

"THE OUTSIDER'S RETURN!" First Great Yarn of a Powerful St. Jim's Series **INSIDE.**

The GEM

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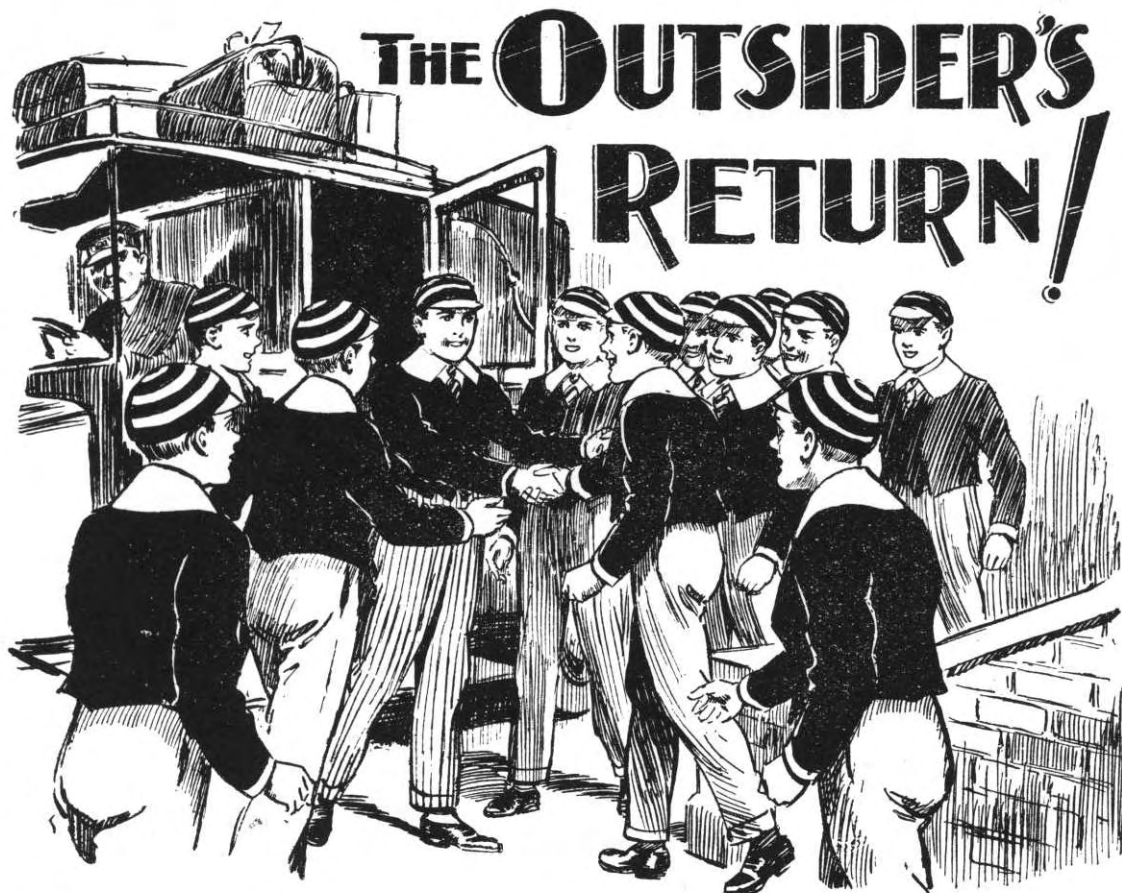
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By MARTIN CLIFFORD

CHAPTER 1. Carried Home!

"LUMLEY-LUMLEY?"
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Coming back?"
"Yaas!"

"By George!"

Tom Merry, the leader of the Lower School at St. Jim's, was surprised, but whether he was pleased or not it was not so easy to see.

Manners and Lowther, who had looked up in surprise at the news imparted by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth, were equally non-committal. No one could have told from their faces whether they were pleased or the reverse.

D'Arcy put up his eyeglass and surveyed the Terrible Three. He was standing in the doorway of their study in the Shell passage. The chums of the Shell had been busy with their prep when D'Arcy opened the door, and Monty Lowther had picked up a Latin dictionary to hurl at the interrupter. In the surprise of the announcement he laid it down again unhurled.

"Wathah a surprise, isn't it?" Arthur Augustus remarked.

"Yes, rather!"

"So Lumley-Lumley's coming back!" said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "For good, do you know?"

"I weally don't know."

"For bad, if he's anything like he used to be," grinned Lowther.

D'Arcy turned his eyeglass upon Lowther.

"Weally, deah boy, you might give a chap a chance," he said. "He nearly died, and came near bein' buwied."

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I have no doubt at all that that has had a gweat effect upon him, and he certainly seemed decent when he left."

"Quite true," said Tom Merry.

"Now, my ideah," said D'Arcy, coming farther into the study and speaking very confidentially, "is to give the chap a warm weception."

"Rag him, do you mean?"

"No, I do not mean to wag him, Lowthah. I mean a warm weception in the sense of makin' much of him. We ought to make him undahstand clearly that bygones are bygones, and that he can start with a clean bill of health, so to speak. Nobody is to wemembah anythin' against him."

"Hear, hear!"

"I am vewy glad you approve of my ideah, deah boys," said the swell of St. Jim's, looking very gratified. "I suppose you will agree with me, then, that he ought to be gweeted with musical honours?"

"Musical honours!"

"Yaas, wathah! I have an ideah that we could hire the band fwom the tea-rooms in Wylcombe, you know, and give him a weguhah stunnin' gweetin'."

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther exchanged winks.

"There are only three in that band," said Lowther. "If I remember, they had a piano, a fiddle, and a cello. You couldn't get the piano here—"

"The pianist can play second fiddle on occasion, deah boy. That is all wight."

"Even then they would hardly make enough row," said Lowther, with a shake of his head. "You see, what you want on an occasion like this is plenty of row—it doesn't matter about being musical, but it must be a row."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Maybe we can get in a gang of road-menders and provide them with pneumatic drills and set them going."

"You uttah ass!"

—STARRING JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY AND TOM MERRY.

"What do you fellows think?" asked Lowther blandly. "Isn't my wheeze ever so much better than Gussy's?"

"Heaps!" said Tom Merry.

"Piles!" said Manners.

The swell of St. Jim's jammed his eyeglass more tightly into his eye and surveyed the Terrible Three wrathfully. It dawned upon him that they were making fun of him.

"I wegard you as a set of asses!" he exclaimed. "I considah my ideah wippin'! When I suggested it to Blake, he laughed vewy wudely. I wegard him as an ass! Undah the circes—"

"When is Lumley arriving?" asked Tom Merry.

"Midday to-morrow. I considah that ideah of musical honours as wippin'! If it were pwopahly awwanged, I should be willin' to join in with the voice. I could put in some tenor bits with fine effect, I think."

"But what has Lumley-Lumley done?" demanded Monty Lowther. "Didn't you say that bygones were bygones?"

"You fwabjous ass—"

"Well, you oughtn't to be rough on a chap the first day he's back. You see—"

Arthur Augustus made a rush into the study. If there was one thing he could not be patiently ragged upon, it was his tenor voice.

"You uttah ass! I wegard your wemarks as insultin'! Put up your hands!"

Lowther jumped up and dodged round the table.

"Come here, you uttah boundah!"

Arthur Augustus dodged round the table after Lowther. Somehow Manners' legs got into the way of the swell of St. Jim's tripped over them and rolled on the carpet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Terrible Three.

D'Arcy sat up and groped for his eyeglass.

"Bai Jove!" he gasped.

The Terrible Three roared.

"Yow! You uttah asses! I am howwibly dustay!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy scrambled to his feet, his aristocratic face red with wrath.

"I shall have no wecourse but to administah a feahful thwashin'!" he exclaimed.

"Put up your hands, you wottahs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Terrible Three were roaring with laughter. Arthur Augustus rushed at them blindly, hitting out.

When Arthur Augustus was wild, he could be most destructive. The chums of the Shell scattered from his attack, still roaring with laughter, and the swell of St. Jim's beat the empty air with his fists.

"Help!" laughed Tom Merry. "He's dangerous!"

"Run for the fire-brigade!" gasped Lowther. "This is what comes of lettin' him out unmuzzled!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy, pink with rage, rushed at the chums of the Shell. He caught Tom Merry this time, and hammered away at him furiously. Tom Merry clasped him round the waist and lifted him off the floor, and D'Arcy's blows were expended in space.

"Welease me!" roared Arthur Augustus. "I ordah you to set me down at once!"

Tom Merry bore the struggling swell of the School House to the door. D'Arcy's arms and legs were waving wildly in the air.

Manners and Lowther yelled with laughter. Tom Merry rushed into the passage with the swell of St. Jim's half sprawling over his shoulders, and D'Arcy's limbs going like clockwork in all directions. Down the Shell passage he went at top speed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed Lowther. "Taking him home?"

"Yes," panted Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You wottah—I pwotest—I insist— Ow!"

Into the Fourth Form passage went Tom Merry, and he bumped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy against the door of Study No. 6. There was a surprised exclamation within, and a voice yelled:

"Come in, fathead!"

Tom Merry did not reply. He bumped D'Arcy on the door again. D'Arcy's boots crashed on the door as he struggled.

The door was thrown open from within. Blake, Herries, and Digby blared out wrathfully. Then they staggered back in surprise.

"M-m-my hat!" ejaculated Blake.

Tom Merry staggered into the study with his burden. He plumped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy down, breathless, in the armchair, and without a word strode from the study, shutting the door after him.

CHAPTER 2.

Tit for Tat!

JACK BLAKE looked at Arthur Augustus blandly. The swell of St. Jim's sat, gasping, in the chair.

"Ow! Bai Jove! Ow!"

"What on earth have you been up to?" demanded Blake. "Is that a new sort of gymnastics?"

"Yow! No!"

"Then what do you mean by it?"

"I have been tweated with the gwossett diswespect!"

"Well, you look as if you've been through a mangle!" said Herries.

"Or under a motor-car," said Digby. "I must say you're a disgrace to any decent study. I hope no one will come in and see you. It would be very awkward for all of us."

"Awfully awkward!" agreed Blake.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat upright.

"I wegard you as a set of uttah asses!" he exclaimed.

"Good!" said Blake, and he sat down at the table again and took up his pen. "I suppose we can get on with the washing if Gussy has done blackguarding us."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Aren't you finished?"

"I have been tweated uttably diswespectfully!" said Arthur Augustus. "I have been cawwied through the passage in a ludicwous mannah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can see no cause whatevah for widiculous laughtah. This whole study has been insulted, and I wathah think it is up to us to put those Shell boundahs in their place!"

Blake winked at Herries and Digby.

The dignity of the one and only Augustus had been affronted, but that was no reason for raiding the chums of the Shell, with whom Blake & Co. were on particularly good terms. Besides, there was work to be done, and if the time were spent in rowing instead of working it meant trouble with the Form-master in the morning.

"Don't you think you could treat them with silent contempt, old chap?" asked Jack Blake. "It's very effective, and it saves time."

"I wegard your suggestion as widiculous, Blake! I insist upon you fellows backin' me up and puttin' those Shell wottahs into their places!"

Blake rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"Look here!" he said. "Tom Merry carried Gussy along the passage and bumped him down in this study in the most disrespectful manner. So it's up to us to do as much to Tom Merry & Co. to keep up the honour of the study, to say nothing of D'Arcy's personal dig."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Hear, hear!" said Digby and Herries.

"Then we'll do it! You agree, D'Arcy?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Go ahead, then!" said Blake, rising. "Collar him!"

Herries and Digby stared for a moment, and then they understood. With a chuckle, they closed in upon D'Arcy and collared him.

The swell of St. Jim's struggled frantically.

"You uttah asses!" he roared. "What are you up to? Stop it! Welease me at once!"

"We're going to give Tom Merry tit for tat! He carried you here, and we're going to carry you back! He bumped you down in this study, so we're going to bump you down in his!"

"You feahful asses! Welease me! I did not mean anything of the sort!"

"Come on, you chaps!"

"Right-ho!"

Arthur Augustus' struggles were unavailing. The three sturdy Fourth Formers grasped him and whirled him out of the study. With arms and legs flying he was rushed along to the Shell passage and up to Tom Merry's study door. Blake kicked the door open, and they whirled in, with Arthur Augustus struggling on their shoulders.

Tom Merry and his chums sprang up. They had been half expecting a raid. But at the sight of Arthur Augustus doing the "flying angel" they roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here you are!" panted Blake. "Bump him down!"

"Yow! Welease me! Bai Jove! Oh!"

Bump!

Arthur Augustus bumped down into Tom Merry's armchair. He lay there, gasping. Blake grinned at the Terrible Three.

"Sorry to interrupt you," he said, "but you had insulted D'Arcy, and we were bound to treat you in the same way. The honour of Study No. 6 is avenged."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Blake, Herries, and Digby retired breathlessly from the study.

D'Arcy sat in the armchair and gasped. The Terrible Three roared.

Arthur Augustus groped for his eyeglass and jammed it into his eye. He gazed at the chums of the Shell with a gaze that ought to have withered them. But they did not wither; they roared.

"I wegard you as beasts!" said D'Arcy. "I wegard Blake and the west as beasts! I wegard you all with feaful despision—I mean contempt! Wats!"

And Arthur Augustus retired from the study and closed the door with a slam that could be heard throughout the School House.

The Terrible Three collapsed into their chairs and shrieked till they could shriek no longer.

Arthur Augustus did not return to Study No. 6. It was true that his personal dignity had been very much injured. But he did not want Blake & Co. to avenge it any more.

CHAPTER 3.

The Outsider Arrives!

LUMLEY-LUMLEY'S coming to-day!"

That was the important item of news in the school on the following morning.

Both Houses took a deep interest in the matter, but the School House especially, for Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had been a School House boy, and would naturally return to his old quarters.

What would he be like?

Lumley-Lumley's career at St. Jim's had been a curious one. His early years having been passed in a wandering life, in many cities, before his father's accession to wealth, Lumley-Lumley had brought to the school a knowledge of the world that was very much out of place in a Fourth Form junior.

He had reckless ways—he was, in fact, in many respects, a blackguard. He had little regard for his word, and little for the truth. He had had some qualities—cool, unflinching courage, and nerve among them. But they weighed little in the balance in his favour.

The fellows could never like him. He was called the Outsider, from first to last. His illness and his narrow escape from death had softened all hearts towards him. Tom Merry & Co. had made friends with him before he left.

He had gone away for his health. Now he was returning, after but a brief absence. What would he be like? The softer and kinder side of his nature, which had shown during his illness, and after it—would that remain? Or would he be the reckless and cynical Outsider of old? The fellows could not tell. But it was agreed that he should be given a chance. All the decent set in the School House were agreed upon that. If he meant to do well it was best to let bygones be bygones. And although Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's idea of a musical greeting was not adopted, it was intended to give him a cordial welcome.

In fact, as the juniors sat in class that morning they were mostly thinking of the coming of Lumley-Lumley, especially the Fourth, that being the Form to which the Outsider of St. Jim's belonged.

Figgins of the New House whispered an inquiry to D'Arcy in class.

"What time do you expect him, Gussy?"

"Half-past twelve twain, deah boy!"

"Good! We'll all meet him!"

"Yaas, watah!"

"Not a bad idea to stand a big feed, just to celebrate his coming back," Fatty Wynn remarked. "He would be bound to take it kindly."

"And if he didn't, you would, wouldn't you, Fatty?" Blake remarked.

There was a chuckle, and Mr. Lathom looked round.

"Silence in class, please!" said the little Form-master.

And the subject of Lumley-Lumley dropped for the time. When the class was dismissed many of the juniors went to the gates to await the arrival of Lumley-Lumley. Others

gathered round the School House door, or before the fire in the Hall, for the weather was cold.

There was a shout from the quadrangle at last.

"He's coming!"

A cab, filled with luggage, drove in at the gates of St. Jim's. A shout from the fellows greeted it.

"Hallo, Lumley-Lumley!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley sat in the cab.

The Outsider looked very much the same as his old self. There was still the half-sneering curl to the lip, the curious glint in the eyes. But the cheeks were tanned with the southern sun, and he looked stronger and better.

The cab stopped before the House. The juniors crowded out. There was a rush to shake hands with Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

The Outsider—no one called him the Outsider now—jumped from the cab with a grin on his face, shaking hands with fellow after fellow.

He was evidently glad to be back at St. Jim's. He was just as evidently pleased with the hearty and spontaneous greeting he received. The suggestion of a sneer vanished from his face, and his keen, hard eyes gleamed with a softer light.

"Welcome home, Lumley!"

"Shake, old chap!"

"Hope you're better!"

"Glad to see you again!"

There was no doubt about the heartiness of the greeting. Fellows crowded up from all sides to shake hands with Lumley-Lumley.

"I guess I'm glad to be back," said Lumley-Lumley. "This is very decent of you. I'm glad you're pleased to see me!"

"Of course we are!" said Tom Merry.

Lumley-Lumley laughed.

"Well, I hope you'll remain glad," he said. "Look here, you chaps! We had some bad times when I was here before—"

"Oh, that's all ovah, deah boy!"

"Bygones are bygones!"

"I guess so. But I want to say that that's what I feel—bygones are bygones, and it's all over," said Lumley-Lumley. "We shall go on a new tack in the future. That's all."

"Hear, hear!"

Half a dozen fellows gathered round Lumley-Lumley, and escorted him to the School House.

Lumley-Lumley was both pleased and surprised—it was easy to see that. And if the Outsider's present mood lasted there was no doubt that all would go well with him at St. Jim's. But would it last? That was the question—a question that was lurking in Tom Merry's mind all the time. But he tried to dismiss it. Upon one point he was sincere and determined—the Outsider of St. Jim's should have every chance.

When the juniors went in to dinner Lumley-Lumley was, of course, with the Fourth Formers. Levison of the Fourth met him at the door of the dining-room. Lumley-Lumley started a little, and then shook hands with him.

"You're still here?" he said.

Levison stared at him.

"Still here?" he repeated. "Why shouldn't I be still here?"

The Outsider grinned.

"Oh, I guess the place might have got fed-up with you," he replied. "But I don't want to be ungrateful. You found I was alive, when I was going to be buried in a trance. I shan't forget that."

"You didn't seem to remember it a moment ago."

"I do remember it," said Lumley-Lumley quietly. "I never forget a service—or an injury. If I can do anything for you, at any time, to pay you back for what you've done, you've only got to say."

Levison's eyes glimmered. That was what he had angled for—he wanted the friendship of the millionaire's son. Lumley-Lumley's character did not matter to him in the least. What he wanted was a rich friend in the school. He understood little of Lumley's motives, but what the Outsider said was very pleasant to him to hear.

"Good!" he said. "You'll be in my study."

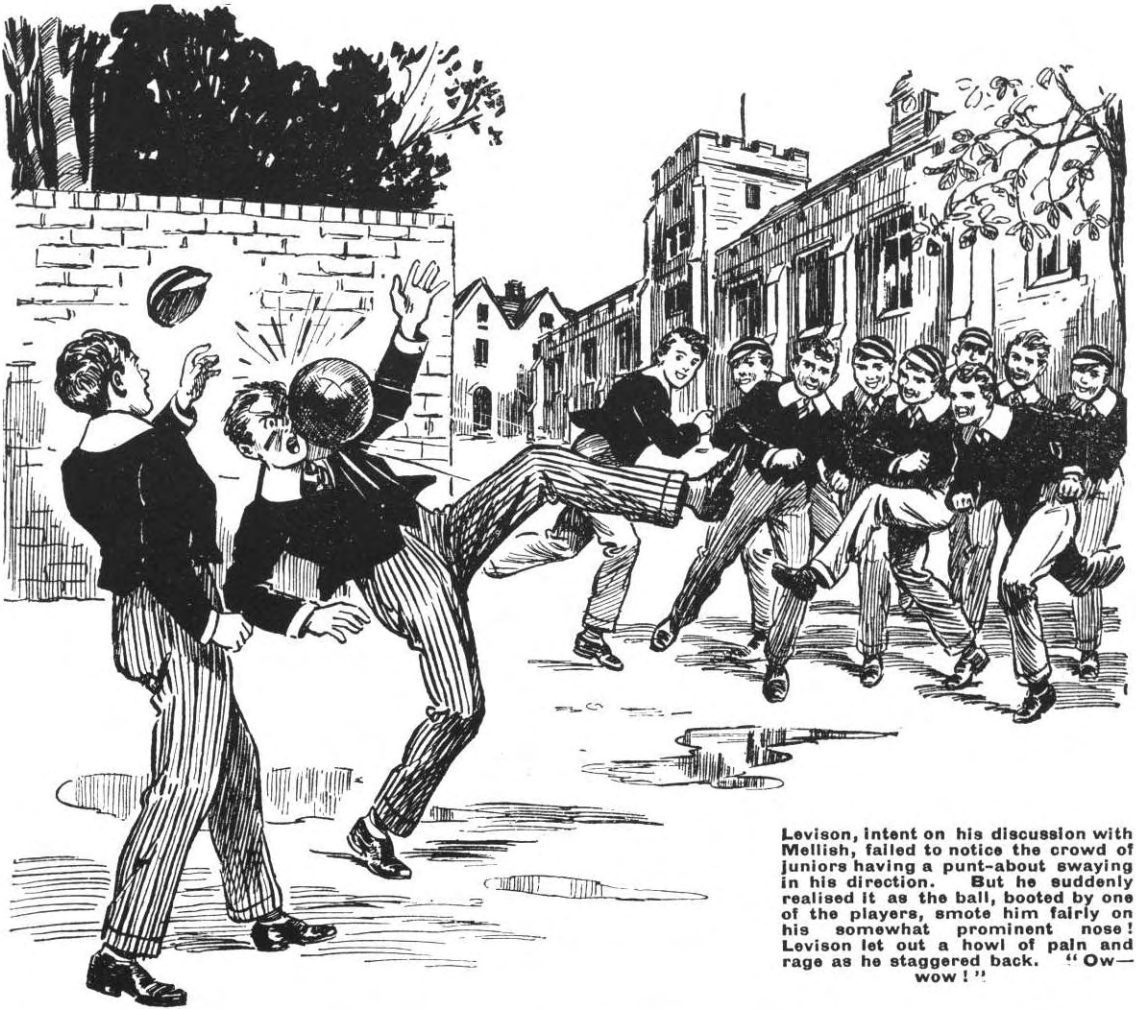
"I was with Mellish when I was here before."

"I'm in Mellish's study, too."

"Oh, I see!"

Lumley-Lumley sat down at the dinner-table. It was not a good augury for the future of the Outsider that he should be in the same study with the two least reputable members of the Form. But that could not be helped. His old quarters were naturally assigned to him.

Blake & Co. made it a point to be very agreeable to Lumley-Lumley during dinner. They wanted it to be clear to him that their friendship was to be had, if he chose to have it. And there was no doubt that the Outsider, so far, chose to have it. He was on the best of terms with the chums



Levison, intent on his discussion with Mellish, failed to notice the crowd of juniors having a punt-about swaying in his direction. But he suddenly realised it as the ball, booted by one of the players, smote him fairly on his somewhat prominent nose! Levison let out a howl of pain and rage as he staggered back. "Ow—wow!"

of Study No. 6 when they went into the Form-room for afternoon classes.

After lessons that day Lumley-Lumley was borne off to footer practice by Blake & Co.

"You feel up to playing, I suppose?" asked Blake. "You're looking a jolly lot better than you did when you went away."

Lumley-Lumley laughed.

"I'm as fit as a fiddle!"

"What about your illness?"

"It's gone."

"Quite gone?"

"The doctors think it has worked out of my system," said Lumley-Lumley. "I hope they're right. Anyway, I'm fit enough now. I'll play, with pleasure!"

"Good egg!"

And Lumley-Lumley showed that he was fit enough when he joined in the footer practice.

Jack Blake slapped him heartily on the shoulder.

"Good! You're fit for the junior team," he said. "The School House are playing the New House to-morrow afternoon. I'll speak to Tom Merry about it, and I've not the least doubt he'll shove you in the team."

And Tom Merry did.

The Outsider of St. Jim's went to bed that night in a very contented frame of mind, and undoubtedly the auspices were good for his future career at St. Jim's. But would it last? That was a question that many of the fellows were asking themselves.

CHAPTER 4.

Rough on a Rascal!

LEVISON of the Fourth stood under the elms outside the School House with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets.

It was a bright, keen morning, and the nip of frost in the air made it all the more enjoyable. A

bunch of juniors were punting a footer about—Tom Merry, Blake, Lowther, Figgins, D'Arcy, and a good many more. Their merry laughter and shouts rang clearly in the frosty air.

Levison stood watching them. There was an unpleasant glitter in his eyes, and a very unpleasant curl to his lips. He had no fancy for that rough exercise. He started a little as he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned his head slightly and saw Mellish, the cad of the Fourth. Mellish gave him a sour grin.

"You seem interested," he remarked.

"And you?"

"Oh, very!"

And Mellish sniggered.

"Lumley-Lumley's palled on to Tom Merry and Blake and their lot soon enough," Levison remarked slowly. "I hardly expected that."

"It won't last," said Mellish.

"Don't you think so?"

"I'm sure not."

"Well, you've had a longer experience of Lumley-Lumley than I have," said Levison slowly. "I suppose you ought to know."

Mellish shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all right now," he remarked. "They're all feeling jolly good and chummy, because it's Lumley's first day here. Wait till they get used to him, and he gets used to them. That's more important. He's going to play footer this afternoon."

"Well?"

"Well, I rather fancy he's going to play his old tricks," grinned Mellish. "Lumley is crooked all through. He couldn't play a fair and decent game to save his life!"

Levison nodded thoughtfully.

"But suppose he plays the game?"

"He won't. But if he does, I tell you he's bound to

get sick of the goody-goody tack soon. He'll begin to pine for his old amusements at the Green Man. He's bound to want to play cards and break bounds. You wait till the first flush of his return has worn off. You'll see!"

"Look here," said Levison, "I understand you, and you understand me!"

"I think so," said Mellish.

"I want Lumley to chum with me, but I'll share what's going with you if we can work it between us," said Levison frankly. "If he sticks to Tom Merry & Co., where do we come in?"

"We don't come in at all."

"Then we've got to get him away from them."

"I'm on!"

"We can do it. He's in our study, for one thing. His old habits are bound to break out in time, and then—"

"Then we shall have him!"

"Exactly! I— Oh! Yow!"

Biff!

Levison was so intent upon his discussion with Mellish that he had not noticed the bunch of players swaying in his direction. The ball was suddenly booted out of the crowd of juniors, and it smote Levison fairly upon his somewhat prominent nose.

Levison gave a howl and staggered. Back he went, two—three paces—and then sat down.

Recent rain had left puddles in the quadrangle, and Levison sat in a puddle.

"Ow—wow!"

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

Levison staggered to his feet. His trousers dripped with muddy water. His face flamed with rage.

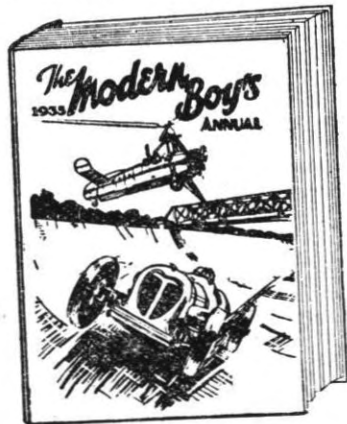
"Hang you!" he shrieked. "You did that on purpose, Tom Merry!"

"Ha, ha, ha! It was Figgins who booted the ball!"

"Sorry!" said Figgins. "Ha, ha, ha! Really!"

"You—you rotter—"

"Oh, cheese that!" said Figgins sharply. "It was an accident. If you had been playing instead of hanging about and slacking, it wouldn't have happened. On the ball, you chaps!"



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The players closed round the footer again and rushed it off.

Levison gave them evil looks. There was a great deal of evil in Ernest Levison's nature when it was roused.

Mellish chuckled.

"You'd better go and get your bags changed before the bell goes for brekker," he remarked.

"Hang them!"

"With pleasure!"

Levison started for the House and Mellish strolled away at a safe distance from the punters. Levison was still looking angry, but much cleaner, when the juniors came in to breakfast.

There was a red and healthy glow in Lumley-Lumley's cheeks, and a clear light in his eyes. He had enjoyed the punt-about, and it had done him good. Levison joined him as they left the dining-room after breakfast.

"Half-holiday this afternoon!" he remarked.

Lumley-Lumley nodded.

"Coming out?"

"Can't. I'm playing footer."

Levison sneered.

"How long is that sort of thing going to last?" he asked.

"All the time I'm at St. Jim's, I hope," the Outsider replied quietly. "I know what you are thinking of, Levison. You've heard about what I used to do. But I'm done with all that now and for good!"

"You've become a good little boy?"

"You can put it that way if you like," said Lumley-Lumley quietly.

"Oh, if you are on the goody-goody tack, and you've turned yourself into a humble follower of Tom Merry, I've nothing more to say," said Levison, with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders.

Lumley-Lumley reddened.

"I'm not a humble follower of anybody," he said.

"Oh, I don't care—keep it up! When you've wasted time in sucking up to those fellows you'll find out, I dare say, what they really think of you!"

"I believe they think well of me."

"Rats! They're spoofing you!"

"Why should they spoof me?"

"Oh, they're taking all this trouble because you've been a naughty boy, and they're going to reform you!" sneered Levison. "When they get tired of the amusement, they'll drop you fast enough, I promise you."

Lumley-Lumley looked at him steadily.

"I don't believe you," he said quietly.

And he turned away without another word, leaving Levison in an angry temper.

CHAPTER 5.

The Same Old Outsider!

THERE was a big crowd on the junior ground that afternoon to see the House match.

House matches generally excited some interest; but the fact that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was playing for the School House brought many fellows round the ropes who would not otherwise have been there.

Tom Merry had given Lumley-Lumley a place in the team, and the Outsider looked very fit when he appeared on the ground with Tom Merry & Co.

All the fellows round the ropes looked at him.

There was no denying that he looked very fit, and quite capable of putting up a good game—if he chose.

Levison and Mellish were in the crowd, quite as keenly interested as anybody there. They did not care a button for the footer, and it mattered nothing to them whether their House won or lost. But they were very keen to see how the Outsider shaped.

Lumley-Lumley glanced across at the two as he came out with the team. Perhaps the keen Outsider guessed what they were thinking of, for a cynical smile crossed his lips—a smile that made him look very like the old Outsider the fellows had once known.

Tom Merry and Figgins tossed for choice of ends, and then the teams lined up. The whistle went, blown by Lefevre of the Fifth, who was refereeing in the House match. There was a rumour that Kildare of the Sixth, the captain of St. Jim's, intended to give the match a look-in, so every fellow on the ground was on his mettle. Every junior player was keen to shine in the eyes of the St. Jim's skipper.

Tom Merry & Co. rushed things from the beginning. But for Fatty Wynn in goal they would have scored early. The fat Fourth Former was a giant in goal, and as fast as shots were sent in to him, he was equally fast in dealing with them.

There was a serene smile on Fatty Wynn's face all the time. Fatty Wynn was fully conscious of his powers in

goal. The New House fellows cheered their champion loudly. They were proud of Fatty Wynn between the sticks.

Figgins & Co. got going at last, however, and the forward line came down upon the School House defence in a hot attack. A School House half-back was rolling on the ground as the New House forwards swept on. It was Lumley-Lumley.

The Outsider picked himself up with all the good humour gone out of his face. The old expression was there—hard and untamed.

He dabbed a splash of red from his nose. He had had a hard knock, and the fact that it had been wholly accidental did not make it any the more pleasant—to the Outsider, at least.

Kerr, who was playing in the forward line, had charged him over—a perfectly fair charge, if ever there was one, but Lumley-Lumley had fallen clumsily.

The New House players were making a determined attack on the School House goal, and shots came in from all angles. But the School House defence held out, and play swayed back to mid-field at last.

Lumley-Lumley threw himself into it again, with a hard face and glinting eyes. He had a gleaming eye upon Kerr now.

Down came the New House line once more, passing brilliantly. The ball was passed to Kerr, who ran on with it. Lumley rushed in to tackle. Out came the Outsider's foot, and the next moment Kerr was brought to the ground heavily.

Then there was a roar.

"Foul!"

"Yah!"

"Cad!"

"At his old tricks again!"

The whistle rang out shrilly.

Figgins ran to Kerr and helped him up.

The forward was not much hurt, and after leaning on Figgins' shoulder for a minute, to get his breath back, he was himself again.

Lumley-Lumley stood with clouded brow. Tom Merry tapped him on the shoulder.

"You tripped Kerr," he said.

The Outsider looked him in the eye.

"It was accidental," he said.

"You are sure?"

"Honour bright!"

The play was resumed, with a free kick for the New House. But the juniors' feelings were changing with regard to Lumley-Lumley.

Had that tripping been an accident? Few believed so.

Least of all did Levison and Mellish believe so. They exchanged a look of satisfaction as they noted what had happened.

"Same old Outsider!" murmured Mellish.

"Yes, rather!" said Levison. "Just the same!"

Most of the fellows round the ropes thought that Lumley-Lumley had tripped Kerr deliberately. But he was given the benefit of the doubt.

It remained to be seen what would happen before the game finished. The Outsider, whether he was aware of it or not, was on his trial.

The first half of the match finished without a score.

In the second half Lumley-Lumley was playing hard, and he still looked very fresh.

Twice he came near to scoring, but Fatty Wynn saved his shot each time. On the second occasion Tom Merry called to him.

"Pass the ball, Lumley! You're a half-back, remember."

Lumley-Lumley's lip curled. There was quite his old look upon his face.

"Do you hear?" called out Tom Merry sharply.

Then the Outsider remembered himself.

"Yes; all serene!" he said.

And Lumley-Lumley played the game a little more after that. But towards the finish—neither side having scored yet—he slipped again.

The School House forwards had brought the ball right up to the New House goal, but had then lost it to a New House half-back. Lumley, following up the attack, tackled quickly, and regained possession of the ball. He selfishly hung on to it, and dribbled it towards goal.

He had a chance of scoring, and he chose that rather than pass to Jack Blake, who was standing unmarked, and could easily have scored if the Outsider had passed.

Lumley sent in a hard shot, but Fatty Wynn was ready for it and dealt with it easily, and booted the ball into mid-field.

The School House chance was gone, and the Outsider of St. Jim's had thrown it away.

There was a yell from the crowd.

"Play the game, Lumley!"

Lumley-Lumley bit his lips.

Tom Merry gave him a look, but did not speak. It was useless to speak. He felt that it was his fault for giving the Outsider this chance. He had thrown the game away, as a matter of fact, for there was no time for further attempts. The whistle went with no goals scored. The juniors tramped off the field.

Lumley-Lumley was angry and dissatisfied with himself and with everybody else. He expected reproaches, but he did not receive them. No one said a word to him on the subject of that wasted goal as the players changed into their clothes.

But Lumley-Lumley knew what they were thinking, and his brow was black, and the old, unpleasant glint was in his eyes. He knew what a bad beginning he had made, and he knew that every fellow at St. Jim's knew it, too.

CHAPTER 6.

Trouble Ahead!

TOM MERRY went into his study in the School House with Manners and Lowther.

There was a shadow on Tom's usually cheery face. The result of the House match had been very unsatisfactory.

Both teams had been in good form, and a big score could not be expected on either side, but the School House had had at least one good chance. That chance had been lost.

The Terrible Three were silent on the subject for some time. But at last Monty Lowther, looking up from making toast at the blazing fire, spoke:

"It won't do, Tom!"

"What won't do?" asked Tom Merry uneasily.

"Playing Lumley!"

Tom Merry was silent.

"It jolly well won't do!" said Manners. "Do you believe that he fouled Kerr accidentally, Tom?"

"I hope it was accidental."

"But do you think so?"

"I don't know what to think."

"And that goal—he threw it away."

"Well, that's so. But I don't want to be hard on him."

"But you won't play him again?" said Monty Lowther.

"I don't know."

"You can't!" said Manners. "Look here! We have another House match next week. You can't play Lumley!"

"Oh, let it stand over now!" said Tom Merry. "Hang it all! I hoped he had stopped all that sort of thing."

"But he hasn't."

"It appears not. But—"

(Continued on the next page.)

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"It's in his blood!" said Lowther. "It's bred in the bone. He was a rank outsider at the start, and he'll remain a rank outsider till the finish!"

"I hope not. But I want to stand by him if I can."

"Well, stand by him, but don't play him in House matches," growled Lowther.

"That's my view," said Manners. "I don't suggest dropping the chap. But don't pile him on us in the House matches!"

"Besides— Hallo! What do these Fourth Form chaps want?"

Blake, Herries, Digby, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy came into the study. They were all looking very serious.

Tom Merry looked at them with a worried expression. He could guess their errand from their looks.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

The Fourth Formers looked at one another. They had evidently come there to speak plainly to Tom Merry, but they were a little diffident about the beginning.

"Look here—" began Blake.

"Bettah leave it to me, pewwaps, deah boys," remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Pewwaps I can put it a little bettah to Tom Mewwy."

"It's like this—" began Dig.

"You see—" started Herries.

"Oh, come to the point!" said Tom Merry, a little crossly.

"What is it all about? If you've come to tea, say so!"

"We haven't come to tea."

"Wathah not, deah boy! We've come to explain that we wegard it as a bad ideah to put Lumley-Lumley into the House team."

"Oh rats!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Bosh!"

"Look here!" exclaimed Jack Blake, nettled. "You can say 'rats' and 'bosh' as much as you like, but we all think the same as Gussy. We don't blame you for having given Lumley-Lumley a trial. I'm sure we had all hoped he had turned over a new leaf!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"But he's made it pretty clear that he hasn't!"

"Yaas, wathah! Quite cleah, deah boy!"

"And so he ought to be dropped from the team."

Tom Merry was silent. He could not but admit that there was justice in what the chums of the Fourth said. At the same time he was unwilling to be hard upon the Outsider. He believed that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was doing his best.

"Well, what do you say, Tom Merry?" asked Digby, his voice rising.

"I'll think about it."

"Haven't you thought it out yet?" asked Herries.

"Well, no."

"Then it's time you had!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Look here! I'm junior footer captain, I believe!" said Tom Merry warmly. "I can make up my team how I choose!"

"Well, if you put it like that—" said Blake, taken somewhat aback.

"I want to think it out, anyway."

Blake's eyes glittered.

"The winning goal was thrown away by Lumley-Lumley," he said. "I don't want you to drop the chap; I only say don't play him in House matches."

"That's vewy weasonable, Tom Mewwy."

"And I know Manners and Lowther think so, too," said Digby.

The chums of the Shell were silent. In their hearts they agreed with the Fourth Formers, but they would not say a word against their chum.

Tom Merry looked very worried.

"Well, leave it over for the present," he said. "It's a week to the House match, anyway."

"Yaas, but—"

"Well, you can choose the team if you like!" said Blake hotly. "That's your bisney, just as you say. But if you choose Lumley-Lumley, you can choose another fellow as well to take my place!"

"Look here, Blake—"

"Yaas, wathah, and anothah fellow to take my place, deah boy!"

"And mine!" said Digby and Herries together.

And with that the Fourth Form chums stamped out of the study, and Jack Blake closed the door after him with considerable force.

Manners and Lowther looked grimly at their leader.

"You see how the other fellows take it," Lowther remarked.

"Yes, I see."

"Then it's time for you to climb down."

"Oh, give us a rest!"

"Look here—"

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The study door reopened. Kangaroo of the Shell put his head in, and Clifton Dane looked over his shoulder.

"Just looked in to speak a word," said Kangaroo cheerfully.

"About Lumley," added Clifton Dane.

Tom Merry looked up.

"I've had enough of Lumley!" he bawled, picking up a loaf of bread. "Get out!"

"But—"

"Whiz!"

The loaf flew through the air. Kangaroo popped back just in time, treading on Dane's feet, and shut the door. The loaf crashed on the door, and rolled on the study carpet.

"Yow!" growled Dane, dancing on one foot. "Yaroooh! You've squashed my toe!"

"Sorry!" grinned Kangaroo. "Tom Merry seems to be excited about something."

"Groooh!"

Kangaroo opened the study door again cautiously.

Bang!

It was a cushion this time that crashed on the door. The Cornstalk chuckled, and closed it, and did not open it again.

The Terrible Three had their tea in a most uncomfortable mood. The usual cheeriness at that meal in Tom Merry's study was gone.

It almost seemed as if the first rift in the lute had appeared, and as if there would be a break in the friendship that had always seemed unassailable. Was Lumley-Lumley destined to cause division and strife among the Terrible Three themselves?

CHAPTER 7.

Lumley Hits Out!

JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY met Tom Merry when the hero of the Shell came down, some time later.

Tom Merry's face was clouded. He had not enjoyed his talk with Manners and Lowther. And he was not pleased to see the Outsider. He had stood up for Lumley-Lumley against his own friends, but he was annoyed and exasperated with the Outsider for causing so much trouble. If the fellow had only played the game.

But it did not seem to be in Jerrold Lumley-Lumley to play the game. The Outsider greeted Tom Merry very cordially, but with a lurking watchfulness in his keen eyes.

"I guess I ought to apologise for what happened this afternoon!" he exclaimed, with much frankness. "I know I didn't play up as I ought to have done."

"We all know you didn't," said Tom Merry grimly.

Lumley-Lumley flushed.

"I was excited," he said. "It's my first footer match for a long time."

"Well, that's so, of course. But you might have played the game," said Tom Merry. "I cautioned you about it, too."

"I guess I'm sorry. Have you been put to any trouble through it?" the Outsider asked.

"Yes. Fellows in the team have been to my study grousing about it."

Lumley-Lumley's eyes glittered.

"They want you to drop me out of the team?" he asked.

"Of course."

"And are you going to do it?"

"I don't know."

Lumley-Lumley started.

"Then you may?"

"Yes, I may. In any case, I never told you you could consider yourself a permanent member of the House team," said Tom Merry. "You could not, in any case, expect to be played in every match."

"That means that you are going to drop me out for the House match next week, I suppose, to come to plain English?" said Lumley-Lumley roughly.

Tom Merry's eyes flashed.

"If you take that tone to me, Lumley, I shall certainly drop you out of the team, and out of my acquaintance, too!" he exclaimed.

The Outsider shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, we're coming to that, at last!" he sneered.

"To what? I don't understand you."

"Levison warned me of it."

"Of what? Explain what you mean!"

"That you were only taking me up, intending to drop me again!" the Outsider explained angrily. "I didn't believe him then."

"Do you believe him now?"

"It looks like it."

"Well, it is not true. It depends upon yourself whether

you are dropped or not," said Tom Merry quietly. "It's up to you to play the game, and if you don't do it, what can you expect?"

"In a word, am I to play in the next match or not?"

"I haven't decided."

"Why haven't you?"

"There are too many pros and cons to be considered at once. If I play you, it will be against the wish of the whole team."

"I understand. You want an excuse for dropping me," said Lumley-Lumley savagely. "I was a fool to believe that any of you were sincere."

Tom Merry reddened.

"If that's how you're going to talk, Lumley, the less said the better," he replied.

And he walked on to the Common-room, leaving the Outsider in a sullen mood.

Tom Merry was angry—angry with himself, with Lumley-Lumley, and with nearly everybody else. It seemed to be his fate to be misunderstood all round.

Lumley-Lumley looked after him with a far from kindly expression.

A tap on the shoulder made him swing round angrily. Mellish was looking at him with a sneering smile.

"Well," said Lumley-Lumley angrily, "what do you want?"

"Are you satisfied now?"

"Satisfied? What do you mean?"

"That they're pretty nearly done with you," sneered Mellish. "Tom Merry is the only fellow who's inclined to stick to you at all, and he won't keep it up long."

"Mind your own business!"

Mellish shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, all right! Only Levison and I have something on to-night if you'd care to join in it—that's all."

"I guess I don't care to."

"Suit yourself," sneered Mellish. "If you prefer toadying to fellows who don't care a button for you—Oh!"

Lumley-Lumley's fist shot out, and it caught Mellish on the end of the chin.

The cad of the Fourth went flying along the passage to crash down on the floor six or seven paces away from the Outsider.

Lumley-Lumley looked at him with blazing eyes as he lay dazed.

"That's for you," he said. "I guess you'll get some more if I have any more of your lip, Mellish."

"Ow!"

"Oh, get up! You're not hurt!" said Lumley-Lumley contemptuously.

"Hullo! What's the matter here?" exclaimed Kildare, captain of St. Jim's, coming along the passage. "What's the row?"

"Oh!" groaned Mellish, rising to his feet. "The beast hit me unawares, and—and my jaw's broken, I think."

Kildare looked sternly at the Outsider.

"This won't do, Lumley," he said. "You'd better keep a guard upon your temper, I think."

"I guess I'll do as I like about that!"

Kildare's eyes flashed.

"Do you understand whom you're talking to?" he asked.

"That is not the way to speak to your captain, Lumley. Take fifty lines!"

Lumley-Lumley's lips set doggedly. He knew very well that he was flagrantly in the wrong; but the obstinacy of his nature would not allow him to say so, and to ask the pardon of the captain of St. Jim's.

Kildare looked at him intently.

"I'm afraid you're not much changed, Lumley," he said slowly. "You will need to be very careful, if you are to remain at St. Jim's. I shall expect those lines before bed-time to-night."

Lumley-Lumley did not reply, and the captain of St. Jim's walked on. The Outsider went moodily into the Junior Common-room.

CHAPTER 8.

Bad Blood!

"WHAT about the 'Weekly'?" asked Jack Blake.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Tom Merry yawned.

"There's a lot of footer news to go in," Blake remarked. "And I have another instalment of my serial all ready. You remember my serial?"



"Drop that!" roared Monty Lowther, grasping for an inkpot. "I guess not!" said Lumley-Lumley. Hiss-s-s-a! He discharged the garden squirt, and a stream of ink shot at Tom Merry & Co., smothering them and splashing the manuscript for the 'Weekly.' "Yaroogh!" they yelled. "Ow! Ooooh!"

"Blessed if I do!" said Tom Merry.
"I'll read you part of the instalment I have ready," said Blake, drawing a bulky packet of manuscript into view. "Look here!"

"Ahem!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"The Black Redskin!" said Blake. "A Romance of the Raiders of the Rockies."

"Oh, rats!"

"Sure you don't mean the 'Red Blackskin, a Romance of the Black Bounders of the Sudan'?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Look here, Lowther!"

"These things look evah so much bettah in pwint," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy hurriedly. "I weally don't think we ought to twouble Blake to wead it out."

"Oh, it's no trouble if you come to that!" said Blake. "Here goes for the first chapter! 'The sun was setting on the Rocky Mountains—'"

Tom Merry's brow clouded.

"That will do!" he said. "If you fellows think we ought to have another number out, we'll start on it. It is not obligatory on any member of the staff to read his contribution out to any other member."

"Wathah not!"

"And it's not obligatory for the other members to listen to him, if he does," Lowther remarked.

"Now," said Tom Merry hurriedly, before Blake could speak, "let's get to work. Who's got contributions ready?"

"I have, deah boy! A splendid article on turnin' up the bottoms of twousahs. I will wead out the beginnin'—"

"Barred!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Yes, I must say I agree with Lowther for once," said Blake. "We can't be bothered with articles on bags!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"If anybody would care to hear the first chapter of the Black Redskin—"

"Nobody would!"

"Look here—"

"Speaking of contributions," said Herries, "I've got a column or two on feeding bulldogs. The question of biscuits is a serious one, but—"

"Oh, blow bulldogs!"

"Yaas, I must say I agree in wingin' off about bulldogs. But speakin' of twousahs—"

"Speaking of Redskin serials—"

"Speaking of bulldogs—"

"Oh, order!" exclaimed Tom Merry, stopping his ears. "Look here, every chap can wire in getting his stuff ready. We'll go and prepare the number at once."

"Hear, hear!"

And the Terrible Three proceeded towards their study. It was the day after the footer match, and general good humour had been restored among the juniors.

The vexed question whether Lumley-Lumley should be played in the next House match was left in abeyance.

Tom Merry did not know what to decide, and the other fellows were all ready to start upon the warpath if he decided in favour of the Outsider. So he was giving the subject a rest for a time.

Tom Merry was naturally given to taking things easily, and it was quite possible that the matter—like so many matters—would settle itself if left alone. Lumley-Lumley might work his way into general favour again, or he might act in such a way that Tom Merry would simply have to drop him. In either case the thing would be settled then.

If it remained unsettled by the time the House match was due, then Tom Merry would have to make up his mind.

But for the present he put the whole subject out of his thoughts.

The Terrible Three ascended the stairs to the Shell passage, and, as they did so, there was the sound of a loud and excited voice above.

"You rotten Outsider!"

Tom Merry and his chums exchanged a look.

It was Wally's voice, and he was evidently addressing the Outsider of St. Jim's. Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was in trouble again.

The Terrible Three hastened their steps.

There were three or four Third Formers in the passage, and the Outsider of St. Jim's, with eyes that glinted with the old light, was advancing upon them savagely.

Lumley-Lumley's face was red with rage, and it was clear that the fags had exasperated him, though in what manner the chums of the Shell did not know.

But the Outsider's savage look, as he ran at the Third Formers, showed pretty plainly that he was quite the old Lumley-Lumley again.

He grasped Wally by the collar, and boxed his ears with savage force, the fag kicking and struggling all the time.

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Jameson and Curly Gibson and Joe Frayne rushed to the rescue.

Tom Merry ran up.

"Hold on!" he shouted.

The Outsider swung back from the fag with blazing eyes and flushed cheeks. The fags were breathing hard, and looking very savage.

"What's the matter?" asked Tom Merry.

"Mind your own business!" cried Lumley-Lumley.

Tom Merry coloured.

"Oh, we can take care of ourselves!" said Wally cheerfully, rubbing a reddened nose as he spoke. "He won't get much change out of us. Jameson was speaking about the way he played yesterday, that was all. He wouldn't have heard, only he was sneaking along the passage and we didn't hear him coming."

"You young cub—"

"Same to you, and many of 'em," said D'Arcy minor cheerfully.

Lumley-Lumley ground his teeth.

He made a movement to rush upon the Third Formers again, but Tom Merry stepped in the way.

"Hold on!" he said quietly.

Lumley-Lumley looked at him with blazing eyes.

"Will you get aside?"

"No."

Lumley-Lumley drew a deep, hissing breath.

"I guess that finishes it," he said fiercely.

And he walked away savagely.

"Good riddance!" said Wally cheerfully. "We've been taken in by that chap, Tom Merry, old son. Leopards cannot change their spots, you know."

Tom Merry went into his study without replying, but he was very much inclined to agree with Wally there.

CHAPTER 9.

The Decoy!

L EIVISON looked up with a grin as Lumley-Lumley came into the study.

It really seemed as if he had seen the happenings in the passage; but he was sitting at the table when the Outsider came in.

Lumley-Lumley slammed the door, and threw himself into a chair. He bent his brows savagely upon Levison.

The latter's grin widened.

"Well?" he said. "You've been rowing with Tom Merry?"

"You've been spying as usual."

Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you retained the passage for private performances? I naturally looked out when I heard a row going on."

The Outsider was silent.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had a most bitter and unpleasant temper when it was roused, and that it was roused now was shown in his darkened brows and glinting eyes.

"I wondered how long it would last," went on Levison evenly. "It's lasted less than two days. I didn't expect it to last so long."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Certainly, if you wish."

Levison reopened a book and began to read. Lumley-Lumley watched him angrily. He expected Levison to begin speaking again, but Levison did not. The calm way he turned page after page showed that he was really reading. Lumley-Lumley broke out at last.

"Haven't you anything to say, hang you?"

Levison lowered his book.

"Well, if you care to listen," he replied.

"Well, go on, then."

"I imagine you've had enough of Tom Merry & Co. by this time!" said Levison, with a grin. "I told you how it would work, but you wouldn't listen. The Good-Little-Jimmy bisney does not suit you."

Lumley-Lumley growled, but made no response.

"They're chucking you, just as I predicted," said Levison. "You're done for as far as the footer is concerned. If Tom Merry still thinks of playing you—which I think is very unlikely after what's just happened—the other fellows will be down on him like a cageful of monkeys."

"I know that."

"Then you haven't a dog's chance."

"I guess not."

"It's the same in everything else. They're getting up a new number of 'Tom Merry's Weekly,' but you won't be asked to have a hand in it."

Lumley-Lumley was silent.

"You're out of everything. Why not accept the position as it is, then, and have some fun where you can get it?"

The Outsider bit his lip.
 "I've tried my best to pull with them," he said slowly.
 "Of course you have, but you've failed."
 "Yes, I've failed. I don't deny that it was partly my fault, but I think they might have given me a little more rope. They might have made things a bit easier for me."
 "That wasn't their game."
 "I shouldn't wonder if you're right."
 "Anyway, you've done with them now?" Levison suggested.

Lumley-Lumley nodded.
 "Then what do you say to some fun on our own?" asked Levison. "I had it fixed for last night, but I put it off till you could take a hand."

"What's the game?"
 "We get out of the dorm after lights out—after the other fellows are asleep, of course, or Blake might interfere."

"He'd better not interfere with me!" said the Outsider, with savagely glowing eyes.

Levison laughed.
 "That's more like yourself," he said. "But, still, we'll keep out of a row if we can. No good starting a rumpus in the dorm. Look here, if we can get out of St. Jim's without being found out we can have a ripping time. I've heard about your old exploits down at the Green Man."

Lumley-Lumley grinned.
 "I made them sit up there," he said. "They caught me for a gull, and I skinned them inside out."

"That's it—Joliffe has told me. Well, I've seen Joliffe—"

The Outsider looked curiously and keenly at Levison.
 "So you know Joliffe?" he said.

"Yes, rather!"
 "You and Mellish go to the Green Man, then?"
 "Why not?"

"And you want me to come with you?"
 "It won't be anything new for you, will it?" said Levison, with a sneer.

"No, I guess not."
 "And it's great fun. Joliffe asked me to tell you that he'd be glad to see you as soon as he heard that you were back at St. Jim's. He's willing to let bygones be bygones; though you did skin him rather badly."

The Outsider chuckled.
 "I shall skin him again!"

"Oh, I don't know! He's willing to take the risk."
 Lumley-Lumley looked Levison up and down. He knew the thoughts and the motives of Ernest Levison as well as the junior himself knew them.

"So that's where you and Mellish are going to-night?" he asked.

"Yes, that's it."
 "And you've promised Joliffe to bring me?"
 Levison looked a little uncomfortable.

"Well, you see," he said, "he'd like to see you, and I'd like you to come, and—"

"I guess you can't take me in," said Lumley-Lumley contemptuously. "I know the whole game!"

Levison turned red.

"I don't understand you!" he said.
 "I guess you do. Joliffe has offered to make it worth your while to get me down to the Green Man. He knows I've heaps of money. He thinks he will be able to play me for a sucker this time."

"You needn't come if you don't choose," said Levison uneasily.

"But I do choose!" said the Outsider coolly. "As a matter of fact, I've only been half-hearted about the new line I was following. I was beginning to get sick of the whole business. Footer's not so good as draw poker."

"Tom Merry was a duffer not to see it from the first."

"Mind, I've done my best," said Lumley-Lumley. "I don't know that I shall drop it altogether, either. But I'm going down to the Green Man with you to-night, if only for a change. I want livening up."

"Exactly. Come by all means."

"What time?"

"We get out at ten if all the fellows are asleep."

"Good! I'll be awake!"

Mellish came into the study. There was an unpleasant grin on his face. The two juniors looked at him.

"Well, what's the joke?" demanded Lumley-Lumley angrily.

Mellish promptly moved round the table.

"You are!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Outsider, clenching his hands angrily.

"Hold on!" said Mellish. "It's the 'Weekly,' that's all. I hear they're doing a long article descriptive of your exploits in the footer match yesterday. Lowther

(Continued on the next page.)



Do you know a good joke? If so, send it to "THE GEM JESTER," 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.). Half-a-crown is awarded to the sender of every joke that appears in this column.

WANTED—MOTIVE POWER.

Owner of Small Car: "Excuse me, but can you spare me a drop of petrol?"

Lorry Driver: "Say, it ain't petrol you want—it's a new flint."

Half-a-crown has been awarded to F. Rule, 25, Gordon Avenue, St. Margaret's-on-Thames, Middlesex.

* * *

APPROPRIATE!

"How shall I handle this story about a dog attacking pedestrians?" asked the new reporter.

"Make it snappy!" replied the editor.

Half-a-crown has been awarded to V. McHugh, 21, Canning Street, Belfast.

* * *

PHONE FUN.

A Virginia family was training a coloured girl in her duties as maid. On answering the telephone on the first day, she brought no message.

"Who was that, Sarah?" asked the master.

"'Twarn't nobody, sah," replied Sarah. "Jes'a gen'lman who said: 'It's a long distance from New York,' and I said: 'Yes, sah, it certainly is!'"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to S. Williams, 1, Haden Street, Pontypool, Mon.

* * *

FORCE OF HABIT!

Dentist: "Now, sir, where is the bad tooth?"

Patient (a cinema attendant): "Balcony, second in front row!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to P. Smith, 4, Crown Road, Shoreham, Sevenoaks, Kent.

* * *

NATURALLY.

Johnnie: "Do you like ice-cream, Willie?"

Willie: "It leaves me cold."

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss J. Andrews, 17, Park Crescent, Portland Place, London, W.1.

* * *

LEAVING IT LATE!

First Sailor: "I don't know how you can sit there reading when the ship's sinking!"

Second Sailor: "But I'm learning to swim!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to G. Peers, 70, Oldfield Road, Coventry.

* * *

SEIZ HE!

Boss: "Isn't it rather strange that your grandfather should be ill every time there's a big football match on?"

Office-boy: "Yes, sir. I sometimes wonder if he's shamming!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss D. Hewitt, 2, College Road, Winchmore Hill, London, N. 21.

* * *

EVIDENCE.

Brown: "Smith's arguments always carry conviction."

Green: "Why?"

Brown: "He's a policeman!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to A. Pitt, 84, Second Street, Orange Grove, Johannesburg, South Africa.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

has turned out a limerick on the subject, and the fags are all chanting it."

"I don't believe it."

"It begins like this:

"An outsider—you all know his name—
Who never could play a fair game—"

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley.

"Certainly!" grinned Mellish. "It's rather amusing, though. It seems that it's going to occupy quite a prominent place in the 'Weekly.'"

Lumley-Lumley started to his feet.

"We'll see about that!" he exclaimed angrily. "Are they doing the 'Weekly' now?"

"Yes, in Tom Merry's study."

"Then I'll jolly well soon have that out with them."

Lumley-Lumley swung out of the room. He strode along the passage to Tom Merry's study and turned the handle of the door.

The door did not open. Lumley-Lumley shoved at it angrily, but it was locked on the inside. He hammered on the panels with his fists.

"Tom Merry!"

"Hallo!"

"Open the door!"

"Can't be did!"

"I want to speak to you!"

"Impossible! No admittance during business hours. This is the editorial office of 'Tom Merry's Weekly' just now."

"I want—"

"See you later."

"Are you doing the 'Weekly'?"

"Yes."

"I want to speak to you about it."

"Some other time."

"Look here—"

"Rats!"

"Will you open this door?" roared Lumley-Lumley.

"No."

Lumley-Lumley kicked and hammered savagely till a prefect's voice roared up the stairs to know what that confounded noise was about. Then Lumley-Lumley desisted and retired from the spot with flushed cheeks and gleaming eyes.

CHAPTER 10.

Lumley Looks In!

"GET on with the washing," said Tom Merry cheerfully as the hammering ceased at the door of the study.

Manners and Lowther grinned.

Lumley-Lumley was not the first to interrupt their editorial labours, and they did not expect that he would be the last.

But during editorial hours they did not mean to be interrupted. All other matters had to stand over for that most important one of preparing the "Weekly" for publication. As a matter of fact, Mellish had drawn upon his imagination for the tale he had told the Outsider, and the Terrible Three had no intention whatever of mentioning Lumley-Lumley in the paper. Least said soonest mended, was Tom Merry's idea; and in any case, slating a fellow in the school paper was likely to do more harm than good.

And so the chums of the Shell did not know what personal reason Lumley-Lumley had for disturbing them. As soon as he was gone, they settled down cheerfully to their work once more.

Three pens scratched away over sheets of nice white foolscap.

So busy were the juniors that they did not see a shadow darken the window from outside.

The window of the study was a very considerable distance from the ground, and the juniors were far from expecting anybody to look in. True, New House raiders had on a famous occasion got in there by using Taggles' long ladder. But there was no thought of raids just now.

A face looked in at the window.

It was Lumley-Lumley's face.

The Outsider looked through the glass, and his eyes gleamed as he saw the Terrible Three busily at work at the table.

The table was covered with papers, many and many sheets, some of them covered with writing, some partly covered, and a great many blank.

The Terrible Three seemed to be working against time. Editorial labours were heavy for them.

The Outsider grinned.

Two juniors below were holding the ladder he was standing upon. They were, of course, Levison and Mellish.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

Mellish was a little uneasy as to what the results of the raid might be. He did not like the prospects of being hammered by the chums of the Shell.

But he was as glad as Levison to back the Outsider up in any attack upon the Terrible Three. The chums of the Shell would hardly keep on friendly terms with Lumley-Lumley when he had carried out his present scheme.

The Outsider had a garden squirt in his hand. It had been filled with a concoction of red ink and water.

The sheets of the "Weekly" were not likely to be in a fit state to send to the printer after that had been discharged over them; nor were the youthful editors likely to be in an enviable state.

Lumley-Lumley watched the Terrible Three at work for a moment.

Then, with a sudden movement, he threw up the lower sash of the window.

The noise, of course, alarmed the editorial staff of the "Weekly." They looked up, staring in amazement at the face at the open window.

"Lumley!"

"Get out!"

"Buzz off!"

Monty Lowther grasped an inkpot.

The Outsider grinned, and raised the squirt.

"Drop that!" roared Monty Lowther.

"I guess not!"

"You duffer— Oh! Ooooh!"

"Yaroooh!"

Hiss-s-s-s!

Lumley-Lumley discharged the squirt, and a stream of ink and water shot at the Terrible Three.

It smothered them, and fell in great splashes over the table, drenching the heap of papers, and staining them red.

Tom Merry and Manners had the worst of it, and they staggered back, blinded by the stream in their eyes. Monty Lowther rushed forward.

The Outsider slid down the ladder without touching the rungs.

He was out of Monty Lowther's reach in a twinkling. The three young rascals looked up to the window, yelling with laughter.

Monty Lowther still had the inkpot in his hand. He leaned out of the window and inverted it over the three grinning faces.

"Oh!" roared Mellish as the black ink swamped into his face.

They rushed away, leaving the ladder where it was standing.

Monty Lowther turned back into the study.

Manners was sitting on the hearthrug, gasping. Tom Merry was leaning against the door, gouging ink and water out of his eyes.

The papers on the table were drenched and ruined. Most of the labour the editors had put into the "Weekly" so far was wasted.

"Ow!" gasped Manners. "I'm—I'm poisoned! I got some of that filthy stuff in my mouth!"

"Groogh!"

"I—I can't see!" gasped Tom Merry. "Here, I'm going to get this washed off!"

"Groogh! I'm poisoned."

"It was Lumley-Lumley!" growled Monty Lowther. "The 'Weekly's' spoiled! The whole thing's inked and mucked up!"

"The rotter!"

"The waster!"

The Terrible Three rushed from the study. They sought a bath-room in hot haste. Fellows who met them in the passage yelled with laughter.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who was the only one who did not laugh. "Have you had a fearful accident, dear boys?"

"Groogh!"

"You are bleedin' feahfully!"

"Ass! It's red ink!"

"Wed ink?" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's in the greatest astonishment.

"Yes, ass! Lemme pass!"

"B-b-but what have you been pouwin' wed ink ovah each othah for?" asked Arthur Augustus innocently.

"Ass!"

"Weally, you fellows— Ow!"

Arthur Augustus sat down in the passage as the chums of the Shell pushed him aside and rushed on.

"Bai Jove!" he gasped. "They must be off their wockahs! Blake, old man, keep out of their way; they're dangewous."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

(Continued on page 14.)

GET TOGETHER WITH YOUR EDITOR, CHUMS, FOR A CHAT.



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! How do you like the first yarn in the grand "Lumley-Lumley" series? Great, isn't it? But you'll find that next Wednesday's powerful and dramatic story of the chums of St. Jim's is even better. Martin Clifford has surpassed himself with this stirring series, believe me! In

Most newsagents run Annuals Christmas Clubs, whereby, on paying a small sum every week, the ripping story books that every boy wants to have are brought within reach. Pay a visit to your local newsagent to-day, and find out how easy it is to become the possessors of your favourite annuals.

"WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!"

—the title of next week's yarn—matters at St. Jim's come to a sensational pass. And it's Lumley-Lumley, the Outsider, who is the cause of all the trouble. Tom Merry, soft-hearted and easy-going, agrees to give Lumley another chance to make good, but the popular leader of the Lower School little knows what his kind-hearted action is to lead to. On no account must you miss this gripping story.

"THE FIFTH VICTIM!"

In the next nerve-tingling yarn of "The Ten Talons of Taaz!" series, you will find all the thrills you want; in fact, there are more than enough for a story double its length! Sir Montie Tregellis-West is the fifth St. Frank's boy to face the ordeal set by the Tibetan priests, and his test of courage takes place in St. Frank's itself in amazing and breath-taking circumstances. You'll simply revel in this wonderful yarn.

All our other features will be up to their usual high standard, putting the finishing touch to another splendid number of the Old Paper.

ANNUALS CLUBS.

Let me remind you again, chums, that the many grand annuals that are on sale now—"The Holiday Annual," "Popular Book of Boys' Stories," and others advertised in this paper—can be obtained on very reasonable terms.

LIGHTNING IN HARNESS.

Not long ago, engineers of a big electrical company spent £15,000 to obtain a single photograph—and still thought the money well spent! They wanted a picture of a flash of lightning, and before they could take the kind of photo they wanted, they had to lug all sorts of apparatus up a steep mountain, and then erect it on its summit. After weeks of waiting, the lightning storm they had been anticipating duly arrived, and then they took a photo of the flash. That photo showed the lightning had the power of 2,500,000 volts. During the whole storm, enough electricity was exhausted by the lightning to light all the electric lamps in Britain for one day; to drive all the machines in this country for an afternoon; and enough heat to warm every house for three solid months. As a result of the experiment, the engineers say we are now not far off the time when we shall be able to capture and store lightning for our own purposes, and already experiments are being made with laboratory-produced five-million-volt currents ready for the time when we shall be harnessing the electricity of the skies.

FIGHTING FIRE WITH T.N.T.!

Meet Tex Thornton, the world's most amazing fireman, who puts out fires by

blowing out the flames with T.N.T., the most powerful explosive ever known! A few years ago Tex was an American engineer nobody outside his own little circle of friends had ever heard of—now he's the man whom oil-well owners all over North and South America run to when their wells catch fire, and instead of gushing forth mighty floods of oil worth millions of dollars, turn into pillars of flame.

Time was when these oil-well fires were just left to burn themselves out. Pouring water on them from hoses merely made the blazing oil float into fresh danger zones, while the special flame-killing chemicals could only deal with small fires, where the firemen could get in close to the inferno. Then Thornton had his brain-wave. Why not, he argued, blow out the flame with a great blast of air, just as you blow out the flame of a candle with a puff of breath? So now, clad in a specially made fire-resisting asbestos suit, Tex gets as near the fiery oil-well as he possibly can, lays down a time-bomb filled with T.N.T. (tri-nitro-toluene) and bunks! The terrific blast of air as the time-bomb explodes blows out the flames, and the trick is done!

It's terribly dangerous work, of course, but Tex has treated four hundred oil fires in this cute way, and is still alive, though scarred from head to foot by burns.

WEIGHING RAIN.

"I read in the paper the other day," writes A. M. (Manchester), "that four thousand tons of rain fell on my home town recently. How did they know the weight of this rain?" I'm glad you asked that, A. M., because I expect there are plenty of other readers who would like to know the same thing. The calculation is done this way:

The weather experts put vessels out in the rain in an open space, and then measure the depth of rain-water that has collected in them by looking at a little graduated scale on the inside of the vessels. By this means they can tell how deep the rain-water would have been if it had fallen on to a flat surface and stayed there, instead of on to the buildings and streets of the city and run away down the drains.

The next step is to calculate from this depth of rain-water, combined with the area of the city, what the volume of the rainfall on the whole town would be. From this volume, the weight of the water is soon calculated, for the weight of water per cubic foot or cubic yard, and so on, is well known. It works out that a rainfall of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch is equivalent to 50 tons of water for every acre of ground.

THE EDITOR.

PEN PALS COUPON

20-10-34



A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging topics of interest to each other. If you want a pen pal, post your notice, together with the coupon on this page, to the address given above.

J. R. Bradley, 65, Carlyle Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 16, wants a pen pal interested in cigarette cards, cycling, photography; overseas preferred; age 12-14.

Miss Peggy Ford, 30, East Street Flats, Baker Street, London, W.1, wants a girl correspondent; books, swimming, photography.

Miss M. Watson, 8, Bridge Street, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire,

Scotland, wants girl correspondents in Canada, Egypt, India and Australia; stamps, books, films; age 21-25.

Miss S. I. Hurn, 11, Bridge Road, Litherland, Liverpool, 21, wants girl correspondents in Australia, U.S.A., South Africa, India; all sports; age 16-20.

Frank Merrill, 37, Wood Hill, Leicester, wants a pen pal in the South Seas, Madagascar, the Levant, West Indies, Canada. Stanley Vigers, 2, Thompson Road, Bassendean, via Perth, Western Australia, wants a pen pal interested in swimming, cricket, books, photography; age 13-15.

Miss Valma Street, 14, Oakleigh Road, Ormound, S.E.9, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wants a girl correspondent in England; age 17-18; sports, films, swimming, cycling.

Leon Frost, 261, Glenhenty Road, Elsternwick, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wants pen pals in South Africa, South Sea Islands, India and Canada; age 13-15.

(Continued on page 28.)

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,392.

THE OUTSIDER'S RETURN!

(Continued from page 12.)

The Terrible Three rubbed and scrubbed savagely in the bath-room. But red ink is not easily got rid of, especially when it has been used in liberal quantities. The chums of the Shell were kept busy cleaning themselves close upon time for afternoon lessons.

They said things all the time. They made the most liberal promises as to what should happen to Lumley-Lumley when they saw him again.

But when they had finished cleaning up, and started forth to look for the Outsider, he was not to be found. Lumley-Lumley carefully kept out of sight till the Hall bell rang for afternoon school, and the Terrible Three had to go in with the Shell, with their vengeance still unsatisfied.

"Never mind," said Monty Lowther grimly. "Wait till after school."

Which augured ill for the Outsider of St. Jim's as soon as lessons were over for that day.

CHAPTER 11.

Spool!

"WHERE'S Lumley?"

"Where's the Outsider?"

The Terrible Three came along the passage as the Fourth Form poured out of their Form-room, looking for Lumley-Lumley.

"Where's the Outsider?"

It was a significant question.

For it was the first time that Lumley-Lumley had been called the Outsider since his return to St. Jim's.

But the chums of the Shell called him that again unconsciously. His conduct was so "outside" that the word came naturally.

Lumley-Lumley came out of the Form-room with the rest of the Fourth. He had avoided the Terrible Three before afternoon school. But he could not avoid them now.

Lumley-Lumley could not count upon a friend in the Fourth to stand by him. Levison and Mellish were his friends certainly. But if the chums of the Shell chose to "go for" him, Mellish and Levison were likely to find important business in another direction.

But the Outsider was cool and collected.

Whatever happened to him, he was not likely to lack courage or coolness to endure it.

He stopped as he heard the Terrible Three inquiring after him, and faced them with his hands in his pockets.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "What's the mattah, deah boys?"

"Here he is!"

"Lumley! You cad!"

"Hallo!" said Lumley-Lumley coolly. "Got all the ink off? Levison—Mellish, where are you going? These chaps want to see you."

But Levison and Mellish did not seem to hear; they walked away very quickly. Lumley-Lumley laughed.

"I guess they don't want to see you," he remarked.

"It's you we want to see!" broke out Manners angrily. "You've mucked up all we've done for the 'Weekly.'"

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No. 36. Vol. 1. (New Series.)

'FRIARS v. SAINTS

SIX GOALS IN THRILLING "SEE-SAW" GAME

Wally D'Arcy at the Microphone.

A cold snap in the air has helped to "speed up" this game between the friendly rivals of Greyfriars and St. Jim's—if a real "needle" game of this sort needs "speeding up"!

The match is barely two minutes old, but the 'Friars are soon swooping down on Fatty Wynn's citadel. Wharton leads his forwards with dash and foresight, while he is magnificently served by two "flyers" on the wings in Hurree Singh, the dusky nabob, and Vernon-Smith. Wham! There goes a "stinger," hot from Smithy's foot. Fatty Wynn at full length just turns it round the upright. Vernon-Smith places the corner-kick dead in the goal-mouth, and in a trice the leather is bobbing about in a melee. Wynn dives desperately into the midst of the players, but Bob Cherry's quick foot hooks the ball clear, and taps it lightly into the net. Number one for Greyfriars!

The disadvantage of playing away from home may be the reason for the Saints' lack of fire. Somehow they aren't pulling as usual. Merry makes a heroic solo effort, but is charged off the ball when he looks like scoring. 'Friars come again, playing the fastest football I've seen this season. Figgins of the long legs is hard put to it to cope with Smithy on the wing. Vernon-Smith swerves in, dribbles past Kerr, and rams home a fast drive which leaves Fatty Wynn absolutely helpless. 'Friars two up! What news for the fellows back at St. Jim's!

Up, St. Jim's! Now, we're seeing something. The two reverses have had an electric effect on our men. My major, Gussy, is darting down the touchline now with the ball at his feet—see him swerve past burly Johnny Bull and crash home a regular tinger. Oh, what rotten luck! It hit the upright and cannoned off a defender out of play. Nothing results from the corner. Now the 'Friars are off the mark again, like hounds unleashed, beating the

St. Jim's defenders for sheer speed. Look out Fatty! Oh, well saved, sir! Right at Wharton's feet old Fatty hurls himself, picking the leather off the Greyfriars man's toe like a giddy conjurer. Boomph! That danger past—sheep, it's half-time, too! Telegraph wires hum with the news—Saints two down. Here come our heroes again, looking very grim and determined. I've noticed how Merry and his men frequently win back when they appear to be slipping badly. Have the 'Friars lost their speed? They're slower certainly. Now Digby is away, a fine run down the wing, followed by a smart centre. Johnny Bull will clear it. No, no, by Jove watch Blake leap! His hard Yorkshire head just reaches the ball. Like a bullet it whizzes into the net!

A goal behind isn't so bad as two. Especially when the 'Friars are definitely slackening off—and the Saints are just warming up! Gussy—my major, you know—spurts gallantly away with a long pass from Figgins. Gussy is heading in on goal, and "Squiff," the Australian, is coming out—crash! They both collide, and the ball shoots into the centre. See Merry sprint—like a deer he covers ten yards and slams the leather into the vacant net ere anybody else can move. Two all, old Play is harder than ever now, with the 'Friars showing a spot of their first-half speed. Here they come—nothing can stop them, it seems. Heck, Wharton got his foot behind that one! Wynn didn't have a chance to even move for it. 'Friars lead, 3—2. I think that last spurt has done it, though. 'Friars are slowing up again, and Merry still has a trick up his sleeve. Here he comes, threading through the opposition like a pattern-weaver. Johnny Bull goes sprawling in a great effort to stop Merry, but the latter evades everyone and winds up with the most spectacular shot they'll see at Greyfriars this season! It's in—it's in the net! Three all, and three seconds to go! Well, perhaps a draw is a fair reflection of the play.

ST. FRANK'S FIRST DEFEAT

Special Message by Phone

Entertaining Gordon Gay & Co., of Rylcombe Grammar School, Nipper and his team found themselves up against a stiff proposition. An early goal by Nipper raised the St. Frank's hopes, but Gordon Gay levelled the scores. Nipper put St. Frank's ahead again near the interval, and the visitors crossed over leading 2—1. The commencement of the second half, however, saw one of those lightning changes which sometimes occur at footer. Gay and the Grammarians enjoyed an "unstoppable" half-hour, and nothing would go right for St. Frank's. Gay netted from close range, and immediately afterwards McClure had the misfortune to put through his own goal. Frank Monk was a trifle lucky to score yet another with a long shot which curled in unexpectedly, while Gay added a fifth goal near the finish. St. Frank's rallied, but it was

definitely not their afternoon. Every team gets a bad day, though—better luck next time!

FULL RESULTS.

GREYFRIARS ... 3	St. Jim's ...
Cherry, Vernon-Smith, Wharton.	Blake, Merry (2)
ST. FRANK'S ... 2	RYLCOMBE G.S.
Nipper (2)	Gay (3), McClure* Monk.
BAGSHOT ... 0	REDCLIFFE ...
HIGHCLIFFE ... 7	ABBOTSFORD ...
ROOKWOOD ... 6	CLAREMONT ...
ST. JUDE'S ... 2	RIVER HOUSE ...

*Through own goal.

erry's Weekly



Week Ending October 20th, 1934.

JUST MY FUN



Monty Lowther Calling

Hallo, everybody! One man's meat is another man's person, as the cannibal remarked. Crooke tried to borrow a quid from Levison. "I promise on the word of a gentleman to pay you to-morrow," said Crooke. "All right, bring the gentleman and let me see him," suggested Levison. "Fireflies give off light at night," said Mr. Crooke. "What other living creatures give light, too?" "A tapir, sir!" ventured Levison. The examination question was: "The number of tons of coal shipped out the U.S.A. in any given year. Wally D'Arcy furrowed his brow, then wrote: 1932—Nil. Did you hear about the golfer who drove ten miles last week? Yes, he was in his car at the time! "I never eat sweets!" says Dame Taggles. Haven't you the urge of your confections, madam? A query: "What would you call a fight which broke out at a country hotel?" asks Gaby. Inn-fighting, old chap! "What sort of job is best?" inquires Kangaroo. Well, old chap, there's not much opening for net menders in Venice, ice-cream pedlars in Alaska, "hot dog" stands in India, or umbrella-sellers in the Sahara. Of course, with a "wooden head" you might be able to squeeze into the Cabinet? Next please! "What is a saxophone?" asks Figgins. A saxophone, Figgy, is an ill wind that nobody wins good! A pamphlet distributor in Wayland tells me that as his job is always giving out," he is taking up bill-posting. "He finds he can "stick it" better! Then there was the man who made and lost a fortune in the City. Easy come, E.C. go! But remember, it's a long lane now that has a petrol station in it! I'm not "gassing," either! Blake told me of a boy of ten who can carry half a ton with ease. Sort of chap who would "hold up" any footer team on his own shoulders. D'Arcy says gorgonzola is the king of cheese. Yes—"high" and "mitty"! A Wayland motorist was fined for hooting in the silence zone. He said he didn't care two hoots! Ow! We understand that Mr. Selby got something for his second-hand car, after all. They allowed him two pence for the string which held the mudguard in place. A happy reflection has just occurred to me—only 157 more "clinkings" to the end of the term! Here's the advert—Blankley's, the store in Wayland, will gladly arrange easy terms. It's "Owe K." "Owe them! Question time: "How can I straighten an upturned nose?" asks Pratt of the New House. Just walk through a doorway when the door is closed, old fellow. Next! "How best can I drop off to sleep?" inquires Himpole. Sleep on the edge of the bed, Himpole—you'll soon "drop off" then! Then there was the bunch of hungry film "extras" who took part in the banquet scene. They had to film the scene 27 times before the "extras" were appeased! "No other helping next Wed!"

THE ST. JIM'S SPOTLIGHT

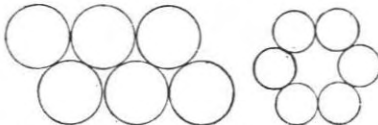
Seen Smiling in the Quad

Mr. Selby caused many whispers among the fags and even among fellows out of his jurisdiction. Mr. Selby is notoriously crusty and unpleasant to everybody in the mornings—and the afternoons and evenings as well! Now he smiled and even patted Wally D'Arcy kindly on the head when the fag almost ran into him. What had come over Selby? Morning classes in the Third were so congenial that the fags began to think they were living in a dream. Afternoon classes passed off equally well. When the fags were trooping out of the Form-room, D'Arcy minor ventured to ask what was causing Mr. Selby so much satisfaction. Selby said, with a fresh beam, that he had that morning learned that he had won a big prize in a competition. So that was it! But evil tidings came next morning—when Mr. Selby learned that his name had been published by mistake, and that he had not won a prize after all! That morning was black, and the afternoon blacker! As D'Arcy minor said, what a life!

ROWING OVER A CHESS BOARD

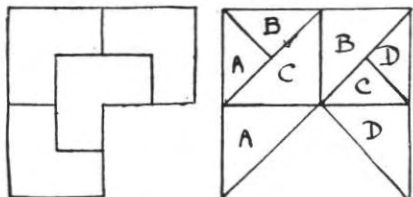
In the Junior Common-room Manners and Kerr startled everybody present. They were not actually engaged in fisticuffs, but they were leaning over the board and glaring at each other like ferocious tigers. Inquiring peacefully into the cause of the quarrel, Tom Merry learned that both players considered it their move—and there was no umpire to give a decision. Both had taken so long over their moves that they had dozed in between, and thus the misapprehension had arisen. Tom Merry suggested spinning a coin for it, a suggestion to which Manners and Kerr agreed, not having thought of it before. Manners won, but magnanimously offered to let Kerr have the move. Kerr, not to be outdone, refused, insisting that Manners have it. Both finally walked out of the Common-room arm in arm—the game being declared drawn!

CALIBAN'S PUZZLE CORNER



Arrange six pennies as at left. Now can you make them into the circle at right, by moving only three, one at a time, in such a way that each coin touches two others when in its new position?

Solution of Last Week's Puzzle



"I guess so."
"We shall have to do it again."
"I reckoned you would."
"To say nothing of drenching us with ink!" put in Monty Lowther.
Lumley-Lumley grinned.
"A jape's a jape," he replied.
"I call that a bit too thick for a jape!" said Tom Merry warmly. "What did you do it for? What had we done to you?"
"I guess you know."
"I certainly don't."
Lumley-Lumley shrugged his shoulders.
"Oh, there's no love lost between us!" he remarked. "Look here, I guess you're going to bump me. You're three to one, and I can't stop you. Go ahead!"
"Bai Jove!"
Tom Merry coloured.
"We're not three to one," he replied.
"You can put up your fists to any one of us—and choose which one."
"That's fair enough," said Jack Blake.
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Well, choose your man," said Monty Lowther. "I'll stand you a feed if you pick me! I do so want to lick you!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Lumley-Lumley eyed the three over keenly.
He knew he was in for a fight, and that he was not a match for any of the Terrible Three. He intended to pick out the less formidable.
He stepped forward and struck Manners in the face with his open palm. The blow rang like a pistol-shot, and it was so sudden that Manners could not guard against it. The Shell fellow staggered back.
"What the—!" he ejaculated. "You rotter!"
"I choose you," said Lumley-Lumley coolly. "I'm ready to adjourn to the gym as soon as you like."
Manners' eyes blazed with rage. He was usually a very cool and quiet fellow, but the Outsider's action would have exasperated a saint.
"Come on," he said, gritting his teeth. "I'll make you sorry for that!"
"I guess I'm ready."
The juniors, in the midst of a crowd of others, swarmed off towards the gym.
Mr. Linton, the master of the Shell, came out of the Shell Form Room and glanced at the excited crowd as they swarmed out into the quadrangle.
He stood in the doorway, looking after them with a perplexed expression upon his face, and watched them disappear into the gym.
Then he slowly followed them. It was not difficult for Mr. Linton to guess what was to come.
Meanwhile, the juniors had poured into the gymnasium, and Manners had his coat off and his cuffs pushed up. He was breathing vengeance. The Outsider did not seem to be in a hurry.
A junior offered to be his second—it was Reilly—but Lumley-Lumley waved him aside. He had no sympathiser there.
"I guess I don't want a second," he said.
"Faith, it's as you choose!"
"Bah! You know you'd be glad to see me licked, second or no second!" said Lumley-Lumley savagely.
Reilly looked him straight in the face.
"Faith, and you're right!" he said.
"I've never seen a spalpeen I'd sooner see licked than you, Lumley-Lumley!"
"Hear, hear!" said Jack Blake.
The Outsider shrugged his shoulders. More than ever he had dropped into his old cynical humour, and seemed impervious to the dislike he aroused on all sides.
"Are you ready?" asked Tom Merry.
"I guess so."
"Then begin."
Manners and Lumley-Lumley faced one another.

Manners started the attack hard and fast. He meant to punish the Outsider for that slap in the face, and if the fight had proceeded Lumley-Lumley certainly would have been punished.

But hardly a blow had been struck, when Mr. Linton entered the gym.

The master of the Shell, with frowning face, hurried towards the ring round the combatants with rustling gown.

"Boys!"

Lumley-Lumley had just reeled back under Manners' first blow.

He would have recovered from that blow, but as he heard the Form-master's voice he did not choose to recover, but fell heavily to the floor.

"Boys! Stop this instantly!"

Manners dropped his hands.

The master of the Shell came up angrily. The fellows separated and let him reach the spot.

He gazed at Lumley-Lumley, who still lay upon the floor groaning, and then at Manners.

"So you are fighting with Lumley-Lumley, Manners?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said Manners quietly.

"You have hurt him."

"I hit him, sir."

"You are perfectly aware, Manners, that Lumley-Lumley has only recently returned here after an absence due to illness," said Mr. Linton severely.

Manners flushed red. In an instant he saw the Outsider's object in pretending to be hurt. As a matter of fact, Lumley-Lumley was as fit and well as Manners himself, and the other fellows knew it. The Form-master was the only one there who did not know it, because Lumley had succeeded in giving him a false impression.

"He is all right now, sir," said Manners.

"He has been ill!"

"Yes; but—"

"And he has only been at school a few days. I think, Manners, you should have been more considerate."

Manners was silent.

"If Lumley-Lumley is really hurt you will be severely punished, Manners," said Mr. Linton.

Lumley-Lumley groaned.

Most of the fellows standing round clenched their hands with rage. They knew very well that Lumley-Lumley was only malingering, with the direct intention of getting Manners into trouble with the Form-master.

It was exactly one of the Outsider's old tricks, and it showed that at the bottom his nature was the same as ever.

Mr. Linton bent over the fallen junior.

"Lumley-Lumley, are you hurt?"

"I—I'm all right, sir," said Lumley-Lumley faintly.

"I hope you are satisfied with what you have done, Manners," Mr. Linton said. "You should not have attacked a lad in a weak state of health."

"He isn't in a weak state of health, sir," burst out Blake.

"He's all right, sir. Why, he's only shamming!"

Mr. Linton frowned.

"You have no right to make such an allegation, Blake. And do you think I am an infant to be deceived by shamming?"

"But, sir—"

"Go to your Form-master at once, Blake, and report to him that you have been guilty of impertinence to the master of the Shell."

Blake turned crimson.

But he had to obey, and he left the gym with slow and reluctant steps.

The juniors did not venture any opinion upon the genuineness or otherwise of Jerrold Lumley-Lumley's attack.

"Manners, you will remain indoors for the rest of the day, and you will take a thousand lines," said Mr. Linton.

"Oh, sir!"

"If anything of this sort happens again I shall cane you." Manners compressed his lips.

"Now, Lumley-Lumley, let me help you to the House," said Mr. Linton kindly.

The Outsider rose with a great apparent effort, and, leaning on Mr. Linton's arm and walking slowly, quitted the gym.

He left the juniors furious.

CHAPTER 12.

More for Manners!

"THE cad! The rotten outsider!"

"The low-down bouncer!"

"Bai Jove! I wogard the fellow's conduct as utterly unspeakable, you know."

"The worin!"

"The toad!"

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"Are you going to play him in the House match after this, Tom Merry?"

"Bai Jove! I should wefuse to play with him!"

"The horrid worm!"

"The beastly cad!"

"The horrid bouncer!"

These remarks, and many more, were passed by the angry Shell fellows and Fourth Formers as Lumley-Lumley quitted the gym, leaning heavily upon Mr. Linton's arm.

The juniors did not blame Mr. Linton. He had been taken in by the Outsider; Lumley-Lumley was cunning enough to take anybody in. Besides, the fact that he had been recently ill lent colour to his humbug on this occasion.

Mr. Linton had been deceived. But what contempt was deep enough for the fellow who had deceived him?

Lumley-Lumley had broken every law of schoolboy honour. He had lied outrageously, though without speaking, in affecting to be ill. He had brought a Form-master into a private quarrel against his adversary. He had caused his adversary to be punished severely. He had definitely set the whole of the Lower School against him. After this, how could anybody stand the Outsider?

That he did not seem to be aware of the baseness of his conduct was no excuse. It only showed that he was base to the very core.

He was an outsider—a rank outsider.

Was there a fellow left who felt inclined to make the least possible defence of him? Only Tom Merry's voice was silent in the general howl of condemnation.

Tom walked away very quietly, saying nothing.

But the rest were unanimous. Lumley-Lumley was impossible—Lumley-Lumley would have to be barred.

The fellow was as bad as ever—or worse! He had not improved in the slightest degree. His good behaviour for a few days had worn off, and he was the same old Outsider, the same old unscrupulous and unforgiving rascal.

That was clear enough to the juniors.

"It's awfully wuff on you, Mannahs, old chap," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sympathetically. "You won't even be able to give the feahful wottah a thwashin' now."

Manners nodded gloomily.

He did not feel the punishment so much as having sunk in the estimation of his Form-master. Mr. Linton was a somewhat hasty gentleman, but Manners valued his good opinion, and he felt that he had lost it now. It was as if the Outsider had selected the tenderest spot for planting his blow.

"We'll all lend a hand doing the lines," Digby remarked.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Twenty chaps doing fifty lines each will soon get through them," said Monty Lowther consolingly. "That's all right, as far as the lines go."

"It's wuff, though, that Mannahs has got to stay in," said D'Arcy. "If you like, Mannahs, I will come into your study and sing you some of my tenah solos."

"Oh, rats!" said Manners.

"Weally, Mannahs—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

Manners walked away with Monty Lowther. As he entered the School House he met the Outsider of St. Jim's. Lumley-Lumley gave him a cynical grin. There was no trace of illness about the Outsider now.

"You cad!" said Manners bitterly.

Lumley-Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"You came out at the little end of the horn that time, I guess," he remarked.

"You rotten cad!"

"Hard names break no bones," said Lumley-Lumley.

"You ought to be kicked out of the school."

"Anything else?"

"I'll never speak to you again."

"I guess that won't hurt me."

"You cad! If it weren't for what Mr. Linton said I'd go for you and smash you," said Manners, his voice trembling.

"I dare say you would," assented the Outsider coolly.

"But you dare not, you see."

Manners clenched his hands.

"Come away, Manners, old man," said Monty Lowther, slipping his hand through his chum's arm. "Don't talk to him."

"The cad—"

"Yes, he's a rotten cad, but you can't get into a row with him now. Can't you see he's trying to provoke you so as to get Linton down on you again?"

"Yes, I know he is, the worm!"

"Well, come on!"

Lumley-Lumley burst into a mocking laugh as the chums of the Shell passed him. Manners turned round, his face flaming with rage.

"I can't touch you now!" he exclaimed. "But—but wait a bit, till—"

"Oh, rats!"

"You coward! If it wasn't for the Form-master you

wouldn't dare to cheek me like that!" cried Manners fiercely.

"Bah!"
"Let me go, Lowther!" howled Manners. "I can't stand him! I'm going to smash him!"

"Hold on—"
"Oh, let him go!" said Lumley-Lumley tauntingly. "Don't stop him! Let the sweet youth have his way."

"You rotter!" said Lowther wrathfully.
Manners broke away from his chum, and ran at the Outsider.

Lumley-Lumley put up his fists, backing away towards the door of Mr. Linton's study. He knew that the master of the Shell was in his room. Manners was too enraged and excited to think about it at all.

"Now then, you cad!" shouted Manners. "Come on!"
"I guess I'm ready!"

Manners hit out furiously. Lumley-Lumley staggered back, and fell with a crash against Mr. Linton's door.

In a moment the door was flung open by the angry Form-master, and he stared at the Outsider, rolling at his feet, and then at the dismayed Manners.

His brow became black as thunder.
Manners dropped his hands, staring at the Form-master helplessly. He was hopelessly in the wrong again.

"Manners!" exclaimed Mr. Linton. "So you are at this again! Come into my study!"

The Outsider staggered to his feet. He gave Manners a triumphant grin as the latter passed into the Shell master's study. Mr. Linton took up the cane.

"Speaking to you seems to be useless, Manners," he said. "I shall now try other methods. Hold out your hand."

Manners obeyed without a word.

He was too indignant and too angry to speak a word in his own defence, and the angry Form-master probably would not have listened to him.

He was caned twice upon each hand, and then Mr. Linton dismissed him from the study. He went with glinting eyes. Monty Lowther was waiting for him outside.

"Hard cheese, old chap!" said Lowther. "We'll make that rotter sit up for it soon, though."

Manners nodded without speaking.

His feelings at that moment were too deep for words.

CHAPTER 13. No Rag!

JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY had evidently dropped his new line definitely. He was his old self again—indeed, as Blake remarked, he was more of his old self than ever.

He seemed to be doing his very best to make himself the most disliked fellow at St. Jim's.

And he was succeeding.

Even Tom Merry could hardly find excuses for him now. And Tom Merry was the last who made any attempt to do so.

In his own Form, Lumley-Lumley was regarded with un concealed contempt and aversion. Levison and Mellish were glad of his company. Nobody else wanted it.

When he spoke to Blake that evening in the Common-room, Blake turned his back upon him without a word. Blake was fed-up with the Outsider.

Lumley-Lumley's cheeks glowed a dull red at the rebuff; then he shrugged his shoulders. He cared little.

It had always been his boast that he was sufficient to himself. If the Fourth Form did not want his friendship, he did not want theirs. At least, that was what he said to himself.

He had come back to St. Jim's with good intentions and high hopes. Both were over now. He was once more the Outsider.

He did not think that it was wholly his own fault. He knew that it was partly his own fault, but he did not care.

Levison had spoken truly when he said that Lumley-Lumley would grow tired of the "good conduct tack."

Something a little more exciting was more in the Outsider's line.

He was looking forward to the night when the cads of the Fourth were to break bounds to pay the promised visit to the Green Man. Lumley-Lumley was very keen to be at his old game again. It seemed to him ages since he had handled a pack of cards.

When bed-time came Lumley-Lumley yawned and threw back the book he had been looking at, and went up with the rest of the Fourth.

Levison gave him a significant glance, but did not speak. It was better not to be seen discussing their intentions. They did not want to excite suspicion in the Fourth. Certainly Blake, if he had known what was intended, would certainly have taken it upon himself to put a stop to the scheme.

"Tumble in," said Kildare, and he left the dormitory to give the juniors a few minutes to "tumble in."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his eyeglass into his eye, and looked round the Fourth Form dormitory.

"I have an ideah, deah boys—" he began.

"Keep it till to-morrow," suggested Digby.

"Weally, Dig! I have a wippin' ideah. I wegard Lumley-Lumley as havin' acted in a wotten and disgwaceful mannah in shammin' illness to-day in ordah to get Mannahs into a wov with his Form-mastah!"

"Yes, rather!"

"It was rotten!"

"Caddish!"

"Unspeakable!"

"Just like Lumley!"

The Outsider's eyes glittered, but he went quietly on taking his boots off, and made no remark.

"Well, deah boys, as you all agree with me in the posish I have taken up, I suppose you will agree unanimously that the uttah wottah ought to be wagged?"

"Hear, hear!"

Lumley-Lumley looked up.

"I wegard it as a wippin' ideah to wag him, to show our disapproval of his wotten conduct," said D'Arcy. "What do you fellows say?"

"Good egg!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Vewy well, deah boys—"

"No go," said Blake. "The fellow isn't fit to touch. Leave him alone, that's my opinion!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Faith, and ye're right," said Reilly. "I don't care about laying decent Irish hands on a chap like that!"

"Yaas, I fully appreciate your point of view, Weilly. But, at the same time, I wegard it as a good ideah to wag the wottah, and I think it ought to be left to the majority of the Form to decide."

"Hear, hear!"

"What do you fellows say, then?"

"Rag him!"

"Put him through it!"

"Good egg!"

There was no doubt which way the feeling of the School House Fourth Formers ran. They considered the ragging of Lumley-Lumley to be the best idea ever put forth by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

D'Arcy looked up and down the dormitory through his eyeglass.

There was no doubt that the great majority of the Form were on his side.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley sat on the edge of his bed

(Continued on the next page.)

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quietly, his eyes glittering. He seemed to have nothing to say. He was still unlacing his boots.

Arthur Augustus turned his monocle upon Blake.

"You see, deah boy, the majowity is against you," he remarked.

Blake nodded.

"Well, rag him—I don't care."

"I wogard it as the duty of the Fourth to wag the wottah," said Arthur Augustus. "We are called upon to show our contempt for his wotten conduct. It's up to us to show that such mean wottenness will not be tolewatid in the Fourth Form!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"Good old Gussy!"

"Then we will wag the wottah! I suggest tossin' him in a blanket, you know, and then makin' him wun the gauntlet."

"Good!"

"Put the bounder through it!"

Kildare opened the dormitory door, and the excited voices died away. The captain of St. Jim's looked severely at the Fourth Formers.

"Not in bed yet!" he exclaimed.

"Weally, Kildare—"

"You have not even begun to undress, D'Arcy. Are you going to keep me here all night?" asked Kildare sharply.

"Sowwy, deah boy."

"Well, buck up!"

"Certainly, Kildare. You see—"

"Get to bed!" roared the captain of the school.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Lumley-Lumley rose from his bed. He looked coolly at the captain of St. Jim's as he unfastened his collar stud.

"D'Arcy has been too busy talking to have had time to undress, I guess," he said. "They are planning a ragging after lights out, Kildare."

"What?"

Kildare stared directly at the Outsider. He was taken by surprise.

The Fourth Formers gasped. That the Outsider—ever the Outsider—would sneak in this way to the captain of the school was a shock to them.

True, it was rough upon Lumley-Lumley to have to go through the ragging when an appeal to a prefect would have ensured him protection, but it was required of him by the commonest sense of schoolboy honour. To drag a senior into junior quarrels was against all rules.

After Lumley-Lumley's conduct in the gym the Fourth Formers might have expected it, certainly. But they hadn't.

Kildare looked fixedly at the Outsider.

"Explain yourself!" he said sharply.

"D'Arcy and the rest are arranging to rag me after lights out," said Lumley-Lumley coolly. "I appeal to you for protection."

Kildare's lips curled.

"You will certainly be protected!" said Kildare.

"Blake!"

"Yes," said Jack Blake.

"You are head of the Form in the School House, Blake. I call upon you to see that order is kept in this dormitory to-night. There is to be no ragging, no infraction of the rules in any way. You understand?"

"Yes, Kildare."

"Mind, I make you responsible for what happens in the dormitory to-night," said Kildare. "There is to be no ragging, and no breaking of the rules of any kind. You will have to answer for it, Blake."

"Very well," said Blake quietly.

"Now get to bed."

The juniors turned in.

Kildare extinguished the light and left the dormitory. There was a dead silence as the door closed behind the stalwart captain of St. Jim's. The silence lasted only a few moments. Then the storm broke:

"Cad!"

"Rotter!"

"Cur!"

"Sneak!"

"Outsider!"

"Worm!"

Lumley-Lumley chuckled in his bed. He expected nothing worse than words, and words could not hurt him. He was hardened to them.

"I guess you can keep it up!" he exclaimed. "Go on! Any more nice things to say?"

"Rat!"

"Rotter!"

"Toad!"

"Pig!"

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"Yankee bounder!"

"Beast!"

"Feahful outsidah!"

"Sneak!"

The juniors piled it on. Every fellow, nearly, had something to say, and said it. They could do no active ragging, without Jack Blake being held responsible, and that, of course, was not to be thought of. But they could say what they thought of the Outsider, and they did.

Lumley-Lumley, if he had had any feelings at all, must have felt the insults that were showered upon him. It seemed strange that any fellow should not feel the general loathing and contempt that was poured out upon him in a flood. But Lumley-Lumley only chuckled. He seemed to be amused by the outburst of the Fourth, and to have no other feeling upon the subject whatever.

The juniors ceased at last. There was as Digby remarked, no penetrating the thick hide of the Outsider. He was impervious to verbal attacks, and any other attack was barred by the authority of the captain of St. Jim's.

"Oh, chuck it!" said Blake at last, in sheer disgust. "He doesn't care! How can you expect a rotten worm like that to care what we say to him?"

"You are wight, Blake. The awful cad hasn't any feelings at all!"

Lumley-Lumley chuckled again.

"Oh, keep it up!" he exclaimed. "It's entertaining!"

"You uttah wottah!"

"Cad!"

"Outsider!"

But the epithets trailed off at last. The indignation of the Fourth Formers had spent itself into vituperation. They would have given whole terms of pocket-money to rag the Outsider. But it was impossible. Jack Blake had been made responsible for any disorder that night in the Fourth Form dormitory in the School House, and he would have had to interfere if any ragging had been attempted.

"Oh, let's get to sleep!" exclaimed Blake at last. "Leave him alone! He makes me sick!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

And the juniors settled down to sleep. Some of the more excited ones called out for ragging Lumley-Lumley, but Blake put a stopper on that at once.

"It can't be done," he said decidedly. "You heard what Kildare said. I should have to stop you! Chuck it!"

"Oh, rats!" said Hancock. "I don't see why you can't go to sleep and leave us to do as we like."

"Orders are orders, my son!"

Hancock snorted. But Blake had his way. The dormitory settled down to sleep at last. But Jack Blake did not go to sleep. His responsibility was heavy upon him. He knew that some excited youth might get out of bed as soon as Blake was supposed to be asleep to wreak vengeance upon the Outsider. And Jack Blake remained awake, and intended to remain awake for some time yet, to see that nothing of the kind should happen.

CHAPTER 14.

Blake Chips In!

LUMLEY-LUMLEY lay awake.

It was at ten o'clock that Levison had arranged to leave the dormitory, but the excitement had caused the juniors to remain awake unusually late.

Ten o'clock had chimed out from the old clock tower, and the voices had not all died away in the Fourth Form dormitory.

But at last the voices were silent. Snores and deep breathing were the only sounds heard in the dormitory. Half-past ten struck. Then Lumley-Lumley sat up in bed.

"Levison!" he whispered.

"I'm awake," came an answering whisper from Levison's bed.

"Mellish!"

"All serene."

"Up you get!"

"Right-ho!"

Jack Blake, with his eyes half open, half awake, started into broad wakefulness. Low and whispering as the voices were, they were quite audible in the dead silence of the dormitory.

Blake sat bolt upright in bed.

That something was "on" among the cads of the Fourth was quite clear. But Blake remembered, with a grim smile, that he had been made responsible for any infraction of the rules that might happen in the Fourth Form dormitory that night. He was bound to put a stop to any rascality on the part of the Outsider.

Kildare had made him responsible for anything that

happened outside the usual routine. And Blake grinned in the darkness. Whatever little game the Outsider and his friends had planned, Blake meant to take a hand in it.

He heard a sound of the fellows getting out of bed. He heard them dressing, and wondered whether he should speak. What was their intention? Were they going to raid someone, or to break bounds?

He remained silent.

"Ready, you fellows?" whispered Lumley-Lumley.

"Yes."

"Come on, then! We shall be late."

"Right you are."

Jack Blake heard the dormitory door open. By that time he had made up his mind. He leapt out of bed.

"Lumley-Lumley!" he rapped out.

There was a gasp in the darkness.

"Is that you, Blake?"

"Yes."

"I thought you were asleep, hang you!"

He caught one of Herries' fists with his chin and collapsed on the floor.

Meanwhile, Blake had collared Levison. Levison made no resistance.

"It's all right," he said coolly. "The game is up—I know that. I'll go back to bed. You can let me go."

"Bai Jove! What's the mattah, deah boy?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, sitting up in bed and groping for his eyeglass.

"Lumley's going out!"

"Bai Jove! Stop him."

"I'm going to."

Levison was pushed back to his bed and bumped down there. Both Levison and Mellish went quietly to bed again.

There was certainly a row coming now, and it was quite possible that masters or prefects would be drawn into it. In that case, Mellish and Levison preferred to be in bed. If Lumley-Lumley was fool enough to keep on, under



Arthur Augustus grasped the Outsider by his coat as he plunged through the window. "No, you don't, you wottah!" he exclaimed. Lumley struggled furiously as he strove to drag himself from D'Arcy's clutch. "Let me go, you fool!" he hissed.

"Well, I'm awake. Come back!"

"Rats!"

"Where are you going?"

"Mind your own business!"

"You remember what Kildare said," said Blake grimly. "I'm responsible for what happens in this dormitory to-night. There is going to be no breaking bounds while I'm looking after things. Not if I know it!"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Come back!"

"I won't!"

"Then I'll jolly soon fetch you."

Blake ran to the door. Lumley-Lumley had the door open and was in the passage now. Mellish and Levison had not yet joined him there. They were taken by surprise and doubtful how to act.

"Now then, you cad!" exclaimed Blake, grasping somebody in the darkness. "Back you come!"

He whirled his prisoner back into the dormitory.

"Ow! Yow! Leggo!" gasped the voice of Mellish.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mellish?" exclaimed Blake. "Will you get into bed?"

"Yow! Yes!"

Blake pitched him upon a bed. There was a roar, and Herries awoke, and he hit out blindly in the darkness.

"Yaroo!" yelled Mellish.

the circumstances, he deserved whatever might happen to him.

And there was no doubt that the Outsider of St. Jim's meant to keep on. He had taken advantage of Jack Blake's being occupied with the other two to slip down the corridor.

Blake ran to the door after he had disposed of Ernest Levison. But Lumley-Lumley was no longer there.

"Lumley!" Blake called out.

But there was no reply.

"Lumley, come back!"

Still no response.

"Bai Jove! He's gone, you know!"

Blake gritted his teeth.

"Then it's up to us to fetch him back!" he said.

"Bai Jove!"

"Kildare told me to look after this dorm. I'm responsible. Any of you fellows going to back me up?" demanded Blake, as he hurriedly slipped into his clothes.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"What-ho!"

D'Arcy, and Digby, and Herries turned out at once.

"Four's enough," said Blake. "He can't have gone far. You others keep an eye on the other two cads and see that they don't bolt."

"Faith, and we'll do that!" said Reilly.

"Come on, kids!"
 "Pwaw wait a minute, Blake, deah boy! I haven't put on my necktie yet!"
 "Blow your necktie!"
 "Weally, Blake—"
 "Ass! Come on!"
 "I wefuse to be called an ass! Undah the circs, deah boys—"
 "Will you come, you chump?"
 "But how can I without a necktie?"
 Blake did not stop to answer that conundrum. He ran out of the dormitory, followed by Herries and Digby.
 "Bai Jove! Wait for me, deah boys. I shan't be five minutes."
 But the deah boys did not reply, neither did they wait. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave a dissatisfied sniff, and, after a moment or two of hesitation, followed his chums, minus the necktie.

CHAPTER 15.

The Outsider is Obstinate!

TOM MERRY sat up in bed and listened. He did not know what had awakened him. The night was quiet and calm. Only the faintest rustle of the wind could be heard in the branches of the old elms in the quadrangle.

He had a vague, sleepy impression that he had heard the door of the dormitory open, but he could not be sure. He stared through the darkness in the direction of the door, but he could not see in the deep gloom whether it was open or not.

"Hallo!" he said. "Anybody there?"
 There was no answer but the faint echo of his own voice in the long, lofty room.

"If that's a giddy dorm raid coming, you'd better go back to bed!" said Tom Merry. "It's too jolly late for that sort of game to-night."

Silence.
 But a cold draught of air playing on his face as he sat up in bed convinced Tom Merry that the dormitory door was really open.

Even as he came to the conclusion, he heard a faint sound, and knew that the door had been almost noiselessly closed. Then through the stillness of the night came another sound—hasty, stealthy footsteps passing the dormitory door.

As if he had seen it all, Tom Merry knew what had happened. Someone was being pursued along the passage, and had dodged into the Shell dormitory, in the hope of being passed undiscovered by the pursuers. Whoever it was that had taken refuge in the Shell dorm was there still.

Tom Merry felt a thrill at his heart.

Who was it? The thought of burglars crossed his mind, only to be dismissed at once. The caution and quietness of the pursuers in the corridor showed that it was not a case of burglars. Whoever the pursuers were, they were moving quietly, in order not to awaken anyone in the House.

Tom Merry reached out for a box of matches on the washstand beside his bed, and struck one of them.

The light flickered out in the long, dark dormitory, feebly lighting up the gloom. Tom Merry held up the match.

He caught a glimpse of a form crouching just inside the dormitory door, with a hand still upon the handle.

Dim and brief as the glimpse of the crouching figure was, Tom Merry knew it at once. It was Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

"Lumley!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

The match went out. The dormitory was plunged into the deepest darkness again. There was the sound of a deep, hissing breath, but no reply came in words.

"Lumley! What are you doing here?"

"Hallo! What's that?" demanded Monty Lowther, rather sleepily.

"Lumley's here!"

"The Outsider!" exclaimed Lowther, starting up into broad wakefulness at once.

"Yes."

"My hat! What's he doing here?"

"I don't know."

"The Outsider!" repeated Manners, who was now awake.

"Lumley in our dorm! What's he doing here, the cad?"
 The door was heard to open. The Outsider had, of course, overheard every word that was uttered by the chums of the Shell.

"He's going!"

"Lumley, stop!"

Tom Merry had already sprung from his bed. He rushed to the door, and caught the handle just as Lumley-Lumley closed it from outside. He tore the door open again. In the dim passage outside he caught a glimpse of a shadowy form.

"Lumley! Hold on!"

The form flitted down the passage. Tom Merry dashed after it, and grasped it with both hands. A strong grip was laid upon him in return.

"Let go, you fool!" hissed Lumley-Lumley.

"What are you here for?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Find out!"

"I mean to!"

"Let go! Let go, I say!"

"No fear!"

Tom Merry tightened his grip. The Outsider did the same, and they struggled savagely in the darkness of the passage. Tom Merry uttered a cry as he felt a savage kick upon his bare leg, and he fell heavily to the floor. The Outsider of St. Jim's sprawled over him. Tom Merry's teeth gritted hard together.

"Oh; you coward!" he muttered.

"Let me go, then!" hissed Lumley-Lumley. "Mind your own business, you interfering hound! Let me go!"

"Never!"

They struggled on the floor, Lumley-Lumley on top. Manners and Lowther were coming out of the dormitory now.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley fought like a tiger. It was not only that he was determined to carry out his plan of going down to the Green Man; but all the angry obstinacy of his nature was aroused. If the Head himself had appeared and ordered him to return to bed, it is doubtful if the Outsider of St. Jim's would have obeyed.

"Let me go!" he hissed again.

"I will not!"

"Then take that, you fool!"

Something heavy in the hand of the Outsider struck Tom Merry upon the head. The hero of the Shell gave a gasping cry, and released his grip upon the Outsider.

Lumley-Lumley sprang to his feet, just as Manners and Lowther came racing down the corridor to Tom Merry's aid. The Outsider rushed away, and the Shell fellows stopped themselves just in time to avoid stumbling over their chum.

"Tom, is that you?" gasped Lowther.

"Oh, yes!"

"What's the matter?"

"I—I had a crack on the head!" gasped Tom Merry dazedly. "The villain had a stick, or something! It's made my head sing."

"The cowardly brute!"

"After him!" panted Manners. "You stop here, Tom." Tom Merry staggered up.

"Not much!" he said. "I'm all right. Come on."

Silent in their bare feet, the chums of the Shell rushed on in the direction the Outsider of St. Jim's had taken.

Lumley-Lumley's object—to get out of the House for the purpose of breaking bounds—was quite clear to them now, and they did not mean him to effect it if they could possibly prevent him. The Terrible Three were "up against" Lumley-Lumley all the time now.

CHAPTER 16.

Done in the Dark!

JACK BLAKE had not paused as he passed the door of the Shell dormitory. It did not occur to him that Lumley-Lumley might have dodged into the Shell dormitory to elude his pursuers, intending to proceed when they had grown tired of waiting for him, and gone back to the dormitory.

That was the plan of Lumley-Lumley if successfully carried out—if Tom Merry had not awakened in the Shell dormitory. While the Outsider was busy with the Shell fellows, the Fourth Formers had reached the window of the box-room, from which bounds had been broken many a time, and which Blake believed Lumley-Lumley meant to use for getting out of the School House.

Blake uttered an exclamation of surprise as he entered the box-room. He had quite expected to find the window open, or, at all events, unfastened, and the Outsider gone.

But Lumley-Lumley had evidently not left the House!

Jack Blake felt over the catch of the window. It was one that could not be possibly fastened from outside. It was secure, and it proved that Lumley-Lumley had not yet quitted the School House by that exit, at all events.

"He's not gone!" Blake exclaimed.

"But he came this way!" said Digby.

"We've passed him, then."

"We couldn't have passed him in the passages," said Herries. "He must have dodged into some doorway."

"I suppose so."

"Bai Jove! Have you got him, deah boys?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, panting into the box-room in a great hurry.

Blake snorted.

"No!"

"Gweat Scott! You haven't let him get away, have you?"

"Fathead!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"He's in the House still. Look here," said Blake hurriedly. "He may go out in another direction. One of us had better stay here and look after the window, in case he doubles back here, and the others hunt for him."

"Good! Only don't make a row. We don't want to drag the prefects into this."

"Prefects in it or not, Lumley-Lumley's not going out to-night!" said Blake grimly. "Which of you will stay here and look after the window?"

"You can leave me here, deah boy. I have brougnt my necktie with me, and I shall be able to put it on while I'm watching here."

"Oh, all right, ass!"

"Look here, Blake, I wefuse to be called an ass! I have mentioned several times already that I wefuse to be called an ass, and—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

Blake, Herries and Digby left the box-room and went back along the passage, leaving the swell of St. Jim's to guard the window.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy proceeded to tie his necktie in the dark. It is to be feared that the School House swell gave more attention to his necktie than to his task of keeping watch.

"I say," muttered Herries eagerly, as the chums of the Fourth hurried through the dark passage. "I say, Blake, old man, Lumley-Lumley is very likely hiding in some corner."

"Most likely, I think."

"He may intend to lie low, perhaps, for an hour or two, till we get sick of it, and go back to bed," said Herries.

"He'll jolly well be disappointed, then; I'm not going back to bed, for one, till we've yanked that cad back to the dorm!"

"What-ho!" said Digby.

"Yes, yes, that's all right," agreed Herries. "Only we don't want to spend half the blessed night in hunting for the cad, do we? I've got an idea for nabbing him."

"Go ahead!" said Blake crisply.

"What is it?"

"Towser!"

"Eh?"

"My bulldog!" said Herries confidently. "Suppose I cut down to the kennels, and sneak Towser into the House? He'll track down Lumley-Lumley in two shakes! You know what a marvel he is at following a scent."

Blake snorted.

"You ass!"

"Look here, Blake—"

"Hallo! Listen! What's that?"

"My hat! Somebody's caught Lumley-Lumley!"

"That's Tom Merry's voice!" said Blake.

"And Lumley's!"

"The Shell chaps have got him!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Blake, breaking into a run.

The Fourth Formers dashed on recklessly along the dark passage. They realised that somehow or other Tom Merry had got mixed up in the matter, and that he had hold of Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

That was enough for them to know. They dashed as fast as the darkness would allow along the passage to reach the scene of action.

Suddenly a sound of hasty footsteps was audible before them in the darkness, but before they fairly realised it, or what it meant, a flying form dashed right into them and sent them spinning right and left.

It was Lumley-Lumley fleeing from the Terrible Three. He had dashed right into the Fourth Formers without seeing them in the dark.

"Oh!" exclaimed Blake.

"Ow!"

"Yaroooh!"

Blake rolled on the floor, and Digby and Herries staggered against either wall. Lumley-Lumley reeled drunkenly from the shock.

"Hang you!" he panted.

"Collar him!" cried Blake, scrambling up. "It's the Outsider!"

But Lumley-Lumley was already dashing on.

He had passed the Fourth Formers, and he did not know

(Continued on the next page.)



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that there were only three, and not four of them. He did not know that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had been left on guard at the box-room window by which he intended to escape from the School House.

He ran on breathlessly.

Once he was free of the School House, he felt that he could dodge his pursuers in the darkness of the quadrangle. He felt that they would hardly follow him to the Green Man, even if they knew he was bound for that delectable place. And he knew them well enough to be certain that if they missed him they would never give him away to master or prefect. He had not betrayed to fear at the hands of Tom Merry & Co., whatever he should do.

Blake staggered up, and Digby and Herries pulled themselves together. But even as they were starting in pursuit of the Outsider, three charging forms came heavily into them, and they went reeling again.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Who—what—"

"You Shell dummies! Ow!"

"Yow!"

"Yah!"

"My hat!"

"Blake! That you, Blake?"

"Ow! Yes!" groaned Blake. "You chump! What did you run into me like a blessed steam-roller for? Ow!"

"What did you get in the way for?" demanded Tom Merry, with equal heat. "We were after the Outsider!"

"So were we, you fathead!"

"Chump!"

"Ass!"

"You Shell boulder—"

"You Fourth Form fathead!"

"Look here—"

It really looked as if the hunt for Lumley-Lumley would end in a Form row in the darkness of the passage, and that the Outsider would be left to his own devices. But Manners, always thoughtful, poured oil upon the troubled waters.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed. "Lumley's getting away all this time, you know! Let's get after the rotter!"

"By George, yes!"

"Come on!"

And the juniors, rubbing their bruises, ran down the passage after the Outsider of St. Jim's. There were plenty of them to deal with the Outsider if they caught him. But he had a good start, and all depended upon Arthur Augustus D'Arcy now. If the swell of St. Jim's failed to stop him, Lumley-Lumley would get out of the window and the chase would have to be dropped, or continued under the stars. Not that the juniors had any intention of dropping it, in any case.

CHAPTER 17.

Caught!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY had finished tying his necktie to his satisfaction, and had come out into the passage. He was gazing into the gloom, wondering what was happening in the dark passages, when Lumley-Lumley came tearing up.

The Outsider did not see D'Arcy in the darkness. He ran straight into the box-room, rushed to the window, and caught at the catch of the sash.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

He was too taken by surprise to act for a moment. But that was only for a moment. Then he ran into the room after the Outsider.

Lumley-Lumley had already unfastened the catch, and had succeeded in throwing up the lower sash of the window.

But then the swell of St. Jim's was upon him. Lumley-Lumley had no time to get out of the window. If he had attempted it, the elegant junior had only to grasp his legs and drag him back again.

He turned upon D'Arcy with a snarl like a spiteful cat. "Stand back!" he muttered thickly.

"Wats, deah boy!"

"Hands off, you fool, or—"

"You are not goin' to get out of that window, you fealful wascal!"

Arthur Augustus grasped the Outsider. In the collision with the Fourth Formers in the passage, Lumley-Lumley had lost his stick. He clenched his fist, and drove it fairly into D'Arcy's face.

The heavy blow almost blinded D'Arcy. He gave a sharp cry and fell back. The Outsider sprang to the window, and went plunging through.

But D'Arcy was after him like a shot. Arthur Augustus never knew when he was beaten; or, rather, he never allowed himself to be beaten.

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He grasped the Outsider by the back of his jacket as he plunged through the window.

"No, you don't, you wottah!" he gasped.

Lumley-Lumley struggled furiously, gasping for breath as he strove to drag himself through the window.

"Let me go, you fool!" he hissed.

"No feah!"

There was a shout from the passage, and hurrying footsteps.

"Gussy's got him!"

Lumley-Lumley struggled frantically.

But he could not throw off the grasp of the swell of St. Jim's. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy could be very determined when he liked.

The Outsider, snarling, slid back into the room again, and turned upon the swell of St. Jim's like a tiger. He rained blows upon him with his clenched fists, and the junior, startled and breathless, relaxed his hold.

Lumley-Lumley sprang to the window again.

But Tom Merry & Co. were on the scene by this time. Two or three pairs of hands grasped the Outsider as he leaped for the window, and he was dragged back and bumped heavily upon the floor.

He resisted still; but the juniors were piling on him, and his resistance did not count for much. He was crushed under the weight of numbers, still struggling and gasping like a wild animal at bay.

"Got the cad!" said Tom Merry. "Hallo! What's that?"

A light was advancing along the passage. It was a torch held in the hands of Kildare. The captain of St. Jim's came up with a brow like thunder.

"What does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"Bai Jove! D-did you hear anything, deah boy?" stammered Arthur Augustus.

Kildare could not help grinning, in spite of his anger.

"I should think I did," he said. "You've been making row enough to wake up the whole House. What does this mean? I told you, Blake, that I should hold you responsible for any disturbance in your dormitory!"

"Exactly," said Blake; "and, being responsible, I had to stop that rank outsider from breaking bounds, hadn't I?"

Kildare's eyes had already noted the open window. He signed to the juniors to allow the Outsider to rise. Lumley-Lumley, looking very flushed and dishevelled and untidy, rose to his feet, his eyes gleaming with rage.

"You were going to break bounds, Lumley-Lumley?"

The Outsider gritted his teeth.

"I guess so," he said.

"Go back to your dormitory."

"I won't!"

Kildare's eyes flashed.

His hand fell upon Lumley-Lumley's shoulder. In that grip of iron the Outsider did not attempt to struggle. He knew that it would be useless.

"I cannot trust you to remain in your dormitory to-night," said Kildare quietly. "I shall lock you up in the punishment-room to-night, Lumley, and the Head will deal with you in the morning. You juniors have done quite right. Go back to bed! I will look after this young cad!"

And Lumley-Lumley was marched away with Kildare's grip upon his shoulder. The juniors went back slowly to their dormitories.

"Lumley-Lumley will get it warm in the morning," Blake remarked. "Well, we gave him the chance of coming back quietly—and he's only got himself to thank."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I wish he'd get out of St. Jim's," said Tom Merry. "It was a mistake sending him back here. He ought to leave."

"But he jolly well won't!"

"I suppose not!" said Tom Merry slowly.

"But we've all done with him now, I suppose," said Lowther. "Even you can't stand up for him any more, Tom!"

Tom Merry did not reply. Could he stand up any longer for the Outsider of St. Jim's? It was pretty certain, at all events, that he could not do so without falling out with his friends, and was it worth that?

THE END.

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BY EDWY SEARLES BROOKS

Awful for Archie!

ARCHIBALD WINSTON DEREK GLENTHORNE, the genial ass of the Remove at St. Frank's, beamed his contentment. Through his famous monocle he gazed upon his guests in Study E.

"Everything absolutely all serene—what?" he asked happily. "Phipps, old lad, kindly do a little dashing about with the tea and sandwiches, and all that sort of rot!"

"Very good, sir!" said Phipps imperturbably.

Phipps was Archie's valet, and he really needed no prompting, for he was already handing tea to the fair guests. But Phipps glided about so efficiently, so unobtrusively, that one scarcely noticed his presence.

It was a special occasion. Irene Manners and her two girl chums, Doris Berkeley and Marjorie Temple, had come over from the Moor View School on a visit to Archie. Marjorie, of course, was Archie's "special." He was, in fact, rather sweet on her. And as he knew that Handforth was fond of the fair Irene, and Reggie Pitt had a similar liking for Doris, Archie had invited these two juniors, too.

"This was a thundering good idea of yours, Archie!" said Handforth, as he helped himself to a couple of delicately cut sandwiches. "By George, you're doing us well!"

"Help yourself, old thing!" invited Archie.

"But, good gad, kindly remember that there are other guests present! Wouldn't it be a dashed good idea to pass the sandwiches to the fair sex?"

"Don't worry about us, Archie!" laughed Irene.

"We're not standing on ceremony; we're helping ourselves!"

"Rather!" said Doris. "Grab while the grabbing is good!"

They all laughed, and the meal proceeded merrily. The girls loved these occasional visits to St. Frank's, with the informal tea-parties in the junior studies. It was very cosy and comfortable in this little room, with shaded electric lights gleaming, the fire blazing, and the air permeating with the mingled odours of hot tea and buttered toast. Outside, the evening was chilly and blustery—which seemed to make the interior of Study E all the more cosy.

Handforth, as usual, did a lot of talking. One of the girls had brought up the subject of football, giving it as her opinion that girls could play football as well as boys. Handforth, who loved an argument, put his foot down firmly. He was all against it. In the ensuing talk the immaculate young host was forgotten. At first, Archie had sat with the same expression of beaming contentment on his aristocratic face; but a change had taken place. It had been a gradual change, although none of the others had

noticed it. But Archie was sitting almost rigid in his chair, his expression strained, his gaze fixed. He had neglected his tea, and he was certainly not listening to the friendly argument.

"A sandwich, sir?" murmured Phipps, gliding round with the dish.

Archie ignored him.

"Your tea is getting cold, Master Archie!" said Phipps reproachfully.

Still Archie took no notice. Reggie Pitt, happening to glance in his direction, broke off in the middle of a sentence. Handforth followed his glance.

"Hallo! Wake up, Archie!" said the burly leader of Study D. "Where are your manners? Don't go to sleep in the middle of a tea-party!"

The girls laughed. Then Archie Glenthorne, for no reason whatever, rose abruptly to his feet. He walked stiffly, mechanically to the door, opened it, and went out.

"Well," exclaimed Marjorie, in surprise, "what ever is the matter with him?"

Pitt leapt up. There was a startled expression on his face, and a moment later he had exchanged a significant glance with Handforth.

"Just a minute!" said Reggie quickly. "I'll bring him back."

He fairly leapt to the door, flung it open, and dashed out. He overtook Archie at the end of the passage.

"Going anywhere, old man?" he asked gently, taking Archie's arm.

Archie looked at him, but clearly did not see him. That far-away expression in his eyes had intensified.

"Keep him there!" came Handforth's voice urgently. "I'll tell the others."

The girls stood in the doorway of Study E, watching in wonder. They saw Handforth dash into his own study, and a moment later Church and McClure ran out after him. All three dashed into Study C, and closed the door. In that study, Nipper and Tregellis-West and Watson were having their own tea.

"Quick! Archie!" gasped Handforth, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"What's the matter with Archie?" asked Nipper sharply.

"The call!"

"What?"

"Just now—right in the middle of our tea-party!" panted Handy.

The others looked grave, for in a moment they knew what Handforth meant. Archie Glenthorne had received

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THE PRISON OF PERIL!

the dread call of Taaz! They were members of the "marked ten."

Ten St. Frank's boys had incurred the wrath of Tibetan priests, and, to wipe out their offence, each boy would be called upon to face a test of courage. Handforth and Pitt had already passed through their grim ordeals. They, at least, knew something of what lay ahead of Archie Glenthorne. They knew that at that very moment the priests of Taaz—the mysterious yellow men from Tibet—were "willing" Archie to obey their silent summons.

"We've got to do something!" said Handforth breathlessly. "Archie's no coward, but he's a hopeless ass. He's not the type of fellow to go through the horrors that are likely to beset him!"

"We interfered once, Handy," said Nipper quietly. "The priests warned us never to interfere again. I'm afraid Archie must go through with it. Best to get it over and done with."

Nipper spun round as the door opened. Reggie Pitt stood there, his left eye puffy and swollen. He was looking a bit dazed.

"What's happened?" asked Nipper quickly.

"This!" said Reggie Pitt, pointing to his eye. "Archie suddenly lashed out at me, and I thought I had been kicked by a mule. I don't think he knew what he was doing. In some uncanny way the priests of Taaz must have known that he was being detained, and they willed him to attack me."

"Why did you let him go, Pitt?" said Handforth impatiently. "We'd better dash after him. Archie's not an ordinary chap—"

"It's too late now," said Reggie. "Look at my eye! That punch of his knocked me clean out for a minute! When I managed to get to my feet, he had gone. He's outside somewhere."

The juniors hurried from the study, and in the passage they found Irene and Doris and Marjorie.

"What's wrong, you chaps?" cried Irene. "Why don't you tell us?"

"It's all right," said Nipper, trying to look unconcerned. "Something—er—something came over Archie. He's not quite himself. I think he'll be all right presently. We're going to find him."

They hurried out, for they dreaded the girls' questions. They knew they could give no satisfactory answers, for they were pledged to secrecy. Death might overtake them all if they told the truth. Quite apart from that, they feared that if they did tell the truth, their schoolfellows, and the girls, too, would think them mad. Their tongues were tied until everyone of the "marked ten" had passed through his ordeal.

So, leaving the girls worried and bewildered, Nipper and his chums hurried out of the Ancient House into the dark Triangle—where, at least, they could be private and could discuss ways and means.

Archie, immaculate from head to toe, was walking across the desolate expanse of Bannington Moor. His footsteps were quite mechanical; his own will was dormant.

He was, indeed, like a fellow in a trance.

Yet there was no hesitation in his stride as he walked along that lonely, windswept moorland road. It was not dark, for a full moon rode in the evening heavens. The dew of late autumn was heavy on the moor. The sky was cloudless, and the wind, coming in from the Channel, was bitter.

With that same steady, purposeful walk Archie suddenly left the road, and went striding across the moor itself. After he had progressed for nearly half a mile he came to a faltering halt—in a dip which concealed him from every road and moorland path. His stride had lost its confidence. A shiver passed over him, and a look of normal intelligence returned to his eyes. He stared about him in bewilderment; he saw rocky crags jutting up against the skyline, and, near at hand, two black figures clothed in flowing robes.

"Ods shapes and apparitions!" he ejaculated. "I mean to say, this is a bit frightfully frightful. I'm dashed if I'm not on the moor!"

"Fear not, good youth! It was Taaz who guided you hither," said a soft, almost kindly voice.

Archie jumped.

"Good gad! So that's it—what?" He found his monocle, jammed it into his eye, and surveyed the two priests who had closed in on him, one on either side. He knew, then, just what had happened. It was his turn. He had been brought, quite unconsciously, to this rendezvous.

"So this is where I go through the good old mill—what?" he asked, with complete sangfroid. "This is where I jump through various hoops, and all that sort of thing. What-ho! Carry on, and let's get the dashed thing over! I'd like you to know that you interrupted me in the

middle of a priceless tea-party!" His voice became severe. "You ought to be a bit more considerate, don't you know!" "You have a strange tongue, my son," said one of the priests. "I, who have learned the English language well, fail to understand all that you say."

"Well, dash it, that's your own fault!" retorted Archie. "I'm ticking you off, old lad—that's what I'm doing. I don't mind answering the bally call and doing my bit, but why crash into my tea-party? Oh, well, let's carry on, now that we're on the job. By the way, we haven't been introduced, which, in itself, is pretty frightful. My name's Glenthorne. Archie to you."

"I am Yeza, chief attendant priest of the mighty Raa-ok, high priest of the Temple of Taaz," said one of the impassive-faced, yellow men. "Know you, my son, that Taaz, the Omnipotent, is watching. Taaz must be satisfied that you are worthy of life. Remember, if you displease Taaz, you die!"

Archie smiled his most charming smile.

"Carry on, old scream!" he said genially. "In case you don't know it, kindly remember that I'm a Glenthorne—one of the fighting Glenthornes. I mean to say, if Taaz is any judge at all, he'll know that I'm true blue."

The priests of Taaz looked at the boy with puzzled expressions. In his immaculate clothing, he had every appearance of a fop; his face, with its somewhat vacant expression, looked weak. His chattering, too, was rapid.

Yeza, the chief priest, sighed as he gave his yellow companion a glance.

"Alas! This youth is but a poor specimen, and is like to fail," he said gravely. "But Taaz is merciful. We must set him tasks which require but little stamina. And if he fails in these tests of courage, then he must die!"

"Kindly cease from talking out of the back of your neck, old thing!" said Archie severely. "Carry on with the good old programme. No Glenthorne has ever died from lack of valour. Absolutely not! Be good enough to snap into it, for I've left my guests absolutely flat, and the sooner I can get back the better."

"Poor youth, I am afraid for you," said Yeza, shaking his head. "But the will of Taaz must be done."

He suddenly stepped back, and the other priest did the same. He flung out his hand, and it seemed to Archie Glenthorne that a powder was dusted into his face. Archie's senses reeled; he fought for his breath, and blinding light flashed in front of his eyes. Then he sank into a limp heap on the dewy grass.

Painful for the Priests!

ARCHIE awoke abruptly. He was in full possession of his wits in a moment. There was no gradual return to consciousness. He sat up, feeling cold, and found the moonlight streaming full upon him.

Then he saw that the floor was of stone, damp and chill. He rose to his feet, and the moonlight, he noticed, was streaming through a window which had massive bars running across it.

At first he thought he was imprisoned in some kind of cell, but then he saw beams of moonlight streaming through other windows, and dwindling away into the distance. It was a great wide, stone-flagged corridor with barred doors on one side and barred windows on the other.

"Ods mysteries and riddles!" murmured Archie.

He stood quite still. The silence was intense. He was alone in the dank, mysterious corridor. And as he grew more alive to the exact nature of his surroundings, he recognised where he was.

He was in the old derelict convict prison, which stood miles from anywhere in the middle of Bannington Moor.

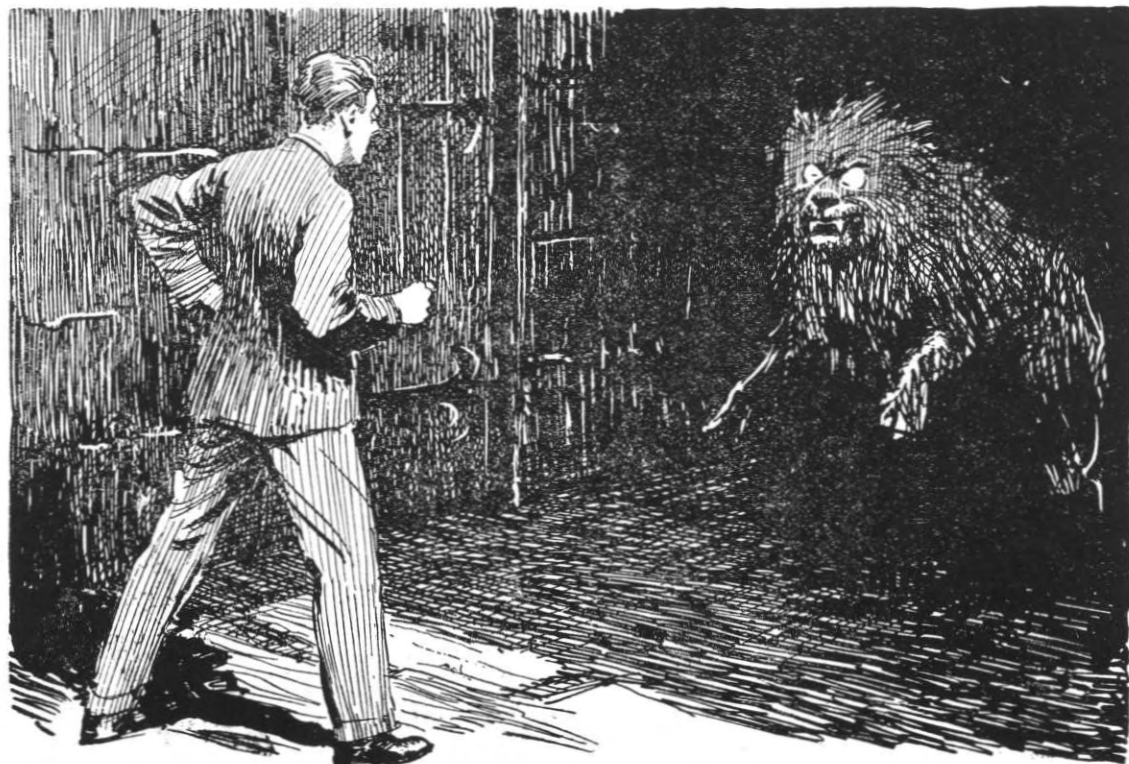
For years the ancient prison had stood empty. Once, Archie remembered, it had been used by a gang of criminals; but that gang had long since been rounded up.

The prison was utterly deserted, and going to rack and ruin. It was a place of desolation, of ugly memories.

"What-ho!" breathed Archie, his wits intensely alert. "There's something frightfully fishy about all this. Those dashed priests didn't bring me here for nothing!"

The eeriness of the place had already gripped him. The knowledge that he was alone in this grim building caused his heart to quicken its beat. But he squared his shoulders and thrust out that jaw which, in repose, could look so deceptively weak. He stoutly told himself that he was a Glenthorne, and, thus encouraged, he walked confidently forward.

As he moved out of the patch of moonlight, he plunged into inky darkness. The moonlight, streaming through the windows, seemed to accentuate the utter blackness of intervening spaces. But Archie Glenthorne never gave the matter a thought. He was, in fact, the very last of the "marked ten" who should have been chosen for such an ordeal as this. He was a fellow of little or no imagination.



"Ods apparitions and spooks!" exclaimed Archie. He stood rooted to the spot as, in the intense gloom ahead, he saw a fearsome-looking furry creature with gleaming, malevolent eyes, crouched ready to spring at him! But Archie did not flee in terror. "Who," he muttered, "is afraid of the big bad wolf?"

An imaginative boy would have been greatly affected by these eerie surroundings.

Archie's general appearance denoted a weakling and a simpleton; but, actually, he was as brave as a lion, and one hundred per cent practical. Many times in the past had the genial Archie "surprised the natives" in moments of emergency. Never once had he failed to rise to the occasion. And his activities, at such moments, had always been unexpected.

Down that gloomy prison corridor he strode, through patches of moonlight, and then into the spaces of blackness. Suddenly, midway through one of the intensely black areas, he felt something clutching at his throat. He caught his breath in sharply, and halted. In the same second he was lifted right off his feet. The things at his throat were cold and bony, like skeleton hands.

Archie acted unexpectedly.

"I say, what's the frightful game?" he gurgled indignantly.

He flung his hands up, and his fingers came into contact with icily cold bones—at least, they felt like bones. But Archie did not flinch. He took a firm grip, heaved his body through the air in a complete somersault, and thus released that suffocating clutch from his throat. He thudded to the hard stone floor, and lashed out.

"Come on!" he shouted valiantly. "Show yourself, you dashed lurking blighter! Thought you'd give me a scare, didn't you? Good gad! Where the dickens are you, anyway?"

His voice echoed and re-echoed up and down the corridor. He was still utterly alone. He could see nothing in that darkness between the patches of moonlight. Yet his imagination refused to work; he pictured no grisly apparition lurking in the darkness to attack him. He was convinced, in fact, that some sort of simple trickery had been adopted.

He felt his throat, snorted, and strode on. His anger was rising. He approached one of the windows and felt the bars. They were immovable. He moved on.

And so at last he reached the end of that long corridor. It took a sharp turn, and Archie found himself looking into a long dark passage. He prepared to go that way, and then in the intense gloom ahead of him he saw something. It was a vague, furry thing which crouched, ready to spring, and Archie saw two large eyes gleaming malevolently, and fearsome-looking jaws.

"Ods apparitions and spooks!" he breathed.

He stood rooted to the spot. Many a fellow would have fled in terror at sight of that frightful thing. But only for a moment did Archie hesitate. Even now his imagination played no tricks with him. He acted practically.

"Who," he demanded grimly, "is afraid of the big, bad wolf?"

He believed in the golden rule of getting in the first blow, and, like a charging bull, he dashed forward.

Crash!

His right fist went like a sledgehammer between the luminous eyes of the mystery shape. Archie felt his knuckles crash against something hard, yet "giving." He heard a gurgling gasp, and then silence. The mysterious thing lay outstretched at his feet.

"Well, dash it, you asked for it!" said Archie gruffly.

He felt in the darkness, and his fingers encountered a very human leg. He dragged at it, and hauled the object into a beam of moonlight. A crudely made cloak of furry material had fallen back; the "head," with its false eyes and open jaws, had become disarranged, and Archie found himself looking down upon the yellow face of a very senseless priest of Taaz. Blood was streaming from the priest's nose—on which, no doubt, Archie's knuckles had crashed.

"Ods tricksters and optimists!" ejaculated the genial ass of the Remove. "I mean to say, good gad! You can't scare a Glenthorne like this! Any more of you priceless blighters dodging about in the shadows? If so, step forward, and I'll knock your bally heads off!"

He rubbed his knuckles, glared round, and snorted. His fighting blood was thoroughly up. He went striding boldly through that black passage, his footsteps echoing loudly. He emerged presently into a great chamber, which he recognised as the central hall of the prison. He had been in here once during the daylight hours. It was gloomy and forbidding. The old staircases loomed up in the background; moonlight

(Continued on the next page.)

7/6

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streamed through the high windows on one side, accentuating the blackness in the middle of the chamber, and on the other side.

As Archie went towards the centre he suddenly became aware that three dim shapes were moving out of the shadows upon him. In spite of his anger he started, and he felt his pulse quicken. These new terrors were like human beings, and yet, at the same time, they reminded him of vultures. They were coming at him out of the darkness, in this prison of peril. And he remembered in that moment that Taaz was the Vulture God—so called by the priests of that Tibetan temple.

He would have been justified in backing away—in seeking to escape. For the three figures were terrifying, in all truth. But in the nick of time, Archie remembered the thing which had just happened; his knuckles were still tingling.

With a wild roar he leapt forward. He hurled himself straight at the nearest of the "vulture men," and such was the ferocity of his attack that he seized the figure in a vice-like grip before it could attempt to retaliate.

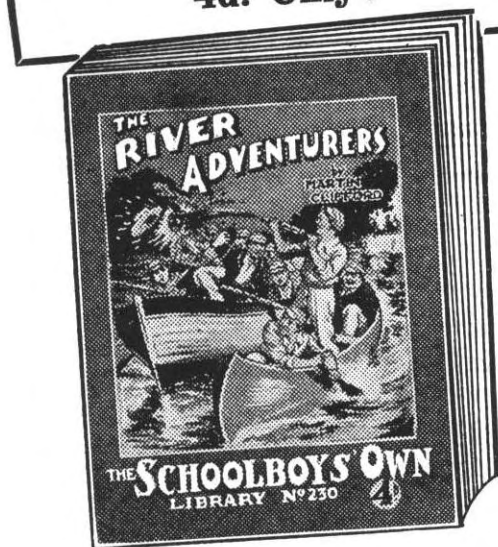
He exerted all his strength, and, with a heave, he swung that figure round, and then let it fly at the other two figures. There was a thudding crash, accompanied by human gasps and grunts of pain. Three figures, dazed and bewildered, were sorting themselves out on the floor, and Archie stood back, dusting his hands.

"What's the next item on the comic programme?" he asked scornfully. "Do you yellow-faced comedians know any more parlour tricks?"

A word of command came from one of the black shapes. They rose to their feet, and were now revealed as three of the priests of Taaz—as Archie had known all along. Their elaborate plans had all gone amiss.

The right eye of one priest was rapidly closing; the nose of another was bleeding; the third was knocked half silly.

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With grim, angry faces, they leapt at Archie, who stood his ground fearlessly.

"Oh, it's going to be a fight!" he cried. "What-ho! Sail in, old things!"

Again he initiated the fighting. Like a whirlwind he leapt to the attack, and his fists lashed out with terrific effect.

On the Scaffold!

"**W**AIT a minute, you fellows!" said Nipper tensely.

They were in Bellton Lane, clear of the gates of St. Frank's. They had not dared to return to the Ancient House—fearing that they would be too closely questioned by Irene & Co. Perhaps they would be able to think of something to tell the girls later. At the moment their thoughts were filled with Archie.

They had already made slight progress.

Inquiries had revealed the fact that Archie Glenthorne had walked straight out through the gateway. Somebody else had noticed that he had walked straight up the lane—and in this direction, the Removites knew, lay the moor.

It seemed fairly certain that Archie, then, had been "called" to some spot on the desolate moor.

"Why waste time?" asked Handforth. "Let's be going!"

"It's all very well to talk like that, Handy," said Nipper. "But what can we hope to do on the wide expanse of the moor?"

"Nothing at all—if we stop here jawing!" retorted Handforth pointedly.

"But Nipper's right, Handy!" urged Church. "The moor's a big place—it stretches for miles. We might search for hours and find no trace of him!"

"But we must!" said Handforth frantically. "Don't forget, it's Archie. He'll never stand the ordeal. They'll kill him!"

"Aren't you a bit unfair to Archie, dear old fellow?" drawled Travers. "He's not so soft as you seem to think. I'd back him any day. We know the sort of thing that lies ahead of him—and I'll bet any of you a level quid that he'll come through with flying colours!"

"You're dotty!" growled Handforth. "Archie may be all right in a scrap, but this is—well, it's different. I tell you we've got to save him. Let's go and search, anyway."

And so, without any more argument, they sallied forth—to save Archie Glenthorne, who needed no saving whatever!

Valiant though Archie was, the odds against him were too great. For some minutes he fought like a tiger, and many were the hard knocks he delivered upon the bodies of the priests of Taaz. But at length they held him. Panting heavily from their exertions, bleeding in places, the yellow men got Archie down, and held him down.

"It cannot be said that this fiery youth is lacking in courage," said Yeza, the chief priest. "How can such a one be dealt with? He cares not for evil sights which would frighten the boldest. He laughs at danger, and attacks when there could be no hope of victory."

"You have spilled a whole mouthful, old thing!" agreed Archie, as he lay helpless. "Must I again remind you that you are dealing with a Glenthorne? Dash it, we Glenthornes never count the odds! We're fighters—always been fighters!"

"He chatters as ably as he fights!" said Yeza grimly. "Bring him!"

Archie was dragged to his feet, and forced along a dark corridor.

"You're not going to scare me, if that's your game!" he said truculently. "I've got your number now, Yeza, old scream!"

The priests of Taaz were baffled. This boy, who looked so harmless, was giving them more trouble than any of their other victims. It was impossible to deal with him by ordinary methods.

They thrust him into an evil-smelling cell and crashed the door. Archie found himself in a small space. There was no window at all—merely a grating high up, through which came a ray of moonlight.

"Good gad!"

The ejaculation came softly from his lips. This time he was really startled. Once before he had seen this cell—when he and some other juniors had explored the old prison. He knew it now for what it was. There was no possible escape from this grim chamber.

It was the condemned cell!

In the old days—over fifty years ago—murderers had spent their last days in this cell, then they had been led



Mr. E. S. Brooks welcomes letters from readers.
Write to him c/o The Editor, The GEM, Fleetway
House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

MANY thanks for your letter, A. Bowman (Norwich). Regarding the special Christmas story, this rests with the Editor. I am afraid that your idea of an enlarged special number will be a bit too difficult; I would gladly write an extra-long Christmas yarn; but, again, that is for the Editor to decide. The best thing you can do, therefore, is to write to him direct.

If you enjoy the St. Frank's stories so much, T. G. Bert (Coventry). A detective thriller, such as you mention, featuring Nelson Lee and Nipper, is shortly appearing in the "Boys' Friend" 4d. Library. Unfortunately, Lord Dorrmore is not featured in the story; but it is quite likely that our old pal Dorrie will appear in one of these 4d. books.

out on to the scaffold, which still stood, rotting under the open sky. There had been no executions at this prison for many a year; but the very associations of the condemned cell sent a shiver up and down Archie Glen-thorne's spine. For the first time he began to imagine things.

But he shook himself and fought against the feeling of horror which gripped him. He went to the door and felt the fastenings. They were rusty with age, but as strong as ever. There was no possible escape.

Archie went across to a little bench which ran alongside the opposite wall. He sat down and composed himself.

"Dash it, let the blighters do what they like!" he said, with a sniff. "Who cares?"

He heard a rattle at the door, and a moment later the door itself was thrust open. Two of the priests walked in; they were wearing black robes, and one of them carried a lantern which shed a yellow, flickering light.

Without a word the priests of Taaz set the lantern down and advanced upon their victim. One man held him while another pinioned his arms behind his back, a cord being used for the purpose.

"March!" said the voice of Yeza.

"What's the game now?" asked Archie contemptuously.

"Ask no questions, my son," replied the priest. "March!"

There was no help for it. He was forced out of the condemned cell, and in a moment, it seemed, he had crossed the passage, and had passed through a doorway. He was out in the open, out in the brilliant moonlight. And he saw, with a start, that he was standing right on the scaffold!

"I say, don't you think this is going a bit beyond the dashed limit?" protested Archie warmly. "I mean, you're not absolutely going to hang me? Only chappies who kill people are hanged in this country. I mean to say, it isn't done!"

"On the very threshold of death you still chatter, foolish youth!" said Yeza harshly. "Know you that this minute is like to be your last. The noose!"

Like a panther one of the other priests stepped forward, and the dread noose was placed over Archie's neck and drawn tight—but not tight enough to inconvenience him. He knew that he was standing on the awful "drop." Not four feet away the executioner himself was standing by the lever, ready to operate it at the word of command.

"You are ready?" asked Yeza impressively.

The man at the lever nodded, and Archie felt the drop give the slightest of slight movements.

But the elegant junior's brain was working like lightning. He was certain that he was being tricked again. Of what use was the drop if the rope was tight about his neck? That rope should have been slack. In an instant he acted.

With unexpected suddenness he swung his feet from the boards of the scaffold. At the same time he jerked himself backwards, lifting his feet clear. His whole weight was now supported by his neck, but he knew that it would only be for a moment.

He swung forward, and his feet took the "executioner"

Names List No. 14. East House, Third Form: Conroy minimus, Percy Ryder, Jimmy Hook, Billy Dale, George Fullerton, Parry minor, Simms minor, Wally Sullivan. There are other fags in the East House, but their names have never been mentioned in the stories.

As I said in reply to another reader a week or two back, Hubert F. Harris (Streatham), the headmaster of St. Frank's in the first stories was Dr. Malcolm Stafford. Then, when Dr. Stafford retired, Nelson Lee became Head. Later, the great detective found that he could not keep away from his own chosen profession; so Mr. James Kingswood was appointed to the headmastership, and "Fighting Jim" is Head at present. Of course, there have been one or two temporary headmasters in the past—such as the celebrated Mr. Hunter, who caused a great barring-out. Then there was the military-mad tyrant, Colonel Clinton. Once, indeed, St. Frank's was burdened by a lady Head, and that led to another revolt. However, Dr. Stafford, Nelson Lee, and Mr. James Kingswood are the only three firmly established heads in the history of the old school—that history, at least, which covers the past few years. I appreciate your desire to see the weekly St. Frank's story in the Old Paper running "from cover to cover"—but that's a matter on which you must approach the Editor. You must be an enthusiast if you desire to see my stories appearing at full length in a book "to be published three or four times a week." I thank you for the compliment, but I am afraid that such an order would be a bit too tall.

EDWY SEARLES BROOKS.

fairly and squarely in the middle. The man went crashing over, and Archie, landing on his feet again, wriggled his head free of the noose.

"Why don't you try something really sensible?" he demanded mockingly. "You can't scare me like this. Good gad! I thought I was going to have a frightfully awful time of it, but—"

"Enough!" interrupted Yeza, making a sign.

The cords were released from Archie's wrists.

"Go, good youth—go in peace," said Yeza quietly. "You have shown higher courage than any we have yet tested in the great name of Taaz. Nothing has daunted the noble, courageous spirit which reposes in your muscular body. Taaz, therefore, is content."

Yeza spoke almost with awe. He and his fellow priests had failed. Frankly, they knew not how to deal with this youth who refused to be frightened.

"We might as well go back," said Nipper despondently.

"You mean indoors?" asked Handforth, with a start. "Go back to the girls?"

"We must," said Nipper.

They were in the Triangle, and the friendly lights of the various windows gleamed in all directions. For an hour they had been out searching; they had separated on the moor, going in all directions, calling.

But at last they had joined forces again. During all that time they had found no trace of the missing Archie Glen-thorne.

"We can only wait," said Pitt anxiously. "It might be hours before he comes back—if he ever does come back."

The others were silent. They walked into the Ancient House with sombre faces. And as they entered the Remove passage they heard gay, light-hearted laughter. It was girlish laughter, and they knew that it was coming from Study E.

"Glad that Irene & Co. are enjoying themselves," muttered Nipper. "We shall have to make some excuse for Archie—"

"Cake, Phipps, old lad," came a cheery voice. "Dash it, can't you see that the young ladies are hungry after this frightfully long wait?"

Nipper and his companions jumped. They stared at one another in blank amazement. Then with one accord they rushed to Study E and flung the door open.

Archibald Winston Derek Glen-thorne was sitting comfortably on the big lounge, side by side with Marjorie Temple. He beamed happily and waved a cheery hand.

"Come in, old things!" he invited, his eye twinkling behind his monocle. "Absolutely! Plenty for everybody!"

"Oh, rather!" gurgled Handforth. "Tha-thanks awfully!" They entered Study E like fellows in a dream. Their worries had been for nothing; for here was Archie safe and sound, and it was plain to see that he had come through his ordeal without turning a hair. Who would be the next victim?

(Next week: "THE FIFTH VICTIM!")

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 13.)

Max Hancock, Gerangameta, Victoria, Australia, wants to hear from stamp collectors.

H. Stevens, 1, Tellis Cross, East Coker, Yeovil, Somersetshire, wants to hear from stamp collectors.

Miss Dorothy Spenceley, 63, Christchurch Avenue, Brondesbury, London, N.W.6, wants a girl pen pal; all kinds of sports; age 13-16.

Horace Linton, 67, Essex Road, Barking, Essex, wants to hear from stamp collectors.

Jack Anderson, 189, Ross Avenue, Sarnia, Ontario, Canada, wants to hear from stamp collectors.

Rowland Laey, St. Peter's, 50, Nicholas Lane, Laindon, Essex, wants correspondents in the British Empire and U.S.A.; railways, cycling, stamps.

Frank H. Grundy, Estelle, Slade Road, Roughley, Sutton Coldfield, nr. Birmingham, wants to hear from stamp collectors in Canada, China, India, Jamaica, Japan, Africa, U.S.A., Australia, etc.

Henry Grundy, Rosedale, Little Sutton, Sutton Coldfield, nr. Birmingham, wants pen pals at home and overseas; stamps, wireless sports, films and gardening.

Miss Letty Jones, 182, Coney Hill Road, Gloucester, wants a girl correspondent (French).

Miss Irene Hastings, 3, Albany, Kensington, Liverpool, wants girl correspondents; age 16-17; South Africa, Egypt, India; swimming, books.

Leslie Hood, 14 Annis Road, South Hackney, London, E.9, wants members for his correspondence club; age 11-13; GEM collecting, stamps, cigarette cards.

Kemal Mahfood, 2, Heathfield Avenue, Upper Elliston Road, Jamaica, West Indies, wants pen pals; Canada, Scotland, England; stamps and foreign newspapers.

P. Parker, 196, Willesden Lane, Brondesbury, London, N.W.6, wants pen pals in Scotland and North of England; age 14-16.

Miss Edna Morgan, 269, Hamall Lane, East, Coventry, Warwickshire, wants girl correspondents in France; age 12-15.

Eric Bean, 110, Somers Road, Southsea, Hants, wants pen pals in Hampshire; age 15-17; interested in art.

Miss Jessie Beaumont, 40, Packington Street, Essex Road, Islington, London, N.1, wants girl correspondents; age 15-17; films, books, sports.

John O'Brien, Boyne Hill, Navan, Co. Meath, Ireland, wants a pen pal in Scotland; stamps and books.

L. Wormald, 26, Claremont Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 19, wants a correspondent; overseas preferred; age 18-20.

Emile Mahfood, 2, Heathfield Avenue, Upper Elliston Road, Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, wants a pen pal interested in stamps and table tennis; age 11-18; New Zealand, Ireland, France, England, Wales.

Wilbert D. Roberts, 18, Somerset Lane, Franklin Town, Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, wants a pen pal; age 14-21; British Isles, Canada, Australia, France, U.S.A.; sports, newspapers.

John Snell, Brampton, Highland Avenue, Brentwood, Essex, wants a pen pal interested in stamps, cigarette cards, football, cricket; age 11-14.

Ralph Mahfood, 20, Upper South Camp, Springfield, Jamaica, West Indies, wants pen pals; age 14-17; British Empire, France, U.S.A.; football, tennis, stamps.

Ken Dawson, 117, Mead Street, Peterhead, South Australia, wants a pen pal in England, Canada, or Africa; age 12-13.

Miss Valerie M. Wood, Drummond Street, Lockhart, N.S.W., Australia, wants a girl correspondent; age 19-25; any interesting topic; snaps exchanged.

Thomas V. Harris, 468, Brock Street, Kingston, Ontario, Canada, wants to hear from readers; sports and stamps.

John Bickerstaffe, 10, Downing Grove, Preston Road, Hull, Yorks, wants correspondents in South Africa and North America; cycling, films; age 13 to 15.

T. Affleck, 3, Carisbrooke Road, Liverpool 4, wants pen pals in Canada, U.S.A., and Australia; age 12 to 14; sports and companion papers.

G. Parry, 49, Penton Street, King's Cross, London, N.1, wants a pen pal in U.S.A. interested in cars.

Cecil A. Bardwell, P.O. Box 1044, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, wants a pen pal in Canada or France interested in aeronautics.

William Reynolds, 3, Acanthus Avenue, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, wants correspondents; U.S.A. especially; age 15 to 18.

Jack Hindle, 7, Broomfield Road, Marsh, Huddersfield, York, wants correspondents in France, China, Canada, U.S.A., Nigeria, Cook Islands; wireless, stamps, sports, electricity.

Gus Eugene, 222, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, London, W.9, wants correspondents outside London; age 16 to 18; sports, films, music, dance bands, photos.

R. Carey, 3, Central Road, Keneot, Jamaica, wants correspondents; age 13 to 15.

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