

TALBOT'S TRIUMPH!

A Magnificent New, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of St. Jim's.

Complete
Stories
for 1914
and
Many
More
in
1915.



No.
228,
Vol.
9.



A STORMY FOOTBALL MEETING IN STUDY 6.

(An amazing incident in the splendid complete school tale contained in this issue.)

PUBLISHED IN TOWN
AND COUNTRY EVERY
WEDNESDAY MORNING

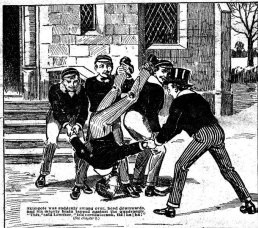
GEM
LIBRARY

COMPLETE STORIES
FOR ALL, AND EVERY
STORY A GEM!

TALBOT'S TRIUMPH!

A Grand Long, Complete School Story of Tom Merry & Co.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**



STAMPED THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF HIS HEAD DOWNWARDS,
AND HIS MIGHTY BRIDE JERRED AGAINST THE APPROACHING
"YEA," SAID LORIMER, "AND COME BACK, TALKING TO!"
(END CHAPTER 1.)

CHAPTER 1.

Going with a Bang!

SIMPSON, of the Staff, came into Tom Merry's study, in the Upper House of St. John's, with an excited expression on his face. His eyes were gleaming behind his big spectacles.

"How do things go?" asked Simpson eagerly.

"There was just justice in the case," Tom Merry and Mansel and Lortimer, to whom the whole belonged, and Talbot of the Staff, who had the honour of sharing the next study with Simpson.

The Tutor. There were seated in a row in the wide window, and Talbot was sitting on the table, and they were talking football. They were all talking of course, as a matter of fact, and the subject under discussion being so important, they did not need Simpson.

"You ought to have stopped that post, Mansel!"

"Oh, right!"

"You let it go into touch!"

"And then Fagins!"

"Right from the three-four!"

"Simpson!"

"Now, look here, Mansel, old man!"

Next Wednesday.

"TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS!" AND "OFFICER AND TROOPER!"

No. 528, Chancery Building, Vol. 15.

Copyright in the United States of America.

had a workshop which was the envy of all his friends. Glen there was sent Mr. Jany's, and Glen of the Hall spent many of his half-holidays there, sometimes taking Tom Merry & Co. along with him.

Glen's study generally looked like a workshop too. He kept Mr. Parkinson into it with great pleasure. He was invited to the astronomical observations took in his observatory. But the philosophers actually dug out of Glen's fire as to follow the matter into the study.

Suddenly had been there!

"And that somebody had made a glass away."

The study had been rushed. If a human Union had looked in, it could hardly have made a closer view.

"My—my—my hat!" gasped Glen. "What has been here? My dynamite and accumulators—my blessed night—my personal life—my hat! Some thinking that has been riding my study?"

Mr. Parkinson smiled.

"And the new propeller?" he asked. Glen had been going to show him a new propeller he had made with his own hands.

"Glen?" looked Glen. "It's been raised."

"Ah—Then I had better give you a call another time," said Mr. Parkinson.

Glen smiled slightly. The new matter left the study. He went round the room, and pushed up a window-blind. He had no idea whether the Kangaroo and Clinton there had committed that risk. They had after all appeared to have put out all his rubbish, as they called it, and pitch it into the street.

And Glen, with the exhibit-stamp in his hand, proceeded to look for his photographs study-study.

He ran along the passage, looked upon the door of Tom Merry's study, and looked in—no, rather, passed in. The Tinsell, Thane and Talbot were there, busy with their evening preparation.

"Hello!" said Marty Lortie, looking up. "On the way, what? What's the matter? Have the Indians landed?"

"—I thought they might be here!" gasped Glen.

"—The Germans?"

"No, not! Kangy and Dan! They've cleared all my photographs and all my study. I was going to show them to Mr. Parkinson!" looked Glen.

"What looked up at that moment."

Mr. Parkinson: "You've made friends with him—"

"Yes," said Glen. "He's coming home with me on Kangaroo."

"What, that?"

"Coming home with you, Glen?"

"Yes, and I'm going to ask my father to ask him to stay over the week-end. He's an really cheap chap, and takes a tremendous interest in my experiments."

"Oh!"

"And I was going to show him my new propeller," said Glen, "and those differing ideas have taken it away. Do you know where they are?"

"Not here," said Tom Merry, laughing. "Is your propeller a self-acting propeller (like Edison's)? If so, it may have gone off of its own accord."

"No, no, no!"

"Oh, yes!" said Glen, and he dashed out of the study, bringing the stamp.

He burst into a whitened into Study No. 5 in the Fourth Floor passage.

"—Kangy here!" he roared.

"—Kangy here!"

"What on earth—" began Willie.

But Glen did not stay to explain. He says that his study-study were not there. He opened without a word, and opened the next study door. Kangaroo and Betty and Thane were there. They played round the study, much to the amusement of the three juniors, and then slammed the door.

"Hello, and is he doing nicely?" exclaimed Betty, in a moment.

Glen rushed along to Lortie-Lortie's study. There he found Lortie-Lortie and Lortie, Melrose and Marjorie.

He gave them a glance in search of the delinquents. They stared at him stupidly.

"What the thunder—" began Lortie-Lortie.

"What?"

Glen was gone.

"—What that chap was looking up in a hostile explosion?" said Lortie-Lortie in wonder.

But Glen did not care what Lortie-Lortie guessed. He was spending downstairs, looking for the delinquents. But the common-room was empty blank. Kangaroo and Clinton there were not there. Glen glanced round the room.

"—Anybody seen Dan and Nottle?" he looked.

"They're gone to his with Figgins & Co.," said Glen.

"Oh, thanks!"

Glen rushed out of the common-room and out of the house. He sped across the empty quadrangle as if he were on the water-ski. He rushed into the New House and up to Figgins's study.

Figgins & Co. were having tea, and they had two guests from the School House. Nottle and Dana stood at their seats, made as he looked the door open and rushed in.

"Hello!" exclaimed Figgins.

"Hello!" repeated Ken and Wynne.

But Glen did not take any notice of Figgins & Co. He had come there to see these guests. He scrutinized the stamp, and then Kangaroo and Clinton jumped up.

"What are they?" he roared.

"Oh! What?"

"My dynamite! My dynamite, my propeller, my pit, my—You roared! Oh! What are they?" roared Glen, starting up, with the exhibit-stamp.

"What, what, what, what?"

"My dynamite!" roared Kangaroo, dodging the stamp, which came down on the tea-table, with Nottle's mouth to the New House study. "Collier him!"

"You've!" roared Clinton, Dan. "Collier the road list!"

"What, what, what?"

Kangaroo Glen jumped the dynamite and the Canadian roared the table, piling in with the exhibit-stamp as if he were having carpets. Figgins & Co. had jumped up in amazement.

"What the ghidly delinquents—" roared Figgins.

"Hello him! Collier him!"

"Graham!"

"What, what, what, what?"

"Graham! Same him!"

"Collier the list!"

Kangaroo and Dan looked themselves upon their right shoulder. Figgins & Co. rushed to the table. Behind Glen with five pairs of powerful hands upon him, was swept off his feet and plunged on the floor.

"Oh, no, Glen!" roared Figgins.

Fatty Wren grunted, and showed his tremendous weight on Glen's chest. The scholarly incubator gasped and collapsed. There was an exciting Fatty Wren's weight.

"Graham!" he gasped.

"—You old man!" roared Kangaroo, "what do you mean by it?"

"What have you been in like a Red Indian for?" shouted Dan. "You thumping us!"

"Graham!"

"No, Glen!" roared Kangaroo. "My hat, I'm a kind of over! Do you mind if I give him the job, Fatty?"

"Not at all," said Figgins. "The marmalade too, if you like."

"—Graham!" roared Glen, as he and marmalade were squashed on his face in lumps. "Graham!"

"Now, you are—"

"Give him the tea too. It's hot!"

"No, no, no!"

"—You've been!" roared Glen. "Shoggy! Check it!"

"What, explain yourself, you old thing!" said Kangaroo indignantly. "What do you mean by it?"

"Where are my things?" roared Glen. "My dynamite, my propeller, my pit, my propeller—oh! Where are they, you roared?"

"—Graham! I have," said Kangaroo. "Ah! They're in the study!"

"—Graham! Haven't you pulled them?" gasped Glen, starting through the jam.

"No, you are! No, you followed! No, you are!"

"Oh! —I thought you had! They've been pulled, and you old man have always been passing on the subject!"

"—Graham!" roared Glen.

"—Graham! (Glen) Dan. "We'll make you sorry, you cheap! Why couldn't you all first, you thumping me!"

"—Glen, hold on! It was a mistake!"

But the independent jammer was not inclined to hold on. They rushed Glen, and Fatty Wren, rolled off him, and they jumped him all the last time from the carpets in clouds, and they rolled with propeller. They then passed the tea and marmalade, and rolled him out of the study like the jammer and slammed the door on him.

Glen sat up and gasped.

"—Graham!" Oh, Graham! Memory hat! Memory! Somebody's pulled my study—oh! and where I had the book—Graham! —I've pulled him! —Graham! I do feel bad!"

And unfortunately happened slipped out of the New House, looking very bad indeed.

THE NEW LONDON—No. 588.



"No hat, no cane, none here!" sneered the doorman now. "You understand, but I choose to hand off your only shoulder, this?" "I understand," said Humphrey Gentry. "I will ask for my country's share!"

(See Chapter 12)

the door, and he had been made worse by his door's strange words of late.

"But Talbot had himself well in hand. Whatever it was that was troubling his mind, he had carefully hunched it away. He was all there."

When the two went into a shot, the ball at his feet, and the Gentrys' knees and backs were broken to the bone, and the wings spread to Tom Merry just in time, and the captain of the third regiment the ball into goal before the Gentrys could know what was happening.

It was first blood to St. Joe's, and there was a run of shooting from the crowd round the field.

"Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

"My hat, you've got a good winger there!" said Gordon Gyp, as they walked back to the center of the field.

"And Tom Merry should be proud."

"Good man, Talbot! Keep that up!"

"You, wallyah!" chorused Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I wally could not have made that man better myself, Talbot, old sport!"

Talbot did keep it up.

The Gentrys' men had come close to win, as Gordon Gyp had noticed, but they came for wood and returned alone.

Talbot was in his best form, and when he was at his best he was a tower of strength to his side. In the first half, the score was two to one in favor of the home team, and with

the first whistle blown, after a gruffling match, the St. Joe's score was three, and the visitors had not increased.

"There is one!" grunted Blake as they came off the field.

"Did I hear you wrong, Gyp, old man, that you could lose to win?"

"And Gordon Gyp replied with a grunt."

CHAPTER 10. Hunting News.

TOM MERRY & CO. extended the Gentrys' supply after the match. There was a crowded meeting in the lounge early in the first game, which

used the accommodation to the utmost. But among the many crowd Talbot was not to be seen. Tom Merry missed him, and wondered why he was not there; but he had not much time to think about him just then.

After tea, the Gentrys' described in their books, and then Tom looked for Talbot. He did not find him. It was late in the evening when the light blue came into the common-room, with a letter in it.

The Terrible Three had him at last.

"Where have you been, you wanderer?"

"Only for a little rest," said Talbot. "But Gyps come back."

"Gyps? No! he's not coming back tonight," said Mary.

Talbot and Gordon. — N. 66.

score. "His father's telephoned. They're staying over the week-end."

"Mr. Packington is staying with him?"

"Yes," said Tom Merry. "Glyn" phoned to Kangaroo, too, and he says Packy is a regular brip. He's been showing him lots of things, and has given Glyn a tip about his model locomotive—no Glyn says. He gets on awfully well with Packy."

"Then they won't be back till Monday morning?" said Talbot, with a harassed look.

"No. Did you want to see Glyn for anything?" asked Tom, in wonder.

"Oh, no!"

Talbot turned away abruptly. He took up a book, but the chums could see that he was not reading it. It was evident that there was something on Talbot's mind, but they forbore from questioning him. He had told Tom Merry that it was not what had happened once before when they had seen him in this mood. He had heard nothing, now, from the old associates with whom his dark days had been passed, when he was known as the Toof. It was not that. The juniors wondered what it was, and they could not help feeling a little worried that Talbot did not get into his confidence. If there was anything wrong with old Talbot, they were willing to back him up as one man. But Talbot evidently intended to tell them nothing.

He was grinsy silent and thoughtful when the Shell went up to their dormitory. His mood was infectious. The Terrible Three were not feeling so chippy as usual, in spite of their famous victory over the Grammarians that afternoon. Still, the evening was a bit low, with all sorts of shams on his hands and his clothes, and an expression of beatific satisfaction on his face. Evidently the self-acting propeller was looking promising again.

The Shell fellows turned in, and Kildare put the lights out. But long after the Shell were asleep Talbot lay awake, his eyes staring restlessly into the darkness. The junior who was generally so cool, steady, self-reliant, seemed to be all nervous. His jaw a violent start at the sound of someone getting cautiously out of bed, and sat upright in the darkness.

"Who's that?" he exclaimed, startled.

"Dear me! Are you awake, Talbot?"

"Skimpole?"

"Yes," Skimpole's big glasses glimmered in the dormitory as he blinked at Talbot. "Pray do not wake the fellows, Talbot. I do not desire to attract the general attention to my nocturnal peregrinations."

"Where on earth are you going?" asked Talbot, in amazement. Skimpole was dressing himself in the darkness with great caution.

"I am going to work on my model," explained Skimpole. "It is absurd, and indeed reprehensible, to waste so much time in sleep when my invention is practically completed. The propeller was on the very point of success when I had to come in to bed. I am going to put in a few hours in my workshop."

"Many hat! You're not going down into the crypt tonight," exclaimed Talbot, aghast.

"A-bush! Yes, my dear Talbot. Why not?"

"You'll get into a fearful row if you're found out of the dormitory."

"I shall risk that, for patriotic motives," said Skimpole loftily. "Besides, there is no danger. I can get out of the box-room window, as Lovison used to do to go down to the Green flag. I shall be very careful. But that I fear punishment, but I should be stopped from going again if I were discovered. And when my airship is completed, you know, the War Office—"

"Better get back to bed, old chap," said Talbot.

"You do not grasp the importance of my work, my dear Talbot. I have every hope of bringing the war to an end by the end of next week. Surely that is worth a little trouble?"

Talbot smothered a laugh. Skimpole finished dressing himself and left the dormitory, closing the door after him with great caution. Talbot snuggled in the darkness; but he soon forgot Skimpole. Darker and more troublesome thoughts came into his mind.

He did not close his eyes; he could not sleep. He lay looking at the stars that glimmered at the high windows—sleepless, restless. He started as he heard, hours later, the door of the dormitory cautiously opened.

"Is that you, Skimpole?"

"Yes," came Skimpole's voice in reply. "I am very sleepy—yawn—yawn—"

"How's the propeller?"

"For some reason, which I have not yet discovered, my dear Talbot, it does not appear to work. It is very remarkable, The Gem Library—No. 253.

because I have worked it out to perfection in theory. However, I shall not be discouraged. I shall work on my model day and night, until it is in perfect order. When I can take it to Mr. Ralston, and show him that the propeller is really self-acting, he will see that a tremendous discovery it is, and will allow me, I am sure, to inflate my airship for a trial in the quadrangle. Yaw—yaw!"

Talbot grinned. If Skimpole waited until his self-acting propeller was in working order, his visit to Mr. Ralston was not likely to take place for some time.

The genius of the Shell turned in, and yawned, and went to sleep, and his mighty brain was in repose at last. But the winter dawn was glimmering in the windows before Talbot's eyes closed.

"Wake up, slacker!"

Talbot started up in bed.

It was daylight, and Tom Merry was shaking him.

"What is it?" asked Talbot confusedly. "Any news?"

Tom stared at him.

"News! No! Do you mean war news? We don't get news along with the rising-bell; but I suppose they're licking the Germans at last."

"The Germans are sound!" said Monty Loxther severely. "Didn't you hear the rising-bell?"

"No," stammered Talbot. "I—I've slept badly."

He rubbed his eyes and turned out. He felt slack and seedy from want of sleep. A cold bath refreshed him, and after a run in the keen winter air in the quad, he looked more like himself when he came in to breakfast.

It was Sunday, and the juniors, after service, had the morning to themselves. Talbot excused himself from the usual "Sunday walk" with the Terrible Three. He "moored" about the quad by himself in a glum mood. He joined Kangaroo when the juniors came in to dinner.

"Heard anything from Glyn?" he asked casually.

The Cornsbelk nodded. "Yes; he's been on the phone," he said. "He told me he would ring me up."

"Anything happened there?"

Kangaroo regarded him with astonished eyes.

"No. What should happen there?"

"Oh, no," Talbot looked immensely relieved. "Oh, nothing. I—I suppose Glyn's having a good time?"

"Yes, he says so."

They went in to dinner. Talbot's brow seemed to have cleared, and he was more cheerful than he had been for some time. But as evening drew on he became very silent and thoughtful again. Tom Merry & Co. had given him up by this time; Talbot was in a funk mood, and they waited for him to come out of it of his own accord. But when the juniors went to the dormitory that night, Talbot, in spite of the trouble that was oppressing him, slept soundly. The loss of sleep the previous night had told upon him, and he sank into slumber almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. There was no one to question Skimpole that night when he paid his surreptitious visit to the old vault under the ruined chapel.

The clang of the rising-bell on Monday morning awoke Talbot with the rest. He turned out, and glanced curiously at Skimpole as that brainy youth yawned portentously. He guessed that the cheerful inventor had been out over-night. Skimpole gave him a doleful "hello" and murmured, "There seems to be some hitch. I think I shall have to try a fresh arrangement of cogs."

Talbot grinned. Skimpole might be an ass, but he was evidently a sickler.

Glyn did not appear at breakfast, but he was expected to come in for morning lessons. The Shell were going into their Form-room when the hoot of a motor-car was heard outside, and Glyn joined his Form-fellows.

Talbot's eyes were fixed upon him at once. He caught a glimpse of Mr. Packington, urbane as usual and smiling, passing into the house with his valise in his hand. But Bernard Glyn was not smiling. He was looking unusually grave.

Talbot noticed it, and his heart throbbed.

His face turned quite pale for a moment. It was impossible to question Glyn in the Form-room. He had to wait till morning lessons were over for a chance to speak to him. Several other fellows had noted Glyn's unusual looks, and as the Shell came out of the Form-room after lessons, they gathered round him in the passage.

"What are you looking like a boiled owl for?" was Monty Loxther's polite query.

"Nothing wrong at home!" asked Tom Merry.

Bernard Glyn nodded.

"Yes; something jolly wrong," he replied. "There was a burglary in the house last night!"

"My hat!"

He entered the study, and started a little at the sight of a person, with a pale and green face, standing on the hearth-rug, waiting for him there.

"Mr. Falkner,"

With a moment's delay, he took a look at the person master's face; but it was gone at once, and he smiled and walked pleasantly to the parlor.

"Ah, Talbot," he said pleasantly. "You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have heard from Mamma that you are thinking of leaving me alone?" said the master pleasantly. "I shall be very glad if you do so."

"I was thinking of it, sir," said Talbot; "but I shall not do so now."

"No? You have changed your mind?"

"Yes. You will not be taking a class at St. John's again, Mr. Pockington?"

"No?"

"You will be leaving the school to-day?"

Mr. Pockington laughed.

"I do not quite understand you, Talbot. Is this a joke? Leave no intention of leaving the school?"

"And before you leave," said Talbot, his voice hard and steady, "I have your leave, Mr. Pockington, you will restore that singular new book from Mr. Gilpin's table, at Gilpin House, to me, right?"

CHAPTER 12.

Face to Face.

A DEAD silence followed Talbot's words. Mr. Pockington stood fixed to the floor, staring at him.

Talbot stood with his eyes on the witness master's face, waiting for him to reply.

For a full minute the silence lasted. Mr. Pockington broke it.

"Are you mad, my boy?" he asked quietly.

"No."

"Yes, you must be! You never said—"

"Yes."

"Are you prepared to come into the Head's presence, and repeat your disrespectful words, Talbot?"

"No."

Another long pause. A change was coming over Mr. Pockington's face. The usual, stern, stern expression was gone. The features seemed to harden the more the eyes glared like cold steel. He pushed his glasses up, as if to clear his vision.

"May I ask you to explain yourself, Talbot?" asked the master at last. "Your words are—what?—very curious."

"I will explain, professor."

Mr. Pockington smiled.

"Professor? I have no claim to that title," he said.

"I know that; but in the theatre that is Jago! After you were always called the Professor, and by that name you are known in the records at Newland Yard," said Talbot.

"That is."

"Your name is no more, Pockington than—"

"Then name is Talbot?" suggested Mr. Pockington, with a smile.

"No. You know me," said Talbot.

"You asked it. The fact is not so easily forgotten," said the master calmly. "Where you know me also, we can compare names; and, in fact, have a pleasant chat over old times."

"I did not come here for a chat," said Talbot. "I came here to tell you that you can either restore your book, and leave St. John's peacefully, or be arrested this afternoon, and taken to prison. Take your choice, professor."

The professor smiled tranquilly.

"A hard choice, Sir! May I ask you, first, what is your little game here?"

"You have heard my story."

"I have heard it. I recognized you, of course, the day I came; but as you did not ask me now, I concluded that you had now recognized me," said the professor calmly. "I have heard that you have returned; that by some thoughtful friend you obtained a pardon for your offence; and that you are engaged to be leading a straight life here. Of course, I am too old a bird to be caught by such little tricks. I know that you are simply upon a job. What is the job?"

"It is all true."

"Oh, come! You are on a new job, and there is no reason why we should not be friends," said the professor. "Help me, and I will help you. We will do whatever together. Tell me what you want, decided on, and I will help you."

"The Old Testament," No. 383.

"You cannot be friends," said Talbot quietly. "where you should do as I have done—give up your present life, and take to honesty and poverty."

"But you do not give up the professor's salary," he said. "In fact, no, my life is all right. Besides, I have another in coming. You have forgotten Maria."

"I have not forgotten her," said Talbot, his lips quivering a little. "Heaven knows I would be glad to see her again, and to attempt to make the legs of the horses she has learned from her father."

"What, my son?" asked the professor.

"My father is dead," he said. "His wrapping has died with him. He not speak of him to me. It does not lay to your mouth to reproach him. But he you he might never have been the man he was. Come to the point. What you do as I ask?"

"Hardly."

"You have the choice of that or worse."

The professor looked at him and said:

"You do not mean that, Talbot."

"I mean every word," said Talbot steadily. "Unless you do as I ask, I shall go direct from this study to the Head and denounce you."

"You ask me to believe that you are sincere—that you have truly thrown away the old life and taken on new ways—sincerely, irreversibly?" said the professor, with a mocking smile.

"I ask you to believe nothing. You can please yourself. I were you of what I am going to do; that is all."

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"You demand a short-sighted limited promise—oh?"

Talbot answered:

"If you expect these words, professor, I shall not give you a receipt at all," he said tranquilly. "I will say all I will say, and do all I do; but I shall not give you a receipt."

"Say!" said the professor quietly. "Let us talk this over. Suppose I take you to my study—now will allow that you have really returned, that the old life has turned upon a new leaf, and become a respectable member of society. Strange things have happened. I am too old a bird to be surprised at anything. If that is so, however, why have you not said so before? Why did you not speak at once?"

"I did not know."

The professor glanced at his reflection in the glass, and smiled.

"It is difficult, it is not?" he said pleasantly. "There are few who would recognize me like this."

"I did not recognize you," said Talbot. "Something struck me as familiar the moment I saw you, but you look so much more different. And your phrases too! And—and I could not believe that you would say such things. You seem more like this. I was sincere, professor, but I could not believe that it was you. Yet when you came in the study the first evening I guessed."

"I was surprised to see you here, and I wished to ascertain whether you had recognized me," smiled the professor.

"I guessed it, but I could not be sure; you played your part so well. And then I knew it must have been difficult for you to enter here, unless you were what you represented to be. And again, I remembered that perhaps you in your spring-hire in the old days, and that may have served you."

"Exactly! I have written myself out quite a set of excellent papers, some of them with well-known signatures attached," said the professor, with a nod.

"Talbot drew a deep breath, and said:

"I expected it, I could not be sure. And then your friendship with Gilpin; that made me suspicious again. I was on my toes. But I could not be sure till I heard Gilpin's own words. When I learned that a burglar had taken place at Gilpin House, I knew why you had made up to him and passed a week-end there. I was having something to say to such men, and when I heard it I could not have any longer doubts. I could not doubt after that."

"It was a shock to you?"

"Yes, it was a shock, though I had feared it. But I made up my mind at once."

"And you are going to compensate your new life of honesty by betraying an old friend and Maria's father?"

Talbot smiled again.

"You bring you a chance," he said lightly. "Give back that you are sincere, and leave this place at once, and you are all right. You are not going to play the game for long. Your forged papers must have been discovered sooner or later. It would not have lasted many weeks."

"Long enough for me to do my work," said the professor. "The office at Gilpin's was merely a subterfuge—my true game. My real business is here."

"I have it, Mr. Holmes, my brother, the man who has given me my chance in life, was to be your victim!" said Talbot, glancing at the professor with perfect confidence. "My first victim," said the professor, with perfect confidence. "From this moment and henceforward, I planned to make a clean sweep of all the evil worth carrying in the countryside, and to end up here with a final haul, and then depart between ten days, as we agreed to arrange it in the club. You would not have the heart to spoil an excellent programme, would you?"

"I will not talk to you," he said. "I tell you what you are to do, and you will do it, you are to please!"

"And you mean that?"

"Don't you remember that the Wolf was always a fellow of his word?" said Talbot, bitterly.

"I remember!" Mr. Porthington said his hand into his pocket. "And you may remember, too, that the professor was always a bad man to cross!"

"I don't like you," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"But that may," he said. "Do you think you can spare me?"

"I am waiting for your answer, and I shall not wait long."

The professor looked at him, and listened the deadly silence, as if calculating chances. "I was showing you the professor," he said at last, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"I would not mind good enough," he said, "but there would be an element and a keen inquiry, and it would come out that Mr. Porthington, the witness-master, was really the professor, a well-known confidence man, and a man of the professor's. The professor smiled, and did the confidence man of eight again. Apparently he reached that it was not good enough."

"You are right," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"I have named my name. You notice your plan, and have it. Don't forget."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

"The confidence man," he said, "but I am not a coward. I am a man of the professor's. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his face."

him on a wild-goose chase, and, while he was so occupied, to appear with the loot."

"You will come with me," he said.

"No," he said, "the plan is here, and you intend to make off with it as soon as you are out of my sight," said Talbot, grimly. "I shall not lose sight of you for one moment until it has been given up to Glyn."

The professor laughed.

"I have told you the truth. It is hidden in the vault. I show that to the other place. It was always possible that there might be a search, and a search. I do not like chance."

"Then come with me," said Talbot.

"I will come if you choose," and the professor, with a drag of the phylidry, "But the ball has gone. You are day in your chambers."

"That you wish."

"I am chosen."

Talbot opened the door, and they quitted the study together.

CHAPTER 13. STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE confidence man was absent. All the fellows were in the Exchange. But Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

The professor was absent, and Talbot was not thinking of chance just then. He knew what would happen if the confidence man escaped from his observation.

fact, with no suspension of surprise upon his face at that momentary late truth.

"Ah, Mr. Halliday! What—" He broke off, and his expression changed, as Yulett followed the Hocompagnons into the study. The white face, with its streak of red across the pale forehead, came like a specter before the eyes of the pupil. The colour faded from his face, and for an instant he seemed rooted to the spot.

In a flash he knew that the game was up. His hand went into his pocket. The situation, as he felt it, lay out was now the pocket and Andy thought, "Did even so the random whiplash act. Mr. Nathan sprang forward, and the robot crashed on his arm, and the weapon crashed to the floor. The next moment the demonic rascal was in the powerful vice of the Minuteman.

Yelling did not need to help. As the Homeowner's affiliate group, the professor was an ally. In a few moments he was helping. He rubbed his eyes, kneeling with rage, upon the Yell as he snarled his breath.

"Where?" said Mr. Wallman sharply. "Pick up that receiver, Tolson. Now take my telephone, and hand the victim's victim, Dr. Mahoney—the Rhod was passing into the study with a started face," said you telephone to Inspector Rhod!"

1000

The professor burst into a bitter laugh, and threw himself back in chair, his hands behind, a helpless prisoner now.

"The game's up," he said. "You have deceived me, Ted."

"I'll give you your choice," said Taffet, with white lips. "You can have the house when you want a choice. But I want to run."

The professor shrugged his shoulders.
"I was a fool not to take it," he said. "You were always

²² "I was a child and he told me," he said. "You were always a hard nut to crack. Tell me what there is like there is now," and the look was never made that will hold me.

...and the book was
...and the book was

Tom Mearns & Co. were made a surprise when they came down on the following morning. To find was in fact in the

which, nevertheless, reflecting from a severe rupture on his head, and he was not likely to appear in the Post-room for some days to come. Mr. Parkington—known in his own character now—had left Mr. Jarr's in charge of Inspector Skene, with headquarters on his wrist. He has made the inspection had found concealed the plunder of Mrs. Cliffe safe.

Later in the day the Tyrolean Thams were admitted into the sanatorium to see their child. They found Patrick propped up on a pillow, his face white, and his hand clenched. He greeted them with a faint smile.

But it was Parker, after all, and Tom Slattery.



1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

"I'm pretty bad," said Tullius, "but it's working. I shall be back in class in a few days."

[illegible]

1000

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

A couple of days later Talbot was in class again, looking a little pale, but otherwise his old self. He seemed shocked by consideration for giving him a full description, at great length, of a new machine he was going to use in his physics experiments, in which he was to play a leading part. The machine, he said, was to be the rival of Whitney's invention, it was certainly the brainy man of the West who had saved Talbot's skin.

(American Telephone & Telegraph Co., American Bell, Bell and
Western) 1940-1941 17 7,512-077 2,400,000,000
(1940-1941)



A Cash Prize for Every Contributor to this Page.



HIND.

The following notice once appeared on a new electric railway in Ireland:

"All passengers must, on the approach of another car on the opposite line, stop their cars, and should not proceed until the said cars have safely passed each other."—Sent in by A. Smith, Long Eaton.

THE ONLY ONE.

A couple of Englishmen before the war sat outside a cafe in Berlin, and are remembered to this day.

"Oh, the Emperor is a hopeless idiot."

Instantly a man, who proved to be a phalarope policeman, arose from his adjacent seat and said:

"No, it is my duty to advise you. You say the Emperor is a hopeless idiot?"

"But," said the Englishman, "there are other emperors in the world."

"Yes," answered the policeman, "but none is the only Emperor who is a hopeless idiot."—Sent in by Dr. Stewart, Leeds.

TREASURE-HUNTING.

A treasure-hunter was steadily digging a large hole in the road one day, when a number of an impatient crowd of men stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," he said at last, "what are you digging for?"

The treasure-hunter looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money?" ejaculated the amazed onlooker. "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"Whenever," answered the treasure-hunter, and resumed operations.—Sent in by G. Adams, Hornsea, E.E.

HELP!

"Help! Help! I have just shot a deer!"

"A deer?"

"Yes, it is a helping!"

"Yes, it would help anything."

"When did it do it?"

"It died of a Thursday."

"I mean, how did it die?"

"It died on the day after the death."

"I mean, how did the day meet its death?"

"It didn't meet its death. Its death overtook it."

"I want to know what was the complaint?"

"No complaint. Everyone around, satisfied."

"I wish to know how it occurred."

"The deer was the cow. He was a thoroughbred animal."

"Tell me, when did the day die?"

"The same as light, a variable sun."

"What was the result?"

"The day only lasted one second."—Sent in by P. Roberts, Manchester, North Wales.

THE BETTER WAY.

The new landlady at the hotel had noticed her people lingering in the hall, where he addressed them all in the course of his lecture, he stated that he did not believe in *excess*.

At this point he was interrupted by loud cheers from his youthful audience.

"A far better thing," he continued, "bearing of them through his speeches," "is a good, warm wrap of leather."—Sent in by G. Cunningham, Aberdeen.

IMAGINARY.

A school teacher asked a boy if he knew what the opposite was.

"Yes," answered the boy. "It is an imaginary line round the outside of the earth."

The teacher, thinking the boy had found his lesson parcel, said:

"Could you tell a friend in the opposite?"

"Yes," promptly replied the boy.

"Ah!" said the teacher, who thought he had the boy corrected.

"What kind of a line would that be?"

"An imaginary knot, sir," said the smart boy.—Sent in by G. Williams, Penrith, E.E.

LITERAL, BUT TRUTHFUL.

Two gentlemen were travelling in one of the rail-road coaches in America, and had been dining for two hours without communicating to each other, when they came across a little village hidden amongst the trees, and noticed at the same time an old man leaning against a fence.

"How do you do?" said one of the gentlemen to the old man.

"Hello," answered that individual.

"Pardon me?"

"For doing as I have it."

"I don't know all your life."

"No sir," said the countryman.—Sent in by H. Harding, Leicester.

THE RAILWAY'S PROPERTY.

It happened in a small country village, which, although independent, possessed a railway station.

Three days after the weekly train had passed, Mr. Dingle, the Mr. Green's railwayman, had arrived. Being late, he presented a friendly-looking stranger in the place to which it from the station.

On seeing Mr. Green's railwayman, the village gentleman and the stationmaster, who inquired as to what he had been, and what he had been doing.

"I've been for Mr. Green's railwayman," said the stranger.

"Children, be honest!" said the stationmaster.

"That's our railwayman!"—Sent in by E. Matthews, Loo, E.E.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED.

Readers are invited to send ON A POSTCARD Storyettes or Short Interesting Paragraphs for this page. For every contribution used the reader will receive a Money Prize.

ALL POSTCARDS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO—The Editor, "The Gem" Library, Gough House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THIS OFFER IS OPEN TO READERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

No paragraph or story is returned, and no card is sent to the contributor, unless it is asked, or sent in either plain text or postcard, with no designations.