

"TOM MIX, Junior!" Sensational School and
Adventure Story—inside.

The GEM 2^d

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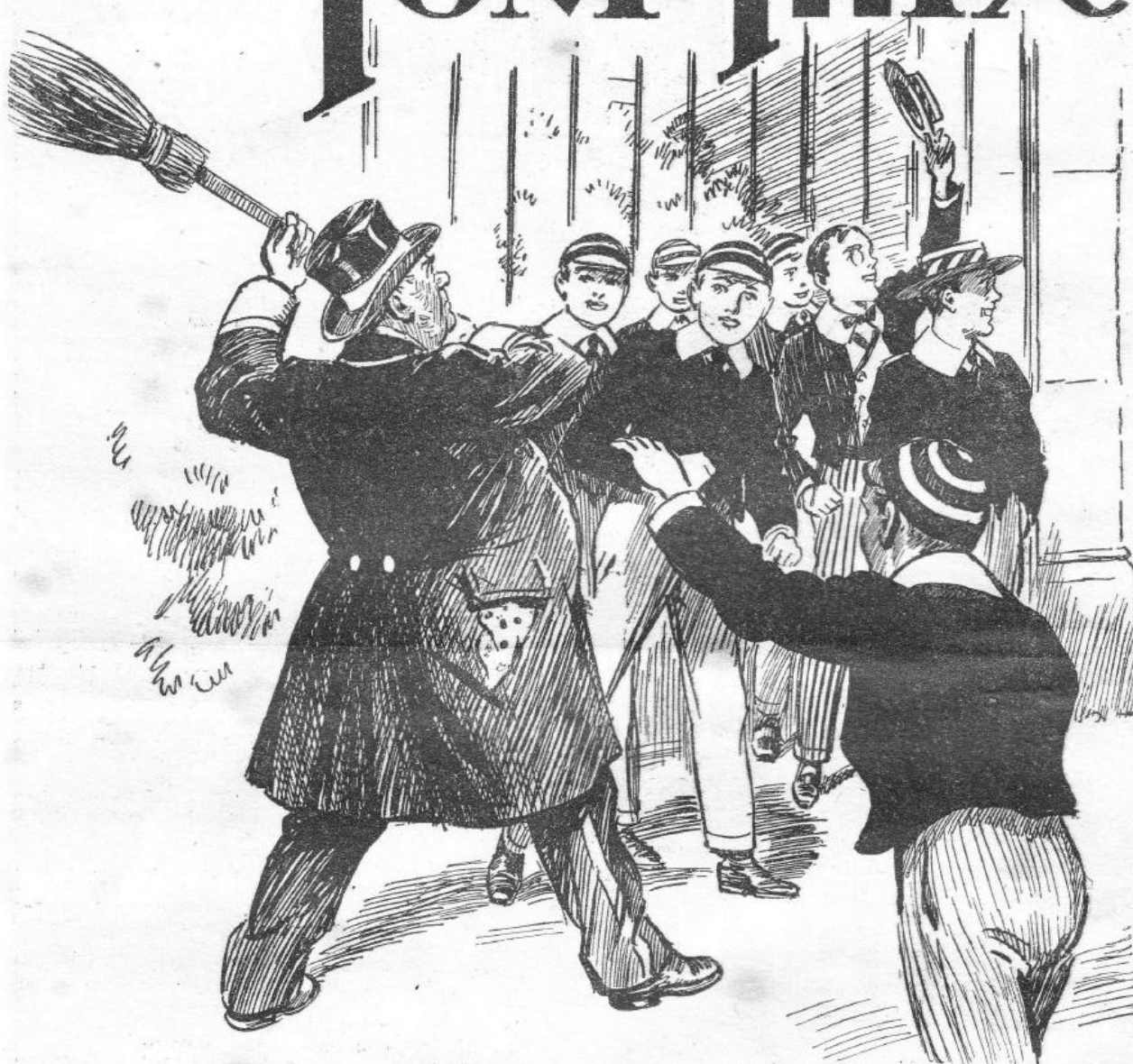


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A LIVELY STORY OF THE CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S—

TOM MIX



The circus! The sawdust ring and the big tent, with their glamour, thrills and fun, have always held an irresistible attraction for the chums of St. Jim's. And the latest one that comes their way is no exception, bringing as it does a new chum for Tom Merry & Co. and thrills that will hold you breathless!

CHAPTER 1.

Sanford's Celebrated Circus!

"My hat!"
"Crumbs! Look!"
"Gweat Scott!"

Four St. Jim's juniors had emerged from the little sports shop in Wayland High Street.

Jack Blake, the leader of the Fourth, had been buying a new cricket bat, accompanied by his three chums, Herries and Digby and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of St. Jim's. But as they came out on the pavement, they forgot their interest in the new bat in a moment, and stared wonderingly up the street.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his eyeglass and gasped:

"Bai Jove! Look, deah boys!"

But there was no need to tell Blake, Herries, and Digby to look. They were looking!

It was not often that anything of particular interest was to be seen in the sleepy, old-fashioned High Street. But

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this evening there was something that caused Blake & Co. to fairly gape.

For nothing less astonishing than a huge elephant had appeared at the far end of the High Street, and was tramping along towards them.

With its huge ears flapping slowly, the elephant came marching up the street. Seated on its back was a merry-looking clown, with a red nose and a chalky-white face, and a red-and-white costume ornamented with cats and moons and stars. There was a broad grin on the clown's face as he exchanged chaff with a group of cabmen by the station yard.

"Bai Jove! An elephant!" gasped Arthur Augustus wonderingly. "It's an elephant, deah boys!"

"Not really?" ejaculated Blake, with an exaggerated start. "I thought it was a rat."

"Weally, Blake—"

"But if you say it is an elephant, it must be, of course," added Jack Blake solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pwaw do not be wedie, Blake!" sniffed the swell of St. Jim's. "I meahly wemarked—"

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—PLUS THE THRILLS & ROMANCE OF THE "SAWDUST RING"!

JUNIOR!



BY
MARTIN
CLIFFORD

"Here comes another giddy elephant!" interrupted Digby.

A second elephant had come into view, with a couple more clowns on it, playing banjos. Then came a cheery-looking man in a pink coat and silk hat, riding a big black horse. He was followed by what was evidently a complete circus procession.

"Sanford's Circus!" exclaimed Herries. "Of course, that's what it is! Haven't you chaps seen the posters of it, stuck up all over the place? The circus is going to be on Wayland Common."

The two leading elephants strode majestically past the four grinning St. Jim's juniors, with the rest of the procession following them.

There were clowns galore, and a pretty lady equestrienne, and cages on wheels that contained lions and trained seals and monkeys. Then there was a band, and the noise from the band, mingled with the roaring of the lions and the chattering of the monkeys, had brought so many people hurrying from all directions that the pavements were lined with excited crowds.

"I vote we go and see the giddy show!" announced Jack Blake eagerly.

"Rather!" chimed in Herries and Digby.

"Bai Jove, yaas!"

"Look at this chap!" exclaimed Blake.

A slim, athletic-looking youngster dressed in tights and spangles was riding past them on a magnificent white horse.

He was a good-looking fellow of about Blake's own age, with a tanned, open face, from which two laughing blue eyes surveyed the crowd on either side of the street.

"That must be the kid that's called Tom Mix junior!" said Digby eagerly. "He's a chap who does all sorts of wonderful stunts on horseback! He's one of the star turns, according to the posters."

Blake & Co. watched the circus youngster ride by astride his splendid white horse with a good deal of admiration. There was something about the looks of Tom Mix junior that appealed to them immensely.

"Looks a decent chap," commented Herries.

"He wides wippingly, too," nodded Arthur Augustus. "Yaas, deah boys, we must certainly go and see the circus one day."

"You bet!"

The boy horseman passed on, and a number of gaily-painted caravans followed. The procession was nearly over now. Bringing up the rear was another elephant—the largest of the lot, with a clown standing on its back scattering handbills and shouting:

"Roll up, roll up, roll up! Don't miss Sanford's Celebrated Circus! Come and see Tom Mix junior, the boy marvel! Come and see Spinaldi, the greatest lion-tamer in the world! Come and see—"

"Yawwooop!"

There was a sudden dismayed yell from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The big elephant, tramping solemnly past the four St. Jim's juniors, had suddenly caught sight of Gussy's gleaming topper. Apparently there was something about it that appealed to the elephant, for its trunk came swishing round in the direction of the swell of St. Jim's, and the next moment Gussy's gorgeous tile had been whisked from his head.

"Bai Jove! You gweat bwute! Give me back my toppah!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Not only did Blake and Herries and Digby shriek; the whole crowd yelled with mirth, as the elephant brandished

Gussy's gleaming topper in triumph before it as it marched on up the street.

"Gweat Scott! The howwid animal has pinched my best toppah!" shrieked Arthur Augustus, and tore in hot pursuit.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Blake. "Go it, Gussy!"

The elephant ceased waving the topper to and fro with its trunk, and gravely placed it on its head. There was another shout of laughter from the crowd.

The sight of the great elephant marching up the street with the gleaming topper on its head, while the swell of St. Jim's pounded along frantically in pursuit, was one that amused the citizens of Wayland, even if it was not amusing for Arthur Augustus.

The clown snatched up the hat, and, with a broad grin on his painted face, he leaned down from the elephant's back and restored it to the breathless Arthur Augustus. But, in his excitement, the swell of St. Jim's let his precious headgear slip from his fingers. It rolled in the road, and the next moment one of the elephant's rear feet came down upon it.

Scrunch!

"Oh! Bai Jove—"

The elephant passed on, leaving the swell of St. Jim's staring down in utter horror at what had once been an expensive topper.

Dazedly Arthur Augustus picked up the remains, and surveyed them with feelings too deep for words.

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

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Herries. "Where did you get that tile, Gussy?"

Arthur Augustus glared at Herries speechlessly, and flung the wreckage of his topper into the gutter, and stalked away with crimson countenance. He vanished into a near-

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by hat shop, with a final glare at the helplessly laughing trio.

The swell of St. Jim's first encounter with Sanford's Celebrated Circus had not been a very enjoyable one for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy!

CHAPTER 2.

Clifton Dane's Great Feat!

"YOU chaps ready?"

It was the following evening. Jack Blake had put his head in at the door of Study No. 11 of the Shell passage, and asked that question.

Glyn, Noble and Dane, the three occupants of Study No. 11, jumped from their chairs readily.

"All ready, old hoss!" said Clifton Dane, the Canadian junior.

"All ready for the circus!" grinned Harry Noble.

And a few minutes later Blake and the three chums of Study No. 11 were crossing the quad towards the gates, with a little crowd of other School House juniors who had planned to visit Sanford's Circus that evening. The juniors wheeled their cycles from the shed and pedalled out into the road in a cheery party.

Tom Merry, the captain of the Shell, and his two chums, Monty Lowther and Harry Manners, were with them. So were Talbot of the Shell, and Levison and Clive and Cardew of the Fourth. It was a cheerful crowd. They were all armed with exeats, and the prospect of the circus had put even Arthur Augustus D'Arcy into a happy mood, despite the grudge he had against the circus—or, at any rate, against one of the circus elephants.

It did not take them long to reach the common, where the circus was pitched.

A huge tent, gay with flags, had been erected on the grass. Behind it could be seen clustered a group of caravans and cages, and some of the circus folk could be seen moving about busily. A group of clowns, already in full war-paint, were talking together by the entrance, where a stream of people was filing in past the pay-desk.

The St. Jim's party left their cycles in a safe place at the back of the big tent, and took their tickets and entered.

They were early enough to be able to bag ring-side seats. Under the glaring electric lights swung high above the dangling trapezes, the juniors settled down eagerly to wait for the commencement of the performance.

"I must say there's nothing to beat a circus, in my opinion," remarked Tom Merry, with satisfaction, as he took his seat between Monty Lowther and Clifton Dane.

"Wathah not, deah boy," agreed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy heartily. "It's wippin' fun—a weally jolly circus!"

"I'm told this kid, Tom Mix junior, is an amazing rider," put in Clifton Dane enthusiastically. "He does all sorts of stunts with that white horse of his."

Clifton Dane spoke rather enviously. The Canadian junior was a magnificent horseman himself, having learnt all there was to know of horsemanship on the other side of the Atlantic. At St. Jim's Dane did not get all the riding he liked by any means, though he frequently hired a horse and rode on Wayland Moor.

"Now we're off," murmured Blake, as half a dozen clowns rushed into the ring, turning somersaults as they came.

"Good!"

And the St. Jim's party settled down to enjoy the show to the full.

"That was fine!" chuckled Tom Merry.

"Ripping! Yes, rather!"

The daring act of Spinaldi, the lion-tamer, was just over. To the accompaniment of roars of applause and hand-clapping, the big cage, containing five lions and lionesses, had been drawn from the ring, and Spinaldi himself retired with a flashing smile on his olive-skinned face.

Tom glanced at the programme.

"Now for Tom Mix junior!" he exclaimed. "Good!"

Even as he spoke a slim figure on a big white horse came galloping into the ring.

There was a cheer from the audience, for the fame of the daring boy horseman was well known.

Round and round the ring the laughing-faced youngster

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urged his mount, riding bareback. With amazing agility he began to display his wonderful skill—standing on the back of the galloping horse, swinging himself off and leaping on again at full speed, standing on his hands as it careered round and round till a shout of applause, begun by the St. Jim's juniors, spread through the audience and echoed throughout the great tent.

Clifton Dane, in particular, watched the circus youngster's daredevil performance with shining eyes.

"Ripping!" breathed the Canadian junior. "Gee! That chap can ride!"

A trapeze was lowered, and the youngster in the ring sprang up and caught it. With a cheery grin on his face he turned a somersault in mid-air and dropped once more on to his horse's back as it came round again. He landed coolly on his feet on the back of the racing animal, and once more a yell of applause rang out.

There was no doubt that Tom Mix junior was living up to his name—and that he was the hit of the evening!

There seemed to be nothing that the circus youngster could not do on horseback. He jumped through hoops head first and feet first, always landing surely on the back of the white horse as it thundered round the ring. He stood on one hand on its back, and waved to the audience with the other. Again and again the audience caught their breath, feeling that he was bound to fall. But he always came up smiling.

"That chap's as much at home on a horse's back as old Gussy is in a hat shop," remarked Monty Lowther, with a chuckle.

"Bai Jove! Weally, Lowthah—"

There was a sudden startled exclamation from Tom Merry.

"Great Scott! Look!"

The circus youngster was standing on the back of his horse, after a daring "stunt" with the trapeze. He had dropped on to the horse's back safely enough. But as he stood there while the handsome animal raced round the ring he had passed a hand across his eyes in an almost dazed way.

That something was wrong was clear to the St. Jim's juniors.

Tom Mix junior's face had lost its careless grin. He looked stupefied, and seemed to sway where he stood. With a great effort he kept his balance on the back of the galloping horse. But his eyes were half-closed and heavy-looking. Again he passed a hand across them.

"He's ill!" breathed Manners.

"My hat—I believe he is!" muttered Tom Merry hoarsely.

Tom's face had gone white.

The youngster standing on the back of the madly-careering animal looked as though he might faint at any moment. And if he fainted then a terrible accident could scarcely be avoided.

The applause had died away utterly as the rest of the audience realised that something was wrong—badly wrong. A gasp of dismay could be heard throughout the great tent as the daring youngster was seen to sway again helplessly.

"He's off!" cried Levison, in breathless horror.

But before the circus youngster could fall a lithe figure leapt on to the ledge surrounding the ring.

It was Clifton Dane.

There was a grim purpose in the eyes of the Canadian junior. The white horse came thundering round towards him, and as it raced by, Clifton Dane sprang forward. There was a gasp from the onlookers. It looked like the act of a madman—but then the excited audience did not know what a wonderful horseman the St. Jim's junior was!

Clifton Dane had dragged off his shoes. He landed on his feet on the horse's back with expert ease—it was a trick he had learnt from cowboys on the Western prairies! The next moment he was holding the circus youngster safe.

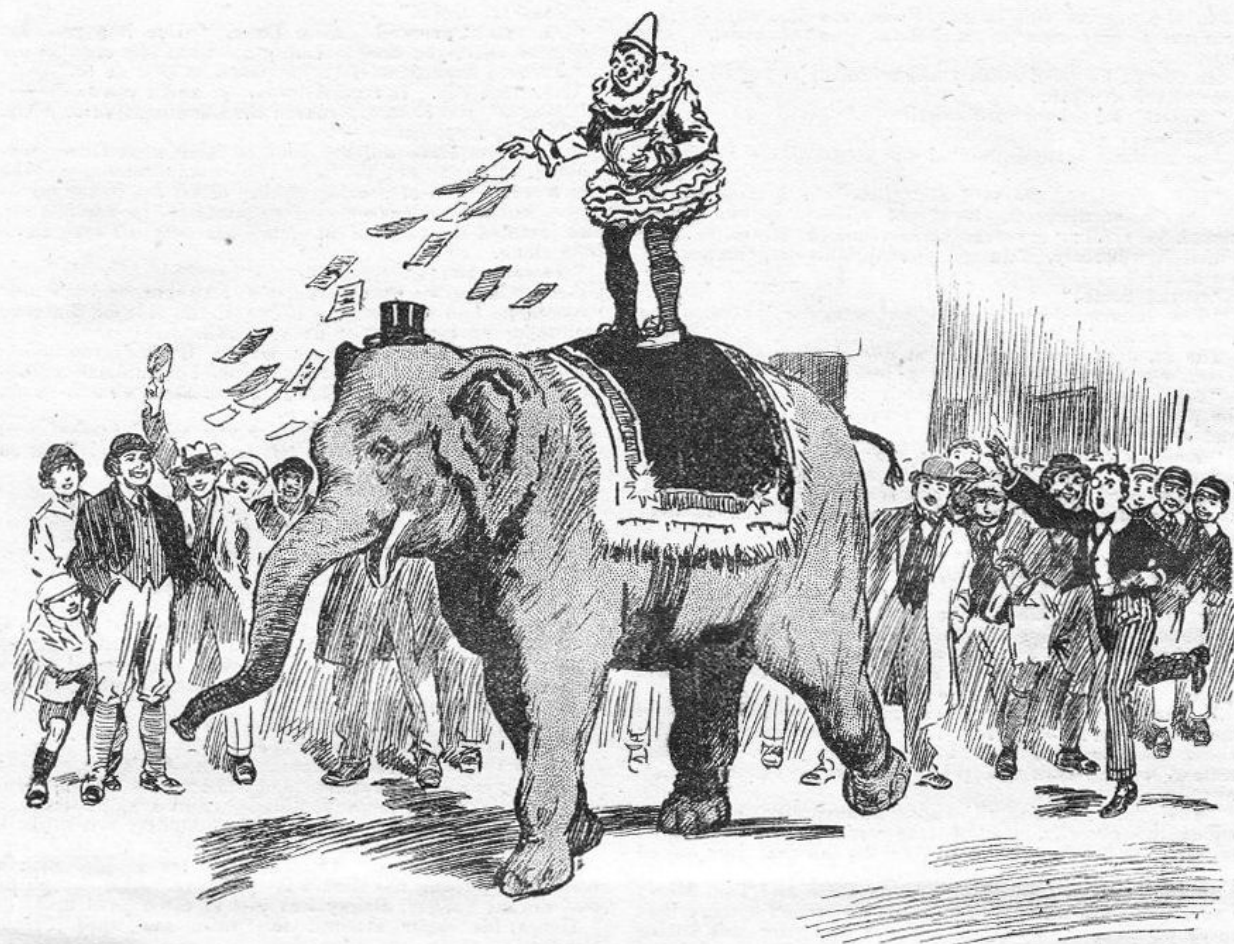
Round and round the ring the big horse galloped, with the two boys on its back. Steady as a rock Clifton Dane held the now limp figure of Tom Mix junior.

The circus youngster had fainted. In the nick of time, before he could fall, the Canadian junior had saved him from disaster. And the circus tent echoed to a thunderous cheer.

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in this issue! Add it to your
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Whisking Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's topper away, the circus elephant marched up the street with the gleaming tile on its head. The crowd yelled with mirth, while the swell of St. Jim's pounded frantically in pursuit. "You gweat bwute!" gasped Gussy. "Give me back my toppah!" (See Chapter 1.)

CHAPTER 3. Foul Play!

"GWEAT Scott!"
"Good old Dane!"

The colour returned to the scared faces of the St. Jim's party, and they joined in the roars of applause that filled the air, acclaiming the Canadian junior's daring feat, which without doubt had prevented a tragedy.

A figure in pink coat and top-hat came running into the ring. It was the man whom Blake & Co. had seen before, in the circus procession through Wayland—Sanford himself, the circus proprietor!

With a word to the horse as it flashed by, he caused the animal to slow down and come to a halt, quivering and sweating. In a moment Tom Merry and Blake and one or two others of the St. Jim's party had scrambled into the ring, and were helping the circus proprietor to lower the unconscious figure of Tom Mix junior from the animal's back.

Clifton Dane sprang lightly down on to the sawdust. The man in the pink coat gripped his hand.

"Thank Heaven you were there to do it—and dared do it!" he muttered huskily. "You saved the young 'un's life, my lad."

Clifton Dane coloured.

"It was nothing," he said awkwardly. "I—I happen to know a trick or two like that—been brought up with horses ever since I was a kid, you see—so, of course, I got on when I saw he was ill—"

"It was one of the bravest things I've seen," said the circus proprietor simply. "The kid's my own nephew, too. I can't ever thank you enough for this, my lad."

"Oh, rats!" grinned the Canadian junior, and turned to bend over the limp figure of the youngster he had saved from a terrible accident.

The St. Jim's juniors had laid Tom Mix junior on the ground. He was breathing heavily, with his eyes closed.

"Let me see him—I'm a doctor!"

A man had hurried up from the audience, and stooped over the circus youngster, making a swift examination.

"Is he bad, sir?" asked Tom Merry anxiously.

The doctor shook his head. There was a frown on his face.

"I don't think so. Queer! Looks to me as if he's been drugged."

"Drugged?" echoed the man in the pink coat fiercely.

"By James! You mean to say—"

"Get him out of here, anyway," interrupted the medical man. "Will you youngsters help carry him?" he added, turning to Tom Merry.

Tom nodded, and between them the St. Jim's juniors lifted the senseless youngster and followed the circus proprietor with their burden through the artistes' entrance and through the excited swarm of circus folk to one of the caravans.

"It's vewy queeah," muttered Arthur Augustus D'Arcy to Tom Merry, as the juniors stood in a group outside the caravan waiting to hear the doctor's final verdict. "The doctah said it looked as if the kid was drugged!"

"Yes, it is queer," nodded Tom, with a frown. "Hang it all, surely the chap couldn't have got hold of a drug by accident?"

"But no one would drug him deliberately!" ejaculated Clifton Dane.

"No, but—"

The circus proprietor joined them. He had just returned from the ring, where he had made an announcement to the audience, reassuring them about the condition of Tom Mix junior. By now the performance was continuing, and Tom Merry saw the three big elephants go lumbering into the tent for their turn.

"It's a queer business, this!" said the circus proprietor grimly. "Drugged, eh? He looked drugged, all right. And if you hadn't done what you did—"

He turned to Clifton Dane and patted him on the shoulder in a way that displayed his feelings to the full.

"I was jolly glad to be able to do it," said the Canadian junior. "But—"

"You saved his life!"

"Oh, that's rot! I only—"

"Wats, deah boy! I agree with this gentleman," broke in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It was jollay pluckay of you, deah boy, and I considah—"

"Oh, chuck it, Gussy!" growled Clifton Dane, going very red.

"My name's Sanford," said the man in the pink coat.

"I'm the boss of this outfit. From now on, any of you youngsters can come to my show free of charge—and welcome."

He turned his head quickly as the doctor appeared at the door of the caravan.

"Well?" he demanded anxiously. "Will he be all right?"

The medical man descended the steps with a frown on his face.

"He's all right," he said abruptly. "As I thought, the boy has been drugged. It is not serious, in one way—though in another it's very serious indeed, of course!" he added significantly. "In my opinion, this is a matter for the police."

"G'wheat Scott!"

"Yes, someone had drugged the youngster," nodded the doctor grimly. "Foul play!"

The St. Jim's juniors looked at one another with startled faces. On Sanford's face was a look of fury.

"No," he said slowly; "I don't think we need bother the police. You see, we couldn't very well prove it, could we? Who did it, I mean."

"Well, it's up to you," said the medical man, with a shrug. "You know best. But it's a queer business."

"We'd better get back to our seats," Tom Merry whispered to the others. "We'll leave 'em to talk it over alone."

But the St. Jim's juniors could not give much interest to the rest of the performance.

The astounding suspicions regarding the illness of the boy bareback rider filled their thoughts.

That some unknown person should have villainously tried to bring about a terrible accident to Tom Mix junior during his performance, by drugging him secretly before the show, filled their minds with horror.

It was not long before the circus was over, however, and the whole party went round to the caravans to inquire about the youngster who had been the victim of what seemed to have been foul play. Mr. Sanford greeted them warmly.

"The young 'un's all right now—pretty well!" he announced cheerily, his fat face wreathed in a smile of relief. "And he's wanting to see the lad that jumped on to the horse's back and saved him!"

In the caravan into which Clifton Dane and Tom Merry and Blake were ushered—there was no room for more than three of them at a time—the circus youngster was sitting up on a bunk, still looking rather pale. But he grinned cheerily enough at the St. Jim's fellows, and held out his hand.

"Thanks!" he said simply, as he grasped Clifton Dane's hand and wrung it. "I heard what you did—it was just great!"

His blue eyes gleamed with gratitude.

There was something very likeable about Tom Mix junior. He chatted brightly with the three members of the St. Jim's party, and warmly backed up his uncle's invitation that they should all visit the circus as often as they liked free of charge.

"If you were really drugged," said Dane grimly, "it seems to me the chap who did it ought to get it in the neck."

A shadow passed across the circus youngster's face.

"Yes," he said slowly. "But it would be difficult to prove, wouldn't it?"

"Haven't you any idea who did it, then?" asked Tom Merry.

Tom Mix junior shrugged his shoulders and smiled faintly, but did not answer.

The St. Jim's trio would very much have liked to know whom the circus youngster suspected; for that he did suspect someone they felt certain from his manner. But since the information was not volunteered, they did not like to ask. It was not their business.

The rest of the party from St. Jim's went in to see Tom Mix junior in their turn, and the youngster had so far recovered as to stand at the door of the caravan and wave to them cheerily as they at last mounted their cycles to ride back to the school.

"So-long!" sang out the circus youngster. "Don't forget to come and see the show again!"

"Rather not!" rejoined Tom Merry.

As the St. Jim's party cycled back over the moor, the mystery of the whole thing filled their thoughts. It was Arthur Augustus who remarked suddenly:

"Weally, I should like to know who was scoundwel enough to twy to bwing about an accident to that chap! I wathah think he and his uncle, the circus pwopwictor, have a pwetty good ideah—but haven't any pwroof."

"That seems to be about the size of it," nodded Blake.

"And if it hadn't been for Clifton," remarked Kangaroo cheerily, "the rotter, whoever he is, would have jolly well succeeded!"

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"Yaas, bai Jove!"

"Oh, rats!" grunted Clifton Dane. "Give it a rest, for goodness' sake, you asses! I only did what any chap in my place would have done if he happened to be able to."

"No, deah boy. It needed bwavewy, and I considah—"

"Ring off, you chump!" roared the Canadian junior hotly.

"Wats! I considah—"

But Clifton Dane did not want to hear what Gussy considered. He was not the fellow to seek applause, and he was already tired of hearing praises of his act in the circus tent. So, with an exasperated exclamation, he reached out and jammed the swell of St. Jim's hat over his eyes as he rode along.

"Yawaaaaagh!"

Arthur Augustus gave a yell, and a swerve, and the next moment he had charged the hedge at the side of the road and collapsed into it, with another yell.

"Bai Jove! You uttah idiot, Dane! Ow! If you hadn't done what you did at the circus, I should administah a feahful thwashin'!" panted Arthur Augustus as he scrambled up. "I considah—"

But already the Canadian junior was out of earshot, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was left to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

CHAPTER 4.

On the Trail of Tuck!

"I SAY, old chap—"

It was Baggy Trimble who spoke.

Baggy Trimble was the fattest junior at St. Jim's. He had rolled down the stairs in the School House with a hungry look on his fat face, and buttonholed Ralph Reckness Cardew of the Fourth, who was standing in the hall looking at the notice-board.

"I—I say, old chap! Lend me a bob!"

Baggy blinked at Cardew hopefully.

It was the day after the party of St. Jim's juniors had visited the circus at Wayland and come across the hint of a queer mystery. It was a Wednesday, and a half-holiday.

Baggy's ideal way of spending a half-holiday was to sit in Dame Taggles' little tuckshop under the elms, and scoff jam-tarts and cream-buns. Unfortunately for Baggy, such a method of passing the time was expensive. And though he was always hungry, Baggy was just as often hard up.

Hence his eager attempt to "raise the wind" from Cardew.

"A bob?" echoed Cardew thoughtfully, putting a hand into his pocket.

Baggy brightened. The way in which Cardew had put his hand into his pocket was distinctly encouraging.

"I—I meant two bob!" said Baggy hastily. "Or what about saying half-a-crown?"

"Certainly," said Cardew amiably.

Baggy jumped.

Cardew was a wealthy fellow; but Cardew, like most other members of the Fourth and Shell, was as a rule very curt with Baggy when the fat Fourth-Former tried his borrowing tricks. To lend money to Baggy was to say goodbye to it for ever, as everyone at St. Jim's knew.

So it was a surprise to Baggy to find Cardew so delightfully willing to oblige. Though he had managed to squeeze a small loan or two from Cardew in the past, it had always needed a good deal of hard work.

Baggy tapped Cardew on the chest with a podgy forefinger.

"I'll tell you what, old chap," he said, thinking it best to make hay while the sun shone, "why not make it five bob? That's a good round figure—"

"Like yours," drawled Cardew.

"Good!"

"Five bob," said Cardew.

"That's right!" beamed Baggy. And his mouth fairly watered at the thought of all the good things waiting in Mrs. Taggles' little shop. "Five bob!"

Cardew nodded amiably, and turned away. Baggy's jaw dropped.

He caught hold of Cardew's arm excitedly.

"I say, you're not going? Hang it, where's the tin?"

"What tin?" asked Cardew, in astonishment.

"Why, the five bob you said you'd lend me!" howled Baggy.

Cardew shook his head.

"I don't understand you, Baggy. I never said I'd lend you a cent! You suggested that we said five bob, so I said five bob. Anything to oblige. You said it, too. So that's that!"

And with a grin on his handsome face, the slacker of the Fourth strolled away, leaving Baggy Trimble staring after him fixedly and with a growing realisation that Ralph Reckness Cardew had been indulging in a little leg-pull.

"The beast!" gasped Baggy. "Oh, the beast!" He raised his voice to an infuriated squeak. "Yah! Beast!"

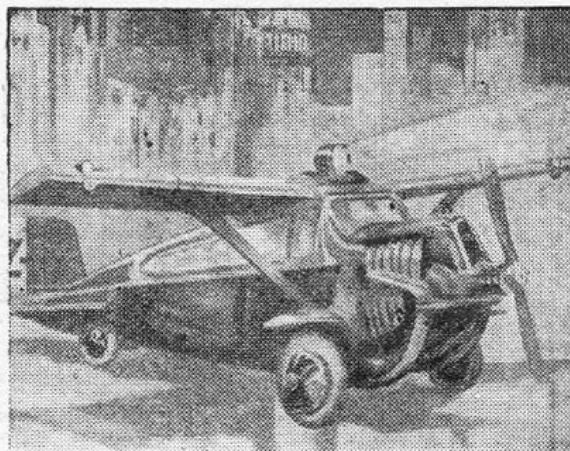
(Continued on page 8.)

JUST LOOK at the picture on the right! It's a black and white reproduction of NEXT WEDNESDAY'S SUPERB FULL-COLOURED PICTURE CARD of the "Aeroplane-Car of the Future."

Be sure you add it to your wonderful collection.



MARVELS of the FUTURE!



No 12.—The Aeroplane-Car.

WHEN that ingenious fellow thought out his scheme for building a small gadabout aeroplane that could be put to bed in a garage only slightly larger than one that houses the ordinary motor-car, he set other inventors on a chance along the lines of a car that could fly as well as speed along the roads.

The plane that can be housed in a garage has fold-up wings. So why not a motor-car that can spread wings when the driver wants it to and take to the air immediately and go up among the clouds? Naturally it will have to be provided with a propeller, but that won't be in the way when the car is on the road, for the prop will then pull the car over the ground by making a vacuum in front into which the car is continually and ceaselessly running—so long as the propeller continues to whirl.

Squat in shape it will be, this aerial motor-car, and low down on the ground—like an overfed dragonfly breasting the surface of a road. And again like the dragonfly it will take to the air on the instant, as required, and traffic blocks so far as motors of the future are concerned will be unknown. Though there is no knowing what congestions may occur in the air!

Naturally, the cars will differ a great deal in appearance from to-day's type, apart from the presence of folding wings, a propeller and a steering tail; streamlined, the car will end at the rear in a point, with the rudder-tail above, and a powerful headlight—more of a searchlight than a motor-car lamp—will be fixed on the roof between the wings.

Instead of ordinary refilling stations there will be airports in every part of the countryside, with special landing places in all the towns. In the completely enclosed body of the car the passengers and chauffeur-pilot will be able to sit back heedless of the weather,

with enclosed wireless apparatus for calling up assistance from the nearest garage-drome if a breakdown occurs or any other mechanical difficulty crops up.

(Next week's article in this vastly interesting series of Marvels of the Future will deal with "Television in War," a subject which is also included in our topping series of coloured Picture Cards.)

Front wheel drive will be universal, rear wheels serving mainly to support the car and the rear axle being used in connection with the breaking. The power will not be got from petrol but from oil, for by then we shall have progressed so far that magnetos and carburettors will not figure in our aeroplane-cars.

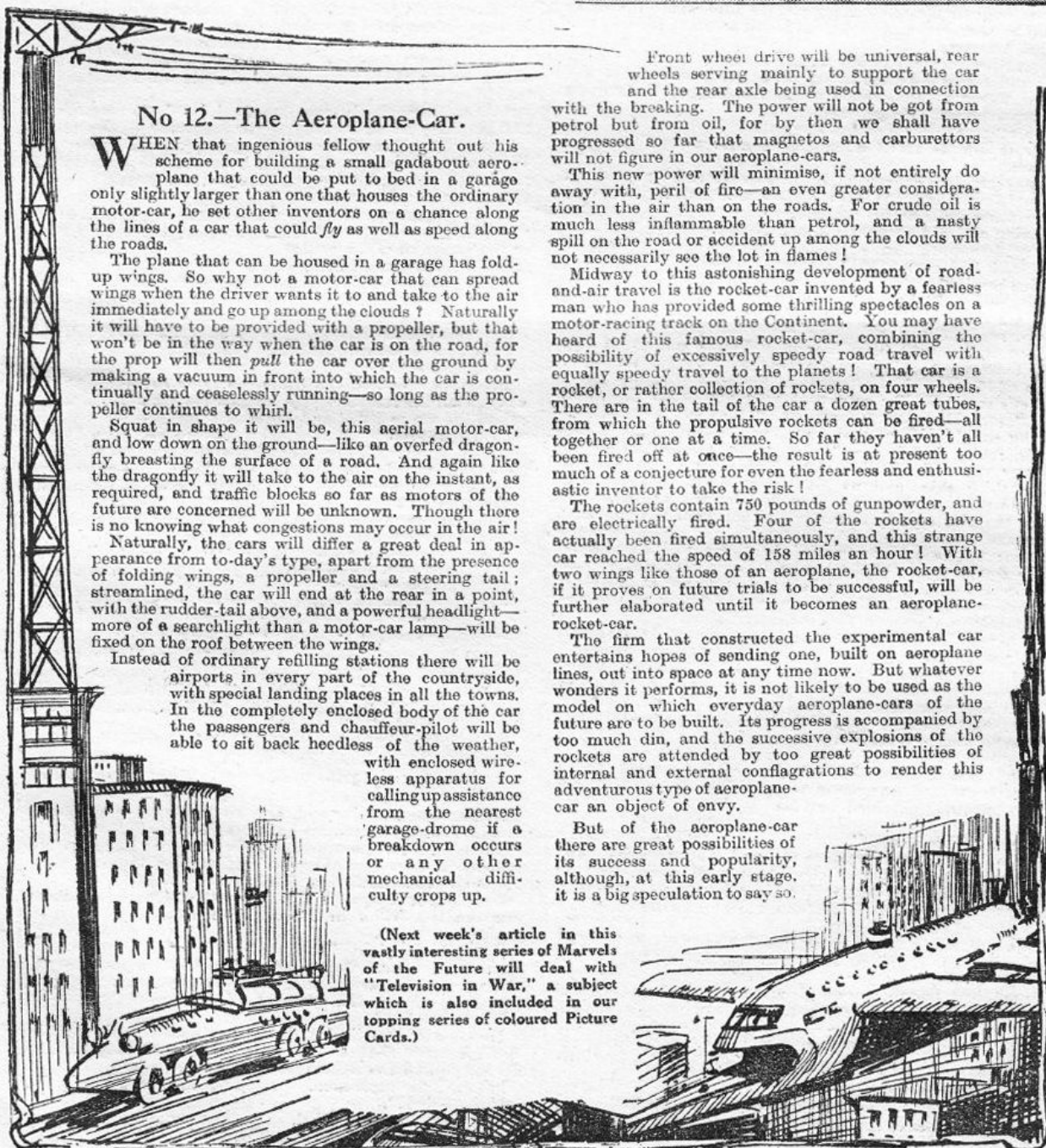
This new power will minimise, if not entirely do away with, peril of fire—an even greater consideration in the air than on the roads. For crude oil is much less inflammable than petrol, and a nasty spill on the road or accident up among the clouds will not necessarily see the lot in flames!

Midway to this astonishing development of road-and-air travel is the rocket-car invented by a fearless man who has provided some thrilling spectacles on a motor-racing track on the Continent. You may have heard of this famous rocket-car, combining the possibility of excessively speedy road travel with equally speedy travel to the planets! That car is a rocket, or rather collection of rockets, on four wheels. There are in the tail of the car a dozen great tubes, from which the propulsive rockets can be fired—all together or one at a time. So far they haven't all been fired off at once—the result is at present too much of a conjecture for even the fearless and enthusiastic inventor to take the risk!

The rockets contain 750 pounds of gunpowder, and are electrically fired. Four of the rockets have actually been fired simultaneously, and this strange car reached the speed of 158 miles an hour! With two wings like those of an aeroplane, the rocket-car, if it proves on future trials to be successful, will be further elaborated until it becomes an aeroplane-rocket-car.

The firm that constructed the experimental car entertains hopes of sending one, built on aeroplane lines, out into space at any time now. But whatever wonders it performs, it is not likely to be used as the model on which everyday aeroplane-cars of the future are to be built. Its progress is accompanied by too much din, and the successive explosions of the rockets are attended by too great possibilities of internal and external conflagrations to render this adventurous type of aeroplane-car an object of envy.

But of the aeroplane-car there are great possibilities of its success and popularity, although, at this early stage, it is a big speculation to say so.



TOM MIX Junior!

(Continued from page 6.)

And the fat Fourth-Former rolled disconsolately to the top of the steps leading down into the quad, in search of better game.

"Great pip!"

An excited exclamation broke from Baggy as he stared into the quad.

A party of School House juniors had emerged from the tuckshop. Tom Merry & Co. and Blake & Co., and Levison and Clifton Dane made up the party. But it was not they who caused Baggy's eyes to become suddenly riveted, but something that Tom Merry and Blake were carrying between them.

A huge hamper!

Baggy watched, fascinated, as that marvellous hamper was borne across the quad towards the gates.

It was quite evident that Tom Merry and his companions were off for a picnic that afternoon. For a moment Baggy almost hugged himself with joy. He told himself that he would be very green indeed if he failed to share the contents of that hamper.

In another moment Baggy Trimble was scuttling down the steps and across the quad in pursuit of the picnic party.

Tom Merry glanced round as he heard Baggy's hurrying footsteps behind. He groaned.

"Oh crumbs! Here comes Baggy!"

"Trust him to smell a hamper a mile away!" growled Levison.

Baggy grabbed eagerly at Blake's sleeve as he panted up, hot and breathless, but with what was meant to be a very ingratiating smile on his fat face.

"Going out, old chaps?" beamed Baggy.

"Yes!" snapped Blake.

"Good! I'll come, too!"

"You won't!"

"Oh, really, Blake—"

"Cleah off, Twimble!" sniffed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Oh, really, Gussy, old chap—"

"Hop it!" roared Tom Merry. "You're out for a free feed, I suppose? Well, you're not going to get it! See? Sheer off!"

"Let's see if we like your back view any better than your front," suggested Monty Lowther. "I expect we shall, as nothing could be worse than your front, old fat man."

"Oh, really, Lowther—"

Baggy was still scuttling along beside the group. Baggy had a thick skin, and no amount of plain speaking was likely to persuade him that he really was not wanted.

And the picnic party certainly did not want Trimble that afternoon.

Arthur Augustus had arranged the picnic, which was to be in the company of Ethel Cleveland, his pretty girl cousin, and Levison's sister Doris, who were at school at Spalding Hall, near Wayland. The juniors were looking forward to a very cheery afternoon with their girl chums.

But Baggy Trimble's presence was scarcely likely to add to their pleasure.

"Let me help carry the hamper," smirked Baggy Trimble.

"Wats!" snorted Arthur Augustus.

"Acts are wanted, not words," grinned Monty Lowther, and the next moment he and Levison had grasped Baggy and swung him into the air.

Bump!

Baggy gave a howl that echoed round the quad as his tight trousers met the ground very forcibly.

"And again!" chuckled Levison.

Bump!

"Yow! Whoooooops!"

Levison and Monty Lowther released him, grinning; and the picnic party tramped cheerily out of gates, leaving Baggy Trimble, sore and aching, in a heap on the ground. He scrambled up painfully and shook a fat fist after them.

"Rotters!" bawled Baggy.

Then a cunning gleam came into the eyes of the Falstaff of the Fourth. Where tuck was concerned, Baggy was nothing if not a trier.

Baggy had by no means given up hope of tasting the contents of that hamper even yet.

CHAPTER 5.

The Uninvited Guest!

"HEAH we are, deah gals!"

Arthur Augustus raised his hat gracefully, and the rest of the party lifted their caps, with cheery grins.

Ethel Cleveland and Doris Levison had been waiting by

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the gates of Spalding Hall, and they greeted the St. Jim's juniors with charming smiles.

"Oh, what a big hamper!" exclaimed Cousin Ethel, with a little laugh. "Do you really think we shall be able to eat as much as that, Arthur?"

"I twust so, Ethel, deah gal!" nodded Arthur Augustus, with a grin. "Mrs. Taggles has made up wathah a special collection for us in that hampah!"

"Well, Gussy will be able to polish off anything that's left," said Blake gravely. "You know what a whacking appetite he's got."

"Bai Jove! Weally, Blake! I uttably deny that—"

"Why, you haven't forgotten that eating competition you had with Baggy Trimble the other day, when you beat Baggy by a dozen tarts and a sardine?" demanded Blake, in apparent astonishment.

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus, crimson to the roots of his hair. "I—I uttably wepudiate any such suggestion!"

Ha, ha, ha!"

The other juniors chuckled. The sight of the swell of St. Jim's indignation in face of Blake's entirely imaginary accusation was a picture that struck them as being decidedly comic. Ethel and Doris joined in the laughter.

"Ethel, deah gal, suahly you don't believe I would indulge in anythin' so uttably vulgah as an eatin' match?" sniffed Arthur Augustus, with a glare at Blake.

"No, I can't imagine it!" laughed Ethel. "But come along, or we shall never get to the old ruins in time for tea!"

Arthur Augustus bestowed a final icy look upon Blake, and the party set off cheerily up the road towards the moor.

The ruins of an old castle standing among woods near Wayland was the spot that had been decided upon for the picnic. It was an ideal place, being within pleasant walking distance, and quite secluded.

It was a gorgeous afternoon, and the spirits of the juniors were high as they turned along the moorland road that led in the direction of the castle.

But a shock was awaiting them.

There was a sudden exclamation from Manners as the picnic party turned a bend in the road by a little copse. Previously hidden by the trees, but now visible, was a fat figure on a bicycle, pedalling towards them.

"Baggy!" breathed Manners.

"Oh, Gweat Scott!"

Baggy had sighted them, and he came pedalling up with a smirk on his red face. He jumped from his machine, and raised his cap to Ethel and Doris.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Ethel! 'Afternoon, Miss Doris!" smirked Baggy. "I say, lucky I found you chaps all right," he added blandly, turning to the juniors. "I missed you when you left the school, you know. Had to follow on a bike! But all's well that ends well!"

The juniors glared at him, but Baggy returned their glares serenely enough.

"Why, you—you fat—" began Herries wrathfully. Then he broke off with a gasp, as Tom Merry dug him in the ribs with an elbow. "Ow!"

"Chuck it, you ass!" muttered Tom. "Can't row in front of the girls."

"Sorry!" granted Herries. "I forgot!"

Ethel and Doris were surveying Baggy kindly enough. They never realised for a moment that Baggy was not supposed to be one of the party, and that his tale of having got left behind by mistake was a fabrication of the fat Fourth-Former's fertile mind.

"How lucky you found us!" said Doris Levison brightly.

"Wasn't it?" grinned Baggy. "I say, Gussy, old chap, I borrowed your old grid, by the way. I knew you wouldn't mind."

Arthur Augustus jumped, and his face went crimson as he saw that it was indeed his handsome bicycle that Baggy had "borrowed" for the occasion. The fact that Baggy politely referred to it as "an old grid" did nothing towards putting the swell of St. Jim's into a better temper.

But Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with his perfect manners, was the last fellow in the world to make any fuss in the presence of ladies.

"That's all wight, Twimble," stuttered Arthur Augustus in a faint voice. But there was a look in his eyes that showed that he would have liked to have seen Baggy devoured by lions at that moment.

Baggy chuckled.

He knew very well what the juniors were secretly thinking. But he knew that he was safe enough so long as Ethel Cleveland and Doris Levison were there.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Ripping day for a picnic, isn't it, Miss Ethel?"

"Lovely!" nodded Ethel.

"Come on, you chaps!" muttered Tom Merry. "We've got to lump it, I suppose." But his voice, though soft, was grim.

And the little party went on. The faces of the juniors were considerably less bright now. The prospect of having Baggy Trimble's fascinating company did not seem to appeal to them in the slightest.

Pushing the cycle, Baggy coolly fell in beside Ethel Cleveland and trotted along at her side, despite the glare that Arthur Augustus gave him.

"Hot work, pushing a bike, you know," murmured Baggy suddenly.

"Yes," agreed Cousin Ethel, "it must be!"

"Of course, I wouldn't mind," went on Baggy, "because I'm by nature an energetic sort of chap. But my heart's a bit weak, and the doctor says I oughtn't to overdo that sort of thing."

Ethel stopped, with an exclamation of genuine concern.

"Oh, I am sorry!" she said. "Do you think you ought to push that bicycle uphill like this?"

Manners relapsed into an indignant silence, and tramped on.

There was a triumphant grin on Baggy Trimble's face as he rolled along at Ethel's side.

There was no doubt that this time it looked as though Baggy had scored!

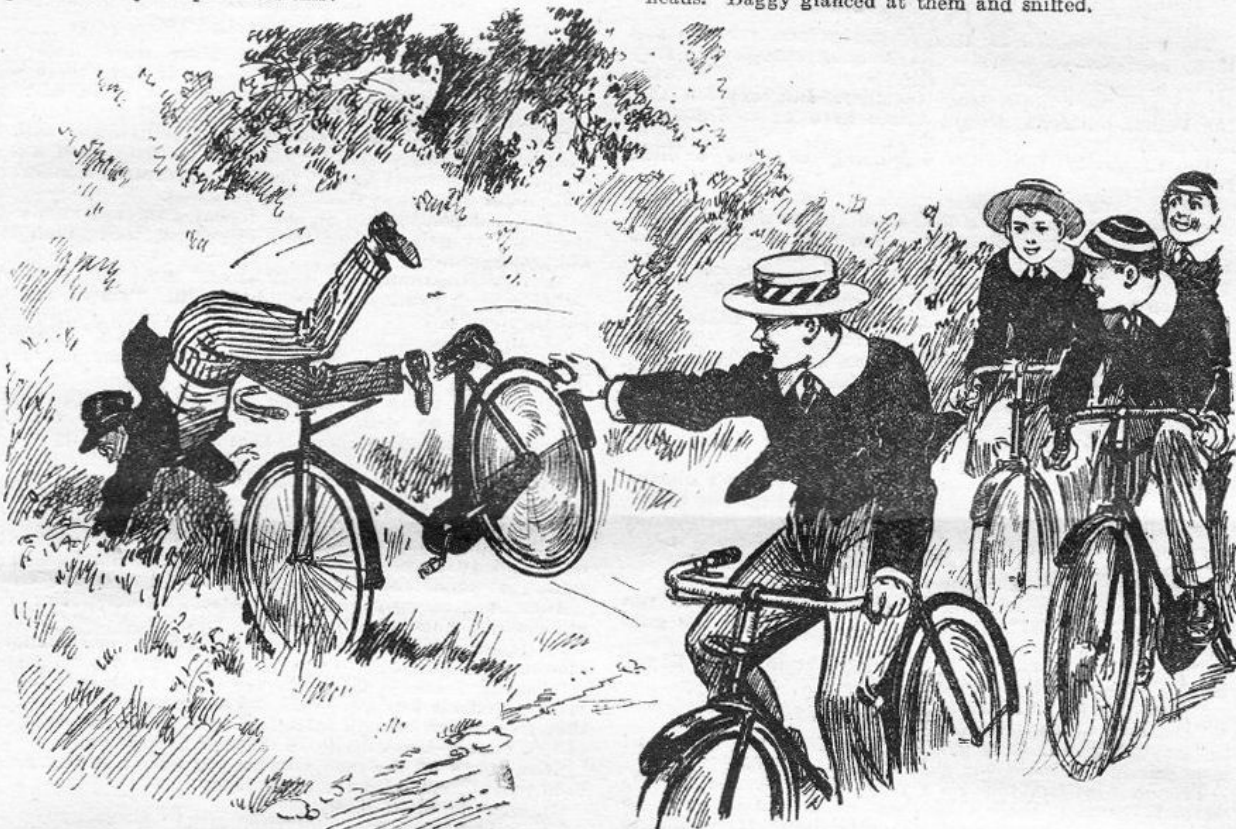
CHAPTER 6.

Overheard!

"WELL, here we are!" said Tom Merry cheerfully.

The juniors and their girl chums had tramped up the hill from the road to the castle ruins, standing almost hidden among tall trees.

Herries and Digby, with a gasp of relief, planted the hamper on the ground and mopped their perspiring foreheads. Baggy glanced at them and sniffed.



"Yawooooogh!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave a yell and a swerve as Clifton Dane reached out and jammed Gussy's hat over his eyes as he rode along. The next moment the swell of St. Jim's had charged the hedge at the side of the road, and collapsed into it with another yell. (See Chapter 3.)

"I suppose I oughtn't," sighed Baggy. "But I hardly like to suggest that any of the chaps pushed it for me, you know. I'm an unselfish sort of chap, and I should hate to be a bother to anyone."

There was a choking sound from Arthur Augustus. The faces of the rest of the juniors were a picture.

They all saw Baggy's little game. But it was impossible to say anything. And Ethel Cleveland, not knowing Baggy as they did, turned to her cousin, with a look of faint reproach.

"I really don't think you ought to let Trimble push this bicycle, in the circumstances, Arthur," she said gently. "Couldn't you—"

"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus stared at her with a very strange expression on his face. "I—I— Oh, yaas, wathah! Only too happy to oblige, deah gal!" he gasped.

"Thanks, old chap!" grinned Baggy.

And he passed the cycle to the swell of St. Jim's, who took it like a fellow in a dream.

The little party resumed its march. Baggy glanced back at Herries and Digby, who were taking their turn with the hamper. The hamper was heavy, and they had fallen back a little.

"Step up, there!" called out Baggy reprovingly. "No slacking, you know!"

Herries and Digby said nothing. But their faces were eloquent as they glared at Baggy speechlessly.

"The fat rotter!" gasped Manners under his breath. "Of all the—"

"Sssssh!" breathed Blake warningly. "Can't have a row in front of the girls!"

"You chaps look just about done in!" he remarked. "That's through not keeping fit, you know. You ought to model yourselves on me."

"M-m-m-my hat!" spluttered Digby. But he caught Doris Levison's glance, and relapsed into silence hastily, without telling Baggy what he thought of him.

"What shall we do now, deah ga's?" inquired Arthur Augustus. "Would you like to exploah the wuins?"

"We'd love to!" said Doris.

"Oh, rats, Gussy!" growled Baggy rudely. "What about grub?"

"Too early for grub," said Tom Merry curtly.

"Rats! I want my tea!" announced Baggy in truculent tones.

The other juniors looked at him with grim faces. Baggy, feeling safe in the presence of the girls, was not even bothering to be polite now.

"What about tea right away, Miss Ethel?" suggested Baggy. "I expect you're feeling a bit peckish like me."

"Pway don't wowwy Ethel, Twimble! I considah—"

"I would sooner have tea a little later," said Ethel quietly. "I should like to see the ruins first."

Baggy grunted with ill-concealed impatience, and Tom Merry took hold of his arm in a vice-like grip.

"Shut up, you fat rotter!" whispered Tom fiercely. "You know we don't want any trouble in front of the girls, but if you can't behave now you have forced your company on us—"

"Ow! Leggo my arm!" said Baggy, in an intentionally loud voice, that was meant to carry to the ears of Ethel and Doris. "What are you holding me for?"

Tom Merry went very red as Ethel and Doris glanced at him in surprise, and let go Baggy's arm. Baggy shot him a triumphant grin.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Baggy briskly. "I'm blowed if I want to explore any rotten ruins! So you all go off, and leave me here to look after the hamper."

The juniors looked at one another.

It would certainly never do to leave Baggy alone with the hamper! By the time they got back from looking over the ruins, its contents would probably be transferred to Baggy's capacious interior.

"I—I wathah think you had bettah come with us, Baggy!" said the swell of St. Jim's, in a grim tone.

"Rather!" agreed Blake.

"Rats! I'll stay here, I tell you!"

The juniors looked at Baggy, and at one another, and then they glanced at a trifle sheepishly at the girls. They could scarcely explain why they were reluctant to leave Baggy and the hamper alone together. But they felt that the Fourth-Former's designs would have to be frustrated somehow.

Ethel's pretty face was beginning to look a little impatient.

"Well," she said briskly, "let's get on! It's quite a good idea for Trimble to look after the hamper, I think. Someone might come along here and take it. You never know."

"Ahem! Yaas, deah gal! But—"

"Then let's get along and see the ruins!"

"Oh, wathah! But just a moment. You see—ahem!"

Then Clifton Dane had a brain-wave.

"It's all right," he put in. "You chaps go with Miss Ethel and Miss Doris. I'll stay and help Baggy look after the grub. I'd like a rest."

"Oh, good!" There was a look of intense relief on the face of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and the rest of the party. "Come on, deah gals! This way!"

And the rest of the juniors, grinning at Baggy's discomfited face, followed the swell of St. Jim's and the two Spalding Hall girls into the ruins of the old castle, leaving the fat Fourth-Former glaring at the Canadian junior.

"And now, you fat clam—" growled Clifton Dane.

Baggy backed away hastily.

"Hands off, you rotter!" he gasped hastily. "If you touch me, I'll yell!" He sniggered. "What'll the girls say then? They'll hear all right!"

Dane halted in the act of reaching out to grasp Baggy by the collar, and lowered his hands.

"You—you fat little worm!"

"He, he, he!"

"Anyway," said Dane grimly, "you don't loot the grub! And you just wait till you get back to the school!"

Trimble's fat face took on a very uneasy expression. He never bothered to think of the consequences of his acts; he had relied on the presence of the Spalding Hall girls to save him from the wrath of the indignant juniors, without troubling to think of what would happen afterwards when they were not there.

But he banished that unpleasant thought from his mind. The prospect of enjoying some, at any rate, of the contents of that hamper, filled his thoughts for the present.

"I—I say, what about us two having a snack while we wait for the others?" he suggested persuasively.

For answer, the Canadian junior seated himself on the hamper and made himself comfortable. It was quite clear even to Baggy that the hamper was not going to be opened till the others returned, with Clifton Dane seated upon it on guard!

"Br-r-r!" growled Baggy disconsolately.

He had no wish to remain with Clifton Dane. At the back of his mind, Baggy had a sneaking fear that the Canadian junior, exasperated as he was, might think it safe when the exploring party had vanished for some time into the ruins, to administer to Baggy the chastisement he deserved. So, with a last, longing look at the hamper that he had hoped to get a chance of raiding, and a last glare at Clifton Dane, the fat Fourth-Former rolled away by himself and vanished amid the ruins, there to await the return of the others.

Clifton Dane, left alone, began to whistle softly to himself.

But he soon found that the sun was too hot to be pleasant where he was sitting. So he lifted the hamper and carried it across into the cool shade of the trees at the edge of the clearing in which the ruins stood, and made himself comfortable with his back to the trunk of the big old oak.

The minutes passed, and still there was no sign of a return of the rest of the party.

Then suddenly the Canadian junior turned his head, listening.

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A voice came to his ears from somewhere among the closely-growing trees behind him.

Apparently two men were talking somewhere, not far away. That they were quite ignorant of his presence there was clear from the very first words he heard—words that brought a queer, startled look to the face of Clifton Dane.

"Yes, it was me that put the dope in young Tommy Mix's tea all right! And if that interfering young whelp from St. Jim's 'adn't done his stuff, he'd have broke his neck—as I wanted him to, curse him!"

There was bitter malevolence in the hoarse words.

"Great snakes!"

Clifton Dane rose silently to his feet. His face was tense and startled as he peered with beating heart into the gloom of the trees.

CHAPTER 7.

Eaggy Tucks In!

SCARCELY breathing, Clifton Dane stared into the green shadows. Beyond a screen of trees there was another clearing, and he could see now, half-hidden by foliage, the figures of two men.

One was a tall, sallow-complexioned individual, with a livid scar running across his cheek. His companion was a smaller man of burly build. That both men were scoundrels, their faces, as well as their talk, revealed.

"Yes, I doped him all right," repeated the tall man with the scar savagely. "And they suspect it, too! Both the kid and Sanford, I fancy."

"Pretty dangerous, isn't it, Glasson?" muttered the other.

"They can't prove it!" sneered Glasson. "They'd like to, but they can't!"

"Sanford can sack you, anyhow, if he likes," growled the burly man. "You don't want to lose your job, even to—"

"If he was going to sack me because he thought I had somethin' to do with that business, he'd 'ave done it already," grinned the other. "That shows he's pretty uncertain of it."

"Maybe he's just waitin', keeping you on, hopin' to get further proof," suggested the other warningly. "You look out, Glasson!"

"Oh, I'm looking out all right, never fear!" chuckled the man named Glasson. His voice hardened. "But I mean to settle that young cub, Tommy Mix, before I've done!"

There was an ugly gleam in his eyes as he spoke. The other man grunted.

"You seem mighty down on the youngster!" he exclaimed, almost impatiently.

"I'll say I am!" Glasson's voice was harsh and full of venom, and his fists clenched. "You know as well as I do that I've reason enough to be! I used to be the star turn of that circus—I used to do all the stuff he does now—"

"Got taken off the turn because you wasn't fit any more, didn't you?" chuckled the burly man.

Glasson glared at him.

"I could have done it all right still!" he snapped. "I know I made a few slips—Sanford got it into his head I was cracking up, through drink. I know I've lived pretty wild. Anyway, Sanford took me off, and gave my job to that kid, and I'm going to get my own back on young Tommy Mix! You see if I don't, Fred!"

"Well, if you can put him out, maybe Sanford'll have to give you the job back—instead of keeping you on as a nobody!" suggested the other.

"That's what I hope," nodded Glasson. "Anyway, I'm out to try for both reasons."

"You're really goin' to risk another shot to out the kid?"

"You bet I am! I've not thought out how to do it yet. I daren't risk drugging the cub again. But I'll hit on some way!"

And with a chuckle, the man with the scarred face turned abruptly, and strolled off with his companion in the other direction. As he watched their backs vanish among the trees, Clifton Dane drew a long breath.

His face was set in grim lines. His eyes gleamed.

"Great snakes!" breathed the Canadian junior hoarsely. "The scoundrel! So it was true enough the youngster was drugged—and the villain's going to try some evil scheme again!"

For a moment or two he stood uncertain. Then a grim smile of satisfaction came on his face.

"Well, I fancy he won't get much chance to try any other little game! Lucky I heard his name! I rather fancy, Mr. Glasson, that your number's up."

And with a grim chuckle the Canadian junior turned and hurried into the ruins.

It did not take him long to find Tom Merry and the other juniors, and Doris and Ethel. Dane drew Tom swiftly aside, and in a low voice told what had happened. Tom Merry's face went startled.

"Good heavens!"

"I must go along to the circus ground at once," muttered Dane. "No need to worry the girls with this, though. Tell 'em someone came here, and I've got to buzz off—it'll be true enough!"

"Right you are!"

The Canadian junior turned and hurried away, leaving Tom to rejoin the others.

As Dane had said, it would be better not to tell Ethel and Doris of the occurrence. It could only trouble them unnecessarily.

"Well, what about going and having tea now?" suggested Tom cheerily. "I fancy we've explored the ruins pretty thoroughly."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Good!" grinned Monty Lowther. "I'm feeling pretty peckish now!"

With Tom Merry leading the way, they turned and made their way out under the old ruined archway. As they emerged into the open space beyond, Tom gave a sudden exclamation.

"Oh, my hat!"

At the edge of the trees could be seen the hamper—and seated on the grass beside it was a fat figure.

In the excitement of Dane's news, Tom had quite forgotten that the precious hamper had been left unguarded!

And Baggy Trimble, seeing Clifton Dane vanish from his post, had not wasted a moment in falling to!

Already the grass was littered with empty paper bags.

The fat Fourth-Former was stuffing the good things into himself at a truly frightening speed. Tarts and buns and slices of cake, biscuits and meringues, and bottles of ginger-beer were vanishing at lightning rate.

Baggy was in luck at last! He was, in fact, in clover.

There was a fat, contented smile upon his face. He had no idea that Tom Merry's grim eyes were watching him from the distant archway. He had no mind for anything but the business on hand. For that was the business that Baggy liked better than anything in the world! His breath was

coming in short gasps, but that did not worry him so long as he was gorging.

Tom turned hastily to Blake, who was coming up beside him. Blake gave a gasp, as he, too, caught sight of Baggy.

"Keep the girls here a moment or two longer," muttered Tom, in grim tones. "I'll settle the fat pirate!"

"Right!" grinned Blake, and turned to hurry back to intercept the others.

Baggy, stuffing a large jam tart into his mouth, was suddenly aware that the stalwart figure of the captain of the Shell was coming across the grass towards him. He gave a gasp and a choke, and tried to scramble up. But he was too late.

The next moment Tom Merry had him by the collar.

"Yow! Leggo! Help! I—I was only having a snack, you beast! I— Yarooooop! Oh! Yerrrrrow!"

Tom Merry was not wasting time on words. He got busy with his boot right away, and Baggy howled in anguish as it connected with the seat of his trousers.

"Whooooo! Oh! Yah! Yarooooop!"

With a firm grasp on Baggy's collar, Tom Merry kicked energetically as he propelled the fat figure of the Fourth across the clearing towards the top of the path. With a final boot he sent Baggy hurtling down the path at a breathless speed, and a final howl announced the fact that Baggy had gone sprawling face-down into the brambles beside the path.

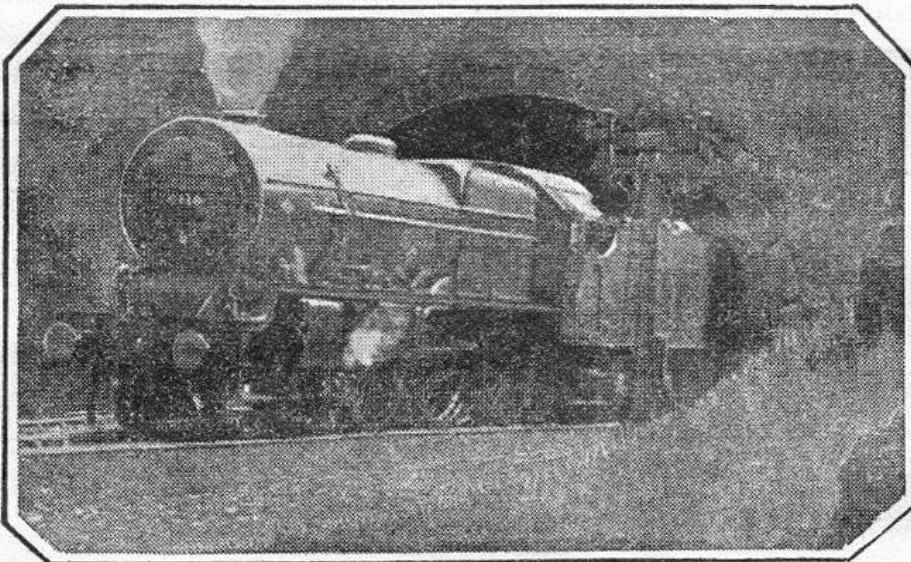
Baggy scrambled out miserably. His face was green from the effects of the violent exercise on top of his tremendous gorging. He turned a sickly glare upon the captain of the Shell.

"Yah! Beast! Bully!"

Tom Merry made a movement towards him, and Baggy did not wait any longer! He turned and scuttled off down the path for all he was worth, and with a chuckle Tom turned and retraced his steps towards the ruins.

"Tea's ready!" he sang out.

(Continued on next page.)



Express engines of the "Royal Scot" class, on the L.M.S. Railway, are named after famous regiments of the British Army. The history of Locomotive No. 6110 is the subject of this week's article.

Regimental "ROYAL SCOTS!"

Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these.
But of all the world's brave heroes,
There's none that can compare
With a tow-row-row-row-row-row,
To the British Grenadiers.

And that is why Locomotive 6110 of the "Royal Scot" class is named after this famous regiment. For few engines can compare with "Grenadier Guardsman" as she thunders up hill and down dale, drawing her 400 tons of coaches and passengers the 401½ miles between London and Glasgow in less than eight hours.

The Grenadier Guardsman Regiment was originally raised in 1656 by Lord Wentworth, and one of the early colonels

of the first regiment was John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough.

It was in 1677 that grenades were first introduced, and one writer who was present at a review in 1678, describes the appearance of the Grenadier as "that new kind of soldier . . . wearing furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which gave them a fierce expression, while some wore long hoods hanging down behind as fools are pictured. Their clothing was piebald, yellow and red."

But despite this none too kindly criticism, they quickly made an imperishable name for themselves at Namur, Blenheim, Ramillies and Oudenarde. At the Siege of Lille it was a grenadier who cut the chains of the drawbridge. At Malplaquet it was the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards that led the attacks on the parapets.

They held at Waterloo the orchard and the wood of Hougomont, before the memorable command was given by Wellington, "Up, guards, and at 'em!" It was as a result of the ensuing charge that the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards earned by royal order the title of "Grenadiers."

They acquitted themselves with distinction at Balaklava. Their record during the Great War was magnificent.

Their glory cannot fade; it must go on from strength to strength. Just as the famous regiment is famed for its deeds in the martial world, so the might of the locomotive, "Grenadier Guardsman," will be remembered in railway history long after she is gone; long after she speeds on her final journey along the permanent way between London and the North.

THE END.

"Oh, splendid!" exclaimed Doris Levison, as she emerged from the archway. "I say, we thought we heard someone calling out just now—"

"A cuckoo, perhaps," said Tom Merry blandly.

"A fat cuckoo, anyway," breathed Blake, with a chuckle.

"Why, where are Dane and Trimble?" asked Doris Levison.

"Ahem! Someone turned up here, and Dane had to go," explained Tom, with a cough. "It was rather important."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" Ethel looked at Tom rather curiously. "And Trimble?"

"Oh, he's gone, too! Simply wouldn't stay!" said Tom cheerfully. "He's—er—had his tea, and gone!"

"Why, what a funny boy!" exclaimed Ethel.

"Ye-es!"

It was with some anxiety that the juniors investigated the hamper. But they found that although Baggy had demolished an astounding quantity of grub, there was still more than enough to go round, thanks to the generous catering of the swell of St. Jim's. And it was a merry party that fell to upon the good things provided.

But several curious looks were cast in Tom Merry's direction by the other juniors.

They guessed that there was something behind the odd disappearance of Clifton Dane—something which Tom was keeping from the girls, and would, therefore, only be able to tell them about later.

And now and then a thoughtful frown came into the face of Tom Merry himself.

Despite his efforts to banish all thoughts of the villainy that the Canadian junior had overheard from his mind, and to be bright and cheery with the rest of the party, Tom could not help but wonder now and then whether Clifton Dane's discovery would enable Tom Mix junior to save himself from his enemy!

CHAPTER 8.

Showing Up a Rogue!

THE circus ground on Wayland Common made a bright and busy scene as Clifton Dane strode towards the caravans.

Men who later in the evening would be causing shrieks of laughter in the big tent by their antics in the guise of clowns, were chatting in their shirt-sleeves and looking much like ordinary human beings! Circus hands were busy on various jobs, watched by groups of small boys who had come out from Wayland to stare with ungrudging admiration at the heroes of the ring, if they could be found. Spinaldi, the olive-skinned lion-tamer, was sitting on a chair by his caravan with a pipe in his mouth, reading a newspaper; but without his gorgeous uniform he went unrecognised, and the small boys had no interest in him whatever.

But Clifton Dane recognised the lion-tamer, and went up to him.

"Can you tell me where I can find Tom Mix junior?" he inquired.

Mr. Spinaldi glanced at him and grinned. He recognised the Canadian youngster as the St. Jim's boy who had saved the young bareback rider from disaster on the previous night.

"Sure," he nodded. "There he is, over there!"

He pointed, and Clifton Dane saw the lithe figure of the circus youngster beyond the caravans, rubbing down the big white horse on which he performed.

"Thanks!"

Dane made his way across to Tom Mix junior, who glanced up at his approach and gave an exclamation of pleasure, holding out his hand, with the other resting on the neck of the horse.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed eagerly. "Jolly glad to see you—"

Then something in the St. Jim's fellow's face caused him to break off and stare at Dane curiously.

"Nothing wrong, is there?"

Without waste of time Clifton Dane plunged into an account of the conversation he had overheard by the ruins of the old castle.

When he had finished, Tom Mix junior stood slowly stroking the neck of his magnificent horse, with a slight frown on his handsome face. His eyes were on the ground. When he glanced up, his face was set in grim lines.

"Thanks," he muttered. "So it was Glasson, was it? I thought it was. My uncle, Mr. Sanford, suspected Glasson, too."

He smiled in rather a twisted way.

"As you heard, Glasson used to be the bareback rider of this circus," he went on. "He was a bad egg, though, and got sacked. But instead of going altogether, he begged my uncle to keep him on in any job; so he's stayed on, doing other work. But now we know definitely—"

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"He'll go, eh?"

"You've said it! He'll go out on his neck! I dare say we could put the police on to him, except that it's only your word against his, and we don't want a scandal in connection with the circus. Would you mind coming along and telling my uncle what you heard?"

The St. Jim's junior followed the circus youngster across to one of the caravans. Mr. Sanford, looking very cheery and jolly in his ordinary clothes, though not so romantic as in his topper and pink coat, was clearly delighted at seeing the Canadian youngster. He came out of his caravan and grasped him by the hand.

"Come to see us?" he cried. "Splendid! Always glad—"

"He's come round to tell us something he's found out—about Glasson," said Tom Mix junior quietly.

"By James!"

Mr. Sanford stared at Dane in astonishment. Then he motioned him into the caravan. When the three were inside, he closed the door and turned to the St. Jim's youngster with an eager gleam in his eyes.

Again Clifton Dane told his story. When he had finished, the circus proprietor's eyes were blazing.

"The hound!" he breathed. "We thought it was Glasson, but we couldn't be sure. He—"

He broke off suddenly. There had come a tap on the door of the caravan. He opened it, and drew a quick, hissing breath between his teeth at sight of the figure standing on the short flight of steps outside.

"Great Scott!" muttered Clifton Dane.

It was none other than Glasson himself.

The man seemed about to speak. He had evidently come to ask the circus proprietor about some matter in connection with his work on his return to the encampment. But at sight of his employer's face, and the look on the face of Tom Mix junior, he broke off short.

A queer gleam leapt into his eyes.

"What's up, boss?" he demanded blusteringly. "Nothing wrong, is there?"

When Sanford spoke his voice was quivering.

"There is," he said. "Something's wrong, Glasson. And you know what it is, you hound!"

Glasson's sallow features paled. Instinct told him that the secret of his villainy was known, though how it had been discovered was a bewildering mystery to him.

"I—I don't know what you mean!" he hissed.

"You liar!" roared Sanford. And the next moment the knotted fist of the circus proprietor had shot out.

There was the sound of a heavy blow as Sanford's fist landed on Glasson's chin with terrific force. Glasson toppled backwards and crashed on to the grass. He lay there, glaring up into Sanford's face.

"Get out of here!" thundered Sanford. "Get out, before I start on you, you skunk! I know all about you!"

Glasson rose slowly to his feet. He gave a venomous glare to both Sanford and the young bareback rider. His lips twisted into a snarl.

"Get out!" roared Sanford again, his great fists clenched.

Without a word Glasson turned and slunk away. Sanford shook a fist after him.

"And you can take that pal of yours, Fred, with you!" he shouted. "He'll get hurt if I see him round here again!"

A number of circus folk had hurried up in amazement. They stared after the retreating figure of Glasson wonderingly, and at the red, furious face of Sanford. But the circus proprietor slammed the door of the caravan and turned to Clifton Dane.

"You're like a blessed mascot to us!" he chuckled.

"First you saved young Tommy's bacon, and now you find out the truth about that evil business! It's no good my trying to thank you, because words just aren't good enough—"

"Rather not!" chimed in the circus boy eagerly. He grinned and thumped the St. Jim's fellow on the back.

"You're the sort of sportsman I like to meet!"

Dane flushed and laughed.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Will you come along to St. Jim's to-morrow and have tea with me and my pals in our study?"

"Rather!" Tommy Mix's face lit up delightedly.

"Good! By the way, what's your real name?"

"Tommy Mix!" grinned the circus youngster. "It's a rum coincidence, isn't it? But that really is my name, honest."

"Then we'll see you at St. Jim's to-morrow, Tom? I'll look out for you by the gates at about tea-time."

"Fine!" The circus youngster chuckled. "I've always wanted to see inside a big school like St. Jim's. It'll be just great!"

And there was still a delighted grin on Tommy Mix's face as he watched the stalwart figure of the St. Jim's fellow

stride away towards the road. Between the circus youngster and the Canadian junior a real friendship had begun that was to have a strange outcome.

CHAPTER 9.

A Shock for Taggles!

"ABOUT time he turned up!" Tom Merry made that remark, glancing at his watch.

The captain of the Shell was standing at the side of Clifton Dane by the gates of St. Jim's. It was the following day, and the Canadian junior was waiting for his expected guest.

There had been keen interest in the School House to know that Tommy Mix, of the circus, had promised to visit Dane and have tea in his study. Invitations to the party had been eagerly sought. Tom Merry & Co., Talbot and Levison and Clive and Cardew had been invited, but the others had had to be refused, since Study No. 11 in the Shell passage was of very limited size, like the rest of the studies. Even as it was, Clifton Dane, Kangaroo and Glyn were wondering how the numerous guests were to be squeezed into their study that afternoon.

"Here he comes!"

It was Blake who gave the sudden ejaculation, in a wondering voice.

"Gweat Scott! Look, deah boys!"

The little party of juniors stared down the road in astonishment.

A lithe figure on a big white horse had come into view, at full gallop.

Tom Mix junior had arrived—and on horseback!

The faces of the juniors lit up with delighted grins. It had never occurred to them that the circus youngster would arrive in that dashing fashion at St. Jim's.

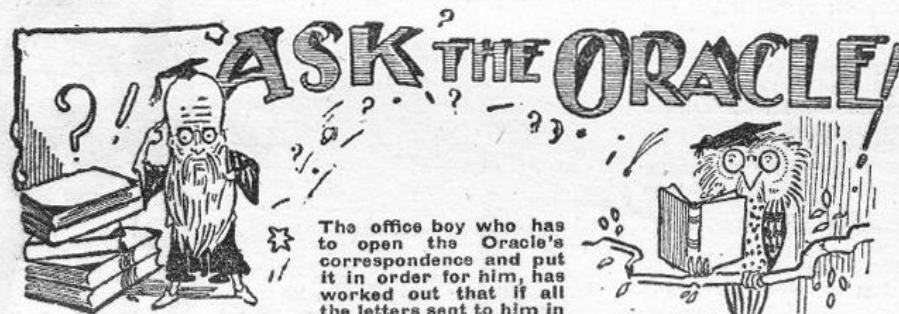
"My heye!"

Ephraim Taggles, the school porter, had come out of his little lodge, armed with a broom, to sweep away some fallen leaves. He was just in time to see the figure on horseback thundering towards the school gates.

Old Taggles' face went red with wrath.

The juniors had fallen back on either side of the gateway to admit the youngster on the big horse. But Taggles had other ideas. He rolled into the middle of the gateway and brandished his broom.

(Continued on the next page.)



The office boy who has to open the Oracle's correspondence and put it in order for him, has worked out that if all the letters sent to him in the course of a year were piled up in Trafalgar Square next to the Nelson Monument, they would make a jolly fine bonfire!

Q. What famous ship is off to the Antarctic this summer?

A. The Discovery. Sir Douglas Mawson, the famous explorer, will be in command of an expedition in her to make scientific investigation in the resources of the South Polar regions. Also, he hopes to learn much that will help Australia to develop whaling and fisheries in that little-known part of the world. The expedition will rely a good deal on seal and penguin meat for grub, and, as this is likely to pall on the palate, a jolly good supply of pickles is being taken to help it out.



The ship "Discovery" lying in dock. Soon she will turn her bows in the direction of the South Pole again.

Q. "What is 'coopetty-coop'?"

"Coopetty-coop" is the dibs, dough, spondulicks, cash, brass, filthy lucre, tin, funds, well-lined purse, pelf, or just money. The story goes that once an irate sea captain put a mischievous apprentice into a hen-coop and made him feed from a trough and call out "Coopetty-coop!" as he did so. In consequence, the youngster's dotting dad sued the sea captain in a court of law and got damages, which were paid over in coin. When the father picked up the money he chirped: "Coopetty-coop! What about it?"

Q. Why does the white feather symbolise cowardice?

A. In the first place, Kenneth Dawes, of Liverpool, the term was used in connection with the old-time devotees of cock-fighting. The best-bred bantams never had a white feather, and such a feather was known as a sure sign of a bird that was not pure-bred and lacked the real fighting spirit. Also, a certain king of France, Henry of Navarre, wore a white feather at the back of his helmet and three black ones in the front of it. It was his boast that he would never turn tail and so "show the enemy the white feather."

Q. Where are cats officially employed by the municipal authorities?

A. At Havre, in France, to keep down the rats and mice in the various municipal buildings, stores, and the docks.

Q. What is Romany?

A. This word, "Willing to Learn," can be used to mean a gipsy or used as an adjective when you say, for instance, that a man comes from Romany stock. It is also the name for the real gipsy language.

Q. What contains more starch than potatoes?

A. The query has been sent in by "Skinny" Skinner, late of Borsal, who complains—unjustly, I should think—of a lack of fattening starch in the general diet at that reformatory institution, where he was learning a



"Of Romany stock" is a term applied to a gipsy.

trade during the past three years. The only things, my luckless chum, that I know contain more starch than potatoes are collars and cuffs. Or, if you find these not easy to digest, why not try six meals a day of clotted cream, shrimp paste, jam puffs, treacle pudding, breast of pork, strawberry jam, and potted goose livers?

Q. What was the "Santa Maria"?

A. A famous old ship in which Columbus sailed to America. It was from the deck of the Santa Maria (or Saint Mary) that the New World was first seen by the men of the Old World.

Q. What is a sabot?

A. I expect, Arthur J., of Crewe, that when you answered this question in school with the reply that it was a sword with a curved blade, you were thinking of the sabre which once was used by the cavalry. A sabot—pronounced sa-bo—is a shoe hollowed out from a block of wood, and still worn by some of the poorer classes in France and Belgium.



They still use sabots in Holland. I should think that this footgear is very comfortable—and cheap.

Q. What is the Qual d'Orsay?

A. The French Foreign Office.

Q. What is the Schneider Cup?

A. The trophy presented by the late Monsieur Jacques Schneider for an international seaplane contest. It was first offered in 1913, the year before the Great War broke out.

Q. What famous associations has Wembley, on the outskirts of London?

A. In recent years the British Empire Exhibition was held here. The present Stadium, where the Football Association Cup Final is played, stands on the site of a lea, or meadow, where Wamba tended his flocks no less than 1,100 years ago. Thus the name came into being—Wamba-lea, which has been corrupted to Wembley. THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,115.

"Keep hout!" roared Taggles. "Wot I says is, no 'osses allowed!"

"Oh, be a sport, Taggles!" urged Tom Merry.

"Get out of the light, Taggy!"

"I don't think!" snorted Taggles. "Wot I says is that 'oss ain't a-comin' in 'ere!"

There was grim resolve in Taggles' whiskery face. He stood his ground in the centre of the gateway firmly, and Tom Mix drew in his horse and brought it to a standstill outside the gates upon seeing his way thus barred.

He made an attractive picture, sitting easily astride his magnificent steed. He was hatless, clad in riding-breeches and coat, and his fair hair was tumbled with his ride. He waved a cheery hand to Clifton Dane and the rest.

"Hallo, you chaps!" he sang out. "Sorry if I'm late! I say, can't I come in?"

"Of course you can!" roared Clifton Dane indignantly. "Stand aside, Taggles, you old ass!"

"Wot I says is," said Taggles obstinately, with a glare at the Canadian junior, "that animile ain't agoin' to benter!"

"Why not?" snorted Dane.

"Cos I says not!" sniffed Taggles. "I ain't agoing to hallow of it."

The juniors looked at one another grimly. Their impulse was to seize Taggles and bundle him out of the way. But the circus youngster waved a cheery hand, and winked at the juniors.

"All right!" he said gravely.

He turned his horse's head, and cantered back down the road. Taggles gave a triumphant chuckle, and there were exclamations from the juniors.

"Hi! Don't go, you young ass!" yelled Talbot.

Then he broke off sharply as he tumbled to something of the circus youngster's little scheme. Tommy Mix was turning his horse again.

"What's his game, deah boys?" asked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wonderingly.

The next moment Tommy Mix had put his horse to a gallop, and his handsome mount was thundering straight for the gates.

It was clear now that Tom Mix junior had only withdrawn a little distance in order to get up speed for his attack on the gateway! Taggles' mouth opened and shut with indignation.

He brandished his broom.

"Wot I says is—"

But nobody knew what Taggles had to say that time! For the old porter's words trailed away to a gasp of alarm.

Ephraim Taggles had felt sure that if he stood his ground in the middle of the gateway the youngster on horseback would not dare to charge him and risk injuring him. But when he saw the white horse thundering upon him without its rider checking it, Taggles dropped his broom with a yell, and turned to bolt.

But he was too late.

Tom Merry gave a startled exclamation. But a moment later he saw that his moment of anxiety had been unnecessary. Though it had looked as if Tommy Mix actually intended to ride old Taggles down, his real plan was soon revealed.

With a magnificent leap the white horse and its lithe young rider rose into the air. High over old Taggles' head they flew, to land gracefully in the quad, behind him.

"Hurrah!" yelled the juniors.

Old Taggles stood dazedly in the gateway. He turned and gaped suddenly at Tommy Mix, where the circus youngster was reaching down from the saddle to grip hands with Clifton Dane and his friends.

A big crowd had come hurrying on the scene and witnessed Tommy Mix's arrival. At sight of Taggles' face they fairly shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jevver get left, Taggy?"

Old Taggles glared at the chuckling juniors and picked up his broom with a growl. He did not feel like arguing further, apparently, for with a sniff and a grunt he vanished into his lodge, muttering.

The circus youngster swung off his horse with a laugh and patted the arched neck.

"Where can I put old Conqueror?" he inquired.

"This way," grinned Cardew. "You can leave Dobbin round here!"

There were some stables attached to the school, though they were little used now. But Tommy Mix's horse was made comfortable in them, and Clifton Dane then took his visitor into the School House and up to the Shell passage.

It was a very cheery tea that followed. Tommy Mix was delighted with St. Jim's, and the St. Jim's fellows were equally delighted with Tommy Mix. They showed him round the school buildings after the meal, watched enviously by admiring fags. Even Kildare, the captain of the school,

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who met the party in the cloisters, stopped and was evidently glad to be introduced to the circus youngster, whose daring performance in the ring he had witnessed on the circus' first night at Wayland.

"I think it's just great," was Tom Mix junior's verdict on St. Jim's when at last it was time for him to go and the juniors had gone to the stables to get out his magnificent horse, Conqueror.

"What a ripping animal!" murmured Clifton Dane enviously, as he patted the big horse's nose. "He's a beauty!"

"Isn't he?" chuckled the circus youngster, as he swung into the saddle.



As the white horse thundered down upon him without a check, Taggles looked as if Tom Mix junior actually intended to ride the old porter down. High over Taggles' head they flew, to land

The gleam of envy still lay in the Canadian junior's eyes as he stood with Tom Merry & Co. and the rest watching Tommy Mix ride off down the road. Tom Merry clapped him on the shoulder.

"Feeling you'd like a ride?" he grinned.

"Rather!"

"Well, Cousin Ethel was telling us that she and Doris and some of the other Spalding Hall girls go riding on the moor before breakfast on Friday mornings, with their riding-master," said Tom. "It wouldn't be a bad idea if some of us hired nags to-morrow, got up early, and joined 'em for a gallop."

Dane's eyes lit up.

"That's a ripping idea!" agreed the Canadian youngster eagerly. "Who else would like to go?"

"Well, Gussy's a pretty keen horseman, and so's young Wildrake, of course. We'll ask 'em!"

The fellows in question did not need asking twice. They were only too enthusiastic at the prospect of an early morning gallop on Wayland Moor—particularly in company with Ethel Cleveland and Doris Levison and their friends.

Manners and Blake were also keen to be included in the party.

"I'll bike over to Wayland to-night, and fix up for the gee-gees!" grinned Tom Merry.

"Good!"

"And I'll go ovah to Spaldin' Hall and tell the gals we will join them, deah boys!" announced Arthur Augustus. "A pitay we did not think of this before, weally. Then we could have asked young Tommay Mix to join us!"

And the swell of St. Jim's hurried off with Tom Merry towards the cycle shed, to complete the arrangements for Tom's popular plan.



ropped his broom with a yell and turned to bolt. For a moment it But then, with a magnificent leap, the white horse and its lithe young fully in the quad behind him. "Hurrah!" yelled the juniors. (9.)

CHAPTER 10. The Runaway!

"B AI Jove! Whoa, there! Steady!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave a gasp. It was early the following morning. The party of St. Jim's horsemen had cycled into Wayland after an unusually early rising. At the livery stables their mounts had been ready for them, and they had all by now swung into the saddle.

But Arthur Augustus seemed to be in difficulties!

The swell of St. Jim's was a very good horseman, as a matter of fact. But he was mounted on a restless animal; and after mourting it he had discovered to his consternation that his tie was not arranged to his liking. He was trying to adjust it now; but since that was a job that needed two hands he had had to let go the reins. And the restive animal under him did not seem at all inclined to sit still while Gussy fiddled with his tie.

"Whoa, old chap!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, blow your blessed tie!" cried Blake impatiently.

"Come on, Gussy, you ass!"

"Weally, Blake! I cannot go widin' with my tie all

w'ong, you fwabjous idiot!" Arthur Augustus fiddled in his pocket, wishing he had thought of bringing a pocket mirror with him. "I say, have any of you chaps got a miwwor with you?"

"Not quite!" answered Tom Merry, laughing.

"Oh deah! I weally must get my tie wright! Whoa, you beast! I considah— Yawoooooop!"

The horse on which the swell of St. Jim's was mounted was apparently tired of waiting about—like Gussy's chums. It started towards the gate very suddenly, and there was a yell from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Oh! Yawoooooh!"

With an anguished howl the swell of St. Jim's went sliding from the saddle. He flung out his arms wildly to clutch at the reins, but instead he clutched the horse's neck. The animal seemed to take that as a signal to get moving in earnest, and it trotted cheerfully out into the road, with Arthur Augustus hanging sideways on to its neck, clasping it in an apparently loving embrace.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look at Gussy, kissing his gee-gee!" gasped Blake.

The hapless swell of St. Jim's, unable to save himself, had slid round now till he was hanging on under his mount's neck, looking very much as Blake had said, as if he were kissing his horse in the most loving way.

And the juniors, following hastily on their own mounts, fairly shrieked with merriment.

Tom Merry cantered up and caught hold of the other horse's rein, drawing it to a standstill. Arthur Augustus slid to earth, his face scarlet.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy! I see nothin' to gwin at!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I do!"

With crimson countenance, Arthur Augustus glared at the chuckling riders, and again mounted his gallant steed. But this time he did not attempt to adjust his tie! It was still a little awry as the party of St. Jim's horsemen rode off in the direction of the moor.

Once on the grass of the moor they quickened to a canter, and it was not long before they caught sight of the Spalding Hall party, riding in the same direction.

Ethel Cleveland and Doris Levison were both looking very fresh and pretty in their riding-kit, as did the four other Spalding Hall girls with them. They were accompanied by their stocky little riding-master. Tom Merry and his companions joined them with smiling faces.

"Lovelay mornin', deah gals!"

"Isn't it!" laughed Ethel Cleveland brightly, as she trotted along on a handsome black horse, riding astride.

"Just the morning for a ride!" grinned Clifton Dane.

The Canadian junior was enjoying himself thoroughly.

In the fresh morning air, with the feel of a willing horse under him, Clifton Dane was as happy as a king. The other St. Jim's juniors were enjoying themselves immensely, too, and it was a very cheery party that strung out over the crisp turf of the moor and quickened to a canter.

A tarred road lay ahead of them, which they had to cross, and the riders slowed to a walk as they reached it.

Ethel Cleveland was leading, with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. As the girl's horse stepped on to the road there was a sudden ejaculation from the little riding-master.

"Look out, miss! Motor coming!"

A big car had swung into sight round the bend, not far away, speeding down the road towards them at a fast pace.

The driver did not slow down at sight of the riders, however. He was a vulgarly dressed, fat man, who seemed unaware that a motor-car should give place to horses. He sounded his electric horn noisily, and came on.

"The cad!" exclaimed Tom Merry hotly. "He— Oh, my hat!"

A startled exclamation broke from the captain of the Shell.

Ethel's horse, startled by the shriek of the electric horn, had reared sharply, and with its ears back had clattered across the road, and was now bolting across the grass beyond. The car roared by, within a few yards of the nose of Tom Merry's mount, causing it to rear with fright. When he had steadied the animal, Tom saw that Ethel Cleveland's horse was thundering out of sight over the top of the opposite rise.

It was quite evident that the girl had lost control. The animal had got the bit between its teeth, and was running away with her.

Tom's face went white.

There were rabbit-holes about; and even without that added peril Ethel was in great danger on the bolting animal. Tom urged his horse across the road, and set it at a gallop in swift pursuit.

"Aftah her!" he heard Arthur Augustus cry excitedly.

"Stop the beast, for Heaven's sake!"

The little riding-master had broken into a gallop, too, his face grim and anxious. He and Tom Merry and

Arthur Augustus thundered up the rise and over the crest, to find that Ethel was being carried away helplessly at a mad speed down the slope beyond.

The girl was keeping her seat with evident difficulty on the back of the bolting animal. But how much longer it would be before she was thrown was a question that Tom Merry, for one, did not dare ask himself.

The big black horse, with Ethel clinging, white-faced, to its back, swung away to the left, and the three in pursuit turned their mounts in an attempt to cut it off. But Ethel's horse was the fastest animal, and, with a sickening feeling at his heart, Tom Merry realised that their chase was almost hopeless.

Clifton Dane came thundering level with the captain of the Shell. The Canadian junior's face was as white as Tom's.

"She'll be killed!" he gasped thickly.

And then there was a sudden shout from Arthur Augustus as he galloped along beside them. The swell of St. Jim's flung out a pointing hand.

On the opposite ridge a figure on horseback had suddenly appeared against the sky—a lithe, slim figure, bareheaded, riding a great white horse. The juniors recognised both horse and rider in an instant.

"Tommy Mix," breathed Clifton Dane.

And the circus youngster was already turning his horse's head in the direction of Ethel's bolting animal. They saw him urge his big white mount to a gallop, swinging round in pursuit of the black horse with the bloodshot eyes that was bearing the helpless girl over the rough moorland at a mad, desperate pace.

Over the grass the two horses flew—one with Ethel Cleveland clinging desperately to its back, the other in hot pursuit, with the lithe figure of Tom Mix junior bent low in the saddle, riding as only such a wonderful horseman as he could ride!

Already the circus youngster on his splendid mount was overtaking the runaway.

"He'll do it!" breathed Clifton Dane, with shining eyes.

But even as he spoke, the black horse swung off to the right towards a thick line of trees. Tom Merry felt his heart miss a beat.

If the animal reached the trees, Ethel would be swept off by the low-hanging branches—would be terribly injured, even if she were not killed! Tom shuddered at the thought, and felt himself go cold.

And even if the circus youngster overtook Ethel in time, could he hope to check the black horse's mad career? Life or death hung upon the answer to that question, it seemed.

With blanched faces, Tom Merry and Clifton Dane and the others watched Tommy Mix and Conqueror's desperate race.

CHAPTER 11.

Clifton Dane's Offer!

"H E'LL do it!" breathed Tom Merry.

The captain of the Shell had reined in his own horse now, as had the rest of the party. Tom sat leaning forward in the saddle, his eyes riveted on the scene that was being enacted before them.

"Bai Jove! I believe he will do it!" muttered the swell of St. Jim's in a strained voice. "Gweat Scott! Look!"

With a tremendous spurt, Conqueror had drawn level with the black horse when it was within a dangerously short distance of the fateful trees.

What followed brought a gasp from the onlookers—a gasp of incredulous wonder and admiration. As Manners said afterwards, it was like watching a Wild West film at the cinema!

Edging in his horse close to Ethel's maddened mount, the circus youngster shot out a strong, slim arm.

"Let go the reins!" he shouted breathlessly; and Ethel obeyed.

The next moment she felt herself lifted clean out of the saddle by Tom Mix junior's muscular arm. She gave a cry

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mid-way between terror and relief as she was swung lightly on to the saddle in front of her rescuer. With a touch on the rein, the circus youngster swung his horse away from the trees in the nick of time, as the black horse thundered on beneath the branches.

But it was only in the nick of time. As Conqueror turned, a heavy branch crashed against Tommy Mix's shoulder. He gave a sharp exclamation of pain.

"Oh!" gasped Ethel sobbingly.

"That was a close call, miss!" muttered the youngster, with a faint grin on his tanned face. "I thought you were done!"

He slowed his mount to a trot, turning to meet the party of St. Jim's juniors and Spalding Hall girls that were coming towards them with an inexpressible relief on their faces. The little riding-master rode in front, with his hand already outstretched to grip that of Tom Mix junior.

"You know how to ride, sonny!" declared the riding-master breathlessly. "By gum, you do! If it hadn't been for you—"

He broke off with a shrug.

"Bai Jove! Talk about the Wild West!" gasped the swell of St. Jim's, with a sigh of relief. "Ethel, deah gal, are you all wight?" he added anxiously.

"Yes, thank you," answered the girl, with a tremulous smile. Her face was still pale as she jumped to earth from Conqueror's back, assisted by Tom Merry, who had jumped from his mount to help her. "Thanks to you!" she added, turning to the circus youngster, with a look in her eyes that brought a flush to Tommy Mix's face.

Among the trees, the black horse had slowed down now, and was cropping the tufts of grass. Blake and Wildrake dismounted, and hurried in to catch the animal, which they led out sweating and quivering, its eyes rather wild and bloodshot.

"It was about the narrowest shave I've seen for a long time!" exclaimed Manners. "But all's well that ends well!"

But it soon became clear that the affair had not ended

entirely well. Though Ethel was little the worse for her terrifying experience, Tommy Mix winced suddenly and put a hand to his shoulder. His right arm was hanging limply at his side now.

"Are you all right?" cried Tom Merry quickly.

The circus boy grinned ruefully.

"More or less, thanks. But I got a bit of a bang from that branch. On the shoulder. Hurts a bit."

He jumped from his horse, and winced again. Tom Merry stepped up to him.

"Take off your coat," he said quietly. "We'd best have a look at this shoulder of yours."

But Tommy Mix had to be helped to take his coat off. And when Tom Merry examined his shoulder, he found it swollen and bruised.

"It's all right," said the captain of the Shell, "but I'm afraid you're in for a stiff arm for a while."

"That's the trouble," nodded Tommy Mix, and there was a troubled look on his face. "I—I won't be able to do my turn in the show to-night!"

"Bai Jove! I say that's hard luck, deah boy!"

There was a look of deep concern on Cousin Ethel's face.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed, in a troubled voice. "I feel that it's all my fault—"

"Oh, no, it isn't!" Tommy Mix assured her cheerfully. "My fault for not dodging the branch!" He gave another wry smile. "But I dunno what my uncle will say when he hears I'm crocked!"

"Well, it'll only be for a night, I should think," said Manners, in an effort to cheer him. "If you rub pints of embrocation and stuff into it—"

"Yes, but what about to-night?" asked the circus youngster dolefully.

The St. Jim's fellows and the Spalding Hall girls looked worried and sympathetic. They could all understand well enough that it was a grave matter for Tom Mix junior to be unable to go through with his turn at the circus that evening. He was one of the star turns, and the public would feel that they had been defrauded if he were absent.

Two New Pals For You!



Here's young Jack Carter and Teddy White, two heroes in the Grand New Serial of Amazing Adventure which Starts in Next Week's Issue.

"Is it really serious, old chap?" asked Clifton Dane quietly.

Tommy Mix nodded.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I don't mind admitting to you that the circus hasn't been doing too well. And—well, we can't afford to drop my turn. I don't want to swank, but it seems to be a bit of a draw to the public, and we should have to tell 'em there was an omission from the programme before they paid their money—"

He broke off with another wince as he felt his bruised shoulder.

"I—I suppose I shall have to try and go through with it as best I can," he muttered. "There's no one else—"

"Rats!" said Tom Merry sharply. "You'd be an ass to try! You'd only have an accident—you'd be bound to, with a groggy shoulder!"

"But—"

"Tom Merry's right," broke in Clifton Dane. A sudden gleam had come into the Canadian junior's eyes. "But don't you worry, kid! Suppose someone else did your turn for you to-night?"

"But there's nobody to do it," answered the circus youngster, rather impatiently. "I tell you—"

"Suppose I found someone else to do it, would that be all right?" asked Dane quickly.

Tom Mix stared at him in astonishment.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Clifton Dane grinned.

"I know a trick or two on horseback," he said cheerfully. "I've learnt a good many stunts from cowboys in Canada. I'll take your place in the circus to-night."

CHAPTER 12.

Glasson Again!

"MY hat!" breathed Tom Merry.

He stared at Clifton Dane, with a gleam of eager excitement in his eyes.

"You really mean that?" broke out Tommy Mix incredulously.

"You bet!" chuckled the Canadian junior.

"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his eyeglass and surveyed Dane from the back of his horse with an admiring look. "That would be fwightfully sportin' of you, deah boy!"

"It would be wonderful if you could!" exclaimed Doris Levison eagerly.

The Spalding Hall girls had all heard the story of how the Canadian youngster had saved Tom Mix junior from serious injury by his daring display of horsemanship. The faces of all the girls were warm with admiration as they looked at him now. But Clifton Dane was too eager to impress Tommy Mix with the practicability of his idea to notice that.

"I could do it all right, I promise you!" he exclaimed earnestly. "Will you let me do it?"

But Tommy Mix, now that his first look of eager hopefulness had died away, was looking very doubtful.

"It's jolly good of you to offer," he said slowly. "And I know you're a first-class horseman, and can do stunts. But when it comes to doing a circus turn, it's not easy, you know."

"I didn't think it was!" chuckled Dane. "But if you're not certain I could do it, I'll jolly well show you!"

The next moment he had leapt upon Conqueror's back, and was urging the great white horse to full gallop.

It was soon clear enough that Clifton Dane was fully capable of performing at Sanford's Circus that night.

The St. Jim's juniors knew that he was a wonderful horseman. But Clifton Dane was not the fellow to boast of his prowess, and he had never told them of some of the amazing tricks of horseback that he knew.

As they watched him now, however, they realised that Dane, out of practice though he was, was almost as fine a trick-rider as Tom Mix junior himself. His stunts left them gasping; and when, finally, the Canadian youngster came galloping towards them over the grass, with the reins in his teeth, standing on one hand on the saddle, they burst into an excited cheer.

Tommy Mix was the loudest of all in his applause. As Clifton Dane jumped, grinning, from Conqueror's back, he gripped him by the hand with his sound arm.

"Oh, great!" panted the circus youngster. "Great pip! I'd no idea—"

"Will I do?" chuckled Dane.

"Rather!" Tommy Mix's eyes were shining eagerly. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll advertise you as the Mysterious Unknown—or something like that."

"Good!" nodded Dane cheerfully. "I'd better wear a mask; the Head might jib if he knew, you see. But no one need know, except us." He glanced at the others. "Keep this dark, you chaps, won't you?"

"Wathah, deah boy, if you want us to!"

Tom Merry glanced at his watch.

"My hat! We must buzz back to St. Jim's, or we shall be late, and get hauled over the coals!"

"I'll be at the circus early," said Clifton Dane cheerily, as he swung on to his horse. "Then I can get in some practice with the trapezes."

"Fine!" chuckled Tommy Mix. "You'll be doing me a real good turn!" he added earnestly. "You don't know what it means to us, not having to drop that turn from the programme."

With cheery faces, the St. Jim's juniors said good-bye to the Spalding Hall girls and to Tommy Mix, and a minute later were cantering swiftly towards Wayland. They returned the horses to the stables, and were soon cycling back briskly towards St. Jim's.

"We'll all get exeats and come and see your show, old hoss!" chuckled Blake to the Canadian youngster.

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!"

They had turned into Rylcombe Lane, pedalling fast. Blake was in front; and as they turned a bend, he gave a sudden shout.

A man was walking in the road, and Blake was on him before he had time to realise it. The leader of the Fourth tried to swerve, but it was too late.

The next moment he and the pedestrian and the bicycle were all together in a heap on the road.

"Yarooooogh!"

Blake gave a yell as the cycle landed on top of him. There was a startled, angry cry from his victim. The man scrambled up, his face livid. Clifton Dane drew a sharp breath.

"Glasson!"

It was the man who had been "sacked" from Sanford's Circus for his villainous attempt to cause an accident to Tom Mix junior.

Blake scrambled up painfully.

"Oh! Yow!" he panted. "Awfully sorry—"

"You careless young hound!" hissed Glasson savagely.

He hit out, in a furious rage, and Blake staggered back from a blow in the face that brought a cry to his lips.

"Take that, hang you!" snarled Glasson.

The other juniors were dismounting. At sight of that cowardly blow they did not waste words. They rushed at Glasson and collared him and swung him, struggling, off his feet.

"You wottah!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Bump the cad, deah boys!"

"Rather!"

"Hands off, you young whelps!" panted Glasson furiously.

But his furious words availed him nothing. The St. Jim's juniors were out to teach the man a lesson. Though Clifton Dane alone was aware of the scoundrel's identity, that blow that Blake had received even while apologising for the accident had roused the juniors to a high pitch of anger.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Oh! Yarooooogh!"

Glasson roared as he was energetically bumped on the road by the six angry juniors.

"There!" panted Tom Merry. "That'll teach you a lesson, perhaps!"

They let the man fall to the ground in a dishevelled heap. He struggled up, choking with fury. The juniors put up their hands, however; and at sight of those six pairs of fists Glasson fell back. He might be a man and they only boys, but there were too many of them for his fancy.

Without a word he turned and slunk into the trees at the side of the road.

Clifton Dane gripped Tom Merry's arm.

"Do you know who that is? Glasson?"

Tom Merry started. He knew from the Canadian junior the name of the man who had been responsible for Tom Mix



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junior's queer illness during his performance on Tuesday night.

"Great pip!"

"Bai Jove! Glasson! That scoundwel!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"What's he doing around here still?" muttered Tom Merry.

There was a frown on the face of the captain of the Shell as he remounted his cycle.

It struck Tom as very odd that Glasson should still be hanging about in the neighbourhood of Sanford's Circus. What was the man's game? he wondered.

The thoughtful frown still lingered on the face of Tom Merry as he and the rest of the little party cycled into the old quad of St. Jim's.

CHAPTER 13.

In the Circus Ring!

"HEAH we are, deah gals!"

Thus spoke Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

It was early in the evening, and the party of juniors from St. Jim's had arrived on Wayland Common in plenty of time for the circus, accompanied by Cousin Ethel and Doris Levison, with whom they had arranged to visit the big tent that night to witness Clifton Dane's great turn.

A big crowd of people was streaming on to the common from the direction of Wayland, enticed thither, perhaps, by the great staring posters that Sanford, the circus proprietor, had hastily brought out.

"ROLL UP! ROLL UP!
ROLL UP!"

For One Night Only!

THE MASKED MARVEL!

Come and See the Daring
and Nerve-Smashing
Performance of the

MYSTERY BOY BARE-
BACK RIDER!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Monty Lowther, as he caught sight of one of the posters near the entrance to the tent. "Look at that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Kangaroo. "What a scream!"

"This way, deah boys!"

Arthur Augustus sailed towards the pay-box. But before he could buy any tickets the stout figure of Sanford, the circus proprietor, came striding up, in his pink coat and top-hat, with a huge cigar in his mouth.

"Well, I like that!" he snorted, in mock indignation. "You lads marching up to the pay-box like the ordinary public, when you're personal friends of mine! Didn't I tell you that you could come and see the show for nix whenever you liked?"

"That's frightfully kind of you, sir!" returned the swell of St. Jim's doubtfully. "But, you see, there are such a frightful lot of us to-night—"

"We'll fill half the blessed tent!" chuckled Digby. "Better let us stump up, Mr. Sanford!"

But the circus proprietor was adamant. He chuckled, and shook his head.

"Not a bit of it!" he exclaimed jovially. He tapped Tom on the shoulder forcibly. "Why, dash it all, your friend Dane has refused to take a penny for his services to-night, so d'you think I'd let you pay to come in? Here's young Tommy; he'll say the same!"

Tommy Mix had come hurrying up with a grin on his face, to greet the St. Jim's party. It was obvious that the circus boy's arm was stiff and painful. Even had Clifton Dane not made his sporting offer to take his place, it would have been quite impossible for Tom Mix junior to appear before the public that evening in his daring act.

"Come on!" he grinned. "I've kept ringside seats for you. This way!"

And the St. Jim's juniors followed their friend from the circus into the big tent, accompanied by Ethel and Doris.

There was an echoing din within. Throngs of people were taking their seats to the music provided by the circus band—a band which was noisy even if it was not much else. And the juniors had not been seated long, with Tom Mix junior sitting between Tom Merry and Cousin Ethel, before the clowns came tumbling into the ring, and the show had commenced.

The opening acts were entertaining enough, but not till Sanford stepped into the ring and, with the aid of a mega-

phone, announced that "The Masked Marvel, whose amazing bareback and trapeze act was to be presented to the public that night for the first time in England!"—at which the St. Jim's juniors chuckled—did they really "sit up and take notice," as Monty Lowther put it.

"Now for good old Dane!" breathed Blake excitedly.

"Heah he comes!"

There was a great craning of necks on the part of the audience, and a ripple of hand-clapping from the St. Jim's party, as an athletic, boyish figure, mounted on a big white horse, came thundering into the ring.

Clad in tights, with a black mask hiding his face, Clifton Dane looked amazingly unlike his usual self as he coolly rode round the ring at a gallop. From the ease with which he was riding before the hundreds of pairs of watching eyes, the Canadian youngster might have been born to circus life.

Arthur Augustus adjusted his monocle and surveyed him with eager interest.

"You know, Ethel, deah gal," murmured the swell of St. Jim's sagely, "Clifton Dane is a vevy fine horseman, I considah."

"Yes, he certainly is," nodded Ethel, with a smile. But Herries, on the swell of St. Jim's other side, was less polite.

"Go hon, Gussy! You don't say so?"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Chuck jawing, and watch, you dummy!" murmured Herries, not loudly enough for the girls to hear, however.

Arthur Augustus bestowed a frigid look upon Herries, but turned his attention once more to the ring.

It was soon clear that Clifton Dane justified his new title of "The Masked Marvel!"

As a bareback trick rider, the St. Jim's juniors had never seen his equal, with the exception of Tom Mix junior himself.

The crowd yelled its applause as the masked youngster on the big horse performed . . . daring stunts one after another, with all the coolness of an old hand. He did not venture much on the trapeze, for that was not his "line," but for sheer breath-taking tricks of horsemanship he was a real wonder. To the Canadian junior the tent had vanished,

and he was back on the Western plains, going through all the tricks that his cowboy pals had taught him.

The crowd rose to him!

"He's a hit all right!" gasped Tom Merry, joining again in the thunderous clapping.

"Yaas, bai Jove!"

Conqueror came thundering by the seats occupied by the St. Jim's party, with Clifton Dane standing on one hand upon the magnificent animal's back. As he swept by, the masked youngster winked cheerily at the juniors, and at that they redoubled their applause, as did Ethel and Doris.

There was a very big smile on the face of Sanford, where he stood by the entrance to the ring watching Clifton Dane's act with increasing admiration.

As Tommy Mix had confessed to the St. Jim's fellows, Sanford's Celebrated Circus had not been doing too well of late. But Sanford was telling himself that this performance would be a big advertisement. People would talk about the mysterious masked youngster; and even though his performance was for one night only, talk about the circus in Wayland would be sure to bring people into the big tent afterwards.

"Good lad!" muttered Sanford. "Good lad!"

Tom Merry held his breath as he watched Clifton Dane swing himself under the horse's body, and on to its back again on the other side, while it galloped round. But the next moment Tom's attention was diverted from the youngster and the big white horse in the ring.

"Great Scott!" gasped Tom. His face had gone suddenly white.

There was a little scream from Doris Levison, where she sat between her brother and Jack Blake. Blake was on his feet, staring across the ring in sudden, startled horror. From all over the big tent shouts and gasps were heard, and the noise of people starting excitedly to their feet.

For, crouching in the entrance to the tent, slowly swishing its tail from side to side and glaring round with flaming eyes, was the lithe, lean shape of a huge lioness.

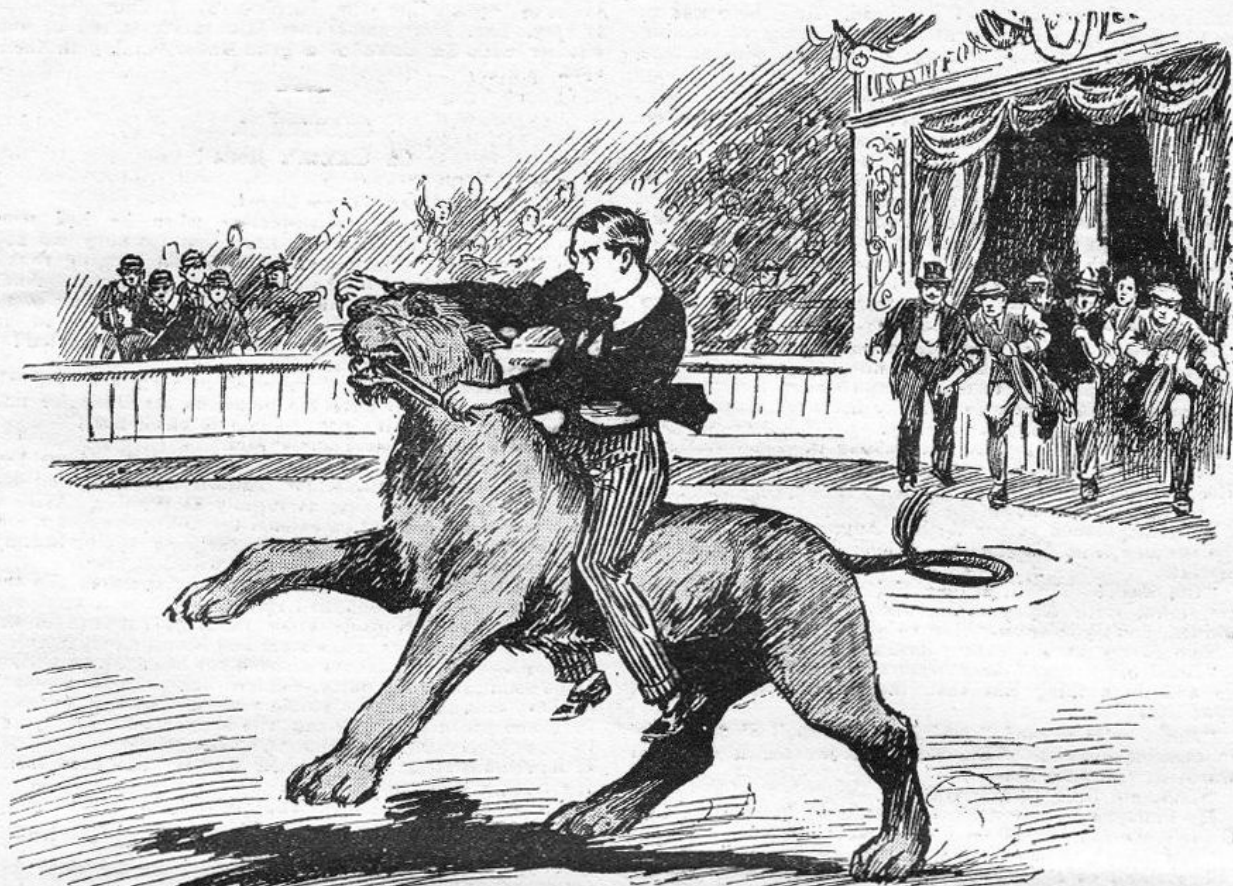
"Good heavens!" panted Tom Merry hoarsely.

That the animal had escaped from one of the cages at the back of the tent was obvious, though how it could have done so was a mystery.

For some moments the creature stood glaring round,

WHAT! HAVE YOU MISSED THE OTHERS?

Readers of the "Gem" who missed the last ten issues which contained Free Picture Cards can still obtain them by applying to "Back Number Dept.," Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Bear Alley, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4, and enclosing 3d. in stamps FOR EACH NUMBER REQUIRED, to cover cost of postage.



Arthur Augustus D'Arcy snatched up a short iron bar and leapt clean through the air on to the back of the snarling lioness. Clinging on like grim death, the swell of St. Jim's dragged the iron bar between the great animal's gaping jaws. (See Chapter 14.)

Then, with a rumbling roar, it sprang forward into the ring, where Clifton Dane was performing his daring feats on the back of Tommy Mix's big white horse!

CHAPTER 14.

Gussy to the Rescue!

CLIFTON DANE was the only person in the great tent who as yet had not realised the deadly danger.

Screams and shouts rang out, and some of the audience made a panic-stricken rush for the exits at sight of the savage beast loose in their midst. But most of the people in the long tiers of seats seemed too dumb-founded to move.

Tom Merry felt his heart grow cold.

It was so utterly unexpected that he, like the rest of the St. Jim's party, felt frozen to the spot.

Occupying ringside seats as they did, their danger was grave. But it was for Clifton Dane that Tom Merry felt a wave of fear and dismay.

The Canadian junior had seen the creature now. He was cut off from escaping from the ring on his horse, and after a moment of startled consternation he sprang from Conqueror's back on the ground, and stood beside the quivering, terror-stricken horse, with his eyes riveted on the snarling beast.

"Stand still!" roared Sanford hoarsely, from where he stood by the edge of the ring.

But already Clifton Dane had made an instinctive movement to back towards the rows of seats. And at his movement the lioness sprang.

Cousin Ethel screamed and covered her eyes. Tom Merry put an instinctive protecting arm around her and cried out as he saw Clifton Dane fall to the sawdust, with the lioness growling and snarling over him.

"He's done!" came from Bernard Glyn, in a sobbing voice.

But the Canadian junior had illimitable pluck. As he lay on his back staring up at the flaming eyes and gaping jaws above him he remembered Sanford's shouted warning, and he lay utterly still.

Had he made the slightest movement, even of an eyelid, the lioness would have mauled him. But as it was she looked up, growling, lashing her tail, and after another few moments slowly moved away towards the ringside.

From somewhere behind the tent could be heard a turmoil of shouting, running men. The lioness turned her head, as if listening, and snarled.

There was a sobbing cry from Doris Levison. She reeled, and though her brother tried to catch her as she fell, she staggered forward and fell in a faint on the wide ledge at the ringside.

"Look out!" screamed Digby.

Attracted by the movement of the falling girl the snarling beast in the ring turned and sprang towards her still form.

Ernest Levison's face was dead white as he saw the terrible form leaping at his sister. He started forward, as if to spring between the lioness and the unconscious girl, but before he could do so another member of the St. Jim's party had acted!

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The swell of St. Jim's had snatched up a short iron bar that he had noticed lying under one of the seats. He jumped on to the ledge, white-faced, but with the grim light of fearless determination gleaming in his eyes.

The next moment Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had leapt clean through the air on to the back of the snarling lioness. Clinging on with his knees, the swell of St. Jim's dragged the iron bar he held back between the animal's gaping jaws.

"Arthur!" screamed Ethel Cleveland. "Oh—"

Arthur Augustus was hanging on like grim death.

The lioness, taken utterly unawares, reared and snarled, but she could not unseat the figure clinging to her back. With lambent eyes she twisted and writhed, struggling to escape from the curbing iron bar that galled her mouth.

There was a breathless hush in the great tent.

Wide, staring, frightened eyes were riveted upon the swell of St. Jim's from all sides.

Though his face was white, Arthur Augustus seemed amazingly cool and collected as he sat astride the raging beast and fought doggedly for the mastery.

Were he to relax his strength for a moment and let go his desperate hold upon the iron bar that he was holding between the lioness' teeth, the game would be up! Tom Merry could not repress a shudder as he thought of the fate of the swell of St. Jim's were that to happen.

But Arthur Augustus, though the mould of form and glass of fashion at St. Jim's, was made of stern stuff beneath his elegant exterior!

The lioness reared and twisted, but she was helpless with

that iron bar dragging back her head. And there was an excited shout from Levison as he saw a group of running men come tearing into the ring, armed with red-hot bars and ropes.

"Hang on, Gussy!" cried Tom Merry hoarsely.

Ethel Cleveland, with her hands clenched tightly together, was watching her cousin with glowing, frightened eyes.

"Oh!" she breathed. "If he lets go—"

To Arthur Augustus D'Arcy it seemed an eternity of time before the circus men came racing up. He still held on with every ounce of strength that was in him, his breath coming in short gasps and keeping his place on the animal's lithe back with difficulty. But at last the snarling beast was securely roped. The swell of St. Jim's relaxed his grip with a faint gasp, and almost toppled from the tawny back on to the sawdust of the ring.

Tom Merry, Levison and half a dozen others of the St. Jim's party were crowding round him in a moment. The swell of St. Jim's rose to his feet and smiled faintly.

"Bai Jove! That was fidgetfully hot work, deah boys!" muttered Arthur Augustus shakily.

Levison gripped his hand and wrung it.

"Gussy, old top," he muttered, "you saved my sister's life, and—"

"Oh, wats, deah boy!"

With heightened colour Arthur Augustus began to dust the sawdust from his clothes. A look of dismay came into his face.

"Oh, deah! I'm in a fidgetful mess. Help to bwush me down, deah boys! I'm afwaid these twousahs are wuined, don't you know. How fidgetfully annoyin'!"

Tom Merry gave a rather unsteady laugh.

"Good old Gussy!" he murmured affectionately. "You go and do a thing like that, then start worrying about your bags!"

"But they're wuined!" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's, in genuine distress. "Oh, deah! Howevah, it was well worth it, of course!"

"Good old Gussy!" roared Blake.

He thumped Arthur Augustus on the back so lustily that Gussy's eyeglass shot from his aristocratic eye.

"Bai Jove! Pway do not be so wuff, Blake!"

The Swell of St. Jim's moved to the ringside. Cousin Ethel welcomed him with shining eyes.

"I've never seen anything so brave in my life," she breather; and the next moment she had kissed her cousin on the cheek.

"Gweat Scott! I—I say, thanks, awfully, Ethel, deah gal!" Arthur Augustus stammered, his face the colour of a beetroot. "But weally it was nothin' to make a fuss about—"

"Rats!" broke in Blake cheerfully. "It was about the rippingest thing I've ever seen!"

Clifton Dane had come up and gripped the hand of the thoroughly confused Arthur Augustus with the rest. Doris Levison had recovered from her faint, and the swell of St. Jim's turned to her as Sanford, the circus proprietor, came hurrying across to them with his face alight.

Tom Merry turned to Tommy Mix.

"But how the dickens could the brute have escaped?" he muttered, watching the animal being taken away.

"I wish I knew," came the troubled answer. "Seems to me it's almost as if someone must have let it out on purpose!"

"Great Scott!" Tom Merry stared at the circus youngster in amazement. "Surely you don't mean—"

The captain of the Shell broke off sharply.

A man in the garb of a clown, with a comically-painted face, had come racing across the ring towards Sanford, who was busy congratulating Arthur Augustus D'Arcy on his pluck. Someone in the audience started a cheer, and the swell of St. Jim's went scarlet as the great tent echoed to the thunderous applause that could only be meant for him. From all sides strangers were crowding up excitedly to shake his hand.

But it was the words of the clown that startled Tom Merry.

The man had gripped Sanford by the arm. His voice was hoarse with excitement.

"Glasson!" he gasped.

"Glasson?" echoed Sanford. "What about him, man?"

"It was him that let the lion out, boss!" cried the clown, his painted face strangely grim. "Spinaldi saw him open its cage door and run off!"

Tom Merry caught his breath. His eyes met Tom Mix junior's startled gaze.

"What did I tell you?" breathed the circus youngster.

"Don't you see? Glasson didn't know I wasn't doing the trick-riding act to-night. He didn't know it was your pal Dane in the ring, evidently—so he let the lion loose to get me, for revenge!"

And while the tent echoed to the roaring cheers of the

audience applauding the heroism of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Tom Merry and Tom Mix junior stared at one another with the dawn of a grim understanding in their eyes.

CHAPTER 15.

On Glasson's Heels!

"GLASSON!"

Tom Merry's eyes blazed.

So his vague suspicions when he had seen Glasson in Rylcombe Lane that morning had not been ill-founded. The scoundrel had been hanging round in the neighbourhood of the circus, with evil intent. And, ignorant of Tommy Mix's absence from the ring that evening, he had nearly brought about a terrible tragedy in his desperate attempt to harm the youngster whom he hated!

Sanford's fists were clenched.

"He shall pay for this!" he cried in a voice that shook with anger. "We'll have the police on his track for this job—and let's pray it's not too late to catch him!"

He swung round on Tommy Mix.

"Phone the police!" he exclaimed; and the circus boy hurried from the tent, while Sanford himself called his men and cleared the ring as rapidly as possible. With a megaphone in his hand he calmed the audience; and a few minutes later the clowns were in the ring again, causing the people in the back seats to rock with laughter.

The show went on as if nothing had happened. To the audience the whole affair had appeared as a grim accident; only the St. Jim's party knew that the entrance of the lioness during Clifton Dane's act had been by evil intent.

Doris Levison had recovered from her brief faint. Clifton Dane soon joined the party, changed back into his ordinary clothes; and none of the public realised that the youngster in Etons and a St. Jim's cap who slipped into a seat next to Tom Merry was the same youngster whose daring feats of horsemanship as the "Masked Marvel" had been thrilling them a short while before.

But somehow the juniors had no wish to stay to watch the rest of the performance. Ethel and Doris readily agreed to leaving the big tent, and so they all slipped quietly out. By the caravans they found Sanford in excited conversation with a police sergeant. Tommy Mix was with them, and he turned to the St. Jim's party with a rueful smile.

"Glasson's got away all right," he grunted. "He's had a big start, and it looks as if he'll get clear. We've given his description to the police, though, and there's just a chance that they'll collar him."

"He ought to be caught and made to suffer," growled Clifton Dane.

"Yaas, bai Jove!"

There were grim looks on the faces of the juniors as they left the circus ground to take Ethel and Doris back to Spalding Hall.

Tommy Mix went with them. The circus youngster had struck up quite a warm friendship with Ethel Cleveland. His daring rescue of her from the back of her bolting horse that morning was the cause of a grateful admiration from Ethel, and Tom Mix junior had an equal admiration for Gussy's pretty cousin.

After they had said good-bye to Ethel and Doris at the gates of Spalding Hall, the little crowd of juniors and their chum from the circus turned towards St. Jim's.

"I'll come with you across the moor," said Tommy Mix cheerily. "I'd like a stroll, to freshen me up after all this giddy excitement."

"It's been an exciting night all right!" chuckled Sidney Clive.

"And if it hadn't been for old Gussy—" began Levison.

"Oh, wats!" growled the swell of St. Jim's.

The juniors chuckled. Arthur Augustus was the most modest of heroes!

Dusk was beginning to fall as the St. Jim's party crossed the moor. Though it was still daylight, a big moon had risen, round and yellow above the dark line of a railway embankment that skirted the road at one point.

It was as they were passing level with the railway that Blake gave a sudden, sharp exclamation.

"My hat! See that?"

He pointed, and the others, following the direction of his pointing arm, saw the dark figure of a man crouching by the bushes at the edge of the embankment, outlined against the sky.

Even to the juniors there seemed something familiar about that crouching shape. But Tommy Mix recognised it at once. He gave a low exclamation.

"Looks like that chap we had the rumpus with in the lane this morning," breathed Blake.

"You're right!" rapped out the circus youngster. "It's Glasson!"

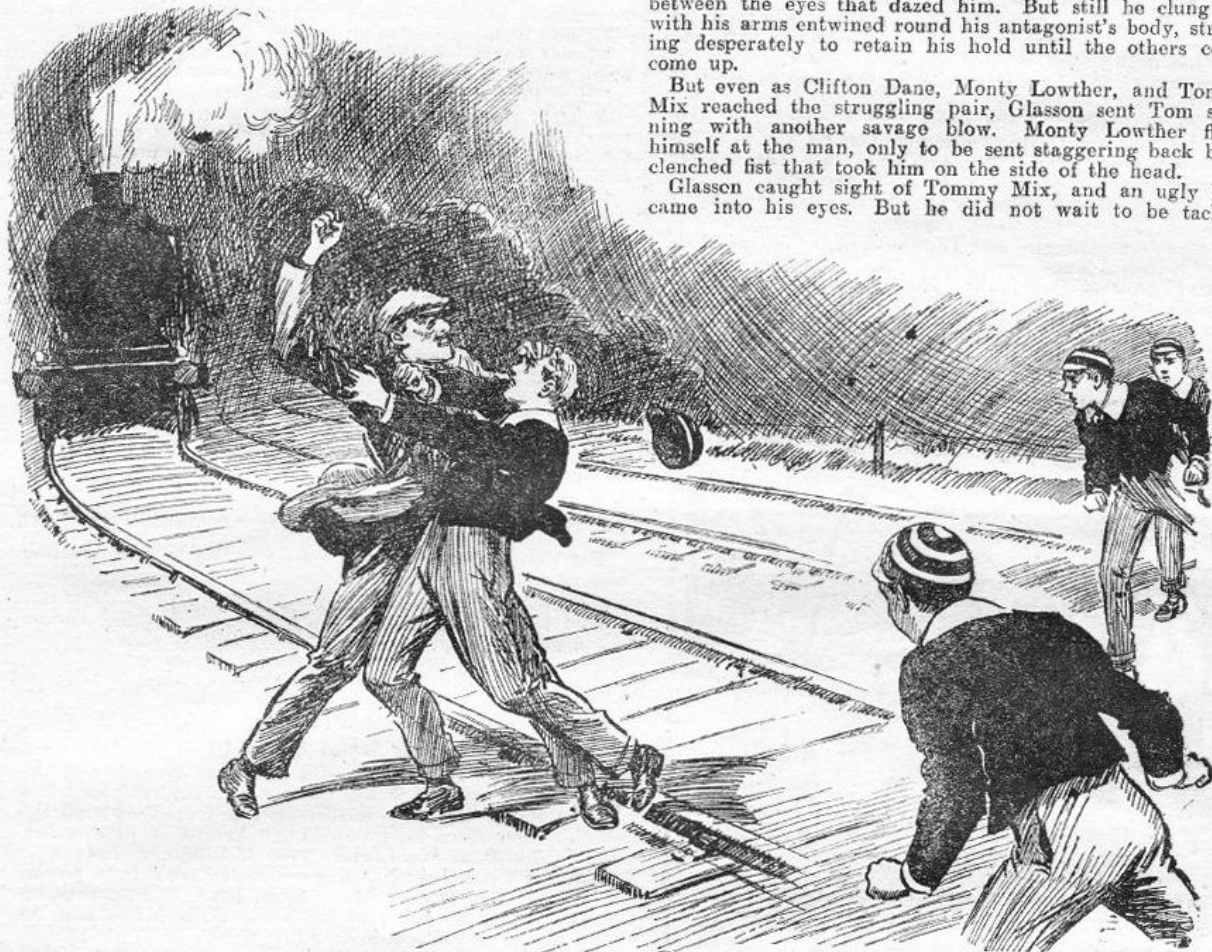
The juniors stared towards the dark figure with excited faces. As they watched, they saw the man move up on to the line, staring along the gleaming rails. In the distance the rumble of a train could be heard, and over some distant trees a billowing smoke-cloud was visible.

The scoundrel was evidently quite unaware that he was being watched. It was growing dark now, and the group of juniors was in the deep shadow of the high embankment. Glasson, on the other hand, was outlined against the sky, clearly visible to them.

"Bai Jove!" breathed the swell of St. Jim's. "We must catch him, deah boys!"

"Come on!" whispered Tom Merry coolly. "We'll surround the beggar!"

Like so many shadows the St. Jim's fellows and Tom Mix junior stole towards the foot of the embankment, spreading out as they went.



With a terrific spurt, Tom Merry shot ahead of his chums and flung himself at Glasson as the man jumped up. The next moment the captain of the Shell and the man with the scarred face were struggling in a fierce embrace on the edge of the railway line, with the great locomotive thundering towards them! (See Chapter 15.)

The train was coming near; a slow goods train, with a huge, puffing locomotive panting up the slope. Glasson drew back to the edge of the line.

His evident keen interest in the train was puzzling. But suddenly the reason for it flashed into Tom Merry's mind. He gripped Tommy Mix's arm.

"He means to jump on the train!" he gasped. "That's his idea! He knows the police are after him, and that's his plan for getting clear. He's afraid the roads are being watched for him—"

"Quick!" panted the circus youngster. "We must collar him before the train comes!"

But suddenly Glasson began to hurry along the line towards the oncoming train in his evident eagerness to board it.

There was no time to waste. The juniors, at a word from Tom Merry, broke from cover and rushed in pursuit of the scoundrel. Glasson turned his head sharply, and they heard him give a startled cry. He broke into a swift run, with the juniors pounding after him.

"Aftah him!" gasped Gussy.

Tom Merry, Clifton Dane, and Tommy Mix drew ahead of the rest, with Monty Lowther a good fourth. Glasson turned to glance back again as he raced towards the oncoming train. That glance back was almost fatal for

him. He caught his foot on the jutting end of one of the railway sleepers and stumbled on to his hands and knees.

With a terrific spurt, Tom Merry shot ahead of the others, and flung himself at Glasson as the man jumped up.

The next moment the captain of the Shell and the man with the scarred face were struggling in a fierce embrace on the edge of the line, with the great locomotive thundering towards them.

CHAPTER 16.

On the Train!

TOM MERRY was an athlete if ever there was one. But Glasson was a tall, full-grown man, and it was an unequal struggle.

The captain of the Shell felt a smashing blow between the eyes that dazed him. But still he clung on, with his arms entwined round his antagonist's body, straining desperately to retain his hold until the others could come up.

But even as Clifton Dane, Monty Lowther, and Tommy Mix reached the struggling pair, Glasson sent Tom spinning with another savage blow. Monty Lowther flung himself at the man, only to be sent staggering back by a clenched fist that took him on the side of the head.

Glasson caught sight of Tommy Mix, and an ugly look came into his eyes. But he did not wait to be tackled

again. The rest of the fellows were coming up fast, and Glasson turned and raced away again as Tom Merry and Monty Lowther scrambled to their feet.

With a clanking roar the goods locomotive thundered past.

"Look!" gasped Monty Lowther.

The dark figure of Glasson could be seen crouching at the edge of the line, waiting his chance to spring on to the moving train. As a low, open truck came by he sprang up and caught hold.

"Oh, gweat Scott! He's gettin' away!" panted Arthur Augustus, as he pounded up.

Glasson swung over the edge of the truck and jumped into the empty interior. He turned a mocking face to the juniors as the truck swept past them.

But if the scoundrel imagined he was safe now he was mistaken!

Tom Merry was grimly determined that Glasson should not escape. If Glasson could board the moving train, so could Tom! With a light spring the captain of the Shell leapt on to one of the trucks behind and hauled himself on to it.

The other juniors gasped. But Tom's example was soon followed!

Clifton Dane boarded the next truck as it clattered swiftly by; and Ernest Levison, with the memory of his sister's terrible peril, brought about by the villain who was trying to elude them, gritted his teeth and followed Clifton Dane.

Tommy Mix started forward as if to do the same. But Manners caught his arm.

"Stand back, you idiot! You can't do it—not with your gammy arm!"

"Can't I?" chuckled the circus youngster.

The next moment he had shaken off Manners' grip, and, with a lithe spring, was clinging to the next truck by one hand. Manners gave a startled cry; but one of Tom Mix junior's muscular arms was as good as many a fellow's two. He swung over the edge of the truck, and began instantly to scramble forward to the others.

The train thundered on, leaving the rest of the juniors gaping after it, white-faced.

"Whew!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wiped his forehead with a silk handkerchief. "The pace is gettin' a little too hot for me, dear boys."

There was troubled consternation in the faces of most of the juniors now.

Though they admired the pluck that had induced Tom Merry, Levison, and Clifton Dane, and Tommy Mix to board the moving goods train, they could not help but wonder with great anxiety what was going to happen now.

The train vanished round a curve, thundering into a cutting.

"If there's a struggle, and Glasson knocks any of them off—" breathed Kangaroo.

"Rats!" growled Jack Blake. He did not like to dwell on that possibility.

"The guard must have seen them climbing on," put in Talbot of the Shell quietly. "Maybe he'll stop the giddy train."

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With strained, anxious faces, the little group of St. Jim's juniors stood staring up the line to where a vanishing plume of white smoke above the cutting showed the whereabouts of the thundering train—the train on which their chums were face to face with the desperate scoundrel from Sanford's Circus.

"Oh, good man!"

Tom Merry's eyes lit up as Clifton Dane came scrambling over the tarpaulin-covered truck behind that which Tom had boarded. A moment later Levison also came dropping down beside the captain of the Shell.

Till then Tom had been unaware that he and Glasson were not alone together on board the goods train. And when Tommy Mix joined them a few moments later the eyes of the St. Jim's fellows gleamed with delight.

"That's fine!" chuckled Clifton Dane. "With four of us, we ought to be able to collar the rotter!"

"Think he knows we're on board?" muttered Levison.

"Don't know," answered Tom doubtfully. "It doesn't much matter if he does, anyway. He'll soon know!"

"He will!" said Tommy Mix in a grim tone.

A high, closed truck was coupled between the truck in which the four youngsters were standing and that which Glasson had boarded. But it was not likely to present much difficulty to them.

"Come on, you chaps!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

He climbed up on to the front edge of the truck and swung himself on to the roof of the truck in front, followed by the rest. Despite his bad arm, Tommy Mix declined Dane's proffered help, and was soon crouching on the roof of the truck with the others.

"Gently does it—as the beetle said to the man with the hobnailed boot!" grinned the circus youngster. "It won't do much good if we fall off this giddy train, you know, and end up in hospital!"

And it was very cautiously that the four crawled along the roof of the rocking railway truck and peered over the edge into the truck ahead.

Glasson was crouching there, and his eyes were fixed on the top of the truck behind. Evidently he knew of the juniors' presence on the train, and was expecting them to crawl forward to him. His face held a savage look as he caught sight of them.

But the determined four were not going to funk tackling him now.

"Come on!" breathed Tom. "All together!"

And with a nimble jump the captain of the Shell sprang down into the empty truck and closed with Glasson.

CHAPTER 17.

All Scores Settled!

GLASSON hit out savagely, but Tom ducked; and the next moment it was the circus scoundrel who felt a staggering blow on the jaw, delivered with all the force Tom Merry could put behind it. He reeled, and Clifton Dane and Levison were on him in an instant.

Levison was knocked reeling across the truck by a powerful blow. But Tommy Mix was on hand, and he pounced on the struggling figure of Glasson as Tom Merry and the Canadian junior fought to hold him down.

Glasson's eyes met those of the circus youngster, and they blazed with fury.

"You cub—"

"Thanks for the compliment, Glasson!" murmured Tom Mix junior coolly.

Glasson flung Tom Merry and Clifton Dane aside and hurled himself at Tommy Mix.

"I'll get you yet!" snarled the man. "You're going over the side of this truck—"

Tom Merry, Clifton Dane, and Levison turned to fling themselves at the scoundrel. But there was no need.

The circus youngster's left arm flashed forward straight from the shoulder. His clenched fist took Glasson on the point of the jaw, and the man seemed to give way at the knees. He crashed to the floor of the truck and toppled sideways, lying inert with his eyes closed.

"I fancy that settles our little score, Glasson," said Tom Mix junior quietly.

Tom Merry gave a breathless chuckle.

"What a peach of a straight left!" he exclaimed, with a cheery grin. He stooped over the crumpled figure. "Yes, Glasson's had a proper sleeping-dose this time!"

"But we'd best truss him up for safety!" said Levison grimly.

And when Glasson opened his eyes dazedly a few minutes later, it was to find himself bound hand and foot with knotted handkerchiefs.

His eyes glared from face to face. The circus youngster

and the three St. Jim's juniors grinned down at him cheerfully.

"Wondering where you are, Glasson?" inquired Tom Merry. "I'll tell you! We're slowing down outside Wayland station."

"And this will be the last train journey you'll take for quite a while, I fancy," grinned Clifton Dane—"unless it's the train to Dartmoor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And as the train clanked to a standstill in a siding at Wayland station, the look on Glasson's face showed that he was very much afraid that the Canadian junior was about right.

Sure enough, when Glasson was brought up at the assizes, charged with his attempts on the life of Tommy Mix, he paid the price of his villainy with a long term of imprisonment.

But before that happened a very special matinee performance had been given in the big tent on Wayland Common. Sanford's Celebrated Circus were out to show their gratitude to their friends from St. Jim's; and at that special free performance, with the big tent decorated for the occasion, all the St. Jim's fellows—seniors and juniors alike—made up the enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Sanford, in his top-hat and pink coat, was a picture of jollity that afternoon.

He had reason to be. He told Tom Merry and the other juniors with whom he was particularly acquainted that the newspaper stories of the escaped lioness was the finest advertisement he had had for years. Before that the circus had not been doing too well, but now it was playing to crowded houses every night.

On the afternoon of the special St. Jim's matinee, as Mr. Sanford called it, there was no turn that was cheered quite so lustily as that of Tom Mix junior. And his big white horse, Conqueror, came in for his share of the applause, too. But no one applauded Tommy Mix and Conqueror more energetically than Ethel Cleveland and Doris Levison, who were there that afternoon at the circus youngster's special request.

And the clapping of the girls joined with the mighty yell from the St. Jim's fellows when, in the middle of the afternoon's entertainment, Mr. Sanford formally presented both Clifton Dane and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy with an inscribed gold watch each—to the Canadian junior for his splendid services to the circus as the Masked Marvel; and to the swell of St. Jim's for his heroism with the escaped lioness on that same exciting night.

"Good old Dane!"

"Three of the best for dear old Gussy!"

And the cheers were given with a will.

"Speech! Speech!" roared Levison.

Clifton Dane only smiled and returned hastily to his ring-side seat. Arthur Augustus coloured scarlet and raised his hat elegantly to the cheering crowd.

"Thanks awfully, deah boys! But pway shut up, you fwabjous asses!"

With which scarcely polite speech the swell of St. Jim's hurried to his seat, and the performance went on. It was with much more than usual interest that Arthur Augustus eyed Spinaldi's biggest lioness during the lion-tamer's exciting turn.

It was a very cheery afternoon, but it came to an end at last. And a few days later Sanford's Celebrated Circus left Wayland for its next pitch.

When that happened, sorry though the St. Jim's juniors were at his departure, no one was more regretful at having to say good-bye to Tom Mix junior than were Cousin Ethel and Doris Levison—not even Clifton Dane!

But none of them would ever forget the Canadian junior's great turn in the sawdust ring—any more than they would ever forget Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's daring deeds in the same big circus tent.

Tom Mix junior himself would certainly never forget his chums at St. Jim's, and Tom Merry & Co. would not be likely to forget Tom Mix junior.

THE END.

(Now Chums, look out for next week's rousing, long complete story of Tom Merry and Co. of St. Jim's,



YOUR EDITOR SAYS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his Chums. Write to him: The Editor, The GEM, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



THE DAILY "FLIP"!

Ever wondered what our everyday life will be like in years to come, chums? Of course you have; so've I. And that's the main reason for my belief that the next free picture card in our grand Marvels of the Future series will appeal to you as one of the most interesting of the lot. This ripping full-colour impression of an AEROPLANE-CAR sets the imagination working, conjuring up a picture of the time when practically everybody will own one of these jolly useful craft, and aerial policemen will be regulating one-way traffic in the clouds! Don't miss this wonderful addition to your set—you can make sure of it by ordering next Wednesday's GEM to-day!

Who's the greatest humorist at St. Jim's—even though he doesn't know it? Who's the fellow that sets the school in a roar every time he tries to show what a wonderful chap he is? You know him! GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY! If you never laughed before, you'll laugh at

"GRUNDY'S CRICKET MATCH!"

next week's topping story of the chums of St. Jim's, with the great George Alfred in his most screamingly funny role. Whatever you do, make sure of reading it. You'll agree that it shows Martin Clifford at the top of his form.

Talk about a bumper programme! Next Wednesday sees the start of the new serial story you've all been waiting for, and one that I know will more than come up to your expectations. The title—"THE ROBOT MAN!"—gives an idea of its startling and original plot, and when my readers have sampled the thrills the first instalment has to offer they'll yell for more! Look out for it!

Another spanking new feature for next week is No. 1 of a series of gripping articles entitled "FAMOUS DARE-DEVILS!" If you've a hankering for a life of breathless excitement, here are some examples which will show you just how to get it!

Our answer man, the ORACLE, winds up the budget of good things in topping style with his usual batch of cheery replies. Remember, he's always at your service, so weigh in right now with any poser that may be puzzling you.

LIMERICKS.

Here's an unfinished Limerick from a GEM reader who signs himself "Byron," but fails to give his address.

"Byron" wants to know if I can supply an apt last line. Well, I can, but I'm going to let you fellows have a shot at rounding off this Limerick first. Think you can do it? Right-ho; get busy, then!

In the Shell there's a fellow named Crooke,

But at him decent chaps will not look.

He acts like his name; can't play the game

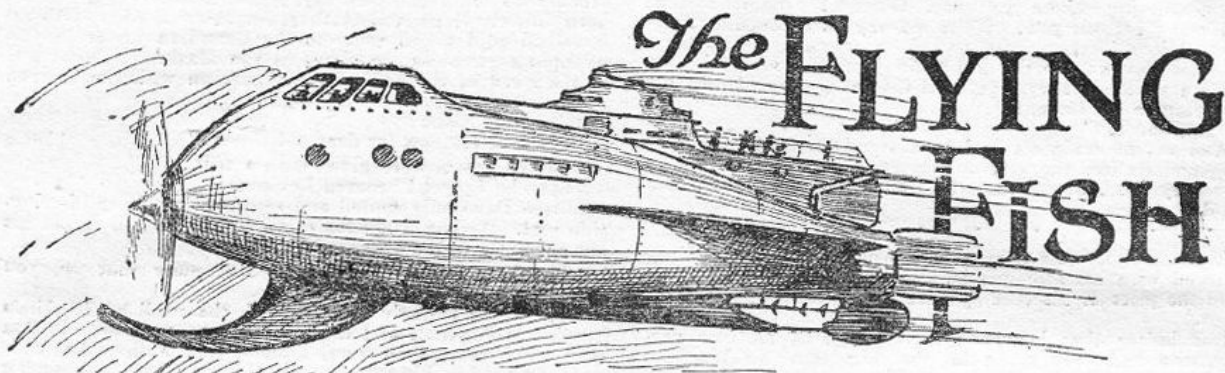
Talking of Limericks brings me to mention the fact that our companion paper the "Magnet" offers handsome pocket wallets for Limericks dealing with Greyfriars characters. Now, you budding poets, turn your attention to the "Magnet" and its jolly characters and see if you can bag one of these pocket wallets.

A HOLIDAY QUANDARY.

An almost frantic plea for advice reaches me from Stan Clark (Middlesbrough). "I'm taking my summer holiday pretty soon," says Stan, "but it seems to me that the only thing about that holiday that will ever be settled is the date." He goes on to tell me that he asked all his pals whether they knew of a suitable place for him to spend his annual fortnight, and that he jolly soon wished he hadn't. "Go to the seaside," said one. "Can't beat the country," said another. "A river holiday licks 'em all," chimed in a third. Small wonder that Stan found himself worse off than when he started. Studying railway posters and guide-books didn't help, either; every holiday resort seemed so attractive that even then my Middlesbrough reader couldn't make up his mind. "Can you tell me what to do?" he winds up. Well, here's my advice, for

(Continued on page 28.)

THE CONCLUDING CHAPTERS OF OUR POPULAR SERIAL!



The last Flying Fish has been destroyed, and the menace to the peace of the world dies with it—but our heroes are still waging their war with Boronov the Terrible, although the end of the great adventure is in sight!

INTRODUCTION.

Rodney Blake and his chum, Dan Lea, are captured by Prince Karacenski and taken aboard a strange-looking craft resembling in shape an airship and a boat combined. Almost immediately this huge craft rises from the surface of the sea and speeds them away to the "Valley of No Escape." Here, in charge of Herr Boronov, Colonel Stangerfeld, Wummberg, and a host of armed guards are thousands of prisoners building at desperate speed a fleet of Flying Fish, the invention of a man named Ashton, now a madman in the hands of the conspirators. With this formidable fleet the heads of the conspiracy hope to conquer the world. Following a rumpus with Wummberg, Rodney to his amazement comes face to face with his father, a news correspondent. Adrian Blake hurriedly explains that he has gained access to the conspirators' stronghold with a view to encouraging the half-starved slaves to revolt against their taskmasters.

This plan he succeeds in carrying out, but is defeated in battle by Boronov, and forced to take refuge in the Flying Fish with his party. In some miraculous manner, Ashton, the mad inventor, regains his senses, and comes to the rescue by setting the Flying Fish in motion.

For two days the band of Englishmen manage to keep in the air, all the time making for British territory. But, when they have still many miles to cover to their destination, the engines of the Flying Fish give out, and the flying ship crashes to the earth.

Fortunately the adventurers escape death and serious injuries.

(Now read on.)

From One Peril to Another!

AS though she was determined to die hard, the Flying Fish was a good half-hour before the explosions ceased and the fury of her burning began to slacken, so that the party which had so miraculously escaped from her might at last approach.

And then it was found that the man whose genius had brought her into existence was dying, too. A shout for help from Dr. Fraser stopped the movement towards the airship, and everyone turned to find the inventor prone on the sand with the doctor bending over him.

By his unexpected interference at the control-switch at that critical moment, he had saved their lives almost as miraculously as his own memory had been recovered for him, a few hours ago.

"Perhaps it's just as well she's gone!" he said feebly, still thinking more of his invention than of himself. "She would have been a terrible menace to the peace of the world. I never thought of that when I planned her. And that reminds me! The plans? Have those people still got the plans?"

When Adrian Blake explained to him that the plans had been burned, the dying inventor seemed relieved, even triumphant.

"So now," he said, "I can die in peace. Those people have been beaten, after all. The world is free again. I can take my secret with me to my grave."

They dug one for him when he was dead, deep down in the sand, as near to the wreckage of his invention as they could reach it on account of its heat, and Dr. Fraser repeated a few words out of the burial service over him. And then it was time to look about them and make up their minds how they were going to get back to civilisation.

The place where the Flying Fish had fallen and blown up was a sandy valley in a hilly desert country. Adrian Blake said it was in the southern part of Asia Minor, and—as Rodney had noticed from the airship window—quite near the coast.

"There's a port there, direct south, called Makhara," he told them. "And there's a British cruiser lying in there, as it happens. She's called the Spitfire. I had a wireless chat with her, and was talking to her only a few minutes before the crash came. The captain knows as much of our

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story as I could get through, and that I was trying to reach Egypt. We'll make for Makhara and the Spitfire instead. We may get taken aboard her and given a passage to where we can join a home-going boat."

"That's the idea!" nodded Lord Braxton. "And nice it will be to find ourselves among Britishers again. I don't want any more to do with Russians for the rest of my life."

"That storm just about disappointed them and did us a good turn!" laughed Rodney. "I'll bet old Boronov's sick at having lost us and the Flying Fish. He'll have gone back with his tail between his legs."

"I don't know so much!" murmured Adrian Blake gravely. "Boronov isn't that sort. Don't forget he could see quite well that the Flying Fish was crippled. He's not gone back. Somehow, I don't think we've finished with him yet."

And, as though to prove his words right, Sacha suddenly pointed towards the northern sky just as they were turning their backs upon the charred and twisted relics of the Flying Fish.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Two planes—Soviet ones. Two of those that followed us from the castle. I know the shape and colourings."

"You're right, lad!" agreed Adrian Blake, turning binoculars on the two winged shapes that, flying low, were evidently scouring the country from the north and approaching swiftly.

"I've not the slightest doubt that one of those holds Boronov and Von Roden," he said. "We must hurry on to Makhara. They'll find what's left of the Flying Fish and guess we're not far off. We'll have to foot it hard if we're going to escape yet to the battleship."

"They surely can't do us any harm here, dad?" urged Rodney. "We're not in Russia now. This is Turkey."

"Not really so very much difference, son!" replied Adrian Blake. "They're both republics, and Turkey's too near a neighbour of Russia to run up against a man like Boronov. We can't count on safety till we're aboard that British cruiser."

From where they were standing at the moment they could see the distant port and town, with the grey form of the British man-of-war lying some little way off from shore. So near, it seemed, and yet so far. From there lay yet a long stretch of undulating countryside, sloping down to the sea, to be traversed before the port could be reached.

Now, behind them, growing louder, there sounded the droning of Boronov's planes, one of which eventually passed right over them as they took shelter under some palms—where the desert came to an end and the country stretched green and fertile to the sea. The plane was flying so low that they could see the people in its cockpit; but they had taken cover so quickly that Adrian Blake doubted if the people in her could have seen them.

It had circled out of sight, and the droning sound of it ceased when they pursued their way towards the town, careful always to keep sheltered. But the plane did not return, and Rodney, searching the sky in every direction when at last they came to an open spot, could see no sign of them.

"Given it up as a bad job!" he said, and turned to his father. "After all, they're not to know that we weren't killed in the burnt Flying Fish."

"They may have come to that conclusion, of course!" nodded Adrian Blake. "All the same, as I said before, I'll begin to think they're not worth worrying about when I get you all on the Spitfire."

It seemed an endless journey to the town, but they reached it at last. It was a dirty place, with narrow, tortuous streets, a foul-smelling bazaar, and a sort of sea-front, on which they found an untidy hotel kept by a Greek. Here, till they could communicate with the British ship, the adventurers found accommodation and food of sorts. After their long walk in the blazing sun, the lads especially were so beat that they only wanted to lie down and sleep when they had eaten some food which the fat Greek put before them, an idea with which Adrian Blake agreed.

"It'll do you good to have a rest while I get in touch with the cruiser," he said. "I'll wake you when there's anything doing."

He had scarcely spoken when the door was burst open and a number of uniformed men rushed in, headed by an officer, waving a revolver, all jabbering in what Rodney concluded to be Turkish, and holding up the little group at the meal-table with their pointed rifles. Adrian Blake, speaking Turkish fluently, asked one or two questions, and then turned to the others.

"It's happened as I rather feared it might," he said, "but much quicker than I'd imagined possible. Boronov has put in his spoke by getting the chief Turkish official of Makhara to arrest us as escaped prisoners from Soviet territory. I'm afraid, in our present situation, it's no good our attempting to escape—for the minute, anyhow. We'd better go quietly."

He said that significantly, because both Rodney and Dan, with a dirty brown Turkish hand grabbing at their coat collars, had already begun to show fight.

"Why," laughed Rodney, the impetuous, "after what we've been through these fellows are hardly worth hitting. They'd break in pieces."

"Don't imagine that!" said Adrian Blake. "I know the

Turk better than you do. Besides, we're in the middle of a Turkish town. We've no earthly chance. It looks as if, at the last lap, we're to be beaten after all."

"Isn't there a British consul here, or any way of communicating with that cruiser of ours?" fretted Lord Braxton who, during the meal, had been talking eagerly of returning to his newspapers and giving this amazing story to the world.

"None that I know of," replied Adrian Blake; and was unable to say any more, the Turkish officer and gendarmerie beginning to become impatient, the former issuing an order in Turkish, and the latter seizing upon their captives and putting a rough kind of handcuff on their wrists.

Boronov Again !

IT was in an evil-smelling, mud-walled prison that the lads eventually fell through sheer exhaustion into the sleep they so sorely needed. Even the calamity which had befallen them did not keep them awake. The three of them had been flung into one cell, and the four men had been led to another and larger one. Their bed—pointed out to them by their gaolers—was a filthy heap of straw, and this—as well as the floor of the cell—was alive with vermin and creeping things.

They did not use the straw, but, propped up against the wall in a sitting position, they fell asleep presently through utter weariness. A heavy and uncomfortable sleep, naturally, from which Rodney awakened eventually to discover that it must have lasted almost all day, for the sky was red with sunset.

He had been awakened by the entry of a uniformed Turkish gaoler with food—some foul-smelling bread and

(Continued on the next page.)

A POWERFUL TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE—



TOWERING above the tallest tree, as fearsome a monstrosity as the mind of man has ever conceived, stalks the Robot—product of a madman's genius.

Natives flee from this terror from the West, leaving homes and pastures behind them—and many dead. Immune from all attack, this Robot man and its creator hold sway over the mighty Amazon and its peoples.

What chance, then, can two



Harry Frobisher.

intrepid youngsters and two adults hope to have of emerging safely from an encounter with this scientific terror? What chance have they of finding the Robot's creator?

What chance indeed.

Thousands of miles from civilisation, our plucky band of adventurers push on into unknown and unexplored regions with perils besetting them at every fresh twist in the trail. If pluck can pull them through this, the greatest experience of their lives, then they have already reached their goal. But 'twixt the beginning and the end of their great adventure lies as interesting a narrative as GEM readers have ever before encountered.

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Captain Storm.

THE "GEM"

—STARTS NEXT WEEK!

even worse soup—which he dumped on the floor, prodding each of them with his foot and yelling at them in Turkish. But he soon backed away before the ferocious attitude of Dan, who had leaped to his feet and hurled himself at the fellow with his manacled fists clenched.

"No good, Dan!" Rodney laughed, as the Turkish gendarme made his way hurriedly to the cell door of iron bars, and closed and locked it with a spiteful grin. "These people don't understand the rules of boxing. Their rings are made of indiarubber."

"Wait till he do come in here one more time, that's all!" chaffed Dan in his slow, Devon way. "And I'll get him for sure, Master Rodney."

"Listen, you two!" interrupted Sacha Karagenski. "I've something to tell you. While you've been asleep, I've been a bit more awake. I happen to understand Turkish, and I've been listening to what that fellow has been saying to another outside our door."

"Good for you, Sacha!" nodded Rodney earnestly. "Tell us!"

"We're being taken on board a Russian boat that happens to be in port, and leaves to-night for Odessa," was the reply.

"Not if we can help it!" exclaimed Rodney.

"But how can we?"

"We three be pretty handy," said Dan moodily. "We ought to be able to stop that game. Let me only get these things off my wrists, and I'd be main sorry for any Turk that interfered with us, Mr. Rodney!"

"That's not exactly a brain-wave, Dan, seeing that we've nothing to get them off with," frowned Rodney, staring at the iron-barred door of their cell. "I think—I don't know for certain, but I think—I've a better idea than that. Listen! In the right-hand pocket of my coat you ought to find an electric torch, and my wrists are bound so tight I can't reach it. Push your hand in and see if you can rescue it for me—if it's there."

"Here 'tis!" muttered Dan, after diving his manacled hands into the pocket and passing the torch to his friend.

"And what good be that towards getting us out of here?"

"Maybe none," answered Rodney; "but I'm going to try, all the same, in a minute, when it's darker. If you look out through that door, Dan, you'll see the only one way we can get out of this—the British cruiser, Spitfire. Well, it's a forlorn hope, I know; but I'm going to use this to signal to her."

In the fast-falling Eastern night the others could presently see the lighted outline of the British cruiser lying off the coast. It was certainly, as Rodney had said, a forlorn hope. The chances of those on the vessel seeing that small ray from the electric torch and troubling to read its Morse-code message were few indeed.

But Rodney, walking to the iron bars with the torch in his hand, remained there for some time pressing the button, now to make a dot and now to make a dash, spelling out the name of the battleship. And, suddenly, to his delight and that of his companions, the signal light of the cruiser began to answer, signalling her own name, and following that in Morse with a question:

"Who wants us?"

Slowly, while the others watched him breathlessly, Rodney began to spell out word for word the message in his mind, and each time a word was flashed from that tiny torch so sure, there winked a sign of acceptance from the cruiser's light. Then the cruiser began to talk, with Rodney sending out his single dots of understanding, and Rodney was again replying when, outside, the tramp of footsteps and the light of a swinging hand-lantern forced him to stop with his message only half finished.

He had just time to conceal his torch, and, with his companions, move away from the iron-barred gate, when Dan's pet aversion, the Turkish gendarme, made his appearance and unlocked the gate. An escort had arrived to take them on to the Russian vessel.

"We'll have to trust to luck," Rodney said under his breath to his companions as they were bundled out of the cell and marched off down a road towards the harbour. "I let them know we were in trouble and being taken off in a Russian ship. They wanted to know which one, and that, of course, I couldn't tell them. They said they were sending an officer and a landing party at once. Let's hope they're in time. If not—"

He shrugged his shoulders with true British phlegm, as they were hurried off in the direction of the quay, where the lights of shipping twinkled. Ahead of them another party could be seen, that which was taking Rodney's father and his companions the same way. It was, for Rodney and his companions, too short a march, for their minds were intent on the amount of time it would take for the Spitfire to send help ashore.

"I'm afraid we've been just too late with that message," muttered Rodney to his companion, as they stood on the quay. Then they were roughly bundled across a lowered gangway, with the rude assistance of rifle butts, into a dirty-looking tramp steamer, on the deck of which an equally dirty and bearded Russian skipper was standing to await them.

Hurried below into a large, empty space, the lads found the members of the other party gathered. But before they had much chance to talk to each other, there appeared in the doorway four figures—those of the vulture-like Boronov, Von Roden, Wumberg, and Kraft.

"So we have you, after all, quite safely?" murmured Boronov silkily, addressing particularly Adrian Blake.

"You did not expect it, did you?"

"On the contrary," replied Adrian Blake. "I was quite prepared for the possibility."

"And yet—you are here!" chuckled Boronov. "That does not say much for your preparations. Of course, I know that you communicated by wireless with the British warship here. Your conversation was intercepted. So I took steps to make sure that you should never be able to prove that wild story in person—you and your companions."

"Such a wild story!" laughed Adrian Blake, "that it has left you—nothing, Boronov. Every vestige of the Flying Fish is destroyed. Its plans are burned; its inventor is dead. The money you have thrown away upon it is wasted."

"But the story remains on your tongue, and shall never be told," glowered Boronov, with a look of baffled fury. "Or if it is told it will be to the snobs of Siberia, where the whips of your gaolers shall lash your backs each day, and you shall remember bitterly how you thought to beat me—and did so—only to suffer the lifelong torture of Soviet vengeance."

"While the world—and especially our own country—is freed from your vile menace, Boronov," intervened Lord Braxton. "That is something which counts far more than what happens to us."

"But your lordship will not have the pleasure of telling the world in your newspapers of the great part you have taken in preventing that menace," gibed Boronov, gathering round him his fur cloak and looking more like a vulture than ever. "Those who enter the gates of Russia enter a tomb that is sealed. And—perhaps you may have noticed—you are already on the way there!"

With a mocking gesture towards the portholes, he turned on his heel, and, with his companions, passed out through the door, which was locked. Rodney and Dan, at the portholes, not only felt the vibration of the ship's engines, but could see the lights of Makhara slipping speedily away into the distance. They were, as Boronov had said, on their way to Russia.

"No good telling the others about that message," said Dan bitterly, under his breath. "It'll only make things worse than they are. Humpty Dumpty's fallen from the wall properly this time, and all the king's navy can't put him together again."

"We ought to have gone direct on board the Spitfire," Adrian Blake was saying meanwhile. "I'm afraid I'm entirely to blame. To be candid, after my wireless message, I quite expected that the cruiser would keep a sharp look-out and would have seen the Flying Fish come down and blow up. I rather expected that she would send a landing-party ashore. However, in any case, I did not seriously expect that Boronov would be quite so smart as he has been."

"And now," he added, "unless we can find some way of escape before it is too late, there is nothing in front of us but Russia."

"Bedad!" laughed Larry O'Hagan. "And Russia hasn't got a railing round it, either. The last word isn't with Boronov yet. And as for Siberia—well, haven't I always been just dying to live in that invigorating health resort after I'd once seen one of Tolstoi's books on the films? A fine place is Siberia, I can tell ye!"

All the same, although Larry O'Hagan's dry humour, and the calm British pluck of the others, tried to make light of the prospect in front of them, Rodney, too, remembered what he had seen of Russian Siberia on the films, the wild stretches of snow, the Cossack guards with their whips lashing the trains of political prisoners on the march to their inevitable tomb, the horror and the misery of it all, and he could not avoid a shudder and a little exclamation of regret.

From the porthole through which he had remained staring anxiously, nothing was now within view but the heaving waters of the Mediterranean. The lights of Makhara had long since vanished. Hope was dead. And then, suddenly, he gave a shout of excitement. Moving swiftly over the waters at a distance, brilliantly lit, he was astounded to see the workmanlike shape of a British man-o'-war, and

having made sure he was not mistaken, swung round to the others.

"After all," he said, "I believe my message was not too late! The Spitfire's left Makhara and is following us. She wouldn't have done that if she didn't know we were on board."

And then, in answer to Adrian Blake's inquiry, he told those who did not already know of his Morse message by torch to the warship from their prison cell.

"Good lad!" exclaimed his father, clapping him on the shoulder, and, with the others, anxiously studying through the portholes the shape of the distant British cruiser, slipping through the waters at full speed and slowly coming ahead of the Russian tramp.

"No," said Adrian Blake. "The Spitfire wouldn't have left Makhara, as you say, without it being a result of that message of yours. I'll bet anything—"

He was interrupted by the roar of a gun, and in the moonlight they could see a bigish cloud of white smoke rise from the cruiser's side.

"London calling!" laughed Rodney, with delight, realising that the blank shot meant that the cruiser was ordering the Russian tramp to stop her engines.

Free at Last!

"DON'T be too sure even now, laddie," warned Adrian Blake, as Rodney added something about Boronov being properly beaten this time. "Boronov is a devil, and he's got a lot at stake. Don't forget that dead men tell no tales. He'll fight to the very end."

A second and a third time the British cruiser fired a blank warning, and still the Russian tramp held on her way. Overhead could be heard the noise of people running to and fro on the deck, and voices shouted. But there was no slackening of speed on the part of the steamer. Finally, the British cruiser's gun roared once again. This time the breech of the gun had held a live round instead of a blank one. Courtesy had given way to a business-like command. The British Navy was not a force to be trifled with!

Those in the locked cabin below knew that the vessel had been hit, for a tremendous crash overhead was heard. The vessel was violently shaken, and, after a minute or two, the thudding of the engines ceased. On the other hand, the watchers at the porthole saw that the British cruiser had moved swiftly towards her now thoroughly cowed prey, and was slowing down, too. From her side a large launch, manned by bluejackets and carrying two officers, was lowered into the water and began instantly to make its way towards the Russian tramp.

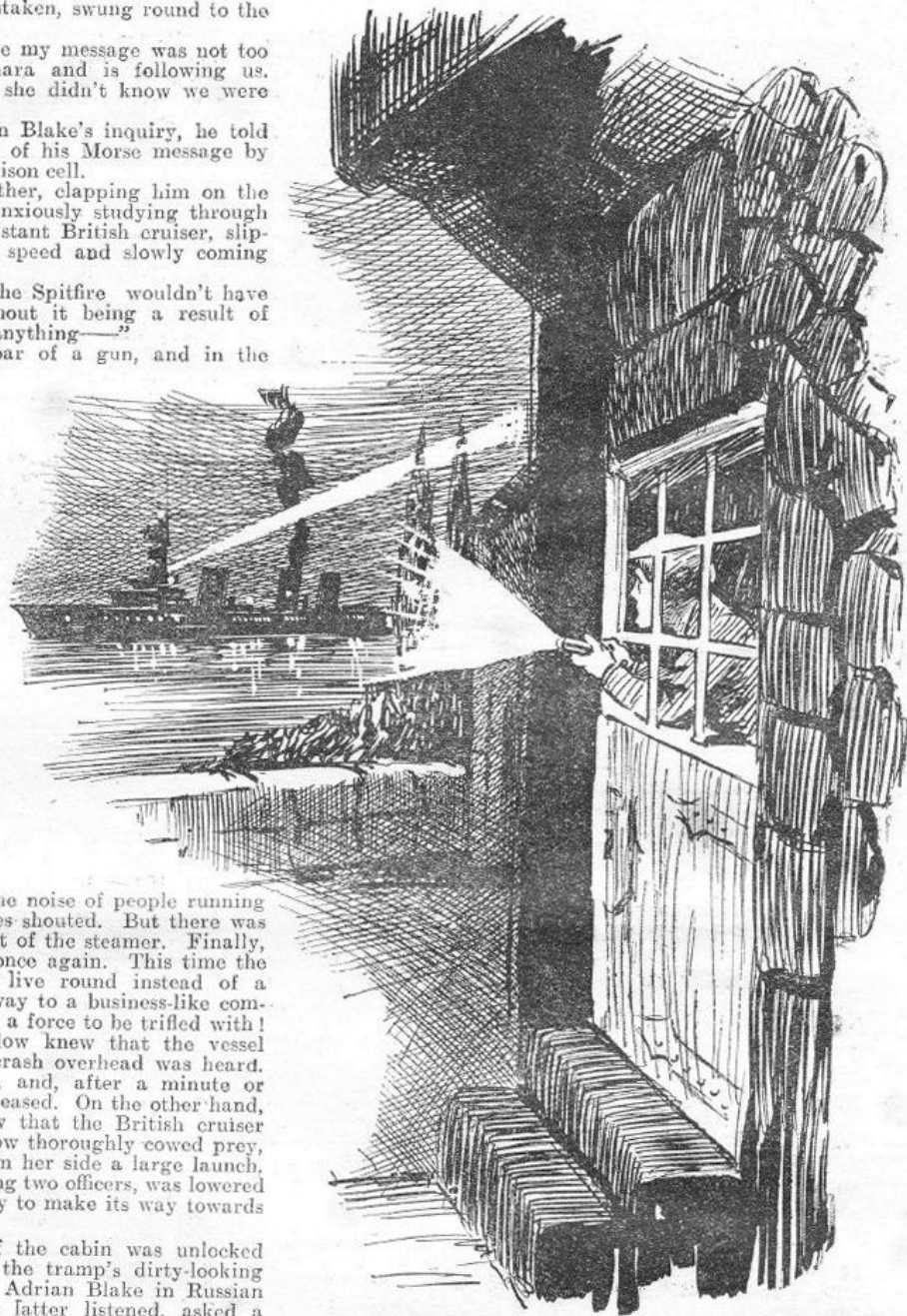
At the same time the door of the cabin was unlocked and there appeared the face of the tramp's dirty-looking and bearded skipper, addressing Adrian Blake in Russian with an excited anxiety. The latter listened, asked a question or two, and turned to the others.

"It seems that the Spitfire has thoroughly put the wind up them," he said. "The captain is anxious that we should go on deck and be taken off by our people. It seems that friend Boronov and the rest don't exactly want to be in the limelight when the British come on board. That's to be understood. Britain would rather like to lay her hands on friend Boronov, and he knows it. However, so long as we're free, what do we care about Boronov? Let's go up on deck, people, and be precious pleased to be rid of Siberia."

With what pleasure Rodney and Dan and their companions in this strange adventure reached the deck to see and greet the smartly-uniformed representatives of the British Navy, arrived so opportunely to their rescue, can well be imagined. Especially Rodney, but for whose message through the Turkish prison bars reaching the British ship they must have been doomed.

Quickly transferred to the cruiser, they were safe at last, and watched the Russian vessel scurry off hastily into the night, with the malignant figure of the vulture-like Boronov and his companions on the bridge with the captain, cowed by British sea-might, but shaking angry fists at the cause of their defeat.

"We've you to thank for this, Rodney," said Adrian Blake, as the Russian tramp vanished at last from sight, while the cruiser went on her way towards Malta. "Nothing else but a British man-of-war holding him up



Rodney remained some time at the iron bars of their prison, pressing the button of his torch, and sending his message to the black shape that loomed on the water. Suddenly, to his delight, an answering flash came from the cruiser. (See page 26.)

could have frightened Boronov so much as to give us up. I'll bet the British shell which tore away half that old tramp's funnel was the biggest shock he'd ever had in his life. He hadn't the faintest idea that pursuit had been made possible."

"What I can't understand," remarked Rodney, "is why you didn't have him and the others taken prisoners. Why let 'em off so easy?"

"Well, there's no doubt about it that Britain would very much like to get Boronov in her hands," agreed Adrian Blake. "But to seize him on the high seas would only mean war with Russia. No. We can feel quite satisfied with ourselves for having clipped the old vulture's wings well for him this time. We've a fine story to tell the world when we reach London."

Yet, in the end, and much to Rodney's disappointment, that story was never made public. There was, naturally, a sensation when Lord Braxton, believed to be dead, reappeared in England, and some explanation had to be made. It chanced that one of the first persons he met was the Foreign Secretary, to whom he told the whole amazing story, and explained that it was being published in his

paper. The Foreign Secretary, considerably startled, urged him to keep the matter secret till he had consulted with the Prime Minister; and, after the whole party had paid a visit to Downing Street, it was decided that—for diplomatic reasons—it was best that silence should be kept.

Strangely enough, only a few weeks later, news from Russia reached the London papers to the effect that Borofiov had been assassinated by a political opponent in Moscow, news which Sacha Karaganski learnt with some satisfaction, feeling that in this way his father's death at Boronov's hands had been avenged.

Alone in the world, although inheriting his father's estate, Sacha had been uncertain where to go and what to do when the excitement of reaching London had worn away, and he said so to Rodney.

"Where will you go?" laughed Rodney. "Well, that's easily settled, Sacha. Dad and I have been reckoning that you'd live with us here in London. And as for what you'll do—why not join the 'Sun' with us? With your knowledge of Russia and the people there, Lord Braxton would jump at having you on the staff."

And so it was settled. Dan, in spite of his friendship for the other two, had no liking for town life, and was only eager to be back home in his native Devon. For him, as some reward for his share in crushing that infamous conspiracy against the world, Lord Braxton purchased a farmhouse and land near Tidewell, setting the lad and his parents up with capital to help make it pay.

And there, when the next early summer came, Rodney and Sacha came, with the former's father and Larry O'Hagan, who had come over from the States, and enjoyed a happy little reunion in the house of Dr. Fraser, talking over the strange adventures through which they had passed in their battle to avert the peril of the Flying Fish.

Standing with his two friends on the cliffs above Littleworth Cove, and looking down at the smooth, glassy surface of the sea, it was almost impossible to believe that past memory of the afternoon when Dan and he had seen the grey shape of the Flying Fish rise to the surface, little dreaming of how it would carry them away that night, and plunge them into the vortex of the wildest plot the world had ever known, hidden away in the Valley of No Escape.

"Anyhow," laughed Rodney, as they talked together of that night, "it proved a Valley of Lucky Escape for us in the end. I wonder what it looks like now, what happened to those we left behind in it, and whether anyone cleared up the mess? I wouldn't half mind having another look at it."

"Like enough, Mister Rodney," grinned Dan. "All the same, to my mind, you be safer here. There be no need to go looking for trouble. Let's get away home, and be glad Littleworth Cove and we have seen the last of the Flying Fish."

(Be sure and read the opening chapters of "The Robot Man!"—our brilliant new serial, which starts next week.)

YOUR EDITOR SAYS—

(Continued from page 23.)

what it's worth. There must be some resort, seaside, country or otherwise, that you've always wanted to visit. If there is, go there. If not, decide on a holiday that's entirely different from any you've had before.

SPEED RECORDS!

"What are the world's land-speed-record attempts, and the speeds attained?" asks J. L. (Birmingham).

The first successful attempt at the record to arouse public interest was made by Sig. Haugdahl at Daytona Beach. He attained a speed of 180.27 m.p.h.

From this time many attempts have been made to break this record, two of them unfortunately with fatal results. Capt. Campbell, in July, 1925, on Pendine Sands, driving a 12-cylinder Sunbeam, made the speed of 150.76 m.p.h.

Parry Thomas followed this in May, 1926, on the same course. His car, Babs, attained a speed of 170.6 m.p.h. It is sad to record that at his second attempt he was killed.

Capt. M. Campbell had another try on Pendine in January, 1927, this time making the speed of 174.2 m.p.h. on Blue Bird. Major Sir Henry Segrave was the first successful one to break Sig. Haugdahl's record. In March, 1927, he attained 205.7 m.p.h. at Daytona on his 1,000 h.p. Sunbeam.

On the same course, Capt. M. Campbell broke this record with 206.9 m.p.h. in April, 1928, on a new Blue Bird. Ray Keech was successful in April, 1928, his speed being roughly 2 m.p.h. better than Capt. Campbell's.

In March, 1929, Major Sir Henry Segrave made the record, which now stands, on Golden Arrow. His speed was 231.3 m.p.h., and was made at Daytona Beach.

Dogged by ill-luck, Capt. Campbell was successful at Verneuk Pan, South Africa. His speed reached 218 m.p.h.

GETTING INTO HOT WATER.

Here's a complaint from a reader who went on a picnic and got into trouble up to the neck. He came back from the junketing with the sense that everybody was against him. He happened to be head cook and chief bottle-washer in ordinary at the outing, and by some evil mischance he upset some hot water over a member of the party. "They say I did it on purpose—goodness knows why!—and I have lost my pals." That's the story, but it seems to me the fellow has got the wrong pig by the ear. Of course, nobody likes being sloshed over the napper with a saucerful of hot water, but after the first feeling of righteous indignation had blown off, and the water had ceased to sting, the victim who would cherish a grievance hardly exists. Pals are not lost because of an accident. I expect my correspondent has let his imagination get off the rails. And if he gets a job again at a camping show let him see to it that the hot water does not get out of hand.

YOUR EDITOR.

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