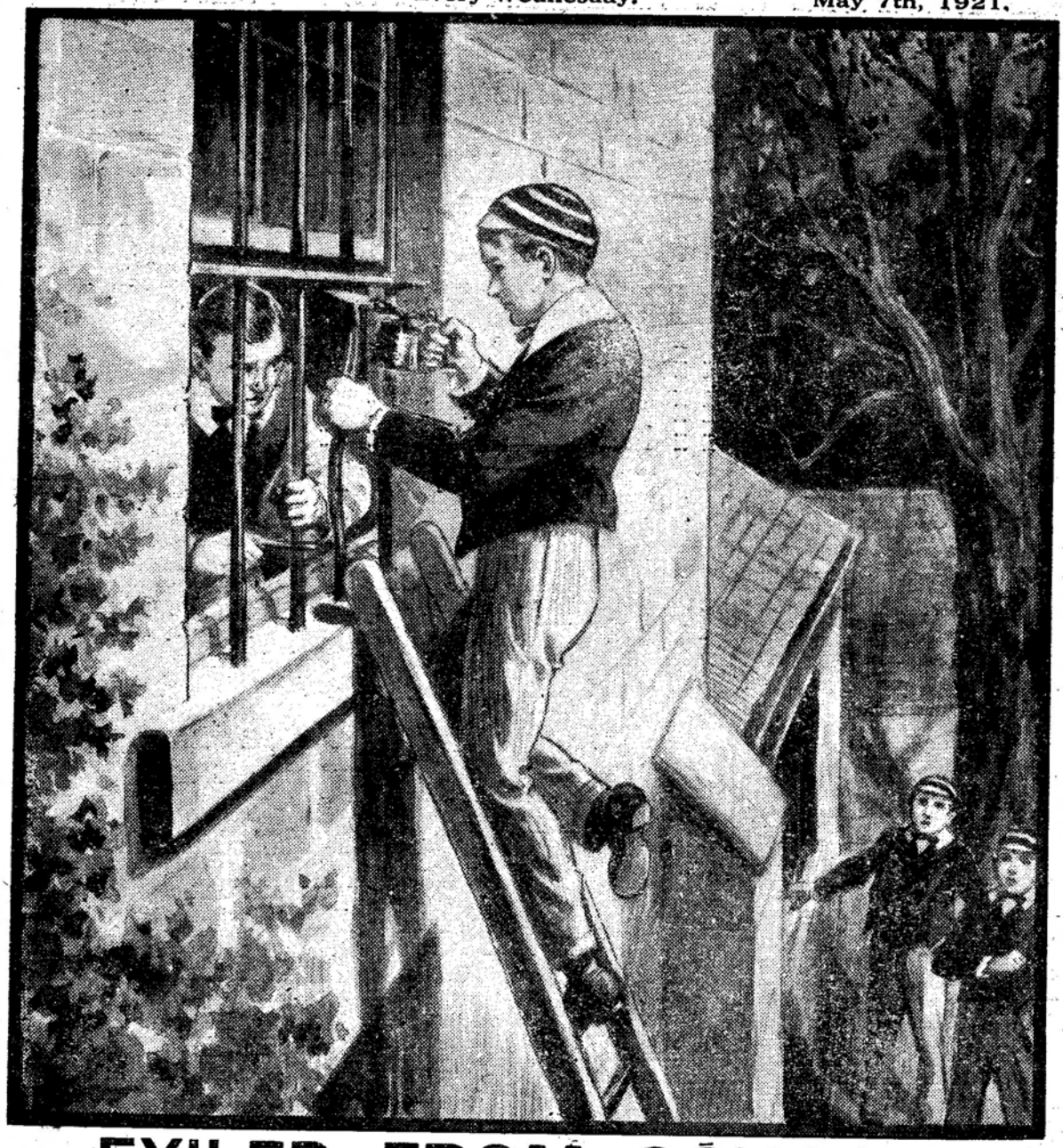
DON'T MISS THIS NUMBER!

The GEM LIBRARY 1½D

No. 691.
Vol. XIX.

20 Pages. Every Wednesday. May 7th, 1921.



EXILED FROM SCHOOL!

A Dramatic Incident from the Gripping Long Complete School Story Inside.

:: ANSWERS TO READERS. ::

"A 'GEM' READER" writes: "My six chums and myself are very anxious to know when we are going to have a story about Glasgow's favourite, Jack Blake. We simply cannot hear enough about him; but of late there has been very little about him at all. Now, Mr. Editor, we would like you to give a page in the GEM, and let us have the life of Jack Blake ever since he went to St. Jim's, and all about his people, and so on—in fact, everything that concerns the great Blake. For goodness' sake, Mr. Editor, don't catch on with that flapper, Joy, and don't let girls be introduced into the stories any more than possible. They spoil things with their stupid ways."

I can promise these six loyal readers that their desires will be fulfilled as soon as possible in regard to Jack Blake, but I cannot help feeling he is over hard on the girls. Perhaps one of my girl readers will take up the challenge!

BOB (Swaffham, Norfolk).—Many thanks for your nice letter. Your favourites are two of the best. Cardew is 15 years and 7 months old. Ethel Cleveland (Cousin Ethel) is 15 years and 11 months. I notice you wish for another girl to be introduced into the GEM besides Ethel, Doris, and Marie. Well, perhaps Racke's half-sister, Gladys Sylvaine, will appear soon.

"INQUIRER" (Balby, Doncaster).—No. 1. Yes, Talbot shares Study No. 9 in the Shell passage with Skimmy and Gore. No. 2. The friends who saved Talbot from the criminal life were Dr. Holmes, Tom Merry, Marie Rivers, and Levison. Marie was not trying to save him at first. Strange as it may seem, she came to St. Jim's with the intention of helping her father to plunder there, and tried her utmost to get Talbot to go back to the gang. Eventually, however, things smoothed themselves out. Marie had her eyes opened, and John Rivers redeemed himself. No. 3. Talbot's parents are not alive. His father, when he lived, went under the nickname of Captain Crow. No. 4. Name and place are not in any way connected. No. 5. The Fourth are juniors, and rightly "fags." They are not allowed to do fagging, however. The back numbers you mention could only be obtained second-hand, and privately, by yourself. You want to know the most popular boy at St. Jim's. Well, during this year I have made an unofficial election from my huge budget of correspondence. As I have mentioned before, Ralph Cardew took the poll with about seventy-five thousand. Next in order come, No. 1, Gussy; No. 2, Tom Merry; No. 3, Levison and Talbot; No. 4, Blake; No. 5, Figgins. Now for girls. Doris Levison ran next to Cardew. Next to Figgins came Noble, Lowther, Wildrake, and Kildare. Every reader when writing to me should say the name of his favourite character.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE "GEM."

Readers of the GEM who desire back numbers should note the following particulars:

If the copy required is not older than three months, send a letter to The Publisher, the Amalgamated Press, Broadway, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, London, E.C. 4, taking great care to enclose your full name and address, and the DATE and NUMBER of the "GEM" you require.

The cost is 1½d. per copy. Sent inland and abroad at the following rates:

INLAND	TOTAL.	ABROAD.	TOTAL
	s. d.	d.	s. d.
1 copy plus 1 for postage ...	2½	1 copy plus ½ for postage ...	2
2 copies " 1½ " "	4½	2 copies " 1 " "	4
3 " " 1½ " "	6	3 " " 1 " "	5½
4 " " 2 " "	8	4 " " 1½ " "	7½
5 " " 2 " "	9½	5 " " 1½ " "	9
6 " " 2½ " "	11½	6 " " 2 " "	11
9 " " 3½ " " 1 5		9 " " 3 " " 1 4½	
12 " " 4½ " " 1 10½		12 " " 4 " " 1 10	

CHAT ABOUT ST. JIM'S AND GREYFRIARS.

Goodness only knows how Baggy Trimble gets to know everybody else's business like he does. In fact, he does that much chatter himself that, really, other fellows cannot open their mouths without interrupting him.

A thoughtful reader of the GEM has just made a suggestion to me in the way of a junior cricket match afloat. This "wet" idea is already cut and "dried."

Aubrey Racke informs me that he thinks the bowling of David Llewellyn Wynn most erratic this season; in fact, he cannot see any good of the man being in the team at all. Apparently he is one of the many who find fault with their eyes closed.

I hear that a film is now showing in the village, of the Greyfriars eleven practising at the nets. Lord Mauleverer can be seen standing up to Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's bowling, so you can rest assured it is proving to be a real good "moving" picture.

Rumour has it that Ralph Reckness Cardew will only attain fame when he is able to smoke a cigarette whilst batting for his school.

David Llewellyn Wynn's bowling, according to general information, is hardly up to the perfection it was last season. Well, the style changes in everything but his craving for food, we are told.

I have just been informed, through an official circle, that Dame Taggles, the old lady of the St. Jim's tuckshop, only married Ephraim Taggles, the school porter, for the money he owned. I think all my many friends will agree with me in saying that she's earned what little she's had.

I hear from good authority that Herbert Vernon-Smith, of the "Boys' Herald," has only just turned out for practice, and that his bowling is being severely "punished" by all of the Remove eleven.

From information received, I hear that Kit Wildrake is likely to prove a real good capture for the St. Jim's eleven. His first great hit necessitated a four-hour tramp by the school scouts to retrieve the departed ball.

Joy, so I am told, has been noticed to have been putting in time at the wicket, much to the consternation of many of her girl chums. Cannot understand why one should get ruffled at our "ruffled" enthusiast.

Undoubtedly right makes might, but, as in the case of Harry Noble, who is as good left-handed bowler as he is right, a good left serves just as well.

SHORT OR TALL?—Which are you, and which would you like to be? A deficiency in height can rapidly be made good by the Girvan Scientific Treatment. Students report from 2 to 5 inches increase. Successfully practised by business men, actors, soldiers, and all to whom height and appearance count. Send a postcard for particulars and our £100 guarantee to ENQUIRY DEPT. A.M.P., 97, STROUD GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N.4.

"CURLY HAIR."—"It's wonderful," writes E.M. Testimonials received daily. Copies sent. Rose "WAVEIT" CURLS straightest hair. 1/3, 2/6 (stamps accepted).—ROSS (Dept. G.), 173, New North Rd., London, N.1.

CINEMATOGRAPH MACHINES and CINEMA FILMS.—Have your own PICTURE SHOW at Home. I want you to write for my Special Free Catalogue.—LOVELL, 23, Queen Elizabeth's Walk, London, N. 16.



THE "5-IN-1" POCKET (OR HOME) TOOL SET:

Gimlet, Tweezers, Corkscrew, Bradawl and Screwdriver in Fine Nickel-Plated "Screw-up" Case (3½ ins. long). The Case forms the Handle for Tools, which are each 2½ ins. long (without Handle). Strong and Well-Made. Only 2/-. Post Free. A BARGAIN. Satisfaction, or Money Back. Catalogue of bargains FREE. Useful Goods, Novelties, etc.—Pain's Presents House, Dept. 46T, Hastings.



A Magnificent New, Long Complete Story of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.
In Diggings!

"YAW-AW-AW!"

Tom Merry sat up, rubbed his eyes, and blinked round him sleepily. Then his eyes opened wider, and he gave vent to an ejaculation of surprise.

"My giddy aunt! Where the merry dickens—— Oh, of course! I was thinking this was St. Jim's!"

"Bai Jove! Are you awake, deah boys?"

The voice was that of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Tom Merry grinned, as the swell of St. Jim's sat up and adjusted his monocle. Arthur Augustus' bed was crudely fashioned on the floor. Tom Merry's bed was also on the floor, and two other fellows were sleeping in beds in the same situation.

Those other two fellows—Blake and Herries—were still slumbering peacefully.

The room was not the familiar dormitory at St. Jim's. It was a spacious, airy room, bare of furniture, with the exception of a solitary chair, upon which the clothes of the slumberers were piled. The bright morning sunlight shone in through the drawn venetian blinds over the windows. Tom Merry and D'Arcy looked at each other, and grinned.

"Bai Jove! I had quite a surpwise at first, Tom Mewwy," said Arthur Augustus. "I weally forgot that we had wun away fwom St. Jim's last night, and had taken possession of this empty house."

"Ha, ha! So did I!" laughed Tom Merry, jumping up and stretching his limbs. "Groooogh! My bones aehe! Not very comfy, sleeping on the floor, is it, Gussy?"

"No, wathah not, deah boy!"

The two St. Jim's schoolboys proceeded to dress. D'Arcy was rather dismayed that there was no water forthcoming so that he could wash, but, as Tom Merry pointed out, he could not expect water to be laid on in an empty house which everybody thought to be untenanted.

Tom Merry consulted his watch, and saw that the time was nearly eight o'clock.

"Hi, Blake! Get up, old son!" he called, stirring the recumbent figure of Blake with his foot.

"Wake up, Hewwies, deah boy!"

"Yoooogh!" grunted the captain of the Fourth, his eyes blinking open sleepily. "Whassermarrer? 'Tain't rising-bell! Shurrup!"

"Time to get up, ass!" said Tom cheerfully. "We're not at St. Jim's now, Blake. Don't you remember, we ran away last night?"

"By jingo!"

Blake and Herries soon woke up. They chuckled when they saw the empty bed-room of the untenanted house by Rylcombe Wood, which they had taken possession of last night, without the owner's permission.

"We'd better wake the others!" said Tom Merry. "Play 'Reveille' on your giddy cornet, Herries!"

George Herries, who was an ardent cornet player, and had brought his cherished instrument away from St. Jim's with him, chuckled. He picked up his cornet from underneath his jacket, and, going to the door, he walked out upon the large landing, and proceeded to blow lustily.

Toot-tootle-toot-toooot!

The blatant blare of the cornet resounded loudly through the empty house. From adjoining bed-rooms came sounds of startled voices. Doors were opened, and the rebels of St. Jim's looked forth sleepily.

"Great pip!" gasped Grundy of the Shell, who had slept with Wilkins and Gunn, his usual study-mates, and Gore and Talbot. "What in thunder—— Ring off, Herries, you ass! You've woke us all up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herries ceased the "Reveille," and grinned.

"How did you sleep, chaps?" he said. "Not quite so nice as St. Jim's—eh?"

"Oh, we're not going to grumble!"

"Buck up and get dressed, my sons!" said Tom Merry, strolling out of the bed-room with Blake and D'Arcy. "I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to wash until we get some water from the brook. We're rather a jolly household now, aren't we?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The rebels of St. Jim's dressed quickly, and then they all went downstairs to the dining-room. Here all the things that had been brought away from St. Jim's last night, with the exception of the bed-clothes, were dumped. There were one or two chairs, two carpets, a clock, a coal-scuttle full of coal, and cricket-bags containing necessaries as food, crockery, utensils and candles. The removal of the Shell and Fourth from St. Jim's had been well-planned, and carried out to the last detail.

Events had moved swiftly and dramatically since the resignation of Dr. Holmes as headmaster of St. Jim's last week. His resignation had been a forced one, brought about by the new Board of Governors, of whom Lord Parrish, of Abbotsford, was president. The Board had requested Dr. Holmes to enforce new rules at St. Jim's, which, however, the Head thought were unjust and likely to cause dissent and trouble. So his resignation had followed, and Dr. James Grierson had come to take his place.

The new Head had from the first made himself hated by the boys of St. Jim's. He was a tyrant and a bully. He had enforced the new rules, which, as Dr. Holmes had predicted, proved the root of great dissension and bad feeling.

Trouble had ensued from the very first day. Tom Merry, Blake, D'Arcy, and Figgins had gone over to Rookwood to arrange a cricket match for Wednesday, and had returned to St. Jim's late.

Dr. Grierson had caught them trying to get in unnoticed, and, after having administered a cruel caning, had detained the whole Junior Eleven next day.

Tom Merry & Co., goaded to desperation, had broken detention, and gone to Rookwood, where they saw Dr. Holmes, and scored a victory over Jimmy Silver & Co. Returning, Dr. Grierson had essayed to give a public flogging to Tom Merry, Blake, D'Arcy, and Figgins, and punish the others. But Tom Merry & Co., having formed a Union for the protection of their rights, had openly rebelled against Dr. Grierson. Their watchword was "G.M.G.," which meant "Grierson Must Go." Tom Merry & Co. had determined to do no more work; in fact, hold a barring out, until Grierson went and Dr. Holmes returned.

Dr. Grierson had intended frightening them out of their stronghold in the Shell dormitory by ringing the fire-alarm in the middle of the night, but the rebels, having been informed of this project by Wally D'Arcy of the Third, had "gone one better." They had surreptitiously packed up all they required, put dummies in their beds, burnt some "smoke-powder," manufactured by Bernard Glyn, the inventor of the Shell, and rung the fire-alarm. The school, thinking the Shell dormitory was on fire, directed all their attention in that quarter, whilst the rebels were escaping from St. Jim's with the articles they wanted. The wrath of Dr. Grierson on discovering how he had been hoaxed was indescribable.

The whole Shell and Fourth had absconded in the middle of the night, as one man—or, rather, one boy—and the tyrannical headmaster had not the faintest notion where they were. He would have had a decided shock had he known that those enterprising youths had installed themselves in the large empty house standing on the verge of Rylcombe Wood, just off the lane. That house was the property of Lord Parrish, the newly-elected president of the St. Jim's Board of Governors. Tom Merry & Co. meant to stay there until Dr. Grierson was removed from St. Jim's, and Dr. Holmes had returned.

"G.M.G." was the slogan of the St. Jim's rebels, and they meant to carry the fight to the bitter end.

"Well, chaps," said Tom Merry, surveying his fellow-rebels, as they all partook of a breakfast consisting of coffee, bacon, biscuits, and bread-and-butter, "are we all agreed on one point—G.M.G.?"

(Copyright in the United States of America.)

"Yes, rather!"

"Gwierson must go, deah boys!"

"Good!" said Tom Merry. "Then we'll carry this thing all the way through, until Grierson has been turned out! We're rather badly off for home comforts in this giddy house, but it's all for the good of the cause. As a matter of fact, I rather like the novelty of being a rebel, living in an empty house. It's better than grinding Latin and Euclid in the Form-room at St. Jim's—eh?"

"What-ho!"

"No more swotting until Grierson is gone!"

"No, feah!"

"Well, it means that we must all put our shoulders to the wheel, and help in the happy home," said Tom Merry. "Digby has already fetched the water from the brook. There are heaps of odd jobs to be done. But first of all we must have some sort of leadership. My suggestion is this. Let's form a committee who will look after our interests, and direct operations. Half a dozen will be enough for a committee, and those half a dozen can be voted for."

"That's a ripping wheeze, Tommy!"

The rebels of St. Jim's were enthusiastic over this idea. Each was given a slip of paper, on which he had to write down the name of the fellow he most fancied as a leader. A fellow was not allowed to vote for himself, of course. These slips of paper, when the voting had been made, were counted, so that the six who had the highest votes should form the committee. Tom Merry was first, then came Blake, Figgins, Talbot, Cardew and Kerr. Thus the committee was formed, and these six were empowered to direct the operations of the schoolboy exiles.

The house, having been empty for so long, was in rather a dilapidated condition, and the juniors set cheerfully to work to make it as comfortable as possible.

The committee sat in the drawing-room to discuss ways and means.

"Chaps," said Tom Merry, presiding, "the question of grub is rather a difficult one. Gussy was expecting a fiver from his pater, but we can't get the cash from St. Jim's. We have only sufficient provisions for another day. Also, we've simply got to know how things are shaping at St. Jim's. I wonder what Grierson is doing? We shall have to find out, somehow, how the land lays."

Tap!

"Come in!" sang out Figgins.

Bernard Glyn, the schoolboy inventor, entered. There was a grin on his face.

"Sorry to intrude on this cabinet powwow," he said. "But I've a wheeze to enable us to keep in touch with St. Jim's. It's really a dandy idea."

"What is it, Glyn?"

"Get it off your chest, old son!"

"Well," said Glyn, "my wheeze is to connect a private telephone between this house and the old school. My home is not far away. I can cut off over there this morning and fetch everything I want. My own private workshop and lab. are full of things. A private telephone is the easiest thing in the world to rig up. I'll fix it up here, and then all that is necessary will be to run the wire from here to St. Jim's and install the apparatus there somewhere. The ruined chapel is the best place. The telephone would never be discovered. Then we could get Wally D'Arcy into the wheeze, and get him to act as spy for us, and let us know, over the telephone, what is happening at St. Jim's."

Tom Merry & Co. drew deep breaths. Bernard Glyn's idea had quite staggered them.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "What a ripping wheeze! Glyn, old man, you can really do it?"

"Trust me!" chuckled the inventor of St. Jim's. "It will be as easy as rolling off a form. The telephone wire can easily be concealed—nobody would ever notice it on the ground. I've plenty of wire, and all necessaries, at home. I think I'll buzz off now, and shall be back in less than an hour."

"Good old Glyn!"

"Mind you don't get spotted, old chap!"

"What will your pater and sister say, though?" asked Blake.

"The pater will be out, and Edith won't mind when I tell her," said Glyn cheerfully. "So-long, you chaps! It will be all serene!"

Bernard Glyn departed from the committee-room, and left the empty house by the back door.

Outside, all was silent and calm. There was nobody about. Just behind the house stretched Rylcombe Wood, the trees now in thick foliage. Trees hid the house from Rylcombe Lane. Bernard Glyn's home was not far away. The St. Jim's inventor trotted through the wood, breathing in the fresh morning air. He was enjoying himself. He thought of Dr. Grierson, "tearing his hair," and of the other boys at St. Jim's. By now they were grinding lessons in the Form-rooms. But the Shell and Fourth Form-rooms were empty. The boys had run away, and nobody at St. Jim's knew where they were.

Bernard Glyn chuckled, and made his way speedily towards Glyn House.

CHAPTER 2.
In the Hands of the Enemy.

"IT is disgraceful!"

Thus Dr. James Grierson, the hated new headmaster of St. Jim's. He was seated in his study, and before him stood Mr. Railton, the Housemaster of the School House, Mr. Linton, the Form-master of the Shell, and Mr. Lathom, the Fourth Form-master. The masters were looking worried, but Dr. Grierson, in particular, seemed greatly disturbed, in more senses than one. His hair was dishevelled, his eyes, usually as bright as beads, tired-looking. It was evident that Dr. Grierson had not had much sleep the night previous.

"It is disgraceful," said the new Head, thumping the table, "that, after such an unprecedented hoax as those youths perpetrated on me last night, the whole Forms should abscond and hide themselves. I—I am nonplussed as to what to do. The boys cannot be far away. Where were they all last night? I have rung up both Rylcombe Grammar School, Greyfriars, and Rookwood, but they have not seen or heard of the fugitives. I hesitate to seek the aid of the police in tracing them. Such a step would bring odious publicity on this school."

"No; perhaps you had better not let the matter become too public," said Mr. Railton coldly. "The runaway boys, as you say, must be somewhere in the vicinity, but, in my opinion, they will not return to school by compulsion. Their minds seemed to be fairly resolute."

Dr. Grierson sneered.

"They demand that I should resign my position here as headmaster!" he exclaimed. "Such impertinence on the part of the schoolboys is unparalleled! I have absolutely no intention of leaving this school, and I shall go to extreme measures, if necessary, to bend the young reprobates to my will!"

"If you will pardon my saying so, Dr. Grierson," interposed Mr. Lathom mildly, "my opinion is that the boys have certainly some just motive in resorting to the action they have taken. The rules and regulations which it has been my painful duty, as a master, to impose, were unjust and unreasonable, as Dr. Holmes himself pointed out, and I am not surprised that this miserable state of affairs has ensued."

Murmurs of agreement came from Mr. Railton and Mr. Linton. Dr. Grierson's eyes glinted.

"I do not wish for your opinion on that subject, thank you, Mr. Lathom!" he said. "The matter we have to discuss now is, how to get the runaway boys back to this school. It is utterly impossible that two whole Forms should absent themselves from school. Something has got to be done."

The other masters were silent. Neither of them liked the new headmaster. In their heart of hearts they sympathised with the boys who had taken matters into their own hands, and revolted against the tyrant. All three masters realised, however, that the position was serious.

"The boys must be found and brought back at once! Think of the scandal that will ensue if this state of affairs continues! We must—— Ah, a knock at the door! Come in!"

In response to this call, the study door opened, and Toby, the school page, entered, a look of great excitement on his face.

"Please, sir, they've found one of 'em!" he gasped. "Which Master Knox is fightin' with 'im in the Close!"

Dr. Grierson sprang to his feet.

"What—what!" he shouted. "One of the missing juniors in this quadrangle? Who is it, boy?"

"Master Glyn, sir!" gasped Toby. "Master Knox caught him in the cloisters."

"Good gracious! I will go down at once! The young rascal must not be allowed to escape!"

Dr. Grierson pushed Toby out of the way, and almost tore downstairs. In the Close a group of fags were standing. Dashing over there, Dr. Grierson beheld Gerald Knox, the rascally prefect of the Sixth, who had become his special crony, struggling with Bernard Glyn of the Shell.

"Good heavens! Hold him, Knox! I will assist you!"

"Leggo!" roared Glyn, putting all his strength into fighting the prefect. "Hands off, or—— Yaroooogh!"

Dr. Grierson's hand smacked his face, and Glyn recoiled, with a sharp cry of pain. Next minute he was struggling in the grip of both the prefect and the headmaster.

"My only Aunt Jane!" said Wally D'Arcy of the Third, who was standing there, awestruck, with a crowd of fags. "Dare we chip in, I wonder? Poor old Glyn doesn't stand an earthly against those two rotters!"

"Wally, we dare not!" breathed Curly Gibson. "Oh, good old Glyn! Well hit!"

The fags shrieked with delight as Bernard Glyn's fist smote Dr. Grierson on the nose. It was an especial delight to them to hear the Head yelp with pain. Bernard Glyn was fighting like a madman. Although not famed for boxing, he was a doughty man with his fists when roused. And Bernard Glyn was certainly roused now. Everything had gone well until Knox had captured him. He had fetched his tools and apparatus from home, and installed a telephone at the rebels' headquarters. Then, proceeding cautiously, he and Monty Lowther had set out, Monty to keep watch while Glyn laid the telephone-wire.

This had been a comparatively easy task. Over the school wall they had gone, and into the cloisters. In the

ruined chapel Glyn had fixed up the telephone. Monty Lowther was outside, keeping "cave." Glyn was just about to ring through to Tom Merry, and test the 'phone, when Monty had yelled out "Cave!" But Glyn had been taken completely by surprise at the door of the chapel. Knox of the Sixth sprang at him. Monty had dashed along to his rescue, but had received a cowardly kick from Knox that had rendered him helpless. But Monty's intervention had afforded Glyn an opportunity of getting away from the ruined chapel. Knox had caught him under the elm trees, and this struggle had commenced. Monty Lowther, seeing how hopeless it was for him to interfere, had gone back to the house the rebels had taken, to report what had happened.

Glyn fought desperately, and his assailants did not have an easy time of it. The Shell fellow's fists lashed out in quick succession. Knox howled as a four-point-seven punch smote him under the chin. Dr. Grierson went reeling beneath a jab in the waistcoat.

"Help!" shrieked the tyrant of St. Jim's. "Cutts, Gilmore, St. Leger! Come to my assistance!"

The three Fifth-Formers thus addressed stopped on their way from the school tuckshop. When they saw Dr. Grierson and Knox hanging on to Bernard Glyn, and perceived that, unless help arrived for the master and prefect, Glyn stood a good chance of escaping, they dashed to the scene of the conflict.

"All right, sir!" gasped Cutts, flinging himself upon Glyn. "We'll settle the young rotter's hash! Yarooogh!"

Glyn made superhuman efforts, and managed to get home a few hard hits before he was finally overcome. In the grip of four seniors, he stood panting, conquered, but still defiant.

Dr. Grierson, wiping his nose, which was streaming red, commanded that Glyn should be taken up to his study. Glyn struggled, and had to be carried, spread-eagled, upstairs. Wally D'Arcy & Co. looked at each other in suppressed excitement.

"My only sainted Aunt Jane!" ejaculated the hero of the Third. "What a giddy go! Did you see Grierson's nose? Wasn't it lovely? Didn't Glyn slog out at the rotter? I'd give a term's pocket-money to see Grierson knocked out! Poor old Glyn, though! He's in for it!"

Bernard Glyn, standing in the Head's study a prisoner in the seniors' arms, ruefully made the same reflection. He was caught like a rat in a trap. Dr. Grierson was convulsed with rage and bitter hatred. Glyn could not expect light treatment from the tyrant of St. Jim's.

"You shall smart for this outrage, you little scoundrel!" hissed Dr. Grierson, still mopping his nose. "Where have you been all night?"

"With the others," said Glyn cheerfully. He saw that he must resign himself to his fate, until his colleagues came to his rescue. He did not mean to "give the show away" to Dr. Grierson, of course.

The tyrannical Head went quite pink.

"Where have you all been?" he stormed. "Answer me, boy, or it will be the worse for you!"

"We've been enjoying ourselves, sir," replied Glyn blandly. "As a matter of fact, we rather prefer our exile to work in school. You'll never get us back, not if you stay here for umpteen years! G.M.G., you know!"

"You insolent little rascal!" fumed Dr. Grierson. "I demand that you shall answer my questions! Tell me at once where the others are!"

"No, sir," replied Glyn stolidly. "It's not likely that I shall sneak on my chums!"

"Very well!"

Dr. Grierson rang the bell at his desk, and when Toby appeared, he requested that Taggles might be sent to him. The school porter came, wonderingly.

"This boy is about to be birched, Taggles," said the tyrannical Head viciously. "Will you hoist him on your back for the operation? Knox and you others must assist!"

Glyn struggled and fought wildly. Although he had four muscular seniors against him, and the school porter, it was impossible to get him on Taggles' back.

"Ow! Which Hi can't do it, sir!" groaned Taggles, rubbing a bump on his forehead, where Glyn's fist had smitten him. "Wot I says is this 'ere——"

"Cutts, fetch some rope!" exclaimed Dr. Grierson. "The little rascal will have to be bound!"

Cutts went away willingly, and returned with some rope. Glyn knew that soon he would be helpless, so he made the best of what liberty he still had, and made terrific onslaughts upon Knox & Co. as they proceeded to bind his hands and legs. By the time that operation was completed and Bernard Glyn was trussed up, Knox, Cutts, Gilmore, and St. Leger were all looking very much the worse for wear.

"Groooooogh! The young hooligan!" moaned Knox. "We've got him now, sir!"

"Take him upon your back now, Taggles!"

Bernard Glyn, his hands tied in front of him, and his legs bound securely, was hoisted, helpless, upon Taggles' back. Taggles did not relish the task of assisting in the flogging, but Dr. Grierson's orders had to be obeyed.

The tyrant of St. Jim's took a cruel-looking birch, and with this he commenced to flog the junior unmercifully.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

The relentless blows descended across Glyn's back. Dr. Grierson was a muscular man, and he put all his strength into the flogging.

Lash! Lash! Lash!

Bernard Glyn cried out in agony once, but stifled it. Biting his lips hard, he underwent the ordeal without a murmur, determined not to give vent to the torture he was suffering.

Dr. Grierson inflicted ten strokes of the birch. Knox & Co. looked on, quite indifferent to the sufferings of the hapless junior.

"There!" panted the tyrant of St. Jim's, laying down the birch at last. "Let that be a preliminary lesson to you, Glyn! Release him, Taggles!"

Taggles released Bernard Glyn. The junior had not the heart to try to escape. His face was deathly white, his breath coming in short, laboured gasps. The flogging he had received had been cruel, and Glyn was suffering all the more because he had not cried out in his pain.

"Take him away and lock him in the punishment-room!" rasped Dr. Grierson to Knox & Co. "The young rascal shall be made to tell where the others are, or he will suffer. Take him away!"

Knox, Cutts, Gilmore, and St. Leger grasped the white-faced junior, and led him to the door.

Bernard Glyn turned in the doorway, and looked at the tyrant with hard, glittering eyes.

"You rotter—you unspeakable rotter!" he gasped, almost sobbingly. "You'll be made to be sorry for this! The others will never give in to you, and neither shall I. You may do what you like with me, but I'll never tell. And, mark my words, you'll be paid out for it!"

"We shall see!" sneered Dr. Grierson. "I have broken stubborner wills than yours, my lad! After confinement in the punishment-room, with a diet of bread and water, and a caning every four hours until you obey me, I think you will give in!"

Then Knox & Co. hustled Glyn away.



Very softly the juniors opened the coal-cellar door, and Kangaroo flashed his light on. A ray of brilliance pierced the gloom in the cellar, and showed a fat, dirty figure, crouching among the coals. It was Baggy Trimble. "Baggy!" roared all the juniors at once. "We've got him!" (*See page 6.*)

They locked him in the punishment-room, and left him. Bernard Glyn sank down upon the hard bed in Nobody's Study, and, when the seniors had gone, and he was alone, he gave vent to his agony by hard, tearless sobs. His back, where the cruel lashes had fallen, seemed on fire. But no thought of betraying his chums entered his head. He meant to stick out till the last, relying upon Tom Merry & Co. to avenge him.

CHAPTER 3.
Rough on Baggy!

"WHERE'S Glyn?"

Tom Merry asked that question as Monty Lowther entered the raided house by the back gate. Lowther looked dusty and dishevelled, and was walking with a limp. It was evident that something was amiss.

"Glyn's captured!" gasped Monty, his lips twisted with pain. "Knox caught him in the cloisters. I'm jolly lucky to have escaped with only a kick on the ankle."

"Bai Jove!"

All the rebels gathered round Lowther in the room where they had made themselves comfortable.

"Tell us what happened, Monty," said Tom Merry quietly.

Amidst tense excitement, Monty Lowther told of all that had happened, how Glyn, just as he had got the secret telephone fitted, had been discovered by Knox, and of the struggle afterwards.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry seriously. "And was the telephone discovered, too?"

Monty Lowther shook his head.

"No—thank goodness!" he said. "Glyn took good care of that! The telephone is hidden behind some ruined masonry, and nobody will ever find it, until they absolutely know where to look. If only we could ring somebody up, and find out what's happened to Glyn."

"Yes, rather!"

Tom Merry clenched his fists.

"Something must be done for Glyn," he said decisively. "We can't leave the poor chap in Grierson's hands. I expect the rotter has already given Glyn a licking, and is demanding to know where we are. But we can trust old Glyn not to give us away."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Look here, you fellows!" came Baggy Trimble's voice, in plaintive tones. "I've had enough of slaving in this rotten place! Scrubbing floors doesn't agree with my delicate constitution, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy Trimble certainly did look peculiar. His trousers were rolled up, and so were his shirt-sleeves. A piece of sacking served as an apron for the fat youth of the Fourth. He was covered with dirt and water, and it was evident that Baggy had been toiling hard. He blinked at the chuckling rebels, and rubbed his dirty nose with a dirtier hand.

"There's jolly well nothing to laugh at, you cackling rotters!" he growled. "Here am I, made to do all the rough work, while you others take it easy. Blessed if I can see where the fairness comes in. Mellish has just kicked a pail of water over me. I'm fed up with work! I'm going on strike!"

"Bai Jove!"

Tom Merry & Co. chuckled.

"Hard work will do you good, Baggy," said Blake. "Besides, it will help you to get rid of your superfluous fat, you know."

"Oh, rats!" said Baggy. "I'm not going to do any more work! I'm fed up! I'm going to dress myself properly, and go out for a stroll!"

"No you jolly well won't, my fat pippin!" said Tom Merry. "Nobody is allowed out, in case they are spotted and followed back here. Nobody has the faintest suspicion yet where we are. You may knock off work, Baggy, if you like, when you've peeled the potatoes for dinner."

"Oh, really——"

"Go and peel the potatoes!" roared Blake.

Baggy grunted, but went.

Scrope and Reilly were in the kitchen. So was Fatty Wynn. Fatty was superintending the cooking operations, and was engaged making rabbit-pies. Kerr had gone out in disguise that morning, and bought some rabbits from the village.

"Well, boys," said Tom Merry, "I'm going down to the village to telephone Grierson. I shall have to go in disguise, of course. Blake and Levison, would you like to come? We can then spend the rest of our money on necessary provisions."

"Yes, rather!"

The three juniors disguised themselves to look like working youths. The "props" of the Junior Dramatic Society had been brought along with the rest of the things.

"Bai Jove! You look wippin', deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as the three prepared to set forth. "I'd wathah like to come, and——"

"Sorry, Gussy, old man, but that can't be done!" said Tom Merry, with a chuckle. "It would be impossible to disguise you, you know!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The disguised juniors departed on their errand, leaving Arthur Augustus glaring after them through his monocle, in speechless indignation.

The rebels of St. Jim's, now comfortably installed in the raided house, whiled away the passing hour in the drawing-room, playing various games. Downstairs Fatty Wynn & Co. were preparing dinner. Baggy Trimble, after having peeled the potatoes, disappeared suddenly. Fatty Wynn, Mellish, Scrope and Reginald Talbot, busy with other matters, did not notice Baggy's absence for a while. Suddenly, however, Fatty Wynn looked round for Baggy, and saw that that youth was conspicuous by his absence.

"Great pip!" he exclaimed. "Where's that fat slacker gone to? Hiding, I suppose, so as to dodge a bit of work! I'll find him!"

Fatty, gripping a rolling-pin, with which he had been making pastry, sallied forth to find Baggy. He went along to the pantry, where all the provisions of the rebels had been stored. Fatty's face grew grim when he saw the pantry door open. But when Fatty looked in at the door, and saw the scene of desolation within, his jaw fell, and he stood rooted to the floor.

"Mum-my hat!" gasped Fatty. "The—the grub's gone! Somebody's wolfed the preserved apricots, and peaches, and jam, and cake, and biscuits! Oh, the little rotter!"

Fatty referred to Baggy Trimble. For who else would have raided the stores in so heartless a manner? Fatty Wynn himself had been suffering pangs of hunger, under the strict rationing imposed by the committee, but he would not for the world have helped himself to the food that his fellow rebels needed. Most of the precious stores were gone—and so had Baggy! Fatty Wynn clenched the rolling-pin firmly in his hand, and strode forth, determined to find Baggy.

The expression upon Fatty Wynn's face boded no good for the greedy Fourth-Former when he was discovered.

"Hallo!" said Kangaroo, meeting Fatty on the kitchen stairs. "What's the matter?"

"Baggy Trimble's raided all the tuck!" hissed Fatty. "The tinned fruit, and the jam, and the cakes, and the biscuits are gone! I'll slaughter the little rotter when I find him!"

"Bai Jove! He ought to be scragged!"

Kangaroo joined Fatty in the hunt for the elusive Baggy. Talbot, and Clifton Dane, Levison, Kerruish, Cardew, and Lumley-Lumley also lent their services. Every room in the house was searched, but no trace of Baggy found.

"Well! That's jolly queer!" said Fatty, as they halted, nonplussed, in the scullery. "He must be in the house somewhere, unless——"

"Oh crumbs! Suppose he's bunked!" said Levison.

Suddenly Cardew held up his hand.

"Listen!" he said. "Did you hear that scuffle in the coal-cellar?"

They listened, and, sure enough, there came from the interior of the coal-cellar the sound as of somebody scrambling over the coals.

"He's in there!" whispered Kangaroo. "Now we've got the fat thief! Got your pocket-lamp, Dane? Good!"

Very softly they opened the coal-cellar door, and Kangaroo flashed the light on. A ray of brilliance pierced the gloom in the cellar, and showed a fat, dirty figure crouching among the coals. It was Baggy Trimble.

"Baggy!" roared all the juniors at once. "We've got him!"

"Yaroooogh!" wailed Baggy in terror, although, as yet, nobody had touched him. "Yaroooogh! Leggo! Help! I didn't mean to—Yooooooop!"

Baggy scrambled over the coals, raising clouds of dust. But there was no escape for him. Kangaroo, Talbot, and Cardew grabbed him and dragged him forth, kicking and struggling.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy presented a strange spectacle. He was black all over, and resembled, as nearly as possible, a very fat Christy Minstrel. He wriggled in the grip of his schoolfellows, and lifted up his voice in a wail of sorrow.

"Lemme go! I'll run away and tell Grierson! I—Yaroooogh! Yah! Ow-ow-ow!"

"Haul him upstairs!" said Talbot grimly. "We'll give him the spanking of his life!"

Baggy was taken upstairs, yelling and wailing. Talbot sat down in a chair, and took Baggy across his knees. Fatty Wynn obligingly handed Talbot the rolling-pin, and, with this instrument, Baggy was spanked.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yaroooogh! Help! Yow-ow-ow! Oh, you rotters! Oooooooop!"

The rolling-pin rose and fell upon Baggy's dirty trousers, and clouds of coal-dust rose, too. Baggy writhed and howled. But he could not escape the avengers' grip.

"There!" said Talbot, handing back the rolling-pin at last. "That will teach the fat fraud a lesson, I reckon. Shut up that snivelling, Baggy! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, thieving the grub that you know we are all too short of. Boys, the coal-cellar shall be Baggy's prison until Tom Merry comes back."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy was taken back to the coal-cellar, hurled within, and the door was locked. Picking himself up from the coals, Baggy battered at the door, and howled at the top of his unmusical voice.

But all the response he got was a chorus of laughter from the others.

"Oh, the rotters!" groaned Baggy, sitting down on the coal, and blinking round him in the gloom of the cellar. "Yow-ow! It hurts to sit down! Oh dear! I wish I'd never joined the rotten cads! If I can get out—my hat!"

An idea occurred to Baggy. He was not usually a quick-witted youth, but on certain occasions he could be very artful and crafty. He saw beams of daylight coming in through chinks in the door. He had a jack-knife in his pocket. It was one he had picked up in the Shell dormitory last night, and had appropriated for his own use, which was Baggy's custom when he found anything worth keeping. He brought the jack-knife into play upon the wooden door of the coal-cellar. Soon he had hacked away enough wood to allow the bolt to come out. Baggy opened the door very softly, and peeped without. There was nobody in view. Fatty Wynn & Co. were in the kitchen, and the others were upstairs, amusing themselves until dinner-time.

"Oh, good!" breathed Baggy.

He scuttled along the passage into the scullery. He opened the door, and, very cautiously, stole forth into the garden.

Then Baggy ran for the back door. He opened it, and went forth into Rylcombe Wood. He was extremely dirty, but free. And that was all that mattered to Baggy Trimble just then!

CHAPTER 4.
The Rebels' Hostage.

TING-A-LING-A-LING!

The telephone in Dr. Grierson's study rang, imperiously. The tyrannical headmaster was there, with Gerald Knox of the Sixth. They had been discussing ways and means of discovering the whereabouts of the run-away schoolboys. Dr. Grierson lifted the receiver.

"Hallo!" came a boyish voice over the wires. "Is that the Usurper?"

"The—the who?" gasped Dr. Grierson.

"The Usurper—Dr. Grierson, the Usurper of St. Jim's!" said the voice over the wires cheerfully.

"Good heavens! You impertinent scoundrel! Who are you?"

"Tom Merry speaking, old sport!"

"Bless my soul!"

Dr. Grierson's face went quite pink.

"How are you feeling, Usurper?" asked Tom Merry over the telephone. "You haven't cleared out yet, I perceive!"

"Merry! How—how dare you address me in that insolent manner! Where are you?"

"Ah! That's telling!" came the chuckle over the wire.

"I—I—I—I'll find you!" howled Dr. Grierson, beside himself with rage. "Wait! I'll get you back! Glyn will tell me——"

"No, Glyn won't!" said Tom Merry. "But even if Glyn did tell you where we are, you'd never get us back. No surrender! You've got to clear out of St. Jim's first!"

"I won't! I—I refuse to be dictated to by a number of unruly young ruffians!" yelled Dr. Grierson. "Merry, are you going to surrender to me, before matters become serious? If you lads return to St. Jim's this afternoon, I will overlook your offence——"

"Good! And will you promise to leave St. Jim's by the next train?"

"No!" raged Dr. Grierson. "How dare you make such a preposterous demand! I——"

"All right, then!" said Tom. "I rang up just to ask you how the land lay, that's all. Take it from me, Grierson, we shall never give in until you are gone. G.M.G.! And, mind you, if Glyn is ill-treated, you shall suffer for it!"

Clatter!

Tom Merry rang off. Dr. Grierson howled into the mouthpiece, and demanded of the telephone-girl where the call had come from. That young lady calmly informed him that the call had come from a public call-office, and that it was impossible to trace it.

"The—the impertinent young rascal!" hissed the tyrant, turning to Knox with a face suffused with fury. "He has the audacity to ring me up and browbeat me over the telephone. But it gives me a clue, Knox. The young rascals cannot be far away. Most probably that call was made from the village post-office. Go down at once and see if you can trace them!"

"Right-ho, sir!" said Knox, quite willing to act the detective.

He made haste downstairs, and strode out of the gates of St. Jim's, humming pleasantly. Knox meant to spend plenty of time in his search for the missing schoolboys, and avoid work in the Form-room that afternoon, if possible.

At the village post-office he inquired if any schoolboy had been in to use the telephone. The young lady behind the counter shook her head.

"No; but three young fellows came in and asked for the St. Jim's number," she said. "That was a quarter of an hour ago."

Knox's eyes gleamed.

"By jingo! The deep rotters! They must have disguised themselves!" he exclaimed. "How were they dressed, miss?"

The young lady gave as good a description as she could, and Knox departed quite elated. Tom Merry & Co. were not far away. It ought not to be a difficult task to track them.

Knox made several inquiries, and learned that three youths answering to his description had made various purchases at Mr. Sands, the grocer's, and at the butcher's shop. When last seen they had gone along Rylcombe Lane towards St. Jim's.

With eagerness in his heart, the Sixth-Former strode along the High Street towards the lane. Suddenly he stopped short, and his eyes opened wide. For a short, plump figure, clad in schoolboy garments, had emerged from the bun-shop in the High Street.

That youth, though dirty, was easily recognisable.

"Baggy Trimble!" gasped Knox jubilantly. "Caught, by jingo!"

Knox dashed across the road, dodging a carrier cycle and a horse and cart with extraordinary agility. Baggy Trimble almost fell down when he saw Knox pounding towards him. Next minute he was scampering along the High Street as fast as his fat little legs would travel.

"Stop!" roared Knox. "Trimble, I order you to stop! It will be the worse for you if you don't!"

But Baggy Trimble did not stop. Fear lent him wings, and he fairly tore along. Knox pounded after him at top speed, grimly resolved to make a capture.

Baggy, although "fed up" with life in the empty house, did not exactly relish being caught by the enemy and taken back to St. Jim's. That would not only mean work, but lickings as well. Visions of dire wrath to come floated up before Baggy's inward vision, and he ran as though he were on the cinder-path.

Across the village green and along Rylcombe Lane he went, with Knox almost at his heels. The prefect was gaining on him. Baggy made a last desperate effort, but next minute the heavy hand of Gerald Knox descended upon him, and he was whirled backwards.

"Got you, you little sweep!" panted Knox. "I——"

"Yaroooooogh! Hellup! Rescue, St. Jim's!" howled Baggy, at the top of his voice.

"Shut up!" hissed Knox. "Stop that bawling, you little rotter, or——"

"Help! Yow-ow-ow! Rescue, St. Jim's!"

Then, from the bushes at the side of the lane, three figures dashed forth.

"Come on, boys!" sang out the leader. "It's Knox! Don't let the rotter escape!"

Knox wheeled round with a gasp of dismay, but too late. Three sturdy fellows flung themselves upon him, and Knox went down like a log.

"Yoooogh!" he moaned. "Oh, you young rotters! I——"

"Hold him tight!" chuckled Tom Merry. "This is a giddy capture, and no mistake! You didn't expect us to turn up so suddenly, did you, Knox?"

"Help!" roared Knox lustily. "Help! Hel—— Gerrugh! Gug! Gug!"

The hapless prefect uttered these weird sounds as a handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth, and bound there by means of string.

"Got him!" said Tom Merry. "Baggy, you little duffer, what are you doing out of the—I mean, away from home?"

"Yow-ow!" gasped Baggy, blinking nervously at the leader of the rebels. "I—I was feeling hungry, and took a snack from the pantry. Then Fatty Wynn and Talbot and the others locked me in the coal-cellar, and—— Yaroop! Here, what did you tread on my toes for, Blake, you beast?"

"Shurrup, Baggy!" hissed Blake. "You'll give the game away with your jabber. Chaps, we'd better get Knox back to headquarters—eh?"

"Yes, rather!" said Tom Merry. "Blindfold the rotter first, though, so that he won't know where he is being taken. Gimme your hanky, Levison—thanks!"

Knox was blindfolded very securely. Then, not taking any risks, the three disguised juniors, with Baggy following behind, carried Knox, by a roundabout route, to the house. Knox tried desperately to memorise the course taken by his captors, but he soon gave it up in despair. After having walked round and round Rylcombe Wood three times, and twice down a side turning, Tom Merry, Blake, Talbot, and Baggy arrived back at the raided house, and carried Knox in by the back door.

The others, when they saw the captive, chortled with joy.

"Bai Jove! How wippin', deah boys!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "We can hold Knox as hostage now—what?"

"Rather!"

"Bring him up to the committee-room. We'll examine the prisoner!"

"Gerrugh! Lemme go, you little rotters!" gurgled the prisoner, who had worked his gag loose.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Knox was taken upstairs, and dumped down in a chair in the committee-room, still blindfolded. He made desperate efforts to escape, but was bound securely with rope. Six juniors mounted guard over Knox, and the committee sat.

"Well, Knox," said Tom Merry, "have you the foggiest notion where you are?"

"You young scoundrels, I——"

"Dot him on the boko, Gussy, if he is cheeky!" ordered the chairman cheerfully.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Knox seemed to gulp.

"Well, Knox," proceeded Tom Merry, amidst chuckles, "you must now regard yourself as a prisoner of war. Grierson's got Glyn, so we're going to hold you as hostage. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"I—I—I——" spluttered the prefect. "Look here, Tom Merry, if this is a joke, I——"

"This is no joke, I assure you, Knox; we're in deadly earnest!" said Tom Merry. "Grierson's got to go before we give in."

"You reckless little rotters, you'll—— Yaroooooogh!"

Knox broke off with a fiendish howl, as D'Arcy "dotted" him on the "boko" with considerable force.

"Take him down to his prison!" commanded Tom Merry. "The coal-cellar is the best place. What's that, Kerruish? Baggy's carved the lock away? Oh, well, never mind. Trussed up as he is, Knox won't stand much chance of getting out. And we'll soon repair that lock!"

Knox protested wildly, but he could do nothing to help himself. He was confined to the dark, dusty recesses of the coal-cellar, and left there alone in his glory!

CHAPTER 5.
Wally Helps.

TAP!

Bernard Glyn sat up suddenly. He was alone in the punishment-room. It was getting dark, and the room was full of chill shadows. The captured rebel had been in that dreaded apartment all day, and had been caned twice already by Dr. Grierson, on top of the cruel flogging he had originally received. Bread and water had been his only food, and Glyn was feeling as miserable and unhappy as one could imagine.

Tap!

"Hallo!" said Glyn wearily, going over to the door. "Who's that?"

"Wally D'Arcy!" came a soft voice. "I've just sneaked off to have a jaw to you, Glyn. How do you feel, old chap?"

"Rotten!" said Glyn.

"Hard cheese! I say, Glyn, isn't Grierson an utter outsider! All we chaps are jolly sorry for you. Is there anything we can do?"

"Yes, rather!" said Glyn eagerly. "Wally, you are just the chap I've been wanting to speak to. When I was captured this morning I had just fixed up a secret telephone in the ruined chapel, connected to the place where Tom Merry and the others are hiding. By just pressing a button at the side, you can talk to them any time you like."

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

"Do you see my idea?" said Glyn, through the keyhole. "I want you to ring up Tom Merry, and tell him where I am. Tell him how Grierson's trying to make me sneak, but I'm not going to—see? I'm going to hang on here until I am rescued."

"Whew!" whistled Wally. "What an idea! I'll do it like a shot, Glyn. Where's the giddy 'phone? I'll be ringing Tom Merry up all day long."

Glyn, in whispered tones, gave Wally instructions as to where he could find the secret telephone in the ruined chapel.

"Right-ho, Glyn!" said Wally eagerly. "I'll run along at once. Rely on me, old chap, to pile on the agony!"

Glyn felt more cheerful, and went over to the barred window. There was only a view of bare brick walls confronting him. With a sigh, he sat down again on the bed and rubbed his palms, which were still smarting from the caning he had received but half an hour ago.

Wally, meanwhile, had left the School House, and made his way cautiously over to the ruined chapel. He found the telephone, hidden behind some masonry in a dark corner of the chancel.

"Now we sha'n't be long!" chuckled the plucky hero of the Third, placing the receiver to his ear, and pressing the "buzzer."

After a short wait, an excited voice came to him over the wires.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

"Wally D'Arcy, of St. Jim's. Is that Tom Merry?"

"No, Cardew speaking, kid! By Jove, so you've managed to hear from Glyn! Hang on a tick, and I'll call Tom Merry."

Soon Tom's voice came to Wally.

"Hallo, Wally! What's the news, old chappie?"

"Glyn's in Nobody's Study!" said Wally quickly. "Grierson flogged him this morning, and Glyn's had two lickings since then! Grierson's going to keep on caning him until he splits on you."

"Oh, the cad!"

"Poor old Glyn's having a rough time of it," went on Wally. "The Head's feeding him on bread and water; that's all he's had to-day."

"Poor old Glyn!"

"And, I say, Merry," exclaimed Wally, "there's a fearful rumpus going on up here. Grierson sent Knox down to the village to find you this morning, and the rotter hasn't been back yet. Have you got him?"

Tom Merry chuckled.

"Rather! We've got Knox safe and sound in the coal-cellar. So Grierson's worried about him. Well, I've a note that I want him to have. Kerr is going to dress up and deliver the note at the school gates at half-past five. Will you be there?"

"What-ho!" said Wally. "It's five now, almost. And, I say, there's a letter here for you, and Gussy. Yours has come from Huckleberry Heath——"

"Oh, good!" said Tom joyfully. "That's a remittance from Miss Priscilla. I could do with that, for Baggy wolfed a lot of our grub this morning, and we're very short!"

"I'll give it to Kerr when he comes," said Wally. "Gussy's letter contains a fiver from the pater, I reckon. May I speak to Gussy?"

"Certainly, kid. Mind you're not caught. Thanks for your information, Wally. You'll let us know what happens from time to time, won't you?"

"Rely on me, Tom Merry!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was then called to the 'phone, and had a brief chat with his young minor. In the midst of the conversation Wally had to go, for he could hear somebody in the cloisters, and to be discovered would have spelt disaster.

Tom Merry & Co. discussed matters excitedly when Wally had rung off. Glyn was in the punishment-room, undergoing the most brutal ill-treatment from Dr. Grierson. Tom Merry determined to rescue his Form-fellow.

"Chaps," he said, "I've got a fine wheeze. Late to-night, when the school is asleep, we'll get into the quad of St. Jim's and rescue Glyn. Wally will have a ladder ready for us, if we ask him. We'll take Knox along with us. He's no use to us here—more of a nuisance, in fact. Blake, Glyn's blow-lamp is among those other things he fetched from Glyn House. With that we can melt the bars across the punishment-room window, and rescue Glyn that way. You know how to work a blow-lamp, don't you, Blake?"

"Rather!" said Blake.

"Good! Then, having rescued Glyn, we'll leave Knox in his place. Grierson will have a fit when he goes into Nobody's Study to-morrow morning and finds Knox there instead."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom wrote a letter to Glyn and handed it to George Kerr to give to Wally.

"Well, I'm off!" said Kerr, who had disguised himself to represent a yokel. "I don't suppose I shall be caught—there's less risk, anyhow, than going down to the village to telephone. I've got the other letter. So-long!"

"Good luck, old chap, and don't forget to tell Wally what we've going to do to-night."

Kerr left the rebels' house, and made his way towards St. Jim's.

As he neared the gates he saw Wally D'Arcy standing by the buttress, reading a book. He walked past Wally and gave a low whistle. Wally gave a start, for the yokel did not look anything like George Kerr of the New House.

"By jingo! Your make-up is splendid, Kerr!" breathed the hero of the Third, as, a little farther up the lane, he stopped to speak to the "yokel."

Kerr chuckled and handed Wally a note.

"That's for Glyn," he said. "Do you think you could manage to slip it under the door of the punishment-room?"

"Rather!" said Wally. "As easy as rolling off a log! Grierson's still tearing his hair. He's pretty sure that you've got Knox."

"Well, this letter will tell him," said the disguised Kerr, and he told Wally of the scheme to rescue Glyn that night. Wally chuckled. "Have you got those letters for Tom Merry and Gussy?" asked Kerr.

"Yes, here they are."

Kerr pocketed the letters, and then shambled up to the gates of St. Jim's.

Taggles glared at him and took the letter with very ill grace. The porter gasped, however, when he saw that the letter was for Dr. Grierson.

"'Ere!" he said. "Which I'd like to know as 'ow—— My heye! 'E's gone!"

The yokel had vanished down the lane, not waiting to hear Taggles' observation. Next minute Wally D'Arcy walked in.

"Who was that fellow who just ran out, Taggey?" he asked innocently. "A pal of yours?"

"No!" grunted Taggles. "'E's just left a letter for Dr. Grierson. Which wot Hi says is this 'ere—these is a rum state of affairs!"

Taggles walked away to deliver the letter to Dr. Grierson. And, as he followed Taggles into the School House, Walter Adolphus D'Arcy chuckled deeply.

CHAPTER 6.
Exchange is No Robbery!

"ALL serene?"

"Yaas, wathah! Look heah, Tom Mewwy, as a fellah of tact and judgment——"

"Shurrup, Gussy!" hissed Tom Merry. "You'll give the whole giddy show away if you chin-wag too much! I'm going first!"

A party of ten juniors were standing outside the walls of St. Jim's that night. Gerald Knox, bound and gagged, was there, too. The village clock had just tolled forth eleven. In the massive pile of St. Jim's not a single light was visible. The school was wrapped in the gloom of night.

The juniors outside had plenty of rope. Blake and Herries assisted Tom Merry to climb the wall. He took a rope up with him. Having reached the top of the wall, he jumped down into the school quadrangle and made one end of the rope fast to a tree.

"Come on, chaps!" he called softly. "the coast is clear! Don't forget the prisoner!"

One by one his confederates clambered up the rope and over the school wall. Knox was pulled over unceremoniously by Blake, Talbot, and Figgins. Under screen of darkness they crept across the quadrangle and round by the outbuildings. Herries, Clifton Dane, and Cardew stayed behind with Knox. Tom Merry & Co. reached that point of the quadrangle near the punishment-room.

"Hallo, you chaps!" came a hoarse whisper from the gloom. It was Wally D'Arcy. He loomed up, grinning.

"Wally, you young boundah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, looking severely at his minor. "What are you doin' out of youah dormitowy?"

"Oh, I just couldn't lay there and think about what you chaps were up to! I had to come down and take a hand!" explained Wally cheerfully. "The ladder's over there, behind the woodshed. I gave Glyn your note, although Cutts nearly nabbed me!"

"Oh, good kid!"

Levison and Kangaroo fetched the ladder. This was reared up against the wall, resting just beneath the barred window of the punishment-room.

"I'll go first," said Blake, who had the blow-lamp. "Nobody will see the light, and we'll have the bars out in no time!"

"Go it, Blake!"

Jack Blake climbed up the ladder and tapped at the window of Nobody's Study. A match was struck inside, and he could see Glyn's face through the dirty glass.

"Cheer up, Glyn," said Blake, lighting the lamp. "We sha'n't keep you long!"

The iron bars were old and rusted. Glyn threw up the window and took the file that Blake handed him. Whilst Blake directed the powerful flame of the blow-lamp upon one bar, Glyn proceeded to file through another.

"We've got Knox with us down below—trussed up like a giddy chicken!" said Blake cheerfully. "He's going to take your place in here."

"Whew!" whistled Glyn. "What a nutty notion! I'm jolly glad you chaps have come! Life wouldn't be worth living in this place after to-night! Grierson gave me another licking at ten o'clock!"

"The rotter! Never mind, Glyn! Oh, good! That's one through!"

It did not take long to remove the other two bars. When the way was clear for him, Glyn clambered through, and both he and Blake descended the ladder.

Bernard Glyn, who had suffered so much for the good cause, was greeted joyfully by Tom Merry & Co. below.

"Poor old chap!" said Tom Merry. "We've got a fine spread for you when you get back to headquarters! My remittance and Gussy's fiver have replenished our stores."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Kangaroo went over for Knox, Wally D'Arcy having been cautioned not to speak, and thus reveal his presence to the prefect.

"Now to get Knox up that ladder and through the window!" said Tom Merry. "It won't be too difficult—provided the ladder doesn't break! Haul him up!"

Tom went first, holding Knox's shoulders, and Talbot followed, supporting Knox's legs. The prefect was still gagged and blindfolded, and was quite helpless in the hands of Tom Merry & Co.

By dint of great caution they managed to haul Knox in through the window of the punishment-room. Tom Merry and Talbot sat him on the bed, tied his legs to the bed-post, and removed the bandage from his eyes.

"Well, Knox, here you are, back at St. Jim's!" chuckled the rebel leader, taking a rolled sheet of paper from his pocket. "I'm afraid you won't get much sleep to-night, but it's no more than you deserve. This little label must be pinned to you, and then we'll bid you good-bye-ee-ee!"

Tom pinned the sheet of paper to Knox's chest. Then, leaving the prefect writhing on the bed, he and Kangaroo climbed through the window again and down the ladder.

"It's worked like a charm!" chuckled the leader of the rebels. "Grierson will discover his crony there in the morning. Come on, chaps, we'd better get back as soon as poss. You must be jolly hungry, Glyn."

"Hungry isn't the word!" said Glyn feelingly.

They climbed over the school wall in the same manner as they had entered, and then retraced their footsteps to the raided house.

The others, who had been left to prepare a good feed, welcomed them with exclamation, and chuckled when Tom Merry related how they had left Knox.

"So here we all are again!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "You should see the feed Fatty Wynn has prepared in the drawing-room! It's a feast fit for the gods!"

"Good egg!"

Monty's words proved correct—it certainly was a feast fit for the gods. Glyn's eyes sparkled when he saw the array of good things that Fatty Wynn, a pastmaster in the culinary art, had prepared.

He "wired in" at Tom Merry's invitation, and not until he had taken the edge off his appetite did he pause to recount to the rebels his experience in the hands of Dr. Grierson.

Glyn's story elicited cries of wrath from the others.

"Grierson's the most unutterable rotter I've ever heard of!" said Tom Merry grimly. "He shall be paid out for his tyrannies! Knox hasn't the faintest notion where we are, and even if he had, Grierson would never turn us out! No surrender, chaps, until the Usurper has gone!"

"Hear, hear!"

The conversation proceeded animatedly until the feast was over. Then the rebels adjourned to their beds, and slept the sleep of the just till Herries, who had been provided with an alarm-clock, blew his cornet for reveille next morning.

CHAPTER 7.
No Surrender!

DR. JAMES GRIERSON, cane in hand, rustled along the upper corridor at St. Jim's next morning, followed by Toby, the school page, who carried a tray, containing a jug of water, a glass, and two plain rolls of bread. Gerald Cutts, of the Fifth, was outside the door of the punishment-room as the unpopular Head strode up.

"Good-morning, sir!" he said. "Glyn's up, I think. I can hear the bed moving."

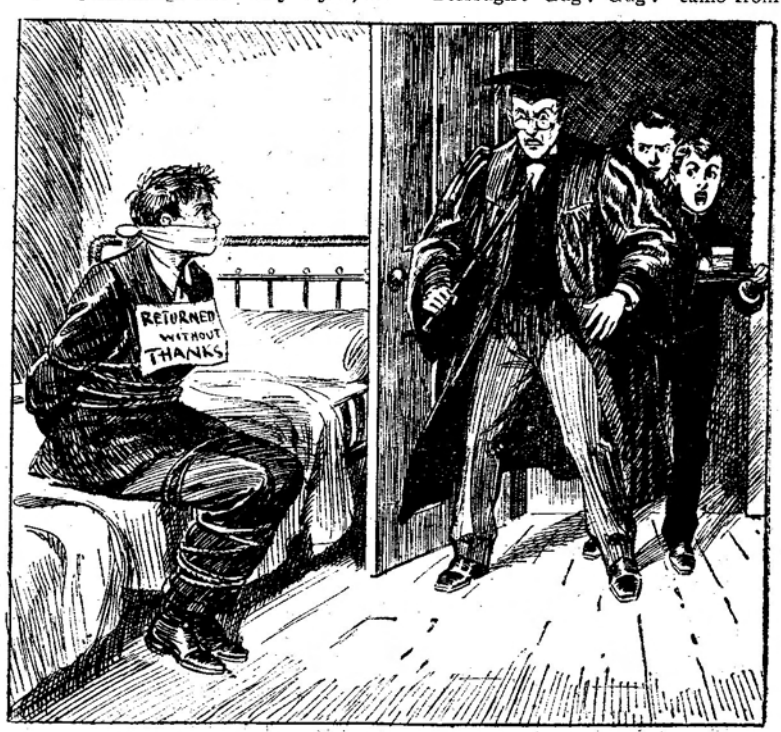
"Ah! We shall now see whether the little rascal's will is broken!" said Dr. Grierson, unlocking the door.

He stepped into the punishment-room, but stood stock still when he saw the figure on the bed.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, in a faint voice.

"Crumbs!" said Toby.

"Yerrrugh! Gug! Gug!" came from



Dr. Grierson stepped into the punishment-room, but stood stock still when he saw the figure on the bed. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated, in a faint voice. "It's Knox! Bless my soul—Knox! Wh-where is Glyn?" Knox presented a sorry spectacle, bound hand and foot and gagged. (*See this page.*)

the bound figure sitting on the bed. It was not Bernard Glyn, but Knox, of the Sixth, who had been missing since the previous morning. Knox presented a sorry spectacle, bound hand and foot, and gagged. Upon his breast was pinned a sheet of paper which bore this legend:

"RETURNED—WITHOUT THANKS!"

"Knox!" gasped Dr. Grierson, like one in a dream. "Bless my soul—Knox! Wh-where is Glyn?"

Dr. Grierson could hardly have expected Knox to vouchsafe that information, considering that he was gagged. The Head's glance wandered up to the window, and when he saw that the bars had been removed, he gasped still more.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed dazedly. "Glyn has escaped! There has been a conspiracy! Toby, have you a knife? Release Knox at once!"

"Yes, sir!"

Gerald Knox was released. He stood up, rubbing his aching limbs, and uttering queer gurgles.

Dr. Grierson went over to the prefect, and shook him.

"Knox! What has happened? How came you in this—this disgraceful predicament?"

"Yow-ow!" gasped Knox, dragging off the label, and hurling it to the floor. "I have been captured by those young rascals! They kept me in the coal-cellar all day——"

"What coal-cellar? Where?" demanded Dr. Grierson eagerly.

"I don't know!" said Knox, grinding his teeth. "They've got a place somewhere—a house, by what I can make out. Goodness knows where it is! I've been blindfolded all the time! Last night they came here, released Glyn, and left me here instead! The little rascals——"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Grierson. "The—the audacity! Come up to my study, Knox, and tell me your story in detail."

Knox limped after Dr. Grierson, for his legs were stiff and aching. In the privacy of the Head's sanctum he told his sorry tale. Dr. Grierson listened with lowered eyebrows and a scowling face.

"They must be in the vicinity, close at hand!" he exclaimed angrily. "One of them even had the audacity to leave a scurrilous note for me at the school gates yesterday—at least, I presume it was one of them, disguised. You say they are in a house! Surely somebody is giving shelter to all those boys!"

"They seem to have the whole house to themselves, sir, by what I could hear," growled Knox. "And I should say the place was fairly empty, too, for their footsteps echoed, just as though the rooms and the passages were empty."

"Ah!" said Dr. Grierson, his eyes glittering. "Perhaps that will afford us a clue. You may go and procure some breakfast, and a wash, Knox. I shall not commission you to undertake anything further for me, as you have failed so miserably in this first attempt to be of service. Tell Kildare, Darrel, and Monteith to come here, will you?"

"Yes, sir!" grunted Knox, and he departed in a very ill humour.

Kildare, Monteith, and Darrel obeyed the summons to the Head's study rather reluctantly. They did not pull well with the new Head and his tyrannous rules and regulations. They had heard about Knox's predicament, and enjoyed the joke immensely.

"You must come out with me this morning, on a search for those rebellious juniors," said Dr. Grierson to the prefects. "I have reason to believe that they are occupying a house near this school—probably an empty house. It seems incredible to me that they should have run away from school and appropriated an empty house without permission, yet the young rascals are capable of anything, after the disgraceful manner in which they have behaved at this school. Kindly make ready to accompany me at once."

Kildare and his two fellow-prefects went. They were looking dismayed.

The bell was just ringing for lessons as the Head, in morning-coat, top-hat, and walking-stick, and the three prefects set out from St. Jim's. They walked down the lane in silence. Neither felt disposed to speak.

P.-c. Tozer was standing by the cross-roads, dreamily contemplating a grazing horse in an adjacent field. Dr. Grierson went up to him.

"Have you seen any St. Jim's juniors about this morning, constable?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied P.-c. Tozer. "Which I 'aven't seen any of the young rips. 'Ave they been in trouble again? Wot I says is this 'ere—all boys oughter be drownded at birth, and——"

"Oh, never mind!" snapped Dr. Grierson impatiently. "Do you know of an empty house in this neighbourhood—a large house, untenanted?"

The village constable reflected.

"Yessir!" he said at length. "Which there is one a little lower down the lane, jest by the wood. Belongs to Lord Parrish of Abbotsford, so they say. It's been empty for three months, and which the people all says as 'ow Lord Parrish ought to let it hout to ex-Service men wantin' 'omes, instead of 'oardin' that 'ouse, waiting for somebody to buy it at a price. Shameful, I call it!"

"Thank you, constable!" said Dr. Grierson, and he rejoined the Sixth-Formers.

"There is a house a little lower down the lane," he said. "Let us find it, and inquire, as soon as possible."

Followed by Kildare, Darrell, and Monteith, he hastened down the lane.

Soon he caught sight of the large house, standing behind some trees, a little way back from the lane, on the border of Rylcombe Wood. The "For Sale" board was still up, and, to all intents and purposes, the house was bleak and empty.

"I wonder if the young rascals are in there?" said the new headmaster, stroking his chin. "I—I think we had better go in, Kildare, and inquire."

Kildare did not answer, but followed Dr. Grierson in at the gate, and up the long garden to the front door.

Rat-tat-tat!

Dr. Grierson plied the knocker vigorously, and then listened intently for any sound from within. But there was none.

Dr. Grierson lifted the letter-box with his finger, and peered into the hall. Bare boards and walls and uncarpeted stairs was all he could see.

"Well, the house certainly seems to be empty, but it is just the place I should imagine the reckless little rogues would seize upon," he said. "Let us go round to the back, and see if we cannot discover anything."

Dr. Grierson went up to the back door, and wrenched at the handle. But, before he could get it open, a voice hailed him from above.

"Hi! Buzz off! You're not wanted here!"

Looking up, Dr. Grierson was amazed to see a bunch of schoolboys looking down at him from an upper window. The Terrible Three were there, with Jack Blake, Herries, D'Arcy, and Figgins.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the tyrant, falling back.

"So you've found out where we are living!" said Tom Merry grimly. "Well, old bean, I don't see that you can shift us if we are determined not to shift. There are nearly thirty of us, you see, and we are full of beans, and as determined as ever not to give in. Run away and play, Grierson, unless, perhaps, you've come to inform us that you've left St. Jim's for good!"

Dr. Grierson turned desperately to Kildare, Darrel, and Monteith.

"Enter this house, and drive them out!" he exclaimed. "I command you!"

"Don't do anything so silly, Kildare, old sport!" called Tom Merry. "We've got heaps of ammunition up here! Mangel-wurzels and eggs and flour, and all kinds of horrid things. You wouldn't like to be pelted with those, would you?"

Kildare & Co. hesitated. Dr. Grierson went pink.

"What are you standing there like boobies for?" he raged. "Enter that house at once, as I command you!"

"Look here, sir!" said Kildare, in a quiet voice. "You are only courting trouble by asking us to do a thing like that. You surely don't imagine that we three can clear out thirty boys from this house? Why, they'd overrun us!"

"Very well!" hissed Dr. Grierson. "Then you are deprived of your position as prefect, Kildare! If Monteith and Darrell do not care to obey me they shall also forfeit their prefecture."

Kildare's eyes were glinting.

"As you please, sir," he said quietly. "Being no longer a prefect, I do not consider it my duty to remain here any longer."

Kildare walked away, and Darrell and Monteith followed.

Dr. Grierson went red and white by turns as he watched the three ex-prefects walk away. Then he bit his lip, and shook his fists up at Tom Merry & Co.

"You—you depraved little scamps!" he blurted. "You—you—— Oooooop!"

This last remark was torn from the tyrant of St. Jim's as a particularly huge mangel-wurzel, propelled from the hand of Monty Lowther, sailed down and struck the crown of his topper. There was a scrunch and a shriek of merriment from above. For Dr. Grierson's topper, as a topper, was no more. It resembled a concertina!

"Yaroogh!" groaned the infuriated master, glaring up. "How—how dare you! I—I—— Gerrrrugh!"

A bag of flour came down, and burst full upon Dr. Grierson's face. A cloud of whiteness enveloped him, and made him look quite ghastly. The flour got into his eyes and made him blink, down his throat and made him cough, up his nose and made him sneeze. His clothes were smothered with flour, his head and features plastered with it.

"Yerrrrugh! Atchoo! Oooooo-gh!" he gurgled. "Oh, good heavens! Groooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buzz off, Grierson, and don't bother!" said Tom Merry, displaying an egg, held lightly in his hand. "There's plenty of ammunition, and we are good marksman, as you can see. Where will you have it—on your nose or in your eye-ee-ee?"

"Yaroooooogh!"

Dr. Grierson did not state whether he preferred the egg upon his nose or in his eye. He beat a strategic retreat, and the rebels in the raided house sent up a

loud shout of laughter as he went, leaving a long, long trail of flour in his wake.

"Good-bye, Bluebell!" sang out Tom Merry. "You'll get fed up with this life soon, and will have to leave St. Jim's. Ha, ha, ha!"

And the other rebels gave an answering shout:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER 8.
Important News.

BUZZ-ZZZZ-ZZZZ!

"There goes the 'phone!" said Tom Merry, later on that day. "I expect it's young Wally. Hallo!"

"Hallo! Is that Tom Merry?" came Wally's voice over the wires.

"Yes, Wally. What's the news?"

Wally was heard to chuckle.

"Grierson's got his rag out properly!" he said. "You should have seen him when he crawled back, plastered with flour. Oh, we nearly died! So he's found out where you are. He's going to lay siege to your headquarters to-night!"

"Eh?"

"Honest Injun! Paget heard it!" said Wally eagerly. "Kildare and the others won't have anything to do with Grierson's schemes. Knox and Cutts & Co. hang round him. What do you think Grierson is going to do? He's employed a lot of men from the village—ex-soldiers, you know—and they're all coming along about nine o'clock to-night to get you out. So you'd better keep your weather eye open, old son."

"By jingo! Thanks awfully, Wally! So Grierson's going to employ men to haul us out? My only summer chapeau! Is that all, Wally?"

"Yes, so far as I know!" said Wally. "Well, so-long, you chaps! I must be going. Give Grierson a high old time to-night, won't you?"

"You bet!"

Wally rang off, and Tom Merry turned to the others, looking serious.

"The awful old twister!" he exclaimed, and drew a deep breath. "Grierson is going to lay siege to us to-night! Well, my sons, we'll lay for Grierson, and give him a jolly hot reception when he and his giddy raiders do come!"

"What-ho!"

"I've got a wheeze," said the rebel leader, his eyes dancing with the light of a new inspiration. "Glyn, your help is wanted."

"Certainly, Tommy!" said Glyn. "I'll do anything short of manslaughter to get my own back on Grierson!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, as you know, there are heaps of soot in the chimneys of this house. We'll dig holes all over the garden, and fill 'em with soot and fireworks."

"Fireworks!"

Tom Merry chuckled.

"Yes, rather!" he said. "Glyn can make fireworks. He made some last Guy Fawkes Day, and jolly fine they were, too. Glyn, old chap, do you see my wheeze? I want you to make some extra-special fireworks by this evening, and we'll dig them in the garden. Underneath the soot we can put extra-powerful fireworks which, when fired, will hurl up the soot in clouds. The raiders would have a jolly warm time when the fireworks go off in their midst!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" said Bernard Glyn enthusiastically. "I can do all that on my head, Tommy. It means spending the rest of the day at home in my lab. I have plenty of things there for making fireworks. They would be fired by means of an electric spark. The raiders, as soon as they entered the gate, would tread on a stone that would make the spark, and set going the whole giddy gardenful of fireworks and soot. By Jove, it will be a regular Fifth of November display!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now that it's known where we are, we need not disguise ourselves when going out," said Tom. "But we shall have to be jolly cautious. We require all sorts of things for the siege to-night. Tar and feathers wouldn't be a bad wheeze. Farmer Hayling, whose place is only a stone's throw from here, always has plenty of feathers. He collects 'em for making beds. He'd sell us some. Also some tar. We'll get a chopper, too, chop down the trees in the garden, and barricade all the doors. My hat, we'll have some rare fun to-night!"

"Rather!"

"They'll never get in here!"

"No surrender!"

The rebels of St. Jim's were greatly taken up with the idea. Bernard Glyn and Kangaroo went off to Glyn House, to make the necessary fireworks and apparatus. Tom Merry and five others visited the farmer, and were successful in getting three sacks full of feathers, as much tar as they could carry, two barrels of tomatoes in an advanced stage of decay, a chopper, spades and shovels, and other useful articles.

The rebels bore these articles back to headquarters triumphantly, and set to work to prepare for the siege that night. Holes and trenches were dug in the garden. Huge masses of soot were raked down from the chimneys, and deposited in a trench that ran along the front of the house.

Caring nothing for the mess they made in the house, the juniors worked with a will. All the trees in the garden were cut down and piled up, ready for barricading purposes. Boards were nailed across the lower windows, and many panes of glass were smashed in this operation. The front door was screwed up, and heaps of earth, dug up from the garden, piled upon the steps!

The rebels of St. Jim's were nothing if not thorough in their work.

Soon everything was in readiness for the great siege!

The boys put on old clothes. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was very particular in that respect. He had brought with him several fancy waistcoats, and these were distributed. The provisions were well guarded, and Baggy Trimble threatened, under pain of dire penalties, not to touch them.

Glyn and Kangaroo returned at eight o'clock, bearing boxes full of fireworks, of special power, and the simple electrical apparatus necessary for firing them.

"Good egg!" said Tom Merry, greeting them at the back door. "Behold what wonders we have worked since you went! Everything is ready for the laying of the fireworks!"

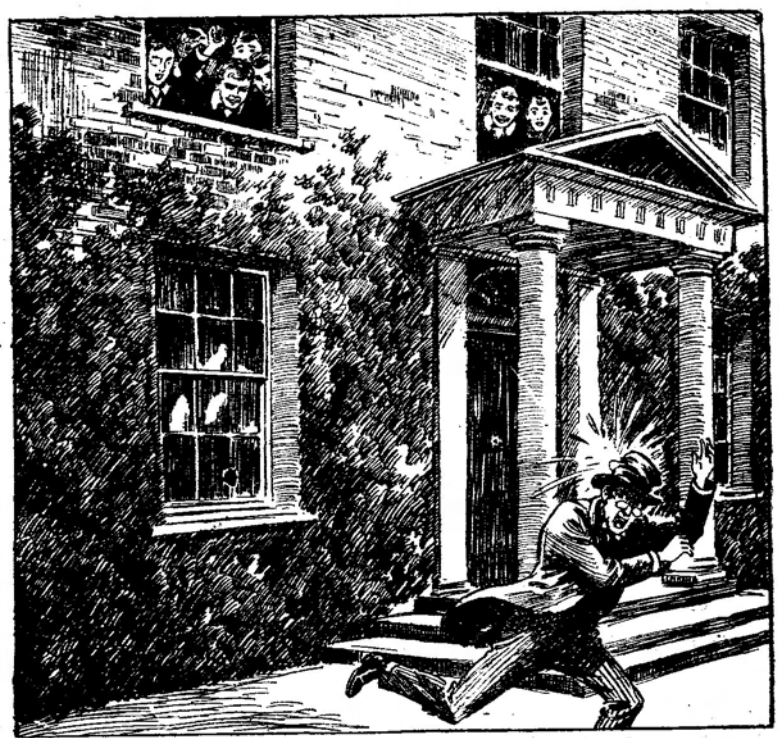
"Right-ho!" said Glyn. "The trick will be done in half a jiffy."

Underneath a large stone in the gateway Glyn placed a small switchboard, so that when the stone was trodden upon, a button would be pressed, which would set the electric current into motion.

Fireworks of powerful explosive capacity were placed underneath the soot in the trench and the various holes, sky-rockets, "demons," "cannon crackers," and all manner of weird, pyrotechnic novelties were distributed liberally all over the garden, and even concealed in the ivy on the walls of the house.

"Everything in the garden is lovely!" chuckled Glyn, going indoors when his job was finished. "Now, I suppose, we've got to barricade the doors."

"Yes, rather! Put your backs into it, chaps!"



A particularly huge mangel-wurzel, propelled from the hand of Monty Lowther, sailed down and struck the crown of Dr. Grierson's topper. There was a scrunch and a shriek of merriment from above. "Yarooh!" groaned the infuriated master. "How—how dare you!" (*See page* 10.)

The doors were nailed and barricaded. All the rebels were indoors, and everything was ready for attack.

Dusk was now deepening over the countryside, and there was still silence all around. Tom Merry & Co. partook of a good "feed" in the dining-room, and then lay in readiness for all comers.

The time passed slowly, and the rebels were on tenterhooks of expectancy. Wally D'Arcy rang through, to say that Grierson & Co. had set out, and were making their way to the house.

Darkness enveloped the scene. Not a light gleamed in the windows of the rebels' house. Suddenly, Tom Merry, who was posted at one of the upper windows, gave a warning cry. He had caught sight of stealthy figures lurking among the trees in front of the house.

"Get ready, boys! Here are the raiders!"

There was tense silence. Dr. James Grierson, with Knox, and Cutts, St. Leger, and Gilmore were making their way towards the front gate, accompanied by a number of men—about a dozen, all told.

Dr. Grierson himself opened the gate and strode in. He trod on the large stone, but, of course, was in blissful ignorance of what was about to happen as a result. The raiders entered the front garden one by one. Barely were they all in than the deadly spark had done its work. There was a series of small flashes all over the garden, and then a great roar.

Bang! Bang! Whizzzz! Whoooooosh! Crack!

"Yaroooogh!"

A great cloud of blackness surged up from the ground and enveloped the raiders. It fell all over them in a deluge. Darting flames, and whizzing rockets, and brilliant streams of fire filled the atmosphere—as well as the soot.

The raiders went down, utterly terrified and bewildered, sneezing and choking with soot. And, all around them, fireworks went off in rapid succession, filling the night air with clouds of soot and smoke, gigantic crashes and huge bangs, and a myriad of lights.

CHAPTER 9.
Victory at Last!

"GERRRUGH! Yah! Oooogh!"

Those were the queer sounds uttered by Dr. James Grierson, as he wallowed into a hole, frantically gouging soot out of his eyes and his ears and his mouth. Fireworks were going off all around him, and confusion reigned supreme.

"Oh crumbs! Wh-what the—— Gerrrugh! Ow!" howled Knox, clutching the wall and dancing like a dervish as another cannon cracker went off between his legs.

"Oooooooop!" shrieked Cutts, falling into a mound of soot, and adding considerably to the black mantle of soot with which he was already covered.

Weird gurgles and gasps and grunts and moans came from the men whom Dr. Grierson had employed to raid the house of rebels.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" came in a loud tumult of laughter from the upper rooms.

Glyn's trap had worked beautifully. Soot and smoke were still in the atmosphere, but it was possible to view the effects in the moonlight.

Nearly twenty hapless individuals stood in that garden, and they presented the most remarkable aspect. They were wild-eyed and dishevelled, and black from head to foot.

"Yah-ah-ah!" choked Dr. Grierson, scrambling out of the hole. "Good heavens! Wh-what has happened? Was it an explosion, or—— Bless my soul! I am covered with soot!"

"Groooooogh!" moaned Gerald Knox, blinking ghoulfully through his soot. "It's a trap, sir! The young rotters have somehow got to know that we were coming, and have laid for us! Oh crumbs!"

A big, beefy man came up to Dr. Grierson, and shook a sooty fist beneath that gentleman's nose.

"Look 'ere, sir, wot's all this?" he demanded threateningly. "We didn't come 'ere to be made fools of! Look at me and my mates! Which the agreement was to henter that 'ouse, and turn the kids hout, and fetch 'em back to St. Jim's. I——"

"The boys are in there!" gasped Dr. Grierson desperately. "Break in there at once, and turn them out! They will not offer further resistance!"

Knox & Co. were of a different opinion, so they hung back. The hired men dashed to the front steps, and scrambled amongst the mould that had been heaped there.

Dr. Grierson dashed up, suffused with fury.

"Go on! Go on!" he shrieked. "Break open the door!"

Next minute, windows above were flung open, and a deluge of nasty, black stickiness swamped down. It was tar. The tar smothered the men on the steps. Dr. Grierson was not immune. He received quite a lot of tar on his head and shoulders. Then, as cries of dismay and rage rent the air, a cloud of feathers fluttered down from where the tar had come, and stuck lovingly to where the tar had stuck.

"Good heavens! Oh dear!" moaned Dr. Grierson, smothered with tar and feathers and soot. "What the——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry, leaning out of the window and emptying another sack of feathers. "This is where we smile! Hear us smile! Ha, ha, ha!"

The smile of the St. Jim's rebels must have been heard quite a long way away. The groans and moans of the raiders, too, sounded loudly on the disturbed night air. Tom Merry & Co. looked down at them, and shrieked with merriment until the tears came to their eyes. Dr. Grierson & Co. looked as utterly unlike human beings as it is possible to imagine. And the sounds they uttered were weird in the extreme.

"Go on! Go on, men!" screamed Dr. Grierson, dancing with rage. "Do not let those young rascals deter you! Break open that door and rout them out!"

"Yaroooogh!"

Tom Merry & Co. brought the tomatoes into play, and sent down a perfect hurricane of these missiles. The over-ripe tomatoes burst upon the faces and heads of the raiders below with ominous squelches, and the fruit was liberally distributed amongst the soot, and the tar, and the feathers.

Whizz! Bang! Thud! Squelch!

"Run for it, mates!" howled the beefy man who had previously addressed Dr. Grierson. "We're not goin' ter put up wiv this—Yaroooooogh!" He uttered this remark as a particularly large and juicy tomato struck him full in the eye.

Whizz! Wallop! Thud!

"Oh dear!" groaned Knox, dodging one tomato and catching another in the back of his neck. "This is awful! Those little scoundrels have got us properly! We'll have to run for it!"

The raiders did run for it! They floundered from the steps, and across the garden, stumbling into the holes the boys had dug, yelling as those relentless missiles thudded upon them.

"Go it, boys!" sang out Blake, firing away with some mangel-wurzels. "Give 'em jip! Ha, ha, ha!"

Honk! Honk!

It was the loud hooting of a motor-horn, and Tom Merry & Co. saw, with some surprise, that a large motor-car had drawn up outside the house. They peered through the semi-darkness, and recognised Lord Parrish, the owner of the house.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Lord Parrish, as he saw the crowd of men dashing from his garden, covered with soot, and tar, and feathers, and saw the whirling missiles coming from the upper rooms of his house. "What ever is the matter? What—what—good heavens! Dr. Grierson! Is it possible!"

Dr. Grierson staggered out of the garden, wiping tomato out of his eyes. He blinked at Lord Parrish, and gave a gurgle.

"Yooooogh! It is I, Lord Parrish. Those depraved young hooligans——"

"What is the meaning of this, Dr. Grierson?" demanded Lord Parrish angrily. "Look at the disgraceful scene in my—my house!"

His lordship choked with wrath.

The last raider had departed from the garden of horrors. The hired men dashed up the lane towards the village, not stopping to try further conclusions with the St. Jim's rebels in the barricaded house. Knox, Cutts, Gilmore, and St. Leger, looking sorry spectacles, crouched round the car.

Tom Merry & Co., chortling with victory, ceased their bombardment, and gazed down upon the scene below.

The garden was in a horrible mess. Soot, tar and feathers lay everywhere, and a sprinkling of tomatoes and mangels.

"This—this is disgraceful; unheard of!" fumed Lord Parrish, prancing from his car and gazing at the wreck and ruin in the garden. "When I received your message, Dr. Grierson, I had no idea that these boys had gone to such—such extreme lengths. Look at my house—my house! Look at the garden, the steps; the front door is nailed up! The windows are barred and broken! The trees are cut down! Lord bless my soul!"

"I—I'm sorry, your lordship!" gasped Dr. Grierson, quailing. "I assure you, it is not my fault. These young rascals have rebelled——"

"Yah! Go home! We don't want you!"

"Grierson's got to resign as Head of St. Jim's, and all the new rules have got to be scrapped before we leave this house!" roared Tom Merry. "We're enjoying ourselves here, sir, so there's really no hurry. We'll stay here so long as Grierson stays at St. Jim's."

Lord Parrish was dumbfounded. What really concerned him most was the ruin and damage that had been done to his house and the garden. Already, a considerable sum would have to be spent upon it, before he could hope to sell the house.

"I—I—I——" he exclaimed. "This state of affairs cannot exist! Boys, that house belongs to me, and——"

"Sorry, sir, but you know our terms!" said Tom Merry. "We'll stay here for good if you don't get rid of Grierson. You can have your house back at once if you do!"

"Do not listen to the little reprobates!" shrieked Dr. Grierson, beside himself with rage. "Send for the police, and have them removed! We must not——"

(Continued on page 18.)



Joy's Gossip

THE STRANGER.

"Is this the way to St. Jim's?"

The question was put to me the other afternoon as I was walking towards the village, where I am staying with Doris Levison. There was something about the man who spoke to me I did not like. He was not exactly a tramp, but he looked surprisingly near to it. Then he was sitting on a gate, and was smoking a pipe, and he did not offer to get off his perch, though he must have seen that I had to go that way, for I had been meaning to take the footpath through the woods.

"You are quite near the school," I said. "You can see the towers through the trees."

The stranger thanked me, and smiled.

"I wish to go through that gate when you have done with it, please," I said with some feeling.

Battered Hat turned round and looked at me, with a smile. He was so thin and worn, as I saw then, that I felt I had not the heart to be really angry.

"Are you in trouble?" I asked.

"Not precisely what you would call trouble, young woman," he said.

It was not the right way to address me, but I was beginning to see through him, and I felt sorry for his plight. For he evidently was as poor as a church mouse, for all his neat clothes. They were worn, and a button was off his overcoat.

"I believe you are hungry," I said. "I—I come from Australia. I know what it is to be hungry. I was lost once with old Joe—he was odd man at my uncle's farm. I am afraid I spoke a bit rudely to you. I didn't mean it. Will you accept this, and get something down there in the village?"

I did not dare look round to see what was happening. I felt rather ashamed. Here had I been condemning an unfortunate person, who was half-famished, and, possibly, too old to get any work to do.

But I had not finished with him. I stopped at the next gate. I had to. I could not manage the fastening. And then there was the pat-pat of steps on the grass behind. Oh, if I could have got the gate open!

"Miss Blue Jumper with the kind heart," said a voice, "I should like a word with you." I was scarlet again.

There was the beggar man, his hat in his hand, and a smile on his face—rather a handsome face, now I came to look closer. I drew back against the gate, and could not find anything to say; and the odd person started talking thirteen to the dozen about St. Jim's. He said he had heard of the place. There was an old piano in the main corridor—at least, he said, there used to be years ago, and it had a queer hiccup. He seemed to know all about everything.

"But do you know St. Jim's?" he asked.

"Just a little," I replied. "I have a few friends there."

"You are fortunate," said Battered Hat quietly, as he stooped and unfastened the gate.

"Are you going there?" I asked.

"Perhaps," he answered. Then he lifted his hat again, and walked off swiftly across the meadows, gazing to the left as he went, for the big buildings stood out against the blue.

There was a girls' tennis party that afternoon at the St. Jim's ground, and I was there. We were just getting into play when Wally D'Arcy came tearing down the field, shouting out that he was sure there was a burglar in the school. Everybody was out, and Taggles had gone off to the village.

"I heard the blighter in the Head's room," said young Wally. "I banged at the door, but he only laughed, so I came to tell you chaps."

We all cut along. Cardew and Talbot and Levison started running, but I did not mean to be out of it at all, so I ran, too, and so did some of the other girls.

When we raced into the school all was silent, but suddenly we heard a piano going—not the fine, new piano, which stands in the Common-room, but a snuffly old instrument which Cardew said had been put away in the lumber-room—otherwise, the end study—and has not been wanted for ages.

We charged down the corridor. I gasped at what I saw through the open door, and it was a minute before I could stir. For there was my beggar-man sitting at the quaint, old broken piano, playing something which did resemble an air, though not much. Levison had dashed in and grabbed his arm, but I seized Ernest and dragged him away.

"He's not a burglar," I said excitedly. "Leave him alone!"

Cardew looked at me quizzically. The stranger rose, and bowed to us all.

"No, I am not a thief," he said. "Is Dr. Holmes in? I should like to have a chat with him about the old place, and the happy days I spent here years ago."

The Head had come in from his rosary, seen that his study had been entered, and had come along to see what all the noise was about. How we stared as we saw Dr. Holmes hurry up to the stranger and grasp his hand!

"Lord Dallas!" he cried. "This is a pleasure! I thought you were still in Brazil!"

That's how it turned out. My beggar-man was a most distinguished personage, but terribly absent-minded because of all his learning, and his apparent rudeness meant nothing at all. No more did his shabby clothes. He was far too clever to bother about how he looked. He had been travelling for years, and was a corresponding member of all the learned societies. He had come back to St. Jim's to revive memories of the dear old golden days, and the tune he had played was the favourite one of his time.

Then there was a tea-party, and the Head asked us all, and made a little speech about St. Jim's, and how the fellows who had been there never forgot the days they had passed in the grand school.—Your chirpy chum, JOY.



The Battered Hat Pianist.



The INVISIBLE HAND



This wonderful story has also been filmed by the popular VITAGRAPH Film Company, and readers of the "GEM" should make a point of seeing the picture week by week at their favourite cinemas.

JOHN SHARPE.

IRON HAND.

New Readers Start Here.

John Sharpe, the great analytical detective, is engaged by Chief Burnett, of the Secret Service, to track down the band of organised and dangerous criminals operating under the guidance of Iron Hand, a fearless, clever man of dominating personality. Marna Black, one of the band of crooks, is captured, and Burnett induces Anne Crawford, a woman agent of the Secret Service, to assume Marna's identity and get into the confidences of Iron Hand.

She is instructed to keep her real identity a secret even to Sharpe; but she often assists him and sends him information concerning the movements of the gang, and he is puzzled to know just where it comes from.

Iron Hand has a number of hiding-places in different parts of the country, which are referred to as "Nests," the most important of which is Eagle's Nest, situated on a deserted cliff. The leader's chief assistants are Potsdam and Black Flag. John Sharpe has had many big tussles with the gang, and has foiled many of their deepest schemes. Iron Hand has robbed Colonel Bledson, the Cattle King, of a casket of valuable jewels, and he takes them to his assistant in Chinatown, Wong Li, to take care of.

Sharpe, trying to get back the jewels, is cornered by Iron Hand and several of the gang. The detective is in a very tight corner, and so challenges the leader to a knife duel.

(Now read on.)

Face to Face.

JOHN SHARPE wielded his knife in a very businesslike manner. For a moment it seemed as if Iron Hand would accept the challenge, but Potsdam remonstrated with him, and urged him to be cautious.

The Chinese high priest, Wong Li, and the others still clamoured madly for the life of the detective. They ignored the challenge, and all they wanted to do was to have Sharpe killed as speedily as possible—and as cruelly.

"Give the sacriligious foreign dog to us!" screamed the high priest. "Our god demands his life!"

All his followers shouted approval. Iron Hand still hesitated, and Sharpe sneered insultingly at him, and accused him of being a coward. Then the leader of the gang's rage got the better of him, and, stepping forward, he said:

"I do not fear you, you cur!"

Iron Hand persuaded Wong Li to give him a knife, which matched that of the detective, and Sharpe started to remove his coat.

Turning to the Chinese, Iron Hand said boastfully:

"Be gone! Leave him to me! Your god will have vengeance!"

The others made their exit unwillingly, for if there was to be a combat, they desired to see it. The leader next turned to his second-in-command and ordered him to leave, but at the same time he gave a meaning look, which Potsdam fully understood, and that worthy replied with an evil nod that meant treachery to Sharpe. Potsdam next made his departure, leaving Sharpe and Iron Hand alone.

Both men now started to remove their coats, to allow full freedom for their arms.

Sharpe was feeling in a very serious mood, but he realised that he must fight for his life, and Iron Hand was fuming with a deadly rage.

In the rest-room previously used by Anne, the girl was sitting alone, worrying over the detective's safety. Suddenly she heard a noise, and, starting up, she drew her revolver, but it was only her friend Lee Chow. He entered excitedly, as Anne replaced her revolver.

The girl listened eagerly to the news he brought.

"They catch him, at Nest 1," he said. "Him fight Iron Hand."

Anne was very excited.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Fight a duel?"

The Chinaman nodded.

Anne, leaping to her feet, asked him if he could take her there without being seen.

Again the yellowman nodded. Then, casting his eye over the chauffeur's outfit which she was still wearing, he shook his head disapprovingly, and the next minute rushed over to a chest of drawers, and opening one, he brought out a suit of his own clothes. Lee Chow handed these to Anne, and left the room.

Sharpe and Iron Hand were now ready for the fight, and each man picked up his knife, and prepared in earnest for the death struggle. Iron Hand paused for a moment, as something important entered his head.

"After I have killed you, how will I know where the jewels are?" he hissed. He was still confident of his power to vanquish the detective.

For answer Sharpe walked over to the desk in the room, and, taking a paper and pencil, wrote down upon it the place where he had hidden the jewels. When he had finished, he placed it on the desk out of Iron Hand's reach.

"That will tell you, if you are alive."

Iron Hand nodded, and his face was deathly pale. The adversaries now approached one another, cautiously and warily, each waiting for the other to begin the attack. They gradually drew nearer towards one another, with knives ready.

Sharpe rushed at his combatant, and the next instant the fight was raging fast and furious, both men striving to get in a telling blow. Both were clever in their manipulations, and showed great skill.

Meanwhile, Anne Crawford had finished changing, and was now attired as a complete Chinaman. She opened the door and called Lee Chow, who led the way.

The Chinaman took her through a small room above the apartment in which the detective and Iron Hand were fighting for their lives. Both of them tiptoed stealthily across the floor, and presently Lee Chow indicated the peep-hole.

Anne knelt down and looked through. A full view of the fight from above met her gaze. The two men were now fighting furiously, but so far neither had attained an advantage. There were many slips, narrow escapes, falls, and slights wounds, which made the contest a very thrilling one to witness.

Then, just as it looked as though Iron Hand would deliver a mortal blow, Sharpe gained the upper hand, and, kneeling on top of the leader of the gang, he placed the point of the knife at the man's throat.

"Now you're going to tell me a few things, you black-hearted scoundrel!" said Sharpe.

Iron Hand struggled feebly, for Sharpe had a strong grip upon him. He succeeded, however, in freeing one hand, and, reaching towards the wall close by, he managed to press a button. Then an amazing thing happened.

Four of the panels in the opposite wall were pivoted like revolving doors, and the platforms to which they were fastened swung Potsdam and three other men into the room. All were armed with revolvers, with which they at once covered Sharpe.

The detective was compelled to rise, holding his hands in the air, and Iron Hand regained his freedom. There was a look of contempt on the detective's face as he looked at the leader.

"You dirty coward!" he managed to say. "I might have known you wouldn't fight fair!"

Iron Hand laughed sneeringly. Then, thinking of the paper, he said, with triumph:

"I know where the jewels are, too! Shoot him, men!"

The gangsters prepared to obey his orders as Iron Hand passed before the detective, heading for the desk where the paper was lying.

Sharpe suddenly grasped Iron Hand and held him as a shield; and then, snatching at the paper, he quickly screwed it up and put it in his mouth.

Iron Hand turned swiftly, and shouted a warning to the others not to kill him, but to keep him covered. Then the leader leaped upon the detective.

All this Anne saw from the room above,

and, with a sudden inspiration, she took out her revolver, and, fitting a silencer on it, took careful aim through the peep-hole. Her aim was directed at a row of buttons controlling the elaborate mechanism of the Nest. Then she pulled the trigger, and the bullet smashed itself against one of them.

In the course of her experiences at this place she had learnt a good deal about it, and she knew that at this moment both Iron Hand and Sharpe were standing on a trapdoor over the secret well. The next moment both of them dropped through out of sight.

The men disappeared under the surface of the water, rose again, and continued their struggle. Potsdam and the others stared in amazement down the trap, then up at the ceiling.

Immediately she saw that she had been successful, Anne told Lee Chow what had happened, and then she suggested a scheme to him, and the two hurriedly left the room.

Meanwhile, Sharpe and Iron Hand were still battling in the dimly-lighted well. Soon Potsdam appeared on the ladder, and he stretched out his hand towards his leader.

Iron Hand had had quite enough fighting for the moment, and he readily grasped the hand, and Potsdam pulled him up. Sharpe took the opportunity of swimming towards a hole in the wall, expecting all the time that Potsdam would shoot at him.

Suddenly, however, he felt an arm reach out. Someone seized him by the collar and dragged him in. In front of him was a narrow ladder, which he grasped weakly, for he was now quite exhausted through the recent exertions.

Looking up, he was just in time to see the figure of his rescuer darting up the ladder and disappearing into the darkness. The detective held on for a few seconds, gaining his breath, wondering all the time who had saved him.

Potsdam and the others had succeeded in dragging Iron Hand out of the well into the room again, where the leader sank to the floor, endeavouring to recover his breath, for he, too, was quite exhausted through his efforts.

After climbing up the ladder, Sharpe staggered into the room before him. He was thoroughly bewildered, and as he looked around he puzzled over the curious manner in which he had been saved.

Closing the door of the empty room in which he found himself, he leant wearily against it, and suddenly his eyes wandered towards the peep-hole in the floor, and he went over towards it. Looking through it, he was amazed to see the girl Marna Black enter the room below through one of the secret panels.

The leader of the gang evidently did not expect her, for he started in astonishment when he caught sight of the girl.

"What are you doing here, Marna?" he demanded.

There was a look of concern on the girl's face.

"I was alarmed for your safety," she replied. "I changed into this disguise, and came to see for myself. What has happened?"

"Sharpe is alive!" growled Iron Hand. "He's in the well. We must get him up soon, and find out what he did with the jewels."

The girl appeared to be astounded at this news.

At that moment Iron Hand started his investigations. He went over to the desk to inspect the button which had released the trapdoor over the well. Potsdam came forward and explained that it had been smashed by a shot which came from the ceiling by someone who had made use of a silent revolver.

Iron Hand made a few whispered orders, and Potsdam and the others left the room.

Anne was worried, for she knew that the detective was up there, and she was alarmed for his safety. With a glance upward, she said to Iron Hand:

"What do you think is up there?"

Iron Hand rose from his chair and called the girl to him. On the desk in front of him was the camera obscura which he had used before, and which he was now manipulating.

Iron Hand pointed it out to the girl, and, pressing a button, said:

"Look!"

There was a look of apprehension on the girl's face as she peered into it. On the glass she could distinctly see a view of the room above, with Sharpe rising from the peephole, and darting over to the door. But it was now locked, and resisted his efforts.

A panel now opened in the side of the wall, through which Potsdam and three others entered with revolvers. The detective turned, and was about to make resistance when he realised there was no hope for it. The four men forced him through the panel, and thus out of the room. All this Iron Hand and Anne watched in the ground glass.

On the leader's face was a grim smile of triumph, and with difficulty the girl also forced a smile of feigned pleasure on her face.

"Good!" remarked Iron Hand. "There is no escape for him now! This time we'll make him tell where the jewels are, and then——"

The leader smiled at her with a meaning glance, and in return the girl forced another smile, for it was necessary for her to play her part well, and keep his confidence. Iron Hand went over to the telephone.

"That you, Gustav?" he asked. "Send Wong Li and the high priest here at once!"

Seeing his big, semi-military cape on a chair, Anne picked it up and donned it, completely hiding her Chinese disguise. Hardly had she completed this before Potsdam and the other gangsters entered the room, forcing the unfortunate detective before them. He was, however, still in a defiant mood.

A moment later, from the other passage, Wong Li, the high priest, and two other attendants entered. Wong Li inquired what he was wanted for, and in reply the leader pointed to Sharpe.

"Here is your prisoner!" remarked Iron Hand. "Take him away with you. Find out where he hid the jewels, and treat him gently."

Iron Hand said the last few words with a sardonic grin that conveyed to Wong Li that he was perfectly free to torture the detective as he wished. The Chinese gloated over this as they removed him through the panel, and back towards their temple.

Anne glanced in that direction, evolving a plan in her head. Then she said to Iron Hand:

"I'm nearly dead for sleep. Simply can't go to the hotel in these clothes. I'll go back to Wong Li's for rest, and be ready for work in the morning."

Iron Hand nodded his head, and Anne smilingly waved him good-bye, and made her way down the same secret passage.

Potsdam was still full of doubts and suspicions, and as he glared after her he said to his leader:

"I don't like that girl. I still have the idea that she'd double-cross us, if she had the chance!"

Iron Hand was feeling rather kindly disposed towards her for the present. The memory of her smile still lingered in his mind, for Anne was a great actress.

"Don't be a fool, Potsdam!" he returned. "She is as true as steel, and has done us good service."

But the second-in-command would not be convinced, and he shook his head doubtfully.

Sharpe was taken into the priest's room.

"Put him in the stocks till we consult the god and find out how to punish him!" ordered the high priest.

At his command four Chinamen led Sharpe out of the room, while the high priest consulted with Wong Li.

Sharpe was taken to a part of the building where there was a cellar with a single opening in the ceiling, and no other. On the floor was an old-fashioned pillory, with openings for the head and wrists.

A rope was dropped from the opening above, and one of the Chinamen descended into the cellar. Then Sharpe was lowered, and the others followed down the rope after him. Sharpe was speedily placed in the stocks, and the top piece which went over his head was padlocked.

In her rest-room Anne was once again pondering over the unhappy detective, and she sent her faithful attendant, Lee Chow, out to investigate. Presently the Chink returned.

"Him put in stocks," he confided, "while they ask big joss what to do."

"Can you get me a hammer and a steel punch?" she asked Lee Chow.

The Chinaman understood, and at once hurried away. Anne was determined now to go to any length in order to free the detective.

The high priest, followed by a dozen assistants, entered the temple, and knelt before the great idol, in consultation as to the fate of the foreign devil.

While this was going on poor John Sharpe was resigned to his fate.

He was trussed up in the stocks, and but for the small lantern which had been left behind by the Chinese, the room was in total darkness. Some minutes afterwards a rope dropped down from the ceiling, and a figure climbed slowly down.

It was Anne Crawford. She was still dressed in the Chinese costume, and now had a handkerchief over her nose and mouth to disguise herself, in case Sharpe caught sight of her features.

She produced the hammer and steel punch, which Lee Chow had provided her with, and, as quietly as possible, knocked the pins out of the hinges of the top piece of the stocks.

Sharpe, still helpless, watched curiously, wondering if this Chinaman was there to prepare him for death.

When she had completed her work Anne walked over to Sharpe, and whispered in his ear the words:

"The old sewer."

The detective did not understand in the least what all this meant, and he resigned himself to his fate, as he watched the Chinaman, as he thought, climb up the rope and disappear through the opening in the roof.

When she reached the top Lee Chow came to her aid, and assisted her to gain the floor. Then they pulled up the rope, and, covering the opening of the trapdoor, walked stealthily away.

A minute or two later Sharpe recovered from his amazement at not being harmed. He was rather surprised, in fact, at still being alive. Then, quite accidentally, he discovered that the top piece of the pillory gave way before his pressure, as he stretched himself in an effort to make himself more comfortable.

He exerted all his strength again, and

he was thoroughly surprised to find that he could lift it off. With great joy he discovered that he was free, although he could still not understand the meaning of it all.

"Perhaps it was a trap," he reflected. They may be playing with him, and possibly this was the first part of their torture.

Nevertheless, he was not the sort of man to despair, and he tried to seek a way out. His thoughts were directed upwards, for he came to the conclusion that there was apparently no other way out of this horrible cellar. Then his great deductive powers asserted themselves.

He tapped on the floor and listened. The result brought something to his mind, and with a sudden remembrance, he muttered:

"Ah, that's what the Chink meant! The old sewer!"

Sharpe looked hastily round for a tool, and he wrenched off the heavy top piece of the stocks, and tried to find an opening to force open one of the floor-boards. But they were all laid too evenly, and in desperation he raised the wood high above his head, and brought it down with all his strength, smashing in one of the floor-boards. He repeated the performance again with added success.

The high priests and others, who were deep in worship before the idol, stopped suddenly, for the noise came to their ears. Hastily they hurried out of the temple.

Anne and Lee Chow, from their room, also heard the noise, and it was a very welcome one, indeed, to the plucky girl.

"Go! Look! See! Come, hurry!" came the jumble of words from Lee Chow, who was full of excitement.

Sharpe realised that it would only be a question of a few minutes before his enemies would be after him again, and he worked furiously breaking through the floor.

Then he tore away the splintered boards, and quickly enlarged the opening. Holding the lantern, he lowered it through the opening, and laid down on the floor in order to look through. He was able to see the water and the sides of the sewer.

By this time the high priest and the others had arrived at the trapdoor. One of them opened it, and lowering his lantern, peered into the cellar. The sight of Sharpe looking down into the sewer met his gaze.

At that moment Sharpe looked up, and seeing the light of the other lantern he decided that it was time for him to act. Without hesitation he dropped through the floor and into the sewer. He was quickly swept away by the current.

The priests had now started to descend by the rope, and their faces had rage written all over them as they realised that once more the hated foreigner had escaped from their clutches.

"Let four follow this foreign devil!" announced the Chinese High priest. "We will go in the car to the sewer-mouth under the old wharf. Thus will we take him!"

Four of the assistants obeyed his orders, and dropped into the water below, and the others commenced to ascend the rope again.

Lee Chow was looking down through the trapdoor and listening attentively, but he hurried away when he saw that they were coming up again.

Sharpe, who had already made acquaintance of the old sewer when he first undertook the job of running Iron Hand and his gang to earth, swam speedily through with the idea of reaching the mouth by the old wharf, and boarding one of the many boats which were moored there.

Colonel Bledson Again!

COLONEL JOE BLEDSON had had many sleepless nights since his precious jewels had been taken from him so cleverly by Iron Hand. At the present moment he was pacing up and down in his office chewing the end of his cigar, and impatiently waiting news of the lost valuables.

Then the jovial Cattle King paused as he heard footsteps, and he looked eagerly towards the door to the outer office. His two faithful cowboys, Honeydew and Cactus Bill, entered the room, sad and dejected.

These were the two who were sent to guard the jewels, but fell easy victims to Wong Li's wiles, and were eventually overpowered by the curious Chinese sleep-gas, which he administered to them. For a moment Bledson looked hopefully towards them, and then he realised by the look in their faces that they had failed in their mission.

"You're a nice bunch!" Bledson remarked despondently. "Where are the jewels?"

The two men winced at the withering scorn in their master's voice, for he had such great faith in them that they hated to fail in any task which he set them. Honeydew replied sheepishly:

"Some dog-gone Chinks doped us, and got away with them. We followed them, but lost the trail, and couldn't pick it up no ways."

He turned to Cactus Bill for confirmation of his story, and Bill nodded sadly. Then he added, rather sadly: "If that fellow Sharpe was only here, he'd know what to do!"

Colonel Bledson replied somewhat sourly.

"Sharpe is on the trail, and I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that he won't lose it. He told me he'd 'phone as soon as he got some news, but I'm getting nervous."

Cactus Bill and Honeydew, who were two real good sorts, were glad to have the subject changed away from them. It was up to Sharpe now to get them back; they had lost all interest in the blessed jewels. Nevertheless, when the 'phone rang a minute or two later, they were as eager as the colonel to hear who it was.

Joe Bledson walked over to the 'phone, and picked up the receiver. But as he

Grand Value-for-Money Story Books

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY 4d. each

No. 554. **KIT AND CORA.** Thrilling Story of the Girl and Boy Detectives.
No. 555. **BIRDS OF A FEATHER.** Grand School Yarn of Jack Jackson and his Chums at Wycliffe. By Jack North.
No. 556. **THE FIGHTING SCOT.** Exciting Tale of the Boxing Ring. By Walter Edwards.
No. 557. **THE MYSTERY MAKERS.** Wonderful Story of the Cinema. By Nat Fairbanks.

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY 4d. each

No. 172. **THE LADY OF RAVENSEDGE; or THE CASE OF THE BARONET'S WIFE.** A baffling Story of Mystery and Blackmail, introducing Sexton Blake, Tinker, and Leon Kestrel, the Master Mummer.
No. 173. **THE EPISODE OF THE STOLEN VOICE; or THE PURPLE DIAMOND.** A fascinating Romance of Thrilling Adventure and Detective Work, featuring Sexton Blake and Tinker (the famous private detective and his clever young assistant).
No. 174. **THE MAN IN THE GREY COWL.** A Tale of clever deduction in England and Italy, featuring Mr. Trouble Nantucket.
No. 175. **THE CASE OF THE ISLAND TRADER.** A magnificent long Novel of Mystery, Detective Work, and Thrilling Adventure. By the Author of "The Great Diamond Bluff," "His Son's Honour," etc., etc.

NUGGET LIBRARY 3d. each

No. 47. **THE BRIDGE BUILDERS.** Absorbing Novel of Detective Work, introducing Nelson Lee, Nipper, and the American Detective, Trouble Nantucket.
No. 48. **THE SIGN OF THE RED CLAW.** Enthralling Detective Romance, introducing Nelson Lee, Nipper, and the Mysterious Hindu, Chulda Ghan.

Now on Sale. Buy Your Copies TO-DAY!

"How to become a Test Match Player" by JACK HOBBS



Every cricketer and everyone interested in cricket should read what England's greatest batsman has to say in these unique articles which will appear every Wednesday throughout the season in

FOOTBALL AND SPORTS FAVOURITE 2d.

turned round to the others, there was disappointment easily discernible on his face.

"'Tain't him! It's only a lady's voice!" he muttered.

Then he listened. It was Anne Crawford who was 'phoning him. She was in Wong Li's office, and Lee Chow was by the door, watching to see that she was not disturbed.

In a very excited voice Anne spoke a few words, and then put the telephone back, and, with Lee Chow at her heels, she departed from the room.

Bledson listened in amazement, and endeavoured to ask some questions, but there was no reply.

"Sharpe's been captured," he announced at last. "He escaped, and is now in the old sewer opening, near the lonesome Chinatown wharf. Some Chinks are going to ambush him there. This is a game that we can play at, too."

The Cattle King made a gesture, and indicated a cupboard, and the cowboys at once went over to it.

"Get weapons! Rifles as well as revolvers," he said. "We may have to do some long-range shooting."

Cactus Bill and Honeydew hurried to do his bidding, for they were delighted to get this opportunity to prove themselves.

Colonel Bledson, meanwhile, went to the 'phone, and, having obtained connection, said:

"Is that the garage? This is Bledson. Send my car to the office at once."

Sharpe soon realised that he was being pursued by four Chinamen in the sewer, and he exerted every effort to reach his destination before they overtook him. As he had proved on many occasions previously, he was a strong and capable swimmer, and he soon outdistanced the yellow men.

Wong Li and the four other Chinamen lost no time in reaching the wharf by motor-car. At one end of the wharf a fast motor-boat was tied, and near to this was the ladder that led down to the sewer-mouth. Leaving their motor-car, Wong Li and his assistants ran towards this, and, climbing down the ladder, concealed themselves near the sewer opening.

A moment later Sharpe arrived at the end of his journey and made his appearance, and he was surprised and dismayed to find that his enemies were already in waiting. The detective at once gave them battle, and succeeded in hurling two of the men into the water.

Soon the four other Chinamen emerged from the sewer, and it was then an easy matter for them to overpower him. Wong Li looked around for a way of disposing of Sharpe, and, catching sight of the motor-boat, he said:

"He escaped the fire god, let us give him the water god!" And they at once commenced to drag him towards the motor-boat.

Having got him aboard, the Chinese tied long ropes to each wrist and ankle. He was gagged by a handkerchief over his face and mouth. Sharpe was then lifted up and tied on to the front of the boat.

Wong Li ordered one of the Chinese men to start the engine, and another lashed the wheel of the boat so that it would steer straight ahead. Having done this, they joined the others on the wharf. The others untied the boat, and headed it out towards the bay, and it commenced to speed through the water, with the detective, suffering terrible agony, tied to the front of it.

On the wharf, in a half-dazed condition, with a half-finished bottle of whisky by his side, a tramp was drowsily watching the proceedings, and wondering what it all meant. When they had completed their foul work, Wong Li and his assistants got back into their car and drove off.

All this time another motor-car had been speeding in the direction of the wharf. It contained Colonel Bledson and his cowboys. At last the car reached the desired destination, and the occupants alighted and looked round.

They were greeted by a man in yachting costume, with a very puzzled expression on his face, who announced that he had left a motor-boat moored up.

"I left her alongside the wharf half an hour ago," he said. Then, looking out to sea, he said anxiously: "By Jove, there she is!"

He pointed in the direction, then, producing his field-glasses, he looked seawards, toward the motor-boat, which was now a considerable distance away. Colonel Bledson was the next to speak.

"We are looking for someone," he said briefly.

The tramp suddenly came to the conclusion that he would be better away from such strange happenings, and he started to make off, but Colonel Bledson spotted him, and the cowboys rushed over to him and grabbed him.

The poor fellow was thoroughly scared, and the Cattle King demanded to know what he knew about the boat. The tramp looked at the shining revolvers which were pointing at him.

"Don't shoot, gents!" he said, scared to death. "I can tell you all about it."

"Go ahead, and be quick about it!" thundered the burly Westerner.

"A gang of yeller dogs tied a white guy to the front of that boat," he said. "Then they roped the wheel, started her, and let her go."

Bledson realised what dastardly trick the Chinese had done to Sharpe, and he roared out:

"Those infernal scoundrels have tied up Sharpe, and sent him out to sea. What can we do?"

He looked around in vain for another boat.

Meanwhile, the boat on which Sharpe had been spread-eagled was ploughing through the water, with the force of it torturing him as he tried to free himself. He managed to get rid of the gag, and, after a while, in freeing an arm. All the time the spray was breaking and dashing around him.

Bledson and the others were puzzling their brains to try and find a way of assisting Sharpe, and presently the owner said:

"With the helm amidships, the propeller will turn the boat starboard, and the man being on the bows will slow her down a bit."

Bledson and the others did not understand this sea lingo, and they eagerly asked him to explain.

"At that speed she'll make the turn and reach the coast about four miles north," continued the yachtsman. "See, she's beginning to turn round now."

All looked out to sea, and, in a very alarmed voice, Colonel Bledson shouted:

"Great heavens! She'll hit the rock cliffs off Shipwreck Point! He's doomed!"

(Get next week's "Gem" for the continuation of this amazing story.)

Are you reading the amusing and exciting Cricket Story

STRINGER — THE DEMON BOWLER!

in the "BOYS' HERALD"?

On Sale Every Tuesday. Price 1½d.

My Readers' Own Corner.

2/6 is paid for all contributions accepted.

ALASKA.

Most people think that Alaska is the land of perpetual snow. In this they are mistaken. Though Alaska has only a short summer, what it has of it is real. The grass is green and flowers abound, wheat 7 ft. high being grown under the midnight sun. Tractors are being used now, for the husky dogs have been displaced. The husky, who is such a faithful friend of man, looks like vanishing altogether.—C. Sargent, 905, Boyleton, Scattle, Washington, U.S.A.

ALL SAFE.

Two women found themselves on the wrong railway platform. One asked a porter:

"How long will it be before the first train from the south comes in?"

"Two hours."

"And north?"

"Two hours."

"And west?"

"Two hours."

"And east?"

"Two hours."

Turning to her companion, the questioner said:

"Come along, Mary, we have time to cross the rails!"—H. Jansen, 69, Richmond Road, Barnsbury, N. 1.

THE BITTER TRUTH.

A would-be M.P. had been trying to capture the interest of his audience in vain for the last hour. At last he made a desperate bid.

"What are the so-called patriots at present in the House?" he yelled. "Humbugs, every one of them! Parasites of party! I pledge myself to no party. Rather would I write across my forehead in letters easily read, 'To Let.'"

"And below them," came in a cold voice, "Unfurnished."—P. J. Woodhouse, 60, Ellesmere Road, Shrewsbury.

BLOOD ORANGES.

I wonder how many of your readers know how blood oranges are cultivated? Nine out of every ten will say that they are simply over-ripe oranges. But this is not the case. They are produced by grafting the orange-tree with the pomegranate.—Alfred Nathan, 12, Upper North Street, Brighton.

JUST SO.

During a cricket match in Australia a player had the misfortune to get several of his teeth broken while playing against a fast bowler. In the return fixture the victim faced the same bowler, but ere the ball was delivered in the first over, the man at the wicket shouted:

"Hi, there, old chap, I hope you're not after my teeth again!"

"Not me!" came the quick rejoinder. "It's your stumps this time!"—A. Berry, 71, London Road, Preston.

AT THE RESTUARANT.

Diner: "I say, waiter, what is this stuff?"

Waiter: "It's bean soup, sir."

"Diner: "I don't care what it's been. I want to know what it is now!"—Miss V. Robinson, 2, Springfield Terrace, Pavilion Road, Aldershot.

"Exiled from School!"

(Continued from page 12.)

"I do not wish the police to have anything to do with this affair, thank you, Grierson," retorted Lord Parrish coldly. "Boys, let Dr. Grierson and I come in, and perhaps we can discuss matters with you, with a view to settling this unhappy business."

Tom Merry & Co. looked at each other. Lord Parrish was weakening, they could see. No doubt he was getting exasperated with the manner in which Dr. Grierson had conducted matters at St. Jim's. If this affair got into the newspapers, it would not be a very good advertisement for the old school, whose traditions were noble, and were the pride of all those associated with it.

"Well, chaps, we'll let 'em in!" said Tom decisively. "They can't do us any harm. Perhaps we can persuade Lord Parrish to do the right thing."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Blake and Glyn and Monty Lowther went down with screwdrivers, and unscrewed the front door. The rebels crowded in the hall and up the stairs, as Lord Parrish and the tyrant entered.

"This way to the committee-room, sir!" said Tom Merry briskly. "We can all discuss matters together."

The two visitors were shown into the committee-room, and chairs provided for them. The committee themselves had to sit upon boxes. The others stood around, openly chuckling at Dr. Grierson's weird aspect.

"You boys have taken unparelleled steps to secure your own way!" exclaimed Lord Parrish angrily. "How dare you seize my property like this, and absent yourselves from school. I have never heard——"

"It's your own fault, sir, mainly," said Tom Merry, facing the president of the Board of Governors. "You insisted on imposing the new rules, and was the means of Dr. Holmes resigning. You appointed Dr. Grierson as headmaster, and you can see how he has managed things. There was never all this trouble while Dr. Holmes was our Head. That speaks for itself! Grierson is a bully and a tyrant, and we refuse to recognise him as our headmaster. We mean to have Dr. Holmes back again, and will remain here in exile, as I said before, until he does return, or get our people to take us away from St. Jim's. We don't want to do that. We love the old school; yes, and we love Dr. Holmes, too, don't we chaps?"

"Yes, we do!"

"Dr. Holmes is one of the best!"

"He's the wight sort, bai Jove!"

"Therefore," said Tom Merry impressively, "therefore we think that, in the name of law and justice, you ought to consider our demand, sir. We don't want Grierson, and don't mean to have him. Dr. Holmes is quite willing to come back if the new rules are scrapped. They are no good, and, like Grierson, have caused more bother than enough. We promise to clear out of this house, and repair any damage we have done, if you give Grierson his marching orders, and promise that Dr. Holmes shall return. That's a square offer."

Lord Parrish had listened attentively to Tom Merry's discourse. He glanced round, and even he, hard man as he was had to give a wry smile.

"It is not—ahem!—usual for me to be guided by schoolboys," he said grudgingly. "But in this instance I realise that I was—ahem!—mistaken when I inaugurated the new rules at St. Jim's, and appointed Dr. Grierson as headmaster in place of Dr. Holmes. This state of affairs certainly cannot be permitted to last—it would give St. Jim's a very bad name. Dr. Holmes always managed to govern the school in peace and equity, which, I am sorry to perceive, Dr. Grierson has failed to do. Therefore, my lads, I agree with what you demand. Dr. Grierson shall receive his month's salary as stipulated, and will leave St. Jim's to-morrow morning. I shall summon a meeting of the governors, and have Dr. Holmes recalled."

"Is that honest Injun, sir?" asked Tom Merry.

"You may rely upon my word," said Lord Parrish grimly.

"Hooray!"

Dr. Grierson strode forward. It was impossible to see the colour of his face underneath the soot and the tar, but it must have been of a purple hue.

"I—I protest!" he stuttered. "This is an outrage! Lord Parrish, you allow yourself to be dictated to by this young reprobate, who is the ringleader of them all! I—I——"

"There has been too much trouble during your brief office as headmaster of St. Jim's," said Lord Parrish coldly. "I mean what I have just now said, Grierson. You will kindly leave St. Jim's at your earliest convenience. A cheque for your salary will be forwarded."

Dr. Grierson stamped towards the door.

"Very well!" he hissed, turning back in the doorway. "I shall leave St. Jim's this very night, and——"

"Hurrah!" chortled Jack Blake. "Then we'll go back this very night!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A roar of laughter followed the ex-headmaster of St. Jim's from the house.

"Well, boys, let there be an end to all disturbance, now," said Lord Parrish. "You will all kindly set to and put this place into order as much as possible. Remove all your things back to St. Jim's."

"Yes, rather, sir!"

Tom Merry & Co. needed no second bidding. They all set to with a will, and put the house ship-shape. The barricades were taken down, and the doors unscrewed. The rooms were cleared up, and all their belongings packed up into bundles. Lord Parrish, glad that the rebels were leaving the house, condescended to allow them to put their belongings in his car, and he would take them to St. Jim's for Taggles to unload. The plan was acted upon.

Nobody had gone to bed. The returned rebels were greeted by the rest of the school, and when the glad news went round, cheers burst forth. Kildare publicly congratulated Tom Merry & Co. on their victory.

Then Mr. Railton, looking more cheerful than he had for a week past, took charge of affairs. Dr. Grierson had a bath and a change, packed his things, ordered a motor-car from Wayland, and left immediately.

Hisses followed the car as it drove Dr. Grierson away from St. Jim's.

"Well, that's the last of Grierson!" said Tom Merry, as they turned away from the gates, and Taggles locked them. "We've had an exciting time one way and another, haven't we? I think we can trust Lord Parrish to see that Dr. Holmes returns. And now for bed, you fellows."

Lord Parrish was as good as his word.

Next afternoon, when lessons were over, a motor-car drew in at the gates of St. Jim's, and in it was Dr. Holmes, looking radiantly happy.

Crowds of fellows rushed up to greet their old Head. Kildare shook hands with him, and so did Tom Merry. The old quadrangle rang with the cheers of the delighted St. Jim's boys.

"My boys, I am glad—glad to be back with you again," said Dr. Holmes brokenly, and there was a wealth of meaning in those few words.

Tom Merry & Co. and the rest of the rebels were now back in their old places, as comfortable as ever. When Dr. Holmes got to his study, he summoned Tom Merry to him, and Tom told him how they had fought Dr. Grierson, and finally got rid of him. Dr. Holmes smiled, and there were tears in his eyes as he shook Tom Merry by the hand, and thanked him, and those who had joined in with him, in effecting the return of their own headmaster.

At call-over that evening Dr. Holmes took his old place, and was cheered to the echo, after giving a short speech.

Tom Merry & Co. were the heroes of the hour, and held a huge feed in Study No. 10, at which Wally D'Arcy and some of his especial chums were invited. Ginger-pop and currant-wine flowed freely, and everybody responded most heartily to the toast—in ginger-pop—to the Rebels who had been exiled from school.

THE END.

(A grand long story of Wildrake and the Chums of St. Jim's next week. Make sure of ordering next week's copy of the GEM Library early.)

EDITORIAL.

My Dear Chums,—

The title of our long complete school story next week is "Chumming with Wildrake!" and this yarn contains a whole host of exciting and amusing incidents. It is a magnificent, though, perhaps, a somewhat unusual kind of story, but I have not the slightest doubt that it will appeal to all my readers. Rarely has a better story than "Chumming with Wildrake!" ever appeared in the famous pages of your favourite paper. A few readers who have not taken my advice still write to say that they were not able to obtain a particular number of the "Gem," because their newsagents were sold out! Remember, you have only to give a regular order to make quite certain of getting a copy each week, and this precaution will save no end of disappointment, for the "Gem" sells out so quickly! For next week's excellent number, our artist has drawn another splendid art portrait of one of our popular characters; but I am not going to spoil your interest by giving away too much information. I can tell you, however, that the subject of the portrait is a tremendous favourite with many of my chums. Those of you who are interested in cricket should not fail to read the interesting and informative articles on this subject which are appearing each week in the "Boys' Herald."

YOUR EDITOR.

Printed and published every Wednesday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates: Inland, 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Abroad, 8s. 10d. per annum; 4s. 5d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for Canada, The Imperial News Co., Ltd.—Saturday, May 7th, 1921.

HAIR BEAUTY GIFTS BY POST.

Write To-day for a Complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit,

1,000,000 FREE DISTRIBUTION.

EVERY gift of Nature is perfect, and of all the bounteous gifts that Nature has given to women—the hair is undoubtedly the most highly prized. Yet, strange to say, it is so often neglected.

Under the treatment of "Harlene" Hair-Drill" every woman can possess this crowning beauty, and can assure herself of the truth of this declaration by self-demonstration free of expense.

No longer, therefore, is there any necessity or excuse for anyone not to prove by personal experience how "Harlene Hair-Drill" causes the hair to grow in health and beauty.

WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF "HAIR-DRILL."

To-day all the leading Actresses, Cinema Queens and Society Leaders make "Harlene Hair-Drill" a part of their daily toilet, and willingly testify to its hair-growing and beautifying results.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair **makes all the difference to woman's appearance** (and man's, too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair-health and beauty **free.**

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR—WRITE NOW.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

This is really a Four-in-One Gift, for it includes:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which makes a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual giving full instructions for this toilet exercise.



In the best interests of your Hair, you should post your application for one of these Hair-Health and Beauty Gifts to-day. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the simplest and the surest method of cultivating really healthy, beautiful hair.

Do not delay in sending for this Hair-Health and Beauty Gift. The demand will be great, and early application is desirable.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

'HARLENE' FREE GIFT FORM

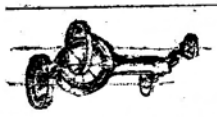
Detach and post to
EDWARDS' HARLENE
20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 1d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

GEM, 7/5/21.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your *full* name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."



THE "PLURASCOPE,"
2/- post free.
Contains 8 instruments in one: Combined Opera and Field Glasses, Telescope, Stereoscope, Microscope, Eye-Mirror, Compass.

THE REPEATER WATER PISTOL



Ejects Six Powerful Sprays with One Loading. All Metal. Length 9 inches. Price 2/- Post free. Send now for illustrated lists of Steam Models, Watches, Pistols, etc., etc. Cross P.O's / & Co.

BENNETT BROS., 5, THEOBALDS RD., LONDON, W.C.1.

HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS. 5/- Complete Course.



No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Full particulars and Testimonials, 1d. stamp.—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. S.), 24, Southwark St., S.E.

STAMPS ESTHONIA (Eesti Post); Belgian Occupation of Germany, LEVANT, Ceylon, JAMAICA WAR STAMP, China, Victoria, PORT SAID, Tavannore, VENEZUELA, Brazil, BOHEMIA, Cape, ROUMANIA (New Issue), Nigeria, ALEXANDRIA, Egypt, and WALLIS AND FORTUNA ISLES. My "GENUINE" PACKET," containing all these stamps, will be sent to all who request 2d. for postage. Best Mounts, 7d. per 1,000, post free.—VICTOR BANCROFT, Matlock. **FREE!**

NERVOUSNESS is the greatest drawback in life to any man or woman. If you are nervous, timid, low-spirited, lack self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, blush or feel awkward in the presence of others, send 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mente-Nerve Strengthening Treatment used in the Navy, from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army from Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, K.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

PHOTO POSTCARDS OF YOURSELF, 1/3 doz. 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 6d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—HACKETTS, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS from £1.—Real value. Films galore. Full of interest. List Free.—Desk E, DEAN CINEMA CO., 94, Drayton Avenue, W. Ealing, London.

PATTER for Amateur Comedians, 1/-. Crosstalk for Comic Duettists, 1/3. Funny Sketch (3 comedians), 1/6. Parodies, Skits, Ventriloquial Dialogues, etc.; list, 1d.—J. M. FINN, Author, Colchester.



MAKE THIS!
Set of Parts for making Electric Shocking Coil, 1/9 Post Free.
Harborne Small Power Co., 38 A.P., Queen's Rd., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM. Illustrated Catalogue 6d.



15 DAYS FREE TRIAL
Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works.
LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.
Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Tyres and Accessories at popular Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Monster Size **Free List** and *Special Offer* of Sample Bicycle
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorpd. Dept. B 607, BIRMINGHAM.



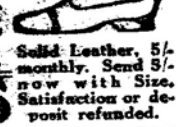
ELECTRIC LIGHT!
BATTERY, WIRE, SWITCH, REFLECTOR, LAMP, INSTRUCTIONS, &c. 5/- & 9/- POST PAID.
HARBORNE SMALL POWER Co., 38 A.P., Queen's Road, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM. (Illustrated Cat. 6d.)

"CURLY HAIR!" "Mine curled at once," writes Major. Thousands of testimonials, proof sent. Summers' "Curlit" curls straightest hair. 1/5, 2/6 (stamps accepted).—SUMMERS (Dept. G.M.), Upper Russell St., Brighton.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc.—Parcels 2/6, 5/6. Ventriloquist's Instrument. Invisible. Imitate Birds. Priceed each, 4 for 1/-.—T. W. Harrison, 239, Pentonville Rd., London, N.1.

AEROPLANE AND CATAPULT ELASTIC.—Best quality only. 1-16th, 1-8th, 3-16th, and 1-4th inch thick. Price 1d., 1½d., 3d., and 6d. per foot. Orders 1/- post free.—GREENAWAY, 5, New Inn Hall St., Oxford.

BOOTS ON 27/6



Also Bedroom, Suite, Ladies' Winter Coats, Overcoats, Cutlery, Melodeons, Watches and Jewellery of Every Description, 5/- worth, 5/- monthly, 5d. Write for Free Catalogue and Order Form. Foreign applications invited.
MASTERS, Ltd., 6, Hope Stores, Rye. (Est. 1869.)

EASY TERMS Solid Leather, 5/- monthly. Send 5/- now with Size. Satisfaction or deposit refunded.

CUT THIS OUT

"The Gem." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d.

Send this coupon, with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the **Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C. 4.** In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons, each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons and only 5/-. (Pocket Clip, 4d. extra.) Ask for fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to the GEM readers. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. **Self Filling, or Safety Models, 2/- extra.**

(SPECIAL ART PICTURES OF THE BOYS OF GREYFRIARS IN THE "BOYS' HERALD.")

The GEM LIBRARY

1½d.



BERNARD GLYN,

The St. Jim's Inventor. (Another Splendid Portrait Study next week.) Special Art Portraits of the Greyfriars Juniors are given with the "Boys' Herald." You should add these to your collection.