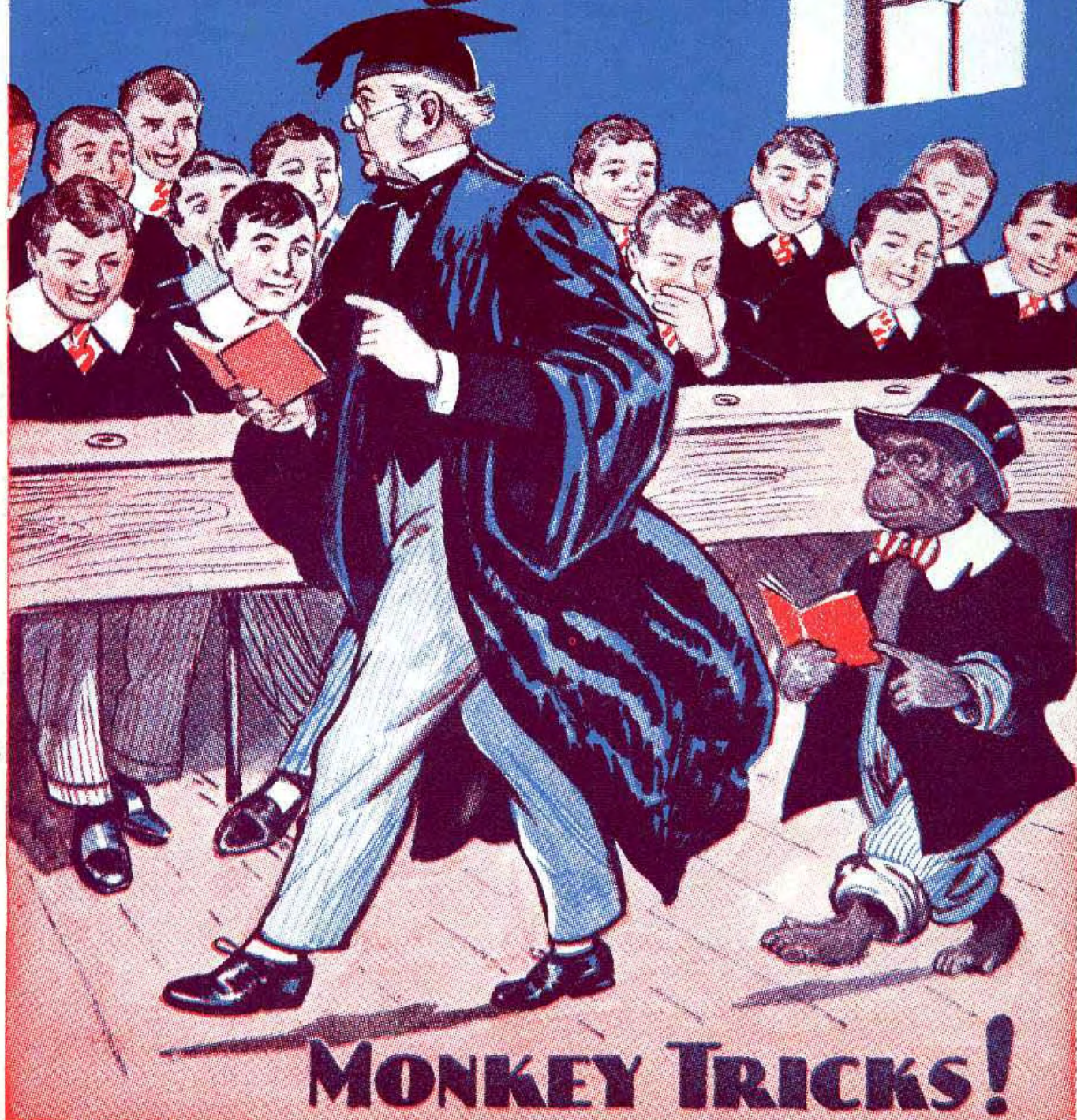


"TOM MERRY'S MINOR!" IT'S A RIOT OF FUN!—INSIDE.

The **GEM** ^{2d}



MONKEY TRICKS!

No. 1,539. Vol. LII.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Week Ending August 14th, 1937.

WHEN A MONKEY GOES TO SCHOOL! MIKE, FULL OF MISCHIEF, SETS ST. JIM'S
IN AN UPROAR WITH HIS ANTICS!

TOM MERRY'S MINOR!



The monkey made a spring to escape and the Shell juniors grasped at him together. Lowther bumped against Tom Merry, and Tom reeled over the edge of the bath. He fell headlong into the water, and a moment later Lowther followed him in. Splash!

CHAPTER 1. Hats Off!

"MY hat!"
Tom Merry jumped as he uttered the exclamation. The Terrible Three—Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther of the Shell—were sitting on a grassy bank close by the boathouse of St. Jim's.

The river before them gleamed in the setting sun. Behind them was the wood that bordered the towing-path, thick and dark and shady. The chums of the Shell were leaning against gnarled trunks as they discussed ginger-beer and ate doughnuts from a bag that was open on Monty Lowther's knees.

Tom Merry's hand went up to his head. He had been wearing a straw hat; but his hat had suddenly vanished.

Tom ran his fingers through his curly locks. He glanced round him in amazement. His first thought was that Manners or Lowther had jerked off his hat by way of a joke. But Manners was drinking ginger-beer, and Lowther was eating doughnuts, and neither of them was in possession of a superfluous straw hat.

Tom Merry looked at the wood behind him. It looked too dense for anyone to have stolen through to snatch off his hat from behind. Over him were

low-hanging branches, thick with foliage, with birds twittering among the leaves high up.

"My hat!"
"What's the matter?" yawned Lowther.

"Somebody's collared my hat!"
His chums stared at him.

A minute before Tom Merry had been wearing a straw hat, and now he was bareheaded. The hat was certainly gone, and there was no one in sight, excepting half a dozen juniors some distance away on the landing-raft.

"Is that a joke?" asked Manners. "You've put it behind you, I suppose. Tommy, my son, your sense of humour is very feeble."

"Ass!" exclaimed Tom Merry warmly. "I tell you I didn't touch it! It suddenly vanished off my head! I felt it move, and it was gone!"

"Must have mistaken itself for an aeroplane and flown away," said Lowther. "I've known hats do that—I don't think!"

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" said Tom Merry. "Some chump has sneaked behind me and collared my straw. I'll thump him when I find him. Pass the doughnuts!"

Lowther passed the doughnuts, with a grin. But a moment or two later the grin vanished from his face, and he gave a jump.

"Let my cap alone, you fathead!"
"Eh? What's the matter with your silly cap?" asked Tom Merry, looking round.

"It's gone!" yelled Lowther. "Wha-a-at?"

It was certainly gone. Monty Lowther was bareheaded. He jumped up and scanned the dark wood behind him; but there was no sign of a marauder.

"One of the New House bounders japing us, I suppose!" he growled. "By Jove! I'll wallop him for giving me such a start!"

Lowther sat down again. The cap could wait, and the ginger-beer and the doughnuts couldn't. Manners was chuckling.

"Must be Figgins, or Reddy, or one of those bounders!" he remarked. "I don't quite see how they got at your giddy headgear, though!"

"I don't see any joke in it, myself!" growled Lowther.

And he frowned over his doughnuts. Manners refilled his glass with ginger-beer, and was drinking it, when he gave a sudden jump, and the ginger-beer swamped out of the glass.

"Look out!" roared Lowther as he received half of it on his knees. "What are you swamping my bags with ginger-beer for, you silly chump?"

"My cap!"

"Blow your cap!"

A SIDE-SPLITTING STORY OF NON-STOP FUN AND EXCITEMENT—WITH TOM MERRY'S MINOR AS THE STAR TURN!

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"It's gone!" roared Manners.
"Oh crumbs!"
"Somebody jerked it off all of a sudden!" exclaimed Manners, jumping up. "Where is he? I'll scalp him! I—I'll—"

Manners glared round in search of the practical joker.

But there was no practical joker to be seen. Save for themselves, the towing-path was deserted, and the deep wood behind them was silent and still. It was quite uncanny, and the chums of the Shell exchanged amazed glances.

"Blessed if the place doesn't seem to be haunted!" ejaculated Manners.

An elegant junior came sauntering down from the direction of the boat-house. It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of the Fourth Form. D'Arcy looked a picture, as usual, from the tips of his shining boots to the crown of his straw hat. He paused to look at the Terrible Three, and carefully adjusted his eyeglass in his right eye.

"Bai Jove, deah boys!" he remarked. "Have you joined the hatless bwigade, or are you settin' up as nuts?"

"Do you know anything about it?" demanded Lowther heatedly. "Some silly ass has jerked off our caps somehow, and taken them away!"

"Bai Jove! Ha, ha, ha!"
"What are you cackling at, you image?" demanded the Terrible Three together, glaring at the swell of St. Jim's.

"It's wathah funnay, deah boys! Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you've come here looking for a thick ear, Gussy—"

"Or a blue eye—"

"Or a bumping—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" trilled Arthur Augustus.

The Terrible Three made a movement towards him. Arthur Augustus backed away, still laughing; and as he did so something whisked out of the low branches overhead and the elegant junior's straw hat vanished from his head. It was gone in the twinkling of an eye. Arthur Augustus ceased to laugh, and his hand flew to his head.

"Bai Jove! Where's my hat?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Terrible Three. "Funny, isn't it?"

Arthur Augustus looked excited.

"I do not regard it as funnay to play silly twicks with a chap's hat. Where has my stwaw gone?"

The chums of the Shell gazed upward into the low, thick branches. They had seen D'Arcy's straw hat whisked from his head, but it had happened so quickly that they could hardly be certain how it had gone.

"There's something—or somebody—in the tree!" said Tom Merry. "They don't grow monkeys in Rylcombe Wood, or I should think it was a monkey!"

"Oh, wats! It's some uttah ass playin' a silly pwank—"

"It was a monkey," said Lowther. "I saw his tail whisking."

"How on earth could a monkey get here, in the wood?" said Tom Merry, puzzled.

"Might be one of D'Arcy's relations paying him a visit—"

"Weally, Lowthah, you ass—"

"Skuse me, 'ave you seen a monkey along 'ere?"

It was a rough voice, and the juniors turned at once to see the speaker. He was a roughly-dressed man, with a mottled face, and his breath exhaled a rich odour of beer as he spoke. He wore a dirty cap, and an equally dirty clay pipe stuck out of the corner of his mouth. His gait was a little unsteady as he came along the towing-path.

"Have you lost a monkey?" asked Tom Merry.

The man nodded.

"Yes, I 'ave. He got away from the orgin while I was in the Green Man gettin' somethin' to—to eat. Name of Mike. I'll give 'im a beltin' when I get 'old of him," added the gentleman in the cap, gritting his teeth on the pipe. "'Tain't the first time as he's run off. Mike! Mike!"

"There's a monkey in this tree, I think," said Tom Merry. "We've just had our hats snatched off our heads, and I think I saw a monkey—"

"That's 'im!" said the man. "Jest one of 'is tricks. I'll give 'im a beltin'."

"Oh, don't whack him on our account," said Tom hastily. "I suppose he doesn't know any better—and he did no harm, anyway."

"Not at all, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus quickly.

D'Arcy did not like to see any animal cruelly treated.

The man grunted.

"I'm goin' to belt 'im for runnin' away," he said. "Broke 'is chain, 'e did, the varmint. I'll tan 'im till 'e can't crawl! Mike! Mike!"

There was a sound of chattering in the tree. The unseen animal had evidently heard and recognised the voice of his master. There was a whiz in the air, and two caps and two straw hats came rushing down, and fell in the grass. The juniors picked up their headgear. The unfortunate Mike was evidently trying to make peace by restoring the articles he had purloined.

"Mike! Come down, you blighter! Kim 'ere!"

Chatter, chatter, chatter, from the branches.

"Mike!" roared the man in the cap.

A little hairy body dropped from the tree into the grass at his feet. It was a small, nimble monkey, black as the ace of spades, with a collar riveted round his neck, to which a short length of chain still hung. Mike, mischievous as he was, dared not disobey the dreaded voice.

The man muttered an oath, and grasped the monkey by the collar. Then he jerked a short, thick strap from his pocket and whirled it in the air. The monkey gave a terrified squeal. He knew what was coming, and he seemed to shrink to half his size in the savage grasp of his master.

Arthur Augustus started forward involuntarily.

"Pway don't thwash him, deah boy!"

he exclaimed, in distress. "The poor little beast doesn't know any bettah, you know. Pway don't be wuff."

"You mind yer own business," said the man.

D'Arcy flushed with indignation. The man was half intoxicated, and wholly a hooligan.

The anger and disgust in the faces of the juniors had only the effect of making him more savage in temper. The strap descended with savage force, and there was a shrill squeal of pain from the monkey. Then again and again the cruel strap descended, while the wretched animal writhed and wriggled and screamed with pain.

CHAPTER 2.

Mike Finds a New Master!

TOM Merry sprang forward.

The monkey was the property of the man in the cap, and perhaps he had a right to punish it for breaking its chain and escaping. But no one could have a right to use an animal with such cruelty. The man was wreaking his drunken rage upon the unfortunate victim, and Tom Merry could not stand it.

"Let that monkey alone!" Tom exclaimed sharply.

The man snarled.

"You mind your own business, young gentleman, and I'll mind mine," he said. "This 'ere is my monkey, ain't it?"

"You have no right to beat him like that."

"That's my business."

And the strap rose again. Tom Merry clenched his fists.

"If you touch that monkey again, I'll knock you down!" he said, between his teeth.

The man grinned. He was head and shoulders bigger than the junior of St. Jim's. He did not think for a moment that the boy would carry out his threat. The strap came down with savage force, and the monkey squealed in anguish.

Tom Merry's blood was up now, and he kept his word. His fist lashed out straight from his shoulder.

Biff!

"Ow! Ow! Yah!"

The man went down into the grass with a crash. The monkey jerked loose, and scuttled to the foot of the tree, where he crouched, chattering and grimacing. He was too terrified to climb into safety.

The half-intoxicated ruffian leapt to his feet.

"You 'it me!" he roared, his coarse features working with rage.

"I'll hit you again if you touch that monkey!" said Tom Merry passionately. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you hulking scoundrel!"

The man rushed towards him, but he paused as the other fellows lined up with Tom Merry. He was big enough to make things very warm for one of the juniors, but he would have had no chance against the four, and he halted in time.

"Orlright," he said sullenly. "You've 'it me. P'r'aps I'll meet you some night, and make it square, young fellow-me-lad. And as fur that monkey, I'll take 'im 'ome, and I'll belt 'im till 'is skin comes off. That's all the good you've don. 'im by interferin'."

He lurched towards the monkey.

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The unfortunate Mike made a spring towards Tom Merry, and clambered up to his shoulder, as if seeking protection. "Give me my monkey!" roared the man.

Tom Merry hesitated.

It was clearly against all law to keep the man's monkey away from him, but the ruffian's words made Tom hesitate. He knew that he would fulfil the threat he had made. And Mike knew it as well as the juniors, and clung to Tom Merry's curly hair with somewhat painful force.

"Are you goin' to give me my monkey?" demanded the ruffian.

"Look here, my man," said Tom, as calmly as he could, "you're not fit to have an animal. Will you sell me this monkey?"

"No, I won't."

"I'll give you ten shillings for him."

"I wouldn't take ten quid!"

"I'll make it a pound," said Tom Merry. "You fellows can lend me the rest."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I tell you I ain't sellin' that monkey. I'm goin' to take 'im 'ome and belt him till he can't crawl about!" said the man, rolling the words on his tongue with great relish, as he saw how they made the juniors wince. "I'll belt 'im till he's next door to a goner, you bet! Now, 'and 'im over!"

Tom Merry's eyes blazed.

"I won't!"

The ruffian glared at him.

"You won't give me my monkey?"

"No, I won't," said Tom, drawing a deep breath. "You're a cruel beast, and you're not fit to keep an animal, and you shan't have him!"

"Yaas, wathah; stick to him, deah boy," chirped Arthur Augustus. "I'll back you up. I've a gwest mind to give that bowwid wuffian a feahful thwashin', anyway."

"You—you—you're goin' to steal my monkey?" roared the man in the cap.

Tom Merry flushed.

"I've offered to buy him from you. If he's worth more than I've offered, I'll pay you a fair price."

"I ain't selling him. I get my living with that monkey. I ain't parting with him. Give me my monkey, or I'll have the law on yer!"

"Very well, we'll let it go at that," said Tom Merry. "I belong to the school yonder—and you can come there and claim him. And when you do, I'll see that you're prosecuted for cruelty to animals."

The man ground his teeth.

"It's stealing!" he howled. "Give me my monkey!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"You're goin' to keep my monkey?"

"Yes, I am. I'm going to take care of him, and see that he has a better time than he's had with you, you scoundrel!"

"If you don't 'and him over, I'm goin' to take him!"

"You're welcome to try!"

"For the last time—"

"Rats!"

The man made a spring at the junior, and gripped him by the neck. Tom Merry hit out, and the ruffian reeled, but then his strong grasp closed on the junior. They struggled, and Mike chattered away at a fearful rate. But in a moment more, Manners and Lowther and D'Arcy had their hands upon the man. He was dragged over, and bumped down heavily on the ground.

Monty Lowther caught hold of the strap.

"Hold the beast, you fellows," he said.

"He seems to be fond of this strap; he may as well have some of his own medicine."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, wathah! Pile in, deah boy—I'll hold the beast!"

"'Ere, you leggo! Lemme gerrup! I'll 'ave the law on yer!" roared the ruffian.

"Sit on his head, Gussy!"

"I wefuse to sit on his beastly head! It would make my twousahs dirtay!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly.

The man struggled violently.

But the juniors held him fast, and, as he rolled over, Monty Lowther brought down the strap with terrific force. A roar like that of a maddened bull burst from the man.

But Lowther was not done with him yet. He thought that very likely trouble would follow the rescue of the monkey, and he determined to make the ruffian pay for it in advance. He lashed till the monkey's owner roared and howled with pain.

The man made a terrific effort, and broke away from the juniors. He rolled down towards the river, and picked himself up there, convulsed with rage, and shaking his fist at the panting juniors.

"Pile in, deah boys!" shouted D'Arcy excitedly—"pile in! Thump the wottah!"

"Duck him in the river!" shouted Manners.

"Good egg!" Lowther hurled the strap into the middle of the Rhyl. "Now send him in after it!"

The man did not wait to be sent in after his strap. As the juniors rushed at him he dodged and fled. He disappeared up the towing-path.

"Well, we've got the monk," said Lowther. "What on earth are you going to do with him, Tom?"

"I'm going to get him to let go of my hair first, if he will!" said Tom Merry ruefully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're allowed to keep pets," said Tom. "I'll keep him."

"Not other people's pets," grinned Manners.

"He's mine now. I'm willing to pay for him. There ought to be a law to take animals away from rotters who don't treat them well."

"There ought to be, but there isn't, my son. I'm afraid we shall hear of that ruffian again. Anyway, he's got something to remember us by!"

"Pwetty neahly time for aftahnoon lessons, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, consulting his famous gold ticker. "Bettah shove the monk into the shed where we keep the pets."

"Or you could send him into the Fourth Form Room, along with the others," Monty Lowther suggested humorously.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"I'll put him in the menagerie," said Tom Merry. "Reilly used to keep a monkey, and I don't see why I shouldn't keep one. I shall have to teach him to let people's hats alone, that's all. I dare say he's been taught that trick."

And the chums of St. Jim's walked away to the school, Tom Merry carrying his new acquisition on his shoulder.

CHAPTER 3.

Tom Merry Minor!

TOM MERRY'S appearance in the quadrangle of St. Jim's with a black monkey on his shoulder attracted a lot of attention.

Quite a large number of the fellows

kept pets of one sort or another, but members of the monkey tribe were rare. Reilly of the Fourth had had a monkey, but after his monkey had clawed the few remaining locks of Mr. Ratcliff, the New House master, Reilly had considered it judicious to send him home. Mike was a very agile monkey, and his keen, glittering eyes were full of intelligence. He blinked at the juniors as he sat crouched on Tom's shoulder.

"What on earth have you got there?" demanded Blake of the Fourth. "I didn't know you had a minor, Tom Merry."

There was a roar of laughter at once.

Blake's remark was a happy hit, and Mike was christened on the spot "Tom Merry Minor." The owner of the name turned pink.

"Oh, don't be funny!" he exclaimed. "This is a monkey I've found!"

"We wescued him," said Arthur Augustus, addressing the interested crowd. "He had a bwute of a master, who was wallop'in' him fwrightfully, and we've taken him away."

"Pretty cool, by Jove!" said Figgins of the New House.

"What were we to do, deah boy? We couldn't leave the poor little monk to be pulvewised by a dwunken wuffian."

"No fear!" said Tom Merry emphatically. "I offered the rotter a pound for him, and the offer's still open if he likes to come for the money. That's good enough."

"Yes, rather!" said Talbot of the Shell. "The poor little beast still looks frightened."

"Where are you going to put your minor, Tommy?" asked Bernard Glyn, with a chuckle.

"Don't be a tunny ass!" roared Tom Merry, exasperated. "If you call him my minor again, I'll punch your silly head!"

"These minors are a frightful trouble," grinned Blake. "D'Arcy's minor is just as bad. Might shove him into the Third Form Room with Wally."

"Weally, Blake—"

"I'm going to put him in the shed," said Tom Merry. "Will you lend me a dog-chain, Herries? I don't want him to wander away."

"Right-ho!" said Herries of the Fourth. "Better chain him up out of reach of my bulldog. Towser doesn't like monkeys, and I shouldn't like Towser to eat him. He doesn't look over clean."

"Why, you silly ass—" said Tom Merry indignantly.

"Well, I don't want Towser to be ill, you know."

Tom Merry walked away to the shed behind the house, with the monkey on his shoulders. He was followed by an interested crowd. Herries produced a dog-chain, and Tom Merry fastened it to the monkey's collar. Mike declined to get down off his shoulder at first. Apparently he had taken a fancy to Tom Merry, and found his perch there quite comfortable. He was persuaded down at last, and a box was found for him, with a heap of straw to make him a comfortable bed. He curled up in the straw, and lay blinking at the juniors.

"You'll have to give him a wash, Tommy," Lowther remarked. "Looks as if there are insects about him. You can't have your minor in that state."

"You silly ass!"

"Look out! Here comes Pongo!" Pongo, the ragged mongrel belonging

to Wally D'Arcy—the minor of the great Arthur Augustus—slunk into the shed with a bone in his jaws. But at sight of the monkey, Pongo dropped the bone and made one jump for Mike. Tom Merry had just time to interpose his boot, and Pongo howled and retreated, barking furiously. D'Arcy's minor followed his ragged pet into the shed.

"What's the row?" he exclaimed. "What are you doing to Pongo?"

"The beast wants to bite my monkey?" said Tom Merry warmly.

"Well, why shouldn't he, if he wants to?" growled Wally. "Don't you shove my dog, or there will be a row! It's all right—that blessed ape couldn't hurt Pongo. Pongo's teeth would rip him into ribbons in no time!"

"I don't want my monkey ripped into ribbons, you young ass!" yelled Tom Merry.

Wally sniffed. "Rather nifty, that monkey. Why don't you wash him?"

"I haven't had time." "Tom Merry's minor has only just arrived," Blake explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tom Merry made a rush at Blake, and the Fourth Former dodged out of the shed, laughing.

"I suppose I shall have to chain Pongo up," growled Wally. "I shouldn't like him to get too close to that miserable-looking beast. Come on, Pongo!"

"I wonder if he's hungry?" said Tom Merry, surveying his new pet. "I suppose monkeys live on nuts, don't they?"

"Gussy is the only nut here," remarked Lowther.

"Pway don't be an ass, Lowthah!" "Anybody got any nuts for Tom Merry minor?" called out Glyn.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Yaroo!" roared Glyn, as Tom Merry thumped him. "Hold on—stop it! I only wanted to feed your minor!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Look here!" roared Tom Merry, as the juniors yelled. "I don't consider that a joke. What are you silly idiots cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors trooped off, laughing. Tom Merry shook his head sorrowfully at the unconscious Mike. He could foresee a whole hurricane of jokes and chipping on the subject of his minor, and he was not wholly glad that he had come into possession of Mike. But it was not Mike's fault, and Tom Merry patted him affectionately before he left him curled up in the box.

Kildare of the Sixth met Tom Merry as the Shell fellow came into the School House. Kildare looked surprised and interested.

"I didn't know you had a brother, Merry," he said.

Tom looked surprised, too. "I haven't," he said. "I'm the only specimen."

"You haven't a younger brother?" asked the captain of St. Jim's.

"Not that I know of."

"Then what's all this talk about your minor coming to St. Jim's?" demanded Kildare.

Tom Merry crimsoned. It was evidently all over the school already.

"It isn't my minor," he growled. "That is an idiotic joke."

"What is it, then—a new chap?"

"Not exactly."

"I don't quite understand," said



"For the last time," growled the man, "are yer goin' to 'and over my monkey?" "Rate!" retorted Tom Merry. The ruffian made a spring at the junior and gripped him by the neck. "Help, you chaps!" gasped Tom.

Kildare. "Is it somebody very like you, or what?"

"Very like, indeed," chuckled Levison of the Fourth, who was passing. "Remarkable resemblance—same breed, and everything."

"Shut up, you silly fathead!" growled Tom Merry. "It's a monkey, Kildare." Kildare burst into a laugh.

"A monkey Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not like me at all!" roared Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry made a dash at Levison, who fled into the Fourth Form Room, laughing. With a heated countenance Tom Merry made his way to the Shell Form Room. Mr. Linton, the master of the Shell, was not there yet, and the Shell fellows were talking and laughing. Tom caught the words "Merry minor" as he came in.

Skimpole of the Shell came towards him, blinking through his big spectacles. Skimpole, the scientific junior, founder of a Science Club which had come to a sudden and untimely end, was great on evolution, the descent of man, the origin of species, and other interesting things like that.

"I was just asking where you were, my dear Merry!" Skimpole exclaimed. "You are just the fellow I want to see. I hear that you have a monkey that strongly resembles you—so strongly that the fellows call it Merry minor—"

"Shut up, you ass!"

Skimpole looked surprised.

"My dear Merry, there is nothing to get excited about," he said soothingly.

"It is a very interesting circumstance—"

very! Do you not see that it is a living proof of the theory of the descent of man from an ape-like species? It is probable that you yourself, my dear Merry, are descended from the same stock as that very monkey—Yaroo! Yah! Ow! What did you hit me for?"

Skimpole sat on the Form-room floor and blinked at Tom Merry in astonishment.

Mr. Linton entered the room.

"What is this?" he exclaimed severely. "Fighting in the Form-room?"

"No, sir!" gasped Skimpole, staggering up. "I am not fighting. I was explaining to Merry that the theory of evolution is backed up, sir, by the remarkable resemblance that exists between him and his monkey—"

"What!"

"And Merry became suddenly excited, sir, for what reason I do not know."

Mr. Linton smiled.

"Go to your places, my boys," he said. "And you would do well, Skimpole, to pay more attention to class-work and a little less to foolish theories."

"But evolution isn't a foolish theory, sir," said Skimpole in surprise. "The greatest of modern scientists proclaim their descent from the monkey tribe; and, indeed, declare that their descent from monkeys is self-evident—"

"Go to your place, Skimpole!"

"Certainly, sir; but I should like to point out—"

Mr. Linton picked a cane off his desk, and Skimpole went to his place without pointing out anything further.

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CHAPTER 4.

Rough on a Ruffian!

TOM MERRY wore a somewhat worried look as afternoon lessons proceeded.

When Mr. Linton's attention happened to be elsewhere, the fellows whispered and giggled on the subject of Tom Merry minor. Gore drew a picture of an impossible monkey on a page of his exercise book, and labelled it "Tom Merry Minor," and passed it along the form. The giggles that followed drew Mr. Linton's attention, and he promised to detain the whole class an hour if there were any more of it.

There was no more of it after that, and the juniors settled down to work, leaving the chipping of Tom Merry till a more convenient time.

But afternoon lessons were not destined to finish without interruption. Mr. Linton was taking the Shell upon a personally conducted tour among the antiquities of Rome, when there was a sudden sound of disturbance from the quadrangle.

Loud voices rang through the quiet afternoon.

"Get hout!" It was the well-known voice of Taggles, the porter. "Hout with you, you tramp! Houtside, I say!"

"I ain't going without my property!" Tom Merry started.

The voice came clearly through the open windows of the Form-room, and he recognised the hoarse tones of the monkey's owner.

"Phew!" said Manners softly. "He's come for his giddy monkey."

"Houtside!"

"Yah!"

Bump! There was the sound of a heavy fall, and then the voice of Taggles the porter rose in anguished tones.

"Elp! Ow! 'Elp!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Linton. He strode to the Form-room window and looked out. Some of the juniors ventured to leave their places and follow their Form-master.

Taggles was rolling on the ground, and the owner of the monkey, evidently very much under the influence of liquor, was sprawling over him and punching.

The juniors waited to see no more.

Tom Merry made a rush for the door, and his chums rushed after him, and they dashed out of the House at top speed. The man had almost reached the House when Taggles had pursued him and run him down—with disastrous results for Taggles.

But the sudden rush of the juniors forced the ruffian to cease his thumping of the wriggling, yelling porter.

Hands were laid upon him on all sides, and he was dragged off his victim. Taggles staggered up.

"Thanky, young gentlemen!" he gasped. "'Old him! He's a dangerous ruffian, he is. I'll set my mastiff loose in a minute. 'Old him!"

Taggles rushed away for his mastiff.

"We'll see him out, Taggy!" said Tom Merry. "Now, then, you chaps, all together! Bring him down to the river!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Hurrah!"

Some of the prefects had come out of the School House at the sound of the disturbance. But they had no time to interfere. The Shell fellows rushed the ruffian towards the school gates. With so many hands upon him, the man had no chance to struggle. He could only writhe and gasp out threats.

"You lemme go—I want my monkey—I'll 'ave the law on yer! Ow, ow, ow!"

Right through the gateway he went. Down the path to the river the juniors bore him, and along the towing-path to a spot where the water was shallow.

"Elp!" shrieked the man. "Don't chuck me into that water! Ow! 'Elp!"

"All together!" roared Tom Merry.

"One, two, three—"

The wriggling ruffian swung to and fro in their arms.

"Go!"

Mike's master whirled through the air.

Splash!

A mighty spurt of water rose where the ruffian descended into the river, and he disappeared under the surface.

He came up the next moment, gasping and spluttering.

The water was waist deep, and the man was in no danger; but he looked a sorry sight. His cap was a limp rag on his head, and his stubby chin glistened with water drops. The cold contact with the water had sobered him, but it had not diminished his rage. He came struggling and splashing out of the river, trampling up mud in the shallow water.

"We'll shove you in again if you come out here," said Tom Merry.

"'Old him!" roared the voice of Taggles. "I've got the mastiff 'ere!"

As the drenched ruffian scrambled out of the water, Taggles came running along the towing-path with a big and powerful mastiff at his heels.

"That's 'im!" yelled Taggles. "Seize 'im, Caesar! Seize 'im!"

Caesar made a rush at Mike's owner.

The infuriated ruffian might have charged at the juniors; but he did not venture to stay to argue with the mastiff.

He gave a whoop of terror, and ran for his life down the towing-path; and Caesar dashed after him in hot pursuit.

"Oh, my heye!" gasped Taggles. "I 'ope Caesar will git him! Comin' shovin' his way into the school, talkin' about monkeys, or somethink. I'll give him monkeys. If Caesar gets 'old of him, it will stop his monkey tricks!"

Dog and man vanished down the towing-path.

"I don't think he'll come back!" grinned Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha! No!"

And the juniors trooped back to the school. Ten minutes later the mastiff came home, and trotted cheerfully into Taggles' lodge with a huge fragment of cloth in his mouth. Taggles chuckled gleefully as he saw it. It was evident that Caesar had obtained a hold upon the fugitive, and the ruffian had only escaped by leaving that considerable portion of his lower garments in the mastiff's jaws.

Tom Merry & Co. returned to the Form-room. They were a little apprehensive as to how Mr. Linton might regard their sudden outbreak; but the master of the Shell only told them to go to their places. It had been necessary for somebody to go to the rescue of Taggles, and the Shell fellows had been the first in the field.

But Tom Merry was very thoughtful when classes were dismissed, and he came out of the Form-room with his chums.

"That rotter doesn't mean to let me keep Mike without a row," he remarked. "I'm afraid we haven't seen the last of him!"

"I don't think he'll face the mastiff again!" grinned Manners.

"I don't see why he can't part with Mike," said Tom. "Why can't he sell the monkey? He isn't fond of him, or anything of that sort; he treats him like a brute. Why can't he sell him at a fair price?"

"Obstinate beast, most likely!" said Manners.

"Well, he's not going to have Mike!" said Tom Merry determinedly.

"Suppose he goes to the Head?"

"Then we shall explain to the Head, and he'll get prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to

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Animals!" said Tom Merry triumphantly. "He knows that, and I don't think he was coming here to see the Head. I think he was tipsy, and he came here to steal the monkey!"

"Steal it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, to collar it! I'm going to take care of it. The little beast is quite fond of me already—"

"Touching thing, family affection!" yelled Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry glared.

"If you're going to be funny—"

"My dear chap, I'm quite serious. It's a ripping thing to see a minor fond of his major—very rare in schools, too."

"You silly ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha! I suppose you don't mind if we call you Merry major now?" yelled Monty Lowther.

And he fled, shrieking, as Tom Merry charged at him.

CHAPTER 5.

Washing Day!

LOWTHER and Manners went down to cricket practice, leaving Tom Merry to look after his new pet. When they came in to tea some time later they found a crowd in the Shell passage. Outside the door of the study they shared with Tom Merry the passage was crammed. The chums of the Shell surveyed the scene of commotion in surprise.

"What's up?" asked Lowther. "Not a fire?"

"Ha, ha! No, Tom Merry's washing his monkey!" grinned Kangaroo of the Shell. "It's worth watching. Come and look! Ha, ha, ha!"

Manners and Lowther pushed their way through the crowd of juniors and stared in at the open doorway of the study.

Tom Merry was very busy.

The study table was pushed into a corner, and in its place stood a tin bath of steaming water, with several old newspapers spread under it to protect the carpet.

Tom Merry, in his shirtsleeves, was kneeling beside the tin bath, very red in the face with his exertions, and very much splashed with water.

Mike the monkey did not seem to take kindly to water.

Probably he had never been washed before, and he may have looked upon it as some form of torture, or perhaps he shared his former master's horror of soap.

He was certainly getting plenty of soap. Tom Merry had put him into the bath, and was lathering soap upon him with a heavy hand. Mike squealed dismally under the infliction. He had almost disappeared under the lather, and looked like a white ghost of a monkey. The juniors in the passage were encouraging—or, rather, exasperating—Tom Merry with a continual flow of remarks.

"Go it, Merry major!"

"Keep your minor clean!"

"Are you going to shave him?"

"Wash and brush-up, twopence!"

"Put your beef into it, Merry major."

"Why don't you wash your minor like that, Gussy? He needs it!"

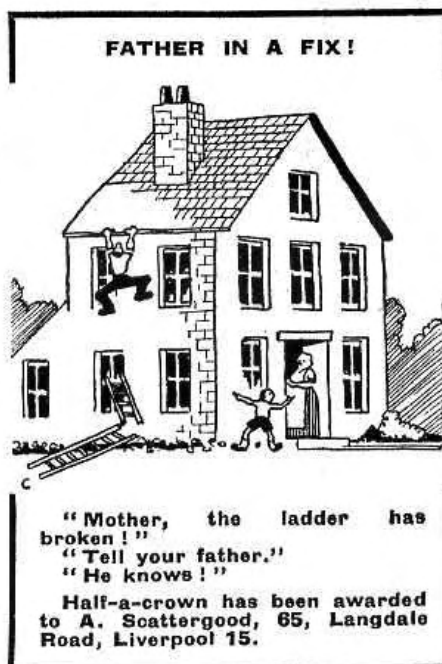
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry turned a crimson face towards his tormentors.

"Will you shut up?" he roared.

"We're only watching the circus," grinned Levison. "This is funny!"

"Yaas, wathah! I'm vevy pleased to see you bwingin' up your minah in the way he should go, Mewwy majah!"



"Give him some more soap!" chuckled Blake. "He hasn't had enough; you've only used about a couple of bars on him!"

"I say, you're making the study in a pretty muck!" said Lowther in dismay. Tom Merry snorted.

"Didn't you say the monkey wanted washing?" he demanded indignantly.

"Well, yes; but—"

"Then come and lend a hand, instead of grinning like a hyena! The little beast won't keep still. He doesn't seem to like being washed. He may have got some soap in his eye; he won't keep his silly head still!"

"Get Lowther to sit on his head and Manners to hold his tail—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Manners and Lowther nobly went to their chum's aid. Mike was decidedly a handful. He was wriggling and splashing in the water, and scattering it in spurts over the carpet. His tail whisked about and thrashed the water, and sent it in drenching splashes over his unfortunate master.

Manners and Lowther grasped the monkey. Manners caught his tail and held it fast, and Lowther grasped the metal collar. Then Tom Merry swamped water on him, and washed off the soap. The water was getting decidedly discoloured, and Mike was getting proportionately cleaner. He was muttering and chattering at a great rate, and making wild efforts to get loose.

"Hold him!" ejaculated Lowther as the collar was jerked out of his hand. "He's loose, the beast! Hang on to his tail, Manners!"

The monkey whirled round on Manners, and the Shell fellow let go the tail as the wet, hairy body bumped on him. The monkey made a spring to escape, and the Terrible Three all grasped at him together. Lowther bumped on Tom Merry, and Tom reeled over the bath. He caught at Lowther to save himself and brought him down—right in the bath!

Splash!

"Oh!"

"Groooh!"

Tom Merry and Lowther were head and shoulders in the bath. It rolled over as they struggled madly out, and the water swamped over the study floor, a wave of it catching Manners and

drenching him to the knees. There was a hysterical yell from the juniors in the passage. They were almost in convulsions.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Oh! Yah!"

"Groooh! I'm wet! Huh! Groooh!"

"Where's that blessed monkey?"

"Groooh! Blow the monkey! I'm soaked! Ow! My mouth is full of soap—groooh!—and hairs! Grugggg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Kangaroo. "Look after your minor, Tom Merry; he's trying to get out of the window!"

Tom Merry, with soap and water running down his face, made a bound to the window. Mike slithered up the curtains in a twinkling. They were pretty chintz curtains, a present from Tom Merry's old governess, Miss Priscilla Fawcett; but they were not pretty any longer when Mike had clambered over them. He tore great gashes in the chintz and left a trail of soap and water and dirty claw marks.

He sat on the curtain-pole at the top of the window and chattered at terrific speed.

Tom Merry shook his fist at him.

"Come down, you beast! Come and be caught, you rotter! You silly asses, to let him loose! Come down at once, Mike! Oh crumbs!"

"Look at my bags!" roared Manners.

"Blow your silly bags! Come down, Mike!"

"Look at me!" yelled Lowther. "I'm soaked! I'm drenched! I'm tripping! I've got some soap in my eye! I've got soap in my mouth! I've got soap in my nose! Yow!"

"Blow your nose! Come down, Mike, old man!"

Chatter, chatter, chatter from Mike; but he declined to come down. Evidently he considered that the washing was a joke that had gone quite far enough.

"My hat, I'm beginning to understand why its owner lathered the little beast!" panted Tom Merry. "Mike, old man, do come down! I won't wash you any more. Come down, you grinning little imp! Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mike, Mike—Mickey! Come down, old chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The yells of laughter from the juniors in the passage only excited the monkey more. Tom Merry shouted to them to shut up, and they yelled the louder.

"He'll catch cold if you don't towel him!" yelled Reilly. "Faith, and phwy don't ye put some salt on his tail, and catch him?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get Finn to lasso him for you."

"I guess I could do it," said Buck Finn, the American junior in the Shell. "I reckon I could rope him in in short order."

"I'll get on a chair," said Tom Merry. "Stand ready to catch him if he dodges. I can reach him on a chair."

He dragged a chair under the window and mounted on it. He reached out his hand for Mike, and caught one leg. Mike squealed and whisked out of the top of the window, and as Tom Merry clung to him the chair reeled under his feet. Mike jerked himself loose and disappeared out of the top of the window.

Tom Merry made a wild effort to maintain his balance, and failed—and came down backwards. He threw out his arms and caught hold of Manners and Lowther. The Terrible Three

bumped on the floor together, and a terrific roar rose from them.

"Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Do that again!" yelled Kangaroo.

"I reckon this beats buck-jumping!" roared Buck Finn.

The Terrible Three scrambled up. They grasped a cricket-stump, a chair, and a poker, and charged at the yelling crowd in the passage. And the crowd of laughers stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

CHAPTER 6.

Roped In!

"WHAT on earth are you kids up to?" demanded Kildare, pausing as he came in from the cricket field towards the School House.

There was a crowd of Shell fellows and Fourth Formers outside the House, gathered round Buck Finn, the American junior. Buck Finn hailed from the Western States, and he had spent his boyhood among the cowboys on the great plains of Arizona. He had brought a peculiar training with him to St. Jim's—he was a wonderful rider, a dead shot with any kind of firearm, and uncannily expert with the lasso—or the riata, as he called it.

Some of the juniors had taken instruction from Finn in the difficult art of throwing the lasso, and some had become quite expert. Just now, Finn had a noosed rope in his hand and half a dozen of the juniors round him had clothes-lines and blind-cords, and other kinds of ropes, and were making nooses in them.

Kildare stared at them.

"It's all right, Kildare," said Blake reassuringly. "We're not going on the warpath against the New House this time—and we're not going to hunt the Sixth and catch 'em wild in their studies—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tom Merry's minor has escaped," explained Kangaroo. "We're going to help him catch him. There was a lot of trouble when Reilly had a monkey. He escaped, and clawed old Ratty's top-knot—"

"Whose?" said Kildare severely.

"Mr. Ratcliff's, I mean. If Tom Merry's minor should get into the Head's study and claw the Head there might be trouble."

"I think it's pretty certain there would be trouble," grinned Kildare. "You had better get that monkey caught as quickly as possible."

"We're going to. Merry major and Manners and Lowther are stalking him down now, but they can't catch him. Merry major can't climb like his minor, you see. So we're going to rope the little beast in."

Kildare grinned and went on up the steps of the School House. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy whirled his lasso round his head, to make a trial cast, and there was a fiendish yell from Jack Blake as the rope caught him across the face.

"Yaroo! You fathead—"

"I wish you would not get in the way of my lasso, Blake—"

"You—you—you—"

"I am goin' to lasso the stone urn at the end of the balustrade, deah boys. Pway stand cleah!"

Whiz!

The lasso flew. The rope uncurled and the noose settled down—not on the stone urn which adorned the balustrade,

but over the head and shoulders of Eric Kildare, who was just going into the House, a dozen yards from the object of D'Arcy's aim.

D'Arcy dragged excitedly on the lasso. The tautening of the rope proved that he had caught something, and he did not see for a moment what it was.

"Wippin', bai Jove! First twy—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let go, you ass!" roared Blake.

"You've caught Kildare!"

"My hat!" gasped Kildare, as the rope dragged him down the steps. "You young villain! I—I—oh! Leggo! Great Scott!"

He lost his footing on the steps and came rolling down, and curled up in the rope. Arthur Augustus rushed forward in a state of consternation.

"Bai Jove! I'm awf'ly sowwy, deah boy! I didn't mean—"

Kildare sat up dazedly on the lowest step.

"You young sweep—"

"My deah chap, I'm feahfully sowwy! It was quite an accident. I—"

"Undo me!" roared Kildare.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Kildare was rolled up in the rope, and his arms were pinioned to his sides. Otherwise, his hands would have been busy upon D'Arcy already. The juniors stood by and yelled as the swell of St. Jim's unrolled the rope. They could guess what D'Arcy would get as soon as Kildare was loose.

"There you are, deah boy!" panted D'Arcy at last. "Pway allow me to weapat that I am vewy sowwy, and say—Yawwooh! Gwooh! Gwooh! Yah! What are you doin', you fwightful ass? Leggo my cah! I wefuse to have my eah pulled! Ow!"

Thump, thump, thump!

"Gweat Scott! Yawwooh! Dwaggimoff!" shrieked D'Arcy.

"There!" said Kildare breathlessly as he finished by pitching D'Arcy into the quad. "Now let me catch you playing fool tricks with a lasso again, and I'll give you a real hiding."

And he went into the House.

Arthur Augustus sat on the ground.

"Bai Jove! I wegard it as uttably wotten of Kildare to be so watty about a simple accident—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any weason whatevah for wibald laughtah. I am considewably hurt. I am weally too exhausted to wise."

"Sit still," said Herries. "We'll practise on you with the lassoes."

"Good egg!"

"I wefuse to allow anythin' of the sort!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, jumping up very quickly, in spite of his exhaustion. "I wegard you as wottahs!"

"Come on!" said Kangaroo. "We've got to catch that giddy monkey before dark."

And the army of lassoes marched off to the assistance of the Terrible Three, who were stalking Mike in the quadrangle.

Mike had scuttled along the ivy on the School House, and reached a low wall, where he chattered and grinned at his pursuers. Tom Merry had rushed off for Taggles' ladder, and planted it against the wall. By the time he mounted it, however, Mike departed for fresh fields and pastures new.

Along the wall he reached the gymnasium, and he climbed to the roof and grinned defiance at the juniors. The ladder was not high enough to reach

the roof of the gymnasium, but a shower of stones drove Mike squealing from his new quarters, and he escaped into a tree. In the branches of the elm he clung on and chattered afresh.

"Come down, Mike! Come here, Micky, old fellow!" implored Tom Merry.

Micky old fellow chattered at a terrific rate, but declined to come down.

"I'll climb the tree," said Tom Merry. "You chaps watch for him, and keep him from getting back to the gym if he dodges me."

"Right-ho!" said Manners and Lowther.

Tom Merry clambered actively into the tree. Mike promptly ascended to the highest branches, and Tom followed him resolutely.

Mike clambered along a branch which was not strong enough to bear the junior's weight, and squatted at the end of it, grinning. It really looked as if the mischievous little brute was enjoying the chase, and was determined to keep it up for the fun of the thing. Tom Merry sat astride of the branch where it joined the trunk, and coaxed Mike to come to him. But Mike turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer.

Just then the lassoes arrived on the scene.

"It's all wight, deah boy!" called out Arthur Augustus. "We're goin' to wope him in for you. It's all wight!"

"I reckon you'd better leave it to me," said Buck Finn.

D'Arcy shook his head.

"Bettah leave it to me, deah boy! I've pwactised a good deal with the lasso, you know, and I weally think I can manage it."

"Mike won't be so easy to rope in as Kildare," grinned Blake.

"Accidents will happen, deah boy. Stand cleah!"

"You bet!" grinned Buck Finn. "I reckon I'm going to stand jolly clear while you handle the riata."

The juniors crowded back as D'Arcy swung the coiled rope round his head.

Whiz!

The lasso flew, and the rope uncoiled, and the noose settled over Tom Merry's neck.

Arthur Augustus dragged excitedly at the rope.

"Got him! Help me dwag him in, deah boys—"

"Ow! Help! Murder! Help!"

Tom Merry clung desperately to the branch. The juniors rushed at D'Arcy and forced him to slacken his efforts, or it really looked as if he would have succeeded in dragging Tom Merry's head off.

"You dangerous ass!" spluttered Blake. "Are you trying to hang Tom Merry?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus, putting up his eyeglass and surveying the unfortunate captain of the Shell in great surprise. "Tom Merry has got his head into the lasso! What have you done that for, Tom Mewwy?"

"I—I'll show you in a minute," panted Tom Merry.

"I was twyin' to lasso your minah, not you, Mewwy majah. I must say it was wathah clumsy of you to get your silly head into the wope."

"Hold him till I get down," said Tom Merry sulphurously.

"Weally, deah boy—"

Tom Merry succeeded in getting his head out of the lasso. Then he slid down the trunk of the elm. He had forgotten the monkey for the moment. The

pressing need he felt just then was to get to close quarters with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Sowwy, deah boy," said D'Arcy, as the Shell fellow clambered down. "I'll twy again, and if you don't put your clumsy head in the way, pcwwaps I shall get your minah this time. I say—look here—bai Jove—ow!"

Tom Merry grasped the lasso and coiled it into a bunch and started on Arthur Augustus, using it not as a lasso, but as a weapon of assault. The swell of St. Jim's roared and dodged.

"You uttah ass! Stoppit! Chuckit! Yah! Leave off! Dwag him away, deah boys! He's spoiling my jacket! Yah! Bai Jove—ow! Ow!"

Whack, whack, whack!
"Bai Jove! He's dotty!" shrieked Arthur Augustus, hopping about frantically in his wild efforts to avoid the slashes of the coiled rope. "Dwaggimoff! Gweat Scott!"

And the swell of St. Jim's fairly ran. After him went Tom Merry, still slashing away with the coiled rope, and the swell of St. Jim's ran and roared, while the juniors under the elm-tree rocked with laughter.

CHAPTER 7. Lynch Law!

TOM MERRY came back, panting. He found the juniors in convulsions.

Mike, in the meantime, had dropped from the branch and scuttled away, and had vanished from sight. Tom Merry was looking very red, and a little cross.

"Where's that blessed monkey?" he demanded, staring up into the tree.

"He's gone, I think!" sobbed Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, these minors!"

"Where's Gussy?" asked Figgins, who had joined in the hunt with a crowd of New House fellows, all eager for the fun.

"He's locked himself in his study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to cackle at. Where's that blessed monkey? He's got to be caught!"

The search for the elusive Mike recommenced. He was spotted on the school wall, and half a dozen lassoes were launched at him, and got considerably mixed with one another. Mike grinned, and scuttled along the wall, and reached the roof of Taggles' lodge. The juniors gathered round the lodge, and some of them climbed on the wall to cut off Mike's escape that way. Taggles came out, with a frowning brow.

"Wot's all this 'ere?" he demanded.

"Tom Merry's minor is on your roof!" exclaimed Talbot.

"I won't have you young raskils climbing on my lodge!" declared Taggles. "I'll report yer! I'll—Oh lor!"

The monkey, from the roof of the lodge, had reached down and clawed Taggles' hat from his head. Taggles jumped as his ancient tile vanished.

"Who's grabbed my 'at?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's Tom Merry's minor!"

"I'll report 'im!" roared Taggles.

"I won't 'ave it! I'll report—Oh lor! It's a monkey!" he gasped, as he caught sight of Mike on the roof, clutching the ancient hat.

"Come down, Mike!" shouted Tom Merry.

Chatter, chatter, chatter!

Whiz, whiz, whiz! went the lassoes. They did not settle over Mike's elusive head, but they whacked upon him on all

sides, and Mike squealed and fled. The hat came rolling to the ground, and Mike took refuge on the chimney-pot. He soon found that coign of vantage a little too warm, however, and squealed and scuttled off it.

He slithered away from the lodge and clambered on the old stone arch of the gateway. As the juniors rushed to pursue him there, he dropped into the road, and hopped away across it towards the hedge.

There was a sudden shout from a man who was slouching along the lane. He made a run at the monkey.

"Mike! Come 'ere!"

Mike heard the dreaded voice of his old master, and stopped, shivering. The man sprang at him and grasped him, and then turned a glare of defiance on the crowd of juniors who were streaming out of the gateway.

"Got 'im!" he yelled triumphantly. "Now, you git 'im if you can!"

And the ruffian dashed down the lane at top speed, clutching the trembling Mike.



"The rotter!"
"He's stolen the monkey!"
"After him!"

The juniors ran in hot pursuit. But Mike's owner was running hard; he did not mean to part with his prize after recapturing him so unexpectedly.

Tom Merry & Co. ran their hardest and kept pace with him, but they could not gain. Down the lane they went at a rush, heading for the village.

Tom Merry gritted his teeth. Once within the walls of the Green Man, the man would be safe from pursuit, and the monkey would be lost for ever. And then the cruelty of the ruffian would have free play upon his helpless victim.

"Hold on!" muttered Buck Finn. "I reckon I can do it! Stand clear!"

The American junior lifted his hand with the lasso in it.

Whiz!

The long rope flew and uncoiled in the air.

Down came the noose, settling with deadly exactness over the head of the running man.

Buck gave a yell of triumph.

"Roped in, by thunder!"

Mike's owner gave a yell, too—of surprise and terror. He did not know what had caught him. But he was caught; the tautening of the rope dragged him suddenly backwards, and he bumped

heavily upon the hard, unsympathetic ground.

"Yow! Ow!"

The rush of the juniors overwhelmed him before he could struggle to his feet. Mike had fallen from his grasp as he sprawled, and the monkey flew at once to Tom Merry's shoulder, as if to his natural protector. And Tom Merry took a firm grip upon his collar. He did not mean to give Mike a chance of getting away again.

The ruffian sat up and swore. He had a fine flow of language, and the language he used was lurid enough to turn the atmosphere purple.

"I reckon I'll stop that!" chuckled Buck Finn. "We'll lynch him!"

"Wha-at!"

"Hanging's too good for him," said Manners; "and it's against the law here, Finny, whatever it may be out in Arizona."

"I reckon we'll lynch him, all the same."

Buck Finn threw the end of the rope over a branch that overhung the road.

"Now, hang on it, all together!" he commanded.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg!"

As the noose was tight round the ruffian's body, and not round his neck, there was no danger to him in lynching him, as Finn suggested. The juniors piled their weight on the rope, and Mike's old master was dragged struggling into the air.

He swung to and fro six feet from the ground, spinning round at the end of the rope, struggling wildly and spluttering.

The juniors surrounded him, giving him an occasional push to keep him in motion.

"Lemme down!" spluttered the ruffian. "Ow, ow, ow! I'm 'urt! Ow! Perlice!"

"Serves you right, you scoundrel!" said Tom Merry.

"You won't be let down till you've promised to be a good boy!" said Jack Blake, giving the ruffian a playful dig in the ribs. "Are you sorry for using those naughty words?"

"I'll—I'll—"

"Are you sorry?"

"No!" roared the man. "I'll out yer! I'll—"

"Fasten the rope, and leave him there!" said Blake.

"Hear, hear!"

"I—I say, you let me down!" exclaimed the ruffian, in alarm. "I can't 'ang 'ere! Lemme down!"

"Are you sorry?" said Blake sternly.

"No—yes! Yes!"

"Will you promise to be a good boy?"

"Ow! Yes!" gasped the man, with a murderous glare, which did not say much for the sincerity of his promise.

"And you'll promise not to try to steal the monkey again?"

"Steal 'im!" spluttered Mike's unhappy owner. "Why, he's mine! He—"

"Will you promise not to steal him?"

"Ow! Yes!"

"Then you can come down!"

The rope was released suddenly. The man bumped into the road, and roared. Buck Finn loosened the lasso, and detached it.

"Now you can vamoose the ranch!" said Buck Finn. "If you ain't lighted out in one second, you go into the ditch!"

The one second was enough for the ruffian. He went down the road at frantic speed. And the grinning juniors returned to the school, Mike safe upon Tom Merry's shoulder.

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CHAPTER 8.

Attempted Burglary!

GR-R-R-R-R!
Bow-wow-wow!
Tom Merry sat up in bed in the Shell dormitory in the School House.

It was past midnight, and St. Jim's was fast asleep. But the silence of the night was broken by the voices of the dogs, and Tom Merry, as he sat up and rubbed his drowsy eyes, distinguished the deep, fierce growling of Herries' bulldog, and the loud, sharp barking of Pongo, Wally D'Arcy's mongrel.

The shed where the pets were kept was at some distance from the School House; but in the silence of the night the sounds were quite audible—too audible, in fact. They had awakened Tom Merry, and the yawn from Monty Lowther's bed showed that he was awake, too.

"Blessed row those beasts are making to-night!" growled Lowther.

"It's queer!" said Tom Merry. "Towser is generally quite quiet, and Pongo has been taught not to bark at night."

"Your blessed minor worrying them, perhaps. He stole a bone from Pongo this evening. He is at his tricks again."

Bow-wow-wow-wow!

"It may be Mike, but he's chained in his box," said Tom Merry. "He couldn't get near the dogs, Monty."

"Perhaps they don't like his niff," grunted Lowther. "Mike wants a lot more washing before he'll be pleasant at close quarters."

"I wonder—"

"Hallo, where are you going?" demanded Monty Lowther, as he heard Tom Merry slipping out of bed.

"I'm going to see what's the matter." "Oh, rot! You'll get into a row if you're found out of doors, and somebody else may come down to see what the dogs are making that row for."

"I'll risk it. It might be that ruffian again."

"Hold on a minute. I'll come with you. If that ruffian's there, you don't want to tackle him alone. I'll call Manners."

"I'm awake, ass!" came Manners' voice. "Do you think I can sleep with the dogs barking in one ear, and silly asses jawing in the other?"

And Manners turned out of bed.

From the distance, the growling and the barking came almost without interruption.

The Terrible Three dressed themselves hurriedly. Several other fellows in the dormitory had awakened, and probably in the other dormitories, too. Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther stole out into the passage on tiptoe, and descended the stairs. The house was very silent. If anyone else had been awakened by the barking, he had not yet turned out to investigate the cause of it. The three juniors reached the Lower Hall, and Tom Merry undid the fastenings of the window.

"Hold on a minute," murmured Lowther. "If we're going burglar-hunting, we'd better take something with us."

"There's Railton's stick in the stand," whispered Manners.

"And Lathom's gamp."

The juniors chuckled, and despoiled the hall stand. Tom Merry took Mr. Railton's heavy walking-stick, Manners the Fourth Form master's umbrella, and Lowther Mr. Linton's umbrella. Thus armed, the juniors dropped into the quadrangle and hurried round the House.

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The Terrible Three came in sight of the shed, wrapped in darkness, and looming up dimly. The door was open, and in the doorway they caught a glimpse of a slinking form. A low, hoarse voice came to their ears:

"Good dog! Good doggie! Oh, you blighted beast, I wish I could get a lick at you with this 'ere cudgel, I'd stop your yowling! Good doggie!"

The juniors recognised the voice.

"It's Mike's owner!" murmured Lowther.

"We'll capture him," whispered Manners. "He ought to be put in prison—attempted burglary, you know."

"Attempted kidnapping, you mean!" grinned Lowther. "It's kidnapping to take away Merry's minor."

"Shurrup, ass!"

"But, I say, you can't charge a chap for trying to take his own monkey," Lowther whispered. "Better give him a hiding."

"Good!" said Tom Merry.

The juniors advanced.

The man was apparently in a difficulty. He could not get into the shed, of which he had succeeded in picking the padlock, without passing the bulldog. Towser was on a long chain, which enabled him to guard the entrance. Pongo was chained out of reach, and he could not get at the intruder, and was apparently barking away merely for the fun of the thing.

"Now!" whispered Tom Merry.

The juniors made a sudden rush.

The man gave a sharp yelp of surprise and was dragged back heavily to the ground. His cudgel was yanked out of his hand before he had a chance to use it.

Monty Lowther caught it, and sent it whirling over the nearest wall with a swing of his arm.

"Here we are again!" he said cheerfully.

Mike's master was on the ground, and Tom Merry's knee was planted on his chest, and he wriggled and struggled in vain.

"Now, what are you doing here?" said Tom sternly.

"Ang yer, I'm after my monkey!"

"You are a burglar!"

"I ain't a burglar! I defy yer to charge me with burglary," howled Mike's master. "I'm 'ere arter my monkey, wot is my property!"

"Now look here," said Tom Merry. "I'll repeat my offer of giving you a quid for the monkey. Otherwise you'll get a hiding for coming here. Take your choice."

"I ain't selling that monkey. It's valuable."

"Then you'll be handed over to the police. Get a rope, you chaps, and we'll tie him up and ask Mr. Railton to telephone the nearest police-station."

"Ere, you 'old on!" muttered Mike's owner in alarm. "I'll go away quiet."

"Will you sell the monkey?"

The man hesitated. It was evident that he would have sold whole forests of monkeys rather than make any closer acquaintance with the police. A cunning gleam shot into his little ferret eyes.

"You'll let me go if I do?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then 'and over the quid, and he's yours!"

"Hold on, Tom!" muttered Manners, as the captain of the Shell fumbled in his pocket. "The villain means to take the money, and steal him afterwards."

Tom Merry laughed.

"I know he does. But I'm going to pay for the monkey so as to have the right to keep him. You fellows are witnesses that I've bought him."

"Good egg!"

Tom Merry made up the pound with a ten-shilling note of his own, and a loan of five shillings from each of his chums. The man took the money and slipped it into his pocket. He was allowed to rise to his feet.

"Now we'll see you off the premises," said Tom Merry. "The monkey's mine, and if you try to touch him again, I'll give you in charge."

"You wait," muttered the ruffian.

The juniors marched him to the school wall, and he clambered over it and dropped into the road. Lowther yawned portentously.

"Bed now—hey?" he said.

"Wait a bit. I've got to get Mike."

"What on earth for?"

"That rotter will come back in an hour or two and try again," said Tom Merry. "Towser may not keep him out next time. The monkey isn't safe there."

"But what are you going to do with him?"

"Take him into the dorm."

"Oh crumbs!"

Tom Merry fetched Mike from the shed and came back with the monkey on his shoulder. The Terrible Three returned into the house, Tom Merry carefully fastening the window after them. They made their way back to the Shell dormitory quietly.

"Found anything?" yawned Talbot as they came in.

"Yes. That rotter was trying to get my monkey."

"Your monkey?" chuckled Talbot.

"My monkey now. I've bought him and paid for him. We gave the rotter a quid."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chatter, chatter, chatter, from Mike.

"Have you got the little beast there?" exclaimed Talbot, sitting up in bed and blinking through the darkness.

"Yes; he's safe here."

"Pets aren't allowed in the House," grinned Talbot. "He won't be so safe when the prefects find him in the morning!"

"Well, Dane's allowed to keep a silly parrot in his study, so I don't see why I shouldn't have a monkey in mine. I shall ask the Head."

"He can't refuse to let you have your own minor in your study," came Gore's voice.

"Oh rats!"

And Tom Merry chained Mike to the leg of his bedstead, and turned in.

CHAPTER 9.

Making Himself at Home!

MIKE was sleeping quite comfortably the next morning when the rising-bell clanged out and roused the juniors.

Tom Merry sat up in bed and regarded the monkey. Whether Mike's old master had returned to the shed or not the previous night, the monkey was quite safe. And Mike had made himself very comfortable during the night. He had scouted round to the length of his chain on all sides, and collected up the clothes of the Shell fellows from all the chairs within reach. With the trousers, jackets, waistcoats, and other articles crumpled in a heap under him, Mike was sleeping the sleep of the just.

"Oh, my hat!" Tom Merry ejaculated.

"Hallo! Where are my bags?" exclaimed Lowther.

"And mine?" howled Manners.

"My clobber's vanished!" roared Gore. "What silly ass has been playing tricks with my clobber?"

"I'm afraid it's Mike," said Tom

ruefully. "He's got mine, too. They're not damaged—only a bit crumpled."

"Only a bit crumpled!" yelled Gore, as he dragged his clothes away from under Mike, sending the monkey sprawling and squealing. "Look at this! My jacket's covered with hairs, and my bags—look at them!"

"Sorry!"
"Sorry! I'll make your minor sorry!" howled Gore, picking up a boot and hurling it at the offender.

Tom Merry struck up his arm just in time, and the boot whirled away in another direction. It was said that every bullet has its billet, and certainly that boot found one. A loud yell from Talbot announced where the boot had fallen. He jumped out of bed holding his head with both hands.

"Ow! Yow! Who chuckled that boot at me?" he roared.

"Sorry!" gasped Gore. "I meant it for the other monkey. I mean—"

"Chuckling it at a monkey, were you?" demanded Talbot, grasping the boot.

"Yes. You see—"

"Then I'll do the same!"

Whiz! Gore caught the boot on his chin, and sat down on the floor of the dormitory. He jumped up in a fury and ran at Talbot, and they grasped one another and pommelled furiously.

"Lot of excitement over nothing," remarked Tom Merry. "Mike, old man, you shouldn't do that. Gerroff my clothes."

Talbot and Gore separated, both of them looking somewhat damaged. Gore made a rush towards the monkey, but Tom Merry interposed.

"Hands off," he said quietly.

"He's mucked up my clothes!" yelled Gore.

"Well, he didn't know any better.

I'm going to teach him to behave himself. Now, let him alone, Gore, or there will be a row."

Gore thought better of it. Mike was chattering away at a great rate, and at Gore's threatening aspect, he jumped to Tom Merry's shoulder, a place he had evidently learned was the safest of places for him. Gore turned away, growling.

"Get down, Mike, you beast!" said Tom Merry. "Leggo my hair!"

He sat the monkey on the bed and dressed himself. His clothes were so crumpled and hairy that he took fresh garments from his box to dress in. His everyday Etons required a good deal of brushing. Mike sat on the bed and regarded him with his curiously intelligent eyes as he dressed.

"Hallo, look at that blessed monk!" yelled Lowther, all of a sudden.

All eyes were turned on Mike, and there was a roar of laughter. Imitation is the strongest characteristic in a monkey, and Mike was no exception to the rule. He had taken up Tom Merry's discarded trousers, and was pulling them on as he had seen Tom Merry do. They were too long for him, and they trailed on the floor under him, as he stood in them. But Mike was easily satisfied. He was putting on the waistcoat now, which met twice round him easily.

Tom Merry laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. The aspect of the monkey was irresistibly comic.

"Mike, you boulder, let those things alone," gasped Tom Merry, and he yanked the clothes off the monkey, and threw them into his box.

When the juniors were ready to go down, Mike jumped on Tom Merry's shoulder as he made for the door. He refused to budge, in spite of Tom's persuasions.

"He wants to go down with you," chuckled Manners. "Touching thing—family affection."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't shove your minor like that, Tom Merry!" shouted Grundy. "Don't bully your minor, Merry major!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I suppose he's got to go down with me," said Tom Merry. "My hat! I'm beginning to think that Mike will be more trouble than he's worth. He can't come into the Form-room, anyway."

The juniors shrieked at the idea. They could imagine Mr. Linton's face at the introduction of a monkey into the solemn precincts of the Shell Form Room.

Tom Merry went downstairs with the monkey on his shoulder. There was a general yell from the fellows who saw him.

"Here they come—major and minor!"

"So that's your minor, Tom Merry?" grinned Kildare.

"That's my monkey," said Tom Merry.

"You mustn't have him in the House, you know."

"Don't turn Merry minor out of doors, Kildare," implored a dozen voices.

"His major will miss him."

"Shut up!" roared Tom Merry. "I say, Kildare, there's a rotter who's been trying to steal my monkey, and I'm going to ask Mr. Railton to let me keep him in the study. He's a jolly nice monkey, you know, and won't give any trouble."

"Well, you can ask Mr. Railton," said Kildare, laughing.

Tom Merry went at once to the House-master's study. Mr. Railton was not there, but Tom Merry found him in the quadrangle. Taggles had drawn his



"All together!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Go!" Mike's master swung through the air. Splash! A big spurt of water rose where the ruffian descended into the river.

attention to the fact that the padlock on the shed had been broken.

"May I speak to you a minute, sir?" said Tom Merry.

"Certainly!" said the School House master, with a curious glance at the monkey.

Tom Merry plunged into the subject at once. He did not conceal anything, but related how he had come into possession of Mike, and what had followed. Mr. Railton's face was very grave as he listened.

"I had to keep him, sir," urged Tom. "That ruffian was half-killing him, and he said he was going to do worse if he got him away."

"H'm!" said Mr. Railton. "I'm afraid it was a somewhat serious step to take the monkey from his owner, Merry. However, you say that the man has accepted a pound for the animal, and sold him to you."

"Yes, sir. Manners and Lowther were witnesses of the transaction."

"Then he no longer has any claim, certainly. If he sold the monkey under pressure—" Mr. Railton coughed. "In that case, he must return the pound if he claims the monkey. Unless he applies to the Head, and returns the money you paid him, Merry, he can have no claim to the animal and you are entitled to keep him."

"Thank you, sir. But—but I'm afraid the brute will try to—ahem!—steal him. May I keep him in my study, sir? I keep him chained, and he can't do any harm. And he's thoroughly good-tempered, and—and a ripping little beast, sir."

Mr. Railton smiled.

"You may keep him in your study for the present, Merry, so long as you take proper care of him there, and do not allow him to become a nuisance."

"I'll take jolly good care of that, sir!"

"Very well, then."

And Tom Merry marched Mike triumphantly into his study in the Shell passage. When the juniors went in to lessons, Mike was left chained in the study. Immediately morning lessons were over the Terrible Three hurried upstairs to see how Mike was getting on in his new quarters. The length of the chain—which had been shortened—allowed him the run of half the study. Mike had made the best use of it.

He was sitting on the floor in the midst of torn papers and books. Mike was evidently not an idle monkey. Whatsoever his hands had found to do, that he had done, and with all his heart. He had gathered up a cushion, the hearthrug, and a portion of the study carpet, and ripped them to pieces, and added to the ruin all the books and impot paper he could collect. He was busy upon Lowther's Latin dictionary when the chums of the Shell looked in.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great Scott!"

"That's my dic!" yelled Lowther.

"And my 'Manual of Photography'!" shrieked Manners

"And my 'History of Rome'!" groaned Tom Merry.

"And the cushion—"

"And the carpet—"

Manners seized a cricket stump, and Lowther the poker. Tom Merry ran between them and the cheerful and innocent Mike.

"Hold on, you chaps!"

"I'm going to slaughter him!" roared Lowther.

"Hold on! He doesn't know any better, you know. Perhaps I had better whack him a bit," said Tom Merry ruefully.

fully. "He must learn I suppose. Poor old Mike!"

"Better drown him!" said Manners crossly. "Look at my photography manual!"

"Look at my Latin dic!"

"Well, it won't happen again," said Tom Merry soothingly. "I'll teach him manners."

Tom Merry held the monkey's head close to the torn heap, and gave him a mild cuff. Mike squealed dismally and cowered at his master's feet. Tom Merry's heart smote him.

"Dash it all, I can't whack him!" he said. "Look here, he'll learn to leave things alone in time!"

"And how much is it going to cost us in Latin dictionaries until he learns?" demanded Monty Lowther.

"You can have mine."

"Yours, you ass! There's yours, in bits!"

"Well, it can't be helped. If he does it again, I'll give him another hiding."

"Another hiding!" snorted Lowther. "Do you call that a hiding, fathead? You hardly flicked him!"

"It's hurt his feelings, poor old chap."

"Oh, blow his feelings!" said Lowther crossly. "If he tears up any more of my things, he'll get it in his neck, instead of his feelings."

Mike whimpered, and Tom Merry, instead of giving the monkey the hiding he undoubtedly deserved, found himself soothing the little beast instead. But Mike was very intelligent, and he was very much attached to Tom Merry. Manners and Lowther had to admit that a look of displeasure had more effect upon Mike, when it came from Tom Merry, than any number of whackings would have had. Mike had learned that lesson already, and he did not seek to tear up anything more in the study. When Tom Merry let him off the chain, Mike curled up in the chair and went to sleep.

CHAPTER 10.

Mike Comes to Lessons!

TOM MERRY heard nothing from Mike's former owner during the next few days, and he began to think that he was done with the ruffian. The man was still hanging about Rylcombe, as some of the juniors had seen him engaged in the laborious duty of supporting the corner of the Green Man with his shoulders. But he did not come near St. Jim's.

Meanwhile, Mike was getting on famously.

He had learned not to tear up things, and to leave people's hats on their heads. He regarded Tom Merry's study as his natural home, and he had made a comfortable abiding-place on top of the bookcase. In looking after him, teaching him, and keeping him clean, Tom Merry had a large amount of occupation for his spare time. But Mike was quick to learn, and after a time he would allow himself to be washed and brushed without raising objections.

Tom Merry ventured at last to leave him off the chain. It seemed hard on Mike to be chained up all the time that Tom Merry could not spend with him, and he had grown so well behaved that Tom thought he could trust him.

"We shall find the study a giddy wreck when we come back," Manners prophesied, the first day Mike was left at complete liberty.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"He'll be all right," he asserted. "I never saw an animal learn so quickly."

"Majors don't often take so much

trouble over their minors," Lowther agreed.

"Ass!"

Tom Merry closed the study door when he went down. It did not occur to him that Mike, intelligent as he was, knew how to turn the handle of a door. The juniors went into the Form-room for afternoon lessons, and Tom speedily forgot all about Mike, in the deep interest of Julius Caesar and the Gaelic war.

Mr. Linton was a little cross that afternoon. So Tom Merry was very much on the alert when the Form-master turned a gleaming eye on him.

But just then there came a rattle, at the handle, of the door.

Mr. Linton turned round irritably.

"Come in!" he called out.

The door-handle rattled again, but the door did not open. The juniors glanced in that direction in surprise. If anybody had business in the Form-room, he might have been expected to knock and come in.

Mr. Linton frowned darkly. The idea of anybody venturing to bother him during lessons by rattling the handle of the Form-room door was more than enough to rouse his ire.

He strode to his desk and picked up a cane.

"Come in!" he repeated angrily.

The door-handle rattled once more.

"Who on earth is it?" muttered Kangaroo. "Some silly ass is going to get it in the neck. Look at Linton's chivvy."

The Shell-master's brow was like a thundercloud.

He strode towards the door, grasping the cane.

But before he could reach it the door opened.

A peculiar figure entered.

It looked like a junior, only it was too small to be a human being at all. It was clad in trousers very much turned up, and an Eton jacket that nearly reached the floor behind. Round its neck was a collar at least five or six times too large, and on its head was a silk hat, pushed well back, so as not to engulf the head that was very much too small for it.

Mr. Linton gazed at the apparition speechlessly. From the Shell came a hysterical giggle.

"Mike!"

"Tom Merry minor!"

"Oh, my hat!"

It was Mike. He had taken advantage of his new-found liberty to carry out an idea that had probably been working a long time in his active brain.

The monkey advanced gravely into the Form-room.

Mr. Linton staggered back, the cane dropping from his hand. It was the first time he had seen Mike—and it was a surprising meeting.

"G-g-goodness gracious!" gasped the Form-master.

From the juniors came a wild yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mike!" gasped Tom Merry. "Get out! Oh dear!"

Mike grinned cheerfully, and hopped along to Tom Merry's desk. Monty Lowther gurgled and made room for him, and Mike calmly seated himself on the form beside his master.

Tom Merry had a book in his hand, and Mike promptly picked up a book and held it open, as Tom Merry was doing. He held it upside-down, but that did not matter to Mike. Even Mike, intelligent as he was, could not read Latin, so it did not matter.

Mr. Linton seemed to come out of a dream.

"What—what—what is that?" he spluttered.

"It's Tom Merry's minor, sir!" came a half-dozen replies at once.

"What!"

"It's my monkey, sir," stammered Tom Merry.

"Your—your monkey?"

"Yes, sir. I—I didn't know he would come here. Shall I take him away, sir?" murmured Tom Merry.

Mr. Linton gazed at the monkey. The sight of him in baggy Etons, sitting on the form with the book in his hand, was too much even for the grave and severe master of the Shell. He tried to frown, but he could not, and his severe face gradually relaxed, and he smiled—and the smile became a laugh.

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Linton. "This is—is too absurd! What an extraordinary creature! Surely you did not dress him like that, Merry!"

"No, sir. He watched me dressing the other day, and he's learned to do it by himself. He must have got the clothes out of my box in the dorm," said Tom Merry ruefully.

"Dear me! You had better take him away, Merry."

But Mike, in spite of his training, had not wholly learned the lesson of obedience, apparently. He clung to the desk, and declined to budge; and when Tom Merry jerked him off, he skipped away, and darted to the easel supporting the blackboard, and climbed to the top of it. Tom Merry paused in dismay. Mike chattered away at a great rate at the top of the easel out of reach.

Mr. Linton laughed heartily.

"Never mind, Merry," he said. "He will do no harm there. You may leave

him, and take him away after lessons, but you must take care he does not come into the Form-room again."

"Oh, certainly, sir," said Tom Merry. And he went back to his place—considerably uneasy in his mind as to what Mike's next antic might be.

The lesson proceeded, Mike remaining an interested spectator on top of the easel.

Presently, finding himself undisturbed, he hopped down, and sat in a more comfortable posture on the Form-master's desk. Then he blinked and grinned at the juniors, disturbing their gravity considerably.

Mr. Linton, who was expounding Roman history just then, did not notice him. He had his back to Mike. But the juniors were looking directly towards him, and they could not help seeing the monkey's antics.

Mike was imitating every movement of the Form-master.

When Mr. Linton raised a hand, Mike raised a paw—when he opened his book, Mike opened his book—when he talked, Mike chattered. Mr. Linton had a way of moving to and fro, his gown rustling behind him, when he was expounding a subject. Mike hopped down off the desk and, keeping in the wake of the Shell-master, moved to and fro after him.

The sight was so utterly ridiculous that the juniors suddenly burst into a roar of laughter.

Mr. Linton started. He did not understand for a moment. Certainly, Roman history was not a laughing matter!

Then he spun round and saw Mike.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mike, encouraged by the laughter, strutted up and down, holding the book

with his right paw, and making gestures with his left.

"G-g-goodness gracious!" gasped Mr. Linton, turning quite purple. "What—what—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Merry, take that absurd animal out of the Form-room at once!" exclaimed Mr. Linton in a thunderous voice.

Tom Merry pounced upon Mike, and dragged him squalling out of the Form-room.

He returned a few minutes later, having locked Mike in the study, and resumed his place. But it was in vain that Mr. Linton endeavoured to restore the proper gravity of the class. The juniors persisted in breaking out into hysterical giggles every few minutes. They could not help it. Every gesture of Mr. Linton recalled the antics of Mike, the monkey, and they simply could not keep serious.

By the time the Shell were dismissed they had earned quite a rich crop of lines, but, as Lowther said tearfully, it was worth it. And after lessons the juniors visited Mike in the study, and fed him on nuts till he could eat no more.

CHAPTER 11.

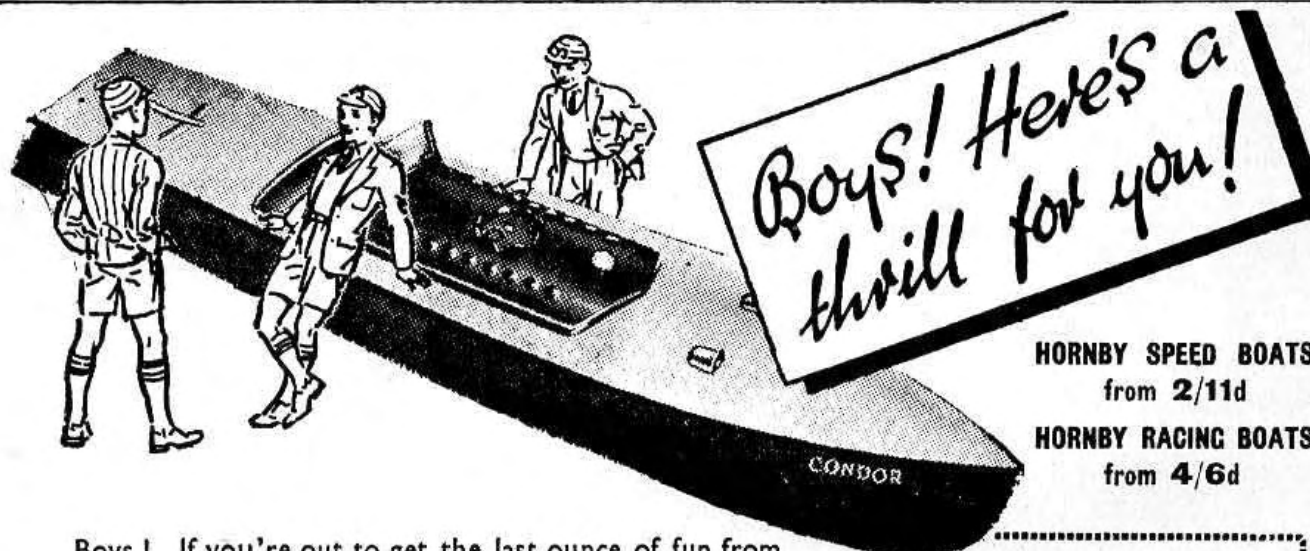
A Mysterious Disappearance!

"I WEALLY do not approve of jokes of this sort."

Thus Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth.

Blake, Herries, and Digby, who were doing their preparation in Study No. 6, a few days after that peculiar incident in the Form-room, raised their heads.

(Continued on next page.)



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and looked inquiringly at their elegant chum.

"Hallo! Who's been pulling your noble leg now?" demanded Blake. "Have you been trying the lasso again, and getting walloped?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Or has Tom Merry's minor borrowed your topper—remarkably how like you he looks in a topper, isn't it?" Blake said reflectively.

"I wefuse to weply to such a fwivolous wemark, Blake. I wepeat that I do not appwove of jokes of this sort."

"What sort, fathhead?" asked Herries.

"I wefuse to be called a fathhead. Suppose you should lose it, or bweak it?" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy asked indignantly.

His chums regarded him with an expression of bewilderment that almost amounted to idiocy.

"Lose it!" murmured Herries.

"Break it!" said Digby.

"Lose or break a joke," said Blake.

"How can you lose or break a joke? Are you going right off your silly rocker? Quite dotty?"

"I was not alludin' to the joke, you silly chumps! I was alludin' to my watch."

"Your watch?"

"Anything happened to your watch?" yawned Blake. "I believe I noticed once that you had a watch."

"You uttah ass! You know vewy well that I had a wippin' gold tickah that my patah gave me one birthday. You are perfectly aware—"

"Well, what's the matter with it?" demanded Blake. "Won't it go?"

"It has gone."

"Gone! Well, watches were made to go," said Blake, comfortingly. "Your watch has simply fulfilled its destiny. No good crying over spilt milk or gone watches. Shut up, and let's do our prep."

"I wefuse to do anything of the sort. I wequire my watch, and therefore it must be weturned to me. I wepeat that I do not appwove of these jokes. A chap's toppah or his tickah ought to be wespacted."

"Quite dotty," murmured Herries. "Let him run on."

"I wefuse to be wegard as dottay; and I insist upon my watch bein' weturned at once by whichevah of you boundahs has hidden it."

"Oh!" said Blake. "I underconstumble at last. You've lost your watch?"

"I left it here when I changed my waistcoat," said D'Arcy. "I left it lyin' on the table. One of you silly, wottahs has hidden it, of course. I do not weally wegard that as a joke. I wegard it as asinine."

"For goodness' sake produce his watch, or he'll run on all night," said Blake plaintively. "Blessed if he isn't worse than Tom Merry's gramophone. Give him his watch, and he may dry up in the course of time."

"I haven't got his silly old watch," said Herries.

"And I haven't, either," said Digby.

"Ass!" said Blake. "We don't know anything about your watch. If it's been hidden, the joker has come along the passage and done it. Go and look for it. You were jawing the other day about your wonderful powers as a giddy Sexton Blake. Go and track down the watch."

"Weally, Blake—"

"A jolly good idea," said Digby heartily. "When you see the thief you can tell by the colour of his whiskers

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whether he likes fried onions—and then you can trail him down by the smell of onions. That's how Sexton Blake does it."

"Weally, Dig—"

"Run away and look for your watch, Gussy!" implored Blake. "It may have taken a stroll along the passage. It may have jumped out of the window. Every watch has a spring in it, you know."

"If you fellows assuah me that you have not played any silly twick with my tickah—"

"Upon my word and honour as a man and a brother," said Blake solemnly.

"These hands," said Herries, holding them up for inspection—"these hands have not lighted upon thy watch, I swear it by my halidom! The only hands that have been upon thy watch are the hands provided by the watchmaker!"

"Jamaï!" said Digby, with equal solemnity. "Jamaï je n'ai touche votre montre. Shall I put it in Latin?"

"I wegard you as thwee silly asses!" said Arthur Augustus witheringly. "But I suppose it was some othah silly ass who has hidden my watch. I will go and inquiah aftah him—"

"Hurrah!"

"And when I discovah him, I considah that I had bettah give him a feahful thwashin'."

And Arthur Augustus marched wrathfully out of the study.

It was true, as Blake had said, that watches were made to go, but Arthur Augustus did not like his famous gold ticker going in this manner. And he inquired after it up and down the whole length of the Fourth Form passage.

But nobody seemed to know anything about the watch.

Levison, indeed, suggested that D'Arcy had omitted to pay the instalment due upon it, and that the hire-purchase firm had taken it back, a suggestion which was received with yells of laughter by the other juniors, and which very nearly caused a case of assault and battery.

But the watch was not to be found.

Arthur Augustus went farther afield, and inquired of the Shell fellows after the missing ticker. But the Shell knew nothing of it. The Terrible Three were doing their preparation with Mike sitting on the bookcase and watching them solemnly, when the swell of St. Jim's looked in.

"Have you seen my watch, deah boys?" asked D'Arcy.

"Certainly!" said Lowther.

"Bai Jove, that's wippin'!" exclaimed D'Arcy, in great relief. "I was beginnin' to think it was lost for good. Where did you see it, Lowtah?"

"In your hand," explained Lowther blandly.

"Wha-a-t!"

"You told me the time by it this morning, you remember."

"You uttah ass! This is not a time for wotten jokes. I left my watch on the table in my study, and it has disap-
peahed."



Whiz! The lasso flew from D'Arcy's hand and the noose settled over Tom Merry's neck instead of Mike's. "Ow! Help!" gasped Tom, clinging desperately to the branch.

"I hope you're taking care of the ticket," said Lowther seriously.

"The ticket! What ticket?"

"When a chap's watch disappears, he generally gets a ticket in exchange. If you don't take care of the ticket, you won't be able to get the watch out again."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You feahful ass!" shouted Arthur Augustus. "If you insinuate that I have pawned my beastly watch, I—"

"Then you haven't?" asked Lowther, in surprise.

"Of course I haven't, you fwightful chump! Some sillay ass has taken my watch off my study table and hidden it for a wotten joke. I am twyin' to find out what sillay ass it was. I thought it might be one of you chaps."

"Thanks," said Tom Merry, laughing. "But there's only one silly ass in this study—and he's only just come."

"Then you haven't seen anythin' of my watch?"

"Not a hide nor a hair."

"It may have rolled away somewhere," Lowther suggested.

"Wats! How could it wolla away?"

"Well, rolled gold would naturally roll, I suppose—"

"You silly chump, it was not wolla gold!" shrieked Arthur Augustus. "I wefuse to discuss that mattah with you any furthah."

And he retired from the study and closed the door with a slam; and the chums of the Shell chuckled and went on with their preparation.

Arthur Augustus' next visit was to the Third Form Room. It was hardly possible that a mere fag would have had the audacity to play jokes on the elegant Arthur Augustus; but he left no stone unturned in his inquiry.

Wally & Co., however, knew nothing of the watch, and all the inquiries were fruitless. They had one effect, however—to acquaint the whole of the School House with the fact that Arthur

Augustus' famous gold ticker was missing, and that whoever had removed it from his study declined to own up and produce it. And when bed-time came, and the watch was still missing, a somewhat unpleasant effect was produced.

To hide a watch for a joke was foolish enough; but to take it away and refuse to give it back to the owner when he inquired after it, laid the joker under the suspicion of intending to keep the article. In other words, it began to look as if D'Arcy's gold ticker had been stolen.

When Kildare, the head prefect, saw lights out in the Fourth Form dormitory, he referred to the matter. It had reached his ears by that time.

"I understand that your watch is missing, D'Arcy?" he said.

"Yaas," said D'Arcy.

"How did you lose it?"

"I didn't lose it, deah boy. I left it on my study table after changin' a waistcoat. You see, I was twyin' on a new waistcoat—"

"You should not be so careless with

"Wathab not."

"Then what's become of the watch?" asked Levison, who had a marked taste for anything in the nature of a scandal, and was more disposed to stir up trouble than to allow it to settle down. "Somebody must have taken it."

"I suppose you didn't take it, Levison, deah boy?"

"I?" yelled Levison.

"Yaas. What I mean is, you are the biggest wascal in the House, you know," Arthur Augustus explained innocently. "If anybody turned out to be a dishonest wottah, I pwesume it would be you. You admit that, I suppose?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you—you idiot!" spluttered Levison furiously.

"I wefuse to be called an idiot. I was only statin' a fact, and all the fellows will beah out that you are more likely than anybody else to do a dirtay twick."

"Hear, hear!"

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

As the watch was stolen in Study No. 6, it's up to that study to explain what's become of it. And if it doesn't turn up, the fellows will want Blake, or Herries, or Digby to explain.

"What!" roared Blake. "I'm only statin' a fact, and all the fellows will beah me out!" chuckled Levison, in imitation of Arthur Augustus' remark.

"I won't bear you out—I'll kick you out, if you say anything like that again, ye spalpeen!" growled Reilly.

"Shut up, Levison!"

"Rotten! Dry up!"

Levison "dried up"—he was content to do so. His poisonous suggestion had been made, and it would bear fruit, he knew that. When the fellows came to think about it, they would naturally regard it as the business of Study No. 6 to explain what had become of the watch, since it was in that study that it had disappeared. And the chums of that famous study settled themselves to sleep in an uncomfortable frame of mind.

CHAPTER 12.

A Dog With a Bad Name!

THE next morning Arthur Augustus found that the disappearance of his watch was the one topic in the School House.

As a subject of conversation among the juniors, it surpassed even the forthcoming cricket match with Greyfriars.

All the House knew how it had happened, and when it had happened. Mr. Railton, the Housemaster, called the four chums of the Fourth into his study after morning lessons, and questioned them.

Arthur Augustus had left the watch and chain on the study table, and ten minutes or so after he had left the study, Blake and Herries and Digby had gone in to do their preparation. They had not seen the watch. It had disappeared during those ten minutes.

Mr. Railton rated the elegant junior soundly for his carelessness. Arthur Augustus listened to him meekly; but

he did not agree with the Housemaster's views.

As he remarked afterwards to Blake, he had a right to suppose that his property was safe in his own study, and it naturally never crossed his mind that there could be a thief in the place. And he did not believe that there was one now. He persisted in his theory that it was a silly practical joke.

"That's all rot," said Blake decidedly. "A joker would have handed back the watch before now. He wouldn't let the matter come before the Housemaster."

"He may have lost it, deah boy, and may be afraid to own up, for feah of bein' supposed to have stolen it," said D'Arcy sagely.

"Rats! How could he lose it? Only you are idiot enough to lose a gold watch!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Somebody's taken it for keeps," said Herries. "It's rotten, but there must be a thief in the place. I suppose it was Levison."

"Bai Joye, that's wathah a wuff thing to say, Hewwies!"

"Well, I don't trust Levison. You know once he imitated Brooke's hand, and got him into a fearful row. That was practically forgery. A fellow who would do that would do anything. Then he's cruel to animals, too."

"A chap might be cwel to animals without being a thief, deah boy."

"I don't know. If a chap's one kind of a rotter, why shouldn't he be another kind of a rotter as well?" demanded Herries. "Towser never liked him. Levison was expelled from Greyfriars for some dirty trick or other. That came out after he had come here, though he kept it a secret at first. If I'd been the Head, I wouldn't have let him stay. You remember that the day he came Towser went for him—wanted to bite him."

"But weally, Hewwies—"

"You can always trust a dog. Dogs know!" said Herries oracularly. "Towser knew that he was a rotter through and through."

"Towser's right there," said Blake thoughtfully. "We know, too, Levison's capable of stealing."

"Bai Jove! It does look wathah black against Levison," said Arthur Augustus. "Of course, as I remarked in the dorm last night, he is natuwallly the chap who would be suspected first. He is certainly a wottah."

"Better wait for some proof before we say anything like that outside the study," said Digby uneasily. "Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him, you know. And Levison is a dog with a bad name, and no mistake! But it's an awfully serious thing to suspect a chap of stealing."

"Yaas; even Levison ought to be given a chance," agreed Arthur Augustus.

"I suppose you're quite sure the watch is really lost?" grunted Blake. "You're ass enough to put it in another pocket and forget all about it."

"I thought of that, deah boy. I've gone through all my pockets and all my boxes and things this mornin'. The watch is weally gone."

"If it doesn't turn up, Railton will very likely send for the police," said Blake, with a shiver. "It will be horrible! The New House rotters will chip us about having a thief in the House, too!"

"Yaas, it's beastly!"

The Terrible Three looked into the study. They were looking serious.

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a valuable watch," said Kildare, frowning. "Leaving such a thing about is tempting a dishonest person to steal."

"Oh, bai Jove! That's wubbish, deah boy!"

"What?" roared Kildare.

"I—I mean it's wubbish to think that there could be a thief in the school, deah boy. I never thought of such a wotten thing for a moment. It is a wotten joke, that's all."

"In that case the joke is being carried too far. Let me know to-morrow whether you have found your watch or not. If not, the Housemaster must be told about it."

"Vewy well, deah boy."

And Kildare put out the lights and left the dormitory frowning.

"My hat!" said Blake in a hushed voice. "It does look rotten, now Kildare puts it that way. There was a thief in the school once—but he was a New House chap, and they expelled him. Nothing of that sort in the School House."

enough now, and even Monty Lowther no longer saw anything humorous in the matter.

"Not found the watch?" asked Tom Merry.

"No, deah boy."

"I've been thinking about it," said Tom abruptly. "There's one chap in the School House that suspicion must fall on, considering his past record."

"Levison?"

"Yes."

"We were just jawing over that," said Blake uncomfortably. "There isn't any proof, but—"

"There's a lot of what a policeman would call circumstantial evidence," said Manners. "Levison is a bad character. If he hadn't the dickens' own luck he would have been expelled long ago for some of his tricks."

"We've been talking it over," said Tom Merry. "If anybody took the watch it was Levison. Mellish isn't much better than Levison, but I don't think he'd do a thing like that; and he hasn't nerve enough. I don't like to be down on a fellow without proof, but if it wasn't Levison, who was it?"

"He was trying last night to throw suspicion on our study," said Blake, frowning.

"Yes; that's what he would do. I was going to suggest that we talk to Levison and put it to him plainly. If he gives the watch back, we'll agree to treat it simply as a jape, and say no more about it. That's better than a disgrace."

"Good egg! We can try, anyway!"

And the chums of the School House looked for Levison. Levison was in the quadrangle, talking to a group of juniors, when they found him. There was a grin of enjoyment on Levison's face. He was speaking on the subject of the purloined watch, and explaining that it was obvious that Study No. 6, or some member thereof, must know what had become of it. He ceased as the Co. came up.

"Go on, Levison!" said Kangaroo of the Shell. "You were just saying—"

"Ahem!" murmured Levison. He did not care to go on with what he had been saying in the presence of the chums of Study No. 6.

"We want to speak to you, Levison!" said Tom Merry abruptly.

"I don't know that I want you to, particularly," yawned Levison. "But you can go ahead. Has the watch been found?"

"Not yet."

"We're affah it, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "We want to speak to you about it. Pway come up to the studay."

"Rats!" said Levison. "If you've got anything to say to me, you can say it here, I suppose? I don't mind the fellows hearing."

"Better come up to the study," said Tom Merry quietly. "We only want to have a jaw with you. It's not a rag, honour bright!"

"Oh, rot! Say what you've got to say, and don't be so mysterious about it!" said Levison. "I'm not afraid of speaking out before the fellows, for one. I don't see what you've got to be afraid of, either!"

"We're not afraid, you ass!" said Blake angrily.

"Looks to me as if you are," sneered Levison. "Out with it!"

"We'll speak out here, if you like," said Tom Merry. "But I warn you it would be better for you to have it in private."

"Rats!"

Tom Merry's eyes flashed.

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"Well, if you want it before all the fellows, you can have it!" he exclaimed. "We want to know what you have done with D'Arcy's watch, Levison."

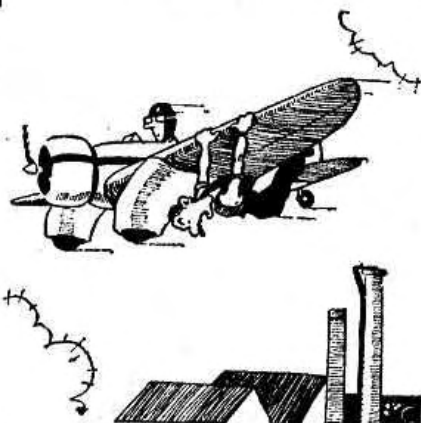
"Wha-a-at!"

"If you like to hand it back now, without any more fuss, D'Arcy is willing to look on the whole matter as a jape, and we'll do our best to make it right with Railton. But it's gone far enough, and you've got to hand over the watch!"

"Yaas, that's how it is, Levison!"

Levison staggered back against the School House wall, his face growing deadly white. For the moment he seemed overwhelmed, and in his white,

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT!



"Funny, but I seem to hear that rude fellow on top of the chimney still shouting at me!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to G. Carr, 27, Northumberland Gardens, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

startled face it seemed to the juniors that conscious guilt was only too clearly written.

CHAPTER 13.

Taken for Granted!

THERE was a grim silence, while Levison gasped for breath.

It was some moments before he found his voice.

"You—you accuse me?" he panted at last.

"I'm not accusing you. We've talked it over, and we've come to the conclusion that you have taken the watch. We're willing to look upon it as a silly jape—one of your rotten tricks—if you hand the watch back. D'Arcy doesn't want to accuse you of stealing it."

"No feah!"

"But the joke, if it is a joke, has gone quite far enough," said Tom Merry. "It's becoming a regular scandal. The New House fellows have got hold of it, and Mr. Railton will be sending for the police, very likely, if it isn't cleared up soon. I know you like causing trouble and worrying people, and stirring up unpleasant things; but I want to warn you that if you do it this time it will mean trouble! If the watch is searched for, and found where you've hidden it, you will be accused of stealing."

"You can't expect anything else," said Blake, with a shake of the head.

Levison panted.

"I've not seen the watch!"

"Oh, rats!"

"Yaas, wats, deah boy! Don't play

the giddy goat. Hand ovah the watch, and we'll agree to call it a joke."

"Better hand it over and own up, Levison," said Kangaroo. "It's the most sensible thing to do, you know."

"You fool, I haven't seen the watch! How can I hand it over when I don't know where it is?" howled Levison.

"Sure, if you didn't take it, who did, intirely?" asked Reilly.

"One of the chaps in Study No. 6 took it, of course! You all know it!" screamed Levison. "Blake or Herries or Digby has it, of course!"

The three juniors named clenched their fists, but Tom Merry interposed.

"Hold on—hold on!"

"Do you think I am going to let that worm call me a thief?" demanded Herries furiously.

"No; but—"

"You're calling me one!" yelled Levison.

"That's different. You are one!"

"Yaas, watah! You see, Levison, you are the only chap in the House who's wotah enough to do such a thing!"

"There are lots of fellows who might have taken it!" exclaimed Levison. "There's Brooke! You all know he's hard up."

"Oh, shut up!" said Tom Merry. "It's no good throwing round rotten accusations. There isn't any actual proof against you, but it's pretty clear that you did it. It's just like you!"

"Exactly like you!" said Blake. "You'll say it was a joke on Gussy when the watch is found in your trousers pocket, or hidden up the chimney in your study. That is, if you don't try to make out that it was Mellish or Blenkinsop or Lumley-Lumley who hid it there, as they share your study. But we shall know what to believe!"

"If you've shoved that stolen watch in my study—" began Levison.

Blake burst into a roar.

"What!"

"Hold on, Blake! I tell you this isn't a matter for punching," said Tom Merry. "It's got to be cleared up. Look here, Levison, if the watch is found, and you say it was a joke on Gussy, nobody will believe you. If you hand it over now, we're willing to drop the whole matter where it stands."

"And that's a jolly good offer!" growled Herries.

"I tell you I don't know anything about the watch," said Levison desperately. "If it's found, it will be found where the thief has hidden it!"

"Yes; and you're the thief!"

Levison cast a wild look round. There was condemnation in every face. Against any other fellow in the school, mere circumstantial evidence would not have been regarded. But Levison, by his own conduct, had prepared this pit for his own feet.

The fellows knew what he had done on previous occasions. This was of a piece with the rest. As for his protestations, they went for nothing. He had protested before, with equal excitement, when he had been proved to be lying. Levison was a dog with a bad name with a vengeance, and he was so false that he could not expect his word to be taken.

"It's some of those rotters have done this, for revenge on me!" he panted at last. "They've planned it among them to get me sacked!"

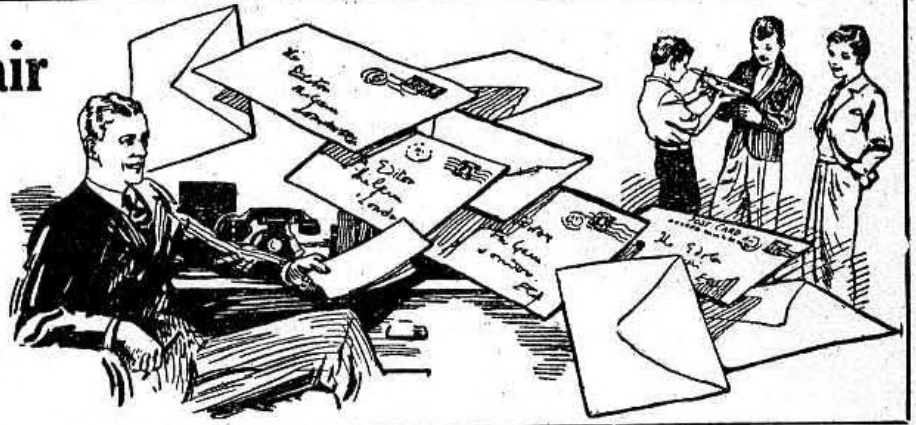
"Bai Jove!"

"No good talking rot like that," said Kangaroo. "We all know that they wouldn't do anything of the sort. What I can't understand is, why you don't own up, now that it's quite clear against you!"

(Continued on page 18.)

The Editor's Chair

Let the Editor be your pal.
Drop him a line to-day,
addressing your letters:
The Editor, The GEM,
Fleetway House, Farring-
don Street, London, E.C.4.



HALLO, Chums!—Since the story of the arrival of Grundy at St. Jim's was published I have had many requests from readers for another yarn about the autocratic George Alfred. I'm not surprised. Such a forceful and humorous character as Grundy was bound to appeal to readers. Certainly he is not the fellow to blush unseen, so to speak, and nothing was more certain than that he would break into the limelight again.

All readers will be pleased to know, therefore, that, in next week's great yarn, he is once more making things hum at St. Jim's. The story is entitled:

"EDITOR GRUNDY!"

Having failed to get his abilities as a cricketer appreciated, George Alfred launches out on a new line—that of an author. He writes a story for "Tom Merry's Weekly," but, much to Grundy's disgust, his efforts at story-writing bring him no more success than his efforts as a cricketer.

So it is that Grundy decides to run a rival weekly at St. Jim's, to provide an outlet for his literary abilities—if any! As an author Grundy is very funny, but as an editor he is a perfect scream!

Readers will roar with laughter when they read how "Grundy's Weekly" is produced. It's Grundy from first page to last—and the spelling—it's simply unique! See that you don't miss next Wednesday's big laughs.

"THE JOKER OF THE REMOVE!"

In the sparkling Greyfriars story in this number Wun Lung's jape on juniors and masters has certainly caused a sensation in the school. But the little Chinese hasn't finished yet. He's full of mischief, and in next week's lively chapters he puts over another great jape on some of the Remove. I won't spoil the fun by telling readers too much about it, but Wun Lung makes his Form-fellows look sick when he's finished with them!

Altogether, this number is full of laughs. If there's any truth in the saying, "laugh and grow fat," I can see Gemites next week growing as fat as Billy Bunter! Meantime, don't forget to order your GEM early.

Now it's time for my weekly budget of

REPLIES TO READERS.

J. Bradthorpe (Leigh-on-Sea).—Johnny Bull will not arrive at Greyfriars for some time. The GEM is nearly a year older than the "Magnet." Yes, there is no doubt that readers of the fair sex are in the minority. Manners' Christian name is Harry.

T. Coles (Swindon).—Yes, the series dealing with Levison's reformation will be appearing in due course. Write to our Back Number Dept., Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, for the issues you want. Some more stories of Talbot are coming along. Bunter was featured in a St. Jim's yarn recently. There are no Housemasters at Greyfriars as the school is not divided into two Houses like St. Jim's. Your joke was not enclosed in your letter.

Miss S. Duguid (Aberdeen).—I am pleased to hear that you have been delighted with the St. Jim's stories since you became a reader. Your nephew did you a good turn when he introduced you to the GEM. I'm sorry, but the list you want would take up too much space. Yes, Ethel Cleveland is D'Arcy's cousin.

R. Silverlock (Plympton, S. Devon).—The first "Toff" series told how Talbot made his advent at St. Jim's. Your joke was not quite suitable. Try again.

P. Rich (Devonport, Devon).—Wingate is 17 years, 11 months. Bulstrode was Remove captain before Harry Wharton. The latter was very self-willed, obstinate, and ill-tempered when he first came to Greyfriars. Nugent's companionship, however, helped Wharton to overcome the foibles in his nature.

W. Clarke (Finsbury).—I am glad to know that the GEM helped so much in reducing your high temperature when you were ill. I hope you are now quite fit again. Sorry I cannot award you half-a-crown. Send along another joke.

G. de Koek (Pretoria, S. Africa).—The "captaincy" series ran to four stories. Tom Merry did not appear in the first GEM. It was not a school story. Jack Blake is the best boxer on points in the Fourth Form. The Greyfriars yarns in the GEM tell of the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. In those days Etons were worn. Tom Merry is the best boxer in the Lower School. He is 16 years old and is 5 feet 5½ inches tall. There are seven Forms and over 200 boys at Greyfriars. I'm sorry I cannot let you have the drawings of the characters you want. Pictures of them are always appearing in the GEM.

N. Abrahamse (Capetown, S. Africa).—I was very surprised to hear that you consider the "captaincy" stories were the worst Martin Clifford has written. On the vote of readers, and in my own opinion, these yarns were among the ten best our author wrote in 1936! And you can take my word for it, Martin Clifford did write them. I am pleased to know you have liked all the 1937 yarns. The Greyfriars stories are very popular with

readers. Your jokes failed to make the Jester smile. Have another shot.

T. Teighe (Poplar, E.14).—Welcome to the ranks of GEM readers! I hope you will always consider the old paper the finest you have ever read. Tom Merry and Manners are 16 years of age; Lowther is 15 years 11 months.

F. Hegarty (Millwall, E.14).—Thanks for your second letter. I answered your first one a few weeks ago.

D. Leece (Douglas, I.O.M.).—I am pleased to hear from you again. Thanks for your suggestion. I will hear it in mind. Kerruish of the Fourth Form hails from the Isle of Man.

R. Davies (Bakewell, Derbyshire).—Yes, send along your autograph album. Mr. Ratcliff is a bachelor. Masters' ages are not disclosed. Glad to hear your father reads the GEM.

Miss M. Mooner (Rhosneigr).—Of course I don't mind readers writing to me. I welcome it. Thanks for your list of the best St. Jim's stories of 1936. The series dealing with Levison's reformation will be coming along. See a previous reply for Tom Merry & Co's ages. Blake and Digby are 15 years 4 months; Herries, 15½ years; D'Arcy and Figgins, 15 years 3 months; Kerr, 15 years 5 months; Wynn, 15 years 4½ months; Gordon Gay, 15½ years.

W. Cleaves (Tonypandy, Glam.).—I'm sorry, but your letter puzzles me. Are you referring to an advertisement which appeared in the GEM?

F. Williams (Auckland, N. Zealand).—Many thanks for your interesting letter. I will certainly consider your suggestion. Kildare is 17 years 8 months; Darrell is two months younger.

H. Dronsfield (Muswell Hill, N.10).—I don't know of any school story papers published in Germany. Write to the German Chamber of Commerce, Shell Mex House, Strand, W.C.2. Pleased to know the GEM affords you welcome relief after your studies.

L. Lyon (Barnsley, Yorks).—Sorry your "Pen Pal" notice hasn't appeared yet. As I have often said, there is a long waiting list. But your notice will be published in its turn. It is a good idea to make a note of characters' ages as they appear. Have another try to win half-a-crown.

R. Davis (East Ham, E.6).—I am glad to hear that as a new reader you like the GEM. There is only one Jameson at St. Jim's. He is in the New House.

P. Campbell (Montreal, Canada).—Dicky Nugent is 13 years old and is in the Third Form. His brother Frank is in the Remove.

That's the lot for this week, chums. Chin, chin!

PEN PALS COUPON
14-8-37

THE EDITOR.
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,539.

"Yaas, wathah! Own up, deah boy!"
 "I've got nothing to own up to. I tell you—"

"Oh rats!"

"Bosh!"

"Rubbish!"

"It will be too late soon," said Tom Merry quietly. "When the matter comes before the Head it will be too late to try to pass it off as a joke."

Levison set his teeth.

"You're welcome to search me if you like, and my study, and all my things!" he exclaimed. "If you find the watch I'll eat it!"

"You mean you've hidden it where it can't be found?"

"Powwaps in some other fellow's box!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus scornfully.

"I haven't—I didn't! I—I—"

"Well, if you choose to let the matter go on you will have to take the consequences!" said Tom Merry. "We've done our best for you. The best thing you can do is to own up now, and save trouble. The Head will suspect you first of all when he knows about it."

"I say, you chaps"—Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth joined the excited group of juniors in the corner of the quadrangle—"I suppose none of you has been borrowing anything out of my study?"

"Oh, gweat Scott! Have you missed a watch, too, deah boy?"

"Not a watch," said Lumley-Lumley.

"But I guess somebody's pinched my pocket-book."

"Anything in it?"

"Only letters. I shouldn't have left it lying in the study, I guess, if there had been any money in it. I'm not a howling ass like Gussy!"

"Weally, Lumlay—"

"But it's a jolly valuable pocket-book, and it cost my pater two guineas," said Lumley-Lumley. "Blessed if I know what a thief could do with it. It's valuable leather, but it's got my monogram stamped on it as large as life, and it couldn't be sold. I've left it in the study often enough, when there was nothing in it. But it's gone now. I just looked for it because I've had a remittance, and I carry banknotes in my pocket-book when I've got any. But it's gone."

"You've searched for it, I suppose?" said Tom Merry, with a troubled look.

"You bet! It's not in the study now, unless—" Lumley-Lumley paused.

"Unless what?"

"Unless Levison may have locked it up in his own desk by way of a joke. He's very fond of playing little jokes of that sort with other fellows' things."

All eyes were turned on Levison again. Levison shared Lumley-Lumley's study, and in the case of D'Arcy's watch, he had himself declared that suspicion naturally turned upon the occupiers of the study when an article was lost. His hasty accusation was another piece of evidence against himself now.

"Well, what have you got to say, Levison?" demanded Tom Merry.

Levison gave a choked cry.

"You rotters! You're putting all this on me to get me into trouble!" he shrieked. "I've got this to say, I'm going to the Head to ask him to investigate."

And Levison rushed excitedly towards the house.

"Gammon!" said Herries contemptuously.

"I guess he's not going to any old Head!" remarked Lumley-Lumley.

But Lumley-Lumley "guessed" wrong. For Levison hurried directly to the Head's study, and Wally of the

Third, who saw him go in, brought out the news to the juniors.

"Sheer check!" said Herries. "Taking the bull by the horns, that's all. He knows the Head will take the matter up, and he wants to have first whack."

And that was the general impression.

CHAPTER 14.

The Discovery!

DR. HOLMES was surprised, and still more displeased, when the excited junior burst into his study, hardly troubling to knock before he entered.

The Head rose majestically to his feet, fixing a severe glance upon the intruder.

"Levison, how dare you—"

Levison panted almost hysterically.

"I had to come to you, sir. They all suspect me—"

"What!"

"D'Arcy has lost his gold watch, and Lumley-Lumley his pocket-book, sir, and the fellows all say I've stolen them!" gasped Levison. "I—I want you to find out who did it."

"Calm yourself!" said the Head quietly. "This is the first I have heard of the matter, Levison. There has been a theft?"

"Yes, sir; and all the fellows say—"

"They suspect you of the theft?"

"Yes, yes. And I—"

"Why do they suspect you?"

"I—I—I—"

"Have the things been found in your possession?"

"No!" shrieked Levison. "They haven't been found at all, sir. They suspect me without an atom of proof."

"Then it can only be from their knowledge of your character, Levison."

"I—I—I— It's not fair, sir. I don't know anything about the matter. I haven't seen the things. I believe it's a plot against me—"

"Nonsense!"

"I'm innocent, sir. I—"

"I hope you are innocent, Levison," said the Head coldly. "I cannot, however, forget your past conduct. If a theft has been committed, it is only natural that your schoolfellows should suspect you, Levison, after what you have done, and the record you have earned for yourself in the House. However, you shall have justice. I promise you that."

"That's all I want, sir."

"You shall have it. I will investigate the matter immediately."

The Head rang and sent for Mr. Railton. The School House master came into the study looking very grave.

"Levison tells me that thefts have been committed in the House, and that the boys suspect him, Mr. Railton," said Dr. Holmes.

Mr. Railton coughed.

"I must say, sir, that my own thoughts turned upon Levison," he said. "He is the only boy in the House whose character—ahem!—justifies such a suspicion."

"I'm innocent!" gasped Levison.

"I'm ready to be searched, and to have all my belongings searched, sir!"

"I suppose there had better be a search, sir?" said Mr. Railton, glancing at the Head. "The lost articles must be found."

"Undoubtedly."

"I understand that to-day Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth has missed a valuable pocket-book. Levison shares his study. The search had better begin with Levison's property, I suppose."

"Quite so. If nothing is found, I suppose it must be extended. For the sake

of all the boys, the matter must be cleared up. Pray oblige me by taking charge of this very distressing affair, Mr. Railton."

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Railton made a sign to Levison, and left the Head's study. The cad of the Fourth followed him with a wretched face.

In the passage Mr. Railton paused, and fixed a sharp and scrutinising look upon the pale face of the Fourth Former.

"I suppose you persist in denying any knowledge of the missing articles, Levison?" he asked quietly.

"I don't know anything about them, sir—on my word!"

"Unfortunately, your word cannot be relied upon," said the Housemaster dryly. "If you are innocent, Levison, you may see now the result of dishonourable conduct on other occasions. You have made a bad reputation, and you cannot expect to be believed, even if you are telling the truth. Follow me!"

Levison followed him in miserable silence.

Ten minutes later the Fourth Form passage was crammed with fellows, while Taggles, the porter, was engaged in searching Levison's study.

Nothing was discovered there.

But no one was surprised; no one had expected anything to be discovered there.

They all knew that Levison was too cunning to have concealed the stolen articles in his own quarters, if he had indeed taken them.

Followed by the excited crowd of juniors, Taggles moved along the passage from study to study, but in the Fourth Form quarters nothing was found.

"Shell studies next!" murmured Kangaroo. "Tremble, ye Shellfish!"

But no one smiled. The matter was too serious. Study after study was ransacked by the industrious Taggles without result. As the search-party came to Tom Merry's study there was an alarmed chattering from Mike, the monkey. He blinked and grinned at them from the top of the bookcase, apparently alarmed by the sudden excitement at the study doorway.

"Quiet, Mike, old man!" said Tom Merry. "Shurrup!"

Chatter, chatter, chatter!

Taggles began the search of the study. He looked in the boxes and the drawers, and as he pulled open the drawer of the table a sudden peculiar change came over his rugged face.

"There's a watch 'ere, sir," he said.

"Oh, that's mine!" said Tom Merry. "It doesn't go, and I've left it there till I send it to be repaired."

"Is your watch a gold one, Merry?" asked Mr. Railton, looking into the open drawer.

"No, sir; silver."

"There is a gold watch here as well as a silver one."

"Wha-a-at?"

There was a buzz from outside the doorway. It was a find at last. No one of the Terrible Three possessed a gold watch. If there was a gold watch in the study, it did not belong to them.

"Look at that watch, D'Arcy, and say whether it is yours," said Mr. Railton, handing out the timepiece to the swell of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus nodded as he took the watch. It was undoubtedly his famous gold ticker. All the juniors knew it by sight.

"Yaas, sir; that's mine."

"There is a Russia-leather pocket-book here also, stamped with the monogram of 'J.L.L.," said Mr. Railton. "I guess that's mine, sir," said Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

"They were hidden under these 'ere papers, sir," said Taggles. "That will do, Taggles. I need not trouble you further."

And Taggles departed.

Mr. Railton fixed his eyes upon the Terrible Three of the Shell, who were looking red and indignant.

"The stolen property has been found," he said. "Can you explain how it came to be in your study, Merry—or you, Manners and Lowther?"

"Yes, sir," said Monty Lowther hotly. "I can account for it quite easily. The thief put them there, sir!"

"That is certainly the case," said the Housemaster. "The only question is—who was the thief?"

"We all know who it was, sir," said Blake.

"I suppose no one will suspect Lowther and Manners and me of stealing the things?" said Tom Merry disdainfully. "We all use that drawer in the table at times, and if one of us put stolen things there the others would know. I don't think anybody present would like to say that we stole the things."

"Wathah not. It would be widiculous!"

"Utter rot!" said Kangaroo. "The things might just as well have been found in my study, or anybody else's, only Levison has a special dislike for this study."

"What have you to say, Levison?"

"I don't know anything about the things, sir," said Levison. "I—I don't believe Tom Merry stole them. It's a rotten trick of somebody's. But I didn't put them there—I swear that!"

"If the things were not deliberately placed here by the thief to inculcate the owners of this study, Levison, they can only have been stolen by one of these three juniors."

"And we know that's rot!" said Blake.

"I don't know who did it, sir," groaned Levison; "but I didn't!"

Mr. Railton looked at him hard.

"I hope that is the truth, Levison. But if you are innocent, there is another boy in the School House who is guilty."

"Nobody else would do it, sir!" exclaimed Blake.

"You're all down on me!" muttered Levison. "But I—I'm innocent; I don't know anything about it."

There was a long pause.

"I cannot decide immediately," said Mr. Railton, at last. "I will go now and consult with the Head, and acquaint him with what has been discovered. I do not condemn you, Levison. The matter must remain in abeyance till some decision is reached."

And Mr. Railton strode away.

Levison looked round at the juniors.

"You believe I did that?" he muttered.

"We know you did!" said Tom Merry.

"I swear——"

"Oh, dry up!" said Blake. "What's the good of that?"

"On my honour——"

"Your honour!" said Blake. "Don't be funny!"

Levison did not reply. He staggered out of the study, white as a sheet. Innocent or guilty, he was condemned by all the House—and, innocent or guilty, he had only himself to thank for it.

CHAPTER 15.

Condemned!

THE rest of that day was like a nightmare to the cad of the Fourth.

He had half expected to be ragged by the School House juniors, but there was nothing of that kind. Tom Merry & Co. would have stopped it. They had not the slightest doubt of Levison's guilt, but his punishment was likely to be heavy enough.

The Head was pretty certain to expel him if he was certain in his mind as to his guilt. There could not be much doubt, though actual proof was lacking. But even if the Head neither flogged nor expelled him, his punishment would be severe enough in the scorn and contempt of all his schoolfellows. He was

"I wonder——" said Tom Merry.

"There's no doubt he did it, if that's what you mean. I suppose we can't suspect ourselves of having done it?"

Tom Merry laughed.

"Well, hardly," he agreed. "Where have you shoved Mike's nuts, you bounders?"

"Table drawer," said Manners, who was busy opening a jam-jar.

"Right!"

Tom Merry opened the table drawer, and then uttered a sharp exclamation:

"My hat!"

"Hallo! What's the matter? Somebody pinched Mike's nuts now?" demanded Lowther.

"No; but look here!"

Manners and Lowther hurried over to him. In the table drawer lay a large ivory paper-knife, which all the juniors



As Tom Merry and Mr. Railton reached the study they saw Mike on the table. He was putting the watch away in the table drawer. "I think this explains the mystery of the thefts, Merry," said Mr. Railton.

already sent to Coventry—even his own chum Mellish turned his back upon him.

"He'll have to go," said Blake. "He's been a disgrace to St. Jim's long enough, and now he's got to get out. If the Head doesn't sack him, we'll make him glad to go; but let the rotter alone till we know."

And that was agreed upon.

The Terrible Three came in from cricket practice to tea, looking more serious than usual. They could not be sorry for Levison, and yet his downcast looks affected their spirits somewhat. He had brought it upon himself certainly, but it was their way to feel for a fellow who was down.

"Well, it's no good looking glum about it," said Monty Lowther, as he jammed the kettle on the fire for tea. "It will be better for him, as well as us, if he clears out. He may take this as a lesson, and start better somewhere else."

know belonged to Mr. Railton. The Terrible Three gazed at it in wonder.

"My only hat!" said Lowther, at last, with a deep breath. "Isn't Levison satisfied yet? What has he done that for?"

"He must be balmy in the crumpet," said Manners. "Why, he's left it lying plain in view, not even hidden under the papers. He must have known that we'd find it the minute the drawer was opened."

"It must have been Levison, I suppose?"

"Who else?" said Lowther.

"Might be some silly ass's idea of a joke," said Tom Merry. "Levison is a rotter, but I can't understand his being such a crass idiot as this. I'll take this back to Mr. Railton—the sooner the better."

Tom Merry picked up the paper-knife and took it out of the study. Blake met

him as he went down the passage to the stairs.

"Hallo! Been borrowing Railton's giddy paper-knife?" Blake exclaimed, in astonishment. "I hope you mentioned it to him first."

Tom Merry shook his head.

"We've just found this in our study," he replied.

Blake whistled.

"Levison again, of course! But what—"

"I suppose so," said Tom Merry. "I'm beginning to think he's out of his senses."

"He's in his study," said Blake. "Come in and ask him."

He opened the door of Levison's study. Levison was alone there, sunk in an attitude of utter dejection in the armchair. He looked dully at the two juniors.

"Did you put this in my study, Levison?" asked Tom, holding up the ivory knife.

Levison grunted.

"Of course I didn't! What do you mean?"

"I've just found it there!"

"I've been in this study ever since lessons!" growled Levison.

"And everybody else out of the

House," said Blake significantly. "I'm blessed if I understand you, Levison. What did you do it for?"

"I didn't do it!" howled Levison. "There's a thief in the House, I know that!"

"We all know that," said Blake dryly. Levison sprang to his feet.

"I tell you there's a thief in the House, and he's trying to put it on me. I've missed something myself now. Somebody's taken my fountain-pen."

Blake sniffed.

"Think of something better than that," he suggested contemptuously. "Do you expect anybody to swallow such a yarn as that?"

"No," groaned Levison. "I don't! But it's true. I wasn't going to mention it—I knew nobody would believe me. But it's true, all the same."

Tom Merry looked at him curiously. It seemed to him that for once there was a ring of truth in the voice of the cad of the Fourth.

"Have you really lost a fountain-pen?" he asked.

"Yes; it was a birthday present, and cost a guinea," said Levison. "It was the most valuable thing I had. I left it here on the inkstand, and now it's gone. Of course, nobody will believe I've lost it."

Tom Merry wrinkled his brows in thought.

"There's a thief in the place, and he's taking advantage of my being in the Head's black books to pile it on me," said Levison bitterly.

"Rot!" said Blake. "A thief takes things to keep, I suppose. What would be the good to him of stealing things and sticking them where they're sure to be found? I'll bet your fountain-pen will turn up in Tom Merry's study, if you've really missed it—and you're the chap who put it there. Why should anybody else do it?"

"I'm going to see," said Tom. "Come with me, Blake!"

"Right you are!"

They hurried to Tom Merry's study. Manners and Lowther were getting the tea. Tom Merry pulled open the table drawer.

"This seems to be Levison's favourite place for putting things," he remarked. "I'll look here first."

"What are you looking for?" asked Manners.

"Levison says he's lost his fountain-pen."

"Rubbish!"

(Continued on next page.)

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"Hullo! Look here!"
Tom Merry had turned over a heap of old papers in the drawer. Underneath them reposed a fountain-pen.
"Not ours!" said Monty Lowther.

"Regular receptacle for stolen property, this study," chuckled Blake. "Lucky for you fellows we know it's Levison."

Lowther knitted his brows.
"Isn't he fed-up with it yet?" he exclaimed. "My hat! I'll jolly well hammer him for shoving his things in this study."

The Terrible Three and Blake returned to Levison's study. Tom Merry threw the fountain-pen on the table.

"Is that yours, Levison?" he demanded contemptuously.
Levison nodded glumly.

"Yes, that's mine! Where did you find it?"

"Where you put it—in my study," said Tom Merry wrathfully.

Levison passed his hand across his brow.

"I don't understand it," he muttered. "I can't understand it. I'll swear I never put it in your study. I just missed it—that was all!"

There was a shout from the passage.

"Look out, Levison!"

"What's the row?" asked Tom Merry, looking out of the study. Wally of the Third had dashed upstairs in a state of wild excitement.

"The police!" he gasped.

Levison gave a cry.

"The police!"

"Yes; Inspector Skeat from Rylcombe!" yelled Wally. "You ass, why didn't you own up when you had a chance?"

Levison flung himself into his chair with a sob.

"I'm innocent—I'll swear I'm innocent!"

The juniors looked at him. They felt no desire to rag him now. They left the study quietly, and Tom Merry took the paper-knife to Mr. Railton's room. The Housemaster was not there, so no explanation was needed, and Tom Merry was glad not to have to say anything more against Levison at that moment. Mr. Railton was at the door, speaking to the burly police inspector from Rylcombe.

Inspector Skeat and Mr. Railton passed into the Head's study together. In the Hall the fellows clustered in excited groups, seniors and juniors. There was no doubt in any mind that the Head had telephoned for the police, and that Inspector Skeat had come in response to look into the matter of the thefts in the School House. The fellows waited in anticipation of Levison's being sent for.

The Head's bell rang, and a few minutes later Toby, the page, came along. There was a general exclamation.

"Levison's in his study, Toby."

"The 'Ead don't want Levison," said Toby.

"Not Levison!" exclaimed Blake.

"Who, then?"

"Master Merry!"

There was a gasp from all the juniors. "Tom Merry!"

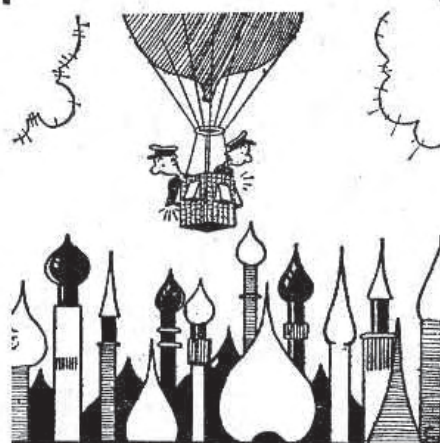
"Me!" exclaimed Tom Merry, in amazement.

"Yes, Master Merry. You're to go to the 'Ead's study at once. Inspector Skeat wants to see you."

"My hat!"

Tom Merry's countenance was crimson

POINTS AGAINST DESCENT!



"Don't care what you say, Bill, Cairo is not the place to bring a balloon!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to B. Kaukas, 6a, St. Ann's Road, South Tottenham, London, N.15.

now. Levison, who had come downstairs with a face like chalk, turned on him with a snarl.

"You—you—" he cried. "It's you, Tom Merry! The Head doesn't want me; Inspector Skeat doesn't want me! They want you!"

"Bai Jove, it's vewy queeah!"

"And please, Master Merry, you're to take your monkey," said Toby.

That was the climax! The juniors simply yelled with astonishment. They could understand the Head wanting to see Levison, or even Tom Merry—but what in the name of all that was miraculous did he want to see Tom Merry's monkey for?

"My only chapeau!" said Digby. "It's Tom Merry's minor who's in trouble, then."

"I—I think I guess," muttered Tom Merry. "That ruffian has gone to the police about the monkey, perhaps. But he can't claim him—he sold him to me."

"And we're witnesses of it," said Manners and Lowther together.

Tom Merry went up to his study, and came down with Mike on his shoulder. And the crowd buzzed with eager excitement in the passage as Tom Merry passed into the Head's study with Mike.

All sorts of suggestions were put forward as to the probable consequences to Tom; but Tom Merry was not worrying.

CHAPTER 16.

A Big Surprise!

TOM MERRY entered the study with perfect coolness.

Mr. Railton and the inspector were with the Head. Tom Merry had no doubt that the inspector's visit was in connection with Mike's former owner, and his claim to the monkey. If it had been in connection with the thefts in the School House, Mike would hardly have been sent for. Tom Merry was glad now that he had confided the whole matter to Mr. Railton.

"Toby says you wanted to see me, sir, and my monkey," said Tom Merry.

"Yes, Merry," said the Head, while the inspector glanced curiously at the

little creature on Tom Merry's shoulder. "Mr. Railton tells me that you explained to him how you came into possession of the monkey. Kindly explain to Merry, Inspector Skeat."

"You had that monkey from a man named Michael Hadd, Master Merry?" the inspector asked.

"I don't know his name, Mr. Skeat. He was a ruffianly looking rotter—ahem!—I mean person, and wore a dirty cap."

"That's the man," said the inspector, with a smile. "His name is Hadd. He is a criminal, and the police in the next county have been looking for him for a long time. He came this way to carry on his little game with his monkey in a new quarter—but we've spotted him from his description. He sold you that monkey—eh?"

"Yes, sir. I made him."

The inspector smiled.

"He declares that you took it by force."

"So we did, in the first place, Mr. Skeat. He was ill-treating it in a brutal way. But I offered to pay for it, and afterwards I paid him, when he tried to steal it, and he agreed that the monkey was mine. If he claims it—"

"He won't be likely to claim anything for the next two years," said the inspector, laughing. "He was very keen to get that monkey back, wasn't he?"

"Very keen, indeed, sir."

"His living depended on it," the inspector explained. "The monkey was trained to steal. He carried him about on an organ, under pretence of his being an ordinary performing monkey; but the animal was an expert thief. He would nip into open windows, or run into rooms in places where the rascal stayed, and steal things and take them to his master. We have found a good deal of stolen property on Hadd, especially watches and handy things like that."

Tom Merry started.

"We learned from Hadd that you had the monkey," said the inspector. "I have come for him, but as you have bought him, your claim will hold good. A rather dangerous pet, however, I should say, unless he has got out of his old habits. Has he stolen nothing while you have had him?"

The Head and Mr. Railton exchanged a quick glance.

The same thought occurred to both of them at once.

Inspector Skeat smiled, and took out his watch, detached it from the chain, and laid it on the table near which Tom Merry was standing. The monkey's eyes were upon it at once.

"If you turn your heads, he will nip up that watch and run for it," said Mr. Skeat. "If you have lost any property here, as I suppose from your expression, gentlemen, you will most likely find it in the same place as that watch, when he has taken it away."

"Good heavens!" murmured the Head.

"My only hat!" said Tom Merry involuntarily.

They turned their backs on the monkey. Mike slipped down from Tom Merry's shoulder as the junior also turned away. In a twinkling the monkey had taken the watch, and scuttled out of the study.

"Find out where he puts that watch, Merry, please, and bring it back," said the Head.

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

(Continued on page 28.)

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STRANGE DRAGON-LIKE MONSTER WITH GLARING GREEN EYES CAUSES A BIG SCARE AT GREYFRIARS!

THE JOKER OF THE REMOVE!

By Frank Richards.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magnet.")

A Strange Alarm!

"O W! Help!"
Crash!
It was Billy Bunter who uttered the sudden wild howl that rang through the Remove passage at Greyfriars. And as he did so the dish full of potatoes he was carrying to Study No. 1 slipped to the floor and smashed to smithereens, scattering potatoes far and wide.

"Help! Ow! Help!"

It was a dark evening, and the Remove passage was not yet lighted. Billy Bunter was coming along in the dusk without a thought of any danger, when two bright eyes suddenly glimmered out of the gloom, and behind them loomed faintly a fearsome shape. It was no wonder that Bunter dropped his dish and yelled. Bunter stood petrified for a moment, able to do nothing but yell.

The green eyes were advancing—and Billy Bunter turned and bolted.

He scuttled along the passage and skimmed down the stairs. With a white face, and wide, staring eyes behind his spectacles, the Owl of the Remove bundled downstairs three at a time, lost his footing half-way down, and rolled to the bottom. He picked himself up on the mat and gasped, and, jamming his spectacles on his nose, dashed off to the Junior Common-room.

He burst into that apartment like a thunderbolt.

"Help! Help!"

Harry Wharton and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh were playing chess near the door. Bunter rushed right in, collided with the table and sent it flying. The pieces rolled in all directions, and Wharton sprang to his feet.

"You young ass!" he roared. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"The assfulness of the esteemed Bunter is terrific," growled the Nabob of Bhanipur, who had been within three moves of mate after a hard struggle on the chessboard.

"Help! Help!"

"What's the matter—what—"

"Ow! Help!"

Harry Wharton stared at Bunter, and the other Removites gathered round and stared at him, too. The Owl of the Remove was gasping with affright, and even the light and the crowd seemed hardly to reassure him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, giving the fat junior a playful dig in the ribs. "What's the trouble? Have you been ventriloquising again, and is somebody on your track with a cricket stump?"

"No. I—I—"

"Been raiding somebody's tommy?" asked Nugent.

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The head of the dragon-like monster, with glaring green eyes, approached from the darkness of the passage. For one moment the juniors gazed spellbound. Then with one accord they turned tail and fled.

"N-no. I—I was taking up a dish of potatoes to the study to fry for tea—Ow—ow—"

"What's the matter? Was the house-keeper after you with a rolling-pin?" asked Hazeldene.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No, she wasn't, Vaseline," said Bunter, recovering himself a little. "She gave me the potatoes and said I was to be careful with the dish. It's smashed to pieces now—"

"Is that what you call being careful with it?"

"How could I help it, when I was frightened out of my skin?" demanded the fat junior indignantly. "If you had seen a horrible dragon jumping on you from the darkness, I expect you would have bolted, too."

"A what?" demanded a dozen voices.

"A fearful-looking animal, with bright green eyes, gaping jaws, and awful long claws," said Bunter, drawing on his imagination for details. "It was coming along the Remove passage at a fearful rate, growling like a tiger, and it nearly had me—"

"What nearly had you?"

"The wild beast."

"What wild beast?"

"I tell you there's a wild beast in the Remove passage!" nearly shrieked Bunter. "Do you think I should drop a dish of potatoes for nothing?"

"Well, no, there must be something wrong when you get careless with grub," admitted Bob Cherry. "But the wild beast is a little too thick."

"It might be a tiger escaped from some menagerie," suggested Hazeldene, with a wink. "It may be coming in the door here at any moment."

Billy Bunter gasped and squirmed round to get behind Wharton.

"Or it may stop to eat the potatoes," said Bob Cherry. "Are tigers fond of potatoes in your beautiful country, Inky?"

The Nabob of Bhanipur shook his head.

"They would ratherfully take the big bitefulness from the fatful carcass of the esteemed Bunter," he replied. "If it is a tiger, he is certain to come here and select the excellent Bunter for his honourable supper. Let us say the good-bye-fulness to our Bunterful chum in case—"

"Good!" said Bob Cherry. "Get a little nearer to the door, Bunter, so that the tiger won't have to come in. This way—"

"Hold on!" shrieked Bunter. "Beast! I won't go to the door! Ow! Help!"

Bob Cherry released him, giving him an indignant look.

"Do you mean to say that you would refuse to sacrifice yourself to save the rest of us, Bunter? I'm ashamed of you! Besides, there's the tiger to be

THERE'S NOT A DULL MOMENT IN THIS SPARKLING YARN OF THE MOST AMAZING AND AMUSING JAPE EVER PLAYED ON MASTERS AND JUNIORS!

considered. He's probably hungry, and he would like a fat oyster like you for his supper. To deprive a hungry tiger of his supper comes under the head of cruelty to animals."

"It's all very well for you to rot, Cherry," said Bunter, "but there's a wild beast in the Remove passage. Very likely he has devoured Wun Lung, who was in Study No. 1 alone. I'm jolly well not going out again till it's captured."

"You'd better make up a party to capture him," said Levison, with a yawn. "Of all the howling idiots, Bunter takes the cake, I think."

"If you don't believe me, Levison, you—"

"Oh, of course we all believe you! It's so probable that a tiger would be roaming round the junior studies."

"I didn't say it was a tiger. It looked more like a dragon. It might have been a lion. It had green eyes and fearsome jaws. It nearly had me, when with wonderful presence of mind I brought the dish down on its head and bolted."

"You said just now you dropped the dish."

"The dish dropped after I'd brought it down on the wild beast's head. You should have heard it roar."

"We should have heard it roar, certainly, if it had roared," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "This room isn't so very far away from the Remove passage. If there were a wild beast roaring up there, I fancy all Greyfriars would hear it."

"Perhaps it was more like a growl than a roar. Yes, now I come to think of it, it was roaring in a suppressed tone. I've no doubt that the terrific blow I gave it partially stunned the creature. I say, you fellows, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find the chessmen you've scattered," said Wharton, stooping down to look for the pieces on the floor. "I've a jolly good mind to give you a hiding, too."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Better go and collect up the potatoes," said Bob Cherry. "You can wash 'em and fry 'em for tea, all the same."

Billy Bunter shuddered.

"I wouldn't go up the Remove passage again for a fiver!" he gasped. "I say, what are you going to do about it? Some of you ought to go and look for the wild beast, and—"

"Rats!" said Bulstrode. "Don't be a young ass. There isn't any wild beast."

"I tell you I saw it."

"Bosh!"

"I'm sorry that you should doubt my word, Bulstrode. I crashed the dish on its head with wonderful presence of mind, and—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Better go up to the study and get tea," suggested Nugent. "You can take a light with you, and you won't see the wild beast in the light, you know. It was only a shadow."

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Cut off, and don't be a young ass!" Bunter shook his head.

"I'm not going out into the passage again. If you fellows are afraid to go and see what it is—"

"You young duffer, there's nothing there!"

"I tell you I smashed the dish on its head!"

"Bosh! We may as well go and look along the passage," said Nugent. "This young ass is in a jelly with fright. Who's coming?"

"I will," said Bob Cherry.

Hazeldene, Levison, Desmond, and Russell also volunteered. The party left the Common-room and went upstairs. Bunter called after Nugent to take a light, but Nugent did not trouble to reply. The Removites were firmly convinced that the fat junior had been frightened by a shadow, and that there was nothing to be afraid of in the Remove passage.

There should have been a light on, but it was out now, and the passage was very dark. Nugent, Cherry, and the rest strode on boldly towards Study No. 1, and there was a sudden sound in the passage.

It resembled somewhat the trumpeting of an elephant, but it was not like anything the juniors had heard before. The Removites stopped.

"What the dickens is that?"

From the end of the passage came a glimmer of green eyes, and the strange noise approached the juniors. Below the eyes could be seen huge jaws, in the faint outlines of a large dragon-like head. For one moment the juniors gazed spellbound. Then, with one accord, they turned tail and fled. Down the stairs they went helter-skelter, scudded along the lower passage, and burst into the Common-room with pale faces and thumping hearts.

Wun Lung, with his bland smile and child-like innocence, is little thought to be something new in practical jokers—until he fools all his Form-fellows!

"What is it?" asked Harry Wharton. Nugent gasped for breath.

"I—I don't know! But—but it's there!"

Danger Ahead!

THERE was a buzz of excited voices in the junior room. Billy Bunter's story had been laughed at; but when Nugent declared that "it" was there, it was clear that there was cause for alarm. Nugent was not the fellow to be alarmed at a shadow, and besides, the other fellows with him were equally scared.

Bulstrode went quickly to the door and closed it. If some wild beast were lurking in the upper corridor, he might take a fancy into his head to come downstairs.

The door reopened the next moment, and Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Upper Fourth came in. They stared at the startled Removites.

"Hallo! What's the matter here?" asked Temple. "What the dickens did you slam the door in a fellow's face for?"

"Looking for a thick ear apiece, perhaps," suggested Fry. "Mighty near getting it, anyway."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"There's something wrong upstairs," said Harry Wharton. "The fellows think there's a wild beast or something in the Remove passage."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple & Co. laughed in chorus. The Remove glared at them.

"I say, you fellows, it's quite right, you know. I found the wild beast there, and I smashed a dish over its head with wonderful presence of mind—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you think it's so funny," exclaimed Nugent indignantly, "you'd better go up and see what it is!"

"Not worth the trouble," said Temple airily. "Can't go looking for the shadows that frighten you kids."

"Not much!" said Fry.

"Well, if you funk going up, stop your silly cackling!" Temple turned red.

"If you want a licking, Nugent—"

"Rats! If you don't funk it, go up and show that you don't, that's all!"

"No good going up for nothing."

"Piffle!"

Temple made a stride towards Nugent. Wharton pushed him back.

"Cheese it!" he said quietly. "If you are looking for something to do, go up and look in the Remove passage, and see what has scared these chaps."

"It's all rot!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Very well, if you don't like the job, I'll go," said Wharton.

"Funks!" hooted a dozen voices.

"Stop your cackling, Temple, if you funk it!"

"You asses!" growled Temple. "Of course I'll go, if you think I funk it. Come on, you chaps!"

Temple's companions hesitated for a moment. They knew that the Removites were not easily scared, and they felt that something might be wrong. But to funk it now was to expose themselves to endless ridicule. Temple led the way boldly enough, and Fry, Dabney, and Scott followed.

The Removites watched them go, and stood round the doorway, waiting for them to come back. Temple & Co. went boldly along the passage and upstairs.

The Removites waited and listened anxiously. The silence was broken by a sudden yell in the distance, followed by a helter-skelter on the stairs.

Wild and hurried footsteps came crashing down the stairs, and the heroes of the Upper Fourth raced back towards the Common-room as if they were on the cinder-path.

They burst into the room, and Fry slammed the door hard and locked it. Then they stood panting and palpitating.

"My only hat!" gasped Temple.

Nugent looked at him.

"Only a shadow, wasn't it?" he asked sarcastically.

"My—my aunt!"

But it was no time for chipping. The explorers were too scared for any fun on the subject.

Harry Wharton's face was grave. He was thinking of the new boy alone in Study No. 1. The juniors could not have been scared by a shadow. It was not impossible that some wild beast might have escaped from some travelling menagerie, and found its way to Greyfriars.

The captain of the Lower Fourth made a movement towards the door, and Nugent caught him by the arm.

"Where are you going, Harry?"

"We must look into this. Wun Lung is in the study," said Harry quietly.

"If there's any danger—"

"I had forgotten that," said Nugent. Wun Lung, the Chinese boy in the

Remove, was new at Greyfriars. He did not belong to Study No. 1, but he had a way of taking up his quarters there and on this particular occasion he had settled himself down in the study to make a Chinese kite.

The chums had seen him there an hour before, surrounded by bamboo, canvas, paper, and paint, and quite happy and busy. He was doubtless still there—and if there was some escaped wild beast in the passage, Wun Lung would be in danger if he left the room.

"But—but you can't go up," said Hazeldene. "Hang it, it might really be a tiger!"

"It looked more like a lion," muttered Temple. "I caught two greenish eyes—"

"I say, you fellows, I told you so, you know."

"The head was very large, and I think it had a mane," said Dabney. "It was more like a lion than a tiger."

"I don't understand it," said Wharton. "It might be some rotter playing a practical joke."

"Impossible!" said Billy Bunter. "The fearful blow I gave him would have killed him. You remember that I crashed the dish on his head with wonderful presence of mind—"

"Rats! I dare say you imagined all that," said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Anyway, we can't stay here all night," said Harry Wharton. "We've got to go up and see what's the matter. Get any weapons you can and come on. No good hanging about."

There was a torch in the Common-room, and Bob Cherry took it. Wharton gripped the poker from the grate, and Nugent and Hurree Singh took the shovel and tongs. Several other fellows

found cricket stumps. The wild beast in the Remove passage was likely to have a lively time if the varied weapons once got to work on him.

Billy Bunter did not join the party, and most of the Form remained with him. If an escaped tiger was in the upper passage, discretion was certainly the better part of valour in their case.

Harry Wharton was quite alive to the possibility of real danger, but his face was calm, his nerves firm, as he ascended the stairs. He held the poker firmly in his hand, and Bob Cherry held the torch above his shoulder, to throw a light in advance. After them came a dozen of the Remove and the Upper Fourth, variously armed, tense with excitement, and ready to bolt at a moment's notice.

They reached the head of the stairs, but nothing of a suspicious nature was seen. Study No. 1 was at the farther end of the passage, where another passage branched off towards the box-room stairs. The explorers advanced slowly but steadily along the passage, till a low, strange sound fell on their ears.

"That's it!" muttered Bob Cherry.

Wharton halted, the poker held ready for use, his eyes searching into the gloom ahead.

The noise was a strange one, and seemed to be made by some animal, but what the animal was the junior had not the faintest idea. It was only for a moment that Wharton stopped. Then he advanced again grimly, and the others, with beating hearts, followed. There was a sudden gasp from Nugent.

"Look!"

Two greenish eyes glimmered from the darkness. Harry stopped, his heart beating hard. The light of the torch fell on the greenish eyes, on a fearful

head, with red jaws and glistening teeth.

A single movement of alarm from Wharton was all that was required to send his followers flying helter-skelter. But in that nerve-tingling moment the captain of the Remove showed that he was worthy to lead. For a moment his heart thumped against his ribs. Then, setting his teeth, he rushed forward.

"Harry!" shouted Bob Cherry.

Harry Wharton did not heed. He dashed forward, the poker in the air. Another moment and the weapon would have crashed down on the formidable head. But in that moment came a glare, and with the blaze in his eyes Harry stopped short, blindly. The next instant it was pitchy-black, and his dazzled eyes saw nothing.

Bob Cherry ran forward, torch in hand. Nothing was to be seen in the corridor. A faint sound was to be heard from the direction of Study No. 1. Then followed dead silence.

Harry rubbed his eyes. The juniors looked up and down the passage. Nothing was in sight. All the juniors had seen the ghastly vision. What had become of it? Harry Wharton pointed towards the study door.

"It's in our study," he said.

There could be no doubt on that point. The wild beast, or spectre, or whatever it was, had escaped into Study No. 1, and was there now. The Removes pressed on, and halted outside the study door. But for the moment even Harry Wharton hesitated to open it.

Wun Lung's Little Joke!

HARRY WHARTON did not hesitate for more than a few moments, however. Wun Lung was in the study, and if the strange beast was there, too, the Chinese boy was in danger.

In spite of what he had seen with his own eyes, Harry had a lurking feeling that there was some deception about the matter—that it would turn out to be some jape. But he felt his heart beat faster as he grasped the door-handle.

He threw the door open and then stepped back for a moment.

The interior of the study was dark. From the blackness came the green glimmer of eyes. Bob Cherry shone the torch on the thing, and the terrible head came into view again, but only for a second. Something whizzed through the air and knocked the torch from Cherry's hand, and it crashed on the floor and the light went out. There was a stampede of the Removes. The crash was enough to make them imagine that the strange beast was about to spring on them.

"Run for it!" gasped Hazeldene.

Harry Wharton did not move. He stood, with fast-beating heart, watching the green eyes. Bob Cherry grasped his shoulder.

"Cut, Harry!"

"Nonsense! It's some trick, Bob. I'll give him one with the poker, and—"

A quick, sharp voice came from the blackness.

"No hittee!"

Bob Cherry burst into a roar.

"It's Wun Lung!"

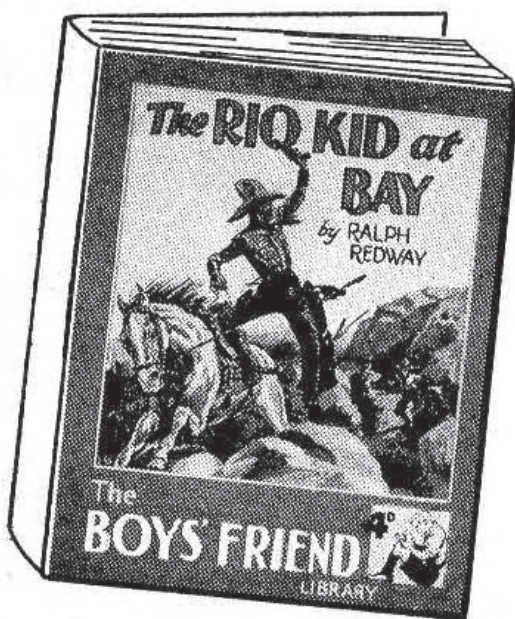
Harry Wharton laughed and stepped into the study and turned the light on. In the flood of light the terrible beast was fully exposed.

A huge dragon's head had been artistically made of bamboo, cardboard, and paper, and painted with great skill. The eyes were formed of green glass, and behind each was fixed a tiny electric bulb. The effect in the darkness was startling enough, but in the light it

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Mr. Capper stood petrified at the sight of the horrible monster in the air. Then he bolted. The juniors, crouched back in the shadow of the wall, broke into a chuckle.

was comic. The huge jaws of the dragon, painted red, and the cardboard teeth, were very realistic in the dusk.

The dragon's head was mounted on the shoulders of the diminutive Chinese boy.

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh as the flood of light showed him the cardboard terror and the yellow face of Wun Lung grinning through the open jaws.

"You young bouncer!"

The Removites came crowding back round the doorway. Wun Lung removed the dragon's head and laid it on the table. The juniors knew now that they had been the victims of something rather new in japes. The startling flash in the passage had been produced by magnesium powder.

The Chinese junior faced the Removites with a bland and deprecating smile.

"Wun Lung solly!"

"I think we'd better make you sorrier!" grunted Bob Cherry, taking the Celestial by the ear. "What do you mean by fright-startling us like that?"

"Me tly kitee."

"Kite! What kite?"

Wun Lung indicated the dragon's head.

"Chinese kitee," he explained. "Me tinkee tly it—frighten Bunter for jokee."

"Well, it's all very well to frighten Bunter," said Nugent; "but you've startled us, too, and that's a serious business. Don't you know better than to startle the grave and reverend heads of the Remove?"

"Wung Lung solly."

"That's all very well, but I think you had better have a hiding."

"No savvy."

"Better smash up the dragon," said Hazeldene. "He deserves it for his cheek. Of course, I knew it was a little game all along."

"Yes, you looked as if you did," said Bob Cherry. "But it's a good idea to jump on this horrible-looking thing."

"No jumpee—no jumpee!"

"Rats! The sooner it's busted, the better—"

"No bussee. Me makee kitee."

"Well, this horrid object isn't a kite."

"Yes, Chinese kitee."

"You can't fly a kite that shape."

"Me flyee to-morrow," said Wun Lung. "Me show. Lookee! Wind blowee through holee and makee noise—so!"

The Chinese blew into a orifice in the dragon's head and produced the sound which had so alarmed the Removites. The juniors were laughing now. The bold explorers returned to the Common-room to report their success, only the chums of Study No. 1 remaining in the room.

Billy Bunter came upstairs with a very doubtful expression on his face; but his last fears were removed as he saw the cardboard dragon's head on the table.

"It was only a joke, you young ass!" said Nugent.

"Well, you were more scared than I was," said Bunter. "I brought the dish down on the dragon's head with wonderful presence of mind—"

"Ha, ha, ha! The cardboard must be jolly strong to have withstood it, and it doesn't show a sign of the whack!" grinned Bob Cherry.

Bunter looked a little confused. He never told deliberate lies, but he never stopped to think whether what he was going to say was true or not. And after he had once uttered an exaggeration, however wild, he firmly believed that it was true, and would repeat it with every confidence.

"It's no good arguing with a chap like you, Cherry," he said. "If you doubt my word, this discussion had better cease. Sling that Chinese imp out of the room."

"No slingee. Me stayee."

"Look here, you yellow bouncer, this isn't your study!" exclaimed Bunter. "You dig down the passage with Russell. Travel along!"

"No savvy."

"Outside!"

"No savvy."

"Ha, na, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"You can't possibly make him understand plain English when he doesn't want to, Bunter. You'll have to tell him in Chinese."

"I can't speak his disgusting language."

"It's no good," said Wharton, laughing. "He doesn't mean to savvy. I say, Wun Lung, will you stop to tea?" Wun Lung's eyes glistened.

"Me savvy. Me velly pleasee stoppee."

"You see, he can savvy some things."

"That's all very well," growled Bunter. "But what about the potatoes? I was going to fry them for tea, and now they've been trampled on by nearly every hoof in the Remove. The maid will make a row to-morrow about cleaning up that linoleum, too."

"Well, we can't have them for tea if they've been trampled on," said Bob Cherry. "Think you could get a fresh lot from the housekeeper?"

"If I go back to the housekeeper, she will ask me for the dish."

"We shall have to get her a new one. Meanwhile, what are we to have for tea? Anybody got any tin? I don't mind doing some shopping."

"I say, you fellows, I think it's about time that Chinese stood a feed—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"I won't. I say it's time Wun Lung stood a feed. He's been here more than a week and I consider—"

"Me tinkee samee."

"Oh, you think the same, do you?" blinked Billy Bunter. "Then the sooner the feed comes along, Mister Wun Lung, the better I shall like it."

"Me standee feed to-morrow—me cookee nicee dishee. Supposee you lettee me cookee in this loomee, me cookee good feedee."

"You can cook in this room if you like, if you're going to stand us a feed. But I think you'd better leave the cooking to me. I'm an old hand."

"Chinese cookee nicee feed."

"H'm! Well, it's a bargain. Mind, I shall remind you to-morrow. Speak—
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ing of feeds, I was going to stand one myself, but I've had a disappointment about a postal order. If you fellows like to stand the tin, I'll go and do some shopping for you."

"That's what I call kind, Bunty."

"Well, you fellows have stood me a lot of feeds and I like to return obligations. As a matter of fact, I'm planning a series of extensive feeds ready for when I'm in funds."

"When?" said Bob Cherry.

"Oh, it won't be for some little time, but it's a ded cert. You see, I'm going to win a pound a week in a competition. There isn't the slightest chance of my not getting the prize, you see, because my answers to the puzzle pictures are all correct, and are certain to be better than any others sent in. When I get that pound a week—"

"When you do, Bunty, you can tell us about it; but do give us a rest now."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Cut down to the tuckshop and get some grub for tea," said Harry, laying a half-crown on the table. "Buck up, I'm hungry!"

"Certainly, Wharton!"

And the fat junior hurried out of the study. Wun Lung, with a beaming smile on his face, sat down to resume his work on the Chinese kite.

The Jabberwock!

WUN LUNG had tea with the chums of the Remove, a habit he was falling into. Since Harry Wharton had protected him from a Remove ragging the little Chinese had been very much attached to the captain of the Lower Fourth, and he showed it by spending most of his spare time in Study No. 1.

Billy Bunter regarded the invasion with a somewhat unfriendly eye; but the Famous Four looked on Wun Lung with good-humoured toleration. He was such a good-tempered, amiable fellow that one could not dislike him. He had such an engaging simplicity that few suspected him of being deep. But it was already borne in upon Harry Wharton's mind that there was more in the Chinese junior than met the eye.

He had a curious turn of humour, and only Harry was safe from his practical jokes. His japes were so carefully planned that they were seldom traced to their source. And when he was discovered, as he sometimes was, his disarming smile generally saved him from punishment.

After tea, the Removites settled down to their preparation, but Wun Lung appeared to have no work to do. He was remarkably quick with his lessons, but he neglected prep in a way that had already brought down upon him the wrath of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

But the Form-master hesitated to cane the little Celestial, and Wun Lung looked so contrite when called to account that, so far, he had escaped with lectures, which had about as much effect on him as water on a duck's back.

The chums of the Remove looked at the Chinese several times while he was at work on the kite. It was a kite of a kind common enough in China, but unknown to the chums of the Greyfriars Remove. With considerable artistic skill Wun Lung was shaping the form of a dragon, to which he affixed the head which had so scared Billy Bunter.

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"You won't be able to get that in the air," said Bob Cherry as he finished his prep.

"Me tinkee so," said the Celestial mildly.

"What sort of a tail are you going to give it?"

"No tailce."

"A kite without a tail!"

"Chinee kitee no tailce."

"And you can make the thing keep in the air?" asked Bob Cherry incredulously.

"Me tinkee so."

"Well, I'd like to see you do it, that's all," said Bob Cherry. "I'm thinking of making a kite myself, and I'll sail it against that funny jabberwock any day."

"Nottee jabberwock—dagon."

"Looks to me like a jabberwock," said Bob Cherry obstinately.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Why not sail it to-night?" said Nugent, with a grin. "That object would look ripping in the dark, you know, sailing round the Close with its eyes lighted up, and that buzzing noise coming out of it. We might scare the Fifth, and Sixth, too, with the jabberwock."

"Ha, ha, ha! And the masters, too!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Me savvy," grinned the Celestial. "Good windee—kitee fly."

"Is it finished?"

"Allee 'cept little paintce."

"I say, you fellows, listen to me a minute. I've been thinking that I shall take up aerostatics, and give ventriloquism a rest for a while. It has occurred to me that a glider—"

"A what?"

"A glider—or a big kite, you know, for raising things. It has occurred to me that a glider might be constructed, perhaps, with a seat on which a fellow could sit, and take a flight round the Close."

"I'd like to see you taking the flight."

"You shall, Cherry, if I succeed in constructing the glider. I shall want some cash, and, unfortunately, I am rather short at present. I expected a postal order this morning, but there has been some delay in the post. However, I shall be getting a good deal of money shortly out of that competition, and I suppose some of you fellows will be willing to lend me a little on the strength of that pound a week for six months. The competition is absolutely genuine, so your money will be as safe as the Bank of England."

"I've no doubts about the genuineness of the competition, Bunter," grinned Bob Cherry, "but I've got some big doubts about a silly chump like you pulling off the prize."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Still, if you're raising funds on your expectations, you can put me down for a lucky halfpenny."

"Oh, really—"

"But that's the limit, mind. I want to be generous, but not extravagant."

"Look here, Cherry, I'm speaking seriously. I could construct a glider that—"

"The kitee is leady," said Wun Lung.

"Don't interrupt me, you Chinee. I was saying—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Nugent.

"If the kite's ready, we're ready, too, so come along, young cheerful!"

Wun Lung grinned anticipatively. He picked up the curious-looking kite

and bore it out of the study. The chums of the Remove followed him. Billy Bunter glanced after them, and then glanced at the bright fire—and sat down in the armchair. The cosy study was preferable to the dark and windy Close, in the opinion of the Owl of the Remove.

Several Removites met the juniors in the passage, and gazed in astonishment at the fearful and wonderful kite, which Bob Cherry had christened the "Jabberwock."

"What on earth are you going to do?" asked Levison.

"Going to fly the kite."

"Ha, ha! I'll come."

And several other fellows came, too. The party left the House without being observed. The Close was dark, and a wind was blowing. The moon was peeping over the clock tower, but the light was not yet strong.

Wun Lung unwound the cord from his arm. Contrary to the expectations of the Removites, it proved a simple matter to get the dragon kite to float.

In a few minutes it was sailing in the wind, Wun Lung with the taut cord in his hand governing its movements. It was a curious-looking object in the air. The green glass eyes were lighted by the small electric battery in the dragon's head, and the wind made a curious wailing noise in the hollows of the body. Had not the juniors seen it at close quarters, the sight of it in the air would have sent them helter skelter into the House.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "It's flying well. I never believed it would."

"Cave!" muttered Wharton. "Here comes Capper."

Mr. Capper, the master of the Upper Fourth, was coming from the direction of the gates. He had his hands behind him, and was walking along with an expression of deep thought.

The peculiar wailing noise in the air caught his attention, and he glanced up, rather startled. The next moment he stood petrified at the sight of the dim and horrible form in the air, with its two gleaming, greenish eyes.

For one moment the Form-master gazed at the dragon in open-mouthed horror. Then he bolted!

The juniors, who had crouched back into the shadows out of sight, broke into a chuckle as Mr. Capper rushed past, his gown fluttering in the wind.

The Form-master's figure disappeared in a moment in at the great door of Greyfriars.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" muttered Nugent. "I never saw Cappy in such a funk before. I wonder what he thinks of it? Where is that young imp going now?"

Harry Wharton uttered an exclamation.

"Wun Lung! Stop! He's taking it past the Head's window!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Chinese did not stop. He was guiding the kite with a skilful hand, and there was no limit to his nerve. The juniors hurried after him.

Meanwhile, Mr. Capper had burst into the House with fluttering gown. The Remove master met him in the hall with a blank stare of amazement.

"What is the matter?" Mr. Quelch asked quickly.

"I—I hardly know!" gasped the Upper Fourth master. "It—it cannot have been a vision."

"A—a what?"

"I do not know what it is. A fearful-looking object was floating in the air!"

"In the air?" said Mr. Quelch dubiously.

"Yes! Some huge bird, with bright

eyes of greenish colour. It made a peculiar noise which first drew my attention to it. It is not the shape of a bird with which I am acquainted—in fact, if I were credulous, I should imagine it to be some survivor of the pterodactyls of prehistoric times.”

Mr. Quelch smiled.

“You—er—amaze me, Mr. Capper.”

“I am amazed myself. I had better acquaint Dr. Locke with the matter. I do not know what to make of it. I confess I ran for my life.”

“Excuse me, Mr. Capper, but to tell the Head so strange a tale—”

Mr. Quelch hesitated.

Mr. Capper turned red.

“I see what you think,” he said acidly. “But I have not been drinking!”

“Oh, no—er—but—”

“I shall immediately acquaint the Head with what I have seen,” said Mr. Capper. “It may be a matter of the first importance in natural history. It was undoubtedly a bird, but it was certainly not a bird of British origin.”

And he hurried away to the Head’s study, leaving Mr. Quelch fully convinced that he had been indulging “not wisely, but too well” in something stronger than water.

Mr. Capper knocked at the Head’s door and entered so hurriedly that Dr. Locke started and dropped a blot on the page he was writing.

“Really, Mr. Capper—” said the Head, in a tone of vexation.

“Pray excuse me, sir, but a remarkable happening—a most alarming occurrence—”

The Head laid down his pen.

“What is the matter, Mr. Capper?”

“I have seen a strange thing in the Close—a huge bird, sir, of a shape unknown to British ornithology!” exclaimed the Upper Fourth master in an agitated tone. “It was swooping down on me with extended talons when I darted into the House and narrowly escaped its attack.”

The Head looked at the Form-master, the same suspicion arising in his mind that had arisen in the Remove master’s.

“Mr. Capper, I—I really—”

“You shall see for yourself, sir!” exclaimed Mr. Capper excitedly. “The moon is rising, and you will undoubtedly be able to see the thing from your window.”

“Really—er—really—”

But Mr. Capper was not listening. He rushed to the window, and pulled aside the curtains. Then he uttered a cry.

“Look, sir—look!”

The Head advanced to the window and then staggered back, his face as white and startled as Mr. Capper’s own.

For there, close to the window, apparently staring in on them with green, gleaming eyes, was the terrible creature Mr. Capper had so narrowly escaped in the Close!

The Slaying of the Jabberwock!

IT was only a few moments that the terrible vision was seen at the window; then it passed on, and the wailing noise it made was quite audible in the study. The Head and Mr. Capper gazed at each other in silence and utter amazement.

The strange noise died away into the night. The thing was gone. Dr. Locke moved slowly to the window and placed his hand on the sash.

“Pray be prudent, sir!” exclaimed Mr. Capper. “Remember, the creature may be ferocious!”

Dr. Locke nodded and threw open the window. He put out his head and

looked into the Close. The moon was higher now over the clock tower, but the light was very dim. He caught a glimpse of a dark object flying, sometimes high and sometimes low.

“Amazing!” murmured the Head.

“One of the strangest facts in natural history ever recorded,” said Mr. Capper. “There is not the slightest doubt as to the existence of the creature, since we have both seen it at close quarters. You will add your testimony, will you not, sir, to a paper I shall draw up to read before the Royal Society? This discovery will burst like a thunderclap on the scientific world.”

“Dear me—dear me!”

Mr. Capper was exultant now. He was a gentleman of a scientific turn of mind, and the greatest “bug-hunter” at Greyfriars. But what butterfly or moth, beetle or caterpillar, could compare in importance with this amazing creature—this fabulous monster—which was evidently a hitherto unknown survivor of a prehistoric species.

“Dear me!” murmured the Head again.

Mr. Capper took a notebook out of his pocket and jotted down details with a pencil.

“What would you take the length of the creature to be, sir?”

“I really did not observe.”

“Unfortunately I did not observe, either. I think I had better go out in the Close and see the bird at close quarters,” said Mr. Capper, shutting up his notebook. “I must have the particulars for my paper for the Royal Society.”

“There may be danger—”

“H’m! I shall be ready to run if it should attack me; or, better still, I will take a gun. It would be splendid to shoot the creature and be able to present it to the British Museum.”

The Head was looking very perplexed. He was not so enthusiastic a naturalist as Mr. Capper, and he did not know what to think. He could not disbelieve the evidence of his own eyes, and he was blankly amazed.

Mr. Capper hurried from the study in search of a firearm. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was something of

a sportsman, and he had a couple of guns in his study. He was supposed to be a good shot, and Mr. Capper immediately thought of Mr. Prout and his guns.

He hurried into the Fifth Form master’s study, and found him cleaning a rifle. Mr. Prout looked up in amazement as his excited colleague burst in upon him.

“Good gracious! What’s the matter?” he exclaimed.

“Will you lend me a gun? Quick—quick!”

“A—gun!”

“Yes: You might load it for me as I am not used to firearms, and I doubt if I could load it successfully.”

The Fifth Form master grinned.

“If you are not accustomed to firearms, the less you have to do with a loaded gun the better,” he said. “What on earth is the matter?”

“There is a strange creature in the Close!” panted Mr. Capper. “A monstrous bird, with green eyes and a curiously shaped body—a remarkable creature, unknown to the natural history of any European country. The Head has seen it as well as I. I want to shoot it to present to the British Museum.”

Mr. Prout jumped up, and took a gun from the wall and rapidly loaded it. All his sporting instincts were aroused, though he was a little incredulous as to the description Mr. Capper had given.

“Right!” he exclaimed. “Lead the way!”

“Will you come with me? Good! You will no doubt aim better than I should, as I have never handled a firearm in my life.”

“I think it is quite possible,” assented Mr. Prout dryly. “I have loaded both barrels. Lead the way. Whatever it is, I’ll soon bring it down.”

Mr. Capper led the way from the study. They went quickly to the door, and two or three fellows in the Hall looked at them in amazement, astounded by the excited face of Mr. Capper, and the gun in the hands of Mr. Prout.

“Anything the matter, sir?” called out Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars.

WIBLEY WINS THROUGH!

by

FRANK RICHARDS



It’s an amazing idea of William Wibley’s to get himself reinstated at the school from which he has been expelled by masquerading there as a new boy, Archibald Popper. But even the best ideas can go awry, and when Popper’s father turns up, Wib has to do some quick thinking. Don’t miss “Wibley Wins Through.” It’s one of the best yarns Frank Richards has ever written, and you know what a grand writer he is! Ask now for

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But Mr. Capper was too excited to reply. He rushed into the Close, followed by Mr. Prout. Wingate and several other seniors followed to see what the matter was, and a considerable number of juniors trailed after them.

"There it is!" exclaimed Mr. Capper. A gleam came from the distant corner of the Close, and he knew it was the eyes of the monster. The two masters rushed in pursuit. Half a dozen Removites had scattered into the shadows to avoid them, and they gazed after the excited gentlemen in amazement.

"My only hat!" gasped Levison. "They're going to shoot it!"

"By Jove, so they are!"

"Ha, ha, ha! I hope they won't shoot Wun Lung by mistake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The funniffulness is terrific!"

It was useless for the juniors to interfere—or, rather, impossible—as the two eager hunters were already far away in the dim Close. They were rushing in eager pursuit of the fabulous monster,

which rose and sank in the air in a curious way, and still emitted that curious wailing noise.

"There it is! Can you get a good aim now?"

"Just a moment," said Mr. Prout. "I have no more ammunition with me, so I must be careful. I will get a sure aim."

The moon was higher now, and, with the light growing stronger, Mr. Prout stalked the floating monster till he obtained an excellent sight of it in the moonlight. Then he knelt and took aim.

Bang!

The report of the gun echoed through Greyfriars and startled everybody in the school. Mr. Capper watched the creature with anxiety. He was afraid that it would either fly over the walls of Greyfriars and disappear, or that it would rush at them to vent its dying fury on the hunters. It did neither. It gave a slight flutter and floated on tranquilly as before. But Mr. Prout was taking aim again.

Bang!

The second shot did it.

The object was seen to start convulsively, and then to sink slowly, as if reluctantly, to the ground. It sank down to earth in a flower-bed, but flower-beds were nothing to the enthusiastic hunters at that moment. Mr. Prout, overjoyed at his success, clubbed his gun and rushed forward to deal the finishing blow.

There was a cry from the distance—a cry from Wun Lung which passed unheeded. Mr. Capper caught his foot in a cord and went headlong to the ground. But Mr. Prout rushed on with clubbed gun, and there was a dismal crunch as the thing crumpled under the descending butt. Mr. Prout had slain the jabberwock!

(What will happen when the two masters discover that the strange monster is only a kite? Make sure you read next week's exciting chapters. Order your GEM early.)

TOM MERRY'S MINOR!

(Continued from page 21.)

Mr. Railton also followed the monkey. They reached Tom Merry's study, Mike being out of sight; but as they entered the study doorway they saw him again. Mike was carefully packing the watch away in the table drawer in the study.

"My hat!" murmured Tom Merry. "I suppose he saw me put my watch there, and he's as imitative as—as a monkey."

Mr. Railton smiled.

"I think that explains the mystery of the thefts, Merry," he said. "This very fortunate discovery clears Levison."

Tom Merry drew a deep breath.

"Yes, sir, but who could have guessed this?"

"Certainly no one could have guessed it," said Mr. Railton.

They returned to the Head's study, Tom with the monkey on his shoulder again. The Head listened with obvious relief to what they had to tell him.

"Your visit here has come at a very fortunate moment, Inspector Skeat," he said cordially. "There have been thefts in the house, and one of the junior boys was under suspicion. The stolen articles were discovered in the same drawer as that in which that remarkable monkey just placed your watch. I am very grateful to you for this. It has prevented a great injustice from being done."

"I am very glad of it, sir," said the inspector. "After this, I suppose

Master Merry will raise no objection to my taking the monkey away?"

Tom Merry looked blue.

"I could teach him better, sir," he said, looking appealingly at the Head. "I've taught him lots of things, and I could teach him to be honest now, I know."

"Perhaps," said the Head. "Inspector Skeat must take the monkey now, as he is required in the case against this ruffian Hadd; but, doubtless, he will be returned to you, and if you can cure him of his peculiar habits you may keep him."

"Thank you, sir!" said Tom Merry. And when Inspector Skeat departed, he took Mike the monkey with him, much to the surprise of the fellows who watched him go. Tom Merry was surrounded by an excited throng simply thirsting for information.

"What's happened?" roared Blake. "What were you and Railton trotting up to the study for?"

"Doesn't the Head want Levison?"

"What have you let Skeatey take your minor away for?"

"Explain, you ass!"

Tom Merry waved his hand.

"Silence for the chair! Skeatey came here for Mike. The man who owned Mike is in prison waiting for trial, and Mike is wanted in the evidence. The rotter trained the monkey to steal things. That was why he wanted him back so badly."

"Bai Jove!"

"It was Mike who stole those things and planted them in the table drawer in my study," announced Tom Merry.

"Wha-a-at!"

"Draw it mild!"

"Gweat Scott!"

"Rot!"

Levison gave a violent start.

"The—the monkey!" he panted. "It was the monkey! Oh!"

"Yes; and jolly lucky for you we found it out!" said Tom Merry. "It's quite true, you fellows. Skeatey knows all about him. He let Mike pinch his watch, and Mike scuttled off and shoved it in the drawer in my study, and Railton and I watched him. There isn't any doubt that Mike put the other things there now. Of course, I didn't think of Mike. It was so natural to suspect Levison of doing anything rotten!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I'll say I'm sorry now," said Tom Merry. "We've been pretty rough on Levison, though he brought it on himself. If he hadn't been such a rotter we shouldn't have suspected him, that's certain."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Still, I'm glad it's been cleared up. Levison, my son, you depart from this court without a stain on your character, excepting the old stains, which won't wash out."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison stalked away, scowling. That was all the sympathy he received. It wasn't much, but it was as much as he deserved. It was his own fault that he was a dog with a bad name, as Blake remarked. He had only himself to thank for what had happened, though, as it turned out, he was, for once, quite innocent. Which was a greater surprise, Monty Lowther solemnly declared, than the discovery that the real author of the mischief was Tom Merry's Minor!

(Next Wednesday: "EDITOR GRUNDY!" George Alfred, the champion clump of St. Jim's, is going strong again in this humorous long yarn. Don't miss his latest adventure. It's the laugh of a lifetime!)

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