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No. 821.
Vol. XXIV.
November 3rd, 1923.

GRAND
FOOTBALLERS' NAMES
COMPETITION!

First Prize £100, Second Prize
£50, and 830 other VALUABLE
PRIZES Costing THOUSANDS
OF POUNDS!

SEE INSIDE.



BONFIRE NIGHT AT ST. JIM'S!

As the juniors hurled the guy into the flames there was a yell of consternation from Knox the prefect. "Good Heavens! It's Mr. Selby."



Address all letters: The Editor, The "Gem" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4. Write me, you can be sure of an answer in return.

My dear Chums,—As usual, there are a good many subjects of really first-class interest concerning which I must have a few words this week. The only trouble this time is one of selection. Which matter ought to come first? I feel I am right in opening the ball with just a short reference to next week's prime yarn of St. Jim's. It bears a short, but thoroughly convincing title, and shows something of what may be expected.

"CATCHING CUTTS"

By Martin Clifford.

Well, to start with, next Wednesday's tale is not in the least likely to occasion any disappointment. It has got the real atmosphere of St. Jim's. Martin Clifford is a veritable wizard at weaving a yarn. To succeed with him is the merest commonplace, but I am sure that his biggest successes are those associated with some of his well-considered character stories. Now, it is a character story next week, with Gerald Cutts figuring prominently.

CRAFT AND CUNNING.

For long past Cutts has been known as a stirrer-up of strife. He likes trouble or others. It is a form of "sport" with him to pry, to get behind the scenes, and then take advantage of somebody's plight. To feel he has the whip hand, and is in no danger himself, is to Cutts a priceless luxury. I am not going any further into the treat for next Wednesday's "Gem." It is quite enough to point out that in this particular instance, although Cutts thinks he has a flush hand, and can triumph all along the line, there are chinks in his armour.

THE GRAND FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

It is only right, meet, and proper, and all that sort of thing to offer some priceless

advice about the great Footballers' Names Competition. A sportively fine opportunity of this kind is one of the most welcome things possible as we go on our way down the bumpy road of life. The competition sparkles with interest, and it gives brains a look in, which is just exactly what is wanted these days more than ever. Look carefully into the lucid information given in this week's issue of the "Gem," and see whether by dint of a little mind-play and application you cannot bring off one of the valuable prizes offered. Don't be left out of a good thing, but play up like a Briton, and try to win something which is sure to be useful—either cash, or a motor-bike, or one of the other fine prizes which we got to find happy owners before so many weeks have passed by.

"THE ELEPHANTS' CEMETERY!"

By Cecil Fanshaw.

This is a brilliant adventure complete for the next issue. It is the work of an author who knows the heart of Africa and its mysteries. You never know what is coming out of the brooding forests of the interior of the Dark Continent. You read paragraphs sometimes about strange finds in the dim wilds of the jungle, and sometimes you are disposed to say, "Yes, travellers' tales!" But these tales are true. There is a perfect wealth of wonder in this magnificent story of Africa, which you will find in next week's "Gem." It shows what comes to Ted Wardener. He has the goods—that is, so far as grit, endurance, and cool courage go. But luck has been dead out. Then a startling discovery is dropped upon accidentally, but before circumstances make him master of a mighty secret he goes through some record hard times, and the shadow of death is very

near. And then comes the turning point—the loyalty of his "boys"—the devoted natives who will follow a leader they love to the end, and the astounding revelation concerning an ivory find far away in the trackless wilds where the elephants have perished.

TUCK HAMPERS.

Every week as I open my mail I find a gay little tribute to the Tuck Hamper. "Thanks for the splendid prize; it was even better than you said!" That's how these letters run. I should like to remind readers who have not yet been fortunate in winning a hamper, as well as those who have so far omitted to send in a really smart story-tette, that the chance is still waiting.

"THE TRIERS!"

By Jack Orlinton.

Next week's programme has a genuine stir turn in a gripping instalment of this irresistible footer yarn. I have not a doubt of it, but that you have read plenty of yarns which describe how some rank outsider of bad character, with practically unlimited wealth, sets himself the task of driving to the wall a rival whom he hates. The man with the wealth seems to have all the advantages like the iron pot floating down the stream of life which crashes to smithereens the frail wooden tub.

We see in this story how the ignoble Clifton follows up Jack Morton with the brutal doggedness of his kind. Does he win? That's the point. We have, too, a vivid account of Harry Turner's meeting with the "Babe," of whom the less said the better, and I can leave it at that. The author can be complimented on the manner in which he is handling a plot which has a fierce element in it all through.

MIKE McANDREWS.

This serial will get a hearty reception from all "Gem" readers. I intend to give a further story about the quaint and comical character who has brought wit and the motor-car into the closest company. Look out for this cheery yarn.

Your Editor.

THIS LIST contains the actual names represented by the puzzle-pictures on Pages 14 and 15. All you have to do is to choose the correct name to fit each picture.

Ashurst, Anderson, Armstrong, Aitken, Adams, Amos, Alderson, Allen, Armitage, Archibald, Ashmore.
Brett, Brooker, Blyth, Borcham, Blackburn, Bradford, Bassnett, Brittan, Blair, Ball, Barkas, Birrell, Bradley, Barnes, Bulling, Burton, Branton, Buchan, Blake, Bowser, Bishop, Barras, Braithwaite, Bullock, Bliss, Bateman, Best, Bagge, Barson, Broadhurst, Broad, Bolam, Breisford, Blenkinsopp, Beedie, Birch, Bellamy, Bainbridge, Bowen, Burnham, Boyle, Blackwell, Bennie, Ballantyre, Buchanan, Bamber, Byers, Banks, Brooks, Blood, Baker, Bird, Brocklow.

Cemie, Crosbie, Cross, Clennell, Cameron, Crookson, Clough, Clouch, Clark, Cookson, Cope, Cook, Cully, Chaplin, Collier, Crookford, Campbell, Crown, Chance, Chippierfield, Crompton, Charlton, Conner, Craig, Cosgrove, Cherrett, Crossley, Carter, Clarke, Cotton, Cunningham, Cairns, Clunas, Connolly, Cassidy, Carr, Cowan, Chapman, Chambers, Clay, Creswell.
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French, Ferguson, Ford, Forshaw, Fletcher, Flood, Flint, Feebury, Fleming, Flinwood, Flynn, Fox, Foxall, Fort, Forbes, Fowler, Fazackerley, Finlady, Featherstone, Forsythe, Frame, Fyfe, Finney, Forster, Fitton, Fairclough, Fern.

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Irvine, Islip, Iremonger, Irwin.

Jennings, Jack, Jackson, Johnson, Kirtou, Kelly, Kneeshaw, Keenor, Kay, Knowles, Kane, Keenlyside, Kidd, Kilpatrick, Keam.

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M'Candless, M'Coll, M'Lacklan, M'Stey, M'Alpine, M'Kenau, M'Inally, M'Nair, M'Alinn, McBain, McCracken.

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Quantrill, Quinn.
Robson, Rollo, Raitt, Richardson, Rawlings, Raffell, Robbie, Riggs, Radford, Ridley, Reay, Ramsay, Robb, Ritchie, Ranskin, Reed, Rook, Roe.

Spiers, Smart, Stephenson, Seddon, Sewell, Smelt, Smith, Scott, Slade, Spencer, Seymour, Spaven, Sanny, Seed, Storer, Stage, Shea, Steele, Simms, Smalles, Styes, Sturges, Sayles, Spottiswood, Scattergood, Sinclair, Stuart, Sayer, Sutcliffe, Salt, Summerfield, Shaw, Sillito, Sneddon, Sonerville, Shone, Streets, Sampey, Stannard, Skinner, Sage.

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Voyssey, Vizard, Vallis, Voisey, Vigrass, Womack, Walsh, Weaver, Wilding, Whitton, Wadsworth, Woosnam, Woodhouse, Walters, Walden, Watson, Wainscoat, Wood, Williams, Winslip, Wolfe, Whitehouse, Whalley, Whipp, Wolstenholme, Waterall, Worrall, Williamson, Weston, Wigglesworth, Ward, Webster, Whithurst, Waddell, Wright, Wilson, Wren, Widdowson, Wylie, White, Welsh, Walker.
York.

GLYN THE GUY-MAKER!



Wally D'Arcy has a brilliant notion for celebrating the Fifth of November and enlists the assistance of Bernard Glyn, the St Jim's inventor. A New and Amusing Long Complete School Story

By Martin Clifford.

CHAPTER 1.
"Bend Over!"

"DISWESPECTFUL!"

"Eh?"

"Utthahly diswepctful!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy severely. "I wefuse to allow you to do anythin' of the kind, Wally!"

Walter Adolphus D'Arcy, more commonly known as D'Arcy minor of the Third Form, closed one eye at Blake and Herries and Digby.

Blake and Herries and Dig grinned.

But Arthur Augustus did not grin. He frowned. He jammed his celebrated eyeglass a little more firmly into his noble eye, and fixed a withering gaze upon Wally of the Third.

"You undahstand, Wally?"

"Yes, old bean."

"As your ildah bwothah, I wefuse to allow you to be guilty of such utthah diswepct towards your Form mastah—"

"Go it!" said Wally.

"Mr. Selby is not a nice man," resumed Arthur Augustus. "I do not wholly approve of Mr. Selby. If I were Head of St. Jim's I should wequest Mr. Selby to seek some othah sphere for his activities."

"What does that mean in English?" asked Wally of the Third innocently.

"Weally, Wally—"

"Does it mean that you would sack Selby?" asked Wally.

"Yaas."

"What a pity you're not Head, then," sighed D'Arcy minor. "But I suppose it's necessary for a Head to have brains; so you wouldn't fill the bill, would you, Gussy?"

"Pway do not be impertinent, Wally. I wepeat that I do not approve of Mr. Selby. But he is your Form mastah, so—"

"Worse luck!" said Wally.

"You are bound to treat him with wuppah wespct—"

"Bow-wow!"

"And this scheme of yours is utthahly beyond the limit. The vevy ideah of wiggin' up a guy to weseemble a Form mastah is utthahly diswepctful."

"Go hon!" remarked Wally.

"Mr. Selby would be fwightfully watty if he heard of it—"

"We're not going to parade the guy under Mr. Selby's study window on the Fifth of November," said Wally sarcastically.

"I wpesume not. Nevahtheless—"

"Good word!" said D'Arcy minor. "Where does Gussy get these words from? I believe he reads the dictionary just as I do the 'Holiday Annual.'"

"Listen to me, you young wapscaillon. I wefuse to allow you to cawicatuah Mr. Selby on Guy Fawkes Day!"

"Good!" said Wally. "Now, about contributions. It's not

going to be a common or garden guy, but a real, genuine article, made to look just like Selby—"

"I have already said, Wally—"

"And that will cost money," went on D'Arcy minor, unheeding. "Reggie Manners says it will cost pounds."

"Mannah minah is a young wascal."

"How much are you standing, Gussy? We'll let you dance round the bonfire, if you like," said Wally temptingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake and Herries and Digby.

The idea of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's, dancing round the bonfire on the Fifth of November was too much for them.

The expression on Gussy's noble face was quite extraordinary. He almost glared at his cheery minor.

"You utthah young ass!" he gasped at last.

"Well, that's a fair offer," said Wally. "Now, you ought to stand at least ten shillings, Gussy."

"Haven't I already said that I wefuse to allow you to do anythin' of the kind?" roared Arthur Augustus.

"Yes, that's all right," said Wally cheerily. "Say anything you like, old bean. I don't mind you wagging your jolly old chin. I know you can't help it."

"Bat Jove!"

"Are you making it ten bob?" asked Wally.

"I am makin' it nothin', you young wascal. I wefuse to allow you to cawicatuah Mr. Selby."

"Five bob, then?"

"Weally, you young ass—"

"Wally, what are you fellows standing?" asked Wally, turning to D'Arcy's study-mates. "Gussy seems to be growing mean in his old age. The pater's told him lots of times that he ought to stand by me, as his young brother, and help me through. This is how he does it—keeping his beastly money in his trousers' pocket when I'm hard up!"

"Weally—"

"I forgive you, Gussy," said Wally, with a wave of a rather grubby hand. "Don't try to excuse yourself. I overlook it. But don't talk any more."

"Bai Jove! I—"

"You can't expect to be allowed to wag your chin if you don't shell out," said D'Arcy minor argumentatively. "Be reasonable."

"I—I—I—"

"How much from you, Blake?" asked the Third-Former, paying no heed to the excited ejaculations of his major.

Blake chuckled.

"Mine's a bob," he said. "Here you are."

"And here's a tanner," said Herries.

"Threepence any good?" inquired Digby.

"Lots," said Wally. "Every little helps. It's a bit thick Gussy turning mean and stingy like this. I'm glad you fellows haven't caught it from him, being in the same study."

"I am not mean!" roared Arthur Augustus. "You are vevy well awah that I am not stingy, Wally!"

"I am not mean!"

"I am not mean!" roared Arthur Augustus. "You are vevy well awah that I am not stingy, Wally!"

"I am not mean!"

"I am not mean!" roared Arthur Augustus. "You are vevy well awah that I am not stingy, Wally!"

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"Then shell out!"

"It is a question of disrespect to your Form mastah—"

"There goes your chin again," said Wally, in an aggrieved tone. "Blake's stood a bob, and he's not talking half so much."

Arthur Augustus jumped up.

"It is no use talkin' to you, you young wascal!" he exclaimed. "Once for all, I refuse to allow you to cavalcade your Form mastah on Guy Fawkes Day. I wequiah your promise to do nothin' of the kind."

"Will you have it now?" asked Wally.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Or when you get it?" further inquired the fag.

Arthur Augustus breathed hard.

"If you do not give me your word, Wally, I shall exahcise my popah authority as your eldah bwathah, and give you a fealful thwashin'," he said impressively.

"My only Aunt Jane!" ejaculated Wally. "Will you really, Gus?"

"Yaas!"

"Sure you mean it?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Then you'd better get on with it," said Wally cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake & Co.

"Bai Jove! I wegvet this painful necessity vewy much!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "But there is no resource but to give you a thwashin', Wally. Pway hand me that wulah, Blake. Thanks! Now then, Wally, bend ovah."

Blake & Co. looked on, grinning: They did not expect the scamp of the Third to "bend over" and take a licking from his indignant major. Arthur Augustus, invested with all the authority of an elder brother, did expect it. But then, Arthur Augustus often expected things to come to pass which never did come to pass.

But to the surprise of Blake & Co., Wally of the Third did bend over.

Arthur Augustus raised the ruler.

"I am sowwy for this, Wally," he said gently. "But I twust you will undahstand that I feel it my duty to admintah a little cowvection."

"Go ahead, old dear!"

"I am goin' ahead, Wally. But I feel bound to say—
Yawoooooop!"

Arthur Augustus had not really meant to say that.

He said it as the bending fag suddenly gripped him by his noble ankles, and jerked them from underneath him.

Arthur Augustus' ankles being no longer underneath him, he was, of course, left without any visible means of support. The well-known law of gravitation did the rest. Any solid body left unsupported in the air is bound, by that well-known law, to take the shortest and most direct line towards the centre of the earth.

Arthur Augustus obeyed that law of Nature.

He did not, of course, get as far as the centre of the earth. The floor of Study No. 6 stopped him.

He smote the floor of Study No. 6 with a bump.

Wally rose with a cheery smile on his face. He smiled down at his gasping major.

"That all right, Gussy?"

"Ow, wow!"

"Like to change your mind, and contribute ten bob towards our guy?" asked Wally.

"Wow, ow! Gwoooogh! Bai Jove! I will—"

Arthur Augustus struggled up. But before he was on his feet, Walter Adolphus D'Arcy was on the other side of the study door.

"Good-bye, Gussy!" he called out. "I'll see you another time about that ten bob."

"You young wascal! Stop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus rushed to the door. By the time he was out in the Fourth Form passage Wally of the Third was sliding down the banisters and vanishing from sight.

The swell of St. Jim's turned back into Study No. 6, breathing hard. He found his three study-mates in the throes of a fit of hysterics.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake and Herries and Digby in chorus.

"Weally, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wegard you—"

"You'll be the death of me, some day, Gussy," gasped Blake, wiping his eyes. "Oh dear!"

"I considah—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, wats!"

And Arthur Augustus, considerably ruffled, departed from Study No. 6, and closed the door of that apartment behind him with a bang that resounded from one end of the Fourth Form passage to the other. For the moment, at least, Arthur Augustus had completely forgotten the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

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CHAPTER 2.

Mr. Selby Is Not Pleased!

TOM MERRY smiled.

Monty Lowther chuckled.

Manners laughed.

The Terribles Three of the Shell were amused. They happened to be passing the study door of Mr. Selby, the master of the Third Form. And on the sheet of paper was daubed in large capital letters with a brush,

HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!

The Fifth of November was close at hand. That famous anniversary was always celebrated at St. Jim's with bonfire and fireworks by the Lower School. It was always a great occasion, and the juniors always enjoyed it—and perhaps the seniors also, though those great men affected to be indifferent to such trifling things.

There was always an effigy to be burned in the bonfire, and that effigy was generally made in the image of someone who was unpopular—sometimes a public character, sometimes a master in the school, sometimes a prefect of the Sixth, or an obnoxious Fifth-Former like Cutts or Prye. But such caricatures were not likely to give much offence, for their resemblance to the original was not very discernible. Indeed, Mr. Rateliff, of the New House, had smiled at the sight of an absurd guy on one occasion, never dreaming that it had been got up to resemble Horace Ratcliff.

On the present anniversary the whole of the Third Form at St. Jim's was determined upon selecting Mr. Selby as a victim of ridicule. Wally of the Third was leader, of course, and he was manfully backed up by Levison minor and Reggie Manners, Frayne and Hobbs, and Curly Gibson, and, in fact, by all the ink-fingered fraternity that foregathered in the Third Form room. The notice on the Form master's door, at which the Terrible Three were smiling, was evidently the work of one of the fags—a forestate of the wrath to come, as it were. Between Mr. Selby and his Form there was no love lost, and the scheme having been mooted in the Third, some eager spirit among the fags had evidently not had the patience to wait till the Fifth before he started on Mr. Selby.

"They're beginnin'," remarked Tom Merry, smiling.

"I suppose," Monty Lowther remarked, in a reflective sort of way, that a chap with a face like Selby's must have an anniversary of this sort coming round. Sort of painful reminder!

"Hallo! What's the joke?" asked Glyn of the Shell, coming along the passage with Kangaroo.

Tom Merry pointed to Mr. Selby's door.

The two Shell fellows chuckled.

"Is Selby at home?" asked Kangaroo.

"I don't know. But we'd better move on, I think," said Tom. "If he came out now he might think we had been decorating his door."

"Oh, my hat!" said Manners. "Move on!"

But precisely at that moment the study door opened, and Mr. Selby stepped out.

He stared at the juniors, evidently surprised to find five members of the Shell Form congregated outside his door, where they had no special business.

"What—?" he began.

Tom Merry & Co. moved on rather hurriedly. Mr. Selby had a suspicious mind, and they did not want to be suspected of having placed that cheeky paper on his door.

"Stop!" thundered Mr. Selby.

The juniors stopped. Mr. Selby had seen the paper, and it was too late.

"Yea, sir!" said Bernard Glyn politely.

Mr. Selby pointed to the paper.

"So this is your work?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Why are you here, then, gathered outside my study door?" exclaimed Mr. Selby. "Do not deny what is perfectly evident, Glyn."

Bernard Glyn coloured.

"I assure you, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"If you won't listen to me, sir, it's not much good my speaking, is it?" said Glyn.

"Don't be impertinent, Glyn! Which of you boys placed this insolent paper on my door?"

"We saw it there as we were passing, sir," said Tom Merry.

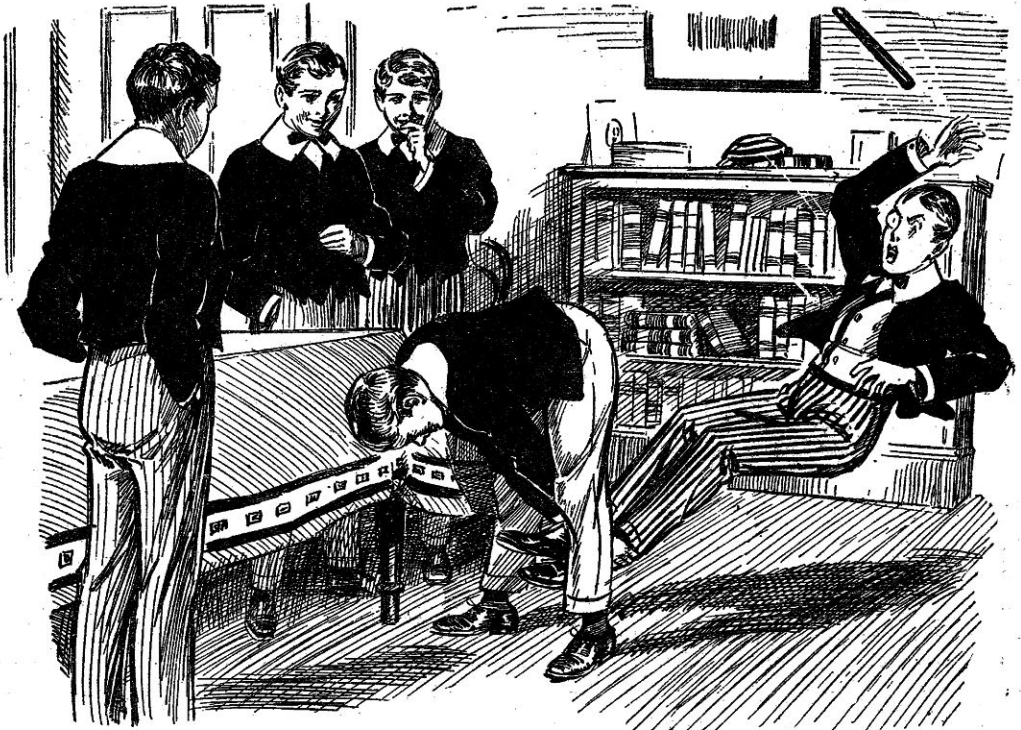
"You did not place it there?"

"Certainly not!"

"I do not believe you!" said the Third Form master bitterly.

"We're in the Shell, sir," said Manners. "We don't play fags' tricks in the Shell."

Mr. Selby took the offending notice from the door with a hand that trembled with rage. Certainly, it was a gross piece of impertinence; only Mr. Selby's extreme unpopularity with his Form could have caused even an unthinking fag to "cheek" him like this. It was not surprising that Mr. Selby



"I am sowwy to have to administah a little cowwectioun, Wally," said Arthur Augustus D'Arty, raising the ruler; "but I feel bound to say—Yawooooop!" The swell of St. Jim's emitted a yell as the bending fag suddenly gripped him by his noble ankles, and jerked them from underneath him. (See page 4.)

was angry, and it was not surprising that he believed he had found the guilty parties—that he had, as it were, caught them in the act, grinning over their misdeed.

"Follow me into my study, all of you!" he said.

He stepped back into the study.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another. Mr. Selby had stepped to his table and taken up a cane. Evidently it was his intention to inflict chastisement on the Shell fellows, an action for which he had no authority whatever.

"I rather think this isn't good enough," murmured Kangaroo. "Who's Selby, to cane Shell chaps?"

"Who, indeed?" grunted Glyn. "I'm off!"

"Same here!" said the Terrible Three with one voice.

And backing away from the doorway, the five juniors trod softly down the passage to the nearest corner, and then scudded away.

Mr. Selby turned to the doorway.

"I ordered you to enter my study!" he called out harshly.

There was no reply. Five retreating juniors were turning the corner by that time.

"Do you hear me?" exclaimed Mr. Selby.

They did not, having turned the corner and vanished. Mr. Selby breathed hard through his long, thin nose. He did not know yet that the juniors he had left in the corridor were gone.

"Merry!"

No answer.

"Come into this study immediately!"

Silence.

With a gleam in his eyes, and the cane clutched in his hand, Mr. Selby whisked to the door and whisked out into the passage. Had the five juniors been still there Mr. Selby's cane would certainly have done some execution. As it was, the Third Form master stared blankly into an empty passage.

"The young rascals! The—the—" gasped Mr. Selby. "They—they are gone! They—they—"

He hurled the cane into the study and rustled down the passage in great wrath, heading for Mr. Railton's study. If Mr. Selby was to be treated like this, it was time for the skies to fall—at least, for the Housemaster of the School House to sit up and take notice. The incident was not yet closed.

CHAPTER 3.

Glyn's Latest!

"GET out, old chap!"

"Eh?"

"Buzz off to some other study!"

"Well, you cheeky ass!" said Clifton Dane good-humouredly.

He rose from the armchair in Study No. 11 in the Shell and put his book under his arm. Study No. 11 was shared by Bernard Glyn, Dane, and Kangaroo, and it was not at all uncommon for the first-named to ask his comrades to "clear."

Glyn was an inventive genius, and when his inventive faculties were going strong he required a room to himself. And when it happened that his experiments dealt in chemicals, his study-mates were generally glad to leave him to himself. Horrid smells often came from Study No. 11 when Glyn was at work.

But this time it was not chemicals, it was not wireless, it was not indelible ink or a new hair-dye. Bernard Glyn's latest stunt was working in wax, and he showed great skill in it. He had already produced wax models of several fellows that were remarkably lifelike—only the heads so far, a full size figure being a matter of difficulty. Glyn wanted to work now, and his study-mates were therefore not wanted in the study. Which was perhaps rather cool of Bernard Glyn; but generally his chums met his wishes in the most amicable manner. Only on some occasions they seized him and jammed his head in the coal-locker as a hint that they also had some claim to the study.

Dane strolled to the door, with a cheery smile, giving Glyn his head, as it were. Glyn glanced round the study.

"Hold on a minute! Where's my Linton?"

"Your what?"

"The waxwork head I did of Linton. I left it in the armchair—"

"My hat! I thought that chair felt bumpy," said Dane, and he quitted the study, laughing.

Glyn gave a yell, and jumped to the armchair. His waxwork model of Mr. Linton's top-story was there, but it did not bear any resemblance to the master of the Shell. It looked like a pancake.

Glyn gave a yell.

He bounded to the study doorway and shouted after his study-mate:

"Dane!"

"Hallo!" called back Dane from the doorway of Tom Merry's study.

"You've squashed my waxwork!"

"Dear me!"

"You're a Hun!" yelled Glyn.

"You don't say so!"

"And a Goth and a Vandal!" yelled Glyn.

"Hear, hear!"

Dane stroled into Tom Merry's study quite cheerfully. Kangaroo came along the passage to Study No. 11.

"I say, Glyn—"

Slam!

"Let me in, you ass!" roared the Australian junior.

"I'm going to work," answered Glyn from within.

"I want my Livy!"

"Go and borrow somebody else's."

"I'll punch your nose!"

"Good-bye!"

"Look here—"

"Rats!"

Bernard Glyn gave the Australian junior no further attention. He had work on hand. Kangaroo thumped at the upper panels of the door, kicked the lower panels, and departed—to borrow somebody else's Livy. Glyn of the Shell forgot his existence the next minute.

"You fellows got a Livy to lend?" asked Kangaroo, looking into Study No. 10, where the Terrible Three had just finished tea, and were talking football with Dane.

"Certainly, old top!" said Manners. "Lost your own?"

"That ass Glyn is locked in the study, mucking about with his thumping waxwork rot," said Harry Noble. "I'll jolly well jam it down the back of his silly neck one of these times! I'm getting fed up with Glyn's experiments."

"Same here," grinned Clifton Dane. "I found one of his dashed wax models in the armchair—after I'd sat down."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, here's Kildare!" exclaimed Tom Merry, jumping up as the captain of St. Jim's glanced in at the open door. "Trot in, Kildare!"

"You're late for tea, old bean!" said Lowther. "But we'll shove the kettle on again in a jiffy."

"You young ass!" said the Sixth-Former. "I haven't come for tea. I've come for you."

"Oh, draw it mild!" protested Monty Lowther. "We haven't done anything this time! Innocent, my lord!"

"You've cheeked Mr. Selby."

"Oh dear! Is the Selby bird still crowing?"

"Don't speak of a Form master like that, Lowther. I'm after five of you," said the prefect. "You three, and Noble here, and Glyn. It seems that you stuck a disrespectful paper on Mr. Selby's door."

"Not guilty!" said Tom Merry.

"Some person or persons unknown put Mr. Selby's description in his study door," explained Lowther.

Kildare laughed involuntarily.

"That will do! Now come to Mr. Raitton's study. He's waiting to see you. Where's Glyn?"

"In his study," said Tom.

"Come along, the four of you, then."

"What a life!" sighed Monty Lowther.

The Terrible Three and Kangaroo followed Kildare from Study No. 10. The Sixth-Former stopped at Study No. 11 and knocked and turned the handle. The door did not open.

"Glyn!" called out Kildare.

"Go away!"

"What?"

"I'm busy!"

"It's Kildare, you ass!" called out Kangaroo anxiously.

"I know it's Kildare, you ass! I'm busy, all the same!"

"Open this door, you cheeky young sweep!" roared the captain of St. Jim's, in great wrath.

"Won't another time do, Kildare?"

"No, it won't!"

"If it's lines, you can give me an impot through the key-hole," suggested Bernard Glyn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're wanted in your Housemaster's study, and I'm to take you there. Come out at once!"

"Oh dear! Some ass will butt in and muck up my things while I'm gone!" groaned Bernard Glyn. "I say, Kildare, I haven't done anything to old Selby. Can't you tell him so?"

"Are you coming out?" snapped Kildare.

"Yes, if you make a point of it."

Bernard Glyn unlocked the door and stepped out from Study No. 11. Kildare promptly took him by one ear.

"Ow!" howled Glyn.

"Come along!"

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"I'm coming."

"I'm seeing that you ate," assented Kildare, and he led the inventive genius of the Shell along the corridor by the ear, as far as the staircase.

Three fags of the Third passed them on the landing, and grinned. They were D'Arcy minor, Levison minor, and Reggie Manners.

"I say, Glyn, we wanted to speak to you," said Wally.

"Run away and play!" grunted Glyn.

Kildare marched his captives down the staircase. He opened the door of Mr. Raitton's study, and ushered them in.

Then he departed, closing the door after him, and Tom Merry & Co were left in the presence of their Housemaster—and Mr. Selby.

CHAPTER 4.

Glyn Asks For It!

MR. RAITTON had a worried look, tintured with boredom. Complaints from Mr. Selby bored him as much as they worried him. There were more complaints from Mr. Selby than from all the other masters in the House. He was a gentleman of a complaining turn of mind.

Mr. Selby had been pouring his uncommon grievances into the scarcely sympathetic ears of the Housemaster. He held in his hand the offensive paper which announced that "another guy" was to be found in his study. Mr. Raitton had had no alternative but to send for the supposed offenders and sift the matter. He fixed a stern look upon Tom Merry & Co.

"Merry! You have seen that—that insulting paper before?" he asked.

"Yes, sir! I saw it stuck on Mr. Selby's door," said the captain of the Shell.

"Did you stick it there?"

"No, sir."

"Then which—?"

"None of us, sir," said Glyn. "We simply happened to see it as we passed Mr. Selby's study."

"You give me your word that that is the case?" asked the Housemaster, eyeing the juniors.

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Selby suppressed a snort. It was not his way to take a fellow's word; but he knew that it was Mr. Raitton's way, and it was useless for him to speak.

"I accept your assurance," said Mr. Raitton. "But it appears that when Mr. Selby told you to step into his study you refused to obey."

"Mr. Selby has no right to cane the Shell, sir," said Tom firmly.

"It was Mr. Selby's opinion that you had placed this insulting paper on his door, and he informs me that it was his intention to question you, and you refused to be questioned?"

"We saw him taking up the cane, sir," said Tom. "So we thought—"

"You did not enter his study as he told you?"

"No, sir."

"Although Mr. Selby is not your Form master, Merry, you know very well that you have no right to disobey any reasonable order given by him."

"Oh, yes, sir," said Tom. "But as he was going to cane us—"

"He has told me that he was going to question you," said Mr. Raitton, raising his voice a little. "You appear to have drawn a wrong conclusion, and, consequently, to have treated Mr. Selby with disrespect. On the matter of this insulting paper you are exonerated. I accept your word that you did not write it or affix it to Mr. Selby's door. But it is my duty to punish you for disrespect to a member of Dr. Holmes' staff."

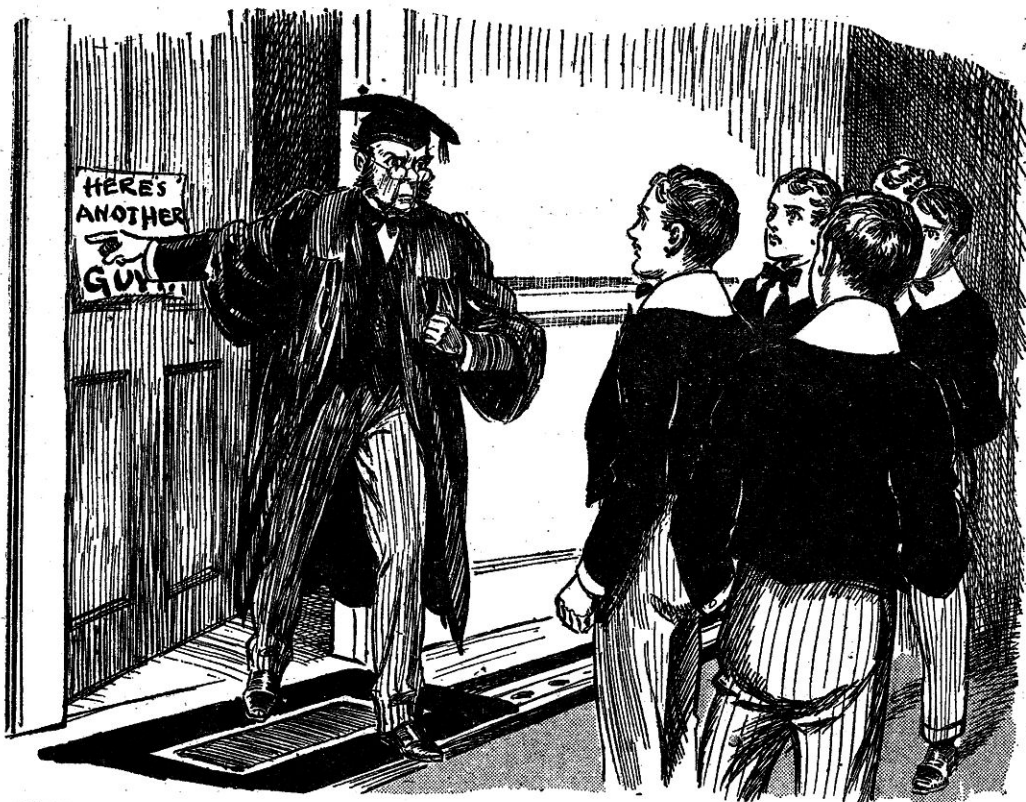
Mr. Raitton picked up a cane.

"Hold out your hand, Merry!"

The captain of the Shell obeyed in silence, but his feelings were deep. He knew perfectly well that Mr. Selby had intended to cane him and his comrades. But as the caning had not taken place, owing to the prompt retreat of the Shell fellows, Mr. Selby had chosen to represent the matter in a different light to the Housemaster. It came perilously near to hearing false witness. Possibly Mr. Selby, feeling assured in his own mind that the Shell fellows had characterised him as "another guy," felt justified in getting them punished by stretching a point with his conscience. To the juniors, his action seemed merely unscrupulous and malicious.

One after another they stood up to the swishes of the Housemaster's cane in grim silence.

Then Mr. Raitton motioned them to depart. The Terrible Three moved to the door, and Kangaroo followed. But Bernard Glyn paused. Glyn was exasperated, not only by a punishment which he regarded as unjust, but by the fact that he had been dragged away in the middle of an experiment.



The study door opened suddenly, and Mr. Selby stepped out. He stared at the juniors, then his gaze fell upon the notice gummed to his door. He pointed to the paper. "So this is your work?" he thundered. "Oh, no, sir," answered Glyn. "Why are you here, then, gathered outside my study door?" exclaimed Mr. Selby. "Do not deny what is perfectly evident, Glyn." (See page 4.)

"Excuse me, sir," said Glyn with great politeness, "Mr. Selby has told you that he did not intend to cane us."

"Mr. Selby has told me that he intended to question you, Glyn. You may go. The matter is now closed."

"I suppose it would be considered disrespectful to doubt Mr. Selby's word, sir?" said Glyn softly as a cooing dove.

The Third Form master started, and Mr. Railton frowned.

"Glyn! How dare you?"

"You see, sir, we saw Mr. Selby pick up his cane before we cleared off. Was he going to question us with his cane, sir?"

"Glyn! You—"

"Possibly I moved the cane on the table, Mr. Railton," said the Third Form master. "I—"

"You did, sir," said Glyn. "You took it up as if you were going to use it, sir, and you looked as if you were going to use it!"

"Mr. Railton! Am I to endure—" gasped the Third Form master.

"Certainly not, Mr. Selby!" The Housemaster rose to his feet, with a stern brow. "Glyn, you have insulted Mr. Selby."

"I did not mean—"

"You have cast doubt on his word!" exclaimed the Housemaster. "Did you mean that, or did you not?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"Mr. Selby, will you oblige me by taking my cane and administering to this junior any punishment you think fit to meet the case!" said Mr. Railton in a deep voice.

"Phew!" murmured Kangaroo, at the door.

Glyn set his lips. Mr. Selby took the cane the Housemaster handed to him. There was a bitter compression of his lips, and a glitter in his narrow eyes. Glyn had delivered himself, as it were, into the hand of the Amalekite; and the Amalekite had no mercy for him.

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

They were severe cuts. Mr. Selby was not sparing the rod. Glyn made no sound, but his face was white.

Swish, swish!

Mr. Railton coughed. That cough warned the Third Form master that he had gone far enough—if not indeed too far. He laid down the cane.

"You may go, Glyn," he said harshly. "And let this be a warning to you!"

Glyn left the study without a word.

In the corridor, he squeezed his hands hard under his arms. In silence his comrades led him away. All of them had aching palms, but Glyn was the greatest sufferer. He sat down in Tom Merry's armchair, and for some time he did not speak.

"Oh!" he said at last. "Oh crumbs! That was a corker! I'm not sorry I spoke, though! Ow!"

"Ass!" said Tom Merry. "You can't call a Form master a liar, old man. You asked for it. Railton simply had to let you have it."

"I know that! I'm not blaming Railton. Ow! Selby was lying, all the same!" said Glyn.

"Well, he certainly was stretching a point," said Tom. "How does it feel now, old chap?"

"Ow! Horrid!"

"Well, you asked for it, and no mistake!" said Kangaroo. "Ow! And I've got it!" groaned Glyn. "But I'll make that awful rotter Selby sorry for it somehow! Ow! Ow!"

And for several minutes there were sounds of woe in Study No. 10. Then Glyn went back to his own study, rubbing his aching palms as he went.

CHAPTER 5.

Wally's Wheeze!

"BETTER wait for him!" said Wally. "May as well, as we've come," assented Frank Levison.

"Let's look at his rubbish," suggested Manners minor impudently.

The three frags had gone in Study No. 11 in the Shell. Glyn being occupied elsewhere, they found some amusement

in looking over his things while they waited. There were plenty of articles of interest in the schoolboy inventor's study. Among others, Reggie Manners succeeded in discovering an electric battery, and he yelled frantically until he was able to let go the handles. Wally found a bottle of indelible ink, one of Glyn's many inventions, and he tested it on the table-cover; and certainly it seemed fairly indelible—especially the portion that D'Arcy minor spilt upon his fingers. Reggie Manners next proceeded to discover a waxwork bust of Julius Cæsar, with which Glyn had taken great pains. Investigation showed that the waxwork nose would come off if chipped by a pocket-knife.

It was fortunate that Bernard Glyn returned to the study before the enterprising fags had had time to make further investigations. Reggie hurriedly thrust Julius Cæsar under the table as he heard footsteps approaching. Glyn, as an experimenter, ought to have been pleased with Reggie's experiment on the wax nose of Julius. But Manners' minor had a feeling that he wouldn't be.

"Hallo, you blessed fags!" exclaimed Glyn, staring at the heroes of the Third as he came in. "What do you want?"

"Lots!" said Wally.

"Well, clear off!"

"We haven't told you what we want yet," said Levison minor.

"No need! Just hook it!"

"Oh, don't give us any of your Shell swank!" said Wally of the Third loftily. "I say, Glyn, we've heard about your waxwork rot—"

"What?"

"I mean your jolly clever waxworks!" said Wally hastily.

"Oh, you mean that, do you?" asked Glyn grimly.

"Just that!" said Wally affably. "I say, I dare say you've heard of our wheeze in the Third—we're going to make a guy like old Selby for the Fifth of November!"

"I've heard of it," said Glyn, rubbing his palms reminiscently. "Well, you can put old Selby himself on the bonfire if you like. I'll come and light it if you do!"

"The trouble is," explained Wally, "that we can't make the dashed guy like enough to be taken for him."

"All the better for you. He would skin you if you did!"

"Oh, rot! We're allowed to have a guy on the Fifth of November, and an accidental likeness—"

"Purely accidental, of course," said Frank Levison.

"You see," said Manners' minor, "we might take some jolly old gargoyles as a model, and then it would come out exactly like Selby. We couldn't be blamed for that, could we?"

Bernard Glyn grinned.

"And we want you to help us," continued Wally.

"Bob any good?"

"Yes. Thanks!"

"Now clear!"

"But I haven't finished yet," said Wally. "You see, having heard of your jolly clever waxworks, I've got a wheeze. We want you to make us a waxwork head of Selby—as like him as you can—"

"What?" roared Glyn.

"We can manage the rest," said Wally. "We've got a suit of Selby's clothes—those ghastly things he wears and calls clothes, you know. He sold them to a dealer in cast-off clobber, and we saw them stuck up on a hook in a shop at Wayland, and bought them for our guy."

"My hat!" said Glyn.

"Pretty cute, wasn't it?" smiled Wally. "But we're done about the chivvy. I've tried painting a stuffed pillow, but it's no good. Then I thought of your rot—your jolly clever waxworks. You could turn out a face like Selby's on your head!"

"Of course I could!" said Glyn.

"Well, then, with his old clothes stuffed out, and a waxwork knob on top with Selby's features, the guy will fairly take the cake!" said Wally eagerly. "See?"

"Too jolly risky!" said the genius of the Shell, shaking his head.

"Where's the risk?" demanded Wally. "Selby never turns up for bonfire night—he shuts himself up in his study and pretends he hates the row. He'll never see it. Everybody else will see it, and roar. Selby will be the laughing-stock of the school, and he'll never know why. Besides, if we ain't afraid of the risk—"

"These Shell chaps haven't much nerve!" said Reggie Manners.

"You cheeky young ass—"

"Well, is it a go?" asked Wally. "We're raising money on all sides to pay for an extra-special guy this year. We'll stand you half-a-crown towards it."

"You young duffer!"

Glyn rubbed his hands. That the Third-Formers intended to burn an effigy on bonfire night under the style and title of Mr. Selby, was an open secret, but the idea of making that effigy so like to Mr. Selby that the likeness could be

recognised, was startling. In other circumstances, Glyn would have refused to have anything to do with such a scheme. But at the present moment his hands were smarting painfully from the infliction of the cane wielded by Mr. Selby. That made a difference.

Levison minor winked at his comrades with the eye that was furthest from Bernard Glyn.

"Can Glyn do it?" he asked. "No good bothering him if he can't do it."

"You cheeky little sweep!" exclaimed Glyn warmly. "I could turn out a waxwork model of Selby good enough to take prep in the Third Form room, and you fags would never know the difference!"

"My only Aunt Jane!" ejaculated Wally.

"Easy as falling off a form!" said Glyn contemptuously.

"Why, Selby's got a chivvy that simply asks to be caricatured. With his nose and his eyebrows and his mouth—all his jolly old features—I could do it with my eyes shut!"

"Well, I know you're jolly clever, Glyn," said D'Arcy minor, privately returning Frank Levison's wink. "If you really could—"

"Of course I could!"

"Then it's a go, if you ain't afraid of Selby—"

"Afraid!" roared Glyn.

"Of course you're not!" said Wally soothingly. "Besides, where's the risk? You're going to do it?"

"I'll think of it," said Glyn.

"Better say yes."

"Rats! Get out!"

Reggie Manners opened his mouth to be eloquent, but Wally dragged him from the study. Wally felt pretty certain that Glyn intended to assent—he could read the sparkle of anticipated experimental triumph in Glyn's eyes. The fags departed, and Glyn slammed the door after them and sat down to think it out.

The ache in his palms helped him to think it out. Ten minutes later Glyn was hard at work.

When Kangaroo and Dane came into the study an hour later for prep, they found Glyn very busy. A waxwork model was growing under his hands.

"Hallo! That seems like somebody," said Kangaroo, staring at it. "Sort of likeness to something about that."

"Like a gargoyles," said Dane.

"Or like Selby!" grinned Kangaroo.

"It's going to be jolly like Selby," said Bernard Glyn.

"What's it for, then?"

"Fifth of November."

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jolly good wheeze, old chap!" grinned Kangaroo. "But we want that table for prep."

"Blow prep! Go and do your prep somewhere else, can't you?"

"You've got your own to do, too."

"Oh, rats!"

"Now, look here, Glyn—"

"For goodness sake clear off, and let a chap work!" howled Glyn.

And his good-natured chums left for Tom Merry's study, where they did their prep with the Terrible Three. Glyn's prep remained undone that evening; he was too busy to think of such trifles. The result was that there was a painful argument in the Shell-room the following morning. Glyn certainly couldn't explain to Mr. Linton why he had cut prep, and certainly the explanation, if he had given it, would not have improved matters. Bernard Glyn left the Form-room that morning the richer by a hundred lines.

But he did not worry about the lines. The wax model of Mr. Selby was getting on excellently, and that was all that Glyn of the Shell worried about. Having taken on the job, Glyn was throwing himself into it with his usual enthusiasm, and for the present nothing else mattered so far as the inventive genius of the Shell was concerned.

CHAPTER 6.

Going Strong!

THERE will be a wow!"

That was the opinion of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form.

Many other fellows considered it extremely probable that there would be a row.

Certainly, if Mr. Selby had got wind of what was going on, the row would have been inevitable and terrific.

But it was to be hoped that Mr. Selby would not get wind of it.

In two or three days nearly all the Lower School knew about it, grinned over it, chuckled over it, and chortled over it. Even Arthur Augustus grinned, though he also shook his head seriously and pronounced that there would be a "wow."

"Glyn's latest" excited keen interest:

Sometimes there was quite a procession of fellows to Study

No. 11 in the Shell, to see how the work was getting on. Admirers stood and gazed at the schoolboy wax-worker as he modelled. Like the old Persian tent-maker, they "watched the potter thumping his wet clay" with keen interest.

Bernard Glyn had nimble fingers, and to some extent a real gift for modelling in clay. There was no doubt that when he produced his Selby it was easily recognisable as the likeness of the Third Form master.

Fellows of all the junior Forms looked at it and chuckled over it. Even Arthur Augustus, while warning Glyn of the Shell that his proceedings were "disrespectful," chuckled.

Mr. Selby had rather striking features. His nose was long and thin and prominent—the sort of nose, according to Wally, that was designed by Nature for being thrust into affairs that did not concern it. He had a chin that was sharp, and protruded a good deal, and a somewhat wide mouth that set in a tight line like a vice. He had heavy brows that were always knotted in a frown. He had, in fact, a set of features that lent themselves to a caricaturist.

And Glyn was a careful worker. He studied Mr. Selby. At meals he would look down the hall from the Shell table to the Third Form table, noting the varying expressions on Mr. Selby's rather grim face. He would pass him in the quad and the passages, and look at him. His interest in Mr. Selby did not escape that gentleman's notice, and the Third Form master often met his investigating glances with a dark frown. But even Mr. Selby could not complain to the House master because Glyn looked at him. A cat may look at a king, and a junior may look at a Form master.

The clay model finished, translating it into wax was a task that would certainly have been beyond the powers of any fellow but Bernard Glyn of the Shell. But Glyn was a fellow equal to the task, and he had the advantage of being able to buy anything he needed for his experiments, his father being a millionaire. Baggy Trimble had been heard to

The three fags looked at one another. They realised that Glyn of the Shell was able to turn out a better stuffed edition of Mr. Selby than they were. But they also realised that the affair was passing out of their hands.

"Look here—" began D'Arcy minor rather restively.

"Cut off!"

"But look here—"

"I'm waiting for the things," said Glyn impatiently.

"Don't waste time, you kids!"

Wally & Co. fetched the old clothes. They found themselves transformed from leaders in a great enterprise to humble assistants of a Shell fellow; but they did not quite see how they could help it.

Mr. Selby's old clothes were brought into Study No. 11. Wally & Co. busied themselves with suggestions, to which the Shell fellow did not even listen. He was thinking. When he had finished thinking he turned the fags out of the study and locked the door on them, in order not to be interrupted in his work.

"Well, my word!" said Manners minor in the passage.

"Cheeky ass!" growled Wally.

Levison minor frowned, and then he laughed.

"After all, he's handling it better than we could," he said, "and it's going to be as like Selby as his twin brother, if he had one. It will be the joke of the term."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Wally. "All the same, Glyn's taking too much on himself, and it seems to me that the Third don't come in at all."

Glyn, hard at work in his study, forgot the existence of the Third, important as that Form was in its own estimation.

The genius of the Shell had fairly thrown himself into the wheeze now, and he was determined that Mr. Selby the Second should be a tremendous success. It was going to be so like Mr. Selby that anyone who saw the effigy placed on the bonfire, without knowing the secret, would suppose that

830 PRIZES WAITING TO BE WON IN OUR GREAT FOOTBALL COMPETITION!

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THE PRIZE LIST IS STUPENDOUS!

(Running into Thousands of Pounds.)

When you realise the prizes consist of £100 in Cash, £50 in Cash, 30 splendid "James" Motor-Cycles, 10 Two-Valve Wireless Sets, 100 Cycles, 20 Gramophones, 50 Pairs of Boxing Gloves, 100 Footballs, 100 Fishing Rods, 6 Riley Billiards Tables, 20 Steam Locomotives, 40 Football Outfits, 100 Pairs of Roller Skates and 250 Books.

YOU WILL AGREE THAT IT IS AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED!

complain that Glyn spent enough money on silly experiments to keep him—Trimble—in tuck all through the term. If that was the case, Glyn must have spent an enormous amount.

Wally & Co. often came to Study No. 11 in the Shell to see how the work was progressing. Wally of the Third realised that the half-crown he had offered Glyn towards the expenses was a rather inadequate contribution. Perhaps for that reason the half-crown was expended in fireworks for the Fifth of November instead.

The "rag" had originally been an entirely Third Form wheeze. The Third had planned to burn Mr. Selby in effigy. But the Fourth and the Shell were now taking a keen interest in the matter. Undoubtedly Wally & Co. had done a good stroke of business in getting Bernard Glyn to take a hand in the proceedings. But they discovered that, as a consequence, the stunt was no longer wholly a Third Form stunt—and Wally found, rather to his wrath, that he was no longer the leader in the enterprise. He was, indeed, rather in the position of the ancient British king who called in the Saxons to help him against the Picts and Scots. The Saxons helped him—and helped themselves to his kingdom. Thus it was with Glyn of the Shell.

He was turning Wally's wheeze into a big enterprise and a great success. Incidentally, he was also bagging it and running it.

"Where's the clobber?" he asked Wally one day when the heroes of the Third came in to observe progress.

"The what?" asked Wally.

"Didn't you tell me you'd got Selby's old clothes that he sold to a second-hand merchant?"

"Oh, yes! They're in the box-room!"

"Better get them here."

"We're going to dress up the guy in the wood-shed on the night," said Frank Levison.

"You can't do it! I'm going to stuff the body out and make it look lifelike."

"But, I say—" said Reggie Manners.

"Don't say anything! Just cut off and get the clobber!"

the Third Form master was being made into a burnt offering himself.

Kangaroo and Dane in vain applied for admission to the study that evening for prep. The door remained locked.

They breathed dire threats through the keyhole, and retired to Tom Merry's study to work.

Later in the evening there came a tap at Bernard Glyn's door. He did not heed.

"You there, Glyn?" called out Levison of the Fourth, through the keyhole.

"Yes. Clear off!"

"Let me in—quick!" said Levison major.

"Rats!"

"You ass! Listen to me!" Levison spoke hurriedly through the keyhole. "Selby's got on to something—"

"What?"

"He's coming up here."

"Oh gad!"

"If you've got your dashed effigy in there, you'd better get it out of sight!" breathed Levison. "I've asked Clive and Cardew to delay him if they can, to give you time."

"Phew!"

Glyn opened the door quickly enough then. Levison of the Fourth fairly jumped as he looked into the study. He had just left Mr. Selby downstairs; but it seemed to him, for a moment, that he was looking at Mr. Selby in Glyn's study. Mr. Selby's discarded suit of clothes had been stuffed out most artistically into the somewhat ungraceful form of Mr. Selby—skinny in the limbs and a little tubby in the central circumference. Glyn had obtained an old, shabby Master of Arts gown to drape over the shabby clothes. The waxwork countenance was now painted, and the colouring was perfect—sallow complexion, with ridges of red on the cheekbones. The glass eyes gleamed lifelike under bushy, greyish brows, knitted in a frown. The spiteful-looking mouth was set tightly. It was Mr. Selby to the life.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Ernest Levison.

"A bit like—what?" asked Glyn, surveying his handiwork with natural pride.

"A bit?" ejaculated Levison. "It's his twin! But for goodness' sake get it out of sight before he sees it! He's coming here, I tell you. I heard him say so to Lathom."

"What rotten luck!" Glyn glanced anxiously round the study. There was nowhere to conceal so bulky an object in the room. Glyn was accustomed to keep his unfinished handiwork behind a screen in the corner. But, obviously, that was scarcely safe if Mr. Selby entered the study in a suspicious and searching mood.

"Get it along to the box-room!" said Levison. He glanced out of the doorway, down the passage. From the direction of the stairs came the sound of a bump and a loud exclamation. "Quick! There's time."

"Lend a hand!" Glyn and Levison seized the figure and rushed it out of the study. They rushed it into the box-room at the end of the passage, and closed the door and locked it. And they were just in time.

CHAPTER 7.

A Surprise for Mr. Selby!

MR. SELBY was suspicious—more than suspicious. Mr. Selby had very keen ears, and he had heard a whisper here and a whisper there; and although he certainly did not know the great secret, he was aware that something was "on," something of which he was the object—some jape among the juniors that was disrespectful to himself. Mr. Selby was always on the look-out for something of that kind. Something was going on. Glyn of the Shell, whom he had caned the other day, had a hand in it. And Mr. Selby had ascertained that many members of his Form had of late paid frequent visits to Glyn's study in the Shell, an infrequent resort for juniors of the Third. So Mr. Selby was going to investigate. And he told Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, that he had no doubt that Glyn of the Shell was concocting some lawless, practical joke with the Third Form fags. Fortunately, Levison & Co., coming down from Study No. 9 after prep, heard his remarks. Hence the warning Glyn had received just in time.

But the warning would not have prevented a discovery, but for the co-operation of Clive and Cardew. These two cheery youths waited on the staircase, and when Mr. Selby came up they slipped on the stairs together and rolled down. Naturally, they collided with Mr. Selby.

"Oh! Ow!" Bump!

Mr. Selby sat down, hard. Cardew and Clive jumped up, full of concern for the Form master whom they had bumped over.

"Oh, sir, I hope you're not hurt!" exclaimed Clive. Which was perfectly true. He did not want to hurt Mr. Selby, only to delay his visit to Study No. 11 in the Shell.

"Let me help you up, sir," said Cardew politely.

"Ow! Wow!" gasped Mr. Selby. He glared at the two Fourth-Formers. "You clumsy young scoundrels!"

"Oh, sir!" "Really, Mr. Selby—"

"Why do you not take more care?" gasped the Third Form master. "How dare you fall downstairs?"

"Hem! You see, sir—"

Mr. Selby scrambled up, and held on to the banisters while he recovered his breath. Fortunately, even Mr. Selby did not suspect that the juniors had fallen down the staircase not accidentally. Clive and Cardew went down with very serious faces, and did not grin till they were safe in the Common-room.

Having recovered his breath, Mr. Selby proceeded on his way. He whisked along the Shell passage, and entered Study No. 11.

That study was vacant now.

Glyn and Levison had been gone less than a minute, but they were gone, and there was no sign of the juniors or of the effigy. On the table there were some of Glyn's materials—two or three moustaches, a box of grease-paints, and other things. Mr. Selby looked at them and sniffed, and looked round the study, and sniffed again. The study offered him no clue to the suspected jape, and Glyn was not there to be questioned.

It was fairly clear, however, that he had only just left the study. And Mr. Selby sat down in the armchair to wait for him to come back. He was likely to have a long wait, for Glyn, in the box-room with his effigy, had settled down to wait till he was sure that the coast was clear before he emerged.

Meanwhile, prep had finished in Tom Merry's study. Five juniors had done their prep in that study, and when it was finished Kangaroo and Dane picked up their books to depart.

"Glyn still busy?" asked Tom Merry, with a smile.

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"I believe so," said Kangaroo. "We're jolly well going to scrag him this time for keeping us out of the study. It's getting too thick."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Dane.

The door of Study No. 10 opened, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth looked in. There was some excitement in the noble countenance of Arthur Augustus.

"You fellows seen it?" he asked.

"Seen what?"

"Glyn's effigy."

"No. Is it finished?" asked Tom.

Arthur Augustus chuckled.

"Yaas, watah! I just went along to Study No. 11 to speak to Glyn and saw it. He's gone out and left it in the study. It is weally remarkable."

"Like Selby?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Bai Jove! If I didn't know about it I should think it was Selby himself sittin' in Glyn's armchair," said Arthur Augustus impressively.

"Draw it mild," said Manners.

"Weally, Mannahs—"

"It's really awfully like," said Kangaroo. "Glyn's put in glass eyes that move when the figure moves its head. It's really uncanny; they look so like life."

"Yaas, watah! I just looked into the studay, and I could swear that the eyes moved, and actually looked at me!" said Arthur Augustus.

"I'd like to see that," said Tom Merry. "I know Glyn's awfully clever at these stunts, but—"

"Come and look at it, deah boy!"

Kangaroo burst into a chuckle.

"Glyn isn't there?" he asked.

"No; he wasn't in the study—only the jolly old effigy in the armchair," answered Arthur Augustus.

"Then we'll jolly well raid it, and hide it in this study," said Kangaroo. "That will be one on Glyn, for locking us out of the study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He will be no end surprised to find it gone when he comes back!" chuckled Kangaroo. "We'll tell him that he made it so life-like that it got up and walked away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Six grinning juniors hurried along the Shell passage to Glyn's study. They looked in at the open doorway, and fairly gasped at the sight of the figure in the armchair. Kangaroo and Dane had seen the effigy in the process of construction, and had seen it growing more and more like Mr. Selby; but they had not yet seen more artistic touches Glyn had given it. They were prepared for something that looked very like Mr. Selby. But they were hardly prepared for this—a figure that was exactly the Third Form master, and that stared at them with Mr. Selby's own grim, suspicious frown.

"Bai Jove! Isn't it remarkable?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"Beats the whole giddy deck!" said Kangaroo.

"Selby to the very life!" said Manners. "Look at that nose—if you call it a nose—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And that mouth, to call it a mouth—"

"Bai Jove! You can see its eyes move, you chaps—"

"My hat! Blessed if I know how they work!" said Kangaroo. "It's jolly clever! The eyes are actually moving—fairly glaring."

"Yaas, watah!"

"Well, come on," said Kangaroo. "Glyn may be back any minute, and we've got to get this blessed old image shifted."

The six juniors ran into the study, and collared the "effigy" in the armchair. They yanked it out of the chair, in the grasp of many hands, rather surprised by the weight of it.

They were still more surprised the next instant, when the "effigy" let out a fearful yell.

"Gweat Scott!"

"Ow! Oh! You young scoundrels!" roared the effigy.

"How dare you?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"It—it's alive!"

In sheer amazement and horror the juniors let go, and the effigy fell to the study floor with a bump—and the wild yells that rang from it proved that it was very far from being a lifeless effigy!

CHAPTER 8.

The Vials of Wrath!

MR. SELBY sat up. He was a little hurt, and he was more amazed and still more enraged.

Seated in the armchair in Glyn's study, waiting for the cheerful inventor to return, he had been rushed upon, seized, attacked, and assaulted by a mob of juniors! They had



"Bless my soul, Mr. Selby! Are you ill?" exclaimed Mr. Lathom. The glass eyes of the figure glared at him horribly, but no answer came. Mr. Lathom peered down at him in alarm. "Mr. Selby—my dear sir—it is surely not possible that you have been drinking! Your eyes look very strange. Cannot you speak?" The figure did not move. (See page 13.)

stared at him from the study doorway, uttered a series of insulting remarks, and then rushed upon him, dragged him from the armchair, and bumped him on the floor. It was simply incredible; but there it was!

He sat and gasped.

Round him Tom Merry & Co. stood in a horrified circle. They realised now that this was no effigy. No wonder it was so remarkably like Mr. Selby, since it was Mr. Selby himself!

How it happened that the effigy had been removed from the study, and replaced by the Third Form master, they did not know, and did not trouble to guess. It had happened, and that was enough. It was Mr. Selby whom they had handled!

He scrambled to his feet, his face crimson with fury. The juniors stood rooted.

"You—you—you—" stuttered Mr. Selby. "You—you—"

"Oh!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Bai Jove! We've done it now, you fellows."

The fellows were only too well aware of that. Undoubtedly they had "done it."

"How dare you!" shrieked Mr. Selby.

"Oh dear! We—we're sorry, sir!" gasped Tom Merry.

"Awf'ly sowwy, sir!"

"You shall be flogged for this!" roared the Third Form master. "I have been assaulted—actually assaulted by junior schoolboys! I—I—" Words failed the indignant gentleman. Often and often Mr. Selby had been angry without cause. But even the juniors had to admit that he had cause to be angry now.

"We—we didn't know it was you, sir!" stammered Kangaroo.

"What?"

"We—we never knew you were in the study, sir!" groaned Dane. "We—we never even guessed—or—or thought—"

"What?" roared Mr. Selby. "Do you dare to tell me that you do not know me by sight? Are you blind?"

"I—I—I—"

There was nothing to be said; unless the juniors explained that they had supposed the study to contain a "guy" made up exactly to resemble Mr. Selby. And certainly they could

not explain that. It would not have placated the enraged master.

Mr. Selby glared at them, quivering with rage.

"Follow me!" he spluttered. "I shall take you to your Housemaster at once! Follow me!"

"Oh deah!"

Six dispirited juniors followed the Form master. Mr. Selby whisked down the corridor and the staircase with a crimson, furious face. He had forgotten all about Glyn and the supposed jape now. This utterly lawless attack upon a Form master had to be dealt with.

He thumped at Mr. Railton's door and hurled it open. The Housemaster jumped.

"What— Really, Mr. Selby—"

"These young scoundrels, sir—"

"What?"

"These lawless young rascals—"

"Mr. Selby!" said the Housemaster sternly.

"I have been attacked, sir!" roared Mr. Selby, in righteous wrath. "I have been assaulted and battered. I was in Glyn's study in the Shell, waiting for him to come in, to speak to him, when these young ruffians rushed upon me, dragged me out of the chair, and hurled me to the floor."

"Impossible!"

"They will not dare to deny it!" shrieked Mr. Selby.

Mr. Railton fixed his eyes on the juniors.

"It—it's true, sir!" gasped Tom Merry. "But we never meant to touch Mr. Selby—we didn't know he was in Glyn's study—"

"I can scarcely believe that you would willingly lay hands upon a Form master," said Mr. Railton. "But—"

"It was a howwid mistake, sir—weally a mistake—"

"That is false!" hooted Mr. Selby. "They stood and stared at me for a minute at least before they rushed on me. There was no mistake."

"Yes; but—but—"

Mr. Railton's face set grimly.

"If you have any explanation to give—"

"Yaas, wathah, sir! It was a mistake," said Arthur.

Augustus earnestly. "We should weally not be guilty of the bad form of assaultin' a mastah, even if we do not approve of him."

"What?"

"Shurrup, you ass!" whispered Monty Lowther.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"You admit having attacked Mr. Selby—"

"Only by mistake, sir," said Arthur Augustus. "It is wathah difficult to explain, sir, as Mr. Selby would be wathah annoyed at thinkin' that we mistook him for a guy—"

"What?" gasped Mr. Railton.

"Ow! Stop stampin' on my toe, Tom Mewwy, you ass! I am not goin' to tell Mr. Railton anythin' about the guy."

Mr. Railton gazed at the juniors blankly. Mr. Selby spluttered with fury. Knowing nothing of Glyn's wonderful contrivance, he took Arthur Augustus's words as insult added to injury. Mr. Selby was not handsome, but he really bore no resemblance to a common-or-garden Guy Fawkes effigy.

"Mr. Railton," he spluttered, "the—the insolent young rascal pretends that he mistook me—for a Guy Fawkes effigy! I—I—I—"

"You see, sir—," stammered Tom Merry.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Railton sternly. "You are making matters worse by this impertinence. I shall care you all most severely, and you will take a thousand lines each."

"Oh, bai Jove!"

Mr. Selby almost smiled at that moment. It was a severe punishment, and quite after Mr. Selby's own heart.

He watched with satisfaction as the hapless juniors went through it, one after another.

Six depressed youths limped away from the study when Mr. Railton had finished with them. They limped upstairs, and in the upper passages they groaned and growled. They rubbed their hands, and there was a chorus of lamentation.

"Oh cwumps!" groaned Arthur Augustus. "I am weally suffewin' vevy much, you fellows! Oh deah!"

"And a thousand lines!" moaned Kangaroo.

"Ow! Wow! Ow!"

"Here's Glyn, the ass!"

Bernard Glyn came along the passage with Levison. He stared at the lamenting six.

"What's the matter with you chaps?" he asked.

"Ow, ow, ow! Wow!"

"Come and have a look at Selby the Second," said Glyn. "I've got him in the box-room."

"You dangerous villain!" groaned Monty Lowther. "We've been having a look at Selby the First, and that's enough for us."

"What on earth's happened?"

Six groaning voices explained. Bernard Glyn burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you think it's funny?" yelled Kangaroo.

"Well, yes, Ha, ha, ha! I thought fellows might take my effigy for Selby, but I never thought you'd take Selby for my effigy! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Glyn.

"Bai Jove! Bump him, deah boys."

"Here, I say, leggo!" howled Glyn, as the indignant six rushed on him. But they did not let go. They grasped him hard, and Bernard Glyn was forcibly bumped on the passage floor.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yaroooh! Help!" Glyn was still roaring, but not with merriment. The comic aspect of the situation was now lost upon him.

Bump, bump!

"Yow-ow-wooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Levison of the Fourth.

"Bump him, too!" shouted Kangaroo.

But Ernest Levison dodged, and fled down the stairs, still laughing. So Tom Merry & Co. returned to Glyn, and bumped him once more, and still once more. And instead of six lamenting juniors in the Shell, passage there were now seven—and the voice raised loudest in lamentation was that of Bernard Glyn.

CHAPTER 9.

Wally Butts In!

"WHERE do we come in?"

Wally of the Third asked that question on Bonfire Day, in tones of indignation.

"Eh? You?" said Tom Merry. "Oh, you don't come in at all!"

"Don't we!" roared Wally.

"Well, you can follow on and shout," said Tom.

"Look here—," bawled Wally of the Third.

"Pway do not wear in a fellow's studay, Wally," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It is howwid bad form to wear."

"Oh, don't you begin, Gus! Now, look here! Whose wheeze was it?" demanded Wally, eyeing the committee in THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 821.

Tom Merry's study wrathfully. "Who first thought of guying old Selby?"

"Yes, rather!" said Manners minor. "Answer that!"

"Blessed if these fags don't seem to be wound up," said Bernard Glyn testily. "Look here, D'Arcy and Manners and Levison! Tell your minors not to talk so much!"

"No use," said Manners. "I believe their jaws go by clockwork."

"Look here, you cheeky ass—," said Manners minor.

"It's too thick!" said Frank Levison. "Here, you've bagged the whole bizney! It's a Third Form procession and a Third Form wheeze and a Third Form bonfire, and—"

"A Third Form jawing-match, you mean," said Monty Lowther. "Turn those fags out!"

"I'd like to see you turn us out!" roared Wally.

"Weally, Wally—"

"Now, look here, kids!" said Tom Merry patiently. "It's all right. We're making a big affair of this. Glyn's made no end of a Selby guy, and we're rigging up a procession, with drums and mouth-organs, and the Fourth and the Shell are turning up. You can come, too—all you fags can come. What more do you want?"

"We're going to march the guy round the quad," said D'Arcy minor.

"Selby would see it then, you young ass!"

"Let him!" said Wally recklessly. "Anyhow, it's a Third Form procession, and we're not going to be elbowed out by you chaps. You can follow on behind and yell, if you like!"

"Us! Follow on behind the Third!" ejaculated Kangaroo.

"Why not?" demanded Wally.

"The reasons why not are too numerous to mention," said Tom Merry, laughing. "Now, about the procession—"

"That's arranged," said Wally. "The Third march first, carrying the guy—"

"You young ass—"

"The Fourth and the Shell follow on behind, and keep themselves to themselves," said Wally.

"Hear, hear!" said Reggie and Frank.

"They don't butt in, they just keep their places, and yell when we yell," further explained Wally, who had apparently mapped out the proceedings to his own satisfaction.

"Dwy up, you young ass!" said Arthur Augustus warmly.

"Kick those fags out!" said Bernard Glyn.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Look here!" roared Wally. "We'll jolly well refuse to let you join in at all! See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean it!" howled the indignant Wally, and he stamped out of Study No. 10, followed by his faithful henchmen.

In Tom Merry's study the discussion of the arrangements for bonfire night went on, regardless.

Wally of the Third was feeling more than ever like that ancient king who called in foreign help against domestic enemies.

The whole affair seemed now to have passed out of the hands of the Third. Certainly it was a Shell fellow who had manufactured that wonderful "guy," but Wally & Co. began to wish that they had been satisfied with a less lifelike imitation of Mr. Selby, and kept the business in their own hands. Now that the juniors had taken up the matter they had taken it up with enthusiasm, and the fags seemed to be reduced to the thankless parts of "extra gentlemen."

Which was not at all agreeable to Wally & Co. Though really they might have expected that the lofty youths of the Fourth and the Shell would never consent to follow the lead of the Third. That would not have been in accordance with the fitness of things—from the point of view of the Fourth and the Shell, at all events.

There was going to be a great procession. Everybody, excepting Mr. Selby, was to see the effigy and chuckle over it. Every junior who had any musical instrument was to join up with them and add to the din; and the fags of the Third were relegated to the tail of the procession, where—Tom Merry & Co. generously conceded—they could yell as much as they liked.

The Third Form, as a matter of fact, did a great deal of yelling at one time and another; but they did not want to be reduced to the position of mere yellers—merely that, and nothing more! There was to be a humorous speech before the effigy was consigned to the flames, and that speech was put down to Lowther—while Wally was absolutely convinced that he—D'Arcy minor—was the fellow who ought to deliver that speech. There were other details, all apportioned to the juniors, who seemed to take it for granted that the fags would be content to come on as chorus—mere yellers.

During lessons that afternoon Wally of the Third thought the matter out with suppressed indignation. Naturally, he hadn't much attention to give Mr. Selby in class, and he was caned twice and given a hundred lines—which did not improve his temper.

After classes, when the fags were free of Mr. Selby, there was a heated discussion in the Third Form room. It was continued after tea. Time was getting close now. In the

field used for the purpose the bonfire was stacked ready for lighting. Nearly all the Lower School had pockets bulging with fireworks. Blake, the amateur carpenter, had manufactured a litter in which the effigy was to be carried—another blow to the Third. The ancient armchair which Wally had raked out of a lumber-room for the purpose was contemptuously rejected. It was true that Blake's litter was ever so much better—Mr. Selby the Second would sit up in it in full view as it was borne on the shoulders of half a dozen sturdy Shell fellows—nevertheless, it was all very exasperating to the Third. In the midst of the fags' wrathful discussion Knox of the Sixth looked into the Form-room with a suspicious eye and a listening ear. Knox, the unpopular prefect, was in Mr. Selby's confidence; he knew of Mr. Selby's suspicion that some "jape" was preparing against him in the Lower School, and he was keen to curry favour with the Form master by discovering what it was. He was in time to hear an allusion to "Old Selby" in Reggie Manner's voice.

"What's that?" snapped Knox.
"Cave!" murmured Levison minor. And the fags were silent.

"Here are you young sweeps up to?" demanded Knox suspiciously.

No answer.
Knox gave them a baffled look, cuffed Hobbs, who was nearest to him, and left the Form-room.

"Rotter!" growled Wally. "Spying for old Selby as usual! Look here, you chaps!" Wally lowered his voice. "We're not standing Shell swank or Fourth Form cheek!"
"No fear!" chorused the fags.

"They've taken the whole dashed thing out of our hands. Well, we're jolly well going to take it back!" said D'Arcy minor. "That giddy guy is in the box-room now, wrapped up in a canvas sheet. We're going to raid it."

"Oh!"
"Come on!"
"Good egg!"

A dozen eager fags scampered up the staircase. Wally's suggestion was passed nem. con., and without discussion. This drastic measure was, in fact, the only way of cutting the Gordian knot. Tom Merry & Co. were in their study, making the final arrangements for the imposing procession of which the Third were to bring up the rear as chorus. A crowd of juniors were in the field getting the pyre ready for the bonfire. Wally & Co. reached the box-room and jerked the effigy of Mr. Selby out of the cupboard in which it was concealed. It was already draped in a canvas sheet for safe transit.

"Lend a hand!" grinned Wally. "Don't make a row! Now, then!"

Mr. Selby the Second, draped in canvas, was borne out of the box-room. The fags watched warily for an enemy, but luck was with them till they reached the stairs. Then Blake and Herries and Digby appeared in the office, and as they sighted the captured effigy they realised what was happening, and rushed to the rescue.

"Hook it!" yelled Wally.
The fags rushed for the stairs. Blake & Co. rushed for the fags. Herries seized the effigy, but Wally jerked it away, leaving the canvas in Herries' grasp. Mr. Selby the Second was revealed in all his glory.

"Hand that over, you young sweeps!" shouted Blake.
"Rats! Kick 'em out, you chaps!"
"Cave!" yelled Levison minor.

"Oh, my hat! Lathom!"
The combat ceased as if by magic. Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, was coming up the staircase. He peered ahead of him over his spectacles.

"What is all this? What—?"
Nobody answered Mr. Lathom. Juniors and fags fled up the passage. Mr. Selby the Second was left standing on the stairs. The effigy sat on the top step, with his back against the edge of the landing, his head drooping a little to one side, with an extremely intoxicated look. Mr. Lathom came peeping on up the stairs, and he stopped, and started, and stared at the sight of Mr. Selby the Second, whom he naturally took for Mr. Selby the First.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Fourth Form master. He blinked at the effigy, and adjusted his spectacles and blinked again. From corners and study doorways in the passage above breathless juniors watched him.

"Bless my soul! Mr. Selby! Are you ill?" exclaimed Mr. Lathom.

The glass eyes of the figure glared at him horribly, but no answer came. Mr. Lathom peered down at him in alarm.

"Mr. Selby—my dear sir—"
"My only Aunt Jane!" murmured Wally in the distance.

"What's going to happen now?"
"Mr. Selby! Why are you sitting on the stairs? Are you ill? Can I be of any assistance to you?" gasped Mr. Lathom.

No answer from Mr. Selby the Second.
"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Lathom. "It—it—it is

surely not possible that you have been drinking, Mr. Selby! Your eyes look very strange! Cannot you speak?"

Apparently Mr. Selby could not speak.
"This is most—most distressing!" gasped Mr. Lathom.

"A Form master—in this condition! Upon my soul! Mr. Selby!" He stooped and touched the figure on the shoulder.

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Selby, make an effort and pull yourself together, and I will assist you to your room!"

The figure did not move.
Mr. Lathom glanced round him anxiously, and then hurried downstairs to get help. The moment he was gone Blake & Co. rushed on the scene and grabbed up the effigy and rushed it along the passage to Study No. 6. Wally & Co. lent their aid. They were only too glad to get Mr. Selby the Second out of sight.

Fortunately, he was out of sight when Mr. Lathom came up the staircase again with Knox of the Sixth.

"Mr. Selby is—is—is ill," Mr. Lathom was explaining. "He is sitting on the stairs. Pray help me with him, Knox, and—and kindly do not refer to the matter afterwards. He is here—"

"Where, sir?" asked the astounded Knox.
"Here—there—why—what—where—?" Mr. Lathom blinked round him blankly. "He—he—he seems to be gone!"

"I can't see anything of him, sir," said Knox.
"No; he is gone! It is very strange," said Mr. Lathom.

"He seemed to be incapable of speech or movement when I saw him here, and now he is gone! It is very strange indeed. Dear me! What was that?"

"It sounded to me like somebody laughing, sir," said Knox.

"Bless my soul!"
Mr. Lathom went down the stairs, shaking his head and very much puzzled. But Knox did not follow. Knox was aware that fellows were chuckling in the Fourth Form passage, and he intended to investigate. He strode up the passage, and the door of Study No. 6 suddenly closed.

Knox grinned and shoved at the door. It opened a few inches, and then a foot within stopped it.

"What's going on here?" demanded Knox. "What's this game? Why—what— Good heavens!"

Through the opening of the door Knox saw a most astounding and alarming sight. On the floor of Study No. 6 lay a still, inert form—a form evidently lifeless; and it was the form, the face, the features of Mr. Selby that he saw.

For a moment Knox stood still with horror.
"Good heavens!" he breathed.

Slam!
The door of Study No. 6 closed and the key was turned inside. Knox hammered furiously on the door.

"Lot me in, you young villains!"
No answer.

"Good heavens! They've killed him!" breathed Knox, pale with horror. "He—he must have been pitched down the stairs! He must have been dead when Mr. Lathom saw him! Good heavens!"

"Quick! That rope!"
It was Blake's voice inside the study.

"Stop, you young villains!" roared Knox.
Blake & Co. did not trouble to answer. The study window was open, and they were lowering the effigy into the quad on a rope, as the only safe means now of getting it out of the house unseen. Knox rushed for the stairs. As his footsteps died away down the passage, Wally opened the door of Study No. 6 and scudded along to Study No. 10 in the Shell. He burst into Tom Merry's study breathlessly.

"Quick, you chaps!" he panted.
"What—?"

"Knox has seen it. We've got it out of the window of Study No. 6. Quick—they'll bag it!" gasped Wally incoherently.

"They'll bag what?" roared Bernard Glyn.
"Selby the Second."

"You young rascal! You've—"
"Quick!" yelled Wally. "If Knox bags it there'll be a thundering row. Quick, I tell you!"

He scudded away. And Tom Merry & Co., in alarm and consternation, scudded after him.

CHAPTER 10. Not a Tragedy!

THERE was a glare of red against the dusky November sky. In the field beyond the fives courts the bonfire had been lighted, and was burning up brightly.

Already the detonations of early crackers could be heard, and the fizzing of squibs. It was just on time when the great procession was booked to start, with Mr. Selby the Second borne high in the litter. But the procession was "off" now, very much off. Knox of the Sixth, in a breathless

(Continued on page 16.)



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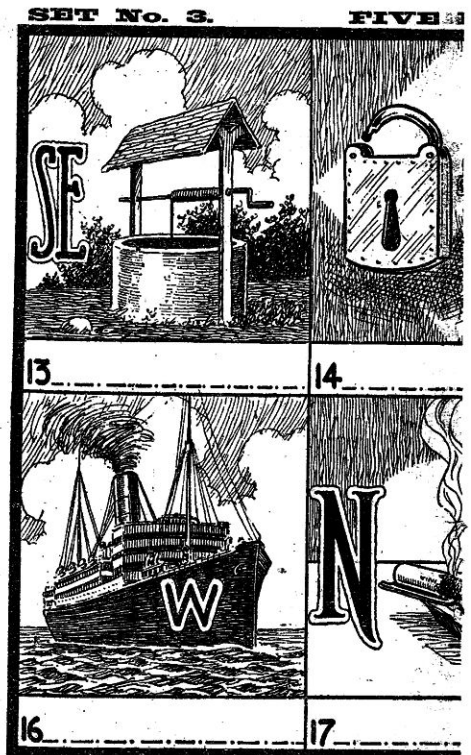
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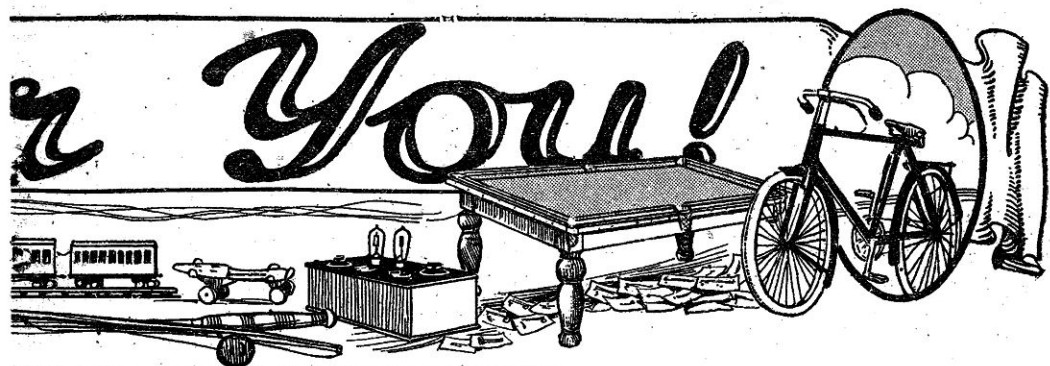
- 1.—The First Prize of £100 in cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or nearest correct, solution of all eight sets of the pictures according to the Editor's official solution.
- 2.—The Second Prize of £50, and the others in the splendid variety of prizes will be awarded in order of merit.
- 3.—All the prizes will be awarded. If two or more competitors tie, however, the prize or prizes, or their value, will be divided, and the Editor reserves full rights in this respect.
- 4.—No solutions may be sent in until all the sets of the pictures and the necessary coupon have been published. Full directions will then be given.
- 5.—The names under the pictures must be written **IN INK**.



- 6.—Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
- 7.—Entry to this competition is on the full understanding that the Editor's decision is final and legally binding throughout.



DON'T LET SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY SLIP BY. NOW LOOK OUT FOR



"NAMES" COMPETITION!

100 SPLENDID "JAMES" COMET BICYCLES (Complete with Lamp, Bell, etc.)

Second Prize, £50

6 "RILEY" BILLIARDS TABLES. 100 FISHING RODS. 100 MATCH FOOTBALLS. 20 MODEL STEAM LOCOMOTIVES (With Rails).

MORE SETS TO COME!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

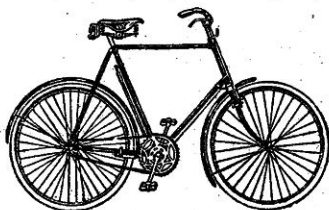
is to write **IN INK** in the allotted space under each of the puzzle-pictures the name of the Footballer which you think the picture represents. Surely a simple enough task—only six names to discover each week!

In all there will be **EIGHT SETS OF PICTURES**, so keep your solutions until the other sets appear.

DO NOT SEND YOUR ENTRIES YET.

To help you still further there is a list containing the names of prominent footballers to choose from at the foot of page 2. The correct names represented by the puzzle-pictures are *all* contained in this list. It is only a matter of fitting the right name to each picture.

Readers of the "Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Pluck," "Boys' Cinema," "Young Britain," "Popular," "Magnet," "Rocket," and "Nelson Lee Library" are also taking part in the Contest, so that additional attempts may be made with the pictures from these allied journals.



15	
18	

THE FOURTH SET OF PICTURES WHICH APPEARS NEXT WEEK!



state of alarm and horror, rushed out of the School House, and stopped under the window of Study No. 6. A body dangling at the end of a rope loomed in the darkness over his head.

Knox had seen that body in Study No. 6, seen it with his own eyes. Yet it was so incredible, so awful, that he wisely resolved to make assurance doubly sure before he called for help. That Mr. Selby had been ragged by the juniors, had been slain by some lamentable accident, and that the juniors were lowering his body out of a study window to hide it, was really unbelievable. In spite of the evidence of his eyes Knox doubted. Not till he had seen the body close at hand would he take the responsibility of spreading the frightful news.

And there it was! There was a rush of footsteps, and Knox was surrounded by a crowd. Tom Merry & Co., Wally & Co., Kangaroo and Dane and Glyn, Blake and Herries and Digby, Levison, Cardew, and Clive, a dozen more fellows—they surrounded Knox like the waves of the sea overwhelming a swimmer.

"Lower away!" shouted Blake.
"Right-ho!" shouted back Reggie Manners and Levison minor from the window of Study No. 6.

The body dangled down.
"You young villains! You murderous young villains!" panted Knox. "You're all in this, you! Good heavens, I'll bring the Head here at once! I—I'll—"
"Sit on him!" said Tom Merry.
"Yaas, wathah!"

Knox was a prefect, not to be handled by juniors. But the juniors did not mean to be robbed of their effigy, and to have the same exhibited to the horrified eyes of Dr. Holmes. It was tremendous fun to make a guy in the image of Mr. Selby; but the Head certainly would not have seen the fun of it. Neither would Mr. Selby. That treat was strictly reserved for the eyes of the Lower School.

So Knox was sat on. Six or seven juniors sat on Knox, flattening him to the ground. Two or three more found standing room only. Knox collapsed and gasped under them. Headless of Knox, Tom Merry & Co. received the effigy in their arms, cut it loose from the rope, and rushed it away. They were joined by a mob of juniors in the quad as they rushed for the gates. Knox was left gasping on the ground, trying to get his second wind.

"Here's another guy!"
"Hurrah!"
"Whooooooop!"
"Good old Selby!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. got their effigy safe out of gates, and headed for the bonfire-field. A swarm of juniors surrounded them, and the din was ear-splitting. But the planned procession and other details did not come off. All the juniors realised that the sooner Bernard Glyn's masterpiece was on the bonfire the better now. Knox of the Sixth scrambled up, panting, and rushed breathlessly after the yelling juniors.

"Stop!" he panted.
"Hurrah! Here's another guy!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Buck up!" yelled Monty Lowther. "Here's Knoxey again!"

"Stop!" shrieked Knox, rushing into the mob of juniors round the bonfire. "You young demons! How dare you! Are you mad? Perhaps he isn't dead."

"What?" yelled Blake.
"Stop!"
"Pitch him in!" shouted Tom Merry.
Crash!

Right into the bonfire went Mr. Selby the Second, and a sea of sparks shot upwards. Knox stood still, transfixed with horror. Mr. Selby the Second, evidently lifeless, for he did not utter a cry, sat in the midst of the flames, his eyes glaring horribly, his well-known features right before Knox's horrified eyes.

"You young fiends!" gasped Knox, overcome with horror, and he rushed away from the bonfire—just before the waxen features of the effigy began to melt.

Knox did not lose an instant. He scudded into the School

House like a lunatic, and rushed into Mr. Railton's study without knocking.

"Mr. Railton!" he gasped.
"Knox, what—"
"They've murdered Mr. Selby!"
"What!" roared the Housemaster.
"It's true, sir. I know it's horrible. They're burning his body in the bonfire!"

"Are you mad, Knox?"
"I saw them, sir. The body's in the fire now—Mr. Selby's body!" Knox gasped incoherently. "It—it's awful, sir!"

Mr. Railton stared at him blankly, and then rushed out of the study. A dozen ears had heard Knox's awful announcement. A crowd rushed after Mr. Railton. Knox joined them, still gasping with haste and horror. They reached the bonfire in the field, surrounded by a cheering crowd of juniors, amid a roar of exploding fireworks.

"Boys," shouted Mr. Railton, "Knox says— It is incredible, but he says—"
"They've killed Mr. Selby!" raved Knox. "That's his body! You can see some of the clothes there still, sir—smouldering!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tom Merry.
"Merry, what—"
"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the whole mob of juniors. It was not respectful to Mr. Railton, but they could not help it. They yelled and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I am sure Knox has made a ridiculous mistake, somehow!" exclaimed the Housemaster. "But—"
"Yaas, wathah, sir! Ha, ha, ha!"

"He seems to have mistaken our guy for Mr. Selby, sir," said Bernard Glyn demurely.
"Nonsense!"

"It was Mr. Selby's body!" roared Knox. "I tell you—"

"What!" exclaimed an acid voice.
Knox spun round, unable to believe his ears. Mr. Selby, the master of the Third, stood before him.

Knox almost fell down.
"You, sir—alive!" he stuttered.

"Are you out of your senses, Knox?" demanded Mr. Selby sourly. "I heard you shouting my name in Mr. Railton's study. I came to—"

"I—I saw you!" babbled Knox. "They—they pitched you into the fire. At least, it was exactly like you, sir."

"That's not complimentary to Mr. Selby," said Tom Merry, closing one eye at his comrades. "It was our guy we pitched into the fire."

"Yaas, wathah!"
"Just a Guy Fawkes guy!" chortled Wally of the Third. "Did you really think it was like Mr. Selby, Knox?"

It seemed to Knox that his head was turning round. Mr. Railton was trying hard not to laugh. Several other masters and prefects were smiling. Mr. Selby was crimson with wrath. Knox was his faithful spy and henchman. But it appeared to Mr. Selby at that moment that Knox was deliberately ridiculing him. For how could he really have fancied that there was any resemblance between Mr. Selby and a Guy Fawkes guy?

"Knox, how dare you!" stuttered the Third Form master.

"I—I thought—"
"This is absurd!" said Mr. Railton, and he turned and walked away.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I—I really thought, sir," stammered Knox, "I—I— It was just like you, sir."

"What was like me, Knox?"
"The—the guy, sir—"

Knox had no time to finish. Mr. Selby gave him one furious look, and then raised his hand and boxed Knox's ears. Smack!

Then Mr. Selby stalked away.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh cwumps! That takes the cake! Ha, ha, ha!"
Knox rubbed his ear, glared at the juniors, and fairly fled from the roars of merriment. He left Tom Merry & Co. almost in hysterics. The proceedings on that Guy Fawkes night had not gone quite according to programme, but it was agreed on all hands that they could not have gone better.

There was a coolness between Mr. Selby and Knox of the Sixth after that bonfire night. And for a long time afterwards, when any cheeky junior wanted to make Knox specially wild, he only had to begin chanting, at a safe distance:

"Please to remember the Fifth of November!"

THE END.

(Next week's grand yarn tells of the war between Gerald Cutts of the Fifth and Tom Merry and Co. of the Shell. Make a note of the title: "CATCHING CUTTS!" It's a real full of thrill yarn.)

A YARN TO THRILL YOU, BOYS!

RIVER-WISE NED IS ON THE ACTIVE LIST AGAIN!



THE QUEST OF THE SECRET SIGNS!

A splendid story of mystery and adventure aboard the Estuary Belle, featuring River-wise Ned and his staunch companions, Tony Parr and Jim Cartwright.

By ROLAND SPENCER.

CHAPTER 1.

Mysterious Lamps!

THE Estuary Belle, London sea-going sailing barge, was snugly hitched up alongside some lighters near the entrance to Limehouse Cut, hard by the Lower Pool, of London.

The barge's skipper, Ned Derry, known to river-folk as River-wise Ned, was cleaning a beautiful pair of copper sidelights on the cabin table. He had just bought the lamps in Poplar. Tony Parr, the stocky, and Long Jim Cartwright, the lanky, both Ned's mates, had put aside the copies of the "Boys' Friend" they had been reading, and were levelling a battery of sarcasm at Ned.

"Wasting our good money on new sidelights?" Long Jim was saying.

"I only paid seven-and-sixpence apiece for these lamps," replied Ned. "They're worth two guineas each, or my name's not Steve."

"A thing's not cheap if it's not needed, unless you can do a deal," said Tony Parr. "Where did you buy them, anyway?"

"In a Chink store in that Chink street off the Ratcliffe High Street. I was coming home from old Edgar Brunt's place. You know the street—Chinese eating-places in every other house, with empty plates and chopsticks temptingly displayed behind the crystal-clear windows. Funny shorthand notices outside—Chink writing—bidding you enter and partake of stewed dog or a plate of delicious rice."

"How d'you know it means that?"

"I don't know it, chump, but I've got enough imagination to imagine it. If you two miserables are going to grumble, the lamps can be a present to the old Belle from me."

"Oh, rats, skipper! Put it down on the books. We can well afford it. What's that?"

"A boat had bumped against the side of the Belle."

"Me come below?" asked a liquid voice.

"It's a Chink," said Ned. "About these lights, I'll bet. Go and see if he's

fairly clean, Cuthbert, and, if he is, bow him in!"

Tony Parr peered up the cabin steps, and saw the face of quite a handsome-looking Chinaman, with slanting eyes glinting like a snake's, a skin cracked all over like an old china dinner-plate, big yellow teeth that bulged out his lips, and long, bony fingers clawing at the edge of the companionway.

Scenting something interesting, Tony bawled:

"Come below, then! Mind the step, and don't bump your celestial knob!"

The Chinaman descended, and blinked agreeably round the cabin, particularly at Ned's now sidelights.

"Me Louie Chang," he said.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Chang," replied Ned. "What can we do you for?"

"Honourable, sir, it mistake sellin' those lights for fifteen shillin'. My honourable father velly like that!" Louie Chang tapped his head. "I come to give you your honourable money and take back the sidelights, as is my duty."

"What's the price, then?" asked Ned, anxious not to profit at anyone's expense, more particularly a foolish old Chinaman's.

"The plice, honourable sir; is four pound for the two."

"There's the money," said Ned, putting three notes and some silver on the table. "Now get!"

The Celestial blinked round in a puzzled way, while Tony Parr and Long Jim gaped at Ned's extravagance.

"See, honourable sir," continued Louie Chang, "your countlymen, whom I respect, are hard to dlive in a bargain. See, I put it different. I buy from you that which you have bought from me. I give for the lights, which to me are as my children, eight pounds, which to you are worthy of your acceptance."

"Don't be so cocksure about that, Mr. Chang. I'm not a Rockefeller, but I'm not selling at any price. If the lamps are worth eight pounds to you, they are worth more to us—or the police!"

The Chinaman's placid face underwent a change. He suddenly realised that argument would be useless. His slit-like eyes narrowed even more, and a

look of mingled diabolical cunning and anger came into them.

"So," he voiced, "my old father's honourable customers are fools! Well—"

The Chinaman drew the long nail of a bony forefinger across his throat, and then dived for the cabin steps as Ned stretched his hand for the heavy glass salt-cellar. He left the money Ned had produced lying on the table.

After the Chinaman's boat was heard to depart, Tony Parr and Long Jim protested with Ned.

"What the thump do you think you're playing at, Ned?" asked Long Jim.

"Don't raise your voice so, Jim; it's objectionable," said River-wise Ned. "Don't you see, these lamps are somehow very valuable. It's all as clear as mud. The sidelights have been used for smuggling—probably opium. They're double-bottomed, or something. We find it, inform the police, have Louie Chang nabbed, and run up another winner's flag to the topmast truck."

Ned began examining the lamps, but he found them just ordinary, untampered-with, common or garden sidelights, such as the shops in the Minorities sell to purse-bulging yachtmen who like the look of burnished copper and the sound of the word dioptric. Ned's theory of concealed drugs had been quashed almost as soon as it had been propounded.

"Well, satisfied, Ned?" asked Tony Parr at last. "You've jagged us up against a dangerous Chink, turned down a thumping fine deal, so where are we?"

"Where we always want to be, chum," replied Ned. "On the edge of a volcano, if you like, but up against a mystery, too. Why in thunder did that Chink brute want to get these lamps back? Even to the tune of eight pounds, which, to a Chinaman, is pretty well enough to retire on."

"Ask me another!"

"Don't see why we should worry!" "Course you don't. That's why people vegetate instead of living, because, when a juicy mystery does present itself, they don't worry. They let it amble by. The chief end of my

existence is not always to see the air dark with money fluttering towards us. If I'd taken the eight pounds, we'd have heard no more about it, but we'd know we hadn't earned it, and would have felt a funny feeling inside on that account. As it is, we still have the lamps, and we shall hear more about them, you bet! It smacks of adventure!"

"H'm, yes! Well, skipper ours, let's hope we do get something to compensate us for a lost deal and the possession of a pair of toy sidelights we don't want!"

With that, the lads retired to their bunks, leaving the mysterious lamps standing on the cabin table.

CHAPTER 2.

Louie Chang Shows Up Again!

THE chums of the Belle were tired that night. They had had a hard day, so they were sleeping very soundly. The cabin was pitch black, save when a beam from the swinging riding light descended. There was no sound within the cabin except the breathing of the chums, an occasional creak of the bulkhead, the kick of the rudder, and the constant burble of the tide under the quarters.

A boat drew up to the Belle, and from her stepped three men, Louie Chang, the Chinaman, leading. Louie Chang's companions were Europeans. They were roughly dressed and had rubber-soled shoes on their feet. They approached the cabin companion-hatch, and peered down into the darkness.

A fresh beam from the riding light stabbed into the blackness of the cabin for an instant. It showed the sidelights on the table and the chums in their bunks. So, without a sound, the Chinaman glided slowly into the cabin.

Louie Chang moved to the cabin table and laid a hand on the top ring of each of the sidelights. He paused before lifting the heavy lamps sharply clear of the table to prevent a scraping sound, and during that pause Ned opened his eyes.

The young bargee, blinking, saw the Chinaman, a dim, dark, sinister figure, standing with a hand on each of the sidelights, waiting for an opportunity to lift them silently, and depart.

"Crums!" thought Ned. "It's that Chang brute burbling my new sidelights. Well, as soon as the swob moves, I'll jump out on him."

Ned waited, and at last the Chinaman lifted the lamps sharply from the table. Then Ned saw him glide towards the companion steps. At that instant, with a yell to his pals, Ned was out of his bunk and tackling the Chinaman.

"Here, Tony, hold his feet!" cried Ned. "He's back-heeling. Get hold of his throat, Jim, and hang on. These Chinks are pretty smart at wrestling tricks, so look out!"

The cabin was in an uproar, and the sidelights clattered across the floor. The swaying mass of the three chums and the Chinaman surged here and there, Louie Chang biting and scratching desperately.

The row below brought the two men above down in a brace of shakes.

"Hold up!" roared one of the men. "We've got you covered!"

"Fight!" shouted out Tony Parr. "They can't see what's what, anyway!"

"Gee! I got him one that time!" chuckled Ned. But a howl from Long Jim showed the young barge skipper his mistake.

"Sorry!" he gasped. "There he is! On to him!"

Louie Chang was here, there, and everywhere, dodging the chums in a way which

would turn a monkey green with envy. One of the Chinaman's companions had joined in the scrap, lashing about him with terrific fury. The chums stopped one or two of his blows. Long Jim reeling back towards the stern lockers and crumbling up in a heap on the floor.

The man with the pistol did not shoot, because he couldn't see who was who, and also because the crash of a shot might bring the river police on to the scene. He was reserving his gun as a last resort.

Ned had the Chinaman in a deadly grip, and, despite the fact that the man had his teeth in his shoulder, Ned hung on grimly, calling to Tony to help him. Tony, however, was busy—very busy indeed—with the other ruffian who had launched himself into the fray.

At last a voice sounded from the deck. "I got the lamps up 'ere, Bardsey. Break away, you two, if ye can."

Tony's man caught the stocky mate a frightful kick in the stomach. This

"And that's that," concluded Ned. "Now, my children, we can slumber in perfect peace and safety. We've lost fifteen bob, but we've had a good scrap. But I'm glad that that Chink didn't take the four pounds that I offered him. He was too afraid of that salt-peeler. That's the best of being prompt, bold, and forbidding. You save money by it."

CHAPTER 3.

Against Odds!

THE next morning Ned was evidently in search of fresh trouble, for he returned to the store where he had bought the sidelights, to interview Louie Chang, the son of the storekeeper, about the previous night's adventures.

There he saw the old Chinaman who had sold him the lamps. "Where's your son?" asked Ned abruptly.

The old man puffed at his pipe for a second or two before he replied. Then he said, billowing tobacco smoke from his mouth and nostrils as he pronounced the words:

"It is written in a book of wisdom that the happy man shall be blessed with many sons. Then I am not a happy man. I have no son."

"Remember those lamps I bought yesterday?" said Ned. "Well, a chap called Louie Chang came and stole them last night. Said he was your son, and that I'd got them too cheap. Know anything about it?"

Again the Celestial puffed. Then he replied:

"Confucius said, 'Man is fallen from his honest state by his own act; by his own act alone shall he redeem his virtues.' Louie Chang should ponder that, for Louie Chang, whoever he is, lied to you."

"So you know nothing of it?"

The thoughtful old Celestial pointed the stem of his curious long pipe at Ned.

"You bought from me a pair of lamps; that is good for me. You paid me only fifteen shillings; that is good for you. We both are satisfied. It is enough. Ho hang la."

Ned returned thoughtfully to the Belle. He had no time to investigate further, for he and his pals had to drop down river to the Medway on the afternoon tide. Tony and Jim had got the barge all ready for sea.

"Well, we didn't expect to see you again," Tony said, as Ned approached. Ned took no notice of that remark.

"Louie Chang was telling us a pack of lies," he said. "If we can believe that old philosopher in the Chink store, pal of a chap called Confucius, or something, Louie Chang is unknown to him. And, somehow, I do believe the old chap. We'll never see our copper sidelights any more. Ho hang la. Unbrail the mains'l, and draw out the tops'l!"

As darkness fell that night, well down Sea Reach, Ned regretfully hauled out the Belle's old iron sidelights, lit them, and hung them on the lightboards, the red lamp to port, and the green to starboard. It is by the aid of these lights that ships steer clear of each other during the dark hours.

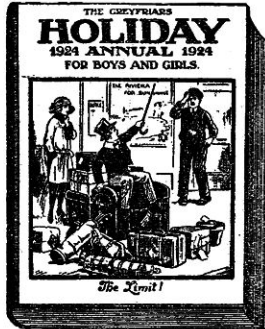
"Talking about sidelights," said Ned, as he returned to the after-deck; but Long Jim at the wheel interrupted rudely.

"We've talked about nothing else for a couple of days. I'm sick of the subject. Dry up."

But Ned would not be put off. "I want to know how you two chumps are getting on with your studies of the rule of the road at sea. I shall sleep

GET THIS WONDERFUL SIX SHILLINGSWORTH NOW!

MILES OF SMILES!



FULL OF FUN!

THE FINEST ANNUAL OF ITS KIND—CONTAINING A SPLENDID 50,000-word story of Tom Merry & Co.

doubled the lad up with pain and loss of wind. Then Ned had two people to see to. He maintained his grip on Louie Chang, and lashed out with his feet at Bardsey; but the man caught one of his legs and hauled him and the squealing Chang across the floor.

Ned kicked out savagely with his free foot, and registered a blow once or twice. Grunts and gasps from Bardsey, however, were the only result. Then Ned's head was seized and crashed down on to the floor, and he knew no more till he was conscious of Long Jim wiping his forehead with a damp towel.

"You all right, chum?" Tony Parr, who was kneeling near by, asked.

"Right as ninnipence. Bit buzzy in the head that's all. Where's Chang?"

"Come, of course, and so have those precious sidelights. As you said, we were on the edge of a volcano all right."

"Satisfied that we can run up another winner's flag, Ned?" inquired Long Jim, now patting his own cheek with the damp towel.

"Well, it has been a bit of fun," put in Tony. "Anyway, the lights are gone, thank goodness. And we sha'n't see 'em again—or Chang and his other blackguards."

better o' nights when at sea if I know you've got it off pat."

"Oh, I'm doing well!" said Tony Parr, with conviction.

"So am I," said Long Jim.

"Well, if you saw a red light to port and a green light to starboard, would you have to clear, or what would you do?"

"That's a question for an infant! Green to green and red to red; all is well, so go ahead!"

"Good man! Now, if you saw a green light astern and a red light to starboard, and another green light to port, with a white light dead ahead—"

"And a purple light at the masthead, with an orange light flitting across the mainsail, and a blue light abeam!" chimed in Tony Parr. "Yes? Well, I'd be in doubt, so I'd obey the golden rule. A tugmaster told me of it. 'If in danger or in doubt, blow your blinkin' sidelights out!' Jolly good rule, I call it! See? You've got no lights then, so you don't have to worry about whether it's your job to clear or not, 'cos the other chaps can't see you—"

"And is that the way you're going to look after the Belle?"

But just at that second Long Jim became alert.

"Hear that motor-boat?" he said. "She's running dead for us, and she's not carrying any lights."

"Well," replied Ned, "she's a power-boat, so she's got to clear us, anyway."

It really seemed as if she wasn't going to clear, however, for the motor-boat swept right up with a bump alongside the Belle, and a number of forms sprang aboard the barge. The unmistakable outline of a Chinaman dressed in Canton crepe headed the rush.

"Golly! Here's Louie Chang come to pay us a visit again!" groaned Long Jim, as the chums hastily formed their triangle of defence. "That chap has taken a fancy to us! Wish I'd never seen a blithering sidelight!"

There was no time for idle regrets, however. The raiding horde—for a horde it seemed—surrounded the chums, and, to the tune of the Belle's lashing canvas, the lads hit out lustily.

The Belle's jerking main-sheet block caught one of the raiders a crack on the side of the head and laid him low. But the others didn't give the barge any chance to assist farther. They kept clear of the clew of the mainsail and surged round the fighting chums.

It was a scrap the lads remembered over after. Sadly outnumbered as they were, they only fought for the sake of their reputation. They knew they'd go under, but they meant to do so fighting. And they did fight, too.

They could hold at bay quite a crowd so long as that crowd did not close in. But when a matter of a dozen men crush close up to three youths, there's little chance of winning through.

Ned, Tony, and Jim, gasping, bruised, and badly man-handled, were borne down to the deck, and were soon secured with rope. Then clumsily the victors pointed the Belle in towards the Kent shore, where she ran aground on the Blyth Sand. There they dropped the anchor, brailed up and stowed the sails, and returned to the fuming chums.

"It is very kind of you to come and do our job for us!" said Ned, as a powerful-looking man, with a black moustache, approached the three. "I take it you're the boss of this outfit now! Well, what's the game?"

Louie Chang, his evil, cracked yellow face grinning horribly, came up, too, and stood by.

"I reckon you cubs 'as got something we want! It weren't in the lamp when we got it ashore last night, so you must

'ave took it! Nah, then, hand it over, an' we'll mebbe let you go!"

Ned never acted on impulse, so he borrowed a leaf out of the book of the placid old Chinaman in Poplar.

"That to which you refer," he said slowly, "is, as you will no doubt conclude before long, in a very safe place."

"Then you ain't got it on you?" shrieked the man, beside himself with rage. "And it ain't on the barge?"

"It is neither on me, on my mates, nor on the barge."

"Then tell us where it is—quick!"

Ned took his time over the reply. In matters of this sort, Tony and Jim always left the talking to Ned.

"That I will never do," he said at last.

"Ho, won't yer! We'll see about that! I reckon the barge lyn' 'ere won't excite no suspicion, so arter you've searched below, lock up the cabin, Louie, and we'll bundle these beauties into the motor-boat! Look alive, now, ye yellin' lump o' indolence!"

CHAPTER 4.

A Nasty Situation!

LEAVING the old Estuary Belle to look after herself, the motor-boat bore her valiant band of raiders and their three captives back to Poplar. There, just before dawn, the chums, whose feet had been thrown free of their bonds, were hurried along certain disreputable riverside streets, and into the gateway of what looked like a storeyard for old boxes, heaps of sacking, straw, and a few coils of old hempen and iron-wire ropes.

They were propelled through the doorway of a shed at the river end of the

yard, down some steps into a cellar, where a trapdoor in the floor was opened, and into this they were unceremoniously tipped. They landed with gasps on to a soft, oozy floor. The trapdoor was lowered, and the chums were left alone.

"Crums, shipmates, this is a surprising development!" cried Long Jim.

"Too mild, Jim! It's a blithering tragedy!" said Tony. "What 'in thunder are they up to? And why on earth did that ass Ned lead the brutes to think that we had their rotten whatever it is that was concealed in the sidelights?"

"Peace, my children!" said Ned. "That pal of the old Chink's, Confucius, said: 'Man is fallen by his own act.' Well, so are we, and by our own act we'll get a lift up again. I've had my hands nearly free for a couple of hours now, and the fools didn't spot it! They're quite free now! Also, my tulips, in their search of our pockets they left the matches I used to light the sidelights—"

"Will you shut up about sidelights?"

"Ass! I'm talking about matches! Well, they left them! I take one out, scrape it on the box—so behold our prison!"

The chums blinked round in the glimmer of the match. Their prison was not exactly a health resort, despite the ozone given off by the mud on the floor. It was obviously a chamber close up alongside the river. Iron plates were bolted along the river end of the foul hole, and the wash of the water could be heard faintly as the tide lapped against the outside. Evidently there was a thick wall of some sort beyond the iron plates. The latter were there to keep the place water-tight.



Ned waited until the Chinaman lifted the lamps from the table. Then, with a yell to his pals, he jumped out of his bunk and tackled the Chinaman.

Ned untied his chums' binding-ropes. Then three matches were expended, and at the fourth the chums crowded back in alarm. They had spotted a sliding iron door, about six inches by six, at the river end. Through the joints of this little door the water of the river percolated slowly. It was, without doubt, a chamber which could be flooded at high tide, thus drowning anyone in it. The chums had read about such-like chambers along the banks of the Thames. Now they were in one.

"Wh-what's the object of tipping us in here?" asked Tony Parr nervously. "Jupiter! It looks as if they're going to flood the chamber at high water, and, as the water creeps up to our necks, implore us to tell them where that thing they had in the sidelights is!" said Ned. "It's a mild form of torture!"

"Then, if it's that, I'd like it hot and strong, to get it over quick!" put in Jim. "Ned, you're a prize chump of the first water!"

"Well, we can tell 'em that we never saw the rotten thing they're after."

"And they'll believe us, of course! Well, what's to be done? Why did you do such an imbecilic thing as to make 'em think that we had their miserable whatever it is?"

"To get down to the root of the mystery, of course. Also, if we'd said we'd never seen it and squealed for mercy, and so on, would they be likely to go and let us free to hunt 'em out and charge them with assault, and so on? Not likely! We'd probably be dead and drifting round the Nore light by this time!"

"H'm! P'r'aps so! But how would that Confucius pal of the old Chink you bought the lamps from work out a safe and comfortable ending to this unhappy tale?"

"Dunno! I'd back myself against him where river rogues are concerned, anyway!"

"Well— Hark!"

Someone was descending the steps of the cellar above. The chums heard the trapdoor-rung tumbled, then the creak as the heavy flap was pulled upwards. A glare of light came down through the hole, and Jim fixed in it the face of the villain who had bossed the raid of the Belle. It was the man called Bardsey, though the chums hadn't been able to see his face in the first fight on the Belle, when Chang tried to steal the sidelights.

Ned, realising that the way to keep

a nettle from stinging is to grasp it suddenly and firmly, led a leap at the villain above.

Bardsey was all aback. He had not reckoned on the chums having their hands free. Tony Parr caught the man by his thick neck, Long Jim collared an arm, and Ned got him round the waist. Hoping against hope that there were no others close behind, they hauled the man into the vile riverside hole, leapt for freedom, and soon had the trapdoor lowered, thus imprisoning the half-senseless man below.

Panting, and with hearts fluttering, the lads crouched in the cellar beside the hurricane-lamp Bardsey had left standing there. They listened intently for sounds of other people above. They heard them. Footsteps pounding across the yard in response to Bardsey's yells, no doubt.

The lads, their hearts now thumping wildly, rushed at the cellar steps, cannoned into a surprised and yelling group in the shed above, broke through like enthusiasts on the rugger-field, and were over the gate of the yard and charging along London's Chinatown before the villains behind had collected their wits.

Straight for the Commercial Road and the protection that thoroughfare would afford led River-wise Ned. At last he pulled up at the top of Love Lane.

They were now safe.

CHAPTER 5.

Winners After All!

NED led the way to old Edgar Brunt's house in Sidwell Row, Shadwell. They knocked the old man up. Brunt, he it said, used to be skipper of the Belle, with River-wise Ned as his mate. Now the old man had retired, having handed the Belle over to Ned.

"Good gad, Ned!" cried the old man when Ned and his mates presented themselves. "What's to do? Been paddling about in the m'd? Where's the Belle?"

"Looking after herself on the Bly, Edgar—" began Ned, and old Brunt interrupted him.

"Ned, Ned, ye shouldn't leave the old barge all alone on the Bly. What for didn't ye leave one o' your mates there?"

"Because we've been hauled up river against our will, Edgar." Then followed the whole yarn, and old Brunt whistled.

"Good lor!" he said. "The old Belle's still up to the truck in it, is she? Never out o' a scrape, you three! Well, what'd you want?"

"A snooze with a roof over our heads, and some grub, that's all. We've work to do in Chinatown when the morning gets more lively. Chinatown's all right by day, but I'm not keen on nosing about o' nights. We're rather well known there."

"Right, lads, ye shall have food and plenty. Take your boots off in the scullery and have a wash, will 'ee? I'm not a pertickler sort o' chap, bein' as I'm an ex-bergee, but I'm thinkin' o' my sittin'-room. Now, get to it, lads, an' I'll fry up some soddages."

The chums felt that sausages were what they needed more than anything else in the whole wide world. Soon they were more or less fresh and clean, and after a hearty meal they snuggled down into a berth each in the sitting-room—two on the hearthrug and one on the couch, and slept a long, deep sleep.

They woke at ten o'clock, had another meal which cleared old Edgar Brunt's larder completely, promised the old chap the full story later on, and prepared to sally forth on their next move.

"Come on, you old oyster!" said Tony Parr to Ned. "Spout out your scheme. You've got one, I can tell by the light in your eyes."

"You can, can you?" replied Ned. "Well, the points of the case so far must be reviewed first. We got into trouble because we had bought sidelights. Am I right?"

"Quite!" grinned his chums.

"Well, the cause of that trouble was something concealed in the lamps—or one of them. We, if I remember rightly, have since been slightly annoyed by certain villains because I made out we had put that thing in a safe place."

"Right."

"Well, we haven't seen the thing! Why did that old Chink—pal of Confucius, whoever he is—sell me those lamps so readily at a very low figure? It's not like a Chink to do that unless he wants to get rid of the goods in a hurry. I don't think it too long a shot to say that that wily old Chink found what we have been accused of having, took it and got rid of the lamps pretty quickly. Do you?"

"It certainly looks like it," said Tony thoughtfully. "It was maybe a precious stone or something. Go on."

"Well, I vote we go and interview that old man—"

"Into the lions' den?"

"Oh, rats, Jim!" said Ned. "Chinatown's not really like they say it is in newspaper serials. Except for a Chink or two here and there it's teeming with honest Englishmen in the course of their daily work. Night's the dangerous time. Come on, now. We will wring the secret of the lamps out of that old Chink, and then our name's Dennis—either towards the nearest police-station or back to the Belle to keep clear of Chinatown for evuah more. Agree?"

"With all my heart and strong right arm."

"Lead on, chump. We're ready."

"Right-ho! Chin-chin, Edgar, see you again soon."

"Well, I 'ope so, Ned, boy, I'm sure. But don't 'e be rash, lad, an' get back to the Belle as quick as you can, for the Bly's a nasty place for an unattended barge."

"Right-ho!"

The chums set off, and before long were standing in front of the old Chinaman who owned the store in Ratcliffe.

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As the trap-door opened Ned made a leap for Bardsley. Tony Parr caught the man by his thick neck and Long Jim collared an arm. Together the three chums hauled the villain into the vile riverside hole.

"Mystery of the sidelights, Act 3," said Ned. "Where did you buy those lamps?"

The old Chinaman looked placidly at the chums.

"When a man has an obsession for a certain object, his will is as the will of turbulent waters," he said. "I bought them at the police auction sale of the yacht Scorpion."

"Gee whiz! The smuggling yacht nabbed by the customs at Sheerness and brought up-river to be sold!" gasped Ned. "Remember that, chums!"

"Rather! We're getting warmer."

"It's getting quite tropical, I think." Ned frowned at the old Chinaman before them. "What did you do with the gadget you found therein?" he asked solemnly.

If the old man felt his heart miss a beat he didn't show it. He merely puffed stolidly at his pipe. Then he began:

"Confucius said—" But Ned cut in.

"Look here, we don't care what your pal or neighbour or whoever he is—Confucius—had to say on the matter. What we want to know is whether you'll hand the thing to us, or have the police call for it?"

That did rouse the old man. He answered, rather hurriedly:

"It is a matter which concerns my countrymen. I intended to destroy it, for I hold not with the trade in forbidden drugs."

Slowly the old man rose, stretched his

hand to a curious-looking jar above his head, and took out a tiny roll of paper.

"This," he said calmly, "is what I found concealed in the oil vessel of one of the lamps."

Ned took the closely-folded and rolled paper, and, Tony and Jim peering over his shoulder, the chums scanned it closely. It was a small piece of rice paper, thin and tough, and was covered on one half with Chinese characters. On the other half was a number of curious marks which were certainly not letters of any alphabet. They were signs, obviously, but what they conveyed the chums could not, of course, tell. There was something, however, which they did recognise, and that was the outline of the River Thames, from London Bridge down to Barking.

On this rough chart an arrow pointed here and there towards the shore, with one of the curious signs beside the arrow. That was all, but Ned realised that here he had something which would probably prove of great interest to the police.

The chums told the old Chinaman that they intended to put it into the hands of the police, and the old man merely rumbled into his pipe:

"Aih, it is well."

That slip of paper contained information the police had wanted for months. It was a correct chart of the positions of opium dens where opium and cocaine could be sold by smugglers, and where it could be bought by the foolish English drug victims so plentiful just at that

The police raids resulted in the arrest of all those concerned in the attacks on Ned and his mates. The whole affair led to an interview by Ned with the C.I.D. chief at Scotland Yard. His out-of-pocket expenses were made good, and then the great man informed the young bargee that when the smuggling yacht Scorpion was seized, a drug trafficker on board at the time, since arrested and advised to confess, had concealed the tiny chart of the opium dens and unlawful drug depots, in the oil container of the port light of the yacht. The yacht was sold by auction. The old Chinese dealer had bought the lamps, news of the whereabouts of the secret chart was made known to drug traffickers, and then followed the hunt for the lamps to prevent the piece of thin rice paper from falling into the hands of the police. Thus came to pass the chums' recent exciting adventures.

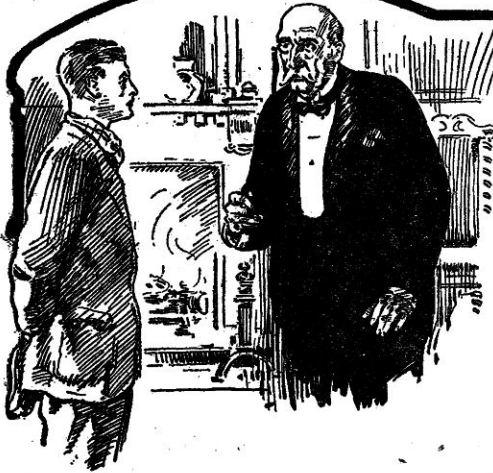
So ended another of the amazing experiences of River-wise Ned and his two mates.

THE END.

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THE TRIERS

BY
JACK CRICHTON



Fate deals hardly with Jack Morton, yet he sets to work to build up a team of keen triers who will show Boltwich what real football is like!

Straight from the Shoulder!

AS Jack Morton realised what had happened, he gave a quick exclamation of surprise. He was not afraid, but, at the same time, he was no fool, and he realised that it was no joke having to stand up against a vicious and infuriated brute like Babe Bolton. It would have to be a matter of tip and run.

And the Babe did not intend to miss this chance, it seemed, for scarcely had he told the youngster to shove up his fists than he lunged out. Jack was just in time, but only just, and in another moment the Babe had thrust out his left, and Jack went spinning back with a dizzy pain in his head.

That would have been bad enough, but even as he touched the hard road the great brute sprang upon him, and in another moment had given him a terrific kick in the ribs.

"You brute!" moaned Jack, rising, but the boxer had advanced upon him again.

It was no earthly good trying to cope with this sort of thing, except in meeting it in its own style, and Jack made no mistake this time.

As the brute aimed a kick at him again, he managed to twist round, and so doing he caught the boot in his arm. In another moment he had brought Bolton crashing to the ground.

He fell with a thud, and at the same moment Jack was on his feet.

He waited only to say a few words: "One day, Babe Bolton, I'll give you the lesson you deserve! I'll never rest until I have stood up to you and thrashed you with my bare fists! You dirty brute!"

The Babe was evidently half dazed, for he was only just scrambling to his feet, and that slowly.

"I'll show you!" he muttered. "Not now!" cried Jack, and bolted into the night.

He felt no shame in showing a clean pair of heels to Bolton. It would have been too grossly unfair a fight, and he had reason to believe that a brute like Bolton would not hesitate to do a fellow very serious harm. So he started to run, and although Bolton came after him a

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few yards, calling him all the cowards under the sky, Jack took no notice, but quickly put a very serviceable piece of night between them.

A heavy stone almost hit him, and then he was safe.

Bolton stood, cursing, in the middle of the road. He was furious. He had received a nasty cut on the forehead, from which the blood was gushing forth, and he had damaged the palm of his hand rather painfully on the flinty road when he had tried to save himself in his fall.

All things considered, he had not made a very successful attack upon Jack.

"I'll show you!" he roared into the night, and stood with the blood running down his forehead, shaking his fist after the lad.

It was the second time something of the same sort had happened. That was what made the fellow livid with anger.

Thank goodness there had been no witness of this affair! If that local rag had got hold of this he would have been the laughing-stock of the place. But no one had seen it.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE!

For the sake of his invalid mother, Jack Morton, a lad of seventeen, calls upon his grandfather, Sir Jasper Clifton, for aid. It was by no means a pleasant undertaking for Jack, for his mother, much against her father's wishes, had married a worker in Sir Jasper's mill, who was now dead. Sir Jasper, however, is taken up with the lad straight away, saying that he will alter his will and make him co-heir with George Clifton, another grandson, and Jack's cousin, and whose great interest in life is the Boltwich Football Club. In high spirits, Jack gives up his old job to take up work at Clifton's. But Sir Jasper dies that night. Thinking only of his mother, Jack goes to George Clifton, but his appeal proves futile, Clifton telling him that the will is unaltered, and that he is not wanted. Jack's anger is aroused, and, meeting Ronnie Stevens, whom George Clifton had deemed it wise to sack, the two lads, former players of Boltwich F.C., determine to fight Clifton.

"We'll get a team that won't be beat," said Stevens, "and call them the Triers." Clifton's anger is aroused, and he enlists the services of Babe Bolton, a bruiser, to knock Jack Morton down.

Jack is returning from the club's first meeting, when a rough hand catches him by the shoulder.

"Put your fists up!" cries the bruiser. (Now read on.)

But now twice had Jack Morton not only sent him to the ground, but twice he had got distinctly the better of him, and the third time was going to end differently.

He had started to walk along quickly into the night.

He took no notice of the blood on his forehead and cheek, and he had no idea at all what he looked like, hot, covered with gore, dirty, furious, sweating, for he was in nothing like as good training as he should have been.

He had promised to see George Clifton at the Three Stars that evening. He'd given Mr. Clifton to understand that he would have news about Jack. And Mr. Clifton had given him to understand that if the news was satisfactory there would be a suitable reward.

Bolton wanted that reward. He had been backing horses again with the money that Clifton had already given him, and, of course, he was broke.

He must get some cash.

So he hurried along into the night, cursing the name of Jack Morton, and muttering to himself about all the terrible things that he was going to do to that young man when the right time came!

The only point seemed to be that the right time was a long time coming!

At last he reached the Three Stars, and without having enough sense to pause and realize that he was a somewhat amazing sight for an easy victor of a hand-to-hand fight, he strode straight in through the empty bar, into the inner room where Mr. Clifton had seen him at the occasion of their first meeting.

"Great heavens!"

It was George Clifton who spoke, jumping to his feet with a cry of genuine amazement as he saw the sight which now presented itself in front of him.

He was seated at the small table in the middle of the little room, and the landlord, Bill Heston, was standing with his back to the fire talking to him.

Bill's face was a picture as he stared at the Babe.

"By gum, Babe," he cried, "and what have you been up to? Hitting a traction-engine?"

"I have been hitting something, all right!" scowled the Babe vaingloriously. "I've been showing 'em!"

Bill Heston hadn't much opinion of the

Babe. He had known too many really class boxers in his time to have any respect for a boxer who was a bully.

He now laughed.
"Well, if you'll have a squint at yourself in that glass, my lad," he said, "it'll show you that something seems to have hit you. You seem to have been eating a bit of the sawdust, boy!"

With a scowl the Babe jumped forward. In another moment he would have hit Heston, but that gentleman did not show the slightest concern with regard to the brute, and his very calmness, as well as George Clifton's angry: "Now, then, Bolton!" stopped him in time.

Indeed, the innkeeper came up to him and laid a hand on his arm with a complete contempt for him.

"See here, Babe," he said, "we don't have any rough house in this place, and don't you make any mistake! Mr. Clifton wants to talk business to you perhaps, and he's welcome to have you here. But I'll have you outside before you know where you are if I have any trouble with you, and don't forget it. I'm not afraid of you, nor any man!"

And so saying, the landlord of the Three Stars Inn walked out of the room, and closed the door behind him.

Outside the door he paused for a moment, frowning.

"There's some rum game on here!" he muttered to himself.

For a moment or so longer he seemed to hesitate, and then finally to make up his mind.

Instead of going through to the bar, he passed down a short passage, moved a small panel in the wall, and a moment later he was listening very comfortably to all that was going on in the small room which sheltered George Clifton and Bolton.

"Well, Bolton," George was saying, as he stood staring hard at the boxer, "what's the meaning of all this?"

Bolton gave a grunt.
"I've smashed him up proper, guv'nor," said the great brute, not having the brains to realise that his lie would very soon be discovered by Clifton on the morrow.

The other's face lit up eagerly.

"Eh? You have, have you? Splendid! Though I must say that you look as though you had been having a rough time of it yourself! Heston was right! But, look here, Bolton, if you and I are going to work together, you've got to learn to keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't want you to go annoying Bill Heston. He's a good fellow, and I have particular reasons for not wanting to make him angry. See?"

The Babe nodded sheepishly, and Bill Heston behind the panel grinned to himself. He knew very well why the amiable young Clifton did not want to annoy him. He wanted indeed to keep in with him, because even now, since his grandfather's death, he still owed him a considerable sum over betting.

"Sorry, guv'nor!" said the Babe, after a moment, trying to remove some of the blood with a handkerchief. "Always was a bit quick with me tongue! Anyhow, I've knocked him fair and square this time!"

"Young Morton?"

"Yes, guv'nor!"

Clifton rubbed his hands together gloatingly. This was splendid. But it was only the beginning.

"Well, well," he said, "that is the way to talk; but how did he happen to hit you up like that, Bolton? A bit nippy with his fists, isn't he?"

This was too much for Bolton. He muttered an oath, and turned on the other.

"He never hit me!" he cried. "The young cub! Hit me! I'd like to see him!"

That was too much for Clifton. He had to smile.

"Well," he said, "he did hit you once a few days ago, Bolton, didn't he?"

The Babe turned purple.

"Yes, he did; and he hasn't finished with that story yet. No; he never touched me to-night, and I've made a pretty mess of him but some of his pals came along, and I had a rough house for a bit. That was how all this happened, Mr. Clifton!"

George nodded quickly.
"I see! Well, I'm sorry you had any trouble. However, I dare say that this will make it feel better!"

He took out his pocket-book and handed the boxer a five-pound note.

Bolton took it greedily, and then examined it in surprise. He had expected much more, Clifton having spoiled him by the first gift of fifty pounds.

"It's five pounds, Bolton!" said Clifton.

"Thank you!" muttered Bolton, not very pleased with the size of the sum.

"And I hope you are satisfied, guv'nor!"

George Clifton nodded.
"I don't care how much you worry that young man, Bolton," he said, "and after you've knocked his pal Harry Turner to smithereens on Saturday we'll talk real business!"

It was the following morning, however, that George Clifton received a great surprise.

He was just idly, comfortably finishing his breakfast when the butler Gordon came into the room.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but there is that young fellow here to see you again!"

Clifton started.
"What young fellow, Gordon?"

"Name of Morton, sir!"

Clifton rose to his feet with a scowl.

"I'm not going to have him round this place, Gordon. Send him away, and say to him that if I have any more trouble with him, I will send for the police. I—"

He paused, for Jack Morton stood in the open doorway, a quiet, confident smile on his young face.

"May I come in, Mr. Clifton?" he said. "I had to see you about something so important that I took the liberty of walking right in."

Clifton made an effort. He would dearly have liked to have told the butler to throw the lad out, but he realised that he really ought to exercise just a little common-sense in front of Gordon, and not appear too excited.

"Well," he said, "and what can I do for you? All right, Gordon!"

The butler went, closing the door after him.

Jack came right into the room, and then he held out a hand.

"Shake!" he said.
Clifton started violently.

"Eh? What's that—shake? Why should I shake hands with you?"

"Well, I'm your cousin, aren't I?"

Clifton bit his lip.
"Look here," he said, "cut that sort of stuff right out! You're wasting my

time! I've told you I don't want you here. Why have you come?"

Jack placed his hands in his pockets—hard.

"To ask you to be a decent fellow, George Clifton!"

"What!"

"I am going to do so! I am not going to lose my temper, whatever you say to me. I've come to speak to you man to man, and to shake hands with you if you will do the right thing. I—I feel, of course, that I have had jolly bad luck about not getting some of my grandfather's money, but let that go. I accept that like a sportsman!"

"You've jolly well got to!" said George Clifton, with a cold sneer.

"Well, yes; but there are several ways of being a real sport, you know!" he smiled. "Anyhow, all I want is this. I'm thinking of my old mother, Mr. Clifton. I ask for absolutely nothing for myself, only for my mother. She is ill, and she needs many little comforts. But more than comforts, she needs to be out of absolute want. Otherwise, the doctor says she may not live through the winter. Mr. Clifton, do the generous thing. Let my mother have a hundred pounds a year—think of it, two pounds a week of her father's money—and I'll shake hands with you here and now, and I'll stand up for you before all Bolton!"

And again Jack held out a hand.

But there was no dealing with a fellow like George Clifton. He was a brute, and he found it impossible to do a generous action. Slowly he shook his handsome head from side to side, and there was a brutal sneer in his voice as he answered:

"Your mother can starve, for all I care!"

And he snapped his fingers in the lad's face.

Jack hit out, but the other saw it coming, and like a flash had placed the table between himself and the lad.

"Do you want to go to gaol?" he asked.

Jack managed to control himself.

"No, thank you! You are certainly not worth going to gaol for, Clifton, but I shall never forget that. I've come and asked you quite decently to give my mother a tiny bit of what is hers by every right in the world, and you—you sneer at me, like the brute you are! Very well, I won't forget, George Clifton, and from this moment it is war to the knife between us!"

Clifton laughed sneeringly again.

"You'd better get your so-called Triers to help you, eh?"

Jack nodded grimly.

"I shouldn't be surprised if they did," he said, going to the open french window of the large dining-room.

"Well, do your worst!" Clifton cried.

Jack turned to face the fellow.

"See here, George Clifton," he said quietly, "the odds appear to be in your favour for the time being, but there is some justice, some right in the world! The Triers are behind me to a man, and, as sure as my name's Jack Morton, I mean to have my rights!"

And Jack stepped out into the drive and walked quickly away.

First Blood!

JACK had not said anything about the Babe's attack on him, and for two reasons.

He didn't want to stir up trouble, and he wasn't sure, after it was all over, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 821.

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whether he had done right to run away from the boxer.

As for his hurts, they were not much. True, a blow on the point from the Babe improved no one's peace of jaw, and a kick in the ribs from that gentleman's number twelve was no laughing matter; but beyond feeling stiff for a day or two, he was none the worse for his experience, and he was able to turn out for the Triers on the following Saturday in their first match against the Hurricanes.

The new club had managed to get together quite a fair eleven, and although they were not being too hopeful, they had secret ideas that they might again put it across the older club.

"At any rate," said Steve Logan, as they changed before the match, "we are going to put up a game of our lives, boys, and no mistake. I want George Clifton to hear about this match, and hear good and hard!"

Ronnie Stevens laughed from his corner of the dressing-room, where he was anointing a somewhat damaged knee with an unearthly mixture of his own, the smell of which the rest of the team said was worse than losing Ronnie at centre-half.

"Well, he'll have the surprise of his life when he sees, or hears about the crowd we've got. It was a great idea of Laurie Robson's to let anyone come free!"

"Who'd pay to see us?" asked young Robson, who was making things go so splendidly, with his generosity. "Nobody perhaps."

"Don't you be so sure," said Steve. "In a few weeks, I bet we have made a mighty difference!"

And it was certainly true that the match had attracted unusual attention. In fact, the local paper had given it a good deal of prominence, never liking George Clifton, and most people in the town knew perfectly well about the trouble Clifton had had with Steve and Ronnie.

So when the two teams came out on to the pitch, the surrounding banks were crowded, and the Triers were given a hearty welcome.

"Good luck to you, Jack Morton!" roared a stentorian voice from the crowd. And the word was taken up!

Jack felt his heart thrill. It was only the beginning, but it was a good beginning, and if things went on as they had started, it would not be long before Mr. George Clifton regretted having treated him in such a barbarous manner.

He had managed to get together a fairly good team. He himself was at centre-forward, and, of course, Steve Logan and Ronnie Stevens occupied the places they had filled for the Boltwich Club, full-back and centre-half respectively.

Then there was young Robson on the right wing, Jim Fraser inside-right to Jack, and as they had all insisted that Harry Turner must not play that afternoon, they had found a substitute to take his place in goal. The rest of the team were recruits, but real triers, every one, and as the whistle went, with Jack kicking off, they started out as keen as mustard.

The Hurricanes, however, were not this time making the mistake which they had made when they had played the kick-about game on the common—the game to which George Clifton had so hotly objected.

They had not come here underrating the football ability of the unknown team, and at once it was clear that not only had they put their best team into the field, in itself a compliment to the Triers, but also they were marking Jack Morton as if their lives depended on it.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 821.

He could not get away, and if ever the ball came to him, which as centre-forward it came quite a lot, he found himself pounced upon by two or three opponents.

But he didn't lose his head. After several attempts to break through himself, he realised that for the time being that was impossible, and he changed his tactics.

The leather came his way, and without pausing to steady himself, he flashed it right out to Laurie Robson on the right, and had the satisfaction of seeing that young man trap it brilliantly, and dash off up the line at a terrific pace. He was yards quicker than the opposing man that tackled him, and he travelled so fast that he was soon away from his own line.

As he swerved in towards goal, he cast a quick glance about him, and saw what had happened, and so, without trying to centre, he took a pot shot for goal.

Like the majority of such shots, it didn't come off, but it was a brilliant effort, bringing the house down as it crashed against the upright and rebounded into play.

In a flash Jack, who had moved up as quickly as he could, pounced upon the leather, and shot, but even as his foot touched the ball, he felt three hefty opponents on him, and the ball went miles over the crossbar.

Still it was the first real attempt on either goal, and it gave the Triers confidence.

They started to press. Jack sent word out to his wings, not to bother too much about him, and in a few minutes he had the satisfaction of seeing this method pay.

Again Robson had managed to get away on the right, but this time a full-back bolting like a rabbit across the field, stopped him before he had started to work in towards a shooting position, and so the young man flicked the leather in to Jim Fraser.

That young man was not marked.

"Shoot—shoot!" cried Jack. And a moment later, Jim, just outside the penalty area, steadied himself and sent in a real beauty for a youngster. It was high, swift, and sure, and although the custodian made a great effort to get to it, as it spun into the right top-hand corner of the net, he could only just manage to touch it with the tips of his fingers, and the Triers had drawn first blood.

What a roar went up! It would seem that the new lads had already endeared themselves to Boltwich. Certainly the fans who had gathered together to see this first game had not witnessed such a sporting match in Boltwich for years. There was none of the finicky, unsporting business sometimes seen in League football here, and yet it was excellent stuff that was being played.

The new lads were all out every moment, and yet they were showing quite an excellent young team like the Hurricanes how to play scientific stuff.

"Well done, the Triers!" roared the crowd, and as the team gathered round Jim Fraser and shook his hand, that youngster was prouder than he had ever been in his life.

"Got you marked, old man," said Ronnie to Jack, as they hurried back for the kick-off.

Jack smiled and nodded.

"Yes; but they'll have to mark a few more now, Ronnie!"

"Sure. I'll get it to you as soon as I can, look out! I'll be seeming to send it out to Laurie!"

"Right!"

The ruse came off almost at once.

Ronnie received the leather, and the first time dribbled a few yards himself towards the right, which had been so successful, and then passed out to Laurie.

But Laurie was now marked, and he didn't get very far before his opponent had kicked out.

This happened several times. Then Ronnie brought off the ruse. Getting the ball, he started towards Laurie on the right again, then suddenly stopped himself dead, and, without turning at all, deflected it towards his skipper.

And Jack was, for a wonder, unmarked.

He was away like a flash, blessing his luck, and Ronnie for his neatness. Only a back stood before him. Rather slow he was, too, and not much else except a mighty punter, and around him Jack ran quite easily, bringing a roar of approval from the crowd, and getting right into the penalty area.

He paused perhaps a trifle long, but the result was the same. The cumbersome full-back, rather annoyed by the way the youngster had beaten him, had come up behind, and now he deliberately charged him in the back as he was about to shoot, bringing a roar of disgust and anger from the crowd.

Jack, however, rose with a cheery smile, and his opponent, a good fellow, was already apologiseing.

"Fraid it's going to cost you a goal, old man," said Jack.

And from the resultant penalty kick it did!

So now the Triers were two up, and were reaching real class form. There was no question at all about their football, and the Hurricanes were beginning to get a little disheartened. They stuck to their game like men, but at full-back Steve Logan was simply superb, and little by little as the first half came to an end, it was clear that the new team were much too hot, and no one was surprised just before the whistle went for the interval, to witness Laurie Robson run right round the defence, and with a beauty along the ground, put his team almost certainly on the road to victory.

As they walked quickly from the field, the crowd gathered about the Triers to give them a friendly cheer.

"That's the stuff to give 'em, boys!" someone cried. "That's football! None of the usual Boltwich muck there!"

"That's soccer!"

"Good old Jack!"

"You'll whack Boltwich yet, boys!"

So they cried, and then suddenly, flushed with success and happiness, Jack felt his arm clutched.

It was Ronnie.

"Look!" he cried, pointing in the direction of the spectators, "George Clifton! Just look at his face! Ever seen anything like it?"

Jack hadn't.

Yes, there was his cousin. He stood in front of the crowd, and appeared to be in a terrible rage. Jack could not help himself.

"Hallo, Mr. Clifton!" he said, loud enough for everyone to hear. "Enjoying it? Jolly nice of you to come and watch us new chaps. Like a seat in the stand?"

Clifton ground his teeth. His rage was almost more than he could swallow.

"Enjoying myself!" he cried. "Do you call that football?"

"Good enough to beat your League team, George Clifton," someone said from the crowd, and a roar of laughter went up.

For a moment it looked as though George Clifton was going to lose his



Ronnie, with the ball at his toe, made as if to pass to his right wing, then suddenly stopping himself dead, he deflected the leather towards his skipper, Jack Morton, who was unmarked.

temper, and it might have got rather nasty for him then, for there were some rough spirits about, and there were certainly many people in Boltwich who would have been very willing to give him something to get on with.

But Laurie Robson, who was proving quite the hero of the afternoon, saved a rather awkward situation.

He went straight up to Clifton, and addressed him in his rather drawing voice:

"I say, Clifton, don't you know that this is a private ground, by Jove!"

Clifton started, and grew red. It was obviously an insult.

"What are you talking about?" he cried. "I— All these people came here without paying a sou!"

Laurie nodded, and smiled.

"Quite so, my dear fellow!" he said. "But they happen to be here as my guests. This ground is my private property, and I can ask who I want, and I don't want you, so would you please be a good fellow and hook it?"

If loks could kill the look that George Clifton gave to Laurie Robson at that moment would have been the end of that young man. But he evidently realised that he was up against a pretty stiff proposition, for in another moment he had turned, and was making off through the jeering crowd.

"That seals your doom, young Jack Morton!" he muttered to himself as he went.

The Night of the Big Fight!

THE match ended as it had begun in triumph for the Triers. They scored another couple of goals, only being beaten on one occasion themselves. As they left the

pitch the lads of the new team felt that they had done a little something to deserve the plaudits of the big crowd which gathered about them, and they insisted on carrying Jack shoulder-high off the field.

Certainly Jack in that proud moment felt that even if luck had been against him about the reconciliation with his grandfather, life was still worth living.

He was acting as one of Harry Turner's seconds in the fight that night, so as soon as he had had a tub, a rub down, and his tea, he hurried round to that young man's quarters. He found him comfortably reading a book on his sofa, in his dressing-gown, and only madly anxious to hear about the match.

"That's fine, Jack," he said, as Jack finished the story of the game, "though I expect you did much more than you say yourself. Now, if only I can do the trick to-night, and bring off a double event, it would be fine, eh?"

"How do you feel?" asked Jack.

"Fine!"

"The wrist?"

Harry examined the wrist which had been damaged, and nodded.

"Oh," he said, "I wouldn't mind another two weeks to get it absolutely O.K., but I reckon it will stand to-night. And I hear that Bolton has had a bit of an accident!"

Jack started.

"Oh?"

"Yes; seems he slipped when out on the road the other day, and cut his hand about a bit. In fact, they sort of made overtures to me as to putting the fight off for a week or so, but I was not having any. It's high time people treated that brute as he treats them!"

Jack started.

"Well, Harry," he said, "I think it is

rather a pity that you didn't put it off a bit!"

"What!" cried Harry, getting to his feet. "Wait another week to have a go at that brute, Jack! Not me!"

And so the matter was left, and an hour later the two of them took Harry's car, and drove round to the baths, where the fight was going to take place.

It was evidently proving a big attraction, for already people were being turned away from the doors.

They tried to get round to the back entrance to avoid being mobbed, but it was useless. The crowd had seen them, and came crowding around the two-seater.

"Good old Harry, boy!" someone cried. "Let that brute have it hot to-night!"

Harry laughed modestly, and waved a hand.

"And take care he doesn't do the dirty on you, Harry!" cried someone else.

"We'll see to that!" roared the crowd.

At that moment a great, hulking fellow, flushed with excitement, forced his way to the car, and thrust out a hand.

"Shake, kid—shake, Harry!" he said. "You're the kind of kid I like! My brass is down on you, and I don't care if I lose, so long as you give him one or two to go on with! Good luck to you, kid!"

For one moment Harry forgot one of the first lessons a prizefighter must learn, that is to look after his hands before he looks after his very life.

Harry put out a hand, shook hands, and then in another moment he had drawn back his hand with a sharp cry.

The crowd still pressed on, but the big fellow dashed away, and nothing else

happened at the moment. "But Jack's quick ear had caught that little cry from his pal, and as he took Harry into the baths, he questioned him.

"What happened, Harry?" he asked. "Did that chap hurt your hand?" Harry shook his head.

"Don't know yet, Jack," he replied. "It felt like the prick of a needle. We'll see when we get inside! Nothing, probably. But I'm a fool to shake hands!"

They reached the dressing-room set aside for Harry, and were greeted by their friends, and then, without saying anything to anyone, Harry examined his hand.

In a moment he called Jack. "I say, Jack!" he exclaimed. "Come here, old boy, will you?"

Jack came to him. "What?"

"Look at that!"

Jack glanced down at his pal's palm, and saw the small red spot in the middle of the hand, and then he whistled.

"It's getting bigger, Harry!" he gasped.

Harry nodded. "Yes, I know; and it's beginning to feel numb. Don't say anything to anyone, old man, but slip out and find a doctor. There is one in the baths, and ask him to come along. There has been dirty work here, and we must do our best to beat the low beasts yet!"

Jack did not waste a moment. He slipped out of the dressing-room, and, luck being with him, found old Dr. Garth, his mother's doctor, just taking his seat at the ringside.

He came straight along with Jack, and when everyone else except Jack had been turned out of the dressing-room for it was all-important that the Babe should not know for certain whether his dirty work had got home or not, he examined the hand.

After a moment he looked very serious.

"A dirty trick, young man!" he said. "They have evidently managed to queer you. That's some pretty bad poison, or my name isn't Garth, and you can't go into the ring like that!"

Harry drew the hand away. "Doctor!"

"Well, my lad?"

"I'm going into that ring, even if I have to fight with both hands tied behind me, so please do what you can with this fist. Babe Bolton may have damaged my right hand. He hasn't injured my left!"

The old doctor shook his head. "But, man alive!" he exclaimed.

"Don't you realise that you will be fighting with one hand? Besides, goodness knows what dope they have fired into you!"

"All the more reason for thrashing Bolton!"

The old doctor was evidently rather impressed by the lad's tone, and so he started on the hand. There was little he could do. He did not dare to use a knife, and all he did was to poultice it a little, but the swelling grew and grew, and the hand was a terrible sight at the end of ten minutes.

Then the swelling ceased to increase, but the hand was so painful that the lad could scarcely lift it.

"What are we to do?" asked Jack hopefully. "We can't let him go in and fight like that!"

"I'm going to!" cried Harry.

"There will be a riot if I go and tell 'em what has happened," the doctor said. "Half Boltwich seems to have arrived with the express purpose of seeing Bolton thrashed to-night, and I don't think they will go home satisfied that they have had a fair show for their money until someone does thrash him!"

The hour was early, and there would be very little traffic on the roads.

Mr. Ralton agreed to act as starter, and he produced a large map of the surrounding district and marked out the route. It was a circular route, and the race would begin and finish at St. Jim's.

Crowds turned out to see the start. Of course, we were all frightfully keen on Kildare winning.

Mr. Ralton fired a pistol, and the motorcyclists were off like a flash.

There was one exception. Coker of Greyfriars was left at the post, so to speak. Coker's machine, like a fractious horse at the starting-post, flatly refused to budge. It had brought him from Greyfriars to St. Jim's, and it declined to do any more work. Coker, purple in the face with exertion, gave up at last.

Meanwhile, the rest of the competitors were well away. They vanished in a cloud of dust.

Through the sleepy village of Rylcombe they sped, then on into the open country beyond. They kept in a bunch for a couple of miles, when Kildare opened out, and his machine responded gamely.

The captain of St. Jim's drew ahead of the others. He shot down hills at dizzy speed, and climbed steep ascents as if they were level ground. It would have taken a very steep gradient to baffle Kildare's splendid machine.

Knox of the Sixth found himself dropping behind the others. Knox had an inferior machine; moreover, he lacked experience. Instead of doing the right thing at the right time, he showed ignorance of how to handle the gears, and he lost ground accordingly.

But Knox was determined not to be beaten. If he could not win by fair means, he would try another plan.

Knox was now travelling by himself, and there was no one to overlook his actions. Suddenly he swung round into a narrow

Harry Turner had risen. "I'm going to fight if it kills me, doctor, and thank you for all you've done. I'm going to put this thing into cold water, and see what happens!" And so he did.

The pain was lessened, and when an hour later it was time for him to take the ring, he could lift his fist without much effort, but as a fighting weapon it was utterly useless.

But he would not listen, and he would allow no word to be spoken to the opposing camp.

"Let's hope," he said, "that the fist that the Babe injured when he fell is as bad as this!"

Someone came to the door. "Come along, Harry Turner!"

They entered the hall, and a mighty cheer went up to the roof. All Boltwich was there, from the local sporting gentry to the lads from Clifton's & Garton's, and as Harry Turner entered the ring from one corner of the baths there came a deep-throated shout which stirred the fire in his heart.

"Come on, the Triers!" Looking round, Jack and Harry saw the rest of their chums were with them to-night.

Then the Babe arrived. He was looking a weird and wonderful sight in a robe of brilliant red, and as he stepped into the ring, a fierce scowl on his ugly jaw, except for George Clifton in a ring-side seat, he did not get much in the way of a reception.

The referee spoke to them both, and then the gong went, and then came the words:

"Seconds out of the ring!"

(Next week's instalment of this grand serial is simply filled with thrilling situations, so don't miss it, boys.)

lane, deliberately leaving the route which Mr. Ralton had mapped out.

"This is a short cut," he muttered, as he bent his head over the handle-bars. "Instead of going right round in a circle, I shall cut off about four miles, and win easily. No one will be any the wiser!"

But the best-laid schemes of mice and men—and prefects—gang aft a-gley.

Knox found that the narrow lane was most unsuitable for motor-cycling. There were ruts and sharp hintonstones everywhere. He had to slacken his speed in order to avoid the worst of them.

Then he was held up by a big farm-wagon, which took up the whole width of the lane. Knox roughly abused the driver for not pulling into the hedge to allow him to pass; but the stolid yokel on the wagon merely grinned, and took his time about moving.

To crown his misadventures, Knox picked up a bad puncture, and his front tyre exploded loudly, and went flat. Fortunately, Knox was going slow at the time, or there might have been a nasty accident.

The rascally prefect's hopes of winning the race had been abandoned now. Gritting his teeth, Knox dismounted from his machine, and proceeded to push it towards the nearest garage, which was several miles away. He had no repair outfit with him, and, in the language of the classics, he was "Fed-up and far from home!"

The great race furnished a thrilling finish. Kildare was challenged, when near home, by Wingate of Greyfriars, and the two seniors fought a neck-and-neck struggle for supremacy. Kildare, spurting desperately, gained the verdict by a yard. And cheer upon cheer rang out on the morning air, heralding a glorious victory for St. Jim's!

Faulkner was third, and Cutts fourth. And Gerald Knox came crawling in about two hours later amid a burst of ironical cheering!

A THRILLING ROAD RACE!
By MONTY LOWTHER.
(An extract from the "St. Jim's News.")

KILDARE of the Sixth made a big sensation when he blossomed out with a brand-new motor-cycle. He asked the Head's permission first, of course, and the Head said he had no objection to fellows in the Sixth and Fifth possessing motor-cycles. Such luxuries, however, were barred to fellows in Lower Forms.

Kildare's machine was the envy of the school. It was the very latest model, and it was capable of a high turn of speed.

Not to be outdone, Knox of the Sixth followed in Kildare's footsteps, and bought a motor-cycle. It was rumoured that Knox had got it on the instalment system. Anyway, it was a fine machine.

Cutts of the Fifth already possessed a motor-cycle, but it was in a state of disrepair. However, Cutts had it thoroughly overhauled at the garage in Wayland; and then, to the joy of St. Jim's, he challenged Kildare and Knox to a twenty-mile road race.

"A jolly good idea!" said Kildare. "But I don't see why we should keep it to ourselves. There are three fellows at Greyfriars who have got motor-bikes, and I expect they'd like to take part in the race. It will be much more attractive if there's a rival school in it."

Knox and Cutts having agreed, Kildare invited the three Greyfriars fellows to take part in the event. And on the following Saturday morning Wingate, Faulkner, and Coker—the three fellows concerned—turned up at St. Jim's.

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**CHESHIRE TAKES THE TUCK HAMPER!
THE EARLY WORM!**

Mistress (to charlady): "And you think your Lizzie would make a good housemaid, Mrs. O'Brien? Is she an early riser?"

Mrs. O'Brien: "Sure, an' she is that, ma'am. She's up an' as all the beds made of a mornin' before the rest of us is awake!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to Dennis Jeacock, 60, Underwood Lane, Crewe, Cheshire.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY!

A married couple had engaged a cook. She was extremely pretty, but her cooking was terrible. One morning the bacon for breakfast was burned so crisp as to be wholly inedible. "Dear," said the wife to her husband, "I'm afraid the cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast this morning." "All right," responded the husband gruffly. "Call her in!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to John Sullivan, 57, Albert Street, Edinburgh.

HEROISM AND ITS REWARD!

Sandy had gone to Aberdeen for a holiday. One day, while sitting on the banks of the Dee, he saw a little boy sailing his yacht. In attempting to recover the yacht, which had sailed too far from the bank, the boy fell into the water. Sandy immediately jumped in and rescued the lad. Next day the boy's mother came to see Sandy. "Are you the kind gentleman who saved ma wee Johnny from drowning yesterday?" she asked. Sandy, expecting a small reward, replied, with a bright smile, in the affirmative. "Weel," said the fair dame, "what did ye dae with his bunnet?"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss Jean Cumming, Craigielea Cottage, 44, McKenzie Street, Paisley, N.B.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE!

Magistrate (to woman charged with drunkenness): "You must pay a fine of five shillings."

Prisoner: "Sure, then, I've but two shillings in the world."

Magistrate: "Then you must go to prison. If you hadn't got drunk with your money you'd have had enough to pay the fine!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to H. Pritchard, 10, Griffin Street, Deptford, S.E. 8.

PERHAPS HE WAS RIGHT!

Tramp: "I say, can ye give me a few coppers to help me along?"

Dandy: "Why don't you do something for your living? You want to ask for brains instead of money."

Tramp: "Sure, but I asked for what I thought you had most of!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to John Rea, Balteagh, Portadown, Co. Armagh, Ireland.

NOT EQUAL TO IT!

A regiment of soldiers were partaking of their last meal in England before crossing overseas. "Any complaints?" asked the commanding-officer, passing on his usual round. "Yes, begorra," said Private Murphy, "the meat's absolutely raw." "Well," said the c.o., "Captain Webb, the Channel swimmer, trained on raw meat." "Ob, hivvens!" murmured Private Murphy, "I had the idea we were going to cross in boats!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to William Mitchell, 5, North Shore Street, Campbeltown, N.B.

THE "BLIND" MAKER!

A gentleman to whom a man had applied for work asked him if he knew anything about woodwork. On being assured that the applicant knew everything about the carpentry trade, he said: "Well, can you make a Venetian blind?" "It's a treat, sir, to see me at the job," said the man. "How would you do it, then?" "Why, I'd just poke my finger in his eye, sir!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

A "GRAVE" MATTER!

An Englishman, Scotsman, Irishman, and Welshman went out into the world to make a fortune. The four agreed that when one of their party died the others should each put one pound in his coffin. Unfortunately, the Irishman died first. The Englishman and Welshman both put their pound in his coffin, and on their way back they met the Scotsman. "Well, Jock," said the Englishman, "have you put your pound in yet?" "Ay, man," answered Jock, "I've put in a cheque for three pounds and taken the other two out!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to R. L. Lidgate, 11, Vicarage Grove, Egremont, Cheshire.

CARELESS!

The teacher was taking the class in geography, and had just turned his back to look for a town on the map. While he was thus engaged there was a laugh from one of the boys. "Who was that?" cried the angry teacher. "It was me, sir," said Johnny, "but I could not help it." "What do you mean, you couldn't help it?" "Well, sir," said Johnny, "I laughed up my sleeve, and I had clean forgotten there was a hole in my elbow!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to J. W. Cooper, 96, Gisburn Road, Barrowford, near Nelson, Lancs.

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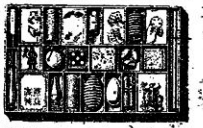
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