

"THE MYSTERY OF MOSSOO!" THIS WEEK'S BEST SCHOOL STORY INSIDE.

The GEM



JUMPING CRACKERS!



THE STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF MONSIEUR MORMY, THE FRENCH MASTER, CAUSES A SENSATION AT ST. JIM'S!



"Very well, Leslion, you say no sentence to me," said Morry. "Je suis un Monsieur-Frère!" exclaimed Leslion. Monsieur Morry jumped. The class stared at Leslion in astonishment. "I go to the parvotrobber's," was the translation of Leslion's sentence—a plain enough hint to the French master that his visit to Mr. Morry was known.

CHAPTER I.

Plenty of French!

"**M**ON DIEU! Mon Dieu!" Tom Morry jumped. Tom had just arrived at the door of the French master's study, in the School House at St. Jim's, with a newly written imposition in his hand. He was about to tap at the door to present the lines to Monsieur Morry, when he heard that exclamation from within the study.

And he passed. "Mon Dieu!" went on the French master's voice, in the same dismal tone. "Que faire? Que faire?" "My hat!" murmured Tom Morry. "Something's up with Morry."

Evidently something was "up" with the French master. Tom could hear him muttering to and fro in his study with hurried footsteps. It was clear that Morry was in a state of great agitation.

Tom Morry wondered whether he had better take in his lines. Monsieur Morry did not seem in quite the mood at that moment to receive impositions. He was hesitating when an elegant Tex Gen. Linnest—No. 1,551.

junior came along the passage, also with an imposition in his hand.

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arrey of the Fourth Form. D'Arrey looked at the Shell fellow inquiringly.

"Done your impost, deak boy?"

"Yes," replied Tom.

"Name here," said D'Arrey. "Why don't you go in? Morry's ordered us to bring in the lines by tea-time."

"I think Morry's busy," said Tom, with a faint grin.

"Mon Dieu! Que faire? Helas!" ejaculated the voice of the French master from within the study.

"Great Scott!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "What's the matter with

When Ernest Leslion tries to get his own back on Monsieur Morry by making capital out of the financial troubles of the little French master, his scheme of revenge unexpectedly results on his own head!

Morry? He is making use of wretched slang expressions. Of course, they're not so strong in French as in English, but really—Hallo, here's Talbot!"

Talbot of the Shell joined them outside the study. He also had a hundred lines from the Henriade, neatly written out. Talbot looked surprised as he found the two juniors waiting outside the study.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Something's up with Morry, deak boy. Fewwags we had better not disturb him just now, a'fraid all," said Arthur Augustus considerably.

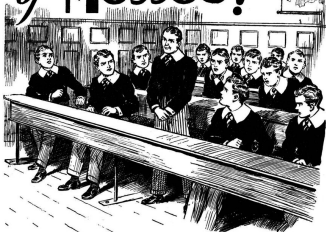
"Just what I thought," said Tom. "But he told us to bring the lines in by tea-time and he's been so ratty to-day."

"I thought something was wrong with him in class," remarked Talbot. "It's unusual for Morry to be so snappy. We got enough of it from Herr Schneider, but Morry is generally quite a little lamb."

"Yess, wathah! I was surprised that he turned out so very watty," remarked D'Arrey. "We were simply talkin' football in class, and we've done that before, and no longer before. And he came down like a ton of

HOUSE RIVALRY AND RAGGING AND A CURIOUS MYSTERY WILL COMPEL YOUR INTEREST THROUGHOUT THIS GREAT YARN OF TOM MERRY & CO.

of Mossoo!



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

bricks, and whacked out lines like anything."

"Hallo!" Mastie Lovether came along the passage with lines in his hand. "What's the game? Is this a western meeting?"

"Woolly, Lovethak—"

"Why don't you take your lines in?" demanded Lovether.

"There seems to be something wrong with Mossoo."

"I should jolly well think there was, from the way he dropped on us this morning!" growled Lovether. "Let's go in. My hat—"

He broke off, as there came another distressed exclamation from the study.

"Hélas! Les pauvres vieux! Mien Dieu!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Lovether. "Who are the poor old people he's referring to?"

"He can't be alluding to us," smiled Tom.

"What's wrong?" asked Lovether, as he came along the passage with Mellish, both carrying freshly written papers.

"Mossoo's in a temper about something," explained Lovether. "Listen to him!"

"Les pauvres vieux! Hélas! Que faire!" went on the wailing voice in the study; and there was the sound of a lamp as the agitated French master biffed into the furniture in his heated walk.

Lovether of the Fourth whistled softly.

"Off his blessed rocker!" he remarked.

"Sounds like it," grinned Mellish. "Let's go in."

"Hold on!" said Tom Merry. "We

were just thinking we'd better not go in now."

"Not?" said Lovether. "Didn't he order us to bring in the lines by train?"

"Yes; but—"

"I'm not going to dislodge my kind master," said Lovether slyly. "I'm a good boy—so are you, aren't you, Perry?"

"I am—I is," grinned Mellish.

"And we're jolly well going in!" said Lovether. "I want to see Mossoo now. He will be either amusing."

"You wretch Lovether!"

"Bee-own!" said Lovether. And he banged loudly on the door of the French master's study.

There was a startled exclamation in the study. The thump on the door had interrupted the restless pacing and muttering of the worried Mossoo.

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THE SPECIAL STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT!

TURN TO PAGE 21 FOR FULL DETAILS.

The Gun Letter—No. 1531.

"Enter! Come in vite you!"

Levina threw the door open, and marched in with Mellish.

Tom Merry & Co. followed. As Levina had decided the question, they thought they had better deliver their respects, too.

All the juniors looked very curiously at Monsieur Mowse, and they started a little.

The French master was quite pale, and there were beads of perspiration on his brow. His little pointed black beard was quite untidy, as if he had been shaving at it in agitation. Probably he had. His little pointed moustache was far from being as orderly as usual. One corner was still sticking up, but the other was drooping down, and the effect was decidedly odd.

Mowse looked at the juniors solemnly and invariably.

"Yat is it, sen? Why you come here vite you?"

"My lines, sir!" said Levina.
"Lines! Mon Dieu! Out, out, out vite! Put 'em on a table."

Levina and Mellish put their lines on the table, and Mowse pointed to the door. The rest of the party proceeded to lay down their lines.

Tom Merry & Co. would have retired at once, but Levina was not inclined to go in a hurry. He liked the idea of worrying the little gentleman, as he was in such a state of agitation.

"I've done them all, sir," he said.
"Out, out; allus done."

"But I'd like to ask you about this, sir," said Levina, pointing to his report. "You remember, sir, you told me I ought to be more careful with my French—"

"Zut is no matter now."

"Come away, Levina!" whispered Tom Merry.

Levina did not heed.

"But I always take notice what my kind teachers tell me," said Levina; "and if you would tell me about this—"

"Answer time, Levina!"

"Yes, but—look here. It begins, 'Je chante des heros qui regne sur la France—'"

"Zut you go, Levina."

"Et par droit de conquete et par droit de manance," went on Levina calmly. "About the first 'et,' sir!"

"Now it is not I cannot talk to you, Levina. I am agitate. You will go."

"You see, sir— Let go my sees, Tom Merry; I'm talking to Mowse! Let go, you see!"

Tom Merry did not let go. He saw that the French master was almost beside himself with worry, for some unknown reason, and he did not intend to let the cad of the Fourth have the pleasure of agging him just then. His grasp closed on Levina's arm.

"I'll explain that to you, Levina," he said. "Come on!"

"Look here—"

And before Levina could get any further he was whipped out of the study.

Monsieur Mowse did not speak. The rest of the juniors followed Tom Merry, and Taltot closed the door. In the passage Levina glared angrily at the captain of the Shell.

"You silly ass!" he growled.

"Couldn't you see that the old boaster was simply cracked, and I could have pulled his leg a treat?"

"Just so," agreed Tom; "but this isn't a time for pulling Mowse's leg. He may have had bad news or something."

Tom Merry looked at the French master with a keen interest.

"I've told you where your mother has hidden the jam. What time do you want for your money?"

"Mellish-crown has been awarded to H. Brown, 17, Gander Street, Leigh, Lancs."

"I don't care if he has."

"But we do, my intent, and you're not going to be a beastly cad. You're too funny, Levina. A sense of humour is a dangerous thing. Nothing like banging for an over-developed sense of humour. Collar him!"

"Look here— Oh, my hat!"

"Bump!"

"Mellish, oo—"



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"Bump!"

"Mellish, oo—"

But Percy Mellish fled. Levina jumped up from the floor in a rage.

"You rotters! Now I'll go in again, and—"

"Give him another!"

"Juss, walsh! Bump the wotiah hard!"

Levina scolded off just in time. The ragging of poor Mowse was "all."

And Tom Merry & Co. went their way, somewhat concerned in their minds about Monsieur Mowse, whom they liked very much, in spite of his unkind liberality with lines that day. It was evident that the French master was in some trouble, and the chums of the School House wondered what it was.

CHAPTER 2.

A Capture From the Enemy!

"WE shall lick them this time!"

The Terrible Three were at tea in their study when Tom Merry made that casual remark.

He made it in tones of satisfaction. And Marston and Lovther chimed in "Hear, hear!" and Taltot, who had come in to tea with the Terrible Three, nodded his head.

"These New House wasters have been coming along," went on Tom Merry. "I suppose it's no good saying that we've got a goalkeeper on this side as good as Fudge Wynn. We haven't. And Kerr and Piggy are good forwards. And Redfern is a topping half. But, excepting good, we can beat them all along the line."

"Hear, hear!"

"All the same, we've got to mind our p's and q's," said Tom Merry. "We've simply got to pull off the match, or we shall have those New House chaps making out that their cowardly old hero is Cook House of St. Jim's."

"They make that out, anyway," said Lovther.

"Of course, that's all out! Hello! What's that thumping now?"

Tom Merry stepped to the window as a roar of voices came from the quadrangle below. Indignation came into his face immediately.

"The cheeky rotters!" he exclaimed.

"What's the row?" asked Taltot.

"Look at them—New House said 'On our side!'"

The Shell fellows gathered at the window. There it was a sight to make any School House scholar indignant. Across from the New House came the long-legged Figgins, backed up by Kerr and Wynn and Redfern and half a dozen other New House juniors, and with uncomprehending speed they were putting their feet about under the very windows of the School House.

Blake, Herrin, and Digby of the Fourth had promptly rushed upon them, with the noble intention of bugging the footer as a punishment for the cheek of the New House. But Blake, Herrin, and Digby had been sent sprawling, and were left sorting themselves out in a rather messy state, while Figgins & Co. continued their little game, actually banging the footer on the very wall of the School House.

"My hat! The nerve! Come on, you fellows!" shouted Tom Merry.

And leaving their tea unfinished, the four Shell fellows rushed out to take instant vengeance upon the invaders. They yelled to other fellows as they rushed along the passage.

"Back up! New House said!"

Kargaroo of the Shell, and Glyn and Baily, and Hammond and Lumbly-Lumbly, and half a dozen others were soon spreading after them.

They came downstairs with a rush and dashed out into the quad.

"Back up, School House!"

"On the ball!"

And the indignant School House juniors charged at Figgins & Co.

There was a wild and whirling "strap" at once, and the footer lay forlorn in the mud. Arthur Augustus Barry gathered himself up out of a puddle, and, heedless of the mud clogging to his beautiful legs, he hurried himself into the fray.

"Wash the brackish, deah boys! Back up!"

"Harrah! Give 'em socks!"

"Back up!" yelled Figgins.

But more and more School House fellows were pouring out, and the odds were against Figgins & Co.

Back they went across the quadrangle, driven by numbers—eight back to their own House, where they were driven into the porch.

"Viewity!" howled Arthur Augustus.

"And we've got the football, deah boys!"

The School House band gave their defeated foe a final yelp, and rushed back to their own side and captured the neglected footer.

"We'll punt it under their windows, and see if they come out!" shouted Blake.

"Harrah!"

Figgins & Co., breathless and infuriated, looked out of their porch and saw too many putting their ball about within a dozen yards of them. It was a New House ball, and the School House were punting it about under these very noses. It was not to be borne.

"Go for 'em!" shouted Figgins.

"We've got to get that ball!"

The New House rushed to the attack.

A Sixth Form prefect looked out of the door after them and shouted:

"Stop that rowing, you lags!"

But Figgins & Co. did not heed Saffron

of the Sixth. They turned a judiciously deaf ear to the New House protest. Their eyes were on the captured football. If the School House succeeded in carrying off that ball it was an indelible disgrace for the New House.

Tom Merry kicked the ball away towards his own House, and the whole crowd raked after it.

Figgins & Co. panted in pursuit.
 "Yah! Give us our ball, you cads!"
 "Yah! Come and take it!"

Jack Blake seized the ball as Figgins & Co. made a desperate charge, and whipped up the steps of the School House and into the building. A minute later he appeared at the window of Study No. 6, dangling the ball triumphantly over the heads of the juniors in the quad.

Tom Merry & Co. packed the steps of the School House, and invited Figgins & Co. to charge.

Figgins gaped with rage. Even the daring Figgins could not think of invading the rival House, and penetrating its force as far as the Fourth Form studies. The number of his enemies did not matter to Figgins; only in case of such an invasion march and retreat would have something to say.

"Who wants a footer?" roared Blake from the study window.

"Yah! School House cads!"
 "Downers!"
 "Give us our ball!"

"Come and fetch it!"
 Figgins was meditating a desperate charge right into the House when Mr. Hailton looked out of his window. At the sight of the Housemaster, Figgins & Co. melted away across the dusky quad.

There was no arguing with a Housemaster.

Tom Merry & Co., in great spirits, crowded up to Study No. 6. Blake bounceth the captured footer.

"We'll stick that up in our study as a trophy," said Tom Merry.

"In our study, you mean," said Blake warily.

"What rot! We captured it," said the captain of the Shell.

"But! Did I bring it in?"

"Yes; but if we hadn't come to the rescue, they'd have walked all over you. In fact, I should say they did walk over you, by the state of your clothes!"

"Wabbiish! That's our ball!"

"Look here, you cheeky Fourth Form lags!"

"Look here, you silly Shell snake—" It looked as if the House row would be followed by a Form row. It never had been settled whether the Terrible Three or Study No. 6 were the bushest of the School House juniors. It never was likely to be settled. But Talbot at the Shell clipped in and poured oil on the troubled waters.

"Gentlemen, we have kicked the New

House, and scored a famous victory. Let not your angry passions rise. I suggest that whichever study keeps the ball stands a feed all round to celebrate the victory."

"Bravo!" shouted all the fellows who did not belong to either rival study.

"Bunk, it's a topping idea!" said Roddy of the Fourth. "Passed unanimously."

"Also run out!" said Kernish.

"Hear, hear!"

"That's all very well," said Tom Merry, "but our study is out of funds. We've only got three shillings!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But Jerry! Three shillings wouldn't go very far among fifteen fellows. Goodness. I had a frink from my governess this mornin'—"

"Bravo, Gassy's governess!"

"And I am ready to stand a toppin' feed in honor of the victory."

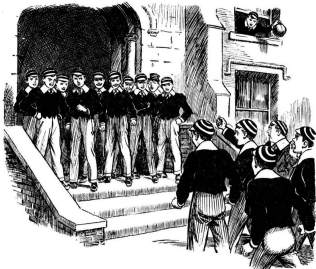
"Done!"

"Hear, hear!" said Blake. "The footer stays here. I'll hang it up over the mantelpiece, and you Shell fellows can come and look at it whenever you like. Volunteers to fetch the task! Go with Gassy and help him carry it here, sons of you."

"Well, it isn't a bad idea," said Tom Merry. "But it's got to be a frackless feed."

"Wely on me, deah boy."

It was a frackless feed, and Study



Tom Merry & Co. packed the steps of the School House and invited Figgins & Co. to charge. But even the daring Figgins could not think of raising the rival House. "Who wants a footer?" roared Blake from the study window. "Yah! School House cads!" yelled the New House juniors. "Give us our ball!"

No. 8 was examined for the occasion. There was an overflow meeting in the passage. The captured football was held up over the looking-glass, with a card stuck over it bearing an inscription in large letters:

"CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY!
SCHOOL HOUSE IS DOCK HOUSE!
MURRAY!"

CHAPTER 3.

Sefton Chips in!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY was doing the thing in style.

Arthur Augustus could always be relied upon to do that. The feed was topped, and the fellows came from all sides to join in it. The overflow meeting in the passage threatened to overflow further up the stairs. But that joyous celebration was not destined to pass off with the harmony that might have been desired.

The feast was in full swing when voices sounded in excited tones from the passage.

"No room!"

"You can't come by!"

"What does a New House boaster want here, anyway!"

Tom Merry looked out of the study doorway. He guessed that Figgins had come for his ball. But it was not Figgins. A big black woman had come up the stairs and Tom Merry recognized Sefton of the New House.

The New House prefect was a bully, and unpopular even in his own House. So the juniors, strong in numbers, did not shift. They left Sefton to guess how he was to get by.

"Let me pass, you cheeky young cads!" rapped out Sefton.

"No room!"

"What do you want, anyway?"

"Hallo! What's the trouble?" called out Tom Merry. "Want anything, Sefton?"

"You young rascals have stolen a football belonging to the New House. I've come for it," snapped Sefton.

Tom Merry started. There was a buzz of indignation from the juniors. They had never dreamed that was Sefton's errand.

In all the little rage and oom between the rival juniors of St. Jim's it was an understood thing that they depended on their own resources, and never called in the aid of masters or prefects. To speak was unpardonable. The rules of the game were kept with strict honour on both sides. Tom Merry could scarcely believe his own ears now. It was surely impossible that Figgins & Co., had asked their prefect to get back the captured footer.

"Oh, shame!" howled Gore. "Has Figgins been sneaking!" Ratten?"

"Cuddish!" growled Lervon.

"Hold on!" said Tom Merry. "If Figgins wants his ball, why can't he come over for it himself, Sefton?"

"A pretty reception you'd give him, I suppose," said Sefton.

"Well, we should chuck him out, of course," admitted Tom.

"Exactly. That's why I've come. You've taken Figgins' ball, and if you had it now to me immediately—"

"Look here, Sefton—"

"Don't deny that you've got it," said Sefton. "If you deny Figgins' state-

ment—"

"Figgins' statement!" gasped Tom Merry. "But did Figgins tell you?"

"Of course he did! I've come for that ball. If you kids don't get out of the way I shall tread on you!" added Sefton.

"Well, my hat!" said Tom Merry. "I—I don't half believe it. Figgins wouldn't speak. It's jolly rotten if he has. Here, mind where you're going, Sefton!"

Sefton did not appear to mind where he was going. He shoved his way roughly through the fastness in the passage, with champagne corks in jantars and cups of coffee and baskets of cake, which were scattered on all sides as the juniors were trampled out of the prefect's way.

There was a buzz of indignation, and the juniors came near to laying hands on Sefton, prefect as he was. The

bullying notes reached the door-way of Study No. 8, and noticed the ball hanging over the looking-glass, with its transparent inscription, and roared.

"That's the ball, it suppose—Figgins' ball. Hared it over at once!"

The juniors in Study No. 8 looked at one another grimly. They were set in the least inclined to hand over the trophy. After their famous victory over their rivals in the New House that would be a little too much of a concession.

"Do you hear me?" rapped out Sefton, in his most bullying tones. He had a prefect's sashband under his arm, and he let it slide into his hand, as if ready for use.

The juniors glared at the sashband, and glared at Sefton.

"But, Jove!" exclaimed D'Arcy, indignantly. "You won't use that stick here, Sefton."

"He'll go out on his neck if he does!" said Tom Merry.

"Yes, rather!"

"Are you going to give me that ball?" shouted Sefton.

"No!"

"Wait!"

"I'll take it, then!" said Sefton.

He made a movement to push his way towards the sashband. It was not easy, for the guests of Study No. 8 were wedged in. And they wedged themselves closer between Sefton and the sashband.

The prefect had to stop.

"Will you let me take that ball?"

"No," said Tom Merry determinedly.

"You know I'm a prefect—"

"Not on this side."

"Get on for all—"

"Rats!"

Sefton was red with rage. He took a tighter grip on the sashband.

"Hand me that ball at once, Merry, or I shall thrash you!"

"Better not! You'll go out on your neck," said Tom.

"Yess, waihak!"

Sefton made a jump at the captain of the Sixth, and seized him by the collar. Then the sashband sang through the air.

"File in!" said Blake.

The next moment there would have been an unexampled scene in Study No. 8. But just at that moment, a trim figure in a frock-coat appeared in the doorway, and the voice of Monsieur Mearns exclaimed:

"Stop! Stop in front of mine! Sefton, if you will strike me here, you find yourself in as trouble, isn't it?"

CHAPTER 4.

Ordered Out!

SEFTON stopped.

He lowered the sashband, and glared round at Monsieur Merry.

And the juniors, who had been about to close in on him like a sitting duck, held off. It was just as well for them that Monsieur Merry had chirped in at that critical moment. For though undoubtedly Sefton of the Sixth was exceeding his authority in interfering in the School House, it was no light matter for junior boys to "handle" a prefect.

"Aches, ails is very wrong! You will not do that."

Sefton almost choked with rage. To be called to account like this before the legs was too humiliating. And Mearns wasn't even a Form-master.

Tom Merry & Co. stood very quiet, trying to look as if better wouldn't suit in their mouths. Rather a startling change after their late warlike attitude.

"Go," admonished Sefton.

"I hear a great noise here," said

Packed with Good Things!



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Monsieur Merry. "I came via myself along to say that it befall to make less of an noise via you. And I And you, Sefton, set you badly. Kat is wrong."

"You're on right to interfere here, Monsieur Merry."

"Yat me!"
"You're not a Farm-master! You can leave me to deal with these juniors!" exclaimed Sefton defiantly.

Monsieur Merry turned quite pink.
"Sefton, set is not respectful," he said.

"You shouldn't interfere," said Sefton. "I've come over here to take away a football which these young rascals have collared from a junior in my House."

The juniors looked on eagerly. They wondered how Monsieur would "play up."

They were not long left in doubt.
"Yat you all say is true, Sefton," said Monsieur mildly. "I interfere not via no prefects. Hee in an House you are not prefect. You are prefect in an over House. If you will have complaint to make, you shall to the Housemaster go, and one take not to law in your own hands, isn't it? You have no right here."

"But I tell you—" began Sefton, who knew very well that Monsieur's statement was quite correct. He had an right there.

Monsieur made a commanding gesture.
"You tell me nothing, Sefton. It is I not tell you. See are prefect in an House to deal via no prefects here. You have no right I subject to you set you receive yourself from his study."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Blake.
"I'm going to take that football," said Sefton.

"You're jolly well not!" said Tom Merry.
"Get!"

"Get out!"
"Kat is a question set I Arville not, as I am not an Farm-master," said Monsieur Merry dryly. "If you require something, Sefton, you speak via an Housemaster, or via an head prefect, set is Kildare. But you yourself, you take nothing, and you goes out."
"I won't go without it," said Sefton.

"Then you won't go at all," said Louthers.

"You will go, Sefton," said Monsieur Merry. "I take you by an arm and I leads you out of an study."

Sefton ground his teeth as the French master took his arm. His grasp closed almost convulsively on the subprefect.

For a moment the juniors thought he would lay it about the French master. If he did, they were prepared to go to Monsieur's rescue—rather! They would have wiped up the floor with Sefton in the most thoroughgoing manner.

Fortunately for Sefton, he restrained himself. He could easily have disposed of Monsieur. The big Sixth Formers were, as a matter of fact, considerably more than a match physically for the little gentleman. But he knew that it would not do. He did not want to be sacked from the school, which would have been the undoubted result of an assault upon Monsieur Merry.

But the humiliation of being marched out of the study, which he had endured in so threatening a manner, was almost too much for his temper.

He was pale with rage as Monsieur drew him gently towards the door.

The juniors were grinning now. To see the president huffy of the Sixth led away like a lamb by the little Frenchman was too funny.

A chuckle ran through the crowd as

ST. JIM'S JINGLES. No. 4.



BERNARD GLYNN.

WHAT (in the famous Glynnes case).
The leader of innovators,
When planning void and voidness
To crush his chief tormentors!
The products of his busy brain
Have often cured a pain,
And fearful threats profusely rain
Upon the great mechanic.

So cast in Glynn's inventive power,
That all his friends and neighbours
Must be prepared for any hour
To cease their daily labours.
A dose of deadly deposits,
Without a word of warning,
May send them swiftly out of sight,
And plunge the world in mourning.

When making plans within his fair,
Our hero bears intrusion,
And harrasses the door with care,
Creating great confusion.
Then comes the tramp of many feet,
And notes come admission!
But Bernard from his safe retreat,
Explains the whole position.

The clever youth contrived to form
A new device for heading,
And plays with caution warm,
Agreed 'twas most cunning.
But soon the wretched thing went wrong,
And half his hair halter-shifter,
Compelling all the terrified throng
Swiftly to flee for shelter!

The crowd declined to stay in his hand,
And Glynn was treated with bumping,
But soon he set the traitor band
With jubilation jumping.
He formed the front of designs,
Mid universal pleasure,
For getting all the fellows lines,
What time they camped at leisure!

The impositions set in Greek,
Which, as a rule, are reduced
To occupy about a week,
Were written in a second!
But soon the "books" unrolled the
where

(Which never was repeated),
And certain boys were ill at ease
When in the class-room seated!
What voidness was for every lad
Who, doomed to dull detention,
Decears, with copy eyes and glad,
The humours of invention!
Then came in triumphant night,
Each powerful Tom and Timp,
And praise with unreserved delight,
This juvenile Maxwell!

Next Week: GEORGE HERR.

Sefton was drawn out of the doorway, with Monsieur Merry's hand on his arm. The juniors in the passage cheerfully made room, and the huffy of the New House walked away, with Monsieur leading his arm.

Local shuffles followed them, and Sefton was furious. Monsieur was very quiet and very calm, but very determined. He led the huffy down the passage to the landing, and then down the staircase.

Voices in the passage behind began to chant "Mary had a little lamb," and Sefton almost gashed his teeth. He halted, gripping the subprefect.

"You're down," said Monsieur calmly. "I see you down as stairs, non garrot. Zero is Kildare, to whom you shall speak if you shall complain of anything."

And down the stairs they went, leaving the juniors handling with merriment. Kildare was standing in the lower hall, talking to Darrell and Baskin.

The voices ceased at the sight of Sefton being led along like a pet lamb—a pet dog would be a better description.

"Zero," said Monsieur Merry, as they reached the lower hall. "I wish at you speak me when set you will be more calm, my dear Sefton."

And Monsieur Merry walked away, leaving Sefton panting with fury.

"What on earth's the row?" asked Kildare.

"I—I came over here— I—I—" Sefton stammered with rage. "That old fool clapped in—I mean—"

"What old fool?" asked Kildare quietly.

"That French idiot!"

"On that one!" said Kildare. "You can't talk of Monsieur like that, Sefton." Sefton ground his teeth.

"I suppose you've been wedging in an arm," said Baskin. "What did you want up there with the juniors, anyway?"

"Your young cobs have stolen a football belonging to our side!" hissed Sefton. "I came to take it back."

"And they wouldn't give it to you!" chuckled Baskin. "You ought to know better than to tackle a gang of juniors on their native heath. Why couldn't you ask Kildare?"

"Well, I ask him now!" snarled Sefton. "Tom Merry and his friends have stolen Figgins' football!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Kildare unconcernedly. "I suppose they've bagged it for a lark. Still, it shall certainly be returned. I'll get it."

Kildare ascended the stairs. He arrived at Study No. 6 just as the School House juniors were celebrating their victory and eating Monsieur's real brick. They spotted down a little as Kildare looked in.

"Make room for Kildare," said Blake hospitably. "Come in, Kildare, old chap. You'll like this cake. Give Kildare your sharp, Dig."

"Here you are," said Dig. Kildare laughed.

"I've come for a football belonging to the New House," he said. "I see it there. You can keep the victorious inscription, but hand over the football."

"Oh, hai Jove!"

"That's our footer now," explained Tom Merry. "It was a New House footer once, but it's ours now by—by right of conquest."
"I'm waiting," said Kildare.
"Well, Kildare, I present against a product chipped in in this manner! Oo! If you don't leave off dawdling at my table, Blake—"
Tom Merry took down the football. Tom Cox Lament.—No. 1581.

Amid a general gloom it was handed over to Killdare, who departed with it. Sefton left the School House with a fester under his arm, satisfied that he had "done" the juniors to that extent, at least.

In Study No. 5 there was gloom and indignation.

"Our own familiar captain backing up against us," said Blake bitterly. "I wonder what St. Jim's would come to if the seniors were left to look after the honor of the House?"

"Perhaps Sefton asked him for the ball," suggested Talbot. "Killdare couldn't do anything else in that case."

"How, how?" said Manners. "That's so. But Sefton's a cad! And what do you think of Figgins, dragging a disgusting prefect into a House meeting?"

"Shove!"

The juniors gave a deep groan for the inequity of Figgins. And as they proceeded—much as they—with the food, it was agreed on all hands that on the morrow they should shove Figgins & Co. precisely what they thought of them—which opened up a glorious prospect of rage and even ad lib.

CHAPTER 5.

Under a Cloud!

THIR next day Figgins & Co. of the New House were treated to a series of surprises which puzzled them very much at first.

The changes of the New House came out before breakfast for their usual run in the quad, and found a good many School House fellows already out.

In spite of the perpetual state of warfare reigning between the two Houses, Figgins & Co. were generally on pretty friendly terms with their rivals—accepting what they happened to be on the wrong side.

So their surprise was great when they said "Good-morning!" to Manners of the Shell, and received a blank stare in reply. Their surprise increased when Henry Manners turned on his heel and walked away without a word.

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn looked at one another. They did not understand. Rags and raves they could understand, but a coldly contemptuous demeanor was something new, and they did not "fathom" it.

"What does the silly ass mean by that?" said Figgins, at last. "Has he got a bee in his bonnet, or is it a rag?"

"Here's Casey. Let's ask him," said Kerr.

Arthur Augustus was serving himself in the early morning washbasin. Figgins & Co. were down on him.

"Top of the morning, Casey?" said Figgins affably.

Then the conduct of Arthur Augustus D'Arny was as surprising as the conduct of Henry Manners had been. He looked at Figgins & Co. with a frigid eye. Then he jimmied his celebrated nose into his eye, and looked at them again. His gaze started at their heads and descended to their feet; then it started upward again, and finished at their faces.

Having taken that comprehensive survey of the New House juniors—during which the three drama stood dumb-founded—Arthur Augustus turned and walked thoughtfully away.

"Well, my word!" said Kerr.

Figgins rubbed his nose.

"Must be a rag," he suggested. "Might be," said Patsy Wynn. "I don't like that kind of a rag. I vote you ask Linnard."—No. 1,291.

that we collar the next idiot who tries that game on us, and bump him in a puddle!"

"Good!" said Figgins. "That'll make 'em explain, anyway."

The next "idiot" happened to be Blake of the Fourth. Figgins & Co. came upon him outside the tackshop, and made him "Good-morning!" in a decidedly ominous tone.

Blake stared at them and turned away. The next moment three pairs of hands grasped him, and he was backed up forcibly against the tackshop wall. He struggled.

"Hands off, you scab! Backer, School House!"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Figgins indignantly. "Why can't you speak?"

"I don't speak to scabs!" retorted Blake.

"What?" roared Blake. "Batten scabs, who get prefects to shove their footers for them when they can't get it themselves? Yah!"

"Why, we haven't—we didn't—we—"

"Kerr, School House?"

"Look out!" gasped Kerr.

The Terrible Three came up with a rush. Figgins & Co. went spinning. They turned furiously upon their assailants, but School House fellows came up

Arthur Augustus D'Arny made it a point to give them a glance of tremendous scorn. Blake, Herrick, and Digby ignored their existence. Reilly and Lamley-Lamley put on airs that almost disgusted their contemporaries.

Even Linnard, whom Figgins & Co. heartily despised, shrugged his shoulders at them and looked contemptuous. That was the combined cut of all. To be despised by a person they despised was a little too much.

If they had not been in the Form-rooms there would have been assault and battery immediately; but in the presence of Mr. Linnard, Figgins & Co. had to restrain their feelings.

They turned inwardly during morning lessons. When the Fourth were dismissed, Figgins & Co. meant to have an explanation. But the School House Fourth Formers cleared off at once, and left them in the passage. Figgins & Co. walked back to the New House in a state of suppressed fury.

Just before dinner Redfern conceived them, with a glare of indignation in his face. Redfern was in the Fourth in the New House, and his back was evidently up.

"What have you fellows been doing?" he demanded.

"Fined out!" asserted Figgins. Furry's temper was softening, and he was not in a mood to be criticised, especially by the fellow who was his rival in the New House.

"That's what I'm trying to do!" said Redfern hotly. "Digby said you've been sneaking to a prefect about them getting our footer last evening."

"It's a lie!" roared Figgins. "You know they don't tell lies in Study No. 5! If it isn't true, it's a mistake. But they say that Sefton went over there and collared the footer, and made out that you had asked him to—"

"The rotter! We didn't!" bawled Figgins.

But Sefton brought the ball back," said Redfern. "I saw him, and I wondered—"

"He checked it into our study last night," said Kerr. "He simply said that it had been given back to him by the fellows who took it. We supposed they had lost their nerve, and were afraid to keep it."

"And you didn't ask him to chip in?" demanded Redfern.

"I'll teach you to ask me whether I've sneaked, you pig-nosed boarder!" yelled Figgins, looking very warlike.

But Kerr quickly interposed.

"Well, I like that," said Redfern. "What price that thing you call a nose? Do you call it a nose, though? It doesn't look like one."

"Order—Order!" said Kerr. "Shut up, Reddy! Figgie, old man, keep your temper. No good ragging with Reddy. That cad Sefton has been making trouble on purpose. We've got to set ourselves right with the School House chaps."

"We've got to lick 'em!" followed Figgins.

"We'll lick 'em afterwards," said Kerr soothingly. "But we've got to set ourselves right first. They can't help thinking as sneaks if Sefton came in for the ball, and told them you had asked him to come for it. It's just like that and to make trouble. Just come up to the study—"

"I'm going to—"

"You're going to take my advice, Figgie, come on!"

And Figgins, giving way to his

(Continued on next page.)



from all directions. The New House iron were lentiled and batted off towards their own House.

"Clear off, sneaks!"

"Go and sneak to Sefton!"

"Go and lick your blasted prefect!"

"Fanks!"

"I tell you—" roared Figgins.

"I—we—gragh—leggo—I didn't—we wasn't—I mean we hadn't—yarnoo!"

Figgins & Co. were checked into the porch of their House in a breathless condition, and the School House crowd marched off, with a yell of contempt.

Figgins staggered to his feet, panting for breath.

"They—they're all gone doity!" he gurgled. "Calling us sneaks! Why, we—we'll slaughter 'em! We'll—"

But the juniors had to go in to breakfast before any slaughtering could be done.

Later, in the Fourth Form Room, Figgins & Co. found the School House portion of the Form in the same mood.

The ROMANCE of RARE STAMPS

THE TINY SCRAP OF PAPER
THAT BECAME WORTH OVER
SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS!

OVER \$7,000 for a single stamp! That's a mighty big sum to spend on a tiny scrap of paper measuring little more than an inch by an inch and an eighth. But this scrap of paper is the world's rarest stamp, so we can



When it is being
traded, it is the most
valuable stamp in the
world.

also pay. In the end the postmaster did the only thing possible in the circumstances—he authorized a local firm of printers to provide a provisional supply.

For their design the printers borrowed the picture of a sailing ship which usually headed the shipping columns of their newspaper, "The Official Gazette." Two values of the provisionals stamps were provided—the one cent and the four cents, and because the final products looked suspiciously like the work of a forger—they were in evidence, the postmaster personally initiated each stamp issued.

Eventually, the official supply of stamps arrived at Georgetown, and the provisionals were quickly and thankfully forgotten.

Indeed, it was not until the one cent issued six sixteen years later in a succeeding stamp collection that anyone recalled the provisionals. A few specimens of the four cents were then brought to light, but the one cent remained, and has remained, alone in its glory.

The collector, Vernon Vaughan by name, quite understandably hadn't much interest in the one cent, for it's one of the ugliest and crudest stamps known, and he gladly parted with it to another collector for a shilling or two.

No more appreciative was this man, for he sold it soon afterwards. Eventually it was bought by that prince of stamp collectors, the late Baron Philippe La Bonetiere van Foreest, to

remain the gem of the world's greatest stamp collection for forty years.

When the War came, the baron was an ally, and on his death the French Government requisitioned his collection and disposed of it by auction sale. At this sale an American multi-millionaire, Arthur Hind, made stamp history by out-bidding everyone else for the one cent by paying \$1,343 for it. When Hind himself died a short while back, he willed his "ugly duckling" to his wife.

The Rarest War Stamp.

Another equally famous stamp, and quite possibly an even more valuable one (it has never been placed in the open market) is the one mark provisionals of Topogland. Until the World War Topogland was a German protectorate, land won by our own Gold Coast on the one side and the French colony of Dahomey on the other.

Immediately war was declared the British and French governments got together and agreed on a plan of campaign to capture Topogland.

On August 7th a British cruiser appeared before Lome, the capital, and demanded its surrender. The Germans refused to give up the harbor. In the night, the French and British forces entered the colony. By August 17th the South of Topogland was in Allied hands, and within sixteen days we had fought up with the Germans. They surrendered, and Topogland was entirely in Allied hands—just as it still remains.

Such, in short, is the setting for the most valuable war stamp. In their hot-tempered rush from Lome the Germans hid the stocks of their stamps down dried-up wells. When things got a bit settled after the occupation it looked as though we'd have to import stamps, until some of the natives, who intensely hated their one-time masters, divulged the secret of the hiding-places of the stamps.

These stamps were overprinted "Togo, Anglo-French Occupation," in either English or French, according to



This one stamp, the rarest in the world, has fetched over seven thousand pounds!

surprise. Footballs are much alike, but they thought they recognized the ball which had been the cause of so much dispute.

Jameson handed the ball and the note to Tom Merry, and departed without a word. The chains of the School House looked on in astonishment.

"It's the ball!" said Blake.

"What's in the note? Open it, Harry!"

Tom Merry opened the note and unfolded it. The School House fellows crowded together to read it. It was written in Figg's spouting hand:

"Here's the footer. Keep it as long as you can, you cotton! I promise you

the spheres in which they were used. For some reason or other, only one specimen of the one-time mark was overprinted for the French spheres—to provide us with the rarest war stamp.

A Corner in Air Stamps.

Probably the rarest air stamp in the first one, face value 24 cents, issued by the U.S.A. Through an oversight, one sheet of these stamps was printed with their centers inverted, so that the aeroplanes on them looked as though they were doing some stunt, upside-down flying. A whole sheet of these inverted shouldn't make them scarce, you may say. It wouldn't have done but for an accident. When a wealthy American collector heard about them, he quickly bought up most of the sheet, hoping to corner the market. Shortly afterwards his yacht sank, with most of his sheet of inverted!

One interesting rarity is the 12th of Canada, issued in 1857. Besides the 12th, nearly another year or so, there's the reason. In the 1850's the shifting varied in value according to the part of Canada you happened to be in (at that time the new-fangled cents and dollar currency of the States had not been introduced). To have no doubt as to exactly how much to pay for this stamp, it was marked in pence. Shortly after issue this value was found an little is deemed that it was withdrawn, and all existing stocks would were destroyed.

\$2,000 For a Stamp!

Just about the beginning of the decade when our Canadian stamp was issued, missionaries were busy in the Pacific trying to convert the Hawaiian Islands to Christianity. A number of rather crudely printed stamps were created for the missionaries' benefit, and doubly

valuable they have proved. So rare have they become—\$2,000 is quite an ordinary price for an unused copy of the lowest denomination, the two cents—that it is almost that the proceeds of the sale of them have paid for building the church in Hilo, on the island of Hawaii.



Used in the days when the shipping world in this stamp is now one of Canada's greatest rarities.

every chain, as he generally did in the long run, went up to the study, and immediately after dinner a messenger was dispatched to the School House.

CHAPTER 9.

Righting a Wrong!

"**B**Al Jan, there's the football!" Tom Merry & Co. were admiring the scraps of the School House with their parents after dinner, when Jameson of the Third, a New House lad, was spotted coming across the quad.

Jameson had a football in one hand, and a note in the other. The School House juniors watched him in some

surprise. Footballs are much alike, but they thought they recognized the ball which had been the cause of so much dispute.

Jameson handed the ball and the note to Tom Merry, and departed without a word. The chains of the School House looked on in astonishment.

"It's the ball!" said Blake.

"What's in the note? Open it, Harry!"

Tom Merry opened the note and unfolded it. The School House fellows crowded together to read it. It was written in Figg's spouting hand:

"Here's the footer. Keep it as long as you can, you cotton! I promise you

it won't be for very long. If Blom said we asked him to fetch it, Blom is a beauty! We never said a word about it to Blom. He just checked it into our study, and said you'd given it to him. I thought you were afraid to keep it, and very likely you were, and you won't own up, like School House ratters, which you are, and you know it. And if you say we are sneaks, you are as big a liar as Blom. So we need back the ball back with, as it was given back under a misapprehension. You just see how long you can keep that ball, you School House ratters. And we, the over-privileged, are ready to kick any School House rat who has enough pluck to

THE GAZETTE—No. 1,234.

Some roared behind the gate after known.

"(Signed) GEORGE FERRIS,
"ALBERT HARRIS,
"DAVID WYMAN."

"P.S.—Bats!"

The School House janitors read through that touching notice which, to judge by the number of bats and screws on it, had been a task of some difficulty to Figgins of the Fourth. The severe indignation of George Figgins seemed to loom like through the second, the bats and the screws.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another rather sheepishly when they had finished. They realized that they had done Figgins a wrong.
"We were awed," said Tom Merry. "It's plain enough that Seltzer only pretended they had swaked, to have an excuse for stopping it."

"Yess, walfah! You fellows usually ought to have realized that at once," said D'Arcy.
"You didn't?" snapped Blake.

"Alone! Brevary! Not last—"
"Seltzer didn't exactly say they'd asked him, that I remember," said Mattewy; "but he meant us to think so."

"He implied it, anyway," said Dig. "Sure, that's as good as said so!" exclaimed Bolly indignantly. "But we ought to have known old Figgins better. We all know Seltzer is a ruffian."

"That's only one thing to be done now, dear boy,"
"And what's that?" demanded Tom Merry, a little gruffly.

"Apologise!" said Arthur Augustus firmly. "An apology from any gentleman to another is anything's right."

"They've challenged us to come round behind the gate," growled Berrins. "If we don't go and lick them they'll think we're feaks."

"Whatever they think, Berrins, it's up to us to do the right thing. We owe them an apology, and it's due to ourselves."

"Oh, get off the high horse, for good-ness sake!" said Blake peevishly.

"Gently, Blake—"
"Gently, right, though," remarked Talbot. "Ferry's got his back up, and it's no wonder. What price letting them have their fuster back as a peace-offering?"

Tom Merry nodded assent.

"It's up to us," he said. "Let's do the decent thing. If they cross over us, we'll lick them afterwards. Come on, and let's strike the iron while it's hot. We'll say we're sorry. After all, we are sorry, I suppose."

"I—I suppose so," assented Blake, after some thought.

"Well, let's say so, and give 'em back their fuster as makegood."

So the whole party trooped over to the New House, and, not seeing any sign of Figgins & Co. downstairs, they ascended to Ferry's study, and tapped very politely at the door before they opened it.

Ferry's voice could be heard.
"Look here, Kerry, I know I can lick any man the School House ends being round behind the gate."

"Alone!"

"Talk of one, and you hear 'em sneezing," said Figgins, removing an odd remark to suit the occasion as he glared at his visitors.

"What do you screws want crawling over here?" demanded Fatty Wynn.

"Which of you has pluck enough to come behind the gate?"

THE GEM LIBRARY—No. 1,522.

"Woolly, Wynn—"

"Oh, don't jaw!" said the fat Fourth Fomoso. "If old Batty wasn't as sharp as a rat, I'd lick you now, you tailor's drudge!"

"You snick wotah!"
"Get back to your own side!" roared Figgins. "What do you screws by sneezing into a dozen House, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I like that," said Blake. "If you call this sneezing old barn door, then—"

"Quiet ideas of decency seem cheap here," said Digby. "Why, I wouldn't be found dead in this wretched old school yard!"

"You'll be found damaged in it, say-hey!" howled Figgins, doubling his fists.

"Paw," said Talbot.
"Bats! Bats! Test! Balfish!" said Figgins hysterically.

"We've come over to apologise," Talbot hastened to add, for the moment of apology seemed likely to end in a free fight.

"Oh, bad attack of funk—what?" snarled Figgins.

"Why, you are—"

"Pway leave it to me, dear boys!" said Arthur Augustus with lofty dignity. "We can lick three persons alike-sounds!"

"Lick your great-grandmother!" snarled Figgins. "You couldn't lick one unless for, you glass-eyed sneaking!"

"Oh, hat here!"

"Order!" said Talbot, trying to keep the peace. "Do listen and be reasonable, Figgins. Seltzer told us or made us believe, anyway—that you fellows had asked him about the fuster, and asked him to get it back. We know now you didn't, and we apologise."

"Yess, walfah! I apologise most sincerely," but Figgins shakes—

"I say I'm sorry," said Blake. "But I could talk any—"

"I'm sorry," said Tom Merry. "But, with or without glasses, I'd—"

"And we've brought the fuster back as a peace offering," said Talbot.

"Now, don't be a beast, Figgins. We're sorry for the mistake, but you must admit that it was your own pretzel that caused the trouble. And instead of going for one another, suppose we put our heads together and make Seltzer sit up!"

Matters were looking very threatening; but there was a general rolling-up of the clouds at that suggestion. All the faces cleared. Talbot had succeeded in pouring oil on troubled waters. He placed the fuster on the study table.

"Well, that's reasonable," said Blake. "It was all Seltzer's fault."

"Well, I'm willing to admit that," said Figgins.

"And we're willing to admit that we ought to have known you cheap boyer," said Tom Merry, making a concession in his turn.

Figgins relented still more.

"Well, if you put it like that, I'm sorry I didn't speak a bit more civilly," he said. "But no chap likes to be called a snook."

"Yess, that is very natural. I

FUN AT HOME.

Entertaining at home with a Bitty without Table is very popular. The Bitty—Bitty—Bitty Tables are made in a variety of sizes suitable for any size of room. Every model, right down to the smallest, is a perfect specimen in construction of a well-known material. But details will be supplied on application to the manufacturers—K. S. Bitty Ltd., Exhibition Road, Westminster, or 1424, W. 147, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

wally think we can excuse Figgins's indignation, in the eyes, dear boys. We ought to have known better."

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, it's jolly decent," Figgins corrected. "I—I take about the things I said to you chaps. I was rather sorry."

"Hear, hear!" said Arthur Augustus. "That's the right spirit, Figgins."

"Now, that's settled," said Tom Merry. "We'll have a council of war, and decide how to deal with that sad Seltzer. And I propose that all House-ends are barred until the end tomorrow to make it feel properly sorry for himself."

"Hear, hear!"

And the rivals of St. Jim's, all anxiously consulted now, put their heads together to concert plans for the discomfiture of the body of the Sixth; and they were still laying plans when the bell rang for afternoon school. And as lessons could not be postponed, even for the most important enterprise, Seltzer of the Sixth had to be granted a respite.

CHAPTER 7.

Messou's Trouble!

"R" "I tell you I saw him!" chuckled Lovison.

"I don't believe a word of it, for one," said Kangaroo of the Sixth; "and you're a rotten end to go spying on poor old Messou, anyway!"

The Terrible Three heard these remarks as they came into the Common-room a day or two later. The chance of the Sixth were discussing the promised vengeance upon Seltzer of the Sixth—who had not "come off" yet. But the janitors were very determined, and the end of the Sixth was, in Blake's opinion, dramatically doomed. Meanwhile, the rivals of St. Jim's were loyally keeping the truce, and for the present House ends were things of the past. But the Terrible Three forgot all about Seltzer as they heard Nodd's remark.

Lovison was in the midst of a crowd of janitors in the Common-room, in whom he was apparently relating some item of news. Lovison was grinning, and some of the fellows were grinning, too, but some looked incredulous, and some contemptuous.

Benny Lovison's statements were not always reliable.

"I wasn't spying!" said Lovison angrily, in reply to the Australian janitor's remark. "I happened to see him. How could I help seeing him, when I was outside Bolly's place when he came sneaking out?"

"He's a regular Kangaroo," I don't believe a word of it!"

"What should Messou be going into a parading for?" said Goss. "He gets a jolly good salary here. The Head would be waxy if he knew."

"Spies right, too!" said Lovison. "I call it disgraced!" I never did think much of old Merry!"

"You wouldn't!" broke in Tom Merry angrily. "What's the latest lie?"

"It isn't a lie!" shouted Lovison.

"Oh, stuff!" said Leather. "If it isn't a lie, how did you come to tell it? Now, answer that, Lovison!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you can believe me or not," said Lovison; "but I saw Messou sneaking into old Messou's parading in Weyland—"

"You said you saw him coming out!" said Leather-Louise.



In a moment Blake was grasped by Figures & Co. and hoisted up against the teaching wall. "What's the matter with you?" demanded Figure indignantly. "Why can't you speak?" "I don't speak, to speak!" retorted Blake. "Hush, speak who get permits to recover their booter for them!"

"He came out afterwards, instead?"

"And did he stay long?"

"About a quarter of an hour."

"And after that you say you were not spring on him?" questioned Lemley Lovelley.

"You must have waited a quarter of an hour for him, on your own springing."

Lovison had given himself away.

"Well, anyway, I don't see why I shouldn't see what he was up to," he growled. "I call it disgraceful—see St. Jim's master going into a pawnbroker's shop. And I know the Head would be ratty if he were told."

"He wouldn't be likely to believe you," said Tom Merry contemptuously.

"It's true!" yelled Lovison.

"Rats!"

"But, even if it were true, you wouldn't repeat such a thing, if you had any decency. If poor old Mousso is heard up, it's no business of ours."

"Hush, hear!" said Kangaroo.

"Either Lovison is telling lies about Mousso, who is really a good sort—"

"That is so."

"Or else he is telling tales, which is just as bad, and has been springing. I vote that we give Lovison the tongue for springing, lying, or tale-telling, whichever it is."

"Carried unanimously!" said Tom Merry.

Kangaroo promptly picked the tongue out of the gate, and Lovison simultaneously made a strategic movement towards the door. But the Terrible Three ordered him promptly, and two or three others lent a hand, and Lovison

was dragged, sprawling, across the table, face downwards.

There he was held, struggling and squirming, while the Australian applied the tongue, using them by way of a birch. The dust rose from Lovison's trousers, but, in compensation, the trousers received a good deal of soot from the tongue. And the voice of Lovison was raised on its very top note.

"Lopgol Yaroooh! Help!"

"Whack, whack, whack!"

"See garrons!" said a gentle voice as Monsieur Merry looked into the Communion-room. "Wait for you call whack Lovison!"

"Ahem!"

The agitation ceased, and Lovison appeared off the table, his face red with fury.

Monsieur Merry shook his head sadly at the junction.

"It's all right, sir," said Tom Merry awkwardly. "Lovison asked for it."

"Man Dear!" said Mousso in astonished reverence. "Zat is verry strange, zat Lovison he ask you to smack him like sat via a tongue!"

"Ahem! I mean, he deserved it, sir. We—we were really doing it for his own good, Mousso."

Monsieur Merry shook his head again and walked away. Lovison promptly sprang out of the Communion-room. He had had enough of the tongue.

"Now, if that end has any decency at all, he'll hold his tongue about Mousso. I should think," said Lovison.

But, apparently, Lovison had no decency at all—at all events, he did not hold his tongue about Mousso.

That evening all the School House

know from Lovison that Monsieur Merry had been "smacking" in and out of a pawnshop in Wayland.

And Mousso found himself the centre of a good many curious glances after that, though he did not suspect the reason.

Tom Merry & Co., though they would willingly have disbelieved Lovison's statement, felt, on reflection, that it was probably correct. Ill-natured as he was, Lovison was not likely to have wholly invented it.

And it was in accordance with the facts that Mousso had some trouble on his mind. They had not forgotten that peculiar scene in his study. And ever since then Mousso had been going about looking gloomy and preoccupied. The junction had known that trouble of some sort had come to the French master, and now, by means of Lovison, they could guess its nature—poor old Mousso was hard up.

They did not see very well why he should be hard up, as they knew he had a handsome salary, and he had never seemed hard up before. But if Mousso had been sneaking into pawnbroker's shops, it was evident that his troubles were of a financial nature.

Tom Merry & Co. felt quite concerned about the little Frenchman. But as Arthur Augustus remarked, it was impossible to back him up if he was story.

Blake, indeed, haughtily said that he had sympathy, which was quite as Mousso's disposal—but he did not say it to Mousso.

"The poor old chap's fairly up against it," said Tom Merry as they

came out of the French class one afternoon. "That old Levison was pulling his leg like anything, and he never noticed it. I wish we could help him somehow."

"Perhaps Levison was lying, after all," suggested Masson.

"But there's something wrong with Masson. He's not like his old self at all."

"Yes, that's so."

That Levison had not, for once, been lying, the claims of the Shell case had proved. For after lessons that day they cycled over to Wayland to do some shopping, and Tom Merry looked after the cycle while Masson and Leather were in Masson's shop. And as Tom Merry stood there, holding the three bikes and whistling while he waited for his change, a striking figure came out of the side doorway of Mr. Moss's establishment, two doors further on.

Tom Merry started as he caught sight of it, and instinctively looked in another direction. And Monsieur Morry, mistfully believing that the janitor had not seen him, hurried away down the street. Masson and Leather joined these claims, and found him fleeing.

"What's the trouble?" asked Levison, noticing Tom's look at once.

"Tom finished a message."

"Keep it dark," he said. "What Levison said is true, but we don't want to back up that old yarn."

Masson and Leather had caught sight of the Frenchman disappearing down the street, and they understood.

"Not a word, of course!" said Masson.

The janitor rode home to St. Elm's in a thoughtful frame of mind. Even in the forthcoming House match, and the campaign against Bolton of the Sixth did not banish from Tom Merry's mind the remembrance of that drinking, shame-stricken figure sliding out of the parakeeter's shop, and his kind heart was full of concern for poor Masson.

CHAPTER 8.

Levison is Too Funny!

"LEVISON, you disgusting wretch, you—"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy whispered fiercely to the end of the Fourth.

Monsieur Morry was taking the Fourth in the French class, and Levison was amusing himself, in his usual way, by baiting poor old Masson.

The French class had matters all their own way, if they chose. Monsieur Morry was more absent-minded than ever. He came into the room looking like a man in a dream.

The heroes of the Fourth Ferns, Blake, and Figgins & Co., and the rest, were not shirking examples, by any means. They had their books, and plenty of these. It was far from unknown among them to break rules and pull a master's leg when occasion offered.

But now that Monsieur Morry was almost ill with worry, no could plainly be seen, the claims of the Fourth felt that it was not the game to worry him any further.

But Levison and Mellish could not see that.

They saw a chance for slacking and for making themselves unpleasant, and that was all they cared about. Blake's Masson, only a week ago, dropped on them with insults, when they had hardly deserved it! So he had on Blake and the rest, but the decent fellows had grown that quality of temper, which **THE GEM LIBRARY**—No. 1251.

was the outcome of worry. Masson had made it quite plain since that he was sorry that he had broken out like that.

But Levison wasn't of a forgiving nature. He had a long memory for injuries, however slight, and a short memory for benefits.

So he took full advantage of poor Masson's distracted state to worry him as much as he could in the French class, and he succeeded remarkably well.

Levison was very deep. He was taken with a thirst for knowledge, and he made Masson explain things, and tried to catch him out, as it were; and in the present confused state of Masson's mind, it was not difficult.

His thoughts were continually wandering from the French lesson, and several times he contradicted himself, and Levison never lost an opportunity.

Levison's French fellows glared at him, and made signs to him, and whispered to him. Levison turned a blind eye and a deaf ear.

He was gradually reducing Masson to a distracted state of nerves, in which the poor little gentleman hardly knew what he was saying, and that was what the cheerful end of the Fourth wanted.



"O.K., boss, I'll lend you to see who gets Saturday morning off!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to L. Whitson, Station House, Smooth Road, near Wisbech, Cambs.

"You call?" Blake whispered to him.

"If you don't leave off ragging Masson, I'll look you after class!"

Levison was deaf.

"Yan, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus in a sulphurous whisper. "You wotter cad, Levison! Haeon't you any decent feeling?"

"You talk via you in class," said Masson, waking up to the fact that talk was going on. "Levison, is it you not talk?"

"No, sir," said Levison calmly. "Blake and D'Arcy spoke to me, sir, but I assure you I did not answer."

D'Arcy and Blake looked daggers at him. Monsieur Morry gave them a stern look.

"D'Arcy and Blake, you will take forty lines of no Hesitate set you have talked in as class!"

It was too bad, considering that Blake and Guss had been talking for Masson's special benefit. But they took it sulkily.

"Yes, sir," said Blake.

"Yan, Masson Morry."

"I wish you keep an order in as class," said Monsieur Morry, glancing at his hand. "I try to do as duty via you, my boys. Levison, what is it not you write on as paper?"

"Only a French sentence, sir," said Levison. "You told me to, sir."

"Is not so?" said Masson, who had forgotten. "Was not is it not I shall tell you, man garçon?"

"You told me to make up a sentence with the verb 'chercher' in it, sir."

"I do not remember him," said Masson, who had, in fact, told Levison nothing of the kind. "However, you show him to us."

"Yes, sir! Shall I read him out?" asked Levison sulkily.

"Out, out!"

Levison read out his sentence:

"Je cherche as croqued your manger!"

Some of the Fourth Formers grinned. Monsieur Morry frowned. If he had told Levison to make a sentence with the verb "chercher"—to seek—there was no fault to be found with the janitor putting it in that form. "I seek a frog to eat."

But Masson knew very well that the impertinent junior was making a cheeky allusion to that peculiar form of diet so popular in France.

"Levison, I wish you intend to be impertinent."

"A, sir!" said Levison, in surprise. "Oh, no, sir! They do eat frogs in your country, don't they, sir?"

"But in France, Levison, and not animal he is very great to eat, but here to great ignorance of eat in your country. But if you do not mean to be impertinent, I say no more."

"Not at all, sir," said Levison. "In fact, sir, I was thinking of going out next half-holiday, sir, to catch some frogs for you."

"Levison!"

"There are lots of frogs about this part, sir," said Levison innocently, "and I always like to please my kind master, sir."

"You will be silent, Levison."

"Very well, sir. Don't you want the other sentence?"

"What sentence, Levison?"

"You told me to take up a sentence with the verb 'aller'—to go, sir," said Levison.

This was another invention; but Masson was in so absent a state of mind that he did not remember whether he had told Levison that or not.

Levison was evidently making up little sentences for his own amusement.

"Very well, Levison, you say him to go."

"Certainly, sir! Je vais—that's the first person of aller, isn't it, sir?"

"Je vais—I go! But is right, Levison."

"Je vais on Mont-de-Picots" said Levison.

Monsieur Morry jumped. The class sat dumbly. They had never expected this half-witted crew of Levison. "I go to the parakeeter's," was the translation of Levison's little exercise in French.

For a moment or two Monsieur Morry seemed transfixed. His eyes almost started out of his head as he glared at Levison. It was the first time he had received that his visits to Mr. Moss at Wayland were known among the boys.

"Vat!" he gasped at last. "You call say vat Levison?"

"Isn't that a good sentence, sir?" asked Levison. "I'm not quite sure whether parakeeter is masculine or feminine in French, sir. Is it masculine or feminine, sir?"

Monsieur Morry did not impart any information as to the gender of parakeeter in French. Instead of that, he

suddenly grasped Levison by the collar and yanked him out from his form.

Levison roared as he was whisked out before his class.

"Ow! What's the matter? Leggo!" "You sneaky rascal!" gasped Monsieur Morrey. "Several times in my class I have caught you you sneaky Levison, but I not like to sink a boy call be sneaky via his master for teasing."

Monsieur Morrey took a card from his desk, and Levison eyed it with apprehension. It was almost unknown for Morrey to administer punishment with a card.

Mrs. Schneider was much addicted to a pointer, but Morrey had always been too tender-hearted.

"Hold outse hand, Levison, via you!" Levison set his teeth.

"What am I going to be cased for?" he demanded.

"Eet you are sneaky."

"You told me to make a sentence," said Levison sulkily. "What's the matter with the sentence? If you care me I shall appeal to the Housmaster."

"Will you hold out se hand, Levison?"

"No," said Levison, feeling that he was strong to the fact that he had committed no offence that could be explained to his Housmaster. "Take me to Mr. Railton, sir. I shall appeal to him."

But Monsieur Morrey was fed up. As Levison did not hold out his hand, he grasped the pointer by the collar again, and the card came down across Levison's shoulders. The junior roared and wriggled, but the tutor rose and fell half a dozen times.

The Fourth Form looked on and grinned. Levison was getting his deserts at last.

"Now go back to se place," said Morrey; "and if it is not you are sneaky vance more, I case you hander see out via you."

Levison crawled back to his place. He was not "happy" any more during that lesson. He set with a face like a clown. He had been severely flogged, and after that lesson he intended to be avenged.

An appeal to the Housmaster was always open to the pupils in case of injustice, and Levison intended to make that appeal. And when the matter was brought before Mr. Railton there was no doubt that Morrey would be sorry that he had used the cane. For, although he knew that Levison had intended to check him, he had not the slightest evidence that Levison's previous sentence was intended as an insult to his private affairs.

And Levison's appeal would be a means of acquitting the Housmaster with the fact that Morrey frequented pawnshops. Morrey would have to admit that to make out that Levison had committed a fault at all.

So Levison sat and nursed his injuries, and brooded revenge, and poor Morrey, who knew what was in the silky boy's mind, was more worried than ever, though he did not speak to Levison again. But the chance of the Fourth had their own ideas about it, too, and they intended to keep an eye on Levison.

CHAPTER 8.

The Right Thing!

THE Fourth were dimpled at last, and Levison started at once for the Housmaster's study.

Monsieur Morrey walked away to his own quarters, his brow gloomy and troubled.

Levison had taken about a dozen steps down the passage, when he was surrounded by a crowd of the Fourth.

Sturdy No. 6 and Figgins & Co. had

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

A reader asks if Guy Fawkes was really like the cranks they call. Can't say—he resembled himself from view.

Fireworks are very popular at this time of year, we read. Except with those unfortunate people behind whom they go off.

There was when every English village had its strike, under an authority. None, with efficiency, every village has his strike.

Story: "Why, after a voyage lasting seven hours, did John Green land on the coast of Kent?" demanded Mr. Selby, of Carly Gillson. Gillson thought for some moments. "I suppose, sir," he said at last, "he was losing weight!"

Fatty Wigan tells me that in medical firms they ate deeply erroneous meals. No such thing as height-alteration!

They say they have a new master at Rylance Grammar School who loses his voice every time he becomes angry. Gordon Gray & Co. do their best to steady him—it's so painful!

Of course, some men are no good unless they have a vice. Carpenters.

Hot from Australia: During an inter-State match, the first wicket fell at 126, but when a minor collapse, the scoreboard said 7 for 6. I imagine it was the scoreboard which collapsed!

Nothing is more infuriating than to find that your back collar-stud has become detached, observe Monsieur. For, it does resemble your "shades" vice.

Third Form fact: Mr. Selby leaped to his feet in amazement as a cricket pad crashed through his window.

"A'Any minor? What ever made you beat this cricket pad at my window?" he booted, through the aperture. "Sorry, sir," gasped Wally. "How was I to know the way was on the inside!"

Martin: Politeness is the art of making your private feel at home, instead of just making they were.

A fish hospital is a new idea on a Continental coast. That's nothing new, really—they've been curing fish for a long time at Grimsby.

Chin, chin, shape

exchanged a hurried whisper, and then they headed off Levison.

Levison glared at them ferociously.

"Let me pass, you cads!"

"Where's the hairy?" smiled Blake.

"You know where I'm going."

"Yes, we guessed," said Figgins;

"and that's what we're going to talk to you about, Levison, my boy."

"Yaaa, watah!"

"No need to talk," said Levison, between his teeth. "You can talk for a month, but I'm going to appeal to the Housmaster. I'll see whether that frog-sucker is going to case me for nothing."

"It wasn't for nothing, you cad!" broke out Hilly. "You checked him, and only a wicket wags like you would have done what you did."

"Only an wick cad!" said Arthur Augustus.

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Well the Housmaster can decide," he replied. "Morrey can explain what he cased me for. If he was in the right, he need not object to that."

"You know he can't explain without letting Railton know (that he goes to pawnshops, you wot?)"

"He shouldn't go to pawnshops if he doesn't want it known. It's disgraceful, and the wotter the Housmaster knows the better. Morrey will have to own up to it, or else admit that he cased me for nothing."

"Yes, we know the little game," said Blake. "But, you see, you're not going to Railton at all."

"Who's going to stop me?" said Levison fiercely.

"We are!"

"Lay a finger on me, and I'll roll to Railton now," said Levison. "He can hear me from here if I shout."

It was a rapping that Levison was expecting. But as it happened, it was a rapping that Blake & Co. intended.

"So you're determined to go?" said Blake smoothly.

"Yes, I am."

"Anything will stop you?"

"Nothing," said Levison.

"Right-o! Come on, you chaps! We'll all go together!"

"Yaaa, watah!"

Levison paused.

"What the dickens do you mean?" he asked. "You've got nothing to do with it."

Blake chuckled.

"We've got a lot to do with it, my pippin. You're going to make Railton believe that you wrote out that sentence without meaning to allude to Morrey, and you've got to make Morrey own up about the pawnshop. But, you see, if you talk to Railton, we're going to talk, too. It will be quite a conversation."

"Yaaa, watah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus.

"In the first place," resumed Blake, "we can mention that Morrey never told you to make that sentence at all. That was a lie of yours, Levison."

"Which will prove that you did it to check him," remarked Horrie.

"In the second place, we can explain that you did it because you know about poor old Morrey going to Mr. Moss, because you eved on him."

"Yaaa, watah!"

"And when Mr. Railton knows that you eved on Morrey, and found out something that you used for the purpose of checking him in class, I fancy there will be a dogging for somebody." Blake remarked, in a reflective sort of way.

"I'm jolly sure of it," said Figgins.

"Concess," said Kerr. "We're waiting for you, Levison."

But Levison did not come on the

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apud to the Housemaster, in these circumstances, was no longer attractive to him.

"You mean you're going to speak," he scolded.

"You can put it that way if you like," agreed Blake, answered. "We mean that if the Housemaster hears anything about the matter at all, he's going to hear the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, you meanly said!"

Levison gritted his teeth. He was in a devil's trick. He dared not go to the Housemaster if Blake & Co. carried out their threat. And they evidently meant to do that.

"Come on!" said Blake invitingly. "Railton will be quite interested to hear about you saying on Moscow, and laying plans to rag him in class."

"Changed your mind?" grinned Figgins.

"Yes, you safe?"

"Good!" said Blake. "I thought you would. But don't go yet, Levison; we're not finished. Lay hold of his ear, somebody!"

"Oh! Leggo!"

"Before you scold away," continued Blake, "you're going to apologise."

"Catch me?"

"We've caught you, my tallip! You're going to Moscow's study now, and you're going to tell him you're sorry, or you'll get such a ragging in the dorm to-night that you won't have a bone without an ache in it!"

"I'll speak to Killdare—" began Levison,avid with rage.

"Good! And we'll speak to him, too, and tell him what it's for, and you can have it from Killdare instead of from us."

"You—you rotters!" panted Levison. "What are you sticking up for that French rotter for? What does it matter to you?"

"We've taken Moscow under our wing," said Blake impetuously. "Haven't you ever heard of the *Entente Cordiale*? This is our little bit towards it."

"We're waiting for you, Levison, and we're not going to wait long!"

"—I—I—"

"Are you going to apologise to Moscow, or are you going to be bumped, kicked, and frogmarched?" asked Keen.

"Yess, wathah! That's the choice, dash boy!"

"I'll—I'll go to the beast!" muttered Levison.

"Right! We'll come with you!" And Levison was manœuvred off to the French master's study. He stood in fury while Blake tapped at the door.

Blake opened the door. Monsieur Morry was sitting at his table with a letter in his hand. He looked in surprise at the juniors.

"Excuse us, sir," said Blake. "Levison is sorry that he was a cheeky cad in class this afternoon, and he wants to apologise."

Monsieur Morry's face cleared. "Zat is every right of Levison," he said. "I did not expect zat."

"Pis in, Levison!"

Levison ground his teeth and piled in. There was to be help for it. He was in the hands of the Armisticians.

"If you please, Moscow, I—I—I—I'm sorry!" he jerked out.

"I thank you for zat, Levison. Zat does show a sorry mepper, Levison," said Monsieur Morry sympathetically.

Blake whispered to Levison, explaining his whisper by pinching his arm. **THE GRAY LAMBS—No. 1, 255.**

and the end of the Fourth went on, faltering with rage:

"And I won't ever be cheeky again, sir, if you will forgive me."

"Oly good boy," said Monsieur Morry, beaming. "zat is all right. I forgive you from my heart, and I hope zat all be forgotten."

"Thank you, sir!" stammered Levison.

And the juniors retired from the study.

In the passage Levison glared at his companions with an expression Blake likened to that of a dozen in a pantomime.

"Fool better for it!" asked Figgins.

"Surely you feel better for havin' done the right thing, Levison?"

"I'll make you sorry for this!" spat out Levison, between his teeth. "And I'll make that rotter sorry, too!"

"Go ahead," said Blake.

"But hear thy in mind—You cheek Moscow more than, or do anything at all to worry him, and I'll start on you without gloves."

"Yass, wathah, and you can reckon with me, too."

"Now you can go, you cad. Better kick him!"

Levison did not wait to be kicked. He scudded off at once, and the rival juniors, who had united for that worthy purpose, adjourned to the tackshop in the friendliest possible manner. They felt justly that they deserved well of their country. As for Levison, he was far from sharing their satisfaction. The end of the Fourth was feeling more revengeful than ever, and Moscow was the chief object of his bitterness.

But how to wreak revenge upon Moscow without drawing down upon himself the vengeance of Blake & Co. was a problem Levison, with all his cunning, found it very difficult to solve.

CHAPTER 10.

Levison's Prize!

A DOLPHE MORENY. Ten pounds!

Levison started.

It was the day following his apology to the French master, and Levison had not forgotten. The end of the Fourth, having seen Tom Morry and Blake and the rest safely on the football field for practice, had come quietly to the French master's study.

He listened cautiously outside to ascertain whether Monsieur Morry was in his quarters, and not hearing a sound within the study, he had opened the door stealthily. If Moscow wasn't there it was Levison's available intention to fill his sippers with ink and his inkpot with gum, as a kindly reminder that he was not forgotten.

But even as he opened the door Levison heard the rustling voice of the French master.

Levison stood with his hand on the door, staring at him.

Moscow was standing by the window, with his back to the door. He was reading something he held in his hand,



Belton, taken utterly by surprise, was bowled over in a twinkling. The House juniors were all piling on him, and a hand

and Levison could see that it was a little oblong ticket.

Levison's eyes glittered.

He knew what that ticket was. It was a patent ticket. Some article of Moscow's had gone "up the spout," and that ticket was all that remained to record the fact that he had been lost ten pounds on the article.

Poor Moscow was engrossed in his dolorous thoughts, and he did not notice the half-open door or the excited face looking in.

"Ten pounds!" he went on muttering miserably. "C'est in treizecents. En last, l'oursis cents quatre cents francs—mille quatre cents francs pour mes parents! C'est tres peu, mais d'est quelque chose. Les parents!"

Levison, though not particularly careful with his lessons, understood the French, that Monsieur Morry was murmuring. It was his third pennyworth, and altogether he had raised three thousand francs—over twenty pounds—for his poor relations. It was little, but it was something—that was what Moscow was saying. So it was for poor relations that monsieur was pawing his goods and chattels. A bitter sneer came over Levison's hard face.

Poor relations!

What was a master of St. Jim's doing with poor relations? If he'd had any sense he'd have given them a wide berth. That was Levison's charitable thought. Somebody else's heart might have been softened by the discovery that it was for unfortunate relatives that Moscow was making these sacrifices. But



Below the end of the Sixth could struggle, the School and over his mouth checked back his startled yell.

Levison's heart was quite louttery; it was not easy to enter it.

At that moment the door creaked. Monsieur Morry swung round and stood facing Levison, the telltale pawn-ticket still in his hand.

Levison was taken aback for a moment.

But Mousseau was still more taken aback. He hastily thrust the ticket into the drawer of his table, and hid the drawer shut.

"Levison, what you want? You are knock, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, I knocked," said Levison calmly, though his heart was beating faster. "I suppose you didn't hear me, sir."

"You hear and I say?"

"No, sir. Did you say anything?"

"Yes, in it and you want?" asked Mousseau, with a suspicious look. "I ask but you are convenient dy, Levison. Yes it is, isn't it?"

"Would you mind lending me your French dictionary, sir? One of the fellows has hidden mine," said Levison.

"Certaintment, French-ly."

Levison came in and picked up the French dictionary from the table.

Monsieur Morry was looking very confused and red. But Levison gave no sign of having seen the pawn-ticket, and he thanked the French master and left the study with the dictionary, and Mousseau was relieved in his mind.

Levison's eyes were gleaming as he went down the passage.

"If I could get hold of it!" so ran his thoughts. He was referring to the

pawn-ticket. "If I could have it! If the Head could see it, it might mean the sack for the writer. Dr. Holman would be awfully waddy, anyway, and Mousseau would simply squirm at having to own up! If I could get hold of that ticket, and—well get it somehow to the Head, without letting out that I'd done it—or those heavily cashed would take it out of me!"

Levison gritted his teeth at that thought.

Certainly such a scheme would be a very complete revenge upon poor Mousseau. The Head could hardly be pleased at the discovery that a St. Jim's master was a frequenter of pawnshops. The ticket, if it could somehow be conveyed to the Head, would be a proof that there was no dropping.

Mousseau would be called upon to explain, and even if the Head did not "drop" on him, it would be a most humiliating experience for the French master.

"Hallo!" said Goro of the Shell, meeting Levison in the passage. "What are you grinning at? What dirty trick is it this time?"

Levison stopped.

"I say, Goro, you don't like Mousseau any more than I do?"

"If it's up against Mousseau, I'm your man," said Goro at once. "He jumped on me this morning because I didn't know that girls was feminine in his intended language. How was I to know?"

"I've got an idea for making him sit up," said Levison. "Could you get him out of his study for a few minutes?"

"What's the scheme?"

"No time to jaw now," said Levison.

He did not care to explain his "scheme" to Goro. Goro was not very particular, but he would probably have knocked the end of the Fourth down if he had known the exceedingly dirty trick for which his assistance was required.

But Goro shook his head.

"I'm not going into it blind, Levison. I know you, you see. Some of your little games don't appeal to me at all."

"I've got some game to put in his slippers," whispered Levison, departing from the truth without scruple.

Goro grinned.

"Oh, all right! I'm on! I'll manage it for you. You speak it as soon as I've suited him out, the blessed tigger!"

"Good egg!"

Levison dodged into an empty study, and George Goro ladly proceeded to the French master's door and knocked loudly.

"Enter, please."

Goro opened the door.

"Would you mind coming a minute, sir? Levison and Blake are fighting like writhing down the passage, and I'm afraid there'll be some harm done!"

"Certaintment, my good boy!"

Monsieur Morry simply ran out of the study in his haste to prevent Blake and Levison from hurting one another.

Goro followed him, grinning down the passage. The moment they turned the corner, Levison whipped out of his hiding-place, and dived into the French master's study. He jerked open the drawer of the table where he had seen the French master drop the pawn-ticket.

Doubtless Mousseau intended to keep it in a safer place, but it was only a few minutes since Levison had left him, and the end of the Fourth was pretty certain he had not had time to put it away yet. He was right, for there, before his eyes, lay the telltale ticket.

Levison grabbed it up, closed the drawer, and dashed out of the study. He ran breathlessly into an empty room and closed the door softly behind him.

Meanwhile, Monsieur Morry and Goro had reached the spot where Levison and Blake, according to Goro's account, were fighting so desperately. But there were no combatants to be seen.

"Why, they're gone?" exclaimed Goro in surprise. "I suppose they know I was coming for you, sir. I hope you'll excuse my disturbing you, Mousseau!"

"Certainly, Goro! It was very right to call me. You are a good fellow."

And, with a kindly nod to Goro, Monsieur Morry returned to his study, little dreaming why he had been called away from it.

As soon as Levison heard his door close, he came out of the room where he was lying low, and scudded off.

Goro hurried after him.

"Did you have time?" he asked.

Levison shook his head.

"No fear. He was back in a jiffy. Another time will do."

"Well, you are a fasthead!" said Goro.

"Catch me helping you another time! Why?"

But Levison did not stay to listen. He had accomplished his object, and he scudded out into the growing dusk of the quadrangle to examine his prize in safety.

Tom Morry & Co. were coming in from the football field, but they took no notice of Levison. They were on the worst of terms just now with the black sheep of the Fourth.

Levison snatched away under the eaves, and there he looked at his grin.

He grinned over it with great glee. It was plain enough—Monsieur Morry's name in full, with the amount that had been lent him on a gold watch. Poor Mousseau was probably unconscionable in that mode of raising money, and it had not occurred to him to give an assumed name to the pawnbroker. There it was—'Adolphe Morry, a gold watch,' and the date.

Monsieur Morry would miss the ticket sooner or later, that was certain. But he would not be able to guess that Levison had taken it. He would know that someone had done so, if indeed, he did not, in his absent-minded state, conclude that he had himself dropped it somewhere. Anyway, he was not likely to make a public inquiry after it.

Levison chuckled at the thought. A St. Jim's master inquiring up and down the House for a lost pawn-ticket would be rather "thick." Instead of that, Mousseau would probably be only too glad if it never came to light. He would certainly rather leave his watch permanently "up the spout" than set the whole school talking on such a subject.

But the ticket was coming to light! Levison was quite determined on that. Mousseau's loss was not to be permanent.

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by any means. But when Monco received his missing ticket back it was to be from the hands of Dr. Holman. That was Levison's little game. The only difficulty was to accomplish that without appearing personally in the matter. He knew what to expect from Tom Merry & Co. if they found him out.

But that difficulty did not trouble long the cunning mind of the end of the Fourth. After some cogitation on the subject Levison born his steps in the direction of the New House, and from there on his face it was evident that he had solved the problem to his satisfaction.

CHAPTER II.

Figgins Makes a Discovery!

"I'm going," said Figgins.
"Don't leave it to me," said Kerr peremptorily.
"Rate!"

"I'll get tea while you're gone," said Fatty Wynn. "Mind that Sefton doesn't spot you, that's all."

"That's all right," said Figgins. "Sefton's out. We'll strike while the iron's hot. Of course," added Figgins thoughtfully, "we arranged with those School House chaps to let them have a hand in rigging the deal, but they haven't touched a thing."

"They can't," said Kerr, with a shake of the head. "It's up to us, Figgie. We'll tell them about it afterwards. They're coming over to tea, and if we tell them, they can't say that we left them out. As sensible chaps, they'll admit that it was really better for them not to have had a hand in it. They'd have reached it up."

"I don't know whether they'll admit it," grinned Figgins; "but it's a fact. You fellows keep here. Leave it to me."

"Well, be careful," said Kerr. "Sefton may come in."

"You trust your work," said Figgins reassuringly.

And Figgins left the study—on the warpath. He sneezed, with a very careless air, into the Sixth Form passage. Fortunately, there were no professors hanging about, and Figgins slipped quietly into Sefton's study and closed the door after him.

It was a few days since Sefton's dress had been discovered by the heroes of the Lewes School, but the bully of the Sixth had not yet suffered for his sin. Through the School House and New House had dropped their private feuds and united for the purpose of bringing Sefton to book, nothing had been accomplished. But that the bully of the Sixth should pass unscathed wasn't to be thought of for a moment. Hence the great Figgins' surreptitious visit to his study.

Figgins' object was simple. He had a pocketful of jumping crackers, which were to be arranged in Sefton's grate, when the fire had been nearly laid by his lag. When Sefton put a match to the fire, Sefton would meet with the surprise of his life. Figgins chuckled in himself as he proceeded to arrange the crackers in among the sticks and paper, as carefully piled by Sefton's lag. In order to make his kind arrangements without leaving anything suspicious in sight, Figgie had to be very careful. But he was done at last, and he rose to his feet with a feeling of satisfaction that even a good work well done.

"About time I cleared!" murmured Figgins. "Oh, my hat!"

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Steps came down the passage outside. Probably it wasn't Sefton coming home, but Figgie did not want to take risks. He knew what would happen if the bully caught him in his study, especially when the fire was to be lighted. And Figgins promptly "dithered" and of a night behind the bed. There were curtains round the bed in the alcove, and Figgins was well hidden. He waited for the footsteps to pass.

But the footsteps did not pass. They stopped at the door of the study, and the door opened. It was Sefton, after all.

Figgins thanked his lucky stars that he had had the forethought to get out of sight. As it was only Sefton, Sefton couldn't be going to bed, as he was not likely to discover the junior in his hot-implace. There would probably be some confusion after he had lighted the fire—very probably, in fact—and Figgins hoped to get a chance of dodging



Visitor: "My poor man, do you ever catch anything?"
Sefton: "Oh, yes, you're the third to-day!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Mr. You, Fiddle's Hall, Cuckoo-birds, near Lewes, Sussex.

out of the study unseen. Meanwhile he underestimated Herr Fox, and lay low. Then he made the disconcerting discovery that Sefton was not alone.

"You can come in," he heard the prefect say. "What do you want, Levison?"

"Just a word or two, Sefton," said Levison's voice.

"Well, look up!"

Levison came into the study and closed the door carefully behind him. Sefton watched the proceeding in surprise.

"What the deuce do you mean, Levison?" he demanded gruffly.

"I've got something to tell you," said Levison.

Figgins, behind the bed-curtains, gritted his teeth. The end of the School House was coming crashing to a New House prefect, then.

"No good talking to me," said Sefton, still gruffly. "I can't chip in over on your side, whatever it is. If you want to speak, try Kerr."

"It isn't that."

"Well, what is it, then? Sharp—I want my tea!"

"It's about Monco!"

"Hang Monco!" growled Sefton.

"I'd hang him with pleasure!" said Levison. "Look here, Sefton! You don't like Monco. He ordered you out of the School House, and made you look a fool before all the fellows!"

"You cheeky young cad!"

"They're still chucking over it," said Levison, with a grin. "Blaise and Levison were giving an imitation last night of the way the Froggy marched you off, and the fellows simply roared. Don't you see? Levison himself simply roared as Sefton took hold of his ear. 'Leggo! I'm not getting at you. I've come to tell you how you can get even with Monco!'"

"Don't jaw to me about your lag lapa!" said Sefton contemptuously.

"It isn't a lag lapa. It might get Monco the sack."

"What?" Sefton was interested now and he released Levison's ear. "I know you're a deep young scoundrel, Levison, but that's all out!"

"I'll tell you," said Levison, rubbing his ear. "Have you heard the talk about Monco going to pawpaw?"

"No, I haven't. And I don't believe any such nut now I've heard it."

"It's true," said Levison. "I saw him myself, sneaking out of Misses' place in Hildard. But I can prove it," he added, as Sefton shrugged his shoulders, implying very plainly that something more than Levison's word was wanted.

"I've got the ticket."

"You've got what?" ejaculated Sefton.

"Look at that." Sefton took the ticket.

"My only hat!" he ejaculated.

"Looks like business—what?" grinned Levison.

"You've pinched this?"

"I—I picked it up in the quad," said Levison. "Monco is frightfully careless with his things, you know. Must have dropped it."

"More likely pinched it out of his study!" said Sefton.

"Well, it doesn't matter how I get hold of it. There it is. What would the Head think if he saw that?"

Sefton whistled.

"My hat, he would be down on old Merry! At St. Jim's master raising the wind at the parlor-trunk's, and dropping the tickets about! My word, it's enough to make a regular scandal! I don't suppose it would mean the sack for him, but I shouldn't like to be in his shoes when the Head asks him about it."

"Well, then," said Levison, "suppose you take it to the Head? You needn't mention me, or Monco may think I took it out of his study."

"As you did!"

"Well, suppose I did! Monco doesn't know. It might have been anybody, and whoever took it might have checked it away in the quad. You picked it up in the quad, and you take it to the Head."

"Whoever found it ought to take it to old Merry, on his name's o' it."

"Yes; but that isn't the game," said Levison eagerly. "If it gets to the Head it means a frightful giggling—at least, for Monco."

"By Jove, rather!"

"As a prefect, you know, you can go to the Head. As a New House chap, you couldn't be suspected of bagging it from old Merry's study."

Sefton's eyes glowered. He had been simply yearning for a chance to "get his own back" on the French master for the humiliation he had inflicted in Study No. 5. The chance had come.

"But the Head would ask me why I hadn't taken it to Monco, as his name's o' it," he said slowly. "I can't let the Head think I want to down Monco."

"That's very enough. You can say you don't believe it's a real pawpaw, and that you think some lag had made it up for a joke on Monco. Of course, you're not supposed to know anything

about parsnickets. Finding that in the end, you feel it your duty as a prefect to bring it to the notice of the Head as a disrespectful joke against a master whom you highly respect."

Setton gazed at the end of the Fourth admirably.

"You'll end up in prison, Levinson!" he said, with conviction. "Blasphemy! I know how you've kept out of a reformitory to help! That year of yours about having a double never took me in, and I'm sure near catching you in the Green Man!"

"Oh, struck all that!" said Levinson angrily. "You're not after my scalp now, but Mosses's. I tell you he'll be so discomforted when the Head wigs him, he'll very likely chuck up his job here and give himself the sack."

"I'm on," said Setton. "After all, he's no business to go pausing. It's disgraceful! He must have been getting himself into some rotten scrape to have to raise money like this. It's his duty to think of his position as a master in a Public school. The Head will be waxy, there's no doubt about that. He'll know it's a genuine parsnicket, still, there's no reason why I should care; the Head won't even know that I've ever seen you before."

"Don't mention my name, of course," said Levinson seriously. "That would spoil all. It would give it away that you're up against Mosses."

"That's all right. I picked it up in the queue," said Setton.

Figgins, peering through the curtains, saw the prefect slide the ticket into his waistcoat pocket.

"You're going to the Head, then?" said Levinson.

"Yes; I'll cut across after tea. You'd better clear off—we need for you to be seen here—and mind you keep your mouth shut."

"You bet!"

"You can light my fire before you go," said Setton, "and call my dog far out as you go out—young Dibbs."

"All right."

Levinson struck a match and knelt before the fire. Figgins waited breathlessly in his hiding-place. The crash was coming now, and Levinson was going to get the chief benefit of it instead of Setton; but, after what he had just heard, Figgins was not sorry for that.

The paper in the fire-grate flared up. Figgins waited; he hadn't long to wait.

Bang, bang!
"My hat!"
Bang!
"Great Scott!"
Bang, bang, bang!

CHAPTER 22

Snaking Up Mosses!

BANG, bang, bang, bang, bang!
Levinson jumped from the fire with a yell.

Setton yelled, too, as a mass of cracking crackers came jumping from the grate, with a scattering of sticks and coal lashed right and left by the explosion.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!
"Yarsoob!" Oh crassie!"
"My hat!"

Levinson staggered away from the grate. His face was black with coal-dust. Setton was dodging a jumping cracker that had fallen at his feet. It was one of those fearsome crackers that explode a dozen times in succession. It exploded between Setton's feet, and Setton jumped; then it banged behind him, and he jumped again—and jumped right on it. Then bang, bang, bang! under his very feet!

"What the blunder—"
"Oh dear! Now!"
Bang, bang, bang, bang!
"What on earth's the row?" shouted Monteith of the Sixth, throwing open the door and looking in at assessment.
"My hat! Oh!"

Bang, bang, bang, bang!
"Yarsoob!"

"Great Scott!" gasped Monteith.
"What a mill of gaspowder! Really, Setton, you ought to have more sense!"

"What!" spluttered Setton.

"Losing off fireworks in your study like a silly fag!" said Monteith.
"Really, you know, it's rather too thick!"

"You silly idiot!"
"Eh—what!"

"Some young cad has filled my lounge with crackers!" yelled Setton.
"Do you think I should make my study in this state, you fashed? Look at it!"

Bang, bang, bang!
"Well, it does look rather in a snack," grinned Monteith. "I think I'll be off!"

I don't like the smell of your study, Setton."

The room was filled with smoke and the reek of gaspowder. Scattered sticks and coal lay over the carpet. Setton threw open the window. Levinson dodged out, and his black appearance as he hurried down the passage elicited yells of laughter from the fellows who had been attracted to the spot by the explosion.

The reek of the study was a little too much for Setton. He snatched out hurriedly into the passage breathing fresh. That was Figgins's opportunity.

He whipped out from behind the bed, scudded across the study, and swung himself out of the window. In a moment more he had dropped into the quad, and was walking round to the door with a perfectly calm and satisfaction look.

Kerr and Wynn had joined in the crowd in the Sixth Form passage, and Figgins joined them there. The three clowns exchanged a joyous grin.

"Who did this?" Setton was yelling.
"Dibbs! Where's Dibbs! Dibbs, you young villain, you put crackers in my grate when you laid my fire!"

"That I jolly well didn't!" exclaimed Dibbs in alarm. "The fire was all right when I left it, Setton."

"Then who did it?" roared Setton.

"Blasphemy if I know— You! Leggo my ear!"

"Let him go, Setton," cautioned Figgins indignantly. "Dibbs says that he hadn't anything to do with it. Monteith, don't let him bully young Dibbs!"

"Draw it mild, Setton," said the head prefect, catching the bully's arm and jerking him away from the unfortunate Dibbs. "Better find the right party before you hand out the licking, you know."

"I didn't do it!" roared the outraged Dibbs. "But I'm jolly glad! Yah!" And Dibbs fed down the passage with that defiant yell.

"It was somebody!" parried Setton.

"Well, it was somebody, of course," said Monteith. "Fired out the somebody if you want to land him. A School House kid very likely. There was a School House flag in your study when it happened."

(Continued on next page.)

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"It wasn't him," protested Sefton. "He was lighting the fire for me when it happened."

"What was he doing here, then?" asked Tom Figgins.

Sefton did not appear to have that question; which would have been a very awkward one for him to answer, as Figgins was well aware. He contented himself with ordering Figgins & Co. into his study to clear it up.

"I say, we've got visitors in our study, you know," said Figgins mockingly.

"Oh, all right!" roared Sefton.

"Oh, all right! Always a pleasure to do anything for you, Sefton."

Figgins & Co. proceeded to clear up Sefton's study. There was a great deal of soot about, and many things were sooty. Many more things were sooty by the time Figgins & Co. had finished clearing up the study. It was not greatly impressed by their ministrations. Sefton stamped angrily in Webb's study to have his tea. His own study was not inviting just then.

"I think we've finished here," said Figgins at last. "Nothing much left to clear out on, is there?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No. And I've broken half the crocks," remarked Kerr.

"And that clock won't go again, I'll bet you," said Fatty Wynn.

"Then we may as well be off," said Figgins. "Besides, we've got no more time to waste here. I've got something to tell you chaps—and the School House fellows, too. Come on!"

Figgins & Co. returned to their own study. They found quite a crowd of guests awaiting them. The Terrible Three and Steady No. 2 had come over to have tea with Figgins & Co. and discuss the plan of campaign against Sefton of the Street.

"Keep you waiting!" said Kerr. "Sorry!"

"I may don't march, dear boy!"

"We've been delayed," explained Figgins. "Somebody seems to have put crabs in Sefton's grate and there has been lots of trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll have tea ready in a jiffy now," said Fatty Wynn.

Fatty Wynn stared at his brother.

"Hold on!" he repeated. "What do you mean? We're late for tea as it is."

"No time for tea now!" said Figgins astorically.

"No time for tea!" gasped Fatty.

"Doesn't he fancy Figgins! Why, I'm simply finished! I've had nothing since dinner, except—"

"Except enough for a hippopotamus," growled Figgins.

"Look here, I've had a couple of slices and a few jam tarts and a bun or two, but—"

"That will keep you from perishing for a few minutes," said Figgins earnestly. "No time for tea, I tell you."

"We've come over to tea," remarked Blake, in a casual sort of way.

"Tea later," said Figgins. "We've got to hold a council of war now."

"After tea, Figgis," urged Fatty Wynn. "I've always noticed that it's better to hold a council of war after a meal. Nothing like having a solid foundation, you know. After tea I shall be able to make a lot of suggestions."

"Anything wrong?" asked Tom Merry.

"Totally wrong," said Figgins. "Shut the door, Kerr. Look here, you fellows, this is awfully serious."

Fatty Wynn expressed a protest. It

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was certainly awfully serious, from his point of view, if tea was to be postponed.

"That cad Levinson has been over here," said Figgins.

"We passed him in the quad," said Tom. "He looked as if he'd been scraping a chimney."

"Yess, wathah! He was black, but not comely," remarked Arthur Augustus.

Figgins grinned.

"He lit the fire for Sefton, and got the full benefit of the fireworks I had placed in the fire-grate," he explained. "The cad! You do groov some rones in your House, I must say."

"Wathah, Figgins, Levinson conspires very shamefully with your woston sweetest Sefton."

"Much of a matchless, I think," said Figgins. "But to come to the point, Sefton came into his study before I could clear, and I took cover behind the bed. Then Levinson came in, and I couldn't help hearing their jaw. That awful cad has loused a pawnticker belonging to Messow—snatched it out of his study."

"Bai Jove!"

"He's given it to Sefton," went on Figgins. "I saw Sefton put it in his waistcoat pocket. I watched on purpose, because we've got to get hold of that ticket somehow. Sefton is going to take it to the Head after tea. He's going to pretend that he found it in the quad, and took it for some made-up ticket—a kind of joke on Messow. But, of course, the Head will know it's the real article. That's as the Head won't know Sefton is trying to get Messow into a scrape, so!"

"The awful cad!"

"We've got to stop it somehow," said Figgins. "Messow would feel very ashamed if the Head called him in and asked him if the ticket were his. You see how rotten he looked yesterday in class when that cad shipped him about it. I don't know why he's done those things. But he's not going to be shown up to the Head to please these two cads."

"Wathah not!"

Tom Merry set his teeth.

"We'll make Levinson sorry for this," he said.

"But how are we to handle Sefton?" said Figgins. "That's the question. He's going over to the School House after tea with the ticket to take it to the Head. He said so. That's what we've got to settle; if Fatty won't mind waiting tea a bit," said Figgins, with crushing scorn.

"I—I didn't know all that," mumbled Fatty Wynn. "I don't mind waiting. Besides, I'll just have a bun while you fellows are talking."

The juniors all looked very serious. Even Fatty Wynn looked serious enough, though he did not cease operations on the bun. Figgis's accidental discovery came as a shock to Tom Merry & Co. They had supposed that the threat of a ragging would keep Levinson within bounds. But, instead of that, he had resorted to the cunning device of taking his vengeance through the New House prefect, who was equally incensed against poor Messow.

And the matter was serious enough for Monsieur Merry. The pawnticker placed in Dr. Holmer's hands meant trouble for the French master. The Head could not fail to be annoyed; and even if Messow had an adequate explanation to make, his humiliation would be terrible. They knew the little gentleman's extreme sensitiveness.

Probably he was already in a frenzied state over the loss of the ticket.

"We've got to get that ticket back," said Blake at last. "They shan't drink poor old Messow if we can stop them, the cads!"

"But how?" said Messow.

"We've got to handle Sefton," said Tom Merry. "Anything's justifiable against a cad who would play a dirty trick like that. You say he's going over to the School House after tea, Figgins?"

"Yes; and he's having his tea now. May be finished soon."

"Then there's no time to lose. He will have to go through the office to get to the School House; and it's pitch-dark in the quad. As he's your prefect, you'd better keep out of sight, and soon as you will be enough to handle the cad. We'll collar him in the quad, and have that ticket, if we have to strip him to the skin."

"Yess, wathah!"

"It's a bit risky," said Figgins. "But I suppose that's the only thing. He shan't take it to the Head. I saw him put it into his right-hand waistcoat pocket. I don't know whether you School House chaps could manage it, though."

"Oh, how-wah!" said Blake. "Leave it to us. If seven of us can't handle a cad like Sefton, you can call this meeting all place cock House of St. Jim's and welcome!"

"Hold on!" said Mandy Lovelace, with a sudden shriek. "Anybody got a bit of cardboard and a pair of scissors?"

"What on earth for?"

"Suppose we handle Sefton so that he doesn't miss the ticket!" grinned Lovelace. "And suppose we slip another in his place? Easy enough while we're chawing him. It'll be in the dark. What a lark to let him go to the Head with a blank bit of cardboard in his pocket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a yell of laughter at the idea. Kerr hurried to get out a sheet of this cardboard, which he used for his pen-and-ink sketches, and Mandy Lovelace cut out a little oblong. But he was not finished yet. Lovelace was quite brilliant tonight. He took a pin, slipped it into the ink, and inscribed on the new ticket, in prominent letters:

"How-wah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Tom Merry & Co. were grinning as they slipped out of the New House, to lay that little ambush for Sefton in the quadrangle.

CHAPTER 12.

Sefton Has No Luck!

SEFTON of the Sixth came out of the New House and ambled across the quadrangle. And from the window of Figgins' study a light gleamed as the blind was drawn back for a moment, and then replaced. It was the signal to the School House juniors assembled under the eaves.

"Was Sefton?" murmured Tom Merry.

"'Tis-him!"

"Shush!"

"Wathah, dear boy—"

"Shut up, you idiot!" whispered Blake.

And as Sefton's footsteps were now audible on the path under the trees, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy contented himself with an indignant sniff, and shut up.

Tom Merry & Co. had been waiting

half an hour, and the vigil had been overcast every. But they consoled themselves with the thought that they were there to dole out a comely trick on poor old Masses. Only their intervention could save Monsieur Merry from the humiliation, and perhaps serious trouble that Sefton was about to bring on him. So they rooled their heads under the shawl in the darkness with valiant determination. But they were very glad when Sefton came.

The footsteps sounded close. It was pretty dark under the shawl. The arched jaspers had to trust chiefly to their hearing for guidance. The footsteps came almost of them as they stood silent on either side of the path.

Tom Merry made a sudden spring,

"Grough!" came in muffled accents from Sefton. "Owwwowggggghhh!"

Those was a faint chuckle in the darkness, but the jaspers were careful not to speak; they did not want the prefect to recognize their voices. Tom Merry slid the shawl pasticket into Sefton's waistcoat pocket, from which he had taken the previous article.

Then the end of the Sixth was suddenly dragged off the ground, in the grasp of seven pairs of hands, and banged down hard.

"Yes!" roared Sefton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The jaspers flitted away through the shawl, leaving the breathless Sixth Former sprawling on the ground.

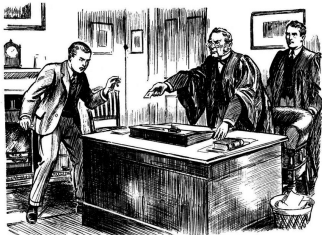
Sefton sat up as the footsteps died

"That's all right. I'll deal with those young villains later," the prefect muttered savagely, as he walked on. "I'll find them out—Figgins and his gang, most likely."

He came into the light of the School House, and passed a few moments to dust his clothes before going in, and put his shawl straight. Then he walked into the School House.

He did not receive welcoming looks. Sefton was more unpopular there than in his own House. But he cared little for the looks he received.

He caught sight of Monsieur Merry in the hall. Masses was speaking to Kildare with an air of distraction. He walked away, leaving Kildare looking surprised. Sefton thought he could



"You have given me this. No—no!" exclaimed the Head, holding out the ticket, of Masses's name, the pasticket bore simply the word "SOW-WOW!" The He wondered whether he was dreaming!

Sefton stared at it blankly. Instead the New House prefect almost fell down.

his hand closed on a shoulder, and Sefton, taken utterly by surprise, was hauled over in a twinkling.

Before the end of the Sixth could struggle the jaspers were all piling on him. Three of them sprang on his legs, one sat on his chest, two of them held his head, and a couple of hands were jammed near his mouth, choking back his startled yell.

He struggled in the grasp of the jaspers, and the mass enjoyed, but he could not possibly escape himself. And as he struggled under the searing scorns, Tom Merry's hand glided into his waistcoat pocket, and his fingers closed on the ticket there.

Tom jerked it out quickly. In the dark he could not see it. But he had no doubt about it. He thrust it hastily into his pocket.

away in the distance. It was a full minute before he rose to his feet. He was panting with rage.

"The young villains!" he muttered friendly. "Humping a prefect, by Jove! Who were they, I wonder? Eh—"

He ground his teeth. The assaults had had time to get back to their House men, and it was not much use beating for them. Sefton slid his fingers into his waistcoat pocket to make sure that the pasticket was there.

He could not, of course, suppose that that was what the assaults had been about, as he believed that no one had himself and Louisa knew about it. But he wanted to make sure that it had not been dropped in the struggle. He gave a great deal of satisfaction as he felt the slip of parchment in his pocket.

guess what was the matter with the French gentleman.

"Anything wrong with Masses?" asked Sefton curiously.

"Can't make it out," said Kildare. "He says something was taken from his study, and asks me if I've heard anything about it; but he didn't say what it was, I don't quite see how he's to find it, unless he says what it is."

Sefton laughed, and passed into the Head's study. Masses was now to get news of what he was seeking, and which he didn't care to describe.

"Come in!" said Dr. Holmes's voice, in response to Sefton's tap.

The prefect entered the study. Mr. Ballam was there, chatting with the Head. The two masters glanced at Sefton.

"Well, Sefton!" said the Head. The END. —No. 1,221.

"Excuse my disturbing you, sir," said Seton respectfully. "A matter has come to my knowledge that I think ought to be reported to you. It is a very important joke, with Monsieur Morry as its subject."

The Head frowned.

"Go on, Seton?" he said.

"I picked up a ticket in the quadrangle, sir. It looks like a paravicket, and has Monsieur Morry's name on it. Of course, it cannot be a real one, as, of course, Monsieur Morry does not go to paravickets."

"It should imagine not," said the Head dryly.

Seton slowly inclined to chuckle. The Head's dry tone hinted pretty plainly that Monsieur Morry would have a very uncomfortable ten minutes in that study if it turned out that there really was a paravicket with his name on it. But the prefect remained quite calm and respectful. The Head was not to be allowed to suspect his real purpose in bringing that precious ticket in here.

"Of course, sir, I concluded at once that it is a manufactured ticket, done for the purpose of bringing ridicule upon Monsieur Morry," explained Seton. "I thought it better to place it in your hands, and leave you to deal with the matter, sir. It is probably a joke of some foolish jester."

"Quite right, Seton. Give it me, please."

"I have it here, sir."

Seton whisked the slip of cardstock out of his pocket and handed it to the Head.

Dr. Holmes took it. Seton did not even look at it as he passed it over, but as the Head's fingers closed on it, it struck him that the little card did not look exactly like the one he had put in his pocket.

Dr. Holmes looked at the card, and a really extraordinary expression came over his face.

"What does this mean, Seton?" he asked, in a grating voice.

"What's-ot, sir?"

"How dare you play such a foolish trick on me, your headmaster?" exclaimed Dr. Holmes, his face quite red.

"Yes, a prefect of the Sixth—"

"I don't understand, sir—"

"You have given me this. Me—me!"

replied the Head, holding up the ticket.

Seton stared blankly at it. Instead of Morry's name and a figure, and the description of a gold watch, it bore simply the word, in large letters:

"HOW WOW!"

Seton almost fell down. He wondered whether he was dreaming.

"You utterly stupefied boy!" said the Head. "I made you a prefect, Seton, on Mr. Handiff's recommendation, I can see that I made a mistake. You will—"

"I—I—I—"

"You have come here, sir, to play a ridiculous prank on your headmaster!" thundered Dr. Holmes. "How dare you, sir! I say, how dare you!"

Seton stammered helplessly.

"I—I—that isn't the ticket!" he gasped. "I—I've made a mistake! I—I—"

He dived his fingers into his pocket in search of the real ticket. But his pocket was empty. It seemed to the unfortunate schoolboy that the study was swimming round him.

The Head's thunderous voice loomed up before him in the most terrifying manner.

"A mistake!" snarled the Head. "What do you mean?"

"I had another ticket—a paravicket," gasped Seton. "Monsieur Morry's paravicket."

"What? How dare you say such a thing? You stated only a minute ago that you had an imitation of a paravicket!"

"Yes; but—but—yes, sir! Of course! I—I meant to say that. Of course! Seton hardly knew what he was saying in his confusion. "It—it must have been taken out of my pocket, sir—oh dear!—and that card put in instead! Oh, those young villains!" gasped Seton, understanding at last why he had been collared in the quadrangle.

"I—I—I was assaulted in the quad as I came here, sir, and—and they must have put that in my pocket, and I never noticed it."

The Head's frown relaxed a little.

"Oh! The same person who manœuvred the sham ticket, I suppose," he said.

"To—er, sir," gasped Seton. "I—I suppose so."

It was evidently useless to start a new story that it had been a real paravicket, now that it was missing.

Dr. Holmes threw the card into the fire.

"Very well, I will excuse you, as it appears that you have been the victim of a practical joke," he said. "You had better make an inquiry as to the person who asked you in the quadrangle. Anyone who has treated Monsieur Morry in the disrespectful way you describe shall certainly be severely punished."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Seton.

That wasn't what he wanted at all; but the game was evidently up, and there was nothing for Seton to do but to depart. And Seton departed, and he recessed the quadrangle, grinding his teeth.

He thought he knew where to look for the fellows who had collared him in the quad, and he was not without hopes of recovering the missing ticket. And—after fetching an admission from his room if it came off—Seton proceeded to Piggins & Co.'s study.

CHAPTER 14.
All Serious!

"HELLO!"

"Yes!"

"Mon Dieu! Que faire maintenant! Ah, helas!"

Monsieur Morry uttered those despairing ejaculations, and did not even hear the tap at the door of his study. That little Frenchman was staring at his beard, and almost tearing his hair. He usually cared and graced his mustache as in yellow dancing shoes.

He had missed the paravicket, and he had inquired after a missing "something," but he did not venture to discover the fact that it was a paravicket that was missing. And Morry was not likely to recover "something" he had lost without giving a description of it—er, at least, giving it a name. And he felt that the paravicket had been taken by some ill-intended fellow, and that it would turn up in public and cause him with disgrace. Poor Morry was fretting about his study like a caged wild animal.

The door opened, after a second tap, and Tom Morry came in and shut the door after him. Monsieur Morry tried to pull himself together.

"Yet is it, Morry, not, son?" he asked, passing his fingers through his hair. "Ask me not anxious man, some good bag-in man—ja suis—"

"Please, sir, I've found something with your name on it," said Tom.

Monsieur Morry's face lighted up.

"My good Morry! You have found—"

"This, sir."

Tom Morry handed over the paravicket to his owner. Morry gave almost a whoop of joy as he possessed on it.

"Zat is mine?" he gasped.

"I thought so, sir!"

"Morry, you had him? Mon garçon, zat billet was taken from my study. I am sure zat you did not take him."

"Tom finished.

"Certainly not, sir. We—er, happened to find out that a rotten cat had taken it, sir. He gave it to another rotten, and we—we collared him, sir, and I found the ticket."

"You found it?"

"In the rotter's pocket, sir."

"Oh!"

(Continued on page 21)

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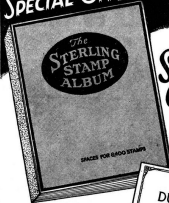
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WHEN WUN LUNG, THE CHINEE, FOUND HIMSELF THE "BIG NOISE" OF THE SCHOOL!

The "FIFTH" at GREYFRIARS!



As Harry Wharton & Co. entered the Close they saw a group of Remoras parading round, carrying a chair in which a Harry, his face blanched with rage, was sitting. The juniors were letting off crackers and yelling out the old rhyme of the Fifth of November. "It's Wun Lung!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

A football match between the Greyfriars Remora and St. Jim's is fixed for the Fourth Day. Billy Baxter offers to prepare a big feed for the visitors after the match—if Harry Wharton & Co. will provide the cook! But there is nothing doing, much to Baxter's disappointment.

The cloaks of the Remora have arranged for a coach to pick up the St. Jim's team at Finsbury Station, and convey them to Greyfriars. The Famous Four also go to the station to meet Tom Merry & Co., and Wun Lung, the Chinese, goes with them. The latter stops to buy something at the village shop, while Harry Wharton & Co. go on to meet the visitors.

The train is a bit late, and while they are waiting for it to arrive, a Guy Fawkes procession takes along the High Street. Stokes, the blacksmith's son, leads the procession, in the midst of which a guy is being carried on a chair.

As it draws nearer Harry Wharton & Co. see that it's Wun Lung who is the guy! The four decide that it's pay! So they rush to the Chinese, and they charge the villagers, though the odds against them are four to one!

(New read on.)

St. Jim's to the Rescue!

WHERE Harry Wharton led, his chosen, Nugent, Bob Cherry, and Harro Singh, were always ready to follow. They meted after him in a desperate charge. It was an unexpected attack, for Tom Merry, the captain of the St. Jim's

Stokes and his merry men had not expected them to tackle odds of four to one. The charge carried the Greyfriars juniors right up to the unhappy guy, the processionists being knocked right and left.

Harry Wharton caught Wun Lung in his arms as the bearers of the chair on which the Chinese junior was perched were hurled aside, allowing the chair to fall. He set the Celestial on his feet.

"Keep close to me, Wun Lung!"

"Me keep close."

"All together, you chaps!"

The Famous Five stood shoulder to shoulder round the little Chinese. All four were famous in the Remora for their power as fighting men, and they needed all their pluck and all their powers now. The enraged processionists snarled round them, attacking them on all sides.

"Give 'em socks!" roared Stokes; and he led the rush bravely enough, only to fall over with Harry's fist crashing on his nose.

The Famous Four hit out right and left, and the attack recoiled; but it came on again, and such odds were bound to tell.

Bob Cherry went down, with two or three clinging to him, and Nugent was

soon sprawling on the ground, desperately wrestling with a couple of boys.

Harro Singh was surrounded, fighting valiantly against odds, and Wharton found himself striving against three or four boys.

A crowd of village people gathered round, laughing, and it was evident that all their sympathies were with Stokes and his party.

The Greyfriars juniors fought hard, but in vain.

The odds were too great. Harro Singh joined Bob and Nugent on the ground, and Harry, with legs clinging to him all round, was unable to shake himself free.

"Hold 'em!" yelled Stokes, as he rubbed his swollen nose. "We'll carry 'em round in the procession and tie 'em back to back!"

Harry Wharton went down at last, his assailants swarming over him. He made a final effort and hurled them aside, and for a moment gained his feet; but the enemy were on him again at once, clinging to him like cats.

Harry swept a hasty glance round in the hope of seeing a Greyfriars man in the street. His eyes fell on a dozen fellows who had just left the railway station and were looking on at the scrimmage. He recognized the slim figure and aristocratic features of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and he knew when the dozen next to him.

"Reverse, St. Jim's!" he shouted. The next moment he was down again, and Stokes was sitting on his chest. But his cry had been heard by the strangers. "Reverse!" shouted a sturdy, sun-browned junior, whom Wharton knew to be Tom Merry, the captain of the St. Jim's

By Frank Richards.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magnet.")

A LIVELY YARN OF FOOTER AND FUN ON FIREWORK DAY AT GREYFRIARS, IN THE EARLY SCHOOLDAYS OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.

janitors. "Come on, you chap! Book it to us!"

"Yess, waitah!"

The janitors from St. Jim's rushed to the coach.

There were twelve of them in the party, but only eleven of them came on. The twelfth was Arthur Augustus. He stayed behind only to place his topper in safety in the coach which was to take the St. Jim's janitors to Greyfriars, and then followed Tom Merry and his chums.

The charge of the Saints settled the matter. Stoken and his party had already had nearly enough fighting. They were in no condition to stand the charge of a dozen fresh boys.

The charge scattered them right and left. Wharton and his chums jumped up and joined in the great fray. Very brief it was. The village party were defeated, and chased off to some in a few minutes, and then the Famous Four were shaking hands with their conquerors.

"Thanks!" gasped Harry Wharton lamely. "We're awfully obliged, Merry!" They were in a bad way, with that lot against us!"

"By Jove, you were!" said Tom Merry. "What was it all about?"

"They had Wan Lung—"

"Oh! Who had one lung?" asked Tom Merry. "The general provisions is two for every person, I believe."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"The Chinese kid's name is Wan Lung," he explained. "They had him, and were treating him as a guy, and we tried to rescue him."

"And wanted rescuing ourselves!" said Bob Cherry, snipping a stream of chaff from his red and swollen nose. "You fellows came along just at the right time."

"Yess, waitah! We are extremely pleased to be able to witness you, dear boys!" said Arthur Augustus. "It is a real pleasure to us!"

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton. "The coach's ready!"

The janitors crowded into the coach, and the vehicle drove off from the station.

Greyfriars v. St. Jim's!

BEFORE the coach arrived at Greyfriars, the Famous Four and their visitors were as well acquainted as if they had known one another for ten years at least.

Tom Merry had brought a very fine jersey from St. Jim's. The lot read as follows: Wynne, Herries, Billy; Kerr, Mansers, Digby, Figgins, Lawton, Merry, Blake, D'Arcy.

Wynne, the goalkeeper, was a youth whose plumpness of face and figure rivaled those of Billy Dexter. Figgins, Kerr, and Wynne belonged to the New House at St. Jim's, and the rest of the team to the School House.

As the coach rolled on its way, the Famous Four heard from their new acquaintances more than one anecdote of the various House news with which the rival janitors made matters lively at St. Jim's. According to their own account, both parties constituted the two Houses of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not take part in the talk. He had a paper on his knee and a pencil in his hand, and was evidently in the throes of composition. The Famous Four glanced at him curiously now or twice, and he caught Bob Cherry's eyes at last.

"Do you happen to know of a rhyme to 'fair,' dear boy?" he asked.

"A what to what?"

"A rhyme to the word fair."

"Lots," said Bob Cherry. "Writing a poem!"

"Yess."

"My hat! I didn't know we had a poet here!" said Nugent, with a grin. "I should like to hear the poem."

"It isn't finished yet, dear boy; but when it is published I shall be very happy to send you a copy."

Nugent stared.

"You don't mean to say you have your poems published?"

"Yess, waitah!"

Nugent looked puzzled, but Tom Merry came to the rescue with an explanation.

"The stuff is published in the school magazine," he explained. "Tom Merry's Weekly, you know, the janitors' paper, founded and edited by myself. We sometimes show Gray's poetry in to fill up space."

"Whealy, Tom Merry—"

"It wouldn't get published anywhere else," said Jack Blake.

"You're whealy quite mistaken, Blake. I have offered some of my poetry to the editor of the local paper in Wylcombe, and he offered to publish it."

"Why didn't you let him, then?"

A thrilling footer match against St. Jim's, plus a grand fireworks display, make Guy Fawkes Day at Greyfriars the most exciting in its history.

"Well, he wanted to change ordinary advertisement rates, so I couldn't agree. It wasn't the money, you know, but my dignity as a poet."

"Oh, I see! And you are allowed to put your poems in 'Tom Merry's Weekly' gratis!"

"Whealy, dear boy, my poetry is the only staff of any value in the paper," said D'Arcy—"with one exception, I mean."

"Ah, you mean my Wild West story!" said Figgins.

"Bats!" said Blake. "He means my juvenile serial."

"Not at all, dear boy. I mean the ladies column, written by myself," said D'Arcy. "But, to come back to the topic, can any of you suggest a rhyme for fair?"

"Well, I should say there were lots," said Bob Cherry. "But let's leave the rest of it. What's the preceding line?"

"It's an ode to a lovely gal," explained D'Arcy. "I'll send it from the loggia—"

"That you won't," said Jack Blake. "I'll check you out of the coach if you do!"

"I should intently welcome to be checked out of the coach. There are only two hundred lines in it!"

"There'll be less when it appears in the 'mag,'" chuckled the mythical editor of "Tom Merry's Weekly."

"I should welcome to have my work of art mutilated, Tom Merry?"

"That won't make any difference, old chap. But get on. We're in sight of Greyfriars now, so you can't read it from the beginning, unless we postpone the football match till another occasion."

"I should have no objection to that, Merry."

"But everyone else would, I think."

"Very well, I will read only a few lines. Listen."

"And I regard you as a stah,
And worship humbly from aish;
I gaze upon your features fair,
And think—"

"That's as fair as I've got, dear boy. I want a suitable rhyme for fair."

"Good!" said Bob Cherry. "How will this do? 'I gaze upon your features fair, And think it's time you cut your hair.'"

"Whealy, dear boy—"

"Faint, and it's a better line I could give you, Gray!" said Holly. "I gaze upon your features fair, And think their shape is rather square."

"Whealy, Whealy—"

"Here, see here!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Put the books on your poetry, Gray. We've got to think about footer now."

"I shall have to leave that line unfinished," said D'Arcy, carefully putting away his paper and pencil. "It will be a weekly wappin' poem by the time it's done, and will take up about a quartal of the whole magazine."

"More like a quarter of a page, after I've finished with it!" grinned Tom Merry.

"Whealy, Merry—"

"Jump down!"

"I refuse to move in a hurry. Peasy don't tread on my foot, Blake. However, keep your wotten elbow out of my side. If you shove me again, fig."

"I'll give you a handful thereafter, Oh!"

D'Arcy was handed out of the coach. The vehicle had halted near the porter's lodge. The great clock of Greyfriars was indicating a quarter to three. Time had been lost, after all, but the rival teams were agreed on starting as quickly as possible.

The Saints hurried into their quarters in the parishes, and were soon busy changing their clothes for the match. The Renover eleven, with the exception of the Famous Four, had already changed.

The four chums hurried into the dressing-room, and were quickly in their football gear. They changed so quickly that they were out before Tom Merry's team appeared. Temple, Lacey & Co. of the Upper Fourth, were loitering outside, and they at once came up to Harry.

"So you're going through with it, Wharton?" Temple remarked.

"With what?" asked Wharton.

"This footer match."

"I imagine so."

"The go-throughfulness is terrific, my worthy father!" parried the Nabob of Bluegrass.

"We'll lend you a player or two, if you like," said Temple magnanimously. "A Renover eleven isn't much weight against players from the Fourth and Sixth, you know. St. Jim's is alone your weight. We'll put in a few more if you like."

"We'd be glad to accept your assistance, but we want to win the match," said Wharton.

The claims of the Renover checked, and the Upper Fourth fellows turned red.

"Well, go ahead," said Temple. "I expect we'll see you wiped up."

Tom Merry and his men came out of the

The Gun Lammur.—No. 1,231.

the position. The two captains tossed for choice of goal. It was a free, keen afternoon, with a sharp breeze blowing over the ground. The advantage of the wind seemed for something, and it was Tom Merry who won the toss—and chose the goal from which the wind was blowing.

Fatty Wynn walked towards his goal, and then turned and made a sign to Figgins, with an anxious look on his face. Figgins hurried towards him.

"What is it, Fatty?" he asked anxiously. "Don't say you're not feeling it."

"It's not that, Figgie; but—"

"What are you looking worried about, then?" grunted Figgins.

"You see, I haven't had any grub since I ate those sandwiches in the train."

"Well, you young rascal, it's less than an hour ago!"

"I get so hungry in this November weather," said Fatty Wynn plaintively. "I suppose you haven't a sandwich about you?"

"Lots!" said Figgins. "I usually go on the football field with my clothes stuffed full of sandwiches, pork pie, and plum puddings!"

"Look here, Figgie—"

"You can get a bite in the interval."

And Figgins walked away, leaving the fat Fourth Former to take his place discontentedly between the posts.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton's attention had been attracted by Billy Baxter, who had come down bravely into the ground, and was waving his hand excitedly to the captain of the Reserve.

Harry was quickly towards the touch-line, thinking that there was something wrong.

"I say, Wharton—"

"What is it—quick!"

"Have you changed your mind about that food? If you have I should not off and get the stuff now, and—"

"You young son—"

Wharton turned round and walked away. Baxter blinked after him in great indignation.

"Well, of all the rotters!" he murmured. "Fancy treating a chap like that, who's willing to take a lot of trouble to do him a favour! Of course, I never expect gratitude; but, really, Wharton takes the cake."

And Billy Baxter watched the commencement of the match with a very

dissatisfied expression on his face. Rogers of the Fifth was refereeing the match. The whistle went, and the ball rolled from the foot of Harry Wharton.

One Up to St. Jim's!

HARRY WHARTON kicked off against the wind, and the memorable match of Greyfriars v. St. Jim's commenced.

The game was watched with intense interest by a considerable crowd. All the Reserve were there, eager to see how the Form eleven would play up against an older team, and most of the Upper Fourth had come along to see the Honorific kicked.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, launched the match with his presence at first, knowing full well that the Reserve team would "kick up" all the more under the eye of the school captain.

But at first the home eleven seemed to be getting far from the best of the match. The ball was in their half from the kick-off, and in spite of their efforts they could not make ground.

Tom Merry and the St. Jim's forwards kept up the pressure, and several times the ball was carried right up to the home goal, but the Greyfriars defence succeeded in clearing each time.

But now a determined attack was made by the St. Jim's forward line. They came up the field in beautiful style, the ball passing from foot to foot like clockwork. Right into the penalty area they came, leaving the opposing half in chaos. The backs could not stem the attack, and the goal was in their power—except for the goalie.

Harlebone stood there keenly on the watch.

The ball landed in from the foot of Tom Merry. The goalkeeper sprang into the air, his feet smote the leather, and out it went again. The Reserve leapt up once more.

But the ball met a hard head, and Figgins headed it goalwards. Harlebone was ready, and this time he caught the ball and cleared with a lucky kick. It dropped among the home forwards. Nugent trapped the ball, and was then passed forward to Harry Wharton.

It was a chance for Harry at last. He was "on the ball"—in a second, and he dribbled it right up the field, eluding his opponents cleverly.

But Reilly and Heeries, the St. Jim's backs, closed up in his path to goal. The Reserve skipper, however, did not wait to be tackled. He "hit" the ball on the run. Right into the goal it landed; but Fatty Wynn was there.

He jumped and got his hands to the ball, but he couldn't hold it. It bounced down in front of him, and in a second Reilly cleared.

Wharton's bold attempt had almost miscarried, but not quite. The struggle was transferred to midfield, and the goalkeepers had a rest again.

The game had lasted twenty minutes, and neither side had scored yet. But the play was lively enough, and there was plenty to satisfy the spectators, although there were no goals. It was, in point of fact, the excellent play of both sides' defences that kept the score-sheet blank.

Several times the Saints came very near scoring; but when the Greyfriars backs were beaten, they could always rely on their goalkeeper. Harlebone was playing the game of his life.

Thirty minutes had ticked away without result so far, and Harry Wharton felt his hopes rising.

If the Reserve held their own with a keen wind in their faces, they might confidently expect to see the better when it was blowing from behind in the second half. He was quite certain that the first half should end level.

But it was not to be!

Tom Merry and his men, with only ten minutes of the first half remaining, made a determined effort, and at last succeeded in piercing the Greyfriars defence.

It was Figgins who dribbled the ball right up to the goal, and he passed to Blake just as Desmond charged him over. Blake let Tom Merry have the ball just in time, before Frank Nugent was upon him. Tom Merry took a first-time shot at goal.

Harlebone was unseated by a bark, and, though he made a desperate dive to prevent the ball entering the net, he only managed to get the tips of his fingers to the leather. There was a thump!

"Goal!"

It was a goal at last.

The celebration of the official play of the Third minutes, the ropes cheered in rival teams.

PEN PALS

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E. Henry, 27, Hampden Street, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia; age 11-22; stamps, sports; any part of the world except Australia.

C. Henry, 45, Kingsway Avenue, Victoria Park, Ontario, British Columbia; age 12-14; swimming, chess; India, China, Educated Malay States.

R. Miller, 68, Welby Street, Goodwood Park, Adelaide, A. Australia; age 14-18; movie pictures and stamps; the British Empire.

Miss M. J. Ross, 22, Burton Road, Clayton, London, E.3; girl correspondent; age 12-18; crickets on the British Empire.

Joseph Phillips, 1, Leinster Street, Johannesburg, Witwatersrand, Transvaal, British Empire.

Joseph Brown, 20, Leavelle Road, Upper Teetown, London, E.W.17; age 13-18; philately and news to all parts of the world; France.

Thomas G. Hutchinson, Eastville Road, Matruh, Natal, South Africa; age 10-15; stamps, jokes.

H. Chonock, 324, Louis Batis Avenue, Orange Free State, Orangeburg, S. Africa; pen pal; age 14-20.

Miss F. Dunge, 48, Jean Street, Torrance, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia; girl correspondent; age 12-18; films and making; crickets except Australia.

John Davis, 211, Bellis Street, Adelaide, A. Australia; age 22-15; stamps, cricket; crickets except Australia and Ireland.

R. Paulson, 1, Rosemount Street, Norwich, A. Australia; pen pal.

A. Terry, 105, Approach Road, Barnes Park, London, E.W.15; pen pal; age 12-15; cricket; books, books, dogs, birds; British Empire.

Miss Marjole Klein, 65, Callowwood Road, Levens, Colchester, Essex; girl correspondent; age 10-20; crickets; school.

Miss Ann Young, 1, Indian Place, Port Elizabeth, S. Africa; girl correspondent; age 14-18; swimming, chess, stamps, film stars, photographs; North and South America and British Isles.

PEN PALS COUPON

6-11-57

The Bains looked very pleased with themselves, and Piggins gave Tom Merry a thump on the shoulder that made him stagger.

"Good for you!" he exclaimed. "It's time we scored!"

Tom Merry laughed breathlessly.

"Well, don't just say backbones, Piggins! Moderate your language!"

"His jaws are as waddy good, you know!" Arthur Augustus remarked.

"You really ought to have let me have the ball then, Blake!"

"Hah!" said Blake cheerfully.

"Weally, Blake, I insist that you ought to have let me have the ball. Didn't you see me make a sign to you to pass to me?"

"Blessed if I did! But I shouldn't have passed to you, anyway. Merry was the only chap who had a chance!"

"Yes, rather!" said Piggins.

"If you think you know more about football than I do—" began D'Arcy, with dignity.

Jack Blake checked.

"We do—no dem!" he said. "What you don't know about football would fill whole volumes."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Line up, chaps," said Tom Merry.

"You're interwuptin' me, Mowsey!"

"I know I am, Gassy. Line up. This is a football match, not a conversation."

"Weally, Tom Mowsey—"

Jack Blake took the word of St. Jim's by the neck and ran him in the centre of the field. D'Arcy had an chance of escaping that iron grip, and he went. When Blake released him, Arthur Augustus groped for his eyes, landed in into his eye, and stared at Blake with a withering stare.

"Blake, you stink woman!"

"Line up!" said Tom Merry.

"I refuse to line up till I've expressed the utmost contempt I feel for this woggy wotter!" said D'Arcy.

"Line up, or get off the field!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "None of your rot, you see!"

"I refuse to be called an un—"

Play! went the whistle. D'Arcy ceased, and the game restarted. There were only five minutes left for play in the first half, and no one expected the score to be altered. So it proved. The St. Jim's forward line attacked vigorously, but the Remove defenders held out until the whistle went for half-time.

It was a welcome relief to both sides. The game had been so hard and fast that even the strongest of the footballers was in need of a rest. Their faces were glowing as they came off the field for the brief interval.

Blaster for Two!

HARRY WHARTON scowled his glowing skin, and sucked a lemon, as he sat in the dressing-room. The Removians were mostly similarly engaged round him. They were glad of the rest, but been enough for the second half of the great match.

A buzz, uttered by a pair of spectators, came pouring round the door.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, there's Baxter!" said Nuggs.

"Lead me that lemon when you've done with it, Harry, and I'll see if I can get a bellyro."

"Oh, really, Nuggs—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"What do you want? There's nothing to eat here solemlykins."

"I wish you wouldn't hint that I'm always thinking about grub, Cherry. You know it isn't true. I'm not greedy,



No sooner had Pally Wynn and Buster each taken a mouthful of bloster than they bursted an uproar, choking and sneezing. "Oh!" gasped Pally Wynn. "You—you must! Oh! teach you to foster a bloster with cayenne pepper and then give it to me!" "—I did," muttered Buster. "It must have been Wan Long!"

but I like a lot. I've come round now to do you fellows a favour."

"Go ahead, then."

"Wharton has arranged a cold collation—"

"A which?"

"A cold collation for the visiting team."

"Some cold grub, you mean."

"A cold collation," said Baxter.

"But a cold collation on a cold afternoon isn't commise if fact."

"Isn't where?"

"Comme if fact?"

"What's that?"

"You know perfectly well that it isn't anybody at all, Cherry, and isn't it an expressive meaning that it isn't as it should be."

"Then why can't you talk in English?"

"Well, I ought to have remembered that French is above your intellect. But, as I was saying, a cold collation on a cold afternoon isn't commise if fact, and if you fellows like, I'll get a good feed ready during the second half."

"No objection to that," said Bob Cherry. "If you want to stand as a feed, you're at liberty to go ahead with all steam on."

"I've been disappointed about a postal order," said Baxter.

"If you fellows like to stand the tin, I'll put in the tin."

Bob Cherry held up the lemon he had been sucking, and took careful aim at Baxter.

"Where will you have it?" he asked.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I may as well admit that besides my desire to give the St. Jim's chaps a good feed, I am rather hungry myself. You wouldn't double; that is quite a secondary consideration with me. Still, you know I'm definite, and have to be kept up

by having plenty of nourishing feed. I've got nothing but those blusters I cooked last night."

"My hat! Haven't they escaped yet?"

"Those blusters are all right, Cherry. They'll keep a long time in the weather, especially after being cooked," said Billy Baxter.

"Wan Long has gone to fetch them for me now."

"You larry blunder! Why couldn't you fetch them yourself?" asked Harry Wharton.

"I wanted to come and speak to you fellows in the interval. Besides, Wan Long offered to go. It's about time he was back with them, too. I say, you fellows, have you quite decided about the feed?"

"Where will you have it?" demanded Bob Cherry, flourishing the lemon.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Bill! The lemon squashed under Baxter's fat chin, and the plump junior gave a yell and promptly disappeared. Bob Cherry laughed.

"So much for Baxter," he remarked.

"The benevolence of our beloved let friend is terrific!" remarked the Nalob of Blaster, "and the obligativeness of the honourable Wan Long is worthy of suspicion. I have observedly noted that the obligativeness of the honored Wan Long is generally the broker in some practical jokefulness."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, if that greedy young blunderer finds that there's anything wrong with the blusters, it will serve him right."

As a matter of fact, the nabob's notice was very near to the truth. Buster did not suspect the guile of the Chinese junior's obliging offer, and there was certainly nothing in the Colonel's blud look to awaken suspicion. He brought a couple of blusters wrapped in paper,

THE CHINESE LAMBERT.—No. 1,261.

with a couple of loafs and a tin plate under his arm. He met Hunter as the latter was coming from his unsatisfactory interview with the Greyfriars footballers.

"Me Minger Hunter," said the Colonel.

"Good!" said Hunter, taking the blasters, plate, and loafs. "I'll get into some quiet corner, and these will keep me up till the cold collection. Look here, you can have part of one, if you like."

The Chinese shook his head, with a lurking glimmer in his eyes.

"No here."

"Just as you like. Hello! I wish you wouldn't tap me on the shoulder so suddenly. Hello, here."

"Oh!" and a voice. "I'm not Harold, whoever he may be. I'm Wynn of the New House at St. Jim's."

Billy Hunter blinked at the fat Fourth Former. There was something about Fatty Wynn that recommended him to Hunter at once. His plumpness, his evident relish for good living, made a certain passport to Billy Hunter's favor.

"I'm hungry," explained Wynn. "I don't usually get hungry. I really haven't much of an appetite, but I generally get peckish in this November weather. I see you've got some blasters there, and they smell ripping."

"Better!" said Hunter. "Come along, and you can have one of these. We can eat them under the tree behind the pavilion without being noticed. It's only just come bread and blasters, but I—"

"My dear chap, they're ripping! It may save my life!"

"That's just how I feel," said Hunter. "I don't eat much myself, but I'm of a delicate constitution, and I require plenty of nourishing food to keep me up. But, I say, won't you be late for the second half?"

"I don't see why they shouldn't wait a few minutes," said Fatty Wynn.

"They're bound to look for me before they start, and that will be time enough for me. No good trying to keep goal on an empty tummy."

The two fat juniors hurried round the pavilion. Wynn Lang's glance following them.

The Chinese junior was grinning. Perhaps he had an idea that the two juniors wouldn't enjoy those blasters.

Billy Hunter and Fatty Wynn sat down under the tree, and Hunter opened the paper. They had to eat from one plate, armed with a fork each, but little difficulties like that were nothing to hungry juniors. Fatty Wynn's eyes glistened as he scanned the blasters.

"They're nicely done," he remarked. "Did you cook them?"

"I started them," said Hunter. "Wan Lang—that Chinese chap—finished them. He's a good cook—pretty nearly as good as I am."

"Well, they look stunning."

"Go ahead, then?"

The juniors started. Each of them helped himself to a good mouthful of blaster.

Fatty Wynn's jaws closed on his mouthful, and then a sudden change came over his plump face.

"Ow! Gr-r-r! Owl! Oh!"

"Ow!" gasped Billy Hunter. "Gerr-roooh! Grr-r!"

"Atchoooo!"

"Gr-r-r!"

Fatty Wynn jumped up. The position of blaster was expelled from his mouth, and the fat junior from St. Jim's fairly danced, coughing, choking, and sneezing. Billy Hunter followed his example, coughing spasmodically, his fat face crimson.

"Oh!" gasped Wynn. "You—you beast! I'll teach you to doctor a blaster with cayenne pepper and then give it to me!"

"I-I-I do!" gasped Billy Hunter, retreating from the furious Fatty. "I—I've had the same stuff on mine!"

"Then who did it?" howled Fatty Wynn.

"Gerr-rooh! Ow! I don't know!"

"Gr-r-r! Ugh! Ugggh!"

"It must have been that Chinese beast!" yelled Hunter. "He's always playing some trick. That's why he offered to finish the blasters."

"Wynn's Wynn?"

It was Tom Merry's voice, calling for the striking goalkeeper. It was time to line up for the second half. Fatty Wynn rushed round the pavilion in search of the Chinese junior, coughing and spluttering as he went, the water streaming from his eyes. Billy Hunter followed him, gasping and grunting.

"Where's Wynn! Oh, how you are! Where have you been, you fat man! Are you ready! What the dickens is the matter with you!"

"Gr-r-r! Ugggh!"

"My only hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry, in amazement. "Are you ill! What's the matter?"

"Where's that—gerr—that Chinese beast!"

"What's wrong?"

"He's been doctoring my blaster with cayenne pepper—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll persecute him!" yelled Fatty Wynn. "I'm—gr-r-r!—choking! I'm—stitchooooo—coughing and sneezing like anything! Where is he?"

"I say, you fellows, where is that fellow beast?" roared Billy Hunter. "My blasters are wasted, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to chuckle at, Wynn's that beast!"

Wan Lang was conspicuous by his absence. As a matter of fact, he was on the roof of the pavilion, secure there from reprisals. Both teams were laughing heartily, and the two fat juniors received little sympathy.

Wharton brought a glass of cold water and a lemon for Fatty Wynn, and the St. Jim's goalkeeper succeeded in washing away some of the flavor of the pepper.

"Hurry up!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "We're late starting now. What the deuce do you mean by doctoring blasters in the interval, Wynn? Get on the field!"

"I've nearly choked!"

"You'll be choked if you don't buck up! Get on!"

And Fatty Wynn went on the field with the rest, still spluttering at intervals. Billy Hunter cut off to the House to wash his mouth under a tap. And then Wan Lang ventured to descend from the roof of the pavilion, with a secret and invisible smile on his face.

The Second Half!

THE change of creek brought the mind behind the backs of the Greyfriars juniors, and they were not slow in feeling the advantage. The wind had risen a little, too, and was blowing hard. Tom

**The Boy From the
UNDERWORLD!**



Knows as the Wizard in the Underworld, Dick Lancaster came to Greyfriars to carry on his activities as a stickman in the security of the school. But a new environment and circumstances have a strong influence on his character, and, well, and this powerful boy runs. You'll enjoy every word of it.

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Merry kicked off, and the Saints followed up the kick-off with an attack. But this time they did not get matters so much their own way.

The ball was captured by Trevor, and he set the Greyfriars forwards on the attack with a long pass.

The St. Jim's backs were hard pressed, and they found it difficult to clear. However Singh received a pass from Bob Cherry, and ran the leather down the wing and then crossed. Harry Wharton met it first time, and there was a quick drawing of breath round the field. But the leather struck an upright and rebounded into play, and Hickey cleared at last, sending it into midfield.

It had been a close thing for the Saints, and it encouraged the Remove. The wind in their favour made a great difference. A protracted struggle in midfield followed, the ball many times going into touch. For half an hour the game was lively enough, but the outcome was nil.

In spite of the efforts of the Remove eleven, it looked as if the Saints would win. Tom Merry broke through the Greyfriars defence and sent in a rapping shot which beat Handless all the way. But the leather struck an upright and rebounded. Tom Merry had no second chance. Trevor cleared, and together was just too late in tackling him.

The play shifted to midfield, but a player was left grazing on the grass. It was Matt Lovell, who had received a kick on the ankle by accident when he tackled Trevor. He rose and limped down the field, and the whistle went as he fell to the ground again. The play stopped, and the referee gave Lovell a hand up.

Tom Merry ran towards him anxiously.

"Hurt, old chap?"

"Only a knock on the ankle," said Lovell, trying to grin. "But I don't think I shall be able to go on."

"Can't be helped," said Tom Merry. "We must do the best we can."

Together was helped off the field. His injury was not serious, but it would make him limp for an hour or two.

The play was resumed, with St. Jim's a man short. The tide had turned more than ever in favour of Greyfriars now. They pressed the Saints hard, and there was a hectic struggle in the visitors' goal area. But Fatty Wynn in goal saved the side, stopping three or four successive shots that had seemed certain to find the back of the net.

There was a quarter of an hour more to play, and the score remained unchanged. With a man off the field Tom Merry did not expect to increase their lead, and he concentrated on defence.

Ten more minutes ticked away, and the spectators had almost given up hope of seeing the Remove score. It looked like a victory for St. Jim's.

But Harry Wharton had not given up hope. From a tackle in midfield the loose attack got away with the ball and brought it up to the Saints' goal. The referee glanced at his watch quickly. There were three minutes more to play. The players knew it was very near close.

Twice the Saints cleared, but each time the ball was brought back, and at last it came whizzing in from Bob Cherry's foot. Fatty Wynn fended it out, but Harry Singh's dark head was ready, and he headed the ball in again. Fatty Wynn was almost beaten, but not quite. He dived to the ball into his arms and advanced to kick clear, and

instinctively advanced a step too much for safety.

Harry Wharton lurched himself forward, and his shoulder met Wynn's. Back into the goal went goalkeeper and ball, and as Harry roared from the change the whistle blew.

"Goal!" yelled all Greyfriars, and with delight.

It was the equalising goal. The match was a draw, and honours were divided.



The Night of the Fifth!

THE great game was over, and the juniors rubbed down their weary limbs and changed their clothes in a mood of considerable satisfaction. The match had ended in a draw, but both sides had the satisfaction of not being defeated—and that was something.

In spite of Billy Hunter's misgivings on the point, the "cold collision" was heartily enjoyed by the footballers from St. Jim's, and when it was over they prepared to start for home.

The coach came to the gates of Greyfriars, and the Saints took their bags and walked down to meet it. With them went most of the Remove eleven. There was plenty of room in the coach, and they wanted to see their visitors off at the station.

The coach drove quickly to the village, and the St. Jim's team were in good time for their train. Harry Wharton & Co. accompanied them to the platform, and there was a general handshaking. Tom Merry's invitations to Harry Wharton to return the visit was heartily accepted.

"But Joyce! We'll give you a good reception," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "We shall be lunched and delighted if you come over. Goodbye, dear boy!"

The train steamed out. The Greyfriars juniors turned away. It was quite dark when they arrived at the gates of Greyfriars. There was a crowd in the Close, and a host of excited voices.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's the matter?"

"I say, you fellows—"

"What is it? Any of those blasters got loose?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

A roar of laughter interrupted the first junior. Led by Balstrode, the Remove lads, a group of Removeites were parading round the Close, carrying a chain, in which a distinctive form was sitting. The chained figure had its face blacked with soot, but Harry knew whom it was, and his eyes flashed with anger.

"Was Long!"

The Chinese janitor, unheeded with soot, was being carried in procession round the Close, the fellows of Balstrode letting off crackers round him and yelling out the old rhyme of the Fifth of November.

Wharton ran quickly towards the Removeites.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Stop that at once!"

Balstrode glared at him.

"What your business?" he exclaimed fiercely. "Come on, chaps! Gay, gay, gay!"

"Hurry!" roared the Balstrode party. "Please to remember the Fifth of November—"

"Stop!" said Wharton, planting himself in the path of the procession.

"Stand aside, or we'll march over you!" shouted Balstrode.

"Oh, hold on, Balstrode!" said Skinner. "It's all right. We've done enough processioning. Let's get to the heath; it's time it was lighted."

"Let the Chinese go!"

"I won't! Wharton's not going to dictate to me!"

"Put him down!" said Wharton savagely.

The Removeites who were carrying Wan Long set the chain down. Balstrode sprang at Harry Wharton, and staggered back from a heavy right-hander. Wan Long sprang out of the chain and plunged on Balstrode as the latter attempted to rise.

"No gates!" he roared.

Balstrode struggled feebly, but Wan Long had him pressed down. The Chinese turned a grinning face to the view of the Remove.

"Degree of soot on chain," he roared.

"Balstrode blacken my face, we blacken his face, allies allies!"

Balstrode yelled and squirmed. But he could not escape, and his friends did not come to his rescue, with Harry Wharton & Co. ready to take Wan Long's part. The soot was smudged from the hair upon Balstrode's face, and Wan Long's mouth was half-filled with it as he opened it to yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're a giddy sweep now, and no mistake, Balstrode!"

"Looose gerrup! Goo-goo! Logo!"

Balstrode struggled free at last. His face was black as the November night, and his clothes were thickly spotted with soot. He was in a raging temper, added to by the fact that his own friends were laughing as loudly as anyone else.

"Well, of all the nights!" said Bob Cherry, with the least meaning done his cheeks. "I think you take the role, Balstrode! Talk about gerrup!"

"Yes—yes—yes!" spluttered the enraged lads of the Remove.

"Ha, ha, ha! Better go and get a wash!"

The Removeites were looking to the heath in the Close, which was now lighted, and the juniors gleefully watched the flames according to the black November sky.

A guy—which bore a likeness to Goring, the porter, much to that individual's indignation—announced the game, and was thrown into a coil by the flames that roared round it. The roar of the flames mingled with the crackling of crackers, and squibs, and the hiss and hum of rocket engines.

All sorts and conditions of fireworks added to the excitement and fun, but the success of the evening was due to Wan Long. The Chinese janitor had been hard at work preparing for the celebration of the Fifth, and his fireworks were a great success, especially one which, exploding in the black sky overhead, burst into words of fire that brought a ringing cheer from the Greyfriars fellows. Painted in fiery letters against the black sky, appeared the legend:

"Good old Greyfriars!"

"Jolly good!" exclaimed Bob Cherry heartily.

"Hoar, hoar!" agreed the juniors.

"Good old Greyfriars!" yelled from the sky, and at last the celebrations were over, and the juniors trooped indoors. The most exciting Fifth of November in the history of Greyfriars was over.

"Next week!"

"REVEAL ENTERTAINERS!"—a full-of-jazz story starring Hunter the Vegetarianist and the Wharton Operetta Society. See you don't miss the fun.

