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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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SCHOOL AND SPORTING STORIES

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30
MOTOR-CYCLES

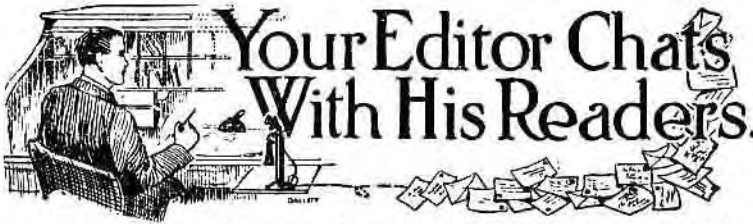
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800 other Valuable Prizes
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Enter Our Great
FOOTBALLERS' NAMES
COMPETITION
on pages 14 & 15



CURING THE SLACKER!

Ralph Reckness Cardew, the slacker of the Fourth Form, in the grasp of the indignant Games Committee, suffers the penalty for cutting footer practice! (See the grand long St. Jim's story in this issue.)



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.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday
 "THE MAGNET" Every Monday
 "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday
 "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday
 "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly.

My dear Chums,—Only two more weeks to run! That is how matters stand with our grand Footballers' Names Competition. But though time is short, there is still a good chance to romp in a winner, so long as you make the most of the next fortnight. You can pack a lot of good work into two weeks. To those readers who have not yet taken a hand at the game, I would say get busy right away! Now is the time. The valuable prizes are worth a record effort.

"TOM MERRY'S RIVAL!"

By Martin Clifford.

This is a really great story of St. Jim's for next Wednesday. Things are moving fast at the old school. Cardew thought a lot before he definitely took up the challenge to stand for the junior captaincy of St. Jim's. That is easily understood. Time and again Cardew has shown his real admiration for Tom Merry. There have been times when it was obvious that the very last thing Cardew contemplated was to stand in as a rival to the popular young leader of the school. But circumstances are always

changing. Cardew has been egged on. The yarn next Wednesday shows an amazing change of front. On the footer field and elsewhere Cardew shows his hand. We see the self-reliant, cool-headed fellow, in his mocking, sarcastic mood. For his part, Tom Merry reveals the sturdy, rugged independence which sits so well on him. If a fresh skipper is wanted—well, let St. Jim's elect one. Cardew or another; that's Tom Merry's attitude. You will be keen, I know, on the amazing feud between the two prime favourites of St. Jim's.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER!

It is top-hole. Readers drop me hints about what they want. I have done my best to get what everybody wants in the superlatively fine Christmas issue of the good old "Gem."

"MIKE MAKES A WIRELESS SET!"

By Elmer K. Arter.

Another treat for the next issue of the "Gem." We have got to know a good deal about good old whimsical Mike and his staunch chum, Billy Burton, not by any means forgetting mischievous Marmaduke. The delightful trio are found hard at it designing a magnificent radio set next week. That is to say, Mike McAndrews does most of the real, genuine, hard thinking. Mike's brain power is the wonder of the age. He is a mechanical genius of the first water, and his treatment of any deep subject which he takes in hand is invariably fresh and invigorating. Don't miss him in this wireless scream.

HOBBIES.

What are your favourite hobbies for this winter? Somebody assures me that the

amateur magazine hobby is going out of fashion, but, somehow, I cannot credit this assertion. There is perpetual interest in the jolly little written-out magazine full of wit and humour, with smart personal impressions of what goes on in the world.

THANKS.

M. Lowson, 95, Gilmour Street, Thornaby-on-Tees, sends me a postcard about a certain Tuck Hamper which reached his address. The hamper in question was well and truly won. My correspondent puts it this way: "Many thanks for Tuck Hamper, which arrived this morning. It quite exceeded my expectation. Have taken your paper for a great many years, and hope to do so for many more." I am much obliged for this cheery message.

TUCK HAMPERS AGAIN!

Apropos of the above, it has been hinted to me that I ought to give a list each week of the contents of the Tuck Hampers. The menu, in short. But that would take up a lot of space, for the Tuck Hamper contains so many excellent items of provender. Seems to me we can let it go at the fact that the bi. of Tuck Hamper fore is just A1.

"THE TRIERS!"

By Jack Crichton.

A stunning instalment will be found next week. Disasters came thick and fast on lucky patient Jack Morton. His deadly enemy, George Clifton, will stick at nothing to encompass the ruin of his rival. It will come as a shock to learn of the fresh tragedy which clouds the life of the splendid youngster who has put up such a game fight. But the end is not yet.

THE "HOLIDAY ANNUAL."

There is nothing on the market to beat the "Holiday Annual" as a companion on a winter evening. We hear tell of the Magic Carpet which transported its lucky owner into strange and wonderful lands. But the "Holiday Annual" eclipses that feat. With its budget of bright yarns, and its myriad other fine features, it carries you into the jolly world of St. Jim's and Greyfriars, and shows you a heap of other cheery sights.

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, Anos, Alderson, Allen, Armitage, Archibald, Ashmore.

Brett, Broadhead, Blyth, Borcham, Blackburn, Bradford, Bassnett, Brittan, Blair, Ball, Barkus, Birrell, Bradley, Barnes, Bulling, Burton, Brauston, Buchan, Blake, Bowser, Bishop, Barras, Braithwaite, Bullock, Bliss, Bateman, Best, Bagge, Barson, Broadhurst, Broad, Bolam, Breisford, Bleakinsopp, Beedie, Birch, Bellamy, Bainbridge, Bowen, Burnham, Boyle, Blackwell, Bennie, Ballantyre, Buchanan, Bamber, Byers, Banks, Brooks, Blood, Baker, Bird, Bromlow.

Cockle, Crosbie, Cross, Clennell, Cameron, Chedgoy, Cock, Chadwick, Clough, Curry, Cookson, Cope, Cook, Crilly, Chaplin, Collier, Crockford, Campbell, Crown, Chance, Chipperfield, Crompton, Charlton, Conner, Craig, Cosgrove, Cherrett, Crossley, Carter, Clarke, Cotton, Cunningham, Cairns, Clinan, Connolly, Cassidy, Carr, Cowan, Chapman, Chambers, Clay, Cresswell.

Dunn, Dickson, Dorrell, Dawson, Davies, Donaldson, Dinsdale, Dimmock, Duckett, Duncan, Dominy, Davison, Duckworth, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 824.

Dockray, Danskin, Dreyer, Deacon, Denyer, Duffus, Dunlop, Dixon, Doyle, Doran, Dale, Emerson, Evans, Ellerington, England, Ellis, Edelman, Edgley, Eggo, Elliot, Edge, Edwards, Emmett, Ewart.

French, Ferguson, Ford, Forshaw, Fletcher, Flood, Flint, Feebury, Fleming, Fleetwood, Flynn, Fox, Foxall, Fort, Forbes, Fowler, Fazackerley, Fludlay, Featherstone, Forsythe, Frame, Fyte, Finney, Forster, Fitton, Fairclough, Fern.

Grimshaw, Gill, Gilchrist, Gough, Gillespie, Grimsuell, Gittins, Gibson, Graham, Goldthorpe, Grundy, Gallogley, Gibbon, Gomm, Gregory, George, Getwood, Groves, Greig, Gardner, Gallagher, Glancy, Greenshields, Gourlay, Goodchild.

Howarth, Haworth, Hampton, Harrow, Harland, Hopkin, Hudspeth, Harris, Hamill, Hill, Hardy, Hamilton, Hawes, Handley, Hufton, Hine, Hughes, Heap, Higginbotham, Hoddinott, Hedden, Hilditch, Howson, Hunter, Hayes, Hutchins, Hannafor, Harrold, Howie, Henshall, Hodges, Halstead, Huggill, Hogg, Henderson, Harper, Hulton, Hullohouse, Hair, Hart, Haines, Hole, Irvine, Islip, Iremonger, Irwin.

Jennings, Jack, Jackson, Johnson, Kirton, Kelly, Kneeshaw, Keenor, Kay, Knowles, Kane, Keenlyside, Kidd, Kilpatrick, Keen.

Linfoot, Longworth, Low, Lindsay, Little, Lonsdale, Lockhead, Longmuir, Lea, Lisleyley, Lane, Lockett, Legge, Lofthouse, Lenny, Lyner, Lawson, Lambie, Lacey.

Moss, Mort, Mossop, Meehan, Maitland, Mitchell, Murphy, Morgan, Milton, Mercer, Marshall, Magee, Moore, Martin, Mills, Mason, Mew, Matthews, Moule, Myers, Marsden, Middleton, Maidment, Mehaffy, Mee, Moody, Musgrove, Malcolm, Morton, Manderson, Meiklejohn, Murrhead, Moffat, Mutch, Meredith, Marriot, Mackie, Menlove, Mitton, Marks, Marsh, McIntyre, McNeil,

McKulay, McNabb, McIntosh, McDonald, McCall, Mc'Garry, Mc'Luggage, Mc'Lean, Mc'Caless, Mc'Coll, Mc'Lacklan, Mc'Stey, Mc'Alpine, Mc'Kenna, Mc'Inally, Mc'Nair, Mc'Minn, Mc'Bain, McCracken.

Nuttall, Nessam, Neil, Needham, Nash, Nisbet, Nelson.

Osborne, Ormston, Orr, O'Hare. Pym, Pringle, Price, Parker, Poole, Paterson, Pearson, Penn, Plum, Page, Preston, Probert, Pagnam, Peel, Potts, Palmer, Prouse, Puddefoot, Pender, Pape, Peacock, Pantling, Partridge, Peers.

Quantrill, Quinn. Robson, Rollo, Raitt, Richardson, Rawlings, Ruffell, Robbie, Rigg, Radford, Ridley, Reay, Ramsay, Robb, Ritchie, Ranskin, Reed, Rooke, Roe.

Spiers, Smart, Stephenson, Soddon, Sewell, Smelt, Smith, Scott, Slade, Spencer, Seymour, Spaven, Sampy, Seed, Storer, Stage, Shea, Steele, Summs, Smalles, Symes, Sturgess, Sayles, Spottiswood, Scattergood, Sinclair, Stuart, Sayer, Sutcliffe, Salt, Summerfield, Shaw, Sillito, Sneddon, Somerville, Shone, Streets, Sampey, Stannard, Skinner, Sage.

Townrow, Turnbull, Tremelling, Thain, Troup, Tunstall, Tresadern, Tonner, Thoms, Torrance, Tomplin, Titmuss, Tempest, Timmins, Thorne, Templeton, Townsley, Tomer.

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

Ralph Reckness Cardew has threatened to go over the traces—

This time he does it!

CARDEW THE REBEL



CHAPTER I. Slack!

"SLACKER!"

"Rotten slacker!"

Ralph Reckness Cardew of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's did not answer. He did not even look up. He seemed too comfortable to move, as well as too lazy. Being both comfortable and lazy, he did not stir.

Levison and Clive, his study-mates in Study No. 9 in the Fourth, were standing in the doorway of the study looking at him. They were looking at him very expressively, and their words were expressive, too.

"Slacker!"

"Frowster!"

Cardew smiled gently.

He was reclining on a sofa—a new and handsome and luxurious sofa, which Cardew had added to the furniture of the study out of his own ample pocket-money.

A silken cushion was under his head. In his fingers he held a cigarette, which he occasionally placed lazily in his lips. A faint blue haze of smoke hung over him.

Levison and Clive were in football rig, with coats and mufflers on. Levison had a ball under his arm.

"Are you coming down to practice?" Levison demanded.

Cardew condescended to turn his head slightly towards the doorway.

"Practise what?" he asked.

"Football, ass!"

"Oh, football! No!"

"You're smoking in the study," growled Clive.

"Yes, dear man."

"Chuck that muck away and come down to the footer."

"You've often told me," drawled Cardew, "that smoking is bad for the wind and spoils a chap's form at footer."

"Of course it is—and does."

"Well, then, footer is off. I'm spoiled already."

"You silly ass!"

"Thanks!"

"Look here, Cardew—"

"I'm lookin'."

"Oh, don't be such a slack duffer, Cardew!" exclaimed Levison impatiently. "Are you coming down to Little Side or not?"

"Do I look as if I were?" asked Cardew lazily.

"Tom Merry has offered to give you a chance for the junior eleven if you shape well in practice."

"Dear old Tommy! Give him my best thanks, and tell him—"

"Tell him what?"

"That to-day we have no bananas!"

"You silly owl!"

A Grand, New Extra-Long Complete School Story of St. Jim's, telling how Tom Merry, as junior football captain, is forced to take action against the slacking Ralph Reckness Cardew.

A Ripping Yarn,

By Martin Clifford.

Cardew blew out a little cloud of smoke. He seemed to find something entertaining in the clouded brows of his chums. The slacker of the Fourth was looking his very slackest at the present moment, and evidently football was far from his thoughts.

"Now look here—" recommenced Sidney Clive.

Cardew waved his hand gently.

"Go away! Run away and play! Go and lead the strenuous life you love, and leave me here to slack!"

"I've a jolly good mind to mop you off that sofa and put your silly head in the coal-locker," grunted Clive.

"Dear man!"

"I've told Tom Merry you're turning up, Cardew," urged Levison.

"Naughty!" yawned Cardew. "Shouldn't tell stories! I never do—exceptin' sometimes! I say, won't Tom Merry be waitin' for you?"

"No, ass!"

"Won't Blake be waitin'?"

"Fathead!"

"Won't Kildare of the Sixth be waitin'? I believe I've hear that he's coachin' the fags at footer to-day."

"He's not likely to wait for us, duffer."

"Dear me! I wish somebody was waitin' for you, and that you were in a hurry not to keep him waitin'," said Cardew plaintively. "This is my first smoke for weeks, and I was enjoyin' it when you put your faces in the study. Won't you take them away and bury them?"

"Look here—"

"On second thoughts, you needn't bury them. But take them away!" implored Cardew.

"Oh, come on, Levison!" exclaimed Sidney Clive. "That frowsty slacker won't stir. Let's get out."

The South African junior went on down the passage. Ernest Levison lingered for a moment.

"Won't you come, Cardew?" he said. "You know we want this study to show up well in the footer this season. You ought to play up a bit for the study."

"You two fellows play up enough for three," assured Cardew. "Now my weary eyes I close, leave, oh, leave me to repose!"

"Kildare may miss you—"

"Let him!"

"Well, you know that all Lower School have to turn up to-day, and there will be three or four prefects on the ground," said Levison.

"Leave 'em there!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" exclaimed Levison, exasperated, and he stalked away after Clive.

Cardew grinned over his cigarette, and his head sank on the cushion again. The fact that football practice, on that particular afternoon was compulsory for all the Lower School, did not worry Cardew; in fact, it made him all the more determined not to turn up. Opposition always made the dandy of the Fourth more obstinate.

There was a footstep in the passage a little later, and a cheery-faced fag looked in. It was Levison minor of the Third Form.

"Ernie gone down?" he asked, looking round.

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"The excellent and strenuous Ernie has gone down," answered Cardew. "He is probably already urgin' the flyin' ball, under the approv'in' eyes of Kildare, our energetic captain, and winnin' golden opinions from all sorts of people."

"Oh, don't be a goat, you know," said Frank Levison. "Why don't you come down to footer, Cardew?"

"Echo answers why."

"Lazybones!"

"Good-bye, dear boy! Shut the door after you!"

Frank quitted the study and shut the door. But it was opened within five minutes.

This time it was Tom Merry of the Shell, junior captain of St. Jim's, who looked in. Cardew sighed.

"No rest for the wicked!" he said gently. "Do you happen to want anythin', Thomas?"

Tom Merry frowned. Then he coughed as he caught a whiff of tobacco-smoke. It did not agree with Tom's healthy lungs.

"What are you frowsting here for?" he demanded.

"Gettin' inquisitive in your old age, Thomas?"

"All the Lower School have to turn up at three-thirty, Cardew."

"I know."

"Well, are you coming?"

"No."

Tom Merry eyed him.

"I'm supposed to round up the slackers as junior captain," he said.

"Leave it at that, old bean. Does anybody ever do what he's supposed to do?"

"Look here, Cardew, you'd better come."

"I agree."

"Good," said Tom. "Get a move on, then." And the captain of the Shell went on his way.

Cardew winked at the curling wreath of smoke over his head.

"I agree with the worthy Thomas that I had better go," he murmured. "That's a dead cert—I'd much better! But I haven't agreed to go. It doesn't seem to have occurred to the solid, stolid brain of Thomas that a fellow sometimes does what he better hadn't! Dear me, I hope there won't be any more callers this afternoon!"

And Cardew threw away the stump of his cigarette and lighted another, and settled down to lazy repose.

CHAPTER 2.

Called Over the Coals!

"TOM MEWWY—"

"Hallo, Gussy!"

"Isn't Cardew comin'?"

"I think so," said Tom Merry. "It doesn't matter much either way."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form shook his noble head seriously.

"It does mattah this time, deah boy," he explained.

"Kildare has been askin' aftah him."

"Oh!" said Tom.

"As Cardew is a distant wrelation of mine, it is wathah wotten for me to have his disgwacin' the Form by slackin'," said Arthur Augustus. "Do you think it would do any good to give him a feahful thwashin'?"

Tom Merry laughed.

"Well, it wouldn't do him any harm," he admitted.

"Better than frowsting in a study and smoking on a glorious afternoon like this."

"Yaas, wathah! I weally think—"

"Hallo! Look out for your scalp, Tom," said Monty Lowther, coming up with Manners of the Shell.

"You are intewwuptin' me, Lowthah," remarked Arthur Augustus, with calm dignity.

"Can't be helped, old top! Life's too short to wait for you to finish. Kildare's on your track, Tom!"

"What have I done now?" asked Tom, with a smile.

"It's about the slackers," explained Lowther. "Our jolly old captain has missed Cardew from the field, and he's missed him before, and before that. He's going to scalp somebody, and I think that somebody's you."

"Oh, my hat!" said Tom.

"Here he comes!" murmured Manners.

"Bai Jove, old Kildare looks quite watty!" observed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Looks to me like a case of 'bend ovah.'"

Kildare of the Sixth was frowning as he came up to the group of juniors. As captain of the school, football skipper, and head of the games, Kildare had plenty on his hands, and the junior captain was supposed to relieve him of some of the minor details of his duties. And Tom Merry had a rather guilty feeling that he had been a little remiss. Tom Merry never slacked himself, but he was good-natured to a fault, and was a little too merciful to slackers.

"Merry!" rapped out the Sixth-Former.

"Here!" said Tom.

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"I believe you were elected junior captain?"

"I believe I was," assented Tom.

"A junior captain's business isn't entirely swank!" said Kildare.

"I never supposed it was," said Tom, colouring.

"I thought you might have," said Kildare, with sarcasm. "Did you know that this afternoon was compulsory football practice?"

"Of course."

"Did you know that every fellow in the Lower School has to turn up, unless he's fortified behind a medical certificate?"

"Yes," said Tom. "Of course I knew."

"I thought you might have forgotten," said Kildare, still sarcastic. "The prefects have routed Racke and Crooke and Trimble out of their studies. Are you making a habit of leaving your duties to the prefects?"

"N-n-no."

"You don't think that Sixth Form chaps ought to do your job for you because you're so busy in the Shell?"

"Nunno," said Tom, his face crimson.

A couple of score of fellows were standing round grinning, and Tom was not enjoying the interview. It was very seldom that Kildare "slanged" a fellow, but when he did he made his meaning clear.

"Good!" said Kildare. "Of course, if you've a lot to do in the Lower School, there's always a Sixth Form prefect ready to run about for you."

"Um!" said Tom, not knowing what else to say. This vein of heavy sarcasm was rather new in the captain of St. Jim's.

"What does 'um!' mean exactly?" asked Kildare.

"Hem!"

"Bai Jove, Kildare is awf'ly watty!" Arthur Augustus confided to Blake and Herries and Digby, and those three youths nodded and grinned.

"Cardew's not here," went on Kildare. "I dare say you know there's a fellow named Cardew in the Fourth Form—or perhaps you have forgotten it?"

"Yes—no!" stammered Tom.

"Why isn't he here?"

"I—I don't know."

"Is he ill?"

"I—I think not."

"Never mind what you think! Tell me what you know!"

"Well, he isn't ill," said Tom.

"Good! Has he had an accident?"

"Not that I know of."

"Then why isn't he here?"

No answer.

Tom Merry was feeling exceedingly uncomfortable. He knew why Ralph Reckness Cardew was not there; it was because the dandy of the Fourth was slacking in his study. And it could not be denied that it was the junior captain's business to see that any Lower boy did not slack in his study on these occasions.

"Well?" rapped out Kildare. "Why isn't he here, Merry?"

"Hem!"

"Is he slacking?"

"I—I suppose so."

"You mean that you know he is?"

"Well, yes."

"It takes a long time to get what you know out of you, doesn't it?" said the captain of St. Jim's. "Is it your duty, as junior captain, to leave him slacking in his study?"

"Nunno."

"Then you don't consider it necessary to do your duty?"

"Oh, draw it mild, Kildare!" Tom Merry protested at last. "I dare say I've been a bit too easy-going. I'll go and rout him out if you like, and run him down here by the back of his neck."

"I'll do that," said Kildare grimly. "This is the third time I've missed Cardew, and it's going to be the last. As you don't seem equal to your job, I'll do it for you, Merry."

"I—I say—" stammered Tom.

Kildare did not seem to hear him. He walked off the field towards the School House.

Tom Merry turned a flushed face round and met grinning glances on all sides.

"Bai Jove, Kildare did pitch into you, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus sympathetically. "He was feahfully watty."

"It's rotten," said Levison of the Fourth. "Cardew ought to be here!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"You'll have to buck up, Tommy," said Figgins of the New House, with a shake of the head. "I always said it was a mistake making a School House chap junior captain!"

"Weally, Figgins—"

"Quite a mistake," said Kerr. "The School House is slack."

"Awfully slack!" said Fatty Wynn.

"Why, you burbling New House chumps—" began Jack Blake in great indignation.

"School House slackers!" roared the New House crowd.



"You don't seem to have much idea of law and order, Cardew," said Kildare, "that's why I have decided not to deal with the matter personally. But you'll have a prefects' flogging. Now bend down!" "But," protested Cardew, "I appeal to the Housemaster. I believe that a lower boy up before the prefects has a right to appeal to his Housemaster?" (See page 8.)

"Bai Jove, I——"
"They have to be dragged down to footer," said Figgins, with a grin. "I've heard that they have to be kicked out of bed in the morning by the prefects. Is that so, Blake?"
"You know it isn't, you New House burler!" roared Blake.

"They never wash, you know," said Redfern of the New House. "They never even wash unless their Housemaster comes round with a cane!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Bai Jove! That is a wotten slandah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus hotly. "Mop up the ground with those cheeky New House duffals, you fellows!"

"Yes, rather!"
"You couldn't mop up a mosquito, you School House chump!" retorted George Figgins derisively. "Oh! Ah! Oh, my hat!"

George Figgins bumped on the ground, in the grasp of two or three exasperated School House juniors. His comrades rushed to the rescue at once. Football was forgotten for the moment.

"Mop them up! Give them jip!"
"Kick 'em off the field!"
"Yah! School House slackers!"
"New House cads!"

Darrell and Langton of the Sixth came striding on the scene. It was high time, for football practice seemed to be turning into a House row of unusual magnitude. The two prefects cuffed right and left, and roared commands, and the fray was stopped.

"We've licked those cheeky New House wottahs," said Arthur Augustus, rubbing his nose—"at least, we should have licked them if the prefects hadn't interfered. But it's wathah wotten to give those wottahs a handle against us like this. Cardew ought to be wagged."

"He will be!" growled Tom Merry, who was feeling decidedly sore at being called to order before the whole Lower School by the head of the games.

"It's rotten," said Blake. "But there's no doubt there's

a lot of slackness. I always thought that junior captain ought to belong to the Fourth, not the Shell."

"Yaas, wathah! That is quite wight!"

"Fathead!" said Tom Merry.

"Weally, deah boy——"

"I say, where's Cardew after all?" said Monty Lowther.

"Kildare doesn't seem to have rounded him up."

"Pewwaps he won't come, even for Kildare," suggested Arthur Augustus. "He is a feahfully weckless young ass."

"Oh, my hat!"

Levison and Clive looked very grave. It was quite on the cards that Ralph Reckness Cardew, in a reckless and obstinate mood, might disregard even the captain of the school. And that way lay serious trouble. They looked anxiously for Cardew to appear.

But he did not appear.

CHAPTER 3. Cardew's Way!

KILDARE of the Sixth stopped at the door of Study No. 9 in the Fourth, and threw it wide open.

He arrived at a rather unfortunate moment for Cardew.

A third cigarette was smoking in Cardew's mouth, and there was quite a haze in the study.

He did not look round as the door opened, but he addressed the newcomer, without seeing him, from his comfortable place on the sofa.

"Don't come in, whoever you are! Can't you let a fellow have a little quiet? I tell you I'm not comin' down to the footer! I'm fed up with footer! And if Kildare butts in, tell him, from me, that he can go and eat poke! Got that?"

"I've got it!" said Kildare grimly.

He strode into the study as he spoke.

Cardew gave a start, and whirled round on the sofa. Even the cool and reckless Cardew was dismayed for a moment as he realised that he had been addressing the

captain of the school. Kildare's stalwart form towered over him.

But Cardew was never at a loss for long. He quite understood that he was in a scrape; but it was his pride to go through any scrape, however serious, without turning a hair. Only for a second did his expression change. Then he gave the captain of St. Jim's a genial nod.

"You, Kildare?" he said lazily. "I thought you were busy with the footer, teachin' the young idea how to shoot, and all that. How kind of you to give me a look in."

"So I can go and eat coke, can I?" said Kildare, glowering down at the dandy of the Fourth.

"Certainly, old bean, if you like; but I should recommend somethin' a little more edible as a matter of taste."

"I've talked to Tom Merry about letting the slackers frown in the studies," said Kildare.

"Poor old Tammy! I know you're fairly eloquent when you get goin', old bean," said Cardew. "In fact, I believe you're just preparin' a burst of eloquence for me. I can see it in your eye."

"Get off that sofa!"

Cardew sighed. "What an extremely unpleasant way of askin' a fellow to shift!" he said. "But I was always obligin'."

He rolled off the sofa, and stood up, and yawned.

"How long will it take you to change?" asked Kildare.

"Say a couple of hours."

"I suppose you think that's funny?" said Kildare, after a pause.

"Not at all. Serious as a jolly old judge."

"I found you smoking," said Kildare.

"You did. I've another cigarette left if you're yearnin' for one."

"You will take five hundred lines for smoking."

"So much as that?"

"Yes!" roared Kildare.

"Very well; I'll take them," murmured Cardew. "I think you're overdoin' it, and you really ought to remember the giddy old adage, be just before you're generous. Anythin' else?"

Kildare looked at his watch.

"It's just a quarter to four," he said. "I'm going down to the door. I shall wait for you two minutes."

"That's awfully good of you!"

"You'll join me then, changed and ready for footer."

"That's cuttin' it rather close, isn't it?"

Kildare left the study without replying. Ralph Reckness Cardew cast a rather curious glance after him. He wondered a little why the head prefect of St. Jim's had taken so much back-chat from him without giving him a beating. Certainly there were few other prefects who would not have told Cardew to bend over a chair, while "six" rewarded him for his impertinence.

But Kildare knew the difference between a slacker like Cardew and a slacker like Racke of the Shell. Racke would have frowned away his life if he had been allowed; while Cardew was lazy at intervals, and sometimes had fits of great energy, on which occasions he played brilliant football, and as a matter of fact he was always fit. His laziness was as much a pose as anything else. Probably Cardew himself did not know how much was affectation and how much was genuine.

Certainly there was an imp of the perverse in his nature, which made him find entertainment in running counter to any general opinion, and he seldom raised any expectation without disappointing it afterwards.

Cardew watched the senior out of sight, and looked at his watch. A minute of the two allowed had elapsed.

Cardew sauntered out of the study.

He did not head for the changing-room; he had no intention whatever of playing football that afternoon. But he was well aware that if Kildare had to come back to the study for him he would bring an ashplant, and that the ashplant would be given some hefty exercise. Kildare was patient, but his patience had a limit.

The dandy of the Fourth, instead of heading for the stairs, disappeared in the opposite direction.

A minute later Kildare's steps were audible in the passage. He had a cane under his arm and a grim frown on his face as he looked into Study No. 9.

"You've asked for it, Cardew! Now——"

Kildare broke off.

The study was empty. He glanced round it, and shifted the screen that stood in the corner; but Cardew was not in hiding there. With compressed lips and knitted brow Kildare stepped into the passage and looked up and down. The junior was not in sight.

"Cardew!" he called.

There was no answer.

Kildare went down the stairs. It was miles beneath his dignity to search the studies and the box-rooms for an elusive junior who was deliberately dodging him. But his look was very angry as he left the School House. Probably

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no junior at St. Jim's, with the exception of Cardew, would have ventured to defy the authority of the captain of the school in this way, and Kildare mentally resolved that the cheeky Fourth-Former should regret it.

He walked back to the football-ground alone. Tom Merry & Co. eyed him as he came—Levison of the Fourth with keen anxiety. But Kildare's look did not invite questions, and no questions were asked.

But all the Lower School of both Houses knew that Cardew was not coming to football practice, and that in staying out he had deliberately set himself in opposition to the head of the games. Nobody wanted to be in Cardew's shoes when the football was over.

Meanwhile, Cardew of the Fourth, from an upper window, had watched Kildare of the Sixth depart, with a smile on his face. In his way he liked Kildare, and he respected him, as all the St. Jim's fellows did. Yet, from sheer idleness and perverseness he had set himself up against the captain of the school—a reed against an oak.

Perhaps for a moment or two Cardew regretted his perverse folly, and thought of changing rapidly and cutting down to the footer field. But, if so, he dismissed the thought. He had told Tom Merry and his study-mates that he was not playing football that afternoon, and he would not be rounded up, like a Trimble or a Crooke, and forced to eat his vain-glorious words.

Yet, as he knew perfectly well, the contest was an impossible one. He could not stand against authority. When Kildare was at leisure again he would be sent for, and he would be thrashed. That would be a rather inglorious ending to his declaration of independence.

It was perhaps fortunate for Ralph Reckness Cardew—and perhaps it was unfortunate—that he had a quickness of wit unusual in the Fourth, and that he was seldom landed in a scrape by his folly, without finding a way out by his cleverness. He knew that he was up against it now, and he lighted and smoked his last cigarette while he thought out the problem.

Then, with a cheery smile on his face, he strolled away to the masters' studies, and tapped at the door of Monsieur Morny.

"Entrez!"

The French master was seated by the window reading a two-days-old copy of a Paris paper, deep in the problem of the Ruhr. But he looked up and gave Cardew a kind nod.

Cardew was not a promising pupil in the French class; he was given to ragging, and he was careless, and inattentive. But he was clever, and he had a knowledge of French that was far and away beyond that of any other junior at St. Jim's. French lesson-books he detested; but there were a dozen French volumes in Study No. 9 that he read for pleasure, and that was a sure passport to the esteem of a French master who had the weary task of driving a faint knowledge of his beautiful language into thick and unwilling heads in a lower form.

"Entrez, mon garçon," said the French gentleman kindly.

"Zere is somezing zat I can do for you, hein'?"

"I'm afraid I'm interrupting you, sir——"

"Pas du tout! Zat is it?"

"I've been reading 'Zaire,' sir?" said Cardew. "I wondered whether you'd mind helping me with a rather difficult passage?"

Monsieur Morny beamed.

Here was a Fourth-Former who borrowed Voltaire from the school library, and read it without being compelled to do so! No wonder the French master beamed!

"Mon cher garçon, I shall be delight!" he exclaimed.

"It's a shame to take up your time, sir," said Cardew.

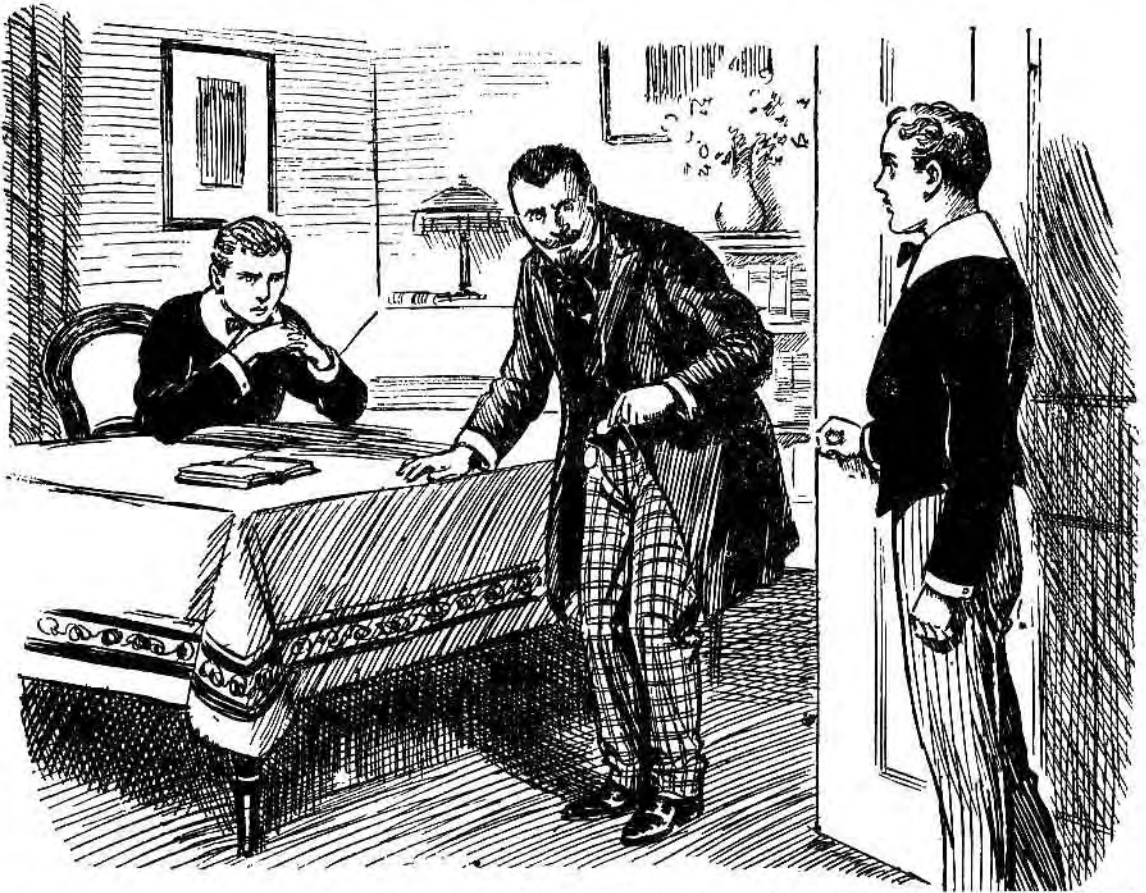
"Du tout!" declared Monsieur Morny. "It is one pleasure. I am delight! To find a boy who shall take pleasure in to read ze poetry of ze grand Voltaire! Ah, zat is one delight zat do not often happen to a French master, n'est-ce-pas? Give me zat volume on ze shelf. Point out ze place."

Master and pupil were soon deep in "Zaire." But Cardew had no intention of passing the afternoon in the perusal of the stately and somewhat ponderous poetry of the "grand Voltaire." He would have preferred even football to that. Taking advantage of a pause, he landed Mossoo on the subject of the news from Paris and the Ruhr. On that subject Monsieur Morny was inexhaustibly eloquent. In the masters' Common-room he had bored the whole staff of St. Jim's almost to tears on that topic. Once he was started, Mossoo was lost to all considerations of time and space.

Cardew leaned back in his chair. Voltaire lay unheeded on the table. Monsieur Morny held forth in an incessant flow of eloquence on the subject of "ces sales Boches." Cardew shifted a little to turn his face away, and dozed comfortably while Monsieur Morny ran on inexhaustibly.

It was not till five o'clock sounded from the clock-tower that Cardew made a move. Then he rose, and thanked the French master profoundly.

"Rien, rien!" said Monsieur Morny, with a gracious wave



A glint came into Cardew's eyes as the captain of the Shell entered the study of the French master. "Excuse me, Monsieur Morny," said Tom Merry politely, "but Cardew is wanted." "Hélas!" said Monsieur Morny. "Zat is too bad, Cardew, when we get on so vell viz ze grand Voltaire, but—" "Not at all, sir," said Cardew. "I'm not wanted, and I'm not goin'!" (See page 12.)

of the hand. "Always I am please to see so clever a pupil—one so interested in ze language French."

"You are very kind, sir!" murmured Cardew.

"Du tout—du tout."

Cardew turned to the door. As if struck by an after-thought he turned back.

"By the way, sir—"

"Comment?"

"I remember now, sir, that it's compulsory football this afternoon," said Cardew. "We're not allowed to cut it for anything except extra toot. Would you mind, sir, giving me a note to show my Housemaster, so that he will know I've had extra tuition this afternoon."

"Mais certainement," said the unsuspecting Mossoo.

He wrote the note at once, and handed it to Cardew. That glib youth thanked him effusively, and left the study. He smiled as he walked down the passage.

CHAPTER 4.

Up Before the Prefects.

TOM MERRY & CO. came in, in a cheery crowd, in the falling dusk. There was a buzz of voices in the changing-room, and the chief topic was Cardew of the Fourth, and what was likely to happen to him. Football practice on Little Side had passed off without Cardew putting in an appearance—after the captain of the school had specially ordered him there. Such an act of defiance was amazing, unheard-of. That Kildare had not forgotten, and that he would make an example of the cheeky rebel, could not be doubted. The only question was, what form Cardew's exemplary punishment would take.

"Six, at least!" said Jack Blake.

"Likely enough a prefects' licking!" said Gore.

"Or a report to the Housemaster," said Talbot of the Shell. "Cardew must be an ass to ask for trouble like this."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"What the thump is his object?" said Racke of the Shell. "He knows jolly well that a chap can't stand up against the prefects. I jolly well would if I could!"

"Sheer obstinacy," said Wildrake. "I guess Cardew's looking for trouble because he's fond of it."

"He won't be happy till he gets it," chuckled Monty Lowther, "and I've a sort of idea that he won't be happy then."

"Well, he wants a licking," said Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah! It's weally your fault, of course, Tom Mewwy—"

"What?" howled Tom.

"Pway don't wear at a fellow, Tom Mewwy! You know I dislike bein' woreed at!"

"What do you mean, ass?" demanded Tom. "How is it my fault?"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, you had that fwm Kildare. You are too easy-go'in' with the slackahs."

"Oh, rats!" grunted Tom.

"If you had made Cardew toe the line befoah, he would not have kicked ovah the twaces, you know," said Arthur Augustus, with an air of wisdom. "You are wathah slack, old bean."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Tom.

"That is not an intelligible wemark, Tom Mewwy. You often let that wotth Wacke sneak out of football—"

"Eh, what?" interjected Aubrey Racke. "Are you calling me names, D'Arcy?"

Arthur Augustus looked round serenely.

"Did you heah me, Wacke? I was only callin' you a wotth, deah boy. I am suah that that is no news to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, if I were juniah captain," continued Arthur Augustus, unheeding the scowling Racke, "I should wound up the slackahs in gweat style. If you cared to weign in favah of a bettah captain, Tom Mewwy, I should not hesitate to take on the job."

Tom Merry laughed.

"When St. Jim's wants a captain of a necktie eleven or a top-hat team, Gussy, I'll resign in your favour," he answered.

"Bai Jove!"

The Terrible Three left the changing room together.

As they came upstairs they came on Levison and Clive and Cardew in the Fourth Form passage. Cardew was leaning against the wall, evidently in a state of unruffled serenity. Tom and Manners and Lowther stopped.

"You didn't turn up for footer, Cardew," said Tom.
"Levison and Clive have just mentioned the fact," said Cardew. "But I was already aware of it."

"Kildare told you personally—"
"Yes; he was kind enough to give me his individual attention," said Cardew urbanely. "Awfully kind-hearted chap, Kildare. I like him no end."

"Then why are you setting yourself up against him?" demanded Tom Merry gruffly.

"Anythin' for a new stunt!" yawned Cardew. "It's no end funny to pull the leg of a jolly old Sixth Form prefect." "You won't find it so funny when you get six!" said Manners.

"But perhaps I sha'n't get six."
"You don't think Kildare will let you off?" exclaimed Lowther.

"Oh, yes!"
"Why should he?" asked Tom, puzzled.
"Well, I've got such nice ways, you know," said Cardew argumentatively. "A really nice and pleasant chap like me—"

"Oh, dry up!" said Tom. "You ought to be licked, and I jolly well hope that Kildare will make it a prefects' licking."

"Thanks so much for your kind wishes!"
The Terrible Three went on their way to Study No. 10 in the Shell to tea. They could not help feeling puzzled by Cardew's serenity, which was obviously genuine. He had committed an act of defiance that could not possibly be passed over, yet he seemed to have no fear whatever of the consequences. Certainly there were plenty of fellows who did not fear a licking, even a prefects' licking, which was quite a severe infliction. But a licking to follow Cardew's insubordination would have spoiled the whole effect, from the rebel's point of view. His defiance became simply ridiculous if he were thrashed for it. But what hope he could have of eluding the thrashing was a problem to Tom Merry & Co.

It was a problem to Levison and Clive as well. They were quite puzzled.

"What about tea?" asked Cardew. "I've laid in some good things to welcome you home after your strenuous exertions on the giddy football-field. Trot along with your uncle!"

"Oh, all right!" said Levison. "You're for it, Cardew. I suppose you'll understand that when you get it?"
"When!" said Cardew. "Let's have tea, anyhow, before the jolly old execution."

The three chums went on to Study No. 9 in the Fourth, Levison and Clive perplexed and a little worried, and Cardew airy and careless. There was quite a good spread in Study No. 9, and the hungry footballers were glad to see it. They had almost finished tea when D'Arcy minor of the Third looked into the study.

"Execution!" he announced. "Cardew's wanted. Better put some exercise-books in your pants, Cardew."

Cardew glanced round lazily.
"Who wants me?"

"Kildare. Prefects' room," said Wally of the Third, with a grin. "All the House prefects are there, sittin' round in a jolly old circle like a family of moulting fowls. It's a prefects' licking, old bean, and you take my tip—put in some exercise-books."

And D'Arcy minor winked and departed.
"I'm sorry for this, Cardew," said Levison.
"Dear man!" said Cardew.

"You've got to go through it now," said Clive. "I must say you deserve it, Cardew. You asked for it."

"We don't get all we ask for in this disappointin' world," said Cardew. "Isn't there an appeal from a prefects' meetin'?"

"You can appeal to the Housemaster if you like, but what good will that do you?"
"Lots, I hope," said Cardew cheerfully. "Come along like good pals and see the fun!"

"Blest if I can make you out!" grunted Clive. "We'll come."
"Oh, do!"

Levison and Clive walked down the passage with the culprit. The news had gone round that Cardew of the Fourth was "up before the prefects," and it excited general interest. A crowd of fellows hailed him on the staircase.

"You're for it, Cardew!"
"And a jolly good thing, too!" hooted Grundy of the Shell.

"Yaas, wathah! I do not sympathise with you in the vewy least, Cardew, though you are a wolation of mine," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy severely.

"Hold me somebody while I faint!" said Cardew.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Weally, you cheeky ass—"
"What on earth are you playing this silly game for, Cardew?" asked Talbot of the Shell.

"Bored, old fellow," answered Cardew affably. "I'm givin' the jolly old prefects a fall, you know, simply by way of entertainment."

"Giving them a fall!" said Talbot, with a stare.

"Just that!"

"How's that?" demanded Blake.

"Follow on and you'll see!"

Ralph Reckness Cardew walked on with his chums. Quite an army of fellows followed him.

The juniors were surprised and keenly interested. The general belief was that Cardew was going to be thrashed, and that he was simply keeping up his swank till the last possible moment. It was, as Manners observed, a case of pride going before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Yet, in spite of themselves, and the apparent certainty of the affair, the fellows were puzzled. Cardew had started what seemed like a hopeless as well as an unjustifiable contest. Yet it was certain that he would leave no stone unturned to come out ahead, and his cleverness was well known. Half the House followed him to the doorway of the prefects' room, where those great men—the prefects of the Sixth Form—sat in state to deal with the delinquent.

CHAPTER 5.

Before the Housemaster!

KILDARE eyed the dandy of the Fourth grimly as he came in with Levison and Clive. Langton and Rusden, Darrell and North, and the other House prefects, regarded him curiously. Cardew's manner was cool and careless, and he certainly did not look like a fellow who was going to "bend over" and receive an ignominious licking, with a crowd of Lower boys looking on in the open doorway. The door of the prefects' room was left open, in order that Cardew's punishment might be seen, and certainly there were plenty of witnesses. No doubt the prefects considered that the sight of it would have an exemplary effect upon any other reckless juniors who might be inclined to kick over the traces. Kildare waved Levison and Clive back, and they stood in the doorway, with a murmuring crowd surging behind.

"Come here, Cardew!"

"Any old thing," said Cardew, as he lounged forward.
"Cheek won't do you any good, young 'un!" said Darrell.
"Thanks for the tip!" said Cardew imperturbably.

There was a chuckle from the passage outside. Hardly a fellow sympathised with Cardew, who was flagrantly in the wrong all along the line. But there was something entertaining in seeing a Fourth Form fellow bearding the Sixth Form lions in their den in this cool way. Knox of the Sixth scowled round.

"Silence, you fags!"

"You've cut footer practice this afternoon, Cardew," said Kildare. "You did so, though I came to your study personally and ordered you to get on to the ground."

"It was so kind of you," said Cardew.

"I wanted to let you off lightly."

"That's like you, Kildare," said Cardew affably. "You're a good sort. That's why I admire you so much."

Kildare coughed, and some of the prefects grinned, in spite of the seriousness of the occasion. Again there was a chuckle in the crowded passage without, where every word was heard eagerly.

"You don't seem to have much idea of law and order, Cardew," went on the captain of St. Jim's. "That's why I've decided not to deal with the matter personally, but to call a prefects' meeting. I think a prefects' beating may open your eyes a little, and teach you that you can't back up against authority in the school."

"Think so?" said Cardew doubtfully.

"Bend over!"

"I appeal to the Housemaster!"

"What?"

"I appeal to the Housemaster!" repeated Cardew coolly. "Getting deaf in your old age? I believe that a Lower boy up before the prefects has a right to appeal to his Housemaster?"

Kildare stared at him.

"That's true," he said. "But what good will an appeal to Mr. Bailton do you? You know very well that he will be more severe on your conduct than I should."

"Nevertheless—that's a good word!—nevertheless, I appeal to the Housemaster," said Cardew calmly. "Got that?"

Kildare paused.

"You know that it means a flogging instead of a prefects' beating?" he said.

"Does it? I'm chancin' that."

"Make him bend over, and give the cheeky young cad the licking of his life," growled Knox.

"He has the right to appeal to the Housemaster if he chooses," said Kildare. "If you are serious, Cardew, I will take you to Mr. Railton."

"Waitin', old man."

"Very well," said Kildare, compressing his lips. He dropped his hand on Cardew's shoulder and walked him out of the prefects' room. The crowd of juniors made way for them. That august body, the House prefects, looked at one another rather sheepishly. They knew that the juniors were grinning at them. Certainly, the culprit was likely to fare worse at the Housemaster's hands—he had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. Nevertheless, he certainly had made the House prefects look rather foolish. They had gathered in state in the prefects' room to judge him and punish him, and they were left sitting there like—as D'Arcy minor had irreverently described it—a circle of moulting fowls. Knox jumped up and slammed the door, almost upon a dozen junior noses.

In the midst of a breathless crowd Cardew of the Fourth walked with Kildare to Mr. Railton's quarters. The centre of interest was now shifted from the prefects' room to the Housemaster's study. Kildare would have closed the door as he entered Mr. Railton's presence, but a foot was in the way, and it remained ajar, so that a breathless crowd had full hearing, and a partial view, of the subsequent proceedings.

"Now for the jolly old circus!" whispered Monty Lowther. "Railton will make him hop."

"Yaas, wathah!" "Lovison, old man, as he's your pal, if you have tears prepare to shed them now," murmured Lowther. And there was a subdued chuckle in the corridor.

But the fellows who had a view of Cardew in the study could see him standing before the Housemaster's table, with Kildare at his side, perfectly cool and unconcerned. His manner to the Housemaster was very respectful, but it was confident. Upon what he based his confidence was a mystery to the juniors; but the opinion was growing that Ralph Rockness Cardew had some mysterious card up his sleeve.

Kildare, in a few succinct words, acquainted the Housemaster with Cardew's offence. Mr. Railton fixed a stern glance on the junior.

"You have heard what Kildare says, Cardew?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have chosen to be dealt with by me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good!" said Mr. Railton coldly. "Your conduct is utterly inexcusable, Cardew. I cannot pass over such an example of idleness, impertinence, and disregard of authority lightly. I shall report you to the Head for a flogging!"

There was a gasp in the passage from all who heard. Mr. Railton was bound to uphold the authority of the head prefect, and he had done so, as the juniors expected. Their only doubt had been whether he would cane Cardew himself severely, or report him for a flogging, and he had chosen the more severe course. Evidently he considered that the wayward rebel of the Fourth Form required a lesson that would not be forgotten in a hurry.

Cardew's voice was heard, cool and calm.

"May I speak, sir?"

"You may speak, certainly, if you have anything to say in extenuation of your conduct," said the Housemaster sternly.

"I think I have a great deal, sir," said Cardew urbanely.

"I only ask a hearin'."

"You may proceed."

"I was really entitled to cut footer practice this afternoon, sir."

"On what grounds?"

"Extra tuition, sir."

"You are not, so far as I am aware, taking extra tuition in any subject, Cardew."

"No, sir; only Monsieur Morny is sometimes kind enough

to give me extra toot in my French, sir. I understood that when any fellow was with a master for extra tuition he was excused all games practices?"

"That is correct," said Mr. Railton.

Outside in the crowded corridor the juniors simply stared at one another. So this was the mysterious card that Ralph Rockness Cardew had had up his sleeve!

It amazed the juniors. Extra "toot" for Cardew, the laziest slacker in the Fourth, with the exception of Baggly Trimble! Cardew grinding at French on a half-holiday without being driven to it! It was a little too amazing. Not a fellow there believed that Cardew had taken extra lessons in French and given up half-holidays to them. But the keener fellows could guess that he had fixed up a French lesson for that one special afternoon in order to give Kildare of the Sixth a Roland for his Oliver, as it were.

There was a silence in the Housemaster's study. Kildare's look was very peculiar. He waited for Mr. Railton to speak.

"Do you mean to tell me, Cardew, that you were engaged in a French lesson with Monsieur Morny this afternoon?"

"Mossco gave me a note, sir, as usual, to show to the head of the games if asked for."

"Give me the note."

"Here it is, sir."

Cardew laid the note on the table. It was written in Monsieur Morny's curly Latin script, and in his rather unusual English. It stated plainly enough that K. R. Cardew, Fourth Form, had been taking extra French with him that afternoon till five o'clock.

The Housemaster and the prefect both looked at the note. Then they looked at Cardew.

"Did you tell Kildare you were doing French with Monsieur Morny this afternoon, Cardew?"

"It never crossed my mind, sir. Kildare was with me only a few moments. But I believe it's usual only to show the master's note to the head of the games if asked. Kildare did not ask anythin' about it."

"That is so, sir," said Kildare. "It certainly never occurred to me that Cardew was doing extra French this afternoon."

"I'm goin' in for the special French prize this term, sir," said Cardew calmly. "Monsieur Morny thinks I have a good chance."

Mr. Railton coughed.

He was in a difficult position. Kildare was reddening a little. Outside the study the juniors waited breathlessly. Whatever the Housemaster might think, Tom Merry & Co.

knew perfectly well that Cardew was in the wrong—that the extra French lesson was an afterthought, a trick to defeat punishment.

"You should have told Kildare that you were taking extra French with Monsieur Morny," said Mr. Railton at last.

"He did not ask me, sir."

"You should have told him, nevertheless."

"Very well, sir; on another occasion I shall be careful to remember that," said Cardew meekly.

Mr. Railton coughed again.

He looked at Kildare. The prefect was puzzled and disturbed. He could not help suspecting that Cardew was somehow tricking him; but Kildare was too generous to condemn on suspicion. If Cardew had had an extra French lesson fixed for that afternoon, he was entitled to cut games practice, and he was not strictly bound to tell Kildare so unless asked, and Kildare had not asked that question.

"Well, Kildare?" said Mr. Railton at length.

"I—I am afraid, sir, that Cardew has been trying to make a fool of me," said Kildare—"what the juniors would call pulling my leg. There would have been no trouble at all if he had told me in the first place that he was taking extra French with Monsieur Morny."

"Quite so."

"All the same, sir, he was not bound to tell me unless I asked him, and I did not ask him. I simply ordered him to change and go down to the ground."

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"Very well, sir; on another occasion I shall be careful to remember that," said Cardew meekly.

Mr. Railton coughed again.

He looked at Kildare. The prefect was puzzled and disturbed. He could not help suspecting that Cardew was somehow tricking him; but Kildare was too generous to condemn on suspicion. If Cardew had had an extra French lesson fixed for that afternoon, he was entitled to cut games practice, and he was not strictly bound to tell Kildare so unless asked, and Kildare had not asked that question.

"Well, Kildare?" said Mr. Railton at length.

"I—I am afraid, sir, that Cardew has been trying to make a fool of me," said Kildare—"what the juniors would call pulling my leg. There would have been no trouble at all if he had told me in the first place that he was taking extra French with Monsieur Morny."

"Quite so."

"All the same, sir, he was not bound to tell me unless I asked him, and I did not ask him. I simply ordered him to change and go down to the ground."

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Mr. Railton fixed his eyes on Cardew.

"I fear, Cardew, that your line of conduct was dictated by a desire to be impertinent to a prefect," he said.

"Oh, sir!" murmured Cardew.

"You could have made your present statement to the prefects, when called before them, without referring the matter to me."

"Could I, sir?"

"Certainly you could."

"I thought a fellow had a right to appeal to his Housemaster, sir, when he was suffering under injustice."

"That is correct; but—"

Mr. Railton paused again. The incident was becoming slightly ridiculous. Cardew could scarcely be punished for having acted as he had a right to act.

"I—I think, sir, I will ask you to let the matter drop," said Kildare. "I'm sorry I've wasted your time."

"You have not wasted my time, Kildare; but Cardew has certainly done so. Cardew, listen to me. I cannot help thinking that this whole business is an impertinent jest on your part, designed to show your contempt for authority, and to make a sort of hero of yourself in the eyes of the other Lower boys."

"Oh, sir!"

"I will not condemn you on bare suspicion, though that is my impression," said the Housemaster sternly. "On this occasion, as Kildare suggests it, I will give you the benefit of the doubt. You may go."

"Thank you, sir!" said Cardew demurely.

And he went.

CHAPTER 6.

Cardew's Triumph!

A CROWD of fellows walked with Cardew of the Fourth into the junior Common-room, after he had left the Housemaster's study. Cardew was cool and nonchalant, and seemed rather bored with the whole affair; most of the juniors were grinning. It was obvious to them that the cool-headed dandy of the Fourth had scored over the prefects, and even over the Housemaster—a very unusual exploit, yet in this case a successful one. He had disobeyed the head-prefect, he had cut games practice against orders, he had checked a prefect's meeting, he had pulled the Housemaster's leg, and he walked off, after all these exploits, unpunished and smiling. Any Lower boy who scored off authority in this way was sure of getting his meed of admiration, and even fellows who were down on Cardew could not help admiring his nerve, and chuckling over his success.

"It was great!" said Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth. "It really was great!"

"Fancy giving Kildare a fall!" chuckled Racke.

"Kildare's a bit of an ass," said Herries. "He might have known that Cardew had something up his sleeve."

"It was cheek!" said Tom Merry abruptly. "If Cardew was fixed for a French lesson when Kildare told him to go down to the field he ought to have said so."

"But I wasn't!" said Cardew.

"What?" exclaimed Tom.

"The French lesson was a giddy after-thought," explained Cardew airily. "Mossoo is an innocent old duck. I let him bore me, and got that note out of him. But when Kildare talked to me in my study I hadn't any idea of extra toot. I thought of it afterwards."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Racke.

"If Kildare knew that!" exclaimed Manners.

"Luckily he didn't know," drawled Cardew. "Isn't he a jolly old ass?"

"Then you're not taking extra French at all?" exclaimed Blake.

"No jolly fear, old bean—only on special occasions, when it comes in useful to make Kildare look an ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry frowned.

"Then you've simply made a fool of Kildare," he said.

"Just that!"

"And of Railton, too?" said Digby.

"Railton, too!" agreed Cardew.

"And suppose it occurs to either of them to inquire just when that extra toot was fixed up, and they find out that it wasn't arranged till after Kildare had ordered you down to football?"

Cardew shrugged his shoulders.

"I had to take that chance," he yawned. "But it wasn't likely. The matter's closed now, and they won't reopen it."

"That's so," said Tom. "But—"

"But what, old bean?"

"It's a rotten trick to pull Kildare's leg like that. You couldn't have taken in Knox or Monteith in the same way.

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You're taking advantage of Kildare being an unsuspecting chap with a sense of fair play."

"Am I?" drawled Cardew.

"Yes, you are!" said Tom sharply.

"Perhaps so. Let it go at that."

"Well, I think that's rather rotten," said Tom.

"So glad to hear your opinion," said Cardew affably. "It's really a benefit to us chaps to have a big authority like Thomas to refer to, when there's any doubt about the moral aspect of a matter. It must be due to the careful way Miss Priscilla brought him up. I never had a dear old governess when I was a little chap."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, choose it!" growled Tom.

"I am boring Thomas," said Cardew. "But tit for tat is fair play. Think of the number of times you've bored me, Thomas."

Tom Merry turned away, half-angry. For a long time there was laughter in the junior Common-room over Cardew's exploit, and there was no doubt that his nerve was a good deal admired. From sheer idleness he had entered upon a contest with authority, and from sheer audacity he had carried it through successfully. That he was in the wrong was a trifling circumstance almost lost sight of in the light of his success.

But when Cardew went to Study No. 9 in the Fourth for prep he found his study-mates with grave faces. He gave them a comical look.

"Funny, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Very!" said Levison dryly.

"Doesn't it amuse you?"

"Not very much," said Levison. "And it's pretty certain, now you've swanked about it to the whole House, that Kildare will get to know, sooner or later, that you fooled him."

"Oh, he won't rake it up again!" said Cardew easily. "Old Kildare won't bear malice. Besides, with all the Lower School laughing at him, he will want to get the whole bizney forgotten as soon as possible."

"That's very likely," said Clive. "But—"

"Well?" said Cardew.

"Oh, nothing!"

Cardew sighed.

"A prophet is never without honour except in his own country," he remarked. "Here's the whole House chortlin', and in my own study there isn't even a smile. This is the only junior study that has ever scored off the Sixth."

"You came jolly near getting a Head's flogging."

"A miss is as good as a mile."

"And you ought to have had it, too."

"What a life if we all got what we ought to get!" smiled Cardew. "As jolly old Shakespeare remarks, who would escape whipping?"

"Oh, bosh! Aren't you going to do your prep?"

"I think I prefer the armchair and a novel. If Mr. Lathom is crusty in the morning, I can easily explain that my extra French studies have taken all my time."

"Oh, my hat!"

Cardew read a novel while his companions worked. In the Fourth Form room the following morning he was called on to construe. All the Fourth watched him as he rose to answer Mr. Lathom.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Cardew. "I feel that I ought to apologise, Mr. Lathom."

"What—what?" ejaculated the master of the Fourth.

"I am bound to confess, sir, that I did no preparation last evening," said Cardew. "I know that I ought not to allow my extra French study to take up the time given to other work, sir, and it shall not occur again."

Mr. Lathom gave him quite a benevolent look over his spectacles.

"If you are working hard at French, Cardew, I will excuse you on this occasion. Monsieur Morny has spoken to me of your great progress in his language. But you must remember, Cardew, that the regular Form work must not be neglected."

"I will, sir," said Cardew respectfully.

And Cardew did not construe. The Fourth Form manfully suppressed their chuckles. Only Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave the dandy of the Fourth a severe look of reprehension, to which Cardew responded by a playful wink.

CHAPTER 7.

Tom Merry Puts His Foot Down!

TOM MERRY tapped at the door of Kildare's study after lessons that day, and entered, in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. Kildare had sent for him, and Tom could not help suspecting that he was wanted in connection with the affair of Cardew. He found the captain of St. Jim's standing by the study window with a frown on his brow.

"You've heard about Cardew, I suppose?" was Kildare's first remark.



Cardew's struggles were of no avail. Tom Merry & Co. seized him, and he was swung off his feet. Struggling in the grasp of the footballers he was carried along the passage. Suddenly Mr. Ralston came out of his study, and signed to the party to stop. "What does this mean, Merry?" asked the Housemaster. "We're taking Cardew down to the fouter, sir!" answered the junior captain. (See page 13.)

"What about Cardew?" asked Tom, to gain time.

"I'm not asking you to tell me anything," said the captain of St. Jim's gruffly. "The story is going the round of the House, and I understand that it is causing great entertainment in junior studies. I was made a fool of yesterday."

"Oh!" said Tom.

"It seems that Cardew was lying—or something very near it—in making out that he had extra French lessons at the time. It seems that he fished up the French lesson with Mossoo simply in order to have a yarn to spin, after appealing to the Housemaster."

"Oh!" said Tom again. He hardly knew what to say.

"The story has come to me unofficially, of course," went on Kildare. "I can't take any official notice of it. I was bound to hear it sooner or later, and I've no doubt that Cardew is pluming himself considerably. You've heard how the matter stands, of course, though you needn't tell me so. This won't do, Tom Merry."

"No!" said Tom.

"I told you yesterday on the football ground, that a junior captain has duties," said Kildare. "I don't say you're slack—you're not that. But you're too easy with other fellows who slack. If you'd seen that all the Lower boys were on the field yesterday I shouldn't have had to take the matter into my own hands and give that cheeky young sweep a chance of playing off his impertinence."

Tom coloured.

"I know!" he murmured.

"The Housemaster leaves certain matters in my hands, and I leave certain matters in yours," said Kildare. "You've no right to leave your work undone."

"I—I know!"

"If you want to take an easier time, it's easy enough to resign your place. Do you want to do that?"

"Well, not exactly!" said Tom Merry.

"Then you will have to buck up. As the matter stands, a slacker has openly refused to obey the rules, and when called to account he has held authority up to ridicule. It may seem

very funny in the junior studies, but it won't do. I won't say anything more at present, Merry, but you know you are expected to play up a little more efficiently. Otherwise, we must think about a new junior captain for the House, if not for the school. That's all."

Tom Merry left the captain's study with a flushed face and a feeling of great discomfort. He was in Kildare's bad books for once, and he had an uneasy feeling that he deserved it. Easy-going good-nature was very well in its way, but there was a limit. At the end of the corridor he passed a group of Fifth-Formers—Cutts, and Prye, and St. Leger. They were talking and laughing, and Tom caught the words "That ass Kildare!" as he passed.

Tom Merry was unusually thoughtful at tea in Study No. 10 in the Shell. Monty Lowther regarded him rather comically, and Manners was a little amused. After tea Monty remarked that there was time to get on with the "St. Jim's News."

"I think I'd better see Cardew," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. And he left the study.

Lowther gave Manners a grin.

"Old Tommy is up against it," he remarked. "I wonder if he will get any change out of Cardew! That fellow's got a nerve."

"Too much!" said Manners.

Tom Merry looked in at Study No. 9 in the Fourth. Levison and Clive were not there, but Ralph Reckness Cardew was stretched in an easy attitude on his handsome new sofa. He gave the captain of the Shell an affable nod.

"Come in!" he said. "I was just gettin' bored with my own company. Let me be bored with yours for a change."

"I'll try not to bore you," said Tom. "You're no end of a funny merchant in your way, Cardew, but you've gone too far. You've got me into a row."

"Sorry!" said Cardew politely, though his expression did not hint that his sorrow was very deep.

"Kildare has been slanging me, and the trouble is that he's right," said Tom. "I've been slack."
"Thomas has been slack!" said Cardew, addressing space in a tone of wonder. "No wonder common mortals like little me get a little slack at times if the strenuous Thomas has been slack."

"You're turning up for games practice every day till further orders," said Tom.

"Am I?"

"Yes!"

"You think so?" asked Cardew, with an irritating smile.

"Yes!"

"It looks to me as if you're mistaken."

"I think not," said Tom quietly. "I've got my duty to do, and I'm going to do it."

"The call of duty!" sighed Cardew. "What a bore! But when duty calls to brazen walls, how base the slave that finches!"

"You've cut games practice a lot lately, and I've let you do it," went on Tom. "I've been ragged for it, and it served me right. Now you're going to make up for lost time, see?"

"I don't quite see."

"Games practice is compulsory twice a week in the footer season. You're going in for it every day to make up for the days you've slacked."

"I think not!"

"I shall expect you on Little Side at three to-morrow," said Tom, turning away.

"Isn't there class at three to-morrow?"

"There isn't! It's off for games!"

"What a bore! I'd rather have class, I think! Anyhow, I'm not turning up for games! Not even on the next compulsory date," said Cardew coolly. "I'm fixing up extra French or extra maths—any old thing!"

"You're not!" said Tom grimly.

"Who's to prevent me?"

"Little me! Your extra toot is a fraud! I know exactly how much French you did with Mossoo yesterday."

Cardew laughed.

"But it washes!" he said.

"It won't wash any more! Little Side at three to-morrow!" said Tom, and he went to the door.

"Don't expect me!" called out Cardew.

"I shall expect you!"

"I sha'n't come."

"Then you'll be fetched."

"What?"

"Fetched!" said Tom. And with that he left Study No. 9 in the Fourth, leaving Ralph Reckness Cardew with a rather startled look on his face.

When Levison and Clive came into the study later, Cardew regarded them with a rather droll look.

"Thomas has got his back up," he said.

"Time, too!" grunted Clive.

"I'm down for games practice every day for a week."

"Good!"

"But I'm not going."

"You'll have to," said Levison.

Cardew shook his head.

"You see, my back is up, too," he said. "I never could stand gettin' orders from anybody. If I didn't knuckle under to Kildare of the Sixth, I'm not likely to be ordered about by a Shell fellow."

"Tom Merry is junior captain."

"That for junior captain!" said Cardew, snapping his fingers. "I'm goin' to make the junior captain look as silly as the senior captain. I'm fixin' up extra French for the off hour to-morrow afternoon."

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Law and custom will be on my side," argued Cardew.

"A lot you care for law and custom!" said Clive.

"Nothin' at all—exceptin' when they come in useful on my side. But Thomas has to bow to the law."

"On this occasion I fancy he won't," said Levison.

"Nous verrons!" said Cardew.

"Yes—we shall see—and I fancy you will see that you can't slack around on pretence of extra toot, when Tommy has his back up," said Clive.

"And that's all the support I get in my own study!" sighed Cardew.

"And all you deserve."

"Dear man!" smiled Cardew.

And the subject dropped in Study No. 9. But in other studies it was discussed with keen interest, when it leaked out that Cardew was down for games practice every day for a week—and that he did not intend to obey the behest of the junior captain. Cardew had scored off Kildare of the Sixth—it remained to be seen whether he would score off Tom Merry—and all the fellows were keen to see what would happen on Little Side at three o'clock on the morrow.

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CHAPTER 8.

Brought to Book!

"CARDEW here?"

"No!"

Tom Merry glanced round Little Side, crowded with junior footballers in the keen autumn afternoon. There was expectancy in every face. Ralph Reckness Cardew had failed to turn up, and it was left for Tom Merry to deal with the revolt.

"Where is Cardew, Levison?" asked Tom quietly.

"I think he is in Monsieur Morny's study," said Levison reluctantly. "I—I think he's fixed up regular extra toot with Mossoo."

"I understand. Lowther, Manners, Blake, and Wildrake, come along with me," said Tom. "Yot, too, Gussy."

"Yaas, wathah!"

The fellows named followed Tom Merry back to the School House, the rest being left in a buzz of excited discussion. Tom Merry's face was not angry; but it was set and determined. The head of the games had left to him the task of bringing Cardew into line; and Tom Merry was going to perform that task. His companions asked him no questions, but they were fully prepared to carry out Tom's instructions, whatever those instructions might be.

Tom looked into Study No. 9 in the Fourth first of all, but Cardew was not there. The rebel slacker had entered with careless audacity upon the contest with the junior captain, but he had realised that Tom Merry was a hard nut to crack, and he had taken his measures. If Tom intended to force him down to Little Side, he had to tackle him in the presence of the French master.

From Study No. 9 Tom Merry led the way to Monsieur Morny's study. He tapped at the door.

"Entrez!"

Tom Merry entered the study. Cardew was there, and the kind little French gentleman was expounding to him a passage from "Merope." Cardew had not, on this occasion, switched Mossoo on to the Ruhr; he considered it judicious to have genuine work going on, if Tom looked for him there. A glint came into his eyes as the captain of the Shell entered, and the other fellows lined up in the doorway.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Morny," said Tom Merry politely, "Cardew is wanted."

"Helas!" said Monsieur Morny. "Zat is too bad, Cardew, when ve get on so vell viz ze grand Voltaire. But if you are wanted it needs zat you must go."

"Not at all, sir," said Cardew. "I'm not wanted, and I'm not goin'."

"Mon Dieu!" said Mossoo, greatly puzzled.

"Come on, Cardew," said Tom.

"I'm not comin'."

"Do you want to walk, or to be carried?" asked Tom.

Cardew's eyes glittered. All the obstinacy in his nature was roused now, and there was a great deal of it. But he preserved a manner of polite calm.

"I hardly think you'll begin far horseplay in a master's study," he said. "You will not allow a rag here, Monsieur Morny."

"Mais certainement non," said Monsieur Morny. "I do not comprehend zis. Vat is it all?"

"Cardew's dodging games," explained Tom Merry. "We want him."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"A fellow is allowed to cut games practice for extra toot, sir," said Cardew. "Merry knows that."

The French master looked puzzled.

"I am acting under the authority of the head prefect of the House, sir," said Tom respectfully. "I'm bound to make Cardew come. But if he is not satisfied, he can appeal to the Housemaster."

"A favourite dodge of yours, Cardew!" grinned Blake.

"Yaas, wathah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus.

Cardew bit his lip. He knew that an appeal to the Housemaster would not serve him now. Mr. Railton was not to be deceived twice, and he would know perfectly well why Cardew had planted himself in the French master's study that afternoon.

"Mon Dieu, je ne sais pas!" said Monsieur Morny. "Zese disputes—I do not know. But if you like, Cardew, I comes viz you to see Mr. Railton, and he shall be ask."

"Thank you, sir, I won't trouble you to do that," said Cardew politely. "Perhaps I'd better go."

He left the French master's study calm and cool, but with bitter resentment in his breast. It was better than being dragged out by main force under Mossoo's astonished eyes; and he could see that Tom Merry was prepared to go to that length. Tom closed the study door; he was glad that he had not been driven to drastic measures in a master's study.

In the corridor Cardew was walking away, when Blake caught him by the arm. Cardew gave him a fierce look.

"Let go!" he said, between his teeth.

"What's the orders, Tommy?" asked Blake, unheeding.

"Bring him down to the footer."
 "I'm not comin'!" hissed Cardew.
 "Bring him along!"
 Cardew struck Blake on the chest, sending him reeling back. Then he dashed along the corridor.
 "Bai Jove! Aftah him!"
 Tom Merry's grasp was on the fugitive before he reached the corner. Cardew turned on him, closed, and struggled savagely. In a moment more all the party had seized him, and he was avenging off his feet.
 "Are you walking to Little Side?" asked Tom calmly.
 "No!" roared Cardew.
 "Carry on!" said Tom.
 "Yaas, wathah!"

Struggling in the grasp of the juniors, Cardew was carried along. Mr. Railton came out of his study, and signed to the party to stop. Cardew was dropped on his feet.
 "What does this mean, Merry?" asked the Housemaster.
 "Cardew's going down to the footer, sir."
 "Oh, I see!" Mr. Railton fixed his eyes on Cardew's flushed, furious face. "I had occasion to speak to you very severely yesterday, Cardew. I warn you that you had better take care."

An impertinent answer trembled on Cardew's lips, but fortunately he restrained it.
 "I was doing extra French with Monsieur Morny, sir," he said. "Fellows are allowed to cut games practice for extra tuition."
 "Quite so, unless that is merely a pretext for slacking," said Mr. Railton. "In my judgment, it is nothing more than that in your case. You have taken advantage of Monsieur Morny's kindness in order to gain your own wilful way, I think."

Cardew looked sullen, but did not answer.
 "I have my eye on you, Cardew," said Mr. Railton severely. "You appear to have set yourself up against authority in this House. That is a very dangerous game for a Lower boy to play. It might lead to your expulsion from the school if you should prove too intractable. You will go down to games practice with the rest."

"It's not compulsory to-day, sir."
 "In this instance I shall leave that to the judgment of your junior captain, and Merry will decide."
 With that Mr. Railton went back into his study. Cardew walked out of the corridor with the juniors into the changing-room.

"Get into your footer things!" said Tom.
 "I won't!"
 "What's the good of playing the fool?" urged Blake.
 "Mind your own business!"
 "Orders, skipper?" grinned Lowther.
 "Change him!" said Tom.
 Cardew struggled furiously. In about two minutes he was stripped, somewhat to the detriment of his exceedingly well-cut clothes.

"Are you getting into your footer rig?" asked Tom.
 "No!" yelled Cardew.
 "Put him in!"
 "First time I've ever helped to dress a baby!" remarked Blake.

Cardew was put into his footer things, or the nearest footer things that came handy. There was a good deal of communism on that subject in the changing-room. Then he was led out of the House.

He walked down to the footer-ground in the midst of Tom Merry & Co., simmering with fury.

A roar greeted his arrival.
 "Here he comes!"
 "What-ho, slacker!" shouted Figgins.
 "Play up, old fellow!" said Levison anxiously.
 Cardew gave his chum a furious look. He was not feeling chummy at that moment.

"I'm not goin' to play!"
 "Look here, Cardew!" said Tom Merry quietly. "You know I'm doing my duty, but I suppose that doesn't appeal to you. If you were junior captain you wouldn't be cheeked like this. To put it plain, you've got to toe the line!"

"I won't!"
 "I think you will! Levison and Clive, as you're his pals, you needn't take a hand in this. Every other fellow here is to kick Cardew whenever he sees him slacking."

"Yaas, wathah!"
 "Hear, hear!"
 "Now pick up sides," said Tom.

Cardew stood breathing fury in the midst of the footballers. This was the end of his campaign. He had set out to pit himself against forces that were arrayed overwhelmingly against him, hoping to carry his campaign through by sheer audacity and "neck." And this was the end of it—kicked into the game like a lazy fag. It was a terrible fall for Cardew's pride, and even yet he was thinking of resistance. But resistance was not possible.

The following quarter of an hour was a hard time for the rebellious slacker. Thrice he attempted to scud off the field, and was collared and hauled back by laughing footballers. After that he refused to move, but luffy drives from football-boosters moved him fast enough. At last he played up in sheer self-defence, and fellows, who had seemed to find more entertainment in kicking Cardew than in kicking the ball, had to turn to the ball again.

When the practice was over Cardew looked for Tom Merry. He expected to hear something from the junior captain, but Tom seemed to have forgotten his existence. Tom Merry walked off the field with his friends, without a glance at Cardew. The dandy of the Fourth cast a bitter glance after him.

"Come in and change, old chap!" said Levison, touching Cardew on the arm.

Cardew shook off his hand and walked away by himself.

CHAPTER 9.

"Six" and the Result!

THE next day there was considerable curiosity in the School House as to what Cardew would do. It was known that the junior captain had directed him to turn up for games practice regularly every day for a week, as he was fully entitled to do. Only school work could save Cardew from having to obey, and his trick of fixing up extra lessons was played out. As Blake remarked in Study No. 6, that was a chicken that would no longer fight. Refusal to turn up meant being taken down to Little Side by force and kicked into tooting the line, a humiliating process for Cardew—much more humiliating, in fact, than a frank abandonment of the position he had so wilfully taken up. But it was not like Cardew to surrender if he could help it. And the fellows wondered what he would do.

When the Fourth and the Shell were dismissed at three-thirty that day a good crowd went down to Little Side. It was not a compulsory day, excepting for Cardew, but a good crowd turned up. Ralph Reckness Cardew was not among them.

Tom Merry & Co. proceeded to look for him.

For ten minutes they hunted for the absentee, but they did not find him. Evidently Cardew of the Fourth was lying very low.

Tom Merry & Co. returned to the football-ground without him. It was, as Trimble remarked, one point in the game to Cardew. He had refused obedience, and he had not joined up for games practice as ordered to do. Now it remained to be seen what steps Tom Merry would take next in dealing with the rebel.

When classes were resumed in the Fourth Form room for last lesson Cardew came in with the rest. Apparently he had not been very far away, though he had kept well out of sight. As a matter of fact, he had been reading and smoking cigarettes in a remote box-room.

Mr. Lathom dismissed the Fourth, and Cardew left the Form-room with Clive and Levison. Both the latter were uneasy and worried, but Cardew seemed cool and unconcerned.

"You cut practice to-day, Cardew," Levison remarked.

"I'm goin' to every day!"

"Tom Merry won't stand it!" said Clive.

"He's got to!"

"My dear chap," said Levison patiently, "what are you keeping up this mug's game for? You're really keen on footer, and you're giving it up, or trying to, just to defy a fellow you really like, and who's only doing his duty. Why not chuck it?"

"I'm not givin' in!"

"Oh, you're an ass!"

Levison and Clive were very nearly out of patience with their wayward chum. Cardew, however, seemed to be quite keen on the peculiar contest he had marked out for himself. After lessons Study No. 9 expected to hear from Tom Merry, but the junior captain took no steps. It was scarcely possible that he intended to allow the incident to pass unnoticed; that would have meant triumph for the rebel. At tea in Study No. 9 Trimble of the Fourth looked in, with a grin on his fat face.

"They're at it!" he announced.

"Who are at what?" grunted Levison.

"Meeting in Tom Merry's study in the Shell. Games committee of the Lower School," said Trimble. "They're discussing Cardew. I happened to hear—"

"Oh, get out!"

Levison picked up a loaf and took aim, and Trimble got out promptly. Cardew smiled.

"Then we shall hear from Thomas, after all?" he said.

"I knew we should," said Clive. "He's bound to deal with you if he's not to come up against Kildare. If he lets you defy all the rules, Kildare will ask the Housemaster to

(Continued on page 16.)

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which must be strictly adhered to.

1.—The First Prize of £100 in cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or most nearly 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.

SET No. 8.

TWO



YOU'VE SOLVED THIS SET? GOOD! NOW LOOK

YOUR OPPORTUNITY—GO IN AND WIN!

COMPETITION!

Winners' Names!

Bank of England
£50



Bank of England
£50



Valve
less Sets

RS and Other
Prizes.

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, we have published on cover 2 of this issue a list of footballers' names, which contains the actual names of the footballers represented by all the pictures appearing in this competition.

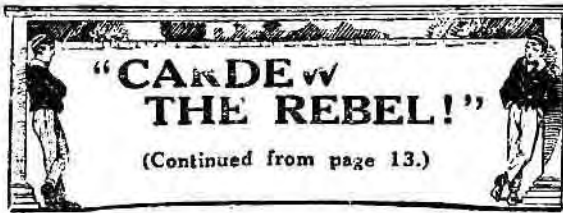
New readers desirous of entering this contest can do so by obtaining the LAST TWO numbers of the GEM, Nos. 822 and 823, which, between them, contained all the previous sets of pictures. Back numbers of those issues can be obtained on application to the "Back Numbers Dept.," Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. For each single number required twopence in stamps should be forwarded, also one penny stamp to cover postage. The postal rate for additional copies is an extra halfpenny per copy.

Readers of the "Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Pluck," "Boys' Cinema," "Young Britan," "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.



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OUT FOR SET NO. 7—APPEARS NEXT WEEK!



cancel his election as junior captain, and get in a man who can handle cheeky kids."

"I suppose so," smiled Cardew. "Rather a joke to see the strenuous Thomas turned out to graze, and a new junior skipper elected."

"It won't come to that, I think."

"What will jolly old Thomas do, then?" asked Cardew lazily.

"Make you toe the line."

Cardew laughed contemptuously.

It was some time after tea that there was a tramp of feet in the Fourth Form passage that stopped at Study No. 9. The door was thrown open and Tom Merry appeared. Behind him came Lowther, Blake, Talbot, and D'Arcy. They were all looking serious. Tom Merry had a cricket-stump under his arm—and Cardew's eyes glittered as he noticed it.

"Oh, you're here, Cardew!" said Tom.

"Adsum!" said Cardew, as if he were answering to his name at calling-over. But no one smiled.

"You cut games practice to-day."

"Guilty, my lord."

"Any excuse?"

"None."

"Very well. The games committee have decided to give you six. Bend over."

Cardew rose to his feet, his eyes burning, though he remained calm. A prefect's beating would have humiliated the lofty spirit of Ralph Reckness Cardew; but a beating from a party of juniors was ever so much more humiliating. He could scarcely believe that Tom was in earnest.

"You hear?" said Tom quietly.

"I hear," said Cardew mockingly. "But in this jolly old instance, to hear is not to obey. Might a fellow request you to go and be funny in some other study?"

"Put out a chair," said Tom.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"We're sorry for this, Cardew," said Talbot of the Shell as he placed a chair in position. "But you've asked for it."

Cardew breathed hard and deep.

"If you're not satisfied with the line I'm takin', Tom Merry, I'm prepared to step into the gym and meet you with or without gloves," he said.

"I'll meet you in the gym any time you please, and knock some of the conceit out of you," said Tom Merry calmly.

"But just at present you're dealing not with me personally, but with the junior captain of St. Jim's, and you're going to have six for failing to turn up to games practice this afternoon."

"I fancy not."

"Put him over the chair!"

Cardew jumped back and put up his hands.

He was promptly collared and bent over the chair in a suitable attitude for receiving "six."

He struggled furiously.

In the passage Trimble's fat chuckle was heard, and then his excited shout:

"Roll up, you fellows! Cardew's getting six!"

There was a rush of feet, a buzz of voices, and a ripple of laughter. Cardew's face burned with shame. He struggled madly in the grasp of the representatives of the junior games committee, but he was held face down over the chair in spite of his efforts. He shouted furiously to his study-mates.

"Levison! Clive! Back me up, you rotters!"

Levison and Clive did not stir.

"Back up, you cads!" yelled Cardew.

"You're getting what you've asked for," said Levison.

"You're disgracing this study by slacking and frowning, and that's enough. I've a jolly good mind to give you the six myself!"

"You rotter!"

Tom Merry handed the stump to Blake.

"Go ahead!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Cardew made one more struggle, and then remained quiescent. The whacks were hefty ones, but no sound of pain came from his tightly-closed lips.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

The six had been duly delivered, and every one of the six rang through the study like a pistol-shot and echoed in the passage, where a crowd of fellows listened.

"That's done!" said Blake.

Ralph Reckness Cardew was released. He stood up, his face white and his eyes burning.

Without a word to him Tom Merry & Co. left Study No. 9. The delinquent had been dealt with and the incident was closed—until the morrow, when it was obvious that a similar delinquency would be dealt with in a similar manner. It was dawning even upon the obstinate and wilful mind of Ralph Reckness Cardew that he had bitten off more than he could chew.

Levison and Clive left the study. They felt for the humiliation of their chum, though they could scarcely sympathise with him.

Cardew was left alone with his thoughts. And, while the effect of the six still lingered, Ralph Reckness Cardew did some very serious thinking.

Many glances were turned on Cardew of the Fourth when he came into the junior Common-room that evening and crossed over towards the fireplace, where the Terrible Threes stood chatting.

That he had come in to hunt for trouble was the conclusion of every fellow in the room, and he was watched on all sides as he approached Tom Merry.

Levison made a step towards him and then stopped. He knew that Cardew would not listen to him.

"Practice as usual to-morrow, Tom Merry?" asked Cardew lazily.

Tom looked at him.

"Yes," he said.

"You're not lettin' me off?"

"No."

"Doesn't it sort of seem to you that you're rather over-strainin' the giddy authority of a jolly old junior captain?"

"I don't think so."

"Odd!" said Cardew. "I quite agree with you. I never thought you had so much beef in you, Thomas. You've surprised me."

Tom Merry laughed involuntarily.

"Why not chuck up playing the goat?" he suggested.

"You're a good footballer, and you like the game. You don't really want to frowst about, getting slack and unhealthy—it's only your rot! Why not chuck it up?"

"I'm goin' to."

"Good!" said Tom heartily. "I'm glad to hear it!"

"But that isn't all," said Cardew. "You're not goin' to let me be a slacker—you're not goin' to let me kick over the traces. My jolly old liberty is goin' to be curtailed. Now, as I've got to toe the line, I'm goin' to toe it hard. I'm goin' in for football hot and strong. I'm also goin' in for the job of junior captain!"

"What?"

"I'm goin' to replace you, dear man—take your job away," said Cardew easily. "Like the prospect?"

Tom laughed again.

"If the fellows want you for skipper instead of me, (they're welcome," he said.

"Wubbish!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Rats!" said Blake.

"Bosh!" said Levison.

Cardew smiled.

"That doesn't sound like an outburst of enthusiastic support," he remarked. "But I mean it! You've put it up to me now, Tom Merry, and I'm going for the bone like a jolly old bulldog. I'm goin' in for the junior captaincy, and I'm goin' to push you out and bag the job. That's a warnin'."

"Thanks!" said Tom, laughing.

Cardew strolled out of the Common-room, and a loud laugh followed him as he went. Nobody was taking him seriously—so far. But, as it happened, Ralph Reckness Cardew was in deadly earnest, as Tom Merry & Co. were soon to discover. But what the result of the struggle would be was on the knees of the gods.

THE END.

WILL RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW SUCCEED IN HIS NEW VENTURE?

Be Sure You Read—

"TOM MERRY'S RIVAL!" By Martin Clifford,

NEXT WEEK'S GRAND STORY OF ST. JIM'S—IT'S GREAT!

Sam Jennings gets more than his share of hard luck, but he faces it all with a brave heart!



On the Stroke of Time!

This thrilling story of football and adventure relates how Sam Jennings' brilliant display as deputy saves his side and brings about the termination of his run of ill-luck.

CHAPTER 1. At Sea!

HERE'S a story which begins, properly speaking, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, if there be such a spot, and ends, as all proper tales should end, in the middle of a football-field.

Sam Jennings would have been surprised that day, in the middle of the Pacific, if he could have foreseen the afternoon to come a long way off on the football-field. In fact, he would not have thought it possible, but then truth is ever stranger than fiction.

It was a question of the last place in a boat.

He was the boy in the schooner Nigger, and he should have taken his place, as they pushed off from the sinking ship, allowing the captain and a few last hands to make the best of their way on a rough raft they had lashed together, since the leaking, aged schooner had tried to see what the top of an uncharted coral reef did with the doubtful bottoms of aged hookers.

In fact, he was already in the boat, when suddenly he caught sight of Bill Harding on the deck of the schooner. Good old Bill, who had been such a chum, although several years his senior, and who had taken a real delight in seeing that the youngster was not unduly knocked about by his mates.

It had been only the previous evening that Bill had been telling Sam about the young wife he had just married, and who was waiting for him at home in Portsmouth. Sam, being a lad, hadn't quite followed his friend's enthusiasm, but he had gathered that Bill's wife was the prettiest and best girl in the world, and would be mighty glad when her husband left such an adventurous life as the sea.

But then those who follow the sea do so for more than love of woman. It is for love of adventure, for the sensation of salt upon their lips, the long look across acres of water, without land in sight, and a good breeze filling the billowing sails, listening to the man at the wheel, who sings to himself, as ever they make westing—westing.

And now here was Bill Harding on the deck, with the captain, who was a brute, and a couple of dago officers, whom the lad had not liked.

Why, Bill was the whitest man in the crew.

The lad was on the deck in a second. He understood the possibilities of it all.

Those who took the boat, overcrowded as she was now, at least stood a chance.

She had a sail, water, biscuits, and a compass. There was land within five hundred miles, and they might make it. If the wind held in the same quarter they certainly would make it. The Nigger had chosen, conveniently and considerately enough, to strike her coral reef in good weather. Yes, those who took their places in the boat would have a chance, and it had only been the absolute folly of risking another man that had stopped the captain jumping in himself.

And now the lad stood at Bill's side, tugging at his hand.

"All right, Bill, you take my place!"

The big fellow stared down at him.

"Don't be a fool, kid!"

"Come on, Bill," roared someone in the boat, also devoted to Harding. "The kid's right. You've got a wife at home, and he's only a kid. Married men first in this sort of thing. Come on!"

Bill pushed Sam across the slanting deck.

"Back you go, youngster!"

"No, Bill; think of your wife. You remember what you were telling me last night. You didn't know what would happen to her if anything ever happened to you. Go on, Bill! I don't care. Why, I haven't got anyone in the world to worry about me!"

But Bill Harding was made of sterner stuff than that.

"I'm not going to take a boy's place!" he cried, as someone in the boat cursed them both, and said they were going to push off.

Then suddenly there was a shout which went up surely to Heaven—a shout which was sincerely meant:

"Ship ahoy!"

They were saved.

CHAPTER 2.

Down and Out!

THERE comes into the life of every man, and in the boyhood of us all, a time when things go bad.

Life would be dull and intolerable otherwise. Of course, it is very difficult to appreciate this at the time. It seems as though all the luck is against

us, and we are apt to forget the good times which have gone before. And yet a stiff upper lip is all that is needed, and it was a stiff upper lip that Sam Jennings was trying to keep these days, and no mistake!

He had left the sea.

Not that he was a coward, but the shipwreck in the middle of the Pacific, and following this the six months on the South Atlantic whaler which had rescued them, had sickened him of a seafaring life for many a long day.

There might be a deal of romance about it, but there was also a great deal of quite unromantic hardship, and when at last a British consul had shipped him back to Liverpool, he had gone ashore in the big port determined to stick to dry land in future, or, in the parlance of the sea, to buy a farm and leave the sea.

Being a friendless and a penniless lad, however, things had been difficult, and never so difficult as of late.

He had found a job in the big factory of "Greyson," in the midland town of Hintoning, and had been content enough at his work, especially when suddenly he had discovered that he was not the worst centre-forward in the town.

Then—and this was two years ago now—had commenced the happiest period of the lad's life. At sixteen he had suddenly taken his place in the local League team, and had performed wonders. His enemies said that it was a flash in the pan, and those who really liked him had said it was natural genius.

And now, this year, it seemed as though his enemies had been right, because he simply could do nothing right.

It was just one of those seasons when everything went badly.

He missed opening after opening, and luck was always against him.

The crowd, ever quick to change, had lifted him down from his pedestal, and had already placed him in the ruck. Those who had cheered him most loudly were now amongst the most quick to decry him.

Being an honest, simple lad, he had said little and had done his best. In his heart he had known that the skill was still in him, and that he had only struck a bad patch, like everyone does sooner or later, and that he would soon be all right again. But it was a bad time, and then, when things began to go badly at the factory, he tasted again all the troubles of being down and out.

Old Greyson had always seemed to like him, but there had been several rather

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ANSWERS
EVERY MONDAY—PRICE 2:

serious mistakes in the shop in which he worked lately, and as, with the bad times, it was an open secret that the factory was not making money, Sam had been given the tip several times by the foreman not to make any more mistakes.

No use for him to explain that he was not responsible for what had happened. It was not the sort of place where they took arguments well!

And now he stood in front of old Greyson.

"I'm not going to have this sort of thing, Jennings," he said. "It is the third time I've spoken about it. I have given instructions for you to draw your money at the end of the week!"

Sam stood in front of the head of the firm, dumb. It was like him to be dumb. He was not a lad of words. He knew that an injustice was being done to him, but he did not know how he could explain it. It would be a terrifically long story. It would involve many of his pals, it would delve into the system in the factory, it would involve the foreman, it would show old Greyson that he was using inferior material—Oh, a lad couldn't go into all that sort of thing with the head of his firm, even if he had the words—which Sam hadn't.

"All right—go, Jennings. I'm sorry. But, as you know, these are hard times. We are working at a loss. I'm knocking hands off every day, and, naturally, the ones who make mistakes must pay for those mistakes. It's life."

Sam went. He felt no resentment, but only rotten. What was going to happen he didn't know. The only cheerful aspect of the business was that he had no one but himself to think about.

At any rate, he had the football. Perhaps they would take him on at the club now. He had always refused to turn professional. They had made him a jolly good offer two years ago. It had been renewed again and again, and the lad had always refused it. This year it had not been renewed; but until this moment he had never regretted not having ceased to be an amateur.

Yes, he would go along and see old White, the trainer. He was a good friend, and he would give him the best advice he could.

He drew his pay, said good-bye to his chums, and started off at once towards the club ground.

He found old White there, seated on a roller smoking a time-worn pipe, and considering the position of Hintoning in the League with woe on his sunburned face.

"Hallo!" he said.

"White, I've been sacked!"

"Whole bloomin' team ought to be sacked," the old fellow said.

The youngster shook his head.

"I don't mean that, White," he said. "Greyson has turned me off. I'm out of a job!"

The old trainer took his pipe from his mouth and regarded the lad with concern. He was a very good-hearted old fellow, and was a friend to all the lads in the team, even if their display this year had been a thing, as he said, to make a real footballer turn in his grave.

"I say, lad," he exclaimed, "I'm downright sorry to hear you say that! That's bad. How did it happen?"

Sam told his story, and the old trainer listened, full of concern. Then he drew in a great cloud of smoke and blew it heavenwards.

"That's bad, lad," he said. "That's very bad. What are you going to do?"

Sam looked at him quickly.

"I was wondering, White," he said,

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"if you think the directors still want to have me on their professional list?"

White started.

"Eh?"

The lad repeated the question.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth, and suddenly looked very serious.

"Lad," he exclaimed, "I'm sorry to talk so gravely to you, but I think you have struck a bad patch. You'll get through it, all right, because you are made of the right stuff. I have watched you, and I know it; but—well, lad, the truth of the matter is, I don't think they will take you on, because—well, Sam, you know that you have not been doing too much this year—eh?"

Sam was white. He nodded.

"I've been rotten!" he admitted.

"Yes; and the fact of the matter is that I think the directors have got some idea of bringing new blood into the team!"

Sam looked at the old trainer a little timidly.

"New blood?" he exclaimed.

The trainer looked him in the eyes.

"Sam, you'd better know the truth, as the directors want to see you this evening. They are going to play a new fellow from Portsmouth next Saturday in your place!"

Sam's heart seemed to stop beating for a moment.

"Oh!"

"Yes," said White, whose long suit had never been conversation, putting his pipe back in his mouth.

"Do you know his name, White?"

The trainer shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't. I—I only know that—that they told me they were negotiating for a chap. They're paying for him, too. But I believe he is a sudden find from a small club. You'd better see them to-night, lad, and good luck go with you. You have struck a bad patch, but—well, there it is. You'll come through, and when it is all over you'll wonder why you were ever blue!"

Sam tried to feel this enthusiasm for the future, and he spent a useful hour or so at practice. The most aggravating part of the whole business was that when he was not playing in an actual match he seemed better than ever. It was that which made him certain that bad luck was having more to do with his bad play than anything else, and if only he could have got through these bad days he was certain that he would come into his own again. But what a chance now?

Yes, the directors wanted to see him, he was told when he went to the office a little later; and that evening he went in to see the mighty men, and there found old Greyson, who had sacked him earlier in the day, the managing director of the club, looking very serious.

He was a decent old fellow, and he felt his position. The lad would be almost justified in thinking, after this, that he, Greyson, had a down on him, which was absurd. But he hated to have to treat a lad like this.

"Good-evening, Jennings!" he said.

"We wanted to see you. Sit down!"

The lad took a chair.

"You've never signed professional forms, Jennings?" Greyson asked, as though he were not very well aware of the fact.

"No, sir," the lad exclaimed, hope suddenly jumping into his heart. Perhaps they were going to give him a chance, after all!

"Umph!" the managing-director nodded. "Well, we sent for you to thank you for all you have done for the team. You haven't been really on the mark this season—eh?"

"No, sir. But I think I shall get into my stride soon. I've had a deal of bad luck!"

One of the other directors gave a nasty grunt. He had never been one of the lad's admirers.

"Well, bad luck looks like getting us kicked out of the League, Jennings," he said. "Unless we win this match against Bottlebury next Saturday, down and out we go for sure."

"Yes, sir," said Sam, feeling very bad.

Greyson cleared his throat.

"The fact of the matter is," he said, "we have a new centre-forward coming from the South to play next Saturday, and—well, my lad, as you are an amateur, we thought it only fair to send for you and let you know that we shouldn't probably be utilising you much in the future. The fact of the matter is, Jennings, if you care to find another club we feel that you have every right to do so!"

The lad closed his eyes for a second, and then looked at Greyson. The managing-director was regarding him as kindly as he could.

"Then, sir, there is no good in my asking you gentlemen if you would think of giving me a place on your professional list!"

Greyson started, and looked at the lad. He understood, and, to do him justice, he felt an absolute brute.

"I'm afraid not, Jennings," he answered. "It is full, and we are paying a good deal for this new man. However, it is not quite certain whether he will be here in time to play on Saturday, so, if you don't mind, perhaps you will keep in training until then, and not make any other engagement."

Sam thought this rather calm, but he was always a good sport, and he understood that the only thing that mattered at all was that the game should be won. So, though he was feeling as though his luck was out for good, and he would never gain favour again, he said that he would be at their disposal if they wanted him. Then he went out into the dismal night, feeling as though he didn't care what happened.

CHAPTER 8.

An Old Friend!

THEY were hard days for the lad. He was out of a job, and he knew that it was almost useless trying to get other work. But it was not like Sam to take a hiding lying down, and so he went all over the town looking for work, and always meeting with the same answer—they were knocking hands off, not taking new hands on.

At last Friday came, and on the morrow there would be the great match with Bottlebury, and all thought of his own troubles were gradually dissipated in the thought of whether he would play, and what the morning would bring forth.

He went to the ground to have a bit of practice, and try to hear what old White had to say.

There had been a good deal of mystery about the new centre-forward who was coming from Portsmouth, and no one had seemed to know his name. The fact of the matter seemed to be that it was not certain whether the transfer was going to be brought off.

And now, as the lad came out on to the field to have a kick about, he saw a tall, rather lusty figure potting away at goal, like a cannon suddenly losing its temper.

He stared, and then ran forward. At the same moment the new centre-



Tricking three opponents, Sam Jennings headed straight for goal. He was just steadying himself for a shot when a terrific charge in the back brought him crashing down inside the penalty area. "Foul!" A terrific roar rent the air, and the referee's whistle shrilled loudly.

forward turned, and they looked into one another's eyes.

Sam gave a gasp, and was the first to speak.

"Bill Harding!" he cried.

"Why—Sam!"

They shook hands, and stood staring at one another in that speechless pleasure which only comes to two good friends, who have not seen one another for a long time, and are very glad in the meeting.

Then suddenly Bill gave a great whoop of joy.

"My dear boy," he cried, "this is great! I've often wondered what became of you. What are you doing here? Do you play for this club?"

"Yes, Bill; and what are you doing here?"

Bill grinned.

"I'm the centre-forward they've brought up from Portsmouth, lad!"

Sam smiled heartily.

"My word, Bill, that's grand! I never knew that you played Soccer!"

"Nor did I till I got back from that voyage, and decided that I must take to something a little less exciting than a life on the sea."

"Same here!" said the lad.

There was a moment's silence, during which Bill sent in a really splendid shot that defeated the goalie easily.

"But this is good, Sam!" he said. "I was rather fed up at leaving the old club. It was only quite a small one, but we were at the head of our little league, and it was good fun. But it will be great playing with you. I've never forgotten what you did—or what you wanted to do for me that day, lad!"

"Oh, that was nothing!"

Bill grinned.

"Well, I think it was a good deal," he said, "considering that it was my life that you were trying to save, my lad. And my missus has always wanted to see you and thank you herself!"

Sam said nothing.

"By the way, Sam, where do you play?"

Sam turned red.

"Play?" he asked quietly.

"What's your place in the team, Sam—back—what?"

Sam coughed.

"Er—centre-forward," he said.

Bill stared at him, and his face showed a worried look. He put out a great, kindly hand, and rested it on Sam's shoulder.

"Oh, Sam," he said, in a quiet, manly tone, "this is rotten luck for us both! You are the chap I'm doing out of a job—eh?"

Sam looked away, and then, after a moment's emotion, he pushed all thought of self away from him.

"Don't talk rot, Bill!" he said. "I've been playing absolute tripe the whole season. I'm no good. And besides, I'm only an amateur. I've never signed forms. The great thing is to win this match on Saturday, and I'm as pleased as Punch that you have come along to help do the trick!"

Bill looked at him, and was evidently contented with what the youngster said, for he slapped him heartily on the back.

"Oh, all right, youngster!" he said.

"All right! Glad that it is no worse than that—very glad! We'll pull the team round, and if I have anything to say to it, we'll try you at inside-right or left, and we'll soon run you into form again!"

The two parted on the best of terms, after agreeing to spend Sunday together to talk about the old days when they had been sailors together.

But as he left the ground that evening Bill found himself side by side with old White, the trainer.

"You know young Jennings, then?" the old fellow asked.

Bill nodded.

"Yes, I did! We were before the mast together. He's a fine young chap!"

White agreed, with a characteristic grunt.

"Yes," he said; "none finer. He's a good lad, and no mistake! And I'm downright sorry for him!"

Bill started.

"Why?" he asked.

White gave the other a sidelong look, as though trying to make up his mind whether he would speak or not, and then evidently he decided that he would.

"Well," he began, "he has struck a bad patch this season, and no mistake. Never seen such a thing in all my life. You would have thought from the way in which he played two years ago when he started with us, that he would finish up by playing for England. But he's gone off, and this year he hasn't been able to do any good, and there is no getting away from the fact that he has demoralised the team, and let us down!"

Bill nodded.

"We all strike bad patches," he said quietly.

"That's right!" said White quickly. "And it never rains but it snows. That poor kid! He got the sack from his job the other day at Greyson's where he worked, and they say that it was not his fault, but that he was too good a sport to say anything about it, because it would have got other people into trouble!"

Bill gave a sharp exclamation.

"I quite believe that," he said.

"Well," the other man went on, "the poor kid came along to me to ask me whether I thought they would sign him on as a professional, and I had to tell him they were getting you up to play to-morrow. A bit rough!"

Bill Harding walked on quickly. He seemed to be standing again on a

slanting deck, to see the vast stretch of friendless waters about him, hear the angry cries of the men in the boat, the cries of men who are fighting for their lives, and then from out of it all he heard the words of a lad who sprang to his side and offered him his place—that was the sort of stuff Sam Jennings was made of. And now here was he, Bill Harding, the unconscious weapon with which the lad was being knocked over the head!

"Bad luck!" murmured White, the trainer, into the night.
"Rotten!" said Bill.

**CHAPTER 4.
The Game.**

SATURDAY morning, the day of the great match, saw Sam on the football-field early.

He wanted to show everyone that there was not a bit of bad feeling in him, and that the only wish that he had in all the world was that the old team should win.

He went into the dressing-room, however, to see the boys, and was soon pounced upon by White.

"Here you are!" cried the trainer. "Where have you been all morning?"

"Looking for work," said Sam.

White groaned.
"That's what I told Greyson, sacking a good kid like you. Looking for work! How do they think that you are going to do yourself justice when you have been looking for work all morning? How do they think that you are going to win the match for them this afternoon?"

Sam stared at the old chap in surprise.
"Look here, White," he said, "have

you taken leave of your senses, or what?"

"Haven't you heard? No, of course, you haven't, or you would have been here. Harding has sprained his ankle, and can't play until next Saturday. Come on; you get undressed, and I'll give you a rub down. You've got to play this afternoon, and you've got to win this match, or there will be a riot!"

There was almost a riot when the locals saw that the great Bill Harding was not taking the field. Worn went round the crowd like wildfire, and the moan of disgust that went up when they saw the young amateur come out to play centre-forward was not very sporting, and certainly did not tend to make Sam feel that he must play the game of his life.

But Sam was determined to play that game. Bottlebury, however, were going to be a hard nut to crack.

They were not very skilful, perhaps, but they had a nasty, rough knack of maiming half the other side, and then scoring at their leisure. Referees cursed, and players were warned on, but still things did not improve.

The game started, and almost at the first moment the ball came to Sam, and he made a mess of it.

A roar of disgust went up immediately, as the other line got away to attack fiercely.

"Throw him off! Hang him!" they cried; and a hiss went round the ground.

Then, from a sudden, strange silence which had gone up across the field, Sam heard a booming voice he knew of old—for at sea, amidst wind and storm, greater than all the voices of all the

men in the world, he had heard Bill Harding crying a cheery word as they hung on by teeth and nails and hands and legs, to a mad, jumping, plunging stay!

"All right, Sam! Play up, lad!"
It was Bill Harding. He was somewhere in the crowd, and, big-hearted, splendid fellow that he was, he was wishing the other good luck. Sam did not pause to consider it rather strange that Bill was here at all with his badly-damaged ankle.

The Bottlebury attack had now been beaten off, and the ball came flying along to him. He trapped it neatly, tricked a half-back who lounged down on him, and then got quickly away.

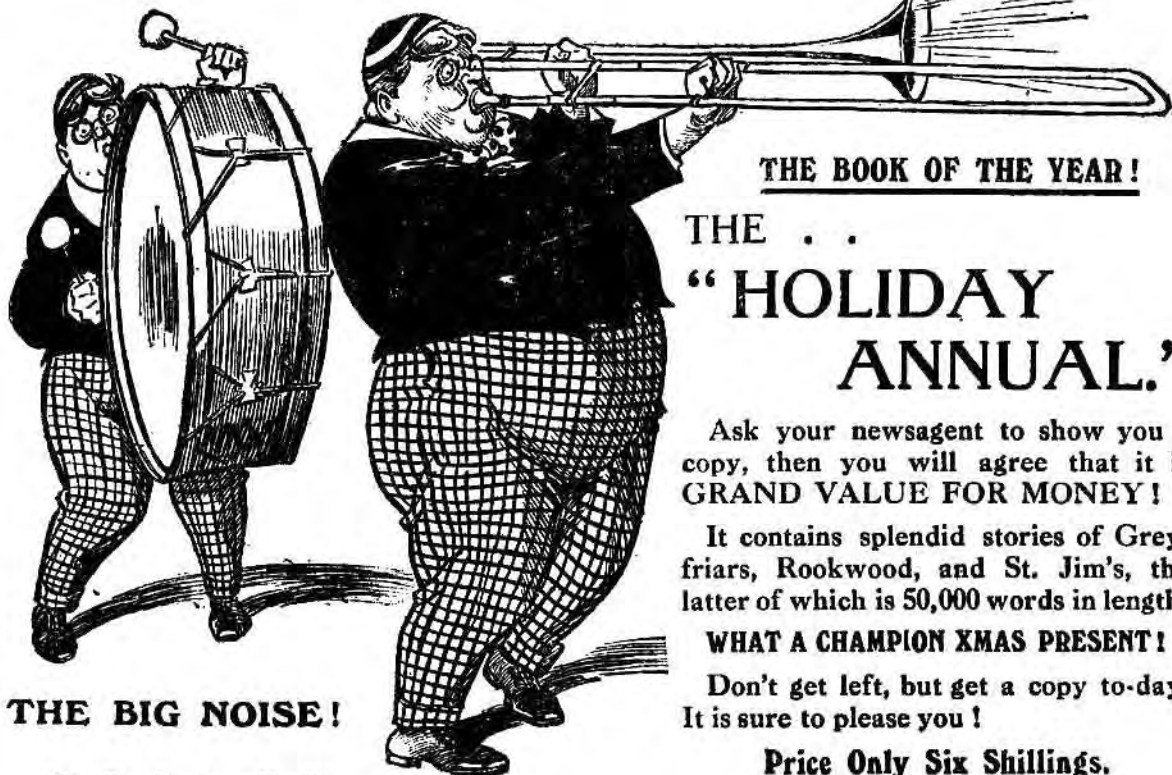
"Pass! Pass!" roared the crowd. "Don't fall over it, Sam! Look out, mate, it'll bite!"

Sam listened to nothing of this. Sudden confidence had come to him.

He felt the old feeling of glory in the game again. His feet flew over the turf. This was the stuff. A back came for him, and very calmly, and just when the crowd thought he had hung on too long, he tapped it out to his right-hand man, and a moment later a stinging shot had been sent in, which gave the Bottlebury custodian all he knew to beat away.

The game was very fast now. In a few minutes the crowd had realised that Sam had regained the old form of two seasons back, and he was at once lifted, with all the inconsistency of a crowd, to a dizzy height of favour again.

"Go it, Sam boy—good old Sam! That's the stuff! One, two, three, and at 'em, Sam!"



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Forgetting his injuries for the moment, Sam tore towards the goal, then steadying himself, he shot very low and fast into the corner of the net. "Goal!" The roar went up from twenty thousand throats. Then came a breathless hush, as Jennings was seen to stagger and fall!

The lad was certainly playing a splendid game. He was coolness itself, and nothing would stop him. The team were responding grandly, and time and again he would lead a gallant attack, which was only beaten off by sheer good luck.

Half-time came, and there was no score, but the home team had certainly been doing all the attacking.

There was a broad grin on old Greyson's face as he came into the dressing-room and took the lad by the hand.

"My boy," he said, "you are great! Keep it up, and we will be a long way ahead at the end. You've run right into form, eh?"

"Bit better, sir," said Sam modestly. "It's grand football!" said old White, and praise from him was praise indeed.

The game started again, and immediately Sam got away. He was being marked now, and he could not get the ball out to anyone, in addition to which his movement had been so quick, and so unexpectedly clever that there was no one to help him. Instead, he had to make his own way. He tricked three opponents, however, and then, just as he was steadying himself for a shot, he was brought crashing down inside the area.

"Foul!" There was a roar from twenty thousand throats, and the whistle was blown as Sam picked himself up. He was limping, for he had been badly kicked.

"Take it, Sam?" asked his skipper. Sam shook his head.

"Sorry; but I've got a packet," he said, turning rather pale.

It was certainly so. He was in great pain.

However, for a moment Sam said nothing. There was a very much bigger issue on hand, and he stood still until the captain of the team had taken the kick.

He made an appalling hash of it, and Sam saw the ball go flying over the cross-bar.

For the rest of the game Sam knew he was going to be a passenger, and in a few minutes it was apparent to the whole crowd.

He did his best, but he simply could not move, and he ought by rights to have left the field; but he couldn't do that. Without much effort he could have sat down in the middle of the pitch and cursed or wept at the folly of it all—to be hurt at a moment like this! But he could do nothing else for the moment but limp about and try to help.

Still, luck was a good deal with the home team, for now they suddenly went to pieces, thanks to the fact that they did not have Sam at their head, and again and again their goal had an almost miraculous squeak.

There was less than five minutes to go now, and still no score.

Sam suddenly saw the leather coming in his direction. It had been cleared from a fight about his own goal, out of which he had wisely kept.

He caught the leather with his toe, and then suddenly started down the field. People gasped to see his effort. He thought that he was making it without limping at all; but actually he was limping terribly, and yet moving at a terrific speed.

A back came for him, and Sam seemed to fling himself into the air. It was a grand charge. The kind of charge that professionals these days immediately claim as a foul. Indeed, a shout went up, but the referee had his own ideas about what charging was, and he did nothing; but Sam was now away, with only the open goal in front of him.

He came as close as he could, steadied himself, felt someone charging down on him, and then shot very low and fast into the right-hand corner of the net.

"Goal!"

The word went up in a mighty roar from twenty thousand throats.

Sam had won the match. And then suddenly he collapsed in a faint from

sheer pain. At the same moment the referee blew his whistle for "Time!"

It was Sunday, and although he had heard nothing from Bill he went to keep the appointment. He was a good deal of a cripple, but he could walk with a stick, and the doctor had said that the best thing he could possibly do would be to walk.

And now at last he came to the place where he and Bill had agreed to meet, and there he saw a smiling giant who came towards him with his hand held out.

"Bat, Bill, Bill!" the youngster cried. "I thought your ankle was busted!"

Bill shook his head. "No, boy," he said; "but my heart would have been busted if I had done you out of your place in the team yesterday. Bravo, Sam! You were great! How's the leg?"

Sam grinned from ear to ear. It's wonderful how the result of a match makes all the difference in the world as to how a leg feels.

"Fine!" he said. "Fine! Never felt better in my life! Fact of the matter is, Bill, I've got a lot to thank you for. I've got my job back at the factory, and I'm going to sign professional forms, and—and old Greyson says they are going to try me at inside-right, as soon as I am fit. Hope I can play there."

Bill put out a hand. "Play there, Sam," he said. "You bet your life you can! Play there, kid. I'll be centre-forward, and between us we will make things hum—you see!"

And they did!

THE END.
(Something special, boys! Look out for another side-splitting yarn of that most amusing character, Mike McAndrew, in next week's GEM. Note its title, please: "MIKE MAKES A WIRELESS SET!" It's one long laugh from beginning to end.)

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THE TRIERS

BY
JACK CRIGTON



A faithful band of stalwart sportsmen gathers to the support of Jack Morton in his brave effort to "keep his end up" against the unscrupulous George Clifton.

A Surprise for Clifton!

IT was at nine o'clock that the directors of the Boltwich F.C. were to meet, and one of the matters which were to come up for consideration was the disgraceful scene which had taken place when the Triers had played Boltwich Reserves.

It had, indeed, been brought up at a special meeting, convened shortly after the match; but that had proved so rowdy that it had had to be adjourned. But now the Football Association had asked for a report on the business, and George Clifton had been compelled to call another meeting.

He was strolling about in the dark outside the pavilion, rather thoughtfully, before the meeting, his hands deep in his pockets, and his thoughts perhaps not as full of satisfaction as they should have been, when suddenly he heard a light step on the gravel round the ground, and looked up.

A stalwart form approached him. "That you, Atkins?" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes, sir!" came the answer. "Ah! Glad you turned up. Wanted to have a word with you before the meeting. You will have to appear, you know."

Bill Atkins gave a grin in the dark. "Yes, sir!"

"Well, there may be one or two awkward questions, but don't worry! I shall stand by you absolutely!"

"Of course you will!" said Mr. William Atkins, in a knowing voice, and this time forgetting the "sir."

The change of tone was not lost on the other, but he only flushed in the dark, and did not say a word as to it.

"Well, the reason I wanted to speak to you, Atkins, before you came before us, is this—I understand that some of these idiots are suggesting that you hurt young Morton on purpose."

"Not me, sir!" said Bill indignantly.

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, anyhow, there it is. It is Mr. Graham who is behind this, you know, and I understand that he has got hold of some cock-and-bull story that I wanted you to hurt young Morton."

"You, sir!"

If it had not been dark the men could

have looked into one another's eyes, and have understood one another perfectly. As a matter of fact, the wish that Jack Morton be badly hurt had been conveyed to Bill Atkins by hints, and never by words, as far as George Clifton was concerned, and his understanding had been suitably rewarded by a mysterious fiver, which had suddenly appeared from the blue in the midst of his post.

They understood one another. "You leave it to me, sir!" said Atkins, quickly and quietly, as the sound of voices approached.

"Right!" George Clifton went along then. He was in no good humour. Everything was happening to annoy him. His grandfather's original will had turned out to be a much more complicated document than had been supposed at first. He had seen old Mr. Brown, his solicitor, that afternoon, and, to his immense fury and disgust, the old lawyer had hinted that it would possibly be necessary to go to law before they could decide with regard to certain of the provisions in the will. Clifton had expressed his feelings as to lawyers, and had departed in a white fury.

This delay was getting too much for his nerves. Then the inquiry which he would have to hold to-night into that game with the Triers.

He knew several of the directors of the Boltwich F.C. would welcome a chance to have a dig at him. Fortunately, he held such a large block of shares that he could keep them all quiet, but it was annoying that these things should all come together.

There was this fellow Graham. He was a junior director, and an upright and decent fellow. For weeks now he had never stopped doing his best to annoy George Clifton.

It was Graham who met Clifton as the latter entered the directors' room.

"Hallo, Graham!" Clifton exclaimed. "What's this I hear? Going to accuse me of bribing Atkins to maim young Morton the other week?"

Graham looked surprised at the directness of the attack.

"Really, Clifton," he said, "I was going to cross-examine Atkins pretty strongly as to his play; but I understand that we have something else to consider to-night before we open the inquiry."

Clifton started.

"What's that?" "I understand the shareholders in the club have called an emergency meeting, and we must, of course, hear them."

Clifton stared at him. "Are you mad? Shareholders! We, the directors, are the shareholders! Why, I—I myself hold—hold—"

He paused, and a grim smile came to Graham's lips.

"You don't hold a predominating share of the club's shares, do you, Clifton?"

"No, but—but no one does!"

"Yes, I think a predominating proportion has been recently acquired."

"What!"

"The holders are here. I think I had better show them in, don't you, Clifton? I have spoken to the other directors, and they agree that it is our duty always to listen to the shareholders. After all, we are their servants!"

Clifton bit his lip furiously.

"This is a put-up job! There is a catch here! It's not straight!" he exclaimed.

"Oh," said Graham, "I think it is straight enough, Clifton!"

George Clifton made a great effort. As yet he had not the most shadowy idea of what was happening.

He bent his head grimly.

"Oh, by all means let them talk!" he said, seating himself at the head of the table. "I—I am ready for 'em all!"

"Right!"

Graham went to the door and spoke a word, and a moment later Laurie Robson entered.

Clifton leapt to his feet.

"Who are you?" he roared.

"I'm the jolly old shareholders, gentlemen," said the youngster, quietly and modestly, screwing his eyeglass farther and

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."

The team shows great promise, much to the annoyance of Clifton. Seeking revenge, the crafty Clifton approaches Harry Turner, for whom Jack Morton is now working. Offering a handsome price, Clifton buys up the business, immediately ordering Jack's dismissal from the firm. Grasping the situation, Laurie Robson prepares a surprise for Clifton by buying up the bulk of the shares in the Boltwich F.C.

(Now read on.)

farther into his eye. "I hold a great majority of the shares of the Boltwich Football Club, and with your permission I'd like to have a few words with you. I think there are one or two things that ought to be looked into, don't you know?"

Bigger Things for the Triers!

GEORGE CLIFTON simply gaped at Laurie Robson without speaking. He could not for the moment understand what Laurie had stated. "You are what?" he roared.

"I happen to hold a majority of the shares in the Boltwich Football Club, Mr. George Clifton, and I think that therefore I have a perfect right to ask for an inquiry into some of the things which have been happening lately."

Clifton looked quickly round the room, and suddenly realised that on every side of him was antagonism. He was not exactly a coward, and he would have liked to put up a fight. Indeed, he did not give in at once.

"Look here!" he cried. "I don't know so much about this. I'm managing director." "That can soon be altered," said Mr. Graham, the one director who for some time had stood up against him.

"Hear, hear!"

Then Clifton realised that he was merely wasting his time, and that as far as the club was concerned his day was done.

He faced them angrily, with a sneer on his lips.

"Oh, very well," he said. "I—I am sorry you don't seem to have any more use for me. It's grateful of you, I must say, after all I have done for the club. I dare say, though, that after a few weeks you will come round to me, asking this and that favour; but I shall not be in. I will leave you to deal with this young whippersnapper." He turned on Laurie. "He will no doubt play for Boltwich himself now, with some of his out-of-work friends. I'm finished!"

He picked up his hat, and, without another word, went out of the room.

Outside he bumped into Bill Atkins, who was waiting to give evidence.

"Hallo!" exclaimed that individual. "Want me?"

Clifton made a nasty grimace. "No, not yet! Someone else is in the saddle in there. I have quit—"

"Eh?"

Clifton bent low.

"I am throwing up my connection with the club, Atkins, but not with you!"

The red-headed fellow flushed.

"I got you!"

"To be frank, Atkins," Clifton went on, "I don't suppose you'll keep your place in the team very long now. There is going to be new blood, and you know you have not been at the top of your form this season. Young Laurie Robson is going to be the big noise in the affairs of the club now, and you can imagine who he'll bring back into the team!"

An evil light came into Atkins' eyes.

"As! Steve Logan and young Ronnie Stevens—eh?"

Clifton nodded.

"Yes, not to mention a certain Jack Morton!"

Atkins whistled.

"I get you, Mr. Clifton! No, I don't suppose they would keep me long. It's a nice state of affairs, I must admit! All right, you leave it to me. I'll come along and see you one day soon, shall I?"

"Do!"

They nodded to one another and parted.

Meanwhile Laurie Robson, with all the uprightness in the world, had taken possession of the committee meeting of directors.

"I fear," he said, "that I owe you gentlemen an apology for what has happened, but something had to be done to save the Boltwich team. There is no doubt that under the management of George Clifton things were going from bad to worse. Good players were driven from the club. There is not another full-back in the town like Steve Logan, nor a half-back like Ronnie Stevens, and yet Clifton kicked them out."

"That's right!"

"Well, gentlemen, I've bought the majority of the shares in the club, but that does not mean that I want to run things like Mr. Clifton did. I was only interested in getting

him out of the club, and now I have succeeded, I leave the working of the club in your hands!"

"We shall have to elect another managing director," said one of the directors present. "I propose Mr. Robson. He is young, but it seems to me that we need young blood!"

Laurie quickly shook his head.

"No, thanks," he said. "I don't want the job. I'm too young, and the town would not have confidence in me. I'll become a director, if you'll elect me, but I propose Mr. Graham here as managing director!"

This was carried, and for several hours that evening the directors really got down to business. By the time that they departed, having given Bill Atkins a real piece of their minds, Laurie had the satisfaction of knowing that he had started the Boltwich team on the right road again, and, what was more, he had invitations for Steve and Ronnie and Jack to turn out for the first team on the following Saturday.

He himself had been asked whether he would like to play at outside-right, but he had again refused. The team had a capital right-winger, and the youngster was determined that nothing he was doing should possibly be construed as having personal glorification as its basis.

It was far too late that evening for him to see any of the lads and give them his news, but it would keep until the morning.

Jack Morton had left his house that same evening, and had returned to his mother and his own home, as the old lady had been getting very worried about him.

So it was that early the next morning Laurie went round to Jack's cottage home, and, as it happened, found that young man talking over the front gate with no less a person than Steve Logan himself.

"Hallo!" he said, screwing his glass into his eye, and regarding them with a grin. "I've got news for you fellows!"

"Eh?" they cried together.

"I've got jobs for you both!"

Steve flushed with emotion. Things had been very bad for him since Clifton had had him dismissed from his job at the garage, and as he was a married man it had been doubly difficult to endure it all.

"I say," he now exclaimed, "that's good news, I must say. What is it, Laurie?"

"You are both going to be signed on by the Boltwich Football Club!"

"What!"

Laurie laughed, and then slowly and surely went through the whole story of the previous night's proceedings. The other two listened open-mouthed, and when he was finished two hands were held out to him.

"Robson," said Jack, "you are a good fellow. This is the work of a real sport; but"—he suddenly frowned—"it means the end of the Triers."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Steve.

But Laurie Robson shook his head.

"By no means," he said. "It means, rather, that the Triers are going to be used for a bigger and a better purpose than we first intended. Our original idea, the only thing, indeed, which bound us together, was a common feud against that king of rotters, George Clifton. But now we have given him one in the jolly old eye to go along with, the best thing we can do, my lads, is to use the Triers to bring Boltwich right to the top of the League!"

"Sure," cried Steve, "and we will!"

Laurie glanced at Jack.

"Why so serious, Jack?" he asked.

The lad smiled, but still seriously.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he said. "I was being rather selfish for the moment. It's fine, this. It was always the ambition of my life to play for Boltwich, and now it is coming about, but I could not help thinking at that moment that as you have succeeded in kicking Clifton out of the club, he will turn his hate and anger on to me, and I shall have rather a more cheery time than ever!"

Laurie laughed in reply.

"Funking it?" he asked.

"Gracious, no! I'm more determined." Jack drew himself up. "I am more determined, Laurie, than ever to get at the bottom of all his rotten tricks, and to find out the truth about my grandfather's will, and I am going to do it or die!"

Laurie placed a hand on his pal's shoulder.

"That's the spirit, old chap," he said. "That is the stuff to give 'em! Stick to it, and know you've always got me behind you. We have kicked Clifton out of the club, and before we are finished we are going to kick him out of the town!"

"Sure!" agreed Jack; and a few moments later went in to see his old mother, and to tell her the news.

He bent and kissed the rather bowed white head very tenderly. The old lady looked up with a start.

"Well, dear," she asked, "any news?"

"Rather!" said Jack brightly. "I should jolly well think I have got some news, mother. I have got a good job, and I am going to stick to it until I have got our rights out of George Clifton!"



In spite of the pain from his ankle, Jack Morton leaped to his feet, then flashing out his right, he sent Atkins flying backwards to land on the turf with a thud.

When Thieves Fall Out!

"MAY I have a word with you?" George Clifton looked up with a start. He was sitting in the library of the Old Hall, an evening or two later, writing some letters, and as he looked up he saw Graves, the butler, standing in the doorway.

"Is that the way to speak to me, man?" he snapped, rising to his feet.

The butler came into the middle of the room. He was a large, old man, with a rugged, rather evil face, and a good deal of grim determination about the jaw.

"I want to have a word with you, Mr. George," he said, "and I am not going to mince matters. Things aren't going satisfactorily for me!"

"What?"

There was an angry light in Clifton's face, but his voice was calmer.

"You know what I mean, Mr. George," Graves went on. "We are in this will business together."

"S-s-h, you old fool!" cried Clifton, and looked quickly about him, as though dreadfully fearing eavesdroppers.

Graves gave a sniggering laugh.

"Oh, there is no one likely to hear us, Mr. George," he said. "Don't keep putting me off. As I say, we are in this will business together, and I want some money!"

Clifton moved about uncomfortably.

"Well, you are getting a thousand pounds out of my grandfather's original will, aren't you, you old miser?"

Graves nodded.

"Getting! Yes, that's the right word. When is it coming along?"

"Well, I don't know, man. I am as anxious for money as you are yourself, but one can't hasten these brutes of lawyers up any more than I have done. As it is, I have rather overdone it. I'm not myself, of course, actually pushed for money, and they must have thought it rather queer of me being in such a hurry. We don't want to let them think that there was another will, and that we are afraid of it appearing suddenly, do we?"

Graves gave a peculiar smile.

"Oh, you're very clever at trying to change the subject, Mr. George," he said; "but I mean business. Of course, we don't want them to know that there was a later will, which disappeared in a mysterious way, and that you and I did nothing about it, or said nothing about it. But the point is, you offered me a thousand on your own account, I stood by you by the first will, and as I have been hard pressed for money lately, I can do with a bit of it!"

George flushed.

"Well, I'm pressed myself, man," he said. "You can get money."

"I can't!"

The old butler shook his head, almost, it would have seemed, more in sorrow than in anger.

"I am afraid it's no good talking to me like that, Mr. George. It does not go down with me. I thought those shares you told me about, after Sir Jasper died, and, as you know, there is another call on them. I've got to have five hundred, and you have got to get it for me. Come, sir, be reasonable. I have stood by you, and I mean to, but I want my rights!"

But George Clifton again shook his head.

"I'm in a deuce of a mess myself, man!" he cried. "I could not let you have fifty—"

"You can sell a picture."

"What!"

"You don't want me to spread the yarn about that there was another will." The old fellow gave a rather significant look at the other. "Enough people seem to have got hold of some sort of yarn like that already! Suppose that second will was to turn up, Mr. George!"

"What! That can't happen! My grandfather must have changed his mind that last night; he must have destroyed it."

"I'm not so sure!"

There was a strange significance in the man's voice, and suddenly George Clifton realised it.

In a flash he had lost control of himself, and, leaping across at the old fellow, he had caught him by the throat in a brutal, dreadful way.

"You old fiend!" he snarled. "You know something about it. You've got it up your

sleeve all the time. Don't you lie to me! You know you have! I can see it in your lying eyes. Down you go!"

He forced him down on to his knees.

"I've had enough of your impertinence!" he cried angrily. "This is the finish! I will not stand it another hour. I want to know about that will, or, by Harry, I'll strangle the breath out of you!"

For a moment or so a desperate struggle followed, and then suddenly Clifton seemed to come to his senses. At any rate, he dropped his hands suddenly, and the old fellow sank limply to the ground.

"Well?" snarled Clifton.

Graves picked himself up slowly. He was trembling and frightened for the moment.

"No, no!" he said. "You have got hold of the wrong end of the stick, sir. I know nothing about any other will. Only I am in a big mess with those shares, and you ought to help me, sir!"

Clifton pointed to the door.

"Get out, and keep out, you old idiot," he said. "You stand to win a thousand pounds by my grandfather's first will, and if you are fool enough to throw that away, then I'm fool enough to risk you double-crossing me. I can't let you have any of the other thousand yet. But I shall not fail you, I will pay you in due course. Now get out!"

Graves, shaken and very much afraid for his own skin, turned and went quickly from the room.

He knew that Clifton was bluffing, but he himself was bluffing, too, as he was no more anxious than Clifton for the second will to see the light of day.

But later that evening, as he walked from the Old Hall down to his own cottage some little way from the Hall, muttering dreadful threats to himself, he tried to work out in his evil old way how best he could get the better of Clifton, without losing thereby himself.

"Good-night, Mr. Graves!" said a cheery young voice suddenly, as he went along.

Graves started.

"Hallo!" he snapped. "Who's that?"

"Me," said Ronnie Stevens. "I heard you muttering away to yourself. Mr. Graves, as though you weren't too happy!"

Old Graves swore under his breath.

"Well, I'm not!" he growled. "I'd like to throttle that young cub!"

And he put a tender finger to his very sore throat.

Ronnie started and laughed. In the old days, when he had been a footman at the Hall, he had, of course, known that Graves and George Clifton were hand-in-glove together, and if they had fallen out, it was certainly rather interesting. He had never forgotten that old Graves had been the other witness when Sir Jasper had called him in to witness a document the night he died.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Not so fond of Mr. Graves as you were, Mr. Graves!"

"He's a hound, that's what he is!"

"Just found that out?"

"Yes!"

Ronnie laughed.

"Well, we all found it out long ago, Mr. Graves. He is a rotter. And as you are coming round to our way of thinking about him, you'll not be sorry to hear that he has been kicked out of the control of the football club in Boltwich, and young Mr. Robson did that. He's a sport. The club is going to be run on decent lines now. Steve Logan and I, and young Jack Morton, are going to play for them; and you mark my words, the day will come when Mr. George Clifton is shown up before the whole world."

Old Graves gave a quick grunt.

"Yes," he muttered. "I shouldn't be surprised if it did. I could show him up, if I wanted to, and if I have much more nonsense from him, my lad, I'll surprise you all!"

"Eh? How's that?"

But the old fellow shook his head.

"That would be telling, Ronnie," he said.

"Well, glad to meet you, my lad. Hope you are getting on all right. Good-night, and come and see us sometimes!"

So saying, he shook hands with the astonished lad, and turned away into the night.

Ronnie watched him go. Then, suddenly, as if remembering something, he started to run, and he did not stop until he had reached Jack Morton's cottage. He knocked loudly on the door, and then burst into the room with a shout.

"Jack," he said, glowing with his news,

"I have got something to tell you and Mrs. Morton. I've been having a few words with old Graves, the butler. He's fallen out with Clifton, and he is threatening dreadful things against him. I could not get any more out of him, but I'm sure he knows something about that second will, and I believe that if you play your cards properly, it will be from old Graves that you'll learn the truth, and come into your own!"

Arrested!

THERE was joy in Boltwich the following Saturday.

Not only were two popular favourites, in Steve Logan and Ronnie Stevens, coming back into the team, but the entrance to the ground had been lowered. And as the leaders of the League were the guests of Boltwich, there was a record gate.

Jack was very nervous. It was enough to turn the head of any youngster; but as he sat, changed, and waiting for the word, he couldn't help wondering whether the occasion would not be top big a one for him. He had, of course, never played in football of this class before, and he realised that it was a good deal of an experiment, and that the club was trying to please Laurie Robson.

Old Blake, the trainer of the team, saw him after a few minutes, and crossed over to him.

"Wind up, lad?" he asked.

Jack smiled.

"A bit!"

"That's all right," he said. "It'll pass off! The only thing you want to do is to forget that it is a League game, and that a lot depends on it for you. Just play your own natural game, and it will be all right!"

"I'm going to try," said Jack.

The old fellow bent close.

"I'm sorry," he said, "they are playing Atkins!"

Jack started, and flushed.

"I mean it," said the trainer. "It's not a happy combination, you and he."

Jack shook his head.

"I know what you mean," he said, "after the way he knocked me about in that reserve match; but I am glad he has not been dropped to-day. In fact, I asked Laurie Robson to try and play him, if he could."

"You did!"

"Yes," the lad exclaimed, "because I didn't want folks to say that he was kicked out of the team on my account. I don't want anyone to say that!"

"Well, have a care, lad!"

Jack stared.

"Well, I don't know what harm he can do me, do you?"

The old trainer nodded, and lowered his voice, for Bill Atkins himself was in the dressing-room.

"He can hold you up all he can, lad," he said, "and he is the sort to do it. But what is more, he can give you a sly one, if there is ever any rough play about goal, or something like that. I've got an idea that he doesn't mean any good, so I thought I would just warn you to be careful. Good luck, lad, and don't worry!"

"Thanks!"

The team went out on to the pitch then, and the roar that went up for the three lads from the Triers was the biggest heard that year on Boltwich ground.

It was good to hear, and Jack grimly determined that he would not disappoint his friends.

It was a terrific strain for a youngster to play centre-forward for the first time against the leaders of the League, and, try as he could, Jack could not run into his proper form at first.

Several times he was given an opening. Ronnie feeding him carefully; but as often as the Ball came to him he would fumble with it, and finally lose it.

At last a groan of desperation went up from the crowd.

He had let the other side away, and a moment or so later the first goal had been scored against Boltwich.

"Send him back to his mother!" roared a great voice, which Jack recognised as belonging to the Babe, and a laugh went up.

Jack flushed and bit his lip, and Steve Logan, who was at his side at the moment, patted him on the shoulder.

"Take it quietly, lad," he said; "you'll run into form in a minute."

"Yes," smiled Jack, "when they have scored about ten!"

"Never mind!"

But worse was to happen.

He was given yet another splendid opening by Ronnie five minutes later, and this time he got away without any difficulty, neatly side-stepped an opposing back, and had a clear run for goal. He went right in, and as Boltwich held its breath in agonised expectation, he shot; but the leather went soaring wildly over the bar. A groan went up, and yells of anger. It might almost have been done on purpose.

George Clifton was in the stands, and he looked towards Laurie Robson in the directors' box.

"Great find of yours, Robson!" he cried, and Laurie had to look away.

All this time Bill Atkins in inside-left was not doing anything to help. It was all done so cleverly, too, that it would have been impossible to accuse him of any wrong doing. But Jack realised full well that he was playing all the time to make it difficult for him to regain the ground he had already lost.

If he got the ball, and was attacked, he passed anywhere except to Jack, and once or twice he actually got in the lad's way. But it was all done so cleverly that it was impossible to be certain that he meant it.

Then suddenly he went too far.

There was a scrimmage in front of the home goal, and they were in the middle of it, and quite deliberately, but out of the sight of the crowd, Atkins gave the lad a brutal kick on the ankle.

With a yell of pain Jack went to the ground, but in another moment he had leaped to his feet, and, with a beautiful right, had sent Atkins flying.

It was pandemonium then in a second. The game was stopped, and the referee rushed up.

"Are you mad?" he cried to Jack. "Off the field at once!"

"But he kicked me deliberately," protested Jack.

"I didn't touch him!" cried Atkins.

"I saw him do it," said a voice calmly, and Jack, turning, found himself backed up by the skipper of the opposing side, an International, and a man of undoubted honesty. "I saw it, and it was the dirtiest thing I ever saw done on a football field! Atkins deserved what he got!"

The referee looked puzzled. This altered the position, and for a moment he did not know what to do. The crowd was yelling like mad now.

"Well, I'll report the whole thing," he said quickly. "Get on with the game in the meantime, and no more of that, either of you!"

The game restarted. Jack was in dreadful pain, but unwittingly Atkins had done the one thing to pull him together. So angry was he at this unsporting trick that he forgot entirely the bitterness of the occasion.

He was limping badly, but he limped through the trouble, and suddenly from a miskick he got possession, and was off down the field like a flash of lightning.

Several men tackled him, but without success. An International could not have done it more neatly. He lurched from one side to the other, feinted, and was through on his own.

"Good old Jack!" roared the crowd, as Jack raced on.

One of the opposing full-backs had stuck to him, and he had no time to get in as close as he would like, and he had to shoot while warding off the heavy attentions of his opponent.

But shoot he did, a real beauty which rattled, as it were, through the air, to land in the net clean out of the goalie's reach.

It was the proudest moment in Jack's life. He had scored for Boltwich! How the crowd cheered, how they yelled!

It might have been a Cup Final for the row they made, and when, ten minutes later, out of a fight in front of goal, Jack got his head to the ball, and scored a second, and, as it turned out, a winning goal, he was made for life in the hearts of the Boltwich fans.

And it seemed that wonders were never to cease that day, for when he got home—and he went quickly back so that his mother should have news of his first game for Boltwich—there was a letter waiting for him.

"It came while you were out, Jack," his mother said. "It's from the Hall!"

Jack stared. On the back of the envelope were the words: "The Old Hall," and after a moment he looked up at his mother's anxious eyes.

"Yes," he said; "I believe that it is from Clifton."

"Read it, dear!"

He tore it open, and in another moment had given a sharp exclamation of surprise.

"My dear Mr. Tom," it said, and he read it out aloud: "I have been thinking things over, and I would like to have a word with you. Kindly come and see me, if convenient to yourself, at nine o'clock this evening!"

"Yours sincerely,

"GEORGE CLIFTON."

He looked at his mother.

"What do you think of that, mother?" he cried.

The old lady shook her head.

"I am sure I don't know, dear," she said. "It is certainly very surprising. I—I suppose—perhaps—he has relented!"

Jack hit his lip.

"I hate to go!" he said.

"My dear!" exclaimed the old lady, in sudden alarm.

"I hate to take anything from that brute now, mother!" Jack exclaimed. "I would like to make him cower up everything that is yours, but not to accept a thing from him; but"—and, going to her, he laughed gently and kissed her white head—"of course I am going to do it, for your sake, so don't look so down on your luck!"

"My dear boy!"

Jack said no more, but seeing that his mother was eager

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for him to go, forgot his own disinclination, and at nine o'clock sharp that evening he presented himself once again at the Old Hall.

Graves, the butler, viewed him with his customary surprise as he saw him.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"Mr. Clifton wrote and told me to come and see him at nine o'clock this evening," said Jack stoutly, "so here I am!"

"He did?"

"Yes. I should not be here if he hadn't." Graves gave a grunt.

"All right," he said. "Come in, and I'll see what he says."

He went away, and found Clifton writing in the library.

"There's that young Jack Morton here, sir," he said; they were better friends, for George Clifton had managed to find a little money for the old fellow, as it happened.

"He says that you wrote and told him to come and see you at nine o'clock this evening."

"What?"

"He says so, sir!"

Clifton rose to his feet, with all the appearance of a very angry man.

"I did nothing of the sort," Graves!" he cried. "The less I see of him the better. Send him about his business. No—stay. He says I wrote. There is something funny here. I'll see him. Show him in. I'm going to get to the bottom of this sort of thing!"

"Very good, sir!"

A few moments later Jack was being shown into the room, and Clifton awaited him in chilly silence.

"Well?"

The door closed behind Jack.

"I've come!" he said.

"So I see. Why?"

"Why," exclaimed the lad, "didn't you write to me?"

"I certainly did nothing of the sort!" said Clifton.

There was a moment's pause, while Jack stared at the other, wondering what devilry he was up to this time; and then suddenly the thought came to him that there must be some mistake.

He pulled the letter from his pocket, glad that he had brought it with him.

"Didn't you write that?"

Clifton started, took the letter, and then shook his head.

"I am sorry," he said. "I am afraid that someone has been playing a practical joke on you, Morton. This all comes from you spreading the absurd story about Boltwich that I owe you something. This is not my writing. It's not unlike it, and it's infernal cheek on someone's part, but I certainly had nothing to do with it!"

For once Jack was really taken in by the fellow. He accepted his word for what had happened, and for the moment stood raking

his brain in trying to think who could have done it.

"I am sorry I came!" he said, flushing.

"There is nothing I have to see you about," returned Clifton.

A moment passed. Jack started towards the door, then, on the sudden inspiration of a moment, paused.

"I say!"

"Well?" exclaimed Clifton, looking surprised at the lad's tone.

"Are you still as pleased with the way things are going as you have always been?" Clifton started and stared at the lad.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I should have thought that you were rather fed-up about the way in which you have been kicked out of the Boltwich Club?"

Clifton grew red with anger.

"I'll kick you out of my house, young man," he cried, "if you aren't careful!"

Jack held up a hand.

"No," he exclaimed, "don't start like that, Clifton. I don't want to have words with you. It only occurred to me that, as I have come here by mistake, it might be as well for me to make one more appeal to you. I always seem to be doing so. Why don't you do the decent thing by me and my mother? It would make you popular in the town—"

"You seem to fancy yourself, young man!"

"I don't know about that," said Jack; "but if I manage to do fairly well for Boltwich, I dare say I sha'n't be so unpopular in the town as I might be!"

It was a shrewd thrust, and it went right home. The man paled for a moment, and then snapped his lips angrily.

"You get out of this house!" he said.

"I don't want to hear of you or your old fool of a mother again!"

"I'm going!" said Jack, breaking in. "And I don't come back, George Clifton, until I come back master of this house!"

And without giving the somewhat surprised Clifton an opportunity to reply, he hurried out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

He was furious with himself now for having come. As he went down the drive he felt in his pocket for the letter which had taken him on such a fool's errand. He had been mad to go! Then he realised that he had left the letter with his cousin. Well, it didn't matter. He had gone, and he had looked a fool; but never again would he have anything to do with George Clifton. He was through-for good and all.

His mother was waiting up for him, and as he came into the little room of the cottage he caught sight of her dear white head, bent, as though in sleep.

He gave a start, and tiptoed across to her. She had fallen asleep waiting for him, poor old soul, and now when he awakened her it would be to give her bad news.

For a moment he stood and took an oath, then, his hand on the back of his mother's chair.

"One day, George Clifton," he muttered to himself, "you shall pay for all this!"

His mother awakened at that moment with a start.

"Why, Jack dear," she exclaimed, "you back already! I must have fallen asleep as soon as you went. What happened, dear boy? Did he do anything for us?"

Jack had to shake his head.

"No, dear—nothing!"

There were tears in his eyes, and the old woman realised how he felt, and so, reaching up with her hand, she drew him down, and told him not to care. But there was bitterness in the heart of Jack Morton such as there had never been before, and he swore to himself in that moment more dreadfully than ever before that he would take his revenge one day.

He was down early next morning, for he was in strict training now for the club. The Cuplets would be soon commencing, and he was anxious to give of his best.

He had started the fire going, and was making a cup of tea to take up to his mother, when suddenly there came a knock on the door.

He started, surprised that anyone should have come to see them so early.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, and went to the door.

Without he found a police-sergeant and a detective. He knew them both well by sight, and his heart seemed to stop beating for a second as he found himself staring at them.

"Ah, there you are, young fellow!" said the sergeant. "We want a word with you."

"With me?"

"Yes, with you, Jack Morton," said the detective, as they came into the little kitchen. "It's my duty, of course, to warn you that anything you say may be used against you, and you haven't got to answer questions unless you like. But I may as well tell you that there is a charge against you of having stolen a pocket-book containing notes to the value of fifty pounds from Mr. George Clifton when you saw him last night at the Old Hall!"

"What!" cried Jack furiously. "It's a lie! I never touched a thing! I—"

Suddenly there came an exclamation from the sergeant of police, who had already started rummaging about the room.


"Then how do you account for this, young man?" he said, and held up a brown leather pocket-case. "How do you account for this being in your overcoat-pocket, eh?"

(Is this another foul move on the part of George Clifton? Be sure you read next week's instalment of this grand serial.)

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The outside-right of the village team sped down the field, and when about three yards from the corner flag sent in a perfect centre. The centre-forward, who had a bald head, jumped up and headed the ball, but, to the dismay of the spectators, the leather glanced off his head and went over the crossbar. "Hey!" shouted a disappointed supporter from behind the goal. "Just chalk your cue next time!"—A Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been awarded to H. White, 33, Broughton Avenue, Bentley Road, Doncaster.

RATHER SARCASTIC!

A weary traveller addressed the conductor of a train while he was punching his ticket. "Does this railway company allow passengers to give advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" he asked. "Er—yes!" grunted the conductor. "Well," went on the traveller, "it occurred to me that it would be better to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine, and hitch it to the rear of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling after us, getting into the car, and biting a passenger?"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to E. Babington, 11, Cromwell Street, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.

ROUGH ON SAMMY!

The screams which were issuing from the house were awful. It seemed as if a terrible tragedy was in progress. An anxious knot of people gathered outside, and wondered why someone had not the courage to enter and rescue the victim. At last an unconcerned youth came out of the front door, whistling. One of the spectators promptly buttonholed him. "What's going on in your house?" he asked. "What's the meaning of those fearful screams?" "Eh?" said the youth, as another wail came from within. "Oh, that's Sammy! You see, while he was at the pantry this morning a jar of treacle fell on to his head, and now mother's trying to comb his hair!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Roy Hudson, 123, Fitzgerald Street, Bradford, Yorks.

PROVING IT!

"When I was in India," said the club bore, "I saw a tiger come to the river where some women were washing clothes. It was a fierce tiger, and was about to attack them when one woman, with great presence of mind, splashed some water in the brute's face, and it slunk away." "Gentlemen," said one of the club's leading members, "I can vouch for the truth of this story. Some minutes after this incident occurred I was coming down to the river. I met this tiger, and, as was my usual custom, stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to J. T. Greene, 109, Belmont Road, Anfield, Liverpool.

BEATEN!

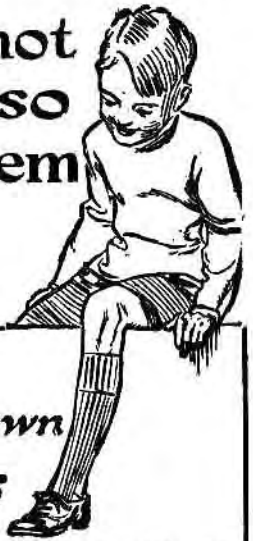
Two amateur gardeners were talking about large vegetables. One said that he new someone who grew a pumpkin so large that his two children had half each for a cradle. "Pooh! That's nothing!" replied the other. "In this town four policemen sleep on one beat (beet)!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Laurence Mortimer, Clover Greaves, Calverley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

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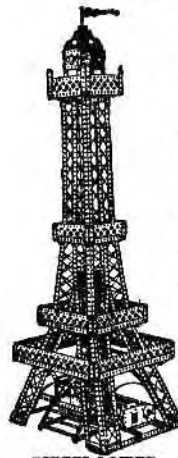
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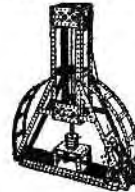
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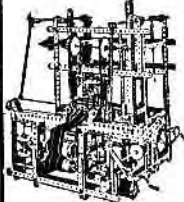
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Superfine Solo Instrument; handsome Polished Cabinet, with 12-fold Metal-bound Bellows; 10 Keys and 4 Bass Chords. This Instrument is the acme of perfection in construction, and a magnificent example of carefully studied musical detail, unequalled for excellence of tone and power. 6d. Deposit and 1/- postage only is required, and we will dispatch this superb Accordion to your address. If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/- within 7 days, and 3/- monthly until 20/6 is paid—or complete balance within 7 days 25/6, making Cash Price 26/- only.



TUTOR GIVEN FREE

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HEIGHT COUNTS

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GRAND NEW FOOTBALLERS' NAMES!



Bank of England
£100



Bank of England
£50

**First Prize,
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**30 MAGNIFICENT "JAMES"
MOTOR-CYCLES**

(Complete with Lamp, Horn, and Licence-holder.)

**10 Two-Valve
Wireless Sets**

20 GRAMOPHONES. 40 FOOTBALL OUTFITS (Boots, Stockings, Shorts, and Shirt). 50 Pairs of BOXING GLOVES. 100 Pairs of ROLLER SKATES.

**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).

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.



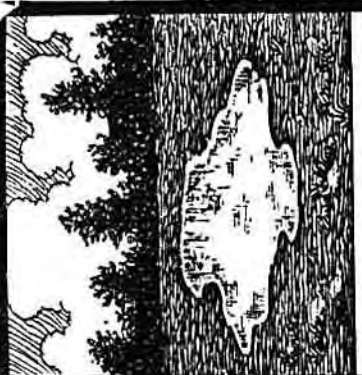



To help you still further, we have published on cover 2 of this issue a list of footballers' names, which contains the actual names of the footballers represented by all the pictures appearing in this competition.

New readers desirous of entering this contest can do so by obtaining the **LAST TWO** numbers of the GEM, Nos. 822 and 823, which, between them, contained all the previous sets of pictures. Back numbers of those issues can be obtained on application to the "Back Numbers Dept.," Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. For each single number required twopenny in stamps should be forwarded, also one penny stamp to cover postage. The postal rate for additional copies is an extra halfpenny per copy.

Readers of the "Champion," "Boys' Realm," "Union Jack," "Boys' Friend," "Puck," "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.



SET NO. 6. TWO MORE SETS TO COME!

RULES AND CONDITIONS

which must be strictly adhered to.

- 1.—The First Prize of £100 in cash will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct, or most nearly 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.



YOU'VE SOLVED THIS SET? GOOD! NOW LOOK OUT FOR SET NO. 7—APPEARS NEXT WEEK!