

YELLOW VENGEANCE! and JACK DRAKE MAKES GOOD!
GREAT SCHOOL YARNS WITHIN.

The **GEM**

**"PUT 'EM UP,
RATTY!"**

For this lively
incident, see this
week's sparkling
St. Jim's Yarn.

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Week Ending January 21st, 1939



Blake Answers Back!

Jack Blake's here to answer your letters and deal with your queries. Write to him c/o The GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Be as candid as you like—Jack Blake likes a plain speaker, being by nature a John Blunt himself! But keep your letter SHORT, and enclose if possible a photo of yourself for reproduction on this page. No photos can be returned and no replies given by post.

J. J., of Lee, London, writes:

If I am bitten by a dog while out for a stroll can I claim compensation? A curious reader awaits your reply.

ANSWER: What's curious about you? Is it that that makes you expect dogs to bite you? A dog is usually allowed one bite, Herries tells me, but if the owner doesn't muzzle it or keep it in check after that, it's good-bye, sweetheart! Herries adds that Towser still has a clean sheet—though Gussy insists that Towser's idea of a clean sheet is distinctly smudgy!

H. G., of Kettering, writes:

Save my pal from sudden death, will you? He has agreed to let me knock his head off if I am right. I contend that people broadcasting in "In Town To-Night" have to stand on a platform with a vast audience watching, and if they make a mistake everybody laughs like anything.

ANSWER: Glad to stand you down from your platform, old fellow. B.B.C. broadcasters in "In Town To-Night" are taken into a special studio, no one being present but the person broadcasting and the interviewer. The mike is taken into the street for a few minutes at each session to pick up the views of casual passers-by, but the characters invited to the studio are never "guyed." So the laugh is on you—like anything!

"Stickler," of Maidenhead, writes:

I should love to meet a marquess, and am wondering what would be the proper way to address one if I should happen to bump into him?

ANSWER: Gussy agrees with me that it would be most unfortunate if you were actually to bump into a marquess, but, of course, the thing to do would be to say: "Sorry, my lord," as humbly as possible, and, if you could, lick his boots as a gesture!

"Excited," of Hounslow, writes:

1. Who or what is Charlie McCarthy? 2. Who is my favourite film star? 3. Why does it always rain when I go out? 4. I bet you can't type.

ANSWER: 1. Charlie McCarthy is a "what"—a ventriloquist's figure—famous, very funny. 2. How the heck do I know? 3. Because, evidently, you always stay in when it's fine. 4. oH, C&A'n't i??X@@@!!!

"X.X.X.," of Bodmin, writes:

Here's a cipher that will fog you: XIPFWFS TPMWFT UJIT DJQIFS JT B DMFWFS FHH. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

ANSWER: Hold your sides a tick. The high frequency of the letter F, which recurs seven

times, suggests it represents E, most-used letter in the language. But F follows immediately after E in the alphabet. Clue: Each letter in your code represents the preceding letter in the alphabet. "WHOEVER SOLVES THIS CIPHER IS A CLEVER EGG." Without Detective Kerr's help, too. HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

F. D., of Nottingham, writes:

Every time I answer anything my friend tells me he just slaps me on the shoulder and laughs. Sometimes I simply stagger. What shall I do?

ANSWER: Same as he does—only more so. Go into training—and remember the old adage: "He who slaps last slaps hardest"!

K. L., of Leamington, writes:

When a chap says he is certain the end of the world will occur in about three months' time what do you do to him?

ANSWER: You ask him if he would mind letting you have that stamp album of his as he won't be wanting it any more—and see how quickly he changes his mind about his aims and "ends"!

"Dick Whittington," of Ipswich, writes:

Here are a few queries about pantomimes which I expect will tie you up: 1. Which is the most popular pantomime, "Cinderella," "Aladdin," or "The Forty Thieves"? 2. Why do they have a girl as the principal "boy"? 3. Why is the Lyceum pantomime, London, written in rhyming couplets? 4. Who was Dan Leno? 5. Do you know any of the jokes he cracked?

ANSWER: 1. "Cinderella" usually tops the list, 2. Just an old panto custom. They did try having a male "hero" once—but oddly enough, he wasn't a success! 3. The "book" of the Lyceum panto was always written by the Melville brothers, who owned the theatre—and it was always an immense success. When I saw "The Sleeping Beauty" there, about four years ago, they had a moving panel in the stage, which made everybody run like mad trying to keep in the same place; it was a riot! 4. Dan Leno was the greatest comedian of his day. When told he was to be presented to King Edward VII, he said: "Oh, but I can't go! We're playing in Sheffield that night!" 5. Why does a chicken cross the road? To get to the other side! Blame Dan Leno for that!

(Continued on page 22.)

A SPARKLING LONG STORY OF FUN AND EXCITEMENT AT ST. JIM'S—FEATURING
A JUNIOR WHOSE SNOBBISHNESS RECOILS ON HIS OWN SHOULDERS.

The SNOB'S LESSON!



"Hallo!" said Racke suddenly. "My hat! You're in for it, Clampe! Here's your cousin!" A sailor had appeared in the open gateway, and his rolling gait told more of the "cup that cheers" than the open sea. Clampe looked at him and gasped.

CHAPTER 1.

Just Like Gussy!

TOM MERRY & CO. were chatting by the School House steps when Clampe of the New House came across the quad with his hands in his pockets and his usual slouching gait.

Leslie Clampe was not a favourable specimen of a St. Jim's fellow. He was not beloved in his own House, and he was on the worst of terms with Tom Merry & Co. of the School House.

He bestowed a scowl upon the cheery group of juniors as he passed them. Tom Merry and Manners did not heed him, but Monty Lowther made a remark.

"Keep an eye open for Railton, dear boy."

Clampe stopped and stared at him.

"What do you mean?" he snapped.

"Only a friendly warning," said Lowther affably. "Suppose the merry old Housemaster should drop

in while the cigarettes are going in Racke's study. I believe Railton has a sort of prejudice against nap and banker in junior studies."

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

And he went on, leaving the Terrible Three grinning.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth Form came down the steps as Clampe reached them. To the surprise of the Terrible Three, and Clampe as well, the swell of St. Jim's bestowed a gracious nod upon the New House chap.

"Hallo, Clampe, deah boy!" he said cordially.

Clampe stared and walked on.

"Pway don't wash away, Clampe. I was goin' to speak to you. Bai Jove, he's gone in!"

Without heeding the Honourable Arthur Augustus, Clampe of the Shell went into the School House.

True, Arthur Augustus never condescended to notice Clampe's existence as a rule, and his cordial

Leslie Clampe is full of snobbish pride when one of his rich relations, a Naval officer, is to pay a visit to St. Jim's. But Clampe discovers that pride goes before a fall!

by

MARTIN CLIFFORD

greeting surprised the black sheep of the New House. But, having condescended so far, Arthur Augustus had apparently not expected this rebuff.

"Bai Jove!" he murmured.

"What's the matter with you, fathead?" inquired Tom Merry. "What are you so chummy all of a sudden with that smoky bouncer for?"

"Pway don't address me as a fathead, Tom Mewwy! I wegard it as an oppwobwious expwession."

"Ass, then," said Tom. "Anything to oblige. What are you chumming with Clampe for, ass?"

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass upon the Terrible Three with a very serious expression.

"I have been thinkin' that we have been wathah hard on Clampe. Of course, he is a smoky wastah, and I feah that he is goin' now to Wacke's study to play bankah. But I've just heard about Clampe's cousin."

"Has he got a cousin?" yawned Manners.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"And you're wasting politeness on him because you've just heard that he's got a cousin!" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"His cousin is wathah a special sort of cousin, Tom Mewwy. He is in the Navy."

"Oh!" said Tom.

"You see, the chap is a lieutenant in the Navy," explained Arthur Augustus. "I suppose I need not wemind you fellows that we owe a gweat deal to our Navy. In the circe, I wegard it as bein' vewy much to Clampe's cweidt that he has a cousin in the Navy, and I am pwepared to tolewate him for that weason. Besides, Lieutenant Leslie is comin' here this week. I heard Wacke say so. Comin' to visit Clampe, you know, duwin' his leave. Now, I have been thinkin'—"

"Impossible!"

"Wats! I have been thinkin' ovah this mattah. It would be howwid for this chap Leslie to see, while he is here, that his cousin is a beastly wottah, wouldn't it? Vewy likely it would hurt his feelings if he noticed that Clampe was wegarding with contempt by the best fellows in the school."

"Us, frinstance?" suggested Lowther.

"I was weally thinkin' of my study," said Arthur Augustus innocently. "But the same applies to you chaps. I see nothin' to cackle at, deah boys. Now, havin' thought the mattah ovah, I have come to the conclusion—"

"Hear, hear!" said Lowther. "I was beginning to be afraid that you'd never come to the conclusion."

"Pway don't intewwupt, Lowthah! I have come to the conclusion that it is up to us to be wathah nice to Clampe while his cousin is here. Clampe can't weally be all bad, when he has such a wippin' chap for a cousin; and my ideah is to make the best of him, you know, and see him through. Leslie will natuwally want to see his fwiends, and it would be howwid for Clampe to be able to introduce him only to sneakin' wottahs like Cwooke and Wacke. But if we make fwiends with him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you caeklin' at?" demanded Arthur Augustus warmly. "Blake and Hewwies and Digby burst out like that when I said the same thing to them."

"Sorry, my lord!" said Monty Lowther, wiping his eyes. "It's a ripping idea! But aren't you going to ask Clampe's permission before you make friends with him?"

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"Weally, Lowthah, I pwesume that Clampe will be vewy pleased. I take that for gwanted."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you are goin' to cackle at ewewythin' I say—" exclaimed Arthur Augustus wrathfully.

"You'd make a dead donkey cackle, I think!" chuckled Tom Merry. "But I'll tell you what—you make friends with Clampe, and then you can give us an introduction to your new chum. Clampe didn't look very enthusiastic when you tackled him just now, but perhaps he misunderstood."

"Yaas, I pwesume he misundahstood. I am certainly goin' to speak to him in a fwiendly way and explain my views."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh wats!"

With that the swell of St. Jim's marched into the School House, leaving the Terrible Three chuckling.

CHAPTER 2.

Making Friends With Clampe!

THERE was a haze of cigarette-smoke in the study shared by those two bright youths—Racke and Crooke of the Shell.

Clampe of the New House came in and locked the door after him. Locking the door was a necessary preliminary. In case of an unexpected visit from a master, or prefect, time was required to get the smokes and cards out of sight.

Aubrey Racke was shuffling a pack of cards on the table. Nap and banker were the favourite relaxations of Racke of the Shell. Outdoor games did not appeal to him at all, and Clampe and Crooke were quite his way of thinking.

Clampe dropped into a chair at the table.

"Cut for deal," said Racke.

The young rascals wasted no time. The cards slid round. Clampe, with an ostentatious air, placed a little pile of silver on the table before him. The black sheep of the New House was in funds.

"Nap!" he said, looking at his cards.

There was a tap at the door. Racke started angrily to his feet.

"Who's that?"

"It is I, Wacke!"

"Only that fool D'Arcy," said Crooke in relief. "Sit down!"

Racke dropped into his seat again.

"Clear off, D'Arcy!" he called out. "You're not wanted here."

"I desiah to speak to Clampe."

"The desire's all on your side, then!" growled Clampe. "Cut off!"

"Pway allow me to entah!"

"Will you go away?" roared Racke.

"Certainly not!"

"If I come out to you, I'll mop up the passage with your silly carcass!" shouted Racke.

"You are perfectly welcome, Wacke, to make the attempt," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "I wathah think it would result in your gettin' a feahful thwashin'. Pway open the door!"

"You're interrupting us, idiot!"

"I wefuse to be called an idiot, Wacke! And I have not the slightest compunction in interwuntin' wotten gamblin'!"

"Shut up, you fool!" hissed Racke, fearful as to what ears Arthur Augustus' words might reach.

"I decline to shut up, Wacke! I have no doubt whatevah that gamblin' is goin' on in your study, or you would not have the door locked."

Racke rose and unlocked the door, gritting his teeth savagely. It was not quite safe to allow Gussy's remarks to continue outside. Crooke slipped the cards into a drawer as Racke threw the door open.

Arthur Augustus walked gracefully in.

"Oh, here you are, Clampe, deah boy!" he said.

Clampe stared at him in a far from friendly manner.

"What the dickens do you want?" he demanded. "You've got nothing to say to me—nothing that I want to hear: at any rate."

"That is hardly polite, Clampe."

"Oh rats!"

Arthur Augustus' noble eye gleamed behind his monocle; but he restrained his rising wrath.

"You appeah to misundanstand me, Clampe. I have come here to speak to you with fwriendly intentions."

"And now you can buzz off!" said Clampe. "Go and bore your own friends!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Well, have you finished jawing?" snapped Racke.

"I object to havin' my wemarks chawactewised as jawin', Wacke, and I have not finished! I am vewy sowwy, Clampe, to see you engaged in smokin' and gamblin', in the circs."

"What circs, you fathead?"

"I pwesume you have not forgotten that your cousin, Licutenant Leslie, is comin' to see you to-mowwow?" said D'Arcy severely. "You have been talkin' about it a good deal, and I have become awah of it. Your cousin will want to see your fwriends, and you can scarcely intwoduce fellows like Wacke and Cwooke to him."

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Crooke.

Racke and Crooke looked at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy as if they would eat him.

D'Arcy did not appear to observe it. He rattled on cheerfully.

"The fact that you have a cousin in the Woyal Navy, Clampe, has waised you in my estimation. I feel that you must have some good about you somewhere, and cannot be au uttahn wotten boundah like Wacke, for instance."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Therefore," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "I am pwepared to make fwriends with you, Clampe."

"Great pip!"

"My fwriends will also make fwriends with you," went on Arthur Augustus. "Then when your cousin awwives, if you choose to intwoduce your fwriends to him, you can weally intwoduce some weally decent chaps who will do you cwedit instead of these wotten boundahs. See?"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Clampe.

"I wegard that as a fair offah."

"Kick him out!" growled Crooke.

"I wefuse to take any notice of you, Cwooke, or to weply to your wemarks! Clampe, deah boy, pway leave the society of these shady wottahs, and come away. Wespect for your wippin' cousin should pwevent you fwom associatin' with such feahful boundahs. Don't you think so?"

Racke picked up the poker from the grate. He was getting fed-up with the noble eloquence of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Crooke laid hands on the inkpot.

"Come on, deah boy," said D'Arcy encouragingly. "Give these wottahs a wide berth, at least till your cousin has been and gone. I am quite pwepared to make a chum of you for the time bein'."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Clampe. "Take him away to a lunatic asylum, somebody!"

"I wegard that wemark as bein' in wathah bad taste, Clampe. I am speakin' in perfect sewiousness. Blake and Hewwies and Dig will wally wound, and Tom Mewwy and Mannahs and Lowtahn and Figgins & Co.—"

"Oh, sheer off!"

"Ahem! And Weddy and Owen and Law'ence, too," said Arthur Augustus. "Weddy has a bwother in the Navy, you know, so I am sure he will play up. It will be vewy agweeable for your cousin, too—"

"Redfern!" said Clampe, with a sneer. "I've heard about his brother—a forecastle hand!"

Arthur Augustus started a little.

"Weally, Clampe—"

"I'm likely to introduce my cousin to a chap whose brother is an A.B.," said Clampe contemptuously.

"Clampe, you sneakin', wotten worm—"



"Have you seen a cart-load of monkeys around here?"

"Why, have you fallen off?"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to D. B. Aldwin, "Claribel," 16, London Road, Morden, Surrey.

"Hallo, you're changing your tune!" grinned Clampe.

Arthur Augustus trembled with anger.

"I came here," he said, in tones of deep indignation, "to make fwriends with you, Clampe. I am sowwy to see that you are even more of a sneakin', wotten, ewingin' cad than I had supposed. I wefuse to make fwriends with you now, Clampe, and I wegard you with uttahn contempt. You make me feel ill, Clampe. I will leave you to your blackguardly gamblin'; it is all you are fit for. But first I shall pull your nose, you wottah, for havin' dared to make diswespectful wemarks concernin' a sailah in his Majesty's Fleet!"

"Hands off, you fool!" roared Clampe, starting back.

But Arthur Augustus' hands were already on. His finger and thumb closed on Clampe's nose like a vice, and the cad of the New House gave a muffled yell of anguish.

"Yurrrrrrgg! Draggimoff!"

Racke and Crooke rushed to the rescue. The poker lunged at Gussy's noble ribs, what time the inkpot was emptied on his aristocratic head.

The swell of St. Jim's released Clampe quite suddenly, and jumped back.

"Yawwooooh! You feahful wottahs!"

"Down him!" yelled Clampe, hugging his damaged nose with both hands. "Jump on him! Kick him out!"

"Bai Jove!"

The Honourable Arthur Augustus put up his hands, but they were not much use against a

poker. He was driven out of the study, snorting ink.

The door slammed after him, and the key turned in the lock. In the passage Arthur Augustus gasped for breath, streaming with ink. "Gwoooogh! Yoooo-hoooh! Oh ewumbs!" he stammered.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar along the passage.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—weally, you cacklin' duffahs—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry. "Have you made friends with Clampe?"

"Wats!"

And with that reply Arthur Augustus D'Arcy hurried away to the bath-room. He had quite given up the idea of making friends with Clampe.

CHAPTER 3.

A Little Wet!

REDFERN of the Fourth was wearing a somewhat clouded expression. The Terrible Three came upon him under the elms in the quad, with a letter in his hand and that clouded expression on his face, and they stopped.

Redfern belonged to the New House, with which the School House fellows were always more or less at war, but when rags were not going on they were very good friends.

"Wherefore that worried brow, my son?" asked Monty Lowther. "Are you worrying because School House is Cock House of St. Jim's?"

"Fathead!" was Redfern's reply.

"Mr. Ratcliff been more ratty than usual?" asked Manners sympathetically.

"Oh, hang Ratcliff!" said Redfern.

Tom Merry's glance fell on the letter in the New House junior's hand.

"Not bad news?" he asked.

"Oh, no! Good!" said Redfern.

"Well, you don't look very chirpy for a fellow who's had good news!" said Tom, laughing.

Redfern coloured a little.

"It's from my brother," he said.

"Your brother at sea?"

"Yes. And he's well and jolly!" said Redfern. "I—I've been wondering whether to ask him to come down to St. Jim's when he gets his leave!"

"Good idea!" said Tom Merry heartily.

"I suppose you know my brother isn't an officer?" said Redfern.

"Yes, I've heard so!"

"Clampe thinks that makes a lot of difference."

"Clampe would," said Tom, with a curl of his lip. "I suppose you're not going to worry about what a worm like Clampe thinks?"

"Oh, no! I was thinking of punching his head!" said Redfern.

"Jolly good idea! Do!"

"The cad hasn't said anything to me, but he sneers about it to other fellows!"

"Take your Uncle Thomas' advice and rub Clampe's nose on the doormat!" said Tom Merry.

Redfern, with a nod and a laugh, went off to the New House.

Tom Merry compressed his lips a little as he looked after Redfern.

"Fancy a sneaking worm like Clampe bothering Redfern!" he remarked. "What has Clampe got to be snobbish about, I wonder? I suppose a sneering cad can always hurt a decent chap's

feelings. Clampe wouldn't be here at all but for his pater's money. He hasn't brains enough to get a scholarship like Reddy. I think I'll look fer Clampe and give him a thick ear!"

"'Ear, 'car!" said Lowther.

As it happened, Clampe of the Shell was just coming away from the School House, the little party in Racke's study being over. Clampe was in a bad temper, as his expression showed. He had left a pound in Racke's study, and Clampe did not like losing money.

"Hold on, Clampe!" said Tom Merry, halting.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Clampe.

Tom Merry planted himself directly in the New House fellow's path, and Clampe had to hold on. He scowled savagely at the captain of the Shell, and clenched his hands.

"What do you want?" he growled.

"Only a word or two," said Tom quietly. "I'm captain of your Form, you know, and I think it's up to me to speak a word in season. It's come to my ears, from one or two sources, that you've been making yourself obnoxious on the subject of Redfern's brother."

Clampe sneered.

"What about it?"

"This—you've got to stop it!"

"Are you going to make me?" jeered Clampe.

"Yes," said Tom quietly. "I'm going to make you, if you haven't decency enough to stop being a low cad of your own accord. A fellow of your kind can only understand money and what it brings. But if you can't be decent, you can hold your tongue, and you're not going to be allowed to sneer at Reddy's brother—see?"

"I shall do as I like!" said Clampe. "Precious sort of chap to be at St. Jim's at all—Redfern! I'll do what I like, Tom Merry, and I'll say what I like! So put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"You won't!" said Tom.

"Who's going to stop me?"

"Reddy would, if you had pluck enough to make your remarks to him personally. You haven't. So I'll stop you for him!" Tom Merry pushed back his cuffs. "Now put up your hands, Clampe!"

Clampe backed away.

"I'm not going to fight you!" he said sullenly.

"Your mistake—you are!" said Tom Merry.

"Pile in!" said Monty Lowther encouragingly.

"I'll hold your coat—I'll hold your cap! Pile in! I can see the light of battle gleaming in your eye already!"

Clampe looked alarmed.

"Look here, you rotter, let me alone!" he panted as he backed to the fountain, and could back away no farther.

"Certainly, if you promise to keep your caddish mouth shut!" said Tom. "Not otherwise!"

"Hang you!" snarled Clampe. "I'll say what I like, and I'll rub it in, too! I'll take jolly good care to make Redfern understand what fellows think! Yah! Oh! Groooogh!"

Tom Merry had Clampe by the neck, and he forced the Shell fellow's head down into the basin of the fountain.

Clampe struggled and kicked furiously. But Tom's grasp was like iron, and Clampe's head went fairly in with a splash, and he gurgled and gaggled frantically.

"Groogh! Gug-gug-gug! Mcooooooh!"

Clampe's head came up dripping, his face red and furious. He gave Tom Merry a watery glare of rage.

"Gug-gug-gug! Ow-ow! Yow!" he spluttered. "That will do for you now," said Tom, "as you're too funky to fight, you sneaking snob! But if you say another word about Reddy and his brother, and I hear of it, I'll kick you all round the quad. That's a tip!"

Clampe did not reply. He mopped his face and head with his handkerchief, and started for the New House.

He passed Redfern as he went in, and gave him a dark and furious scowl.

"Hallo, you look wet!" remarked Redfern, in surprise.

Clampe strode in without replying.

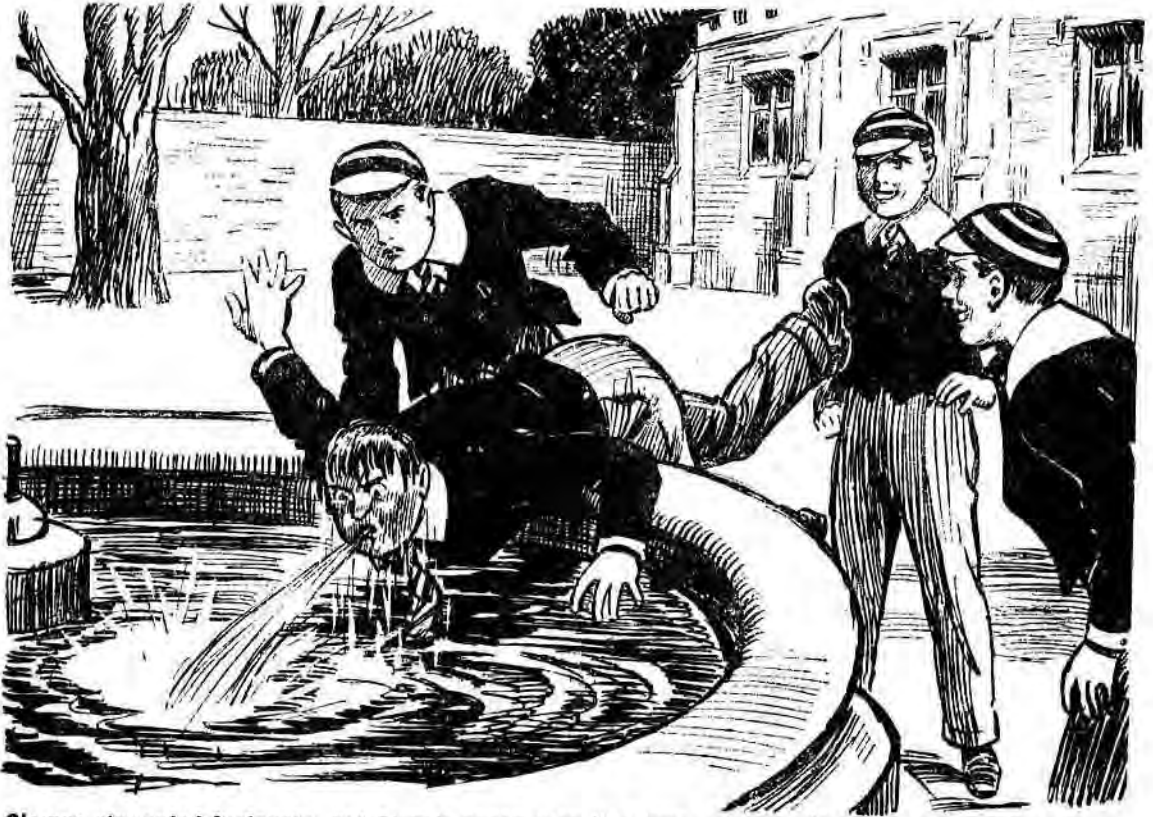
"Every fellow at St. Jim's can't hand out a relation like my cousin, anyway," said Clampe loftily. "Your pater would like you to make his acquaintance, Racke," he added, with a sneer. "I understand that you came to St. Jim's to get to know decent people."

"Oh, shut up!" growled Racke.

"Peace, my infants!" grinned Crooke. "Let Aubrey's aristocratic connections alone, Clampe. We'll come and meet your cousin, if you like. Did you say he was an officer?"

"You know he is!" snapped Clampe. "Do you think I'd own a relation like Redfern's?"

"No, I know you wouldn't. Only don't let



Clampe struggled furiously, but Tom's grasp was like iron. Clampe's head went fairly into the fountain with a splash, and he gurgled frantically. "Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

CHAPTER 4.

Clampe Is Too Humorous!

"WHAT about this afternoon?"

Aubrey Racke asked the question when the Shell fellows came out of their Form-room the following day. It was Wednesday, and a half-holiday. The St. Jim's fellows were at liberty till evening call-over, and Racke was designing to spend his hours of leisure after his usual fashion.

He addressed Clampe and Crooke as they went out into the quadrangle.

"I've got an engagement," said Clampe.

"Oh! Your cousin?"

"Yes; he's coming down this afternoon," said Clampe. "I'm going to meet him, and bring him to the school. You fellows can come along if you like. My cousin's a chap worth knowing."

"Bit of a bore, meeting relations!" yawned Racke.

Redfern hear you say so," smiled Crooke. "He might cut up rusty."

"I'm jolly well going to let Redfern know what I think of his precious relations, all the same!" said Clampe. "Look at this!"

He took a postcard from his pocket. There was a pen-and-ink drawing upon the blank side, clumsily executed—Clampe was not artistic. It represented a man in seaman's garb clinging to a lamp-post, apparently in a state of intoxication.

Clampe's comrades grinned as they looked at it. "I'm going to pin that up in the Common-room on our side," said Clampe. "The fellows will know whom it's meant for."

"You ass! Redfern will scalp you!"

"He won't know I've put it there," said Clampe coolly.

"He, he, he! That's jolly funny!"

Clampe spun round, to find Baggy Trimble of the Fourth grinning at the card over his shoulder.

"You spying rotter!" exclaimed Clampe. And he brought the back of his hand across Trimble's fat face with a loud smack.

"Yarooooh!" roared Trimble. And he fled.

Clampe slipped the card into his pocket.

"Well, what time are you meeting your blessed cousin?" asked Racke, rather sulkily.

"Three o'clock. He's coming to Wayland, and he's going to walk across the fields to the school. He used to be at St. Jim's, you know, before our time, and he knows the place. I'm going to meet him on the footpath in the wood," said Clampe. "You can please yourselves about coming."

"Oh, we'll come!"

Clampe went off to his own House for dinner, and when he rejoined his chums later he was grinning.

"Done the trick?" asked Crooke, referring to the postcard.

"Yes; it's stuck up in the Common-room. Come on, we may as well get off now!"

And the precious trio strolled out of the gates.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was chatting in the gateway with his chums, Blake, Herricks, and Digby. He did not bestow a word or a glance upon Clampe, who had proved himself so unworthy of the great Gussy's friendship, even as a temporary boon. The Terrible Three came along to the gates.

"You fellows coming to lend a hand with the 'Weekly'?" asked Tom Merry. "It's about time we got out a new number."

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!"

"I've got a bone to pick about the 'Weekly,'" said Blake. "What silly ass cut down my serial in the last number?"

"Ahem! Needs must, you know," said Tom. "Lack of space. But I cut your serial very care-

fully; I missed out alternate chapters. It really did it no harm."

"You ass, you mucked it all up!" roared Blake. "How are you to follow the thread of the story, with alternate chapters missed out?"

"My dear chap, we couldn't let your serial run on for ever," said the chief editor of the "Weekly" soothingly. "Some of the fellows on the waiting list were getting very restive. Trimble's had a serial waiting a whole term."

"Bother Trimble!"

"Look here, you know!" Baggy Trimble rolled up. "If you're going to do the 'Weekly,' Tom Merry, I'll come and help. If you like to wind up Blake's serial in one column, mine can begin in this number—"

"You silly ass!" growled Blake.

"I suggest, also, that Lowther's comic column should be left out for a few numbers," went on the cheerful Baggy. "That would leave more space for my serial."

"You howling chump!" said Lowther witheringly.

"And Manners' articles on photography, too! Nobody wants to read that piffle."

"Are you looking for a thick ear, Trimble?" asked Manners darkly.

"As a matter of fact, Merry, lots of the fellows think the paper would be better without your column—"

"Fathead!"

"Hallo, here comes Reddy! More merry contributions, I suppose," said Blake.

Redfern, Owen, and Lawrence, the three scholarship juniors of the New House, came up. All three were looking grim. Redfern had a card in his hand, and his eyes were gleaming.

"You fellows seen this?" he asked.

Tom Merry's brow darkened as he looked at Clampe's artistic effort.

"I found it in our Common-room," said Redfern. "Nobody saw it put up there. Figgins thinks some School House chap might have sneaked in and put it there. I thought of Clampe, but it seems he went out immediately after dinner. Might be Racke, or Mellish, or Piggott. I'm going to lick the cad who drew this picture, when I find him!"

"He, he, he!"

"Oh, so you think it's funny, do you?" exclaimed Redfern, seizing Baggy Trimble by the collar.

"Yooop! Leggo!" roared Trimble.

Redfern shook him forcibly.

"You fat rotter! Was it you?"

"Yarooooh! No!" howled Trimble. "I know who it was—yow—ow—ow!"

"Who was it, then?"

"Clampe. I saw him showing it to Racke and Crooke, and the beast slapped my face," said Trimble.

"Looks like Clampe's idea of a joke," said Tom Merry. "There's no curing that measly cad."

"I'll try to cure him," said Redfern, between his teeth. "Have you any idea where he is?"

"Just gone out. Three of them together. They took the path across the field towards the wood," said Blake.

"Thanks! Come on, you chaps!"

Redfern, Owen, and Lawrence went out of the gates.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus, with a deep breath. "I twust that Weddy will give that howlin' cad a fearful thwashin'."

SAVING BUNTER'S BACON!



Laugh and the World Laughs with You!

Meet Billy Bunter, of Greyfriars, the world's funniest fat boy! Spying and prying is Billy Bunter's long suit. But never before has this obnoxious habit landed the Owl of the Remove so deep in the mire as he finds himself this week. If you want a load of laughs read this topping yarn, featuring the world's champion mirth-maker, appearing now in

The MAGNET

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"Not much doubt about that," said Tom. "Come on, let's get on with the 'Weekly.'" "What about my serial?" demanded Trimble. "Bring it along, by all means, Baggy. Waste-paper is useful for paper-chases." And the editorial staff of "Tom Merry's Weekly" walked away to the School House, leaving Trimble snorting with wrath and indignation.

CHAPTER 5.

Licked!

CLAMPE & CO. had entered the footpath in the wood from the fields, and were sauntering along under the trees, when there were hurried footsteps behind them.

Clampe and his friends had taken their time, and it was already past half-past three, the time when Lieutenant Leslie should have been there. The St. Jim's old boy had doubtless been looking forward to revisiting his schoolboy haunts, and was probably taking his time also, for he was not in sight on the footpath from Wayland.

Clampe looked back as he heard running feet, and his face changed as he sighted Redfern, Owen, and Lawrence. The three Fourth Formers came hurrying along the footpath.

Clampe looked uneasy, and Racke and Crooke did not seem quite happy. It was not difficult to see that Redfern of the Fourth was on the warpath.

"Stop!" he shouted.

It was not much use to begin a running match, though Clampe felt inclined to do so. He did not like the expression on Redfern's face.

But Redfern would have run down the unfit slacker in a few minutes. And, moreover, Clampe did not want to risk running into his naval cousin, with Reddy pursuing him.

Clampe stopped, his comrades following his example, and waited sulkily for Redfern & Co. to come up.

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

Redfern held up the picture card.

"Look at that!"

"Is that a picture of your brother?" asked Clampe insolently.

And Racke and Crooke grinned.

"I found that card pinned up in the Common-room in the New House," said Redfern, compressing his lips.

"You needn't have taken the trouble to come and show it to me," said Clampe. "I'm not interested."

"Did you put it there?"

"Why should you suppose I did?" said Clampe.

"Trimble says you did."

"Dash Trimble!"

"Do you deny it?" asked Redfern quietly.

"You've no right to question me," said Clampe sullenly. "Find out!"

"I might have guessed it was you, Clampe," said Redfern. "Now I know it was you. You put this rotten picture in the Common-room to insult me, and to insult my brother."

Clampe shrugged his shoulders.

There was a rustle for a moment in the thickets by the footpath. The juniors did not notice it. A man in the uniform of a Naval lieutenant was standing under an oak, leaning on the trunk, with his gaze idly on the footpath through the openings in the bushes.

The naval officer had been strolling through the wood, when the voices of the schoolboys came through the thicket. His eyes had been on the footpath, as if watching for someone to pass, but Clampe & Co. had not yet come abreast of where he stood, when they stopped.

A mass of thickets intervened and shut the officer off from their sight, though if they had taken a dozen steps farther they would have seen him.

As he heard the name of Clampe, the lieutenant moved, but, as if acting on second thoughts, he resumed his position, leaning against the oak, and made no movement. A somewhat peculiar expression had come over his handsome, bronzed face.

Redfern of the Fourth tore the card into little pieces, and scattered the fragments in the grass.



"Watch your
plane for a pen-
ny, guv'nor!"

Half-a-crown
has been a-
warded to J.
Ganders, 5,
Railway Cot-
tages, Amington,
Tamworth,
Staffs.

Clampe watching him with a sarcastic grin. Then he fixed his eyes on the card of the Shell, and pushed back his cuffs.

"Are you ready, Clampe?" he asked.

Clampe backed away a step.

"I'm not going to fight you, Redfern, if that's what you mean," he said sullenly.

"You are," said Redfern. "You sneaking, cowardly snob! What right have you to insult my brother? You have never seen him."

"I'm not likely to see him at St. Jim's, I suppose?" sneered Clampe. "You wouldn't have the cheek to ask a common seaman to the school."

"That's a mistake, Clampe. When my brother gets shore leave, I'm going to ask him to come down to St. Jim's."

Clampe gave a scornful laugh.

"I fancy the fellows will show you what they think of him, and you, if you do," he said. "You wouldn't have the nerve."

"I don't think any nerve is required for that," said Redfern. "My brother is a seaman in the Royal Navy, and I'm proud of him. Just as proud of him as if he were a commander or an admiral. Only a mean, sneaking cad like you, Clampe, would think of feeling any different. You can be a silly snob if you like. That's your business. But you won't be allowed to insult my brother. I'm going to teach you how to behave yourself before my brother comes here, as he may some day. You're going to put up your hands now."

"I'm not," said Clampe.

"You can take your choice," said Redfern. "You're going to have a hiding, anyway. Either you'll fight, or I'll cut a stick in the thicket, and thrash you with that, like the cur you are!"

"Hear, hear!" said Owen
 "I'm not going to fight you," said Clampe.
 "Another time, if you like."
 "Another time won't do."
 "My cousin's visiting me to-day," said Clampe, biting his lip. "I'm meeting him here. He may come along the footpath any minute. I'm not going to let him find me scrapping with you."

"You should have thought of that before you insulted my brother. Will you come on?"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I will!"

Redfern advanced on the Shell fellow, his hands up, and his eyes gleaming over them. Clampe backed away, his face pale now. Redfern's knuckles came with a sharp tap on his nose. Clampe still backed away.

"Owen, old chap, cut me a stick," said Redfern. "If he wants a flogging instead he can have it."

"Right-ho!" grinned Owen.

"Hang you!" snarled Clampe, and he made a fierce rush at Redfern.

There was no choice about the matter, and Clampe made the best of it. He was bigger than Redfern, and older, and he had a good chance, if he had but courage to stand up to his adversary. But it was courage that the snob of the New House lacked.

Redfern met him grimly, with left and right. For a minute or so they fought fiercely, and then Clampe went heavily to the grass. He remained there, gasping.

"Get up!" said Redfern scornfully. "You're not licked yet!"

"I give you best!" panted Clampe.

"You rotten funk!" said Redfern, in utter disgust. "But you're not getting out of it so easily as all that. You'll get up, or I'll help you with my boot!"

And as Clampe did not rise, Redfern suited the action to the word. The Shell fellow scrambled up then, and came on.

"Go it!" grinned Lawrence.

"Pile in!" chortled Owen.

Hammer and tongs now the fight was going. Clampe was doing his best at last, and in sheer desperation he put up a good fight. For five minutes there was trampling, panting, and thumping.

At the end of that time Clampe was licked, though he could have gone on if he had liked.

"That will do, if you don't want any more," said Redfern contemptuously. "Keep off the subject of my brother in future, that's all."

Redfern turned and walked away with his chums. Clampe groaned and gasped, and picked himself up slowly. He scowled at the grinning faces of Racke and Croke, and dabbed his streaming nose with a handkerchief.

"Feeling bad?" smiled Racke.

"Yes, hang you!"

"Your merry cousin will be entertained when he sees your chivvy," chuckled Croke. "My hat! You do look a sight! Your nose is double life size!"

"Hang my cousin, and hang you!" snarled Clampe. He turned and strode away towards the fields.

"Hold on! What about your cousin?" asked Racke.

"I can't meet him with a face like this, you

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fool!" snarled Clampe. "He can come to the school if he wants to see me. I'm going back!"

And Clampe tramped away. His comrades, grinning, followed him.

As they left the wood the naval officer stepped from under the trees into the path, and stood looking after them. His bronzed face was somewhat grim in its expression. He stood for a few moments, looking after the juniors, in deep thought. Then he turned and strode away towards Wayland.

CHAPTER 6.

Startling News!

FIGGINS & CO. were chatting in the porch of the New House when Leslie Clampe came in.

Clampe had bathed his face in the river before entering the school; but he was still showing signs of damage, and Figgins & Co. looked at him rather curiously.

"Meet Reddy?" asked Figgins, with a grin.

"Hang Reddy!" growled Clampe.

"Better doctor up your chivvy a bit, if your cousin's coming to-day," remarked Kerr. "That isn't a face to show a distinguished visitor."

"I'd have given you a black eye to show him, if I'd been Reddy," growled Fatty Wynn.

Clampe tramped in without answering. There was no sympathy for the snob of the Shell in his own House.

For the next hour or so Clampe was busy removing the signs of trouble from his face. His nose left off oozing red at last, but it was still crimson in hue, and larger than usual; and there was a "mouse" under one eye that would not be persuaded to depart. Clampe surveyed his face in the glass, and scowled at the reflection. He came down at last, somewhat surprised that his naval cousin had not arrived.

There had been ample time for Lieutenant Leslie to walk three times the distance from Wayland to St. Jim's. But certainly he had not come. It looked as if something had occurred to delay the visitor, and as if the visit was not coming off that afternoon, after all.

But as Clampe came out into the quadrangle, with a sulky and sullen face, Levison of the Fourth called to him.

"Clampe!"

Clampe turned round.

"There's a kid asking for you at the gate," said Levison. "He's got a message, I think."

"Oh!" said Clampe.

He went down to the gates. A shock-headed youth with a dirty face was there, speaking to Taggles, the porter.

Taggles was grunting.

"This 'ere boy's got a message for you, Master Clampe," said Taggles. "Nice goings hon, I says."

"What do you mean?" snarled Clampe.

"Which I don't know what the 'Ead would say to a feller gettin' messages from the Black Bull," grunted Taggles. "Which 'e says it's from a relation of yours, Master Clampe, and I dunno whether I ought to report yer."

"A relation of mine at the Black Bull!" he exclaimed. "Don't be a silly idiot, Taggles!"

"Which he says so," grunted Taggles. And he went back into his lodge, evidently very unfavourably impressed by the message and the messenger. Which was not surprising, for the

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

I hear Racke, the gay dog of the Shell, is wearing gloves now when he plays cards, as he promised Mr. Linton, his Form-master, that he would never touch them again.

Must tell you: P.-c. Crump had searched in every pocket after stopping a motorist for speeding in Rylcombe. At last he turned a perspiring face to the motorist. "Now you just 'op it," said P.-c. Crump, "and think yourself lucky I couldn't find my pencil!"

Wayland police have discovered a chest full of counterfeit coins dated 1940. Somebody has been forging ahead!

Extract from foreign paper: "The Dictator saluted, raising his arm more than 500 miles during the hour and a half the parade lasted." Wonderful chap!

Story: Baggy Trimble thought he would like a job in a circus, so he approached the manager of a show visiting Rylcombe. "I can eat six dozen eggs and drink three quarts of lemonade at a sitting," he said.

Black Bull was a public-house in Wayland with a most unenviable reputation.

Two or three fellows near the gates looked very curiously at Clampe. They had heard all about his Naval cousin. Clampe swanked somewhat on that subject. But a relation who put up at the Black Bull in Wayland was certainly a very queer relation for a St. Jim's fellow to have.

"He, he, he!" It was Baggy Trimble's fat chuckle. "Is your cousin putting up at the Black Bull, Clampe?"

Clampe gave him a curious look.

"Of course he isn't, you fat fool! He's going to put up at the Hotel Royal while he's down here."

"He, he, he! That message doesn't look like it!" grinned Trimble.

Clampe strode angrily towards the shock-headed youth from Wayland.

"What do you want here?" he demanded angrily.

"You Master Clampe?"

"Yes."

"Then this 'ere is for you."

The lad produced a well-thumbed envelope from his pocket, handed it to Clampe, and then went down the road whistling shrilly.

Clampe opened the envelope slowly and took out the note inside. His eyes almost started

"That ought to make a good side show." "O.K.," said the manager; "but we do four shows a day." "All right," agreed Trimble. "And six shows on Saturday," said the manager. "All right," agreed Trimble. "And on Bank Holidays," warned the manager, "we give as many as eight shows a day." Trimble looked alarmed. "I say," he protested, "I insist that even on the busiest days I have time off for regular meals!"

"Chinks in Our National Armour," reads a headline. Britons first, I suggest.

On what grounds, inquires Skimpole, do so many people object to the offside game in football? On football grounds, of course.

Then there was Mellish's cousin, who bought a second-hand car for a quid, and everything in it made a noise but the horn.

Two farmers in Rylcombe were boasting to each other: "This year we had a scarecrow so natural-looking it frightened every crow off the farm!" said Farmer Brown. "That's nothing," replied Farmer Blunt. "We made a scarecrow that frightened 'em so much they brought back the corn they stole last year!"

Definition: A monologue is a conversation between a class of boys and a Form-master.

"Carry your bag, sir?" as the gangster said to the bank messenger, prodding him with a gun.

Yes, gold is where you find it, they say. But they don't tell you where to look.

Signing off till next Wednesday, chaps!

from his head as he read the missive, written in his cousin's hand. It ran:

"Dear Leslie,—I have been prevented from coming over this afternoon, but I shall come and see you to-morrow, after lessons.

"By the way, I don't think I mentioned to you that I am no longer an officer. But, of course, it makes no difference to you whether I am an officer or a seaman. I am sure you will be equally glad to see me.

"Depend upon seeing me to-morrow afternoon.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"FRANK LESLIE."

Clampe held that startling note in his hand, staring at it blankly. A thunderbolt falling at his feet could not have startled him more. He could scarcely believe his eyes. For a moment or two, indeed, he fancied that there must be some mistake, or that it was a dream. But Lieutenant Leslie's handwriting was well known to him. The letter was evidently written by his cousin.

"Bad news, Clampy?" asked Kangaroo of the Shell, who was one of the fellows standing near.

"Nothing wrong with your cousin—what?" Clampe looked at him dully, without speaking. He crushed the letter in his hand and walked unsteadily away.

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So far as Clampe knew there was no reason why Lieutenant Leslie should have lost his rank. How could he have become a common seaman—like Redfern's brother? How was it possible?

And he was still coming to see Clampe! That was the unkindest cut of all! After the snobbish attitude Clampe had taken up on the subject of Reddy's brother, this was to happen! He felt crushed.

Clampe went to his study in the New House and shut himself up there, to try to think the matter over.

What was he to do?

After all his swank, after his sneers at Redfern! Hadn't his Cousin Frank an atom of sense? he wondered. He might have known that Clampe would not want to see him at the school unless he was an officer. Surely he might have known that!

To any fellow with a healthier and more decent mind than Clampe's the situation would have presented no difficulties at all. He had simply to meet his seafaring cousin exactly the same. But that simple solution of the difficulty did not recommend itself to Clampe's snobbish mind.

He tramped about his study for more than an hour, trying to think it out and unable to decide what to do.

He felt that he must have advice from somebody. But where could he go for advice? His friends—Racke, Crooke, Mellish—he could picture their sneering grins when he told them this.

But he felt that he must take counsel with somebody, and at last he made his way to the School House to see Racke.

CHAPTER 7.

The Last Hope!

RACKE and Crooke were at sea when their New House pal arrived. Both of them looked in surprise at Clampe's clouded, unhappy visage.

The licking he had received from Redfern was not enough to account for his being plunged into the depths of woe like this.

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Racke.

Clampe closed the door.

"I—I've had bad news!" he stammered. "I—I want you fellows to help me somehow."

"If that means that you are hard up——"

"It isn't that!"

"Oh, good! What's the trouble, then?"

"You'll keep it dark?"

"Certainly!" said Racke in astonishment. "Blessed if I can see what can be the matter!"

"Look at that letter!" mumbled Clampe, throwing it on the table.

The two Shell fellows, their curiosity keenly excited, read the letter together. Then there was a roar of laughter in the study.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Clampe stared at them furiously.

"What is there to laugh at, you rotters?" he hissed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Racke. "This is too rich! After all your little jokes about Redfern's brother! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Crooke. "It's too funny!"

"Hang you! Can't you do anything but cackle when a pal's in trouble?" muttered Clampe savagely.

"Well, it is funny, you can't deny that," chortled Racke. "Still, you have my sympathy,

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I suppose it's all rot, your yarns about your nobby relations the Leslies. I half expected it all the time, to be candid."

"Same here!" grinned Crooke. "You piled it on too thick, Clampe. Was your cousin ever an officer at all?"

"Can't you see what he says in the letter?" hissed Clampe.

"Oh, I see that! But perhaps that's arranged between you to make out that he has been an officer."

"You silly fool!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Leslies are rich people," said Clampe.

"But how did your cousin come to get this fall in the world?" asked Racke.

"I don't know. He must have done something, I suppose," said Clampe. "But—but an officer is allowed to resign if he likes. There was no need for him to join up as a seaman. I can't understand that."

"My hat! The fellows will cackle," grinned Racke. "You'll get sniggered at now, and no mistake, when your cousin turns up. You've asked for it, you see!"

"You have, and no mistake!" chortled Crooke. "Fairly asked for it!"

"You were just as down on Redfern's brother as I was!" hissed Clampe.

"Well, I haven't any relations on the lower deck!" said Crooke, laughing. "If I had I should be a bit more careful how I talked."

"Are you going to let him come here, all the same?" asked Racke.

"I can't help it, can I? He says he's coming to-morrow!" groaned Clampe.

"Write him a line and tell him to keep away."

"I—I can't offend him!" muttered Clampe. "I've got expectations from my Uncle Leslie, his pater."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you can't let him come here!" said Crooke, becoming serious. "Dash it all, you're not going to introduce him to me! I draw the line there!"

"Oh, you do?" flamed out Clampe. "What about your pater—a swindling company promoter in the City? A man from the lower deck is better than that, anyway. Your family's a gang of low rotters, and your uncle, Colonel Lyndon, can't stand them, and I know it. Don't you put any airs on with me, Crooke!"

"Look here——" began Crooke fiercely.

"Shush!" said Racke. "Don't begin to rag! We've got to see Clampe through this. It reflects on us as his friends!"

Clampe winced.

"If you can't afford to offend the fellow you must keep him off some other way. It's easy enough, I think," said Racke. "Be ill."

"Ill!" repeated Clampe.

"Yes. That's easy enough. Get a friend to write him a letter saying you're laid up in the sanatorium with a severe cold, and can't see anybody. How long is he staying in Wayland?"

"I understood that he was going to stay only one night."

"Well, then, he will clear off to-morrow, and it will be all right!"

Clampe brightened up a little.

"That might keep him off," he agreed.

"Most likely, anyway."

"But—but he's an old St. Jim's chap. He may be coming here to see the school as well as me. You know what Old Boys are," mumbled Clampe.

Racke nodded.



"Are you ready, Clampe?" asked Redfern, pushing back his cuffs. "I'm not going to fight you, Redfern, if that's what you mean," said Clampe sullenly. None of the Juniors noticed a Naval lieutenant looking on at the scene.

"Well, if he's determined to come you can't keep him away," he said. "It's jolly awkward. Still, there's a good chance. Try it, at any rate."

"But—but if he comes after all, and finds I'm not in sanny—"

"Oh, rats! You've had a sudden recovery, that's all. Most likely the letter will keep him away, if he understands that he won't see you if he comes."

"Well, I'll try it," said Clampe. "It's the only chance."

"I'll write the letter for you, if you like."

"Right! Get it done now, and I'll post it. I shall have to go down to Rylcombe. Can't post a letter addressed to the Black Bull in the school box."

"Ha, ha, ha! No!"

Aubrey Racke cleared a corner of the table, and sat down to write. Falseness came easily enough to the cad of the Shell, and the letter was quickly written.

It informed Mr. Leslie that Clampe was laid up, and could see nobody, and was signed by Racke, who explained that he had written because Clampe was unable to write.

Somewhat comforted, and hoping for the best, Leslie Clampe took the letter and hurried out for his bicycle. He pedalled away rapidly to the village to post the letter.

Racke and Crooke chuckled as they sat down to

finish their tea. A cynical philosopher assures us that there is always something agreeable in the contemplation of the misfortunes of our friends. Certainly that was true in the case of Racke and Crooke. Clampe's peculiar misfortune seemed to them the joke of the season, and they chortled over it loud and long.

CHAPTER 8.

The Distinguished Visitor!

THE following day was a day of misery to Leslie Clampe of the Shell. His letter was posted, and had doubtless been delivered to the gentleman staying at the Black Bull, and he could only hope that it would produce the desired effect.

But he had miserable doubts. Supposing his cousin should come, after all? It would be a showing-up that he felt he would never recover from.

To some extent he repented of the wretched snobbery that had made this trial worse than it would otherwise have been.

To a snobbish, conceited fellow like Clampe, it would always have been painful to admit that he had any connections who were not highly prosperous. He would always have been ashamed of any relation who served in the Services without

a commission, or who should have been under the necessity of earning his bread in civil life. Money was the standard by which Clampe judged everything and everybody.

But he knew that most of the St. Jim's fellows were quite unlike him in that respect—that fellows like Tom Merry & Co., for instance, would not have cared twopence which deck his cousin came from. But for his unfortunate remarks on the subject of Redfern's brother, Frank Leslie might have come and gone without attracting any special notice.

Now he was certain to attract much attention if he came. After his sneers about Seaman Redfern, Clampe was receiving a visit from a near relation who was a seaman!

The New House junior looked forward to the afternoon in miserable apprehension—which was not made happier by the grins and covert remarks of his dear pals, Racke and Crooke. Those two cheery youths found much amusement in the peculiar situation.

They had kept it dark. As Racke said, the matter reflected on them as Clampe's pals. It made Clampe writhe with mortification to hear it put like that. Hitherto he had been rather lofty towards Racke, whose people were well known to be upstarts who had made their fortune. Racke was getting his own back now.

During afternoon lessons Mr. Linton, the master of the Shell, was down on Clampe more than once for inattention.

But Clampe could not help it. He was only longing for the day to pass—without a visit from his cousin. Was the fellow coming, after all? That was the incessant question that troubled him.

When classes were dismissed Clampe came out of the Form-room with a moody brow.

Tom Merry regarded him curiously. Everybody in the Shell had noticed how troubled Clampe was.

"That merry merchant's been having bad luck at banker, I should say," Monty Lowther remarked, as the Terrible Three went into the quad.

"There's something the matter with him," said Tom. "His cousin didn't come yesterday, after all. I hope nothing's happened to him."

"He, he, he!"

"Hallo, Trimble! What are you sniggering at?"

Trimble of the Fourth chuckled spasmodically.

"Clampe's been yarning about his cousin," he said. "His cousin isn't an officer at all, I bet you. He's staying at the Black Bull, in Wayland. Man must be no class to stay at a place like that!"

"What rot!" said Manners.

"He sent Clampe a message yesterday from there," said Trimble. "Clampe wouldn't let anybody see the letter. He seemed struck all of a heap. He, he, he!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Manners. "You're like a cheap alarm clock, with your 'He, he, he'!"

Clampe of the Shell hung about the quadrangle, with his hands in his pockets and a moody look on his brow. His eyes were constantly on the gates.

Racke and Crooke remained with him, though they had given him to understand that if his relative turned up he could count them out. As Racke pleasantly explained, they didn't want anything to do with Clampe's low relations.

Clampe was on tenterhooks, and so worried that

he hardly noted his dear friends' sneers. If Leslie were coming, he was due now, and at any moment he might come in at the school gates.

"Hallo!" said Racke suddenly. "My hat! You're in for it, Clampy! Here's your cousin!"

A figure had appeared in the open gateway. It drew a good many glances at once, not only from Clampe & Co. The newcomer was a man in sailor clothes. His face—especially his nose—was very red, and his chin was bluish, as if he had not shaved that day. He walked with a rolling gait, and the roll in his gait told more of the "cup that cheers" than of the sea.

Clampe looked up at him and gasped. Racke and Crooke exchanged a glance, and walked away together. They had no intention whatever of helping Clampe through his interview with that exceedingly rollicking-looking seaman.

"My hat!" murmured Lowther. "That can't be Clampe's cousin!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was sauntering elegantly in the quad. He turned his eyeglass upon the newcomer, and approached him, with his usual politeness, and raised his hat with great courtesy.

The seaman seemed to be hesitating in the gateway.

"Pway step in, sir!" said Arthur Augustus. "You have called to see somebody? Pewwaps I can be of service to you?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the seaman in a deep voice. "Is my cousin knocking about? If you could put me alongside him I'd be much obliged, young gent!"

"Certainly! What is his name?"

"Clampe, sir!"

D'Arcy started.

"Bai Jove! Are you Clampe's cousin?" he ejaculated.

"Ay, ay!"

The seaman rolled in.

"Clampe 'ere?" he asked. "You tell him his cousin's come to see 'im, will you? Blow my top-sails, he might be at the gate to meet a cove!"

"Yaas, wathah! Pway come with me!"

Some of the fellows near the gates were grinning. There was not the trace of a smile upon the aristocratic countenance of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. With great dignity, he led the seaman into the quadrangle, where he was at once the cynosure of all eyes.

CHAPTER 9.

Clampe's Cousin!

"**A**HOY, there, Cousin Clampe!" The seaman had spotted Clampe lurking under the elms, and had hailed him in a voice that rang across the quadrangle. "Ahoj, my hearty!"

Clampe fairly trembled. This was his cousin. Now that he was closer, Clampe recognised him easily enough. It was the same handsome face he knew well, though disfigured by the redness of the nose, which seemed to hint that Frank Leslie had taken to drink since his cousin had last seen him.

It was Leslie right enough; but the change in him was unnerving. It was not only that he was dressed as a seaman. Leslie, as Clampe had known him before, would have made a handsome seaman. But he seemed to be utterly changed. His voice had become loud and boisterous; he had picked up the language, as Clampe supposed, of the fore-castle. And he certainly looked as if he had sampled the refreshments at the Black Bull not wisely, but too well!



**Detective Kerr
Investigates**

No. 27.

**THE
CUP-TIE
MYSTERY.**

WHILST a match between the St. Jim's junior eleven and Rylcombe Grammar School in the Eastwood Cup Competition was in progress an incident occurred which might have lost the game for St. Jim's. Grammarians were attacking the St. Jim's goal, and Gordon Gay put in a hot shot. As Fatty Wynn shaped to save a school cap was flung from among the spectators at the side of the goal, striking Wynn in the face. Unseen, Fatty Wynn failed to stop the ball—and the Grammarians were leading! The score remained 2—1 in their favour till the last minute, when Tom Merry equalised, thus ensuring a replay. Eager to discover who had tried to rob St. Jim's of their cup-tie chances, "Detective" Kerr investigated.

GAY: I agree with you, Kerr. Whoever threw that cap in Wynn's face meant St. Jim's to lose. But I can't think any of our crowd would be cad enough—though I admit there were Grammarians among the spectators round the goal.

KERR: Tom Merry doesn't think it was necessarily one of your men, Gay. Certain St. Jim's fellows might have had an interest in seeing their own school beaten.

GAY: Have you looked inside the cap to see who it belongs to?

KERR: It had Skimpole's name on the tab.

GAY: Well, perhaps Skimpole can explain something.

SKIMPOLE: Yes, that is my cap. But, my dear Kerr, surely you do not imagine I should have perpetrated such a wanton and reckless act?

KERR: No, Skimmy; whoever threw your cap was obviously too cunning to use his own, and hoped to land the blame on you. Think, now. Have you lost a cap lately?

SKIMPOLE: Why, yes, now you mention it, Kerr! I missed my cap after I had been out for a walk a few days ago—but I have no idea where I lost it.

"Ahoy!" roared the seaman. "Here you are, Cousin Leslie! Bear up, my hearty, and give us your flipper!"

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

Clampe approached mechanically.

Redfern, Owen, and Lawrence were going towards the New House, and they paused in sheer astonishment. At the sight of the seaman's clothes, Redfern thought for a moment that his brother might have paid him an unexpected visit. But Seaman Redfern was not much like this fellow.

Redfern had seen a good many seamen, but never one quite like this. Indeed, the man seemed more like a stage seaman than the real article.

KERR: Did you meet anybody on your walk?

SKIMPOLE: I did, I remember. A rascally person—Banks, a bookmaker, I believe—stopped me in the lane and asked me to deliver a message to Racke.

KERR: What was the message?

SKIMPOLE: Merely to the effect that Banks would appreciate a settlement soon.

KERR: You told Racke?

SKIMPOLE: I went to his study as soon as I came in. Racke and Crooke and Mellish and Scrope were there, playing cards and smoking. Carker, a Grammar School boy, was with them. Racke did not seem grateful for my message, so I left.

KERR: You're Joey Banks, aren't you? I want to know if you took any bets from St. Jim's fellows on the St. Jim's v. Grammar School match?

MR. BANKS: Which it isn't any of your business if I did!

KERR: I won't say anything about your taking bets from juniors—that's their affair, if they're fools enough. But something important has come up, and we want to settle it without an official investigation. Who did you have bets with, Banks?

MR. BANKS: Let me see. My book says five of the young gentleman wagered that the Grammar School would win. But I can't give you their names—not unless Master Racke tells me it's all right hisself first!

KERR: Sorry to intrude, Racke.

RACKE: Don't apologise, Kerr. I suppose you think I threw Skimpole's cap at Wynn?

KERR: How did you know it was Skimpole's cap, Racke?

RACKE: I heard Tom Merry saying so to Blake. Besides, it's common knowledge, isn't it?

KERR: As a matter of fact, Tom Merry isn't spreading it. Let's speak plainly, Racke. Did you have any bets on the match?

RACKE: So you've been pumping Banks? Well, I did stand to win something if St. Jim's were beaten, hang you! Crooke and Mellish and Scrope and I all thought Gay and his men were too good for you. But there's one thing—we all went over to the Wayland Empire for the afternoon, and we can prove it!

KERR: You can? By the way, did you notice whether Skimpole was carrying his cap when he came into your study the other afternoon?

RACKE: I really forget. I dare say he was. I suppose you'll prove he was, anyway, even if he wasn't!

(Who threw the cap at Fatty Wynn? Turn to page 33 for Kerr's solution to the problem.)

Clampe, wishing that the earth would open and swallow him up, shook hands with his cousin. The seaman gave him a grip that made him jump.

If he had been an ordinary sailorman Clampe would have borne it better. But the man seemed to have made himself into a caricature of a sailorman. There was not a trace of the smartness of the Navy about him. His boots were down at heel, his trousers were muddy, and he wore a dirty, spotted handkerchief. Even a fellow who was not snobbish might have hesitated to own to the dreadful apparition. To the unhappy snob it was sheer torture.

"You're not looking very hearty, my boy," said the seaman, scanning Clampe's pale and miserable face.

"I—I—" stammered Clampe.

"Glad to see me 'ere, I s'pose, hey?" said the jolly sailor.

Clampe shuddered. What was the fellow dropping his "h's" for? Lieutenant Leslie had never dropped his "h's." Had he dropped his aspirates along with his rank?

Glances were directed at them from all sides, and every glance seemed to burn the miserable Clampe.

"Sorry I couldn't come along yesterday," went on the sailorman. "I started nout, but something 'appened to stop me. You don't mind, hey?"

"I—I—"

"You got my letter—hey?"

"Ye-es."

"I thought I'd send you a note, you know, as you was expecting me, and the young bloke at the Black Bull was willin' to come hover with it."

The seaman's powerful voice was audible all the way from the School House to the New House. Nobody at St. Jim's was left in doubt as to where he had taken up his quarters in Wayland. Most of the fellows turned away in sheer pity for the unfortunate Clampe. But the more curious ones looked on.

The seaman's booming voice continued:

"Blinkin' long way 'ere from the Black Bull, Leslie! Specially with this 'ere bag to carry. Bear a hand, you young lubber."

The man was carrying a canvas sack, such as sailormen sometimes use on board ship for their clothes.

Clampe took it from him mechanically.

"That's better!" said the seaman. "Now let's see your quarters, my hearty! I'm goin' to 'ave a bite in your mess-room while I'm 'ere."

Clampe groaned.

"Hanythin' the matter?" demanded the seaman, staring at him.

"No, no!" panted Clampe. "C-come in, will you?"

"Ay, ay!"

Clampe led his terrible cousin towards the New House, his cheeks burning, and his eyes on the ground. He was anxious to get his visitor out of

sight as soon as possible; not that that was of much use.

But the seaman did not seem at all anxious to get out of sight. He rolled along in quite a leisurely manner, looking about him, and making remarks in a powerful voice. And his remarks were not at all those of an Old Boy. Had Clampe lied on that point, too? The St. Jim's fellows had no doubt that he had.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus, when Clampe had got his cousin into the New House. "So—so that is Clampe's cousin?"

"Not quite like Clampe's description of him!" grinned Blake.

And Herries and Digby chuckled.

"I have no doubt, deah boys, that he is a vewy worthy chawactah," said Arthur Augustus. "He is not wespensible for Clampe havin' told whoppahs about him."

"Blessed if I understand it at all!" said Blake. "He doesn't look a bit like a Navy man, only he's in sailor clothes. More like a giddy longshoreman to look at!"

"Perhaps he's not in the Navy," said Herries. "Clampe seems to have been lying all along the line."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Hallo, Racke! Aren't you going to help Clampe entertain his cousin?" asked Digby.

Racke shrugged his shoulders, with a sneer.

"Clampe's relations are a bit too much for me," he said. "I know I'm not going to have anything to do with that merchant!"

"Same here!" said Croke emphatically.

"Why, the fellow's been drinking!"

"Poor old Clampe!" said Monty Lowther. "I fancy he will ring off about Reddy's brother after this."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's up to you, Wacke, as Clampe's fwiend, to back him up," remarked Arthur Augustus.

"Rats!" said Racke.

"Clampe doesn't seem to be enjoying himself!" chuckled Blake. "I don't envy him his distinguished cousin. Poor old Clampe!"

The juniors chuckled. Clampe's terrible cousin seemed a first-rate joke to everybody—with the exception of Leslie Clampe.

Clampe was not able to see the humour of the situation.

MORE OVERSEAS WINNERS!

The Prizes for the highest combined totals of BATTLESHIP and TANK stamps in the third "Armaments Race" Contest for Overseas readers have been awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE OF £2 to:

Tan Ship Chew, 48, Shanghai Road, Singapore, S.S., who submitted a combined total of 1,235 stamps.

SECOND PRIZE OF £1 to:

J. O'Connor, Rydal Mount, Palmer Street, Durban, Natal, South Africa, who sent the next best total of 1,208 stamps.

TWENTY-SIX PRIZES OF 5s. EACH are awarded to those readers who submitted totals down to and including 555 stamps, and A PRIZE OF 2s. 6d. is awarded to each of the one hundred readers who submitted totals down to and including 345 stamps.

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CHAPTER 10.

The Sufferings of a Snob!

CLAMPE, as he piloted his cousin into the New House, had some vague idea of getting the man to his study, and keeping him there till it was time for him to go. But in that he reckoned without Seaman Leslie. That gentleman seemed to be in exuberant spirits, and not in the least inclined for seclusion.

Clampe wondered whether he had received the letter sent to the Black Bull. He had made no allusion to it, or to having expected to find Clampe in the sanny. If he had received the letter written by Racke, it had made no difference; and yet that was very odd, too. Could he have guessed that the letter contained a falsehood? Or was his conduct simply due to the fact that he had been drinking?

Clampe was hopelessly puzzled and dismayed. More than once he suspected that Leslie was deliberately assuming a loud boisterousness of manner in order to make him writhe. Yet why

should he? In other days Lieutenant Leslie had been kind to him, though, perhaps he had not liked him much. Why should he come here like this, as if for some special purpose of disgracing Clampe before the whole school? It was a horrid mystery.

Clampe could scarcely believe that this was the same man he had known before. Yet evidently he was the same man. What could it all mean?

Seaman Leslie resented Clampe's efforts to pilot him upstairs. He stopped in the Hall of the New House, looking about him and talking loudly.

Monteith of the Sixth came along, and stopped with an expression of astonishment on his face.

"Is this a friend of yours, Clampe?" he asked.

"Ye-es, Monteith," muttered Clampe. He would have rather owned Leslie as a friend than a relation; but Seaman Leslie did not let it go at that.

"Leslie's my cousin," he announced. "Is this a messmate of yours, Clampe?"

"It's our head prefect," muttered Clampe.

"Perfect—hey? Sort of midshipman—hey? Or a warrant officer?" asked Seaman Leslie. "How do you do, my hearty?"

Smack!

The seaman gave Monteith a tremendous smack on the shoulder, which made him stagger.

The Sixth Former jumped away with a howl.

"What in thunder—" he exclaimed.

"Excuse me, sir; that's our way on the lower deck. No offence!" said the seaman cheerily.

Monteith muttered something under his breath and hurried away. If that was a lower deck greeting, the prefect did not want any more; his shoulder was aching.

"Come up to my study, Frank," muttered Clampe wretchedly.

"No 'urry, me 'earty—no 'urry! Let a cove get a pipe on."

To Clampe's horror, the seaman produced a short, black pipe, crammed it with thick shag, and lighted it. Clampe was given to smoking cigarettes himself, but the powerful aroma of that thick shag made him cough and gasp.

New House fellows were looking on, grinning, and evidently enjoying Clampe's frame of mind. The miserable fellow would have given a term's pocket-money for the floor to open and swallow him up. He fairly held on to the banisters for support when the seaman produced a pocket-flask and took a deep swig at it.

"C-come to my study," groaned Clampe.

"Right you are, me 'earty!"

The seaman's heavy tread rang up the staircase after Clampe. His boots were large, but there was really no need for him to make such a terrific noise. Again it came into Clampe's mind that his cousin was deliberately tormenting him. Yet why? He could not answer that question.

Fellows stared at the red-nosed seaman with his rollicking gait as he went with Clampe to the study.

"We—we will have tea here, Frank," groaned Clampe. "I—I hope—I mean, I suppose you're ready for tea?"

"I could peck a bit," admitted Seaman Leslie, sitting on the corner of the table and blowing out great clouds of smoke.

"I—I'll get tea here."

"Do you feed here in your berth—hey?"

"You—you used to be at St. Jim's, Frank," stammered Clampe. "You remember you had tea in the study—"

The seaman did not heed. He took another swig at the flask; and then, to Clampe's horror, started upon a sing-song in a deep and booming voice which fairly rang through the House.

There was a rush of footsteps in the passage, and several juniors peered into the study in astonishment mingled with awe.

Clampe kicked the door savagely shut.

"Belay there!" roared the seaman.

"What?"

"What are you closing the porthole for?" demanded Seaman Leslie. "Let your messmates come in if they like."

"But—but—"

"Avast, I say! Open that port!"

Clampe unwillingly opened the door. Grinning faces looked into the study.

The seaman resumed his interrupted ditty. His booming voice rang loudly down the passages and the stairs, and Clampe trembled with fear that



"We're waiting for that signal to change to 'Go.'"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to T. Churn, Bishop's House, Reynolds Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

it would reach Mr. Ratcliff in his study. How was he to explain a visitor like this to his Housemaster?

Figgins of the Fourth suddenly came speeding up and looked in.

"Ratty's coming, Clampe!" he said.

Clampe groaned.

"I—I say, Frank, my Housemaster's coming up," he mumbled. "It—it isn't allowed to be quite—quite so noisy here, you know. They—they can hear you in the quad."

"What's the odds so long as you're 'appy?" asked Seaman Leslie.

The juniors in the passage scattered as Mr. Ratcliff came along. The New House master's thin, acid face was very angry. Mr. Ratcliff had hardly been able to believe his ears when he heard Seaman Leslie's stentorian voice booming through the House. He had come to investigate, with a brow of thunder.

"Hallo, old cock!" the seaman hailed him, as he glared into the study. "You the commander of this 'ere craft—hey? Come aboard, sir."

"Clampe, who is—is this person?" gasped Mr. Ratcliff.

"M—my cousin, sir," groaned Clampe.

"What?"

"Mum-mum—my cousin from—from the sea, sir."

"Ay, ay!" chimed in the seaman. "That's my rating, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Ratcliff. "There is—is no objection, Clampe, to your receiving a visit from your cousin, but—but—but I must request your—your relative to be a little

less noisy; and—and, in fact, it would be judicious for him to take an early departure."

"No 'urry, cocky!" said the seaman, slipping off the table and blowing a cloud of smoke towards Mr. Ratcliff. "I've got shore leave, mate. Cousin Leslie ain't showed me 'is friends yet, neither. Likewise, I'm goin' to 'andle a knife and fork at the mess—hey, Leslie?"

"Look here, my man——" began Mr. Ratcliff.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"You had better go. You have been drinking."

Clampe almost fainted as the seaman spat on his hands and squared up to the horrified Housemaster.

"Say that again!" thundered the sailorman.

Mr. Ratcliff did not say it again; he jumped out of the study like a jack-in-the-box.

"Don't you shove your figgerhead in this berth agin, you old pirate!" roared the seaman. "I'll lay aboard you if you do, you landshark!"

"Clampe, take that man off the premises at once!" quavered Mr. Ratcliff from the passage.

"Oh, sir! Yes, sir! Oh dear!"

"Hallo! You still hailing?" roared the seaman. "You old pirate, you still in the offin'—hey? If I clap on sail after you——"

"Goodness gracious! I—I insist upon your going at once!"

"You wait till I come alongside!" roared Seaman Leslie.

And he rolled out of the study. Mr. Ratcliff fled without waiting for him to come alongside. There was a howl of merriment from the juniors in the passage as the Housemaster dashed downstairs, his gown flying behind him. Mr. Ratcliff did not stop till he was safe in his study with the door locked.

"Frank—Cousin Frank, c-come back!" stuttered Clampe.

But the seaman was under full sail in chase, as he would probably have expressed it. He came downstairs three at a time; and Clampe, in dumb misery and dismay, followed him.

It had seemed like a dream to Clampe; now it seemed like a nightmare.

Seaman Leslie rolled out of the New House into the quadrangle. To Clampe's relief he did not chase the Housemaster to his study. But he was now in full view of all St. Jim's again, and a crowd gathered round him at once.

CHAPTER 11.

Simply Awful for Clampe!

"**B**AI Jove, what a mewwy aftahnoon!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

"Ha, ha, ha! Clampe must be enjoying himself!" roared Lowther. "Hallo, Reddy! How's things in your House?"

Redfern gasped.

"Oh, it takes the cake! The sailorman got ratty with Ratcliff, and chased him downstairs."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pewwaps Watty was wude to him," suggested Arthur Augustus. "Watty is a bit of a snob, like Clampe!"

"Well, the chap was making rather a row!" grinned Redfern. "He seems to take the New House for the fore-castle of an ocean tramp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've heard him!" grinned Tom Merry. "He's the jolliest dog I've ever seen! Has he been drinking?"

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"Well, his nose looks like it, and so do his manners and customs," said Redfern. "But otherwise he's got rather a nice face. But he's simply torturing Clampe to death by inches!"

"Poor old Clampe! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here he comes!" chuckled Cardew of the Fourth. "Clampe's not with him now. Clampe's fed up!"

"No wonder!" said Clive, laughing. "Clampe's about the last fellow to stand that!"

Arthur Augustus frowned.

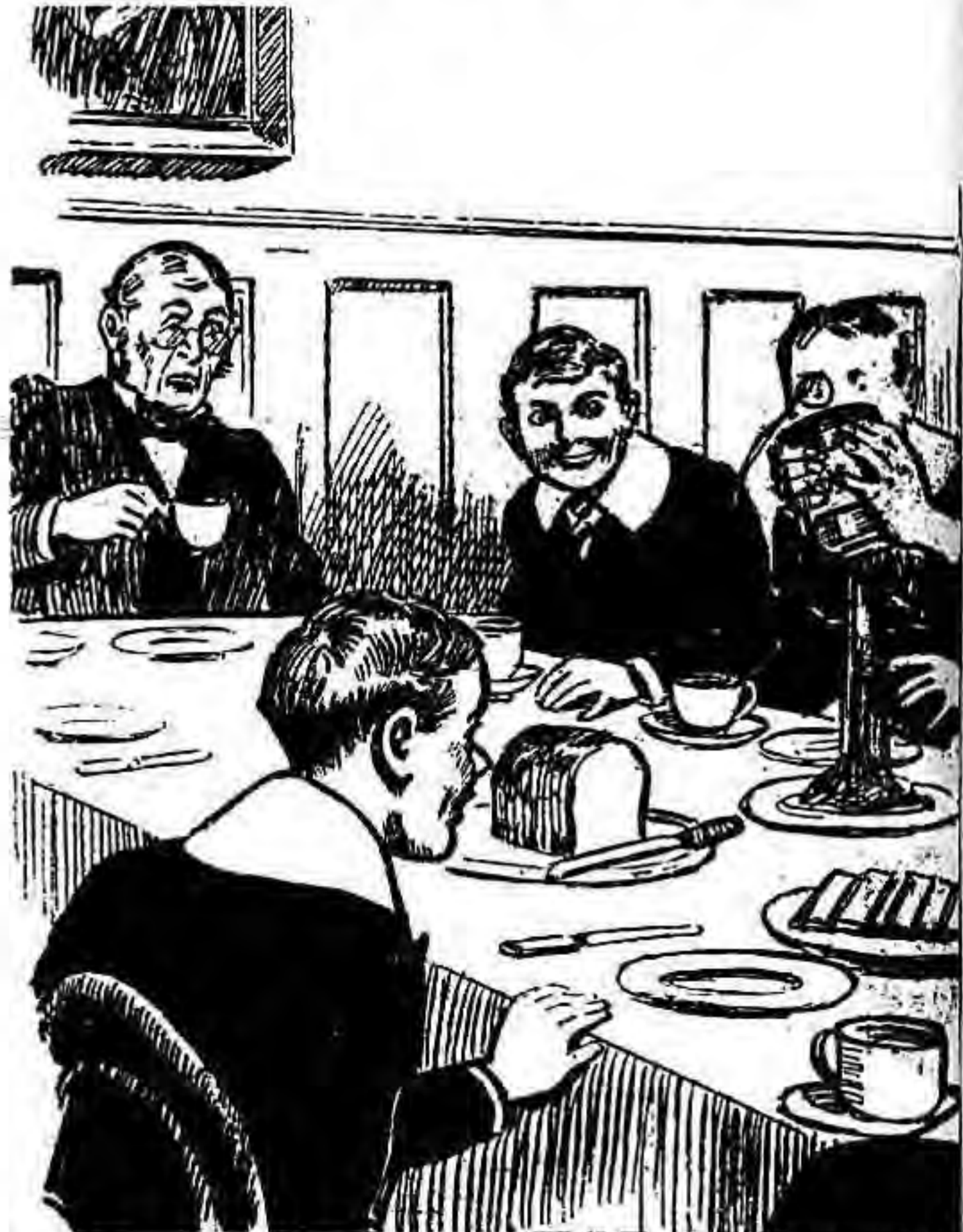
"Clampe appears to have deserted his cousin," he remarked. "The chap cannot be neglected while he is at this school, deah boys. He is wathah noisy; but we must wemembah that he is a Bwedish sailah, and has been keepin' the flag flyin'. I am goin' to look aftah him if Clampe doesn't!"

"Go it, Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus bore down on the sailorman. Clampe was peering out of the New House after his terrible cousin, but he did not venture out. He simply could not bear any more of it. Such an extraordinary occurrence was quite unknown in the history of the school, and it was certain that it would never be forgotten.

How Clampe was to live it down was a puzzle. This was the aristocratic cousin Clampe had swanked about! This was a specimen of the wealthy Leslie relations of whom the St. Jim's fellows had heard without end!

"Pway excuse me, sir," said Arthur Augustus,



"Heave the jam this way, mate!" said the seaman. Clampe and the jam streamed out. The juniors watched the pro- served in that

with marked respect and cordiality, "pewwaps you would care to join us at tea in the School House?"

"Ay, ay, my hearty!" said Seaman Leslie. "Have you seen an old pirate cruising about here—a lubber with a figurehead like a gargoyle?"

"Ahem! No!" stammered Arthur Augustus, guessing that Mr. Ratcliff was alluded to. "I—I have not seen Watty. Pewwaps—"

"Ahoy! Cousin Clampe! Ahoy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

It was extraordinary and entertaining to hear the sailorman hailing his cousin as if he were a ship at sea.

"Ahoy! Show a leg there!" roared the seaman.

Clampe, white with fury, came out of the New House. There was no help for it.

"Oh, here you are—hey!" said the seaman, clapping him on the shoulder as he came up, with a clap that made Clampe howl. "Don't get out of sight of your consort, my 'earty!"

"Shall I—shall I walk back with you?" gasped Clampe.

"I'm not going yet, Cousin Leslie!"

"Oh!" mumbled Clampe.

"This young gent has asked me to tea!"

"Yaas, wathah! I shall be vewy much honahed!"

Clampe gave the swell of St. Jim's a deadly look. He hated D'Arcy; in fact, he hated everybody and everything just then.

"Come along with your cousin, Clampe, deah boy!"

Clampe did not heed.

"I—I'd rather you had tea with me in my study, Frank," he mumbled.

The seaman did not seem to hear.

"Steer a course, my hearty!" he said. "I'm follerin'. Come along, Leslie!"

"But—but I—"

"Come along!"

Seaman Leslie grasped his cousin's arm, and led him away. Clampe had no choice about accompanying Arthur Augustus to the School House.

D'Arcy's chums joined him at once. They were enjoying the seaman's visit. It was tea-time, and a good many fellows were going in, and Tom Merry & Co. joined the crowd with Clampe and Clampe's remarkable cousin.

Arthur Augustus had been thinking of tea in Study No. 6. But Seaman Leslie bore away for the dining-room as soon as he was inside the School House. He seemed to know the way well enough.

"Isn't it tea in the study, Gussy?" asked Tom Merry.

"Appawently not, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus calmly.

"Go ahead!" grinned Levison of the Fourth. "Lathom's face will be worth seeing. Anything the matter, Clampe?"

"Eh? No!"

"You look rather white about the gills!" grinned Cardew.

"Oh, rats! Hang you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The seaman had marched in, and Arthur Augustus piloted him to the Fourth Form table. There was plenty of room there, as a number of the Fourth had their tea in their own quarters.

Arthur Augustus whispered to Blake, who cut off to the tuckshop for some extra supplies for the guest.

Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, was at the table, and he glanced rather curiously at the seaman over his glasses.

Arthur Augustus approached the Form-master respectfully.

"I twust, sir, there is no objection to my havin' a guest to tea—a membah of the Woyal Navy, sir?"

"Certainly not, D'Arcy," said Mr. Lathom. "The man is very welcome. Is he a relation of yours?"

"A welation of Clampe's, sir!"

"Very well."

Arthur Augustus sat down beside his new protege. Clampe sat on the other side of him, in a state of misery that words could not have expressed. If his cousin had wished to torment him to the fullest possible extent, he could not have done it better than by this means.

Every eye in the room was on the red-nosed seaman, and fellows who heard the news abandoned tea in their studies, and crowded in to see him. Everybody knew about the uproar in the New House, and Clampe's cousin was an object of the keenest interest.

Racke and Crooke came in to enjoy the discomfort of their dear pal.

Seaman Leslie talked, in his deep, powerful voice, as freely and cheerfully as if he had been in the fore-castle of a tramp at sea.

Every word was a dagger to the unhappy

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passed the jam, and his cousin up-ended the jar over his plate feedings with fascinated eyes. They had never seen jam flanner before.

Clampe. The seaman's talk turned on home matters, but it was not exactly confidential, as nearly everybody in the room could hear him.

"How's your father, Cousin Leslie?" he asked.

"Eh? I haven't seen him since the vac," muttered Clampe.

"I s'pose he's still in the grocery line, hey?"

Clampe shuddered.

"Wha-a-at do you mean?" he stammered. "My pater isn't in business. You know that!"

"Has he sold the grocery-shop?" asked the seaman in surprise.

"He never had one!" hissed Clampe. "You know he hadn't!"

"Pity to sell it now, from what I 'ear," said the seaman, unheeding. "There's a lot of money in grocery."

"Can I pass you anything?"

"Ay, mate; heave the jam over this way!"

Clampe passed the jam. The seaman upended the jar over his plate and the jam streamed out.

The juniors watched the proceedings with fascinated eyes. They had never seen jam served in that manner before.

"Gimme a knife, Leslie."

"Here you are!"

"Don't shove on my elber, my 'earty. Give a cove room to get his knife to his mouth."

"Oh!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's eyeglass dropped from his eye. He had never seen jam eaten with a knife before. But his face remained unmoved. The sailorman was a guest, and a guest could do as he pleased without remark.

Tom Merry looked at the seaman rather suspiciously. He knew that seamen did not, as a rule, act in this amazing manner. A suspicion came into Tom's mind that Clampe's cousin was a practical joker, and was deliberately acting in this remarkable way to torment the unhappy snob of the New House.

Clampe, who had known his cousin was a well-bred Naval officer, could not make it out, unless Leslie had gone mad.

Clampe was glad when tea was over. He would not have been sorry to see the whole gathering of School House fellows blotted out at that moment.

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Lathom, when the seaman rolled out with a crowd of fellows round him, at last. "Bless my soul! What a very remarkable character. Very remarkable indeed!"

And Mr. Lathom's opinion was generally shared.

There was no doubt that Clampe's cousin was a decidedly remarkable character!

CHAPTER 12.

The Last Straw!

SMACK! Seaman Leslie thumped his unhappy cousin on the back when they came into the quadrangle.

"Cheerio, my 'earty!" he exclaimed. "You're looking down in the mouth!"

"W-was I?" stammered Clampe.

"Ay, ay! Cheer up!"

"Isn't— isn't it time for you to get back, Frank?" muttered Clampe. "You—you've got a long walk before you, you know!"

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"Ay, ay!" said Seaman Leslie, glancing up at the clock. "Must be getting up anchor soon."

"Thank goodness!" breathed Clampe.

"Hey? What did you say, Cousin Leslie?"

"N-nothing!"

"Thank you, young gents, for kindly lookin' arter me like this 'ere," said the seaman, addressing the delighted juniors. "I've enjoyed this 'ere visit, same as my Cousin Leslie 'as."

"Bai Jove!"

"Is there a young feller 'ere named Racke?" continued the sailorman.

"A—a friend of mine," stammered Clampe. "He—he isn't here just now—"

"I 'ad a letter from 'im," said the sailorman.

"Fetch 'im 'ere."

"Racke, you're wanted!" shouted Kangaroo of the Shell, catching sight of Racke in the quad.

"This way!"

"Oh rats!" growled Racke, turning in the opposite direction.

Lowther and Manners promptly cut after Racke, and took him by the arms and walked him back. If the guest wanted to see Racke, he was going to see him.

"You're Mr. Racke, hey?" asked the seaman.

"Yes," snapped Racke. "What do you want?"

"I want to know what this 'ere letter means."

The seaman took a letter from his pocket, and unfolded it.

Clampe and Racke exchanged uneasy glances. It was evident that the seaman had received the letter, after all, though why he should produce it in public now was a mystery. In his loud, booming voice the seaman read the letter out.

"Dear Mr. Leslie,—I am writing to inform you that Leslie Clampe is laid up in the sanatorium with a very severe cold, and the doctor will not allow him to see anyone. He has asked me to write and tell you how sorry he is that he will be unable to see you, and to ask you to defer your visit to the school till another occasion. He hopes to see you at home during next vacation.

"Yours sincerely,

"AUBREY RACKE."

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus, with a glance of contempt at Racke.

The juniors grinned. Clampe's miserable trickery was fully exposed now. The wretched Clampe's face was a study.

"Now, what does that there mean?" demanded the seaman. "Cousin Leslie ain't ill, and he ain't laid up on his beam-ends, hey?"

"It—it was a joke," stammered Clampe.

"Seems to me more like a blinkin' lie!" said the sailorman. "If I'd took any notice of that there letter, I'd 'ave missed seein' you, Leslie, and both of us would 'ave missed this 'ere pleasant arfternoon. Take that!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Racke of the Shell, as the seaman suddenly grasped his ear with a finger and a thumb that seemed like a vice.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Leggo, you ruffian!" shrieked Racke. "Leggo! Oh, my ear! Oh, my hat! I'll kick your shins! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let that be a warning to you not to tell lies, Mr. Racke!" said the seaman, releasing the infuriated junior at last. "Don't you 'ave anythin' more to say to that there young rascal, Cousin Leslie. He's a bad egg!"

Clampe muttered something indistinctly. He was afraid that Racke would betray his share in

the letter, and in that case he had fears for his own ear. But Racke, with a furious face, stamped away, and Clampe was glad to see him go.

The juniors were almost in hysterics by this time.

"Now I'd better be gettin' up anchor," said Seaman Leslie. "I've only got to call on the 'Ead and pay my respects."

Clampe trembled.

"N-no need to see the Head!" he gasped. "The fact is, Dr. Holmes is very busy, Frank. He—he can't be seen just now."

"I know my duty, Leslie. I got to call on the 'Ead and pay my respects," said the seaman obstinately.

It was the last straw. Clampe felt that if this red-nosed hooligan interviewed Dr. Holmes, he would never survive it. His sufferings had reached the limit of endurance.

"Look here, let's get off!" he exclaimed. "I'll come with you—"

"To see the Head?"

"N-no!"

"Well, I'm goin' to the 'Ead! Then I shall want my bag. Where did you leave my blinkin' bag, Leslie?"

"It's in my study in the New House!" muttered Clampe.

"Fetch it hout!"

"You might get it, Redfern!" muttered Clampe.

He did not want to leave his cousin just then. He was in terror of the man forcing his way to the Head's study to interview the stately head-master of St. Jim's. At any cost, that interview must be prevented.

Redfern nodded, and ran off to the New House. He returned in a few minutes with the canvas sack.

"Thanky kindly, sir!" said the seaman. "Now, Leslie, p'r'aps you'll show me in to the 'Ead!"

"I—I—I—"

"Sharp's the word!"

"You—you can't see the Head!" said Clampe desperately. "Look here—"

"But I got to pay my respects to the 'Ead!"

"It's not necessary—"

"Avast, there! I know my dooty! You steer a course for his berth, and I'm arter you! Now, then, tumble up!"

"I tell you—"

"P'r'aps you think I'd better 'ave a brush-up afore I see the 'Ead—hey?" said the seaman, glancing down at his muddy boots and trousers. "P'r'aps you're right. P'r'aps one of the young gents will show me into a dormitory—"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus at once. "P'way come with me!"

The swell of St. Jim's was certainly of opinion that a wash and brush-up would do Seaman Leslie good before he interviewed the Head.

Arthur Augustus led the seaman into the School House, leaving Clampe helpless. D'Arcy showed the guest into the Fourth Form dormitory, and left him there.

The miserable Clampe gave him a dark look when he came down. The juniors waited in the Hall for Seaman Leslie to descend.

"You—you rotter!" muttered Clampe. "He—he—he's not going to see the Head! I won't have it!"

"Weally, Clampe, you have no wight to p'vent your cousin payin' his wsespects to Dr. Holmes!"

"I tell you—"

"Besides, if he is weally an Old Boy, the Head will natuwallly like to see him before he goes."

"He looks like an Old Boy, doesn't he?" chortled Trimble of the Fourth.

And there was a laugh.

"He is!" said Clampe savagely. "He was at St. Jim's in his time, and he was a lieutenant in the Navy a month ago—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Draw it mild, Clampe!"

"Cheese it!"

"It's true!" howled Clampe. "I—I can't quite understand how he's turned out like this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Clampe, your statement is pwe-postewous! P'way do not wepeat it!"

"It's true, you rotters!"

"Rats!"

"Yaas, wathah! Wats!"

"Here he comes!" said Levison at last, as there was a heavy tread on the stairs.

Every eye was turned on the staircase. And then there was a howl of astonishment.

(Continued on next page.)



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CHAPTER 13.

A Big Surprise!

LEUTENANT LESLIE, R. N., came down the stairs.

The juniors gazed at him.

It was the same man, evidently. It was Clampe's cousin. But the change in his appearance was staggering. The red nose was no longer red; the blue chin was no longer blue. And the young man was dressed in a Naval lieutenant's uniform.

The juniors could guess now what the canvas sack had contained. A wash and a shave and the change of clothes had wrought a wonderful difference. It was a handsome young Naval officer who burst upon the astounded view of the St. Jim's fellows.

Clampe, most astonished of all, gazed at him, open-mouthed. He pinched himself to make sure that he was awake.

"My hat!" murmured Redfern. "Is this a giddy dream, Tommy?"

"It must be!" gasped Tom Merry.

"Bai Jove! The boundah has been spoofin' us!"

The Naval gentleman stopped on the lower stair and glanced down at the amazed fellows, with a smile.

"What on earth does this mean, sir?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"An explanation is due to you fellows," said Lieutenant Leslie in quiet, cultivated tones that contrasted curiously with the booming voice the juniors knew so well. "I have been guilty of a little harmless deception for the benefit of my cousin."

"Oh!" gasped Clampe.

"Yesterday," continued the lieutenant, "I left Wayland to walk to the school. On the footpath through the wood I was the witness of a scene that I did not like a bit."

Redfern coloured.

"I heard my cousin twitting one of his school-fellows," resumed the lieutenant, "with a baseness and snobbishness which I was very sorry to

find in a relation of mine. He twitted Redfern with the fact that his brother was a seaman on the lower deck, as if that was something to be ashamed of—a view that only a small, contemptible mind could take."

"Oh!" murmured Clampe again.

"Bai Jove!"

"I was naturally annoyed, and did not carry out my intention of coming here. I reflected upon the matter at my hotel in Wayland. I decided that Leslie needed a lesson—a severe lesson—and this scheme came into my mind. I went to the Black Bull, where I discarded my uniform and dressed myself as a seaman, and sent him a letter. My intention was to pay him a visit as a seaman, and I dropped my rank for the purpose, and came here as Seaman Leslie, in order to teach my cousin a lesson, and I trust it has done him good. His sufferings during my visit have been very severe, I believe—"

"Yaas, wathah!" chortled Arthur Augustus.

"And I hope the lesson will go some way towards curing him of his miserable snobbishness. I think, Cousin Leslie, it will be some time before you forget your experiences of this afternoon. Remember them, my boy, and remember that you owe them to your own foolish snobbery. Try to be more decent."

And with that the lieutenant walked down the passage, heading for Dr. Holmes' study.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus. "So it was a pwactical joke, aftah all! What a wippin' wheeze! Clampe, deah boy, has the lesson done you good?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rats!" snarled Clampe, as he swung away.

But Clampe, angry as he was, was very much relieved in his mind. The lesson had indeed been a severe one, and undoubtedly the cheery Naval gentleman hoped that it had done Clampe good. But fellows who knew Clampe well were doubtful on that point.

Next week:

"THE BOY FROM NEW ZEALAND!"

BLAKE ANSWERS BACK!

(Continued from page 2.)

Aeronaut," of Birmingham, writes:

Clear this up, please! I claim I saw an American plane pass over here. It had identification letters beginning "PH," which I took to mean Philadelphia. My buddy—he's a real hundred-per-cent American—won't have it. He says it was a Swedish plane. We're both up in the air still.

ANSWER: *Jerk out of that tail-spin, both of you. "PH," etc., on a plane indicates that it is from the Netherlands. Swedish planes are marked "SA," etc. You could soon tell an American plane, if you saw one, by its initial letter "K." You glide to earth. Your air troubles are over.*

"Optimist," of Bradford, writes:

Skating looks easy, and I am getting a pair of skates, in case the pond near my home freezes over. I shall probably learn to skate quite well in a few minutes. I don't suppose I shall fall over, like a clumsy friend of mine did!

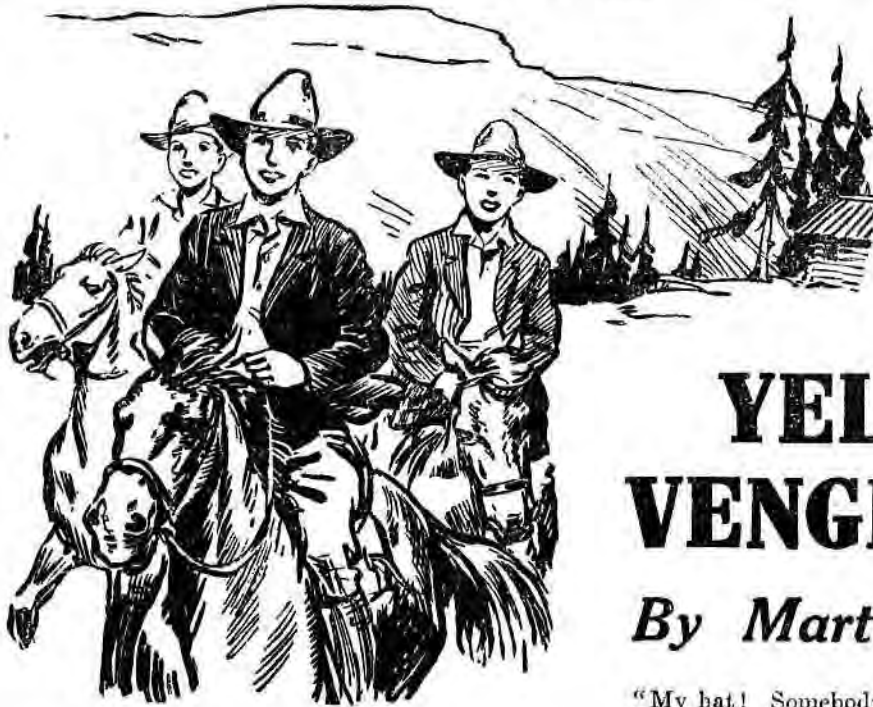
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ANSWER: *Well, it's a thrill to meet such a remarkable fellow as yourself. You're quite a brilliant skater, though actually you haven't had the skates on your feet yet. Your gifts can hardly end there, surely? I bet you could easily swim the Channel, if you could swim. And I wonder you don't carry off the heavy-weight championship of the world—but perhaps you aren't a heavy-weight. You'll soon find out just how reary you are, though—just as soon as you put those skates on! Happy landings!*

"Three Musketeers," of Towcester, writes:

We want to know about Walt Disney. Is it true that he personally draws all the cartoons from which the Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse films are made? We have been challenging all our friends to prove otherwise—and that goes for you, too!

ANSWER: *On guard, Musketeers! You will have to retreat as gracefully as you can from the position you have taken up. Walt Disney actively supervises, but does not personally draw every cartoon produced by his studio. Didn't you see the list of animators, background men, and so on, in the credit titles of "Snow White"? Here's crossing swords with you again—when you've recovered from this little clash!*



Gunten's Little Joke!

"HELPEE!"

Vere Beauclerc looked round quickly. Beauclerc was gliding along on his snowshoes over the thick snow that covered the forest trail. He had just reached the fork of the trail, where he was accustomed to meet his chums, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless, on their way to school, when that peculiar cry reached his ears.

"Helpee me! You comee quick!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Beauclerc in astonishment.

It was Yen Chin, the Chinese schoolboy of Cedar Creek, who was calling. The little Chinese was standing on his snowshoes beside the trail, and his pigtail was drawn up over his head, the tip of it being tied by a cord to a branch above.

Beauclerc slowed down, looking at him in astonishment. The unhappy Chinese had evidently been the victim of a cruel, practical joke. His doleful face lighted up at the sight of Vere Beauclerc.

"You helpee me!" he gasped. "You goodee boy! Me fixee—no can loosee."

"Who did this?" asked Beauclerc, as he stopped and felt under his furs for his pocket-knife.

Yen Chin's almond eyes gleamed.

"Guntee and Kellee," he answered. "Me killee Guntee and Kellee. You lettee me go, quick."

"Right-ho, kid!"

Beauclerc opened his knife.

"No cuttee pigtail!" exclaimed the Chinese in alarm.

Beauclerc smiled.

"I won't cut your pigtail, you young duffer! I'll have to climb the tree to reach the cord, though." And he began to take off his snowshoes.

A cheery voice hailed him on the trail, as Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin came speeding up from the direction of the Lawless Ranch.

"Hallo, Cherub! What's the game?"

Threatened with an axe, menaced by a six-gun, and "poisoned"! Never was Kern Gunten more terrified than when he incurred the enmity of Yen Chin, the Chinese of Cedar Creek!

YELLOW VENGEANCE!

By Martin Clifford.

"My hat! Somebody's been lynching Yen Chin with his own pigtail!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "It's one of Gunten's rotten jokes!" said Beauclerc.

"The awful rotter!" exclaimed Frank indignantly. "How long have you been here, kid?"

"Long tinnee," said Yen Chin dolorously. "Guntee blingee me here—Guntee and Kellee. Me killee!"

"I shall have to shin up the tree to get him loose," said Beauclerc. "Give me a hand up, Frank."

He kicked off the snowshoes and Frank Richards bunked him up the frosty trunk. Beauclerc crawled out on the bough above the Chinese schoolboy's head to reach the cord.

"How did you get here, Yen Chin?" asked Bob Lawless. "This isn't your way to school from Thompson."

"Beastlee Guntee askee me comee with him," mumbled Yen Chin. "Blingee me long way lound. Me no tinkee he playee tick. Me killee." Bob chuckled.

"You'd better not killee anybody, kid, or you'll be hanged in a more painful way than this," he remarked.

"Gunten knew we would pass this way," remarked Frank Richards. "He left Yen Chin here for us to find. If we'd missed school to-day the kid might have stayed here all day, and got nearly frozen."

His brow darkened as he spoke. The cruel trick was quite in accordance with the nature of Kern Gunten, the black sheep of the lumber school, and his equally rascally associate, Keller. The two Swiss were not popular at Cedar Creek.

Beauclerc sawed through the cord with his knife. The pigtail, with a length of severed cord attached, fell upon Yen Chin's head.

"All serene now!" said Frank Richards.

Beauclerc dropped lightly from the bough into the trail. He put on his snowshoes again.

"You lendee me knife," said Yen Chin.
 "Eh? What do you want a knife for?" asked Beauclerc.

"Killee Gunttee!"
 "You young ass!" roared Bob Lawless. "You musn't killee Gunttee. You can give him a licking, if you like."

"No can, Gunttee too big."
 "Well, that's so," agreed Bob. "Leave him to me, and I'll give him a licking, if you like. It's high time he had one."

Yen Chin shook his head obstinately.
 "Me killee!" he answered vengefully.
 "Oh, dry up!" said Bob. "Let's get to school or we shall be late."

Yen Chin said no more, but there was a gleam of vengeance in his almond eyes as he slid along the trail with the chums of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards & Co. arrived at the lumber school only just in time to kick off their snowshoes and follow the rest of the fellows into the school-room. Gunten and Keller grinned as they came in with the little Chinese.

"So you found him?" chuckled Gunten.
 "Yes, you rotter!" growled Frank Richards.
 "You waitee, Gunttee!" muttered Yen Chin.
 "Me killee."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gunten.
 Miss Meadows came into the school-room, and the pupils of Cedar Creek took their places. But during lessons Yen Chin's eyes turned constantly in the direction of Kern Gunten with a vengeful glitter. Frank Richards observed it, and he was a little troubled in his mind. He resolved to keep an eye on Yen Chin as far as he could.

Yen Chin on the Warpath!

"**C**OME and lend a hand, you fellows!" said Bob Lawless, when school was dismissed after morning lessons.

"What's on?" asked Frank.
 "There's some logs to split."
 "Right-ho!"

Splitting logs for the school was an optional duty, but the Cedar Creek fellows were generally willing to lend a hand when there was work to be done. The three chums went round the school-house to the wood-pile. There was a sound there as they approached—the sound of a grinding axe.
 "Hallo! Somebody starting work already," remarked Bob.

"It's Yen Chin."
 The little Chinese did not look round as they came up. He had lost no time in getting to the wood-pile after lessons, and he was now engaged in sharpening the axe.

Frank Richards clapped him on the shoulder.
 "Are you going to use that axe, kid?" he asked.
 "Me usee," answered Yen Chin, without looking up.

"All right. I'll find another."
 Frank fetched an axe from Mr. Slimmey's cabin, and Bob and Beauclerc found implements, and they started on the logs. The busy sound of chopping rang through the frosty air, and two or three other fellows joined in the work.

But Yen Chin did not seem to be in a hurry to start on the logs. He went on grinding the axe till it was of an almost razor-like sharpness. Then he rose to his feet and put the axe over his shoulder.

"Where are you taking that axe to?" called

out Frank Richards in some alarm, as Yen Chin started off.

"Killee Gunttee!"
 "What?"
 "Allee light—only killee Gunttee!"
 "Come back!" yelled Frank.

But Yen Chin darted on, and vanished round the schoolhouse.

"After him!" exclaimed Frank, throwing down his axe.

"He can't be serious," said Beauclerc.
 "I don't know, but I'm afraid he is. Come on!"

"Phew!" murmured Bob. "Better stop him, anyway."

The woodcutters raced after Yen Chin. There was a sound of a loud yell from the school ground, on the other side of the log buildings. They recognised Gunten's voice. The schoolboys came tearing round the house, and a startling scene burst upon their gaze. Kern Gunten, his sallow face colourless with terror, was running wildly for the house, and on his track sped the little Chinese, brandishing the gleaming axe. The usually bland expression on Yen Chin's face was quite gone now. His look expressed the most bloodthirsty ferocity.

"Stop!" yelled Frank.
 Yen Chin did not heed. He raced on after the fleeing Swiss.

Gunten, yelping with fear, bolted headlong into the porch of the schoolhouse, the gleaming axe only a few yards behind him.

"Help!" he shrieked.
 Miss Meadows hurried out of the schoolhouse, and the Swiss dodged behind the schoolmistress, panting. The ferocious face of the Chinese, and the uplifted axe, were enough to terrify anyone; but the Canadian girl stepped calmly in the way and stood there.

"Yen Chin, what does this mean?" she exclaimed.

Yen Chin lowered his axe, and a grin took the place of the savage expression on his queer little face.

"All serene!" he said. "Only little jokee, Missee Meadee. Me fighten Gunttee."

"Oh!" panted Kern Gunten.
 Miss Meadows' brow grew very stern.
 "Put down that axe at once, Yen Chin!"

The little Chinese obediently laid down the axe, looking very penitent.
 Frank Richards and his chums arrived on the scene very breathless, but greatly relieved.

"How dare you play such a foolish trick, Yen Chin!" exclaimed the schoolmistress sternly.

"Me solly!" murmured Yen Chin meekly.
 "Only jokee."

"He was going to murder me, Miss Meadows!" panted Gunten.

"Don't be ridiculous, Gunten!" said Miss Meadows sharply. "Yen Chin, you have played a very foolish joke. If such a thing happens again I shall punish you severely."

"Me solly!"
 "Take that axe away, please, Richards."

"Yes, ma'am."
 "Yen Chin, you are not to touch an axe again here."

"Allee light, missee."
 "You are a very bad boy!"

"Me solly!"
 "That will do, Gunten. There is nothing to be afraid of."

Miss Meadows went back into the house, frowning. Kern Gunten stood gasping for breath, still

very white, and looking at the Chinese with dread in his looks. Yen Chin glanced at the axe in Frank Richards' hand.

"You give me," he said.

"I'll give you a thick ear, you young idiot!" said Frank crossly.

"Me wantee killee Guntee."

"What?"

"You stupid young villain, you told Miss Meadows that was only a joke," said Bob Lawless, staring at him.

"Me tellee whoppee," explained Yen Chin calmly. "Now Missee Meadee gonce me killee Guntee. What you tinkee?"

"Well, my hat!"

Gunten skulked into the schoolhouse. Whether the Chinese was in deadly earnest or not, he could not tell; but evidently he did not want to remain near him.

"Look here, you Oriental savage," said Bob Lawless angrily. "If you say another word about killing anybody you'll get a licking. Do you hear?"

The Chinese did not answer, but he looked very obstinate.

The chums of Cedar Creek returned to the woodpile, and Kern Gunten remained within the walls of the schoolhouse till afternoon lessons.

Sentenced to Death!

WHEN lessons were over that afternoon Yen Chin was the first out of the school-room, and he whizzed away on his snowshoes on the Thompson trail without losing a moment. Kern Gunten was deeply relieved to see him go. His own way home lay by the same trail, but he was in no hurry to take it. He preferred to give the little Celestial plenty of time to get home.

Frank Richards came up to him as he was hanging about in the schoolground, with a sullen and uneasy face, with his chum Keller. Gunten gave the English schoolboy a lowering look.

"Look here, Gunten," said Frank Richards abruptly, "do you think there was anything in what Yen Chin was saying?"

"I—I guess so!" muttered Gunten. "The beast's simply a Chinese savage."

"Then something ought to be done," said Frank. "Look here, the best thing you can do is to see Yen Chin, and tell him you're sorry for the rotten trick you played on him, and promise to let him alone in future."

Gunten scowled. "I guess I'm not going to speak to the hound!" he snarled. "And when I want your advice I'll ask for it, Richards."

"You'll take your chance, then," said Frank. "It's your own fault for being a bullying brute."

And Frank Richards went to join his chums. Gunten and Keller looked at one another rather uneasily.

"We'd better get off," said Keller, at last. "We can't hang about here till dark."

"I—I suppose that young villain's in Thompson by now!" muttered Gunten.

"Well, we can't overtake him, at any rate. Let's get off."

"I guess we may as well."

The two Swiss donned their snowshoes and started from the school gates. The trail through the timber was thick with snow, and it was easy and rapid going. It was a lonely trail, shadowed by pine and larch, but it had never occurred to Gunten before that it was dangerous. But now the Swiss was in an uneasy frame of mind. His

eyes scanned the shadows of the timber as he glided on with his chum. Suddenly he slowed down.

"Look!" he panted.

A fur-clad figure was ahead in the trail. It came speeding towards the two Swiss.

"Stoppee!" rapped out Yen Chin.

They stopped. Gunten was almost frozen with fear at the sight of the revolver in the hand of the little Chinese. Yen Chin levelled it full at the white, terrified face of the Swiss, his yellow finger on the trigger, his eyes gleaming along the barrel.

Evidently the little Chinese had been home to Thompson and had obtained the weapon there, and Gunten's nervous delay at the school had given him time to return upon the trail and lie in wait for the Swiss.

"Put that down, Yen Chin!" muttered Keller huskily.

Yen Chin showed his teeth.

"Me killee Guntee!" he said. "What you tinkee?"

"You don't mean it!" panted Gunten. "Put that down, Yen Chin, there's a good fellow! I—I'm sorry! I apologise."

"Too latee," answered Yen Chin grimly. "You askee me to comee as fiend, then you seizee and tie to tlee with pigtail. Me killee you!"

Gunten fell on his knees, terrified almost out of his wits by the ferocity in the little Celestial's face.

"Don't!" he moaned.

"You gettee up, you coward!" said Yen Chin contemptuously.

"Mercy!" panted Gunten.

"Too latee! Me killee you!" answered Yen Chin. "You, Kellee, diggee glave in snow, or me killee you, too."

"I—I guess—"

"You do what me tellee!"

The revolver swayed towards Keller, and the wretched Swiss' knees knocked together.

"I—I guess I'll do it!" he groaned. "Turn that thing another way!"

"You diggee quickee!"

"I've no spade."

"Use handee."

Keller, almost as terrified as his companion, hastened to carry out the grim order of the little Chinese. There was a deep snowdrift beside the trail, and with hasty hands Keller scooped out the grave.

Gunten's eyes were fixed beseechingly on the Chinese. Even yet he could not quite believe that the Oriental was in earnest. But there was no mercy in the yellow face of Yen Chin.

Keller's work was done at last. There was a deep excavation in the snowdrift, and the gravedigger stood back.

Yen Chin made a gesture towards the opening. "You gettee in, Gunten."

"Let me off, Yen Chin!" groaned Gunten. "I swear I'm sorry! I'll never touch you again! I'll never—"

"You gettee in!" shouted Yen Chin ferociously. "Kellee bury you before me go!"

"Oh!" groaned Keller.

Gunten staggered to his feet. He still nourished a faint hope that the Chinese was only seeking to terrify him. The trigger rose a fraction, and Gunten, with a howl of fear, obeyed the order to step into the excavation.

"Lie downee!" rapped out Yen Chin.

Gunten obeyed.

"Now me givee you two minutes, Guntee!" said Yen Chin grimly. "In two minutes you die!"

"Mercy!" groaned Gunten.

Yen Chin counted.

"One!"

"Mercy!"

There was a sudden whir on the trail and a shouting of voices before Yen Chin could count "Two."

No Danger!

"**W**HAT are you waiting for, Franky?" The chums of Cedar Creek had their snowshoes on, and Bob Lawless and Beauclere were ready to start. Frank Richards did not seem to be ready, however. His brow was wrinkled in thought as he stood staring along the snowy trail towards the distant town on the Thompson River.

"You fellows in a hurry to get home?" he asked.

"I guess not," said Bob, puzzled, while Beauclere shook his head. "But there's nothing to hang about for, is there?"

"I'm thinking of Yen Chin and Gunten," said Frank. "I can't quite make the Chinees out. But I can't help feeling a bit uneasy. Suppose we have a run down the trail; we shall cover the ground pretty fast on snowshoes. Gunten is a howling cad, but I shouldn't like him to get hurt. And Yen Chin—"

"I guess the heathen was fooling," said Bob. "But we may as well run down the trail. I don't mind, if the Cherub doesn't."

"Not at all," said Beauclere.

"Come on, then!" said Frank.

And the three chums sped away on their snowshoes.

Gunten and Keller had had a good start, and Bob's opinion was that they were at home in Thompson by this time. But Frank could not help feeling uneasy.

"Hallo! There's somebody on the trail!" ejaculated Bob Lawless, as they were sweeping round a long bend.

"It's Yen Chin!" exclaimed Beauclere.

"And Keller!"

"Great Scott!" panted Bob, as his eyes took in the strange scene from the distance. "You mad young idiot! Stop—stop!"

They sped on breathlessly, their hearts beating faster.

In the excavation in the snowdrift Gunten lay, his face like chalk. Yen Chin, with a six-shooter aimed down at the trembling Swiss, was standing beside the opening. Keller stood at a little distance, his knees knocking together.

"Yen Chin, hold your hand!"

The Chinees looked round hastily.

"Flanky!" he exclaimed.

"Don't shoot, you mad young villain!"

"Me killee Guntee!"

"Save me!" shrieked Gunten. "He's mad! Save me!"

Bob Lawless was the first to reach Yen Chin. He threw an arm round him and dragged him over, and they rolled in the snow together. There was a yell from the heathen. The revolver dropped in the snow, and Frank Richards hurriedly picked it up.

Gunten rose from the snow-grave, trembling in every limb. Bob scrambled up. Yen Chin still sprawled in the snow, yelling. The sudden fall had hurt him.

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"Yow-ow-ow!" he roared. "Ow! You bumpee me! You hurtee poor little Chinees!"

"I'll poor little Chinees you!" gasped Bob. "I'll lay a rope round you till you can't crawl, you murderous young villain!"

And he seized Yen Chin by his pigtail and jerked him to his feet, to the accompaniment of a fiendish yell from the Chinees.

"Now, you young rascal!" said Bob.

"Yoooooh!"

"Give me that shooter, Frank, and I'll blow his head off!" exclaimed Bob.

The Canadian lad grasped the revolver and turned it upon Yen Chin. He did not touch the trigger, however, in case of accidents. But the Chinees did not seem to be scared; he grinned.

"Now, how would you like some of your own medicine, you young scoundrel?" demanded Bob Lawless.

"You shootee, if likee! Me no care!"

"You don't care if I shoot you?" exclaimed Bob, in amazement.

"No care! Me no gettee hurtee! Nothing in levele!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"No loudee!" explained Yen Chin, with a chuckle.

Bob's face was a study for a moment. Beauclere smiled, and Frank Richards burst into a laugh.

"It's a lie!" panted Gunten. "He was going to shoot me!"

"No loudee!" persisted Yen Chin. "You lookee!"

Bob Lawless examined the revolver, and next moment he burst into a laugh.

"It's not loaded," he said. "Look here."

He pulled the trigger, and there was only a rusty click. He threw the revolver to the ground.

Gunten's face was red with rage now. He could not doubt any further, and the thought of the terror he had been through enraged him beyond words. He had begged for mercy on his knees to the heathen, under the threat of an empty revolver!

Even Keller was grinning. But Gunten did not feel inclined to grin. He started towards the Chinees, with vengeance in his looks.

Frank Richards interposed.

"Let him alone, Gunten!" he said curtly.

The Swiss clenched his hands furiously.

"I'm going to smash him!" he said, between his teeth.

"No smashee Yen Chin!" said the Chinees, dodging behind Frank Richards. "You playee tlick on Yen Chin; me playee tlick on you, allee samee!"

Frank pushed the enraged Swiss back.

"It serves you right, Gunten!" he said coolly.

"You played a rotten trick on Yen Chin this morning, and he's frightened you out of your wits in return, and it serves you right! You won't touch him!"

Gunten tried to push past Frank Richards. Frank grasped him without ceremony and flung him into the snow.

"Cut off, Yen Chin!" he said. "And, look here, no more of your mad tricks! Cut off!"

"Allee light! You goodee boy!" smiled Yen Chin. "Me no killee Guntee, if Flanky no wantee!"

"Cut off, you young ass!"

Yen Chin chuckled, and slid away down the trail.

Gunten regained his feet, with a look of deadly malevolence at the chums.

"Come on, Keller!" he muttered thickly.

"Not yet," said Frank. "You're not going to handle Yen Chin after we're gone, Gunten. You can come away with us."

"I won't!"

"You'd better," said Frank, taking hold of his arm.

The Swiss clenched his hands, but he unclenched them again. There was no choice in the matter, and Gunten and Keller accompanied the chums a mile back along the trail before they were allowed to start for home.

When they started, the two Swiss lost no time in speeding on the track of Yen Chin, but the little Chinese was safe at home in the paternal

"Keep your paws to yourself, Gunten," said Bob Lawless. "Look here, we can't be always looking after Yen Chin. You're to let him alone, do you hear?"

"I guess I'll suit myself about that," answered the Swiss savagely. "He won't always have you around to protect him, hang you! I'll catch him on the trail some-time, and then——"

"You won't!" said Bob. "You touch him again, and I'll touch you, pretty quick! If Gunten goes for you, Chimmy, you tell me, do you hear?"

"Me tellee."

"And then I promise you the hiding of your



A startling scene burst upon Frank Richards & Co.'s gaze as they came round the house. Kern Gunten, his sallow face colourless with terror, was running wildly for the schoolhouse, and on his track sped the little Chinese, brandishing the gleaming axe!

laundry long before they came in sight of Thompson.

Frank Richards & Co. chuckled as they sped homeward. Yen Chin's curious vengeance on the bully tickled them, and they laughed loud and long as they swept over the frozen snow.

Tit for Tat!

FRANK RICHARDS & Co. were early at Cedar Creek the next morning. As they stood chatting at the gate they sighted Yen Chin speeding up the trail, with Gunten and Keller in hot pursuit.

The Chinese joined them at the gate, and the two Swiss came up, panting.

"No lettee whackee Yen Chin!" gasped the Chinese.

life every time, Gunten," said Bob. "I mean that, so look out for squalls."

"You interfering hound!"

"Enough of that!" rapped out Bob. "If you don't want the shape of your face altered, you'd better keep a civil tongue."

The Swiss set his teeth.

Yen Chin, grinning, went on towards the log schoolhouse, and Gunten made a rush after him. Bob Lawless promptly caught him by the shoulder, and spun him round, and the Swiss was stretched on the ground.

"Now get up, and put up your hands!" said Bob.

Gunten got up, but he did not put up his hands. He had tried that before, with painful results. He muttered under his breath and swung away,

but he did not follow Yen Chin. Keller followed his chum in without a word.

In class that morning Yen Chin grinned at the two Swiss, evidently feeling secure in the protection of Frank Richards & Co. Gunten gave him a dark look. The Swiss was not of a forgiving nature, and he fully intended to make the Chinese suffer for the trick he had played on him.

Yen Chin eyed him warily when the Cedar Creek fellows came out of school. Gunten did not approach him, however. Bob Lawless' heavy fists had to be argued with if he did, and Gunten did not like the prospect.

But when Cedar Creek went into the lumber dining-room to dinner Gunten dropped into the seat next to Yen Chin. Miss Meadows was at the head of the table, and Yen Chin, feeling quite safe in the presence of the schoolmistress, grinned at his neighbour mockingly.

Along with the dinner there were jugs of hot lemonade, home-brewed by Aunt Sally, the black cook—a very agreeable beverage on a frosty Canadian day.

Gunten reached for a jug, from which the steam was rising in a thick cloud, and as he did so his foot slipped. He fell towards the Chinese, and the contents of the jug, piping hot, swamped fairly in the face of the little Celestial.

Swoooooh!

There was a fiendish yell from Yen Chin as he leaped to his feet.

"Yow-ow-yaup! Yow! Me scaldee! Me burnee! Ow-ow-ow!"

"Gunten, how could you be so clumsy?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"I'm sorry, ma'am!" said Gunten meekly. "My foot slipped."

"Yen Chin—"

"Yow-ow-ow! Yooogh!" shrieked Yen Chin, dabbing wildly at his face. "Me scaldee! Me hurtee! Ow-ow-ow!"

There was a laugh along the table. The little Chinese's antics were comic enough as he mopped at the streaming liquid. He was not quite scalded, but he was certainly hurt, for the lemonade was very hot. His face was the colour of a boiled lobster when he sat down at the table again.

Frank Richards gave the Swiss a grim look across the table. He was quite well aware that there had been no accident.

Yen Chin ate his dinner in silence after that. But presently he reached out for Gunten's mug.

"Let that alone!" rapped out Gunten; and he rapped Yen Chin's knuckles with the handle of his knife.

"Me solly!" murmured Yen Chin, withdrawing his hand.

Gunten drank his lemonade, the Chinese watching him with a peculiar grin.

Frank looked suspiciously at Yen Chin across the table. His eyes had been upon the Chinese, and he was almost certain that when the yellow hand hovered over the mug, something had dropped from it into the lemonade.

When the fellows came out after dinner, Frank tapped the Celestial on the shoulder.

"Did you put anything in Gunten's lemonade?" asked Frank.

"No puttee."

"Is that the truth, you young rascal?" Frank asked suspiciously. He well knew Yen Chin's truly Oriental disregard for veracity.

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"Honest thuth! No can lie," said Yen Chin meekly.

Frank Richards laughed, and went on into the schoolground. The snow was thick against the palisade, and the boys were soon busily engaged in a snowball fight.

Frank Richards forgot the incident of the dinner-table, but it was recalled to his mind when he came on Kern Gunten moving unsteadily towards the house. He was about to hurl a snowball when he caught sight of the Swiss' face. It was pale, and his lips were twitching. Frank ran to him.

"Are you ill, Gunten?" he exclaimed.

The Swiss groaned.

"I—I don't know. I've got something the matter. I feel as if I'd been poisoned! Ow!"

"Poisoned!" repeated Frank, with a start.

"Ow! Ow! Lend a hand to the porch."

Frank, with a chill at his heart, helped the Swiss to a seat in the porch. Gunten sat down and pressed both hands to his stomach, the beads of perspiration thick upon his brow.

"Hallo! What's the matter?" called out Bob Lawless, as he came up with several other fellows.

"Gunten's ill."

"I'm poisoned!" groaned Gunten. "Ow! Ow!"

"What rot!" said Bob. "You've only got a pain."

"Ow! Ow!"

Frank Richards looked round uneasily for Yen Chin. The Chinese was there, regarding the Swiss with a mocking grin. Frank grasped him by the shoulder.

"You young madman!" he muttered. "What have you done?"

"Allee light; me killee Guntee," said Yen Chin calmly. "Gunttee great blute; scaldee poor little Chinese. Me killee!"

"What have you done?" exclaimed Frank, shaking him fiercely. "Did you put anything in Gunten's lemonade?"

"Me puttee."

Gunten shrieked.

"He's poisoned me! I'm dying!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Beauclerc. "What has the mad young idiot done?"

"Only poison Guntee," said Yen Chin, and he looked innocently at the startled, aghast faces round him. "All selene! Chinese poison velly quick. Guntee no suffee muchee. In fivee minute Guntee deadee."

"Help!" groaned Gunten. "Send for a doctor! Oh, I'm dying!"

He leaned back on the seat in the porch, gasping for breath, his hard face lined with pain.

"Call Miss Meadows!" gasped Lawrence.

Chunky Todgers ran into the house to seek the schoolmistress.

"No callee Missee Meadee!" exclaimed Yen Chin. "No goodee. Gunttee deadee in fivee minute. No mattee; only foleign tlash!"

Gunten groaned.

"You mad young idiot!" breathed Bob Lawless. "Don't you know what you've done?"

"Yes; me killee Guntee."

Miss Meadows came hastily out of the school-house, followed by the horror-stricken Chunky. Her face was pale.

"What is this?" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the groaning Swiss.

"I'm poisoned!" muttered Gunten. "I'm dying! Oh, the awful pain!"

"Good heavens! What—"

(Continued on page 36.)



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PEN PALS COUPON

21-1-39

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SUCCESS AND GOOD FORTUNE ARE JACK DRAKE'S REWARD FOR HIS EFFORTS TO WIN THROUGH ON THE BENBOW.



"I say, Daub, it was all spoof—Drake's as rich as a millionaire!" said Tuckey Toodles. "Yah! Aren't you sorry you gave him the marble eyes—what? He, he, he!"

"Au Revoir!"

"SAY 'Au revoir,' but not 'Good-bye'!"

Dick Rodney spoke with a smile. And Jack Drake smiled, too, as he paused on the hill and looked back towards the old Benbow and the shining waters of the Chadway.

It was the last day of the term. St. Winifred's had "broken up." The St. Winny's crowd were dispersing to the four quarters of the kingdom, and the old warship, at its moorings in the Chadway, was almost deserted.

Most of the fellows were going on to Kingsford Junction in the school buses, but the two chums of the Fourth had chosen to walk. They had a good deal to say to one another before they parted for the vacation.

It had been a difficult term for Jack Drake, and it had seen a good deal of change in him. The most careless fellow in the Fourth at St. Winifred's, Drake had settled down into one of the steadiest workers, and he had won his reward. Against many obstacles—many of them placed in his way by his old enemy, Daubeny of the Shell—he had struggled manfully, and he had attained success. For in the result of the examination for the Founders' Scholarship, "J. Drake" was the first name on the list, with Frank Estcourt's second. And so it was "Au revoir," and not "Good-bye," when he left the old Benbow with the St. Winny's crowd at the end of the term.

Drake smiled, and his face was thoughtful as he looked back from the hill at the old masts of the Benbow rising over the trees.

"It's ripping, Rodney!" he said. "I owe most of it to you, old chap. You kept me at it."

"Well, I helped," smiled Rodney. "I'll take
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JACK DRAKE MAKES GOOD!

By Owen Conquest.

that credit to myself. And now you're safe for three years at St. Winny's."

"That's a good deal," said Drake. "And it isn't only that. Now my people are poor—" He paused. "Well, if I'd had to leave I suppose I should have been a burden on them. That won't happen now at any rate. And—and the money that goes with the schol will be more than I shall need. I shall be able to help at home if it's needed. Just think of that!"

Drake's face was very bright.

Daubeny & Co. would have been surprised if they had been present. Drake's words did not sound much like those of a fellow who, only a term before, had spent money as if it had no value, and never given a thought to the morrow. Hard times had changed Jack Drake for the better. The best that was in him had been brought to the top.

Jack Drake has had a hard struggle to make good at St. Winny's for the sake of his parents. Yet in his hour of triumph he spares a thought for another's failure.

"I say, Rodney, we'll have a jolly time next term on the Benbow," he went on.

"We will!" agreed Rodney.

"No more sapping for a dashed old schol!" said Drake, laughing. "And we'll put Daub & Co. in their proper place."

"Which is the back seat!" laughed Rodney.

"Exactly!"

"Hallo! That's Estcourt."

Drake's face clouded a little as he followed Rodney's glance down the hill.

Estcourt of the Fourth was coming up from the direction of the river, walking slowly, his eyes on the ground. Estcourt's face was deeply clouded, as the juniors could see, even in the distance.

"Poor old Estcourt!" muttered Drake. "He came awfully near beating me."

"Not quite, fortunately."

"But it's hard on him. I know he needed the schol as much as I do," said Drake. "It means the finish for him at St. Winny's, I'm afraid. That takes away a lot of the pleasure."

He made a movement to walk on, but paused

again, and the two juniors waited for Estcourt to come up.

Estcourt did not see them till he was very close. He was deeply immersed in thought. He started a little as he observed the chums of the Fourth, and his pale cheeks flushed.

"You fellows walking, too?" he remarked.

"Yes; baggage gone on in the bus," said Rodney. "I suppose we shall see you on the Benbow next term, Estcourt?"

The junior shook his head with a bitter smile. "No; I'm leaving," answered Estcourt. "Can't be helped. There's no secret about my cires. It was a twist for my people to keep me at St. Winny's at all, and it all depended on the schol whether I could stay. And Drake's bagged it."

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap!" said Drake.

"Not sorry you bagged the schol?" said Estcourt, smiling.

"No; sorry you couldn't bag it, too. I'd have stood out if I'd been able—you know that."

"I know. You're a good chap," said Estcourt. "I asked you to stand out, didn't I? Like my cheek! But, you see, I'd counted on it. I knew I could beat the rest. I was a bit unreasonable that night when I jawed to you on the deck of the Benbow. I'm sorry."

"Not at all; it's all right," said Drake. "I'm awfully sorry you're leaving. But if I hadn't come out on top I should be leaving. This rather leaves a bitter taste in the mouth, though."

"Oh, don't worry! I'm glad it turned out as it did," said Estcourt. "I—I—" He paused and flushed crimson. "Drake, I ought to beg your pardon before we part. The night before the exam Daubeny talked to me. He—he made me an offer—a certain way of winning the exam—"

"Blessed if I see how Daubeny had anything to do with that!" said Drake, in astonishment.

"By foul play, I mean."

"Estcourt!"

"I—I knocked him down," said Estcourt.

"Good for you!"

"But—but afterwards—I—it meant so much to me," said Estcourt, in a low voice. "I—I went to him afterwards. He gave me some stuff—some chemist's stuff. I—I was to put it in something for you. You remember I asked you into the canteen—"

Drake started.

"Estcourt, you never—"

"No, I didn't. You were puzzled when you saw me pitch the bottle out of the canteen window into the river. That was it."

"Oh!" said Drake, with a deep breath.

"I couldn't do it," muttered Estcourt. "If I'd nobbled you, as that rascal wanted, you'd have lost the exam. You wouldn't have been fit for it. I'd have bagged it. I came second, anyhow. But—but I'm glad—jolly glad—that I never played such a dirty trick. I'm going, but I'm going with a clean conscience. I—I beg your pardon, old fellow, for letting such a rotten thought come into my head at all."

"My dear old chap!" said Drake, in a moved voice. "You couldn't have done it. You couldn't have been quite yourself when you let that cad put such an idea into your head. As for Daub, I'll reckon with that rotter next term."

"I'm glad you don't bear any malice, anyhow," muttered Estcourt. "I was potty to think of such a thing for a minute. If I'd won the schol that way I couldn't have kept it. I'm glad I had sense enough at the last minute to think better of it. Good-bye, you fellows. I'm staying here for a bit."

The chums of the Fourth shook hands with Estcourt, and walked on towards Kingsford. Frank Estcourt remained on the hill, staring back towards the masts of the Benbow—taking a long, last look at the school to which he was saying good-bye for ever.

Homeward Bound!

JACK DRAKE'S face was clouded as he walked on with his chum, and the solitary figure on the hill disappeared behind.

"It doesn't seem quite fair somehow, Rodney," he said, after a long silence. "Estcourt was fagging for whole terms to work for the schol, and I waded in almost at the last."

"It's hard on him," said Rodney. "But it would have been hard on you if you'd lost."

"Of course, it can't be helped. But I'd give a good deal if poor old Estcourt could come back next term."

The chums walked on in silence for a time.

Kingsford came in sight, with a crowded St. Winny's bus rolling into the town in the distance.

"We part at the junction, I suppose?" said Drake. "Well, we shall be meeting again next term, at all events."

"I'm glad of that," said Rodney.

"Yes, rather! I—I wonder what it's like at home! I—I'm a bit puzzled."

"Your people will be pleased?"

"No doubt about that. But there's something I don't quite catch on to," said Drake thoughtfully. "You remember when my father came down to St. Winny's he was rather cut up because it looked as if I hadn't been working hard—hadn't been keeping my word? I—I was rather letting things slide for a bit. Well, while he was on the Benbow he told me he had brought me some news."

"Yes?"

"But, after seeing how things stood, he didn't tell me the news, whatever it was. He said that I was to prove that I could keep my word, or something to that effect. What the news was I don't know; I suppose I shall know when I get home."

"That's odd," said Dick Rodney.

"Isn't it? I can't imagine what it was; good news, I suppose, of some kind, but I'm blessed if I can guess what. And that isn't all. The whole bisney is rather queer. I've told you that my pater's poor; he was ruined by the slump. When I left home the place was to be sold up; the negotiations were already going on."

"Then you're not going back to your old quarters?"

"That's the queer part—I am," said Drake.

"Father's said nothing about a new address; he's written to me to come home as usual. They must be still in the old show, so the house hasn't been parted with. It's rather a big place—expensive, you know. How has the pater been keeping it on? It beats me."

"You'll know when you get home."

"Yes, I suppose so. But I've been thinking about it a lot the last week or two. Well, here's Kingsford."

"Hallo, Drake, old boy!" bawled Tuckey Toodles of the Fourth.

A heavily laden bus was rolling in, and Tuckey Toodles waved a fat and grubby hand to his studymate.

"Hallo, porpoise!" answered Drake cheerily.

"Come on to the station!" hooted Toodles.

"I've got your traps here, keeping an eye on them for you. I say, I want to speak to you, Drake."

The fat junior jumped from the slowly moving bus, and joined the two chums as they walked on to the station.

"You bagged it, after all, dear old boy!" said Toodles affectionately. "I knew you would! Put your money on our study; that's what I said to all the fellows. But you'll admit, Drake, that I helped you a good deal."

"You did?" ejaculated Drake, in astonishment.

"Yes, rather!" said Tuckey Toodles warmly. "You're going to admit that, Drake, aren't you? Haven't I often sat and talked to you, encouraging you—"

"Interrupting me, you mean!"

"If you're going to be ungrateful, Drake—"

"I am, old chap, as far as you're concerned!" said Drake, laughing.

"I know you're only joking, of course," said Tuckey Toodles cheerfully. "I'm making no secret of the fact that it was chiefly due to me that you bagged the schol. Raik says that you ought to whack it out with me. I'm speaking of the money that goes with it. Raik thinks I ought to have half."

"Raik's pulling your silly leg, you fat duffer!"

"Well, I won't claim half; I'm a generous chap. What I think is, you can stand me a fiver."

"Make it a bob!" suggested Drake.

"Oh, I say!"

Tuckey Toodles seemed unable to express his feelings at that suggestion. The juniors arrived at the station, and then Tuckey found his voice again.

"I say, Drake, are you coming in my train?"

"No."

"Well, hand over that bob!"

"What bob?"

"Didn't you tell me to make it a bob?" demanded Tuckey indignantly. "I've accepted the offer."

Drake chuckled, and tossed a shilling, which Tuckey caught in his fat palm. Shillings were not so plentiful with Jack Drake as in the old days, but he felt that he could spare that small sum, as he was not to see Rupert de Vere Toodles again for some days.

"There's time for a little refreshment; the train's not in yet," said Toodles, as he slipped the coin into his pocket. "Now, my idea was to stand you two fellows a feed here—"

"Not a bad idea."

"But I've had a pound note blown away—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, where are you fellows off to? Don't buzz off and leave a chap—Yah! Rotters!"

Tuckey made that final remark as Drake and Rodney vanished into the thronging crowd of St. Winny's fellows in the station.

A quarter of an hour later Drake had shaken hands with his chum for the last time, and the train was bearing him away home.

Great News!

MASTER JACK!

The chauffeur touched his cap as Jack Drake came out of the station, after his journey home.

Drake eyed him with surprise as he nodded.

"You here to meet me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Drake's sent the car."

"The car?" repeated the junior blankly.

"Here it is, sir."

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"Well, my hat!"

Drake opened his lips to speak again, but closed them. He was puzzled and mystified, but he could see that the chauffeur was surprised by his astonishment, and he said nothing further. He took his seat in the Rolls-Royce, and sank back on the cushions in a state of bewilderment as the chauffeur drove on the homeward way.

It was the same car and the same chauffeur, and he was going to the same home! What did it mean?

For a moment he almost wondered whether the last term had been a dream—whether his father's fall from fortune had been merely a figment of the imagination.

The junior arrived home like a fellow in a dream.

The Lodge was the same as of old; there seemed no change. He ran in to greet his mother, and his face brightened as he saw her. The care-worn look on her face, which he remembered from a term ago, was gone, and she greeted him with a happy smile.

After the first greetings had been exchanged the junior's curiosity broke out in bewildered questions.

"Mother, what does it all mean? Has anything happened? How is it we are still here?"

Mrs. Drake smiled softly.

"Your father has news for you, Jack."

"So he told me on the Benbow a few weeks back. But—I don't understand—"

"He is waiting for you in the library, my boy. Go to him now."

"Yes, mother."

Jack Drake was still feeling like a fellow in a dream as he entered the dusky old library, his father's favourite room. It was in that room that he had heard the crushing news a term ago—that he had learned that his riches were gone; that hard work and straitened means were to be his future lot. It came back into his mind now as his father rose to greet him.

"Jack, my boy!"

Mr. Drake shook hands with his son cordially. The news of the junior's success in his task had preceded him. His father knew that he had kept his word.

"Well, I've done it!" said Drake, with a smile.

"You have done as I believed you would, my boy," said his father. "It was only a question of whether you would realise your duty and resolve to do it."

"I mightn't have pulled it off, you know. One of the other fellows ran me very close—poor old Estcourt."

"If you had come in second or third, Jack, I should have been satisfied. It would have proved that you had tried hard."

"But it wouldn't have kept me at St. Winifred's, dad."

His father smiled.

"Sit down, Jack; I have something to tell you."

"The news you were going to tell me at St. Winny's, that day?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me then, dad?"

"I was disappointed in you," answered his father quietly. "You had not kept your word, Jack, and it looked as if you were going to slip back into your old ways. Now you have proved yourself."

"It—it wasn't easy, dad," faltered Jack. "I've had a good bit of a tussle at St. Winny's."

"I am sure of that. But it has done you good."

"I suppose it has. In fact, I'm sure it has,"

said Jack. "I—I've thought a lot of times how I took the bad news when you told me in this room a term ago. I—I was a selfish beast, dad."

"Not quite so bad as that; you were thoughtless. A little thoughtless for others, I am afraid, my boy. But you have learned a lesson since then. It was that you might finish learning it, Jack, that I did not tell you the news I came to tell you that day on the Benbow."

"And the news, dad? I—I think I can guess now."

"Matters have been very much improved, my boy, since you were last at home," said Mr. Drake. "It seemed, then, that all I had was gone—doubtful if I could do more than discharge my obligations, leaving us little or nothing. My fortune has mended, Jack. You would hardly understand, perhaps, if I explained."

"The money hasn't gone?" asked the junior, in wonder.

"It was gone. All that I had left was something which, at the time, had no market value," said Mr. Drake. "In my prosperous days I had made an investment in West Africa—a tin area in Nigeria. I expected little or nothing from it. But—"

"But?" exclaimed Jack breathlessly.

"But there have been discoveries on that land. It has proved to be one of the richest tin areas in Nigeria. It has now been sold to half a dozen companies to work for tin. And now"—Mr. Drake paused for a moment—"now, Jack, we are more wealthy than we have ever been before in the best of the old times."

"My only hat!"

"That is the news I should have given you that day on board the Benbow if you had not disappointed me. But as matters stood, I thought it better to let you keep on and pull through by your own efforts, Jack, and prove the stuff that was in you."

The junior's face was very bright.

"You were right, dad—quite right," he said. "But now—we're not poor?"

"No."

"We've got heaps of tin—I mean money—just like we used to have?"

"Heaps!" said Mr. Drake, with a smile.

"Hurrah!"

The next moment Mr. Drake was startled by the sight of his son executing a war-dance round the library table. His brow clouded a little.

"Jack!"

"Yes, dad?" Drake stopped. "Sorry! I couldn't help it. I feel so jolly!"

"My dear boy, I hope you are not thinking that our change of circumstances give you a right to fell back into your old habits of slackness."

"Father!" exclaimed the junior reproachfully.

"Well—"

"I was thinking of old Estcourt."

"Estcourt!" repeated Mr. Drake. "Who is Estcourt?"

"You've met him, I think, father—one of the Fourth at St. Winny's. He's a bit of a book-worm, but a really good chap. And I've beaten him for the schol."

And Drake poured out Estcourt's story breathlessly. Mr. Drake listened quietly, his eyes on his son.

"And what does this lead to, my boy?" he asked, at last.

"Well, if we're rich you can pay my fees at St. Winny's, as you used to do, father—"

"Certainly!"

"Then I shan't need the schol."

"You will not need it."

"Then can't I stand out and let old Estcourt have it?" exclaimed Drake. "He was second on the list, and not far behind me. All the rest were nearly nowhere."

Mr. Drake's look was very tender.

"My dear boy!" he said. "You were thinking of that—of your schoolfellow—"

"Naturally."

"You shall have your way, Jack. I will write to Dr. Goring to-day. The matter can easily be arranged, and the scholarship will be handed to the next on the list. I did not intend that you should keep it, after learning that it was not needed. It was founded for poor scholars, Jack, and you are not a poor scholar now. We should not be justified in keeping it."

"And old Estcourt can have it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Hurrah!"

Back Again!

THAT vacation was a happy one for Jack Drake. Fortune was smiling on him again, and the smiles of fortune were more enjoyable after the long days of trial.

His good news was soon communicated to Dick Rodney, and Rodney came over to the Lodge to spend part of his holidays there.

If Tuckey Toodles had known, most assuredly Tuckey would have come without waiting for the formality of being asked to do so. Fortunately Tuckey did not know.

During the vacation Mr. Drake visited the Head of St. Winifred's to make the arrangements concerning the Founders' Scholarship. And that matter was arranged completely to Jack's satisfaction.

The holidays passed all too quickly.

But the chums of the Fourth were not sorry, all the same, when the time came to return to the school on the river.

"You're coming up with me, Rodney," Drake said, a few days before the vacation ended. "I'm going up in the car—no dashed trains this time—and you're coming, too—see? I want to see Daubeny's face."

And Rodney laughed and assented.

On the opening day of the new term two youths in exceedingly high spirits started in the Rolls-Royce for the school on the river.

When the car came through Chade, the village

DETECTIVE KERR INVESTIGATES.

Solution:

KERR: It was fairly clear that Skimpole had put his cap down in Racke's study when he called to deliver Banks' message, and forgotten it. Knowing that Racke and his cronies had placed bets with Banks, the evidence seemed to point conclusively to Racke, Crooke, Mellish, or Scrope as the culprit. But then I remembered Banks said that he had taken bets from five juniors. Skimpole had said Carker of the Grammar School was with Racke & Co. when he visited them. Racke readily produced proof that he and his three friends had been in the Wayland Empire at the time of the incident—the cinema half-tickets. All I did then was to get in touch with Gordon Gay. Gay "settled up" with Carker, the real culprit! And St. Jim's gallantly won the replay, 3-2.

street was sprinkled with St. Winifred's fellows gathering for the new term. From the village station a fat figure was emerging, as the car slackened in the village street. Tuckey Toodles yelled to the chums.

"Hold on, Drake! Give a fellow a lift!"

"Right-ho!"

The car stopped and Tuckey Toodles clambered in. His face was as fat and grubby as ever.

"Dear old boys, so glad to see you again!" burbled Toodles. "I've had a terrific time in the vac—simply terrific!"

"I told you to wash your face during the vac, Tuckey. Why didn't you?"

"He, he, he! I say, how much are you paying by the hour for this car, Drake?"

Drake chuckled.

"Nixes!"

Tuckey Toodles opened his eyes wide.

"Somebody lent it to you for the day?" he asked.

"Exactly."

"I say, who was it?" exclaimed Toodles eagerly. "I'd like to know that chap."

"Ha, ha! My father."

"Oh crumbs! Isn't your father hard up any more?"

"No."

"Oh! I—I say, Jacky, dear old boy, I never did quite swallow that yarn about your being hard up," said Toodles, shaking his head sagely.

"It was really too thick, you know. I knew you were spoofing, all the time. He, he, he!"

"Then you knew more than I did!" said Drake, laughing.

"You couldn't take me in, you know. I knew it all the time. But I stuck to you while you

were poor, old chap, didn't I? That's what I call being a faithful pal."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Drake and Rodney.

"Well, I did, you know—stuck to you like glue, when Daub & Co. gave you the marble eye. Loyal, I call it. Say, Drake, have you really got plenty of dibs, like you used to have?"

"More," grinned Drake.

"Oh, I say, that's corking! I say, Drake—I'll tell you what. I had a pound-note blown away last term—"

"Go hon!"

"You lend me a pound," said Tuckey Toodles, "and—and if that note is—is ever found in the river I'll hand it to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

To Tuckey's astonishment and delight a pound-note was forthcoming. Nothing more could have been needed to prove to Toodles that Drake was indeed wealthy once more, and that he, Toodles, had been his most loyal and faithful chum in the days of adversity.

Tuckey was fairly bubbling with affection as the big car rushed on by the road to the river.

When it halted outside the gates of the gangway another car was there, from which Daubeny, Egan, and Torrence of the Shell were alighting.

Daubeny & Co. glanced at the Rolls-Royce, and at Drake and his companions, in surprise.

Drake did not seem to see Vernon Daubeny.

As soon as the dandy of the Shell became acquainted with the new state of affairs it was only too likely that there would be friendly overtures from him; but if they came, Drake knew how he intended to meet them. He was never likely to be friendly again with the black sheep of St. Winifred's.

Tuckey Toodles grinned at the bucks of the Shell as he rolled out of the car. He wagged a fat and grubby forefinger at them.

"Yah!" was his greeting.

Drake dismissed the car when the baggage had been landed, to walk over the gangway to the school on the warship. Daubeny & Co. were still staring.

"Yah!" went on Toodles. "D'you hear me, Daub? I said 'Yah!'"

"Shurrup, you funny little idiot!" snapped Vernon Daubeny.

"Yah! I say, Daub, it was all spoof—Drake's as rich as a millionaire!" said Tuckey Toodles.

"Rolling in it—fairly oozing oof, you know! Yah! Aren't you sorry you gave him the marble eye—what? He, he, he!"

And leaving the bucks to digest that playful remark, Tuckey rolled on after Jack and Rodney, quite determined to constitute himself Jack Drake's best and closest chum for ever.

"Oh gad!" was all Daubeny said.

But he thought a great deal.

Drake and Rodney hurried down to bag their study—Study No. 8. Tuckey Toodles rolled in after them.

"Here we are again, old tops!" he chirruped.

"I suppose you'll furnish the study now, Drake, same as I did last term? I'll see to it for you. You hand me fifty pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, twenty. You hand me twenty pounds—"

"Buzz off to the canteen and change a pound-note, Tuckey—"

"Eh? Not mine?"

"Ha, ha! No—this one."

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NOVEMBER "FOOTER-STAMPS" RESULT!

Good "scoring" was again the feature of our fourth "Footer-Stamps" (November) prize-giving. The actual scores that won Free Footballs were 77 "goals" and over, and their senders' names are given here. A Prize Football has been promptly sent off to these winners.

Allum, P. D., Shaftesbury; Arnold, A., London, S.E.; Atkins, D., London, N.W.; Baguley, J., Alderley Edge; Baker, J., London, W.; Baldwin, J. E., Bedford; Barber, G., Manchester; Barraclough, F., Mirfield; Barriball, E., Exeter; Barter, L. D., Portsmouth; Batt, A. G., Bristol; Bell, N., Kenton; Benson, J., Bromley; Bexon, J., Ilkeston; Blake, G., Wendlebury; Blake, R. W., Sutton; Blencowe, J., London, S.W.; Blott, A., Bletchley; Booker, S., Brixworth; Brocklebank, J., Sevenoaks; Brown, C., Glasgow; Brown, R., London, W.; Brown, W., Kenton; Bryan, R. J., Leicester; Bull, A., Camberley; Burgin, P., Leeds; Butler, R., Fairford; Casajana, B., Nottingham; Catchpole, W., Cork; Cave, L., Retford; Charlton, H., Harrow; Chamberlain, M. J., Dukinfield; Charman, K., London, E.; Charman, S., Merstham; Chapman, D., Coventry; Chapman, R., Plymouth; Chick, J., Chester; Clark, D., Dublin; Clark, V., King's Lynn; Clarke, D. H., Bedford; Clifford, R. W., Bath; Coleman, B., London, W.; Conolly, F., Wembley; Cooksey, G., Tunstall; Cooper, R. W., Bromley; Cork, A., Dagenham; Cornwall, K. H., Seven Kings; Cousins, O., Annalong; Cox, P., London, N.W.; Cox, R., Aeddlestone; Craddock, J. W., Bramhope; Crawley, C., Ventnor; Cuthbert, H., Leicester; Davies, B., London, N.; Davis, R. G., Northampton; Davis, V., Woodbridge; Dockerty, C., London, S.W.; Downing, J., Holmes; Doyle, W., Dunlaoghaire; Drew, N., Westerham; Dunn, T., Stoke-on-Trent; Eaton, J., Langwith; Edser, J., Enfield; Edwards, J., Waterloo; Elliott, J., London, E.; Ellis, W., Harlow; Emsden, R., Tiverton; Ensor, R., Coventry; Faulkner, J., Dagenham; Fearnhead, L., Manchester; Finch, J., Luton; Fisher, J., Winchester; Fleming, K. M., Ramsgate; Fletcher, R., Billingham; Foreman, T., Roffey; Ford, K., Netley; Fordham, J., Hindhead; Fraser, C. A., London, S.E.; Gates, R., Alton; Gay, S., Falmouth; Geere, D. B., Buckhurst Hill; Gilbert, D., Alford; Gill, G., Honiton; Girt, G., Bolton; Goddard, N., Bradford; Goldblum, B., London, N.; Gordon, A., London, W.; Gordon, W., Inverness; Gray, W., Altrincham; Gregory, W. B., Altrincham; Grice, R., London, W.; Griffiths, H. D., Newport; Guerri, A., York; Hale, R., Westcliff; Hammell, P. J., London, S.W.; Hammond, A., Brightonsea; Hancock, W. G., Whitstable; Harris, R., Northampton; Harrison, E., Northampton; Harrison, J., Leagrave; Hart, C., Feltham; Harvey, E., West Croydon; Hatrey, G., Plymouth; Hayes, H., Boston Spa; Haynes, S. B., Leicester; Haywood, B., Coventry; Hazel, D., Plaistow, E.; Head, E., London, E.; Healy, P., Cork; Hemmings, A. J., Redmarley; Higgins, M. J., Marlborough; Hilton, N., Hazel Grove; Hobbs, D. C., Bristol; Hodgson, N., London, S.W.; Holmes, E., Chesterfield; Horne, C., Retford; Houchin, A., Manchester; Hough, R., Bebington; Howes, H., London, E.; Hunt, D., Newmarket; Hunter, K. R., Hull; Hurst, H., Blythe Bridge; Isherwood, J. R., Coventry; Jackson, A., Birmingham; Jackson, D., London, E.; Jackson, R., Sheffield; Jennings, D., Guiseley; Johnson, F., Sandy;

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Tuckey Toodles carefully stowed the note away in an inside pocket.

"Ah, that's right, old fellow!" he murmured contentedly. "Keep to your good resolution all along the term."

"What resolution, you chump?"

"Why, not to be so jolly mean as you were last term."

"Wh-what the——"

"And always stand by the chaps who stood by you in your misfortunes."

Drake burst into a laugh.

"Buzz off and change that pound-note!" he exclaimed.

"My dear old fellow, anything to oblige!" And Tuckey Toodles trotted happily away.

There was a step in the passage and Frank Estcourt looked in. Drake shook hands with him cheerily.

"Back again!" he remarked.

"Yes." Estcourt pressed his hand. "I'm here

on the Founders' Scholarship this term. You can imagine what I felt, Drake, when my father had a letter from the Head telling him that the winner had resigned the schol to the next on the list. And you—you——"

"I don't need it. We're all serone again at home."

"I understand. It was generous of you, though. I shan't forget it," said Estcourt. "It's good to be back at St. Winny's again, isn't it?"

"Ripping!" said Drake.

And that evening there was a crowded party in Study No. 8 to celebrate the opening of the new term, at which Tuckey Toodles distinguished himself to such an extent that deep groans were heard proceeding from his hammock after lights-out.

Next Wednesday: "THE ST. WINIFRED'S ELECTION."

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YELLOW VENGEANCE!

(Continued from page 28.)

"It was Yen Chin," said Frank. "He—he must be mad. I thought he was playing some trick with Gunten's lemonade. And he says—he says he's put poison in it because Gunten scalded him!"

Yen Chin nodded.

"Guntce nearly deadee," he remarked. "Thlee more minnte and Guntce quite deadee. You no suffec muchee painee, Guntce."

"It cannot be possible," said Miss Meadows, aghast. "I do not believe it. You are speaking falsely, Yen Chin. Tell me the truth. Have you really placed anything in Gunten's drink?"

"Me puttee in powdee."

"What kind of powder?"

"Powdee buyee at chemist in Thompson," confessed Yen Chin.

Miss Meadows breathed with relief.

"Then it is certainly not poison!" she exclaimed. "The chemist would not sell you poison. It must be a harmless powder."

Yen Chin grinned.

"Allee light," he said calmly. "Takee one spoonee full, velly big dose. Takee thlee spoonee full, give lots pain in tummee. Me givee Guntce thlee spoonee full. Guntce no see. Guntce velly big fool. Guntce have painee, no die."

Gunten almost forgot his pain in his rage as he realised that once more he had been the victim of the little Celestial's cunning.

Frank Richards gasped with relief. Miss Meadows fixed a stern look upon Yen Chin.

"How dare you play such a trick, you wicked boy?" she exclaimed. "You have spoken falsely, too."

"All Chinee tellee whooppee," said Yen Chin innocently. "Me playee tick on Guntce because wicked Guntce scalded Chinee."

"That was an accident, was it not, Gunten?"

"Ow! Yes! Ow!"

"Guntce tellee whooppee."

"There is nothing to be alarmed about," said Miss Meadows severely. "Yen Chin, I shall punish you. Come into my room!"

The Celestial ceased to grin as he followed Miss Meadows in. There was a terrific yelling from the schoolhouse for a few minutes, and then Yen Chin came out, doubled up, and still howling.

"My hat! Miss Meadows must have laid it on this time!" exclaimed Frank Richards. He clapped Yen Chin on the shoulder. "Cheer up, kid! Why—what—"

Yen Chin suddenly undoubled, as it were, and looked up at him with a placid grin.

"Allee light!" he said cheerfully.

"Then what were you yelling about?" demanded Frank indignantly.

The astute Chinee chuckled.

"Yellee muchee so Missee Meadee not hurtee poor little Chinee," he explained. "No hurtee, and no wantee be hurtee—savvy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob.

Frank Richards did not speak. He could only stare at the astute little rascal. He felt that Yen Chin, the wily son of the Flowery Land, was too much for him!

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"THE TERROR OF CEDAR CREEK!"

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