

ROLLICKING LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY INSIDE!

The GEM 1^D/₂

No. 706
Vol. XX.

LIBRARY

20 Pages.

Every Wednesday.

August 20th, 1921.



GLYN INVENTS A DUMMY MASTER!

An Amusing Incident from the Screamingly Funny Long Complete School Story Inside.

EDITORIAL.

My Dear Chums,—

We are travelling through this wonderful summer at a prodigious rate, but the good old "Gem" has, I consider, managed to keep pace with the times, except that it, unlike the weather, has never been dry. Our Special Numbers have won all the way along, and my friends who write about these extra turns all say they are topping. It is this way. Some of the characters win such popularity that it is not enough for them to appear in the ordinary run of the stories. Everybody is eager to know

still more about them, what they do when off duty, what they think, and so on. I feel that more Special Numbers are called for, and I am keeping my eye on the matter. The stories of St. Jim's are rippling along in their usual style, and now that the summer is nearing its end comes the thought of footer. I have been making full arrangements for welcoming the arrival of the great winter game. It is footer the Briton, young and old, loves. I think you will say the new yarns in which the national sport figures will be better than any we have had.

There will be another excellent number of the "Gem" next week which you must not miss, whatever you do.

Among the innumerable letters which have reached me is one from "Patsy," in Australia, who says the art portraits of the St. Jim's fellows add amazingly to the interest of the "Gem." This correspondent asks as a favour for my photograph in the paper! I am afraid that is out of the question, though this shows no unwillingness to oblige on the part of

YOUR EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

HARRY SPECTER (Commercial Street, Mon.)—Wildrake easily deserves all the praise he can get. I am glad you like reading about the stubborn bravery of Cardew. The fees for a senior at St. Jim's are now five hundred a year, and for boys below the shell, four hundred and fifty. The inclusive cost for a whole year is a senior, twelve hundred, and a junior, nine hundred.

JOHN H. V. REEVES (Manchester).—Here is a full list of the characters which have so far appeared in the pack-page Picture Gallery: Jack Blake, Feb. 9th; A. D. Arcey, Feb. 26th; Ralph Reekness, Cardew, March 5th; Gerald Knox, March 12th; George Figgins, March 19th; George Gore, March 26th; Kit Wildrake, April 2nd;

Reginald Talbot, April 9th; Monty Lowther, April 16th; Miss Priscilla Fawcett, April 23rd; Dr. Richard Holmes, April 30th; Bernard Glyn, May 7th; William Cuthbert Gunn, May 14th; Harry Noble, May 21st; Bazey Trimble, May 28th; Cyril Chowie, June 4th; Harry Manners, June 11th; Leslie Owen, June 18th; George Herries, June 25th; Luke Scrope, July 2nd; Carly Gibson, July 9th; Richard Henry Redfern, July 16th; Ernest Levison, July 23rd; Tom Merry, August 6th; Harry Hammond, August 13th; and Frank Levison this week.

"CURIO" (Portsmouth)—Very many thanks for your nice letter. I have at last found room in which to answer your questions, as you will see. No. 1: Patty Wynn and Ernest

Levison are the two best bowlers in the St. Jim's junior cricket team. No. 2: Cardew is famous for services rendered at "mid-off." Unfortunately, he does not frequent the cricket-field as often as he should. No. 3: Manners' camera is a £10 presentation affair—taking roll-films with six exposures. No. 4: St. Jim's has a wonderful old library. No. 5: Harry Noble and Richard Roylance have seen all the Australian cricketers. No. 6: William Cuthbert Gunn has read all the novels written by Walter Scott which it is possible for a schoolboy to obtain. No. 7: Physics and chemistry are both taught in the New House, while the School House has to grind Latin and Euclid.



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A Magnificent Long Complete School Story of TOM MERRY & Co. at St. Jim's
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.

Waves—Brainy and Otherwise.

TOM MERRY tapped at the door of the end study in the Shell passage, and in response to Kangaroo's voice bidding him enter, he looked in.

"Glyn not here?" he said. "Do you know where the duffer is, Kangy?"

Kangaroo, who was sitting at the table, writing out an imposition, made a gesture of disgust.

"No, I don't know where the duffer is, and I don't care!" he said crossly. "I'm fed-up with Glyn and his rotten inventions!"

Tom Merry looked up surprised.

"What's Glyn up to now?" he inquired.

"Goodness knows!" replied Kangaroo. "He's been messing about in here ever since dinner-time, and wouldn't let me in to do this impot. When I threatened to burn some vermin-killer, he opened the door, and I chucked him out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's mucked up the study every day this week, as yet," said Kangaroo. "Another scatter-brained invention, I suppose. I'm getting fed-up with the burling cuckoo. Glyn and his inventions ought to be boiled! Br-r-r!"

"Cheer up, old son!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "We want you to come out on the river with us this afternoon, you know, for a tubing. We haven't done much rowing this term, so far, and shall have to look to our laurels for Gordon Gay & Co., I hear, have got a strong eight. All the other chaps are waiting in the quad, and I came up here to find Glyn. I want him to come along, too."

"Well, I don't know where the chump is," replied Kangaroo. "I shan't be long over this impot, Tom Merry, so long as I'm left alone."

Tom Merry took the hint, and walked away from the end study.

Bernard Glyn, the amateur inventor of St. Jim's, shared that study with Kangaroo and Clifton Dane. It was the home of many weird and wonderful inventions, and Glyn often spent whole half-holidays in there, busy with his experiments. Sometimes it led to trouble with his study-mates. They did not always like being locked out of their study, and did not always enjoy the dreadful fumes of Glyn's weird chemicals. The schoolboy inventor's path was sometimes a thorny one, and, like the prophet of old, he was not always appreciated in his own land.

Tom Merry wondered vaguely what new invention Bernard Glyn was working upon as he made his way downstairs, down the School House steps, and into the quadrangle, where his chums were awaiting him.

"Where's Glyn?" asked Jack Blake, as Tom Merry came up.

"Bothered if I know," replied Tom, frowning. "He's not in his study, and Kangaroo doesn't know where he's hidden himself. He's messing about with another new invention somewhere, the fraibious ass! I told him yesterday that I wanted him to come on the river this afternoon."

"I weghald Glyn as an inconsiderate boundah, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Yestaday he bowwowed one of my toppahs without my permish, and when I went to his study to demand its return, he wefused to open the door to me, and told me to go and eat coke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Glyn's got something up his sleeve, that's evident," said Monty Lowther. "He bribed Julian, of the Fourth, to take some photos of Mr. Latham in the Form-room yesterday—when on earth for, goodness only knows!"

"And he's been up in the ruined tower with a lot of queer-looking instruments that look like nothing on earth!" said Jack Blake. "I wonder what Glyn is up to?"

Tom Merry & Co., looking thoughtful, moved away in a group towards the tuckshop.

Hammond and Reilly and Talbot joined the party, and then came Kangaroo, of the Shell, Clifton Dane and George Gore and Kerruish.

All the juniors were clad in river costume, and looked the picture of health and freshness.

"All here?" said Tom Merry, looking round upon the party. "H'm! I think so—with the exception of Glyn. I'd like to know where the silly duffer is hiding himself!"

"Heah he comes, deah boys!" exclaimed D'Arcy suddenly.

The figure of a schoolboy, clad in Etons and carrying a small wooden box by means of a handle, emerged from the cloisters and walked across the Close towards the School House steps.

"Glyn!" roared Tom Merry. "I say, Glyn!"

"Glyn, deah boy!"

Bernard Glyn halted, and looked round to where the voices were calling him.

"Hallo!" he said.

"Come here, Glyn, you chump!" cried Tom Merry. "Aren't you coming with us on the river this afternoon?"

Glyn came up, smiling cheerfully.

"Sorry, Tom Merry!" he said. "I should like to come out for a tubing, but I'm going to be busy this afternoon on a new invention of mine, you know!"

Tom Merry & Co. regarded the amateur inventor of the Shell in considerable astonishment.

"You—you're going to be busy," gasped Tom Merry, "on a new invention! Why, you blithering ass, you said you'd come down to the boats—"

"No, I didn't!" said Glyn, shaking his head. "You told me you wanted me to come, and I said all right. That wasn't a promise to come, was it?"

"You—you—you—"

"I'm really most awfully sorry!" said Glyn. "But this latest invention of mine is a corker, and I must spend the afternoon getting it completed. Latham might get over his cold—"

"Eh? What's Latham's cold got to do with it?"

"Oh—er—nothing!" said Glyn hastily. "I didn't mean to say that, really. But look here, Tom Merry, I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me this afternoon. I'm going to be fearfully busy!"

"Rats!" said Tom Merry grimly. "Bother your blessed inventions, Glyn! They are more nuisance than they are worth. You've got to chuck work this afternoon, and come down to the boats with us!"

Glyn shook his head firmly.

"It can't be did, old chap," he said. "I'm sorry—"

"We'll make you sorrier still!" growled Tom Merry. "Bump the silly ass!"

"What ho!"

"Here, hold on!" cried Glyn, in alarm, dodging away. "Can't you chaps listen to reason? My invention is jolly important—"

"So is rowing practice! Grab him!"

Bernard Glyn, a look of great alarm and consternation on his face, made a wild effort to escape, but his determined schoolfellows seized him ere he could break away.

"Hands off, you fatheads!" shrieked Glyn desperately.

"Don't you dare touch me! Something will happen if you do!"

"What?"

"Leggo!" gasped the amateur inventor of the Shell, struggling away. "I've got a lot of mechanism concealed under my gllobber, and if you bump me you'll bust the lot!"

"My only sainted Aunt Jane!"

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Tom Merry & Co. stared at Glyn in bewilderment.

"What the merry thunder have you got mechanism hidden under your clobber for, Glyn?" demanded Tom Merry. "Are you off your rocker?"

"No, you ass!" grunted Glyn. "It's part of my invention. Look here, you chaps, if you'll behave like sensible human beings, and not like a set of burbling jackasses, I'll show you something!"

Tom Merry & Co. regarded Glyn in astonishment.

"You—you'll show us something!" said Tom Merry. "Go ahead, Glyn; but don't waste too much time. If there's nothing in it, well bump you, and bust your giddy mechanism to smithereens!"

"Right-ho!" grinned the schoolboy inventor. "Come over to Taggles' lodge, and I'll work the giddy oracle!"

Greatly wondering, Tom Merry & Co. followed Bernard Glyn across the close towards the little lodge by the gates occupied by Taggles, the old and ancient porter.

Glyn walked over to the latticed window and cautiously opened it. He chuckled as he saw the form of Taggles inside the little parlour, reclining in an armchair in front of the table, slumbering. A bottle, half-full of a colourless liquid, stood upon the table, and beside it stood an empty but wet tumbler.

Evidently, Taggles had been partaking of the contents of his beloved gin-bottle, and had fallen asleep after.

Glyn lifted his mysterious little box, and placed it on the table beside Taggles, and lifted the lid, displaying a weird little contraption, which consisted mainly of a small trumpet fixed to a large metal disc, connected to various batteries and terminals by means of wires.

Glyn left the window open, and rejoined his chums, who were speculating among themselves what their inventive schoolfellow was doing.

Glyn made sure that Tom Merry & Co. could not see Taggles through the window, and then he turned to them with a chuckle.

"Chaps," he said, "I want you to listen very carefully. You are going to hear an interesting little dialogue between Taggles and Mr. Lathom!"

Glyn stood a little distance from his wondering schoolfellows, and raised a hand to his mouth. This exploit escaped the notice of Tom Merry & Co., whose attention was directed expectantly towards the open window of Taggles' lodge.

Then, from the interior of Taggles' parlour, there came a voice, in the husky, unmistakable tones of Taggles.

"Oh! Which I'll thank you to leave that bottle alone, sir! That 'ere is my property!"

Tom Merry & Co. looked at each other, and grinned. Not one of them doubted but that it was Taggles himself speaking.

"Taggles!" came the voice of Mr. Lathom, also in rather a husky voice. "Taggles, you old reprobate! I have my suspicions regarding that bottle!"

Tom Merry & Co. nudged each other, and chuckled. The voice, though husky, was undoubtedly that of Mr. Lathom, the Fourth Form master. Mr. Lathom was suffering with a cold, and his voice was hoarse in consequence.

"Taggles, your nasal organ is unusually red!" proceeded Mr. Lathom's voice. "Can you explain that circumstance satisfactorily?"

"Which I suffers with hindigestion, sir!" said the voice of Taggles. "Wot I says is this 'ere. It's no business of yours, or anybody else's, whether my nose is red, or whether it hain't!"

"Pray, do not attempt to be insolent to me, Taggles! What does that bottle contain?"

"Medicine," replied Taggles' voice, with a note of indignation in it. "Which I take that by doctor's horders, three times a day in water!"

"I do not perceive any water upon the table, Taggles! Pray, allow me to smell the bottle! I have a suspicion that it contains a liquid of an intoxicating nature!"

There was a slight pause, during which time Tom Merry & Co. chuckled expectantly. They had quite forgotten Glyn and his invention.

"Ha! As I thought!" came Mr. Lathom's voice from the open window. "By the aroma proceeding from the contents of this bottle, I deduce that the liquid is that commonly known as gin. Am I correct, Taggles?"

"Wot if it is gin?" demanded the surly tones of the school porter. "Gin's a medicine, ain't it?"

"Gin is a liquor of most intoxicating properties, Taggles," replied Mr. Lathom's voice sternly. "I have ahem!—many times observed that you have an addition towards the hum!—bottle that cheers. Taggles, am I to understand that you take gin as a beverage?"

"Which I scorns the hasperson on my character, sir!" said the indignant tones of Taggles. "Wot I says is this

'ere. That 'ere bottle contains my medicine, and I defy hargument!"

"Taggles, I am afraid you are under the influence of drink!"

"Wot! You meaner say I'm drunk?"

"You are intoxicated, Taggles! Stand up, man—there, I thought so! You are unable to maintain a vertical position!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co., immensely tickled.

Glyn, still with his hand to his mouth, chuckled softly. Curiously enough, Glyn's chuckle was accompanied by a loud, husky laugh from Taggles' lodge.

"Poor old Taggy!" gasped Monty Lowther, wiping salt tears of merriment from his eyes. "Lathom has copped him with the gin-bottle, and Taggles is being called over the coals—ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I weghad this as wathah funnary, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Yes, rather!"

"Poor old Taggles!"

Bernard Glyn walked over to the window of Taggles' lodge, and, reaching within, he closed the lid of his mysterious box, and picked it up. Then, giving Taggles a prod in the region of his ample waistcoat, he withdrew his head from the window and rejoined Tom Merry & Co., who had watched him wonderingly.

The prod that Glyn administered to Taggles' waistcoat caused that worthy to awake from his slumber with a start. The school porter blinked round him, and then looked sleepily out of the window.

He gasped when he saw Tom Merry & Co. grinning at him.

"Which I sees nothin' to laugh at!" he mumbled bad-temperedly. "One of you young rips it me just now. And wot I wants to know is, who was it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jack Blake. "It must have been Mr. Lathom. Has he gone, Taggy?"

"Mr. Lathom!" gasped Taggles, opening wide his bleary eyes in wonder. "Which Mr. Lathom hain't been 'ere, not as I know of!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"There hain't been nobody in 'ere except that young rascal wot woke me hup!" said Taggles. "Which it's a bit rough, when a 'ard-workin' man like me can't 'ave a few 'minutes' peace and quietness!"

"But you haven't been asleep!" gasped Tom Merry.

"You've just been wrangling with Mr. Lathom over your gin-bottle! We heard you—didn't we, chaps?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"We heard you, Taggy!"

Taggles blinked at the juniors in utter stupefaction. "Look 'ere!" he gasped. "Hif this is a joke, don't come it! Hi ain't seen no Mr. Lathom! And wot I says is this 'ere—you young rins are tryin' to 'ave a game wiv me! Himpudence, Hi calls it!"

It was now Tom Merry & Co.'s turn to be amazed. They looked at each other bewilderedly, unable to find a solution to this mystery.

"I—I say, Taggles!" said Tom Merry. "Are you sure you haven't been speaking to Mr. Lathom? We heard you both!"

"Think I'm mad? Think I'm drunk?" snorted Taggles. "Which I've been asleep, and 'ave talked to nobody! Wot I says is this 'ere. I'm a-goin' back to sleep agin, and if you young rips disturb me agin, I'll complain to your masters!"

And Taggles, bestowing a glare upon the amazed schoolboys, withdrew from the window, and then sank back into the armchair to resume his interrupted slumber.

Tom Merry & Co. gazed at each other in astonishment.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "This is weally most remarkable, deah boys! I distinctly heard Mr. Lathom's voice speakin' to Taggles, and yet Taggles denies it! Weally, I am in quite a flutah!"

"Blessed if I understand it at all!" said Jack Blake, passing a hand bewilderedly across his forehead. "What are you standing there, grinning like a Cheshire cat, for, Glyn? What's the joke?"

"You are!" chuckled the amateur inventor of the Shell. "I've spoofed you fellows, properly, haven't I? You didn't hear Taggles and Lathom speaking at all—it was me!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Taggles was asleep all the time!" chuckled Glyn. "The little box of mine did the trick. It's a wireless apparatus, and I've got a transmitter in my hand, connected to apparatus concealed underneath my clobber. This is what they call wireless telephony, and I reckon I've made a great improvement!"

"Bai Jore!"

Tom Merry & Co. were astonished and breathless.

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry, quite feebly. "Do you mean to say you threw your voice into Taggles' parlour—by wireless?"

"Certainly!" grinned the schoolboy inventor. "It's the easiest thing in the world, take my word for it. Wireless telephony is not a new discovery. Any fellow who dabbles in science knows all about it. But I've made an improvement, by installing on my apparatus a new magnifying diaphragm, which receives the voice by wireless waves, and reproduces it in volume increased tenfold from the original. So, you see, I only had to whisper into my hand, where I had the small transmitter concealed, and my voice was reproduced from this little box in normal tones. Taggles' voice is easy to imitate, and so was Mr. Lathom's, for, you see, he has a cold, and his voice is husky. Naturally, the voice reproduced from my instrument must be a trifle husky, for it has to pass through a trumpet!"

Tom Merry & Co. stood spellbound, astonished at Glyn's explanation of the mystery. Really, it was no mystery at all, for all of them had heard of wireless telephony, by which a voice can be sent into space by wireless, and picked up by any wireless receiving apparatus, and heard quite distinctly.

But Glyn's new apparatus fairly took their breath away. Bernard Glyn watched them, and chuckled with huge satisfaction.

"Ripping idea, isn't it?" he said. "There are no end of things this idea could be adapted to, and it's ten times better than ventriloquism. Wireless can do a lot of things, you know. I've got a model electric engine in my den at home, which I work by wireless!"

"Mum-my hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Glyn, you awful spoofer! Your blessed invention is wonderful, but—but you took us in properly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Glyn. "That's just what I intended doing! You chaps were spoofed a treat, weren't you? Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. exchanged grim glances. "Bump the funny ass!" said Tom Merry, in exasperation. "We'll give him wireless!"

"Yas, wathah!"

"Here, leggo, you fatheads!" roared Glyn, backing away in alarm. "Don't touch me; you'll bust my apparatus! Hands off—Yarooough!"

"Bump! Bump! Bump!"

Bernard Glyn sat on the hard gravel, gasping, when his exasperated school-fellows had done with him. He sat there, and called them names for five minutes, what time Tom Merry & Co. cheerfully walked away to the gates, and passed out into Rylcombe Lane.

The School House boating-party disappeared from view, and Glyn picked himself up rather limply. "Oh, the rotters!" he gasped superfluously. "They've got no sense of humour—Yow-ow! A really brainy chap is wasted at this school—Yowp! Oh, my bones! If they've busted any of the apparatus on me, I—I'll spicificate 'em! Oh crumbs! I do feel awkward!"

Bernard Glyn limped across to the School House steps very uncomfortably, wondering how much his apparatus had suffered as a result of his bumping.

He went up to his study, and locked himself in. And, for the rest of the afternoon, the amateur inventor of St. Jim's was busy.

CHAPTER 2.

4 Ducking for Knox.

"YOW-OW!"

That loud howl resounded through the trees by the bank of the River Rhyl. And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy ejaculated: "Bai Jove!"

He was alone in the wood, having left his chums lower down the bank, in one of the cool reaches of the picturesque river, to prepare tea. Gussy was out for a stroll, feeling rather hot after boating practice. He was feeling at peace with himself, and at peace with all the world, when that howl rang through the trees.

The look of peace faded from the noble countenance of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. He recognised in that howl the dulcet tones of his minor.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

It was another yell, louder than the first. Then the voice of Gerald Knox, the unpopular prefect of the Sixth, was heard.

"You young sweep! I'll teach you to mind your own business! Mind, I was only joking to St. Leger, because I knew you were listening. I never go out after lights out; a prefect can't do that sort of thing. And I'm jolly well going to make you sorry you spied, you little rotter!"

"Yooooop! Oh, crumbs! Yow-ow-ow!" wailed Wally D'Arcy.

Arthur Augustus' eyes gleamed behind his eyeglass. "Bai Jove!" he ejaculated. "Knox is bullyin' Wally! I'm not standin' this!"

And Gussy, his aristocratic face grim, dashed through the trees in the direction where the voices proceeded.

He came upon a scene which made his noble blood boil in his veins. Wally was wriggling in Knox's grasp, and Knox twisted his ear in a really cruel way, causing the unfortunate Third-Former to howl with pain.

Gussy's eyes flashed as he saw how Gerald Knox was engaged.

"Knox, you awful wottah!" he exclaimed. "Welease my minah at once!"

Knox looked round in sheer astonishment, but his grip on Wally's ear did not relax. He frowned savagely when he saw Arthur Augustus standing before him, his eye gleaming behind his monocle.

"Why, you cheeky young idiot—" began Knox. "Pway do not call me names, Knox! I ordah you to welease my minah this instant. If you wefuse, I shall wagahd it my painful duty to admistah a feahful thwashin'!"

"I'm going to teach this little brat a lesson!" snarled Knox, giving Wally's ear another twist. "I told him to get tea ready for me, while I joined Cutts and Gilmore and St. Leger fishing on the bank. I caught him spying—"

"I wasn't spying!" cried Wally D'Arcy furiously. "I had tea ready, Knox, and came to tell you. As I came through the bushes I couldn't help hearing you ask St. Leger if he was going down to the Green Man with you to-morrow night—"

"You young liar!" hissed Knox, wrenching at Wally's ear. "I saw you spying, and said that for the purpose. I'll give you spy!"



"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Glyn, you awful spoofer! Your blessed invention is wonderful, but you took us in properly." "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Glyn. "That's what I intended doing." "Bump him!" said Tom Merry. "Here, leggo, you fatheads!" roared Glyn, as he was bumped on the unsympathetic ground.

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! Help!" roared Wally, as the prefect twisted his ear viciously.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy pushed back his cuffs, striding forward.

"Leave my minah alone, you feahful wuffian!" he exclaimed. "If you don't, I shall stwike you!"

"Strike me!" exclaimed Knox. "Oh, my hat! Ha, ha! Yaroooooh! Oh, crumbs!"

Biff!

D'Arcy hit right out, and Knox caught his knuckles with his chin, and he went staggering backwards. His foot caught in a tuft of grass, and Knox sat down so suddenly that it seemed to him that the earth rose up to meet him.

"Yooooooh!" gasped Knox.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stood over him, regarding the fallen bully with flashing eyes.

"Serves you wight, you howwid wottah!" he exclaimed. "I do not approve of bullyin', Knox—especially where my minah is concerned!"

Knox reposed upon the cold, unsympathetic earth for several seconds in a dazed state. Arthur Augustus thought he had done with him. He had rescued Wally from the bullying attentions of the senior, and showed him that a scion of the noble race of D'Arcy was never backward in defending his own. But Gussy was mistaken. He had not done with Knox; he had hardly begun with him, in fact.

Knox jumped up. He made a terrific rush at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who was preparing to walk away with Wally.

Biff! Biff! Thump!

Arthur Augustus staggered back as Gerald Knox's four-point-seven punch came on him like a battering-ram. He staggered against a tree, gasping.

"I'll give you knock me down!" Knox shouted, prancing round the tree. "I'm a prefect, and you dare obstruct me in my duty! Why, I—I'll smash you!"

The swell of St. Jim's recovered himself quickly, and put up his guard. He saw that Knox was wildly excited, but he himself was cool now. He parried Knox's heavy drives, drove him back from the tree, and then took the offensive.

Biff! Thud! Whack! Wallop!

Knox floundered hopelessly and mixed his guard. His temper had got the better of him, and he was now as wax in the hands of the fighting swell of St. Jim's.

Gussy drove him up and drove him down, and drove him round, and nearly every drive hit home on Knox's features. Cutts, St. Leger, and Gilmore, of the Fifth, arrived on the scene, astounded and agast. The cads of the Fifth looked on in amazement as they saw Knox being knocked right and left by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth.

"Yaroooooh! Help!" howled Knox. "Don't stand there looking, you fools—drag this young mahiac from me—Yoooooh!"

"Come on!" said Cutts, grinning. "We'd better go to Knox's rescue!"

Arthur Augustus sprang to a tree, and stood with his back to it, as the Fifth-Formers advanced.

"Stand back, you wotters!" he gasped. "The first one who lays a hand on me I shall stwike, bat Jove!"

"Grab him!" hooted Knox. "Come on, you fools! Are you frightened of the Fourth Form kid? Why, I—I'll strangle him when I do catch him!"

The Fifth-Formers and Knox made a simultaneous rush for Gussy. Wally D'Arcy, seeing his major's predicament, sprang to the rescue, but he was simply bowled over in the seniors' onrush.

Arthur Augustus, with his back to the tree, fought gamely; but against five burly seniors he stood no chance. He went down, hitting out to the last, and Gerald Knox & Co. piled on top of him.

"Yawoooooh! Oh, you wuffians! Wescue, St. Jims!"

"Come on, chaps!" came Jack Blake's voice. "Gussy's being ragged by a gang of seniors! Rescue, St. Jim's!"

Next minute a whole horde of excited juniors came piling through the trees. Jack Blake, Tom Merry, and Kangaroo led the way; the others followed post-haste. They flung themselves upon Knox and Cutts and Gilmore and St. Leger, and dragged them from D'Arcy.

"Yaroooooh!" howled Knox, as Cutts's boot jabbed him in the eye. "What the blazes—Yoooooh! Oh crumbs!"

"The cheeky young monkeys—Yah! Oh-ow!" hooted St. Leger, collapsing on the hard ground with Kerruish and Lowther, and Vane on top of them in the grass, down and out.

The seniors were soon lying in the grass, down and out, with Tom Merry & Co. pinning them down. They bore drastic evidence of the affray upon their persons and their clothing.

"You—you young sweeps!" grated Knox, glaring up at his junior captors. "You dare interfere with a prefect—you dare—"

"We dare lib in when we see you four rotters ragging

Gussy!" said Tom Merry curtly. "What's the rumpus, Gussy?"

Breathlessly, and mopping his nose with a cambric handkerchief, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy explained. The brows of Tom Merry & Co. lowered as they heard it.

"Oh, you rotters!" said Tom Merry. "Young Wally isn't a spy; and I dare say that what he heard wasn't intended for his ears, although he couldn't help hearing it. Knox, you awful bully, you deserved all you got, and a bit more besides. As for these Fifth Form bouncers—well, I reckon we ought to scrag them, don't you, chaps?"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the juniors.

"Yes, you do!" snarled Cutts. "It won't pay you to, you little hounds!"

"Hark at the pretty names he's calling us!" said Jack Blake. "Chaps, I vote we chuck 'em in the river!"

"Yes, we will!" said Tom Merry, winking at the others. "Pick them up, you fellows, and we'll heave 'em into the water!"

The others understood Tom Merry's wink. They were going to frighten Knox & Co. But to throw them in the river was, of course, too drastic.

Tom Merry & Co. had many little differences with Knox and his companions of the Fifth, and they were ready to rag them now as one man. To have the privilege of ragging Gerald Knox was worth a term's pocket-money.

"Let go!" shrieked Knox, as Tom Merry, Blake, and Manners grasped him. "You little rotters, I won't—Yahoooooh!"

"Hands off!" hooted Cutts.

"Rats! Down to the river with 'em, boys!"

Despite the seniors' desperate struggles, the juniors bore them through the trees, down to the water's edge. There was a sloping bank down to the water, and at the top of this bank the juniors halted, with the unhappy seniors in their midst.

"Knox first!" said Tom Merry. "Help us lift him up! That's the ticket! One—two—thr—Yaroooooh! Oh crumbs!"

Knox made a superhuman effort and wrenched himself free from the juniors' grasp. So violently did he tear himself away that he sat down on the bank with a dull thud. Then, turning over sideways, Knox found himself suddenly rolling, and next minute he was careering down the sloping bank towards the water.

"Oh, Jemima!" gasped Jack Blake. "Now he's done it! It was his own fault, and—"

Splash!

"Yerrugh! Gug, gug!"

Knox made these weird remarks as he struck the rippling waters of the Rhyl and sank from view.

Cutts, Gilmore, and St. Leger looked furiously at their captors.

"You young monkeys! You'll catch it now!" grated Cutts. "You've thrown Knox in the water—"

"Don't tell whoppers!" cut in Blake curtly. "Knox wrenched himself away from us and fell down the bank himself. We had no intention of chucking him in. We were only going to frighten him!"

"You young—"

"Here, in with this merry lot!" said Tom Merry grimly. "In for a penny, in for a pound, you know, so let's give it three three during!"

"Yaas, watah! We're goin' to get into trowble, in any case, deah boys!"

"Leggo!" shrieked Cutts, as he was grasped in many hands and whirled towards the bank. "You dare chuck me in—Yooooooh!"

Splash, splash!

St. Leger and Gilmore followed, and three gurgling howls arose as they disappeared together beneath the water's surface.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry, when the seniors' heads appeared once more.

"Yerrugh!"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

Gerald Knox & Co., standing up in the water, dripping wet, and uttering these weird and wonderful noises, were truly remarkable and funny spectacles to behold. Tom Merry & Co. looked at them and roared.

"Come on!" said Tom Merry, at last. "Tea will be getting cold, Gussy. These cads must get out of this mess as best they can. It's really their own fault, and we don't care what they say at St. Jim's, do we chaps?"

"N-no, not much," said Blake. "But, Tommy, I think we've rather overstepped the mark, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Tom Merry. "But we can plead provocation—"

"Good word that, Tommy!" said Monty Lowther breezily. "I'll make a note of that, and fire it off on the Head when we're on the carpet! He's sure to go easy with us then!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And, leaving the unfortunate seniors to scramble out of the river, Tom Merry & Co. returned to the backwater, where tea was made, wondering what sort of trouble they would get into when Knox & Co. returned to St. Jim's and complained.

CHAPTER 3.

Hard on Glyn.

BERNARD GLYN of the Shell had been extremely busy that afternoon in the end study.

His chums were exasperated with him for not coming down to the river for boat practise; but when the schoolboy inventor's mind was occupied with one of his weird inventions such trifles as boating—and even lessons—did not weigh much in the balance.

Strange sounds had proceeded from within the study. They were a series of rumbles and whirrs, sounding like machinery running down. Fellows passing Glyn's study during the afternoon had stopped to listen and wonder; but it was impossible to gain admission to the end study, or learn from Bernard Glyn what he was doing.

When Tom Merry & Co. returned to St. Jim's later that afternoon, tired but happy, Clifton Dane and Kangaroo came up to do their preparation.

They tried the door of the end study, and then proceeded to kick it vigorously.

"Open this door, you frabjous ass!"

Whirrerrrr!

"Glyn, you ass——"

"Go away!" came Bernard Glyn's voice from within.

"Run off! I'm busy! You can't come in now!"

"Open the door, you burbling jabberwock!"

"Can't! I'm busy!"

"What are you doing, you silly dummy!"

"I'm making my model! Buzz off, and don't bother!"

"If you don't let me in I'll smash your blessed model up, whatever it is!" howled Kangaroo. "I want to do my prep!"

"Go and do it in the Form-room!"

"You shrieking ass!" roared the Cornstalk. "Will you open the door?"

"Can't! I've got the table covered with things, and you'd disturb them!"

"We jolly well would, you frabjous chump! We want to do our prep!"

Whirrerrrr!

"Open the door!"

"Rats!"

Bang, bang! Thump! Kick!

Whirrerrrr!

The two exasperated Shell fellows had to go. There was no impression to be made on a locked door and an enthusiastic inventor. Fortunately, they found hospitality with the Terrible Three, to whom they unburdened their tale of woe.

Tom Merry & Co. wondered mightily what Glyn was doing; but Glyn, for the present, was like an oyster, and it was no use attempting to get into Study No. 11.

It was not till half an hour later that the door of the end study opened, and Bernard Glyn came out, looking tired, but satisfied. He made his way to Mr. Latham's study, and tapped at the door.

There was no reply.

"Oh, good!" murmured Glyn. "This saves me a lot of trouble!"

He opened the door and crept stealthily within. He went over to the door connecting the study with the Fourth Form master's bed-room, and went inside.

Upon the dressing-table were a number of bottles of cough-mixture and lung-syrup—sufficient indications that the master of the Fourth was suffering with a severe cold.

The amateur inventor of St. Jim's went over to the wardrobe cupboard, opened the door, and took down a new scholastic gown and a mortar-board.

"These seem to be a new rig-out he only wears for special occasions," mused Glyn. "It will be safe to borrow them for the evening, I reckon. I'll put 'em back to-night, and he'll never know."

So saying, Glyn folded the gown and placed it over his arm. Closing the wardrobe door, and concealing the mortar-board as best he could under his jacket, he stole from the study.

Most of the fellows were at prep, so Glyn met nobody on his way back to his own study. He skipped within and locked the door.

About ten minutes later Harry Noble returned, and knocked angrily on the door.

"Let me in, you silly ass! I want my stamp-album!"

"Presently, old son! I've almost finished!"

Kangaroo bestowed a terrific kick upon the door in great wrath.

"Open this door now, blow you!"

"Patience, old chap! I sha'n't be long!"

Clifton Dane, who also had the doubtful pleasure of sharing the end study with Glyn, came along. He wanted his copy of the "Boys' Herald."

The Canadian junior breathed blood-curdling threats through the keyhole, but Bernard Glyn was quite unmoved. He calmly told his chums to wait a few minutes, and then he would let them in.

Kangaroo and Dane waited impatiently, whiling away the time by calling their study-mate pet names, and kicking on the study door.

They would have been surprised if they could have seen what Glyn was doing inside the study. On the study table a number of photographs were set up. They were photographs of Mr. Latham, the master of the Fourth, which Glyn had bribed Dick Julian to take and develop and print for him.

Glyn was modelling the features of a model in wax, and studying the photographs with great care as he worked. Glyn was skilled in such work, and he was producing a wax model of Mr. Latham.

The likeness was really quite startling, the eyes so real, and the colour of the skin so natural, that it seemed impossible that this was merely a model. The figure stood upright in quite a natural and easy attitude, and was dressed just as the Fourth Form-master usually appeared at St. Jim's.

A gown adorned the figure—it was the gown that Glyn had borrowed from Mr. Latham's study. When the schoolboy inventor put the finishing touches to the features and whiskers, and affixed a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles upon its nose, and placed the borrowed mortar-board upon the figure's head, the effect was really remarkable.

It seemed that Mr. Latham himself was there with Glyn, silent and reserved.

Bang, bang! Kick! Thump! came upon the study door.

"Half a jiffy, you two noisy beggars!" called Glyn. "I'll let you in directly."



"Yaroor! Help!" howled Knox, as D'Arcy's drives hit home on his features. "Don't stand there looking, you fools! drag this young maniac from me—Yoop!" Arthur Augustus sprang to a tree, and stood with his back to it, as the Fifth-Former advanced. "Stand back, you wotters!" he gasped.

"You silly ass!"

Glyn chuckled, and opened the door of a large cupboard in the study. Then, picking up Mr. Latham II., he consigned him within the cupboard, and shut the door.

Bang, bang! Thud!

"Are you going to open this door, or are you not?" bawled Kangaroo through the keyhole. "We've been kept out long enough, you frabjous duffer!"

Somewhat to the surprise of the applicants for admission, the study door was unlocked at once. They would not really have been astonished if the inventor of the School House had kept them locked out all the evening.

"All serene!" said Glyn cheerily.

His study-mates glared at him.

"You silly, burbling chump!" said Kangaroo. "I've a jolly good mind to scarp you! What have you been up to?"

"I've been busy."

"It isn't chemicals this time," said Clifton Dane, sniffing.

"What is it, you fathead?"

"Oh, nothing! You'll find out presently."

"Oh, bump him!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Glyn, dodging round the table. "I really couldn't let you in before. I've been awfully busy. Hands off, you fatheads!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yow-ow-ow! Stop it! I'll tell you what I've been doing, if you like."

"Rats! Heave-ho, Dane!"

The form of the schoolboy inventor rose and fell, and each time it fell he omitted a roar.

Suddenly the door burst open, and the Terrible Three looked in.

They grinned when they saw the bumping operation in progress.

Kangaroo and Dane allowed Glyn to drop to the carpet, where he lay gasping.

"Trouble in the happy home?" grinned Tom Merry.

"Poor old Glyn! You ought to invent a method of disappearing quickly whenever it's necessary. You'd find that a jolly useful sort of invention, I'm thinking."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The burbling fathead!" growled Kangaroo. "I'll bust his blessed invention, if he shows it to me!"

"Yow-ow-ow!" said Glyn, struggling to his feet, and rubbing his many aching parts.

"Latham is coming along this passage," remarked Tom Merry, grinning. "Somebody's pinched his new cap and gown, and—"

"Eh?" said Glyn, with a start.

"Latham's lost his new cap and gown, and he's in a tearing rage, because the Head and the Governors are holding a meeting to-night in the board-room, and all the masters are attending. What are you looking so scared for, Glyn? Do you know anything about it?"

"Ahem!" said Glyn, with a dismayed look. "I happened to borrow it this afternoon; but I didn't think he'd want it. Oh, crumbs! Is this him coming?"

"Yes, here he comes!" grinned Monty Lowther. "Fish it out quick, Glyn!"

Glyn dashed over to his study cupboard, opened it a little way, and simply tore the cap and gown from his dummy. Then he relocked the door, and placed the gown and mortar-board on the table, just as the figure of Mr. Latham appeared in the study doorway.

"Ah, boys!" said Mr. Latham, in a husky voice. "I have missed my new gown and mortar-board, and— Bless my soul! They are upon the table of this study!"

"Ahem!" coughed Glyn, with a guilty look.

"Glyn," exclaimed Mr. Latham, fixing the schoolboy inventor with a stern eye, "can it be possible that you entered the privacy of my room, and appropriated my new cap and gown?"

"Ye-es, sir!" gasped Bernard Glyn. "I'm awfully sorry, sir. I—I wanted it, you see, and—and—"

Mr. Latham looked at Glyn in astonishment.

"For what purpose did you take these articles, Glyn?" he demanded.

"Ahem! I—I borrowed 'em to see how they'd look on another chap, sir."

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Latham, still more astonished. "Who is this other person, Glyn, to whom you had the audacity to take my gown?"

"I—I can't tell his name, sir," stammered Glyn confusedly. "He—he wanted the cap and gown very badly, only for this evening. I—I was going to take it back later on."

Mr. Latham looked at Glyn fixedly over the rims of his spectacles.

"This is a—most extraordinary affair, Glyn," he said severely. "I can scarcely allow a junior boy to borrow my cap and gown for another person's purposes, without my

permission. You have been guilty of great impudence, Glyn, and I shall punish you accordingly. Follow me to my study!"

Mr. Latham swept from the room; and, bestowing upon his chums a rueful look, the schoolboy inventor followed.

CHAPTER 4.

Glyn's Great Idea.

"YOW-OW!"

Bernard Glyn came back into the end study moaning most dimly, and tucking his palms beneath his armpits.

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane, who were seated at the table, looked up as their inventor chum entered, and grinned most unsympathetically.

"So you've copped it hot," remarked Kangaroo. "How many, Glyn?"

"Yow-ow!" Four," replied Glyn, sinking down into the study armchair. "Oh, crumbs! I didn't know old Latham had so much vim in him. Fagin, getting so ratty over a small thing like that! Grooooooh!"

Kangaroo and Dane winked at each other.

"Serves you right!" said Kangaroo relentlessly. "You shouldn't be such a burbling jabberwock, Glyn. What is this mad-brained invention you've been messing about with, anyway? Anything exciting?"

"Yes; it's the most wonderful thing I've ever invented," replied Bernard Glyn, brightening up now that his study-mates seemed to be taking an interest in his invention. "It's a mechanical model of a man, that will walk about, move its arms and eyes and body, and speak, just like a living person!"

Glyn's study-mates looked incredulously at him.

"Gammon!" said Kangaroo.

"He's off his rocker!" observed Clifton Dane, tapping his forehead significantly.

Bernard Glyn snorted in great wrath. "I tell you it's the truth!" he snapped. "Don't you remember that some time ago I made mechanical models of Skimpole and D'Arcy?"

"Ye-es," said Kangaroo, nodding thoughtfully. "They were jolly clever little affairs—while they lasted. But how can you make this latest mechanical model talk like a living person?"

"I expect he's got a gramophone arrangement rigged up inside," said the Canadian junior.

"Rate!" said Bernard Glyn. "Gramophones are out of date. Besides, a mechanical figure fitted with a gramophone can only speak what's on the record. But my mechanical figure can say just what I want it to say."

"My hat!" gasped Kangaroo breathlessly. "How do you work it, Glyn?"

"Wireless telephony!" grinned the schoolboy inventor. "Just cast your memories back a few hours, you chaps. Do you recollect that wireless episode between Taggles and Latham this afternoon?"

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane drew deep breaths, and looked at their study-mate in surprise.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Kangaroo. "You—you've fitted your model with wireless—"

"Exactly!" grinned Bernard Glyn. "With my patent magnifier in its mouth, it will speak every word I whisper into the transmitter concealed in my hand. Of course, the figure won't speak unless I'm near it. It won't walk, either, because all its movements are controlled by means of wireless waves."

"Mum-my only sainted Aunt Maria!" ejaculated Clifton Dane, staring at the schoolboy inventor half-incredulously.

"It—it doesn't seem possible, Glyn."

"I tell you it is possible," snorted Glyn. "Don't you think I know what I'm talking about? Lots of wonderful things can be done by means of wireless, and lots more things are going to be done, when the full possibilities of wireless are discovered. Wireless is yet in its infancy, so to speak, and—"

"Oh, we don't want a sermon on wireless!" said Kangaroo wearily. "Let's have a look at your model, Glyn. Seeing is believing, you know."

"Certainly!" grinned the schoolboy inventor. "Will you promise, honour bright, not to tell anyone?"

Glyn's study-mates promised honour bright that they would keep Glyn's invention a secret. Bernard Glyn was satisfied.

He went over to the study cupboard and unlocked the door. He threw it wide open, and disclosed the model of Mr. Latham which he had made that afternoon.

"There you are!" said the amateur inventor of St. Jim's triumphantly. "Mr. Latham II."

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane stared blankly at the model. It was the exact reproduction of the Fourth Form-master, from head to foot. The face was Mr. Latham to the life, and the clothes were Mr. Latham's.

The schoolboy inventor strode forward and pinched the figure. He was not quite convinced that it was not alive.

"Well, my hat!" he said at last. "It—it's Mr. Lathom's twin-brother!"

Glyn chuckled gleefully.

"Wha-a-a!" he made out," gasped Clifton Dane.

"Steel frame and springs and wool padding," said Glyn. "The head is waxwork on a hollow wooden frame, inside which the wireless mechanism is installed. The face I made up from Mr. Lathom's photographs, and I think it's a good likeness—what?"

Kangaroo and Dane gazed almost in awe at the lifelike figure. Glyn stood opposite the mechanical Mr. Lathom, fumbled up his sleeve, raised his hand to his mouth, and moved his lips almost imperceptibly.

Immediately the voice of Mr. Lathom was heard in somewhat husky tones, proceeding from the model.

"Boys, do not stare at me in that impertinent manner! Kangaroo, you deserve a thick ear, but I'll let you off with a hundred lines and a caution. Dane, take that imbecile look off your chivvy this instant, and take a hundred lines also. I shall require them some time before Christmas!"

"Gug-good heavens!" muttered Kangaroo, blinking at the model like one in a dream. "It—it's marvellous! Mr. Lathom to the life!"

"It would deceive anyone!" gasped Clifton Dane.

Glyn chuckled, and inserted his left hand into his jacket-pocket.

"I've got all the different buttons on a switchboard in here," he remarked. "Now, you watch Mr. Lathom's double walk out of the cupboard and sit down!"

Glyn's two study-mates watched breathlessly. The schoolboy inventor touched a button commenced within his pocket, and immediately the model commenced to walk from the cupboard with slow, even steps. The body was perfectly balanced and poised, the movements of the legs quite natural and steady. It was a triumph of the schoolboy inventor's genius.

Mr. Lathom II advanced into the study, turned towards the chair, and, with slow deliberation, sat down.

"There you are!" chuckled Bernard Glyn gleefully. "Isn't it a knock-out?"

"My only Sunday topper!" gasped Kangaroo. "It's the absolute giddy limit, Glyn! Why, if Mr. Lathom's spotted it, he'd think he'd got a twin brother!"

"All I require now, is a cap and gown!" said Bernard Glyn. "It was jolly hard lines that Lathom happened to require the new rig-out of his that I borrowed. Lemme see, it will be easy to get at the master's room now, and borrow one of those old gowns that are hanging up in the cupboard. There are one or two mortar-boards to choose from, too."

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane chuckled.

"This merry contraption will look absolutely the last word with a cap and gown on it!" said Kangaroo. "All the masters are with the Head and the governors, holding a meeting, so it will be a simple matter to grab a gown and mortar-board from the master's room."

"What-ho!" said Glyn, directing his marvellous invention back into the cupboard, and locking it in. "I think I'll cut along there now. I shan't be long, chaps!"

Bernard Glyn left his study, and proceeded down the Shell passage.

At the end of the passage the Terrible Three and Jack Blake & Co. were standing in a group, conversing together.

"Oh, here's Glyn," said Jack Blake, as the amateur inventor of St. Jim's came up. "I say, Glyn, you ass, why the merry dickens did you borrow Lathom's cap and gown?"

"Oh, just because I wanted to, that's all," replied Glyn vaguely. "You chaps are looking jolly bucked, I must say. What's happened?"

Tom Merry & Co. good-naturedly explained to Glyn how they had fallen foul of Gerald Knox and Cutts & Co. that afternoon.

Glyn chuckled, and then he looked concerned.

"Well, you chaps will catch it hot, I must say!" he said. "When Knox complains to Raitton—"

"That's just why we're looking so bucked!" grinned Tom Merry. "All the masters are at a meeting, and the meeting is not expected to be over till after bed-time. So Knox won't be able to complain till the morning!"

"Oh!" said Glyn. "You'll catch it then, though!"

"Ye-es," said Tom Merry. "But we're feeling joyful this evening, anyway. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, you know!"

Bernard Glyn walked away, looking rather thoughtful. As he walked along to the master's-room, he was still more thoughtful, until, at last, his visage broke out into a radiant smile.

"My hat!" he murmured ecstatically. "I'll have a little lark with Mr. Lathom II. I'll let him take the place of the real Mr. Lathom, and Knox can complain to him. Ha, ha, ha! It will work like a charm!"

The schoolboy inventor procured a cap and gown from the master's room, and returned with all haste to his own study.

There he proceeded to acquaint his study-mates with his scheme to get Tom Merry & Co. out of trouble, and when they heard Glyn's scheme, Kangaroo and Clifton Dane howled with merriment.

Glyn unlocked the cupboard.

"Now to get Mr. Lathom II. into Mr. Lathom's study!" he said. "There are not many chaps about, and it's getting dark. It will be quite easy!"

CHAPTER 5.

Spotted!

BERNARD GLYN followed behind his mechanical model of Mr. Lathom as with firm, steady tread, it walked along the Shell passage and along to the Fourth-Form master's study.

The Terrible Three and Jack Blake & Co. had retired to the Common-room, and the only person Glyn and his model passed on their way down was Jameson of the Third, who blinked at Mr. Lathom II. and passed on, without the slightest suspicion.

Glyn chuckled, and, opening the door of Mr. Lathom's study, he piloted the bogus master inside, and seated it in Mr. Lathom's easy-chair, in front of his table.

Dusk was now deepening over St. Jim's, which, of course, favoured Glyn's deception.

He turned the chair so that Mr. Lathom's II.'s face was in the shadow, and then stepped out of the study.

Knox of the Sixth was striding up the passage at that moment, a frown on his face. He glared at Bernard Glyn as that youth emerged from Mr. Lathom's study.

"Hallo, Knox," said Glyn. "Looking for somebody?"

"Is Mr. Lathom in?"

"Mr. Lathom?"

"You, you young ass! You've just come from his study," growled Knox. "Is he in there?"

"Better look and see!" grinned Bernard Glyn.

The bad-tempered prefect made a stride forward as if to cuff Glyn, but the schoolboy inventor side-stepped neatly, and, dragging open the door of Mr. Lathom's study, he entered.

"If you please, sir, Knox wishes to speak to you!" he called loudly, addressing the mechanical model of Mr. Lathom in the chair.

Glyn raised a hand to his mouth, and immediately the figure began to talk.

"Is that so, Glyn? Kindly ask Knox to step in here!"

Gerald Knox needed no asking. He skipped into Mr. Lathom's study with alacrity, and stood before Mr. Lathom II., a look of satisfied triumph on his face.

"I thought you were at the master's meeting, sir," he began. "I have a complaint to lay against a number of junior boys in this house, who assaulted me and Cutts, St. Leger and Gilmore of the Fifth this afternoon."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the figure, moving its head slightly. "You don't say so, Knox! Who are these unruly youths?"

Knox's eyes glinted spitefully as he proceeded to enumerate the boys concerned in the affray that afternoon by the river.

"Dear me!" said the pseudo Mr. Lathom huskily. "These boys are usually the best behaved in the school. However, Knox, as you say that they assaulted you and other seniors, I will send for them and go into this matter personally. Knox, perhaps you will have the goodness to fetch the boys concerned here to my study immediately!"

"Yes, sir!" said Knox, with relish, and he stepped out of the study.

Bernard Glyn chuckled mirthfully as the Sixth Form bully departed.

Gerald Knox, a look of undisguised triumph on his face, made his way to the junior Common-room, where he found Tom Merry & Co. and Jack Blake & Co. Kangaroo and Clifton Dane were there, too, but they had not breathed a word concerning Bernard Glyn's latest invention.

The merry chatter in the Common-room ceased as the bully of the Sixth looked in.

"All you boys who threw me and Cutts and the others into the river this afternoon will come with me to Mr. Lathom," said Knox spitefully. "You'll be made to smart now, you young villains!"

"Weally, Knox, I wufuse to be chawactewised as a young villain!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy frigidly. "I undahstand that Mr. Lathom is at the meetin'—"

"Mr. Lathom is in his study, and he asked me to fetch you to him!" said Knox, between his teeth. "You'd better come, or it will be the worse for you!"

Tom Merry & Co. looked dismally at each other, and then, without a word, they followed Knox from the Common-room.

It rather astonished them to see Mr. Lathom seated at his table in his study, with Bernard Glyn standing just by the

door. Mr. Lathom raised his head, in response to Glyn's surreptitious wireless waves, as the heroes of the Shell and Fourth came in, and stood respectfully at attention.

Bernard Glyn smothered his merriment at the manner in which he was duping not only Gerald Knox, but Tom Merry & Co., and proceeded to make his dummy master talk.

"Ah, boys," said Mr. Lathom II., "Knox has brought a very serious accusation against you. It appears that you committed grievous bodily assault and battery upon the persons of, not only him, but three Fifth-Formers besides. What have you to say to this grave charge?"

"Only this, sir," spoke up Tom Merry, "that we were quite justified in chucking—ahem—I mean hurling Cutts, St. Legor and Gilmore into the river, and as for Knox being ducked, well, it was his own fault!"

"They're telling lies, sir!" hissed Knox passionately. "I'll call Cutts and the others, if you like—"

"That will not be necessary, Knox!" said the mechanical master huskily. "Merry, will you kindly give me an account of what happened?"

"Pwallow me to explain, sir," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "As a fellow of tact and judgment—"

"Silence, D'Arcy! Proceed, Merry!"

And Tom Merry proceeded to give a true and faithful account of what happened on the river bank that afternoon.

The master seated at the table nodded his head from time to time. Tom Merry spoke bluntly and to the point, and when he had finished, Knox was biting his lips passionately.

"Look here, sir," he broke out, appealing to the dummy master. "These boys behaved in a grossly insulting and violent manner. I didn't give them any cause—"

"Weally, Knox, I weahold you as a base pweawicator!" said D'Arcy severely. "If Mr. Lathom will kindly listen to me, I will explain—"

"I have heard enough," said Glyn's mechanical master, in a hollow voice, which made Tom Merry & Co. think that Mr. Lathom's cold had taken rather a turn for the worse. "Knox, I have no doubt that you gave these lads sufficient provocation for assault, although it is hardly—ahem—seemly conduct for them to propel you, a prefect, into the river. Such an untimely bath must have come as rather a shock to you."

Knox gasped, and Tom Merry & Co. looked curiously at Mr. Lathom. It struck them that he was rather stiff, and that there was something unusual and unnatural about him. But that he was Mr. Lathom they had no doubt, and they attributed his husky voice to the fact that he had a cold.

"Knox," said Glyn's dummy, moving its eyes a little, "I heartily disapprove of bullying, and the next time a case wherein you have bullied a junior lad comes to my notice, I shall most certainly speak to the Head, and inform him that I consider you unfit to perform the duties of a prefect!"

Knox writhed, and the juniors in the study chuckled softly.

"Boys, you will all take a hundred lines, to be delivered to me in the morning!" said Mr. Lathom II. "Knox, you may go, and kindly do not mention this matter again to me, or any other master, otherwise stricter inquiries will have to be made into your behaviour as a prefect. Boys, kindly return to your quarters."

Knox went, his face quite pink with rage and humiliation.

Tom Merry & Co. followed him from the Form-master's study, chuckling over their good fortune.

Glyn lingered, and when the study was empty, he burst into a loud roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" gurgled the schoolboy inventor mirthfully. "Poor old Knox—he got properly ticked off! I reckon he'd kick himself if he knew a dummy had been speaking to him all the time. And Tom Merry & Co. have got impots to do—ha, ha, ha! That will pay 'em out for the bumping they gave me this afternoon. Now I've got to get Mr. Lathom's mechanical twin brother back to my study. All the chaps will be in the Common-room, discussing the affair, so it ought to be easy!"

Bernard Glyn was fortunate in his predictions. He and the dummy Mr. Lathom walked out of the study, and down to the end study in the Shell passage, encountering nobody, but Baggy Trimble and Herbert Skimpole.

Glyn consigned his dummy into the cupboard, and set about his much belated prep, which, with the kind assistance of Kangaroo and Clifton Dane, he finished by bed-time.

CHAPTER 6. Most Amazing.

"GOODNESS gracious!"

Mr. Lathom made that startled remark in the Fourth Form-room next morning, where the Fourth-Formers were assembled.

Upon his desk was a whole pile of impositions, which had been placed there by Tom Merry & Co., and Jack Blake & Co.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 706.

The master of the Fourth blinked at the impositions in great astonishment. Then he looked round the Form.

"Blake!" he said. "What are these papers?"

"Our impots—I mean, impositions, sir!" said Jack Blake respectfally.

"Who gave you these impositions, Blake?"

The Fourth Form gasped as one man—or, rather, one boy. "Who—who gave 'em to us, sir?" murmured Blake dazedly. "Why, you did, sir, last night!"

"It was now Mr. Lathom's turn to gasp with amazement.

"—I gave them to you last night!" he exclaimed. "Impossible! Blake! You must be dreaming!"

The Fourth-Formers looked at the master spellbound. Mr. Lathom himself was equally bewildered.

"I fail to comprehend what this means," he said, rather testily. "Blake, do you affirm that I set these impositions yesterday?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Blake. "Last night, you know, in your study. Knox complained to you—"

"Good heavens!"

The Fourth-Formers looked in alarm at their master. Mr. Lathom sank back into his chair and blinked round the Form.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "I quite fail to recollect the incident, my boys. I attended the teacher's meeting until nine o'clock, when I was forced to retire in consequence of my cold. I went straight to my study, but do not remember the incident you refer to, Blake. Are you quite sure that you are not mistaken?"

Blake nodded his head decisively. "I'm quite sure, sir!" he said. "These other fellows will tell you the same thing, sir."

"Yaas, wathah," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, standing up and adjusting his monocle. "If you will pwallow me to go ovah all that took place last night in youah study, Mr. Lathom—"

But Mr. Lathom waved his hand.

"Do not bother, D'Arcy," he said, in a weary voice. "I must have seen you lads, and administered these impositions, but indeed I cannot remember doing so. My memory for some unaccountable reason, must have failed me."

He passed a hand dazedly across his forehead, and then he picked up a book.

The mild little master of the Fourth quite failed to understand this amazing mystery. He put it down to his indisposition, and hoped fervently that he would be afflicted with no more lapses of memory.

The Fourth Form looked blankly at their master, wondering what could be the matter with him.

Baggy Trimble giggled, and confided to Mellish that he thought Mr. Lathom was "off his onion." Baggy ceased to giggle when Mr. Lathom's eye sought him out, and two minutes later Baggy Trimble was the richer by a hundred lines.

The Fourth Form were particularly restive that morning, and lessons were an ordeal to Mr. Lathom.

He was quite relieved when the bell rang, and he was able to dismiss the Fourth.

Jack Blake & Co. went downstairs, discussing the strange affair of Mr. Lathom in bewilderment.

They met Tom Merry & Co. on the stairs, and when the Shell fellows heard that Mr. Lathom did not remember giving them impots last night, they fairly gasped.

Immediately the Shell were dismissed from the Form-room, Bernard Glyn rushed off to his study, and locked himself in. About ten minutes later, Harry Noble tried to open the door, and then proceeded to kick it vigorously.

"Glyn, you silly chump, you've locked me out again! Open this door!"

Whirr-r-r-r-r!

Kick! Thump! Bang! Thud!

Clifton Dane came along, and then commenced a regular assault and battery upon the locked door.

Whirr-r-r-r-r! came from inside.

"Glyn, you burbling jabbercock!" howled Kangaroo. "What the merry thunder are you up to now?"

"Making an improvement on my model!" came the youthful inventor's voice from within. "I sha'n't keep you a tick, you fellows, I've got all the works strawn over the floor, and you are sure to mix 'em up to now?"

"We'll mix you up, you silly duffer!" breathed Clifton Dane sulphurously, through the keyhole. "If you are more than two minutes, Glyn, we'll smash you and your rotten dummy to smithereens!"

"Oh, keep your wool on!"

Knock, knock, knock!

Two minutes later the door of the end study opened, and Glyn's exasperated study-mates rushed in.

They fell back at first, when they saw what appeared to be Mr. Lathom standing by the cupboard, and then they glared most homicidally at Bernard Glyn.

"You silly, blithering chump!" said Kangaroo. "What have you been up to?"

"Altering the springs and joints of the legs of my model,

so that I can make it dance—by wireless!" grinned the school-boy inventor gleefully. "It works like a charm now—just watch!"

Glyn stood in front of Mr. Lathom II, and touched the concealed button in his pocket. Immediately the figure began to move, rather unsteadily at first. Then the legs moved in regular rhythm, and Mr. Lathom II commenced to waltz gracefully round the study.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Kangaroo and Clifton Dane.

The spectacle that the dancing dummy presented was truly remarkable. Glyn's study-mates looked at it and howled with merriment.

"Now I'll make him do an Irish jig!" chuckled Glyn, pressing another of his numerous concealed buttons. "It's all done by wireless waves, you see. Quite a brain-wave on my part—eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The model ceased to waltz, but directly afterwards it commenced to execute a species of jig in a wild and whirling manner.

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane watched the antics of Mr. Lathom II, and fairly shrieked.

"The Terrible Three and Jack Blake & Co. looked in curiously.

They stopped dead in the doorway, and gazed at the dancing Form-master in utter stupefaction.

The sight of Mr. Lathom dancing recklessly in Bernard Glyn's study was almost too much for their incredulity. It fairly took their breath away. They could hardly believe their own eyes, and stood rooted to the floor.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bernard Glyn, hastily pressing a button. "That's done it!"

The mechanical model ceased to dance, and sank down in the armchair with its head bent limply forward.

"Gug-good heavens!" gurgled Jack Blake. "Wh-what the merry dickens—"

"Bai Jove, deah boys!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I am in quite a fluttah, bai Jove!"

"My only Sunday topper!" muttered Tom Merry. The School House juniors were quite at a loss for words.

"Leave this room instantly, boys!" came in husky tones from Glyn's model. "I was—ahem!—indulging in a few physical exercises. Pray depart, and do not interrupt me again!"

Tom Merry & Co. looked blankly at their master, and, like boys in a dream, they walked from the end study.

Glyn closed the door behind them, and locked it.

Tom Merry & Co. looked in breathless astonishment at each other.

"Blessed if I know what to make of it!" gasped Tom Merry. "Fancy Lathom dancing—and in Glyn's study! He—he must be potty!"

"Absolutely off his rocker!" said Monty Lowther, nodding. "Poor old Lathom, he's fairly up the loop! The Fourth Form must have turned his brain!"

Jack Blake & Co. glared.

"Bai Jove, Lowthah, you howwid boundah!" exclaimed D'Arcy warmly. "I weghad that wemark as most opprobrious, and demand an instant apology!"

"You'll get a thick ear if you start any of your funniness, Lowther!" said Jack Blake darkly. "This is no laughing matter—it's jolly serious!"

"Yaas, wathah!" said the swell of St. Jim's, looking at Lowther severely through his monocle. "Yough wemark was uttably unwewitted, Lowthah, but an apology from one gentleman to another will make it all wight. Othah-wise, I shall feel bound to give you a feahful thwashin'!"

"All serene, Gussy!" said Monty Lowther. "I apologise!"

The chums of the Lower School turned the corner, and walked down the corridor.

Suddenly they halted and staggered back.

Their eyes almost started from their heads. For there, coming towards them, with slow, even tread, was the figure of Mr. Lathom whom they had last seen jiggling in Glyn's study.

CHAPTER 7.

The Wrong Customer.

TOM MERRY & CO. turned quite pale. Here was Mr. Lathom, walking along towards them, evidently deep in thought, and only a few minutes before they had left him in Glyn's study, dancing like a two-year-old, as Monty Lowther had expressed it.

"What—what!" said Tom Merry faintly.

"Mum—my only hat!" gurgled Jack Blake.

"Gweat Scott!"

Mr. Lathom glanced at the boys as they stood there, rooted to the floor. It might have dawned upon him that they were looking quite thunderstruck at him, but he made no comment, and passed on into the quadrangle.

Tom Merry & Co. stared after the Fourth-Form master as if they had seen a ghost.

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" gasped Monty Lowther, rubbing his eyes. "Was that Lathom or his ghost?"

"I—I can't understand it at all!" said Tom Merry feebly. "Only a few minutes ago he was in Glyn's study. It—it seems impossible that he could have got round here so quickly. Besides, his manner is altogether different!"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, polishing his monocle carefully. "This is weally a most mysterious affiah, deah boys!"

"It romps off with the whole giddy biscuit-factory!" said Jack Blake.

The chums of the School House blinked at each other in bewilderment.

"Let's see, Glyn," said Tom Merry grimly, "there's something jolly mysterious behind all this. Come on!"

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane had just left the end study as Tom Merry & Co. came up. The two Colonial juniors grinned, and passed on.

Tom Merry turned the handle of the study door, and opened it. Then they all went inside.

Glyn was sitting at the table, poring over some diagrams when his visitors crowded in. Fortunately for the school-

(Continued on page 17.)



Glyn went over to the study cupboard and unlocked the door. He threw it wide open, and disclosed the model of Mr. Lathom which he had made that afternoon. "There you are!" said the amateur inventor. "Mr. Lathom II.!" Kangaroo and Clifton Dane stared blankly at the model.

The ST. JIM'S NEWS

Edited By TOM MERRY.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A whisper from Mr. Editor says that advance orders for our first number are more than satisfactory. This is the sort of news which bucks a fellow up, and makes him enthusiastic.

I should very much like to know what you think of Miss Cleveland's story of early St. Jim's. I myself find it quite interesting, as I was not there at the time about which she is writing. Blake remarked to me yesterday she has got every tiny detail quite correct, and has remembered things which he had long since forgotten.

Next week I will try and publish a third plan—perhaps of the New House Fourth Form passage, showing clearly the mouldy little rabbit-hutches in which Figgy & Co. dig.

As time goes on all those mentioned "on the staff" will be given a chance to show how they can write.

By the by, Mr. Railton has just commenced a wheeze at St. Jim's of starting sporting events on half-holidays. Next week Reg Talbot will make a report on the first event. Another feature I shall introduce soon will be the Sporting Results and Records of St. Jim's footer and cricket eleven. The cricket averages of many fellows have already been asked for by a large number of readers.

Your old chum,

TOM MERRY.

Cardew Describes Fourth Form Studies.

SOME INTERESTING OCCUPANTS.

SO I'm the victim this week. Something told me it was going to come. Signing on is one thing, but carrying out your contract is quite another matter. It's the easiest thing in the world to say, "Oh, I'll be assistant editor, I'll be your cinema editor, and your chief author and artist and representative, and head cook and so on." But when the fearful moment comes, and all the horrors of having to exert yourself gradually impress themselves upon you—Grooooghh! How I wish I was like Lucky Jim, under the buttercups and daisies!

STUDY THE FIRST.—Looking something like a fellow who's just had an encounter with the ghost of Charlie Peace, I fell into Study No. 1. Jerrard Lumley-Lumley and George Durrance are both at home. Lumley is sewing a badge he won in a recent swimming gala on to his costume. Durrance was devouring the contents of one of Jack London's books when I came in. With great politeness he rose to greet me.

"Hallo, kinsman!" I gasped, extending a weary hand to my cousin George.

"Hallo, old bean!" smiled George. "Coming down to a knock about at cricket?"

"Cricket!" I shrieked. "Why, you murderous buccaneer! Do you want to finish me off?"

I fairly dashed through the doorway before George made any further amiable suggestions.

APARTMENT THE SECOND.—A motley collection hibernate here. Trimble, nicknamed by you humble "Baggibus," is chewing THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 705.

ing—well, I can't tell whether it's junibes or toffee. Melish is obviously chewing a cheap cigarette. Kit Cowboy Wildrake, whom your humble had some dealings with some time ago, if you remember, is whirling a lasso around in a "sure dandy fashion." He has swept all the ornaments off the study mantelpiece, and now he has swept me half-way down the Fourth Form passage.

ROOM No. 3.—This place is a study, of course, but the appearance of it is like unto a warder's-room in a convict prison. Bruce MacDonald and Harold Bates abide here, and apparently they enjoy existence better when their study is unoccupied. They are most conspicuous by their absence.

DEN No. 4.—Clarence York Tompkins is an ass, greener in fact than any grass. Michael Mulvaney's fit for the sanny. What youth had the audacity to say I wasn't a poet?

CHAMBRE LA CINQ.—This study, like the one following, is packed to the Pimsoil mark. We've got three in our study, and find it most uncomfortable, but how a chap could be one of four, and survive, beats me. Julian is there. Reilly comes from Belfast, and he is looking very riled over something. No doubt 'Arry 'Orace Ammond has borrowed something belonging to him and forgotten to return it. Eric Kerruish, the Marx junior, is making a kite. He has only poked the end of it through two panes of glass as yet; no doubt when a dozen or so have gone west the kite'll be worth flying.

STUDY THE SIXTH.—In this busy beehive dig the oldest natives in the Form. Blake and Herries are still in the savage age. They're sprawling on the floor. Digby says they are wrestling. Funny way of wrestling when a chap has got half his clothes torn off, isn't it? The Hon. Archibald Adolphus D'Arcy is the fourth individual who hangs out here. For some peculiar reason Gussy gives me a very frigid, accusing stare.

"Hallo, kinsman number two!" I cried, in an affable manner.

The glare continues like a serial at the cinema.

"Cardew!" The exclamation came like a pistol-shot from his lips. "I shall administrah a feashful thwashin' to you if you stay anothah second! What did you mean by emptying youah inkwell down the back of my neck in class yesterday?"

Oh dear! I'd quite forgotten that, and quickly made my way to Study No. 7.

DIGGINGS No. 7.—Contarini Giacomo, the son of an Italian nobleman, Richard Roylance, a cheeky chank from New Zealand, and Frank Smith live in here. They are all out, so I shan't have the trouble of saying what they are doing.

STUDY No. 8.—Edwin Alfred Jones, Percy Wyatt, and Alan Lorne, a wonderful collection of duds, have this room for their burrow. My presence seems to have made a great impression. All three look at me with coy smiles, and make bows like unto a nearly-closed book.

"Oh, I say, old chap!" begins Jones. "I'm awfully hard up. Could you lend me ten bob until to-morrow?"

"Look here, Cardew, we haven't got as much as a bread-crust for tea. Could you squeeze a quid until Saturday?" says Wyatt, in a wheedling tone.

"Lend us five bob to buy a swimming-costume!" begs Lorne.

I leave these audacious people as if pursued by a legion of wasps.

BOUDOIR THE NINTH AND LAST.—Thank goodness there is a haven of rest for the weary! Levison is out. Clive is out. Good! If you can't know all I know about these two, then you ought to. I've completely finished.

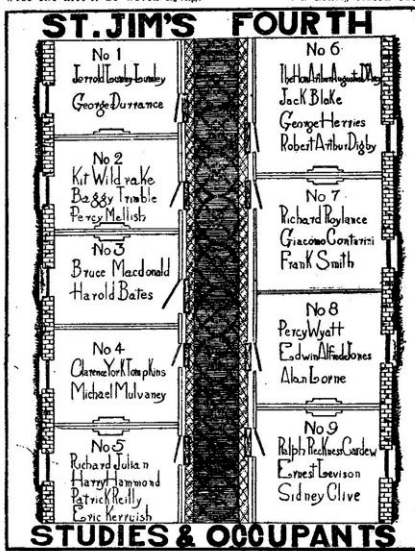
"I'd be pleased to receive the article you promised me," says a quiet voice, behind the sofa.

I jump up with a start.

"Tom Merry!" I cried. "Here you are, take it!"

I scribbled off these last words, placed the article in his hands, and felt backwards on to my comforting sofa.

THE END.



St. Jim's Boys Form a Pierrot Troupe.

BAGGY GETS INTO TROUBLE.

By "JOY."

YOU know what it is sometimes when one is at a pleasant seaside place, and one thinks of the little old sea, all blue with white crests. Or, perhaps you never have time to be lazy and to wander by the sea waves and look at the shells and the ships, and talk to the quaint old men who keep spy-glasses all ready for anybody who wants to see what is behind the horizon.

I have been down at Shrimpton with uncle, and I loved just doing nothing, sitting in a comfortable chair in front of our little hotel and watching the sea. Just fancy, if you can, the idea of Australia being straight away across the water. With a pair of water-boots one could tramp to Brisbane, asking the way of the sea-serpents as one went.

I was not even dreaming of dear old St. Jim's last week, the afternoon uncle had gone off to town, but just sat and listened to a troop of pierrots singing and playing. They had a piano down on the sands, and other musical instruments, including a big drum. I could see them all through the white railings. There they were just below me, and just imagine my excitement when I recognised the voice of Cardew. It was the same voice of Cardew. I called them ladies and gentlemen, and expressing the hope that everybody would rally round the worthy charity for which the troupe was performing, forgetting the buttons when they came round. So that was how Cardew and D'Arcy and Monty Lowther and the others spent their holidays! I craned forward to see better.

"Go it, fatty," came out a man as the drum interrupted Cardew's speech by banging the big drum. "Stop that row, Baggy!" growled Cardew. Baggy said that he knew what the people really wanted, which was for him to play the drum. He got up to say the words to the crowd cheered, but Cardew had had enough, and he gave Trimble a shove. It was most unfortunate. He gave a howl, for he could not escape. He waggled and wriggled. It was no good. If Cardew had not been so impatient all might have been well, except for the drum, but Baggy saw Ralph Reckness coming, made a desperate effort, and got free. The next second he was flying for dear life with bits of drum sticking to his back.

"You won't miss the drum," I said, as I made myself known. "I wish you would give us some more songs."

Baggy had vanished. I joined the performers, and did my best at the piano, for Cardew said that Monty was a rotten accompanist. It was a jolly afternoon, and the audience was generous—but where was Baggy? We forgot about him till long afterwards when we were all sitting on the big trolleys on the High Street.

"Well, of all the awful boundshirts!" cried Gussy. "Just look at Baggy!"

There was Trimble sitting at a small table, and keeping the waiters very busy. Of course, Baggy had no money. Perhaps he thought the restaurant folks were running the business as a charity for hard-worked pierrots, and others. Anyway, we saw the fat fellow slipping off, and he sat sideways, with his face all smudged. He got as far as the door when the manager saw him. Baggy had ducked at the pay-desk, and the girl in the box had missed him. Baggy was half-way through the swing door when he heard a heavy bang, but he thought the restaurant folks were running the business as a charity for hard-worked pierrots, and others. Anyway, we saw the fat fellow slipping off, and he sat sideways, with his face all smudged. He got as far as the door when the manager saw him. Baggy had ducked at the pay-desk, and the girl in the box had missed him.

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"Save me!" panted Baggy, as he caught hold of an apron and tried to hide in it. The barber was slow in moving, but he began to talk to the waiter. Then he told Baggy he had better have a hair cut as



Baggy raced down the High Street with the manager and two waiters after him.

there was nothing to shave—when there was a mad rush, and the barber's shop was taken in an avalanche.

"There he is!" raved the restaurant manager. "Fetch the police!" Baggy begged for mercy. When he saw a policeman he dropped on his knees. I suppose he saw Portland yawning before him. Cardew had quite a difficult job to explain it all away. He paid all expenses. Very noble of him.

"And now, Baggy," he said, "we are going to put you in the train. We don't need your priceless services any more. You have come perilously near to wrecking a good, well-meaning, contented little concert-party, but I shall watch it you don't err again."

So Baggy was packed off by the evening train, and the St. Jim's Pierrot Troupe went on its triumphal way without him.

Your chirpy chum,
JOY.

Great St. Jim's Paper-Chase.

MORE "GEM" HISTORY.

By COUSIN ETHEL.

HOW quickly a week flies by! I had hardly regained my bath from writing my first effort, than I received a brief request from Tom Merry to turn in my second "review." He adds as a postscript: Third as soon as possible, please!

I really think, if I had known what a hustle-bustle business my idea was going to develop into, I wouldn't have taken it on. However, it is quite impossible for a girl to withdraw from her contract and acknowledge defeat. That would never do. I can give my promise here, that you'll find this column in the "St. Jim's News" just as long as I am capable of writing it.

Martin Clifford's second story of the adventures of Jack Blake at St. Jim's opened on Rylcombe Common. A big crowd of juniors from St. Jim's had gathered there in readiness for a grand cross-country race. In these good old days the "Gem" historian invariably worked a big sporting event into his yarns, and I know the idea was always welcomed.

For the paper-chase Blake and Herries had been chosen as the hare, and Figgins and his army in the New House had been chosen for the hounds.

"Good-bye, Figgins & Co.!" sang out Jack Blake, as Herries and he trotted off. "We'll be back with your pretty faces before Christmas!"

Figgins yelled out that if he didn't run, the School House junior could use his head for a football. Blake cried out again that he hadn't any use whatever for wooden footballs.

When the five minutes was up the New House juniors fairly flew away on the trail of the hare.

Figgins' long legs took him over the ground at a great speed, and when the Rhy-

was reached, he was uncomfortably close behind the two hares.

At the spot where they crossed, the river was a mere stream, and a single plank, laid on stones either side, formed the bridge. The thing was so insecure that only Blake got across in safety. When Herries reached the middle the thing collapsed, and Blake was just in time to see Herries go under in the middle of the stream. Many valuable minutes were lost before he could be rescued.

AN UNEXPECTED INCIDENT.

The incident of the plank worked out entirely in favour of the hounds. So close did Figgins' long legs bring him to the two hares that Blake was obliged to take a short cut across the private park of Sir George Trevelyan to avoid being caught. A sharp fight with a burly keeper ensued before Blake and Herries succeeded in getting clear. The keeper saw there were more following, and he accordingly laid wait for the hounds. Figgins had, unfortunately, drawn well ahead of his pack, and the keeper was on him before he had a chance. Then poor George came in for a most undignified spanking. A second fight took place when Kerr and Wyn and the rest of the New House hounds came up. The keeper fared rather badly, too. When the hounds got clear of the park, Figgins found to his great surprise that he was again close on the track of the hares. If a straight run of a mile had followed he would have overhauled Blake easily. As it was, there was a level-crossing to negotiate. Blake and Herries got through, but Figgins was stuck. This bit of bad luck gave the hares nearly ten minutes, and they were well on their way to the Abbey of St. James—the outward limit of the run—before the hounds could continue their chase.

No ordinary boy could possibly have caught up the hare before they reached the river, after having been checked for such a time. But, then, George Figgins is far from ordinary when it comes to sprinting.

"My only hat!" said Jack Blake, looking back. "How did Figgins run! Those spider-legs of his do get over the ground, and no mistook. If anybody's going to be in at the death, it's going to be Figgins!"

Blake's next great feat was to assist Herries in swimming the swollen Rhy. When he had completed this Herries was already weary. But a glance in the rear, and Blake gleefully saw that Figgins was in the same condition. It was simply a matter now of how long Jack Blake could stick it. Down the middle of the gallows he went, and the school tower rose over the trees ahead. The sight was welcome to both Figgins and Blake. But George Herries was now fast failing.

They were now about a hundred yards from the school, and the goal of the long run was in sight at last. Herries suddenly lurched in his running and sank down in the roadway. He was done, and Figgins staggered along gamely in the rear.

There was only one thing left for Blake to do. He caught up the fallen runner and tossed him over his shoulder like a sack of coal. He had to produce every ounce of strength in him to reach the gates with his burden. Figgins was only six yards behind now, and he glimpsed at every stride a few paces more—and that was quite sufficient for the brave lad. Blake staggered under the archway, and had won!

And Jack chuckled when he had got a little breath back.

"Phew! Won, by Jove! Won by a beastly neck!" cried a rattling fine run, Figgins, old boy, and I'm proud of you! But you haven't beaten the School House—the Cock House at St. Jim's!"

Of course, Sir George Trevelyan didn't take the keeper's report lying down. He made a big complaint to Dr. Holmes, who promptly commissioned Eldard and Montebeth, the head prefects in the two houses, to deal firmly with the trespassers. Eldard punished Blake and Herries sufficiently for their offence of assaulting the keeper. James Montebeth, however, took poor Figgins in a very brutal manner. And, naturally, Figgins, in his turn, didn't take that lying down.

A deep plot, which had strange developments and results, opened from that report. Sir George made, and on this subject I shall write next week—COUSIN ETHEL.

(To be continued in next week's "St. Jim's News.")

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 706.



A Magnificent Story of Life at Millford College. By IVOR HAYES.

NEW READERS START HERE.

TOM MACE, whose father is a professional crackman, wins a scholarship for Millford College. His father is rather pleased, for MR. BILL MACE has certain unlawful reasons for wanting to see the inside of the school. Mrs. Mace darts up her son's clothes, and Tom sets off for school. In the train he overhears a conversation between a man in a sea-green suit and a muffled ruffian. The ruffian is addressed as SPIKEY MEADOWS, and there is some suspicious talk that sets the lad thinking. At last he arrives at the school, only to be jeered at by the other juniors. Just as Lundy & Co. are fooling with Tom's things, a new master appears on the scene. He is MR. GORDON GALE—the man in the sea-green suit, whom Tom had seen in the train. Tom sees the headmaster, who is kind to him, and sees also MR. MULLINS, the master of the Fourth Form. He finds this man a snob, and he is feeling downhearted. He goes to Study B—Lundy and Bradshaw's study—to which he has been allotted, but he is roughly handled. BOB PEEL finds him, is friendly, and stands him a feed at the tuckshop. Tom then comes across SPIKEY MEADOWS, who tries to persuade him to leave a window open, so that he can enter the school at night, explaining the consequences if he fails to make up his mind within a certain time. Tom returns to the school. Being late, he is questioned by his Form-master, Mr. Mullins, who is startled when Tom mentions the name of Meadows. The mysterious Mr. Mullins, who evidently knows something of Meadows, dismisses Tom with a slight punishment. Tom reaches the dormitory, to find that his new clothes have been tampered with. His anger is aroused, and, with Peel's assistance, he soaks into the jaspers, but the odds soon tell upon them. That night Tom is ejected from the dormitory and made to sleep on the landing outside. The following morning Mr. Gale requests Tom's presence in his study. There, in spite of the threats made by Spike Meadows, Tom promises Mr. Gale never to speak to this man again. Tom goes to the classroom, and proves that he is far from being backward in his studies. Tom's mother comes to the school to see her son, and Lundy takes this opportunity of insulting her. Tom is very angry, and threatens to fight the snob, but his mother asks him to promise not to fight. Lundy hears of this through Garnet. Knowing full well that Tom will not retaliate, Lundy gives him the coward's blow. Later Tom is visited at the school by Spike Meadows, the incident being witnessed by Lundy and Mr. Gale. Lundy is rather interested, and determines to find out what business Tom has with this man.

(Now read on.)

The Wager!

THE master determined to say nothing about the matter—not yet, anyway. It would be wiser to let matters develop before interfering.

But Lundy was not going to adopt any such course. Lundy was curious, and Lundy was determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and find out what it all meant. Lundy wanted to find something that would tell against the scholarship lad. He was hoping that the man was a relation of Mace's; he almost smiled at that happy thought. If only the man could be brought to the school!

And when at last morning was over, and Tom had gone off to Peel's study to write the final fifty lines of his imposition, Lundy called a meeting in Study B, and locked the door. It was not a large meeting, and consisted only of Garnet, Bradshaw, and Lundy himself.

"Listen!" said Lundy, when he had placed himself in the armchair. "That chap Mace went a bit too far last night, and now it's to be war to the teeth. You know he went out of the room to see a visitor—"

"Oh, rather!" said Bradshaw.

Lundy nodded.

"Well, I thought that visitor by sight. He was the fellow who Mace bumped into the night we threw him out of the tuckshop—a shabby-looking ruffian. He hangs about here, and I'm going to find him—see?"

Garnet whistled.

"You mean that this chap may know something about Mace?"

"I mean," said Lundy, "that the man certainly does know a great deal about the cad. And we're going to know just what he knows. Are you going to help me find the chap?"

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"Y-yes," said Garnet.

Bradshaw also agreed.

"Oh, rather! Show the rotten bounder up, bai Jove! That's the game!"

And there the meeting ended.

Poor Tom was unaware of the snares that lay ahead of him!

That evening all was quiet in Study A, save for the scratch, scratch of the busy pens, as the four occupants worked upon their preparation. Tom and Rider seemed to have made this study their permanent abode. Bob Peel liked to have the two with him, for Magson, although a harmless individual, was not enlivening company for a fellow such as Peel.

Tom Mace finished his preparation long before the others, for Tom was a very quick worker, and had, indeed, covered much of this work before. To tell the truth, he was just a little ahead of the Fourth Form work, but he had been placed in that Form owing to his age.

Bob Peel, with a very harassed look, was scratching his head, puzzling over the tense of a French verb in an essay that he had to write in that language. Tom, with a smile, helped his friend out of the predicament, and Peel gave a glad cackle.

"It's great to have a chap like you in the study, Tom," he said. "Magson's not much good at anything but poetry, and we don't get a great deal of that."

Magson brushed his mop of dark hair from in front of his dreamy brown eyes. He glanced at Bob Peel, and shook his head sadly.

"I fear you are contemptuous of my art," he sighed. "There is not enough heed taken of verse at this school."

"Oh, blow verse!" grunted Peel. "Now, look here, Tom! What's the French for 'to lend'—I mean, 'to borrow'?"

"Emprunter, to borrow," smiled Tom.

"Emprunter? Ha! You speak like a giddy old dic." And Bob Peel, with puckered brow, inserted the word in the blank space that he had left for it.

Tom had got out a sheet of exercise-paper, and had commenced writing again.

"More French?" asked Peel. "Not swotting, are you?"

His tone was rather horror-stricken, and Tom could not restrain a laugh.

"Not swotting," he replied. "I'm writing home."

And he went on with his letter. Although he did not tell Peel so, Tom was writing to ask his mother to release him from the promise he had made her—the promise not to fight.

He took some time over the letter, then blotted it carefully, folded it, and commenced to search for an envelope.

He saw what he wanted, and handed him one from a stationery-case that stood on the table.

"Ta!" said Tom. "Now, I'm going to the post. Can you chaps tell me where it is?"

"Just by the tuckshop!" said two voices together, whilst a third murmured dimly: "What rhymes with 'eurythmic'?"

The question went unanswered; but Tom, thanking the others for their direction, left the study with his letter.

He was happier now that he had written that letter, for it left him free, unhampered, able to pursue his own course. He realised that life at Millford College would undoubtedly be easier for him were his hands not tied behind him. He knew that his mother meant well; that in asking that promise of him, she had been thinking of his welfare. But his mother could not be expected to know the conditions that existed at a school such as Millford.

He reached the school doorway, and halted, for the exit was blocked by three figures. Lundy, Bradshaw and Garnet were lounging in the doorway, their caps tilted forward on their noses, their hands thrust deep into their pockets.

Although it was even-time, a strong sunlight threw great shadows on the ground from the tall trees. Above was a

glorious sky of varying shades of blue. But whether the three knuts were admiring the sky, or whether they were merely wasting time, Tom could not say.

He coughed, so that the three juniors should move aside. Lundy turned his head, and started slightly as he saw Tom. For Lundy's thoughts had been of the scholarship lad, and those thoughts had not been of a pleasant. The start that the leader of the knuts gave, therefore, was not devoid of guilt, nor, for the matter of that, of fear.

"Do you mind if I pass?" said Tom, with a slight frown.

"Do we mind if he passes?" asked Lundy of Garnet.

Garnet looked at the dreamy Bradshaw.

"Do we mind if he passes?" asked Garnet.

The question thus rested in the hands of the youngest son of an earl's brother, Luke Bradshaw. Bradshaw gave a silly little giggle.

"Absolutely," he said, with doubtful lucidity. "Bai Jove!"

Tom waited no longer, but thrust his way through. Lundy stuck out his foot, and Tom staggered, saving himself from an unpleasant fall by clutching at the angry words that rose to his lips. Lundy was grinning, though a little frightened. But Lundy knew of that promise Tom had made his mother, and knew that the scholarship lad would not fight. But Lundy did not know of the letter. Which was a pity—for Lundy.

Tom found the post-box without any trouble, and slipped his letter into the opening of the red wall-box that nestled amongst the ivy.

As he heard it drop to the bottom of the box, he sighed. At last he was free! His hands clenched, and he looked grimly in the direction of the School House doorway, where Lundy & Co. were still standing. In his eyes there was a war-like gleam, a gleam that boded ill for Simon Lundy and his all too merry followers.

The scholarship lad returned to Study A, to find work finished and Peel and Rider deep in a cricket discussion, a discussion that became warmer and warmer every minute. Peel's freckled face was angry, and his red hair bristled, but Rider was much cooler. What the argument was about Tom never knew, for at his entrance the argument ceased, and Peel cooled down rapidly.

Peel gathered his books together, and, having done so, threw them into a corner of the room. Rider followed suit.

"Why gather them up if you want to throw them about like that?" asked Tom interestedly.

"Oh, blow the books!" said Peel. "The sooner they're done with the better I shall like it. You haven't been here as long as I, you know, or you'd probably feel the same."

"Probably," laughed Tom. "But it seems a pity to gather them all up just in order to fling Magson, who was sitting right forward on his chair, which in turn was tilted slightly forward, and writing as for dear life, his tongue tucked into his right cheek. Apparently he had found the rhyme for eurythmic."

"Magson!" yelled Peel, cupping his hands to form a megaphone.

The Fourth Form poet jumped nervously, and a great untidy splutter of ink went across the page he had been writing. He gave Peel a look of withering scorn. But Peel merely laughed.

"Come along," he said encouragingly. "We're going for a little trot round the quad. Hurry up!"

But Magson did not hurry up; he waved his hand at Peel, in a most regal manner.

Peel sighed.

"No use waiting for that chump!" he grunted. "Come on, Rider. You're coming, I suppose, Tom? Just a trot round the quad, you know."

And he led the way from the study, followed by Rider and Tom.

Lundy & Co. were no longer standing in the School House entrance when the three reached it, and Tom was rather relieved.

When they were outside Peel commenced to sprint, and the others naturally had to follow suit.

"This way," said Peel. "Just round the old quad once."

As they sprinted round the quad Tom kept a sharp lookout for Lundy, but did not see him. It did not occur to him that, at that very moment, the cad was on the other side of the wall talking to a man Tom knew well, and of whom the headmaster would have disapproved most emphatically—Spiky Meadows.

Lundy's tones were low, for he did not wish to be overheard. His brow was puckered, and he was giving the now taciturn Mr. Meadows a searching look. For Spiky Meadows had first of all declaimed all knowledge of Tom Mace; and, when beaten from that, admitted he knew Tom, but professed total ignorance even of the fact that Tom's father was alive.

The cad of the Fourth was getting more and more

annoyed, for it became obvious to him that Meadows was keeping dumb purposely.

It gave Lundy a pain to think that information which he desired to know was being kept from him. And he ground his teeth angrily.

Mr. Meadows looked into space, and winked a dirty eyed cunningly.

"Come on, you might tell a chap!" grunted Lundy.

"What would you say to a fiver?"

"Couldn't say no," grinned Spiky Meadows. "Never do, you know. But that won't make me—I mean that won't 'elp you. If I don't know, I can't tell you!"

The cad of the Fourth Form at Millford sniffed contemptuously.

"Don't know!" he said, in accents of deep scorn. "You're keeping it from me! I tell you I hate that cad Tom Mace. I only want to play a jape—take his father to the school and show him up."

Spiky Meadows nodded, a cunning gleam in his eyes. He had no intention of complying with Lundy's strange demand, but he could not help being impressed with the venom of the cad's remarks. He—Lundy—hated Tom Mace. What a useful cat's-paw he might prove! That was the thought that had entered Meadows' thick head.

And bumptious self-complacent Lundy thought he was getting on fine! Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise.

"I can't tell you," repeated Mr. Meadows, "so it ain't no good your asking. But"—he lowered his voice, and looked round him carefully—"if you're wanting to 'ave a little 'bing," he winked. "You know what I mean; if you wants to back a 'orse, say, well, I'm always ready. And I've a pal at the Prince of Waterloo, in the village; 'e gets some good tips."

"You don't mean old Symes, surely?" asked Lundy.

"Symes is the man," nodded the other, "Kid Symes."

Lundy gave a little coo of delight, for he certainly did know Kid Symes. Symes had given him a tip—a horse to back in a race—and Lundy was anxious to put his money on. The odds against the horse were fifty to one, and as the horse had not one chance in a thousand those odds could hardly be said to err on the generous side.

Symes had told Lundy that the horse was sure to win, that he had had it on inside information—right from the stable, even from the horse's own mouth. And, therefore, he wouldn't accept a bet on it, which if his information were true, was not surprising.

For several days after he had heard that valuable item of information, Lundy had been making a search for someone to take his money.

He had found someone at last. Mr. Meadows would take anything.

The cad's eyes were shining, and he drew forth a pound-note.

"Put this on," he said, "to win; never mind about place."

"Well, what's the 'orse's name, for the love of Sam?" asked the man, with a grin.

"Pride of the Morning."

Spiky Meadows nodded, and pocketed the money.

"Three o'clock to-morrow," he said.

"Yes," Lundy stopped. "Look here, can you take credit? I mean, will you make that into a fiver? I haven't the cash on me."

"Just to oblige a gent, I will," answered the other. "Five—each way."

"Yes," said Lundy unthinkingly, "each way."

And thereby he had played himself unsuspectingly into the hands of an unscrupulous scoundrel. Meadows had got what he hoped. He would soon have Lundy under his thumb.

For he was quite sure that if—Pride of the Morning did not come in first, Lundy would not have the necessary nine pounds. He could see that the cad of the Fourth was sure that the horse would win. Meadows was sure it would not.

"With Lundy under his thumb—" he chuckled to himself, as he wandered up the lane, leaving Lundy and the school behind him. For Mr. Meadows was thinking in the future.

An Alteration—To Some Advantage.

"LUNDY!"

Robert Peel hoisted out that name, and banged open the door of Study B.

It was Saturday morning, and lessons were soon due to begin. But just then there was something more important than lessons—important to Bob, anyway.

He had gone along to the Hall, and surveyed with indignation the large, heavy green baize notice-board that hung there. His indignation was righteous, for the board was blank—save, of course, for the uninteresting documents placed thereon by the headmaster.

But what concerned him was that there was no sign—not

a glimmer of a sign—of the Fourth Form team list. And that should certainly have been on the board.

For that Saturday afternoon the Fourth team were due to play the junior eleven from Drayson College, Milford's great rivals.

"What's the matter, hang you?" grunted Lundy, as Bob threw open the door.

"Team, dear boy," answered Bob Peel cheerfully. "Where's the list?"

"What list?"

"Oh, my hat!" whistled Peel. "Carry me home, someone. What list! Why, you fathead; why, you howling jackanapes, the team list for to-day!" He glared at the puzzled Lundy witheringly. "Forgotten we're playing Drayson's to-day?"

It was evident from Lundy's somewhat guilty start that he had forgotten that cricket engagement—quite forgotten it—and he didn't seem to mind in the least.

"Oh, well, blow them!" he said. "We can't play!"

"Can't play!" hooted Peel. "You silly galoot! What do you mean?"

"Well, dash them!" said Lundy. "We don't want to play cricket—look what a topping day it is!"

Peel seemed to choke, and it was some few moments before he could trust himself to speak.

"Too true to play," he said, in measured tones. "Look here, this isn't the time to be funny, you idiot! Drayson's will be coming here this afternoon, and the team list isn't up yet. What about it?"

"Blow the list!" snapped the athletic captain. And he tried to slam the door. But Peel's foot, prepared for that, was wedged between.

Talk seemed useless, and Peel wasted no more words. He heaved his shoulder against the door, thrusting it open wide, then took hold of Lundy's ear.

"Ow! Leggo, you fathead!" howled Lundy.

"Come on!"

In silence—as far as Peel was concerned—Lundy was dragged out into the passage, whilst the heroic but inactive Bradshaw stood in the rear. Lundy's ear accompanied Peel on his journey, and unwillingly, but of necessity, Lundy accompanied the ear.

Peel thrust open his study door, and Tom Mace and Rider looked up. Magson was writing a sonnet on lessons.

"What the dickens!" gasped Tom.

"Leggo!" fumed Lundy. "You're hurting my ear."

"Ear, ear!" grinned Rider, who imagined himself possessed with a sense of humour.

Peel twisted Lundy round, and sent him whirling back into the arm-chair. Back went the chair, too, from the force of the impact.

Magson gave a howl.

"My Shakespeare!"

But he was too late. The small bookcase containing Magson's precious volumes had staggered to the floor.

The amateur poet rushed to retrieve them; but Peel was unconcerned. He had dragged a chair to the table, and now he placed Lundy, none too gently, on to the chair.

Next he placed a blank sheet of paper before the incensed Form captain, and dragged towards him the inkpot and pen that Magson had used.

"What's the idea?" asked Tom.

"You'll see in a minute."

"I'm not goin' to stay here!" hooted Lundy; and he flung down the pen Peel had given him.

"Write that team list out!" ordered Peel.

"I won't!"

"Hand me that ruler, Tom!"

The ruler was handed over, and Peel twirled it in his hand. Lundy's eyes wandered from the sheet of paper to the ruler, then back to the paper.

In silence he succumbed, and picked up the pen. Peel winked at the others, and Lundy went on writing.

Three names he wrote—Lundy, Garnet, Bradshaw.

Then down went his pen on the table-cloth with a splutter of ink.

"I'm blessed if I'll be dictated to!" he blustered. "Like your jolly cheek!"

Peel twirled the ruler in his fingers, then brought it down hard on the table within a fraction of an inch of Lundy's fingers. Lundy jumped into the air with fright.

"Write!" said Peel. "Mace—"

"I—I won't!" stammered Lundy; then eyed the ruler. "I mean, all right!"

And, with a very sulky face, he wrote at Bob Peel's dictation. When he had finished he flung down the pen, and made for the door, slamming it hard.

Peel picked up the list, and ran his eye over it.

"Lundy, Garnet, Bradshaw, Peel," he read. "Mace, Rider, Jones, Gordon, Smythe, Hill, Thomas."

"Not bad!" said Rider. "But do you think Lundy will play after that?"

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Peel shook his red head sadly.

"Candidly," he said, "I must admit that I do not think so."

"Well, what about some others?"

Peel looked grim.

"We'll win! Don't forget we've got Tom now. He'll be a rod in pickle for the Drayson chaps."

And as the bell for classes rang just then, the four chums went down to morning lessons.

To Peel, Tom, and Rider, morning classes seemed a bore. Saturday-morning lessons never were very popular, but to-day there were many things to happen. The three chums were anxious to know what Lundy would do about the cricket-match.

But they were soon to know his intentions. For he came across to Peel when classes had finished.

"Be ready and on the ground at half-past two," he ordered.

"And no tricks, mind!"

Peel merely grinned. But his face was more serious when he turned to the others.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "The chap's going to play, after all! Wonder what his game is?"

Rider shook his head.

"Haven't the faintest idea," he said, puzzled. "Something pretty low-down, though, I bet."

"Better give him a chance," pleaded Tom. "He may be all right. Perhaps he'll go straight now. He's probably learnt a lesson!"

"Good old Tom!" laughed Bob Peel. "You don't know dear old Lundy! He's not that sort, eh, Rider?"

"He's not!" said that youth emphatically. "Still, we'd better change, as usual, directly after dinner."

So after dinner they changed into white flannels. It was the first time Tom had worn his, but they fitted perfectly, and he felt fit enough for anything.

Peel and Rider were ready, too, and the three chums went down together to find Lundy.

"Seen Lundy, Smythe?"

A fair-haired youth turned and nodded to Peel.

"Yes, a few seconds ago," he said. "Saw him meandering down to the gates with Garnet and Bradshaw. Think they were going out."

"Out!" echoed Peel. "But—but the match?"

"He's going to cut it after all," frowned Rider. He turned to Smythe. "I say, Smythe, you're playing this afternoon, don't forget."

"Oh, all right!" replied Smythe, none too eagerly. For Smythe had booked a little trip into the local town that afternoon. The trip was off now, for he could see that Peel had taken the matter in hand; and Peel's fists were respected.

Anyway, Bob Peel's look was very grim now. And when he turned to Rider that youth all but jumped back with fright.

"Rider," said Peel, "buzz off and rake those others together. Tom and I are going to find Lundy, and haul him back."

So off went Rider, flying across the quad; and when he had disappeared into the schoolhouse Peel and Tom walked briskly towards the gates.

"Seen Lundy?" asked Peel, digging the sleepy school porter in the ribs.

The porter gasped painfully.

"Hey?" he inquired indignantly. "Which?"

"Seen Lundy? Lundy, of the Fourth!"

"Yes, I ave—on a bike; but I'm blowed if I'll tell you now, that I won't—banging a pore chap about—'Ere, I'm talking to you, I am! Don't walk away!"

But Peel, followed by Tom, was already running across to the bike-shed to get out his machine. If Lundy had made off on a bicycle, then he must be chased on a bike.

Peel pressed his bike across to Tom. For him self he took another machine, with "R. R." inscribed on the toolbag—Rider's machine, as Tom guessed.

Bob Peel's usually cheery face was set and grim; his mouth was very firm.

"What now?" asked Tom Mace. "Chase?"

"Chase," nodded Peel. "Yes, we're going to catch that rotter, and bring him back to the school. Then we're going to make him play. If he doesn't—he shrugged his shoulders—"It'll be a licking!"

Out in the lane, watched by the sleepy porter, they mounted, and were soon speeding along. Tom had to go all out to keep up with his new chum, for Peel was simply "scorching."

Fancy slacking on such a day as this!

Lundy, apparently, felt that this afternoon could be better spent in some other way. What other way, Peel did not know—though Spike May Meadows might have informed him.

The Linden Park Races, which were quite a festive and social occasion in that district, took place not many miles from the school, although the racecourse was naturally out-of-bounds.

(Another instalment of this fine serial next week.)

"GLYN'S WONDERFUL INVENTION!"

(Continued from page 11.)

boy inventor, his mechanical model was locked in the cupboard, safely out of sight.

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Glyn, standing up in some alarm.

"We want to know what all this means?" said Tom Merry. "What was Mr. Latham doing in here just now?"

"Mr. Latham?" asked Glyn vaguely. "Was he in here just now?"

Tom Merry snorted with wrath.

"You know jolly well he was in here, you burbling fathead!" he said. "What was he doing?"

"Nothing that I know of," replied Glyn evasively. "If you saw him in here, you know what he was doing."

Tom Merry looked wrathful.

"Look here, Glyn," he said, in concentrated tones. "There's something thundering mysterious between you and Mr. Latham. What is it?"

"Ask me another?"

"You—you—you—" gasped Tom Merry. "How did he get out of here so quickly?"

"How the merry dickens do I know?"

"He was in here, wasn't he?" shrieked Tom Merry. "You must have seen him go out!"

"Go hon!"

"You—you cheeky ass!" said Tom sulphurously. "Will you explain, you burbling fathead?"

Bernard Glyn shook his head.

"I can't explain anything," he said coolly. "You'd better ask Mr. Latham."

"We're asking you!" shouted Tom Merry. "There's something in the wind, Glyn, and we mean to find out what it is."

"Do you really?"

"You—you—you—"

"Sorry I can't tell you," said Glyn, sitting down again. "I don't see that there's anything for you to be curious about, either. Run away, there's good chaps, and don't disturb me. I'm busy."

"Oh, give him a bumping!"

"Here, chuck it, you duffers!" roared Glyn, in sudden alarm as the juniors advanced upon him. "I'll mop up the floor with you if you— Yarooogh! Oh, crumbs! Yah! Ow! Stoppit! Yarooogh!"

Glyn's chair was grasped and whirled round. The schoolboy inventor went flying upon the carpet, and he was picked up by many hands and bumped severely.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Leggo!" roared the amateur inventor of St. Jim's, struggling.

"Rag him baldheaded!" gasped Tom Merry. "We'll make him see sense!"

Trump! Trump! Trump!

Bernard Glyn was a hefty man with his fists, and he fought desperately.

A wild and whirling fight was soon in progress, much to the ruin of the study furniture.

The table was overturned and the inkpot upset over the study carpet. Chairs were hurled over and trampled upon. The clock fell off the mantelshelf, and broke to atoms; Glyn's tool-chest was knocked over and the contents distributed over the study floor, to be trodden on by the combatants.

By the time Glyn was secured, the end study was a wreck. Glyn was a wreck, too.

Tom Merry & Co. gave him no quarter, for by now they were thoroughly exasperated. They bumped Bernard Glyn well and truly, and did not leave him until they were breathless.

"There!" panted Tom Merry at length. "That will teach him not to be so jolly cheeky and mysterious. We'll find out what your game is sooner or later, Glyn!"

"Groooooogh! Ow! Ow!" moaned the luckless inventor, sitting up among the ruins of his study and mopping his nose, which was streaming red. "Oh, you awful bounders! I—I'll mangalise you! Yow-ow-ow!"

Tom Merry & Co. departed, leaving Bernard Glyn to sorrow in solitude.

He blinked ruefully upon his wrecked apartment, but he did not feel up to clearing the damage. Mopping at his damaged nasal organ, he limped upstairs to the bath-room to secure a wash and a change of clothing.

About ten minutes later Kangaroo and Clifton Dane returned. They opened their study door, and when they saw the wreckage within, they stooped spellbound, rooted to the floor in horror.

"My only sainted Aunt Maria!" stuttered Kangaroo. "Look at the study—look at it! What the dickens—"

"Glyn's at the bottom of this!" howled Clifton Dane. "It's all his fault! Oh, let's find the shrieking idiot, and scalp him!"

The two infuriated Shell fellows dashed from their wrecked study, and proceeded to search high and low for Bernard Glyn, in order to wreak summary vengeance upon him for the devastation he had caused in the end study.

He was nowhere to be found along the Shell passage, and when they looked in the bath-room and the dormitory, they saw that he had gone.

Breathing blood-curdling threats upon the devoted head of their inventive study-mate, they went out into the quadrangle, looking for him.

Wally D'Arcy had seen Glyn in the cloisters, and thither they bent their steps. Suddenly, they gasped with joy, for, beneath the elms in the cloisters, they beheld Bernard Glyn, and, before him, Mr. Latham II.—or what the two Shell fellows believed was Mr. Latham II. "There he is with his blessed dummy!" breathed Kangaroo tensely. "Go for the dummy first, and smash the confounded thing to smithereens! We'll scalp Glyn later!"

"Come on, then!"

Kangaroo and Dane made a simultaneous rush at the figure of Mr. Latham, feeling quite sure that it was Glyn's mechanical model. They grasped him violently, and howled him over.

"Smash it!" panted Kangaroo. "Knock its blessed works out!"

Thud!

"Good heavens! Yarooogh!" shrieked Mr. Latham, as he fell to the ground, with the two excited juniors on top of him. "Boys, are you mad — Yarooogh!"

Then Bernard Glyn dashed up, his face the picture of dismay.

"Hold on, you mad lunatics!" he howled. "That's not the dummy—it's the real Mr. Latham!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane let go of Mr. Latham as though they had received an electric-shock, and jumped to their feet, in alarm.

CHAPTER 8.

Sentenced to Death.

"YOU chuckle-headed, blithering idiots!" gasped Glyn. "Now you've done it! Oh crumbs!"

"Yarooogh! Boys, assist me to my feet!" gurgled the Fourth Form master. "Heaven bless my soul, I— Groogh!"

Kangaroo and Dane sprang forward, and helped Mr. Latham scramble to his feet. Mr. Latham's face was red with wrath, his gown split up the back, his clothes dusty.

The three Shell juniors stood before him, blinking in dismay.

"Boys!" rumbled Mr. Latham, in a voice which, though husky, was truly awe-inspiring to listen to. "What is the meaning of this ruffianly assault? I have never been more outraged in all my life!"

"We—we—we thought—" stammered Kangaroo, and then looked helplessly at Bernard Glyn.

He had given his word of honour not to divulge the secret of Glyn's mechanical model. So had Clifton Dane; and the two Colonial juniors would not dream of breaking their bond, however infuriated they were with Glyn.

The schoolboy inventor stepped forward, a look of penitence on his face.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir!" he said. "Noble and Dane did not mean to go for you—ahem!—they—they meant it for me!"

Mr. Latham gasped. He had been hurt and extremely flustered by his violent treatment at the hands of Kangaroo and Clifton Dane, but he was a mild, just master, and did not doubt the word of the Shell junior.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Mr. Latham gathered his torn gown about him, and stalked away.

Kangaroo and Dane looked grimly at Bernard Glyn, who was chuckling.

"You—you spoofer!" stuttered Kangaroo. "You got out of that neatly, Glyn! What were you doing here?"

"Studying Mr. Latham's walk," replied Glyn cheerfully. "I haven't got my model absolutely perfect yet, you know—"

"And you never jolly well will!" grated Kangaroo grimly. "At the first opportunity we get, you burbler, we're going to smash that model to fragments. Aren't we, Dane?"

"What-bo!" said Clifton Dane decisively. "That will put an end to all this blessed bother! Mark this, Glyn, next time we see your rotten mechanical model, it's going west! We're fed up with your scatter-brained inventions!"

"Look here, you chumps—"

(Continued on page 19.)

THE INVISIBLE HAND.

JOHAN SHARPE walked towards the hatch and unlocked it.

The members of the gang immediately crawled out, and the three men kept them covered with their revolvers. They were all apparently submissive, and Sharpe had no difficulty in forcing them towards the front of the boat.

Suddenly Iron Hand gave the signal, and too late the detective realised that he had been fooled. All the gang and the Mexican members of the crew rushed back towards the three men. Fortunately, their revolvers were levelled. They did not hesitate to pull the triggers, and three of the outlaws fell before they succeeded in reaching them.

The next moment, however, they were upon their prey, and they closed in a fierce struggle, Iron Hand grappling with Sharpe.

Captain West was engaged in a fierce struggle with Potsdam, and the police Chief was locked in a deadly embrace with Black Flag.

The other members of the gang were also directing their attentions upon the three, and the result was a fierce, fighting mass of humanity.

Advantage went first with one side, and then the other.

Fortunately, the three managed to retain their grips upon their revolvers, even though they were unable to use them. But the odds were very much against the gallant three, and it was only too evident that they could not hold out against such superior numbers for very long.

Happily, Burnett, who had espied through his glasses the struggling mass of figures upon the deck, was rapidly nearing the schooner.

The gang had not yet caught sight of the swiftly-approaching boat, which was manned by a number of smart Marines.

Burnett was spurring the men to greater efforts, and the crew were rowing as they never did before.

It was a matter of life and death, and Burnett could not bear to think of anything happening to the plucky detective at this hour of his great success.

He had all but succeeded in capturing the man Iron Hand, and his villainous lieutenant, and it would be hard luck indeed if after all the perils and hardships he had been through, he should not live to receive his reward and honour.

Burnett kept his eyes glued to his glasses. Would he get there in time to be of assistance to the gallant John Sharpe?

Burnett, chief of the Secret Service, who was hastening towards the schooner to the assistance of John Sharpe, could plainly see the grim struggle which was taking place on board. His gaze was riveted upon his friend Sharpe, who was at that moment taking part in a deadly struggle with Iron Hand.

Just then he saw another of the gang come up with the object of rendering assistance to the leader, but Sharpe, who was more than holding his own, spun round quickly and kicked the man off his feet.

The outlaw fell so heavily to the ground that he lay motionless, and did not seem to be in the mood to take any further part in the combat.

Captain West and the second in command, Potsdam, were also engaged in an earnest duel.

The two men were struggling for the possession of a revolver which was lying upon the deck of the vessel. After a desperate encounter, Captain West fortunately managed to gain possession of the coveted weapon, which he immediately levelled at the outlaw, forcing him to back away to a safe distance. The Chief of the police was also spending far from a quiet time. His special antagonist was Black Flag.

The two men grappled together, separated for an instant, and then the outlaw made a fierce rush at the Chief, who was standing with his back close to the rail of the ship quietly awaiting the violent onslaught of his enemy.

Then, with a lightning-like move, the Chief ducked, and performed a jiu-jitsu movement; he was an expert at this useful art.

The result was that he obtained complete mastery over Black Flag, and lifting him

up bodily from the deck, he threw him overboard.

There was a big splash as his body hit the water.

The man clutched frantically for a moment, and then sank, for he was no swimmer.

Thus did another of the villainous gang pay the price for his many misdeeds.

While this little drama had been going on one of the gang attempted to get behind Captain West, who was effectually keeping Potsdam at bay, with the object of wresting the revolver away from him.

The cowardly villain shot at the officer from behind, wounding him in the left arm.

Captain West staggered, and Potsdam took this opportunity to rush at him. But Sharpe's gallant friend was not beaten yet.

He pulled the trigger of his weapon, and Potsdam, shot through the heart, fell like a log at his feet. The second in command had paid forfeit for his treachery with his life.

With two of the principal conspirators out of the way, the rest of the gang directed all their energies to the assistance of their chief.

Captain West, who was now out of action, was lying on the deck, and blood was flowing freely from his wound.

John Sharpe seemed to be in a very tight corner, but at this moment there was a shout, and the heads of a number of Marines appeared over the rails of the ship.

Without wasting a fraction of a moment, Burnett ordered the men to open fire, and a hail of bullets swept the vessel.

Iron Hand dropped dying to the deck, mortally wounded by one of the shots.

Sharpe rushed at the leader savagely.

"Where is Anne Crawford?" he demanded fiercely.

The leader raised himself upon one arm, and the detective bent over him to hear what he had to say. Iron Hand was deathly pale, and it was evident that he would not last very long.

"I'm dying," he muttered hoarsely. "It's been a great fight—your bullet got me first. You win, John Sharpe! I loved the girl—go to the cave—the water—torture—quick!"

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The leader gasped, and fell back dead.

There was no time for ceremony now. Sharpe's thoughts were of the girl who had been of so much assistance to him throughout the long chase.

The detective rushed to the part of the deck where the Marines were holding up the remainder of the prisoners.

From one of the men Sharpe obtained information regarding the gang's secret cave.

Then, with Burnett, Captain West, and the police chief he entered the skiff. A number of the Marines followed, and the boat was quickly rowed away.

The sailors remaining on board were given instructions to deal with the prisoners. The sails of the schooner were hoisted, and the vessel which had been the scene of such a bitter struggle a short time ago, sailed with its dead to the nearest harbour.

Anne Crawford, who had been left to her fate in the pool in the cave, was now almost shoulder-deep in the water, and the poor girl had quite given up hope of rescue.

Her eyes were closed, and she was almost unconscious. But her deliverance was near at hand!

That moment the detective and his party, carrying fire torches, entered the cave.

Sharpe glanced around, and he discovered the girl's perilous position in the water. His eyes quickly took in the elaborate trap which had been set by Iron Hand.

The detective took out his knife and cut the ropes connecting the tortured girl with the barrel. Then he dived right into the pool, and saw the rock which had been tied to her feet.

The detective quickly cut this loose, and swam to the surface again.

Anne was now unconscious with exhaustion, and Sharpe swam with her to the edge of the pool. Then she was lifted by willing hands to the floor of the cave, and her bonds were cut.

Sharpe carried her out of the cave, where she quickly revived in the fresh air and sunlight.

Everything seemed strange to her at first, and Anne looked about her wildly for a moment or two. Then her eyes rested upon John Sharpe.

A smile crossed her tired, worn-out features. Burnett also she recognised, and in spite of her weakness, a humorous twinkle was seen in her merry eyes.

Burnett was quick to notice this, and the humour of the occasion appealed to him. "John Sharpe," he said, somewhat gravely, "I want you to meet Miss Crawford, my most trusted woman agent!"

A great light dawned on John Sharpe. So this was the reason why the girl he believed to be Marla Black had aided him so often.

For well she had kept her secret! he thought.

The detective had always admired her pluck and skill, even when he thought she was a member of the gang, but his admiration was, if anything, even greater now. The reason for all her strange actions was now revealed to him.

"We know each other now, Chief Burnett," replied Sharpe; "and we will work together in future!"

Burnett grinned mischievously.

"On Government cases only, I presume?" he suggested.

The detective glanced at Anne, and she in turn looked devotedly at him. Then he replied to Burnett's question:

"If Miss Crawford is willing, we will work together on everything in life!" he said.

The crowd standing by cheered lustily as Anne slipped her hand into Sharpe's.

The next day the newspapers were full of the news of the end of Iron Hand and his gang of criminals. Long articles were published, giving accounts of the trials and hardships endured by John Sharpe, and all those who had rendered him assistance during the great round-up.

Sharpe himself was glad it was all over.

Although he was not the sort of man to give in while his job was not finished, the strain and worry began to tell on him, and he felt that he was very near a breakdown.

He was satisfied now. He had won a desperate fight, and had succeeded in ridding society of the most villainous gang of criminals which ever existed.

Honour and rich reward had come to the plucky young detective in full measure, but the thing which was of greatest importance to him was that he had found a life partner in pretty and daring Anne Crawford.

They are both going to take a long holiday, and one of the items on their list of future engagements is to visit Colonel Bledson and his happy family. Twin Sharpe says he will be able to give the Cattle King's famous cowboys a few hints on broncho-busting!

THE END.

GLYN'S WONDERFUL INVENTION.

(Continued from page 17.)

Kangaroo and Clifton Dane walked off, and the amateur inventor of St. Jim's blinked after them in consternation.

"Oh crumbs!" he exclaimed at last. "They—they're going to smash my model up! I'll jolly well see they don't! I'll take it over to the woodshed, and hide it in there! That will be safer than keeping it in the study!"

Bernard Glyn hastened indoors, and up to his study. He unlocked the cupboard, and dragged forth Mr. Latham II.

"I—I suppose I'd better make it walk over there," he mused.

Glyn set his wonderful wireless waves into operation, and the model walked majestically out of the study. Glyn followed, quite confident that his wonderful invention would not be detected.

When they reached the stairs, the figure set his feet on the stairs stiffly, but precisely. All would have gone well had not George Alfred Grundy of the Shell been chasing Baggy Trimble up the stairs at the precise moment that Glyn and his mechanical model were walking down.

Baggy Trimble dodged Grundy, and the hefty Shell fellow lurched sideways.

"Look out!" shrieked Glyn, in alarm. "You clumsy ass—"

Crash!

Mr. Latham II. went reeling, and crashed to the floor.

"Good heavens!" gasped Grundy, his eyes wide open with horror. "I've knocked Mr. Latham down the stairs!"

Bump, bump, bump!

The mechanical master bumped down the stairs, and came to rest on the mat at the bottom, where it lay motionless, but whirring slightly.

A crowd of juniors collected, and looked down at the motionless figure of the Fourth Form master in horror.

"Gug-god heavens!" ejaculated Tom Merry, striding forward. "Is that Mr. Latham? He—he must be stunned!"

The faces of the juniors were scared and pale as death as they looked at the prostrate figure of their master. There was not a movement—not a sound, only a few mysterious whirs coming from somewhere.

Glyn dashed downstairs, his face the picture of dismay.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" he gasped, as he saw the crowd round his prostrate model. "The blessed thing's done in now! I—Oh, great Caesar! Here comes Latham himself!"

A loud gasp of incredulous amazement arose from the assembled juniors as a gowned figure pushed its way through them.

It was Mr. Latham—alive and unhurt. The juniors fell back in awe.

"Good heavens! What has happened?" exclaimed the

master of the Fourth. "Is anybody hurt? Bless my soul! Who—who—"

Mr. Latham's voice trailed off as he beheld his double, stretched motionless at the foot of the stairs.

Mr. Latham staggered back, and his eyes almost started from his head. There was a hushed silence, and the boys looked first at the real, original Mr. Latham and then at Mr. Latham II., who had fallen down the stairs, and could not get up again.

The master of the Fourth stared blankly at the model. It was an exact reproduction of himself, and for a moment he could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses.

"Good heavens!" he muttered dazedly. "What—what—Who is this person? How did he enter this school?"

Jack Blake and Herries sprang forward and grasped the motionless figure on the floor.

"Tain't alive!" roared Herries, making that startling discovery suddenly, and jumping back in surprise and horror.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Tain't alive! Great Scott! Wha-a-at is it?"

"It's a dummy!" shrieked Blake. "Oh, my only hat, it's all spoof! It's all right, sir!"

The juniors gasped. For some moments they could not realise it. Then, as the truth dawned upon them, a loud, tumultuous roar of laughter arose.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"You hortling chumps!" hooted the incensed inventor.

Mr. Latham's face was grim as he turned towards the amateur inventor of St. Jim's.

"Glyn, you—your extraordinary youth, can it be possible that you had the impudence to manufacture a model of me?" he cried. "Such a thing is unprecedented—"

"It's a ripping model, sir—at least, it was!" groaned Glyn.

"Don't you think it's absolutely lifelike, sir?"

"You stupid youth—"

"You would have thought so if you had seen it walk and heard it talk!" said Glyn ruefully.

"I shall instruct Tuggies to break it up!" snapped Mr. Latham. "Boys, cease your idiotic laughter this instant. Glyn, follow me!"

Glyn looked at his model sorrowfully, and then followed Mr. Latham to his study.

Mr. Latham was justly indignant, and the caning that he administered to the enterprising schoolboy inventor was a painful one—especially for Glyn.

Such was the reward of his inventive genius! Verily, the schoolboy inventor thought, genius were wasted at a school like St. Jim's, where not even the masters could appreciate his handiwork!

The other fellows saw the funny side of the affair, however, and St. Jim's laughed loud and long over the untimely end of Glyn's latest!

THE END.

(Another grand long story of the chums of St. Jim's next week, entitled: "TRIMBLE THE TRUTHFUL" by Martin Clifford. Order your copy EARLY.)

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