

Boys of St. Frank's v. Cannibals! See "TREASURE ISLE!" GREAT SERIAL STORY INSIDE.



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A THRILLING INCIDENT FROM THE GRAND LONG SCHOOL STORY WITHIN.



Mr. Browning-Jones, dubbed "the outsider" by Tom Merry & Co. because he has had the "cheek" to open a new school on the "doorstep" of St. Jim's, makes his presence felt when he catches George Gore bullying a fag! But both Tom Merry and Gore thank their lucky stars for the presence of "the outsider" when their lives are in peril.

CHAPTER 1. Cheek!

"LIKE his cheek!"
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Cheek's not the word! I call it nerve—beastly nerve!"
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Rotten!"
"Disgusting!"
"Yaas, wathah!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with his "Yaas, wathah!" came in like a sort of operatic chorus. Whatever the other fellows said, that remark seemed to express D'Arcy's feelings better than any other.

The juniors seemed rather excited.

They were talking the matter over in Tom Merry's study, in the Shell passage in the School House, and several of them were talking at the same time. There was nothing unusual about that, but it did not add to the clearness of the discussion.

As a rule, when Tom Merry of the Shell discussed matters with Jack Blake & Co. of the Fourth, trouble would arise, and trouble arose whenever either parties discussed matters with Jack Blake & Co. of the New House. But the time seemed to have arrived when the lion should lie down to the lamb, for Tom Merry and Blake and his chums and Figgins & Co. were all on the best of terms with one another as they talked with heated voices. They were excited, but it was not a Form or a House row. Their indignation was evidently turned against somebody outside St. Jim's.

"Like his cheek!" said Blake, for the fifth or sixth time.

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"Somebody ought to do something," said Manners of the Shell, rather vaguely.

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Monty Lowther.

"Good egg!" said Blake. "You take his photograph, Manners, and send him a copy. That would make him sit up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a laugh, and the amateur photographer of the Shell glared at Blake.

"You utter ass——" he began.

"Peace, my children!" said Tom Merry. "Don't let your angry passions rise. We're discussing the conduct of Mr. Browning-Jones."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"The gentleman with the double-barrelled name——"

"Down with him!" said Kerr.

"Hear, hear!"

"We want him——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Not at all. We don't want him here," said Tom Merry.

"We don't want him at all, for that matter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, wathah—I mean, no, wathah!"

"We want him to see that his conduct is regarded with—"

with despicion by the juniors of St. Jim's," said Tom Merry.

"Well, that's a good word, anyway," Figgins remarked.

"We want to show him that we regard him, in fact, as an awful outsider."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Hear, hear!" said Fatty Wynn.

"The question is, how are we going to do it?" said Tom Merry.

"That's the question."

"Yaas, wathah!"

The juniors ceased to speak all at once, and looked

—AT ST. JIM'S—STARRING ALL YOUR SCHOOLBOY FAVOURITES.

The OUTSIDER!

by
**MARTIN
CLIFFORD**

thoughtful. That was indeed the question, and the answer to it was not forthcoming.

The cause of the indignation of the St. Jim's juniors was curious enough.

Mr. Browning-Jones, a gentleman of whom no one seemed ever to have heard of before, had opened a private school close to St. Jim's.

Now, a man might open a private school and yet be all that was decent, and Tom Merry was perfectly willing to admit the fact.

But what business had Mr. Browning-Jones to open his private school—"his blessed private school," as Blake said—close to St. Jim's?

England was a big country, and Sussex a fairly large county, and surely Mr. Browning-Jones might have found somewhere else to open his private school, and not right under the fellows' study windows at St. Jim's!

That was how Monty Lowther put it.

Lowther was exaggerating a little. The new private school was a good half-mile away, and the fellows could not see it from the highest roof at St. Jim's.

But that made no difference.

It was undoubtedly like the cheek of Mr. Browning-Jones to do anything of the sort.

It had been bad enough when Rylcombe Grammar School opened near St. Jim's, and the Grammarians became their near neighbours.

The Saints had got used to that, however. But now a second establishment was opening its doors in the neighbourhood, not exactly under the junior study windows as Lowther averred, but quite close at hand.

It was undoubtedly rotten!

Mr. Browning-Jones ought to have known better; and if he did not know better, surely it was up to the St. Jim's juniors to teach him better!

That was the unanimous view held by the meeting in Tom Merry's study in the Shell passage.

But how were they to do it?

That was a question which none of the excited juniors found it easy to answer. It was all very well to condemn the unheard-of action of Mr. Browning-Jones, but it really seemed as if the powers of the indignant juniors stopped at that point.

There was a knock at the study door, and Kangaroo—otherwise Harry Noble of the Shell—looked into the room.

He stared at the closely packed gathering in surprise. Tom Merry's study was not really designed to accommodate so many.

"Hallo!" said the Cornstalk. "Is this a giddy mothers' meeting?"

"Weally, Kangaroo—"

"But what's the trouble? I heard your voices from the end of the passage."

"It's Browning-Jones," said Tom Merry.

Kangaroo stared.

"Browning-Jones?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Who's that?"

"Chap who opened a new private school up the river," said Manners, in a deeply aggrieved tone. "Stuck himself and his private school just under our windows, with a crowd of kids."

"Well?"

"Well," exclaimed Tom Merry, "it's like his cheek!"

"Why?"

"Why—why?" Tom Merry was at a loss for a reason for a moment. "Why, you ass, because it is, you fathead!"

"Oh, good!" said Kangaroo. "Isn't this a free country?"

"Yes, ass!"

"Can't a man open a school where he likes, so long as he buys the ground or pays his rent?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Well, then—"

"Oh, you're a chump!"

"Yaas, wathah! An uttah ass!"

"We're talking it over," said Figgins, with a glare at the Cornstalk junior. "We're trying to hit on a plan of campaign."

"Oh, I see!"

"We're going to make the bounder sit up somehow, and take his blessed school somewhere else, where it won't worry us."

"Oh, I see! Do you want a suggestion?"

They looked suspiciously at the Cornstalk. There was a glimmer in Kangaroo's eyes, as if he regarded the whole matter in a humorous light; which, of course, was not to be endured for a moment.

"Well, yes," said Tom Merry, "if it's a sensible one."

"Well, it is mind your own business!" said the Cornstalk.

"What?" roared the juniors.

"Mind your own business!"

"My hat!"

"Bai Jove!"

"You worm!"

"Bump the bounder!"

The excited juniors swooped down upon the Cornstalk, and before he could dodge out of the study he was grasped by many hands.

He was whirled over and bumped.

"Ow!" he roared. "Loggo! Yow!"

Bump!

"Yaraah!"

"Now kick him out, deah boys!"

"Yow!"

Out of the study Kangaroo went whirling with five or six boots behind, helping him on his way. Then the door was slammed.

Kangaroo did not open it again.

CHAPTER 2.

Not Wanted!

TOM MERRY looked round the study rather heatedly. "Well," he said, "anybody got an idea?"

Fatty Wynn of the New House nodded. A bright expression had come over the Fourth Former's face.

It was clear that Fatty Wynn had an idea. Every eye was fixed upon the Falstaff of the New House at once.

"Well?" said half a dozen voices.

"I've got an idea," said Fatty Wynn.

"Go ahead, Fatty!" said Figgins encouragingly.

"Pile on!"

"Fire away!"

"We don't seem to be able to think of a wheeze here," said Fatty Wynn, "but it's a dead cert that this Browning-Jones chap has got to be put in his place!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, then suppose we adjourn to the tuckshop—"

"Eh?"

"And have a feed—"

"Bai Jove!"

"And talk it over there," continued Fatty Wynn. "I've always noticed that a fellow's brain works more actively when he's eating."

"You ass!"

"Well, you see—"

"You uttah ass!"

"Well, I think it's a jolly good idea!" said Fatty Wynn. "You never know what a splendid scheme we might pick upon if we thought it out over a good meal."

"Oh, ring off!" said Monty Lowther. "If nobody's got anything to suggest, I'm going down to the river. It's no good wasting a half-holiday indoors, listening to Fatty Wynn talking about grub."

"Not a bit of it!"

"But if we had a feed—"

"Scat!"

Monty Lowther walked out of the study.

It was the signal for the meeting to break up. Tom Merry & Co. had expressed, in the most emphatic manner, their indignation at the reprehensible conduct of Mr. Browning-Jones, M.A. But how to bring Mr. "B.-J." down off his perch, as Blake expressed it, was as yet unknown to them.

They had to wait for a scheme to transpire.

Meanwhile, it was glorious weather, and the river and the fields were better than a stuffy study.

The juniors left the School House, and Figgins & Co. went off to get a skiff out—a handsome skiff that belonged to Kerr. Most of the St. Jim's fellows were out by the river, or else punting a ball about on the football field. It was Wednesday afternoon—a half-holiday at St. Jim's.

Tom Merry & Co., with Blake & Co., strolled down to the river.

Gore of the Shell was standing by the river with a scowl upon his face. Gore had a face that seemed to be specially designed by Nature to fit a heavy scowl, and there was frequently one upon it.

The scene was very cheerful up and down the river—excepting for Gore. Gore looked far from cheerful.

In the early spring sunshine, the broad river was dotted with craft and bright blazers. Fellows were scattered up and down the bank. Kangaroo and Clifton Dane had brought out a basket which evidently contained entables, and it was clear that a picnic somewhere was in preparation.

Merry voices and laughter sounded along the sunny river. But Gore was scowling as Tom Merry & Co. came down for a boat.

Gore was a peculiar youth in some respects. He had been the most unpleasant fellow in the Shell, much given to bullying and ragging the youngsters, and making himself generally disagreeable—as he was able to do, being the biggest fellow in the Shell Form. Of late, Gore had shown a disposition to turn over a new leaf, but his backslidings were innumerable. But Gore seemed to consider that, if he chose to be in a good temper one day, fellows were called upon to forget that he had been rude or insulting the day before.

The other fellows did not see it.

Gore, so long as he kept up his old ways, had friends in fellows like Mellish or Crooke; but he was not satisfied with them now; and, in fact, was on bad terms with them. That was all to Gore's credit, for Mellish and Crooke were the greatest cads in the School House.

And while Gore was turning over his new leaf in earnest, he had friends among Tom Merry & Co.

But when the old Gore came out too strong, he quarrelled with his new friends, and he did not find them so willing to make it up as Mellish would have been.

Not that the chums of the School House bore malice.

It was not that. But a fellow could not be insulted one day, chummed with the next, and insulted again on the third day.

On this special afternoon, Gore was feeling specially virtuous. Perhaps it was the fine weather. Perhaps it was the fact that he had licked Mellish, and thus turned his back for about the tenth time on his bad associates.

He had come down to the river with an amiable smile upon his face, conveniently forgetful of the fact that only that morning he had had a row with half a dozen fellows he now wanted to be friendly with.

But they had not forgotten it.

He cheerfully offered to accompany many parties, but he was promptly told that his room was preferred to his company.

Hence the scowl on Gore's face as Tom Merry & Co. ran a boat into the water.

"Take care, deah boys!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You vewy nearly splashed my twousahs, then, Lowthah!"

"Sorry!" said Lowther.

"Oh, it's all wight!"

"It isn't!"

"Eh?"

"You see, I'm sorry I didn't splash them."

"You uttah ass!"

"I say, Tom Merry!" exclaimed Gore.

Tom Merry looked at the bully of the Shell with a steely expression in his eyes. Tom Merry had always backed Gore up when he seemed in earnest about leading a better life. But Gore's relapses tried Tom Merry's temper very severely.

Only that morning Tom Merry had found Gore ragging Wally, D'Arcy's younger brother, and he had interfered, with the result that Gore had an aching jaw for hours afterwards. Wally was certainly a mischievous young

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rascal; but Gore had been twisting his arms, and that was a piece of cruel bullying that nothing could excuse. Tom Merry could not forget it, or Wally's white, strained face in a hurry. He felt that he would not be able to endure Gore for some time to come.

"Well?" he rapped out.

Gore coloured.

"Can I come with you?" he exclaimed.

Tom Merry knitted his brows.

"No, you can't," he said abruptly. "We don't want a bully and a cad in this boat!"

Gore gave him a furious look, and then swung away, with his hands in his pockets, scowling. The boat pushed out into the river.

CHAPTER 3.

A Race on the River!

"RACE you!" shouted Figgins.

Tom Merry laughed.

Figgins and Kerr, in their skiff, were coming along briskly. But the offer to race a six-oar boat was absurd—so the School House fellows thought. In Tom Merry's boat the captain of the Shell was rowing, with Lowther and Blake, Reilly and Herries, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Manners was steering, and he had his camera on his knees. Manners generally had his camera with him when he went out on a half-holiday; he was a keen and enthusiastic amateur photographer.

"Well, of all the asses!" exclaimed Monty Lowther, resting upon his oar a moment to bestow a glare upon Figgins. "How long will you race us—two seconds?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I wegard you as an ass, Figgins!"

"Race you!" replied Figgins. "Get a move on! You School House chaps can't row for toffee!"

"You New House waster!"

"Rats!"

"Oh, go it, my sons!" said Tom Merry. "We'll leave them miles behind in a few seconds, and give them a lesson not to be cheeky!"

"Rats!"

"Pull away!"

The School House oarsmen bent to it.

The boat shot along under the steady rowing. But the two New House juniors were in a racing-skiff, and they were rowing splendidly. Kerr, especially, had a turn for rowing that was really wonderful. The skiff kept pace with the larger boat.

"My hat!" Jack Blake exclaimed. "They can row!"

"Yaas, wathah! Undah the circs, I weally considah that we must admit that Figgins and Kerr can wow."

"Rats!" said Herries. "Pull away!"

"Go it!"

"Put your beef into it, Gussy!" said Monty Lowther.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"You're slacking!"

"I am not slackin', you uttah ass! I am sowwy, deah boys, but I shall have to stop the wace for a few minutes while I give Lowthah a feahful thwashin'!"

"Pull away!" roared Tom Merry. "Keep your place!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Pull, you ass—pull!"

"Undah the circs—"

"Pull!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy pulled.

The two boats were dashing along but the New House skiff naturally fell behind. Figgins and Kerr laboured at the oars. There was a sudden yell on the river.

"Look out, you juniors!"

It was the voice of Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's. Four Sixth Formers were pulling down the river, and Tom Merry's boat had nearly run them down. In the hurry of the race the juniors had not seen the other boat. Kildare glanced at the youngsters as the boats passed within a foot of one another, the oars being dragged in to avoid collision.

"You asses!" he roared. "Can't you be more careful?"

"Certainly!" said Monty, raising his cap.

"You nearly ran us down!"

"Glad we didn't, Kildare. It would have quite spoiled my afternoon's pleasure if you had been drowned," said Monty Lowther politely.

The St. Jim's captain glared at him; but the boats were gliding apart, and Kildare was now too far off to do anything but glare. The juniors chuckled.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Blake. "Figgy's got ahead!"

"Pull away!"

"Put your beef into it!"

The School House fellows bent to their oars.



"Look out!" There was a warning yell from the bank, but it came too late. Skimpole overbalanced as his weight, added to Fatty Wynn's at the same end of the boat, made it tilt dangerously, and the genius of the Shell fell over the gunwale headlong into the water!

They strained after the racing skiff, and overtook it, inch by inch. By this time the two boats were out of sight of St. Jim's, and in a wide reach of the river between deep, dark woods. Over the trees on the farther bank rose a slate roof into view—a new roof, which had not been there long. It was the roof of the new private school kept by Mr. Browning-Jones.

The juniors did not look at it, however. They had attention only for the exciting race. "Go it, Kerr!" gasped Figgins.

"Right-ho!"

"Pile in, you fellows!" roared Tom Merry.

"Wight-ho, deah boy!"

A young man with a cheery, sunburnt face paused in his walk along the bank of the river, and looked at the two boats. Kangaroo and Clifton Dane, who were sitting on the sloping bank, just opening their lunch-basket, stopped in that interesting occupation, and watched, too.

"Bravo, School House!" roared Kangaroo. "Go it!"

The young man in the blazer and white trousers glanced along the bank to the two picnickers, and then looked at the boat again.

He clapped a pair of sinewy hands.

"Go it!" he shouted. "Bravo!"

The School House boat shot ahead. With six oars against two, the New House fellows were not likely to keep the race up long. Figgins suddenly rested on his oars.

"I'm done!" he gasped.

Kerr grinned, and ceased rowing.

"Same here, Figgy!"

"Bai Jove, they're done, deah boys!"

"So am I, jolly near!" gasped Blake.

The boats glided on more slowly.

"It's all right!" called out Figgins. "We were only pulling your leg, you know. We knew we couldn't row two against six."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Figgins—"

"There's a couple of bounders guzzling lemonade on the bank there," said Digby. "I'm as dry as a lime-kiln, or one of Skimpole's books."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Same here!"

"Share and share alike!" grinned Herries. "Come on!"

"Right you are!"

The two boats turned into the bank where the picnickers sat. Kangaroo waved his hand to the juniors.

"Come on!" he called out. "There's heaps here, and all are welcome!"

"That is weally vewy courteous of you, Kangaroo."

"Go hon!"

"Undah the circs—"

"Under the circs, shut up, and jump out!" said Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

The boats bumped into the grassy bank, and the juniors tumbled out.

"A very good race, my lads."

The St. Jim's juniors looked round in surprise.

It was the young man in the blazer who spoke.

They looked him up and down. He was a handsome, athletic fellow, and did not seem to be much over thirty. There was a kind, boyish expression upon his sunburnt face that was very taking.

"Thanks!" said Tom Merry. "Was it you that shouted?"

"Yes," said the young man, smiling. "I thought it was a good race. But I should advise you youngsters not to pump yourselves out like that," he added, turning to Figgins and Kerr. "You won't do yourselves any good by straining in that way."

Kerr nodded.

"I told Figgy so when we started," he replied.

"So you did," said Figgins. "I dare say you were right; and you're right, sir. I suppose you row?" he added, looking at the stranger.

The young man smiled.

"I rowed for my college," he said.

The juniors looked interested.

"Oxford man?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes; Balliol."

"Perhaps you'll join us in a feed, sir?" said Kangaroo politely.

"Thank you! You're very good; I will."

And the Balliol man sat down upon the grassy bank with the juniors, without any ceremony. Kangaroo lighted the spirit-lamp, and made the tea. It was a joyous party that joined in the little picnic.

CHAPTER 4.

Mr. Browning-Jones!

TOM MERRY & CO. were decidedly pleased with their new acquaintance.

He evidently knew all about rowing and swimming and football—subjects dear to the hearts of the St. Jim's juniors.

He talked on those subjects and told college stories of them, in a way that delighted the juniors.

His name he did not mention; nor did the juniors think for a moment of asking for it. He was evidently a pleasant fellow, with tastes very like their own, and that was enough for them.

"I'm awfully glad to meet you, you know," D'Arcy remarked, as he helped the stranger to sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, and cake and biscuits, in his hospitality rather overdoing it. "My bwothah's a Balliol man, you know."

"Really? Perhaps I know him."

"Yaas, pewwaps; he's Lord Conway."

The young man nodded.

"I met him," he said.

"A friend of his, pewwaps?"

"Well, no—the merest acquaintance, I'm sorry to say. Then you are the son of Lord Eastwood, if you are Lord Conway's brother?"

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"Yaas, wathah! Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, you know."

"The one and only Gussy," Jack Blake explained.

"Weally, Blake—"

"The only and inimitable Augustus—"

"Pway don't be an ass, Lowthah. Bai Jove! I've got an idea!"

"Never mind the idea: pass the eggs."

"It's wathah wippin'—"

"Pass the ham!"

"I wegard you as an ass, Mannahs. Look here, I weally think our friend might be able to give us some advice."

"Oh!"

The young man in the blazer smiled.

"Advice!" he repeated. "If it's anything about rowing or football, I dare say you can depend upon me."

"Yaas, but it isn't; it's a more delicate mattah, but I have a feelin' that you may be able to suggest a good plan," said D'Arcy. "A chap who knows as much about football as you do, is bound to have some ideahs."

"Thank you!"

"What on earth are you getting at, Gussy?" asked Tom Merry.

"The new wottah, you know."

"Oh, I see!"

"A new boy at your school?" asked the young man, with rather a puzzled look.

D'Arcy smiled.

"No, sir; it isn't a new boy—it's a new schoolmaster."

"A new schoolmaster?" repeated the Balliol man perplexedly.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"You see, there's an awful bounder comê to this neighbourhood," Jack Blake explained.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he's opened a rotten school here."

"That's bad."

"A beastly private school?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Beastly, in what way?"

"Well, I don't know about being beastly," said Tom Merry. "We haven't seen the place, as a matter of fact, only the roof of it over the trees."

"Or the pupils?"

"Well, there aren't more than a dozen pupils," said Lowther disdainfully. "We have two hundred or more at St. Jim's."

"And it's a rotten new place," said Manners.

"Rotten?"

"Well, new anyway. St. Jim's has been standing for centuries and centuries."

"Yaas, wathah! Quite old and respectable."

The Balliol man laughed.

"And you don't like this bounder opening his rotten private school in your neighbourhood?" he asked.

"Wathah not!"

"It's like his cheek to come between the wind and your nobility, as Shakespeare expresses it," the Balliol man continued.

Tom Merry looked at him quickly, suspecting mockery; but the young man's face was perfectly grave.

"Well, it's a blessed cheek, isn't it?" said Tom.

"It may not have occurred to the bounder that it is."

"Then it ought to be pointed out to him," said Manners.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Hear, hear!"

"What we want to do is to show our disgust, in some gentleman-like manner," said Arthur Augustus. "Of course, we don't want to descend to his level."

"I suppose not."

"Hear, hear!"

"By the way, what is the bounder's name?" asked the Balliol man.

"Oh, a ridiculous double-bawwelled name, you know—Jonung-Brown—"

"Browning-Jones," said Kerr.

"Yaas, that's it!"

"Browning-Jones," said the Balliol man. "Oh!"

"I dare say you have heard the name, sir?"

"Yes, I have heard it."

"He's an awful bounder!"

"You know him well?"

"Well, no; I have nevah seen him, as a mattah of fact."

"Have any of you seen him?"

"Well, no."

"But you have no doubt about his being a bounder?"

"Wathah not!"

"None at all?"

"We judge by his conduct you see."

"By his awful cheek."

"Oh, I see!" said the Balliol man, as the St. Jim's juniors rained these explanations in upon him. "I see,"

"I was thinkin'," went on Arthur Augustus D'Arcy,

"that you might be able to give us some advice upon the matter."

The young man nodded thoughtfully.

"What sort of advice?" he asked.

"How to get wid of him; or, at all events, to impress upon him a sense of our uttish disgust at his wotten conduct."

"Oh!"

"More tea, sir?" asked Kangaroo.

The Balliol man rose to his feet, with a genial smile.

"Thank you, no!" he said. "I am afraid I must bid you good-bye now. I have to get back to school."

"To—to school?"

"Certainly!"

The juniors stared at him.

"You don't go to school now, sir!" gasped Figgins.

"I do."

"To—to school! Bai Jove!"

"You see, I am a schoolmaster," the young man explained genially.

"Oh!"

"Bai Jove!"

"And I'm very sorry I can't help you in the matter of putting that obnoxious Mr. Browning-Jones in his place," continued the Balliol man urbanely. "You see, it would be very difficult, because—"

"Because—" murmured Tom Merry, guessing now what was coming.

"Because I happen to be Mr. Browning-Jones."

And the young man, raising his cap politely to the juniors, walked away down the river bank, and disappeared behind the trees in the direction of the new school.

He had left the St. Jim's juniors thunderstruck.

CHAPTER 5. The Outsider!

"BAI Jove!"
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was the first of the juniors to find his voice.

"Bai Jove! Weally, you know!"

"Great Scott!" said Kangaroo.

"My hat!"

"Phew!"

"Browning-Jones!"

"'B.-J.' himself!"

"My only Aunt Matilda!"

The juniors rose to their feet, staring in the direction in which Mr. Browning-Jones, of the new school, had gone.

They were amazed—and dismayed.

The fault that was in every mind was voiced by D'Arcy.

"What a set of wude boundahs he will think us!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Fancy talkin' like that to the man himself!"

"Telling him that he was a bounder!"

"And had acted rottenly!"

"My hat!"

Blake gave an angry snort.

"It was rotten his taking us in like that!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "He ought to have told us at first that he was 'B.-J.'"

"Yaas, wathah, when you come to think of it!"

"It just shows he's a bounder."

"Yes, rank outsider!"

"No class!"

"Quite impossible!"

"I shouldn't wonder if he isn't a Balliol man at all!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

And the juniors all looked very angry.

They were feeling very sore at being led on in that way by the Balliol man, only to be informed, when they had hopelessly committed themselves, that the man they were talking to was Mr. Browning-Jones himself.

True, Mr. Browning-Jones could not have known in advance that they were going to talk about him, and he had really been quite powerless in the matter.

But the juniors were too annoyed to think about that now.

It was agreed on all hands that the man was an utter bounder—a greater and more utter bounder than they had ever imagined at first.

"Somethin' must be done," said Arthur Augustus.

Tom Merry laughed ruefully.

"Something has," he said. "It seems to me that we've been done."

"Yes, rather!"

"I wegard him as a feahful beast!"

"A rank, rotten outsider!" said Lowther.

"Simply unspeakable!"

"And we can't tell him so," said Tom Merry. "He's gone. About the best thing we could do is to go, too!"

And the juniors embarked, Kangaroo and Clifton Dane and the empty lunch-basket being taken into Tom Merry's boat.

They pulled back to St. Jim's.

The pull on the sunny river quite restored their good humour, and their faces were soon bright again, though they had a sore feeling whenever they thought of Mr. Browning-Jones and the way they had given themselves away to him.

Gore was seated on the grassy bank, watching the river, as Tom Merry & Co. pulled towards St. Jim's.

The bully of the Shell was sitting in a disconsolate attitude, his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand, in deep and far-from-pleasant reflection.

His straw hat lay in the grass at his feet.

Gore turned his eyes upon Tom Merry's boat as it drew up towards the bank, and a glitter came into them.

The chums of St. Jim's looked bright and cheerful, and their happy faces made Gore feel more miserable and neglected than ever.

The boat ran into the bank, and Tom Merry jumped out.

He caught sight of George Gore, and a shadow crossed his face. The dejected look upon Gore's face went directly to Tom Merry's heart.

After all, the fellow was a bully and a cad; but one was



YOU'RE TELLING ME!

Steeplejack: "Say, Bill, did you ask the boss for a rise?"

Bill: "No: I ain't got the nerve!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to M. Sykes, 94, North End Avenue, Portsmouth, Hants.

called upon to forgive a fellow's faults, and not to bear malice. Tom Merry walked over towards Gore.

The bully of the Shell looked up savagely.

The dejection in his face had given place to anger at the sight of Tom Merry coming towards him.

"Well, what do you want?" he snapped.

"I want to speak to you," said Tom Merry mildly.

"You can save your breath!"

"I want to say—"

Gore snapped his teeth.

"Oh, let me alone!" he said.

"Very well," said Tom Merry quietly; "I'll let you alone. Only I wanted to say that I'm sorry I answered you as I did a while back."

"Oh, you're sorry, are you?" sneered Gore.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"Nothing."

"You want a loan, I suppose?"

Tom Merry flushed red.

"No," he said; "I don't want a loan."

"Then what are you trying to spoof me for?"

"I am not trying to spoof you," said Tom Merry, controlling his temper with difficulty. "I'm telling you the truth; but I can see that I made a mistake in speaking to you at all. I've nothing more to say."

Gore shrugged his shoulders.

The hero of the Shell turned on his heel and walked back to his friends, and did not once glance in the direction of Gore again.

The bully of the Shell rose and strolled away, with his hands in his pockets, scowling ominously.

He was angry with Tom Merry and, at the same time, angry with himself for refusing Tom Merry's overtures of friendship.

His sullen temper had got the better of him again, and the words he had spoken could not be recalled.

Tom Merry was not likely to give him a second chance.

"My dear Gore—"

It was Skimpole's voice.

Gore scowled at the freak of St. Jim's. Skimpole was Gore's study-mate in the Shell passage, and Gore had quite enough of him within doors.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" he growled.

"Really, Gore, I cannot but regard that speech as almost rude," said Skimpole, blinking at Gore benevolently through his big spectacles; "but I do not blame you for

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it, Gore. When you have studied the subject of heredity as much as I have, you will be aware that we are all the slaves of hereditary instincts, and that you can no more help being a rude and ill-mannered rotter than I can help being the cleverest fellow at St Jim's! It is all a matter of heredity, Gore. It is quite possible that some day some other trait of heredity may appear in you, derived from some more decent ancestor, and you may become quite decent in your manners— Oh!"

Skimpole sat down suddenly.

The cause of his collapse was Gore's fist biffing hard upon his nose. The fall to a sitting posture interrupted the flow of Skimpole's eloquence.

"Ow!" he gasped.

Gore glared at him.

"You silly chump!"

"Really, Gore—"

"Do you want any more?"

"Ow! No!"

"Then you had better check somebody else!" growled Gore.

Skimpole blinked at him.

"My dear Gore, I was not cheeking you. I was simply pointing out the undoubted and indisputable fact that your rough and coarse manners were the outcome of heredity, and I was going to add that I should not be so unjust as to become a pig, to blame you for being what you are, my dear Gore! You cannot help it; and, indeed, I may say— Yaroooh!"

Skimpole said "Yaroooh!" as Gore thrust his foot forward, catching the amateur scientist on the chest and rolling him over in the grass.

Skimpole rolled down the steep bank, clutching wildly at his spectacles, and lodged finally in a group of willows near the water's edge.

Gore grinned, and strode on, leaving Skimpole to extricate himself from the willows, which he did in a very dazed and confused state of mind.

CHAPTER 6.

Upset!

"THIS is all right!"

Fatty Wynn made the remark.

He was sitting in a boat moored under the steep, green bank, with trees overhanging it. It was a very pleasant and secluded spot, and the green, grassy slopes and the thick old trees and the shining river beyond made a pleasant picture. But Fatty Wynn was not looking upon it with the eye of an artist. He was sitting in the boat and contemplating a lunch-basket he had just opened.

It was the lunch-basket that was "all right."

Fatty Wynn took out the cold chicken and the sandwiches and the cake, and his fat, round face grew more and more cheerful.

"This is simply ripping!" he murmured. "It's nearly an hour since I had anything to eat, and then I only had a few ham patties, and some sausages and potatoes, and a pound-cake, and some biscuits and nuts. I've got a jolly good appetite for a little feed."

And he started.

It was just then that Skimpole rolled down the bank and lodged in the willows. As the brainy man of St. Jim's crawled out of the willows, he caught sight of the fat Fourth Former sitting in the boat.

Skimpole sat on the bank and blinked at him, and Fatty Wynn sat in the boat and stared back.

"Ow!" said Skimpole.

"Oh!" said Fatty Wynn.

"Grooogh!"

"Ah!"

"Yow!"

"H'm!"

"You seem to be enjoying yourself, Wynn," Skimpole remarked. "I am also somewhat hungry, owing to the fresh air of the afternoon, and to the circumstances that I ate very sparingly at dinner-time, and have not had anything since."

Fatty Wynn grunted.

He had pulled out to that secluded spot in the boat to enjoy a little feed all to himself, and his supplies were not more than he could have comfortably managed himself. But hospitality constrained him.

"Come into the boat," he said.

"Certainly, my dear Wynn."

"Do you like sandwiches?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"I'd offer you some chicken, only I've started on it," said Fatty Wynn.

"I do not mind in the least."

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"Well, I—I do," said the fat junior. "You can have the sandwiches. Do you like ginger-pop, or would you prefer some water? The water here is nice and clean and pure and it is really better for you."

"I think I should prefer ginger-beer, Wynn. I fear that there may be impurities in the water of the river."

"Well, there are two bottles—you can have one. Go ahead!"

"Certainly, my dear Wynn."

And Skimpole began to make hay of the sandwiches.

Fatty Wynn finished his chicken, and helped Skimpole with the sandwiches. Then they shared the cake.

Fatty Wynn looked very fat and contented, and showed decided signs of sleepiness.

"This is all right," he murmured.

"Indeed it is, my dear Wynn! Now that I have refreshed myself, I should be very pleased to explain to you—"

"Grooogh!"

"Some of the most important principles of Determinism. You see, it is an excellent opportunity while we have the place to ourselves, far from the distractions of the maddening crowd—"

Snore!

"My dear Wynn—"

Snore!

"Dear me! He is falling asleep!" said Skimpole.

Snore!

Skimpole leaned over Fatty Wynn and shook him. The boat tilted up dangerously. Fatty Wynn was leaning back at his end of it, and the fat Fourth Former's weight was considerable.

"Wynn! My dear Wynn!"

Fatty Wynn opened his eyes.

"Grooogh-oooh!" he said.

"Pray remain awake, my dear Wynn. It is extraordinary that people should show this strange desire to go to sleep as soon as I begin to speak upon the extremely interesting subject of Determinism. I fail to understand it!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!"

"My dear Wynn—"

Snore!

Skimpole shook Fatty Wynn up again.

"If you persist in sleeping, Wynn, it is useless for me to explain the principles of the wonderful science of Determinism—"

"Shurrup!"

"Eh?"

"Cheese it!"

"My dear Wynn—"

Fatty Wynn started up.

"Look here, shut up!" he roared. "You can pull the boat back to the school if you want something to do!"

"But—"

"Shurrup!"

"My dear Wynn—"

Snore!

Skimpole blinked at Fatty Wynn through his big spectacles. It was evident that the fat Fourth Former was in no mental state to receive instruction upon the wonderful science of Determinism.

Skimpole decided to pull the boat back to the St. Jim's landing-stare as requested. He put out the oars.

Skimpole wasn't a good oarsman, and the boat was tilting up continually under the weight of the fat Fourth Former at the end. His return to the school landing-stare was, therefore, not an easy task.

But Skimpole did his best.

He caught "crabs" innumerable as he pulled back towards the school, and there came occasional grunts from Fatty Wynn as he was splashed.

There was a shout from the bank as Skimpole came in sight of the boathouse.

"Hallo, Skinny!"

Skimpole blinked up, and saw Tom Merry and Manners. They were laughing, though for what reason Skimpole could not guess.

"Hallo, my dear fellows!" he replied.

"Did you ever get a prize for rowing, Skinny?"

"Never, Merry."

"You surprise me!"

"Really—"

"Stay like that for a moment, Skinny," said Manners, unslinging his camera.

"What for, Manners?"

"I want to take you."

"Take me?"

"Snapshot you."

"Oh, I see! You are quite welcome, Manners. I suppose you are taking photographs of athletes, and wish to add me to the number?" said Skimpole, standing up and

resting upon one oar, to make a good pose for the amateur photographer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, Merry—"

Snap!

"I've got him!" said Manners. "I ought to get a guinea for that from the Editor of 'Chips'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, Manners—"

Snap!

"Got him again!" said Manners.

"Under the circumstances, Manners, I shall decline to pose for you any more," said Skimpole, sitting down to his rowing. I—"

"I'll take you like that, too."

Snap!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry.

"The ass!"

The boat tilted up in the mud. Skimpole rose to the surface, covered with slime and dripping with water, and struggled frantically as he clutched at the bank.

"Ow! Help!"

CHAPTER 7.

Wet!

"GET a rope," said Tom Merry.

"Right-ho!"

Manners dashed off.

Skimpole was grasping at the steep bank, but it was too steep to climb. He hung on to the rushes and gasped for help.



Borne backwards by Gore's furious rush, Tom Merry suddenly felt himself falling downwards. Unable to stop himself, the bully of the Shell plunged headlong over the bank after Tom Merry. Splash! Splash! The two splashes sounded like one as the juniors plunged into the deep waters of the Rhy!

Skimpole blinked indignantly, and turned the boat in towards the bank. Manners snapped him again as he rowed in, and caught a beautiful effect of crab-catching. The boat came bumping against the grassy bank.

"Wake up, my dear Wynn."

Snore!

"Wynn—Wynn!"

Snore!

"Dear me!" said Skimpole. "He seems to be fast asleep. I suppose I shall have to shake him."

The genius of the Shell moved along the boat and bent over Fatty Wynn—and started shaking him. Tom Merry gave a yell of warning.

"Look out!"

But it was too late. Skimpole overbalanced as his weight, added to Fatty Wynn's at the same end of the boat, made it tilt sideways dangerously, and Skimpole fell over the gunwale headlong into the water.

"Ow-ow!"

Splash!

"My hat!"

"Hold on, Skimmy!" said Tom Merry encouragingly. "We'll have a rope here in a jiffy—"

"Ow! I am very wet!"

"Well, you can't tumble into a river without getting wet. You should think of these things first."

"Ow!"

"Here comes Manners!"

"Yow!"

"Here's the rope!" gasped Manners, as he dashed up. "We'll have you out in two shakes of a lamb's tail, Skimmy!"

"Groooh!"

The rope was lowered down the grassy bank, and Skimpole grasped the end of it.

Tom Merry and Manners seized it firmly, and pulled.

"Put your beef into it," said Tom Merry.

They dragged with all their strength.

Skimpole came slowly, being extracted from the mud and slime like a cork from a bottle.

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"Ow!" he gasped, as he landed. "Yow! I am very muddy!"

"Never mind," said Manners consolingly, as he dragged Skimpole out upon the grass. "You're not drowned, anyway, and that's lucky for you, though it's rather a misfortune for everybody else."

"Really, Manners—"

"Wynn!" shouted Tom Merry.

Fatty Wynn had not awakened. The boat was tilting dangerously, but the fat Fourth Former was still asleep in it. The boat rocked and oscillated close to the rushes, in danger of overturning every minute.

"Wynn!" roared the Shell fellows.

Fatty Wynn started up.

The movement was fatal. It gave the finishing touch to the boat, and the end plunged under the water.

"Yaroo!" roared Fatty Wynn.

He went out into the river, head first.

The chums of the Shell roared—they could not help it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fatty Wynn disappeared in the river, and the boat bumped along the rushes. Wynn's fat face came up in a second. He was puffing and blowing and gasping.

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groogh! Help!"

"There's the rope!" called out Tom Merry. "We'll pull you out, Wynn!"

"Ow! Yow!"

Fatty Wynn grasped the end of the rope, and was pulled up the bank as Skimpole had been.

He was landed like a fish, floundering and gasping.

"My dear Wynn, I am sorry you were upset," said Skimpole. "You have shared my unfortunate mishap—"

"You silly ass!" roared Fatty Wynn.

Skimpole blinked at him.

"Really, Wynn—"

"Why did you get out of the boat and leave me to tilt up?"

"I fell out."

"What did you fall out for?"

"Really, Wynn—"

"Look at my clothes!" roared Fatty Wynn. "Look at my chivvy! And the lunch-basket at the bottom of the river—and there was still a sandwich in it!"

"Really!"

"You chump!"

"My dear Wynn—"

"You fathead! You—"

Fatty Wynn clenched his fists and rushed at Skimpole. Tom Merry and Manners grasped him just in time to stop him.

"Hold on, Fatty!"

"Chuck it!"

"Lemme gerrat him!" roared Fatty Wynn.

"Cheese it—"

"Lemme—"

Skimpole blinked at Fatty Wynn in the greatest astonishment. He did not seem to have any idea what the trouble was about.

"My dear Wynn," he expostulated, "your annoyance is entirely without cause. It was not my fault that the boat was upset. You see—"

"Lemme get at him!"

"Under the circumstances, I—"

Tom Merry took Skimpole by the shoulders and swung him round, so that he faced the school.

Skimpole blinked.

"Under the circumstances, you'd better cut off," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Really, Merry—"

"Buzz off!"

"But—"

"Scoot!"

Tom Merry gave Skimpole a start with his boot, and the genius of the Shell ambled off towards St. Jim's, still in a state of the greatest astonishment.

Manners was holding Fatty Wynn back. The fat Fourth Former grunted and gasped, and gouged the mud out of his eyes and mouth.

"Let me go!" he grunted. "I want to go and get a change! The silly ass! I might have known what would happen if I let a Shell duffer into the boat!"

Tom Merry laughed.

Fatty Wynn started off towards St. Jim's, leaving a trail of wet and mud behind him as he squelched on with boots full of water.

Figgins and Kerr met him at the gates.

"Hallo! We've been looking for you!" said Figgins.

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"What on earth's the matter with you, Fatty? You haven't been taking a swim with your clothes on, have you?"

"Looks like it," said Kerr.

Fatty Wynn snorted.

"I've been upset!"

"Well, you look a little upset."

"Groogh!"

Fatty Wynn stalked on, leaving Figgins and Kerr grinning. He left everybody grinning whom he passed on his way to the New House.

As the wet and muddy junior tramped up the New House stairs towards the Fourth Form dormitory, the voice of Sefton of the Sixth rang along the passage.

"Fag!"

Sefton, the bully of the Sixth, had a way of calling out for a fag on all occasions, partly because he was too lazy to do anything for himself and partly from an ill-natured love of calling fags away from their occupations and upsetting any arrangements they might have made. Sefton called out as he heard footsteps pass, and Fatty Wynn heard him, but he tramped right on. He was in no state to enter a senior's study just then, dripping wet and covered with mud and river slime.

"Fag!"

Sefton shouted again.

Fatty Wynn took no notice.

The bully of the Sixth came to the door of his study with an angry face.

"Fag! Wynn, is that you?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you come when I called?"

"I'm wet."

"I don't care whether you're wet or dry! Come to my study at once!"

"But—"

"Don't answer me back!"

Sefton went back into his study. Fatty Wynn's eyes gleamed, and he obeyed. He felt that the senior would be sorry for it. Sefton was very dandified in his study, and he had a nice carpet and curtains, and everything in neat order. Fatty Wynn tramped in, making huge, muddy marks over the carpet, and he purposely brushed against the white muslin curtains, smothering them with mud.

Sefton glared at him.

"You—you—" he gasped. "How—how dare you go about the House in this state!"

"I've fallen into the river."

"To—to come into my study like that—"

"I told you I was wet!"

"Get out!" roared the Sixth Former. "You've mucked up my curtains; you're ruining my carpet! Get out!"

"Well, you called me," said Fatty Wynn.

"Get out!" yelled Sefton.

Fatty Wynn got out. The bully of the Sixth was left glaring at the muddy footprints on his carpet, with feelings too deep for words. Fatty Wynn chuckled as he went up to the dormitory.

CHAPTER 8.

Wally's Limerick!

"PEWWAPS—"

"Give a chap some room!" said Blake, as he drew a chair up to the table in Study No. 6 in the Fourth Form passage.

"Pewwaps—"

"No perhaps about it," said Blake. "I want to do my prep."

"Pewwaps—"

"Oh, Gussy is understudying a parrot!" said Herries. "Can't you give a chap a corner of the table?"

"Pewwaps—"

"For goodness' sake," said Blake crossly, "put on a new record, or else ring off!"

"You uttah ass—"

"We want to do our prep!"

"Pewwaps—"

"He's starting again," said Herries. "It's sickening!"

D'Arcy jammed his eyeglass into his eye, and surveyed his chums wrathfully.

The study table was covered with books and papers and pens and pencils and scribbled sheets and slips.

Arthur Augustus had evidently been very busy in the literary way when his two chums came into the study.

"Weally, deah boys—"

"Well, he's changed the record, at all events," said Blake.

"Pewwaps—"

"Off again!"

"Pewwaps you fellows wouldn't mind leavin' me to myself for a bit," said the swell of St. Jim's. "Pewwaps you wouldn't mind doin' your pwop in the Form-woom."

"Rats!"
 "Weally, Blake—"
 "Bosh!"
 "Undah the circs—"
 "What are you up to, you image?"
 "I wufuse to be called an image!"
 "But what are you doing?" roared Blake. "What are you filling the blessed study up with blessed paper for?"
 "I'm writin'."
 "Writing to Digby?"
 "Oh, wats! I shouldn't need all this papah to w'ite to Digby," said Arthur Augustus. "Besides, I have w'itten to Digby since he went away, and there is no need for me to w'ite again to-day."
 "Then what?"
 "I'm doin' my contribution to 'Tom Mewwy's Weekly.'"
 "Oh, that's of no consequence!" said Blake airily. "It could be missed out, you know. Give a chap some room."
 "It's a most important contribution. I am goin' to w'ite a scathin' article about that awful boundah, Bwownin'-Jones, and send him a copy of the 'Weekly' when it is published," D'Arcy explained. "I wathah weckon it will make him sit up. What?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I see no cause whatevah for wibald laughtah. I weward it as a wippin' ideah. It is the only way to put the wottah in his place."
 "Do you think he will read it?"
 "Yaas, wathah! I shall mark this article in the copy of the papah I send him."
 "Rats!"
 "Weally, Hewwies—"
 "Well, suppose you go and write the article in the Form-room, and leave us the study for our prep?" Blake suggested.
 "Wats!"
 "How much have you done?"
 "Well, as a mattah of fact, I am only just beginnin'—"
 Blake put his books under his arm.
 "Are you going to read it to us when you've done?"
 "Yaas, wathah!"
 "Then I'll buzz off, for one, with pleasure."
 "Weally, Blake—"
 "Come on, Herries! You're going to have the scathing article read to you if you stay here!" said Blake warningly.
 "Then I'll jolly well come to the Form-room!" said Herries.
 "You feahful asses—"
 But Blake and Herries were gone. D'Arcy heard them chuckle as they went down the passage. He sniffed, and dipped his pen in the ink.
 He had dipped his pen in the ink many times already, but none of the ink had been transferred to the paper, so far, except in the form of blots.
 It was one thing to sit down to write a scathing article on the subject of Mr. Browning-Jones, and quite another to get the article written. Arthur Augustus was not the first ambitious author who had sat down to write with a nice block of clean, blank foolscap before him, and had got up from his chair again, leaving the foolscap still blank.
 "Bai Jove!" murmured the swell of St. Jim's. "It's wotten! I suppose it's these wotten intewwuptiuns, but a chap's bwain won't work just when he wants it to. There is a lot of material for a scathin' article, and I can't think of anythin' to w'ite. It's wotten!"
 He dipped the pen in the ink again.
 Then he gnawed the handle of it.
 Then he laid the pen down and rose and walked up and down the study with his hands deep in his trousers pockets, and a wrinkle of deep thought upon his brow.
 What is to be done?
 "The question is," murmured D'Arcy aloud, "whethah it shall be in rhyme or in pwose. Pewwaps a limewick will meet the occasion."
 He reflected upon it.
 "There was a feahful boundah named Bwownin'-Jones, Who had the cheek to open a school undah our beastlay study windows—"
 He shook his head.
 Neither the metre nor the rhyme pleased him.
 "Try again!" said a voice at the door.
 D'Arcy looked round quickly.
 It was Wally, his minor, the scamp of the Third Form. Wally had a smear of ink on his fingers and a smear of jam on his face. Wally was generally either inky or jammy—sometimes both.
 "Weally, Wally—" began Arthur Augustus.
 Wally grinned.
 "Composin' a sermon?" he asked.
 "You young ass! I am composin' a limewick!"
 (Continued on next page.)



Do you know a good joke? If so, send it to "THE GEM JESTER," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.). Fine footballs are awarded every week for the two best jokes received and a half-a-crown is paid for every other joke that appears in this column.

A TEASER FOR TEACHER.

Teacher (who had just given a lesson on the table of measurement): "Now, boys, is there any question you want to ask me on the lesson?"

Boy: "Please, sir, how many policemen's feet are there in a Scotland Yard?"

A football has been awarded to S. Martin, 8, Coast Guard Station, Battery Green, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

THE FOWL HUNT.

Brown: "You know those chickens you sent me? Well, they escaped, and after searching the whole district I only found ten."

Green: "Well, you ought to be satisfied—I only sent you six!"

A football has been awarded to E. Shaw, 40, Frankfort Street, Shawlands, Glasgow, S.1.

A QUESTION OF TIME.

Sergeant: "Now mark time when I give the order."

Recruit: "With me feet, sergeant?"

Sergeant: "Course, fathead! Did you ever 'ear of anythin' markin' time with 'ands'?"

Recruit: "Yes, sergeant—me watch!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to L. Green, 66, Coltman Street, Hull.

LOWTHER'S LEG-PULL.

Gussy and Monty Lowther were chatting in Study No. 6.

"Did I tell you, deah boy," said Gussy, "that I've wecently had my voice twied?"

"What was the verdict?" asked Lowther.

"Fine!" answered Gussy.

"Really?" said Lowther, preparing a hasty retreat. "And were you able to pay it?"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to C. Mattin, 33, High Street, Mortlake, London, S.W.14.

THE ROAD REPAIRERS.

Mr. Shrimp: "What, diggin' this road up again? It was only repaired a fortnight ago."

Navy: "Ay, but Jock McKiltie lost his baoccy tin on the job—and now he's foreman!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to P. Powell, 3, Hartington Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

SUN-LIKE.

Rastus: "Why am de sun like a tea-cake?"

Sambo: "Because dey both rises in de yeast and sinks behind de vest!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to L. Poole, 84, Stoneleigh Road, Birchfields, Birmingham.

AN AFTER FAULT.

Golfer: "I stand too near the ball when I hit it."

Caddie: "I don't think that's the fault, sir. You're too near the ball after you've struck it!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to R. Croucher, 73, Tulsemere Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.27.

CLEVER.

Teacher: "Now, you all know that man descended from monkeys, but what do monkeys descend from?"

Boy: "Trees, sir!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to S. Wolpera, 4, Park Grove, Battersea, London, S.W.11.

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"I thought limericks had to rhyme?"
 "I have not finished this one yet."
 "Let me help you," said Wally cheerfully.
 D'Arcy looked at him doubtfully.
 "You would be much better occupied in washin' your hands," he said, "or in gettin' a clean collah, you howwid young wagamuffin!"
 "Oh, don't you begin, Gussy!" said Wally pathetically.
 "Weally, Wally—"
 "I'm stony," Wally explained. "Broke to the wide, and I've promised to stand Jameson and Curly some grub at Mrs. Taggles'. Can you lend me half-a-crown?"
 "I should pwefer to lend you some soap, Wally. You have been eatin' jam for your tea, I pwesume?"
 "How do you know?" asked Wally.
 "There is a smear of jam on your face."
 "Oh, that's all right!" said Wally. "That's from last week."
 D'Arcy stood speechless.
 "Lend me half-a-crown, Gussy," said Wally persuasively.
 "The governor sends you more pocket-money than he does me. I'm broke to the giddy world, my son. Fork out!"
 "What a howwidly vulgah expression!"
 "I'll tell you what, Gussy. You lend me half-a-crown and I'll write the limerick for you," said D'Arcy minor.
 "I am afraid you could not do it, Wally."
 "Honour bright!"
 D'Arcy fished a half-crown out of his pocket, and tossed it to his hopeful minor, who caught it.
 "Thanks! Lend me your pen!"
 D'Arcy handed over the pen.
 Wally wrinkled his brows, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully with a grubby finger, thereby far from improving the appearance of his chin. Then his pen began to travel on the paper.

Arthur Augustus watched him with considerable interest. He knew that his minor was quick-witted, and it was possible, after all, that Wally would get him out of the difficulty. The swell of St. Jim's overlooked the fact that he had not even acquainted his minor with the intended subject of the limerick, and Wally had not asked for it. But Wally's pen was driving away lightly.
 "There you are!" said Wally. "I've done!"
 "But weally—"
 "You're welcome to it, Gussy, old son. Thanks for the coin!" And D'Arcy minor vanished from the study.
 Arthur Augustus picked up the paper from the table and read it. Then his eyeglass dropped to the end of its cord in his surprise and indignation.
 For what he read ran as follows:

"There was a young duffer named Gussy,
 Whose ways were remarkably fussy.
 In all Colney Hatch
 There isn't a match
 Of the Fourth Form tame lunatic, Gussy."

"Bai Jove!"
 Breathing wrath, the swell of the Fourth dashed to the floor of the study. But Wally had disappeared, and the elegant Fourth Former returned to the study with a very pink colour in his cheeks.
 "The feahful young wascal!" he murmured.
 And he threw Wally's effusion into the fire, and settled down once more to his poetical labours.

CHAPTER 9.

Copy!

TOM MERRY, Manners, and Lowther were busy in their study. It was near time for the publication of the number now due of "Tom Merry's Weekly," and the chums were making up the copy ready for the press.

Tom Merry gave a sigh of relief as he laid down his pen after finishing his notes.

"That's done!" he remarked.
 "So's my joke gossip," said Monty Lowther. "I've knocked off an instalment for this number—just knocked it off, you know, in time. A chap gets into the habit of doing these things. Some fellows find it hard to write."

"Your stuff is harder to read than to write," Manners suggested.

Monty Lowther glared at him.

"If you think that funny, Manners—"
 "Glad you've got it done!" interrupted Tom Merry nastily. "We shall have to go to press to-day, or the number will have to be missed this week. I've done an article on the Grammarians, about the licking we gave them last week, and I think it will make Frank Monk & Co. sit up when they read it."

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"Good! About my joke gossip—I don't mind reading out a few lines—"
 "Then there's the photography article," said Manners. "I've finished that."
 "I don't mind reading out—"
 "Cheese it!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "Let's get the copy posted off, or some silly ass will be coming in with more contributions."

There was a knock at the door, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy entered the Shell study with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"I twust you haven't finished the papah yet, deah boys?" he said.

"Just finished."
 "I have a limewick to put in."

"Sorry—no room!"
 "Weally, Tom Mewwy—"
 "All copy must be in the office early, or there is no room for it," said Tom Merry decisively.

"You can leave out something to make woom for this."
 "No fear!"

"Some of Mannahs' dwy wot about camewahs and things."

"Ass!" said Manners.
 "Or some of Lowthah's wotten jokes—"

"Chump!"
 "You see, it simply must go in!" explained D'Arcy. "It's a limewick, and—"

"Limericks are out of date."
 "This is a tewwific one, awfully sarcastic, slatin' Bwownin'-Jones."

"Oh!"
 "I'll wead it out."

"Oh, go ahead!" said Tom Merry resignedly.
 D'Arcy read it out.

It had cost him great mental labour, and there was a ring in the elegant Fourth Former's voice expressive of pride in his achievement, as he read it out:

"There was a feahful boundah named Jones,
 Whose wemarks on all occasions deserve to be tweated with gwoans.
 I considah it cheek
 On his part to open a new school last week
 In the neighbourhood of our own."

Tom Merry fell back in his chair, looking faint. Manners gasped for breath, as if he had received a great shock. Monty Lowther fell off his chair with a loud bump to the floor, and lay groaning.

The collapse of the Terrible Three was sudden and complete.

D'Arcy looked at them in surprise. He adjusted his eyeglass and looked at them again.

"Bai Jove!" he ejaculated.
 "Oh!" groaned Lowther.
 "Weally, Lowthah—"
 "Go away!" said Manners faintly.
 "Weally, Mannahs—"
 "Mercy!" implored Tom Merry.
 "You uttah ass!"

The swell of St. Jim's began to look wrathful. He was very proud of that limerick. He thought there were really few limericks like that in existence—and, indeed, he was quite right on that point.

"I wegard that as a splendid limewick, and a feahfully hard hit on Bwownin'-Jones!" he exclaimed.

"Well, if he read it—"
 "He would be bound to wead it if we sent him a copy of the 'Weekly' with the pawagwaph marked."

"Well, it would give him a shock," said Lowther, in a faint voice. "It's given me a terrible shock."

"You feahful ass—"
 "Where did you learn to shove in such ripping metre, Gussy?" asked Manners. "You are quite sure the lines will scan, I suppose?"

"Yaas, wathah! Pewwaps they are a twifle wocky in places, owin' to bein' witten in wathah a huwwy—"

"Perhaps!" moaned Lowther.
 "I wegard you as an uttah ass, Lowthah!"

"Perhaps! Oh, my grandfather's pink sun-bonnet! Will they scan? Oh, the metre! How many feet do you shove in a line as a rule, Gussy?"

"Weally, Mannahs—"
 "And all the feet club-footed, to judge by the sound of the lines," Tom Merry remarked.

D'Arcy jammed his eyeglass into his eye and surveyed the Terrible Three with a scornful stare.

"I wegard you as a set of silly asses!" he said. "Gweat poetic minds are nevah undahstood by the common herd,"

(Continued on page 14.)

ANOTHER PAGE OF NEWS AND VIEWS FROM—



Let the Editor be your pal! Write to him to-day, addressing your letters: The Editor, The GEM, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

HALLO, CHUMS!—I think I've mentioned recently that I've got some good things in the way of stories for the Gem up my sleeve. Well, this week, I propose to tell you something about them, for every reader likes to know what there is in store for him. First, the week after next, a great St. Jim's series starts. It deals with the exciting adventures of Tom Merry & Co. in the South Seas, where they go in search of a hidden treasure. Sounds thrilling, eh? It is thrilling! Martin Clifford has beaten all records with these ripping yarns. Look out for the first one in a fortnight's time.

Another treat that is coming along is an extra-special new serial that Mr. E. S. Brooks is busy on at the present time. This great story, of course, will feature the adventures of Nipper & Co., the St. Frank's chums—and, just a hint of what to expect, those adventures are staged in the Wild West. I will tell you more about this serial later.

You all have a good idea now of our first-class forthcoming programmes, and every one of you will be well advised to see that your GEM is ordered in advance—if, of course, you haven't already a standing order with your newsagent.

"THE FIRE-RAISER!"

Now for a few words about next Wednesday's amazing and thrilling story of the chums of St. Jim's. In "The Outsider!" you have all read of the new school which has opened near St. Jim's. Well, in next week's yarn Mr. Brown-Jones' school is burned to the ground! How it happens is a complete mystery, but it is thought to be the work of an incendiary—a view which is later confirmed when the mystery fire-raiser tries to do the same at St. Jim's! Who is the fire-raiser, and what is his object? Read all about it in this wonderful yarn.

"TREASURE ISLE!"

For more thrills let me recommend you to next week's nerve-tingling instalment of our popular serial. Nelson Lee & Co. have so far held the Tao-Tao savages at bay, but they are unable to get the yacht out of the reef-bound lagoon. And as Nelson Lee rightly suspects that Haynes will transfer his attack to the airship, matters are not looking quite so bright for the St. Frank's adventurers. At all costs the Sky Wanderer must be warned! But how to do it is a problem. See what happens in next week's gripping chapters.

In this tip-top issue there will also be a special Easter number of "Tom Merry's Weekly," while the GEM Jester has another prize selection of readers' jokes for you, and finally the Editor will have some more

news for you about that ripping new series that is coming.

THE HERO WORSHIPPER.

He was a pageboy, only about four feet six in height, and his hero was Len Harvey. He had seen Harvey fight, and his mind was on the prowess of his hero as he walked across the street. He was used to dodging in and out of the traffic and whistling as he went, but this morning his mind was on other things, and for once he was not quite careful enough—he stepped almost under a bus! Luckily for the pageboy a young man on the pavement leaped forward, hurled himself at the page, and bundled him out of danger. He was a fair-haired giant, this young man, and the pageboy looked up as he turned to thank him. Gosh! It was Len Harvey himself! With the greatest presence of mind the pageboy whipped his autograph book from his pocket and handed it to Harvey. Len signed it, and the pageboy went on his way whistling, but he was not only whistling—he was shadow-boxing, too!

WHEN THE GOALKEEPER SCORED!

The cricket season is coming, and will soon be with us, and those of you who love the king of summer games will be eagerly looking forward to the reign of King Willow. Had you looked in the paper the other day you might have thought that cricket was already here judging by the score in a certain football match which was won by thirty-three goals to nil! Even the goalkeeper of the winning side scored two goals, and every member of the team scored at least one! The only larger score I know of was when Arbroath beat Bon Accord 36—0 in the Scottish Cup in 1885. Do any of you fellows know a better one than that?

THE JOY OF JOCK.

Jock was born in a menagerie. He was a lion cub, and as a cub he was quite a friendly little chap, and he rather liked people coming to look at him and stroke him through the bars. He lived like that for four years, and as he grew older he grew more friendly. He liked men, and always wanted to be near them. Then, one day, it was decided to give him a treat and send him to Whipsnade, where he would have comparative freedom, and would no longer be kept in a cage. But Jock did not like Whipsnade. The other lions, sensing that he was a lover of man, would have nothing to do with him, and he was sent to "Coventry"! Gradually Jock began to pine away until at last someone realised what was wrong with him, and took him to the London Zoo and put him in a cage again. Was Jock pleased? You bet he was! And if you go to Jock's cage now he will come

up to the bars and whine with delight while you stroke him, trying to show his pleasure, and then he will lick your hand—but you'll find his tongue is very rough!

CAR SPEEDWAYS.

John Hampden, of Tooting, writes asking if there has been any car racing on dirt tracks in this country, as there is in America. The answer, John, is no. There is a lap record for cars on the Wembley speedway, but this was only set up by a car going round singly, not in a race, and was done merely as an exhibition. Cars have also been round the track at West Ham and one or two other speedways. The chief trouble is that a car has to be specially designed for use on a dirt track, and cars of that kind are not made in this country. However, things look like being different this year, as the Crystal Palace track is to be used for car racing, and I believe that quite a large number of drivers are keen to try the new sport. The Palace track should be very suitable as it is a shade over a quarter of a mile in circumference, and is very wide on the bends. It is hoped that a number of other tracks will be opened in this country for the same purpose. One thing is certain, and that is that car racing should prove even more thrilling to watch than motor-cycle racing.

CUP MEDALS.

William Stenning, of Birmingham, writes to ask me to tell him to whom Cup medals are awarded. It appears that William has had an argument with a pal of his as to whether all the twenty-two players who take part in the Final at Wembley get medals or not. Cup medals, William, are awarded to the members of the team that wins the Cup, so that only eleven are given each year. These medals are the most coveted possessions and many players value them more than International Caps. This is strange, because a Cap is a much higher award, as a player only gets one when he is selected to play for his country, while he gets a Cup medal for being on the winning side, though he might never be considered good enough for an International match. It is interesting to note that among other famous players, Charles Buchan never obtained a Cup medal, though he had many International Caps.

TREASURE TROVE.

Harold Willings, of Taunton, wants to know the correct definition of the term "Treasure Trove." Treasure Trove, Harold, is a legal term, and means objects or coins made of gold and silver which are found hidden in the ground and of which no owner is known. It is the duty of a coroner to hold an inquest when a find is made in order that it may be decided whether or not the find is Treasure Trove. Usually the treasure is placed in a museum or some such place, and the finder is rewarded, so you will see that in this case finding is not keeping, despite the well-known saying!

PERPETUAL PAINTING.

Edward Harding, of Leyton, is trying to catch me out, I think, when he asks me what is the longest job in the world. I suspect that Edward has a good answer to that question, but I don't believe he can find a job that takes longer than the painting of the Forth Bridge. You see, the painting of the Forth Bridge is a permanent job, for as soon as the painters have reached the end of the bridge they have to start all over again, as by that time the end at which they started needs painting all over again! How's that, Edward?

THE EDITOR.

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THE OUTSIDER!

(Continued from page 12.)

and that's exactly what's the matter. This is a wippin' limewick, and it will make that Bwownin'-Jones boundah sit up like anythin'."

"It will if he tries to scan it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I insist upon that limewick bein' put into the papah. You can leave out some of Lowthall's or Mannah's wot, or some of your own wubbish, to make room for it, Tom Mewwy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I could suggest a slight improvement," Manners remarked thoughtfully. "How would it sound like this:

"There was once a fearful and unspeakable sort of bounder named Browning-Jones,

Whose observations on every variety of subjects deserved to be hooted down in the loudest and most insistent of tones.

He had the unexampled impudence

To open a private school in the neighbourhood of St. Jim's, For which he deserved to be booted until he has a separate ache in every individual one of his bones."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry and Lowther.

D'Arcy sniffed.

"You uttah asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Havin' been tweated with such wibaldwy, I shall refuse to allow you to use my splendid limewick in that way of a papah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Arthur Augustus retired from the study, closing the door with unnecessary force, leaving the chums of the Shell shrieking.

CHAPTER 10.

Rough on a Bully!

"HALLO!" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"What is it?"

"B.J."

"Phew!"

A crowd of fellows were strolling along the towing-path on the grassy banks of the Rhyl. It was the day after the half-holiday, and the juniors were out after morning school. Tom Merry and Blake and Figgins and Lowther and D'Arcy, and five or six other fellows were there.

The athletic form of the young school-master had come into view round the elm-trees farther along the towing-path.

Mr. Browning-Jones did not see the juniors at once. He was reading a book as he walked, apparently under the impression that he had the towing-path all to himself.

The juniors paused.

Mr. Browning-Jones was coming directly towards them, and would see them in a few seconds. What was to be done?

Now that they had met the bounder face to face, now was the time to testify the great scorn and loathing they felt for him.

But how?

As Lowther remarked, they could not put their extended hands to their noses and shout "Yah!" That would hardly be a dignified course to take.

But something had to be done.

"Weally, you know—" D'Arcy began.

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No. 6. Vol. 1 (New Series).

VIGOROUS GAME WITH VILLAGERS

D'ARCY'S "HAT-TRICK"

It was the suggestion of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy that St. Jim's should challenge Grimes & Co. of Rylcombe village to a match.

Grimes is an assistant with the local grocer, and he is the leader of the village youths. Of late Gussy had been subjected to a good deal of not altogether friendly jibbing by the village boys, who interpreted his elegant appearance to indicate a "stuck-up" character. Blake suggested ignoring them, but Gussy said no. He was of the opinion that a challenge at football would show the villagers the quality of the St. Jim's men—and enable D'Arcy himself to "show his paces"! To Blake's suggestion that he might miss an open goal and never be able to hold up his head again Gussy turned a deaf ear.

The challenge idea met with Tom Merry's approval, and Grimes accepted. Grimes, a very pleasant fellow himself, met the St. Jim's footballers on the Rylcombe ground with a cheery grin. The expressions on his followers' faces showed that they were anticipating the pleasure of wiping up the ground with Tom Merry & Co.—especially D'Arcy!

Never was a greater disillusionment in store!

Grimes & Co. lacked practice, and their methods were of the rushing and shoving type. Against a weaker team they would probably have been successful. But Tom Merry & Co. were in good training, and they could take their share of heavy shoulder-charging.

Tom Merry went very close with a sizzling shot, and then D'Arcy came into the picture. As if to show the village scoffers just what he could do, the elegant Fourth-Former wound his way through the villagers' defence, neatly tricking a full back and crashing the "pill" home in magnificent style. First blood to St. Jim's!

The villagers found D'Arcy to be a veritable thorn in their flesh from then on. The blood of the D'Arcys was up, and he could seem to do nothing wrong. Heavy charges had no effect—D'Arcy was up in a trice, and ere long he had beaten the Rylcombe goalkeeper for the second time with a tingling drive!

In the second half the villagers' feelings for D'Arcy changed from mild amusement to deepest respect. D'Arcy was all out for a "hat-trick"—and late in the game he achieved his aim with a cross-shot from an oblique angle which took the goalkeeper completely by surprise. The game ended at 3—0 for St. Jim's—and Grimes' first action at the finish was to grip D'Arcy's hand, while his men broke into an involuntary cheer for the fellow they had laughed at.

STOP PRESS!

SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER
NEXT WEEK.

Flying Squad Reports

CRIMINAL CAUGHT

Lowther, going to Mr. Raiton's study with lines, disturbed an intruder. Unknown smashed window and fled. Lowther gave alarm. Flying Squad instantly in action. Pursuit planes followed intruder over school wall and along lane. Intruder met by car, into which he jumped. Squad clambered into back of it. Hand-to-hand fight. Car ran into ditch near Wayland Aerodrome. Intruder leaped clear and ran for it. But overhauled and captured after exciting chase. Unknown found to be dangerous criminal, temporarily short of cash, who had hoped to make quick haul at St. Jim's. Thanks to Flying Squad, nothing doing!

RIVALS ROUTED

Figgins cycled to Rylcombe Post Office to send parcel. Continued absence alarmed Kerr and Wynn. A fog returning from village reported Gordon Gay & Co. abroad looking for trouble. Chief Air Marshal Merry ordered out detachment of Flying Squad. Lowther, scouting, located Gordon Gay & Co. in depths of Rylcombe Wood. Figgins in their hands, being "decorated" with Order of Crimson Moustache. Squad circled at distance, resolved to attack stronger force. Gay & Co. drove Flying Squad off, holding Figgins. Merry gave Squad rallying call, and Blake, D'Arcy, Herries and Digby, who were cycling near, came on scene. Squad at full strength, gave pursuit to Grammarians. Heavy bombing dispersed them in all directions, leaving Figgins to his friends. Gordon Gay & Co. routed!

ST. JIM'S NEWS REEL

Jack Blake has a penchant for engineering and would like to build huge structures like the Forth Bridge. "Bridging" the future, so to speak!

St. Jim's fags are permitted to "cook" their own tea before the Form-room fire. Wally D'Arcy says herrings grilled in this way taste really fine. Personally, we should have a "grilling" time eating them!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy is renowned for his politeness to the fair sex. Monty Lowther says if Gussy had lived in the time of Elizabeth he would probably have outshone Sir Walter Raleigh!

Buck Finn was betting any fellow that he had crossed Niagara Falls in mid-winter. Everybody scoffed—till Tom Merry remembered that the famous Falls are frozen in mid-winter! Exit Buck Finn—hurriedly!

Asked by a junior whether he should take the Head's sermon literally and "turn the other cheek," Kildare said: "If you are attacked, certainly turn the other cheek. If

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LOOK THROUGH OUR TELEVISOR

EPHRAIM TAGGLES SPEAKING

Wot I says is this 'ere! A-gettin' a man to show 'is face to the young gentlemen on this 'ere new-fangled Televisor is ridic'ous, that's what I says!

I ain't no beauty—I'm ready to admit that 'ere and now! I asks you, 'ow can a man spend 'is life among such a bunch of young rips and still retain 'is youth? Time was when Ephraim Taggles was a 'andsome young lad, and was popular wherever 'e went—but look at me now! I'm old and grey and they do say crusty-tempered. I asks you, young gentlemen, 'oo wouldn't be?

Only yesterday I 'ad occasion to go down to the gates, and when I got back to my lodge, where I'd left a nice little glass o' hot milk on the table—would you believe it, that there 'ot milk 'ad turned a hinky black! Some young rascal 'ad crept into my lodge and emptied a bottle of ink into my little drop o'—that is to say, my glass o' hot milk! I'd like to get 'old of the young rip, that's all I says. I'd dust 'im!

The young rascals thinks bein' a gate porter at St. Jim's is a joke. They oughter to 'ave my job for a day! Do you know, in the course of my long service at St. Jim's, I've suffered pretty nearly every indignity a man can suffer at the 'ands of the young rascals! I've 'ad rotten eggs thrown at me 'at. The 'Ead—now there's a good sort for you—the 'Ead 'e flogged the young rips for it, and serve 'em right! I've 'ad booby traps set for me over the door of my lodge—coverin' a man all over with gum and paint. I've been shot at with pea-shooters. I've been snowballed and I've been knocked clean off me feet by reckless young rips on a slide!

P'raps I shouldn't grumble to you young gentlemen, though. It's chiefly the Third Form young gentlemen 'oo rubs me up the wrong way. Some of the others is gentlemen in the true meanin' of the word—Master D'Arcy, for instance. As nice a young gentleman as ever breathed, Master D'Arcy. 'E never forgets to tip me at the end of the term. Thankin' ye kindly, sir!

(Continued from previous Column.)

your assailant hits that, too—go for him red-headed!

Mr. Latham is rather nervous and does not drive a car for fear of other traffic. Monty Lowther suggests Latham would feel pretty safe in a steam-roller!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy is quite an accomplished horseman, having an elegant and graceful seat. Skimpole's efforts to ride one of the horses at D'Arcy's place are still a "sore point"!

MONTY LOWTHER CALLING

Hallo, everybody! Do you mind if we keep you a moment? as the executioner said to the victim when the bolt stuck. Herbert Skimpole tells me he has written a book on cabbages. Seems to me paper would have been much cheaper! Oh, and I was talking to Gore. Gore, being a hefty fellow, got a game of Rugger with a local side. He had a rough handling and said he finished feeling like a "sward swallower"! Talking of football, Ryleombe have just signed on an 18-stone goalkeeper. They hope he will be worth his weight in goal! A reader complains that he cannot get a kick out of his job. He should try breeding mules! Mr. Selby is as you know a crusty customer. He is also a trifle absent-minded. He was in a local restaurant the other day when the waiter made up his bill inaccurately. Selby banged on the gong, and the waiter hurried up. "Take this back to your desk and work it out again!" snapped Selby, to the waiter's complete astonishment. Old Isaacs, the Ryleombe pawnbroker, complains of a depression in business. He will soon be forced to exhibit one brass ball only—owing to the shortage of "brass"! Young Hobbs of the Third was caught cheating at "noughts and crosses." Well, we knew Hobbs was a "double crosser," anyway! The manager of the Wayland Picture Palace claims that more than 25,000 people visit his cinema every week. I know. Most of them were in front of me when I queued up last time. Ever tried to borrow from a skinflint? The "closer" the fellow the harder he is to "touch"! Figgins has been very busy lately writing a "murder" play. The four villains are all killed in the last act. A "four gone" conclusion! A parent suggested to the Head that boys should be given plenty of rope nowadays. Thanks—I'd sooner have a hundred lines!

See you next week.

CALIBAN'S PUZZLE CORNER

Having caught Wally D'Arcy out the other day, Mr. Selby offered to let him off if he could distribute papers to each of nine desks, the desks being placed in a square as shown, by making four straight journeys. Wally did it—but can you show how, by drawing four continuous lines depicting the routes taken?

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle

The shortest possible way is to move the articles in the following order:
Piano, bookcase, sofa, piano, cabinet, table, piano, sofa, bookcase, cabinet, sofa, piano, table, sofa, cabinet, bookcase, piano.
Thus seventeen removals are necessary.

"Suppose we don't speak or look at him," Lowther suggested.
"Good idea!" agreed Figgins.
"Or we could push him in the river," Herries suggested.
"Weally, Hewwies—"
"We don't want to be too drastic," said Tom Merry, laughing.
"I should wogard that as altogether too dwastic. My ideah—"
"He'll see us in a minute," said Jack Blake.
"You are intewwuptin' me, Blake!"
"Go hon!"
"My ideah—"
"He's looking up from his book."
"My ideah is that we should all look at him scornfully, and pass him by with our noses vewy high in the air," said D'Arcy. "It will impwess upon him a sense of the feahful contempt we feel for his conduct."
"Good!"
"Hear, hear!"
"Well, that's not a bad ideah," said Lowther, grinning. "We'll fall in line with Gussy, and loathie him as we pass."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Don't laugh; it will spoil the effect."
"Yaas, wathah!"

Mr. Browning-Jones had now looked up from his book, and a smile came over his face at the sight of Tom Merry & Co. Perhaps he remembered his little talk with them on the previous day, and the kind opinions they had so freely expressed with regard to him before they were aware of his identity.
He came straight on, lowering the book he had in his hand, the smile making his sunburnt face look very handsome and pleasant.
The juniors fell into line.
D'Arcy took the lead, and he jammed his eyeglass into his eye, and curled up his aristocratic nose into an expression indicative of the most profound scorn.
Then he marched past the astonished schoolmaster.
Mr. Browning-Jones stood petrified.
The other fellows followed D'Arcy's lead, all of them marching past the young schoolmaster with their noses in the air, and averted looks of great scorn.
Mr. Browning-Jones watched them blankly till they were past. Then he turned round to look after them. And then the humour of the thing appeared suddenly to strike him, for he burst into a loud and ringing laugh. It was not in the least a forced laugh. It was a hearty laugh of genuine merriment.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
He walked on his way.
The juniors slackened down and looked at one another a little sheepishly.
"Bai Jove! The wotiah doesn't seem to be impressed at all!" D'Arcy ejaculated.
"Not a bit!"
"Awful cad!"
"Boulder!"
"Outsider!"
"Beast!"
"Oh, what can you expect of him?" said Monty Lowther, with a sniff. "The fellow's a rank, rotten sweep, and that's all there is to it."
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Hear, hear!"

The juniors all agreed upon that point. At the same time they could not help feeling that the obnoxious Mr. Browning-Jones had had the best of that little encounter, somehow, and they were feeling distinctly exasperated by it.
"Oh!"
Mr. Browning-Jones paused.
He was well along the towing-path now, and in sight of the St. Jim's boathouse, looking out in its fresh paint from the trees opposite the school.

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The sharp cry that had caught his ear came from a clump of thickets on his right, and the young schoolmaster paused. "Ow! Oh! Don't!"

Mr. Browning-Jones' brow darkened.

It was a cry of pain and expostulation in a youthful voice, and the young schoolmaster did not need to be told that somebody was being hurt under the shadow of those thickets. He had not the slightest doubt that bullying of some kind was going on.

The young man paused.

In his own little school anything of that sort he would have put down with a strong hand. But here, he knew that the boys concerned must belong to St. Jim's, and he felt a natural hesitation about interfering with another man's pupils.

But a repetition of the cry banished his hesitation.

"Oh, Gore—don't!"

Mr. Browning-Jones plunged into the thickets.

He came suddenly upon the two. Gore of the Shell, with his face full of angry spite, was holding Wally D'Arcy by the arm.

Wally was as tough as a nut, and he generally knew how to take care of himself, and the fact that Gore was limping seemed to indicate that the fag had been kicking his shins. But the powerful Shell fellow was, of course, able to do as he liked with the fag when he fairly got hold of him, and he was cruelly twisting Wally's arm to punish him—as he had been doing the previous day, when Tom Merry stopped him. It was a favourite trick of Gore's when he was ill-tempered, and many of the fags knew it to their cost.

"Oh, Gore—you cad! Don't! Yah! Stop it, you beast!"

Wally struggled savagely.

But he could not get away from Gore, and he could not bring his boots into play again, and his face was going white with the pain he was enduring.

"Oh!"

"You young cad!" snarled Gore. "You'll find it safer in the long run not to cheek me. I think!"

"Ow! Cad! Coward! Oh!"

"I'll—Oh!"

It was Gore's turn to exclaim "Oh!" as a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder and he was swung away from his victim.



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He involuntarily relaxed his grasp upon Wally, who rolled in the grass, gasping with pain.

Gore turned savagely upon the individual who had grasped him, expecting to see a St. Jim's fellow, and he started in surprise at the sight of Mr. Browning-Jones.

"Leggo!" he exclaimed angrily.

Mr. Browning-Jones did not reply.

Grasping Gore firmly by the shoulders, he shook him—shook him very much as a terrier might shake a rat—till Gore's teeth seemed to be rattling together in his head like castanets.

Wally scrambled to his feet. At the sight of Gore undergoing that severe shaking he forgot the pain in his arm and burst into a yell of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow!" gasped Gore.

"Go it!" yelled Wally. "Pile in!"

"Ow! Ah! Oh! Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Browning-Jones shook and shook, and finally dropped Gore upon the ground. The bully of the Shell rolled in the grass, panting.

The young schoolmaster looked down sternly into his white and furious face.

"You coward!" he exclaimed. "How dare you treat a boy like that! How dare you twist his arm! You might have injured him!"

"Oh!" groaned Gore.

"If you belonged to my school I would cane you most severely!" said Mr. Browning-Jones, with a frown.

Wally gave a jump.

"Your school!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, certainly!"

"You—you ain't a schoolmaster?" ejaculated the scamp of the Third in astonishment.

Mr. Browning-Jones smiled.

"Indeed I am!" he replied.

"My only Aunt Jane!"

Gore staggered up, holding on to a tree for support. He was boiling with rage, but he realised that he had better not give it vent just now. Mr. Browning-Jones' hands had seemed like iron as they grasped him, and Gore knew that the man could break him like a stick if he chose.

Wally was staring at the young schoolmaster in great and wondering interest.

"I say, sir!" he exclaimed. "You ain't 'B.-J.' by any chance?"

Mr. Browning-Jones looked puzzled.

"'B.-J.?' he repeated.

"Yes: Browning-Jones."

The Balliol man laughed.

"Yes," he said. "I am 'B.-J.'"

"Great Scott!"

"You seem to be surprised, my young friend."

"The outsider!" ejaculated Wally.

"The what?"

"All the fellows are calling you a—a—all sorts of names," said Wally hastily. "I've been thinking you were an awful bounder myself. But—but it was all rot. I can see now you're awfully decent."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Browning-Jones dryly.

Wally looked very earnest.

"I'm much obliged to you for making that cad stop bullying me," he said. "He was hurting me something awful. It was very good of you, sir."

"Not at all."

"I'll tell the fellows how decent you are," went on Wally. "They're prejudiced on the point, you see, sir. By the way, would you mind giving that cad Gore another shaking, sir? It was a treat to watch you."

Gore hastily departed through the trees.

The Balliol man laughed.

"But why are the St. Jim's boys prejudiced against me?" he asked.

"Because of your cheek, sir—ahem! Because you've opened a private school so near to St. Jim's, sir."

"But why shouldn't I?"

Wally rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"Blessed if I know," he said. "The fellows seem to regard it as a cheek, that's all. You see, we were annoyed when Dr. Monk opened the Grammar School. I suppose we got into the way of thinking that the whole blessed neighbourhood belonged to us," Wally grinned. "We've been having rows with the Grammarians ever since, and now there's another blessed school. But I don't see why you shouldn't open a private school if you wanted to, now I come to think of it."

Mr. Browning-Jones smiled.

"Perhaps your friends will also see that I have a right to do as I like with my own property, when they come to think of it," he suggested.

Wally chuckled.

"I'll put it to them, sir," he said.

"Very good."

"Thank you very much for what you've done, sir."

"Oh, not at all!"

And Mr. Browning-Jones nodded genially and walked his way.

Wally rubbed his injured arm and grunted.

"He's a jolly good sort," he murmured. "I wish he'd given Gore another shaking, but he's an awfully good sort, anyway."

Wally did not mean to fall into Gore's way again just then. He strolled about the river till Tom Merry & Co. came back from their walk, and he met them on the towing-path.

"I've got something to say to you chaps," he said.

"Weally, Wally!"

"I've met 'B.-J.'"

"So have we," said Tom Merry.

"I trust you twatted him with wpopah contempt, Wally."

Wally snorted.

"I didn't do anything of the sort!" he murmured. "He's a jolly good sort—awfully decent, first-class, and a sportsman all through. There!"

"What!"

"Bai Jove!"

"What has he been doing?"

"He stopped Gore bullying and twisting my arm," said Wally. "He gave Gore a shaking. It was a treat to watch him."

"Like his cheek, interfering with St. Jim's fellows," said Blake, with a sniff.

"Eh?"

"He had no right to touch Gore."

"Rats! Gore was bullying—"

"Well, I dare say you deserved what you were getting," Manners observed.

"Yaas, wathah. You genewally do, you know, Wally."

"Oh, rather!"

Wally stared at the juniors in great wrath and indignation. He had not expected them to take this line; but, as a matter of fact, they were still feeling rather annoyed from their own encounter with Mr. Browning-Jones, and perhaps they didn't like the idea, too, of having a lecture from a fag of the Third Form.

"Well, of all the duffers!" exclaimed Wally.

"Weally, Wally!"

"Of all the chumps!"

"You disrespecful young wascal!"

"Of all the frabjous fatheads—"

"Cheese it!"

"Of all the—Ow!"

Wally was suddenly interrupted. Three or four of the juniors grasped him, and he sat down with considerable force on the ground. Tom Merry & Co. walked on, and left him there, looking and feeling extremely heated.

CHAPTER 11.

Going for Gore!

PREJUDICE is a peculiar thing. It frequently begins without any reason—quite by chance or accident, in many cases; but the longer it lasts the stronger it grows, and personal dislikes will grow up, without anyone being able to assign an adequate cause for them.

So it was in the case of Mr. Browning-Jones and the St. Jim's juniors. Their resentment of his supposed "cheek" in opening a school near St. Jim's was only half-serious in the first place, but it grew more and more so, till all the fellows came to take it quite seriously, and to regard Mr. Browning-Jones as an impossible outsider, whose doings were all to be looked upon with the gravest suspicion.

True, the seniors at St. Jim's did not trouble their heads about the matter. If Kildare and Darrell and Monteith, and the other great ones of the Sixth, heard anything about the prejudice of the juniors, they laughed.

Mr. Browning-Jones and his private school were nothing to them. But with the juniors the prejudice grew and grew.

Mr. Browning-Jones was a rank outsider. "B.-J." was quite unspeakable. That was the opinion of the Fourth and the Shell; both Houses were agreed upon it. And from that decision there was, of course, no appeal.

Gore, naturally, though he did not agree with Tom Merry & Co. in many things, agreed with them in this.

Wally, on the other hand, was loud in Mr. Browning-Jones' praises. But Wally was considerably bumped in consequence.

The fellows voted "B.-J." impossible, and there was an end of it, or should have been an end of it.

As to making the man feel their indignation, they were beginning to realise that this was difficult, if not impossible,

As D'Arcy remarked, he knew that they didn't like him in the neighbourhood, and yet he stayed.

If a man had cheek enough for that, he had cheek enough for anything, and it was quite impossible to deal with such a bouncer.

The juniors still turned plans over in their minds for doing so, however, but they could not think of anything that would be likely to penetrate the complacency of Mr. Browning-Jones.

Meanwhile, the Balliol man was going on his way, and had probably forgotten the existence of the juniors of St. Jim's.

His school was a very small one, and there were not more than a dozen fellows there, of various ages, whom he appeared to be coaching for exams.

They did not come into contact with the St. Jim's fellows, perhaps through some discretion exercised by Mr. Browning-Jones himself, who, naturally, did not want to begin his residence in the neighbourhood by a declaration of war.

And it is to be feared that the St. Jim's juniors were only too ripe for rows.

Of Mr. Browning-Jones they saw a good deal—at all events, those of them who were addicted to outdoor sports saw a good deal of him.

The young schoolmaster was a good walker and a good oarsman, and he was frequently seen pulling a skiff up the river, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a junior or two.

His bronzed face on such occasions glowed with health and good-humour; but prejudice is strong, and the St. Jim's fellows were determined to see no good in him or in his manners and customs.

When Saturday afternoon came, bringing with it brilliant sunshine and a soft breeze to stir the rushes by the gleaming river, the St. Jim's fellows turned out in crowds for the fields and the boats.

There was a senior footer match on, but the juniors mostly preferred the river, and there was a huge demand for boats—a larger demand than could be possibly met. Fellows who were not lucky enough to possess their own private skiffs had to take their turn.

Gore of the Shell was not one of the earliest down to the boathouse, but he was the loudest in his demand for a craft. He had Mellish of the Fourth with him, and they

(Continued on the next page.)



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and planned a pull up the river to a certain riverside inn of dubious reputation, where ginger-beer and something stronger than ginger-beer could be obtained. Gore, during the past few days, seemed to be falling back into his old evil ways, and Mellish of the Fourth was only too glad to aid him.

"Look here, I want a boat!" Gore exclaimed angrily.

Monty Lowther looked round at him with a sweet smile. Lowther and Manners were carrying a skiff out of the boathouse.

"You want a boat, Gore?" asked Lowther.

"Yes."

"You're too late, my son."

"Look here, I'm going to have a boat."

"Where will you get it?"

Gore snorted with wrath. He would have liked to have taken that one from Lowther by force, but he knew he could not do it. The three Shell fellows went out with their boat, and Gore looked round for an easy victim.

Wally D'Arcy and Jameson and Gibson of the Third were taking a skiff out.

The burly Shell fellow bore down upon them.

"I want that boat," he said.

Wally stared at him.

"My only Aunt Jane!" he exclaimed. "You which?"

"I want that boat," said Gore, in his most bullying tone.

Wally's eyes gleamed.

"You may want it," he said, "but you won't get it!"

"No fear!" said Jameson.

Gore grasped Wally by the shoulder.

"Let go that skiff!" he exclaimed.

"Rats!"

"Let go!"

"I won't!" roared Wally. "You shan't have it, you rotten bully! We're taking it out! You shan't have it!"

"Let go it, you young sweep!"

A good many fellows looked over towards them, but Gore was not an easy fellow to remonstrate with. No one interfered.

The boat went with a crash to the floor, and the three fags gathered round it desperately. It was their only chance of having a boat out, and they felt that they would let Gore knock them to pieces before they would surrender it.

"Kick them out, Mellish!" said Gore.

Mellish grinned.

"What-ho!" he replied.

The three fags stood their ground. But they would certainly have been very roughly handled if Tom Merry had not looked in the boathouse at that moment. Tom Merry had heard Gore's upraised voice, and he guessed pretty accurately what was going forward.

He strode towards them.

"What's the trouble?" he asked quietly.

"The rotter wants our boat!" roared Wally. "The utter cad wants to take our boat away. We came down specially early to get it, and he wants to take it away!"

"And I'm jolly well going to have it!" exclaimed Gore savagely.

Tom Merry looked at him with flashing eyes.

"You won't touch that boat!" he said.

"The fags don't matter," said Gore sullenly. "I suppose a Shell fellow isn't going to stand down for a set of fags, is he?"

Tom Merry's lip curled.

"There's such a thing as fair play," he said.

"I'm going to have that boat!"

"You won't touch it!"

"Look here—"

"If you lay your hand on that boat," said Tom Merry, his voice trembling with anger, "I'll knock you across the room, Gore!"

Gore, with a savage click of the teeth, laid his hand upon the boat.

Tom Merry kept his word. His right came out like a flash of lightning, and Gore went reeling and tumbling till he collided with a bench, and rolled on the floor.

Tom Merry stood with his hands clenched.

"Now, come on, you bully!" he exclaimed.

Gore did not need asking twice. As a rule, he avoided any encounter of this sort with Tom Merry. But he was in too great a rage now to think of anything of the sort. He only wanted to get at his enemy.

He leaped to his feet, and sprang at Tom Merry like a tiger, his fists lashing furiously out.

The hero of the Shell met him with equal energy. Tom Merry's fists came out like lightning, and Gore staggered back and back, hardly one of his own blows taking effect, while Tom Merry's knuckles crashed again and again upon his face.

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"Go it, Tommy!" roared Wally, clapping his hands.

"Give him ginger!"

"Hurrah!"

"Pile in! There goes Gore! Hurrah!"

George Gore crashed to the floor again.

This time he did not rise. He lay blinking stupidly at Tom Merry, and gasping for breath as he lay. He was evidently "done."

"Are you finished?" asked Tom Merry quietly.

"Oh, yes! Hang you!"

Tom Merry turned away without another word to Gore.

"I'll give you a hand out with that boat, Wally," he said.

"Thanks, old son!"

Gore staggered to his feet. Mellish followed him out of the boathouse. Mellish was in an anxious frame of mind. There was no boat for the proposed excursion, nor was Gore in a humour for an excursion, apparently. Mellish began to think that he would lose his afternoon's treat.

"We can get a boat in the village, Gore," he suggested.

Gore grunted.

"Hang the boats!"

"Or shall we have a walk up the river past the mill?" asked Mellish. "We could get a boat from the miller, for that matter. He lets out boats."

"No."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I'm going to bathe my face," said Gore sullenly. "Let me alone!"

Mellish bit his lip.

"Do you mean to say you don't want me?" he exclaimed.

"Yes!" snarled Gore. "Leave a fellow in peace, for goodness' sake!"

Mellish stood with a very spiteful expression upon his face, while Gore thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and tramped away up the river by himself.

CHAPTER 12.

In Deadly Peril!

TOM MERRY jumped into the boat with Manners and Lowther, and they pulled out from the plank landing-stage.

Tom Merry's face was still very grim.

He had not wanted trouble with Gore, but the bully of the Shell had made it unavoidable, and Tom Merry was not sorry for having licked him as he certainly deserved.

But the excitement over, he felt a little depressed. It was not a pleasant beginning to a half-holiday.

"You're steering badly, Tom," said Monty Lowther.

"Am I? Sorry."

"You don't want to run us into another boat, do you? There's Gussy. He looks as if he's going to give you a lecture on steering."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stood up in the Fourth Form boat as the Shell fellows passed him on the river. The swell of St. Jim's was quite pink.

"Do you call that steewin', Tom Merry?" he called out.

"Eh?"

"Do you call that steewin', you ass? You vewy nearly wun us down."

"Oh, rats!"

"You uttah ass! Oh!"

Monty Lowther dropped his oar heavily upon the water, and a splash came swooping up, and drenched the spotless white trousers of the elegant Arthur Augustus.

D'Arcy gave a yell.

"Oh! Ow! You ass!"

"Sorry! Ha, ha, ha! Sorry!"

"You uttah ass! My twousahs are wuined! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Shell boat glided on.

The chums of the Shell were soon out of earshot of the Fourth Form boats, and the polite remarks of D'Arcy and Blake and Herries were lost upon them.

Ahead of the Shell boat was the old mill, where the white-smocked miller could be seen on the shore.

"Look!" said Monty Lowther. "There's Gore on the bank, and he's waving to us!"

Tom Merry frowned.

"What does Gore want?" he muttered.

"Another licking, perhaps."

"I don't want any more trouble with him."

Lowther grinned.

"The question is—does he want any more with you?" he replied. "Look here! I suppose he wants to speak to you. We can stop here."

"Oh, all right!"

"Manners and I will go to the mill and get some grub to take up to the island, and we can have a feed there."



Mr. Browning-Jones regarded the crowd of St. Jim's juniors in some astonishment as they came up, for at a sign from Tom Merry they all raised their caps at the same moment. "If you please, sir—" began Tom Merry. "Well?" said the schoolmaster. "We're sorry, sir!" chorused the juniors.

said Lowther. "We shan't be five minutes, and you can have Gore all to yourself, and you can either lick him or weep on his manly bosom, just as you prefer."

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

Lowther chuckled, and pulled the boat round towards the bank. The boat bumped upon the green bank, and the juniors clambered ashore, and Manners tied the painter.

Gore was some little distance up the bank, away from the mill. He was standing with a sullen expression upon his face; but as the Terrible Three landed, he came towards them.

Manners and Lowther walked away towards the mill, leaving Tom Merry to meet the bully of the Shell. If Gore met trouble, Tom Merry was quite able to take care of himself.

Gore came swinging up with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

Tom Merry looked at him steadily.

"You were waving to us," he said.

Gore gritted his teeth.

"Yes, I was."

"What do you want?"

"A word with you," said Gore savagely. "You licked me in the boathouse."

"I didn't want to touch you," said Tom Merry quietly, "but you couldn't expect me to stand by and do nothing while you were bullying the fags."

"You can't mind your own business?" sneered Gore.

"That is my business."

"Well," said Gore, between his teeth, "put up your hands!"

He pushed back his cuffs.

"I thought you had had enough," said Tom Merry.

"I'm going to lick you, or else you shall smash me!" said Gore, grinding his teeth. "I'm going to make you squirm this time—hang you!"

"I'm ready if you're looking for trouble," said Tom Merry.

Gore said no more.

He came on with a rush like a bull.

There had been a time, when Tom Merry was under the care of his old governess, Miss Priscilla Fawcett, before roughing it at a Public school had hardened him, when

Gore could have got the better of him in a tussle. Gore remembered that, and he intended to do his best this time. And the furious rush he made was so heavy and determined that it drove Tom Merry backwards.

Both boys had forgotten that they were standing close to the verge of a steep, sloping bank, at the base of which deep water rushed and swirled.

Tom Merry remembered it when staggering back; he found his foot go into space, and felt himself shooting downwards.

But it was too late.

And it was too late for Gore, also. The bully of the Shell, borne onwards by the impetus of his own furious rush, plunged headlong over the bank after Tom Merry.

Splash! Splash!

The two splashes sounded like one as the juniors plunged into the deep waters of the Rhyl.

The waters here were swift and deep. Close to the bank was six feet of water, and a few feet out it deepened to nine or ten.

Tom Merry rose to the surface, striking out vigorously. He struck for the bank, and reached it; but it was too steep to climb. He hung on to a root, and shouted for Manners and Lowther.

A cry answered him, but it did not come from his chums. It came from Gore. Tom Merry had forgotten Gore for the moment. Now he turned his head, and saw a white face gleaming above the rushing waters.

"Help!"

Gore's voice was drowned by swamping water as he gasped out the word.

Tom Merry turned white.

Gore was a dozen feet away from him, being swept away by the rushing current, with which he vainly strove to battle.

Gore was not a good swimmer, and he was not in good condition, and he had no chance whatever of holding his own against the tearing current.

"Help!"

The word died in a spluttering moan.

The water closed over the head of George Gore, and he was swept resistlessly away towards the creaking, grinding mill-wheel.

CHAPTER 13.

"B.-J." to the Rescue!

TOM MERRY felt his head swim for a moment.

He did not hesitate.

He let go his hold upon the bank and struck out quickly for Gore. With frantic speed he swam for the Shell bully, and as Gore came to the surface Tom Merry grasped him. He brought Gore's head above the water and kept it there, holding Gore with one hand and battling with the current with the other.

Gore turned a wild, scared look upon him.

"Save me!" he gasped.

"I'll save you."

"Oh! I—I'm sorry, Merry! Save me!"

"Hold on to me!"

Gore clung to the hero of the Shell.

The river was deafening Tom Merry's ears, and the grind of the mill-wheel seemed like the sound of thunder.

He fought for his life—and for Gore's life!

But the burly Shell fellow was heavy and cumbersome, and seemed to be incapable of making an effort to help himself!

He weighted Tom Merry down, and the current sucked

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them away, and the swift current was growing swifter now as they drew closer to the grinding wheel.

Where were Manners and Lowther?

In the mill, doubtless, purchasing the cakes and milk from the miller's kind wife, and quite ignorant of the danger their chum was in. The high bank hid everything on the river from their sight, even if they had looked out, and they had not heard the cries; they were too far off.

A terrible despair came into Tom Merry's heart.

He could have saved himself by abandoning Gore, but that he would not do. But it was growing clearer that both were going to their doom.

Was there no help?

"Help!"

Tom Merry shouted, but his voice sounded hoarse and cracked, and the sound that came from his lips seemed little more than a whisper.

"Help!"

But the faint cry was heard.

A handsome, athletic young man was swinging along the towing-path, and he heard the dull, heavy cry, and looked up.

Tom Merry did not see him; he did not recognise Mr. Browning-Jones, the "outsider," but he heard the shout that came in response to his cry.

"I'm coming!"

The strong, clear, brave voice sent a thrill through him.

Help was at hand!

"Help!"

"I'm coming!"

Splash!

The schoolmaster had torn off his upper garment in a second, and plunged into the river without the slightest hesitation.

There was a shout from the mill. Manners had seen Mr. Browning-Jones make the leap, and he came dashing down to the shore with Lowther.

They stood petrified looking on.

Mr. Browning-Jones was swimming with steady, powerful strokes towards Tom Merry and Gore. He came on like a knife cleaving the water and intercepted the two as they were sweeping down to the mill-wheel.

"Give him to me!"

And Tom Merry, whose senses were reeling, gladly yielded Gore to the stronger hands of the Balliol man.

"Can you swim alone?"

"I—I think so."

"Then follow me."

Holding Gore's head above the water, the young school-

master struck out for the bank, where Lowther and Manners and the miller were waving their hands, ready to help as soon as the swimmers came within reach.

But Mr. Browning-Jones turned his head a moment later to look at Tom Merry, and he saw the lad was sweeping away. Tom Merry's strength was spent.

"Hold to me!" he called out.

Tom Merry hesitated. The young schoolmaster was sufficiently burdened already. But Mr. Browning-Jones gave him no choice.

He caught Tom Merry and drew the junior to him, and Tom Merry caught his shoulder and held on while the Balliol man struck out for the bank again.

Slowly, steadily, the burdened schoolmaster won his way to the shore. Lowther and Manners waited eagerly, with white, anxious faces.

Tom Merry kept his hold upon the young schoolmaster.

If he had lost it he knew that he would have been swept away to death under the grinding mill-wheel.

But he did not lose it.

And terrible as the strain was upon Mr. Browning-Jones of reaching the bank with his double burden, he bore it bravely.

Slowly, but surely, he won his way.

The current swept them along, but they drew nearer and nearer the bank, till Monty Lowther, plunging into the water, careless of his clothes, careless of the danger, grasped Tom Merry and relieved the schoolmaster of half his burden.

The young man grasped at a root with his free hand, and held on, supporting Gore with the other arm.

Gore was quite insensible by this time, and his white, drawn face looked like the face of one dead.

Manners scrambled down the bank and drew Gore away from the arm of the schoolmaster and dragged him up to the safety of the bank.

Then Mr. Browning-Jones drew himself from the water.

He clambered up the bank and stood gasping, and shaking the water from himself in great drops.

"Take them into the mill, quick!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said the miller.

Mr. Browning-Jones, spent as he was, helped to carry Tom Merry into the mill, Manners and the miller following with Gore.

They were laid upon beds, and the Balliol man helped to restore them.

"They are not in danger," he said, "but they must have a doctor as quickly as possible. I will go to the village and—"

"Better let me go, sir," said Lowther. "I'll run—"

"I can run faster."

And the young schoolmaster departed instantly.

Tom Merry sat up on the bed, weak and panting.

"Oh, that was a narrow shave!"

"What-ho!" said Lowther. "Thank goodness you're safely through it."

Tom Merry shivered.

"I should be at the bottom of the river, but for Mr. Browning-Jones," he said.

"No doubt about that, old man."

"He saved your life," said Manners, "and Gore's, too."

There was a gulping in Tom Merry's throat.

"After the way we've treated him!" he said.

"We—we've been idiots!"

"Idiots and cads!"

"Ahem!"

Gore opened his eyes.

"Help!" he gasped faintly.

"You're all right, sir," said the miller. "You're safe now thanks to Mr. Browning-Jones, sir."

"Oh!" panted Gore. "I—I thought I was still in the river. Did—did you get me out of the water, Tom Merry?"

"I tried," said Tom Merry, "but it was 'B.-J.' who did it."

"Browning-Jones?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I shouldn't have expected it of him."

"Neither should I. Which shows that we were fools."

Gore breathed painfully.

"I—I'm sorry I—I acted as I did," he said faintly. "I was a fool, and—and I'm sorry. Tom Merry—I'm sorry!"

"It's all right, Gore. Forget all about it."

Monty Lowther went to the door to watch for the doctor. He came in a short time, but the new schoolmaster did not return with him. Mr. Browning-Jones had gone on to his own place.

The juniors wanted very much to see him again. But he did not come. They wanted to tell him many things, but they did not see him before they returned to St. Jim's.

CHAPTER 14.
Gussy as Usual

"**B**AI Jove! The limewick's not in the papah!"
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was looking over the new number of the "Weekly," when the Terrible Three came into the school gateway.

Tom Merry was looking little the worse for his adventure, though Gore was still very pale. Their clothes looked a great deal the worse, having dried before the miller's fire, and having shrunk a great deal in the process.

"What's that, Gussy?" exclaimed Manners.

D'Arcy turned his eyeglass accusingly upon the chums of the Shell.

"My limewick, slatin' the 'B.-J.' boundah has been left out of the papah!" he exclaimed indignantly.

Tom Merry laughed.

"But you told us you refused to let us use it, under the circumstances," he said.

"Wats! That was only a signah of speech, of course."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We have been suffowin' undah the feahful impertinence of Mr. Bwownin'-Jones for days now, and have done nothin' to avenge our dig!" exclaimed the swell of the Fourth.

"I don't know what you fellows think, but I wegard it as wotten."

"Cheese it, Gussy!"

"Eh?"

"You're not to say anything against 'B.-J.'!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"He's a splendid chap."

"Wats!"

"He's a giddy hero!"

"Wot!"

"He's saved my life."

"Eh?"

"And Gore's."

"Bai Jove!"

"Mr. Browning-Jones jumped into the mill-stream to pull out Gore and me," said Tom Merry. "We shouldn't have come back to St. Jim's otherwise."

"My hat!" exclaimed Blake, coming up in time to hear.

"Honest Injun! You're not pulling Gussy's leg, Tom Merry?"

"Weally Blake—"

"Honest Injun!" said Tom Merry impressively.

"Bai Jove!"

"He's a giddy hero—A1, double-width, gilt-edged, non-skidding and first-chop," said Monty Lowther emphatically.

"My hat! I never expected that."

"We've been playing the giddy goat," said Tom Merry dismally. "We've been down on one of the bravest and finest chaps in the world. I feel beastly about it."

"Well, it is wathah wotten. If you chaps had taken my advice—"

"What!" roared the Terrible Three.

"I advised you not to be too hasty."

"You—you ass! You didn't!"

"Weally, deah boys—"

"You were more down on 'B.-J.' than we were!" shrieked Monty Lowther indignantly. "You wanted to slate him in the 'Weekly'."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"You wanted to write rotten limericks about him."

"Undah the cires—"

"You were the biggest ass in the whole set, as usual," said Manners.

"It wasn't in connection with Mr. Bwownin'-Jones, I admit, that I spoke, but the pwinciple is the same."

"You utter ass!"

"I wofuse to be called an ass. I wofuse—"

"We shall have to do something to make it up to 'B.-J.'," said Blake. "It's simply rotten that this should happen."

"Rotten! Would you have preferred 'B.-J.' to leave us to go to the bottom of the river?" roared Tom Merry.

"Well, no," said Blake reflectively. "I suppose he did right in fishing you out, though it wasn't much of a catch."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ass!"

"It places us in a beastly awkward posish," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You fellows have fairly put your foot in it this time, I must say."

"What about your own hoof, you ass?"

"I wofuse to have my foot alluded to as a hoof. I—"

"We shall have to ask Mr. Browning-Jones' pardon, somehow," said Manners. "We can't do less, under the circumstances. I wonder if he'll look over D'Arcy's asinine conduct?"

"Mine! Why, you awful boundah—"

"We can point out to him what an awful ass D'Arcy is," said Lowther.

"Weally, you fwabjous ass—"

"We shall have to tell the Head about it," said Tom

Don't be too late!

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Merry resignedly. "So come on, and let's get it over. I expect we shall get impots for falling into the river, as if it wasn't bad enough to be nearly drowned."

"I warned you not to be hasty, and—"

"Oh rats!"

And the Terrible Three went on to the School House, and presented themselves before the Head.

Dr. Holmes listened to their account of what had happened in grave silence. When Tom Merry had finished he fixed a penetrating glance upon the hero of the Shell, and Gore, who stood beside him.

"The conduct of Mr. Browning-Jones was noble," he said. "I shall call upon him and personally thank him for what he has done. But you have not explained, Merry, how you and Gore came to be in the river."

"We—we fell in, sir."

"How?"

Tom Merry coloured.

"We were fighting," he said at last.

"I suspected as much," said the Head. "No, I am not going to punish you. I think your terrible experience is punishment enough. But I hope you will let this be a warning to you, my boys, and try to be better friends."

"Oh, thank you, sir! I—I—"

"You may go; but do not forget what I have said to you," said the Head kindly.

"Certainly not, sir!"

Tom Merry and Gore quitted the Head's study. Outside in the passage they looked at one another rather dubiously. Finally, Tom Merry held out his hand.

Gore took it in silence.

"We've had a close shave," said Tom Merry, in a low voice. "Let's try to be friends, Gore. I'm willing, if you are."

"I'm willing," said Gore.

And he spoke as if he meant it.

CHAPTER 15.

Sorry!

"I SUGGEST a bwass band."

"Eh?"

"A bwass band."

"What!"

"I twust my enunciation is not indistinct, Blake. I said a bwass band."

"My hat!"

"We must go over in a body," said Figgins, "and tell Mr. Browning-Jones we're sorry we cheeked him—that's certain."

"Oh, rather!" said Fatty Wynn.

"And the sooner the better," said Blake.

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, wathah! And in ordah to make the cewemony more imposin', I suggest a bwass band," said Arthur Augustus firmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, deah boys—"

"We'll go over at once, as soon as Tom Merry comes out," said Kangaroo. "No good letting a thing like this rest. 'B.-J.' must be thinking us a set of beasts."

"Yaas, wathah! And I suggest—"

"Here's Tom Merry!" exclaimed Maunners.

Tom Merry came out of the School House with a bright face. The juniors gathered round him at once.

"Let's heah Tom Mewwy's opinion of my ideah," said Arthur Augustus, with considerable dignity.

"What is it?" asked Tom Merry.

"We're all going over to the new school to apologise to 'B.-J.' for having cheeked him," said Kerr.

Tom Merry nodded.

"Good egg!" he exclaimed heartily.

"Yaas, wathah! And in ordah—"

"We'll go in a body," said Jack Blake. "The more there are of us, the more imposing it will be. We want Mr. Browning-Jones to understand that we're sorry for—well, in plain English, for having been such cheeky asses!"

"Yaas, wathah! And—"

"Let's get off at once," suggested Blake. "We're all cheeked him, and we all ought to apologise, and ask him to overlook it."

"I wegard that as vewy wight and pwopah. And in ordah—"

"Come on!" said Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"No good wasting time," said Clifton Dane. "Let's start."

"I insist upon bein' heard! I wegard it as essential to make the cewemony as imposin' as possible, in ordah to pwopahly impress Mr. Browning-Jones with a sense of our

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wegwet at havin' tweated him badly. For this purpose I suggest marchin' ovah in pwopah ordah, with a bwass band."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Hands up for the brass band," said Tom Merry, laughing heartily.

D'Arcy raised his right hand, and, on reflection, raised his left hand, too. But no other hand went up.

"Weally, deah boys—"

"Hands up against the brass band."

A crowd of hands ascended.

"You're outvoted, Gussy—"

"Yaas, wathah! But—"

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "Take his other arm, Herries!"

"Right-ho!" said Herries.

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was rushed off before he could proceed any farther. The juniors marched out of the quadrangle, and took the path to the new private school.

"Pway welease me!" said D'Arcy, with dignity. "I will walk in an ordahly mannah, and if you are asses enough to wefuse to adopt my wippin' ideah, I will not insist upon it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors marched down the towing-path and turned into the lane where the new private school was situated. It was a half-holiday there, as at St. Jim's, and the gates were wide open, and several fellows could be seen in the playground.

Regardless of their curious glances, Tom Merry & Co. marched in.

Mr. Browning-Jones could be seen talking to several youths.

The young schoolmaster regarded the crowd of St. Jim's fellows with amazement.

The juniors lined up, and raised their hats and caps at the same moment at a sign from Tom Merry.

Mr. Browning-Jones smiled. Tom Merry stepped forward, cap in hand, and a very red colour in his cheeks.

"If you please, sir—" he began.

"Well?" said Mr. Browning-Jones.

"We're sorry, sir!" chorused the juniors.

"Indeed!" said the young schoolmaster.

"You saved my life, sir—and Gore's, too," said Tom Merry simply. "We've treated you rottenly, sir. We've cheeked you, and we deserve to be licked all round."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, wathah! And undah the cires, sir—"

"Shut up, Gussy!"

"Weally—"

"Under the circumstances, sir," said Tom Merry, "we've come over to tell you we're sorry, and that we hope you will forgive us, sir."

"Yaas, wathah! And—"

"Hear, hear! We're all sorry, sir."

Mr. Browning-Jones smiled very genially.

"Thank you for coming over," he said. "It was quite unnecessary for you to thank me for what I did. I was only too glad to be on the spot in time to fish you out. But I am very glad to hear that you are sorry for having hastily misjudged a man you did not know, and for having found fault with him for a very inadequate reason—or, rather, for no reason at all. I am very glad to make friends with you all."

And Mr. Browning-Jones held out his hand to Tom Merry.

"You are very kind, sir."

"Oh, no! But now you are over here," went on the young schoolmaster, with a smile, "will you stay to tea with me? It happens to be my tea-time, and I have no doubt that my housekeeper will be able to provide for you in a way you will not despise. I shall be very pleased if you will stay."

"Bai Jove! I wegard that as vewy handsome!"

"Thank you so much, sir! We'll stay with pleasure."

Figgins raised his hand.

"Three cheers for Mr. Browning-Jones!" he exclaimed.

And the cheers rang out with all the force the juniors of St. Jim's could put into them—and that was a good deal.

"Hip-pip-hurrah!"

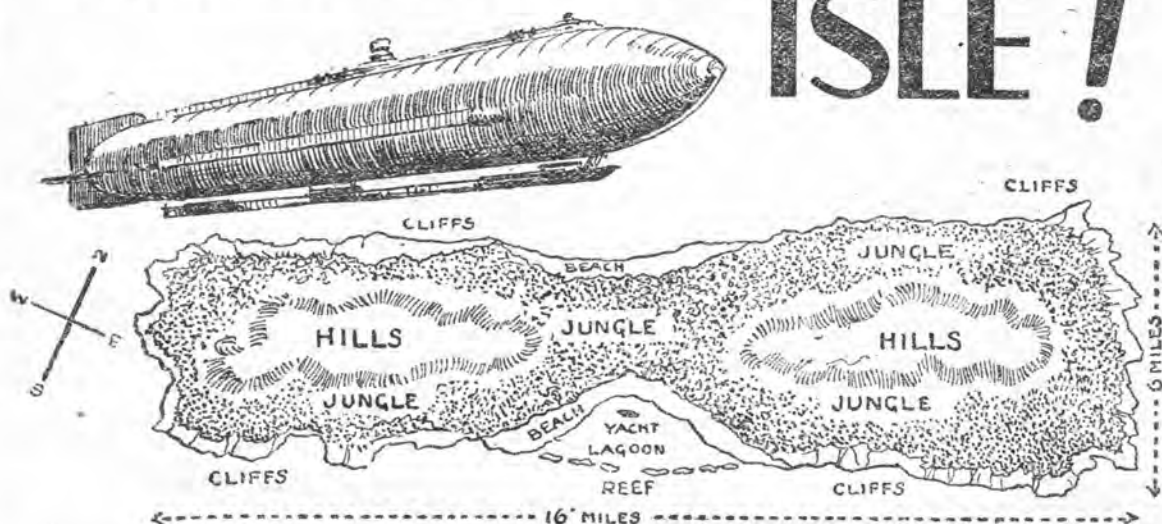
Then they went in to tea, and a jolly tea it was. Mr. Browning-Jones was a kind and cheery host, and when the juniors left they felt that they had seldom been so entertained. And, needless to say, there was no word uttered at St. Jim's against the schoolmaster whom they had at first considered to be an outsider.

THE END.

(Watch out for next Wednesday's amazing and thrilling yarn, "THE FIRE RAISER!"—telling of a sensational attempt to burn down St. Jim's! Order your GEM early.)

THERE'S THRILL UPON THRILL THROUGHOUT THIS GREAT INSTALMENT OF—

TREASURE ISLE!



THE OPENING CHAPTERS

The Sky Wanderer, the airship school of the St. Frank's chums, lands on Tao-Tao Island, in the Pacific, in response to a message for help from Mr. Beverton, an explorer treasure-seeking on the island. It transpires that Doc Haynes and most of the crew of the explorer's yacht have mutinied to seek the treasure. To ensure his own safety from the airship school, Haynes, who is friendly with the cannibals, captures twelve of the St. Frank's boys. But they are rescued by Nelson Lee, after which they capture the Corsair, Mr. Beverton's yacht, from Haynes. No sooner are they aboard, however, than the cannibals prepare to attack!

The Attack!

EXCITED as the St. Frank's boys were at the sudden change of their fortunes, Mr. Mitchell Beverton was more excited still. Nelson Lee's daring plan in boldly seizing the anchored steam-yacht filled the explorer with wild joy. The Corsair was his yacht—and now, after many weeks, her deck planks were again beneath his feet!

"That rascal, Haynes, took her from me once, but he shan't take her again!" vowed Beverton. "She's mine, and I'll hold her!"

"If we don't, sir, he'll hold us again," remarked Vivian Travers coolly. "We're fighting in the open now—and good luck to it! By all the signs, things are going to work up to a nice hullabaloo before long."

Mr. Beverton started.

"Are you boys armed?" he asked quickly.

"Not that you would notice it," replied Travers.

"But you can handle firearms?"

"You bet we can, sir!"

"Good! Then I'll supply you with rifles at once," said the explorer. "You'll need them. Wait!"

He was about to dash for the companion when he remembered that Nelson Lee had entrusted him with the task of guarding the yacht's stern. So he hurried to the starboard rail, where Nelson Lee stood, calm and unruffled.

"There's time yet," said Beverton breathlessly. "The boats can't be upon us for several minutes. I'm going below, Lee, to fetch rifles and ammunition."

"That's a point I was going to raise, Beverton," replied Lee promptly. "Do you think there are any weapons still aboard? I'm afraid that Haynes has taken possession of everything of that nature. However, it'll do no harm to look."

"If that scoundrel has robbed my magazine—"

"You're only wasting time, Beverton," interrupted Lee dryly. "Haynes is a professed robber, so there's no need for you to wax so indignant at every turn. Better hurry."

Beverton wasted no further time. Lee had very little

By EDWY SEARLES BROOKS.

hope of his success, but he was confident that his gallant band could hold the yacht against all attacks. Although small in number, and consisting mainly of schoolboys, the party had a big advantage. The yacht could only be approached by boat—and the attackers were many feet below the level of the deck rail.

Lee was certain that he had done the right thing. Secrecy was at an end; there would be no more creeping about in the darkness, no more hiding. This was to be an open fight now, and Doc Haynes no longer held hostages.

That the modern buccaneer was determined to make a big effort to recapture the yacht was evident. The beach was alive with moving figures; flaring torches ruddily illuminated the scene. The lagoon itself was dotted with native craft. And Haynes' voice, raised above all others, could be heard shouting orders.

Beverton was soon back on deck, and he was red with fresh rage.

"They've taken everything, Mr. Lee—every gun and every box of cartridges!" he declared. "The magazine has been stripped clean."

"Did you expect anything else?" asked Lee, with a shrug. "When Haynes made his camp ashore, he took ample stores with him—and, naturally enough, he is keeping all firearms and ammunition under his own eye. You can't be too careful in such matters, Beverton—and Haynes has proved himself to be most careful and clever."

"Clever as he is, he'll never get hold of this yacht again!" swore Mitchell Beverton, as he went back to his post at the stern.

Developments were rapid now. Native canoes in dozens, each one filled with Tao-Tao blacks, were sweeping out fan-wise from the beach. In advance came the sturdy little motor-boat carrying Doc Haynes and some of his men. Lee was not surprised to see Haynes standing upright, waving a rag of white cloth.

"That'll be near enough, Haynes!" called Nelson Lee, when the motor-boat was within four fathoms of the yacht's side. "If you've got anything to say, say it now."

The boat's engines died away into silence, and she drifted lazily.

"I'm handing it to you, mister, that you put it over good," said Haynes candidly. "You're the fellers we thought was dead, ain't you? You tricked me plenty with that upturned rubber boat."

"Better hurry up," advised Lee. "So far, Haynes, you have only wasted your breath."

"Kind of sure of yourself, ain't you?" retorted Haynes.

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"Well, you've reason enough. You've got all the kids, and it looks like you was holdin' the ace."

"I'm holding the yacht," said Lee briefly.

"That's why I'm here, mister," said Haynes. "Aboard that yacht you've got schoolboys, and I ain't denying that they're real plucked 'uns. But I sure hate the thought of settin' a swarm of howlin' blackamoors agin' such raw youngsters. So I'm givin' you the chance to knuckle under quiet-like. See? Give me your word that you'll come ashore without causin' no trouble, and I'll see that you're all given decent quarters—"

"You're still wasting your time, Haynes," interrupted Lee curtly. "What are you trying to do—bluff me?"

"No, mister, I ain't," answered Haynes earnestly. "I'm puttin' it to you straight from the shoulder, as man to man. You ain't got the right to use them poor kids in a fight against savages."

"Yah! Go and boil yourself!" roared Handforth, unable to restrain himself any longer. "Send your rotten blacks—and see what we'll do to 'em!"

"Good old Handy!"

"Hurrah!"

"Clear off, Haynes!"

"Proper young devil-may-cares, ain't they?" roared Doc Haynes, his assumed coolness giving way before the blast of fury which swept over him. "All right. You've asked for it—you, too, Beverton! If there's any blood spilt, it won't be my fault. I've given you fair warnin'. You're plumb crazy if you think you can hold the yacht agin' a couple o' hundred savages!"

Believing with anger, he gave orders to the other men in his boat; the engine started, and the boat purred away. Haynes was shouting still—thundering his instructions, in the native lingo, to the Tao-Tao blacks. Answering shouts came, and instantly the whole lagoon was alive with movement. The native canoes came sweeping up, some half circling, so that both sides of the yacht would be attacked simultaneously.

"Keep well down, boys—and keep back, too!" commanded Nelson Lee. "The blacks are armed with throwing-spears, and they'll use them as soon as the canoes get near enough. Don't attempt to break cover unless the blacks try to board us."

"Right-ho, guv'nor!" shouted Nipper.

"Rats! Why should we hide ourselves?" protested Handforth, who, with Church and McClure, was in the bows with Lord Dorrmore.

"Firstly, because your respected headmaster has given you orders," replied Dorrie; "and, secondly, because we don't want you to be killed. When it comes to hand-to-hand fightin', you can have a go at the enemy."

"Right-ho, sir!" said Handforth. "Sorry! A good soldier obeys orders without question, doesn't he?"

And, in order to prove it, Handforth leaned over the rail, exposing himself fully to the approaching enemy. It was left to Church and McClure to drag him back.

Nelson Lee watched the developments with a keen, alert eye. Haynes was clever; he was giving a big display of force, hoping that by such methods he would strike terror into the gallant little band aboard the Corsair. The Tao-Tao blacks were yelling in the most blood-curdling manner, and the night air was hideous.

"Wau! Does this man of the big voice think to frighten us thus, Umtagati?" asked Umloti, with contempt. "Big noises do not accompany big deeds. Methinks the black carrion yonder is but a paltry rabble."

"Yet, old friend, we must not belittle the danger," warned Lee. "Be ready to fight—and fight with the valour and determination of your great forefathers!"

Umloti gripped his spear grimly.

"I but wait for the enemy to come within reach, my master!" he rumbled. "Wau! For many days have I awaited—Down, Umtagati!"

He hissed the two words between his teeth, and in the same second he dragged Lee flat to the deckboards. Overhead sang several quivering shafts; two of them struck against the bridge and clattered to the deck.

"By James!" muttered Lee.

Umloti's keener hearing and eyesight had warned him of the danger. Out in the darkness the native canoes were drawing nearer, and the blacks were already using their weapons. Nelson Lee, flat on the deck, clicked back the safety catch of his automatic pistol.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

He fired rapidly, and the effect of his fire was seen at once, for several of the canoes collided violently, and there was much confusion. Then the uproar increased, and a wild, menacing note came into the "war-song" of the Tao-Tao attackers.

They were all round the yacht now, and sharp reports

from all sides told of the good work which was being done by Dorrie and Beverton.

Nelson Lee was not alarmed. He knew that it would be difficult for the enemy to get aboard. The deck rail was a good many feet from the sea, and there were no ladders or trailing ropes up which the enemy could climb.

But, as the detective had said, it would have been foolish to belittle the danger. There were scores of the blacks, and they were in an ugly mood. It was very clear that Haynes exerted a powerful influence over them.

"So much for the 'gentle' methods of Haynes!" muttered Lee grimly. "The rascal is showing his teeth now with a vengeance. If this attack succeeds, every man and boy of us will be wiped out!"

Nearer and nearer came the encircling war canoes, and louder and louder grew the hideous screeches of the Tao-Tao warriors. It was a battle in semi-darkness, for no lights showed on the decks of the Corsair, and the natives had left their flaring torches on the beach. The stars twinkled in their myriads overhead, and no other light was shed upon this dramatic scene.

In obedience to Nelson Lee's orders, the boys were keeping in cover. It was well they did so, for spears were singing over the decks or clattering against the yacht's superstructure continuously. Lee was content. The longer this lasted the better. The blacks, in their fanatical "fight-fever," were using up all their spears. Once these weapons were exhausted, there would be no fresh supplies.

"It's all frightfully thrilling—what?" murmured Archie Glenthorne, as he crouched with Travers in the darkness. "I mean to say, hark at that shocking din!"

"Reminds me of election day, back at school," when a new Form skipper is being roped in!" grinned Travers. "Woa! See that, Archie?"

A spear had hissed past them, missing Travers' head by an inch or two; it struck the deck, and its needle-like point embedded itself in the planks, and the shaft quivered.

"Too poisonously close, old thing, to be pleasant!" said Archie. "Don't you think we're a bit exposed? I mean, there's an awful lot of room below."

"I wouldn't go below for quids; neither would you, Archie!" replied Travers. "Don't be an ass! Do you want to miss all the fun? Things will be getting really hot in a minute!"

As he spoke he caught sight of a slim, white-clothed figure; it sprang up from the deck level near by, dashed to the rail, and one arm was flung upwards and outwards. Lord Dorrmore, ever reckless in a fight, was taking a chance.

"Too much noise goin' on!" he shouted. "I wonder how you screechin' blighters will like a dose of gas?"

In a flash he removed the safety catch of the tiny bomb he held, waited for a moment, and then flung the missile into the thickest of the canoes, which were close at hand.

In the same second a spear came out of the darkness, and Lord Dorrmore staggered back and fell in a heap on the deck.

Touch and Go!

"DORRIE!" gasped Handforth, in horror.

Thinking nothing of the risks, the burly Removite dashed forward. But before he could reach Dorrie there came, from the sea level, a dull, puffing explosion.

"That'll keep a few of 'em quiet!" said Dorrie calmly.

He was sitting up, and Handforth, in spite of his strong "stomach," felt sickened as he saw the sporting peer deliberately wrench the spear out of his left arm.

"Get back, you young ass!" said Dorrie, without even wincing. "Not that there's much danger in this quarter now; our black friends are far too busy! Good glory! Listen to that hullabaloo!"

He walked to the rail, and flung the spear back to the native canoes, trusting that he would score a bullseye. But he could see little, for a mist hung over the sea, and the air was filled with gasping, choking cries—cries of consternation and fear.

The gas from the bomb, spreading rapidly, was involving other canoes, and within a few moments the natives were rendered hors de combat. The gas was not deadly; it deprived them of their senses. They lolled over their paddles, helpless, and the canoes drifted away.

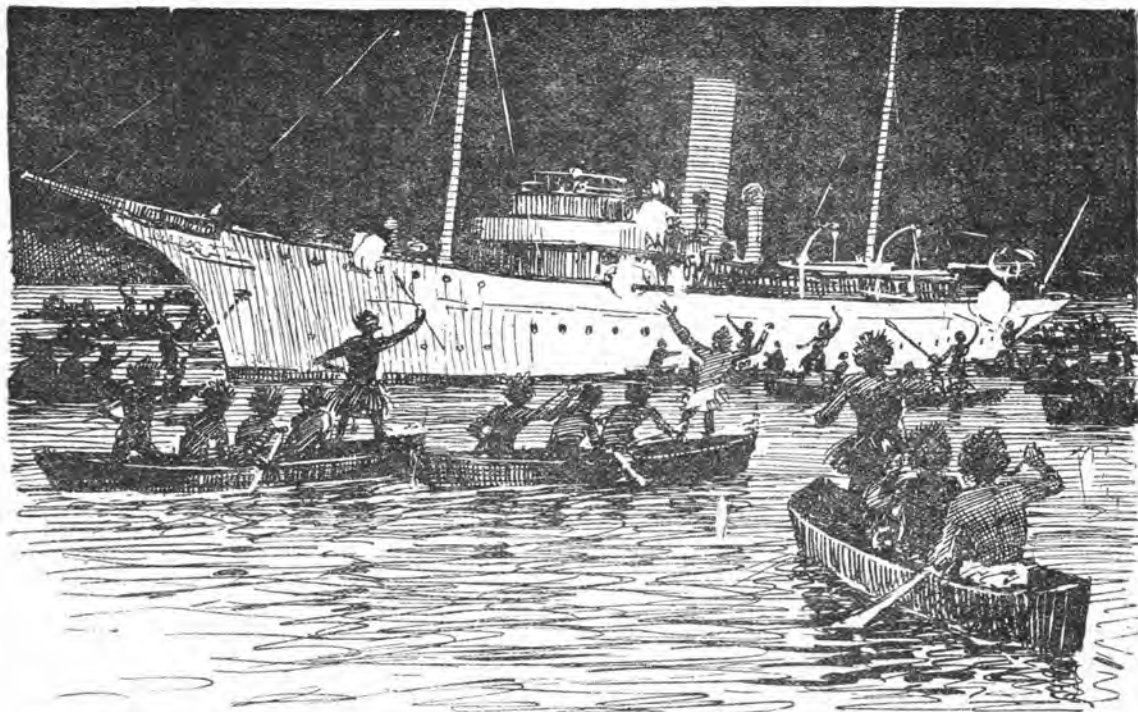
"What's happening over there?" demanded Nelson Lee sharply, as he crossed from the starboard side.

"Dorrie's hit, sir!" gasped Handforth. "He threw a bomb, too—"

"Better get right back from the bows, then!" commanded Lee. "There's not much chance that the gas will rise, but we must be careful. Where were you hit, Dorrie?"

"The young ass is makin' a fuss over nothin'!" growled Dorrie. "It's only a scratch in the arm."

Nelson Lee dragged his lordship back into the cover of



Crack! Crack! Crack! Firing rapidly, Nelson Lee and his handful of defenders aboard the Corsair strove gallantly to keep the Tao-Tao Islanders at bay. Singing a wild war-song, the savages attacked from all sides, and in spite of the stout resistance, they drew nearer and nearer to the yacht!

a deckhouse. His electric torch flashed, revealing an ugly gash in Dorrie's arm.

"You call this a scratch, do you?" he said grimly. "It penetrates to the bone, and it might be serious."

"Think the spear-points are poisoned, then?" asked Dorrie, without turning a hair.

"There's a chance of it—and we're taking no chances," replied Lee. "Hold tight, Dorrie—this is going to hurt."

The detective, without hesitation, placed his mouth to Dorrie's wound and sucked at it. Having done that, he drenched the wound with a powerful antiseptic from the little medicine case he always carried. Finally he fashioned a hasty bandage—merely a handkerchief.

"Thanks, old man," said Dorrie. "Just as well to be on the safe side, of course."

He broke off as Umlosi's voice boomed out above all other sounds. It came from the port side towards the stern. Nipper was shouting, too, and there was a regular hubbub.

"Come on," yelled Dorrie. "This looks as though it might be excitin'."

He dashed off, and Handforth was about to follow when Lee pulled him up short. Sounds in the detective's rear were ominous, and he reached the starboard rail just as several black heads were coming into sight. Native canoes were close against the yacht's side below, and the blacks were swarming up.

Attackers had gained a footing over the port rail; half a dozen men, as slippery as eels, had got aboard, and Umlosi, overjoyed that his opportunity had come at last, was in the thick of the fray.

Thud! Thud!

His great spear did deadly work, and two of the savages, killed outright, fell to left and right. Then Umlosi used his bare hands; charging in, he gripped one of the Tao-Tao blacks, whirled him on high, and sent him hurtling at three other savages who were in the act of climbing over the rail.

The effect was devastating.

The hurtling man, screaming with fear, struck his fellow tribesmen, and they all vanished from sight, to splash into the sea a moment later.

Then screams sounded. Sharks, probably! But there was no time to think. Other blacks were showing themselves.

In this quarter of the deck it had become a grim fight—a hand-to-hand struggle. Nipper and Watson and Tregellis-West were dashing valiantly to the attack, whirling metal rods which they were using as weapons. More of the blacks toppled into the sea. Umlosi joined in, and he was as good as half a dozen men.

Meanwhile, on the starboard side, Lee was dealing with another attempt; his automatic pistol was doing grim work,

and with his bare fists he added to the havoc. Handforth, too, was now thoroughly enjoying himself. At grips with the savages, he was bringing that famous punch of his into deadly effect.

During these tense moments it was touch and go.

If the blacks should succeed in getting aboard at one spot, then the battle would be lost; for the Tao-Tao men would swarm aboard and overrun the yacht.

Beverton and some of the other boys came to the rescue. The section of the deck they had been guarding was in no danger; they were safe in leaving it for a few minutes. Beverton swung a gas bomb, and this had an immediate effect. Buster Boots of the Fourth had a brainwave; he grabbed a big fire-extinguisher from its hooks, crashed the nozzle upon the deck, and immediately a terrific spurt of chemical vapour shot forth.

With this improvised weapon in hand, Boots charged into the thick of the fight. The chemical spray took a number of the blacks fairly and squarely, and the unexpected nature of the attack terrified them. With yells of consternation they leapt over the rail into the sea.

Nelson Lee was here, there, and everywhere. No sooner had one attack failed on the starboard side, than another developed on the port side. Lee kept his eyes on every danger zone, and he came in with his great strength and his keen sense of leadership on every turn.

At the height of the "critical period" Doc Haynes swept past at full speed in the motor-boat. At first Lee thought that Haynes' only object was to see how the battle was going. But Haynes was bent on more grim work.

As the motor-boat came near a miniature searchlight blazed out, sending its white beam flashing upon the deck. Haynes and Red Harker and two other men were in the craft. There came the deadly rattle of rifle-fire, and then—

Put-put-put-put!

A machine-gun sent a hail of bullets all along the deck.

"Down—everybody—down!" thundered Nelson Lee.

It was a moment of terrible peril. In obedience to his command the boys flung themselves flat on the deck, and over their heads sang the deadly bullets. The motor-boat, shooting past at full speed, raked the entire deck from bows to stern. Doc Haynes was showing his teeth with a vengeance now!

But he made a bad miscalculation, for he timed his attack just when his allies, the savages, were climbing up and swarming over the deck rail. More than a dozen of the blacks were struck by the hail of bullets, and they fell screaming into the sea. The defenders, owing to Nelson

Lee's prompt shout of warning, were unharmed. Lying flat on the deck, they were not touched by the hissing bullets.

"Murderous devils!" exclaimed Lee furiously. He leapt to his feet. The motor-boat had gone past, but Lee took deliberate aim with his automatic pistol. Crack! There was a shattering of glass, and the searchlight was instantly blotted out. One of Haynes' men uttered a yell, too, and the next second, with dramatic unexpectedness, a sheet of flame shot upwards from the motor-boat's centre.

"Hurrah!"

"She's on fire!"

"That bullet of yours did it, guv'nor!" yelled Nipper exultantly.

The leaping flame suddenly became a vast column of fire, which licked skywards terrifically. The motor-boat, with the engine still running, zigzagged dizzily. In the glare of the flames, Haynes and his men could be seen leaping for their lives. They plunged into the sea, and swam for it—for the sharks, deadly as they were, were a lesser danger than the all-devouring flames.

"By James!" said Lee, his eyes burning. "What a lucky shot of mine."

"Lucky be blowed!" said Nipper. "It was a bullseye, guv'nor!"

The immediate danger was over, for the Tao-Taos, witnessing these startling things, had ceased their mad attack on the yacht. Many of them, too, were helpless from the effects of the gas—others were in terror at the unexpectedness of the defence. Confusion was rapidly spreading—and within the next second it became absolute.

For something happened which nobody could have foreseen.

The motor-boat, with her engine still running at full speed, was now nothing but a moving mass of flame. She was running amuck. With terrific force she crashed into a native canoe, full of men, which had been unable to get out of the way. The blacks dived into the sea for their lives; and the boat, diverted from its course, swung round and went right back on its tracks.

"Look!" gasped Nipper.

The flaming motor-boat was now heading straight for the yacht, but Lee saw in a flash that it would never reach the yacht. For, intervening, there were over a dozen of the Tao-Tao canoes, bunched together. The blacks, panic-stricken, only increased the confusion by their attempts to escape. The jam became worse. And straight towards the locked canoes came the flaming motor-boat.

Craaaaaaash!

It was a sickening sound, for it was accompanied by the panic-stricken shrieks of the cannibals. Men dived into the sea on every hand, but some were too late. The motor-boat, charging the mass of canoes, literally lifted herself out of the water, and the result was awe-inspiring. There came an explosion, and bursts of fire leapt skywards. Masses of flaming petrol spread in a wide circle, some falling on the sea, where the spirit continued to blaze.

And all round for a wide radius the blacks were swimming for their lives. Terror had seized them afresh; even the attackers who were safely beyond the zone of danger caught the panic. The attack on the yacht was abandoned. Every canoe which was free sped away shorewards.

"Hurrah!"

"They've had enough!"

"The attack's over, you chaps!"

"St. Frank's for ever!"

Yelling and cheering, the boys ran about the decks, breathless with excitement. It was true enough that Doc Haynes himself, by the very act of his attack, had brought disaster upon his black allies.

The Corsair was left in peace—not a savage remained aboard. The motor-boat sank like a stone, for her collision with the canoes had wrecked her. The flames died down, and soon they vanished altogether. The only light upon the scene now was cast by the twinkling stars.

And the lagoon in almost every direction was thrashed by the swimming blacks.

"I don't think the sharks will do any damage," said Lee steadily. "There is far too much commotion in the

water, and it's any odds that the sharks will be scared away."

"Wonderful, Mr. Lee—wonderful, indeed!" panted Beverton, running up. "The fight's over, and the yacht remains ours!"

"Yes, it was hot work whilst it lasted, but we are the victors," said Lee. "Now, what about the casualties? Dorrie, round up the boys, will you? We must have the roll-call at once!"

But it was unnecessary for Dorrie to act. The boys were on the scene, and Lee was relieved to find all twelve unharmed. True, Handforth's knuckles were gashed and bleeding, and one or two of the others were suffering from gashes and bruises, too. But the injuries were superficial, and they were soon attended to.

The tropic night had now quietened down. The Corsair lay at anchor, tranquil, unmolested. But from the beach came many sounds, and not the least of these was the ominous mass-voice of the blacks. Torches were flaring, and there was much activity.

"Round one to us," said Dorrie happily. "Gad! I fancy Haynes will have his hands pretty full, for the blacks sound in an ugly mood."

"It might be the turning point," said Beverton tensely. "What if the blacks turn on Haynes? They'll wipe him out, and all his men, too. Then we can get the yacht away—"

"Easy, Beverton," interrupted Lee. "By what I have seen of Haynes he will use a firm hand with the blacks and retain control. I'm hoping he does, for we don't want the devils attacking us again."

Nelson Lee was thinking of something else, too. It was one thing to seize the yacht, but it would be quite another to get her out into the open sea. Haynes was probably the only living man who knew the tricks of the guarding reef. Any other man, no matter how skilled a navigator he might be, would probably pile the yacht on the reef. Nelson Lee was content to let things rest for the time being.

"We are safe from any further attack to-night," he said crisply. "You boys will go below and sleep."

"Oh, cheese it, sir!" went up a general protest.

"I mean it," said Lee. "There's nothing more that you can do now, and sleep is necessary. You'd better turn in, too, Beverton, and you, Dorrie. That arm of yours needs resting. Umlooi and I will keep guard."

So Nipper and his gallant companions went below, and they found soon enough that they were very tired. Sleep came to them rapidly.

And so the night passed, with the prospect of further excitement on the morrow.

A Change in Tactics!

MR. PETER EMMANUEL HAYNES was calm, with a deadly snake-like calmness. His mood had changed, for immediately after reaching the shore he had been more like a raving maniac than a sane being.

For some time, indeed, he had been so dangerous that Red Harker and Bill Button and the other men had given him a wide berth. He had raved and swore until he had worked off his excess of fury.

But now he was calm. Still in his dripping, bedraggled clothes, he sat in the big central room of his bungalow, under the flaming petrol vapour lamp. His hair was matted, his eyes bloodshot, and there was nothing of the genial rascal about him now. The events of the night had shown him up for what he actually was—a highly dangerous, murderous villain.

"Say, Doc—"

It was Red Harker, in the doorway, and Red paused uncertainly as Haynes turned his baleful eye upon him.

"Get out of here!" ordered Haynes.

"But listen, Doc—"

"Get out, you misshapen ape!" thundered Haynes, making a grab for his gun.

Red bolted, and out on the veranda he joined Button and Big Ben and two other men.

"Gosh! I thought he'd calmed down!" muttered Red, wiping the sweat from his brow. "He's dynamite! It's death to go near him!"

"Well, we've got to do something," muttered Big Ben. "K'bili is as sore as Hades, and he means mischief."

It was true enough. Out on the beach, under the starlight, K'bili, Chief of the Tao-Tao Islanders, was holding a jabbering conference with his headmen. Scores of warriors were gathered about, too, some squatting in a great semicircle. Haynes had told them that they could easily capture the yacht, and their defeat had put them in an ugly mood.

**St.
Franks
STAMP
WHO'S
WHO**



G. Harper. H. Grayson. Mr. A. Stockdale.

(Three more portraits next week.)

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,362

"Likely I can handle him," said Bill Button. "You never was tactful, Red."

The mahogany-faced pirate went into the central room and found Haynes drinking a half-tumbler of neat rum.

"That swab, K'bili, is askin' for ye, boss," said Bill casually. "Mebbe ye'd best see him."

"Tell K'bili that I'll see him in my own time," retorted Haynes harshly. "Thunder! Do you think I'm scared of the black fool? Tell him I'll see him in ten minutes!"

"Mebbe it'll be too late then," said Bill. "The swabs is movin' nearer, and there ain't a man of 'em what ain't armed."

"I'm boss on this island, and I ain't afraid of no black-amoores," retorted Doc Haynes contemptuously. "Go and tell K'bili I'll see him in ten minutes. Then you and the rest of the boys come in here. I've got somethin' to say!"

"O.K., boss!" said Bill Button.

He went out, and after he had ventured to go amongst the Tao-Tao blacks he deemed himself lucky to get away alive. He gave Haynes' message, and it was received in ominous silence. But as Button walked back to the bungalow a low mutter of angry voices broke out.

The men gathered together in the bungalow, uneasy, their hands never far from their guns. They felt that they were on the edge of a volcano, and that it might erupt at any second.

"Best not wait, Doc," said Red Harker. "Them blacks mean trouble—"

"Forget 'em!" interrupted Haynes. "I'll deal with K'bili in a few minutes. Listen, boys! We've got to take action, and it won't pay us to be squeamish!"

The men were silent.

"We're in a tight spot," continued Haynes deliberately. "We can't get away from the island because them interloper swabs has grabbed the yacht. And it won't be easy to get the yacht back, either."

"Easy!" said Red. "We can't do it no way, Doc. The blacks won't attack her agin after what happened to-night."

"We made a mistake in the first place," continued Haynes, as though Red had not spoken. "We thought this

blamed airship party was soft. Well, boys, they ain't soft. That guy, Lee, is sure dynamite!"

"The blacks is gettin' impatient—" began Button.

"Let 'em wait!" cut in Haynes. "When we first grabbed the yacht from Beverton we thought everything would be easy. We're thousands of miles from any other land, and away from all shippin' routes. It's this cursed airship which has upset our plans. Well, we've got to do something. I was willing, to begin with, to let the airship stay. I thought if I grabbed them boys, nothin' would be done. But I was wrong."

"We ain't got the boys now—so we can't keep the airship on the island," said Bill Button. "Have ye thought of that, boss?"

"I've thought of it, and I've thought of something else," replied Haynes. "Them aboard the airship don't know what happened on this side of the island, and then on the yacht can't tell 'em. See? So it's a safe bet that the airship won't leave her anchorage yet awhile. That gives us our chance."

"Chance of what?" asked Red, staring.

"Boys, we've got to cripple that airship—destroy her, in fact!" said Haynes grimly. "It's all or nothing now. Once that blamed craft gets into the air we're done—so it mustn't get into the air. Destroy her, and every man jack aboard is marooned; ay, and we can satisfy K'bili by letting him have a bunch of the swabs to use in his own way. And that way ain't pleasant!"

The men looked uneasy.

"It's taking a big chance, Doc," said Big Ben. "It means a mighty big killing."

"Ay, and it means that we shall be left to carry on, as though nothing had happened," said Doc Haynes, nodding. "As soon as we've got the blamed treasure we can clear off in the yacht, as we originally planned. Who'll ever come to Tao-Tao Island afterwards? Folks away in civilisation will think that the airship was lost in a storm at sea. Does it matter if we leave these people marooned? We've got to protect ourselves."



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"Even supposing we destroy the airship, what then?" asked one of the men. "What about the yacht? There's that guy Lee aboard—"

"We'll deal with one thing at a time," interrupted Haynes. "After we've dealt with the airship we can give our attention to the yacht. There's only two or three men aboard, and a handful of schoolboys. They can't handle her. They can't get her out of the lagoon. That gives us time to get busy on the northern shore."

There was very little discussion. The men, already "up to the neck" in this villainous affair, were ready to go the whole hog. For their own protection they would be compelled to do so. Indeed, many of them were heartily glad to hear that Doc Haynes was making plans to destroy the airship.

"That's settled, then," said Doc, rising to his feet with something of his old assurance. "Gimme a cigar, Red. Now for K'bili."

With the utmost boldness, Doc Haynes strode out of the bungalow. The cigar was jutting out from a corner of his mouth, and his big hat was tilted on the back of his head.

The first red light of dawn was in the sky, and there, on the beach, were hundreds of Tao-Tao blacks. Their mood was ugly, as was evidenced by their unfriendly shouts and gestures when Haynes appeared. But Doc did not make the mistake of going to K'bili. He made K'bili come to him.

Taking his stand in front of the bungalow, he raised his voice and peremptorily ordered the Tao-Tao chief to come forward. Only for a moment did K'bili hesitate. Then, surrounded by his armed headmen, he came forward.

"You make bad trouble," he said, in his own language. "Many of my men killed." He raised his hands, opening and closing his fingers to indicate the number dead. "You say what you have to say. I listen."

"I'll do your ears good, K'bili," replied Doc Haynes coolly. "Many of your men are killed. But for that you must blame the enemy on the boat." He pointed to the yacht. "They killed your men. Later, you will have your revenge. You help me, and your gifts will be great. There are many white boys on the boat and on the big ship which flies in the air. You would like some of these boys to take into your forests, eh? There you can do with them as you wish."

K'bili's eyes gleamed, and an excited murmur arose amongst his headmen and followers.

"You do not stop me," asked K'bili. "You give me boys to kill?"

"What you do with 'em is your own affair," retorted Haynes. "When I have them captured, I give them to you. Ten—twenty! You can pick them where you please. But first of all we must work together. We are friends, K'bili, you and I. You are my friend, and I am your friend. We must not quarrel. We must fight together against our enemy."

And by such talk, and by ready promises, the cunning Haynes completely restored harmony. The blacks forgot their losses. The prospect of getting possession of a number of white boys, who could be used as sacrifices, inflamed their cannibal appetite. Very soon K'bili was laughing with glee,

like a child, and the other blacks were chattering with contentment, too. Haynes' men were openly relieved, and they were filled with admiration for their leader. Once again he had proved his strength; he had dealt firmly and calmly with a difficult situation.

But what of the price which was to be paid for this peace? Even Haynes' men felt qualms when they thought of it. Turning pirates and seizing a yacht was one thing, but giving schoolboys into the hands of this bloodthirsty cannibal chief was another! However, the die was cast, and every one of those modern pirates considered the safety of his own skin before everything else.

Nelson Lee, on the deck of the Corsair, was a witness of the scene ashore. In the rapidly growing dawn light he saw the great mass of blacks, and he knew that Haynes was having trouble. The detective was hoping, indeed, that the trouble would assume more dangerous proportions, although he had no desire to witness a massacre.

But he soon knew the worst. Before the sun had risen the Tao-Taos had vanished into the jungle, until not a single man remained. Doc Haynes and his gang were once again in full possession of the sandy beach. It could only mean one thing—

"Bad signs, Umtagari," rumbled Umlosi, as he came to Nelson Lee's side. "Plenty bad."

"You're right, old friend," agreed Nelson Lee. "Haynes has made peace with the savages, and that means that he's going to use them again."

When Lord Dorrinore appeared on deck soon afterwards, he found Nelson Lee pacing up and down with a stern, thoughtful face. One glance at the shore showed a peaceful, tranquil scene. There was no sign of human life, for Haynes and his men were sleeping.

"Looks as if everythin' is calm," said Dorrie.

"It is the calm before the storm," replied Nelson Lee, coming to a halt. "Dorrie, I don't like the look of things at all. Haynes has made peace with the blacks, and there's more trouble brewing."

"Does it matter?" asked his lordship. "We've beaten off one attack, and we can beat off another. They haven't touch us in daylight, and we've got the whole day to make defensive preparations. I've thought of all sorts of good stunts—"

"I'm not thinking of ourselves," broke in Lee quietly. Lord Dorrinore started.

"What!" he ejaculated. "Ye gods and little fishes! You don't think that Haynes will attack the airship, do you?"

"That's just what I do think, because it is the very thing that Haynes would do," replied Lee. "He has lost his hostages, and therefore he will try to get more. Even worse, he might attempt to damage the Sky Wanderer. Don't you see how helpless we are, Dorrie? We can't communicate with Manners—we can't leave the lagoon."

And Lord Dorrinore was silent, for he now saw that the situation was fraught with fresh danger.

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