

"SAVED BY HIS SON!" AND "THE SEAMAN'S SECRET!"

TIP-TOP SCHOOL TALES INSIDE.

The **GEM** 2^D

A CLOSE
SHAVE FOR
HERR
SCHNEIDER!
—an amusing
incident from
"GLYN'S
HAIR-RAIS-
ING INVEN-
TION!"—
the humorous
long St. Jim's
story within.





Blake Answers Back!

"Triumphant," of Middleton, Manchester, writes:
I see you solved a message in code. Well, I'll bet you £100,000 you can't solve this: NAACZ DS STU AGHBUTQ. Sorry to show you up in front of all your readers! Best wishes for 1948!

ANSWER: *Is this code message "phony"? Smells like it to me. The way you spell "Triumphant" gives me a feeling your code may be wonky, too. Sneaking out of it, am I? Not a bit of it. Put your money down, and I'll get to work. Best wishes for 1949 and 1950!*

E. L., of Poole, writes:

I wish to know the address of Claud Rains, the film star. Also, could I obtain a signed photo from him? P.S.—How much?

ANSWER: *As Claud Rains played Prince John in "Robin Hood," shown at the Warner Theatre, in Leicester Square, a little while ago, I should write to him care of Warner Studios, Hollywood, Calif., U.S.A. Some stars make a small charge for photos; you may be lucky. Depends if Rains has had a "rain" of similar requests whether he "drops" you a picture!*

Ima Gooden, of Nottingham, writes:

I presume in your illustrious Academy of Learning there are a few more scholars than the select few (including yourself) that we hear of every week. If so, why do we not hear more of them? Or are they so insignificant that you do not deign to mention them? Yours puzzledly.

ANSWER: *Goody me, how the brickbats fly! Seems you're peeved because our goodness is paraded every week, while the goodness of fellows like Hammond and Reilly only rarely gets notice. Hasn't it struck you some fellows are more retiring by nature than others? Everything comes to he who waits—or better still, he who goes out and fetches it!*

Peter Cedrick, of Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, writes:

Can you supply me with some difficult words for a spelling bee? Also a few unpleasant forfeits for a party? By the way, which of your masters own motor-cars?

ANSWER: 1. Try metamorphosis, pharmaceutical, indivisibility, or site, route, dais, siege, bicycle, pedal, physical, regalia. 2. Biting an inch off a red-hot poker is always a good one, and eating an apple suspended on a string

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Jack Blake's here to answer your letters and deal with your queries. Write to him c/o The GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Be as candid as you like—Jack Blake likes a plain speaker, being by nature a John Bull himself! But keep your letter SHORT, and enclose if possible a photo of yourself for reproduction on this page. No photos can be returned and no replies given by post.

usually amuses onlookers. Keeping silence for five minutes while everybody tries to make you talk, or asking the victim to think of twenty towns beginning with "T," are other amusing forfeits. 3. The Head, of course, and Mr. Railton and Mr. Ratcliff. Mr. Ratcliff is rather a nervous driver, and Mr. Selby's second hand car has long been a joke. It isn't such a wreck as all that, though. Mr. Linton drives occasionally, but Mr. Lathom prefers to go everywhere by taxi.

Richard Baty, of Ewell, Surrey, writes:

But you can't decipher this code message—Kerr, Inspector Hornleigh, Sherlock Holmes, or anyone. SGD FDL HR FDMTHMD RN FDS HS VDDJKN. Also, is CW the wording on Australian planes?

ANSWER: *THE GEM IS GENUINE, SO GET IT WEEKLY. How's that, old chap? No, I didn't bother Kerr or Hornleigh. The frequency of the letter D helped me to tumble that it represented B, the succeeding letter in the alphabet. The others represented the one after, in the same way. I can't guarantee to decipher codes, though. Mr. Lathom insists I devote some time to the one the Romans invented—Latin. You know, TEMPUS FUGIT, etc., and no clue, either!*

Kangaroo tells me VH, and not CW, is the identification mark for Australian planes.

Wat Piffle, of Clensford, Suffolk, writes:

Please put me wise as to how the film "King Kong" was made. Was he a man-sized figure against a small background, or what? I don't suppose you'll know, anyway. Also, tell Monty Lowther he's a cackling ass, and tell Gussy he's a silly tailor's dummy! P.S.—Make sure and print this letter.

ANSWER: *"King Kong" was two "King Kongs." They had a small mechanical figure for use against model backgrounds, and a huge head for when the horrible close-ups were made. Lowther says he has never heard of an ass that could cackle before, but perhaps your acquaintance with asses is closer than his! Gussy merely said: "Bai Jove! How wide! What is your page comin' to, Blake, dear boy?"*

P.S.—If there's anything else I can do for you, just let me know.

THE SCHOOLBOY INVENTOR WHO SET OUT TO RAISE HAIR ON ALL THE BALDHEADED MASTERS AT ST. JIM'S!



Glyn's HAIR-RAISING INVENTION!

There was a yell of amazement as Baggy Trimble came out of the study. Baggy's appearance was amazingly altered. On his fat upper-lip, astounding to behold, was a curly black moustache! "It's come!" "Trimble's got it!" "Oh, my hat!"

CHAPTER 1.

The Mystery of Study No. 11!

MIAOW!

"Bai Jove!"

"Mee-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth halted in surprise and alarm.

He was passing along the Shell passage in the School House when that wild howl rang out from Study No. 11.

It was the howl of a cat in a state of great excitement and indignation.

Miaouooooow!

"Shurrup, you silly beast!"

That was Glyn's voice. Apparently he was addressing the cat in Study No. 11.

"Gweat Scott!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

He was shocked as well as surprised.

Cats do not howl for nothing. Had it been

Mellish's or Trimble's study, Arthur Augustus would have suspected that the cat was being tormented. But it was impossible to suspect Bernard Glyn of the Shell of anything like that. But the cat was howling.

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

Miaouooooow!

It was a top-note tremolo, crescendo, and appassionato.

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

Mee-ow-o-ow!

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

"Glyn!" called out Arthur Augustus wrathfully.

Having apparently induced a moustache to appear on Baggy Trimble's lip with his new hair-restorer, Bernard Glyn seeks to conquer Herr Schneider's bald head—with hair-raising results!

by

MARTIN CLIFFORD

Impossible as it seemed to suspect Glyn of cruelty to an animal, the matter did look suspicious—the door being locked, and the cat howling frantically in the study. And there was no answer to Arthur Augustus' call, save a fresh frenzied howl from the cat.

"Glyn! You wottah! Open this door at once!" shouted D'Arcy.

"Eh? What's wanted?"

"What are you doin' to that cat?"

"Nothing."

"What is it howlin' for, then?"

"How should I know? Perhaps it likes to hear the sound of its own voice—like some silly asses in the Fourth Form."

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

"Buzz off!"

"Let that cat out!"

"Rats!"

Thump!

"Go away, you silly ass!"

"I wufuse to go away! Let me in at once! I wufuse to allow you to ill-use a cat!"

"You silly chump!" roared Glyn of the Shell. "Who's ill-using a cat?"

"What is it howlin' for, then?"

"Go and eat coke!"

Thump! Bang! Thump!

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

"What's the row, Gussy?" called out Tom Merry.

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

"Eh? What for?"

"To bweak in this door."

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

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

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

"You uttah ass!" shouted Arthur Augustus. "I wufuse to cwedit for one moment that you thought anythin' of the kind!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang, bang, bang!

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

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

"Glyn!" shouted Tom Merry.

"Go away!"

"Let us in!"

"Rot!"

"What are you doing with that blessed cat?"

"Run away and play!"

Miaouoooooooo!

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

"Go and eat coke!"

Thump, thump! Bang! Rap! Kick!

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

"Is it an earthquake?" asked Herries.

Miaouoooooooo!

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

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

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

Juniors were arriving on the scene from far and near now. The din in and outside Study No. 11 reached to a great distance. Levison and Clive and Cardew came along, and Julian and Kerruish, and Grundy & Co. of the Shell, and Kangaroo and Clifton Dane. Kangaroo and Dane were Glyn's studymates, and they had the right of entry to Study No. 11; but their thumps on the door and shouts through the keyhole were quite unheeded by Glyn. He was evidently busy, though what his occupation was was a mystery. Mrs. Mimms' cat seemed to know, and apparently objected; but the juniors could not guess.

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

Harry Noble shook his head.

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

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

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

"P'raps he's turned vivisectionist?" suggested Baggy Trimble of the Fourth.

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

"Wats! I'm goin' in! If Glyn is takin' to vivisection, this has got to be weported to the Head, so that he can be expelled fwom the school!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus heatedly. "I should certainly wufuse to wemain undah the same woof with a vivisectionist Glyn, you wottah—"

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

"Oh, buzz off!"

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

"Yaas, wathah!"

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

"Stop that!" yelled Glyn.

"Open the door, then."

"Oh rats!"

Crash!

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

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

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

CHAPTER 2.

The Great Invention!

"OPEN tat door at vunce, mit you!"
"Oh crumbs!" came Glyn's voice in dismayed tones from within the study.

The howls of the cat ceased.

Tom Merry & Co. stood silent.

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

"Will you open tat door, Glyn?"

"Yes, sir," said Bernard Glyn reluctantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Glyn flushed.

"Certainly not!" he exclaimed indignantly.

"I hear him howl, Glyn, like tunder!"

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

"You torment tat cat."

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

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

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

"You are cruel poy, Glyn!"

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

Certainly the cat seemed all right now. It was not even attempting to flee. But Herr Schneider was not to be satisfied.

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

"But I say, sir—"

"Gum!" said Herr Schneider commandingly; and he led the hapless experimenter from the study.

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

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

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Must be a bit potty," said Kangaroo. "He hasn't hurt the cat—he wouldn't. I knew that.

But what on earth did he want to shave a cat for?"

"Goodness knows!"

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

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

"Wats! I suggest givin' him a jolly good waggin'!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus warmly. "It may pvevent him fwom gwin' up into a wotten vivisectionist!"

"Good egg!" said Blake.

"Hear, hear!"

"We'll collah him when he comes back, and wush him into the Common-woom and wag him," said Arthur Augustus.

"You bet!"

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

"Wats!"

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

Glyn was looking flushed and uncomfortable as he was marched in. His conscience was clear, but his mysterious actions had to be explained. And it happened, also, to be Mr. Railton's safety-razor that he had in his hand. The School House master was not likely to approve of shaving cats, even to demonstrate some valuable scientific theory; and still less was he likely to approve the use of his razor for the purpose.

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

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

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

"Glyn!" exclaimed Mr. Railton sternly.

Glyn's face was crimson.

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

"I heard the cat myself," said the Housemaster.

"What have you been doing, Glyn? Is it possible that there is a boy in this school base enough to torment an animal?"

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

"What?"

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

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

"For—for an experiment, sir."

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

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

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

"I—I borrowed it, sir—"

"From whom?"

"Ahem!"

"Had you permission to borrow it, Glyn?"

"Nunno!"

"To whom does it belong?"

"Hem! To you, sir!"

Mr. Railton jumped

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

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

"Are you wandering in your mind, Glyn?"

"Not at all, sir. It's only my invention. I've been working at it for weeks, and I've got it right at last. But it's got to be tested. It's a thing that will be immensely useful, sir, especially to middle-aged and old people, sir—you, for instance!"

"What?"

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

"What?"

"A bald spot, sir. And—and it was really for the sake of bald people that I made this invention, sir. My hair-restorer—"

"Your what?" ejaculated Mr. Railton.

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

"Bless my soul!"

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

"Mein gootness!" said Herr Schneider blankly.

"Te poy is mat—quite mat!"

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

"Vat?"

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

Herr Schneider ought to have been grateful for Glyn's generous offer. There was no doubt that the top of his head was like unto the harvest moon. But he wasn't grateful. He seized the hapless inventor of St. Jim's by the collar and shook him furiously. Possibly Herr Schneider had been under the blissful delusion that the careful brushing of his scanty locks concealed his baldness. Middle-aged gentlemen frequently have that delusion, and naturally they do not like having the painful truth broken to them.

Shake! Shake! Shake!

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Herr Schneider!" exclaimed Mr. Railton.

Shake! Shake!

"Tat poy—tat unrootful, insolent poy!"

Glyn jerked himself away, breathless.

"Ow! Keep off! I was only—"

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

"I leave him to you, sir!" gasped Herr

Schneider. And he rolled out of the study, his round eyes gleaming with rage behind his spectacles.

Mr. Railton picked up his cane.

"Glyn—" he said.

"Oh dear! Yes, sir?"

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

"Very well, sir," mumbled Glyn.

"And now you may hold out your hand, Glyn."

"Oh dear!"

Swish! Swish!

"Yow-wow!"

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

CHAPTER 3.

A Victim Required!

"COLLAR him!"

"There he is!"

"Collar the ass!"

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

Tom Merry & Co. were ready for him.

Before Glyn of the Shell knew what was happening, he was collared on all sides and swept off his feet.

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

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

He sat up on the table, spluttering.

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

"You are goin' to be wagged, you feahful wottah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sternly.

"Bump him!"

"Frogsmarch!" exclaimed Blake.

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

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

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

"Bump him!"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

Bump!

Bernard Glyn howled wildly as he was swept off the table and bumped on the floor. Thrice he smote the carpet with his person, and each time there was a terrific howl in the Common-room.

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

"Yow-ow!"

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

"Groogh!"

"Give him another!"

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

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

"I've promised Railton not to," groaned Glyn, "so I won't! If you fellows had any decency, you'd let me shave your heads—"

"What?"

"And try my hair-restorer."

"Bai Jove!"

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

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

"Yes, you chump!" gasped Glyn.

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

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's lots of difficulties in the way of testing it thoroughly. Chaps here aren't bald, worse

luck! But if any fellow would agree to have his head shaved quite bare, I could try it on him."

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

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

"Yes. Moustaches are still fashionable."

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

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

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

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

"I was thinking of that—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But if any of you chaps would care for a



As Herr Schneider strode into the study, the juniors crowded round the doorway, looking in. Glyn had a safety-razor in his hand, and on the table was the cat, with a lather of soap on him. Astounding as it seemed, there was no doubt that Glyn had been attempting to shave Mrs. Mimms' cat!

moustache, I'd undertake to produce one, with my treatment—"

"Fathead!"

"Ass!"

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

"Eh?"

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

"You silly ass!" gasped Tom Merry.

"There's your father, Manners—"

"My father!" said Manners.

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

"Hold him!" said Manners dazedly.

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

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

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

"Look here—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

CHAPTER 4.

A Chance for the Head!

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

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

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

The hair-grower was equally efficacious to produce moustaches, according to its inventor; but there again Glyn was baffled. Nobody at St. Jim's wanted a moustache. Certainly a fellow who had sported a moustache at fifteen would have attracted plenty of notice in the quad and the Form-room.

Not that anybody believed that Glyn's weird chemical solution would really make the hair grow. But they weren't going to take the risk, that was certain. They inquired why Glyn

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didn't try it on himself—and Glyn did not seem to have any satisfactory explanation to make. No doubt he objected to having a moustache at fifteen.

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

He did make the venture with Mrs. Mimms, the House dame, visiting the lady in the house-keeper's room, and beginning to explain that he had noticed that her hair was going—but he did not get any further than that. Glyn did not mean to be personal at all—but Mrs. Mimms misunderstood him. To Glyn's surprise and indignation, she boxed his ears, and bundled him out. He did not try Mrs. Mimms again.

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

Herr Schneider and Mrs. Mimms had become inexplicably angry; but Glyn argued that the Head was a sensible man, and was bound to be pleased at the prospects of recovering his lost hirsute adornments. As a sensible man, Dr. Holmes could not fail to be aware that there was a pronounced thinness in his hair, and he was

COMING SHORTLY—

SUPER NEW EASTER HOLIDAY SERIES OF THE ST. JIM'S CHUMS!

Full Details Next Week.

too intellectual a gentleman to suffer from any "touchiness" on the subject. Thus Glyn argued to himself, and he decided to put the matter to the test at last.

He was quite conscious of the credit that would accrue to him if his invention succeeded in making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, so to speak, on the august cranium of the headmaster. It would be specially valuable as a testimonial if his invention was placed on the market.

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

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

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

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

"Well, Glyn?" he said.

Glyn coughed.

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

"Indeed!"

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

"Bless my soul!" said the Head, looking quite interested. "The science master has often ex-

pressed himself very pleased with you. If you have really made some discovery in the course of your experiments, I shall be very pleased to hear about it, Glyn!"

Glyn beamed.

This was encouraging; there was no mistake about that. He had been right in counting upon the commonsense and intelligence of his headmaster!

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

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

The Head started.

"A—a—a hair-restorer!" he said.

"Yes, sir!"

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

"It's a corker, sir!"

"A what?"

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

"Ahem! Really, Glyn—"

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

"Really?"

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

"A new what?"

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

"Really?"

"And I hope, sir, that you—"

"Eh?"

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

Glyn's voice trailed off.

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

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

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

There was an awful pause.

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

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

"I suppose you do not intend to be impertinent?"

"I, sir!"

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

"But, sir, if you'd only try—"

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

Glyn started. He thought he understood.

The Head, apparently, was unaware of that tell-tale spot on the top of his august head, and

he was going to decline a certain cure for it owing to that blissful ignorance.

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

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

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

"You may go, Glyn!"

"Yes, sir; but you're mistaken, sir."

"Mistaken?"

"Mistaken in thinking you don't need a hair-restorer, sir, I mean. You do, sir!"

"What?"

"That bald spot—"

"That—that what?" gasped the Head.

"On your napper, sir—I—I mean, your head—that bald spot is quite prominent, sir—chaps joke about it!"

"Glyn!" thundered the Head.

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

"Boy! This unheard of insolence—"

"Oh, sir! I—"

"Hold out your hand, Glyn!" thundered the Head.

The next few minutes were painful to the youthful inventor of St. Jim's. So far from being grateful or encouraging, the Head was evidently in a very angry temper. He laid on the cane as if he were going through a form of physical drill.

"Now go!" gasped the Head, pointing to the door with his cane. "Not a word, you utterly impertinent young rascal! Go!"

And the young rascal went—groaning.

★

HE HAD TO BE FED!

The Tornado's fist crashed home on Ham Woodridge's jaw and the young millionaire knew no more until he found himself in his corner, his seconds working on him, and a towel-generated breeze fanning his stinging cheeks.

"Food!" he groaned. "I must have food. I can win, I tell you, but I must have something to eat!" A boxer asking for something to eat in the middle of a scrap! Sounds crazy, but there's a reason—a good reason—for Ham's request. Want to know what it is? Righto! You'll find it in

"PORK PIES FOR PUNCH!"

—the funniest boxing yarn ever, which appears in today's issue of

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CHAPTER 5.

A Victim at Last !

"IT'S rotten!"

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

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

More than the caning, he regretted that he had not been allowed to experiment on the respected cranium of his headmaster.

Dr. Holmes was blind to his own interests, or else he was determined to hug the delusion that his bald spot did not show. At all events, there was no chance for the schoolboy inventor there.

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

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

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

"Wats!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You fat burglar!" growled Glyn. "After the take—"

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

Glyn picked up a cricket stump.

"Outside!" he said.

Trimble remained behind the table. He was well aware that the stump was intended for use as he passed, if he made for the door.

"I—I say, Glyn—"

"Travel!"

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

"Rats!"

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

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

"Good man!" he said. "I'm very pleased at this, Trimble. You're the only fellow that's offered to put up with a little trouble for the sake

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of scientific experimentation. You're not such a rotter as I've always thought. Come here; I haven't a razor here now, but I can clip your hair close—"

"I—I say—"

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

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

"Look here, Trimble—"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Quite sure."

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

"But you're not to, you ass!"

"But suppose I did—"

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

"Oh, of course!" said Trimble meekly.

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

"Good!"

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

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

With a camel-hair brush he painted Trimble's podgy upper lip with the specific, which was thick and clinging, like gum, and had rather an unpleasant taste. What it was made of Trimble hadn't the faintest idea; but it felt and smelt like gum mixed with a little calcium carbide. Probably it would have been just as good if it had been. But Glyn's faith in it was evidently profound, though it was not shared by others.

Trimble wriggled a little under the infliction.

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

"Ow!" murmured Trimble.

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

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

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

Every day now brings the next holidays nearer, announces Pratt of the New House. Audited and found correct!

Third Form flash: "D'Arcy minor said you hadn't the brains of a donkey, sir," said Piggott to Mr. Selby, "but I stood up for you." "And in what way did you stand up for me?" asked Mr. Selby. "I said you had, sir," replied Piggott. "Swish, swish!"

Grundy has just put his head in to say he has lit on a bright idea. Ah, a stowaway!

I was just reading about an explorer who travelled 4,000 miles with 20,000 cigarettes in his luggage. Sort of explorer who gets rescued in the nicotine. Ow!

"Sharepushing In Brief," runs a headline. From sell to cell?

"Sailor Sleeps 16 Hours a Day." Sounds a lot of bunk to me!

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

"Yes, shurrup! You're interrupting!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

"I—I think I'd better go—"

"Dry it first, ass!"

There was no choice for Trimble. He dried the sticky solution on his lip, with some inward tremors. Some of Glyn's inventions had worked, he knew, and there was a bare possibility of this one working. Baggy had intended to make a bee-line for the bath-room and a scrubbing-brush, but he had not received the ten-shilling note yet. So he carried out the schoolboy inventor's instructions meekly.

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

"How does it feel?" asked Glyn.

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

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

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

If anybody is getting bored about here, don't mind me—just turn over the page.

"Why don't you put an advert in the paper for your lost dog?" suggested Herries to a friend. "What's the use?" complained the friend. "He can't read."

20,000,000 people take in daily newspapers, we hear. The number of people who are taken in by daily papers is not stated.

Grundy and Gore had been having a quarrel. "Well," said Grundy, "if there's anything I've said I'm sorry for, I'm jolly glad I said it!"

The skipper of a tramp steamer had gone below, when one of the crew yelled down the hatchway: "Skipper, will you come up and give us another star to steer by? We've passed the one you gave us just now!"

Gussy, after much thought, has decided that the Government has to work hard to solve the problems the country would not have if it were not for the Government.

"These eggs are straight from the country," said the Rylcombe grocer. "Yes, but what country?" asked the Matron suspiciously.

STOP PRESS: Skimpole is getting so absent-minded he forgot his umbrella when he went out the other day and didn't realise he'd left it behind till it stopped raining and he put up his hand to close it.

See you same day, same page, next week.

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

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

"But I say—"

"It's all right—quite finished!"

"Ye-e-es; but you've forgotten something—"

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

"I mean the ten bob!" howled Trimble.

"Oh!" Bernard Glyn had forgotten that unimportant trifle. Baggy Trimble hadn't. "All right! Here you are!"

Baggy's fat fingers closed on the ten-shilling note.

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

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

"Yah!" was Trimble's rejoinder to that remark.

"I—I say, Glyn, you mean it? You'll lend me ten bob to-morrow if I've got a moustache?"

"Honour bright!"

"Right-ho!" said Trimble.

And Baggy rolled out of the study. With a ten-shilling note in his possession, Baggy's natural destination was the tuckshop. But for once in his life Baggy withstood the attraction of that almost irresistible magnet. The tuckshop had to

wait—while Baggy headed for the nearest bathroom. There, with steaming-hot water, plenty of soap, and a scrubbing-brush, Baggy Trimble set to work on his upper lip, so carefully painted with solution by the schoolboy inventor.

Whether there was anything in Bernard Glyn's wonderful discovery or not, it was pretty certain that Baggy's fat countenance would not be adorned with a moustache on the morrow.

CHAPTER 6. Amazing!

LET'S look, Trimble!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

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

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

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

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

"It's not gwowin' yet!" grinned Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as he turned his eyeglass scrutinisingly upon Trimble's fat face.

"There's something there," said Blake.

"Only a smear of jam, deah boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

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

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

"And his mechanical bulldog," remarked Herries.

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

The juniors turned in, still chuckling. Baggy Trimble did not sleep so soundly as usual. Ten shillings' worth of tuck was in a state of disagreement within him; the doughnuts did not quite pull with the baked apples, and the jam tarts seemed to dislike the neighbourhood of the sardines.

And he was a little uneasy. Well as he had rubbed and scrubbed at his fat lip, he could not help wondering if, possibly, after all, he would be sprouting a moustache in the morning. That would be quick work, certainly, but Glyn seemed to expect it. Trimble comforted himself with the reflection that Glyn was an ass, and fell asleep at last.

When the rising-bell clanged out in the morning Jack Blake turned out and glanced towards Trimble's bed. He was thinking of Baggy and his

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incipient moustache. To his amazement, the bed was empty.

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

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

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

"Trimble's up!"

"Bai Jove!"

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

"Seen Trimble?" asked Blake.

"No. Is he down?"

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

"Hallo! There he is!"

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

"Hallo, Trimble!"

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

"Oh!" gasped Trimble.

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

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

CHAPTER 7.

Something Like Success!

IT'S come!"

"Trimble's got it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

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

It was scarcely credible; but there it was.

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

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Blake.

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes!"

"Toppin', deah boy!"

"Ripping! Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

EVERY WEDNESDAY

"It looks queeah enough!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "So the blessed specific works, after all," said Manners. "Who'd have thought it? It would have done the Head good, after all."
 "Yaas, wathah!"
 "Where's Glyn? Glyn ought to see this!"
 "Come on, Trimble—let Glyn see it!" chuckled Blake.
 "I—I say, I don't want the masters to see it. I—I shall have to get a shave before brekker!" said Trimble.
 "A shave! Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Here's Glyn!"

the sudden growth, you know. I
 it!"
 "Well, I dare say that's so," as
 "It was sudden enough, and it might
 little soreness. But isn't it a beauty?
 downstairs with me, Trimble——"
 "Not like this!" gasped Trimble.
 "Yes—I want Herr Schneider to see it! Then
 he may allow me to experiment on his napper——"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "No jolly fear! I—I'm going to get a—a
 shave——"
 "Don't be an ass, Trimble; you don't want a
 shave! Keep it!" said Glyn. "There's no law



"You're mistaken, sir, in thinking that you don't need a hair-restorer," said Glyn. "What?"
 gasped the Head. "That bald spot on your head is quite prominent, sir," went on the schoolboy inventor. "Chaps joke about it——"
 "Glyn!" thundered Dr. Holmes.

"Look here, Glyn!"
 Bernard Glyn came hurriedly up, with an excited face; he had heard a rumour already. His eyes fairly danced at the sight of Baggy Trimble in his moustache.
 "Oh!" he gasped. "Spiffing! Didn't I tell you fellows so? I knew it would work!"
 Glyn looked as though he could have hugged Baggy Trimble at that moment. The moustache made Baggy, if possible, a little less beautiful than usual; but to Glyn's eyes he was admirable. The schoolboy inventor peered at the moustache, Baggy watching him rather uneasily. He put out a hand to touch it, and Baggy started back.
 "Here, let it alone!" he ejaculated.
 "What's the matter?"
 "It—it feels a bit sore," said Trimble. "The—

against a fellow wearing a moustache. It's becoming, too. You stick to it!"
 "You silly ass——"
 "I'll do as much for you other fellows, if you like," said Glyn, looking round. "You, Gussy——"
 "No fear!" chuckled Arthur Augustus.
 "You'd look jolly well in a moustache, Gussy!" urged Glyn.
 "I am quite awah of that, deah boy; but I'm not goin' to have one, all the same!"
 "I—I say, Glyn!" Baggy Trimble caught the schoolboy inventor by the sleeve. "You haven't forgotten——"
 "Eh? What!"
 "The ten bob, you know!"
 "What ten bob?"

J. going to lend me ten bob, you
 "was I?" said Glyn indifferently. "All
 here you are! Come to my study,
 Trimble; I want to photograph that before you
 shave it off."

"I—I'll follow you!" stuttered Trimble.
 "Right-ho!"
 Bernard Glyn hurried off to his study to pre-
 pare his camera, to put on permanent record
 that astonishing triumph of his inventive genius.

But Trimble did not follow.
 He jammed the ten-shilling note into his
 pocket, and hurried away in another direction.

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

"Twimble, deah boy—"
 "Here, you buzz off!" exclaimed Trimble.
 "I was goin' to offah to help you, Twimble,"
 said Arthur Augustus mildly. "You must get
 that off before bwekkah."

"That's all right!"
 "You will want a wazah."
 "I—I can manage—"
 "I weally do not see how you can manage to
 get wid of a moustache without a wazah,
 Twimble."

"I—I'm going to clip it off close, you see—"
 "Pewwaps I can assist you. It is watah diffi-
 cult to clip it yourself. Shall I do it for you,
 Twimble?"

"Oh, rats!"
 "Wha-a-at!"

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

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

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

Trimble's door closed after him.
 The juniors had gone downstairs into the
 quad, and most of them were very keen to see
 Trimble at the breakfast-table.

If there were any traces left of that sudden
 moustache, it was certain to attract plenty of
 attention.

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

His fat upper lip was as bare as of old.
 All the fellows looked at him; but there was not
 the slightest trace of hair about Trimble's ex-
 tensive mouth—the moustache had vanished with-
 out leaving a trace behind.

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

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

"Yes, haven't I?" grinned Trimble.

"You must have used a wazah, aftah all."

"Perhaps I did."

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

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

"Silence, please!" said Mr. Lathom.

After breakfast a crowd of fellows gathered
 round Trimble in the quadrangle to examine
 him. Most of them seemed rather disappointed
 to see no traces of a new moustache coming. As
 Herries remarked, it would have been no end of
 a lark if Trimble had had a sudden sprouting
 in the Form-room; it would have been worth
 while watching Mr. Lathom's face when he
 spotted it.

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

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

"Hallo! Growing again?" asked Glyn, with
 interest.

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

Glyn shook his head.

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

"If you could lend me another ten bob—"

"Rats!"

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

And he rolled away after the Fourth.

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

"I don't think!" chuckled Kangaroo.

"You might stand by a chap, Dane."

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

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

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

"Oh, it's a cert!"

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

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

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

But instead of benefiting that morning by Mr.
 Linton's valuable instructions in the Form-room,
 Glyn was thinking of his wonderful specific and of
 the test it had to be put to, and he decided that
 Herr Schneider was the man. But how to get at
 Herr Schneider's napper was a problem to which
 Glyn had found no solution by the time classes
 were finished.

CHAPTER 8.

A Chance at Last!

TOM MERRY & CO. were chatting in the
 quadrangle after dinner when Glyn of the
 Shell came up.

The Terrible Three grinned as they saw him.

Detective Kerr Investigates

possible—is it, then guilty of



No. 36. THE SMUGGLERS ON THE RHYL.

UNUSUAL excitement was caused at St. Jim's when Inspector Skeat of Wayland called to see the Head—and it got round that the police were inquiring about a gang of smugglers who had apparently been bringing contraband goods up the River Rhyll in barges laden ostensibly with timber. Beyond the fact that a string of barges had been towed up as far as Wayland and later towed away again, there was no clue. Though the Head was unable to help the inspector, St. Jim's juniors were asked to report suspicious characters, and "Detective" Kerr resolved to help the police if he could.

KERR: Jolly queer business, inspector, about the barges.

INSPECTOR SKEAT: You didn't see anything of them, Master Kerr?

KERR: Unfortunately, no. But I remember Tom Merry speaking about them. They were only at the wharf a day or two, I believe.

INSPECTOR SKEAT: Thirty-six hours, to be exact. Well, if any of your friends noticed anything you think might interest me, don't hesitate to get me on the phone.

KERR: I won't, inspector. Good-bye!

MERRY: Yes, Kerr, there were five barges.

KERR: What made you remember the number specially?

MERRY: Manners photographed them, and I took the names. You don't see so many barges on the river these days as there were at one time. An old bargee was talking to us about the competition of the road haulage contractors, and so on.

KERR: What were the names of the barges?

MERRY: Northlight, Ambler, Corona, Elizabeth, and Elsie.

KERR: They give all sorts of names to barges, I know. Thanks, Merry.

MERRY: Why not speak to Redfern? He was interested in them, too. You know Redfern does an occasional article for the "Wayland Gazette," and he thought there might be a story in them.

Glyn had a very thoughtful expression, and the Shell fellows could guess what he was thinking about.

Three hands were raised together to wave him off.

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

"I say——"

"Ask Trimble!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

REDFERN: Merry was right, Kerr. Forty years ago there was quite a lot of barge traffic on the rivers. Now you can go along a river like the Kennet, in Berkshire, as I did last vac, and see old hulks lying derelict, and an air of almost ghostly decay over everything.

KERR: Very interesting. But what I want to know is, did you see anything suspicious about the barges that tied up at Wayland Wharf?

REDFERN: Not exactly suspicious. They seemed to be loaded with timber.

KERR: How many were there?

REDFERN: Five or six. I took down the names: Elizabeth, Ambler, Elsie, Nymph, Northlight. Five altogether.

BARGEE: Yus, young sir, I've been on barges now for more years than I care to remember.

KERR: I dare say. It isn't often we see a string of them as high up the river as this. How many were there a day or two ago? Six, wasn't it?

BARGEE: No, sir. Five altogether.

KERR: What made you stay behind when they left?

BARGEE: Oh, I'm getting on now, you know, sir. The boss has given me a soft job here in charge of the wharf.

KERR: What's this Gussy was telling me about your having boarded a barge on the Rhyll and played pirate the other afternoon, Wally?

D'ARCY MINOR: Don't think we were just playing at pirates, Kerr. We're a bit above that sort of thing in the Third. But we're rehearsing a Captain Kidd play, and when we accidentally came across a barge hidden away in a backwater of the Rhyll, we thought it was a great chance to hold a rehearsal in the right surroundings.

KERR: Suppose you had stumbled on the smugglers? You might have met some real pirates—and been made to walk the plank!

D'ARCY MINOR: Oh, that's just a yarn about the smugglers. Our barge had nothing on it at all.

KERR: Not even a cargo of timber, like the others?

D'ARCY MINOR: I don't think it was anything to do with the string that came up to Wayland Wharf, Kerr. This must have been a derelict.

(From the information received, Kerr has gained an important clue. Did you spot it? See Kerr's solution on page 33.)

"Baggy will grow moustaches at ten bob a time."

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

"Go hon!"

"He's proved himself that the specific is all

on't let me shave his head and try
 Isn't he an unreasonable beast?"
 "I think I've a right to experi-
 Trimble in the circumstances. But
 kangaroo won't agree to hold him down while I
 cut his hair—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

"I've asked him—"

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

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

"I don't think!"

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

"If he will stand it!" grinned Lowther.

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

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

"Hold him!" stuttered Tom Merry.

"While I shave his head—"

"Shave Schneider's head?"

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

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

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

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

"Of course, there's a risk," admitted Glyn.
 "But even a flogging—after all, what's a flog-
 ging? Chaps are supposed to make a bit of
 sacrifice in the cause of scientific investigations.
 There are rotters who make experiments on live
 animals—of course, I wouldn't do that. But in
 the circumstances an experiment on Schneider is
 justifiable—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

"Merry, mein poy!"

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

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

"Yes, sir?" gasped Tom.

"I want someone to run down to Rylcombe with
 a message," said Herr Schneider. "Perhaps you
 will like to go for me, Merry?"

"Ahem!"

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

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

"Oh!" said Tom.

Mr. Shrimp was the village barber.

"He vill gum at four o'clock," said Herr
 Schneider; and he withdrew his head from the
 window.

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

Herr Schneider glared out again.

"Wat is it, Merry?"

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

"Not at all, my poy!"

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

"Ferry goot!" said Herr Schneider; and he
 disappeared from the window, resuming his arm-
 chair and his Deutsch newspapers.

"Good man," said Tom Merry. "Time we got
 on the ground, you fellows. You can cut off,
 Glyn! Much obliged!"

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

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

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

Glyn stood for some minutes in thought.

His eyes were glimmering.

Evidently a very brilliant idea was working in
 the brain of the schoolboy inventor.

He started for the gates at last.

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

CHAPTER 9.

The New Hairdresser!

MR. SHRIMP, the Rylcombe barber, was
 reading a newspaper in his little shop
 and occasionally looking up from it to
 give his assistant the benefit of his views regard-
 ing world affairs when the bell tinkled at the
 door.

It was Bernard Glyn of the Shell at St. Jim's
 who entered.

Mr. Shrimp was on his feet at once. The
 newspaper was thrown aside for the time
 being.

"Afternoon, sir!" said Mr. Shrimp affably.

"Haircut, sir?"

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

"Certainly, sir!"

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

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

"No; here."

Mr. Shrimp looked surprised at that.

"You want to be made-up here?" he asked. "But what about getting back, sir?"

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

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

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

"I can change here?" he asked.

"Certainly, sir."

Glyn changed.

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

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

"Certainly, sir!"

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

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

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

"That's all right; there are men of thirty no bigger than I am. Anyway, that's what I want—moustache and a pointed beard in the French style, and a wig—different colour from my own hair. And the complexion altered a bit. You see, I don't want to be recognised."

"Ahem! All right, sir."

Mr. Shrimp had his suspicions that there was something more than private theatricals in this. But that was no business of his; he held his peace.

His skilled hands were soon at work.

Bernard Glyn's appearance underwent a remarkable change. Instead of a rather good-looking lad of fifteen, he was transformed into a decidedly unbeautiful man of about thirty, small for his age.

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

"My hat! Is that me?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir," grinned Mr. Shrimp. "Bit of a change—what?"

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

"Not likely, sir!"

Glyn grinned at his reflection. The sharpest eyes could scarcely have detected that his remarkable exterior concealed a Shell fellow of St. Jim's.

"I suppose it looks natural?" he remarked.

Mr. Shrimp coughed.

"Natural as life, Master Glyn," he answered. "You rely on me, sir. I used them same things in making up a gentleman for the theatricals at Major Stringer's place last week, sir, and he

was delighted. More natural than life, sir, if you ask me."

"Oh, good!"

Glyn turned to the door.

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

"Right-ho!"

Glyn paid over the cash cheerily enough.

"Of course, the things 'as to be brought back safe and sound," said Mr. Shrimp, a little uneasily.

He could not help thinking that Glyn was more probably engaged upon a practical joke than ordinary theatricals.

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

"A—a—a what?"

"A barber!"

"Well, I don't know that I should take you for a 'airdresser, first look."

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

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

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

"Right you are, sir!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It would be final proof that his disguise was satisfactory.

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

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

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

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

Taggles grunted.

"School 'Ouse," he said to the driver.

And the cab rolled on to the School House.

From the distant football field there was a ringing shout:

"Goal!"

"Bravo, Tom Merry!"

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

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

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

"My eye!" said Toby indignantly. "'Airdresser's man comin' in a cab! My eye!"

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

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

"Zousand pardons!"

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

"Mais oui!"

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

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

"Airdresser, sir!" he announced.

"Gum in!" said Herr Schneider.

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

CHAPTER 10.

Not as per Programme!

HERR SCHNEIDER blinked at his visitor over his glasses, and grunted.

The curled moustache and little pointed beard gave Glyn a very Frenchified look; and Herr Schneider did not like Frenchmen.

His frown expressed disapproval.

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

"Oui, monsieur!"

"Den you are new man?"

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

Sniff from Herr Schneider. It was rather dusky in the German master's study, and Otto Schneider was shortsighted; but something struck him as a little odd about the hairdresser's young man. Certainly Glyn was not recognisable, and his make-up was remarkably good, but there was something about him not wholly convincing somehow.

"You ate Franzozisch?" asked Herr Schneider, eyeing the young man over his spectacles.

"I am good barbaair, sair," answered Bernard Glyn.

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

"Zank you, sair!"

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"Dis is one drick!" panted Herr Schneider, thumping Glyn. "Ach! I preaks efery pone—" "Yaroooh! Help! Rescue!" Tom Merry looked into the study in alarm.

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

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

Glyn set to work in a businesslike way.

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Shrimp had the more or less agreeable task of massaging the top of the Herr's head



Glyn. "You gums here and you shafes my head pald, isn't it ?
! Rescue!" roared Glyn. The door was suddenly opened and
y in alarm, with a crowd of fellows behind him.

with some kind of mixture to make the hair strengthen in growth; but this time it was quite a new mixture that was to be used by the amateur hairdresser.

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

His scissors were not to be clipped in empty air like Mr. Shrimp's. From the point of view of the schoolboy inventor there was only one thing to be done—to clear Herr Schneider's head of the straggling tufts of iron-grey hair that remained, which were only in the way, and then to give the whole cranium a liberal dose of the specific.

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

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

So Glyn did not leave them.

His scissors clicked away industriously.

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

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

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

Glyn worked with a will.

It was his first essay as a hairdresser; but the work was not really difficult, considering that there was nothing to do but to clear the victim's head of every hair that remained on it.

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

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

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

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

He was quite warming to his work now. He had, in fact, almost forgotten that he really was a fellow in the Shell Form at St. Jim's, and not a hairdresser's assistant.

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

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

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

"It does not feel te same as usual."

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

"Ach!"

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

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

"Zank you, sair!"

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

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

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

"Perhaps a leetle more, sair!"

"I tell you tat tat vill do!"

"Oh, verree vell, sair!"

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

"Ahem!"

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

Then he jumped.

He was accustomed to seeing fringes of grey hair carefully arranged to cover up his baldness as much as possible. But he did not see them now. They were gone—gone from his gaze like a beautiful dream—vanished into the ewigkeit, as Herr Schneider might have said in his own language.

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

Herr Schneider stood and blinked at it. He could scarcely believe his eyes for some moments. But it was only too real.

Ancient locks of hair that he had preserved for years, training them over his head, in the fond delusion that they covered up his baldness, had disappeared for ever. Nothing was to be seen on his skull, save the glimmer of the specific.

The Herr stood speechless.

Glyn watched him rather uneasily.

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

"Mein gootness!" ejaculated Herr Schneider at last.

"Ahem!" murmured Glyn. "You like it all right, sair? I have cut zose hairs a leetle close, to give ze hair-restorer a good chance. Tomorrow ze hair vill be growing verree t'ick!"

"Ach!"

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

Glyn backed to the door in alarm.

"Sair—" he began.

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

"There were only a few, anyhow!"

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

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

"Yaroooh!" roared Glyn.

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

Crash!

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

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

"Yoop!"

Thump! thump, thump! Whack! Thump!

"Yaroooh! Help! Oh, crickey!" yelled Glyn, struggling wildly as the exasperated German pounded him, and quite forgetting his French accent and his new profession. "Yoop! Help! Rescue! Rescue, Shell! Yaroooh!"

"Mein gootness!"

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

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

"Glyn!" shrieked Herr Schneider.

"Yaroooh!"

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Thump! Whack! Bang! Thump!

"Help!"

"Dis is one drick!" panted Herr Schneider. "You gums here, and you plays dricks on me, I tink; and you shafes my head pald, isn't it? Ach! I preak efery pone—"

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

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

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

"Yow-ow-ow! Help!"

Thump, thump, thump!

"Dragginoff!" shrieked Glyn. "He's killing me, you idiots! Collar the beast, and drag him off!"

"Bai Jove!"

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

Glyn staggered against the wall, gasping for breath.

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

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

"Ow, ow! Wow, wow!"

"Led me go!" roared Herr Schneider. "I vill preak efery pone in his pody! He haf made me pald! Quite pald! It is one trick! Led me go, and I vill preak his pones!"

"We ally, Herr Schneider— Ow! Yawoooh!"

"Hold him!"

"Oh, my hat!"

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

"Cave! Here comes the Head!"

"Oh, bai Jove!"

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

CHAPTER 11.

All Trimble's Fault!

TOM MERRY & CO. released the German master.

Herr Schneider panted with wrath, but he did not venture to collar Glyn again in the presence of the Head.

Dr. Holmes looked round him in angry amazement.

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

Ach himmel!" gasped Herr Schneider.

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

"Ahem!"

"Weally, sir—"

"We—we came to rescue Glyn, sir," stammered Tom Merry.

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

Glyn spluttered.

"I-I-I—"

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

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

Glyn realised that he was in rather a serious position.

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

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

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

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

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

Words failed the wrathful headmaster.

"If—if you'll let me explain, sir," gasped Glyn.

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

"Ye-e-es—"

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

"I—I—"

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

"Yes, but—"

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

"Nunno! I—"

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

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

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

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

"What? By cutting off his hair?"

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

"Your what?"

"My—my hair-restorer, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

The Head gazed at the hopeful inventor of St. Jim's as if he were petrified. He did not

(Continued on next page.)

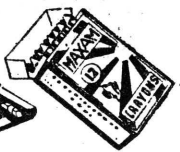
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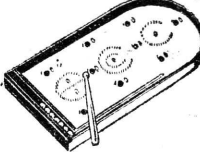
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even seem to hear a chortle from the juniors in the passage.

"Glyn!" he gasped at last.

"I—I mentioned it to you the other day, sir!" stammered Glyn. "It's really a wonderful specific for the hair, sir. Herr Schneider's hair will be growing again by to-morrow, sir—"

"Nonsense!" thundered the Head.

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

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

"But it's proved, sir!" shouted Glyn. "The fellows will tell you, sir. I only ask for this matter to stand over twenty-four hours, while Herr Schneider's hair grows again, sir."

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

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

"You stupid boy! You will be flogged—"

"But it's proved, sir. You tell him, Tom Merry!"

"I—I think there's something in it, sir," ventured the captain of the Shell. "Glyn's stuff has made a moustache grow, sir—"

"Absurd—"

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

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

"We've seen it—"

"It was Trimble, sir!" exclaimed Glyn.

"Trimble grew a moustache yesterday, sir—after using my specific once—"

"Glyn, if you dare to make such ridiculous statements—"

"It's true, sir!"

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

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

There was a howl in the corridor.

"Leggo, Grundy, you beast! I don't want to go in! I tell you I won't go in! I've got to see a chap—leggo!"

"Here's Trimble!" said Grundy of the Shell, marching the unfortunate Baggy into the study by the collar. "It's all right, sir! Trimble can prove it. He grew a moustache yesterday, with Glyn's muck, sir!"

"Absurd, Trimble!" exclaimed the Head. "Do you dare to assert—"

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

"Merry! I—"

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

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

"I do not believe vun vord of tat!"

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

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"Trimble!" he rapped out.

"Ye-es, sir?" mumbled Baggy.

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

"Nunno, sir! I—I—I was hard up—"

"What!"

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

"What has that to do with the matter?"

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

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

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

"I—I haven't—"

"What!"

"No harm in a chap borrowing a stage moustache from Tom Merry's property-box, sir, is there?" mumbled Trimble. "I just put it on for a lark—"

"What!" howled Glyn, thunderstruck.

"From my property-box!" said Tom Merry dazedly. "Oh, you fat rascal! That's why you were down early that morning, and that's what you were doing in my study when we found you!"

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

Glyn felt a little queer.

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

"Yow-ow!"

"As well as Glyn. Both of you will follow me to my study!" exclaimed the Head. "Herr Schneider, you may rely upon it that adequate punishment will be administered!"

The German master only groaned as the delinquents followed the Head. Punishment was all very well, and gratifying in its way, but it would not restore the lost locks to a bald cranium. And even Glyn had doubts about the efficacy of his hair restorer now.

That evening, two juniors at St. Jim's spent most of their time in groaning—but everybody else was afflicted with an incessant tendency to chortle. The next day there was keen and general interest in Herr Schneider's "topknot," or, rather, in the absence of it. That wonderful specific did not work—the Herr appeared in public with a skull-cap—and it was weeks before he ventured to abandon that camouflage. And it was a whole term before the hapless Herr's bald head was once more adorned by a fringe of scanty hair as of old. By that time, Bernard Glyn of the Shell had almost forgotten his wonderful specific and the flogging it had earned him, being engaged upon some new scheme—but Tom Merry & Co. still chuckled when they recalled Glyn's Hair-raising Invention!

Next Week: "THE ST. JIM'S HUNGER-STRIKER!"

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IN THE CANADIAN BACKWOODS.



Convinced that the new master of Cedar Creek School has kidnapped his father, Vere Beauclerc takes matters into his own hands!

SAVED BY HIS SON!

by Martin Clifford.

The Prisoner!

RUMBLE! Bump!
Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, glanced carelessly at the heavy wagon bumping on the rough trail. Black Rube, the loafer of Thompson, was driving, and 'Frisco Jo, the Mexican, sat in the wagon, sprawling on a buffalo-robe.

Billy Cook was riding from Cedar Creek towards the ranch when he came on the wagon. His bronzed face set rather grimly at the sight of the two rustlers. Black Rube and 'Frisco Jo were not a credit to the section.

"'Morning!" he called out rather gruffly.

"'Morning!" replied Rube, with still more gruffness.

"What have you got there?" asked Billy Cook, drawing rein and glancing into the open wagon.

"Nothin', I guess. We're going down to Kamloops for stores."

"Nothing?" repeated Billy Cook, keeping alongside the wagon as it rumbled on. "Nothin' under that buffalo-robe—eh?"

"What should be under it, senor?" asked 'Frisco Jo, sitting up, with a glitter in his eyes.

"I guess there's somethin' movin' under it," answered the ranchman suspiciously. "Have you been dog-stealin'?"

The Mexican laughed, but there was a look of anxiety in his swarthy face.

"You are pleased to jest, senor," he answered.

"Well, let a galoot look," said Billy Cook; and he reached over into the wagon.

He drew back his hand quickly, however, as a knife glittered in the dusky fingers of the Mexican.

"Hands off!" said 'Frisco Jo.

Black Rube whipped up his horse. The wagon rumbled on at a greater speed, and Billy Cook sat his horse, staring after it with a puzzled expression.

"I guess those galoots have been up to somethin'!" muttered the ranchman; and he shook his head and rode off again towards the Lawless Ranch.

"Drive faster, Rube!" called out the Mexican. "Caramba! We do not want to be questioned by every fool we meet on the plains!"

"I guess the hoss is doing his best," answered Rube. "By thunder, it's lucky he didn't see under the buffalo-robe!"

The Mexican glanced round. The trail was deserted now. He bent low, and raised a corner of the buffalo-robe. On the floor of the wagon, hidden by the ample robe, a man lay on his side, his hands and ankles bound with a strong rope and a gag in his mouth. His eyes turned on the Mexican with a deadly gleam in them.

The prisoner was Lascelles Beauclerc, the remittance man of Cedar Camp. He did not flinch as the Mexican held up the knife before his eyes.

"You will keep still, senor!" said 'Frisco Jo in a low, threatening voice. "You moved when that fool was looking into the wagon! If you move again when you hear a voice, senor, I shall see that you keep still—very still!"

He moved the Spanish knife within an inch of the bound man's face. Lascelles Beauclerc did not even flicker an eyelid. With a muttered oath, the Mexican dropped the buffalo-robe into place again.

The trail was rough and hilly, but the wagon left it eventually and plunged into the unmarked prairie. Black Rube had told the ranchman that they were going to Kamloops for stores, but the wagon was not heading south. It was keeping to the east into the foothills.

In a thick belt of timber the clumsy vehicle stopped at last. It was well away from the frequented trails by this time, and safe from observation.

"Hyer we are!" said Black Rube, as he pulled in his horse.

The Mexican drew aside the buffalo-robe, and Mr. Beauclerc blinked in the sudden light. A slash of the knife cut the rope about his ankles.

"Stand up!" grunted the Mexican.

The remittance man struggled to his feet.

"Get out!"

With a rough helping hand from the Mexican, the remittance man left the wagon. He stared about him. 'Frisco Jo took a loose end of the rope that bound the remittance man's arms and led him into the hills. Lascelles Beauclerc strode on quietly. He was helpless in the hands of the kidnapers, but the gleaming of his eyes told of the deep anger in his breast.

In silence, they tramped on into the hills through a deep gulch darkly shadowed by pine-trees. For a mile they tramped on till 'Frisco Jo turned into a deep, rocky gully, where a limpid stream glistened in the sun. Close beside the stream stood a plank shanty, in the doorway of which a rough-looking man sat smoking. He rose as 'Frisco Jo came in sight. There was a grin on his coarse, stubby face as he glanced at the remittance man.

"Here's your man, Pete," said 'Frisco Jo. "The other's safe?"

"You bet!"

"Take him in."

Without a word to his prisoner, the Mexican turned and strode away. Lascelles Beauclerc, with a rough grasp on his arm, was marched into the shanty. Pete dragged away the gag.

"You kin talk if you want!" he said, with a grin.

Mr. Beauclerc gasped. His mouth was numbed by the gag.

Pete went back to the doorway and resumed his pipe. Mr. Beauclerc glanced round the shanty. A man lying on a bunk in the corner sat up and looked at him—a tall, rather handsome man, with a pale and troubled face. His hands were shackled with a strong cord.

Their eyes met. Lascelles Beauclerc smiled slightly.

"Philip Trevelyan?" he asked.

"That is my name. How do you know me?" exclaimed the man in the bunk. "I am a stranger in this part of Canada. I have never seen you before."

"I guessed. You are the new master for Cedar Creek School?"

"Yes. I was attacked on my way there, made a prisoner, and brought here," said Philip Trevelyan. "I have been a prisoner ever since, watched by those scoundrels in turn. But you—why are you here?"

"To keep me silent," said the remittance man. "You do not know why you are a prisoner?"

"No. They have refused to answer my questions. I am quite in the dark. But they have said that I shall never regain my freedom," said Trevelyan in a low voice. "I cannot understand it."

"I can enlighten you," said Lascelles Beauclerc quietly. "You are a prisoner because another man has taken your place and your name at Cedar Creek School."

Trevelyan started.

"But why—why? What motive—"

"Your relation, Sir Gwynne Trevelyan, is dead, and you are his heir, and Gerard Goring is making a bid for your inheritance," said Lascelles

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Beauclerc. "And, by gad, it looks as if he will be successful!"

"Great Scott!"

There was a long silence in the shanty. The man in the bunk spoke at last.

"And they have kidnapped you because you knew?"

"Exactly!"

"And—and there is no hope?"

The remittance man shrugged his shoulders.

"I—I have tried to believe that there was a chance!" muttered Trevelyan. "The day I was seized on my way to school I was seen by a lad in the timber. I hoped that he might have spoken—"

"It was my son who saw you," said Mr. Beauclerc, "and he has spoken to me. Like a fool, I gave Gerard Goring twenty-four hours' grace to release you and escape because I had known him in the past. This is his answer. I was seized at the shack this morning and made a prisoner. But, after all, my son knows a good deal, though not all, and he is not likely to let the matter rest. We shall see."

There was silence again.

In the doorway the watchman smoked and stared idly at the shining stream.

Missing!

VERE BEAUCLERC stood outside the shack by Cedar Creek, his handsome face deathly pale. The son of the remittance man seemed overwhelmed.

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless stood in silence. The chums of Cedar Creek were utterly perplexed and dismayed.

At Cedar Creek School the fellows were at their lessons; but Frank Richards & Co. were not thinking of school now, or of what Miss Meadows would think of their absence.

They had arrived at the shack to find the remittance man gone, only the signs of a fierce struggle to tell them of what had happened there. Beauclerc roused himself at last.

"They have taken him," he said. "We're too late. It is that man at Cedar Creek who is at the bottom of this—the man who calls himself Philip Trevelyan!"

His chums were silent.

"I tell you," said Beauclerc vehemently, "I am sure of it! I tell you that that man is not the man I saw in the timber, who told me he was Philip Trevelyan! He is a cheat and an impostor, and my father discovered him! Now my father has been taken!"

His voice trembled. There was a deadly fear in his heart that the remittance man was not merely a prisoner, but that his tongue had been silenced by a more terrible crime.

"They haven't hurt him, Cherub," said Bob Lawless at last. "If—if he had been killed, old chap, the—body wouldn't have been taken! Don't be an ass! He is a prisoner!"

"I think that's certain," said Frank Richards slowly. "You needn't fear worse than that, Beau. They would not risk their necks if they could help it!"

Beauclerc nodded.

"I—I think he is a prisoner," he said, "and that man at Cedar Creek is at the bottom of it. I'm going to the sheriff!"

"To tell him—"

"All I suspect about the man who calls himself Trevelyan."

"There's no proof, Cherub."

"The sheriff can judge about that. Anyway, I've got to report what's happened here."

"I guess that's so."

The three schoolboys mounted their horses and rode away at once in the direction of Thompson Town. They lost no time on the way. There was bitter anxiety in Vere Beauclerc's heart, and his chums were almost as anxious as the remittance man's son.

With a thud of hoofs, they arrived at Sheriff Henderson's house in Thompson. A horse was hitched outside, and the sheriff was just coming out. They hurried to intercept him.

"Hallo! What are you doing out of school?" exclaimed Mr. Henderson, looking at them in surprise.

"My father has been kidnapped, sir!" said Beauclerc.

The sheriff fairly jumped.

"What's the joke, Beauclerc?"

"It's true, sir!"

"By gum!" said the sheriff in astonishment. He looked very keenly at the son of the remittance man. "I'm rather busy this morning, my lad. But go ahead. Tell me what's happened."

"We were on our way to school, sir, when Molly Lawrence met us."

"My niece!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Yes. She had heard 'Frisco Jo and another man talking in the timber, and she told us they intended to attack my father at the shack. We rode there at once, and found that he had been taken away. There had been a fight; the place was almost smashed up!"

"But why—why?" exclaimed the astonished sheriff. "Who would want to kidnap your father, Beauclerc?"

"The new master at Cedar Creek, sir!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"You have heard, sir, that the day Mr. Trevelyan came to Cedar Creek I saw him in the timber. He was attacked by 'Frisco Jo and two other rustlers. The man who came there explained to Miss Meadows that it was only a rough joke, and the rustlers had let him go."

"Yes, that's so."

"But I was sure all the time, sir, that he was not the man I had seen—that the real Philip Trevelyan was a prisoner somewhere, and that this man had come in his name to the school."

"By gum! That's a tall story!"

"I told my father, and he called on Mr. Trevelyan."

"And what was his opinion?"

"He did not tell me. But yesterday Mr. Trevelyan came to see him at the shack, and I feel certain it was to attempt to make him keep secret what he had found out or guessed; and, of course, father would not agree. This morning he has been kidnapped!"

The sheriff stared at Beauclerc.

"And you think—" he began.

"I am certain that the man at Cedar Creek is at the bottom of it. I am sure he is the man Molly heard talking in the wood with 'Frisco Jo this morning."

"My dear chap, why should any man play such a game?" exclaimed the sheriff.

"I could not understand at first, sir; but since the news came that Sir Gwynne Trevelyan was dead, and Philip Trevelyan is his heir, I have understood. It is for that that the man has got rid of the real Mr. Trevelyan and taken his place."

"By gosh!" said the sheriff. "You are sure that your father has been kidnapped, Beauclerc?"

"He is gone, sir, and the shack is upset. There was a fight."

"But your father has sometimes been absent for days at a time, I believe?" said Mr. Henderson.

Beauclerc crimsoned. The dissipated habits of the remittance man were well known in Thompson Valley. And his reform had been too recent to be equally well known.

"I'm afraid, my boy, that you're making a mountain out of a molehill," said Mr. Henderson, kindly enough.

"But Molly Lawrence, sir!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "She heard 'Frisco Jo and another in the wood, and Molly told us!"

"Yes, that's so," said the sheriff, with a puzzled look. "But—but get on your hosses, my lads. I'll ride over to Cedar Creek and see the man, anyhow!"

The sheriff mounted his horse, and the three schoolboys followed him out of Thompson. They were silent and thoughtful on the ride to the school. The sheriff was perplexed, but it was pretty plain that he strongly doubted Beauclerc's suspicions of the new master at Cedar Creek.

Morning lessons were over at the school when the sheriff and the three boys arrived there. There was a shout at once when Frank Richards & Co. were seen.

"Where have you been, you galoots?" called out Tom Lawrence.

"I guess Miss Meadows will get her hair off with you!" grinned Chunky Todgers.

The chums did not heed. They followed the sheriff to the cabin occupied by Mr. Trevelyan, the new master.

Mr. Trevelyan was quite a marked figure at Cedar Creek now. The news that he was heir to a fortune and a title in the Old Country had surprised Cedar Creek, and interested everybody greatly.

It was understood now that the new master would not take up his duties in the school. The heir to a baronetcy and twenty thousand a year was not likely to keep the appointment of assistant master in a lumber school in the back-woods.

Mr. Henderson knocked at the door and looked in. The new master was there, and he glanced up with a smile and a nod at the sheriff of Thompson.

"Come in!" he said cordially.

The sheriff entered. Frank Richards & Co. followed him in, and the new master's eyes glittered for a moment as they rested on Vere Beauclerc. But he did not give the boy a second glance. He drew out a chair for the sheriff and looked at him inquiringly.

Put to the Test!

FRANK RICHARDS and his chums watched the man's face. There was no doubt that he was surprised by the visit. But of fear or of guilt there was no sign.

"Well, sheriff?" asked the new master.

The sheriff hummed and hawed. In the presence of this quiet, calm man, the story he had heard from Vere Beauclerc seemed more wild than at first.

"I've called for a rather queer reason, Mr. Trevelyan," said the sheriff at last. "This lad—Beauclerc—has told me a queer story."

"Indeed?"

"It appears that he saw you in the timber the day you came here."

"Yes, that is so. I was the victim of a joke of some rather rough characters," said Mr. Trevelyan, with a smile. "I took their rough jesting in earnest, being a stranger here, and Beauclerc did the same, it appears."

"Tell him what you told me, lad," said Mr. Henderson.

Beauclerc came forward. "I have told the sheriff that you are not Philip Trevelyan," he said, looking fearlessly into the face of the new master.

"What?"

"You are an impostor!" said Beauclerc calmly.

"Boy!"

"You are a confederate of the rustlers who kidnapped the real Philip Trevelyan, and you have set them on to kidnap my father also, because he had found you out," said Beauclerc steadily.

Mr. Trevelyan frowned.

"Have you had the audacity, Beauclerc, to tell Mr. Henderson this tissue of ridiculous falsehoods?" he exclaimed.

"I have told Mr. Henderson because it is the truth."

The new master turned to Mr. Henderson.

"I suppose I need not trouble to deny this childish romance," he said.

"Waal, it docs sound a tall story," said the sheriff.

"The boy appears to be out of his senses. Is his father really missing?"

"He tells me so."

"I have heard something of the man," said the new master. "I have heard that he is a drunken waster and quite irresponsible. If he is missing, is it not possible that he is gone on what is, I think, a bender?"

The sheriff grinned.

"I guess that's more likely than not," he admitted.

The contemptuous reference to his father brought the hot blood surging to Beauclerc's cheeks.

"Mr. Henderson, let Molly be called here. She is in the playground. She heard this man talking to 'Frisco Jo in the wood, planning to attack my father at the shack."

The new master started. The blow went home; for the moment his calmness deserted him. He was taken utterly by surprise.

"Call in Molly," said Mr. Henderson.

Frank Richards left the cabin, and in a few moments returned with Molly Lawrence. The girl looked inquiringly at her uncle.

"Tell us what you heard in the wood this morning, Molly," said the sheriff.

"Yes, uncle."

The girl repeated what she had told Frank Richards & Co. on the trail that morning.

Mr. Trevelyan drew a deep breath.

"You saw 'Frisco Jo?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"But you did not see the man he was speaking to?"

"No."

"You heard his voice, Molly," said Vere Beauclerc quietly. "You said it was a voice that you had heard before, but you could not remember where. Was it Mr. Trevelyan's voice?"

"Mr. Trevelyan's voice?" exclaimed the girl.

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All eyes were on the girl; and keenest, sharpest of all were the new master's.

Molly coloured and hesitated.

"Answer, my girl," said the sheriff kindly.

"I—I don't know!" faltered Molly.

"Surely, Molly, you are able to say that it was not my voice you heard?" said Mr. Trevelyan, with a smile.

"I—I—it sounds something like it, sir," faltered Molly.

"What?"

"I—I don't mean it was yours, sir," said Molly. "But—but it sounds something like it."

"It was the same," said Vere Beauclerc.

"Well, voices often sound alike," said the sheriff. "Molly's evidence doesn't seem much use. You can run away, my dear."

Molly left the cabin.

Sheriff Henderson rose to his feet, evidently perplexed. Mr. Trevelyan looked at him with a smile.

"I suppose I may take it, sheriff, that you attach no importance to this cock-and-bull story?" he said.

"Waal, no," said the sheriff. "It's too tall—much too tall. It's clear enough that 'Frisco Jo has done something to Mr. Beauclerc. But that was very likely a private quarrel. You can depend on it, Beauclerc, that I shall see what has become of your father."

"And that man?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"That man is Mr. Trevelyan, your master," answered the sheriff. "Put those silly ideas out of your head, my boy."

And with that he left the cabin. Frank Richards & Co. followed him. The new master closed the door after them, and then the mask of indifference fell from his face. He compressed his lips and his hands were savagely clenched.

"Danger—it means danger!" Gerard Goring muttered to himself. "The boy has started a story that may never die away. It may follow me across the water. Hang him! But he shall not talk for long; there is room for him where his father is!"

Beauclerc Means Business!

VERE BEAUCLERC did not go towards the schoolhouse when he left the new master's cabin. He went back to the gates, where the horses were hitched, and his chums followed him.

"What's the game, Beau?" asked Bob. "We ought to explain to Miss Meadows."

Beauclerc stopped.

"Do you believe what the man said?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know!"

"Didn't you see that he was scared when we first mentioned Molly? He was afraid he had been seen, as well as heard, talking to 'Frisco Jo."

"I believe so," said Frank Richards quietly.

"I'm not going to school to-day," said Beauclerc. "You fellows can suit yourselves. But I'm going to find my father."

"We're with you, Beau, but—"

"Let's get away, then, before Miss Meadows sees us. She would call us in, and we don't want to be disrespectful."

"Right-ho!"

The chums led their horses away into the timber. At a distance from the school gates, screened by trees, they stopped. There was a



Mr. Trevelyan made a furious clutch at the rope as the noose settled round him. But as he did so Beauclerc dragged on the rope. The noose whipped tight, and the drag on the rope jerked the horseman from the saddle.

frown of deep thought on Vere Beauclerc's face. "That man is an impostor, and he has had my father kidnapped," he said quietly. "He did not think that I should know or suspect anything. He has carried it off well, but he must be alarmed and scared at having the sheriff brought into the matter."

"I guess that's so."

"I've no doubt that when my father disappeared it would be supposed that he had gone on a bender," said Beauclerc bitterly. "That can't be supposed now, after Molly's evidence. My father will be searched for, and Black Rube will be found, and 'Frisco Jo. Molly saw the Mexican, and heard them mention Rube. Now they're known to have had a hand in it, it will not be safe for them to be seen in the settlements. That man will warn them to be on their guard."

"If he's their confederate, yes," said Frank.

"Very well. He's been lying up ever since he came to Cedar Creek, owing to a fall from a horse, as he pretends; but really to keep out of taking up Mr. Trevelyan's duties as master, of which he understands nothing. That won't prevent him from riding out to-day to warn his confederates, I think. Are you fellows willing to back me up?"

"To the last card in the pack!" answered Bob Lawless at once.

"And you, Frank?"

"I'm with you, Beau, of course!"

"Good! If you don't help me I shall go alone. But I'd rather you helped me, of course. We're going to watch Cedar Creek."

"Well?"

"When that man leaves the school, as I'm

certain he will, we're going to lasso him on the trail."

"Beau!"

"And make him a prisoner!" said Beauclerc, between his teeth.

His chums stared at him, almost stupefied.

"Cherub!" gasped Bob Lawless.

"And—and what then?" asked Frank Richards.

"Then we're going to make him take us to where my father is kept prisoner!" said Beauclerc in a low, clear voice.

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a silence. Vere Beauclerc took the trail-rope from his horse and formed a running noose at the end, transforming it into a lasso. It was evident that he meant every word he had said.

"I—I say," stammered Bob Lawless at last, "that's rather strong, Cherub. Suppose—suppose you're mistaken?"

"I am not mistaken. Molly knows his voice is the one she heard along with 'Frisco Jo' this morning, only she can't think a master in the school could have been that ruffian's confederate. But I could see she knew his voice. I know he's not the Philip Trevelyan I saw in the timber the day he came. There's no room for a mistake."

The quiet certainty in Beauclerc's voice had its effect upon his chums.

"I—I guess we'll back you up, Cherub," said Bob Lawless. "But—"

"If you'd rather keep out of it I don't mind," said Beauclerc. "I don't know how the matter would stand legally, but I'm going to do it. My father is a prisoner, and I'm going to save him."

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"And we're going to help you!" said Frank Richards. "I believe you're right, Beau, and we'll chance it."

Bob Lawless took a bundle of sandwiches from his saddle-bag, and the chums ate them while they waited in the thicket. Beauclerc's eyes hardly left the gates of Cedar Creek for a moment.

An hour passed, and another. Cedar Creek was at lessons again, and on the edge of the timber the three chums watched and waited.

"Look!" exclaimed Beauclerc suddenly.

There was a jingle on the trail as a horseman rode out of the gates. It was the new master. He rode away down the trail, never dreaming of the eyes that were watching him.

The chums ran to their horses. A minute more and they were riding down the trail on the track of the new master of Cedar Creek. Ahead of them they heard the steady beat of hoofs. Beauclerc rode with his right hand free, grasping the lasso.

Half a mile from the school, where the trail ran shadowed and lonely through the heart of the timber, the three spurred their horses. At a gallop they came in sight of the horseman riding ahead, rapidly overtaking him.

Mr. Trevelyan glanced round at the sound of rapid hoof-beats behind. His jaw set squarely at the sight of the three schoolboys. He seemed in doubt whether to halt or ride on. Certainly he had not the slightest suspicion of the chums' hostile intentions.

The first warning was when Beauclerc's arm shot into the air and the lasso circled. But then it was too late! In a flash the coiling rope settled over the astounded man, and the noose was round him. He made a furious clutch at it, but as he did so Beauclerc dragged on the rope. The noose whipped tight and fast, and the drag on the rope jerked the horseman from the saddle, and with a yell he rolled in the grass of the trail.

No Mercy!

BEAUCLERC sprang from his horse and ran forward. The new master, sprawling breathlessly on the ground, was struggling furiously with the rope. But Beauclerc, with an unsparing hand, drew it tighter, and the man's arms were pinned to his sides.

As he tried to rise Beauclerc dragged again, and hurled him into the grass. The next moment his knee was on the new master's chest. The man glared up at him in speechless astonishment and rage.

"What—what—how dare you?" he spluttered.

Beauclerc did not answer. With deft hands he wound the loose rope about the new master, knotting it securely. Then he jerked him to his feet. Mr. Trevelyan stood crimson and panting, a helpless prisoner.

"What does this mean?" he shouted.

"Come," said Beauclerc.

He grasped the man's arm and led him into the timber. There was danger of passers-by on the trail.

"I will not stir an inch!" yelled the new master.

"You will be dragged, then."

The man resisted savagely, and Beauclerc was as good as his word. Without the slightest ceremony he changed his grasp to Trevelyan's collar and dragged him bodily into the timber.

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Fifty yards from the trail he threw him into the grass. Trevelyan rolled over and sat up dazedly, blinking at his captors. Frank and Bob followed, the latter leading Beauclerc's horse.

"You young hound!" hissed Trevelyan. "You—you—What does this mean? Tell me what this outrage means?"

Beauclerc looked down at him with a glint in his eyes.

"It means that your game is up!" he answered quietly. "You fooled the sheriff, but you can't fool me."

"You insolent young scoundrel!"

"Silence! Where is my father?"

"Your father? Drinking in some saloon, and too drunk to find his way home, I suppose!" yelled Trevelyan.

"That will do. You are going to guide us to where my father is kept prisoner, and your other victim, too," said Beauclerc in the same quiet tone.

"Oh, you are mad! Release me at once!"

"You will not be released till I have found my father. Unless you do so I shall bind you to a tree in the deepest part of the forest and leave you there."

"You are mad!" said the man hoarsely.

"Will you guide me to my father?"

"I know nothing of him. I cannot tell you what I do not know."

"Very well. To-morrow morning you may answer differently, if the wild animals have left you alive."

The man's face was deathly pale now. There was a grim, relentless determination in Beauclerc's look and tone.

"Before we go," said Beauclerc, "I may as well search you."

"If you dare to touch me—" hissed the bound man.

Without heeding him, Beauclerc turned out his pockets. A fully loaded revolver came to sight.

"That does not look like a schoolmaster's property," said Beauclerc grimly. "A master at Cedar Creek does not need a loaded revolver." He thrust the weapon into his belt.

There were other things in the pockets—a pack of playing-cards, several IOU's, a flask of whisky, and letters. The letters Beauclerc did not look at. But the other articles were sufficient to prove pretty clearly that the man was not, as he claimed, an assistant master.

"Now, my man, I give you a chance," said Beauclerc. "You can guide us to where my father is kept, or you can be bound to a tree and left till morning. Mind, you will not be released till you have satisfied me; and I shall take care that you will not be left where you can be found."

"You dare not!"

"You shall see. Bring him along, you fellows!"

The bound man was taken deeper into the forest. In a deep, dusky spot he was bound to a tree-trunk. His face was very pale now. The sun was sinking and shadows deepening in the wood. He dared not be left bound to the tree during the night. The schoolboys could read it in his face.

"You—you dare not leave me here!" he panted.

"Come on, you fellows!"

The schoolboys led their horses away.

"Come back!" shrieked the prisoner.

They did not turn their heads.

"Come back!" It was a yell of fear. "Come back, and—and I will do as you ask!"

Veré Beauclerc turned back. He strode to the

bound man, to be met by a glare of rage and fear and hatred.

"You mean that?" he asked quietly. "It is your last chance! If I leave you again I shall not return till morning!"

The man ground his teeth.

"Hang you! I'm in your hands! I mean it!"

"Good!"

"He owns up!" said Frank Richards, with a deep breath.

"One word!" panted the prisoner. "I—if I take you to your father you—you will let me go free?"

"You are a criminal and a kidnapper!" said Beauclerc sternly. "You cannot go free!"

"Let him go if we find your father, Beau," said Frank in a low voice. "The sheriff will be after him soon enough."

Beauclerc hesitated, but he nodded at last.

"Very well; you shall go free when I have found my father and your other prisoner—both."

"They are together!" snarled Gerard Goring.

A few minutes later he was bound upon the back of his horse, his hands tied behind his back, and in the midst of the schoolboys he rode away in the darkness.

Saved by His Son!

A DIM light burned in the lonely shack in the gully. Two men, with their hands bound, were talking in low, weary tones. On a pile of skins the watchman lay stretched across the doorway, sleeping. He was in no danger from his prisoners; they could not touch him, and a revolver was close to his hand as he slept.

The day had passed wearily enough to the remittance man, as many days had passed for his companion. He thought of his son, and his heart was heavy. Would he ever see the boy again, or was he fated to be a prisoner in savage hands till hardship and suffering closed his mortal account?

Clink, clink, clink!

The sleeping man at the door started at once, grasping his revolver. He threw open the door and looked out into the moonlight. Four riders appeared in the rocky gully, and the ruffian stared at them blankly. He recognised Gerard Goring.

"You, at this time o' night, boss?" he exclaimed.

One of the riders jumped down and ran forward. The ruffian in the doorway started back at the sight of a levelled revolver, with Vere Beauclerc's eyes glittering behind it.

"Thunder!" he gasped.

"Keep your hand down!" rapped out Beauclerc. "I'll plug you if you raise that shooter, as sure as you stand there!"

"Boss, what's this game?" gasped the astounded man.

Goring burst into a laugh.

"The game's up, Pete!" he answered.

"By Jehoshaphat!"

Frank Richards ran forward, and took the six-shooter from the ruffian's unresisting hand.

Leaving the chums to deal with the man, Vere Beauclerc ran into the shanty.

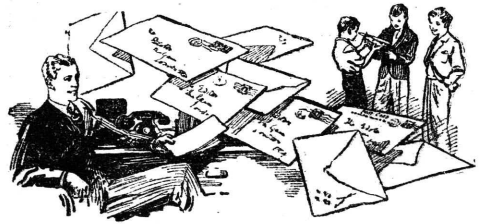
"Father!"

"My boy!" exclaimed the remittance man, struggling to his feet. "Vere, you here!"

"To save you, father!"

In a moment Vere's knife was sawing at the remittance man's bonds. Mr. Beauclerc drew a deep breath as his hands came loose. He took the revolver from Vere.

(Continued on page 36.)



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Let the Editor be your pal. Drop him a line to-day, addressing your letter to: The Editor, The GEM, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

HALLO, CHUMS!—Great news for you this week. I received yesterday the opening yarn of Martin Clifford's new St. Jim's series, and naturally the first thing I did was to read it. I had been eagerly awaiting the story—more keen to read it than any other Mr. Clifford has written for me—because firstly, our author had promised that the new series would be the best ever, and secondly, I knew that it had a thrilling plot. Well, now I have read the first grand yarn, and my eyes were glued to the manuscript, so to speak, from first line to last, so enthralling was the story. There's no doubt that Martin Clifford has surpassed anything he has written before. It's simply the "tops"! I should like very much to dwell a little on the theme of the story, but I don't want to spoil it for readers. The first yarn of the new series will be in your hands on Wednesday week. I will just whet your appetites by telling you that Tom Merry & Co. are off on a thrilling trip in a sumptuous air liner for the Easter holidays! 'Nuff said!

"THE ST. JIM'S HUNGER-STRIKER!"

Next Wednesday there is a rather unusual yarn of Tom Merry & Co. on the programme. It stars Arthur Augustus in the role of hunger-striker. But what is he on a starvation diet for? Well, not for the first time Gussy is on the high horse. His minor Wally, also not for the first time, is in trouble with Mr. Selby, and Gussy takes his part to the extent of laying violent hands on the Third Form master. He is taken before the Head, who orders him to apologise to Mr. Selby. But Gussy refuses to do so—unless Mr. Selby apologises to Wally! The result is that Arthur Augustus is confined to the solitude of the punishment-room to reconsider his attitude, and in protest he refuses to eat any food! Thus the position is a stalemate. Neither the master nor the junior will climb down. How Gussy fares as a hunger-striker, and how the complex situation ultimately ends, makes a grand story that I know will be read with the keenest interest by all readers.

"FRANK RICHARDS & CO.'S CRUISE!"

In the next gripping yarn of the Canadian backwoods school, Frank Richards & Co. experience the most thrilling adventure of their lives. A balloon belonging to an American aeronaut has broken loose, and it comes sailing low and slowly over the school. Bob Lawless climbs to the schoolhouse roof with a rope, and succeeds in lassoing the grapnel hanging from the balloon's basket. But before anyone else can grasp the rope, a gust of wind drives the balloon up, and Bob Lawless, still gripping the rope, is carried away! From that moment there is hectic excitement for Frank Richards & Co., ending in their taking an enforced cruise in the balloon to unknown parts!

Finally there is another sparkling story of the floating school, called "The Mysterious Document!"—and Lowther, Blake, and Kerr will be in their usual places to entertain you.

See you next week, chums! Chin, chin!

THE EDITOR.

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Slaney's eyes opened at last as Drake and Rodney shook him. "Gold and silver!" he muttered. "Gold and silver! Spanish doubloons and silver bars! Avast there!"

Spoo!f!

"TURN out, you fellows!"

Jack Drake sat up in his hammock and yawned. Through the porthole of Cabin No. 8 he caught a glimpse of blue waters and bright sunshine.

It was a sunny morning on the wide Atlantic, where the old Benbow was ploughing her way westward.

Three hammocks were slung in the cabin occupied by Drake, Rodney, and Tuckey Toodles. Drake and Rodney turned out before the bell ceased to ring, but Tuckey Toodles was not in such a hurry. He peered at his studymates over the edge of the hammock.

"I say, Drake—"

"Turn out, you slacker!"

"Hold on! Don't you fellows be in such a hurry!" said Tuckey. "I've got an idea—"

"No time for your ideas now," answered Drake.

"There'll be a race for the baths, as usual. Get up!"

"I don't specially want a bath," said Toodles. "I think this idea of bathing is rather overdone. Look here, I've got a jolly good idea! There's lessons to-day, and I don't want any lessons."

"Same here!" said Drake, laughing. "But it's all in the day's work. You can't cut lessons."

"We can," said Tuckey eagerly. "You see, we've been seasick. Now we've got over it, it's all right. But, look here, Mr. Packe doesn't know that we've got over it, does he? Suppose we keep it up?"

"Keep it up?" repeated Rodney.

"That's it! We stay in our hammocks, you know, and when they come in to turn us out we groan awfully. We complain of seasickness and pains inside. Old Packe will come and look at

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The SEAMAN'S SECRET!

By Owen Conquest.

us, and he'll be awfully sympathetic. He's rather an old ass, you know. And we get the day off!" said Toodles brightly.

"You blessed fat humbug! Turn out!"

"Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"No, ass!"

"Well, I do," said Toodles obstinately. "You fellows can go and work at Latin, if you like; I'm going to be ill!"

There was a scampering of feet outside the cabin, and Drake and Rodney, without giving any further attention to Tuckey Toodles, hurried out for "tubber."

Toodles laid his head down to rest again. The fat and fatuous Tuckey was quite pleased with his idea, which seemed to promise a day off from classes—a consummation devoutly to be wished, from Tuckey's point of view.

For three or four days after the school-ship had put to sea Tuckey had been ill, and he had not enjoyed his food, which was the heaviest misfortune that could possibly have happened to him. Now that he was well, and the roll of the Benbow no longer affected his well-stocked interior, the

What is the secret of Peg Slaney's old document? Does it reveal where hidden treasure is buried?

brilliant scheme of turning his seasickness to account had occurred to him. An extra hour in bed, and a day's loafing about the ship instead of work, appealed irresistibly to Tuckey. So he closed his eyes again in happy repose.

He was awakened by a rough shake, and opened his eyes again, to blink at Mr. Packe, the master of the Fourth, who had come into his cabin.

"Toodles, why are you still in bed?" exclaimed Mr. Packe severely.

Tuckey gave a deep groan.

"Bless my soul! What is the matter with you, Toodles? Are you ill?"

"Yes, sir!" groaned Tuckey Toodles. "I—I'm awfully sorry, sir, but—but I don't think I can get up, sir. I—I feel it very much, sir, as—as I was looking forward to lessons to-day. But—but I feel awful, sir!"

"Dear me, this will never do!" said Mr. Packe. "I thought you had quite recovered from your seasickness, Toodles."

"So I thought, sir!" moaned Toodles. "But—"

but it's come on again, sir! I—I feel as if everything were turning round, and—and upside down, and—and—Ow!"

Tuckey finished up with a deep groan.

"If you feel as bad as that, Toodles, you had better remain in bed," said Mr. Packe.

Tuckey's eyes glimmered.

"Yes, sir. I—I think I'd better, sir——"

"I will ask the doctor to see you."

"Don't trouble about that, sir," said Toodles rather hastily. "It—it will pass off. In fact, I—I feel better already."

"Do you feel well enough to get up?" asked Mr. Packe, with rather a searching glance at the fat junior.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Then I will send Dr. Pankey here."

Mr. Packe quitted the cabin, and Tuckey blinked after him with a rather doubtful expression. He had no doubt about being able to pull Mr. Packe's leg, but he was not quite so sure about the medical gentleman. However, he was in for it now, and he worked up an expression of anguished martyrdom as the ship's doctor came in.

Dr. Pankey was a fat little gentleman, with a plump, good-humoured face, but very keen eyes. Tuckey found it a little difficult to meet those sharp eyes, and he closed his own with an expression of deep suffering.

"Feeling bad again—what?" said Dr. Pankey.

"Yes, awful, sir!" answered Tuckey faintly.

"Let me feel your pulse, please."

Tuckey put out a fat paw. The medical gentleman felt his pulse, and shook his head very seriously.

"H'm—h'm!" murmured the medical man. "You are feeling rather run down, Master Toodles; lacking in energy——"

"Yes, sir," said Tuckey faintly.

"A strong disinclination to rise——"

"Just so, sir."

"You think you'd like to stay in bed during the morning?"

"Exactly, sir!"

"But you could manage a good breakfast if it were brought you here?" asked the doctor sympathetically.

Tuckey's eyes sparkled.

"I—I think so, sir," he replied. "In—in fact, I'm sure. So—so long as I don't have to move I——"

"Quite so," remarked Dr. Pankey. "Just the symptoms I expected. I will give Mr. Packe a prescription for you, Toodles, and, meanwhile, you shall not be disturbed."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Tuckey.

He winked at the doctor's broad back as the medical gentleman quitted the cabin. He had hardly dared to hope that his little scheme would work out so successfully as this. Visions of unlimited loafing danced before Tuckey's dazzled eyes. His fat face was beaming like unto a full moon when Drake and Rodney came back into the cabin.

Doctor's Orders!

"SLACKER!"

"Lazy lubber!"

Drake and Rodney came in, fresh from the salt-water bath on the lower deck, and proceeded to dress, shooting these remarks at Tuckey Toodles as they did so.

Tuckey grinned at them over the edge of the hammock.

"You fellows are awful chumps!" he remarked.

"I've got the day off. I say, old Pankey is a jolly good doctor. He knows what a chap wants when he's ill. I'm going to have breakfast in bed. He, he, he!"

"I've a jolly good mind to bump you out of that hammock!" said Drake.

"Here, don't you be a beast, Drake! If you had any sense you'd do the same. Old Pankey is as simple as a baby; anybody could pull his silly leg!" said Toodles, grinning.

"He struck me as rather a downy old bird," said Rodney. "Are you sure you've pulled his leg, fatty?"

"Yes, rather! He said the symptoms were just what he expected!" chuckled Toodles.

"Doctors don't know much, you know. They just listen to what the patient says, and guess. I know 'em. You fellows can go and mug up lessons. Put in some Latin for me. He, he, he!"

"Slacker!"

"Lazy lubber!"

Drake and Rodney went away to breakfast, leaving Tuckey Toodles to himself. Tuckey rolled over in luxurious comfort and waited for some time for breakfast to arrive. But it did not arrive.

Tuckey began to feel puzzled at last. By this time the school breakfast would be over; in fact, he could hear the St. Winifred's fellows scampering on the deck above. It would soon be morning school, and still his breakfast had not come.

Had he been forgotten?

It was not like so excellent a doctor as Dr. Pankey to forget a suffering patient, and Mr. Packe, too, was a kind-hearted gentleman. Yet no one came near the cabin.

The scampering on the deck ceased. The juniors had gone to lessons, and now Tuckey could only hear the sounds of the seamen at their work.

He was more and more puzzled, and he was growing fearfully hungry. Now that seasickness was a thing of the past, Tuckey found his appetite very keen. It was always good on land; and on the sea, in the keen, salt breezes, it was terrific. He turned his longing eyes again and again on the cabin door, but it did not open. Extraordinary as it seemed, there was no doubt that he had been forgotten.

The door opened at last, and Tuckey gave a whoop of joy and relief. Slaney, the steward's assistant, entered. But he carried nothing but a broom. Tuckey's whoop died away suddenly, and he blinked at the man.

"Where's my brekker?" he exclaimed breathlessly.

The one-eyed seaman squinted at him.

"Wot's that, sir?" he asked.

"My breakfast!" wailed Toodles. "I'm ill, and I'm to have my breakfast in bed. They've forgotten me—suffering here like this!" Tuckey almost wept with self-commiseration. "It's a shame! I say, Slaney, you go and tell the doctor they haven't given me any breakfast."

"I come 'ere to sweep, sir," answered Peg Slaney surlily.

"You go to the doctor!" howled Toodles excitedly. "I can't go—I'm ill! You go at once, I tell you! I say, I'll give you a bob."

Slaney grinned.

"I don't mind obligin' a gentleman, sir," he answered; and Tuckey having extracted a

shilling from his trousers, the coin changed hands, and Slaney quitted the cabin.

Tuckey Toodles waited feverishly.

It was ten minutes before footsteps were heard outside, and then Dr. Pankey came in, with a cheery face and a twinkling eye.

"Now, now, what's the trouble, my boy?" exclaimed the doctor.

"I haven't had any breakfast!" wailed Toodles. "It's past ten, and I haven't had a mouthful, sir!"

Dr. Pankey nodded.

"That's right. What you require, my lad, is a day's fasting," explained the medical man. "You'll feel ever so much better after it. You'll hardly know yourself by this evening."

Tuckey Toodles blinked at him in horror.

"But—but you said—" he babbled.

"Quite so; I was ascertaining the symptoms of your complaint," said the doctor blandly. "My prescription is a day's fast, to be repeated tomorrow if there are no signs of improvement."

And Dr. Pankey rubbed his plump hands and beamed upon the unhappy invalid.

Tuckey Toodles gazed at him. His respect for the medical profession vanished on the spot, never to return. It dawned upon the hapless Tuckey that in the previous interview it was not the doctor's leg that had been pulled!

"Don't you feel any better, my boy?"

"No, I don't! I—I'm dying, I think!"

"Nonsense! That is simply the result of a superabundance of nourishing food. When you have missed your dinner, as well as your breakfast, you will feel perfectly able to get up and attend lessons with your schoolfellows."

Tuckey Toodles groaned. His wonderful scheme died a sudden death.

Dr. Pankey left the cabin and Tuckey was certain that he heard him give a chuckle as he went down the passage.

"Ow!" groaned Toodles. "Beast! Yah! Oh dear! Ow!"

Tuckey lay and groaned. There was no breakfast for him now, even if he did get up, and he resolved to "stick it out" till dinner-time. Surely by that time Mr. Packe would take compassion on him, even if that stony-hearted medical man did not relent.

That morning seemed the longest to Tuckey Toodles that he had ever known. A whole morning at Latin would not have seemed nearly so long. He was greatly relieved when a burst of cheery voices and a scampering of feet announced that classes were over. Drake and Rodney looked in.

"Hallo! Still going strong?" grinned Drake.

"Drake, old chap, get me something to eat!" gasped Toodles. "Anything—just a cake—a bun—I'm famished! They haven't given me any brekker—"

"Can't be done—doctor's orders!" grinned Drake. "Mr. Packe's told us that you're on a diet, and nobody's allowed to give you a crumb till you're well."

"Ow!"

"Better get well quick!" grinned Rodney. "I think I'd recover in time for dinner, if I were you, Toodles."

The juniors departed, roaring with laughter.

But the invalid of Cabin No. 8 was not left without company. Nearly all the Fourth came along, in twos and threes, to look in and chuckle, and advise him to get well. Evidently his illness was a joke all over the ship by this time. Tuckey

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blinked at them with sad, lack-lustre eyes. He did not see the joke himself.

Daubeny of the Shell came in, with Egan and Torrence, to look at him. The three bucks seemed highly entertained.

"Feelin' hungry, old top?" asked Daubeny.

Toodles groaned.

"I'm dying, Daub, old chap—dying of hunger, you know. Give me something to eat, like a good fellow. You're not a beast, like Drake."

"I've brought you somethin'," old chap. I nipped into the cook's galley and got it for you," answered Daubeny. "Keep it dark, of course."

"Oh, thanks!" gasped Toodles. "You're a prince, Daub!"

"You'd like some fish?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Here you are, then."

Daubeny tossed a paper parcel on the hammock, and the Shell fellows walked away, chuckling.

"Good man!" gasped Toodles, unfastening the paper wrapping with feverish fingers. "Daub's the best chap in the school! Why, what—Oooooch!"

The parcel was unwrapped, and a raw cod's head was disclosed to view. That was the morsel Daubeny had bagged for the invalid.

"Oooooch!" spluttered Toodles.

Famished as he was, even Tuckey Toodles was not equal to tackling a raw cod's head. He hurled it furiously across the cabin.

"Beast! Rotter! I always said he was the biggest cad at St. Winifred's! Rotter! Oh dear!"

Tuckey Toodles turned out of the hammock. He was in time for dinner; he would not have missed dinner that day if the penalty for eating it had been mugging Latin for the rest of his life.

Grinning faces greeted him as he arrived. Even Mr. Packe, at the head of the table, indulged in a faint smile.

"Toodles, do you feel better?" he asked.

"Ye-e-es, sir!" mumbled Toodles.

"Are you well enough for classes this afternoon? If so, you may sit down to dinner. Otherwise the doctor's orders are—"

"Quite well enough, sir!" gasped Tuckey.

"Then you may sit down, Toodles."

Tuckey Toodles did full justice to his dinner.

Peg Slaney's Secret!

"WHAT the Dickens—"

"It's Slaney—tipsy!"

"The cheeky brute!" exclaimed Drake indignantly.

Lessons were over for the day, and Drake and Rodney had come to their cabin, to meet with a surprise. Cabin No. 8 was not unoccupied, as they had expected to find it. In the long canvas chair was a recumbent figure—that of Peg Slaney, the one-eyed seaman.

The man was fast asleep. His swarthy face had a dull red flush in it, and he was breathing stertorously. The aroma of rum in the cabin was very powerful, and there was an empty bottle on the floor. Evidently the man had retired to the juniors' cabin, as a safe and secluded spot while the fellows were at lessons, to indulge in a secret guzzle, and the strong drink had mastered him.

Drake and Rodney stared at him in angry disgust.

"What's the row?" asked Tuckey Toodles, following them to the doorway. "I say, what

about tea? Why—what— The awful, cheeky beast!"

Drake knitted his brows.

"What are we going to do with him?" he asked. "He can't stay here. Shall we roll him out, and hand him over to the boatswain?"

"It would serve him right," said Rodney. "But Captain Topcastle is a stiff old johnny, and goodness knows what will happen if he hears of this! We're not bound to make it known."

"That's so; but he can't stay here. The blessed cabin is reeking with that muck he's been drinking!"

"Let's wake him up, if we can."

"Oh, all right!" grunted Drake.

Rodney took the man by the shoulder and shook him vigorously. Slaney mumbled in his sleep. A crowd of juniors gathered round the doorway; Tuckey Toodles had soon spread the news of what was toward in Cabin No. 8. Daubeny of the Shell looked in among the others, and called to Drake.

"You ought to report this, Drake."

"Rodney thinks not," answered Drake. "No bisney of ours to get the beast into a row, so long as he clears off."

"He ought to be punished!" said Daubeny viciously. "If the captain knew of this he might kick him out of the ship at the first port and get rid of him."

Drake looked round.

"What the thump do you want to get rid of him for?" he demanded. "The man doesn't do you any harm, does he?"

"Daub doesn't like him," said Sawyer major. "That's the man who knew Daub's father in South America. I've heard him say so."

"It's only his yarn," said Daubeny. "He makes out he knew my father in Venezuela, but it's lies. The ruffian ought to be booted out of the ship! You've no right to keep this dark!"

"Oh rats!" answered Drake curtly. "I dare say the poor brute doesn't know any better. Here, wake up!"

He joined Rodney in shaking the intoxicated man. Slaney's eyes opened at last, and he blinked round him dazedly.

"Gold and silver!" he muttered. "Gold and silver! Gold and silver! Spanish doubloons and silver bars! Avast, there!"

"What the thump is he saying?"

"Talking about gold and silver!" chuckled Sawyer major. "He's been dreaming that he's a merry old pirate! Here, wake up, Captain Kidd!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The one-eyed man sat up dizzily.

"Get out of here!" said Drake. "Don't come into this cabin again to booze, or there'll be trouble! Understand that?"

Slaney made an effort to pull himself together. But the liquor he had consumed was too much for him, and his head rolled and lurches. Drake and Rodney helped him to his feet, and he stood bearing heavily on them, mumbling and swaying.

"For goodness' sake, stand up!" said Drake. "If you're seen like this you'll get scalped!"

The man squinted a dizzy eye at him.

"Asking your pardon, sir!" he mumbled. "It's the blessed rum! I had to take it, sir, up the Orinoco to keep down the fever. I'll be all right in a minute. Asking your pardon, sir—"

"The captain ought to be called!" growled Daubeny.

Peg Slaney started as he saw Daubeny. He

pulled himself together as if the sight of Daub's face had a sobering effect on him.

"Belay, there!" he muttered. "I tell you I'm all right! I jest sat down a minute, Master Drake, to look at something. Where is it?" He groped in his pockets. "Where's it gone to? That there dockymment—"

"Oh, get a move on!" exclaimed Drake impatiently. "There's no document here! You're dreaming! Buzz him along, Rodney!"

Slaney staggered out of the cabin between Drake and Rodney, the juniors making way for them. What to do with him was a puzzle, for the juniors felt a natural disinclination to hand him over to punishment. But the problem was solved by the appearance of Mr. Capps, the steward. Daubeny & Co. had cut away to call him.

Mr. Capps grasped the unsteady man by the arm.

"Pretty state you're in for the young gentlemen to see!" said Mr. Capps. "You come alonger me!"

Drake and Rodney were only too glad to be rid of their charge. They returned to their cabin, and Drake opened the port and waved a book about to clear the air of the lingering aroma of rum. As he closed up the canvas chair, Rodney uttered an exclamation.

"What's this?"

"What's what?" asked Drake, looking round.

"That boozy bounder must have left this here," said Rodney, picking up a paper from the floor. "I suppose that's the 'dockymment' he was mumbling about."

It was an old paper, almost yellow with age, thick and crinkled. It was covered with writing in a language the juniors did not understand—neither English nor French.

"Spanish, I think," said Jack Drake, glancing at it. "What the thump is he doing with a paper written in Spanish? He's not a Spaniard."

"Well, it's his," said Rodney. "Better keep it and give it to him when he's sober."

"Let's see it, Drake."

It was Daubeny's voice. The Shell fellow came eagerly into the cabin. Rodney closed his hand over the paper.

"No business of yours, Daub!" he said. "Here, you take it, Drake, and put it safe."

"Right-ho!"

DETECTIVE KERR INVESTIGATES.

Solution :

KERR: I might have thought, as Wally D'Arcy did, that the barge the fags found was nothing but a derelict—but for one thing. The list of barges given me by Tom Merry had included five names. The bargee told me there were only five barges in all. But Redfern's list, while being limited to five, included one that Tom Merry did not mention—Nymph—and left out one that Merry gave—Corona. So there were obviously six barges—but one was moved about secretly, five being kept at the wharf the whole time. I questioned Wally D'Arcy closely as to the exact whereabouts of the backwater which sheltered his barge, and phoned Inspector Skeat. Later, the inspector phoned to thank me and to say he had located two of the smugglers' gang and a supply of drugs in the Corona lying in the backwater!

"Let me see it, I tell you!" breathed Daubeny. "I came back for that!"

"How the dickens did you know anything about it?"

"He was mumbbling about a document, and so I thought—"

"Well, it's his and not yours!" said Drake curtly. "Besides, it's in Spanish, and you couldn't read it!"

"Dr. Pankey knows Spanish. He's going to get up a Spanish class on board," said Daubeny. "I'd get help from him!"

"What the dickens do you mean?" exclaimed Drake indignantly. "This may be a private paper. It's no bisney of yours!"

Daubeny closed the cabin door. His face was eager and excited.

"Don't play the goat, Drake," he said in a low voice. "How do you know what that paper may be worth? You heard what that drunken brute was muttering—about gold and silver and Spanish doubloons. Now we find a paper written in Spanish belonging to him. Doesn't it look—"

"Well?" grunted Drake, as the Shell fellow paused.

"Doesn't it look as if it's a clue to something—buried treasure, perhaps, in South America?" exclaimed Daubeny eagerly. "It looks like it! The rotter doesn't know he's lost the paper. We can keep it dark—us three. We can get it translated, a bit at a time, so that we can keep the secret, if there is one, and—"

"And rob the steward's mate!" said Drake scornfully. "A likely idea! I wonder you're not ashamed to suggest it—even you, Daub!"

"If there's gold and silver buried somewhere, it's no more his than ours!" muttered Daubeny.

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"And I tell you I'm sure of it. I caught a word out that paper before you covered it up—the word 'oro.'"

"And what does oro mean?"

"It's the Spanish word for gold."

"My hat!"

"I tell you, I know that blackguard!" said Daubeny. "I've heard him bragging among the seamen that he's going to be rich—it's a joke in the fo'c'sle! That paper may be worth a fortune!"

Drake put the yellow paper into an inside pocket.

"That's a jolly good reason why you shouldn't see it, then," he said. "I'm certainly not going to help you rob the man. I'm going to give this back to Slaney when he's sober!"

Daubeny gave the chums of the Fourth a bitter look.

"I don't believe you!" he snarled. "You're going to keep it, and keep the secret to yourselves. But—"

Drake threw open the door.

"Get out!" he said curtly.

"I tell you—" hissed Daubeny.

"Get out!"

Drake's eyes were gleaming with anger, and he advanced on the dandy of the Shell with his hands up. Vernon Daubeny backed out into the passage. He gave Drake a last look of hatred, and turned savagely away. Drake slammed the door after him.

An Attack in the Dark!

THE Benbow ploughed on over a moonlit sea, with a whirl of cordage and canvas, as Drake and Rodney and Toodles sat at prep in Cabin No. 8 that evening. Jack Drake rose from the table with a yawn.

"That's done," he remarked. "I think I'll go and look for Slaney now. I'd like to get rid of this paper before bed."

"Right-ho!" said Rodney.

Drake went on deck to look for Peg Slaney. Round the Benbow the moonlight gleamed on the sea, and the ship's lights flashed out over the waters. But under the spreading canvas it was very dusky. Drake had hardly made two steps when there was a sudden rush of feet in the shadows, and he was seized and dragged backwards.

The attack had come so suddenly that he had no chance to resist. In a second he was sprawling on the deck, with three fellows scrambling over him.

"Quick—keep him quiet!" panted the voice of Vernon Daubeny.

"We've got him!" muttered Egan.

Jack Drake struggled furiously. He was at a disadvantage. A knee was planted on his chest, and a hand slammed over his mouth, to keep back a cry for help. While Egan and Torrence grasped him fast, Vernon Daubeny felt for his pockets.

Drake knew what he was after—the Spanish paper belonging to Peg Slaney.

He tried to shout, but the hand over his mouth stifled his cry. But he was not inclined just then to stand on ceremony. There was a sudden fiendish howl from Egan as Drake's teeth closed on his fingers.

"Yoop! Ow! I'm bitten! 'Ow!"

Drake's mouth was free for a moment, and he shouted. The watch on deck was not far away.

"Oh! Help! Help!"

(Continued on page 36.)



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THE SEAMAN'S SECRET!

(Continued from page 34.)

A crashing blow in the face made him gasp. He struggled fiercely. Egan was sucking his damaged hand, and Terrence and Daubeny had plenty to do to hold the sturdy Fourth Former, without seeking for the Spanish paper.

There was a heavy footstep and a gruff voice close at hand.

"Belay there! What's the row?"

Mr. Piper, the boatswain, came tramping up, almost falling over the sprawling juniors.

The attack had been quite futile; the Spanish paper was safe in Drake's pocket. He stood and gasped for breath, ready for another attack. But Daubeny & Co. had had enough.

"What's this 'ere?" demanded Mr. Piper.

"Only a rag," stammered Daubeny. "Let me go, will you?"

"It's all right, Mr. Piper!" said Drake breathlessly. "Thank you for coming!"

Mr. Piper grunted and rolled away. Daubeny & Co. stared at Drake, rubbing their bruises and muttering. But they did not venture to renew the attack. Drake backed away, and slipped below again, dabbing his handkerchief to his nose.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Rodney, jumping up in surprise as Drake came breathlessly into Cabin No. 8.

"Only Daub & Co. after Slaney's weird document," said Drake.

"My hat! They haven't got it!"

"No fear!"

"Better give it to me to take care of," suggested Tuckey Teedles.

"Oh, cheese it! Ow! I'm going to bathe my nose. You can come with me, Rodney, if you're finished, in case there's more trouble!"

"Right-ho, old scout!"

But there was no more trouble just then. Daubeny of the Shell had also a nose to bathe, and for the present, at least, Daub had had enough.

Next Wednesday:

"THE MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT!"

SAVED BY HIS SON!

(Continued from page 29.)

"Set this gentleman free, Vere," he said. "He is Mr. Trevelyan, the master at your school."

"I thought so, father."

In a few minutes Mr. Trevelyan was free. The remittance man strode from the shanty.

Pete was already making off down the gully, leaving the revolver in Frank Richards' hand. But Gerard Goring, once known at Cedar Creek as Mr. Trevelyan, was bound to his horse, and he looked at the remittance man with a sardonic grin.

"The cards have run in your favour, after all, Beauclerc," he said cynically.

Lascalles Beauclerc looked at him steadily.

"How my boy defeated you I do not know," he said, "but I might have been sure that your rascality would not be successful."

"I promised to set him free if we found you, father."

The remittance man nodded.

"Let him go," he said. "Let him go, and the sooner the better! You have a few hours, Gerard Goring; the sheriff will be on your track then."

"It will be enough for me!" sneered Goring. "Tell your son to let me loose."

Beauclerc cut him loose, and the defeated rascal dashed away down the gully.

It was a happy party that set out on the homeward way from the shanty, Mr. Beauclerc and Mr. Trevelyan riding, and Frank Richards & Co. taking it in turns with the other horse, or walking.

It was more than a nine days' wonder at Cedar Creek School.

Philip Trevelyan came there the next day. The impostor who had borne his name was far away. But he did not escape. A few days later he was in the hands of the police, and prison followed.

Mr. Trevelyan did not take up his duties in the school. He started for the Old Country after a few days to claim his inheritance.

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