

TO BE WON—BICYCLES, CRICKET BATs, CAMERAS! SEE PAGE 2.

The GEM

2^p

IN THIS ISSUE:

"HIS BLACK SHEEP BROTHER!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

"RIVAL SCOUTS!"

By FRANK RICHARDS

AND

**20 MORE
ARMAMENTS STAMPS
FOR
YOUR COLLECTION!**



His BLACK SHEEP BROTHER!

THE GREAT ARMAMENTS RACE

10 More First Prizes of New Bikes!

4,000 Other Grand Prizes

Still to be Won FREE

HALLO, pals! Are you in the Great Stamp-Collecting Race? It's a wonderful opportunity for you—there are still Ten More "Hercules" Bikes and 4,000 other super Prizes on offer. And this is how:

Every week in GEM we are printing Armament Stamps—BATTLESHIPS, SEARCHLIGHTS, GUNS, and so on. There are now six different kinds to be collected. Just cut them out and stick to as many others as you can get hold of. All the stamps you collected last month (except Bombers and Submarines, which we called in for the first prize-giving) can be used for this month's contest as well.

This issue contains twenty more stamps in all! Ten are on this page, and ten more on page 35, while if you also read other popular boys' papers like "Modern Boy" and "Magnet" you will find more of these stamps in them to give you a big total.

* **GOOD NEWS!** Here's a worth-while tip, pals . . . this week's "Magnet" contains four **BONUS TANK STAMPS** in addition to twenty others! What a chance!

At the end of this month we shall again ask you how many of one or more kinds of stamps you've collected. Which stamps we shall ask for will be a close secret until then.

So go all out to get as many of these stamps as you can. Get your pals to do it, too—swap stamps with them if you like and make the "race" more exciting for everybody.

At the end of June another Five Bikes and up to 2,000 of the other tip-top prizes will be given away! The biggest collections of stamps called for will win—and readers will be asked to say which prizes they want, too! The remaining prizes will be reserved for the July prize-giving.

No stamps to be sent in yet—we will tell you how and where when the time comes! (The full rules were given last week and will be repeated later.)

OVERSEAS READERS, TOO! You pals who are far away, you're in this great scheme also, and special awards will be given for the best collections from Overseas Readers. There will be a special closing date for you as well, of course!

(This offer also appears in "Modern Boy," "Magnet," "Detective Weekly," "Sports Budget," "Thriller," "Triumph," "Champion," and "Boy's Cinema.")



MORE STAMPS TO KEEP ON PAGE 35, PALS!

THE VICTIM OF A TREACHEROUS SCHEME OF REVENGE, MANNERS
MINOR FINDS HIMSELF IN DANGER OF UTTER DISGRACE!



His BLACK SHEEP BROTHER!

"Who's there?" called out Darrell. "Is that you, Manners minor?" Manners and his young brother lay as still as mice in the grass. "You may as well show yourself," went on the prefect. "I shall see you in a few moments!"

CHAPTER 1.

The Third Form Disapprove!

"COLLAR him!"
"Now, then, young Manners——"
"Got him!"

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther were sauntering across the quad to the gates when that outburst of voices fell upon their ears.

There was a crowd of fags under the elms. As a rule the Terrible Three did not bother their heads much about the vagaries of the heroes of the Third Form—but the mention of "young Manners" drew their attention.

The "young Manners" was Manners minor, the brother of Manners of the Shell, and Manners major was naturally interested at once.

"Your blessed minor is in trouble again, Manners," said Monty Lowther. "Looks as if the Third are scalping him!"

"The young ass!" said Manners, frowning. "I thought he was getting on better in the Third."

"Let's look into it," suggested Tom Merry.

Manners nodded, and the three Shell fellows strode upon the scene.

A dozen fags of the Third, headed by D'Arcy minor, were gathered round Reggie Manners.

Reggie had evidently been run down and cornered in that somewhat secluded spot. His cap was gone, his hair was untidy, and his face was flushed with anger. He stood with his back against a tree, with his fists clenched and raised. Round him the fags were gathered in a ring, with threatening looks.

"Clear off, confound you!" Manners minor was saying, as Tom Merry & Co. came up. "What the dickens are you up to?"

"Collar him!" yelled Jameson.

"Mop him up!"
"Give him the frogmarch!"

Wally D'Arcy raised a commanding hand.

"Hold on!" he said.

"Look here——" began Hobbs hotly.

"Shut up, Hobbs! I'm going to talk to the young bounder like a Dutch uncle," said Wally.
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

By

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

*In seeking revenge on
Harry Manners, Gerald
Cutts, the cad of the Fifth,
strikes at him through his
reckless young brother!*

who was the leader in the Third Form. "Now, Manners minor, I'm giving you a chance, because you're a new kid here. Your major in the Shell isn't a bad sort, either, and he'd be down on you, too, if he knew your little game."

"Fother my major!" growled Reggie.

The Terrible Three stopped and looked on, unnoticed by the excited fags for the moment. Manners was frowning.

"Bother your major as much as you like," said Jameson. "But you can't bother us!"

"No fear! Scrag him!"

"Order, I tell you!" exclaimed Wally. "I haven't finished yet."

"You never have finished," grumbled Curly Gibson. "Blessed if I ever knew such a chap for jaw! What is there to jaw about, anyway?"

"Shut up, Curly!"

"Oh rats!"

"Now look here, young Manners. I'm going to talk to you," pursued Wally. "In the first place, Cutts of the Fifth is a rank rotter, and the less you have to do with him the better."

"That's my business," said Reggie.

"In the second place," continued Wally, unheeding, "the Fifth have no right to fag anybody in the school—not even the kids in the Second Form. As for fagging the Third, it's pure cheek! We have to fag for the Sixth—but the Fifth are nobody. Any chap found fagging for the Fifth gets a Form licking."

"Yes, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"You," continued Wally, pointing his forefinger accusingly at Manners minor—"you have been fagging for Cutts of your own accord!"

"It's my business!"

"Not quite," said Wally cheerfully. "Now, as you know, Cutts is a regular blackguard! He's too jolly cute to be found out, but that's what he is. If the Head or Mr. Railton knew about him, he'd be sacked."

"Rot!" said Reggie.

"If you fag for Cutts you'll get into all sorts of things—such as fetching in smokes for him, and taking messages to shady rotters," said Wally. "It might mean the sack for yourself in the long run."

"Rats!"

"Hark at him!" said Jameson, exasperatedly. "How long are you going to stand his rotten cheek, D'Arcy minor?"

"Not much longer!" said Wally savagely.

"Now, young Manners—"

"Are you going to let me pass?" said Reggie sullenly.

"Not yet. You've got to give up fagging for Cutts."

"Well, I won't!"

"By order of the Form!" said Wally impressively.

"Blow the Form!"

"Look here, that's enough!" roared Jameson. "Collar the young cad!"

The fags made a rush.

"Hands off!" yelled Reggie Manners. "I tell you—oh—ah—ow!"

Manners minor struggled desperately in the grasp of the Third Form crowd.

The Third Formers were fed-up, and it was not surprising.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another dubiously.

"Bump him!" shouted Jameson.

Bump, bump!

"Yah! Leggo!"

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

"I can't stand this!" muttered Manners. "I've got to chip in. He's my minor. The pater asked me to look after him."

Bump!

"Yow-ow-woop!"

"Scrag him, the cheeky cad!"

"Here, what—keep off, you Shell cads! Oh, my hat!"

There was a roar of indignation as the Terrible Three rushed in and hurled the fags right and left. With a rush, they reached the unfortunate Reggie and dragged him out of the hands of the persecutors.

"Cheeky rotters!" yelled Wally. "Go for 'em! Give 'em socks!"

The Terrible Three retreated, Manners dragging his gasping minor along with him. The enraged Third rushed after them, too excited to care for the fact that they were tackling three of the best fighting men in the Middle School.

But just then, fortunately, Mr. Railton, the Housemaster of the School House, appeared in sight, and there was a general scamper to escape.

Wally & Co. disappeared round the gym, and round the farther side they halted, breathless.

"We'll scrag those cheeky rotters for interfering!" gasped Wally. "And as for that cad Manners minor, we'll make the Third Form too hot to hold him!"

To which the Third gave a hearty assent.

CHAPTER 2.

A Run for Reggie!

"LET me go!"

Manners minor panted out the words savagely and breathlessly.

His brother was still holding his arm.

It was a half-holiday at St. Jim's that afternoon, and the Terrible Three had intended to spend it on the river. But they were not thinking about the river just now.

Tom Merry and Lowther easily understood Manners' anxiety for his minor, and they were ready to back him up by wasting time on Reggie.

But Reggie did not appreciate their kindness in the least, and he was not at all grateful for his timely rescue.

"Let me go, Harry!" he repeated angrily. "I've got no time to waste!"

Manners did not let go. He kept a tight grip on his brother's arm till they had passed through the gates into the road.

"Look here, what's the little game?" demanded Reggie. "I'm not going out with you, if that's what you mean!"

"Do you think we want your company, you young worm?" growled Manners.

"Well, I know I don't want yours! Let go my arm!"

"I'll let you go," said Manners, "but don't cut off. If you do, I'll take you by the collar!"

Reggie smoothed out his hair and set his collar straight, and scowled at the chums of the Shell.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded sullenly.

"I want to speak to you," said Manners. "I heard what D'Arcy minor was saying. He gave you a good description of Cutts. I didn't know you were fagging for that blackguard."

"I'm not exactly fagging for him," said Reggie. "Cutts is very decent to me, and he's taken me up. Why shouldn't he?"

"Fifth Form chaps don't pal with fags in the Third," said Manners.

"Well, if Cutts chooses to, that's his business."
 "And mine, too!" said Manners grimly. "Have you been in Cutts' study lately?"

"Yes, I have."

"Smoking, I suppose?"

"Don't ask any questions, and I won't tell you whoppers!" said Reggie defiantly.

"Have you been playing cards with him?"

"Find out!"

"You're asking for a licking, you young rascal!" said Manners, between his teeth. "You'd better be careful!"

"Can't you mind your own business?" said Reggie savagely. "Let me go my own way, can't you?"

"No," said Manners. "I can't—not the way you want to go. Even if I didn't care myself, the pater would say it was my fault when you got the sack. You can't have anything to do with Cutts, Reggie. Have a little sense, kid. What do you think a Fifth Form senior wants with a fag of the Third?"

"Cutts is friendly to me."

"That means that he sends you on messages, and gets you to bring things into the school for him, and gives you cigarettes to smoke."

Reggie granted, and did not reply.

"Look here, Reggie, won't you take my advice? I'm your elder brother. Don't have anything to do with Cutts."

"Oh, rot!"

"You mean that you're determined to be a young blackguard?" exclaimed Manners major.

"Oh, don't jaw!" said Reggie. "I had a good time at home, and I'm going to have a good time here. I don't want any sermons—I know that! If I've finished, I'll cut off!"

"Where are you going?"

"That's my affair!"

Manners' eyes gleamed.

"Is it Cutts this afternoon?" he demanded.

"Well, if you want to know, it is! Now I'm going!" Reggie gave a yell as his major grasped his collar. "Let me go, you beast!"

Manners looked at his chums, who were looking on in silence.

"Do you fellows mind if we take this young rotter on the river with us?" he asked.

"Bring him, certainly!" said Tom Merry at once.

"We shall be honoured," said Monty Lowther. "The society of Manners minor would be an attraction anywhere."

"Come along, then, Reggie!"

"I'm not coming with you!" yelled Reggie furiously.

"Yes, you are," said Manners coolly. "Will you fellows run the boat out? I'll bring Reggie."

"Right-ho!"

Tom Merry and Lowther cut down to the boat-house and pushed out the boat from the raft.

Manners followed them more slowly, marching Reggie along by the collar. As they came on the raft Reggie began to kick savagely.

But he had time for only one kick.

Manners grasped him with both hands and tossed him bodily into the boat. Then he jumped in.

Tom Merry shoved off.

Reggie Manners sat up dazedly in the bottom of the boat.

The boat was gliding away into the stream, with an ever-widening stretch of water between it and the landing-raft.

Tom Merry and Lowther took the oars and Manners took the lines.

Reggie stared at the three Shell fellows with suppressed fury. But his escape was cut off, and he could only sit and scowl.

CHAPTER 3.

Not a Pleasant Afternoon!

"CHEER up, kid!" said Tom Merry kindly.

"Put on a grin!" said Monty Lowther encouragingly.

Reggie continued to scowl.

The pleasure of the afternoon was gone for Manners of the Shell. As for Reggie, he was in a savage temper, and he did not seek to conceal it.

The shining river, the deep, dark woods on the banks, the sunny, blue sky might have cheered up the gloomiest misanthrope; but Reggie Manners refused to be cheered. He was thinking of a little picnic party on the island up the river, to which he had been graciously asked by Cutts & Co.

Reggie was proud of being taken up by so prominent and fashionable a chap as Cutts.

Cutts was much admired by many fellows in the

THE GEM SPELLING BEE

TRY THESE TEASERS!

Can you tell how many of the words given below are misspelled?

REPENTENT
 APPROBRIOUS
 DRYLY
 DISHEVELED
 SOLACE
 SMOKEY
 OBSTREPEROUS
 NAIVE
 ACQUIESE
 PHLEGMATIC

Make your corrections and then look on page 31, where the answers are given.

school. He was wealthy; he was always expensively dressed; he was reckless and hardy. He was a blackguard of the first water, too; but that, apparently, did not lower him in Reggie's estimation.

A good many fellows in the School House knew, or suspected, the kind of fellow Cutts really was, but cunning and good luck had hitherto saved him from discovery by the masters.

Reggie regarded him with awe and admiration. His reckless disregard for all the rules of the school added to Reggie's admiration, and the fag was immensely proud of being taken up by the dandy of the Fifth.

Reggie was the spoiled child of a proud father, and he had never been given to reflection on the consequences of his actions. He had fallen into bad ways at home, and Mr. Manners had hoped to cut him off from evil associates by sending him to St. Jim's where his elder brother could keep a watchful eye on him.

Manners major had a thankless task.

Reggie certainly did not thank him; and as Reggie's letters home generally contained some complaint of his brother, his father did not thank him either. Whether he cared for Reggie, or neglected him, Manners was likely to get more kicks than halfpence, so to speak. It was only his strong sense of duty that led him to trouble himself about the reckless and wilful fag at all.

Any other fag in the Third Form would have been pleased by being taken out for the afternoon by Tom Merry & Co. Not so with Reggie.

He regarded himself as an injured party, and he thought incessantly of the treat he was missing. The scowl did not leave his face for a moment, and Tom Merry and Lowther gave up the attempts to cheer him.

They pulled steadily up the river, leaving the fag to scowl in the stern in grim silence.

It was not till they came in sight of the green, wooded island in the river that Reggie Manners broke his sullen silence.

His eyes gleamed a little as he looked at the island. That was the spot where Cutts' picnic was to take place, followed by cigarettes and cards.

Reggie was wondering what his friends in the Fifth thought of his absence. Cutts would think him ungrateful; might refuse to have anything more to do with him.

The thought of that made Reggie furious.

"There's the island!" he said abruptly.

Tom Merry glanced over his shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "Like to land there, Reggie?"

Tom was willing to do anything he could to gratify Manners' minor, though the sulky fag's scowling was spoiling the afternoon for them.

The Terrible Three had shouldered Manners' young brother as a common burden, as it were.

"Yes," said Reggie, his face lighting up. "I've never been on the island."

"Let's land there, then," said Tom.

"I don't mind!" said Lowther.

"We were going to pull up the river," said Manners with a grunt.

"Well, if you'd rather—" said Tom hesitatingly.

"Oh, I don't care twopence; but I don't want that sulky little beast to spoil your afternoon!"

"My dear chap," said Monty Lowther, "don't worry about that. The sight of Reggie's smiling face is happiness enough."

Reggie grinned; he could not help it.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Manners peevishly.

"Look here, I don't really want to plant that little beast on you chaps. I know it's rough on you!"

"Bow-wow!" said Tom cheerily.

"I've got to keep him away from that black-guard Cutts, but there's no reason why you should be bothered with him," said Manners.

"It isn't a bother—it's a giddy pleasure!" said Lowther. "I shall remember Reggie's face next time I want to make up as a demon in a pantomime."

"Oh, cheese it!" growled Reggie.

"To hear is to obey!" said Lowther gracefully. "I generally wring a fag's neck when he tells me to cheese it. But never mind!"

"You can wring his neck if you like," grunted Manners.

Lowther did not avail himself of this kind permission.

"Steer for the island, old chap!" said Tom Merry. "We'll have a run ashore, as Reggie hasn't been on the island yet."

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

"Oh, all right!"

The boat approached the island, a curious grin lurking on Reggie's face.

The bows plunged into the rushes, under thick, overhanging trees.

Tom Merry jumped ashore, followed by his companions, and the boat was pulled farther in.

"Well, here we are, Reggie!" said Lowther.

"I'd like a walk about the island," said Reggie.

"I suppose we can stay here for a bit?"

"As long as you like, kid!" said Tom Merry, glad to see that the fag was apparently recovering from his ill-humour.

Reggie did not trouble to thank him. He strolled off into the trees and disappeared from sight.

Tom Merry sat down on the gunwale of the boat.

"Cheer up, Manners, old fellow!" he remarked.

"Reggie's all right. He won't spend this afternoon with Cutts, at any rate!"

Manners made a restless movement.

"I can't always be watching him," he muttered; "and Cutts will do him harm—you fellows know that. Blessed if I haven't a jolly good mind to speak to the Housemaster about it!"

The captain of the Shell looked very grave.

"You can't do that, Manners," he said. "You can't prove anything against Cutts. He's too jolly deep for that. We know a good deal about him, but it would only be our word against his, and he would lie. Besides, you can't sneak, even about Cutts!"

"I know I can't!" said Manners irritably. "But I'd rather do it than let young Reggie be turned into a vicious little beast. What would my pater say, if he knew?"

Tom was silent. It was a difficult position. To look after and guide an obstinate and self-willed young rascal, who was determined not to be looked after, or guided, was not an easy task.

"And the young rotter's got something up his sleeve now," said Manners. "I saw that by the way he was grinning. I suppose he's thinking of dodging us on this island."

"He can't get away!"

"I suppose he can't! But he's got something up his sleeve in stopping us here—I know that! He doesn't want to trot over the island!"

"You're getting suspicious in your old age," said Monty Lowther, wagging a warning finger at Manners.

"Oh rats!" said Manners.

Tom Merry looked towards the trees several times, as the Shell fellows waited. But Manners' minor did not reappear.

"Hallo!" said Monty Lowther suddenly.

"We're going to have visitors!"

He pointed to the river.

A boat was pulling from the direction of the distant school.

Cutts and Gilmore were rowing, and St. Leger was at the tiller.

Manners' brow contracted.

"They're coming to the island!" he exclaimed.

"Looks like it!"

"That's why Reggie wanted to stop at the island," said Manners bitterly. "He knew they were coming here!"

"My hat!" murmured Tom. "What a deep little beast!" He sprang up. "We'll clear off before they get here, then. Reggie! Reggie!"

"You can shout," said Manners. "He won't come!"

"Reggie! Reggie!" shouted Tom Merry and Lowther.



The boat was pushed out into the river, and it floated away, the Terrible Three sprawling in it, aching and dizzy. The seniors stood on the bank and roared with laughter. "If you come back, you young sweeps," chuckled St. Leger, "we'll pitch you into the river next time!"

But there was no answer from Reggie. Their shouts could be heard over the whole island, and Manners minor certainly must have heard them; but he gave no sign.

The Terrible Three looked at one another.

It was pretty clear that the youngster had hidden himself in the trees and did not intend to show up until his friends of the Fifth had arrived.

"We'll find him," said Tom curtly.

"Can't, before those rotters get here!" said Manners.

"We'll try, anyway! Come on!"

Cutts & Co. were very near the island now. The chums of the Shell plunged into the trees in search of Reggie. It was easy enough for Scouts like the Terrible Three to pick up tracks in the thick grass, but they had very little time. They were still searching in the wood when they heard the Fifth Formers' boat bump on the reedy shore, and Cutts' voice came to their ears.

"Hallo! Somebody here already!"

"Some fags," said St. Leger's voice. "That's Tom Merry's own boat!"

"We'll soon clear them off, then!" growled Cutts. "They're not stopping here with us!"

"No fear! No fags wanted!"

There was a rustle in the underwoods, and Tom Merry looked round quickly.

Reggie Manners was dashing down to the shore to join the Fifth Formers there, evidently to place himself under the protection of Gerald Cutts.

"Stop him!" exclaimed Manners.

Tom Merry sprang after the fag and caught him by the shoulder.

"Hold on, Reggie!"

"Let me go!" panted Reggie.

"Hold on, you young ass——"

Reggie hit out savagely, and Tom Merry caught a low blow on his chest and staggered back.

Reggie broke away and dashed on; but his elder brother was close upon him, and he grasped the fag by the collar.

"Now stop, you young cad, or I'll give you the licking of your life!" said Manners between his teeth.

"Help!" shouted Reggie.

"Hallo! What's that?" It was Cutts' voice beyond the trees.

"Cutts, help!" yelled Reggie.

"Manners minor, by gum!" exclaimed Cutts. "Come on!"

The three Fifth Formers burst through the trees.

CHAPTER 4.

A Fight to a Finish!

"BY gad!" ejaculated Cutts.

The three seniors stared at Reggie, struggling in the grasp of his major.

Tom Merry and Lowther put up their fists defensively.

Three Shell juniors against three seniors of the Fifth was a very unequal match, but the Terrible Three were not daunted.

Manners glared at the cad of the Fifth.

"Clear off!" he said savagely. "You're not wanted here!"

Cutts burst into a laugh.

"So you're there, Reggie? You came out with THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

this precious gang instead of sticking to your arrangements with us—what?"

"I didn't want to come!" howled Reggie. "They made me! They chucked me into this boat and made me come!"

"Bullying, eh?" said Cutts.

Manners' eyes blazed at him.

"My young brother doesn't want anything to do with a rotten blackguard like you!" he exclaimed fiercely.

"By gad!" said St. Leger. "Is that how you talk to the Fifth, Manners? You'd better take care!"

"It's how I talk to a smoking, gambling, blackguard who is teaching my brother to be a cad like himself!" said Manners savagely.

Cutts laughed again. Hard words broke no bones.

"I don't want to stay with them!" said Reggie. "Make them let me go, Cutts!"

Cutts nodded.

His old dislike for the Terrible Three was as keen as ever. He was not likely to allow himself to be defied by three juniors of the Shell, and the three juniors he disliked most of all at St. Jim's.

"You can take your choice, kid," he said. "If you'd rather be with me I'll soon put a stop to this bullying."

"You cad!" burst out Tom Merry. "It isn't bullying, and you know it. And Reggie shan't come with you."

"I will!" howled Reggie.

Cutts strode forward.

"Let that kid alone, Manners!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Will you let him alone?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I'll make you fast enough!" said Cutts.

He grasped Manners as he spoke.

The Shell fellow struck him full in the face, and Cutts gave a howl of rage and closed with him.

Tom Merry and Lowther rushed to their chum's aid at once, but they had St. Leger and Gilmore to deal with.

"Down them!" shouted Cutts.

"What-ho!" chuckled Gilmore.

The Terrible Three put up a very creditable fight. But the three big seniors were naturally too much for them.

The Fifth Formers did not stand upon ceremony. They hit out fiercely, as if they were dealing with foes of their own age and size.

Tom Merry & Co. were driven back, and, though they resisted gamely, they knew they had no chance.

Manners was the first down, stretched upon the grass by St. Leger with a right-hander on the jaw.

"Sit on him, Reggie!" said St. Leger.

Reggie hesitated a moment. Savage and resentful as he was at his brother's interference, he had a qualm of conscience at taking sides against him. But he had no choice now. He could not take both sides at once, and he had thrown in his lot with the blackguards of the Fifth.

"Do you hear me?" shouted St. Leger.

"Ye-es," stammered Reggie.

And he ran forward and planted his knee on Manners' chest.

Manners looked up at him dazedly.

"Reggie!" he gasped.

"Keep still and I won't hurt you," said Reggie.

"You young blackguard!"

"Why can't you mind your own business, then?"

Manners struggled to rise. St. Leger had gone to the help of his comrades. Lowther was down, but he had dragged Gilmore with him, and the two were struggling in the grass.

Tom Merry was standing his ground against Cutts of the Fifth.

Bigger, older, and heavier as Gerald Cutts was, he did not find the captain of the Shell an easy adversary. Tom Merry was the best boxer in the Lower School and as hard as nails. He stood his ground well, and Cutts had already received almost as much punishment as the junior. One of Tom's eyes was closing, but Cutts' nose was swollen and streaming red.

The dandy of the Fifth was attacking furiously, almost white with rage.

"Lend me a hand!" panted Gilmore, unable to get rid of Monty Lowther.

St. Leger ran to his help and dragged Lowther off and rolled him over in the grass.

Gilmore planted himself on the fallen junior and kept him prisoner.

There was a crash in the grass. Cutts had gone down—much to his astonishment—laid on his back by a drive right on the point of the chin.

He leaped up in a fury and rushed at Tom Merry.

Tom defended himself well, but he was driven back, and St. Leger, with a grin, ran behind him and caught his arms. In a moment more Tom was struggling in the grasp of the two seniors.

"Fair play, you cads!" he panted.

Cutts gritted his teeth.

"Bring him to his boat," he said.

Still resisting, Tom Merry was dragged away through the bushes, and pitched into his boat. He lay there, dazed and gasping.

"Now the others," grinned St. Leger.

8 GRAND STORIES

- ★ ISLAND OF SILENCE
- ★ MOPEY'S EATING JOINT
- ★ CHAMPION OF THE MAIN
- ★ FLYING THE ARCTIC TRAIL
- ★ THE LAST LAP
- ★ THE BARON STRIKES
- ★ FIRE ON THE FILM SET
- ★ A YANK AT OXFORD

Also many special features and MORE VALUABLE STAMPS in the exciting Armaments Race Competition, in

MODERN BOY

Now on sale at all Newsagents 2d
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

The three seniors seized Monty Lowther together, and he was dragged to the boat and pitched in.

Then they returned for Manners.

Manners was struggling furiously to rise; but he was exhausted by the combat, and Reggie's knee was planted on his chest.

Reggie grinned down at him.

"N.G.," he said. "You should have kept out of this. What did you want to meddle with me for?"

"Oh, you blackguardly young rotter!" panted Manners.

"Mind your own business, then!"

"Now, then, all together!" said St. Leger, as the three seniors came up. "Jump off him, Reggie!"

Manners was grasped by the trio and whirled away. They rushed him down to the boat.

Reggie followed more slowly. His conscience was pricking him a little.

"I—I say, don't hurt him, you know," he faltered.

Cutts & Co. were not likely to take much notice of that request. They whirled Manners into the air and flung him into the boat.

Tom Merry and Lowther were scrambling up, and the impact of Manners sent them sprawling again. The three seniors burst into a roar of laughter.

"Now shove 'em off!" grinned Gilmore.

The boat was pushed out into the stream.

It floated away on the river, the Terrible Three sprawling in it, aching and dizzy. The seniors stood on the reedy bank and roared with laughter.

"Rather a lesson for the cheeky young scoundrels!" chuckled St. Leger. "If you come back, you young sweeps, we'll pitch you into the river the next time!"

Manners staggered up, holding to the gunwale. His eyes fell on his brother standing among the Fifth Formers. Reggie shrank a little from his glance.

"You young cad!" said Manners thickly. "You don't want me to interfere with you? Well, I won't. I'm done with you now. Go your own way!"

He sank down in the stern and took the lines. His companions sat panting in the bottom of the boat. The boat drifted away downstream on the current.

The Terrible Three's afternoon out had not been a success.

CHAPTER 5.

A Little Flutter!

GERALD CUTTS mopped his nose savagely.

His nose was bleeding freely, and there were several bruises on Cutts' handsome face, which was not quite so handsome now.

Defeated as they had been, the chums of the Shell had given a good account of themselves, and the Fifth Formers were not feeling any the better for the encounter. They were feeling, in fact, decidedly the worse for it.

Reggie was silent and unusually thoughtful.

He had cast in his lot with the Fifth Formers, but he knew in his heart that he was in bad company, and that his brother had meant kindly by him. Perhaps, for the moment, the fag was sorry that he was not in the juniors' boat drifting downstream.



"Say, Jim, let's go that way—the scenery's nicer."

Half-a-crown has been awarded to J. Bremner, 133, Herries Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow, S.1.

But it was too late to think of that now. The die was cast.

"Well, we've got rid of them!" said St. Leger. "Blessed if I can see that that howling fag was worth the trouble, though!"

"We couldn't have them here," said Cutts.

"No; that's so."

"I'll make Tom Merry sorry for this!" growled the dandy of the Fifth, as he rubbed his nose again. "How do I look?"

"A bit damaged!" grinned St. Leger.

"Nothing to cackle at, you dummies! Anyway, we've got rid of those meddling young cads. What are you scowling at now, young 'un?"

Reggie tried to brighten up.

"Nothing. I wasn't scowling, Cutts."

Cutts grunted.

"Well, get that basket unpacked," he said. "We've had trouble enough for you. Now you can make yourself useful."

Manners minor unpacked the basket, while Cutts bathed his painful nose in the river.

The lunch-basket was well supplied, and it was a very handsome spread that Reggie displayed on the grass. The fag was recovering his spirits now, too. His repentance had been only momentary. After all, why couldn't his major let him alone?

"Light the spirit-stove and make the coffee," said Cutts.

Reggie obeyed.

The fag was very useful to the picnickers. All being ready, the seniors sat down to tea, and Reggie was graciously invited to join them.

He was kept pretty busy waiting upon the three, but that was only to be expected. It was an honour to wait upon the great men of the Fifth.

It was a pleasant meal enough, under the shady trees, with the shining river flowing past, bright in the summer sunshine.

The "blades" of the Fifth felt their good-humour return.

Tea over, the three merry youths lighted cigarettes, and Cutts offered his case to Reggie.

Manners minor selected a cigarette and lighted it, watched with grinning glances by the seniors.

"You've been at that game before, young 'un," said St. Leger.

Reggie nodded, greatly flattered at being considered doggish by so extremely doggish a youth as St. Leger of the Fifth.

"I used to smoke at home," he said.

"What did your pater say to it?" asked Gilmore.

"Well, he licked me," confessed Reggie. "Not very much, though. He used to give me sermons chiefly."

"But I suppose your noble and upright brother sees that you don't get much smoking at school?" said Cutts, with a sneer.

Reggie sniffed.

"I don't let him interfere with me!" he exclaimed. "Only when he's a beastly bully, and I can't help it, same as to-day."

"Right-ho!" said Cutts heartily. "Stand up for yourself, and you can depend upon me to back you up, kid. Now, then, who's got the cards?"

St. Leger produced the cards, and the three seniors began to play, Reggie watching them with envious eyes.

Cutts was utterly reckless of the effect his example might have upon a precocious youth, but he did not ask Reggie to play. Perhaps he did not think of that; or perhaps he did not think a Third Form fag's money worth winning. But Reggie soon broke in.

"I say, aren't you going to let me take a hand?" he asked.

Cutts stared at him.

"Do you play nap?" he asked.

"Yes, rather!" said Reggie proudly.

"For nuts, I suppose?"

"No fear! Look here, I've got plenty of tin," said Reggie.

The three Fifth Formers exchanged a glance.

"Lots of tin—what?"

"Yes. My pater always sends me money when I ask for it," said Reggie. "He doesn't to my major. He expects him to be more careful, you see."

"Naturally!" grinned Cutts. "But I don't want to win your two or three bob."

"I've got two pounds," said Reggie loftily.

"My hat! Two quids! A kid like you!"

"Yes, and if I lose it I can write to my pater for some more," said Reggie.

"And tell him how you got rid of this lot?" chuckled Gilmore.

"Oh, no. I'm too fly for that!"

"Yes, you're awfully fly," said Cutts. "Well, you can cut in, if you like—half-crowns."

"I don't mind."

"Your deal, St. Leger."

St. Leger dealt, and Reggie joined in the game. Manners minor prided himself on being "fly," but he was not quite fly enough for the blades of the Fifth.

He proved a harder pigeon to pluck, however, than Cutts & Co. had anticipated.

The young rascal had gambled before, more than once, and he knew something about the game.

But he was not likely to keep his end up in the long run against such old hands as Gerald Cutts & Co.

His cash passed over to them slowly but surely, being about equally distributed among the three.

Reggie's face grew somewhat longer as his money fled, and when his last half-crown was gone he looked glum enough. He strove to appear cheerful, however; he would not have his sporting friends think he was "soft," if he could help it.

Cutts gave him a curious glance as he drew back a little.

"Fed up?" he asked.

"N-no; but—but—"

"Stony?" said St. Leger, with a laugh.

"Yes," said Reggie, flushing. "I—I can get some more money to-morrow, though. I shall write to my pater to-night."

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

"My hat!" said Cutts. "I'll swap paters with you with pleasure. Look here, if you'd like to go on, I'll lend you a quid. You may win it back."

"Oh, thank you, Cutts!"

Cutts tossed eight half-crowns across to the fag, who gathered them up excitedly. The gambling fever was in Reggie's veins now, and he would have gambled the boots off his feet if it had been possible.

"I—I say, shall I give you an IOU, Cutts?" he asked.

Cutts laughed.

"No, thanks. I don't collect IOU's from fags."

St. Leger and Gilmore looked rather curiously at their chief. As a matter of fact, the lending of the "quid" was a good-natured action on Cutts' part. In his own way, he rather liked Reggie. St. Leger and Gilmore, however, wondered what purpose he had to serve.

Reggie went on playing. The party had drawn back among the trees, so that they would not be seen from the river.

They were very well aware what would be the consequences if that little game should be seen and reported at St. Jim's.

St. Leger looked up suddenly as there was the splash of an oar in the river.

"Hallo!" he said. "It might be—"

"Only a boat passing," said Cutts.

St. Leger nodded and they went on with the game.

But, as it happened, the boat was not passing.

CHAPTER 6.

A Return With Reinforcements!

"BAI Jove, it's Tom Mewwy!"

"And Manners! What a set of wrecks!"

"Lowther, old chap, where did you pick up that funny face? You ought to put a photo of it in the comic column of the 'Weekly.'"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Blake & Co., of Study No. 6, in the School House, grinned from their boat at the boat that contained the Terrible Three.

The chums of the Shell did not grin back. They were not feeling equal to the grinning just then.

Blake's boat was crowded. Julian and Kerruish of the Fourth, and Kangaroo of the Shell, had joined Blake & Co. for a run up the river. Seven grinning faces looked at the hardly-used Shell fellows in the other boat.

"What's happened?" asked Blake, as the chums of the Shell did not reply.

"Not been fighting one another, like naughty boys, surely?" asked Kangaroo, in a chiding tone.

"Oh, rats!" snapped Manners.

"We've been in a row," said Tom Merry, "and we got the worst of it. If you fellows feel inclined to lend a hand we'll go back and have another scrap."

"Certainly!" said Julian, at once. "Is it the Grammarians?"

"Not the Grammarians this time. St. Jim's chaps."

"Figgins & Co.?" asked Blake. "Right you are! It's time we showed those New House bouncers who's who and what's what."

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"If they've had the feahful cheek to lick School

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

Why does a Scotsman walk up and down when he's playing the bagpipes? It is harder to hit a moving object, and he gives people the impression that he is going away.

Funny thing, I've been asking people the time all day, and everybody tells me differently.

You won't catch 'flu germs out walking in the country, says an authority. Personally, I've never seen a germ out walking anywhere.

Now a reader wants to know what he can do with his old razor blades. A good wheeze is to cut out the holes, glue them together, and make wire netting.

A new name is wanted for an art combining the cinema and ballet. What about cinema-toe-graphy?

Sent from Greystones: Peter Todd and his cousin, Alonzo Todd, took Tom Dutton, the deaf junior, to a variety show. Some of the jokes were bewhiskered. "What a pity Dutton is deaf," observed Alonzo Todd; "he will not have heard the jokes." "Oh, I don't know," said Peter Todd; "he wasn't always deaf, you know!"

Things that are not likely to happen—No. 1: The lion-tamers call a stay-in strike.

D'Arcy says he stumbled across some well-

House chaps, you can wely on us to avenge the affront, deah boys!"

"It's Cutts & Co.," said Lowther sourly.

Blake whistled.

"Scrapping with Fifth Formers! My hat!"

"Bai Jove! Wathah a big handful for you kids to tackle!"

"Never mind. We'll turn the tables on them," said Kerruish. "How many were there of the rotters?"

"Three," said Tom.

"Then there's enough of us to eat them. Where are they?"

"On the island."

"Shove your boat round, then, and come on," said Herries. "We'll mop up the island with them and teach 'em manners."

"Hear, hear!" chimed in Digby.

"I'm not going back," said Manners. "I'm fed up."

"Bai Jove! Surely you're not funkin' a wow,

known people at the Wayland Empire. He should have taken his seat earlier.

Third Form flash: "What is the plural of penny?" asked Mr. Selby. "Tuppence, sir," replied Curly Gibson promptly.

I hear a champion all-in wrestler now runs a laundry in private life. He must be fond of a bit of mangling.

There is a joke about walnuts in a new play. Well, that is a change from "chest-nuts," anyhow.

"Gale Prevents Both Teams From Scoring," ran a football headline at the end of the season. A nil wind.

A film star has just purchased his fifth luxury home. Manors maketh man.

Story: "Aren't the church bells lovely?" called a Rylcombe villager to another across the River Rhyl. "What did you say?" called back the other man. "I said, aren't those church bells lovely?" "What did you say?" called the other again. The first man repeated himself. "Shout louder," called the other man in desperation. "I can't hear a word you're saying for those jangling bells!"

"Film about the Grid," runs a headline. Drama at high tension.

Yes, and it wasn't all honey for the student who was stung at a spelling bee.

Caught Trimble at the study door. He was trying to look through next week's cracks. Wow!

American story: "So," said the film producer "you take the kidnapped child, climb the fire escape to the tenth story, clamber on to the roof, dash along the coping stone, and jump the five feet gap to the roof opposite." "And what if I slip?" gasped the star. "Then you'll have to begin all over again!" snapped the director.

Keep smiling, chaps!

Mannahs. Cheeah up, deah boy! I shall be there," said Arthur Augustus encouragingly.

Manners glared at the swell of St. Jim's.

"Fathead!" he said.

"Weally, Mannahs—"

Tom Merry looked quickly at his chum. Blake & Co. were holding the two boats together.

"Don't you want to go back, Manners?" he asked. "It's a good chance to mop up Cutts & Co. and get our own back."

"Is it young Reggie again?" asked Blake. "If you take your uncle's advice, Manners, you'll keep your young brother away from Cutts."

"Yaas, I was goin' to speak to you on that subject myself," said D'Arcy. "If I found my minah chummin' with Cutts I should give him a feahful thwashin' as an example."

Manners scowled.

"You won't find your minor chummin' with him," he said. "Your minor isn't a young black-

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582

guard, and mine is. And he can chum with Cutts till they both get kicked out of St. Jim's together, for all I care. I'm done with them!"

"Is Reggie with that gang now?" asked Julian.

"Yes," growled Manners.

"What are they up to?"

"Gambling and smoking, I suppose."

"Dash it all, you ought to get him away from them, Manners!" exclaimed Julian warmly. "Young Reggie doesn't understand the risks he's running. Cutts would throw him over at once and leave him to fend for himself if there were any danger."

"I know he would."

"Well, then, let's go and mop up the rotters and get the kid away from them," said Julian.

Manners shook his head.

"Serve them jolly well right to bring Kildare down on them, or the Housemaster!" growled Herries.

"And find 'em picnicking, and not a sign of smoke or a card to be seen," said Manners. "Do you think Cutts is ass enough to be caught?"

"Well, we can catch him," said Blake. "We won't bother about evidence. We'll condemn him on suspicion, and execute him."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"You can go if you like!" said Manners shortly. "I'm not going! You can put me ashore first, Tom."

Tom looked anxiously at Manners.

The Shell fellow's face was hard and gloomy. His expression showed that arguing was useless.

"You don't mind us going?" asked Tom.

"You can do as you like. But I'm not going to take a hand in it. I'm done with my minor now!"

Tom took two oars and brought the boat closer to the river bank.

Manners stepped ashore, and, without a word more, tramped away along the towing path towards the distant school.

Lowther whistled softly.

"Poor old Manners!" he murmured. "No wonder he's fed-up. But he'll come round, Tom, and he'll be glad we've dealt with those rotters."

Tom nodded.

"Take some of our crowd aboard, Tommy," called out Blake; "we're rather full up. Then off we go!"

"Right-ho!"

Kerruish, Kangaroo, and Julian jumped into the Shell fellows' boat; then both boats pulled away swiftly up the river.

The juniors were looking forward to the scrap with Cutts & Co. with considerable glee.

There were nine of them in the party, considerably more than a match for the blades of the Fifth.

The Terrible Three had had little chance against the three seniors, but the odds were on the other side now.

Tom Merry's face was very grim.

He understood clearly enough how bitterly Manners was wounded by his minor's ingratitude and want of feeling, and he was inclined to give the cheerful Reggie the licking of his life. He was still more inclined to give Cutts & Co. the licking of their lives.

"Here we are!" said Julian.

The boats drew in to the island.

The bows plunged into the rushes, and the juniors swarmed ashore.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

There was a sharp exclamation, and Cutts' face looked through the trees. He looked startled at the sight of nine juniors.

The dandy of the Fifth had a cigarette between his lips and a bunch of cards in his hands.

Had the new arrivals been persons whom he needed to dread, the cigarette and the cards would have disappeared as if by magic.

But Cutts was quite indifferent to the opinions of the juniors.

"What the dickens do you fags want here?" he exclaimed. "We've chucked you out once. Do you want to be chucked out again?"

"No; we've come back to chuck you out," said Lowther blandly.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Go for 'em!" shouted Kangaroo.

The juniors advanced through the trees to the grassy spot where the gamblers had been seated. St. Leger and Gilmore had risen to their feet, but Reggie Manners was still seated upon a log, with a cigarette in his mouth. He stared sullenly at Tom Merry & Co.

Arthur Augustus' eyeglass turned upon him with inexpressible scorn.

"You disgustin' little wottah!" ejaculated D'Arcy.

"Oh, cheese it!" growled Reggie. "What have you come here for?"

"You cheeky young boundah—"

"We've come here to fetch you away, Reggie," said Tom Merry.

Reggie scowled.

"I won't come!"

"You won't have any choice about that. You'll get into the boat, or you'll be thrown in!"

"Mind your own business!" howled Reggie.

"Cutts, you won't let them take me away, will you?"

Gerald Cutts hesitated.

Nine sturdy juniors were not to be dealt with as three had been. The boat was on the other foot now. Force was on the side of Tom Merry & Co. It was a bitter pill for the dandy of the Fifth to swallow—to give in to a crowd of juniors of the Fourth Form and the Shell. But he had to get it down.

St. Leger and Gilmore evidently did not intend to enter into a struggle with a crowd for the sake of the festive Reggie, and their looks told as much.

Cutts burst into an angry laugh.

"Oh, cut off!" he said. "If your father-confessor wants you, you'd better go. You kids clear off at once!"

Tom Merry did not stir.

"We're not clearing off just yet," he said.

"What do you want here?"

"We're going to punish you."

"What!" yelled Cutts.

"You're going to be ragged baldheaded for teaching that kid to smoke and gamble. You can take it quietly, or you can put up a fight. It's all the same to us. Collar the cads, you chaps!"

"Yaas, wathah, deah boys!"

"Go for 'em!" yelled Blake.

"Look here," shouted Cutts, "I tell you—Oh, my hat!"

Cutts had no time to say more; he had to defend himself. Gilmore and St. Leger, almost white with rage, put up their hands, too.

The nine juniors came on with a rush, and there was a terrific struggle under the trees.

CHAPTER 7.

Something Like a Licking!

GERALD CUTTS fought hard. Tom Merry, Lowther, and Blake had collared him, and were grasping him, but the dandy of the Fifth put up a good fight even against the three.

But he had no chance. He was dragged down into the grass and bumped there, and Monty Lowther planted a heavy knee on his chest.

Cutts struggled in vain under that knee, and kicked out savagely till Kangaroo stood on his legs, pinning them down.

Then he lay gasping in helpless rage.

His two companions resisted, but not so desperately. They knew that the game was up and that the juniors meant business.

They went down, and were pinned down, gritting their teeth, but taking care not to provoke the avengers to rough measures.

Reggie Manners stood looking on, his hands clenched, and his eyes blazing, but he did not attempt to help the seniors. He was useless in that kind of a scrap. He made one movement towards the affray, and Blake hurled him aside without ceremony, and after that Reggie was simply a spectator.

"Got 'em!" said Herries. "Better lie still, St. Leger, or I shall jam your napper on the ground—like that!"

"Woop!" gasped St. Leger.

"Are you going to make any more fuss, Gilmore?" asked Julian.

"N-no!" gasped Gilmore. "Leggo my ears, you young fiend!"

"Sorry! They're easy to hold on by," said Julian politely.

"Sit tight on his chest, Dig."

"You bet!" grinned Digby.

"Have you had enough, Cutts?"

"I'll smash you!" yelled Cutts, struggling furiously under Monty Lowther and the Cornstalk junior.

"Bai Jove! I wathah think you're the party that's gettin' smashed, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Let me up, you young demons—let me up, or—"

"Bang his papper on the ground, Kerruish!" said Monty Lowther. "Never mind if you hurt him!"

"I don't!" grinned Kerruish.

Bang!

"Yaroooh!"

"Have some more?" asked the Manx junior, taking a firm grip on Cutts' ears. "I'll keep it up as long as you like."



"Your minor's gone down to the Green Man to fetch something, you understand?" said St. Leger. "There's a prefect on the track, and if your minor's found with spirits and smokes on him, you know what will happen!" "Oh, the silly young idiot!" exclaimed Manners.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let go!" shrieked Cutts.

"Bow-wow!"

"I'll smash you for this!"

Bang!

"Oh, oh, oh! Ow!"

"Anything more to say?" asked Kerruish cheerily. "Don't mind me. I'm going to give you a bang every time, that's all. Go on!"

Gerald Cutts did not go on. His head was spinning, and he did not want any more.

Tom Merry looked down on him, with a curling lip.

"Now, you know what you've done, Cutts, and you know what you're going to get," he said. "If you make a fuss you'll get hurt a little more. You're going to have nothing more to do with Reggie Manners. You understand?"

Cutts choked.

"Every time we find that that silly kid's had any dealings with you, we're going to rag him," said Tom. "Manners minor isn't worth the trouble; but Manners major is—see? Now you're going to have your lesson. Give me that cane, Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus handed a cane to Tom—a light Malacca cane belonging to Cutts.

Tom Merry swished it in the air.

"Turn him over!"

"Right-ho!"

Lowther, Kangaroo, and Kerruish grasped Cutts, and turned him face downwards in the grass, in spite of his struggles.

"What are you going to do, you young villain?" screamed Cutts.

"I'm going to flog you!" said Tom coolly.

"Wha-a-at!"

"The Head would flog you if he knew the kind of rascal you were," said the captain of the Shell. "The Head doesn't know, and we can't tell him. You can consider me in the light of a temporary headmaster."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you dare to touch me!" yelled Cutts.

"I'll—I'll—Yah! Oh! Yah!"

Swish!

The cane came down with a sounding thwack. "Huwah!" shouted Arthur Augustus. "Go it, Tom Mewwy—"

Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack!

Cutts roared and raved and struggled. But he was held firmly.

Never had the dandy of the Fifth experienced so thorough a thrashing, as well deserved as it was thorough.

Twelve strokes were laid on by Tom Merry's strong arm; and each stroke was, as Blake described, a "corker."

Cutts was almost sobbing with rage when the captain of the Shell had finished.

St. Leger and Gilmore watched apprehensively. They knew only too well that their turn was coming.

Tom Merry turned to them when he was finished with their leader.

Cutts lay wriggling and gasping, considerably hurt, but much more humiliated than he was hurt.

"I—I say, keep off!" gasped St. Leger. "I—I hadn't anything to do with that fag coming here. I didn't want the little beast at all!"

"You've been gambling with him," said Tom.

"I—I—I—"

"Roll him over!"

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

"Look here!" yelled St. Leger, as he was rolled over forcibly in the grass. "If you dare to touch me with that cane, I'll—I'll—yaroooh!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

"Go it, deah boy!"

"By Jove, what a carpet-beater you'd make, Tommy!" said Monty Lowther admiringly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

St. Leger roared and howled under the castigation, but he had to take it right up to the twelfth stroke. Then the captain of the Shell bestowed his attention upon Gilmore, who was looking almost sick with apprehension.

"I'll report this to the Head!" hissed Gilmore.

"Report away! The Head may find out a little more than you'd like, if you do," said Tom Merry.

"Look here! Yow-ow-ow!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

Gilmore went through it, howling.

"Tired, deah boy?" asked Arthur Augustus sympathetically, as Tom Merry rested, breathing rather deeply after his labours.

Tom Merry laughed.

"Not at all! I'm ready for Reggie now."

"Look here, you interfering beast!" began Reggie in alarm.

"Chuck him over!" said Tom Merry.

"Yaas, the young wascal certainly ought to have a licking, too," said Arthur Augustus. "I quite approve."

"If Gussy approves, there's nothing more to be said," remarked Lowther. "What on earth are you making a fuss about, Reggie?"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Let me alone!" yelled Reggie, struggling and kicking furiously.

"You're jolly near as bad as those rotters," said Tom Merry sternly. "You've cut up old Manners—a chap who is worth a dozen of you. You're a thumping little rascal, and you want a lesson! Your major won't give it to you—I'm going to give it to you. Roll him over!"

"You rotten bully!" screamed Reggie.

Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack!

Four strokes of the cane, well laid on, made Reggie howl and shriek. Then Tom Merry tossed away the instrument of punishment.

"That'll do!" he said.

"Better give him a round dozen," said Herries.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"That's enough for a beginning. He'll get more next time. Do you understand, Reggie? Manners has tried kindness with you, and it doesn't work. Now you're going to get the other thing, and we'll see whether that works."

"Yow-ow-ow!" was all Reggie replied.

"Now go into the boat."

"Yow! I won't! Wow!"

"Chuck him in!" said Tom.

Bump!

Manners minor went unceremoniously into the boat.

"Now we're finished here," said Tom Merry. "You've had your lesson, Cutts. You had better keep your rotten blackguardism to yourself in future. If you don't, you'll get some more of the same!"

The juniors returned to the boats. Gerald Cutts scowled at them blackly, but he did not venture to interfere.

"Bai Jove!" remarked Arthur Augustus



The U.S.A. collect their mails by train as we do. A States parcel stamp of 1912.

HIGH SPEED POST OFFICES

**Collecting and delivering
mail at seventy miles an
hour!**



The world's latest T.P.O. stamp—from Switzerland, where vans replace our railway coaches.

IT'S a great pity that there isn't more in the stamp album to remind us of the invaluable services the Travelling Post Offices render us. A number of special postmarks in Britain, an odd stamp here and there—like the new Swiss one and the American illustrated here—are practically all we have. But if our philatelic references are meagre, our debt to the T.P.O.s is great.

Part of almost every express train running in the country, the T.P.O.s, in the form of a single coach or a number of coaches, ensure that we get our letters from one corner of the British Isles to the other with the least delay possible.

WEST COAST POSTAL.

In some instances an express train will consist solely of postal coaches. The historic "West Coast Postal" of the L.M.S., running nightly between Euston and Aberdeen, is a case in point. This is usually made up of thirteen large bogie coaches, six of which are Post Office sorting depots in miniature. While the train is hurtling through the night at seventy miles an hour, deft postal officials are busily sorting out the mail which the train loaded up at Euston or which she picks up en route.

This picking-up business is very interesting. Fresh mail, sealed in a stout leather bag, is hung from a rotatable arm at the side of the permanent way. As the express rushes past, a strong net on the side of one of the coaches detaches the mailbag from the arm, and the bag is swept into the sorting coach. Each bag itself weighs twenty pounds, and usually contains up to thirty pounds of letters, which means that, unless the catching process is timed to a nicety, someone in the train is likely to get hurt by the mailbag as it hurtles into the sorting coach.

HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD METHOD.

The reverse system operates, by the way, when the officials wish to leave a bag of mail at some wayside halt. In this case the swinging arm is attached to the side of the train, with a mailbag at its end. A net on the track-side catches the mailbag.

It is interesting to note that this method of picking up and dropping mailbags was introduced just a hundred years ago by John Ramsey, a postal official, and though slight modifications have been made since, the whole process is substantially the same as when it was first tried out on a converted horse-box on the Grand Junction Railway in 1838.

At present there are over seventy different British T.P.O.s, using more than a hundred and fifty sorting coaches, which cover the staggering total of close on six million miles of our countryside every year. This represents the handling of something like five thousand million letters and a hundred and forty million parcels!

In the face of such achievement, the P.O. would be more than justified in telling the world about all this by means of special stamps or even an original postmark. But with true British reticence they stick to a very simple postmark, and shelve special commemoratives altogether. Why, when the T.P.O.s celebrated their centenary early this year, they didn't even have a special cancellation to record this fact!

Most of our T.P.O.s' special postmarks bear either the letters T.P.O. (Travelling Post Office), R.P.O. (Railway Post Office), R.S.C. (Railway Sorting Carriage), or simply S.C. (Sorting Carriage), and the name of one or other of the main line stations served by the trains.

CHAPTER 8.

Estranged!

TOM MERRY & CO. returned to St. Jim's, and Reggie Manners came in with them. He did not want to, but he had no choice about it. Monty Lowther had taken his arm affectionately.

Reggie's face was dark and sullen.

It was not till the juniors were in the School House that Monty Lowther dropped his arm and left him to his own devices.

Tom Merry and Lowther went to their study for tea.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy glanced after Reggie as he moved sullenly away, and hurried after him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Weggie, Jeab boy—" he said mildly.

"Oh, shut up!" said the dear boy.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

D'Arcy, as the juniors pulled away. "I wathah wegard that as a good job vewy well done, deah boys!"

"Hear, hear!" said Blake.

On the island, Cutts & Co. looked at one another. Gilmore and St. Leger were mumbling with pain. Cutts was clenching and unclenching his hands in helpless fury.

The blades of the Fifth had been thrashed—by juniors! It was a terrible humiliation for Cutts & Co., and Cutts fairly writhed at the idea of its becoming the talk of the Junior Common-room.

"Ow!" groaned Gilmore. "What an afternoon! Ow!"

"Yow-wow!" mumbled St. Leger. "Why couldn't you leave that beastly fag alone, Cutts? Oh dear! Ow, ow!"

Cutts did not speak, but his looks were more expressive than the words of his disconsolate comrades.

"Wouldn't you like to come to Study No. 6 for tea, Weggie?" asked the swell of St. Jim's, nobly controlling his feelings.

"No, I wouldn't!" said Reggie.

"Leave that little beast alone, and come along, Gussy!" said Blake. "No need for us to bother over the miserable little cad! We were only taking him up to please his major, and his major's fed-up with him now."

"Yaas, but—"

"Look here, I'm not going to stand him!" said Herries. "If you bring him to the study I shall kick him out!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"And I'll lend a hand!" said Dig.

The three Fourth Formers went upstairs, but Arthur Augustus lingered behind.

Arthur Augustus flattered himself that he had a good influence over Reggie; and, indeed, the swell of the School House had had, by persistent kindness, some effect on the young rascal in his first days at St. Jim's.

"Weggie, deah boy, don't huvway away," said Arthur Augustus. "I twust you do not beah malice for that thwashin' on the island?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snarled Reggie.

"Weally, Weggie—"

"Bosh!"

Reggie stalked away, leaving Arthur Augustus with a heightened colour. Apparently, Reggie did bear malice for the thrashing, though it had only been for his own good.

Arthur Augustus sighed, and followed his chums up the stairs.

The obstinate fag was beyond even his powers of persuasion.

Reggie Manners made his way to the dining-room for tea. Tea in Hall was not nearly so cosy or plentiful as tea in Study No. 6, but the fag was too bitter and resentful to accept D'Arcy's kind invitation.

He was feeling sore in a double sense, and morose and discontented.

He had been a little surprised that his elder brother did not return with Tom Merry & Co. to the island.

Manners was evidently done with him, just as he had said; and it seemed that the rest of the Co. had done with him, too.

Reggie felt a sense of injury on that point.

His unreasonableness and his pettish temper had always been a matter of concern at home. It was rather a surprise to him to find that persons whom he had flouted and "cheeked" could, in fact, get fed up with him and leave him to go his own way.

Certainly, he wanted to go his own way, but not quite on those terms. He preferred to think that people wanted him rather than that they were glad to be rid of him.

The fags at the Third Form table did not greet him cordially.

Mr Selby was at the head of the table, and in the Form-master's presence they could not give audible expression to their feelings; but the looks they cast on him were dark and contemptuous.

A fellow who would fag for a Fifth Former to get into favour with the seniors was an object of contempt in the eyes of the Third, and they did not take the trouble to conceal their opinion from Manners minor.

Reggie strove to appear indifferent to the

scornful looks of his Form-fellows, but he could not feel quite indifferent.

When tea was over and the Third came out of Hall, Manners minor was apprehensive of another ragging; but the fags did not take any notice of him.

A six-pair "mill" in the Form-room was on, and Wally & Co. were too busy to bother their heads about Manners minor.

Piggott stopped to speak to him in the passage. The rascal of the Third was almost the only fellow in his Form with whom Reggie found himself on anything like friendly terms. He did not like Piggott—that was scarcely possible—but their tastes were very similar.

Piggott gave him a sympathetic grin.

"You've been through it this afternoon," he said.

Reggie nodded, with a scowl.

"Never mind; come and have a smoke in the box-room," said Piggott.

"Good!" said Reggie.

The two young rascals made their way to the upper box-room, a secluded apartment much used by Levison, Racke, Crooke, and Mellish, and other fellows of the same sort, for their secret smoking parties.

The room was generally empty; but, as it happened, it was not empty just then. The gas was alight, and the door half-open.

Piggott paused on the threshold.

"By gum, your major's there!" he whispered.

"I don't care for my major!" said Reggie surlily, and he stalked into the box-room, followed more slowly by Piggott.

Manners of the Shell was there. He was sorting over some old boxes to find one suitable for a parcel. He glanced at the two fags, and compressed his lips.

Reggie, with a defiant glare, drew a packet of cigarettes from his pocket.

"Got a match, Piggy?" he asked.

"Oh, hold on!" murmured Piggott uneasily.

Manners did not speak.

He picked up the box he had selected and went to the door. Without a glance at his brother, he quitted the box-room and went downstairs.

Reggie stared after him, with the unlighted cigarette between his fingers. Piggott whistled.

"That's a bit of a change," he remarked. "I thought he would go for you, Manners minor."

"So did I," said Reggie.

"Never mind; he hasn't. Light up!"

Piggott struck a match.

Reggie did not move. His brother's action had surprised him. He knew how angry it made Manners to find him smoking, but the Shell fellow had gone without a sign. It was only too evident that he was leaving his brother to go his own way now.

It was a relief to Reggie in a sense, but somehow it did not come wholly as a relief.

Kind remonstrances or angry orders he would have received with sullen resentment. But to be ignored in this way was not wholly pleasant, either.

"Here, light up!" said Piggott. "Here's a match!"

Manners minor grunted discontentedly.

"Oh, hang it, I don't want to smoke!" he said.

"Why, you came here to smoke!"

Reggie stalked out of the room without replying, leaving Piggott of the Third staring.

CHAPTER 9. Cutts' Revenge!

LEFEVRE of the Fifth looked into Gerald Cutts' study with a grin on his face.

Two of the blades of the Fifth were there—Cutts and St. Leger.

Gilmore was not present.

Cutts and St. Leger were looking anything but good-tempered, and they looked less amiable than ever as they caught Lefevre's grin.

"Hallo!" said the captain of the Fifth. "I hear you chaps have been through it this afternoon."

"What the dickens are you burbling about?" said Cutts irritably. "We've been out on a picnic."

"Must have been an enjoyable picnic to judge by what the fags are saying!" grinned Lefevre.

"I don't care what the fags are saying!"

"But is it true?"

"How the dickens should I know?"

"There's a lot of jaw going on," said Lefevre.

"Some of the juniors are saying that you chaps were licked on the island by a set of fags."

"What utter rot!" said Cutts.

"Then it isn't true?"

"Of course it isn't! Do you think we're likely to let fags lick us?" said St. Leger disdainfully.

Lefevre chuckled.

"As I hear the story, you hadn't any choice about it," he said. "Kerruish of the Fourth was telling the yarn in the Common-room when I heard him—"

"Oh, don't inflict it on me, please!" said Cutts. "I'm not interested in fag yarns!"

"But according to Kerruish—"

"Hang Kerruish!"

"It seems that he was there," went on Lefevre imperturbably. "It seems that they didn't like you taking young Manners out. They don't approve of you as good company for kids of tender years. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle!"

"But did they really flog you with your own cane, Cutts, old chap? Awful check for juniors to do anything of the sort!" said Lefevre, with a shake of the head.

"Of course they didn't!" yelled Cutts.

"If they did I'd report 'em to the Housemaster if I were you. Fags can't be allowed to get their ears up against the Fifth in this way."

"I tell you it's all bunkum, you ass!"

"Oh, all right! Most of the Fifth seem to take it as true," grinned Lefevre. "Don't be ratty, old chap. Of course, I take your word. Queer that the kids should be pitching that yarn, though, if there's nothing in it, isn't it?"

"I suppose I'm not responsible for fags' babble, and I've got something better to do than to listen to it at second-hand!" growled Cutts.

Lefevre grinned and went his way, and the blades of the Fifth heard him chuckle as he closed the door.

Cutts fixed his eyes upon his chum, with a gleam in them that startled St. Leger.

"That's the kind of thing we've got to stand now!" hissed Cutts.

"Well, we're denying the yarn," said St. Leger. "I suppose we might have expected the young cads would jaw about it."

"Precious lot of fools it makes us look—seniors, thrashed by a gang of juniors!" said Cutts, between his teeth.

"What about reporting it to Railton, as Lefevre

suggests? Railton would be down on the young cads for handling seniors."

Cutts made an irritable gesture.

"For goodness' sake talk sense!" he said savagely. "If we complained about them the whole yarn would come out—cards and smokes and all!"

"We could deny it. Railton wouldn't take their word against ours; he couldn't."

"But he would jolly well have his eye on us ever afterwards!" growled Cutts. "We should be under suspicion all the time."

"Well, I suppose that's so."

"Pretty story it would make for the Housemaster's ears, wouldn't it—a set of senior fellows leading a fag of the Third into wicked ways?" sneered Cutts.

"What did you want to take up the rotten cad for at all? I was against it."

"You weren't against clearing him out of his tin."

"Blow his tin—a pound or two!"

Cutts set his lips.

"We shan't hear the end of this for a long time," he said. "The whole Form will be grinning at us. Licked by a set of juniors! It's all



"What sort of rug would you like at home, dear—striped or spotted?"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to T. Hitchcock, 52, North Road, Dartford, Kent.

very well to deny it, but the fellows know very well the yarn must have something in it; there's no smoke without fire. And those young cads know that it wouldn't pay us to say a word to the Housemaster."

"Well, we've got to grin and bear it, I suppose," said St. Leger sulkily.

"They're going to smart for this!"

"What's the good of getting into scuffles with a gang of juniors?" growled St. Leger. "They hang together as thick as thieves."

"I'm not thinking of licking them," said Cutts. "There are other ways—better ways. Manners of the Shell is at the bottom of it."

"It was his concern for his precious minor, I suppose. Blessed if I understand it! If I had a minor in the Third I jolly well know I shouldn't trouble my head much about him."

"I've heard it all from Reggie. Their father is anxious about the silly idiot; knows what a bright specimen he is, and thinks that the good, dear elder ought to look after him. If anything happens to dear Reggie, Manners will get it warm from his pater."

"I don't see how the poor beast could help it, with such a young rascal for his minor."

Cutts shrugged his shoulders.

"That's how it is, anyway. That's what I'm

thinking of. That's the way to get at those young scoundrels—through Reggie."

"Blessed if I see how!"

"I took the kid up really out of kindness," said Cutts. "He was useful, of course. Little rotter as he is, he's got a sense of honour, and he would never give a chap away. We've nothing to fear from him. I really meant to be kind to him."

St. Leger grinned.

"By relieving him of his pocket-money?"

"I dare say his pocket-money came in handy, as far as that goes; but really I meant to take him up and be decent to him," said Cutts. "Now I've changed my plans a little. He's got us into this; we owe it to his excellent, virtuous brother. Manners and his pals have humiliated us—we shan't hear the end of it this term—on account of that young rascal. Manners thinks my society isn't good enough for his kid brother. He's afraid I shall contaminate him." Cutts breathed hard through his nose. "Well, Manners is going to be right."

"I don't see——"

"I'm going to make the cheeky cad smart through his minor," said Cutts coolly. "We were humiliated this afternoon because I'm not good enough for his minor to know. I'll show him! I'll make his minor the way of punishing him. When he sees how it turns out he may be sorry he chipped in, and Tom Merry may be sorry for every stroke he laid on my back!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to send Reggie down to the Green Man, as a beginning," said Cutts. "He's going to bring me some whisky and cigars."

St. Leger looked startled.

"Dash it all, that's rather thick!" he said. "Suppose he's spotted?"

"He wouldn't sneak—about me."

"But if he did?"

"Of course, I've guarded against that. I should deny having had anything to do with it, of course."

"Oh, I see!"

"As a matter of fact," continued Cutts coolly, "he will be spotted."

"But—why?"

"Because I shall drop Knox of the Sixth a hint, and Knox will spot him, or else see that some other prefect does."

"Cutts!"

"I think Manners will be rather sorry for himself when the little beast is kicked out of the school in disgrace," said Cutts, his eyes glittering. "And he can face his father afterwards, and give an account of his stewardship. From what I've heard from Reggie, I shouldn't be surprised if the old man takes Manners away from St. Jim's, too, as well as rounding on him. Reggie is the apple of his eye, and he puts down all Reggie's shortcomings to Manners."

St. Leger rose to his feet. His face was quite pale.

St. Leger was a pretty thorough rascal himself in many ways; but he had never quite fallen to the same depths as Gerald Cutts. And, although he had supposed that he knew Cutts well, he had never suspected the dandy of the Fifth of being a cool and calculating villain.

"I—I suppose you're joking?" said St. Leger, in an unsteady voice.

"Do you think I'm in a humour for joking?" said Cutts, shifting uncomfortably in his chair. "I'm not, I assure you."

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.



"We'll come with you if you must go," said Tom Merry, said. "Stay here and keep an eye open for Reggie if I'm carrying."

"But—but that kid's done nothing to you," stammered St. Leger.

"His brother has."

"Look here, Cutts, I—I won't have a hand in it! It's too rotten!"

"I'm not asking you to have a hand in it," said Cutts contemptuously.

He rose and moved about the study, still wriggling with the pain from the castigation on the island.

St. Leger watched him in silence.

"I've been thrashed," said Cutts. "Thrashed by a junior! By gad, I'll make the whole gang of them sorry for it!"

"Any other way," said St. Leger. "But—but—but——"

"Is there any other way?" snarled Cutts.

"It's rotten—it's too rotten—it's blackguardly! I won't have anything to do with it!" said St. Leger. "You'll think better of it when you feel better. You couldn't play such a dirty trick on a kid!"

Cutts shrugged his shoulders.

"You'll see!" he said.

"Well, leave me out of it," said St. Leger. "I'll get out of your study, too. You make me feel ill, Cutts!"

Cutts laughed.

"It's no business of yours, anyway. Keep a still tongue, that's all. They'll be sorry they handled me on the island, I think, from to-morrow!"

St. Leger left the study.

Gerald Cutts lighted a cigarette and smoked it as he thought of the details of his dastardly scheme.



Manners looked down from the wall. "No, don't!" he said. "I'm coming in. Warn him to get rid of what he's got." "

CHAPTER 10.

Put to the Test!

"COME for a run in the quad!" said Tom Merry.

"I'm your man!" said Lowther, pitching his Virgil across the study. "Come on, Manners!"

Manners shook his head.

"I'll stay here," he said.

"No, you won't," said Lowther cheerily. "No use getting down in the dumps. You'll come out for a run. No good bothering over Reggie now."

"I'm not bothering over him. I'm finished with the young cad!"

"Bow-wow!"

"He was smoking in the box-room when I last saw him," said Manners bitterly.

"Didn't you scrag him?"

"No, I didn't!"

"More duffer you," said Monty Lowther. "The kid's a little beast, but you can't throw him over. It's your duty to give him regular lickings."

Manners shook his head.

"Well, if you've done with dear Reggie, what are you moping about?" asked Monty Lowther, with a grin.

"I'm not moping!" growled Manners.

"Then come out for a run. Will you let me take your arm or your ear?"

"Oh rats!"

"Take his other ear, Tommy!"

"I'll come," said Manners morosely.

Manners left the study with his chums.

He would not confess that he was in the "dumps"; but, as a matter of fact, he was feeling depressed and harassed. He had good reason, if that was all that was wanted, for throwing Reggie aside, and leaving him to his own foolish courses. He had made up his mind to it. But his conscience troubled him, all the same. The task that was laid upon him seemed beyond his powers; yet he had a secret feeling that he was bound to stand by it. And yet—what could he do?

His face was gloomy as he went out into the dusky quadrangle with his chums.

Tom Merry and Lowther were glad of a sprint round the quad after prep. They broke into a trot, and Manners trotted with them.

In the darkness of the quad a figure loomed up.

"Is that Manners?"

Manners halted.

"Here I am," he growled. "What do you want, St. Leger? Another licking like the one Tom Merry gave you on the island?"

"We've got another ready," suggested Monty Lowther. "Wait a minute till I fetch a cricket stump, St. Leger."

The Fifth Former scowled.

"I want to speak to Manners!" he muttered. "You fellows clear off!"

"No larks!" said Tom suspiciously.

"Manners can please himself whether he hears what I have to say," said St. Leger irritably.

"Jolly mysterious," said Manners. "Still, you can jaw to me if you like. Don't go too far, you chaps!"

"We won't!" said Lowther, with emphasis.

Tom Merry and Lowther moved off a little, leaving their chum alone with the Fifth Former.

Manners looked at St. Leger curiously. He could see that the senior was very disturbed.

"Well, what is it?" he asked abruptly.

"About your minor," muttered St. Leger, sinking his voice. "Do you know where he is now?"

"I don't know, and don't care!" growled Manners. "I'm sick of hearing about my minor!"

"Oh, if that's how you take it, well and good!" said St. Leger. "I suppose I was a fool to think of giving you the tip! All serene!"

He turned away.

"Hold on!" said Manners hurriedly. "What's the matter?"

"Do you want to know, or don't you?" snapped the Fifth Former.

"Yes!"

"Well, where is he now?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen him for hours."

"You'd better find out, then. I think he's gone down to the Green Man," muttered St. Leger.

Manners started.

"So he's got to that!" he said bitterly.

"He's gone there to fetch something, you understand—something that's not allowed to be brought into the school."

"For Cutts, I suppose?"

"Never mind that. There's a prefect on the track, and your minor will be caught. If he's found with spirits and smokes on him, you know what will happen!"

"Oh, the silly young idiot!"

"Mind, not a word about my having told you!" muttered St. Leger. "I don't want to quarrel with Cutts."

"Cutts! I suppose Cutts doesn't want him."

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

spotted if he's fetching in those blackguardly things for him!" said Manners in astonishment.

"N-no, of course not! But—but not a word, all the same. I've given you the tip, and you ought to be grateful!"

"But—but has Cutts given him away, then?" stammered Manners. "That's what you mean, if you mean anything!"

"I've told you all you want to know," said St. Leger savagely. "I dare say I'm a fool for my pains, too! Only keep it dark if you're decent. I can't afford to quarrel with Cutts."

"I shan't say anything to Cutts," said Manners. "I'm grateful for the tip, too."

St. Leger nodded and hurried away.

He had done a good-natured action—or, rather, he had avoided making himself a party to a rascally one. But he was anxious to avoid a break with Cutts of the Fifth. His hope was that Manners would succeed somehow in putting the fag on his guard, and that by the time Cutts had become cooler he would be glad that his rascally scheme had not succeeded. But he did not want to risk drawing upon himself the savage resentment of the rascal of the Fifth.

Manners rejoined his companions. He was almost dazed by the information he had received, and the glimpse he had had of Cutts' unscrupulous villainy.

"Well, what's the row?" asked Lowther.

"What's upset you, old chap?" asked Tom anxiously, as he peered at Manners' pale face in the gloom.

"I've got to find my minor," whispered Manners in an agitated voice. "Help me to find him, there's good chaps!"

"In trouble again?"

"Yes, yes—disgrace and the sack unless we can find him! I've got to get him out of it!" groaned Manners. "What would the pater say if Reggie were sent home in disgrace?"

Tom Merry and Lowther did not ask questions. Lowther restrained a humorous desire to ask Manners whether he hadn't after all "done with Reggie." Even the humorous Lowther realised that this was no time for his little jokes.

"We'll find him," said Tom Merry.

The Terrible Three lost no time.

They ran into the School House and separated there to look for Manners' minor more swiftly.

Manners hurried into the Third Form Room. Evening preparation was over there, and most of the Third were in the room.

Manners saw at a glance that his minor was not present, and called to Wally.

"Oh, blow your minor!" said Wally in answer to his anxious question. "If you're not fed-up with him, I am!"

"I want to find him," said Manners. "It's rather important. Be a good chap, Wally, and tell me where he is."

"Don't know," said D'Arcy minor, shaking his head. "He's not here. I dare say he knows it isn't safe for him here."

"We were going to give him the frogmarch after prep," said Jameson, "but he followed old Selby out!"

Manners set his lips.

"Nobody here knows where he is?" he asked.

Piggott gave a giggle.

"Ask Cutts!" he said.

"Has Cutts sent for him?"

Piggott giggled again in his impish way.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

"Ask Cutts!" he repeated. "Perhaps he's gone on a message."

Some of the fags laughed.

Manners quitted the Form-room with a heavy heart. He met his chums in the lower passage.

"He's nowhere in the School House," said Tom Merry.

"I've asked Figgins in the New House, too," said Lowther. "He's not there."

"He's out of bounds," said Manners in a low voice.

"Shush! Here's Darrell!"

Darrell of the Sixth came towards the juniors, looking very grave.

The Terrible Three assumed as careless an air as they could.

St. Leger had warned Manners that a prefect was on the track.

Manners had thought of Knox of the Sixth.

Knox was prying and officious; but he could guess now that it was not Knox he had to deal with.

Big, good-natured Darrell nodded to the three troubled juniors.

"Have you seen your minor lately, Manners?" he asked.

"No, Darrell."

"I suppose he's about the House somewhere?"

"I don't know."

"You might as well keep an eye on the kid sometimes as he's not been here long," said the prefect.

Manners flushed.

"I can't always be following him about," he said.

"Well, no; but as his elder brother you might look after him a bit. However, never mind that. I've got reason to believe that he's out of bounds."

"I don't see why—" began Manners.

"Knox has told me so," said Darrell. "Knox seems to have heard some talk from the fags which gave him the impression that Manners' minor was going out of bounds. You did not know anything about it?"

"How should I know?"

Darrell nodded.

"Look here, Manners, have you any idea that your minor was getting into bad ways, and was in the habit of visiting such places as the Green Man in Rylcombe?"

"He wouldn't be likely to tell me," said Manners bitterly. "I'd have thrashed him till he couldn't howl."

"Well, that would be better than what he'll get now if he's caught in a place like that," said Darrell.

"You'd better look round for him. Knox may have been mistaken, after all. But I've got to look into the matter. Knox has left it to me; he says he's busy. See if your minor is about the House, and come to my study and tell me."

"Right-ho!" said Manners.

The prefect, with a clouded brow, went back to his study.

Manners clenched his hands hard.

He could see it all now.

Cutts and Knox were chums, and it had only been necessary for Cutts to give his friend the prefect a hint.

Knox had not cared to appear in the matter himself. He had passed on the information to Darrell of the Sixth, who was bound to take action as a prefect.

(Continued on page 22.)



THE ADVENTURES of HARRY and his HERCULES CYCLE

Episode 4

FILM FAME

The Story so far.

Harry, out for a ride on his Hercules, comes across a film company 'on location.' He gets into the film by accident and the director realises that he has the makings of a boy actor. But Harry has disappeared and nobody knows where he lives. The Publicity Manager tracks him down and he is offered a part. He has to jump from his Hercules cycle on to a runaway horse. This he does successfully but his Hercules crashes into a tree . . .



WEEKS LATER..



HARRY has found fame and fortune! But what a lot he owes to his trusty Hercules. And if you had a Hercules too, what thrills and adventures you would have! Everyone agrees that Hercules is the world's *easiest-running* cycle, yet it costs less than others. Gents' models from £4-7-6 or only 2/- a week. Ask your local dealer for full particulars.

(Prices do not apply in Eire).

By Hercules

IT'S THE BIKE TO BUY!

738D

Reggie was out of bounds; and when he came back he would be laden with what Cutts had sent him for—and, thus laden, he would fall into the hands of the prefect.

Tom Merry started a little as he read the misery and despair in Manners' face.

"Buck up, old chap!" he whispered. "You don't know for certain yet—"

"I do know!" muttered Manners wretchedly. "This is Cutts' revenge for what happened this afternoon. He's planted this on Reggie, and given the prefects a hint so that he'll be caught!"

"Oh, the awful villain!" muttered Tom.

"But—but are you sure?" stammered Lowther.

"St. Leger as good as said so. He's not such a rotter as Cutts, and he gave me the tip. I've promised to keep it dark from Cutts!"

Tom clenched his hands.

Manners went out into the quadrangle again, and his chums followed him, utterly dismayed at the turn affairs had taken.

"Darrell told you to look for him," said Lowther.

"We've looked, and he's not here," said Manners. He caught Tom Merry by the arm. "Look!"

He pointed to the lighted window of Darrell's study.

The prefect could be seen within, putting on his overcoat. Evidently Darrell was going out.

The chums of the Shell did not need telling where he was going.

"It's all up!" said Manners huskily. "He's going down to the village for Reggie!"

CHAPTER 11.

A Narrow Escape!

TOM MERRY was silent.

There could be no doubt of the prefect's intention. If Reggie Manners was at the Green Man, or on his homeward way laden with the contraband goods, Darrell would find him.

Darrell was doing his duty—an unpleasant duty to the good-natured prefect.

The juniors could see that his face was clouded and concerned, betraying very plainly how unwelcome the task was to him.

"It's all up with Reggie!" said Manners wretchedly. "I—I warned him that Cutts would throw him over if it suited him, and he's done it—worse than I ever thought. Reggie's going to be sacked! What will the pater say?"

"But—but Reggie will own up that Cutts sent him."

Manners shook his head.

"You don't know him. He won't believe a word against Cutts, and he'll stick to it as a point of honour not to give him away. Cutts has counted on that."

"But we can give him away!" muttered Tom fiercely.

"What's the proof?"

Tom set his lips.

What, indeed, was the proof? None! St. Leger himself, if called upon as a witness, would deny any knowledge of the matter. They knew that. And they knew Cutts' brazen effrontery. It would not be easy to corner the cad of the Fifth. Such an accusation against a senior would have to be backed up by the most overwhelming proof—and there was none!

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582

Manners was hurrying away in the gloom, and his chums followed him anxiously.

"Where are you going?" asked Lowther.

"Out," replied Manners. "I—I've got to find Reggie, and—and warn him."

Tom caught his breath.

"Manners, you ass! You'll be landed in it, too!"

"I don't care!"

"Darrell will be out in a few minutes. If you find Reggie, Darrell will find you at the same time."

"Very likely."

"Suppose he's still at the Green Man?"

"Then I shall go there."

"Manners—"

Manners was already clambering up the wall by the aid of the slanting tree. He did not heed the muttered expostulations of his alarmed chums.

"We'll come with you, if you must go," said Tom.

Manners looked down from the wall.

"No, don't. It'll be no good. Stay here and keep an eye open for Reggie if I miss him and he comes in. Warn him to get rid of what he's carrying if he comes. You can do that much."

Manners dropped from the wall into the road.

Tom Merry and Lowther stood overwhelmed with dismay.

"Well, this is a go!" muttered Monty Lowther. "As for that young scoundrel Reggie—"

Tom Merry drew a deep breath.

"Shush! Here comes Darrell!"

The two juniors backed away into the shadows of the trees as Darrell of the Sixth came down to the side gate.

The prefect let himself out with a key, and the little gate closed.

"About a minute behind Manners!" muttered Tom Merry.

"He's bound to spot him!"

The chums of the Shell waited restlessly. There was nothing they could do to aid their chum, but they waited by the school wall in the darkness.

Meanwhile, Manners had broken into a run as soon as his feet touched the ground, and was scudding away towards Rylcombe.

At a short distance from the school, however, he slackened down.

The night was dark, save when the moon emerged from behind the heavy bank of clouds.

Reggie was possibly still at the public-house, or he was on his homeward way, and the Shell fellow could not run the risk of missing him.

He passed one or two pedestrians on the road, peering at them keenly in the gloom. But Reggie did not come in sight, and the junior reached the Green Man, on the outskirts of the village of Rylcombe.

There he halted.

Subdued lights gleamed from the inn, and from the bar there came the sound of a raucous chorus.

Where was Reggie?

On such an errand he must have gone to the back of the house. Even the reckless young rascal would not have ventured to show himself in the light.

The Green Man was, of course, out of bounds to St. Jim's fellows, and Manners hesitated to enter the gloomy garden beside the inn.

He was afraid, too, that he might miss Reggie there.

As he stood in agonised doubt and indecision he heard clear footfalls ringing on the road behind him.

Keeping in the shadow of the tree beside the gate, he looked back.

There was a glimmer of bright light as the moon emerged from the clouds.

It vanished again in a few seconds. But in those few moments Manners had recognised the tall, athletic figure of Darrell of the Sixth striding on towards the inn.

His hesitation was over.

He opened the gate quietly and hurried in, passing almost on tiptoe up the dark, weedy path through the neglected garden.

A dark figure moved in the gloom, coming towards him.

Manners gave a gasp of relief, and sprang forward.

It was his brother.

"Reggie!" he panted, grasping the Third Former by the shoulder.

Reggie uttered a startled cry

"Hang you! What do you want here?"

"Reggie, I—"

Manners minor wrenched himself out of his brother's grasp.

"Let me alone!" he exclaimed shrilly. "Let me alone, you fool! Why don't you mind your own business, you meddling ass?"

"Darrell's here!"

"What?"

"He isn't a dozen yards from the gate," whispered Manners.

"He won't come in here," said Reggie.

"He's coming to look for you."

"What rot!"

"Cutts has given you away," said Manners fiercely. "Do you understand now?"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Reggie. "Why should Cutts give me away when he sent me here? Don't be an ass!"

"I tell you he has—"

"And I tell you it's a lie!" said Reggie savagely. "Cutts wouldn't. Why should he? You told me lies about Cutts before."

Manners clenched his hands.

"I tell you Darrell's coming here to find you!" he whispered. "Never mind about Cutts, though it's true Darrell knows you're here!"

"Then you gave me away, I suppose?" said Reggie bitterly.

"You young fool! Do you think I'd come here to warn you if I had? Do you know what it means to me if I'm found here?" hissed Manners.

"Well, you needn't have come."

"Get out of this—quick! I don't know whether it's too late already," said Manners. "Quick!"

"Look here, is Darrell really here, or—"

"Quick, you young fool!"

Manners grasped his arm and dragged him to the gate. The moon was behind the clouds again, and the road was as black as ink.

Manners hurried his minor through the gateway and fairly dragged him across the road.

They almost brushed into a figure in the darkness, and there was a sudden exclamation.

"Who's there?"

It was Darrell's voice.



In the grasp of many fellows, Cutts was whirled off his feet and bumped—hard—on the passage floor. Bump, bump, bump! "Yaroooh!" yelled the Fifth Former. "Ow! Stoppit!" But the juniors showed the rascally schemer no mercy.

The two juniors hurried across the road. Darrell's footsteps were heard in pursuit.

The prefect had guessed that someone was dodging him by the quick, panting breath and hurried flight.

"Run!" whispered Manners.

Reggie did not need bidding twice. He understood his danger now. They ran hard up the road towards St. Jim's. But Darrell was more than suspicious now, and he followed fast.

There was a white glimmer in the darkness overhead. The moon was beginning to emerge from the clouds again.

Four Extra Armaments Stamps

*next Wednesday—making Twenty-four
in all in the issue! Look out for
them, chums!*

Manners suppressed a groan.

In a minute, or less, the lane would be as light as day, and the prefect wasn't a dozen yards behind!

"Cover!" whispered Manners.

Reggie understood.

The two juniors scrambled into a gap in the hedge and crouched behind the hedge, striving to still their hurried breathing.

Darrell's footsteps stopped in the lane.

The moon sailed round and clear from the clouds. Light streamed down into the lane, between the rows of shadowy trees.

Manners and Reggie hardly breathed as the prefect uttered a sudden exclamation and started towards the gap in the hedge.

Reggie made a movement to rise, to run, but Manners' strong grasp pinned him down. To rise was to betray himself.

The hidden juniors could only remain where they were and pray that the light would pass.

Darrell was stumbling in the dry ditch. The moonlight was dimming already as the heavy clouds sailed over the orb.

Darker and darker!

Manners almost panted with relief as the light was blotted out at the very moment that the prefect put his head through the gap in the hedge.

Darkness reigned.

"Who's there?" called out Darrell. "Is that you, Manners minor?"

The juniors did not breathe.

"If that is Manners minor, you may as well show yourself," said Darrell quietly. "I shall see you in a few moments, when the cloud passes."

Reggie shivered.

Manners drew him silently to his feet. Reggie understood. They tiptoed through the grass along the inner side of the hedge and thrust themselves into a mass of brambles as the glimmer of light announced that the moon was emerging again.

Silver light fell over the wide meadow.

Darrell stood in the gap, scanning the field. But the juniors were well hidden now, and he could see nothing.

The prefect looked puzzled.

After a minute or so he stepped back into the road, and his footsteps rang clearly as he strode rapidly away towards St. Jim's.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

CHAPTER 12.

At Last!

MANNERS gave almost a sob of relief. Darrell's footsteps died away in the distance.

"He's gone!" muttered Reggie.

"Gone back to St. Jim's," said Manners. "He knows somebody was here, and guessed that it was you. He's gone to see if you're at the school. If he gets there first you're done for!"

"And you, too," muttered Reggie, with a touch of remorse. "You—you shouldn't have come out!"

"He would have caught you at the gate of the Green Man if I hadn't."

"I know he would."

"We've got to cut across the fields and get to the school first," muttered Manners. "It means a hard run, that's all. Darrell's walking."

"I'm game!"

"First of all, what have you got about you?"

"What does that matter?"

"You young fool! If you're spotted, do you want to be spotted with spirits and cigars about you?" said Manners fiercely.

"I'll chance it!" said Reggie doggedly. "I've been spending Cutts' money on them, and I've got to take them to him."

"I tell you Cutts put the prefects on your track! I got the tip from St. Leger."

"But—but why?" stammered Reggie.

"To pay us all out for what happened this afternoon," said Manners bitterly. "To get at me by getting you sacked, you young fool!"

"I—I can't believe it—"

"Please yourself about that. Hand over the things you've got for Cutts—"

"I—I—"

"Do you want me to take them by force?"

Reggie handed over a packet and a wrapped-up bottle.

Manners took them and hurled them away with all the strength of his arm.

There was a crash in the distance in the field.

"Now come on!" he muttered.

"Look here, Harry—"

"Come on, you young fool!"

Manners grasped Reggie by the arm, and they ran.

It was a short cut across the fields to the school, but the way was rough, and, in the darkness, uncertain.

The two juniors stumbled through the hedges and ditches, and picked themselves up breathlessly and ran on again.

They came out into the road near the school and panted on to the wall.

"Quick!" muttered Manners. "Up with you! Listen!"

There were footsteps in the road. They were not far ahead of the prefect.

"You first!" muttered Reggie.

"No, no!"

Manners bunked his minor up the wall, and Reggie clambered over.

There was a muttered exclamation within.

Tom Merry and Lowther were there.

"Is that you, Manners minor?"

"It's me—"

"Where's your brother?"

"I'm helping him."

Tom climbed on the wall and hung over and lent a helping hand to his chum outside.

(Continued on page 26.)



In Town To-day

Introducing
Walter Adolphus D'Arcy
to the Microphone. By a
B.B.C. TALENT SCOUT.

INTERVIEWER: Tell me, D'Arcy minor, how many of the Third Form, of which you are skipper, know your middle name is Adolphus?

D'ARCY MINOR: Those who do know have been made to realise that it's more than their lives are worth to refer to it. I'm just "Wally" to my friends.

INTERVIEWER: The Third is rather an unruly Form, I believe?

D'ARCY MINOR: Unruly? Why, Mr. Interviewer, that's almost a slander! Independent—yes. Ready to stand up for our rights, and determined not to take anything lying down—yes. But unruly—ruly, I mean, really, I cannot accept that.

INTERVIEWER: But Mr. Selby, your Form-master, has sent me a note, warning me that to deal with the worst Form at St. Jim's is to court trouble.

D'ARCY MINOR: Court trouble, indeed! If old Selby doesn't look out, there will be trouble in court. Mind you, I wouldn't claim that we go on like my major, old Gussy, in the Third. A Third Former doesn't jam his monocle in his eye, and say: "Bai Jove, deah boy, d'you mind if I bowwow your Latin Pwimah for a tick?" He just grabs it, and if the owner happens to object, the two of them probably fight it out on the spot. Of course, if Selby happens to spot them, they are put on the spot in a different way entirely. In fact, the other day, when Gibson was caught pommelling Hobbs in the Form-room, they said that by the time Selby had finished with the cane, they both had spots before their eyes!

INTERVIEWER: Do you, nevertheless, enjoy life in the Third?

D'ARCY MINOR: I'll say we do. Not like those old fogies in the Shell, for instance. They're more concerned about the measurements for their bathchairs than about getting good measure out of existence. And though everybody says Gussy ought to be in Parliament, he worries far more about the size of his hat than he ever would about the size of the National Debt!

INTERVIEWER: What sort of fun do you have, Wally?

D'ARCY MINOR: Well, all sorts. Do you like liquorice—the "all sorts" variety? No? Well, neither does Mr. Selby now. I don't think he had ever heard of liquorice all sorts until the

other morning, when he found his register sticking tight to the desk. And the joke of it was that nobody was responsible. Selby himself had confiscated some very sticky sweets from Piggott the previous afternoon, and had absent-mindedly put the register down on top of them. The heavy book had flattened them out, and by the time Selby had got the stickiness off the cover, he was in a sticky mood.

INTERVIEWER: I hope you never deliberately play jokes on your Form-master?

D'ARCY MINOR: Oh, don't we! What about one day when Selby had been handing out lines too thickly for our liking? We resolved to see that Mr. Selby's own lines didn't lie in pleasant places. So we inserted an advertisement in the "Wayland Gazette": "Gentleman needs good-tempered companion.—Apply personally, Third Form Master, St. James', Wednesday afternoon."

INTERVIEWER: Great Scott! Was there any response?

D'ARCY MINOR: Sure enough, early next afternoon a plump, bespectacled maiden lady, with a large umbrella, called to see Selby. Naturally, not having seen the advert, Selby didn't know why she had come, so he interviewed her. She left some minutes later, looking crimson and furious. And that was only the first! Before the afternoon was out, Selby had received no less than twenty-three callers, all eager to be "a good-tempered companion," if Selby would let them! Some of them were regular dragons, too; and in the end Selby looked so unlike a dragon-killer we felt quite sorry for him!

INTERVIEWER: Not half so sorry as you would have felt had Mr. Selby discovered that you were the cause of all the trouble!

D'ARCY MINOR: The worst of it was, he did find out! He went down to see the editor of the "Gazette," and the clerk remembered my leaving the advert. So I was on the carpet. Luckily, the Third stood solid behind me, and we all owned up together.

INTERVIEWER: So with the whole Form on it, the carpet must have been rather crowded?

D'ARCY MINOR: Speaking of carpets reminds me of beating—and canes are too painful a subject to discuss just now. Selby said he hoped he had taught us a lesson; but I think we taught him one, too. He really does need a good-tempered companion, so I don't think there was anything wrong in inserting the advertisement, do you, Mr. Interviewer?

INTERVIEWER: I think I'll reserve judgment, Wally, till I have had an opportunity of meeting the Third—and Mr. Selby!

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

A minute more and Manners was safe on the inner side of the school wall, panting.

"Not spotted?" muttered Lowther.

"No; but Darrell's almost at the gate!"

"Great pip! Hook it!"

The four juniors ran towards the House. There was the sound of a key being inserted in the lock of the gate as they ran.

The prefect was at hand.

They ran hard, but dropped into a walk as they neared the House.

The door was not yet locked, and they slipped in.

There were several juniors in the Hall, and they looked curiously at Tom Merry and his companions.

"Hallo! What's the game?" asked Talbot.

"You haven't seen us come in!" gasped Manners. "Clear off before anyone asks you questions."

The four juniors ran up the stairs without further words.

Talbot stared, but he hurried away to the Common-room, and the other fellows in the Hall followed him.

When Darrell came in the Hall was empty.

Tom Merry threw open the door of Study No. 6 in the Fourth Form passage.

Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy were there, chatting, after having finished their prep.

They stared at the intruders.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Ever knocked at a door in your life?" asked Blake blandly.

Tom closed the door after they were in the study.

"We've got to prove an alibi!" he exclaimed hurriedly. "Better get up a rag, I think, all ready for Darrell. Don't say we've just come in if he looks in here."

"Bai Jove!"

"Better bump Gussy!" suggested Monty Lowther. "That will look like an innocent and quite unobjectionable occupation."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Good egg! Collar him!"

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

"Lend a hand, Reggie!"

"Bai Jove! Hands off! I wefuse to be bumped! I wegard the suggestion as uttably wiculous!" yelled the swell of St. Jim's.

"Leggo! Yawwoop!"

Bump!

Manners major and Manners minor and Tom Merry had grasped Arthur Augustus. He was bumped—but gently—on the hearthrug.

The swell of St. Jim's struggled in their grasp.

"Yawwooh! Leggo! You feahful wottahs! Wefuse me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Wescue! Blake, you gwinnin' ass, lend me a hand!" roared Arthur Augustus. "Gweat Scott! You are wumplin' my collah! Gwoogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The door was thrown open, and Kildare of the Sixth put a frowning face into the study.

"Stop that thumping row!" roared Kildare. "You can be heard all over the House!"

"Gwoogh!"

"Only bumping Gussy, Kildare!" said Monty Lowther.

"Yawwooh! You uttah wottah!"

"Then you can bump him a little more quietly

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,532.

for his own good," said Kildare. "You'll take fifty lines all round."

"Yes, Kildare," said the juniors meekly.

The captain of St. Jim's shook his cane warningly at them and strode out of the study.

He almost walked into Darrell, who was coming quickly along the passage.

"Hallo! Looking for somebody?" asked Kildare.

"Yes; I want to know whether Manners minor is in the House or not," said the prefect.

Kildare laughed.

"Yes; I've just given him fifty lines," he said.

"Oh, then he's in the House?"

"Yes; in Blake's study."

"I'm glad of it," said Darrell quietly.

He went downstairs with Kildare. And the juniors in the study, who had heard that brief colloquy, breathed more freely.

"All serene!" murmured Monty Lowther.

Arthur Augustus sat on the hearthrug and gasped.

"You uttah wuff asses, I wefuse to wegard it as



Milkman: "I don't know what you're complaining about. Our milk is the cleanest in the country."

Mrs. Brown: "It ought to be—it gets a good wash in cold water."

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss D. Meche, 344, Highland Road,

Kensington, Johannesburg, S. Africa.

all sewene! I'm goin' to give you a feahful thwashin' all wound!"

"Peace, my infant!" said Tom Merry soothingly. "You've saved our lives!"

"Bai Jove!"

"The beaks were after us and you've saved us!" said Monty Lowther. "It was worth making your bags a little dusty, Gussy!"

"In the circs I ovahlook the occuwence," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "But I wegard you as a set of wuffianly asses all the same!"

"Hear, hear!"

Reggie Manners paused in the passage and looked curiously at his major.

Manners' face was clouded and grim.

"I—I say, Harry—"

"You'd better cut off to your dorm," said Manners gruffly. "It's time."

"I'm going. But, I—I say—"

"Well?"

"It was ripping of you to come after me like that after—the way I treated you!" said Reggie repentantly. "I—I was really sorry—on the island, you know. I was a beast! I'm sorry, truly!"

Manners' face cleared a little.

"I might have got flogged, or sacked, along with you," he said.

"I know. I—I'm not going to have anything more to do with Cutts," said Reggie timidly. "After what you've told me, I—I couldn't. He's



A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging views on matters of mutual interest. If you wish to reply to a notice published here you must write to the Pen Pal direct. Notices for publication should be accompanied by the coupon on this page, and posted to The GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

D. Slater, "Gynmor," Higher Heath, Whitechurch, Salop; age 14-16; stamps, aviation; S. Africa and Germany.

Miss M. McGovern, 13, Summer Hill, Dun-Laoghaire, Co. Dublin; girl correspondents.

Miss R. Gordon, 18, Goldin Mansions, Hilner Street, Doornfontein, Johannesburg, S. Africa; girl correspondents, age 13-17; dancing, music, sports, and stamps; any part of the world.

Miss J. Watson, 113, Two Ball Linnen, Newcastle-on-Tyne; girl correspondents; stamps, magazines, and books; South America, India, Australia.

Miss G. Miller, Holly Bank, Penriddock, Penrith, Cumberland; girl correspondents, age 12-14; animals and sports; Britain and overseas.

Miss M. Crawford, Allen House, Newark Street, Leicester; girl correspondents, age 16-19; Britain and overseas.

C. Elliott, 75, Church Street, Pendleton, Salford 6, Manchester, would like to correspond with any Post Office Telegraph Messenger, age 14-16; overseas.

K. Coetzee, 2, Mostert Road, Observatory, Capetown, S. Africa; age 20-25; sport; Great Britain, Canada, and U.S.A.

P. Thorne, 4, Baden Lodge Flats, Drake Street, Observatory, Capetown, S. Africa; age 12-14; stamps, sport; Scotland, England, and Australia.

D. Stainer, Box 200, P.O. Warracknabeal, Victoria, Australia; age 14-16; stamps, snaps, coins; anywhere.

Miss V. Phillips, Terowie, S. Australia; girl correspondents, age 14-16; exchanging photographs of animals and information about their habits; also anything about Nature.

Miss R. Lusman, 19, Invinton Road, Sea Point, Capetown, S. Africa; girl correspondents, age 13-14; sports, old GEMS and "Magnets"; British Empire or U.S.A.

E. W. Darby, 1, Nelson Cottages, Brimscombe Bill, near Stroud, Glos; stamps, sports; all letters answered.

Miss B. Cleeve, Higworth Farm, South Hayling Island, Hants; girl correspondents, age 14-16; horse riding, hockey and tennis; France.

Miss B. Skinner, 93, Danethorpe Vale, Sherwood, Nottingham; girl correspondents, age 14-16; stamps,

hockey, netball, swimming, tennis, hiking, guides; overseas.

I. Hannell, 37, Essex Road, Willesden, London, N.W. 10.; age 15-19; stamps and outdoor sports; any part of the world.

Miss M. Whittle, Invergrange, Kidsneuk, Inverness, Ayrshire, Scotland; girl correspondents, age 17-20; films, cycling.

R. Lee, 123, Abercromby Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. Indies; age 12 upwards; stamps, magazines; anywhere.

Miss B. Bishop, 62, Daisy Bank Road, Victoria Park, Manchester; girl correspondents, age 14-17; stamps, sports, reading; Australia, Scotland, America.

G. White, 27, Craigden Road, Milngavie, near Glasgow, Scotland; pen pals; Hong Kong, France, India.

K. Smith, 19, Uplands Road, Darlington, Co. Durham; age 14-15; football, cricket, old "Magnets" and GEMS; U.S.A., Australia, Canada.

Miss B. Lewis, 32, Gibbon Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey; girl correspondents, age 15-18; films; U.S.A.

J. T. Maury, 16, Beckett's Park Drive, Leeds 6, Yorks; age 12-16; stamps, scouts, photography, tickets; British Empire.

Miss D. Gofton, 22, Rectory Road, Solihull, Warwickshire; girl correspondents, age 15-17; stamps, photography, cricket, swimming, reading.

W. H. Pike, 144, Markby Road, Winson Green, Birmingham 18; age 15-16; stamps; British Empire.

B. Stubbs, Rostrevor, Moor Place, Crosby, Liverpool 23; age 20-27; dancing, sports, views; Canada, India, America.

J. Kind, 96, Grove Road, St. Saviour's Road, Leicester; stamps; Ceylon, Canada, Eire, Malta.

V. Hayward, 18, South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne, Sussex; age 10-12; sports, games, camping, scouting; Scotland, Nottingham, Middlesex, Cape Coast, London.

G. Barber, 44, Willow Way, Didsbury, Manchester 20; age 11-13; stamps; British Empire, Belgium.

Miss O. Small, Railway Street, Lisburn, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland; girl correspondents, age 16-20; films, hockey, golf, cycling; England and New York.

Miss E. Duncan, Magheraleave Road, Lisburn, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland; girl correspondents, age 17-20; England and overseas.

H. Checkley, 16, Sellhurst Street, S. Norwood, London, S.E. 25; age 15-17; cycling, ice skating, photography; overseas.

Miss B. MacArthur, 23, Herbert Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada; girl correspondent attending a boarding school; all letters answered.

PEN PALS COUPON

11-6-38

a dangerous beast. I—I'll never speak to him again!"

"Honour?" asked Manners.

"Honour bright! You know I don't break my word."

Manners drew a deep breath of relief.

"Stick to that, young 'un, and you're all right," he said.

"Hallo!" It was Cutts' voice.

The dandy of the Fifth came along the passage. He was anxious to know what had happened, and had already surmised that something had gone wrong with his carefully laid scheme.

"Is that you, Reggie?"

"Yes, you howling cad!" said Reggie promptly.

Cutts jumped.

"Why—why—what—"

"Turn out, Shell!" shouted Manners. "Bear a hand!"

"Bump him!"

Cutts backed away, but Tom Merry and Lowther were rushing at him with Manners, and at Manners' call a dozen study doors opened and a dozen fellows dashed out, ready to "bear a hand" in a rag.

Cutts was whirled off his feet and bumped—hard—on the passage floor.

Reggie had hold of his ear, and the other fellows grasped him where they could.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yarook!" yelled Cutts. "Ow! Stop it!"

"Now kick him downstairs!" said Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cutts made a desperate effort, and broke away and fled.

He did not stop till he was in his own study—panting, dishevelled, and in a state of great astonishment.

Exactly how his scheme had gone wrong he did not know, but evidently it had gone wrong, and his hold upon Manners minor was gone. Which was an excellent thing for Manners minor and a great relief to Manners major.

(George Alfred Grundy's in the ways next week. He tries to tick the St. Jim's cricket committee because they won't play him, with the result that he's "FORBIDDEN TO FIGHT!" Look out for this full-of-punch yarn!)

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

**FRANK NUGENT HAS THE LAUGH OVER A SCOUT PATROL, BUT THE
LAST LAUGH'S ON HIM!**



Rival Scouts!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magnet.")

"Good-bye!" said Nugent, holding out his hand. Trumper took it, and the disguised junior gave it a grip that made the Scout leader jump. "Thanks for showing me through the wood. You've been done! I'm Nugent of the Greyfriars Remove!"

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

The chums of Greyfriars accept a scouting challenge from Trumper & Co., the Boy Scouts of Pegg Village. The juniors have got to get a man through Friardale Wood without being caught by the Scouts. The contest is arranged for the following Saturday.

Meanwhile, Harry Wharton & Co. hold a council of war to decide on a scheme for hoodwinking the Scouts. Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, suggests that one of them dresses up as a girl to get through the "enemy" lines, and the idea is welcomed. But the question is, who is to be the one to do it? None of the chums like the task.

(Now read on.)

Nice for Nugent!

HARRY WHARTON broke the silence which had lasted some minutes in Study No. 1 at Greyfriars. No one seemed to have any suggestions to make.

"We'd better get to business," he said. "Before we decide on the individual who is to dress up as a girl to hoodwink the Pegg Scouts, let's settle whether the scheme's to be adopted. 'Yes' or 'no.'"

"Yes," said Bob Cherry.

"The yesfulness is terrific," put in Hurree Singh.

"Good! I say 'yes,' too. Now the individual has to be selected. There are no volunteers, of course?" Wharton paused for a reply, but one didn't come. "Very well. Now, in the first

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

place, Inky's barred, because his beautiful complexion would give him away at once. We couldn't palm him off on Trumper and his patrol as a Hindu girl."

"Ha, ha, ha! No."

"So it's among us three."

"I'm afraid it's us two," said Nugent. "Bob will have to be barred. I put it to you, did any girl in the wide world ever have feet that size?"

"You let my feet alone," growled Bob Cherry, who was rather sensitive on that point. "I'd rather have feet a chap can stand on than little girly tootsies like yours, anyway."

"You mean feet that several chaps can stand on."

"Oh, shut up! Let's talk business. If Nugent is going to be funny, I shall retire from the council of war."

"There's something in what Frank says, though," said Wharton. "Your feet are ripping for scoring goals with, Bob, but they're not what anybody would call ornamental. Besides, your legs are so jolly long, and then your face is all right for a boy, but a girl with a face like that—"

"Oh, keep it up!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Anybody would think I was anxious for the job. I shall be jolly glad to keep out of it."

"And as a matter of fact, I'm not good-looking enough to pass for a girl," said Harry, a little hurriedly. "So you see, Frank—"

"Do I?" said Nugent grimly. "I don't!"

"You've got such a smooth skin—"

"Thanks!"

"And nice soft eyes—"

"Nice soft head, too!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"And pretty hands and feet," urged Wharton, "and—"

"First time you've mentioned them."

"Well, there hasn't been occasion to mention them before."

"Rats! I'm not a volunteer this time."

"Then we'll toss up for it," said Wharton resignedly.

"Oh, come off! If you chaps really think I should work it better, I'm willing to offer," said Nugent. "It's for the good of the cause."

"Well, I do think so, honest injun," said Wharton. "You really have a nice soft skin and decent eyes, and small hands and feet than the rest of us. Of course, you'll look a bit bulky as a girl, all the same; but then, there are bulky girls."

"Oh, all right! I'm the giddy victim, then," said Nugent. "We've got to beat the Scouts somehow. What about the disguise?"

A SPARKLING STORY OF SCHOOLBOY FUN AND SCOUTING ADVENTURE, STARRING THE GREYFRIARS CHUMS.

"We shall have to keep it awfully dark, of course. I'll cut down to Friardale on my bike now and buy some cheap girl's clothes at the second-hand shop there. I can get them all pretty cheap. Then there's the flaxen wig we wear in private theatricals. It's pretty well known at Greyfriars, but the Scouts at Pegg haven't seen it. That suits Nugent's pretty, milky complexion to a T."

"Oh, let my beastly complexion alone! Look here, I'm not going to wear a rotten wig!"

"Can't be helped. You must hide your own short locks. I suppose you can wear the wig for one afternoon."

"I should think so," said Bob Cherry. "Really, Nugent—"

"Oh, pile it on!" said Nugent. "Never mind. I'll wear a wig, and a false beard, too, if you like. Don't mind me."

"Right—we won't! I'll go and get a pass from Wingate now, and buzz off to the village on my bike," said Wharton.

And he hurried away. Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, gave him, freely enough, the pass to go down to the village. A few minutes later Harry was wheeling out his bicycle. There was plenty of time to get to the village and back before locking up, and Wharton soon covered the short journey to Friardale.

He arrived at Mr. Popper's and dismounted there. More than once the Greyfriars juniors had been to Mr. Popper's shop for clothes to be used in the amateur theatricals of the Greyfriars Operatic and Dramatic Society, and Wharton was very well known there. Mr. Popper received him with great politeness.

Harry did not give any indication of what he wanted the things for, leaving Mr. Popper to draw his own conclusions. He looked over the second-hand stock, and selected a nice-looking serge tunic, a blouse that had been white, and would doubtless wash white again, and a black felt hat. Fortunately he had remembered to take Nugent's size in shoes and stockings, and they were soon procured.

The goods were made up into a bundle, and Wharton paid for them. Mr. Popper offered to send them up to the school, and he was quite willing to let the bill stand over, but Harry promptly declined both offers.

The Famous Four had pooled their resources to cover the cost of the clothes, and Wharton settled the bill. He carried out the bundle and tied it to his machine, and then set off back to Greyfriars, well satisfied with his purchases. It remained to be seen whether Nugent would be just as satisfied with wearing them!

Miss Nugent!

BILLY BUNTER looked into Study No. 1 in good time for tea, and gave a most expressive snort. There were few signs of tea in the study. On the table was a big bundle of clothes that Wharton and Cherry were unwrapping, and Nugent was cutting chunks of bread and cheese and pouring out some glasses of milk. It was clear that tea in Study No. 1 that evening was to be a very informal and hasty affair.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Get out!" said Bob Cherry, looking up. "There's no tea here. We're busy. You can take a chunk of bread and cheese into the passage."

"I can get something as good as that in Hall," said Bunter sulkily.

"Then go to Hall, and don't bother!"

"Look here—"

"Outside!"

Bob Cherry took Bunter by one fat ear, led him into the passage, and slammed the door and locked it. Bunter stared at the locked door, with feelings too deep for words. To be turned out of his own study like this at tea-time—it was really rough on Bunter.

Slowly and disconsolately, the fat junior turned his steps in the direction of Hall, to join in the school tea—a very poor meal compared with what he was accustomed to in Wharton's study.

But the Famous Four were too busy to think of tea, or of Bunter, either. Chunks of bread and cheese did not appeal to Bunter, but they were good enough for the less fastidious four. They could eat while they worked, and that was a saving of time.

The bundle was unfastened, and the newly purchased clothes were turned out. The Removites admired them very much, with the exception of Nugent. The more he thought about the idea the less he liked it. There was no retreat now, but Nugent was not enthusiastic.

"Makes a chap feel such a silly ass!" he grunted. "Blessed if I know how girls can stand wearing these clothes!"

"Stands to reason they like it or they wouldn't do it," said Wharton. "You'll get to like it in time."

"No fear! This is the first and last time I'm going to be made a guy of!"

"Stuff! How can you call it being made a guy of to be dressed in the same sort of togs that Marjorie Hazeldene has to wear every day?"

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry warmly.

"Really, Nugent—"

"Oh rats! What's that thing?"

"That's a blouse."

"Have I got to wear it?"

"Well, I haven't bought it for you to eat," said Wharton. "Get some of those things off, and we'll try these on. We may have a lot of sewing and altering to do, and we can do it better with the things on you. Dressmakers use a dummy—"

"If you call me a dummy—" began Nugent.

"I wasn't calling you a dummy," said Wharton. "I only said dressmakers use a dummy to try things on for the fit, same as we're going to do with you. I suppose you can act the part of a dummy without being a dummy?"

"I don't know. You fellows don't seem to be able to."

"Get those things off. Blessed if I know what you're grumbling about! You'll look ever so much prettier in girl's clothes."

"I don't want to look pretty."

"He's satisfied with his face as it is," said Bob Cherry.

"Look here, Cherry—"

"All right, old son! Tuck in the tummy and get those togs off."

Nugent devoured bread and cheese and glowered. The idea of being dressed as a girl appealed less and less to his mind. The stockings and pretty shoes would have charmed many a feminine heart, but they only made Nugent frown.

"Look here," he said flatly, "I'm going to have my own clothes on, all the same. You can fix it how you like, but that's settled. Suppose I get

spotted? I may have to yank these things off in a hurry and bolt, and—"

"Well, of all the duffers!" said Bob Cherry. "Do you think the Scouts wouldn't pass any remark on a girl who went out in a frock and Eton trousers?"

"The remarkfulness would be terrific."

"Well, I'll wear the loose trousers we use when we're training in the Naval Cadet Corps," said Nugent. "I can roll them up above my knees."

"That's not a bad wheeze," said Wharton approvingly. "Get into them, then, and let's get to business."

Nugent, still looking decidedly grumpy, removed his clothes and donned the loose sailor trousers, and rolled them above his knees. Then he put on the stockings and shoes, and Harry helped him on with the blouse and finally the tunic.

The chums of the Remove gazed at Nugent in great admiration. Up to his neck he was certainly a very passable-looking girl, but his Eton collar and his short hair and dissatisfied face did not match the clothes.

"Off with that collar!" said Harry briskly. "The blouse fastens round the neck. Where's the wig?"

"Here it is, my worthy chum."

"Stick it on."

The flaxen wig made a startling difference to Nugent. Except for his face, he was now quite a girl in appearance. His face was very soft and good-looking for a boy, but the feminine attire had the effect of making it look harder and bolder in outline than usual.

"Something will have to be done to the chivvy," said Harry, shaking his head. "I thought Nugent was good-looking, but he doesn't make a very pretty girl. The skin's too rough, and the mouth's too big."

"You let my mouth alone!" growled Nugent.

"I wasn't running down your mouth," said Wharton mildly. "We've got to look the facts in the face, you know, if we're to make a success of it. I suppose some of the grease-paints we use in the amateur theatricals will make the matter right. Powder and paint will work wonders."

"Blessed if I'm going to have my face dabbed with that mess!"

"Don't be unreasonable, old chap. It's necessary. It would have the effect of improving the deception, too, if you smiled a bit."

Nugent grinned.

"There, that's better already! Now, a rub with the powder puff, and a touch of rouge, and you'll be a lovely young lady."

"I don't think!" murmured Bob Cherry.

Wharton had had some practice in making-up for the theatricals of the Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society of the Remove. He gave Nugent's face some deft touches, and it could not be denied that the effect was wonderful. Nugent would have been taken for a girl by a casual observer—there was no doubt about that.

"And we can be a bit more careful with the details on Saturday," said Wharton. "So far, I think it's ripping."

"The rippingfulness is terrific," said the Nabob of Bhanipur softly. "Would Miss Nugent mind if a handsome Hindu were to steal a kiss from those esteemed lips?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Miss Nugent!"

"Oh, stop your cackling!" growled Nugent. "If you bring your black chivvy near me, Inky, I'll punch it, so mind!"

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

"Far be it from me to offend the charming Miss Nugent—"

"Shut up!" roared Nugent.

"Here, hold on, you can't use unladylike language like that!" said Wharton in a tone of remonstrance. "Girls don't say 'shut up!' You should say 'Oh dear, you naughty boy!' or something of that sort."

Nugent grunted and began to take off his new garments. The rehearsal of the disguise had been satisfactory, and the chums of the Remove had little doubt that Saturday's contest with the Boy Scouts of Pegg would be a success.

They were grateful to little Wun Lung for his suggestion—at all events, Wharton, Cherry, and Hurree Singh were grateful. Nugent's feelings were rather mixed.

After changing his clothes once more, Nugent went out of the study, and he met the little Celestial near the Common-room. Wun Lung smiled blandly at him.

"Allee lightee?" he asked.

"Eh?" growled Nugent.

"Girlee idea all lightee?" asked Wun Lung.

"Me tinkee lippping wheeze. What you tinkee?"

Nugent's hand descended heavily on the Chinese and flattened him down. Nugent strode on, leaving Wun Lung sitting on the floor and blinking after him in amazement.

The little Celestial rubbed his head.

"Me no savvy," he murmured.

And he really could not "savvy."

No Feed for Bunter!

HAVING decided upon their plan of campaign, the chums of the Remove looked forward to Saturday very keenly. Nugent was not expecting to enjoy himself, but he was anxious to get it over.

The secret was kept from all who could not be absolutely relied upon. Hazeldene and Micky Desmond and Ogilvy and some others were let into it, but fellows like Bulstrode were strictly left out—and so was Billy Bunter.

They knew that something was going on, and they were very curious about it, but they were to know nothing till the contest with the Boy Scouts was safely over. Any indiscretion on the part of someone in the secret might have spoiled the whole matter.

Saturday came, and the juniors impatiently laboured through morning lessons. The welcome hour of dismissal came at last, and Harry Wharton and his chums poured out of the class-room, full of their scheme.

After dinner Harry went to his box, where he had kept the disguise safely locked up. His box was in the Remove dormitory, and as he bent over to unlock it Bunter looked in at the door.

He watched Harry through his big spectacles, and his eyes glistened as he saw the big bundle Wharton drew out of the box. Wharton turned to leave the dormitory, and started as he saw the Owl of the Remove blinking at him.

"I say, Wharton—"

"No time for jaw now, Bunter!" And Wharton hurried out.

The fat junior followed him, breaking into a trot in the passage to keep up with Wharton's vigorous stride.

"Yes, but I say, Wharton, if it's a picnic—"

"It isn't."

"But you're going out, aren't you?"

"Yes; but it's not a feed—nothing that would interest you, Bunter. I'll tell you about it afterwards."

"Yes, when all the grub's gone!" said Bunter discontentedly.

"Don't you hear me say it isn't a feed?" said Wharton sharply. "I suppose you don't doubt my word, do you?"

"Oh, no, of course not!" said Bunter. "I should be sorry to doubt your word, Wharton. Still, I don't see why I shouldn't have some of the grub!"

"You young ass!" said Wharton, half-laughing. "I tell you there isn't any grub in this parcel! Everybody doesn't spend all the time dreaming about grub!"

"Then what is it?"

"That's a secret for the present."

"I suppose I can come with you chaps, though? Of course, I don't doubt your word, but I'd like a little run this afternoon."

"No, you can't! Here's a tanner. Go and get some buns at the tuckshop, for goodness' sake, and give us a rest!"

"Thanks, Wharton! Will you have this back out of my next postal order?"

"Oh rats! Buzz off!"

"I can only accept it as a loan. There's such a thing as independence. I know you're not so particular about money matters as I am, but it's my way. You see—"

Wharton swung up the bulky parcel with his hands.

"Now, cut!" he said. "If I swipe you with this parcel you'll be hurt! Are you going?"

"Oh, really, Wharton! It's all right—I'll put it down to the account." And Bunter scuttled off.

Wharton laughed and joined his chums in the Close, where they were waiting for him. Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh looked very cheerful, and Hazeldene and Micky Desmond, who had joined the party, were grinning with anticipation. Nugent wore a serious look.

"Ready?" said Harry. "Come on, before any of the fellows spot this parcel. Some of them are jolly curious about the matter already."

The chums left the school grounds without losing time. The quarter to three chimed from the tower, and the contest with the Boy Scouts had been arranged to start at three.

Trumper had written details to Harry Wharton, and they had been agreed to. Between three and four the Greyfriars juniors were to send their man through the wood from the Greyfriars side down to the shore of Pegg Bay, and the Scouts were to stop him if they could.

By this time, Trumper and his patrol would be on the watch in the wood, ready for the attempt to be made to break through their lines.

It was impossible, of course, for Nugent to don his feminine attire in the school—it would have occasioned too much remark. A barn in a deserted place had been fixed upon by Harry for the change. It did not take the juniors long to reach it, and then the bundle was unfastened.

Nugent donned the nautical trousers and rolled them well above his knees, and then the stockings and shoes, the blouse, and the serge tunic. The wig was carefully adjusted and fastened securely, and Harry touched up his face with powder and paint.

"Faith, and it's lovely ye are!" said Micky Desmond. "Sure, I'd never know ye from yere own sister!"

"I suppose I shall pass all right," grunted Nugent.

"Sure; the only danger is that the Boy Scouts may fall in love wid ye, and carry ye off wid them!"

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

Harry Wharton stepped back to get a good view of his work, and he admired it immensely. "Miss" Nugent was a huge success.

"My hat!" said Harry. "I hardly thought it would turn out quite so rippingly as this! Nugent's not only a girl, but he's a good-looking one! The Scouts will never dream that he's one of us!"

"Well, let's get off!" said Nugent.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

Wharton uttered an exclamation. Bunter's spectacles were glittering at the open door of the barn. The Owl of the Remove had not been quite satisfied that it wasn't a feed, and he had followed them.

He blinked in amazement at Nugent. Bob Cherry was about to smite the inquisitive junior in his wrath, but Wharton signed him to stop. Bunter evidently had not seen the dressing, and he did not know Nugent. He raised his cap as he came into the barn.

"Isn't there a feed?" he said, in a tone of disappointment. "I—"

"This is Miss Nugent," said Wharton. "Miss Nugent, this is Billy Bunter—you've heard of him!"

Nugent grinned and played the part.

"Oh, yes!" he said, in a high-pitched voice. "My brother Frank has told me about him. He's a greedy young rotter, isn't he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Nice language for a lady!"

Bunter blinked at "Miss" Nugent.

"Is—is that Nugent's sister?" he said. "I never knew he had one. She's awfully like him. I—I say, Miss Nugent, it's quite a mistake about my being greedy. Your brother doesn't understand a chap like me, you know. I'm of a delicate constitution, and I can only keep up by taking plenty of nourishment. Blessed if I can see what you fellows are cackling at!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nugent roared as loudly as the rest. Bunter blinked at him again, and the truth dawned upon him. He saw Nugent's clothes lying on the ground, and understood.

"Oh, really, you fellows! It's Nugent himself! Is this what all the mystery was about? What's the game?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I'd have come here for this!" said Bunter peevishly. "I've fagged all the way, thinking it was a feed. If one of you fellows could lend me five bob, I—"

"Rats! Run away, Bunter!"

"It's all right," said Hazeldene. "If it's taken in Bunter, who knows you, it will take in Trumper, who's only seen you occasionally."

"The take-infulness will be terrific."

Right or Wrong?

The following words were spelled wrongly in the Spelling Bee on page 5:

REPENTANT
OPPROBRIOUS
DISHEVELLED
ACQUIESCE
SMOKY

Another test next Wednesday.

THE GEN LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

"Come on, then!" said Harry. "It's turned three!"

Nugent started for the door. Bob Cherry gave a shout.

"Hold on! Girls don't tramp along like that! You'd give yourself away at once!"

"I suppose I must walk?"

"Yes; but not such jolly long strides—something like this."

Bob Cherry walked towards the door. Nugent looked at him.

"Girls don't walk like that!" he said positively.

"I've seen girls walk often enough, and they don't look like hens on hot bricks!"

"I wasn't looking like a hen on hot bricks that I know of," said Bob Cherry, turning red. "I mean that you must do something graceful."

"Was that graceful?" asked Nugent in astonishment.

"Look here—"

"Faith, and don't begin ragging now. It's time Miss Nugent was in the wood!"

"Right-ho!" said Wharton. "Buzz off, Frank, and do your best! We'll go down to the shore by another way, and we shall be there soon after you, if you get through."

Nugent nodded and left the barn.

The chums of the Remove kept out of sight in the barn. Now that Nugent was in his new attire, it would not do to be seen with him.

They grinned as they saw the "girl" walking across the field. The deception was wonderful. The juniors, knowing the secret, could see a great many little faults that would otherwise have escaped notice, but they all felt pretty certain that "Miss" Nugent would do.

"With decent luck he'll get through," said Wharton.

And when Nugent was out of sight, the Greyfriars juniors left the barn, and, by a roundabout route, avoiding the wood, they made their way down to the shore.

Through the Enemy's Lines!

NUGENT felt a little uneasy as he went down the lane to the wood. It was a new experience.

He stopped and looked at his reflection in a pond by the wayside and started. The reflection was that of a very good-looking girl.

The fun of the thing began to appeal to Nugent, and he went on his way more cheerfully. He passed a butcher's boy from Friardale, whom he knew by sight, and the butcher's boy stared at him in open admiration.

In a village row Nugent had punched that youth's nose hard only a few days before, and had he met him undisguised, there would probably have been a fight. But the young butcher evidently had not the slightest suspicion.

As Nugent looked at him he seemed encouraged, and winked. The junior could not help laughing as he hurried on.

His disguise had passed muster twice. There was no reason why it should not impose upon the Boy Scouts of Pegg.

But he felt uneasy as he entered the shades of Friardale Wood. The knowledge that six or seven fellows lurked unseen in the wood, ready to pounce upon him, was enough to make him uneasy.

He looked to and fro anxiously as he followed the footpath that led down towards the sea, winding through the shady old wood.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

There was a rustle in the trees, and he started. It was certain that the footpath would be watched, and he was not surprised by the sight of the bare legs of a Boy Scout among the bracken.

Dicky Brown jumped out of the thicket. The young Scout had heard footsteps on the path, and was on the alert; but at the sight of a girl all the alertness disappeared from his manner.

Nugent had started back, and Dicky Brown had the impression that his sudden appearance had startled the girl. Like a true Scout, Dicky was all politeness and courtesy to a member of the fair sex, and he lifted his broad-brimmed hat at once.

"Sorry I jumped out like that, miss!" said Dicky awkwardly. "I hope I didn't frighten you?"

Nugent drew a quick breath. Dicky Brown had been very near receiving an upper-cut from the charming young lady, which would have astonished him very much; but Nugent took his cue at once.

"You frightened me for a moment," he said, making his voice very high-pitched.

"Sorry!" said Dicky. "I'm looking for a chap, that's all. Have you seen a chap—one of the fellows from Greyfriars—in the wood?"

"Greyfriars?" said Nugent inquiringly.

"Yes; that's a school near here. You'd know the chap by his school cap. Have you seen one about?"

Nugent shook his head.

"I haven't seen one since I came into the wood," he said.

"Oh, I'll have him, anyway, if he comes along!" said Dicky Brown determinedly. "You see, this is a scouting contest. They've got to get a man through our lines. I'm watching this footpath. There's another chap farther along, in case the Greyfriars kid should be able to dodge me."

"Oh, is there?" murmured Nugent to himself.

"But he won't get past me!" said Dicky Brown. "I'm on the alert, I can tell you!"

"Is this the right way to the shore?" asked Nugent.

"Yes. You keep straight on, and don't leave the path. You'll pass another of our chaps—young Spriggs—but we won't hurt you."

There was a rustle in the thicket, and Trumper, the Scout leader, stepped out.

"Here, young Brown—Hullo!" He tilted his hat to Nugent. "You're not keeping watch, Brown!"

"Yes, I am!" said Dicky indignantly. "Nobody will pass along this path without my knowing it, I can tell you!"

"You mustn't talk to strangers when on duty!" said Trumper. "Sorry, miss, but I have to keep up discipline!"

"I suppose it's a Scout's duty to tell a lady the way?" said Dicky Brown scathingly. "What about always doing a good turn to somebody every day?"

"Oh, that's all right! I'll see the young lady through our lines," said Trumper, with quite the air of a field-marshal.

Nugent could hardly help laughing at the way Trumper spoke of his "lines," as if he had been in command of an army corps at least. But he remained grave, and he gave the Scout leader a sweet smile.

"Oh, thank you so much!" he murmured.

"Not at all!" said Trumper. "Quite a pleasure! You stand on guard here, Dicky Brown, and—"

"Hadn't I better show the lady the way?" said Dicky Brown. "You've had more experience than I have as a Scout, and—"

Trumper waved his hand.

"Don't you start arguing with your patrol leader! I'm going to show the lady the way, and you can stay here and keep guard."

"Oh, all right!" grunted Dicky Brown.

"This way, miss!" said Trumper. "I'll see you safely through."

"Oh, thank you!"

Trumper strode on his way, with Nugent walking demurely by his side. The chief of the Boy Scouts of Pegg was feeling very satisfied with himself. He would not have felt so satisfied with himself if he had guessed the real identity of the "girl" at his side.

He explained the matter to his pretty companion as they went on. Nugent listened with great interest.

"They won't beat us!" said Trumper. "It's turned half-past three already, and they've less than half an hour left. They've given it up, I expect."

Miss Nugent smiled.

"Halt!"

It was a sudden call, and Spriggs sprang out into the footpath. He seemed surprised at the sight of his patrol leader.

"Hallo! Is that you, Trumper?"

"It's all serene!" said Trumper. "I'm seeing this lady through the lines. I'll be back with you in a jiffy. Keep your eyes peeled!"

"Right you are!"

Trumper and Nugent walked on. Through openings of the trees came a glimpse of the wide blue of the ocean. Nugent's heart beat faster. He was very near the end of his journey now.

As they came out of the trees, in the distance on the shore appeared the boats of the fishermen, and near them were a group of schoolgirls. Nugent remembered that the girls of Cliff House were to be taken out for a walk that afternoon by Miss Penelope Primrose.

"Well, here you are, miss!" said Trumper. "I've seen you through, and I shall have to get back to my men. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Nugent softly.

He held out his hand. Trumper took it, and Nugent gave him a grip that made the Scout leader jump.

He had never met a girl who could give a grip of the hand like that. He stared blankly at Nugent.

"Good-bye!" said Nugent, speaking in his natural voice now. "I'm awfully obliged to you for showing me through the wood, Trumper! I reckon we've knocked you into a cocked hat this journey!"

Trumper almost fell down. He stared at Nugent, his jaw dropping, his mouth and eyes wide open in amazement. His expression was so ludicrous that Nugent roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why—what—how—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Thanks so much! My dear chap, you've been done! Don't you understand? D-o-n-e—done! I'm Nugent of the Greyfriars Remove!"

"Nu-Nu-Nugent!" gasped Trumper.

"Yes, rather!"

"Of the Remove!" said Trumper faintly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trumper stared. He was recovering from his stupefaction now, and he realised how utterly and hopelessly he had been done.

"You're Nugent! My hat!"

"Good-bye!" said Nugent. "You can go and tell the others!"

And he strolled on. He left Trumper staring

dazedly after him. The Boy Scout remained there, staring blankly, for a minute, and then he slowly turned and went back into the wood. The Boy Scouts would have been very glad to see Nugent come back through the wood again, but Nugent was too wise for that.

In a Fix!

NUGENT had beaten the Boy Scouts hands down, though they could hardly be blamed for their defeat, in the circumstances. But now he found himself on the shore he was non-plussed. He had expected to see his chums there, but his passage through the wood had taken little time, and Wharton, going a much longer way round, was not yet near the shore.

Nugent knew better than to go near the wood



Miss Primrose jerked at the seaweed attached to Nugent's wig. Disaster followed. The flaxen wig came off, bringing Nugent's hat with it. "Good gracious!" gasped the headmistress of Cliff House, staring at Nugent's bare head.

"What—how—who are you?"

again and chance falling into the hands of the exasperated Boy Scouts. They would not have hurt him, but they would probably have given him an uncomfortable time. He walked on slowly, wondering how on earth the adventure was to end.

He had lost sight of the Cliff House girls, but suddenly, rounding a rock on the shore, he came upon them.

The girls were on the sands with Miss Primrose, and Nugent was in the midst of them before he realised it. Then it was too late to retreat.

The sudden appearance of Frank Nugent caused glances to be thrown in his direction, and caused some interest. Not one of the girls had any suspicion that he was other than what he appeared to be.

As a matter of fact, a new pupil was joining
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

Cliff House that day, and when Marjorie & Co. caught sight of Nugent, they imagined naturally enough that he was the new pupil, and had come to join them on the sands.

He was dressed differently from the girls of Pegg village, and neither did he look like one of the village girls from Friardale. His clothes were not of the best, but anyone would naturally have imagined that he belonged to Cliff House.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Miss Clara. "Here's the new girl."

Marjorie glanced kindly at the newcomer.

"Come here, dear," she said in her soft voice.

Nugent coloured hotly.

He saw that the Cliff House girls did not know him, and he felt horribly mean at being received with such kindness, yet a confession of the truth was not feasible. He had a keen sense of the absurd, and he had no mind to become the object of ridicule of two score laughing girls.

He came awkwardly towards Marjorie. The latter only intended to be kind to the new girl, and the evident bashfulness of Nugent did not deter her. It was only natural that a new girl should be a little constrained.

"I'm so glad to see you," she said. "Have you seen Miss Primrose yet?"

"Yes—no!" muttered Nugent.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Clara.

"Nugent! I—I mean—"

"Nugent!" exclaimed Marjorie, with interest. "I thought I knew your features. You're a relation of Frank Nugent at Greyfriars, I suppose?"

"Ye-es!"

"How nice! I have a brother at Greyfriars," said Marjorie. "I suppose Frank is your brother? He is a very nice boy."

Nugent could not help grinning.



Ask for No. 338 of the

**SCHOOLBOYS' OWN
LIBRARY**

On sale at all
Newsagents

4d

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,582.

This was a good character, at all events, from a person whose good opinion he valued. Marjorie held out her hand.

"I'm sure we shall be good friends," she said. "Come this way and I will take you to Miss Primrose."

Nugent shook hands with her. He was so confused by this unexpected turn of events that he hardly knew what he was doing, and he gave Marjorie a grip of the hand almost as vigorous as that he had given Trumper.

The girl started.

"Good gracious! How strong you are!" she exclaimed.

Nugent went crimson.

"I—I'm rather strong," he stammered. "It's the exercise in the gym, you know, and the cricket and footer! I—I mean—"

He broke off dismally. He seemed to be getting deeper and deeper into the mire with every word he uttered.

The girls were all looking at him curiously.

"You play cricket," said Marjorie. "So do we. We beat Greyfriars Remove in a cricket match a little while ago."

"And footer!" said Miss Clara. "We don't play football. I should like to, but Miss Primrose wouldn't approve."

"You—you see," stammered Nugent, "when I—er—say football, I don't mean—er—exactly football, you know!"

"No," said Marjorie demurely. "What do you mean, then? Hockey?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Miss Clara.

"You see, I—I—I—"

"Dear me!" said the voice of Miss Primrose. "Is that my new pupil? Come here, my dear!"

Nugent, inwardly raging, crossed over to Miss Primrose, running the gauntlet of countless eyes.

The old lady gave him a kindly smile.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," she said. "When did you arrive?"

"Er—er—I don't know exactly."

"You did not notice the time? Have you been up to Cliff House yet?"

"N-n-no, ma'am."

"Very good! It is time for us to return," said Miss Primrose. "Come with me, girls! You will walk by my side, dear!"—this was to Nugent.

"Yes, ma'am."

Miss Primrose marched off, with Nugent by her side, and the girls following in prim order.

Marjorie was looking at Frank very curiously now. In his confusion he had several times forgotten to put the high pitch in his voice, and had spoken in his natural tones.

Miss Hazeldene was not suspicious, but she was observant. She remembered what Harry Wharton had told her of the intention of sending a junior in disguise through the Boy Scouts' lines that afternoon.

A gleam of fun came into her eyes.

"You must be tired, my dear, after your long journey," said Miss Primrose. "Are you hungry?"

"N-n-no, ma'am!"

"We shall be in time for tea. I think you will be very happy at Cliff House; you will find the girls very kind. Marjorie, you will look after our new friend, won't you?"

"Certainly, Miss Primrose," said Marjorie demurely.

Nugent writhed inwardly; he had caught a curious look on Marjorie's face, and he was afraid that she guessed.

He shivered at the thought of being marched

MORE STAMPS TO SAVE! See page 2.



into Cliff House. Once within the walls, what was to be done? There would be no escape for him, and when the inevitable exposure came, he shuddered at the thought of the ridiculous figure he would cut.

Miss Primrose might even imagine that he had adopted the disguise for the purpose of playing some trick at Cliff House. He might even be reported to the Head of Greyfriars.

He wished the Boy Scouts of Pegg and their challenge, and Wm Lung and his valuable suggestion of disguise, at the bottom of Pegg Bay together.

As he walked on, he revolved plans of escape. He caught sight of several juniors coming down through the village, and recognised his chums.

Harry Wharton & Co. stopped dead as they saw Nugent among the Cliff House girls, and stared at him as if they could hardly believe their eyes.

Then Nugent saw Bob Cherry stuff his handkerchief into his mouth, and the nabob turn his back and become the prey to a kind of convulsion.

He simply snorted.

It was bad enough for them to have got him into a fearful fix like this, but for them to stand there laughing—that was too bad.

The girls passed on, and the juniors of Greyfriars were left staring blankly after them.

"My only hat!" gasped Wharton. "That was Nugent!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and he wasn't looking happy either!" Mick Desmond remarked with a chuckle. "Sure, I'd like the situation myself!"

"How on earth did he get with them?" said Wharton. "He ought to have had sense enough to keep out of their way!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's beaten the Boy Scouts, at all events," said Hazeldene, grinning. "He must have chummed up with the girls on purpose."

"He didn't seem to be enjoying himself."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Nugent!" murmured Bob Cherry, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Blessed if I know how he'll get out of it! They seem to have adopted him now. We can't rescue him, can we?"

"Ha, ha! No."

And the chums of the Remove laughed in chorus.

It was rough on Nugent, no doubt, but it was very funny. They followed the girls at a distance, keeping an eye on Nugent, wondering what on earth was to be done in the matter, without being able to hit on any scheme for helping the unfortunate junior out of his difficulty.

Nugent Bolts!

MARJORIE talked cheerily to Nugent as they walked on to Cliff House. But her cheerfulness was wasted on the wretched junior.

What did he care about the class-room arrangements, and the meal-times at Cliff House, about manners and customs and holidays there? He only wanted to escape. And he more than half-believed that Marjorie knew who he was.

As a matter of fact, the girl was satisfied on that point now.

Nugent's answers were so constrained and awkward, and in his unguarded moments his voice was so easily recognised, that the girl could not remain long in the dark.

But Marjorie thought he deserved to have a lesson for his impertinence in dressing in girls' clothes and deceiving them, and so she was not inclined to help him out of his difficulty yet.

Clara, who was as sharp as a needle, had come to the same conclusion as Marjorie, and she was struggling not to laugh. Her eyes were full of fun, and she was disposed to enjoy the joke at Nugent's expense.

"How your hair is blowing about!" she said. "Shall I lend you a hairclip?"

"N-n-no; it's all right!" muttered Nugent, in deadly fear lest his flaxen wig should come off in Clara's hands.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Clara. "It looks untidy!"

"Does it? Never mind!"

"Shall I tie it for you?"

"N-n-no, thanks!"

"No trouble at all," said Clara, producing a bit of ribbon from her pocket. "I'll tie it up for you."

And she gathered up the flaxen curls. It was clear to her, of course, that they were false as soon as she touched them, if she had not known before.

Her eyes were full of mischief. She caught up a straggling lump of seaweed that someone had dropped on the path, and calmly tied it up in the ribbon with Nugent's false hair.

The junior had not the slightest suspicion of what she had done.

Only too relieved that she did not jerk his wig off, he walked on, with the seaweed hanging down his back.

Marjorie tried not to laugh, but without success. The other girls were shrieking. Miss Primrose turned round to them.

"My dear girls," she said gently, "you must not laugh so loudly in public. It is very bad form."

"We're so sorry, Miss Primrose," said Clara.

And Miss Primrose marched on again, and they entered the gates of Cliff House.

By this time Nugent was desperate.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Miss Primrose. She had stayed behind to lock the gate, and as she came up the path she caught sight of the seaweed tied to Nugent's hair. "What ever is that?"

"I-I-I—"

"What is tied to your hair?"

"My—my hair?" stammered Nugent.

"Yes. What is it?" Miss Primrose put up her glasses and stared at the seaweed. "Come here, child!"

Nugent approached her nervously.

"It is seaweed!" said Miss Primrose, in wonder. "Seaweed tied to your hair! This is very strange indeed. Stand still while I pull it off."

And she jerked at the seaweed.

Disaster for Nugent followed. The flaxen wig came off in her hand, bringing Nugent's hat off with it.

Miss Primrose gave a faint cry. She was too astounded to move, or to do anything but stare at Nugent's bare head, and at the wig in her hand.

The girls stared, too, blankly.

Nugent wished the earth would open and swallow him up.

"Good gracious!" gasped Miss Primrose at last. "What—how—who are you?"

But Nugent did not reply to the question. All was up now, and only flight could save him. He broke into a wild dash for the gate.

The girls looked after him. The supposed girl clambered over the gate, and dropped down on the other side.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Primrose. "It is not a girl at all!"

Meanwhile, Nugent was dashing away down the footpath with the speed of a racehorse.

He rounded a bend in the path, and dashed full into half a dozen juniors.

"Here he is, begorra!" shouted Micky Desmond.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you rotters!"

Nugent glared at his chums. But they were roaring with laughter; they could not help it. He glared and strode away angrily. Harry Wharton ran after him, and slipped a hand through his arm.

"Don't be ratty, old chap! It was funny, you know."

Nugent's face cleared.

"Well, I was an ass to go in for it, and I wouldn't do it again for anything!" he said. "I suppose it was funny, but it didn't seem funny at the time. I can tell you!"

"How did you get away?"

Nugent explained, and the Removites roared again at the mental picture of Miss Penelope Primrose standing petrified with the flaxen wig in her hands. That wig was lost for ever to the Amateur Dramatic Society; but, as Bob Cherry said, the laugh was worth it.

Some distance down the road they met Trumper and his patrol. The Boy Scouts grinned ruefully at Nugent and his companions.

"You've done us," said Trumper. "We own up. But we'll go for you again some time."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"That's all right," he said. "We'll be ready for you. I don't blame you for being taken in. The Cliff House girls were taken in by Nugent, too. He makes such a jolly good girl that it's a pity for him to change back."

"Oh, rats!" said Nugent. "Thanks awfully for showing me the way through the wood, Trumper!"

Trumper smiled a sickly smile, and the Greyfriars juniors walked on, grinning. Nugent changed into his own clothes at the barn, and felt an immense sense of relief at being a boy once more.

"This is jolly!" he said. "Let's get back. I'm ready for tea."

And by the time they had tea in the study, Nugent was quite prepared to laugh over the adventure. He had certainly gone through some harassing experiences, but the great point was that they had beaten the rival Scouts.

(Next week: "BARRED BY THE REMOVE!" Sensation at Greyfriars! Someone's sent an insulting letter about Mr. Quelch to the Head! Who is the culprit? Make sure you read this great yarn, chums!)

BLUSHING. Shyness, "Nerves," Self-Consciousness, etc., cured by money back! Complete Course 5s. Details—**L. A. STEBBING, 28, Dean Road, London, N.W.2.**

STAMPS 300 DIFFERENT, incl. Airmail, Beautiful Uncommon Sets, Pictorials, Colonials. Price 6d. (Abroad 1s.).—**WHITE, ENGINE LANE, LYE, WORCS.**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The GEM, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

STAMP OUTFIT FREE.—Actual Contents: Duplicate Album, Watermark Detector, 34 diff. Stamps, Mounts, Perf. Gauge, 1353 Catalogue, Sets 5 Latvia and 5 Estonia. Send 2d. postage, requesting approvals.—**Lisburn & Townsend (U.K.S.), Liverpool.**

HAVE YOU A RED NOSE?

Send a stamp and you will learn how to rid yourself of such a terrible affliction free of charge. Address in confidence:

T. J. TEMPLE, Specialist, "Palace House," 128, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. (Est. 57 years.)

TALL Your Height increased in 12 days or no cost. New discovery adds 2-5 ins. I gained 4 ins. Guaranteed safe. Full Course 5/-. Details: **J. B. MORLEY, 17, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.**

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS
:: PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER. ::