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**G. WILSON**  
(Wednesday F.C.)

# The GEM LIBRARY

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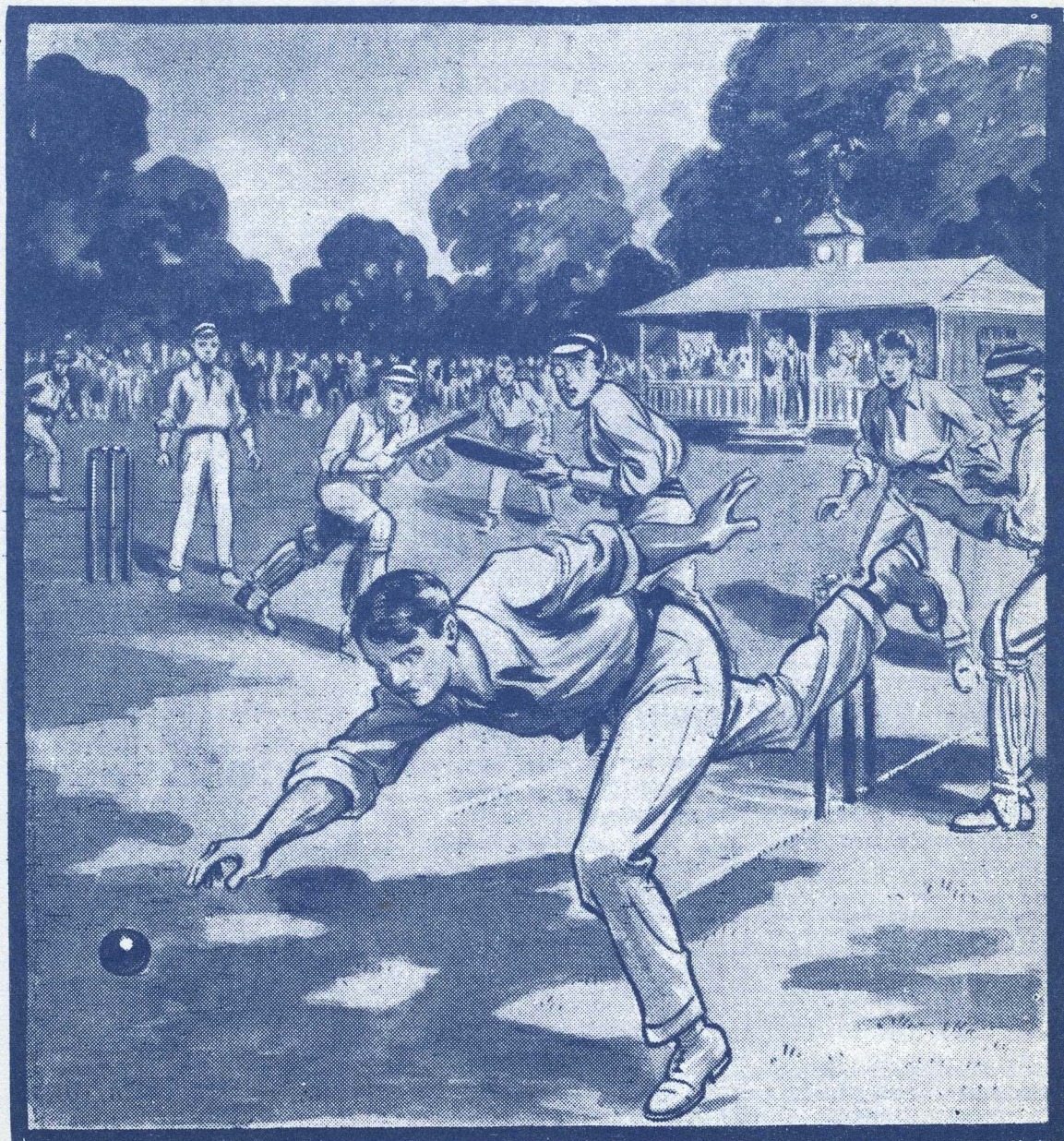


**J. FORT**  
(Millwall F.C.)

No. 754. Vol. XXII.

Every Wednesday.

July 22nd, 1922.



**GUSSY GOING GREAT GUNS AT GREYFRIARS!**

*(An Exciting Incident from the Thrilling Long Complete School Story inside.)*

## TWO CAPITAL FOOTBALLERS!

GEORGE WILSON (*The Wednesday F.C.*) and  
JOHN FORT (*Millwall Athletic F.C.*)

### GEORGE WILSON.

#### Centre-Half of the Wednesday.

It is generally admitted that of all the positions on the football field, the one which is the most difficult to fill satisfactorily is that of centre-half. That being so, it follows that a player chosen to play in English International matches in that position gains a great honour and in most of the Internationals since the war, George Wilson, of the Wednesday, has been given the centre-half berth. This means, of course, that in the eyes of the selectors, he is the best centre-half in the length and breadth of the land, and those people who see Wilson at all regularly are not inclined to doubt the accuracy of this summation.

From start to finish of the most strenuous game he can be depended upon to be in the thick of the fight; now pushing the ball through to the men in front of him, and anon falling back to guard his goal in a manner which few can equal. In addition to his sheer footballing ability, he is also a wise captain, and it is no fault of his that the Sheffield club, for which he plays, is in the Second Division.

Born at Blackpool, George Wilson first learned to play football on the firm sands which are to be found when the tide goes out at the Lancashire seaside resort. From there he went for a spell to Morecambe, but came back to his native Blackpool to play for the premier club of the town in 1911. Wilson stayed "at home" until nearly the end of the 1919-20 season, and then, anxious to get on in the football world, he was transferred to the Wednesday for a sum of three thousand pounds.

It would seem that the change did him good, for he has certainly played better at Sheffield than ever he did at Blackpool, and at the enclery centre he was promptly made captain of the side, just as he had been captain at Blackpool. In the army during the war, he came back with wounds, and a Belgian Medal of Honour.

### JOHN FORT.

#### Full-Back of Millwall Athletic.

In the past few seasons there has been no more consistent or conscientious player on the books of the Millwall club than right full-back John Fort. Strongly built, and weighing a few pounds over twelve stone, he is a fine example of a sturdy and stalwart defender who can kick well from almost any angle, and who declines to be hustled off the ball once

he is in possession. He is also a believer in the virtues of the good square shoulder charge as a way of edging his opponents off the ball.

Fort is a native of Lancashire, having been born at Leigh, and learning his football with a club named Plank Lane Juniors at the same time as Hibbert, now of Oldham Athletic. At the age of nineteen years Fort took up the game as a profession, and his first big club was Exeter City. There he stayed from 1911 to 1914, when he was transferred to Millwall.

In the old Southern League days he played for that body in representative matches, and that he has since the war been considered among the best backs in the country is proved by the fact that he has twice played in International trial matches. Plays cricket and bowls during the summer as a way of keeping himself fit for the more strenuous winter game.

### C. M. BUCHAN, (Sunderland and England.)



A Wonderful ACTION Photograph of the above well-known Footballer will be presented FREE with next week's GEM. You should make sure of a copy by ordering EARLY.

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

The Editor would like to hear from his reader chums. Address all letters to Editor, "The Gem Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

### My Dear Chums,—

There will be a first-rate action photo in next week's GEM, showing C. M. Buchan (Sunderland F.C. and England). I believe it is pretty well unnecessary these days to say much concerning this splendid series, for everybody knows what an excellent feature it is. But I will just point out that the "Magnet" next Monday will give portraits of great excellence of Tom Cairns (Glasgow Rangers F.C.), and Sam Chedzoy (Everton F.C.), while the "Boys' Friend" has a treat next week in its photo of Eugene Cricqui, the famous French Feather-weight Champion of the World, the man who won laurels when he met Charles Ledoux last February.

Of a certainty Mr. Martin Clifford has never turned out finer, or grippier, yarns than he is doing now. The celebrated author scores fresh points each week. I can just let next week's story, "The Refugee at Highcliffe!" tell its own tale when Wednesday comes round. We can guess something of what might happen when so distinguished a fugitive takes shelter under the hospitable wing of Highcliffe.

Mr. Duncan Storm is carrying on in record style in his serial, "All On His Own." There is heart in this yarn, and wit, for Mr. Storm has a real sense of humour (see the Bombay Castle tales), and I do not think I could have done better than add the yarn in question to the GEM bill of fare.

The "Popular" continues to please everybody with its coloured plates of railway engines.

To wind up, I have a very important bit of intelligence to impart, namely, that the new volume of the "Holiday Annual" will be on the market on September 1st. Take a word of advice, and order early, so as not to be disappointed, for there will be a record rush for the most popular season's book which ever issued from the press.

YOUR EDITOR.

## "MY READERS' OWN CORNER!"

Tuck Hampers and Money Prizes Awarded for Interesting Paragraphs.  
(If your name is not here this week it may be next.)

### A NEEDLE IN THE AIR.

Place a magnet on a little stand above the level of the table; then bring a small sewing-needle with a thread within a little distance of the magnet, keeping hold of the thread to prevent the needle attaching itself to the magnet. The needle in endeavouring to fly to the magnet, and being prevented by the thread, will remain suspended in the air.—W. Law, Cross Green, Eastington, near Stonehouse, Glos.

### A WILD DUCK.

During harvest-time the summer before last I caught a wild drake, which still lives with me. I was going to work in the fields, and saw a great many wild ducks. They all flew off but one. It could not fly, and I caught it and placed it in my satchel. I left the satchel in a patch of stinging nettles till dinner-time, and afterwards I took the bird home and put it amongst the fowls. Well, it grew as tame as anything after three or four months. It will feed from my hand. It fights the cockerel and always wins. It has the run of the garden, and is often seen in the pond, where he will step till feeding-time. It has full liberty, and does not want to go away. It stands on my shoulder.—Half-a-crown awarded to James Davies, 1, New Road, Chippnall, Cheswardine, Market Drayton, Salop.

## This Wins Our Tuck Hamper

### THE SAILOR SCORED.

"I thought, sir—" began the sailor. "Thought!" thundered the officer, who was reprimanding the man. "You are not supposed to think!" "I beg your pardon, sir," said the sailor. A few days later the sailor was sent ashore to get the officer some cigarette-papers, and as the officer had no change, he gave the man a five-pound note and said: "Get me some cigarette-papers." The sailor returned, staggering under the weight of a heavy load. "What on earth have you got there?" asked the officer. "Your cigarette-papers, sir. You did not tell me how many you wanted." "But what do you think I can do with five pounds' worth of cigarette-papers?" "Don't know, sir," replied the sailor. "I am not supposed to think!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to Miss N. Richards, 70, Ella Road, West Bridgford, Notts.

### TUCK HAMPER COUPON THE GEM LIBRARY.

No attempt will be considered unless accompanied by one of these Coupons.

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# Gussy at Greyfriars!

A Grand, Long, Complete School Story of the Chums of St. Jim's telling how Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the runaway from school, shines in a great cricket match at Greyfriars.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

## CHAPTER I.

### Nox, and Knox, and Knocks!

"JOLLY dark!" murmured Tom Merry.

"All the better!" remarked Manners.

"Yes, but don't shove!"

"Who's shoving?" asked Blake's voice.

"You are, you ass!"

"You mean you're in the way, fathead!" suggested Blake pleasantly.

"Look here—"

"Shush!" murmured Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry, the captain of the Shell, breathed hard, and suppressed his feelings. Certainly it was no time for an argument with Blake of the Fourth.

Darkness hung like a black cloak over the old quadrangle at St. Jim's. It was a warm summer's night, almost breathless, but deeply dark, with hardly a star glimmering in the sky.

At that hour—nearly eleven o'clock—the six juniors ought to have been in bed in their dormitories—where they were supposed to be. But the enterprising juniors of St. Jim's were not, at all times, exactly where they were supposed to be.

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther had silently quitted the Shell dormitory while the rest of the Shell slumbered—what time Blake and Herries and Digby stole out of the Fourth Form sleeping quarters.

They had foregathered in the quadrangle, under an old elm. From several windows in the School House, lights glimmered through the curtains; but in all other spots it was intensely dark.

Six juniors were on the war-path. The destined victim was Knox of the Sixth; and Tom Merry & Co., quite hidden in the blackness under the elm, were watching the gravel path—for Knox.

The bully of the Sixth had caused all the trouble which had led Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth to run away from school. D'Arcy's chums felt that it was up to them to make Gerald Knox suffer for his sins. His sins were many; and his punishment was to be in proportion.

But as Knox was a Sixth Form prefect, it was necessary to be very cautious in dealing with him—very cautious indeed. Handling a prefect was a serious matter.

Hence the night attack which the half-dozen avengers had planned.

Jack Blake had a cricket stump under his arm. That stump and Knox were to make close and painful acquaintance if all went well.

There were five other pairs of hands to hold Knox while Blake put in his operation with the cricket stump; then there was to be a sudden flight, and deep, dark secrecy.

Meanwhile, the six juniors watched and waited.

It was rather difficult to keep watch, with the darkness so thick that a hand held up before the eyes could hardly be seen; but the juniors depended on their hearing.

Knox was due to pass along that path sooner or later, and when he passed the thunderbolt would fall.

Tom Merry & Co. waited with all the patience they could muster. It would have been more judicious to wait in silence, but as the long minutes crawled by there were whispered and muttered remarks. It was risky to leave the dormitory at such an hour; riskier to remain out of it for a long time, and they felt that it was inconsiderate of Knox to keep them hanging about like this.

"When is that brute coming!" murmured Manners, as eleven strokes boomed out from the clock tower.

"Can't be long now," said Tom Merry.

"Just like the cad, to keep us waiting till midnight!" grumbled Herries.

"Even Knox could hardly keep it up so late as that," said Tom Merry reflectively. "He's a giddy goat, but not so giddy as that! He won't be long now."

"Bother him!"

"Bless him!"

"Better not jaw!" said Digby. "If he hears us, coming along—"

"Yaw-aw-aw!" yawned Manners.

"Suppose he isn't gone out, after all?" suggested Herries.

Tom grunted.

"That's a cheerful supposition, when we've come here to bag him on his way in!" he said.

"Well, we only had it from Trimble."

Another grunt.

"Oh, it's all right!" said Blake. "Trimble told us plainly that he heard Knox mention to Cutts of the Fifth that he was going to see a man in Rycombe to-night. That means billiards at the Green Man. We all know what a black-guard Knox is."

"Yes, but he mayn't be gone blagging to-night, all the same. Trimble is a fat idiot!"

Herries seemed unconvinced.

But there was a general grunt from his comrades. When they had taken all this risk and trouble to catch Knox, they did not like to think that the sportsman of the Sixth might be in bed in his room all the time. Catching Knox on an occasion like this was the chance of a lifetime, as it were.

Knox could not possibly admit that he had been out of bounds at such an hour; so after he had been duly stumped, there was no danger of an inquiry to follow. Even if Knox suspected the identity of the stumpers, he would have to keep the affair dark, in the circumstances.

"I say, I'm jolly sleepy," yawned Herries.

"You generally are!" grunted Manners.

"Look here, Manners—"

"Patience, my sons!" murmured Monty Lowther. "Don't rag! This is the chance of a lifetime for stumping Knox! We shall be able to give him knocks—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Unseen, in the shadow of nox!" continued Monty Lowther, whose punning proclivities never could be restrained.

"What the thump do you mean—the shadow of Knox?" grunted Herries. "Knox won't have a shadow, when there's no light!"

"The shadow of nox—don't they teach you in the Fourth Form that nox is Latin for night?" asked Monty sarcastically.

"Oh! It's a rotten pun?"

"It may seem rotten to a Fourth Form fathead!" said Lowther.

Herries was about to make a heated rejoinder, when Tom Merry whispered suddenly:

"Shush! He's coming!"

The six juniors scarcely breathed. Along the gravel path came the sound of crunching footsteps.

The victim was arriving.

Blake let the stump slip down from under his arm, and took a firm grip upon it. The five other fellows stood ready to jump on Gerald Knox as soon as he came abreast of the ambush. They peered out into the gloom, but could see nothing. But the footsteps came nearer and nearer; and at last a faint, shadowy form loomed in the surrounding darkness.

"Now!" breathed Tom Merry.

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There was a reckless rush.

The juniors grabbed the shadowy form, and it came down on the gravel with a bump. It was rolled over almost with the same movement. Jack Blake was ready. The stump swept down.

Whack!

"Ooooooop!" came in a muffled yell.

Whack!

"Ow! Oh! Ah! Oop! Help! Bless my soul, what—what—what— Help! Footpads! Police! Help!"

If the victim of the ambush had become suddenly red-hot, Tom Merry & Co. could not have released him more quickly. For the voice was not that of Gerald Knox; Trimble's information had not been exact, after all. The voice was the voice of Mr. Selby, the master of the Third Form.

Really, Tom Merry & Co. weren't to blame. They could not be expected to know that Mr. Selby had been out that evening, or that he would be returning at the time they were expecting Knox of the Sixth to come sneaking back to his study window.

It was simply a disastrous catastrophe for which nobody, really, was to blame.

But it was an awfully serious catastrophe! Stumping a Form-master—the bare thought almost made their heads swim!

They let go of Mr. Selby with amazing speed, and backed off. Mr. Selby rolled on the gravel and yelled for help.

Six horror-stricken juniors fled into the night.

Behind them they could hear the powerful voice of Mr. Selby, who seemed to be under-studying the celebrated Bull of Bashan in his roaring. How they got back into the box-room window, Tom Merry & Co. hardly knew.

They did not exchange a word. There was no time for words.

They bolted into their dormitories, like rabbits into burrows, and plunged into bed.

They were between the sheets, while Mr. Selby was still roaring in the quadrangle, and doors were opening, and lights flashing and voices calling.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Tom Merry. "We—we shall have to keep this fearfully dark, you chaps!"

"Go to sleep!" breathed Manners.

"What awful luck!" groaned Monty Lowther. "There were nox and knocks, but no Knox! What?"

"Cheese it, for goodness' sake!"

"Hallo, what's going on?" came a sleepy voice from Grundy's bed.

The Terrible Three did not answer. They composed themselves to sleep, but it was a long time before they found repose in the arms of Morpheus.

## CHAPTER 2.

### A Bob for Bunter I

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY paused. It was a blazing afternoon. The swell of St. Jim's, far enough now from his school, stood in the chalky lane on the hillside and pushed back his shining top. Gladly, at that moment, would Arthur Augustus have exchanged the top for a Panama or a straw. But his departure from St. Jim's had been too hurried for the packing of baggage. D'Arcy of the St. Jim's Fourth had the clothes he stood up in, and the handsome top that gleamed on his noble head. The rest of his rather extensive wardrobe was still at St. Jim's.

In the blazing sun the sea glimmered in the distance, and round him the green downs and the rich fields of Kent. And across green fields, rich hedgerows, and leafy trees, the grey old buildings of Greyfriars School rose into view. Many a time had Arthur Augustus looked on that fine sight, when coming over with a cricket or football team to play Greyfriars. He was now looking on it in very different circumstances. He had run away from St. Jim's, and, with all his sublime confidence in his noble self, he was feeling rather at a loose end.

He pushed his handsome top farther back from his perspiring brow, and fanned his noble forehead with his handkerchief. It was warm—indubitably warm—and there were gnats and midges, and a great many of them seemed to have taken a fancy to Arthur Augustus.

"Well, there's Gweyfwiahs!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "Wathah warm work walkin' from the station. But in the circe a fellah is bound to save money. When I wun out of money I weally do not quite know what I am goin' to do. Howevah, suffish for the day is the evil thereof; I have not wun out of money yet."

"Hi!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave a slight start, as he was hailed from the thick bank of trees by the roadside. He glanced round quickly.

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On the grass under the trees a fat youth in Etons was seated. He was propped against a big trunk, and his fat little legs were stretched out before him. His straw hat was pushed back from a shiny face. There was a paper bag on his fat knees, and a quantity of crumbs, and a smear or two of jam. Apparently the fat junior had just been disposing of jam tarts. They had left their traces on his fat face and his podgy fingers. He blinked at Arthur Augustus through a big pair of glasses, and nodded and grinned.

"Fancy meeting you, old bean!" he said.

"Bai Jove! Buntah!"

Billy Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove nodded again. "Coming over to pay us a visit, old top?" he asked.

"I was thinkin' of dwoppin' in to see Wharton," answered Arthur Augustus.

"Wharton's playing cricket this afternoon," said Bunter. "It's a half-holiday, you know. The Remove are playing Highcliffe."

Bunter ran his fat fingers through the paper bag, as if in the hope of finding there a tart he might have overlooked. There was no tart; but he picked up a few jammy crumbs from his knees, and devoured them.

"Jolly glad to see you, Gussy!" he continued. "I haven't forgotten how you put me up when I came over to St. Jim's, you know."

"Oh!" said Arthur Augustus. He did not remember having been glad to see Bunter on that occasion. But Bunter was full of cordiality now, whether his visit to St. Jim's had been a success or not.

"Topping to see you here!" continued the fat junior. "Come and sit down and have a rest."

"Thank you, Buntah! I wathah think I will be gettin' on to Gweyfwiahs."

"Right-ho, I'll trot along with you!" said Bunter. "Pway don't twouble, deah boy."

"No trouble at all—in fact, a pleasure," said Bunter, scrambling out of the grass.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus. Billy Bunter rolled on by his side as he resumed his way to Greyfriars.

"Jolly long way to pay a visit on a half-holiday, D'Arcy!" Bunter remarked.

"Yaas."

Arthur Augustus did not intend to confide to William George Bunter the fact that he had run away from school.

"All the more honoured, you know," said Bunter. "I say, D'Arcy, did you pass a postman on the road?"

"No, Bunter."

"It's rather annoying," said Billy Bunter confidentially. "He's late. He's got a remittance for me, and he's late."

"That is weally too bad."

"Yes. You see, I'm expecting a postal-order this afternoon."

"Are you weally?"

"For ten bob," said Bunter, eyeing Arthur Augustus in a sidelong way. "As the postman's so late, probably it won't come in time for tea."

"But it is not neally tea-time yet, Buntah!"

"Well, I have my tea fairly early," said Bunter. "I suppose you wouldn't mind lending me the ten bob, and taking the postal order when it comes?"

Arthur Augustus did not reply.

"I should really be obliged if you would!" hinted Bunter. "The fact is, Buntah, I have to be vewy careful with my money now."

"Short of it, what?" asked Bunter sympathetically.

"Yaas, wathah."

"I know what it's like. I've been there," said Bunter. "I've sometimes been stony for—for hours, because a postal-order was late. A fellow can't be too careful with his money. There's no risk in this case, of course, as I shall hand you the postal-order immediately it comes."

"If you will excuse me, Buntah, I would wathah not make anybody a loan at the present time."

"Very sensible, too," said Bunter. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be, you know. But this isn't a loan. You simply hand me ten bob, and then take the postal-order. I say, don't walk so fast, D'Arcy! I can hardly keep up with you!"

The swell of St. Jim's slackened a little.

"Well, about that ten bob!" said Bunter cheerfully.

Arthur Augustus hesitated. It really was not easy to refuse Bunter, as that cheerful youth was determined not to take no for an answer.

But Arthur Augustus, with all the world before him, and a limited capital, felt the stern necessity of husbanding his resources. He hesitated, but he shook his head.

"I am sowwy, Buntah—"

"I hope," said Bunter, with dignity, "that you do not doubt that I shall square immediately the postal-order arrives."

"But it may not awwive, Buntah."



With a reckless rush, the juniors grabbed the shadowy form, and it came down on the gravel with a bump! It was rolled over almost with the same movement. Jack Blake was ready, and his stump came down with a thwack. "Oooooop!" came in a muffled yell. "Footpads! Police! Help!" Tom Merry & Co. released their victim as though he had become suddenly red-hot, for the voice was not that of Gerald Knox. It was Mr. Selby's voice! (See page 4.)

"Absolutely no doubt about that," said Bunter. "It's from one of my titled relations."

"Bai Jove!"

"But I'll tell you what," said Bunter. "Make it five."

"I am sowwy, Buntah, but I cannot even make it five," said Arthur Augustus firmly.

"What I really meant to say was that half-a-crown would see me through," explained Bunter.

"Would it weally?"

"Oh, yes, quite!"

"Then I am sincerely sowwy that I cannot lend you half-a-crown, Buntah," said Arthur Augustus politely.

"Look here, D'Arcy—"

"Pewwaps I am walkin' too fast for you, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus considerably. "If you would wathah take a wath—"

"Now I think it over," said Bunter, unheeding. "I could make a bob do till the postal-order comes. I suppose you're not short of a bob, D'Arcy? It's rather unusual for me to borrow money, but the fact of the matter is I could do with a bob."

Arthur Augustus slid his hand into his pocket. A shilling was a shilling, in the limited state of his finances. But, after all, it was cheap to get rid of Bunter at the price.

He drew out a shilling, and dropped it into Bunter's ready hand—ready and jammy and sticky.

"Thanks, old top!" said Bunter carelessly. "By the way, you know your way to Greyfriars, of course. I remember I've got an appointment to keep in the village. See you later."

"Bai Jove!"

Billy Bunter turned back in the direction of Friardale, and scuttled off, leaving the distinguished guest without ceremony. Arthur Augustus stared after him through his eyeglass. It was probable that Bunter's suddenly remembered appointment was at the village tuckshop, and that Gussy's shilling enabled him to keep it.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus again. "I cannot help wegardin' that fellow Buntah as a wathah howwid boundah!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy resumed his way to

Greyfriars, relieved at least of Billy Bunter's fascinating society—a relief that was worth a shilling at the lowest possible computation.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### Arthur Augustus at Greyfriars!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

It was Bob Cherry's stentorian voice.

Five juniors were loafing at the gates of Greyfriars, apparently waiting for somebody, when the elegant figure of the swell of St. Jim's came up the road.

Arthur Augustus' face brightened. He was glad to see Harry Wharton & Co., and they, evidently, were glad to see him, as well as surprised.

Wharton and Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent and Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur, came out of the gateway to meet the unexpected visitor.

The greeting was very cheery on both sides.

"Jolly glad to see you, old scout!" said Harry Wharton.

"Any more of the St. Jim's chaps coming along?"

Arthur Augustus coloured slightly.

"No; I am on my own," he answered. "Bein' at Folkestone, you know, I thought I would wun ovah and see you chaps."

"A happy thought!" said Wharton, smiling, though he could not help feeling surprised that Arthur Augustus was in Kent at all that day.

"Welcome as the flowers in May, old scout!" said Bob Cherry.

"The welcome is terrific, my esteemed and ludicrous friend," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"You fellahs are vewy good," said Arthur Augustus. "I met Buntah on the woad, and he says you are playin' cwicket this aftahnoon—"

"Waiting for Highcliffe to turn up, when you came along," said Frank Nugent.

"Like to see the game?" asked Wharton.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Come along in," said Harry, and Arthur Augustus walked in at the gates with the captain of the Remove, the rest of the Co. remaining to wait for the Highcliffe cricketers.

A good many fellows nodded cheerily to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in the Greyfriars quad. He was quite well known there, and most of the Greyfriars fellows who had met him liked him.

Harry Wharton led the way first to the school shop, judiciously considering that a little light refreshment would probably be welcome to the visitor after a journey in the hot summer's afternoon.

In Mrs. Mible's dusky little shop, in the welcome shade from the hot sunshine, Arthur Augustus sat on a high stool, and cheerfully accepted the refreshing ginger-pop and jam-tarts.

Harry Wharton remained with him, joining in a ginger-pop, politely giving his time to the distinguished visitor, until the Highcliffe cricketers should arrive—when he would be wanted.

"Sort of extra holiday at St. Jim's now?" he asked.

"Not exactly, dear boy."

"Didn't you say you were staying at Folkestone?"

"Yaas. But—" D'Arcy paused.

Harry Wharton opened another ginger-pop, to cover the awkward pause. He realised that the swell of St. Jim's was rather at a loss what to say, and he was not curious, though he was surprised.

But Arthur Augustus went on, after some consideration.

"The fact is, Wharton, I do not want to appeah heah undah false colours. I have wetiached frowm St. Jim's for a time."

"Not left?" ejaculated Wharton.

"Not pwecisely. I still belong to St. Jim's, of course."

Wharton looked at him, startled.

"You haven't cleared off from school without leave?" he exclaimed.

"Yaas."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton.

"That is how the mattah stands, dear boy."

"You've run away from school?" exclaimed Wharton, aghast.

"Not at all. I have wetiached frowm St. Jim's for a time, as I did not weceive justice," explained Arthur Augustus. "I thwashed a pwefect—"

"You whatted a what?" shrieked Wharton.

"Thwashed a Sixth Form pwefect."

"Great holy smoke!"

"My Housemastah took what I considahed a wathah unweasonable view of the mattah, and he was goin' to lick me for thwashin' Knox of the Sixth. So I wetiached frowm the school."

"You—you don't call it running away from school?"

"Not at all. I should wegard that as an undignified pwocedim'. I simply wetiached with dignity frowm the scene."

"Oh!" said Harry.

"My weturn is wathah uncertain," continued Arthur

Augustus. "I certainly shali not weturn unless Mr. Wailton decides to do me justice. But my fathah sent me back when I went home. So I am wathah on my own, you know. Of course, that is all wight, as I am quite capable of lookin' aftah myself in ewevy way."

Wharton had some slight doubts upon that point; but he did not state them. He only looked at D'Arcy in dismay.

"I am goin' to put up at the inn in Fwiardale for a time," continued Arthur Augustus. "It will be cheapah, you know, and I have to be vevy careful with money now, as I am thwown on my own wesources. I have only about four or five pounds left. That will last me a feahfully long time."

"But what will you do when it is gone?" asked Harry.

"I shall considah that latah."

"My dear chap, you've got friends here, you know," said Wharton. "Quite a lot of us would be pleased to—"

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"Thank you vevy much, deah boy!" he said. "But I am not goin' to bowwow any money. If I get weally feahfully hard up, I shall wite to my aunt Adelina, or pewwaps to my cousin Ethel for a loan. But it is all wight so fah. I thought I would tell you how the mattah stood, so that you would not be undah any misappwehension, you know."

"That's all right," said Harry. "Jolly glad to see you, whatever reason you had for clearing off from St. Jim's. But—if you'll let me say so—don't you think it would be wiser to go back to school?"

"I cannot do so vevy well, you see, as my Housemastah persists in wantin' to lick me for thwashin' Knox. It is a question of personal dignity."

"Oh!" said Wharton.

Arthur Augustus imbibed ginger-beer with satisfaction and calmness. He had made Wharton feel vevy uneasy, but he certainly seemed to be suffering from no uneasiness himself.

"I think I can hear the Highcliffe chaps," said Harry. "You'd like to see the game and have tea with us afterwards?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I think I could get permission to put you up at Greyfriars to-night, if you liked," added the captain of the Remove.

"Thank you vevy much! But it might come out that I had wun away frowm school—I mean, wetiached frowm school without leave, and that would get you into twouble," said Arthur Augustus. "It is a vevy great pleasuah to me to wun ovah to see you, but I will not impose on your kindness. Aftah tea I will twot off to my inn."

"But, my dear chap—" said Harry.

"Wharton!" came in Bob Cherry's roar from the distance.

"Chewwy is callin' you, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus.

"You are wanted on the ewicket-gwound."

And the two juniors left the luckshop together, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy walked down to Little Side with Wharton.

#### CHAPTER 4.

#### Keeping it Dark!

"IT'S a giddy mystery!" Grundy of the Shell stood on the School House steps at St. Jim's, and propounded that opinion, in his positive way.

Mr. Selby, the master of the Third Form, was walking in the quad, and Mr. Selby's face, never happy or cheerful, looked much more cross than was its wont.

Tom Merry and his comrades looked at Mr. Selby, and looked at one another. They were thankful that the Third Form master's glance did not dwell on them. Mr. Selby had no suspicion that the chums of the Shell and the Fourth had been responsible for the amazing happening of the previous night. If he had guessed that he had been mistaken in the dark for Knox of the Sixth he might have guessed that D'Arcy's friends were the authors of the unheard-of outrage. But naturally he did not think of Knox in connection with the matter.

Mr. Selby was puzzled. All St. Jim's were puzzled, with six exceptions. The stumping of Mr. Selby was a deep mystery. The Third Form master's suspicions centred on some members of his own Form—Wally D'Arcy, Reggie Manners, and Levison minor. He was not popular with his Form. But the fags had been questioned, and had denied all knowledge of the affair. Mr. Selby was perhaps sceptical of their denials; but the Head had seen the fags, and was satisfied that they had been sound asleep in their dormitory when Mr. Selby had been handled by some person or persons unknown.

"It's a giddy mystery!" repeated Grundy, looking at Tom Merry & Co. "Can you fellows account for it?"

"Which?" asked Monty Lowther.

"That attack on old Selby," said Grundy. "Only the Third have any reason to scrag him, and the Third wouldn't dare! Who could it have been?"

"I've thought a lot about it," said Tom Merry gravely, "but I can't undertake to name the giddy culprit."

"Was it you, Grundy?" asked Bowther innocently.

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Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave a slight start as he was hailed by a voice from the roadside. He glanced round quickly. On the grass sat Billy Bunter of Greyfriars, propped against a big trunk, with his fat little legs stretched out before him. He held a paper bag in his fat hands, and there was a smear of jam upon his plump face. (See page 4.)

Grundy jumped.  
 "I? Wharrer you mean?"  
 "Only asking a friendly question, dear boy."  
 "Fathead!"  
 Grundy walked away, frowning. Tom Merry & Co. smiled. But they frowned, too, as a fat junior came rolling out of the house. Baggy Trimble stopped and grinned at them.  
 "You fat spoofer!" said Blake savagely. "You told us that Knox—"  
 Blake broke off suddenly. It occurred to him that it was only wise not to confide to Trimble the result of his delusive information with regard to the movements of Knox of the Sixth.  
 Trimble gave a fat chuckle.  
 "I could only tell you what I heard Knox say to Cutts," he grinned. "If he changed his mind that's not my fault. Did you fellows look for him?"  
 "Find out!" grunted Herries.  
 "Well, I'm trying to," said Trimble. "Somebody was out in the quad last night, anyhow, when Selby was collared and stumped."  
 Trimble winked at the six chums, who regarded him grimly.  
 "Trust me," he said. "I'm not giving you away. You were laying for Knox, and you bagged Selby. What? He, he, he!"  
 "Go and eat coke!" growled Manners.  
 "My dear chap, I'm not giving you away to the giddy enemy," said Trimble. "You can rely on me. Honour bright, and all that! I'd scorn to give a fellow away. I say, Tom Merry— Hold on, old fellow! I say, I've lent my last pound to Figgins of the New House."  
 "Rats!"  
 "I hate to dun old Figgins for a pound!" said Trimble. "Could you fellows raise it, do you think?"  
 Tom Merry & Co. looked at Baggy Trimble. They quite understood. A pound was the worthy Baggy's price for silence. Monty Lowther was the first to speak.  
 "Blake old man, did you wake up last night?" he asked.  
 Jack Blake started.  
 "Eh? You know I— I mean yes, I did."  
 "Did you notice whether Trimble was in his bed in the dormitory?"  
 "Oh!" said Blake. "No"

"Either of you fellows wake up in the night?" asked Lowther, regarding Herries and Digby inquiringly.  
 "Yes," said Herries and Dig together, grinning.  
 "Did you notice whether Trimble was in bed?"  
 "No, we didn't."  
 "It looks pretty bad for Trimble if that comes out," remarked Lowther. "Where were you, Trimble, last night about eleven o'clock?"  
 Baggy Trimble blinked at him in alarm.  
 "Where was I? In my dorm, of course, fast asleep in bed."  
 "Can you prove it?"  
 "Prove it?" hooted Trimble. "Of course I was there!"  
 "Then it's odd that three fellows in your dorm woke up and didn't see you in bed at the time."  
 "How could they see me when it was as black as a hat last night?" yelped Trimble.  
 "Don't ask me conundrums. I know jolly well that if three witnesses spoke up, and said they were awake and couldn't see you in your bed in the dorm at the time of the attack on Selby, it would look jolly black against you."  
 Trimble gasped.  
 "Why, you—you awful beast, are you trying to put it on to me?" he spluttered. "It was you fellows all the time. You know it was!"  
 "What we know isn't evidence," said Monty Lowther calmly. "But we know that Selby is like a bear with a sore head, and that he would jump at the chance of making somebody sit up for stumping him. If he knew that it was you, Trimble—"  
 "It wasn't me!" shrieked Trimble.  
 "If he knew that it was you it would be pretty stiff for you. Handling a Form-master is a rather serious matter."  
 "But I didn't handle him!" shrieked Baggy, in dismay.  
 "I was fast asleep all the time. Never even heard him yell, though some of the fellows say they woke up."  
 "Well, if you can prove that it's all right," said Lowther.  
 "I know Selby's jolly keen on getting a giddy victim, and I don't suppose he cares much who it is, so long as he bags one."  
 "If Blake and Herries and Dig tell him what they know—"  
 "Then I'll tell him it was you chaps!" howled Trimble.  
 "Can you prove it?"

"I—I—"  
 "Three witnesses against one!" said Tom Merry, entering into the game, as it were. "I'm afraid your word wouldn't be taken against three, Trimble."

"Especially with your juicy reputation for lying!" grinned Manners.

Baggy Trimble blinked at the juniors in utter alarm and dismay. Well he knew that his reputation as a dealer in untruths would be remembered against him if he banded accusations.

"But—but you fellows know it was you!" he stuttered. "We know we didn't see you in your bed when we woke up about eleven," said Blake. "We could state that."

"I think a clue like that would be enough for Selby," remarked Dig. "I'm sorry for you, Trimble. But a fellow who handles a Form-master—"

"It's the limit," said Manners gravely. "Gussy whacking a prefect was bad enough. But stumping a Form-master—"

"It's altogether too thick, Trimble," said Tom Merry.

"But I didn't do it!" raved Trimble. "You fellows did."

"I feel that it's up to you, Blake, to tell Mr. Selby what you know," said Monty Lowther. "The matter's too serious for us to let it pass, out of consideration for Trimble."

"I agree," said Manners; "unless Trimble can give us a jolly good explanation as to why he did it."

"But I didn't—I wasn't—I never—" stuttered Trimble, in dire consternation.

"Can you give a good explanation, Trimble?" demanded Monty Lowther sternly.

"How can I when I never did it?" gasped Trimble.

"That's enough! We'll take him to Mr. Selby, and let him sift the matter to the bottom," said Lowther.

"Good egg!"

Jack Blake promptly seized Trimble by the collar. The fat Fourth-Former wriggled and spluttered.

"Leggo! I never did it! I—I was in the dorm! I—I—leggo! I won't go to Selby—you know jolly well he'd jump on a chap with any evidence! I—I say, I won't say a word about you fellows! I—I don't want a pound! Leggo my collar!"

"Too late!" said Lowther mercilessly. "You've accused us, so we're bound to have it out before Selby. Come on!"

"I won't!" babbled Trimble. "I say, Tom Merry, make him leggo! We've always been pals! Oh dear! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Well, perhaps we might let him off," said Tom Merry.

"But in that case, he will have to be bumped for pulling our leg about Knox."

"I—I say—"  
 Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"  
 Bump!

"Oh dear! Rotters! Ow, ow, ow!"  
 Trimble sat in the quad and roared. Tom Merry & Co. eyed him severely.

"Now, we're going to let you off with that, Trimble," said Tom. "But another word of your accusation—"

"Your malicious accusation—" said Lowther.

"Your slanderous accusation—" said Blake fiercely.

"Another word of it, and you go before Selby, and we state what we know!" said Tom. "You know what to expect for handling a Form-master—"

"I—I say, I didn't—I didn't, really—" wailed Trimble, from the bottom of his heart wishing that he had not attempted to "touch" Tom Merry & Co. for that pound.

"Only your word for that!" said Lowther. "What's your word worth?"

"Why, you know yourself you—"  
 "Yank him along to Selby!" exclaimed Lowther.

"Yow-ow!"

Baggy Trimble jumped up and fled. He disappeared at a great rate; and Tom Merry & Co. broke into a chuckle.

Baggy Trimble had been silenced quite effectively. The bare thought of being accused of the attack on the Third Form master made Baggy shiver with dread. Certainly, the juniors would not have accused him, but Baggy, judging others by his worthy self, did not feel at all sure of that.

"I fancy that fat villain's bottled up!" grinned Monty Lowther. "And nobody else has a suspish. I say, what are we going to do to Knox next?"

"Nothing next!" said Blake promptly. "We'll give him a rest until Selby has blown over. After what happened last night— Wow!"

"Wow!" Blake broke off, as Manners jammed a boot on his toe.

Mr. Selby was coming towards the House, and he was just within hearing. Blake had stopped only in time. The Third Form master paused, and gave Blake a sour look.

"I caught a remark from you, Blake," he said.

Blake's heart beat.

"Did you, sir? Oh, yes, I was saying, after what happened

last night, I—I should think you feel rather seedy to-day, sir," said Blake demurely.

"Do you know anything about it, Blake?"

"I, sir?" ejaculated Blake, to gain time.

"Yes. If you are aware that certain members of my Form attacked their Form-master in such an outrageous way, it is your duty to tell me their names."

Blake breathed more freely. Certainly he knew nothing on that subject; in fact, he had the best reasons for knowing that Wally & Co. of the Third were innocent.

"Well, Blake?" snapped Mr. Selby sourly.

"I don't know anything about the Third, sir," said Blake.

"Indeed, sir, I can't believe they would think of treating you in such a manner, sir. It seems altogether impossible to me."

Mr. Selby grunted, and walked on.

"A giddy narrow escape!" murmured Tom Merry, when the master of the Third was out of hearing. "My dear children, a still tongue shows a wise head. Not another jolly old syllable on the subject."

"Only, if Selby should fix it on D'Arcy minor somehow—"

murmured Blake.

"Then we own up, of course."

"Or make Trimble own up!" chuckled Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Tom Merry & Co. went down to the cricket, and dismissed Mr. Selby and the mysterious attack in the quad from their minds, feeling fairly secure by this time that the facts of that mysterious matter would never come to light. But Mr. Selby—who, naturally, was not able to dismiss it from his mind quite so lightly—was still sourly and savagely on the search; and his search was to have unexpected results.

## CHAPTER 5.

### Gussy's Innings!

HARRY WHARTON wore a thoughtful look.

It was Frank Nugent's idea. Frank said it would be only civil, and Wharton thought it out. Frank's suggestion was that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the distinguished visitor to Greyfriars, should be asked to play in the Highcliffe match. The swell of St. Jim's had been accommodated with a comfortable shady seat at the pavilion, and he was going to watch the game. But although that was pleasant enough on a summer's afternoon, undoubtedly-playing in the match would be pleasanter. And all the Famous Five liked Gussy, and were desirous of making his visit to Greyfriars as agreeable as possible.

"He's a good man," Nugent remarked. "He's played up well against us in the St. Jim's matches. Give him the offer, Harry."

"Jolly good idea," said Bob Cherry. "But it means a Greyfriars man standing out. And we're all fairly keen on playing Highcliffe."

"We are—we is!" said Johnny Bull.

"The keenfulness is rather terrific," observed Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Nugent smiled.

"I shall stand out for him, of course, as it's my idea," he answered. "It won't damage the team, Harry, D'Arcy's quite up to my form. And it would be only civil."

"Right-ho!" said Harry Wharton. "If D'Arcy cares to play, good enough. I'll ask him."

"Put it that a man's standing out, and ask him if he'd like the place," said Frank.

"That's right."

Wharton crossed over to Arthur Augustus. The swell of St. Jim's turned a genial smile on him. A couple of the Highcliffe fellows were speaking to him just then—Courtenay, the Highcliffe junior captain, and De Courcy, the elegant youth, who was called the "Caterpillar." The Caterpillar knew Gussy quite well, and was evidently pleased to meet him unexpectedly at Greyfriars.

"Feel up to a game of cricket this afternoon, D'Arcy?" asked Wharton.

Gussy's face lighted up.

"Yaas, wathah! But how—"

"One of my team has spoken to me about standing out," explained the captain of the Remove diplomatically. "If you'd care to take his place I'll tell him it's a go."

"Bai Jove! I should weally be delighted," said Arthur Augustus. "They are playin' a juniah House match at St. Jim's to-day, and I weally ought to be in Tom Mewwy's team. I would like cwicket above anythin', if you weally want me, you know."

"Done, then!"

"But, bai Jove, I cannot vevy well play in Etons and a toppah, you know—"

"That's all serene. Nugent will lend you his things; just about your size," said Harry.

"That is vevy kind of Nugent."

"Not at all," chimed in Frank, coming up. "Trot along with me, old scout, and I'll see you fixed up."



"Thanks awfully!"

Arthur Augustus trotted cheerfully away with Nugent. It was obvious that he was delighted to join the Greyfriars team in the game. His pleasure was quite a sufficient reward to Frank Nugent for the latter's self-sacrifice. When he had disappeared with Frank, Courtenay and the Caterpillar looked at Wharton rather curiously.

"Our old pal seems to have got himself into a bit of a mixture," the Caterpillar remarked. "Did you know—?" He paused.

"Has he told you, then?" asked Wharton.

"Yes," said Courtenay. "I'm sorry. He doesn't seem to realise how serious it is, I think."

Wharton knitted his brows a little.

"I'm afraid that's so," he said. "Running away from school is a jolly serious thing, though he doesn't quite see it."

"Not runnin' away," said the Caterpillar gravely. "He has only retired from St. Jim's on a matter of personal dignity."

The juniors smiled.

"No good advising him to go back, I suppose?" said Courtenay.

"I've tried that," said Harry.

"But it's serious—"

"What a neck, you know!" grinned the Caterpillar. "Dashed if I don't follow his giddy example some day, when I get bored at Highcliffe. I've a jolly good mind to make him come home to Highcliffe with us and put him up there. Mobby, our Form-master, would fix it—Gussy being the son of a lord, Mobby would welcome him with open arms. Of course I shouldn't mention that D'Arcy was a giddy fugitive from justice. If he leaves St. Jim's over this affair, I shall persuade him to come to Highcliffe for good. That would be rippin'!"

"I should try to get him to come to Greyfriars," said Harry, laughing. "I'd like him here, no end. But I hope it will turn out all right at his school. Time we got going, though."

The two captains tossed for innings, and Wharton won, and elected to bat. He opened the innings for Greyfriars with Bob Cherry at the other end. The innings was going strong when Arthur Augustus returned to the field in Nugent's flannels and with Nugent's best bat under his arm. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh joined him.

"The esteemed Wharton has put you down thirdfully," he remarked.

"Bai Jove! Has he?" ejaculated Arthur Augustus, not quite catching on to the nabob's fearful and wonderful variety of the English language.

"Third man in," explained Johnny Bull, with a grin.

"Oh, yaas! I see."

"You won't be wanted yet," remarked Vernon-Smith. "Wharton is making the fur fly, and Bob Cherry looks as if he will last."

"The bowlin's wathah good!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "Those Highcliffe chaps know how to play ewicket."

"There goes the Caterpillar," said Squiff. "I wonder what he will be able to do against Bob?"

"Nix!" remarked Tom Brown.

But Brown was mistaken. De Courcy, the champion slacker of Highcliffe, was on his mettle on this special occasion, and when he exerted himself he was very good indeed. His second ball knocked out Bob Cherry's wicket, and Bob retired into the pavilion looking rather blue.

"Man in!"

"I'm weady!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy walked cheerfully out to the vacant wicket.

The Greyfriars crowd watched him with keen interest, to see what show the St. Jim's fellow would put up against Highcliffe.

"Good man!" said Vernon-Smith, as D'Arcy cut the next ball away for two.

"Jolly good!" said Nugent.

"The goodfulness is terrific!"

"My hat! There he goes again!" exclaimed Smithy. And the Boulder clapped his hands in appreciation.

Arthur Augustus was good at cricket, and he seemed at the top of his form now. The Caterpillar's bowling was dangerous, but the swell of St. Jim's was quite able to deal with it. The batsmen were running, and thrice they crossed the pitch before the leather came in. Highcliffe were active in the field, and the batsman was calling on their activity.

There was a cheer from the Greyfriars crowd, and Arthur

Augustus beamed. He was glad to get into the game, and still more glad to be doing well for his kind hosts.

The innings proved to be well worth watching. Wharton was caught out by Courtenay, and Johnny Bull took his place, only to be clean bowled by the Caterpillar. Hurree Singh was next man in, and he paired with Arthur Augustus for quite a long time; but he was first of the two to go. Vernon-Smith joined the swell of St. Jim's, who was still going strong. The Boulder had bad luck, falling to a smart catch by the Caterpillar. Tom Brown was Gussy's partner when the swell of St. Jim's was out at last in an heroic attempt at four.

Arthur Augustus came back to the pavilion, with forty runs to his credit. Harry Wharton clapped him on the back.

"Good man!" he exclaimed.

"Ripping!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "I didn't know we had picked up a rod in pickle for Highcliffe when you blew in, D'Arcy."

Arthur Augustus smiled.

"I have been wathah lucky!" he remarked.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Roll away, Bunter!"

"I say, my pal D'Arcy practically won this match for you," said Billy Bunter, who had rolled on the field, looking very red and sticky and shiny. "Lucky I asked him to Greyfriars, wasn't it? I've been waiting to speak to you, Gussy, only you were such a thumping long time at the wickets. About that bob—"

"Nevah mind that, Buntah!" said Arthur Augustus hastily.

"But I must mind it," said Bunter, blinking at him. "I'm a rather particular chap in money matters. I owe you a bob, and I want to settle the matter."

"Vewy well."

"The post will be in soon," said Bunter, "and as my postal-order will be for five shillings, if you care to hand me another—"

Billy Bunter got no farther than that.

Bob Cherry laid an iron grasp on his collar, and the Owl of the Remove travelled away at express speed, with Bob as conductor.

He was bumped down in the grass at a safe distance, and Bob left him there, with a deadly threat of what would happen to him if he approached the pavilion again.

"Beast!" howled Bunter.

But he did not come to the pavilion any more, and the question of the "bob" was left unsettled, particular as Bunter was in money matters.

"All down for seventy!" said Harry Wharton at last; and Arthur Augustus, looking very bright and cheery, went into the field with the Greyfriars team for the Highcliffe innings.

## CHAPTER 6.

News for Mr. Selby!

MR. SELBY breathed hard, and his eyes glistened. The master of the St. Jim's Third was taking a little walk in the Head's garden that sunny afternoon. He was still in a bad temper—the effect of the stumping had not yet worn off. It was natural enough that Mr. Selby should be cross about that incident—and perhaps it was natural that his suspicions should turn upon certain members of his Form with whom he was not popular.

On the fence of the Head's garden three fags of the Third sat in a row, eating toffee and chatting and laughing. Tom Merry & Co. were at cricket; but D'Arcy minor, Reggie Manners, and Levison minor, of the Third, were taking it easy. Mr. Selby sighted them through the shrubberies, and their laughter fell not pleasantly on his ears.

He suspected—he was practically convinced—that these three erring youths had collared him in the quad the night before, in vengeance for canings and lines handed out in the Third Form room. All he wanted was some evidence.

Mr. Selby trod very softly among the shrubberies. He had a right to feel cross; but he certainly had no right to play the spy on the cheery members of his Form—but that was what he proceeded to do. Wally & Co. had not the faintest idea that he was at hand; their backs were towards him, and he made no sound as he drew nearer.

Silently, in fact stealthily, the unpleasant gentleman came within hearing, and bent his ears to catch evidence of the

(Continued on page 12.)

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# The ST JIM'S NEWS

Edited by TOM MERRY.

## Grundy's Treasure Hunt.

### THE SEARCH ON ABBEY ISLAND.

By George Alfred Grundy.

(I have never before published an article by Grundy. Not that these don't come to hand. They do, but they are so hopeless that they defy all attempts to edit them into a readable form. The following, however, is too priceless to miss out. I have licked it into some sort of shape, and passed it for publication.—Tom Merry, Editor.)

#### Grundy Has an Idea!

I WONDER if anyone has ever had to put up with two such absolute idiots for study-mates as I've got? They are the last word. Not that I expect a lot of them, mind you. I've told them over and over again that I only want them to back me up. I'll do the thinking if they'll trust me and follow where I lead. You'd think that was simple enough for anyone, wouldn't you? But can they do it? I ask you! Laziness, that's what it is. Pure bone-idleness.

Last week, for instance, I was on to the biggest thing of the century. The absolute goods! Something that would make Tom Merry and Blake and all that gang go potty with envy. I'd worked it all out, and I only wanted Wilkins and Gunn to back me up and obey my orders without question. And, as usual, those two asses let me down.

What do you say to hidden treasure in the school? Makes you sit up and take notice, doesn't it? But it's true, and it was me, George Alfred Grundy, that found out all about it.

I first thought of the possibility when I was reading a jolly good yarn called "Treasure Island." I don't suppose many of the fellows have ever read it, but it started me thinking. (Great heavens! A wonder he didn't finish up in the sanatorium.—T. M.)

There was an island in the story, where a lot of treasure was hidden, and a crew of Johnnies went out and got it, and then I remembered that there is an island at St. Jim's, called Abbey Island, on the Rhy, and that it is nearly the same shape as the island in the story, besides being the same kind of island—surrounded by water, and all that sort of thing, I mean.

Now, it stands to sense that if treasure is hidden on islands there must be some off the Abbey Island. The old men had pots and pots of money, and they must have hidden it somewhere. They couldn't have spent it, because there weren't many shops in those days. It stands to sense it must have been hidden somewhere. You'd have thought that even Wilkins and Gunn could have spotted that; but when I explained it all to them they were as dense as a piece of mahogany.

Of course there would be a chart showing where it was hidden, only the job was to get hold of it. I thought it might be somewhere in the library, and though Wilkins and Gunn and me had searched there one afternoon (and you can bet I saw that they did the thing properly), we couldn't find a thing. A lot of the fellows wanted to know what we were looking for, and the next day Cardew said that he'd got something that might interest me.

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#### The Chart at Last!

We went to Cardew's study, and he showed me a piece of paper that had a plan of Abbey Island on it, and was all greasy and dirty. In one corner was a lot of old-fashioned writing, hard to read, all about the treasure and how it was hidden away, and there was an arrow pointing to the place where the chest was buried. Cardew wouldn't tell me where he got the paper from, and he said that he didn't want a share in the treasure. I suppose the slacker was too lazy to help look for it. That's just like Cardew. He's worse than those two chumps in my study. Think too much of making themselves comfortable.

When I showed the chart to Wilkins and Gunn they had a bit of a shock. I thought it would surprise them a bit, but I'm blessed if the silly asses didn't start raising objections. I expect they were jolly jealous that they hadn't thought it out for themselves, and been the first to find the chart.

They both said that the paper it was written on was quite modern, and that, anyway, paper wasn't invented when the chart was supposed to be made. They even had the cheek to suggest that Cardew had made it himself. As if Cardew could take me in. Me, George Alfred Grundy! Not likely!

Perhaps the paper and the ink and all that were modern. That only proves how cunning the old chap that hid the treasure was. If they'd written a chart on parchment everybody would have realised that it was the goods, and that is what they wanted to prevent. Otherwise what was the good of hiding the treasure at all? It wouldn't have been safe. By using a kind of paper that hadn't been invented in those days they threw everybody off the scent, as they wanted to do. Everybody, that is, with no more brains than Wilkins and Gunn. I'm not taken in so easily. I've got more brains than to be diddled by a little dodge of that kind.

Anyway, I said it was genuine, and that was enough for Wilkins and Gunn. I take jolly good care that my word goes in this study.

If they don't know what's good for them,



I slung lumps of earth at Cardew & Co., but they were too far away for me to reach them.

well, it's up to me, that's all. They argued and argued for all they were worth, but it didn't make the least bit of difference, and I made it plain to them that I should expect them to back me up, and as a commencement I got them to hunt me up some spades and picks and things ready for the treasure hunt.

#### The Visit to Abbey Island.

We packed the kit aboard one of the oldest but stoutest tubs in the boathouse on Saturday afternoon, and set out for the island. We had to have a pretty strong craft so as to be able to carry the chest back with us—these treasure chests weigh a tidy bit as a rule.

When we landed on the island I set out for the spot marked on the chart. You had to find three trees that are growing together, and then mark out ten paces from the tallest one. We found the trees all right, although that ass Wilkins wanted to make out that they weren't more than thirty years old, and therefore couldn't have been there when the chart was made hundreds of years ago. He didn't see that it was part of the same scheme for putting people off the track, like using paper that hadn't been invented at the time. I suppose an ordinary fellow would have been deceived by it, which just goes to prove how clever those old monks really were.

Anyway, I marked out the ten paces, and then set Wilkins and Gunn to work digging, while I got an old blanket ready to count out the treasure on, and a crowbar to open the box when we found it. Of course they went at the job with as much vim as a couple of warmed-up corpses, as was only to be expected. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't have been there at all if I hadn't taken the precaution of locking them up in the study after dinner, and then leading them down to the boathouse by the ears.

I kept them at it till they'd dug a hole about four feet deep, and then, as nothing had come to light, I grabbed a shovel and set to work myself.

We went down about eight feet without finding anything more than worms and roots, and then I began to think that perhaps I hadn't marked out the ten paces properly, or that the fellow who made the chart had made a mistake in the number. I stopped digging and looked round, to discover to my amazement that neither Wilkins nor Gunn were there. I dashed off at once in search of them, and discovered that the cheeky sweeps had actually left the island in the boat while my back was turned, and left me stranded.

They were nearly at the boathouse when I spotted them, and though I yelled out to them to come back they took no blessed notice. They took the boat in and made for the School House.

Left on the island, I yelled out in the hope of being heard, but for a long time there was no sign of anybody. In about half an hour, though, a crowd of fellows came trooping down, with Cardew in front of them.

They asked me if I'd found the treasure, and were grinning like a set of jackasses. I slung lumps of earth at them, but they were too far away, and in the end they told me that it was a joke of that idiot Cardew. Hearing about the search in the library, he'd made that chart out for a lark and passed it on to me, so that it wasn't a genuine one at all.

But they don't get over me that way. They may say Cardew did it for a joke, but I know better. It was done to put me off the scent, but it hasn't succeeded. I'm certain that there is treasure hidden on the Abbey Island, and you bet that I'll unearth it before I've finished.

What's more, I'll keep a better eye on

Wilkins and Gunn the next time we go over there to dig it out.

I spent more than half an hour on that blessed island before those fellows turned up, and then I had to listen to a lot of their silly cackle before they sent a boat over for me.

**NOTE BY RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW.**

I certainly made out the chart, as Grundy describes, but it was only done for a joke and a sort of playful dig at the idea of his searching in the library. I certainly never anticipated that he would regard it seriously, and when Gunn came into the School House and told us that Grundy was digging for treasure on the island, according to instructions on the chart I was as staggered as anyone. It only goes to prove that there are degrees of idiocy almost beyond belief.

**My Comic Column.**

By Monty Lowther.

The St. Jim's Junior Eleven whacked Rylcombe Grammar School at cricket last Wednesday. "Cheer up!" said one of Gordon Gay's supporters to him after the match. "The day, remember, is 'hours'!"

Gordon Gay was so overcome that his supporters really had to hold him up.

According to Mr. Linton, in lessons on geology, "we are all beggars—living on the crust of the earth."

Poetic puzzle (no prizes offered):  
Go look for a youth with monocle neat,  
Urbane and knuttish, and so debonair!  
Sports beautiful toppers, wears spats on his feet.

Surprising, however, when this fellow you meet,  
You find that he's not all there!

Herbert Skimpole went around St. Jim's last half-holiday, making frantic efforts to borrow a watch; but none of the fellows had any "time" to spare!

The Rylcombe local fire brigade went on strike last week. It is understood that they threatened to join the Bakers' Union.

Baggy Trimble, speaking on the subject of German reparations in the Junior Debating Society, the other day, said: "For my part, I would annex the whole of Prussia!" The greediness of Baggy Trimble seems to know no bounds.

We learn from the Rylcombe Gazette that a misguided yokel of the village was charged last week with stealing a mirror from outside a second-hand shop in the High Street, and got three months' "hard." He might have been let off more leniently if he had pleaded in his defence that he had taken "a glass too much."

Mr. Railton objects to smoking in the School House. But when the Common-room chimney acquired the habit, our respected Housemaster had no say in the matter.

**ST. JIM'S AGONY COLUMN.**

A. A. D'A.—C u village pump, 7 Sat. Do wear those lovely lavender spats.—Phyllis.

NOTISS to all whom it may konsern. Take heed that from now on I will not be responsible for any detts or diseases contracted by my fatheded major, Baggy Trimble, of the Fourth.—(Signed) Teddy Trimble, 3rd.

Capable fag wants work, any kapassity, low wages aksepted from really kind and easy-going employer; good refs.—G. Paget, 3rd Form.

Will person who burgled rabbit-pie from cupboard, Study No. 6, Fourth Form, kindly have the decency to return the dich, as same was borrowed.—J. B.

LOST, in Rylcombe, Saturday Inst, pct tortoise answers to name of Willy, believed to have followed somebody home.—J. Lennox, Fourth.

Baggy Trimble.—Come and see me at once, waiting anxiously for the two bob you borrowed at beginning of term; pay up, or get thick ear.—Lowther.

**How to Drive a Motor Cycle.**

By Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

**B**EFORE setting out on your first ride on a motor-bike, it is best to insure both yourself and the bike. If the bike belongs to somebody else, it is the owner's funeral if it gets smashed up; but it is best to effect a personal insurance in case the jaunt results in your own funeral as well.

It may be as well, before going further with this article, to describe a motor-cycle and its working for the benefit of the uninitiated. A motor-cycle derives its name from the fact that it is a form of cycle with a motor in it. (Twig?) The engine (when working) turns the back wheel round, and years of scientific research have determined that the faster the back wheel revolves, the greater the speed of the motor-cycle. The engine runs on petrol, although there are certain motor-cycle engines that hate the sight (or the smell, perhaps) of the stuff. Petrol is admitted from the tank to the engine through the carburettor, and is fired by a spark from the magneto. Do not attempt to start operations with a tinder lighter or a similar sparking contrivance when the magneto refuses to fire, or else the probability is that the whole machine will fire.

Sit firmly in the saddle, and take an easy grip of the handlebars, the fingers of the right hand ready to work the levers. If the machine is fitted with a kick starter, give it a good kick, but be careful lest the thing retaliates and kicks you back. (Motor-cycles are revengeful things.) There being no kick starter, shove off with your feet, or get the crowd to give you (I mean the motor-bike) a shove.

The conditions being favourable, the machine should start.

It is as well not to travel too fast at first. Keep a straight course, and if you see a brick wall ahead of you don't look at it, and perhaps (if you are lucky) the thing will not notice you and pass you by. Remember that the pavement is for foot passengers only, and motor-cycles are distinctly out of place there. Blow the horn if anybody gets in your way. If it won't work, you can still "blow" it.

Take things calmly, but do not attempt to "take" fences, walls, or other obstacles, as motor-cycles are trained only for flat work, and will not jump.

Keep your engine well oiled, but don't scorch, or you are liable to be pulled up by the police. It is possible that if you lose control you would be eternally thankful for any policeman to pull you up.

When stopping, apply the brakes gently. If the brakes refuse to work, and the engine won't shut off, then you are beyond human aid. The best plan is to make for the nearest river, canal, or pond, and drive into it. Water has the advantage of being much softer than brick walls and lamp-posts, and you do stand a chance of getting out.

The whole art of learning how to drive a motor-bike is learning how to stop.

**Skimpole's Literary Activity.**

**HIS EXPERIENCE WITH A TYPEWRITER.**

**W**E understand that the whole of Skimpole's spare time during the last month has been spent in writing another volume—or part of a volume—of his wonderful work on Balmysm.

Directly after tea each evening he settles down to write, and he is generally hard at it until bedtime. More often than not he completely forgets all about his prep., with the result that the next morning sees an unpleasant interview with Mr. Linton. These things do not appear to worry Herbert Skimpole in the least, however. Impositions may



Skimpole went tapping away at his typewriter without looking at the result, which was startling.

come, and prep. may go (to the wall), but the immortal treatise upon Balmysm goes on for ever.

Skimpole lately invested in a typewriter—one of those portable affairs—to aid him in speeding up the rate of production. He wrestled with the intricacies of the apparatus for a long time, as Skimmy is terribly slow at learning about anything that doesn't end in "ism" or "ology," and the action of the writing machine puzzled him fearfully.

The first attempt he had at mastering it produced something that might be regarded as a sentence written in some foreign and unknown language.

It was something like this:  
"5he 4rs t P4INY 8PI Efo fb@Lmyi sma  
Egaidd 9w nbg T4E]Rw4S."

Skimmy went tapping away without looking at the result until he had reached the end of the first line, and when he looked up he nearly had a stroke of paralysis. He at once sent the machine back to the agents, pointing out that they had sent him the wrong type. He explained that he desired to write in English, whereas the machine they had supplied had evidently been designed for the writing of Russian or Choctaw.

The people returned the typewriter with the suggestion that possibly the peculiar result was due to the inexperience of the operator, and advising him to make another attempt.

Skimpole settled down to read the book of instructions again. The savant of the Shell has a fixed idea that theory is all that matters, and that skill and proficiency in everything may be obtained by reading books upon the subject and by applying super-intelligence to what he calls a "mastery of the fundamental principles." If he wanted to learn to throw a cricket-ball straight he would settle down to a study of dynamics, trajectory, and the theory of the flight of projectiles, and then work out the probable course of the ball as a parabola on graph paper, after which he would be satisfied that he had succeeded even if he'd never had a cricket ball in his hand.

He tried that method with the typewriter, and by the time he'd finished reading he must have known pretty well all there was to know about typewriters. But he was as far off as ever from being able to work one.

At that point he decided that it would be a good idea to practice, so he started off.

The first evening was enough for Gore, who refused to stand the clicking noise in the study. So Skimmy had to give up his machine, with many protests that Gore was arresting the march of progress by his intolerance, which didn't worry Gore worth talking about.

So Skimmy has gone back to his pen and ink, with which he turns out some twenty sheets each evening. As Gore destroys them the next day it does not necessitate any involved mathematical calculation to determine exactly when Skimmy's great treatise will be ready for publication.

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**ANSWERS**  
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**"GUSSY AT GREYFRIARS!"***(Continued from page 9.)*

fags' delinquency. He fully expected to hear incriminating remarks concerning that mysterious outrage of the night.

"The silly old ass!" Wally was remarking.  
Mr. Selby's eyes glinted green. So that was the way D'Arcy minor alluded to his Form-master, was it?

"Awful duffer!" said Reggie Manners.  
"Thumping chump!" said Levison minor.

"Here, you fags mind what you're saying!" said Wally.  
"None of your cheek, you know!"

"Well, you've been calling him all sorts of names yourself," said Manners minor.

"Well, I can if I like, but you're not going to," said D'Arcy minor. "Of course he is an ass. I know that. Still, he's always been jolly decent to me, and you fags aren't going to call him names!"

"Rot!" said Reggie Manners.  
"Look here, young Reggie—"

"Bosh!"  
Mr. Selby listened, growing astonished. He did not remember ever having been decent to D'Arcy minor, as Wally phrased it.

"I know where he is now," continued Wally. "The Head would like to know, but I'm jolly well not going to tell him! I could put my finger on him, if I liked."

Mr. Selby started convulsively.  
For a moment he supposed that Wally of the Third knew that he was there, listening surreptitiously. But the fags did not look round; and it began to dawn upon Mr. Selby that he was not, after all, the subject of their conversation. They were speaking of somebody else, as the Form-master now began to realise.

"Where is he, then?" asked Levison minor.  
"At Greyfriars!" said Wally.

"My hat! How do you know?"  
"I don't know; but I'm pretty certain," said Wally sagely.

"You see, he sent Blake of the Fourth a postcard from Folkestone, and said he was going to see some friends. Well, Folkestone's near Greyfriars. Gussy wouldn't go all that distance for nothing. Depend on it, he's butted in at Greyfriars."

"Shouldn't wonder!" said Levison minor.  
Mr. Selby drew a deep, deep breath.

He understood now.  
It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's escapade that the fags were chuckling over; and it was Arthur Augustus whom they were discussing.

"Not a word, of course!" continued Wally. "If old Gussy's after an extra holiday, we're not going to set the beaks on his track."

"No fear!" said Reggie.  
"Of course he's an ass!" said D'Arcy minor. "I've often told him so. He will get it in the neck when he comes back. All the more reason why he should have a good time while it lasts. I know they'll welcome him at Greyfriars—very likely get him put up there, you know. Of course, the Head will never think of that, or Railton either."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Mr. Selby backed away through the shrubberies.

He had not heard the evidence he wanted to hear; indeed, he was doubtful now about the justice of his suspicions. But he had heard something else quite as interesting.

He knew where to lay his finger on the fugitive from St. Jim's now! D'Arcy of the Fourth was at Greyfriars School!

Wally was evidently right on that point. A few minutes' reflection convinced Mr. Selby of that.

The Third Form master was smiling as he walked out of the Head's garden a little later.

His plans were already made.  
As D'Arcy was not in his form, it really was no business of Mr. Selby, but Mr. Selby was a gentleman who never could mind his own business. The Head and the House-master were naturally very anxious to trace the fugitive from St. Jim's so was the Fourth Form master. They had all failed. Mr. Selby was going to "butt in," and succeed where they had failed.

He did not like Arthur Augustus personally; in fact, he disliked him. Mr. Selby suffered from indigestion and want of exercise, and in consequence he disliked quite a large number of people. Arthur Augustus was one of the number.

The thought of dropping his hand on D'Arcy's shoulder at Greyfriars, and marching him off ignominiously, was quite a pleasant one to Mr. Selby's bitter mind.

And it would be a triumph, to walk into the matter and achieve an easy success, where all others had failed.

Mr. Selby had nothing special to do that afternoon, and he did not object to a railway journey, if somebody was to be made uncomfortable at the end of it.

Wally & Co. were still eating toffee and chatting on the fence, when the Third Form master walked out of the gates of St. Jim's, and headed for the railway-station. The fags little dreamed that their careless talk had given a clue to the St. Jim's runaway, and that Mr. Selby was speeding to Greyfriars as fast as an express train could carry him, to lay his authoritative hand on the shoulder of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and march him back in ignominy to St. Jim's and punishment.

**CHAPTER 7.****On the Wrong Track!**

"WELL caught!"  
"Good man!"  
"How's that?"

The Caterpillar made a grimace.  
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sent up the ball, and caught it again in the palm of his hand.

D'Arcy was smiling cheerfully.  
He had caught out the Caterpillar, and it was a wicket down for Highcliffe. It had not been an easy catch by any means, De Courcy did not give the field an easy life. But Arthur Augustus had done it, and the Greyfriars crowd cheered.

"Man in!" said Courtenay, a little seriously.  
His best batsman had fallen to Gussy's masterly catch, and matters were looking grave for Highcliffe. It was a single innings game; and Greyfriars were at 70 for their innings, while Highcliffe had taken 60 for nine wickets.

The sun was sinking in the west, the shadows of the old elms lengthened round the sunny cricket field. On both sides the game was well contested, it had been a hard and fast afternoon for both elevens. The Caterpillar had done well, and he had seemed quite set, with Smithson stonewalling at the other end, and Courtenay had hoped to see him finish not out. Arthur Augustus had knocked that hope on the head.

De Courcy smiled ruefully as he joined his captain at the pavilion.  
"Kick me, old chap!" he said.

Courtenay smiled.  
"You've done well, Caterpillar," he said. "You couldn't help that catch. That St. Jim's fellow is a good man in the field."

"Unlucky for us when he blew in!" sighed the Caterpillar. "Jolly glad to see him, but he's cost us the game. I was beginnin' to be afraid that there wouldn't be light enough to finish. But now—"

"Lots, I'm afraid!" said Courtenay.  
"Well, they may pull it out of the fire yet," said the Caterpillar. "Only ten wanted to tie. Go it, ye cripples!"

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Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was out at last, and he walked back to the pavilion with forty runs to his credit. Harry Wharton clapped him on the back. "Good man!" he exclaimed. "Ripping!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "I didn't know we had picked up a rod in pickle for Highcliffe when you blew in, D'Arcy!" (See page 9.)

The Caterpillar tossed aside his bat, drove his hands into his pockets, and strolled away. He had played up with unusual vim that day; not because he was keen on cricket, but to please his chum; and he had wanted very much to help Highcliffe win. But the Caterpillar was a philosopher in his way; and he did not allow the result to worry him. He had little doubt that the tail-end of the Highcliffe innings would soon peter out in defeat; and as he did not want to watch that happy outcome, he strolled off the field.

"I say, old chap—" said the Caterpillar. "Fancy meetin' you! Race you to the gates."

"I—I say—stop!"

Nothing would have induced Billy Bunter to race that hot afternoon, as De Courcy well knew. He started with long strides, and Bunter dropped behind, and was left.

The Caterpillar smiled genially as he stopped in the old gateway, and leaned on a stone pillar. He had to kill time till the Highcliffe innings ended, and he lounged contentedly in the shade, ready, however, for another race if Billy Bunter appeared in the offing.

His glance fell upon a rather thin, cross-looking gentleman who was coming up the road.

"Gad! What a happy face!" murmured the Caterpillar. "Man who enjoys life, and makes it pleasant for others—I don't think! Life's full of worries, but it's somethin' not to have a face like that!"

Somewhat to the Caterpillar's surprise, the cross-looking gentleman stopped at the school gates. He looked tired and irritated. As he turned in at the big gateway, De Courcy politely raised his straw hat.

The cross-looking gentleman stopped. Probably finding De Courcy in the gateway, he took him for a Greyfriars junior. De Courcy, on the other hand, supposed that the gentleman was a Greyfriars master whom he had never seen before—that he was of the schoolmaster species was unmistakable.

"Warm afternoon, sir!" drawled the Caterpillar politely, as the cross gentleman evidently had stopped to speak.

"Yes, yes! Can you tell me where D'Arcy is?"

"D'Arcy?" repeated the Caterpillar.

"He is here, is he not?"

"A St. Jim's chap named D'Arcy is visitin' here, certainly!" said the Caterpillar, wondering why a Greyfriars master, who had just come in, should be asking about the visitor.

"You have seen him here, my boy?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Very good! Then there is no doubt about it?" said the cross-looking gentleman. "Pray take me to him at once!"

"Eh?"

"I have come for him," explained the cross-looking gentleman. "I shall, of course, explain things to your headmaster; but I desire to make sure that the boy does not elude me. Please show me where he is at this moment."

The Caterpillar drew a deep breath.

He understood now.

This cross-looking gentleman was a St. Jim's master, and he had come over to recapture the junior who had run away from school.

A glimmer came into De Courcy's eyes.

As the gentleman evidently took him for a Greyfriars boy, the Caterpillar left him in his mistake. He had no intention whatever of helping to hand over the fugitive of St. Jim's.

The Caterpillar's brain worked quickly.

"Is D'Arcy here without leave, sir?" he asked innocently.

"He has run away from school."

"Oh! And are you his headmaster, sir?"

"No, no! I am Mr. Selby, the master of the Third Form at D'Arcy's school. Pray show me where he is!"

"Dear me!" said the Caterpillar. "I thought D'Arcy was in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's."

"That is the case!" snapped Mr. Selby.

"I see. You are not his Form-master, or his headmaster, but just buttin' in out of sheer kindness of heart!" said the Caterpillar, with polite and smiling impertinence.

Mr. Selby frowned.

"Take me to D'Arcy at once, or I will complain to your headmaster, bcy!" he snapped.

"It's a pleasure to oblige you, sir," said the Caterpillar urbanely. "Please come with me."

He turned out of the gateway, and Mr. Selby followed him in—still under the impression that it was a Greyfriars boy who was guiding him.

From the cricket-field there came a roar.

"Well bowled!"

"Good man!"

"Greyfriars wins!"

The Caterpillar made a grimace. The long-contested match had ended, and the Highcliffe innings had petered out as he had anticipated. But the Caterpillar did not glance in that direction. He wanted to keep Mr. Selby as far from the cricket-ground as he could.

Arthur Augustus, all unsuspecting of the avenger on the track, was there, and De Courcy could imagine his feelings if this ill-tempered-looking gentleman suddenly collared him in the midst of the cheering crowd.

Whether Arthur Augustus was right or wrong in taking French leave from school, it was the Caterpillar's intention to stand by him, if he could.

He led the way towards the School House.

Mr. Selby accompanied him without a suspicion that he was turning his back on the fugitive he sought.

Near the School House door, however, the Caterpillar swerved, and led his companion past the buildings.

"Is not D'Arcy in the house?" snapped Mr. Selby.

"No, sir! Will you come this way?" asked the Caterpillar politely.

"Very well!" grunted Mr. Selby.

"Caterpillar!" Frank Nugent of the Remove came cutting across. "Your friends want you! The brake's ready!"

De Courcy bit his lip. Nugent glanced in some surprise at the cross-looking gentleman.

"Right-ho!" said the Caterpillar, recovering himself at once. "Hold on a minute! This is a master of St. Jim's. He has come over for some naughty boy who has run away—"

"Oh!" gasped Frank.

"He wants to see D'Arcy at once, and I'm guidin' him," explained the Caterpillar.

"Oh!" repeated Nugent. "But— Oh, yes! I—I see!"

With the eye that was farthest from Mr. Selby the Caterpillar winked at the Greyfriars junior.

"As my friends want me, I'd better be gettin' back," he said. "Would you mind guidin' Mr. Selby?"

"Oh, certainly!"

Nugent understood that he was to keep Mr. Selby occupied as long as possible, while the Caterpillar reached Arthur Augustus and put him on his guard.

"We are wasting time!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, loudly and angrily. "I command you to show me at once where the boy D'Arcy is skulking!"

"Go ahead, old bean!" said the Caterpillar to Nugent, and he raised his straw hat politely to Mr. Selby, and departed for the cricket-ground.

"This way, sir!" said Nugent.

And he led Mr. Selby round the buildings, with the cheery intention of keeping Mr. Selby on the march just so long as Mr. Selby consented to follow his guidance.

## CHAPTER 8. Up Against It!

"D'ARCY, old bean!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was standing with the cricketers, chatting pleasantly and cheerily, while the Highcliffians, ready to depart, waited for the Caterpillar.

"Yaas, deah boy?" said Arthur Augustus.

"We're ready to get off, Caterpillar!" murmured Courtenay in his friend's ear.

De Courcy only nodded to his chum, without answering. He approached Arthur Augustus.

"Know a thin old bird at St. Jim's named Selby?" he asked.

"Yaas. My minah's Form-mastah," said Arthur Augustus, in surprise.

"Like to see him?"

"Bai Jove! No!"

"He's come!"

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"Come?" repeated Arthur Augustus blankly.

"Just that!" smiled the Caterpillar. "Lookin' for a coon like you, you know!"

"Gwreat Scott!"

Arthur Augustus gave a quick, alarmed look round. Mr. Selby was about the last person in the world whom he desired to see.

Fortunately, the St. Jim's master was not in sight. The Caterpillar had taken care of that, and now Frank Nugent was taking care of it. At present Mr. Selby was on a voyage of discovery which was not intended to lead to discoveries.

Harry Wharton's face became very grave.

"A master—come for you, D'Arcy!" he said. "Then they know you are here?"

"I weally do not know how they know," said D'Arcy, perplexed. "I have certainly not mentioned it. Howevah, if Mr. Selby has come heah for me— You are saah of that, deah boy?"

"He asked me to guide him to you, and I guided him," said the Caterpillar. "I think I must have mistaken the direction, because he's gone round the School House—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where is he now?" breathed Bob Cherry.

"T'other side of the buildings, with Nugent leadin' him on by his jolly old nose."

"Bai Jove!"

"It seems that you've run away from school, which was naughty," said the Caterpillar. "If you want to go home with the Selby-critter, I'll give Nugent a whistle. If not—"

"Perhaps it would be better, D'Arcy," murmured Wharton.

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"I wufese uttahly to go back with Mr. Selby," he replied.

"In any case, I should not allow him to intahfeah with me, as he is not my Form-mastah. It is like his cheek buttin' in like this!"

"The cheekfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh. "But—but—"

"But—" said Wharton.

"If he speaks to the Greyfriars Head, you will be handed over," said the Caterpillar. "And you can't punch Selby, I suppose?"

"Weally, he is askin' for it, buttin' in like this. But, of course, it would be howwid form to knock a Form-mastah down. I shall have to dodge the interfevin' boundah."

"If we can help—" said Harry.

"Thank you, no, deah boy! Selby will yarn to your head-mastah, and you would get into a wow."

"Never mind that!"

"But I do mind it, deah boy. I did not come heah to get my fwuends into twouble," D'Arcy glanced down at his flannels. "I had bettah change and cleah off at once."

Billy Bunter rolled up to the group, grinning.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

"D'Arcy's wanted," said Bunter. "There's a grim old bird—"

"Dry up!"

"He's just pulled Nugent's ear," said Bunter, with a fat chuckle. "I saw him, you know. I heard him say he believed that Nugent was leading him in the wrong direction, and was in league with the young rascal. Are you the young rascal, D'Arcy?"

"Bai Jove!"

"He's gone into the School House, and he's asking for the Head," said Bunter, blinking at the dismayed group of cricketers. "He says that D'Arcy has run away from school. I say, Gussy, old man, have you run away from school? He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter, still chuckling, was pushed aside as Frank Nugent came racing up breathlessly.

"Look out!" gasped Nugent.

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter. "Look out, Gussy! He's on your trail."

"Shut up, Bunter!" roared Bob Cherry.

"He, he, he!"

"The fat's in the fire now!" gasped Nugent. "He tumbled to it, Caterpillar. He had the cheek to pull my ear when he guessed—"

"The impertinent old boundah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly. "I feel bound to apologise for him, Nugent, deah boy."

Frank Nugent laughed.

"Never mind that," he said. "He's in the house now, and getting at the Head. No time to cut to waste. Are you hooking it?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"You could dodge him, and get back to St. Jim's on your own!" suggested Harry Wharton, who could not help thinking that his own school was the best place for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, in spite of the question of dignity that stood between him and St. Jim's.

"Impos, deah boy!"

"Then the only thing is to cut!" said Harry.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Your clothes——" began Nugent.

"Cut in Frank's flannels; the clobber can be sent on," said Harry Wharton hastily.

"Yes, do; that's the idea!" said Frank at once.

"If you do not weally mind, Nugent——"

"Not in the least."

"It is wathah imposin' on your kindness, I feah——"

"Bow-wow! No time to lose, you know."

"Vewy well. I—— Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy broke off with a gasp as the Caterpillar seized him suddenly by the arm, and fairly yanked him into the pavilion.

"Just in time!" smiled the Caterpillar. "Gather round, you fellows! Screen our merry guest from the Selby bird's ferocious eye!"

"Bai Jove! What——" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Just spotted him bearin' down!" explained the Caterpillar.

"Oh cwumbs!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gathered round the doorway with some of the Highcliffe cricketers. Some of the latter were already in their brake, which was waiting close by the cricket-field. All was ready for the Highcliffians' departure as soon as this strange affair left the Caterpillar at liberty. But the Caterpillar evidently meant to see Arthur Augustus through somehow.

D'Arcy peered out cautiously.

Mr. Selby was coming down to the cricket-ground with long strides, and plainly he had a definite object in view. Naturally, he had learned soon enough that D'Arcy had played for Greyfriars that afternoon, and so he guessed that he would be among the cricketers.

In fact, his first question in the School House had elicited the information that D'Arcy was on Little Side.

If necessary, Mr. Selby intended to call on the aid of the headmaster and the Greyfriars prefects to secure the runaway.

Such a request could scarcely have been refused. The Head would certainly have taken a serious view of such an action as running away from school. But once he was in the truant's presence Mr. Selby could rely on himself, and he hurried to the cricket-field to drop his bony hand on D'Arcy's shoulder, and lead him away.

Arthur Augustus jerked back his head, after peering out, in dismay.

Escape was cut off now.

He could not emerge from the pavilion without going into full view of Mr. Selby, which meant recapture, unless he resorted to the really desperate expedient of knocking Mr. Selby down. And that, though it might be thought of as a last resource in extremity, was not really a practical proposition. Knocking Mr. Selby down was not, in fact, feasible.

"Bai Jove! I seem to be cornahed!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

"The cornerfulness is terrific!"

"Shall we—shall we collar him, and hold him while you hook it?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Bai Jove! No."

"I say, you fellows, the old bird's coming!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"What on earth am I goin' to do?" murmured Arthur Augustus. But even in that moment of extremity the polished politeness of the swell of St. Jim's did not fail him.

"It is weally too bad to wowwy you fellahs like this. I can only say I am awf'ly sowwy."

"Rot!" said Bob cheerfully. "The question is, how are we going to keep you out of the beak's claws?"

"Yaas, wathah! But——"

"My move!" drawled the Caterpillar.

"If you've got a wheeze cough it up quickly!" said Harry Wharton. "He's closing in."

"We're just goin' back to Highcliffe," said De Courcy. "D'Arcy can get into the middle of the crowd of us, and get into our brake——"

"Bai Jove!"

"Lucky he's in flannels. He won't be noticed in a crowd of us. Keep your head down, Gussy, and put your eyeglass in your pocket. Somebody else can start running the other way, and give the Selby bird the impression that D'Arcy is bolting for it."

"Oh, good!"

"Good old Caterpillar!"

"But," ejaculated D'Arcy, "it may mean twouble for you chaps——"

"Dear man, we thrive on trouble," said the Caterpillar. "Trouble jolts the monotony of existence. Come on, and listen to your kind uncles!"

"Yaas; but——"

"Exactly. Come on!"

All the junior at hand "caught on" at once, and played

up manfully. The Highcliffe cricketers ranked round Arthur Augustus, screening him, and at the same time six or seven of the Greyfriars fellows went chasing round the pavilion, as if in pursuit, yelling:

"Stop! D'Arcy! Do you hear? Stop! D'Arcy!"

Mr. Selby paused and glanced round. He saw a figure in white—which was Squiff's, as a matter of fact—vanish round the pavilion, with half a dozen juniors shouting in pursuit. He broke into a trot after them.

"Stop him!" he shouted. "Stop him, my boys! He has run away from school! Stop him, and bring him to me at once!"

"Now's the time!" murmured the Caterpillar.

The Highcliffe crowd marched for their brake, with Arthur Augustus in their midst. In a minute, or less, Arthur Augustus was sitting low in the brake, with Highcliffians crowded round him, and the vehicle was in motion.

The Caterpillar smiled as the brake rolled out into the road.

"Our win!" he remarked pleasantly.

## CHAPTER 9.

### Looking After Gussy!

MR. SELBY grinned. It really was not dignified for a Form-master to grin; but Mr. Selby was so pleased that he did it.

Success was very gratifying.

He had followed that hot chase round the pavilion, and he came on pursuers and pursued. A figure in white flannels was sprawling on the ground, and Harry Wharton & Co. were holding him there, and also screening most of him from view. It was, in actual fact, Squiff of the Remove who was sprawled face down in the grass. But Mr. Selby did not know that.

All he knew was that a junior in flannels had been overtaken and collared, and he did not doubt for a moment that it was D'Arcy—whom these kind youths had collared to oblige him, and out of respect for authority and law and order, and such considerations.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull sprawled over Squiff, and Harry Wharton was clutching the back of his head, and two or three other fellows were holding him, so that there was really not much to be seen of Squiff. Which made it natural, indeed, inevitable, that Mr. Selby should fall into a little error on the subject.

"Got you, you boulder!" shouted Bob Cherry, as Mr. Selby came breathlessly up. "Got you all right!"

"The gotfulness is terrific."

"You won't run away again, you sweep!" exclaimed the Boulder.

"Hold him, my boys!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, hurrying up.

"We've got him right enough, sir!" said Harry Wharton.

"Grooogh!" came from Squiff.

The Greyfriars juniors were playing their part well—so thoroughly, indeed, that Squiff was nearly suffocated. But he was suffering in a good cause. Already the juniors could hear the wheels of the departing brake, which was bearing the St. Jim's runaway to safety.

"I am very much obliged to you, my young friends," said Mr. Selby, with unusual graciousness. "Do not let him escape; he has given his headmaster a great deal of trouble!"

"Has—has he, sir?"

"Let him rise," said Mr. Selby, "but hold him till I have my hand on his collar; he is very—very elusive."

Squiff began to struggle at that point, and all the juniors were kept very busy for some minutes securing him again. So Mr. Selby had to wait. Meanwhile, all sounds of the Highcliffe brake died-away in the distance.

"All serene now!" murmured Wharton at last.

And the captured junior was allowed to rise to his feet, very crumpled and breathless. Mr. Selby's bony grip was on his shoulder at once—but in a moment more it was relaxed, and the St. Jim's master stared and blinked at Squiff in angry amazement.

"This is not D'Arcy!" he exclaimed furiously.

"D'Arcy, sir?" repeated Bob Cherry innocently. "Did you think this was D'Arcy, sir?"

"D'Arcy!" said Johnny Bull. "Who's D'Arcy?"

"I'm Field, sir," said Squiff meekly. "Thank you for coming up and stopping these fellows japing!"

Mr. Selby gritted his teeth.

Whether these young scoundrels—for that was the expression Mr. Selby mentally applied to the heroes of Greyfriars—had deliberately pulled his leg, he did not know; but certainly they had wasted six or seven minutes of his time, and in that interval Arthur Augustus D'Arcy might have fed anywhere.

With his teeth set, and his eyes glinting, Mr. Selby rushed back to the pavilion.

Harry Wharton & Co. exchanged a grin:

(Continued on page 19.)

EVERYBODY ENJOYS READING THIS WONDERFUL STORY.



The Story of a Lad's Uphill Fight for Fame and Fortune. By DUNCAN STORM.

## READ THIS FIRST.

JIM READY, a sturdy lad of fourteen, having seen his last friend laid to rest, is left all alone in the great world of chance. He is leaving the cemetery gates, when he butts up against

A KINDLY STRANGER (John Lincoln), the principal governor of the great school of St. Beowulf's, who had been watching him at the funeral.

The two walk along the road together, and Jim tells his new-found friend that he intends starting work at the brickfields in Dennington. The stranger smiles, and tells Jim it is education he needs first. He then withdraws a piece of parchment from his pocket, and, after signing it, hands it to Jim. It is a free pass into the great school. Jim is to take his chance as a Lincoln scholar at St. Beowulf's.

Jim gets a warm reception from the bullies of the school, but the decent fellows welcome him.

He finds a friend in Wobbygong, a plucky lad from Australia, and the master of a pet kangaroo, Nobby. Wobby is giving a lantern show, when Nobby makes a bolt out of the window. The boys follow by the same exit, and mounting some hunters on which the scholars of St. Beowulf's are put through the riding-school, they chase and capture Nobby.

On their return to St. Beowulf's, they find that burglars have broken into the school. The ruffians are captured, Wobby commanding their car and hiding it in the Haunted Barn.

Wobby next learns of the scoundrels' intentions of smuggling their ill-gotten gains out of the country by a fishing-smack.

"Then the fishing-smack won't get her cargo, Wobby!" says Jim Ready, smiling.

(Now read on.)

## Back to School!

"BET your life she won't!" replied Wobby calmly. "But there's something else going to happen."

"What him?" asked Lung.

"We are going to get that fishing-smack and board her," replied Wobby calmly.

His chums stared at him.

"Catchee fish junk?" demanded Lung, in credulous tones.

"Why not, Chinkey?" asked Wobby.

"They murder us!" said Lung.

"What does that matter?" asked Wobby casually. "We are not so easy to murder as all that. Think of the glory of it all if it comes off! We take the bags and fill them with old bricks, we get aboard the lugger and catch the rascals when they are not expecting it, and we sail the fishing-craft into Barham Port, a prize of war. Won't the coppers be mad when they find we've done it all. You just leave it all to me, boys," added Wobby. "I'll see you through! Now we'll get, or we'll have old Blackbeard, the pirate, putting salt on our tails. I'll tell you more of my dark plans anon!"

He led the way out of the Haunted Barn, making for the school wall, which backed on to the woods.

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Nobby was very tired now. He wanted to sit down on his tail all the way, but his master showed how, if you jumped on Nobby's tail, he would jump, too.

They dropped softly into the little sunk lane under the school wall. Down here they could hear voices. It was the doctor and Blackbeard Teach and Monsieur de Blanquiers returning from the police-station.

"Quick, boys!" whispered Wobby. "Over the garden wall, or we are undone!"

Swiftly he climbed the wall, sitting astride of it. Then he dropped his arms and grabbed the weary Nobby by the forepaws. There wasn't a jump left in Nobby now; he was as flabby as a spent catty. All the elastic had gone out of him. His master hauled him up and dropped him gently on the safe side of the wall. Then he helped up his chums, and they dropped into safety as the doctor and Blackbeard and Monsieur de Blanquiers came round the corner of the lane.

Luckily for the party, Monsieur was making such a noise with his excitable chatter that neither heard the thump when the tired kangaroo was dropped to the ground. They crouched in the shadow of the wall and listened.

"Really a most remarkable lot of boys!" the doctor was saying. "Especially that Australian boy. I think he and young Ready showed the greatest resource to-night. And to think of him smuggling that absurd kangaroo into the school, too!"

"I believe that youth would smuggle anything," said the deep voice of Blackbeard Teach. "From the character that this Mr. Frisky Smith and the policeman were giving

him, it seems that we shall need to keep our eye on Master Wobby. The constable tells me that Wobby came near braining him with his boomerang to-night!"

"Ah, Monsieur de Teach!" exclaimed Monsieur de Blanquiers. "You spik of zat Australian boy, Wobbee! 'E's a cool 'and. 'E is what you call 'im—some nuts—eh?"

The voices died away up the lane.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," said Wobby philosophically. "If old Blackbeard is going to keep his eye on me I'm going to keep my eye on Blackbeard, or he may get stepping through some of my deep-laid plans. Come along, chaps! We will be into school ten minutes ahead of the doctor. Tread on old Nobby's tail and make him hop!"

They made their way to Dormitory No. 4. There was no attempt made to put the worn-out Nobby back in his sack. He was put into the box-room with a pile of holdalls and odd garments for a bed, and he showed no disposition to move.

"He wants food!" said Wobby. "Let us have the remnants of the feast for the poor lad!"

He fed Nobby with biscuits, jam-puffs, and quarters of orange. Then he rubbed his legs with embrocation.

The dormitory was buzzing with excitement, wanting to hear all the exciting news of the night; but Wobby was taciturn, and would tell them nothing.

"It's getting on for daylight, boys," he said. "Blackbeard must be cruising about somewhere in the offing. Get into your bye-byes, and I'll tell you as much as it is good for you to know to-morrow morning."

Wobby rolled into his own bed, and pulled the clothes over his head. He pretended to go to sleep.

Blackbeard Teach came along presently, and peered into the dormitory to see that all was quiet. There was not a sound beyond the deep steady breathing of the boys, sleeping the sleep of health and innocence.

Now and then, from the box-room, came a dull, heavy thump. This was Nobby, banging his great tail on the floor as his long hind legs twitched convulsively. The jam-puffs he had eaten were not agreeing with the kangaroo. He was dreaming that he was being hunted over miles and miles of country, and that he was being shot at with pistols.

There was one boy in that dormitory, who, though pretending to be asleep, was wide awake, his restless brain teeming with schemes for the unearthing of half a dozen caches of buried treasure, and the arrest of a whole gang of international burglars.

Wobby was still scheming when he fell asleep, hugging beneath his pillow that precious pocket-book which contained all the plans of the enemy.

## The Signal for Help!

JIM READY was bewildered by the swiftness with which he settled down in St. Beowulf's School.

Generally he found everyone ready to help him and chum with him. But there were exceptions to the rule.

Slurk, with his gang of bullies, Mudd,



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Todeson, and the rest, had marked him down as their prey, and now and then from these there was a sneering whisper of "Towney cad!" as he passed them.

He soon found, though, that as a Lincoln scholar he had powerful supporters. "Touch me and you touch the lot!" was the motto of the Lincolns, and Jim knew that the magic cry of "Lincolns ahoy!" would soon bring the Lincoln scholars buzzing to his rescue.

But he had no desire to shout "Lincolns ahoy!" without very good reason.

Then, again, he had Wobby, the Australian, for a chum, and Wobby, with his lawless good humour, was a personage to be reckoned with. The bullies had evidently decided between them that Wobby was a fellow to be left severely alone, or, if possible, to be coaxed into their gang.

So, having made a false start with him, they started off on the other tack, flattering him over his exploits of the previous night, and affecting to take a great interest in his tame kangaroo, which had been bedded down with a vast quantity of hay in the doctor's stable.

Here the kangaroo made himself very happy in a loose box, hopping round, sniffing at the rails, and occasionally jumping up to the great enjoyment of the Lower School kids who swarmed to the stable to see this new curiosity.

Wobby soon showed himself wise to the move of the bullies.

"That gang o' smoozers are very polite to-day!" he remarked to Jim. "They are a two-headed lot, ready to face about where the meat is; but I'm nix for their push, though they'd like to make the white-headed boy of me. It makes me sour to hear that tug, Slurk, skiting on that he's the king pin of the school, when anyone can see that he and his crowd of stiffies are no more than a crush of larrikins, if you take 'em apart. And I don't like that nigger, Washington Smith, either—the one they call Jack Johnson. You watch out for that nigger, Jim, my son," added Wobby. "They're schooling him on to make a mark of you. He's as stupid a Jim Crow as I've ever struck. If he comes for you, kick him in the shins for a start. It's no good hitting a nigger's head. Then send up a signal of distress."

"What do you mean, 'a signal of distress,' Wobby?" asked Jim.

"This," replied Wobby, drawing from his pocket a small, red-painted object with a short fuse, like a bomb. "That's a maroon," he said modestly. "Home made, it is. There's six ounces of the best black gunny tied up tight with string, and when she goes, she goes with a bang. If that nigger gets after you, set a light to that, drop it somewhere near him, and he'll think he's blown into the middle of next week. It'll make a bang that will bring me on the spot, and if I don't make him wish he was back on the old Swanee River, where he was born, my name ain't Wobby!"

Jim took the maroon from his chum, greatly amused at the novelty of the idea. He had never heard of signalling in this fashion for assistance against a bully.

None the less, he did not underestimate the powers of Jack Johnson.

Jack was a hefty great nigger, nearly six feet high. He said he had been a prince in his own country, but Wobby said that he was only a Barbados nigger whose father had made a fortune in sugar plantations and selling second-hand clothes.

"Yaw! That stiff a prince!" exclaimed Wobby. "Why, he's just a buck nigger, and goodness knows how he got into the school, unless he came here as an object lesson. Mark my words, Jim, he's out for mischief! Those Slurkites are egging him on to stoush you, and he's mad to show them that he is one of the boys!"

Jim laughed. He was not very much afraid of the big nigger.

"Got any matches?" asked Wobby, who forgot nothing.

"No," replied Jim.

"Then what's the good of my signal maroon if you haven't got any matches?" asked Wobby. "Here's a box, and mind you take care of them! You'll want that maroon before you have done."

Sure enough it was not long before Jim had need of his signal.

It was a half-day holiday, and his chum, Stickjaw, had volunteered to show him all round the great school, with its rambling buildings and outhouses.

Originally a monastery, St. Beowulf's covered many acres of ground, much of it in fine school buildings ancient and modern, much of it in queer walled gardens and paddocks, surrounded by high stone walls rising to twenty feet.

It reminded Jim of some ancient fortress, with its many ramifications and its many courts, some of which had been herb gardens in the days of the old monks, who, according to history, had made a sort of patent medicine factory of St. Beowulf's.

These queer courts all had their names. There was the Rat Pit, the Slaughter House, the Hole in the Wall, Sloper's Island, and the Fag Yard.

In some of these queer, unroofed squares were tennis courts and fives courts, but they were not used much by the boys, who preferred the magnificent playing fields.

Jim was mostly interested in the Rat Pit, which lay next to the Hole in the Wall court. The Rat Pit was entered by a great heavy gate, and the only communication between it and the Hole in the Wall court was a small hole in the thickness of the wall, surrounded by square-cut masonry.

This was really the old leper's squint, for Hole in the Wall court had once been the site of the ancient church of St. Beowulf's, and the Rat Pit had been the courtyard of the lepers' hospital, when leprosy was still a dread scourge in England.

In the Napoleonic Wars this place had been a prison for French sailors, who had left neat inscriptions and clever carvings in the stone.

It was these inscriptions which aroused Jim's interest, and he started to decipher them with care.

"Oh crumbs!" exclaimed Stickjaw, who hated anything of an improving or educational character. "You go on reading your old inscriptions. I'm going to buzz round to



the tuck-shop. I want to read the label on a pop bottle. That's more my line!"

Jim was left alone in the Rat Pit. He was eager to learn all about this wonderful old school of which he was now a scholar, and he carefully studied all the inscriptions within reach. Somehow or another he had managed to pick up a fair knowledge of French.

He climbed the wall to get a nearer reading of the inscription of Alcide Maret, boatswain of the French frigate, Alceste, and a prisoner of war, when the clang of the great gate of the Rat Pit made him look round.

The nigger, Jack Johnson, accompanied by Slurk himself, had entered the gate.

### Odds Against Him!

**T**HERE was an old chain and staple attached to the great oaken door, and into this Slurk slipped a new padlock. His face showed an evil smile as Jim, clinging to the wall, looked down on him.

"Hallo, young Towney cad!" said Slurk, looking up at his victim. "So we've caught you at last! In the Rat Pit, too!"

"Yaw-haw! Yaas, we hab cop you at las', Mister Town cad!" said Jack Johnson, his great, blubber-lipped mouth opening like a letter-box, as a grin spread over his face.

Jim took a glance round. He was indeed caught. The stone walls of the Rat Pit were at least twenty-five feet high, and there was no chance of climbing them.

Higher up, where the mortar had weathered out between the stones, the masons had been at work, and had filled every crevice with cement. There was no chance of climbing up and dropping on to the roofs of the outhouses beyond.

The Rat Pit was a couple of acres in extent. There was plenty of room for the chasing of the rat.

The two bullies advanced leisurely across the great quadrangle. Jim was clinging to the wall about nine feet up, his toes holding insecurely in the spaces between the masonry.

"Come down out of that, young Towney cad," said Slurk. "It's no good shouting to your precious Lincolns for help. A bob padlock has settled that. Now you are going through it. None of your kangaroos, either, this time!"

Slurk drew from his pocket a cob of rope, a cob that was made of three-inch tarred hemp, with a hard Turk's head turned in the end of it. The nigger who always did what Slurk did produced a similar cob.

"Aw-yow, yaas!" he grinned. "We put you t'rough it, Mister Town cad, suah as my name am Washington Smith. We gib you piccaniny hiding you 'member plenty long time. You no hab got kangaroo friend now!"

Jim looked down on the two bullies. He could not hang where he was much longer, for already his fingers were stiff and cramped.

With a sudden bound he leaped back from the wall over their heads, and reached the ground, awkward as the backward jump was, without losing his footing.

Jack Johnson turned and made a dash at him.

Jim, remembering Wobby's advice concerning the thickness of niggers' heads in general, and the touchiness of their shins in particular, landed the nigger a hearty kick on the shin, with the most surprising results.

He was wearing his heavy boots, and the kick was a good one.

The two bullies advanced upon Jim, who was clinging to the wall, his toes holding insecurely in the spaces between the masonry. "Come down out of that, young Towney cad!" cried Slurk. "You've got to go through it now!"



Suddenly Jim's hand flew up, and Slurk and his friends caught a glimpse of a red object flying through the air towards them. There was a blinding flash, and a tremendous bang which echoed through the high walls of the Rat Pit, like the explosion of a shell.

Jack Johnson, standing on one leg like a cork, let out a desolating howl.

"Yow-ow!" he moaned, giving forth a great yell. "My laig! Ow my laig! He hab broke my laig!"

He dropped his rope cob in his anguish, and Jim saw this as he dashed off with Slurk in swift pursuit.

Jim had taken sparingly of dinner that day, but Slurk had tucked into beefsteak pudding, followed by several helpings of plummy Spotted Dick. Further, he had been to the tuckshop concealing his plot, and there had consumed all the cream buns and stodge sweets that he could get his admirers to pay for.

The juniors were all flush of cash at this, the beginning of Term, and Slurk had done pretty well. He soon found, as he chased Jim round the Rat Pit, that the Pit was a little too large for his sport. Jim raced three yards ahead of him all the time, twisting and dodging and avoiding corners in a style that showed he would make a good forward for the school when his time came.

The fatal kick on the nigger's shins was still keeping that gentleman busy. A nigger's shins are more vulnerable than his funny bone, so Jack Johnson had got plenty to get along with.

"Ow! My laig! My laig!" he howled, nursing his hacked shin in agony. "He an broke—my laig!"

first time you get one you lay down and howl!"

Jack Johnson stumbled to his feet. "If he'd kick my laig, I wouldn't hab mind, but he kicked my laig!" he groaned, as he limped along.

"I'll kick your other 'laig' as well if you don't come out of your trance and get into the game!" growled Slurk. "Head the young brute off, you silly duffer!"

The chase commenced again, but the steam was out of the nigger.

Jim nimbly avoided Slurk, and it came to Jack Johnson's turn.

"I teach you to kick my laig, yo' white trash!" yelled Jack Johnson, and, dropping his head, he played the old dirty nigger trick of butting like a goat, or, rather, like a battering-ram.

Jim side-stepped that tremendous woolly head and kicked again.

It was a first-class kick this time, and a dismal howl went up from the nigger as he rolled on the ground.

"Law sakes! He hab kick my udder laig!" he moaned. "Ow-wow! Dis nigger am killed!"

Slurk had come to a stand, panting and puffing.

"You woolly headed ass!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "Why couldn't you catch him?"

"Wow!" howled Jack Johnson. "Ebery time dat I go to catch him he kick my laig!"

Jim marked his fallen cob, and raced down on the unhappy son of Ham like a whirlwind.

Jack Johnson was still standing on one leg, raising his moan.

Jim swept down, and grabbed the fallen cob, gave Jack a boost that sent him crashing to the ground, and avoided Slurk's outstretched hand with a swift duck.

"Yon young devil, I'll kill you!" panted Slurk.

Jim felt better now. He had almost put one of his enemies out of action, and he was armed. If Slurk could cob be could cob.

Slurk had stoped by the fallen nigger.

"Get up, you rotter!" he howled, angrily kicking the unhappy Jack Johnson. "You are a beauty, you are. You game ratting, and the one you lay down and

There were hammerings on the door and yells of "Slurkey!"

The rest of the bullies had arrived to see the baiting of the poor helpless little Towney cad.

Jim, with white face and gleaming eyes, stood, cob in hand, at the far end of the high walled enclosure. He knew that these ruffians were going to put him through it, but he meant to make a fight of it!

"Open the gate, Slurkey!" called the voices outside. "Let us in to see the fun."

"Wait a moment!" called Slurk, glancing at Jim with an evil grin. "We've got him safe, chaps, but he takes a bit of catching. The Rat Pit is too large for the rat. We want a few more terriers!"

He unlocked the gate, and his crowd of followers entered, including Todeson, Sponge, and Mudd. Pretty well the whole clique were there.

"Now we ought to catch him between us, boys!" shouted Slurk. "Never mind that nigger. He's only been hacked, and he don't like it!"

Jim's hand went to his pocket. He had almost forgotten the maroon. Swiftly he struck a match and applied it to the short length of fuse.

"What's he up to now?" grumbled Slurk as, with his crowd, he advanced on that helpless little figure.

Suddenly Jim's hand flew up. Slurk and his friends had a glimpse of a red object like a cricket ball flying through the air towards them.

There was a blinding flash and a tremendous bang, which echoed through the high walls of the Rat Pit, like the explosion of a shell.

The bullies jumped in a mass from the ground and raced back.

At first they thought they were killed to a man; then they saw the puff of blue smoke which floated through the still air of the Rat Pit, and also the red torn envelope of painted string that was smouldering on the ground.

"The dirty young anarchist!" cried Slurk. "It's a bomb! Go for him, boys!"

He made a rush at Jim, and that ugly, heavy coil of rope whistled through the air.

He caught the welt of the cob on his shoulder, and it gave him some idea of the weight of this tarred hemp. He judged Mudd to be the weakest in the second line of bullies, and went straight for him, bowling him over and making through the cordon.

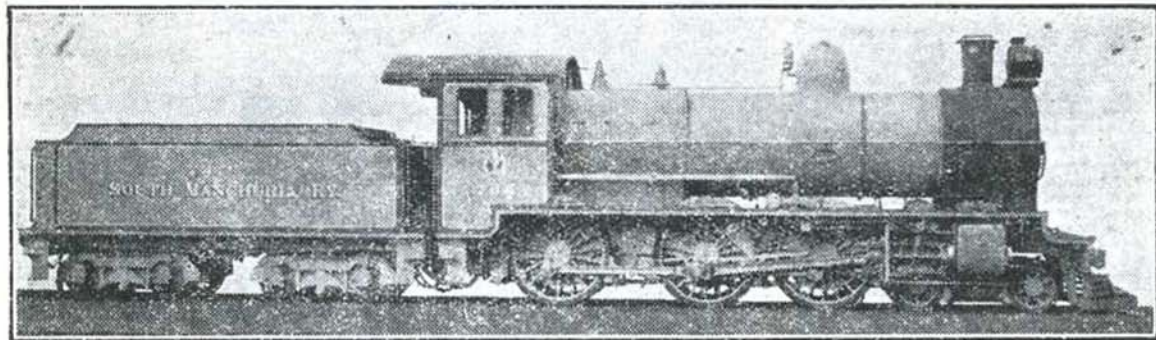
Jack Johnson was still out of action, sitting on the ground, shouting: "Oh, my laig!" with the tears coursing down his black cheeks.

Then the rat hunt started.

Jim gave them all a run for their money. He was playing for time now. If Wobby had heard the explosion of the maroon he would be coming to his help.

(There will be another grand long instalment of this exciting serial in next week's issue of the GEM.)

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## "GUSSY AT GREYFRIARS."

(Continued from page 15.)

"Dished!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The dishfulness is terrific!" chuckled Hurree Singh. "The esteemed and ridiculous D'Arcy has departfully bunked long ago."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. strolled back to the pavilion. Mr. Selby came out of that structure, breathless and almost raging. A good many Greyfriars fellows stared at him. It struck them that this bony gentleman was making himself very much at home on their cricket-ground.

"Where is D'Arcy?" raved Mr. Selby.

Nobody took the trouble to answer; in fact, the Greyfriars fellows were clearing off the cricket-ground now. Mr. Selby, in a state of simmering fury, darted away for the School House, to call on the assistance of the headmaster.

That assistance was duly granted, and for half an hour the Greyfriars prefects looked for the visitor from St. Jim's—more or less thoroughly. They could only discover that he certainly was no longer within the precincts of Greyfriars School.

That much was ascertained beyond doubt; but in what direction he had fled, nobody knew or cared to tell.

The only satisfaction Mr. Selby received was an assurance that if D'Arcy reappeared at Greyfriars, a telephonic message should apprise St. Jim's of the fact immediately.

With that Mr. Selby had to be content—more or less.

But he was in a Hunnish mood when he started for the railway-station to return to St. Jim's—without a prisoner.

He had been very near to success, awfully near it; but a miss was as good as a mile.

Mr. Selby scowled all the way back to St. Jim's, and gave his fellow-travellers on the express the impression that he was a very ill-tempered gentleman—as he was. And when he arrived at St. Jim's and reported to the Head that D'Arcy had been at Greyfriars, Dr. Holmes was glad to receive that much information, but his look showed that he was slightly surprised at Mr. Selby having taken it upon himself to pursue the missing junior to such a distance.

And that was all the thanks Mr. Selby received for his afternoon's work. The only good result of Mr. Selby's journey, in fact, was the missing of that evening's prepara-

tion in the Third Form room by the Third—which caused the heartiest rejoicings among Wally & Co.

On the following day Tom Merry & Co. learned of Mr. Selby's journey and Arthur Augustus' narrow escape.

Tom Merry chuckled.

"Good!" he said. "I was feeling rather sorry for Selby; but now we can consider that we stumped him for going after Gussy—we simply paid him in advance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But where is that awful ass Gussy now?" said Blake. "Goodness knows!"

And the whereabouts of the St. Jim's fugitive remained a mystery to his chums and to his headmaster. Greyfriars certainly was closed to him since Mr. Selby's visit; and in what direction he had turned his wandering steps could not be guessed.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as a matter of fact, had not travelled very far.

After the Highcliffe brake was well away from Greyfriars, the swell of St. Jim's was prepared to take leave of the cheery juniors who had rescued him from the pursuer. But the Caterpillar shook his head.

"What we have, we hold!" he said playfully. "You can't go wanderin' around in Nugent's cricketin' things, old bean. You're comin' on to Highcliffe with us."

"Bai Jove!"

"That's the programme!" said the Caterpillar. "I tell you, I shall only have to say a word to Mobby, and he will fix it up. To-morrow I'll bike over and get your clobber, old bean; in the merry meantime, I'll lend you some things."

"But, deah boy—"

"We shall take it very badly if you don't put up at Highcliffe to-night."

"Bai Jove, if you put it like that, old chap—"

"I do put it like that!" said the Caterpillar solemnly.

"Then, if you can awwange it, deah boy, I will accept your vewy kind invitation with gweat pleasuah," said Arthur Augustus.

"Good man!"

The Caterpillar could—and did—arrange it; and that night the St. Jim's wanderer slept the sleep of the just under the ancient roof of Highcliffe.

THE END.

(Will Arthur Augustus be tracked down in his new hiding place? Be sure and read next week's splendid yarn, entitled: "THE REFUGEE AT HIGHCLIFFE!" by Martin Clifford. You will find it a rollicking fine yarn.)

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