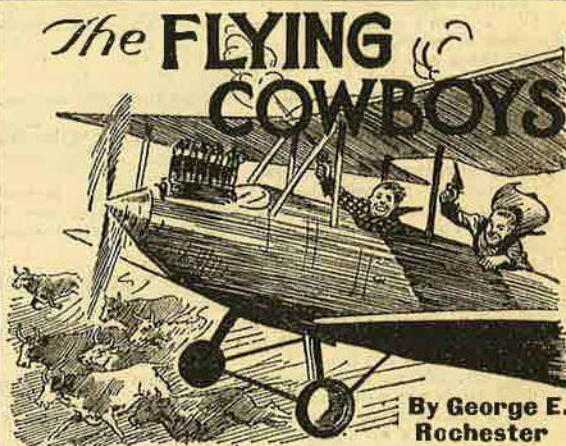
"Bai Jove—"

"What is it, D'Arcy?"

"Bai Jove! To-morrow, sir?"

"Yes, to-morrow—for the whole day!"

"Weally, sir!"



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There were looks of consternation on the juniors' faces. They were struck by the unfairness of the sentence.

Kildare glanced at their troubled faces, and turned to the Third Form master.

"I suppose they are to understand, sir, that if the culprit is found before to-morrow, the detentions are cancelled?"

"They were out of their rooms, and one of them is guilty—"

"A hundred lines is the usual punishment for being out of the dormitory, sir."

Mr. Selby frowned. Kildare had spoken very quietly, and the Third Form master saw he could not very well avoid giving way.

"Yes, the detentions will be cancelled unless I find that the guilty junior or juniors are being shielded. You may go!"

The juniors filed out of the room, directing grateful glances towards the captain of St. Jim's.

It was that sort of thing that made Kildare the most popular fellow in the school.

"Bai Jove! I wegard that as simply wippin' of Kildare, deah boys!"

"Rather!"

"Jolly fine!"

Tom Merry nodded gloomily.

"It wasn't so ripping of Selby, though!" he exclaimed. "And it's not so ripping for us! As a matter of fact, we three had—had something special on for to-morrow."

"Bai Jove, we have somethin' so special that it is uttally impos for us to stay in—"

"Oh, I expect we all had made arrangements for to-morrow!" exclaimed Figgins. "Chaps, what is to be done? Do any of us know anything about the beastly trick?"

"Of course we don't!"

"Weally, Figgy—"

"Oh, I didn't mean to say— Who had this beastly invention of yours, Glyn?"

"We three and Study No. 6."

Jack Blake nodded.

"That's so. You don't think we played the trick, do you, Figgy?"

"Of course not! But what ever did you want to let the thing escape for?"

Herries shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, we couldn't help that! It was an ordinary sort of jape we'd arranged against you New House chaps, and it misfired. You can't help a jape missing fire sometimes, Figgins."

"No, of course not."

"We aren't trying to blame you chaps," hastily added Kerr; "but—but it's made it jolly awkward for us!"

"Not as awkward as for us, I know!" put in Tom Merry.

"And it's weally unthinkable in our case, deah boys."

Jack Blake ran his hands in his pockets dismally.

"Anyway, it's no use grouching. I suppose we four and Bernard Glyn are principally to blame."

"No, I didn't mean that, old chap," said Figgins, going red. "I—I was a bit upset when I spoke."

"That's all wight, deah boy; I wathah think we undah-stand."

"Of course," said Jack Blake quietly. "Now, let's get on with the washing. Where were you, Figgins, at half-past ten?"

"In your dormitory, or just coming from it."

"There were the whole roomful of you, weren't there?"

"Yes, only we all kept together," explained Kerr.

"And we came back by the other corridor, too. Nowhere near Selby's room."

"Yes, it couldn't have been any of our chaps, anyway," exclaimed Fatty Wynn.

"What is it, Gussy?"

The Shell junior thought for a moment or two.

"I should think we were back in the dorm at half-past ten, but I couldn't be certain, Blake."

"Humph!"

"I pwopose we adjourn to our own studies and talk the mattah ovah, deah boys."

"Agreed!" said Figgins.

Figgins & Co. turned on their heels disconsolately, and sauntered back to the New House quarters, while the other School House fellows made for their respective quarters.

## CHAPTER 12.

### The Culprit!

"MASTER D'ARCY!"

It was after first school when Taggles, the school porter, called out to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy as he came out of the Form-room with his chums Blake, Herries, and Digby.

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"There's a registered letter for you," said Taggles, "and you've got to sign this 'ere form."

"Bai Jove! Fwom the patah, deah boys."

"The fiver, Gussy?"

"No, wathah not; a tennah, bai Jove!"

And the dismal expressions on the faces of the others became more dismal.

They would have had plenty of money for their longed-for day at Cleveland Lodge now. They could have driven over in a car, and the whole thing was knocked on the head.

"Oh, it's too rotten, chaps," said Jack Blake.

"We shall have to go, deah boys; whatever happens, we must go—"

"Don't be an ass."

"Weally, Digby—"

"Ring off, Gussy!" growled Jack Blake. "Who has got Cousin Ethel's letter?"

"Cousin Ethel's lettah— Gweat Scott! I wondah. Bai Jove!"

With the mention of Cousin Ethel's letter, a certain little incident, of which the others knew nothing, came back to Arthur Augustus' mind.

Cousin Ethel's letter, on its arrival, had been lost, and it had been found when Mellish, the cad of the Fourth, was being bumped. The letter had fallen from Mellish's pocket.

Could Mellish be the culprit?

Practically all the school knew now that there had been a trick played upon Mr. Selby, and that a number of juniors were detained on account of it. The guilty junior had had plenty of time to own up. No one but a cad would have refused to do so.

And no one but a cad would have taken a letter as Mellish had taken Cousin Ethel's.

That was Arthur Augustus' usual method of reasoning; perhaps not very strong in logic, but it often brought about a satisfactory result.

Jack Blake and the other Fourth Formers stared at him in surprise.

"What's up, Gussy?"

"Thought of anything?" asked Herries.

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy. Bai Jove!"

And he dashed away down the corridor.

The others followed him, wondering. The passage he had taken led to the Common-room.

Once there, Arthur Augustus burst into the large room excitedly.

"Bai Jove! There he is, deah boys!" And he hurried across to a junior reading by the window.

Arthur Augustus dropped his hand on the reader's shoulder.

"What do you want?" demanded Mellish, a frightened expression in his eyes. "I don't want to have anything to do with you rotters."

"Weally, Mellish. Howevah, were you out of the dormitory last night, deah boy?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Certain?"

"Of course I'm certain, Blake," growled Mellish. "Like your cheek asking me."

"Bai Jove! But we have been askin' evewyone, deah boy."

"Yes, and we're going to ask everyone again," remarked Digby grimly. "Reilly, is that you there?"

"Shure, an' it is, me bhoy. An' if ye spalpeens don't stop cacklin', you'll go out on your necks."

"Look here, Reilly," said Digby, "who was out of the dorm last last?"

"Shure, and you four were."

"Yes, we know that. Anyone else?"

Reilly thought, keeping a finger on his place in the book he was reading.

"You were, weren't you, Mellish? Funked it because you thought we were going to be raided."

"No, I wasn't."

"Don't tell fibs," said the junior from Belfast shortly. "You left directly after the other kids, and you were in a funk because you thought you might meet Figgins. Now ring off, Blake."

And Reilly went on reading.

Jack Blake & Co. turned to Mellish. They did not speak for a moment or two, and Mellish looked scared.

"It's—it's a lot of rot about my being in a funk last night," he began. "I only went downstairs to the study to get something for my toothache."

"Bai Jove! Did you go anywhere near Mr. Selby's room?"

"No, I didn't; I never went near the masters' bed-rooms at all."

"My hat! You thought you saw someone in the recess, just before we met Cornstalk & Co., Gussy."

"Yaas, wathah, I was forgettin' that."

"Look here, Mellish, if we find out it was you, you'll be



Cousin Ethel turned to Figgins as the New House Junior was going out to bat. "We're expecting great things from you, Figgins," she said. "Good luck!" "I'll do my best," said the Junior, turning crimson. It was up to Figgins to save the game!

sorry you didn't own up," said Jack Blake quietly. "It's particularly important we aren't detained to-morrow, and if we do have to stay in through you, you can look out for trouble."

"Yaas, wathah—"

Arthur Augustus was interrupted by a voice across the room.

"Hallo, you chaps!"

The Study No. 6 juniors turned hastily. Tom Merry and Figgins were standing in the doorway.

"What is it, Tom Merry?"

"Oh, we don't want you. Is Mellish here?"

Jack Blake started.

"Yes, he's here all right. What do you want him for?"

"Figgins has found something of his," said the Shell junior grimly; "a pencil-case."

"Yes, is that yours, Mellish?"

And Figgins held out a silver pencil-case. Mellish took it.

"Yes, it's mine."

"Dropped it yesterday some time, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"In the recess just outside Mr. Selby's bed-room?" flashed Tom Merry. "Mellish, did you play that trick upon Mr. Selby, and mean to let us be detained just because we bumped you yesterday?"

"Did you bump him, Tom Mewwy, deah boy?"

"Rather—and Figgins did the same."

"Bai Jove! So did we."

"It's a beastly plot!" cried Mellish. "You're trying to get out of detention by putting the blame on me. I never went near Mr. Selby's bed-room."

"How did you lose the pencil-case in the recess, then?"

"I lost that in the afternoon—in the morning, I mean. It's a beastly plot."

"Yaas, wathah. That's what I considah it is myself," said Arthur Augustus, in disgust. "I am afraid, Mellish, you have given yourself away."

"Look here—"

"As a mattah of fact, there is only one thing to be done, deah boys," observed Arthur Augustus. "Mellish will have to wethah to Mr. Selby's woom and confess, or I shall have to administah a feahful thwashin'."

Arthur Augustus' threats of "feahful thwashin's" were innumera'le, but there was something in his voice at the present moment which made the others glance up.

In his heart the swell of the Fourth Form had not the slightest doubt about Mellish's guilt; but, in spite of that, if Mellish had stuck to his guns, the affair would have had to fall through for lack of evidence.

But Mellish was not the junior to stick to his guns. He easily became frightened, and he gave in at once.

"I didn't open the door on purpose—I was flustered. I didn't know what the thing was—"

"Bai Jove!"

"That has nothing to do with us!" flashed Tom Merry scornfully. "All we care about is that we've cleared ourselves."

"And Mellish is going to Mr. Selby—"

"Yaas, wathah! Pway lead the way, Mellish, and we'll come with you. It is poss we may be able to help you with Mr. Selby, as I intend to point out any extenuatin' circo I may happen to think of."

But Arthur Augustus was not given an opportunity of pointing out extenuating circumstances, even if they had occurred to him. Mr. Selby was too angry to listen to logic.

"So it was you, was it, Mellish?"

"Yes, sir," faltered the cad of the Fourth; "but it was a mistake. The awful thing was coming after me, and—and I ran into your room. When I saw it was your room I came out again—"

"The door was found shut, Mellish."

"Ye-es, sir; I—I suppose I closed it after me."

Mellish had made his excuse a great deal better than  
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would have been expected, but he was dealing with the last master in the college likely to be influenced by excuses.

Mr. Selby had not the slightest chance of proving Mellish was speaking falsely, but then Mr. Selby did not mind much about that. He was quite convinced in his own mind that a trick had been played upon him, so he punished Mellish accordingly.

"You will stay in to-morrow!" he snapped. "You other boys have a hundred lines each for being out of your dormitories last night! You may go!"

The juniors hurried from the room, and Arthur Augustus' natural generosity came to the front at once.

"Weally, Mellish," he said pleasantly, "if your explanation was true, I am wathah sowwy for you—"

"You're a set of bullies! You'll be sorry for this, you see if you aren't."

"Bai Jove, deah boy, you are talking like an uttah duffah! Gweat Scott! He has gone while I was in the middle of makin' a remark!"

"So he has!" chuckled Tom Merry. "Anyway, he got off lightly, and I can guess why."

"Because Selby didn't want the Head to take the matter up on account of the funk Kildare found him in."

"That's it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, wathah, bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Howevah thank goodness it is all ovah, and we can go—"

"Ring off, ass!"

"Yaas, wathah, Digby, deah boy! And I say, Figgy, I can lend you that money now."

"Good old Gussy—"

"And the same remark wefers to Tom Mewwy—  
Wow! Wottah! O-oh!"

"Yes, good old Gussy!" chuckled Tom Merry, thumping away at Arthur Augustus.

"Good old Gus!"

And Figgins also thumped.

Then Jack Blake thumped, and when they had all finished the swell of St. Jim's was too breathless to expostulate for a moment.

The faces of the Terrible Three were flushed with excitement. Tom Merry linked arms with Lowther and Manners, and they hurried away, chuckling and whispering.

Figgins & Co. had also gone before Arthur Augustus had recovered.

"Bai—bai Jove—"

Jack Blake grinned enthusiastically.

"See what it is to be popular, Gussy!"

"Bai Jove! The uttah wottahs! I am all in a fluttah—"

"But think of to-morrow!" exclaimed Digby. "We go to Cleveland Lodge to play cricket for Cousin Ethel's eleven, after all!"

"Hurrah!"

"Yaas, wathah! Huwwah by all means, but I am quite breathless—  
Wow! Jack Blake, if you touch my shouddah again I shall administrah a fearful thwashin'."

"Ha, ha, ha—  
Bother, there goes the bell!"

But they did not mind the bell going very much.

The great outing to Cleveland Lodge was to take place after all. Nothing mattered very much to the chums of Study No. 6 except that now.

## CHAPTER 13.

### Cousin Ethel's Joke!

"HERE we are, deah boys!"

Saturday indeed was a glorious day, and all was merry and bright with the chums of Study No. 6 as the car in which they journeyed from St. Jim's pulled up outside Cleveland Lodge.

Jack Blake was out of the car first. The next moment he was shaking hands with a pretty girl of about his own age.

"The other juniors were out of the car soon after him."

"Hallo, deah gall! We've awwived safely!"

"Have you really, Arthur?" laughed Cousin Ethel. "I hope you are all fit, because we have a very strong side against us."

"Yaas, wathah! We're all very fit, deah gal."

"Three of my eleven have already arrived," said Cousin Ethel. "And—and I believe I can see three more coming across the field."

Arthur Augustus shaded his eyes with a lofty sweep of the hand.

"Yaas, wathah! There are three ewicketahs comin' across the field, deah gall!"

"And the other three are just coming from the pavilion."

"Pway, who are they?"

"My hat!"

"What's the matter, Digby?" asked Cousin Ethel coolly.

"My—my aunt! Isn't that Tom Merry?"

"Bai Jove, so it is! Weally, Cousin Ethel, it's awfully wippin' of you to ask the poor kids ovah to watch us play!"

"By Jove, there's Figgins!" exclaimed Jack Blake.

"And Manners!"

"And Lowthah, bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus, as the respective groups of juniors approached. "Gweat Scott, Cousin Ethel—"

Figgins & Co. commenced to run. Their faces wore expressions of blank amazement.

The Terrible Three also began to run. Tom Merry's mouth was open, as if he had forgotten to close it through astonishment.

The rival juniors stared at one another.

"Blake—"

"Merry—"

"Figgins—"

"Yes, of course you recognise one another," said Cousin Ethel pleasantly. "How did you come over, Tom Merry?"

"We—we cycled," gasped the hero of the Shell. "Sent our bags on by the carrier."

"And you, Figgins?"

"We—we came by train," gasped the New House junior.

"Toby took our things down to the station this morning."

"And Jack Blake & Co. came over in a car," smiled Cousin Ethel. "I hope you are all going to play very hard for my eleven."

"All—"

"Going to play—"

The juniors were gasping with astonishment. They were still staring at one another.

Cousin Ethel laughed in great glee.

"Yes, all of you, of course. This is my eleven." And she waved her hand in a way that included them all, herself as well.

Arthur Augustus let his monocle fall from its place in his eye.

"Bai Jove, deah gal, but you made us pwomise not to say a word to the othahs!"

"My hat! She made us do the same!"

"And us as well!"

"Yes, of course," exclaimed Cousin Ethel coolly. "And you all received your invitations by the same post. You must not think only schoolboys can—what do you call it?—jape. Girls can—sometimes."

"Bai Jove!"

"My hat!"

For a moment the ten juniors were too astounded to grasp the situation, then Lowther burst into a roar of laughter.

Lowther had the keenest sense of humour of them all, perhaps.

But Tom Merry and Jack Blake were not long in seeing the humorous side of the trick their girl chum had played upon them, while Figgins thought everything Cousin Ethel did perfect.

"Jolly good wheeze, Cousin Ethel!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"We never guessed—"

"Bai Jove, wathah not!"

"No, I didn't think you would," laughed Cousin Ethel.

"But that isn't all the joke."

The juniors waited rather anxiously.

"Weally, Cousin Ethel—"

"It is nothing like all the joke," added the girl chum.

"Here is my brother coming across to us; you'll see the other half of the joke when he arrives."

Tom Merry started violently.

"Cousin Ethel, who are you playing?"

But before Cousin Ethel could answer, Captain Cleveland hailed them.

"How do you do, Merry? Come over to watch us, begad?"

"No, they have come over to play you," smiled Cousin Ethel. "This is my team."

"Begad, but—"

And Captain Cleveland looked as blank as Tom Merry & Co. had looked not three minutes before. But Tom Merry was looking very blank again.

"We—we aren't playing Captain Cleveland's touring eleven, Cousin Ethel?"

"That is exactly who you are playing, and the eleven against us is the very team my brother opens his tour with at Brighton on Monday."

"My only hat!" gasped Tom Merry.

He had heard of the eleven the captain had got together for the tour, a first-class team. There were one or two of the lesser lights of county cricket, and quite a fair number

of 'Varsity men. There was even a "Blue," who was expected to do great things before long.

Tom Merry felt exactly as he looked, very blank. There was still a rather blank expression on Captain Cleveland's face, but he recovered himself very quickly. At the very least, he had expected his sister intended putting St. Jim's first eleven against them, but he did not want the juniors to see that.

He turned to Tom Merry pleasantly. "Let's hope it's a close game, begad!" he exclaimed heartily. "I've seen most of you youngsters play. Who is captain?"

"Cousin Ethel," explained Figgins. "Rather!" "Of course, deah boy."

"Ah, yes! It's her team, isn't it, begad? As home captain, I'll toss." And he spun a coin in the air. Cousin Ethel lost, and the captain hesitated for a moment. He knew it would embarrass the juniors considerably if he took the match lightly—they would much rather lose by a huge margin than that, so he took every advantage of winning the toss.

"First knock for us, then, begad," he said. "The pitch may wear a bit after the dry weather." And a few minutes later he and one of the minor county men came out to the wicket.

Cousin Ethel took her place in the slips, and waved the field rather deep. "Fatty Wynn takes first over," she ordered; "Jack Blake the other end."

Fatty Wynn took the ball nervously, for he felt that a lot depended on his bowling, and, indeed, it did. He looked none too confident about bowling against a county man, however.

CHAPTER 14.  
The Match!

DOWN the pitch the ball came—then the umpire waved his arms. Fatty Wynn had opened the game with a wide.

Jack Blake shuddered. He wondered what sort of stuff he was going to send along when his turn came, if the crack bowler of the side served up wides.

Fatty Wynn had gone very pink. "I'm awfully sorry, Cousin Ethel—"

Cousin Ethel did not answer. She smiled sweetly at the Falstaff of St. Jim's.

Fatty Wynn wished he had had something more substantial for breakfast to sustain him, for he felt a sinking feeling inside him. But the best bowler of St. Jim's junior eleven pulled himself together.

He ran forward, and the ball he delivered came off the wicket sharply. The length had been splendid, and the county man played back. He had had all his work out to keep his wicket intact.

That was all that was needed to steady Fatty Wynn. The next ball was got away to the boundary for four, certainly, but the ball after that astounded the field—it took the county man's middle stump clean out of the ground.

"Hurrah!" "Good old Wynn!" "Ripping!" exclaimed Cousin Ethel. "Splendid!"

The county man had perhaps taken the junior a little too easily, but even if that were the case, it was his own fault. The ball had beaten him fairly.

The next batsman did not mean to make the mistake of taking the bowling too cheaply, whatever other mistakes he might make, and he opened very cautiously.

In spite of that he gave a hard chance, Manners just failing to get to the ball. Then Fatty Wynn's over came to an end.

Jack Blake started with a tremendous attempt to take Captain Cleveland's wicket; but he was not good enough for that, and three fours came from the first four balls. Then the chief of Study No. 6 altered his tactics, and began to send down good length stuff that stopped the scoring.

The wicket taking could be left to Fatty Wynn for a long time yet.

And the New House junior did wonderfully well. He gave half a dozen away in his second over, but in his third he enticed Captain Cleveland to hit at a ball which twisted up on to the shoulder of the bat.

The ball went spinning away into the slips at a good pace, and the next moment Cousin Ethel leaped into the air and took the ball with one hand. It was a brilliant catch.

"Hurrah!" "Well caught, Cousin Ethel!" "Yass, wathlah! Bai Jevv, a weally wippin' catch!" It certainly had been quickly taken, and Cousin Ethel's

eyes sparkled with enjoyment as her brother walked past her, his bat under his arm.

Two wickets were down for 20. That was better than any of them could have hoped for, but better still was to follow. With the last ball of his over Fatty Wynn got the new man, and three overs later Jack Blake obtained his first wicket by a splendid catch in the long field. Manners had succeeded this time.

Four were down for 30; but a change came over the game then, for 50 appeared upon the board without further loss.

Cousin Ethel glanced round the field. Then she threw the ball to Tom Merry.

Fatty Wynn was taken off, much to the surprise of Captain Cleveland. The Welsh junior himself was a trifle surprised, too, but he would not have let this be seen for the world. He dropped back into the slips near Cousin Ethel.

Tom Merry proved rather expensive at first, but he soon got his length, although 60 showed on the board by the time his over came to an end. Cousin Ethel caught the ball.

"Try this end, Wynn," she said. "You'll find the light ever so much better."

WATER REMINDER!



For a while, Mr. Smith, on a visit to Niagara Falls, gazed in fascination at the great volume of water swept down to the whirling torrents below. Then suddenly a look of agony crossed his face. "Goodness, gracious!" he exclaimed. "That reminds me—I've left the bath tap running!"

Hall-a-crown has been awarded to B. Cottrell, 18, Innes Street, Observatory, Johannesburg, South Africa.

And Fatty Wynn's plump face lighted up. He remembered now that the light had troubled him a good deal during the last over or so.

With the sun behind him Fatty Wynn became terrible to the batsmen. He got a wicket with his very first delivery from the pavilion end, and not a run was scored from the whole over.

Tom Merry saw what was required of him, and did splendidly. He put his field deep, and bowled his best possible length.

That made run-getting difficult work. At 76 another wicket fell to Fatty Wynn. Then a splendid catch by Figgins gave Tom Merry a wicket.

After that a second stand was made; but it was not a very long one, and once it was brought to an end Captain Cleveland's remaining men spent the time struggling desperately for runs. A dozen more were added, then Fatty Wynn surpassed himself.

He obtained two wickets with successive balls, and the innings came to an end for 94.

Cousin Ethel was wildly excited, and the juniors themselves were wonderfully pleased. But during the calmer moments at lunch Tom Merry did not quite see how they could expect to beat even that modest score against the attack which they would be up against.

But the St. Jim's innings opened in rare style directly lunch was over, Cousin Ethel and Tom Merry carrying the score to 20 before Cousin Ethel's wicket fell. Of that 20 she had made a dozen.

She faced exactly the same deliveries as Tom Merry, and her dozen was obtained in excellent style. The ovation she received at the pavilion brought blushes to her pretty, girlish face.

"Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" "Hurrah!" "Ripping, Cousin Ethel!" "Splendid!"

Above all the voices Figgins' could be heard the loudest. Jack Blake had to leave the excited crowd to join Tom Merry at the wicket, a grim expression on his face.

He started well, getting the ball away at once; then a disaster befell the St. Jim's side. A change of bowling was productive of Tom Merry's wicket, and perhaps the best junior bat at the old school was out for exactly the same score as Cousin Ethel.

St. Jim's looked rather thoughtfully at that. Still, Tom Merry had done excellently with the ball, and no one could be expected to be always at his best. And

there was Jack Blake yet, although he had done a lot of work at bowling as well.

All eyes were on Jack Blake as Kerr joined him; then a groan went up. After a couple of fours Jack Blake was brilliantly caught and bowled. If that chance had been missed it would never have been spoken of as a chance.

Three wickets were down now, and 40 was all there was to be seen on the board. That was not so very bad, except that Jack Blake and Tom Merry were the crack bats of the side.

Figgins was good, of course, but it was doubtful whether he was quite up to the others.

Tom Merry turned to him anxiously. "Feel pretty fit, Figg?" "I feel all right. Is it pretty fierce stuff?" "Good, of course; but then so is the wicket. You going, Manners?"

Manners nodded, but he did not stay long. A catch at the wicket sent him back.

"I'm sorry, Cousin Ethel—" "Oh, that's all right, Manners!" smiled the girl. "We haven't forgotten that catch of yours in the country."

"No, watah not; 43, deah boys."

"And five down."

"No," said Lowther, as a shout went up; "six!" And Digby was coming back, looking rather crestfallen. Cousin Ethel turned to Figgins.

"We are expecting great things from you, Figgins," she said. "I've kept you until now in case there was anything like a rot. Good luck!"

"I'll—I'll do my best," stammered the New House junior, a deep crimson.

And he hurried from the pavilion. He opened rather cautiously, but he seemed to be playing himself in all right. To Tom Merry's critical eye he was getting more at home with every ball he returned to the bowler. Then suddenly his long reach gave him a chance.

He had Captain Cleveland away to the boundary for a beautiful 4.

Tom Merry brightened up.

"Looks a bit healthier—eh, Blake?"

"Rather! Who else is there that can keep his end up?"

Tom Merry glanced round.

"Gussy may do something—"

"Yes, of course. When do you go in, Gussy?"

"Last wicket, deah boy, as I am watah fatigued," said Arthur Augustus coolly. "The whole game may depend on me, bai Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Jack Blake's chuckle died away suddenly. The wickets fell rapidly now, and all the scoring came from Figgins' bat. But, as it often happens, he did not get anything like his share of the bowling.

When Fatty Wynn went to the wicket, 25 runs were still required, and Fatty was not the junior to get them. But he had played his part in the match with the ball, and they all cheered loudly as he came back after his second ball, the first "blob" on the St. Jim's score-sheet.

Arthur Augustus jumped to his feet.

"Bai Jove—25! It is watah a large numbah for a last-wicket stand, deah boys."

No one smiled. The game looked over, for Arthur Augustus could scarcely be expected to succeed where fellows like Tom Merry and Jack Blake had failed.

Figgins had 15 to his account when Arthur Augustus joined him.

D'Arcy took middle and leg as coolly as if it had been a scratch game.

The first ball he just stopped, and the second one he got past third man. Then he ran.

"Only 1, deah boy!"

A couple might easily have been obtained, and a cheer greeted Arthur Augustus' unselfishness.

Figgins set his teeth, then waited. It was a good ball, but just a trifle short, and once again Figgins' reach stood him in good stead. He sent the ball to the boundary.

The next delivery produced 2, and a cheer went up.

Every stroke was being cheered now, and when Arthur Augustus got 4 with a pretty late leg glance, there was almost an uproar.

The score was creeping up. The board showed 85—10 required for a win, and Captain Cleveland's eleven were at their wits' end.

The captain scarcely liked to risk a change in the attack in case it took the new man too much time to gain his length, and so the present bowlers were kept on. Figgins treated both alike.

He was playing one of the games of his life. A couple of beautiful strokes reduced the difference in the scores to 5. All that was needed now was 6.

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The next over was a maiden; then Figgins got 3, and Captain Cleveland smiled.

Arthur Augustus would have to face the next five balls, and he was nothing like set yet.

Tom Merry groaned. Three were needed. If only Figgins had the bowling!

The 'Varsity blue had the ball, and there was a very grim light in his eyes. He sent down the ball, which very nearly found Arthur Augustus' wicket. But the swell of St. Jim's managed to rise to the occasion.

Another ball like that, though, and the game would probably be won and lost. The next delivery was not quite so good, and Arthur Augustus got it well away.

"Come on!" yelled Figgins, as they raced down the pitch.

"Again!"

"No!"

It was an absolutely safe 2; but, even with the couple to their account, the game was only a draw. A single would still be required for a win.

Arthur Augustus had played the right game in giving Figgins the bowling by only running 1, and the juniors in the pavilion cheered him to the echo for that.

But would the couple be made? It almost looked as if they would not, for Figgins was in difficulties for the first time in his splendid innings. He did not give a chance, but he was hard put to it to keep his wicket intact.

Ball after ball came down, splendid stuff of almost perfect length, and still the two runs were needed.

Tom Merry and Jack Blake were on their feet.

It seemed wonderful to them that the New House junior restrained himself from hitting out.

Then suddenly there was a loud click. Figgins had got his bat to the ball with a drive at last.

For an instant they all thought he was caught, then a terrific roar went up.

The ball was soaring yards over the heads of the fielders, and would eventually land somewhere behind the pavilion. Cousin Ethel's eleven had won the match.

And Figgins had carried his bat for a perfect 30.

He was deep crimson when the juniors crowded round him, led by Cousin Ethel, and he was chaired to the pavilion.

Cousin Ethel's eleven had won on their merits, and great was the rejoicing thereof.

THE END.

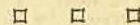


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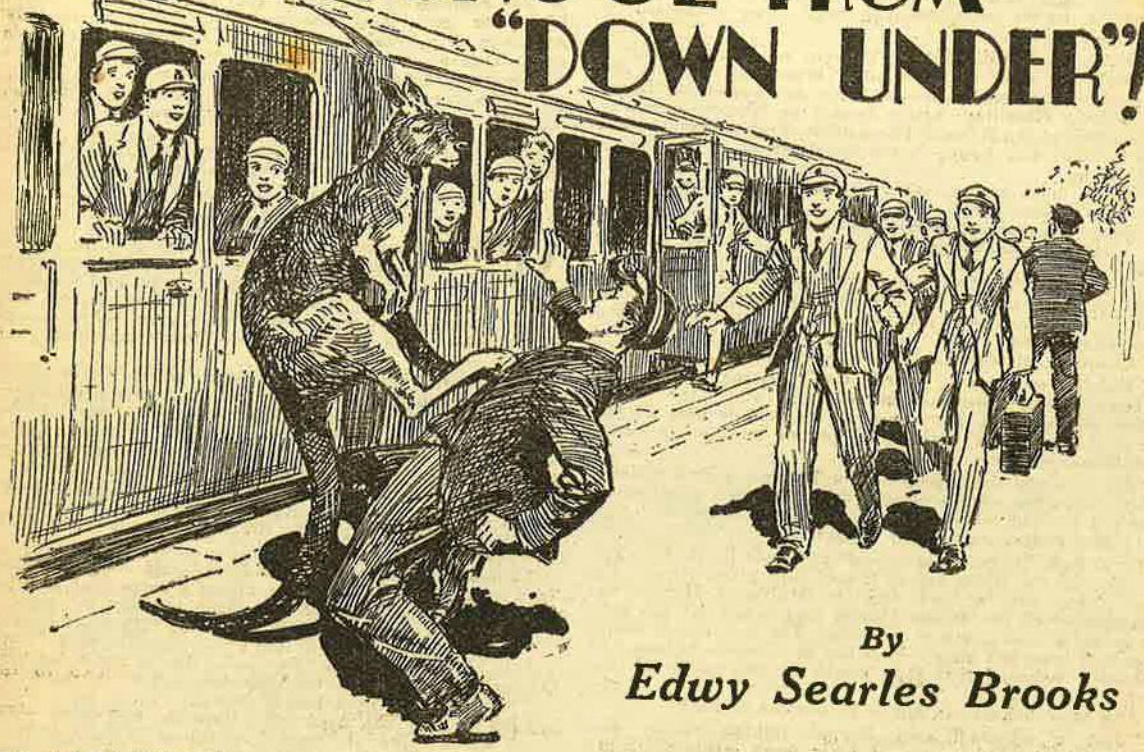
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## ST. FRANK'S v. AUSTRALIANS IN THRILLING TEST MATCH!

A Surprise for St. Frank's!

**"H**OLD on!" said Handforth, in astonishment. The burly leader of Study D came to a halt in the village street. He was with a group of other St. Frank's Removites, including Church and McClure, his own study chums, Archie Glenthorpe, Vivian Travers, Tregellis-West, Tommy Watson, and Nipper, the popular junior skipper.

"What are we holding on for?" asked Travers languidly. "Look at that train," ejaculated Handforth, pointing. They had all heard the rumble of the train as it approached Bellton Station; but nobody—except Edward Oswald Handforth—had thought of glancing round. It was a stickily hot July afternoon, and, incidentally, a half-holiday. There had been a heavy thunderstorm during the morning, and the playing fields were so drenched that no cricket was to be thought of until tea-time at the earliest.

"It's no good grousing," Nipper had said, as he and his fellow-cricketers had surveyed the wet pitch. "Our match with the Grammar School is off for to-day. If the wicket dries by tea-time we might have a knock amongst ourselves—but it's doubtful."

So, with nothing particular to do, the disappointed juniors had taken a stroll to the village. They were glad they had come now—for the train they saw rolling into Bellton Station caused them to open their eyes wide with surprise.

They were well accustomed to the little local trains—a tank engine and three old-fashioned coaches—which, at infrequent intervals, rattled into the sleepy station.

But the train which attracted Handforth's attention, and which they now all stared at, was very different.

It was hauled by a dazzling express locomotive, and there were eight or nine super-corridor coaches. Every window was crowded with youthful faces, and flags were gaily waving. Even the locomotive was beflagged and decorated.

"Well, well!" said Vivian Travers. "A consignment for Caistowe's sunny beaches, by the look of it!"

"Rats!" shouted Handforth. "The train's pulling up here. Look! One or two of the carriage doors are already open!"

"By Jove! It's a special train of some kind," said

Nipper, with interest. "Full of schoolboys, too. My sons, this needs looking into."

Handforth & Co. were already racing for the station, and Nipper and the others followed their example. By the time they reached the station yard, the train had come to a standstill, and over the white fencing the St. Frank's boys could see a great deal of bustle and movement. Crowds of bronzed, athletic youngsters were pouring out of the train and crowding the rural platform.

Handforth was the first to arrive on the station platform. As he did so something bounded towards the booking-office doorway, and Handforth, wildly dodging, nearly had a fit.

"Great pip!" he gasped faintly. For the "something" was a full-sized kangaroo! The creature seemed to take a dislike to Handforth on the spot—for its enormous hind feet promptly came up and struck Handforth fairly and squarely in the chest.

"Hi! What the— Yaroooooooh!" howled Handforth wildly.

There was terrific force in that unexpected attack, and the leader of Study D practically turned a back somersault.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Handforth, dazed, sat up to find his own schoolfellows yelling with laughter. A number of cheery-faced strangers had come crowding round, and some of them had recaptured the kangaroo.

"Sorry, chums!" said a tall, sunny-faced, curly-headed youth, addressing the St. Frank's fellows in general.

"Rastus isn't usually so energetic. I think he must have taken a dislike to your clobber's face."

"Can Rastus be blamed?" drawled Vivian Travers blandly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Handforth struggled to his feet, and, with his face very red, he advanced, pushing his sleeves up as he did so.

"What was that about my face?" he asked ominously.

"Who set that—that exaggerated flea on to me?"

"Sorry, chum," said the curly-headed boy. "Rastus didn't mean any harm—"

"Didn't mean any harm!" hooted Handforth. "Ho

nearly broke my neck! Does he belong to you? Because, if so—"

"Hold it, Handy!" grinned Nipper. "The kangaroo escaped, and you met him by chance—that's all. You scared him!"

Church and McClure, by this time, had seized their impulsive leader, and, between them, they succeeded in holding him back.

"What is all this, anyway?" went on Nipper, with a comprehensive wave of his hand. "Where the dickens did all you chaps come from—and what are you doing here? My name's Hamilton—better known as Nipper—and I'm the captain of the Remove Form at St. Frank's—which, you may or may not know, is the finest school in the South of England."

"It was until to-day," said the sunny-faced boy calmly. "But we're here now."

"Here!" ejaculated Nipper, staring. "Where? You're an Australian, aren't you? You're not coming to St. Frank's!"

"Yes, we're Australians—every one of us," said the other. "My name's Tom Baines—generally known as 'Curly.' Home-town, Melbourne. I'm captain of the Australian school."

"C-captain of wh-what?" stammered Nipper.

"Didn't you know?" asked Curly Baines cheerfully. "We're taking possession of a place called the River House School, and I guess we'll be in this part of the country for quite a while. We're one hundred per cent Australians—masters included."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" said Travers, with a whistle. "An Australian school—practically on our own giddy doorstep! Dear old fellows, this looks like the beginning of wild and riotous and happy times!"

In a flash Nipper understood—at least, in part. The mention of the River House School had given Nipper the clue. For only a week ago Dr. Molyneux Hogge, the headmaster of the River House, had taken all his boys away on a special summer cruise. The fine school buildings had been left empty—and the St. Frank's fellows had naturally believed that they would remain empty for the rest of the summer.

And now—behold—an entire Australian school!

"Just a minute!" said Nipper, talking calmly and deliberately. "This needs a little more explaining, my sons! As skipper of the St. Frank's juniors I give you a hearty welcome into the St. Frank's territory—as we might call it. We're all mighty glad to see you."

"That's handsome!" said Curly Baines. "We're glad to know you, too."

"Hear, hear!" went up a hearty chorus from the crowding Australian boys.

"But are you telling us that an entire Australian school has come to England, including masters, to settle down?" asked Nipper steadily. "Because, if so, it doesn't make sense."

Curly Baines grinned.

"Not to settle down," he explained. "And it isn't an ordinary Australian school, chum. Every Australian fellow you see here belongs to a different Australian school—at least, in the main. Ken Taylor and his two brothers both go to the big Grammar School in Adelaide, it's true, but generally we're all from different schools. I'm from Melbourne; Sayers is from Sydney; Thomson from Perth; Richards is from Brisbane, and McVittie is from Geelong. Evans from Ballarat; Kennedy from Bourke, and so on."

"But what the dickens for?" asked the amazed Handforth.

"Well, you see, we're the sons of people who've come over to England on holiday," explained Curly Baines. "Our folks are here for the big Test matches, in fact."

"Oh!" said Nipper, nodding. "I see daylight."

"Lots of our parents have brought their families, and while the elders are enjoying themselves we've got to continue at school," went on Baines. "You see, it's still mid-term; and it was a condition of our coming to England that we should continue at school for a bit. So our people bagged the River House School, and here we are. That's all there is to it."

"So you're safely 'parked' here while your people go touring the country," said Nipper, smiling. "It sounds like a good idea to me."

"Some of us have come over without our parents, because it was a great opportunity to see the Old Country," said one of the other Australian boys. "We should have been under one roof before now, only we couldn't find an empty school. We were hoping there wouldn't be one available," he added ruefully. "Still, we're glad we've got one near St. Frank's. We're going to show you sleepy Old Country fellows a thing or two."

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"Is that so?" said Nipper cheerfully. "A challenge—eh? By Jove! On Friday there's a Test match at Manchester."

"Yes," said Baines sadly. "And we've got to miss it."

"What does it matter?" replied Nipper. "We'll have a Test match of our own."

"What!"

"I'm challenging you now," said Nipper calmly. "We'll have our own Test match—you fellows to represent Australia, St. Frank's to represent England. We'll start our match at the same minute as the match starts in Manchester. How's that? Do you accept?"

"Chum, it's on," said Curly Baines promptly. "It seems that you fellows in the Old Country aren't so slow, after all."

The "school from down under" had arrived, and it was the beginning of hectic times for the boys of St. Frank's.

### Jerry Dodd is Puzzled!

WHEN the news of the Australian invasion became general, St. Frank's was agog with excitement. At least, the Remove, the Fourth, and the Third hailed the coming of the Aussies with joy. Here was something different. Here was a rival school worthy of the best japes that ingenious junior stalwarts could conjure up.

The seniors, of course, took little or no notice. Their placid and dignified lives were not to be disturbed by the mere proximity of a school of Australian boys. It was the summer term, and the big men of the senior school were either taking things lazily, or devoting themselves to the very serious business of cricket. Junior cricket, in their eyes, was hardly worthy of notice; and even the projected "Test match" left the St. Frank's seniors cold.

But amongst the juniors the school from down under was the talk of the hour.

"These Aussie chaps are hot stuff," said Nipper, talking to a crowd of fellows in the Common-room that evening.

"They're full of pep, and they mean to make the pace."

"Like their cheek," said Reggie Pitt, with some warmth.

"Good luck to them, if they can succeed!" said Nipper calmly. "It's up to us, my sons. We mustn't let these Australians undermine the supremacy of St. Frank's."

"Never!" went up a hearty chorus.

"Before they can work off a jape on us, we've got to work off a jape on them," continued Nipper. "We've got to show them just where they stand. And, to begin with, it's necessary that we should give them a licking at cricket."

"Easier said than done," laughed Jerry Dodd of Study F. Many cold looks were bestowed upon him.

"You don't count, my son," said Nipper calmly. "You may be a St. Frank's chap, but you're an Australian yourself."

"One hundred per cent, and then some," agreed Jerry, nodding.

"Being an Australian, you're automatically barred from the eleven for Friday," went on Nipper. "The St. Frank's team has got to be all Old Country."

"That's a pity," said Jerry, shaking his head. "You're bound to lose without me."

Everybody laughed. Jerry was popular; he was a good fellow, and not given to boasting. He was only "kidding" now, and his sympathies, naturally, would be with the boys of his own country.

"Yes, Jerry, you'll have to be neutral," continued Nipper. "But you can't play for the Aussies, either, because you're a St. Frank's chap."

Everybody realised that the forthcoming game would be a hard one. The school from down under had given St. Frank's no sample of its prowess, but this was unnecessary. Cricket is Australia's great national game, and, as sure as the sun shone, Curly Baines would be able to put a team of brilliant cricketers into the field.

Thursday, therefore, was a day of hectic practice. Nipper had his men on Little Side early, and he kept them there during every spare minute of the day.

Reports had already come in that the Australian boys had settled down at the River House School. Baines had already selected a team, and had had his men out on the playing fields at practice. Eye witnesses who had taken a walk over to the River House came back with reports that the Aussies were a fine, businesslike-looking bunch, and that their cricket was absolute mustard.

Jerry Dodd, who was one of the big men of the St. Frank's Junior Eleven, felt very much out of it. But he realised, of course, that in this particular match he must necessarily stand down. However, he took an active interest, and he was up as early as anybody on Friday morning, and in the Ancient House lobby he paused to have a look at the notice-board.

Nipper had been there before him, for pinned to the board was the list of players for the match.



Jerry ran his eye down the Australian names, and after each name was the player's home address.

"By cripes!" ejaculated Jerry abruptly.

His eyes sparkled with excitement and satisfaction, for he read: "J. Sayers, Bathurst, N.S.W."

"Why, it's my old clobber, Jim himself!" muttered Jerry. "He's been here two days—and I didn't even know it! Why didn't he come to see me, though? He knows I'm at St. Frank's!"

A doubt came into his mind. Perhaps the "J. Sayers" on the list was not the Jim Sayers, of Bathurst, whom Jerry had known in the old days. They had been quite young at the time, but since then they had corresponded a good deal. Jim was a fine chap. He and Jerry had had many holidays together.

"It must be Jim!" Jerry Dodd told himself. "Bathurst is his home town— Anyhow, I can soon find out."

He left St. Frank's and hurried off across the meadows to the River House School. He was thinking of the days before he had come to England. Jerry Dodd's father owned a great cattle station in New South Wales, and Jim Sayers' uncle owned the neighbouring station. Although the homes had been nearly twenty miles apart, Jerry and Jim, in their younger school days, had been much together.

When he reached the River House School, he walked

"We've no use for Jim Sayers. Better go indoors. I think he's in Study No. 10."

Jerry went in rather puzzled. He could not understand the chilliness in Richards' voice at the mention of Jim Sayers. Why, Jim was one of the finest cobbbers breathing!

Again a doubt came into Jerry's mind. Perhaps this Sayers wasn't the one he knew. Yet the name was the same—Jim. And he came from Bathurst. There couldn't be any doubt of it. Anyhow, he would soon know.

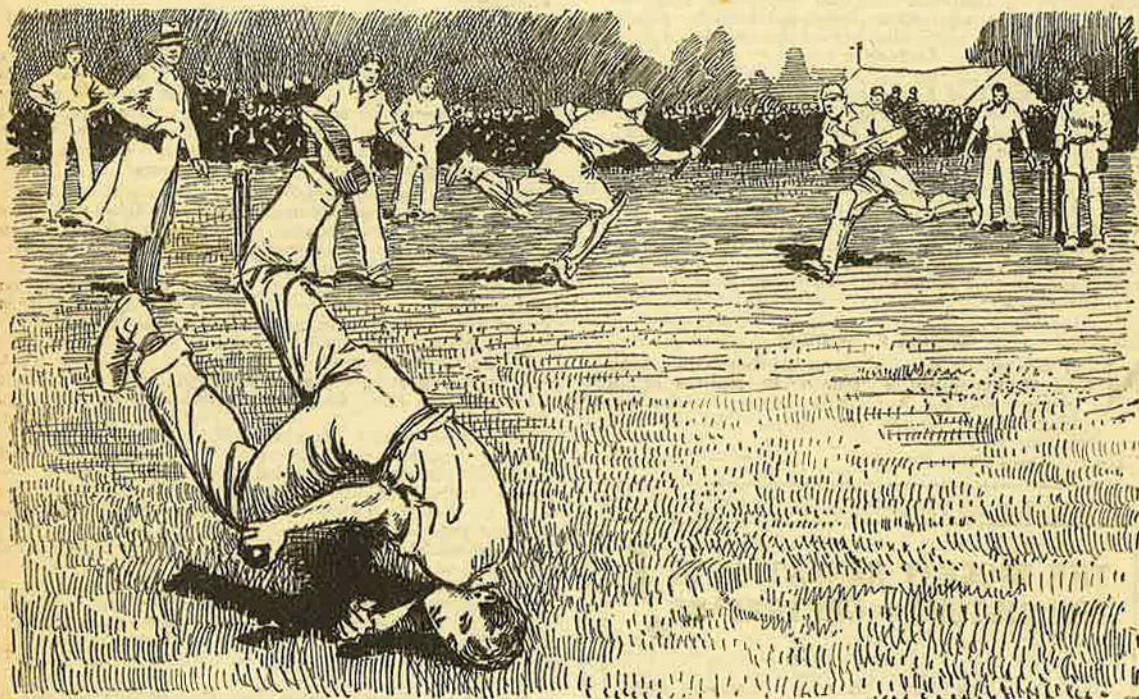
He knew his way about the River House School almost as well as he knew his way about St. Frank's. Arriving at Study No. 10 he tapped on the door and entered.

"Well, Jim—" he began.

Then he paused, for he found himself alone. He walked in leisurely, looking about him with interest. The new tenant had lost no time in putting some pictures on the wall—one a photograph of the fine school in Sydney, where he was a pupil. Jerry himself would have gone to that school—if he had not been sent to England.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jerry suddenly, with satisfaction.

All doubts were disposed of. Over the mantelpiece was a framed photograph of a handsome residence—a typical Australian homestead of the better type. Jerry recognised it at the first glance, and he grinned. It was Jim Sayers' home. Jerry had been there many a time.



Diving low, Gresham's fingers just got to the ball before it touched the ground. He rolled over and over, but the ball was gripped firmly in his hand. It was a great catch, giving victory to St. Frank's in the Test match against the Australians!

boldly into the quad, and he let out a characteristic "coo-ee" call. As a result, ten or twelve Australian boys bore down upon him with long, purposeful strides.

"A St. Frank's chum!" ejaculated one of the Aussies. "Like his nerve to use an Australian call! Grab him!"

There was a rush, and Jerry Dodd was seized from all sides by many hands.

"Cheese it," grinned Jerry. "You're my cobbbers."

"Oh! Who said so?" asked Richards. "We've been in England long enough to know that you don't use the word 'clobber' here. The minute you set foot on the property of the River House School, you entered Australian territory."

"Good old Australia!" said Jerry Dodd heartily. "I'm home! Don't you recognise one of your own countrymen, you poor idiots! I'm as much Australian as you are."

"But you're a St. Frank's chap!" ejaculated one of the others. "Look at the cap you're wearing!"

"I'm a St. Frank's chap, yes—but I'm Jerry Dodd, of Bathurst, New South Wales," retorted Jerry. "Haven't you ever heard of the Dodd Station—owned by Mr. Jerrold Walter Dodd? I've got lots of sisters out in Australia, too. I came here to find Jim Sayers."

Richards looked round.

"You won't find him with us," he said rather coldly.

"Good old Jim!" he murmured as he inspected the photograph. "Yes, there's the veranda—and that big open doorway at the corner leads into the sun-parlour. I remember, once, Jim and I had a regular scrap in that room."

He looked closer. He could even see the mark, on the veranda rail, where some repair work had been done. He had been at the Sayers' homestead when a tractor had got out of hand, and had smashed into the veranda. The incident came back to him in all its details, and he remembered how angry Mr. Easton had been. Mr. Bartholomew Easton was Jim's uncle, and he was a bit eccentric. Jerry had never been able to get on with him very well.

He turned, his thoughts thousands of miles away. His eye caught a letter which lay on the table, bearing an Australian stamp. He smiled. It was a letter from Jim's uncle; there could be no mistaking that crabbed handwriting. Mr. Easton had written to Jerry once, two or three years ago.

"What are you doing in here?"

The voice came sharp and acid. Jerry spun round, transferring his attention from the letter to the man who stood in the open doorway. He was a tall, thin man, with

dark hair and hollow cheeks. He made an unfavourable impression on the good-natured, cheery Jerry.

"Somebody told me I should find Jim Sayers here," said Jerry.

"He's not here, as you can see," said the other. "What were you doing? How dare you spy like this?"

"Spy!" repeated Jerry indignantly. "I don't know who you are—"

"Then I will tell you," said the man. "My name is Mr. Rutter, and I am one of the masters in charge of the Australian boys who have come to this school. You belong to St. Frank's, I see. I come here, and find you prying over Sayers' letters—"

"Here, steady, sir," interrupted Jerry, justly angry. "I was only looking at the envelope—at the stamp and post-mark and the address. I was waiting for Sayers."

"What did you want to see Sayers about?" asked Mr. Rutter sharply.

"It doesn't matter," said Jerry, moving to the door, and brushing past. "I'll see him some other time, sir."

He was so indignant that he would not even explain why he had come, and when Mr. Rutter called after him, he took no notice.

"Well, whoever sent this outfit to England made a mistake somewhere," Jerry told himself. "I never knew any schoolmasters in Australia like that unpleasant specimen!"

Outside he ran against a broad-shouldered, pleasant-faced, middle-aged man who proved to be Mr. Atherton, the headmaster of the Australian school.

"Come over when you like, Dodd," said Mr. Atherton cordially. "And that invitation is extended, of course, to all your school-fellows. I want my boys to be on the friendliest possible terms with the boys of St. Frank's."

"I was looking for Jim Sayers, sir," said Jerry.

"I rather think he's out," replied the Head. "But if you want to know anything about to-day's cricket match, you'd better see Baines. He's the captain."

Jerry Dodd was soon his old self. Mr. Atherton was the real goods—a fine type of athletic Australian manhood. Jerry went back to St. Frank's, however, with an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong somewhere.

#### England v. Australia!

**N**IPPER, with a coin poised on his thumb-nail, smiled. "At just about this minute, Baines, the England skipper and the Australian skipper are tossing at Manchester," he said cheerfully. "What is it, old man—heads or tails?"

"Heads!" said Curly Baines.

## THE BIGGEST SENSATION IN THE HISTORY OF GREYFRIARS!

BILLY BUNTER, the most amusing and amazing schoolboy character on record, has been unjustly expelled from the Remove Form at Greyfriars, and his schoolfellows, HARRY WHARTON & CO., are—

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Nipper tossed, and they both gazed down at the coin on the turf.

"Tails," said Nipper, as he retrieved the coin. "We'll bat first."

The Australians, when they came out, looked very fit and businesslike in their spotless flannels. There was a record crowd to see this game. Practically the entire Junior School had turned out, for the occasion was an exceptional one. Even some of the seniors had condescended to stroll over from Big Side to watch the beginning. It was a glorious afternoon, hot, sunny, with a tempering breeze.

Jerry Dodd, amongst the spectators for once, watched eagerly as the Australian boys came out. He was keeping an eye open for Jim Sayers. But Jerry frowned. The whole team had come out, but he had not spotted his one-time "cobber."

"I thought Jim Sayers, of Bathurst, was in your team?" he asked, addressing one of the Australian spectators.

The boy, very bronzed and fit, snorted:

"Don't talk to me about Sayers!" he said contemptuously. "What's the matter with him?" asked Jerry.

"He's one of our men, but I don't mind telling you that Sayers is no good," said the other. "My name's Morley, and I come from Brisbane. Anybody will tell you that Queensland is the finest state in the Australian Commonwealth—"

"We won't go into that," said Jerry hastily. "I want to know what Sayers has done."

"Let the team down—that's what he's done," said the Brisbane boy. "He's a great bowler, I'll admit—and that's why Baines put him in the eleven. Yet he went off somewhere this morning, and then, ten minutes before the team started out, he calmly rang Baines up and said he wouldn't be playing. Said he was going bathing at Caistowe, instead. He'll never get another chance in the team."

Jerry Dodd was bewildered. This behaviour on the part of Jim Sayers was inexplicable, for Jerry knew well enough that Jim was mad on cricket. For him to deliberately give up his place in the eleven was unthinkable. And merely for the sake of going bathing!

Once again Jerry Dodd was obliged to wait. Ever since early morning he had been trying to find Jim Sayers. He might have got hold of him in the forenoon, but he had been at lessons, and could not get out. He had been certain that Jim would come over with the team.

"Something jolly queer about this," Jerry told himself. "It's not like Jim. Oh, well, I shall have to wait until I see him!"

At first he was not wholeheartedly interested in the game, for his thoughts were elsewhere. But soon the cricket possessed him to the exclusion of all else, for Jerry was a cricketer first and last. To-day his sympathies were torn—as a St. Frank's fellow he would be proud if the Junior Eleven won this match; but, as an Australian, he wanted the Australian boys to win. He tried hard to remain strictly neutral, and he found it difficult.

Nipper and Reggie Pitt were the opening batsmen, and they soon found that the Australian bowling was indeed "mustard." There was a tall, thin youth named Jelks at one end who was extraordinarily fast. He was getting a spin on the ball, too, which gave the batsmen many an uneasy moment.

Nipper opened confidently, but Reggie Pitt, for the first over or two, seemed decidedly shaky. After that he settled down, and the pair, despite the good bowling, proceeded to score freely.

They were still together when the 50 went up on the board, and there had been more than one change in the bowling.

"If these Aussies want to know how to play cricket—we can show 'em!" said Handforth genially.

A large number of the boys in the pavilion, within hearing, were from the Australian school, and they looked at Handforth somewhat wolfishly.

"Dry up, Handy," murmured Church. "It's early yet to start crowing. Anything might happen."

"No need to go to Manchester when you can see a match like this here," continued Handforth, without moderating his voice. "These Australian chaps come to England, and they think they can show us a thing or two! Some hopes!"

"Well, there's something, chum, anyway," grinned one of the Australians.

Handforth started. Nipper's wicket was spreadeagled. A beautifully delivered ball had beaten him completely.

"That's funny!" said Handforth, frowning. "I thought he was set."

Harry Gresham was the next man in, and as he walked out to the wicket, there was a good deal of applause. For great things were expected of Harry—the brilliant son of the famous "Hat Trick" Gresham, who, in his day, had been one of the finest England batsmen in many a tussle against Australia.

"Now we'll see something," said Handforth comfortably.



Mr. E. S. Brooks welcomes letters from readers. Write to him c/o The Editor, The GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**Y**OURS is a bit of a tall order, Ronald Kelman, Glasgow. Can I furnish you with the "names of the boys of St. Frank's and of their Forms, and Houses, as you make a hobby of collecting the names of boys who board at St. Frank's, St. Jim's, and Greyfriars." Phew! If I gave you the St. Frank's list, there would be no room for anything else in this chat—or in next week's, either. But it occurs to me that other readers might also be making lists of names. So I propose to start off with giving the names of the occupants of four studies every week. This won't take much room, and before long you'll have the whole list.

Ancient House, Remove. Study A: Bernard Forrest, Albert Gulliver, George Bell. Study B: Claude Gore-Pearce, Arthur Hubbard, Edward Long. Study C: Dick Hamilton (Nipper), Sir Lancelot Montgomery Tregellis-West, Tommy Watson. Study D: Edward Oswald Handforth, Walter Church, Arnold McClure.

Congratulations, William C. Leitch, Aberdeen, on your beautifully written and cleverly ornamented letter. When I first opened it, I thought somebody was presenting me with an illuminated address. O.K., Bill! I'll remember to let you hear something of William Napoleon Browne and Willy Handforth in the stories. I might even find a way to introduce

"Wait until Gresham gets that fast bowler away! He'll give the Aussies some leather-hunting!"

"Why can't you dry up, you idiot?" asked McClure, annoyed. "You can't help looking silly, I know, but there's no need to make yourself sound silly!"

"Look here, Arnold McClure—"

"Look! Gresham's taking his first ball," interrupted Church.

"I bet it'll be a boundary," said Handforth. "Gresham always starts off—"

Crash!

A yell of dismay went up. Harry Gresham's wicket was sagging! He had been beaten utterly, and Jelks, the fast bowler, had claimed another victim.

"Crumbs!" muttered Handforth, aghast.

After that he was quiet—for he had learned his lesson. Gresham out for a duck! Things were not looking so rosy now.

"What happened?" demanded Handforth, grabbing Gresham as he came in.

Gresham made a grimace.

"Didn't you see?" he asked ruefully. "Be careful of that fast man when you go out, Handy. He's a terror. I thought that ball was off the wicket, but it spun in like lightning."

"You had no chance of getting your eye in, old man," said Handforth. "Just one of those lucky balls, I suppose."

He still persisted in taking it for granted that his own team was supreme, and that the Australian boys were more or less third-rate. This characteristic over-confidence of Handforth's generally got him into trouble.

Vivian Travers went out next, and for several overs he and Reggie Pitt made a good partnership, putting on the runs rapidly.

Then came tragedy. Travers attempted a daring run for a single, but one of the Australian fieldsmen, near in, performed a magnificent feat by flinging himself headlong, grasping the leather, and throwing it in. It was done like a flash, and Travers made the fatal mistake of hesitating.

"No, no!" he yelled. "Go back!"

But Reggie Pitt was already half-way down the pitch. He whipped back, his bat reaching out for the crease. But he was a clear yard away when the keeper snapped the ball and whipped the balls off. Pitt was run out easily.

"Travers thought that was an easy run, but he was wrong," said Nipper. "I'm telling you, go easy, Handy. These Aussies are as keen as the dickens. You mustn't take any liberties, and don't, for goodness' sake, think it's going to be easy!"

those other old characters, the Trotwood Twins and the Onions Brothers. They're still at St. Frank's, of course. I wonder if the majority of the other readers agree with you in preferring the dignified and austere Dr. Malcolm Stafford to the free-and-easy, friendly Fighting Jim Kingswood? Then what about that mysterious character, Dr. Karnak? You may want this sinister villain back, Bill, but do the other readers?

Sorry, Bert Lewis, Wednesfield, but I'm not now sending autographed photographs of myself to readers. I dare say you are thinking of that special period when I did do so, some years ago. At the same time, I hope you won't imagine that I really look exactly like the picture of me reproduced at the head of this chat! I always come out badly in printed photographs!

You must have had a disappointment, Raymond Beavis, Devizes, when you "watched" this page a few weeks ago confidently expecting to see a reply to your letter. I expect you were very cross with me, too, and I can just hear you saying: "Here's a fine thing! Mr. Brooks invites us to write to him, and he promises to reply to our questions in his chat, and he leaves us out in the cold!" But there is one point which you've got to realise, Raymond—and all you other readers, too, who have already written to me, or who are thinking of writing. You cannot possibly expect to see a reply in "next week's issue." Three or four weeks must elapse, at the least; so please be patient. In answer to your question, Raymond, the wicket-keeper of the St. Frank's Junior Eleven is Jack Grey—although, occasionally, others have filled this position.

Here are the answers to your questions, F. Bailey, Nordelph. The Captain of St. Frank's is Edgar Fenton. The oldest boy in the Remove is George Bell, of Study A—one of the rascally chums of Bernard Forrest. Bell is a prize slacker, and he is easily five or six months older than any other fellow in the Remove. Nipper's real name is Dick Hamilton, as you probably know. But it is quite true that when he and Nelson Lee first came to St. Frank's, they used different names, as they were engaged upon a dangerous case, and concealed their own identities. Nipper was then known as "Dick Bennett."

EDWY SEARLES BROOKS.

"Remember the side, Handy!" said Church, with a solemn shake of his head. "If you come out for a duck, St. Frank's—and that means England—is licked! We're relying upon you for a century. You said you'd get a century, didn't you?"

"I've got to now!" retorted Handforth tartly. "The game seems to be going to pieces—and it's up to me to pull it together again."

There were chuckles from the Australian boys as Handforth went stalking out to the wicket.

"All talk, that fellow," said one. "He'll do nothing!"

"Wait until you see him!" grinned Jerry Todd.

"England's last hope!" chuckled the Australian boy.

"You English chaps—"

"I'm Australian!" interrupted Jerry. "How many more times have I got to tell you? Must I wear a label? But I know what Handforth can do, and I'm warning you to look out for some fireworks. He'll either come out for a duck, or give you a surprise."

Handforth proceeded to give the Australians a surprise, and the Removites and Fourth Formers gathered round the boundaries roared with enthusiasm and laughter. Handforth's bat went right round to the first ball, and the swipe was so terrific that the leather soared completely out of the ground, and fell somewhere behind the pavilion.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Handy!"

"He starts off with a six!"

Handforth stood calmly at the wicket, leaning on his bat. There was nothing he loved better than the limelight—and applause. He could not quite understand, however, why everybody was laughing.

He sent the next ball to the boundary for a four, and then the field changed over. As it happened, Travers knocked a single, and Handforth had the bowling again—and from this end the bowling was slow.

Handforth revelled in it. He proceeded to slog with all his strength, and gave a display of "fireworks" which sent the crowd into raptures, and which made the Australian boys sit up straight and stare. The celebrated Edward Oswald was certainly a bit of a "gas-bag," but he could hit that ball like nobody's business!

Of science he knew practically nothing; he just went all out to score, and he was the most spectacular batsman in the St. Frank's side.

As usual, his "life" was short and merry. He had a glorious twenty minutes, during which he added forty-seven to the score. Then, in attempting to send another ball over the pavilion, he mistimed his shot by a fraction of a second,

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and the leather shot straight skywards. When it came down, two steady Australian hands were ready to hold it. "Well, I'm jiggered!" gasped Handforth. "I thought that was somewhere over on Big Side!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

He was cheered lustily as he came in, and the Australian boys were just as generous in their applause. Handforth was worth seeing any day.

Unfortunately, after that the innings more or less petered out. The St. Frank's "tail" proved a failure. Man after man went in, and did not stay long. When the last wicket fell the St. Frank's total was no more than 210.

"Not so good," said Jerry Dodd. "If my coppers can bat as well as they can bowl—"

"Don't say it," interrupted Nipper. "But we've got some good bowlers, too, Jerry. We're missing you," he added, with a shake of his head. "There's no denying it, you Australian chaps know how to play cricket!"

"Anybody seen Jim Sayers?" asked Jerry. "I thought he might have turned up by now."

But nobody was interested in Jim Sayers. The Australian boys frowned at the very mention of his name. He had led them down, and they had not forgiven him.

When the Australian innings started, Baines and Richards went out to open the batting. Curly Baines was the best batsman his school had ever produced, and he was a picture of ease and confidence as he took guard.

Harry Gresham was opening the bowling, and, to the delight of the St. Frank's spectators, the redoubtable Harry had his revenge for that "duck" of his.

He took his run; over went his arm, and down came the ball. It looked easy. Baine's bat came round, he hit hard, and the leather hissed away. Straight down the wicket it went; Gresham leapt skywards, and the ball was in his hand. Caught and bowled!

"Hurrah!"

"Oh, well caught, Gresham!"

A big round "duck" to start with! Curly Baines, looking very rueful, walked back to the pavilion. The next man walked out, took guard, and Gresham delivered the second ball of the over.

Crash!

It came down, straight and true, and the leg-stump went hurtling out of the ground.

"Out!"

"Oh, well bowled!"

There was a perfect frenzy of shouting; and this shouting was doubled and trebled when the third Australian batsman walked out.

"Again, Gresham—again!"

"Remember your pater!"

"Hat-trick Gresham! Hat-trick Gresham!"

There was a tense, almost painful silence as Gresham delivered the ball. He, too, perhaps, was thinking of his famous father—famous because he had brought off the "hat-trick" so many times. Like father, like son.

Whiz! It was a good ball, the batsman got hold of it, and it went soaring out to the boundary. But Handforth

was fielding in the deep, and Handforth was running—Many hearts nearly stopped beating. Handforth leapt, his fingers got hold of the leather, and they clung to it like glue.

"Caught, Handy—caught!" shrieked the Removites. "He's out!"

"The hat-trick—the hat-trick!"

Pandemonium reigned. Three Australian wickets down—and not a run on the board! It began to look like an absolute debacle. The Australian boys were on their feet in the pavilion, startled, dismayed. In that minute they had gained a very wholesome respect for English cricket!

But, of course, such a thing could not go on. The next batsman, although nervous, was dogged. He kept his wicket up until the end of the over; then the Australians started scoring. Soon, they settled down, and later there was a tenacious stand. Slowly, and then with increasing rapidity, the runs mounted up.

At a hundred-and-forty the partnership was broken, and then, by steady batting, the Australians took their score up to 109—eleven runs below the St. Frank's total. By this time the ninth wicket had fallen. The last man was in. Only 12 runs needed for victory.

It was a new over, and Nipper was bowling. Round swept the batsman's willow, and the ball was away. The Australians were cheering, and then they suddenly stopped.

It was Gresham again—that young demon, Harry Gresham! He dived low, slithering over the turf; his fingers got to the leather just before it touched ground. He rolled over and over—but firmly in his palm, gripped by strong fingers, was the ball.

And the game was won—by eleven runs!

There was nothing in it, really. The result proved, if anything, that the teams were of equal strength.

"Well done, coppers!" said Jerry Dodd heartily. "Well done, the Old Country—and well done, Australia!"

While everybody was talking and laughing, Jerry noticed that a group of Australian boys were looking very angry; he saw that they were glaring at a handsome boy who was in the company of Bernard Forrest and Gulliver and Bell—the precious cads of Study A. At the first glance, Jerry knew that the boy was an Australian. There was something in the sneer on his face, and in his shifty eyes, which turned Jerry against him on the spot.

"Who is the fellow?" Jerry asked an Aussie.

"Why, Sayers, of course—Jim Sayers," said the other. "He's the fellow who let us down—"

But Jerry Dodd was not listening. His brain was whirling. He was startled so much that he stood rooted to the ground like a statue.

For that boy with the handsome face and the shifty eyes was not Jim Sayers at all!

(Who is Jim Sayers? Is he an impostor? Don't miss the second great instalment of this wonderful new serial. Order your GEM curly.)

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