

TRIUMPH 2^d
Every Tuesday

GRAND OPENING CHAPTERS OF ACTION-
PACKED INDIAN ADVENTURE SERIAL

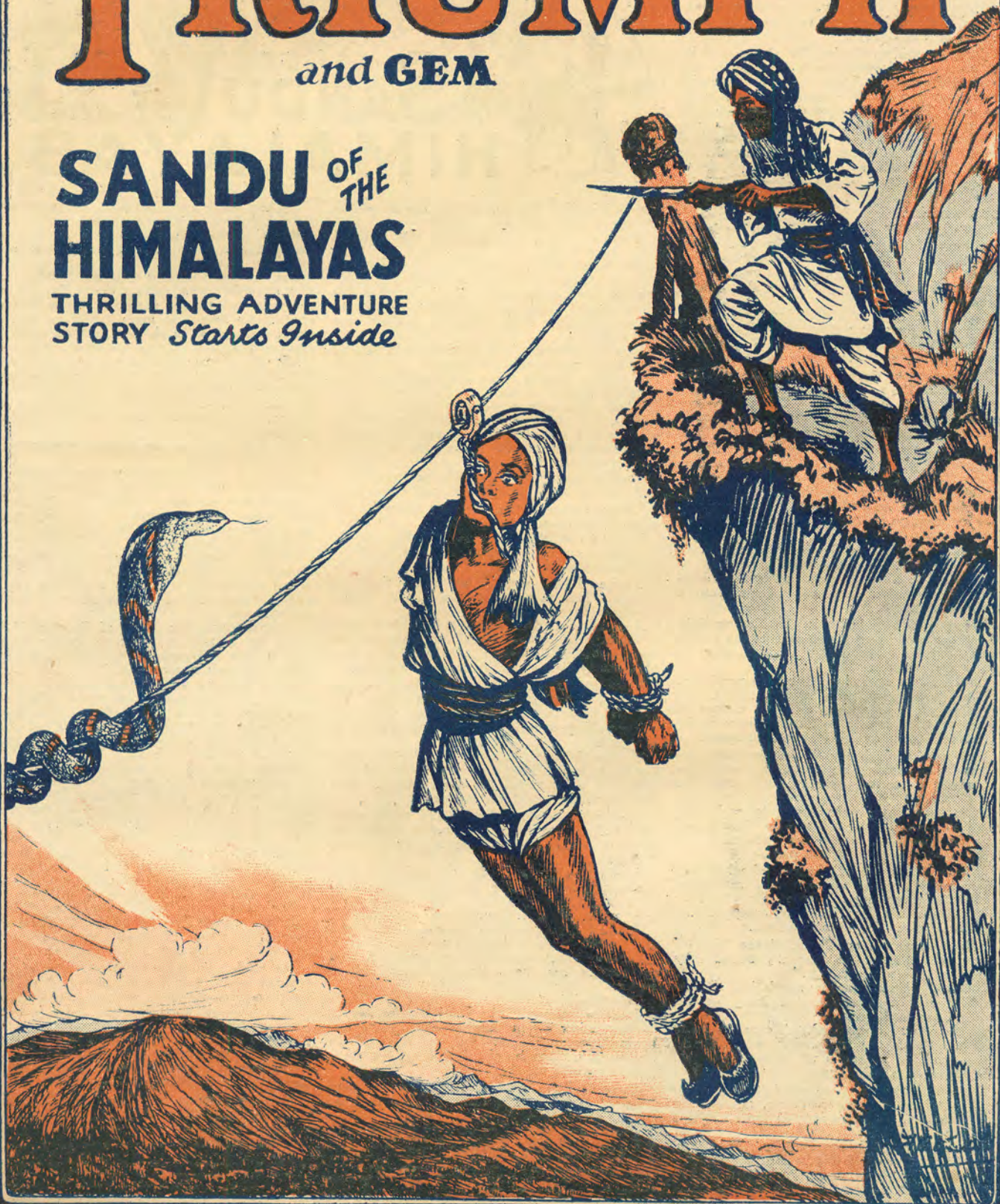
SEE BELOW

TRIUMPH

and **GEM**

SANDU ^{OF THE} HIMALAYAS

THRILLING ADVENTURE
STORY *Starts Inside*



GATHER ROUND, LADS! YOU'RE SURE OF SOME GRINS WITH THE CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S

IT'S

ST. JIM'S

AGAIN!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD



DETAINED

"D'ARCY!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave a start as Mr. Lathom rapped out his name in an annoyed tone.

He was at his desk in the Fourth Form Room at St. Jim's, and afternoon lessons were in progress; but the thoughtful shade on the brow of Arthur Augustus was not in the least due to a keen interest in his lessons.

His thoughts were far away. Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, had addressed him twice, without receiving a reply, and then he rapped D'Arcy's name in a tone that made D'Arcy jump.

"Ya-a-as, sir!" snapped Arthur Augustus. "Sowwy, sir! Did you address me, sir?"

All the Fourth were staring at Arthur Augustus, wondering what was the matter with him.

Blake and Herries and Digby, his special chums, had tried to attract his attention in vain. The swell of St. Jim's was in a brown study.

"I did address you, D'Arcy," said Mr. Lathom severely. "I have addressed you three times."

"Sowwy, sir."

"You are paying no attention to your lessons, D'Arcy. You have been scribbling on a paper under your desk."

"I—I—"

"Bring that paper to me at once!" said Mr. Lathom sternly.

Arthur Augustus hesitated.

"Oh, you fathead!" murmured Jack Blake.

Blake had not the least doubt that Arthur Augustus had been making a caricature of the Form-master—the juniors sometimes amusing themselves that way in class when their master was not looking.

And the blush on Arthur Augustus' aristocratic face seemed to confirm his suspicion.

And Mr. Lathom evidently shared the suspicion, for his manner was unusually sharp.

"Do you hear me, D'Arcy?"

"Ya-a-as, sir."

"Bring me that paper at once!"

"As a mattah of fact, sir," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity, "this is a pwivate mattah."

"What!"

There was a chuckle from the Fourth Formers. Mr. Lathom stared at D'Arcy over his glasses with a thunderous look.

He was a very good-tempered little man, as a rule, but Arthur Augustus' reply was quite enough to ruffle the serene Form master's temper.

"It's quite pwivate, sir," explained Arthur Augustus. "I am sowwy I have written it in lesson-time, but, as a mattah of fact, I am anxious to catch the post, and this letter is wathah difficult to wite."

"Bring me that paper at once!"

"Oh, vewy well, sir!" said Arthur

Augustus, as Mr. Lathom made a clutch at the pointer on his desk. "If you insist, sir."

Arthur Augustus came out before the class with the paper in his hand. Mr. Lathom, with a thunderous brow, took it from him, and looked at it. Then he stared blankly.

The paper was covered with writing, with words crossed out and re-written, and again re-written, until it looked as if D'Arcy had been trying to discover exactly how many pencil marks he could possibly squeeze into the space.

The few words that were distinguishable appeared to be written in French—Fourth Form French.

"Cher garcon — jespere — sente — l'ennemmy — Dear me!" said Mr. Lathom. "I suppose this is your idea of a joke, D'Arcy? You must not play jokes in lesson-time. Go back to your place, and stay in an hour after lessons!"

"Oh, weally, sir—"

"Do you hear?"

"Yaas, wathah, sir. But pway allow me to explain—"

"Go to your place!"

"I should weally like to explain that—"

Mr. Lathom, whose patience was exhausted, took the elegant junior by the ear and led him back to his place. The Fourth Form looked on, grinning.

Arthur Augustus' face was crimson with indignation. He dropped into his seat again, and Mr. Lathom crossed to the fireplace and dropped the valuable paper into the fire.

"Oh cwumbs!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "There's nothin' to gwin at, you duffahs! I have been faggin' my bwains like anythin' ovah that lettah. I—"

"You will stay in till six o'clock and write lines from Virgil, D'Arcy," said Mr. Lathom severely, "and if there is any more of this I shall cane you!"

"Bai Jove!"

"And if you utter ridiculous exclamations in the Form-room, sir, I shall cane you! Do you hear?" exclaimed Mr. Lathom.

"Bai Jove—I mean, yaas, sir!"

The lesson proceeded, Mr. Lathom frequently directing a stern glance towards Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. He was an easy-going master, but there were limits. Arthur Augustus had reached the limit.

D'Arcy's face was expressive of dismay. When Mr. Lathom seemed fully occupied again, he whispered to Jack Blake:

"I say, deah boy, this is wotten! I'm detained now!"

"What did you expect, fathead?"

"I wufuse to be called a fathead. You do not compwehend. That lettah was awf'ly important!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And—now I'm detained, and I'm

THIS WEEK:
GUSSY GOES GOOFY.

expectin' a lot of parcels this afternoon!" whispered Arthur Augustus. "I suppose you will look aftah them for me, Blake, deah boy, and see them taken to the studay?"

"Parcels?" murmured Blake.

"Yaas—seveval! And pewwaps some of those boundahs might waid them, you know!"

"Grub?" asked Blake, interested at last.

"Yaas, there is gwub in some of them—"

Mr. Lathom looked round.

"I think you are talking, D'Arcy! You will stay in till half-past six!"

"Oh cwumbs!"

Further communication was impossible; Mr. Lathom was unusually sharp that afternoon.

But Blake made his chum a sign that he could rely on him.

Certainly if Arthur Augustus was expecting parcels of grub, his loyal chums would look after them. Blake was already anticipating a feed of unusual magnitude in Study No. 6.

When lessons were over at last, the Fourth Form were dismissed, but the unfortunate Arthur Augustus had to remain in his place. Jack Blake contrived to whisper to him as he left his desk.

"All serene, Gussy! We'll get the things into the studay, never fear!"

"Yaas, but—"

But Blake had gone. The Fourth Form marched out, and Mr. Lathom, with a very severe brow, set Arthur Augustus his detention task. The swell of St. Jim's resigned himself to his hard fate.

"You will remain here until half-past six, and do your task, D'Arcy," said Mr. Lathom. "At half-past six you will bring it to me in my study. Until then you will not leave the Form-room. You understand?"

"Yaas, sir, but—"

"That will do, D'Arcy."

Mr. Lathom rustled out of the Form-room, and closed the door behind him. Arthur Augustus gave a dismal groan.

"What wotten luck! What beastly wotten luck! I have always regarded Lathom as a harmless ass, but I wathah think he is a beast, aftah all. If anythin' happens to those parcels— Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus settled down dismally to his task. Ten minutes later the door of the Form-room was cautiously opened about a foot and Blake put his head in.

"All serene, Gussy!" he called out in a subdued voice. "They've come, and we're looking after them!"

He closed the door hastily and withdrew. And Arthur Augustus, somewhat comforted, went on more contentedly with his detention task.

A RIFT IN THE LOOT

"HALVES!"

Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther uttered that exclamation together.

Three Fourth Formers were coming up the stairs simply laden with packages. Jack Blake was in the lead, with a box under each arm, another box in either hand, and smaller packages sticking out of his pockets.

Behind him came Herries and Digby, almost as heavily laden. And the three Shell fellows promptly barred the way, smiling. The chums of the Fourth had to halt.

"Halves!" repeated Tom Merry, grinning. "Stand and deliver!" said Monty Lowther. "Your grub or your giddy lives!" said Manners.

"Now, don't play the giddy ox!" remonstrated Blake. "We're loaded up, and I can't lick you—"

"You couldn't, anyway, dear boy," said Tom Merry cheerfully. "You're just in time for tea. We're stony, and the cupboard is like Mrs. Hubbard's—quite bare. This is corn in Egypt. As Hitler says when he's out to steal anything: 'It is a hostile act not to hand over to us anything we want!' So stand and deliver!"

"Look here—"

"Jam tarts!" said Tom, looking at the label on one of the boxes. "And cream puffs! Ham sandwiches! Hurrah! Now, we're willing to go halves—"

"You silly asses—"

"New-laid eggs!" chirruped Monty Lowther, scanning Herries' consignments. "Ripping! I'll tell you what. You carry these things into our study, and we'll let you come to tea."

"They're Gussy's!" roared Blake. "He's ordered them all from the village, and they've been delivered for him. He's detained, and we're looking after them."

"Too much trouble for you kids," said Tom Merry. "We'll look after them for you. Now, as Hitler is fond of saying: 'Are you going to be wicked enough to resist?'"

The Fourth Formers glared. They were too heavily laden to resist. The Shell fellows blocked the way, with smiling faces, and Blake & Co. glared over their many parcels.

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Kangaroo of the Shell, coming along the passage with two or three more Shell fellows.

"Loot!" said Tom Merry. "We have surprised a convoy of the enemy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg! Up and at 'em!"

"You silly chump—" roared Blake.

"S-lush!" said Tom Merry soothingly. "You shall come to tea. Steady, the Buffs! Seize the loot!"

"Rescue, Fourth!" yelled Blake wrathfully.

The three Fourth Formers made a rush to get through. It wasn't far from the landing to the door of Study No. 6. But the Shell were on the warpath, and it was not easy to get through.

In a moment the Fourth Formers were collared, and they dropped their parcels and hit out manfully.

There was a yell as Hammond and Reilly and Kerruish and half a dozen other Fourth Formers poured out of their study to the rescue.

Form rags were not uncommon in the junior quarters in the school at St. Jim's, but this rag was really terrific.

In the tussle the parcels, boxes, and packages were kicked right and left, and there was a smashing of eggs and a squashing of tarts as the combatants staggered to and fro among the damaged loot.

More Fourth Formers came swarming out of their studies, and the odds were soon heavily on the side of Study No. 6.

The Shell fellows were driven back up the passage. Herries dragged open a box, and clutched out the eggs it contained, and opened fire on the enemy.

Squash! Squash! Squash!

"Yaroooh!"

"Oh crumbs! Groooht!"

"Hurrah!"

The Shell beat a rapid retreat. Eggs at close quarters were too deadly. But two or

three of the vanquished party snatched up dropped parcels and fled with them.

Blake & Co. were left victorious, in possession of the field, amid a general wreckage of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's consignment, but greatly elated with their victory.

The Shell fellows retreated to Tom Merry's study in the Shell passage, and some of them scuttled off to the bath-rooms to wash off the eggs.

Monty Lowther slammed a parcel down on the study table. Kangaroo landed another. Two prizes at least had fallen to the raiders.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry, as he rubbed egg from his face with his handkerchief. "Oh crumbs! I've got the yolk of an egg down my neck! Groo!"

"Never mind, we've got the loot," said Lowther cheerfully. "Just in time for tea, too. I wonder what's in this parcel?"

"I wonder what's in this one?" grinned Manners.

"They seem pretty heavy!" grinned Kangaroo. "Cake, most likely—or perhaps tins of salmon. We'll jolly soon see!"

"What-ho!"

Monty Lowther rapidly unpacked his loot. Inside the brown-paper wrapping was a box. The box was opened and, to the amazement of the juniors, it was packed full of little leather cases.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Kangaroo. "We can't eat these!"

"Great Scott! What the deuce—"

Monty Lowther opened one of the cases. A safety-razor was disclosed. The juniors stared at it, dumbfounded.

"A—razor!" gasped Tom Merry.

"What the dickens did Gussy buy a razor for?" yelled Manners.

"Goodness knows!"

"There's a dozen of them!" gasped Monty Lowther. "He meant to have a jolly good shave while he was about it, I should think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Manners opened the other parcel. The juniors scanned it with amazement. They no longer expected to see any tuck, and they were right. The box contained a supply of shaving-soap!

"Well, my only Aunt Jimima Ann!" said Harry Noble, with a whistle. "This beats the giddy band! A dozen safety-razors and about half a ton of shaving-soap!"

"The kid must be off his rocker!" said Tom Merry in wonder.

"Well, you must be a fathead to loot that stuff!" said Kangaroo. "Thanks! I won't come to the feed. Safety-razors are a bit too tough for me, and I'm not keen on shaving-soap. Ta-ta!"

"What the deuce does it mean?" said Manners, as the grinning Cornstalk quitted the study. "Is Gussy off his rocker?"

"Must be, I should think," said Tom. "We may as well take this little lot back to Study No. 6. We can't eat them."

"Ha, ha! No!"

Tom Merry & Co. picked up the boxes and started for Study No. 6. As they drew near that celebrated department they heard the voices of Blake and Herries and Digby raised in astonishment.

"Woollen socks, by gum! Dozens of 'em!"

"Silk mufflers!"

"Cough-drops!"

"Toothbrushes, by the holy poker!"

Tom Merry & Co. looked in. Blake and Herries and Digby were gathered round the study table, surveying in astonishment the weird assortment of articles they had turned out of the various packages.

"Pax!" said Tom Merry, holding up his hand. "We've brought back the loot. We're rather peckish, but we can't eat safety razors."

"Safety razors!" said Blake faintly.

"Or shaving soap."

"Shaving soap!" stuttered Digby.

"What's the little game?" demanded Tom Merry. "Are you going to open a shop in this study, or a general emporium—or what?"

Blake passed a hand over his brow.

"I don't understand it," he said. "Unless Gussy's goofy, I don't know what it means. Of course, we thought the parcels were for a feed—"

"So did we!" grinned Lowther.

"And—and we've opened them, to have the feed all ready for Gussy when he gets off detention," said Blake. "Some of the things were for a feed. There were eggs and cakes, and jam tarts and cream puffs, and ham sandwiches. The eggs are all smashed, and the other things have been trampled on. And—these parcels—look at what was in them. What can it mean?"

Tom Merry & Co. shook their heads. They gave it up.

"They must have cost a lot of money, too," said Herries. "Those safety razors cost a guinea each, and there are a dozen of them."

"Twelve guineas!" gasped Blake.

"And these silk mufflers. There are a dozen, and they can't have been less than ten bob each."

"Has Gussy been robbing a bank?"

"It beats me," said Blake. "I'm afraid there's something wrong with Gussy. I've noticed for two or three days he's been secretive. He's been awfully thoughtful, and several times I've seen him smiling to himself, and he never explained what he was grinning at. Then in the Form-room to-day—"

"Dotty!" said Herries. "He was scribbling something in French."

"In French?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yes; some rot. And Lathom made him show it up, and he said it was private—told Lathom it was private!"

"My hat!"

"He's detained till half-past six," said Blake. "He's been so queer the last few days—awfully secretive. I—I'm afraid there's really something wrong. He must have drawn money out of the bank to pay for all these things, and what can he want them for?"

The juniors were all looking serious now.

What Arthur Augustus D'Arcy could want with safety razors and shaving soap, and scissors, and woollen socks and silk mufflers, and coughdrops, and dozens of toothbrushes, passed their comprehension.

The whole consignment could not have cost less than twenty pounds—probably much more. What was the meaning of it?

"He's potty!" said Tom Merry, after a long pause.

Blake nodded.

"He must be. It's extraordinary. I—I say, he must be a little wrong in his head to do this, mustn't he?"

"I should say so."

"Lunatics have to be humoured," said Manners. "Don't jump on him about it. Treat him gently."

"Ye-es," said Blake. "I—I suppose so. Poor old Gussy! He was always an ass, but I never thought he was off his rocker. He must be ill. People get light-headed and do things that are jolly queer when they're ill, you know."

"Put 'em out of sight, and perhaps he may have forgotten all about it when he comes in," said Tom Merry. "Blessed if I don't feel quite alarmed about him. If he's ill, he must be treated gently."

In a state of considerable anxiety and alarm, the chums of the School House stacked away the extraordinary consignment of goods and waited for the swell of St. Jim's to come in.

THE MADNESS OF ARTHUR AUGUSTUS

"BAI Jove! There goes half-past!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jumped as if moved by a spring as the half-hour chimed out. He gathered up his task and hurried out of the Form-room, and presented himself in Mr. Lathom's study.

He found his Form-master quite restored to good-humour, and was dismissed at once.

Then, forgetting his usual elegant saunter, which his chums alluded to as Gussy's Piccadilly crawl, Arthur Augustus fairly ran for his study.

He heard a murmur of voices in Study No. 6 as he came up the passage.

It died away as his elegant form was framed in the doorway. There were six juniors in the study—his study-mates, and Tom Merry & Co. All the half-dozen were looking decidedly glum.

"Have they come?" he asked.
 "Have—have what come?" asked Blake haltingly.
 "You told me my parcels had come."
 "Ye-e-es, they've come."
 "Where are they?"
 "Ahem!"
 "I—I say, Gussy, are you ready for tea?" asked Digby. "It's rather late for tea, you know. You must be hungry."
 "We've bought a tin of sardines as a contribution to the feed, Gussy," said Monty Lowther, with an attempt at humour. "It's only a little one—a poor thing—but our own, you know."
 "Nevah mind tea now," said Arthur Augustus briskly. "I want to examine those parcels, and see if they are all wight. What are you lookin' at me like that for, Hewwies?"
 "W-w-was I looking at you?" stammered Herries.
 "Yaas!" Arthur Augustus jammed his celebrated eyeglass into his eye and looked round in surprise at the glum-faced juniors.
 "What's the mattah, deah boys?"
 "Matter?" murmured Tom Merry.
 "Yaas. What are you lookin' like a lot of boiled owls for?"
 "Boiled owls?"
 "Is anythin' the mattah?" demanded D'Arcy, in growing astonishment. "I twust nothin' has happened?"
 "Nunno!"
 "Then what are you lookin' like boiled owls for? Where are my parcels? Weally, deah boys—"
 "I say, do you feel ill, Gussy?" asked Blake.
 "Certainly not!"
 "You—you haven't got a queer feeling in the head, or anything?" asked Blake hopelessly.
 "Why should I have a queah feelin' in the head, Blake?"
 "Oh, only—only—nothing."
 "I weally fail to comprehend you fellows. It weally looks to me as if you are all off your wockahs!"
 "That's a sign!" gasped Herries.
 "What? What is a sign? Of what, Hewwies?"
 "They always think other people are mad when they're mad themselves!" whispered Herries. "It's an infallible sign!"
 "What are you whisperin' about, Hewwies?"
 "N-nothing!"
 "It's my impression," said Arthur Augustus emphatically, "that you have all gone dottay. I feel as if I had got into a lunatic asylum!"
 "Calm yourself, old chap!" said Herries.
 "What?"
 "Try to be calm!"
 "You uttah ass, I am perfectly calm! Why should I not be calm?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Are you off your wockah, Hewwies?"
 "No, you ass!" Then Herries suddenly remembered that lunatics should never be contradicted. "Yes!" he exclaimed hastily.
 "Bai Jove! Well, I'm glad to see you ownin' up!" said Arthur Augustus sarcastically. "I weally think you are all off your wockahs!"
 "Q-q-uite so!" murmured Blake, following Herries' lead.
 "If you are twyin' to pull my leg, Blake, I have no time for your wot. Pway hand out those parcels. I want to see if the wazahs are all wight!"
 Blake looked helplessly at his chums. It had been agreed that Arthur Augustus was to be humoured.
 The parcels were handed out, and stacked on the table again. Arthur Augustus looked over them with a great deal of satisfaction.
 "Thank you vewy much for unpackin' them for me, deah boys. Bai Jove! These safety-wazahs look all wight, don't they? They are much safah things to have about than the ordinary wazahs, you know. Don't you think so, Tom Mewwy?"
 "Ye-e-es," stammered Tom.
 "You see, suppose a bullet came by while you were shaving yourself—"
 "A—a bullet?" said Tom faintly.
 "Yaas, wathah!"

"Struth!"
 There was no further doubt on the point now. The madness of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was manifest.
 It was just possible that a fellow who was too young to shave might have a dozen razors without being dotty; it was possible, though not likely.
 But to say that he had ordered safety-razors because they were safer to use when bullets were flying—that did it!
 "Bai Jove, these are wippin' scissors, too!" said Arthur Augustus. "First-wate for cuttin' your hair, you know, when you're a hundred miles from a barbah—what?"
 "Yes," said Blake faintly.
 "It's wathah a pity that there are no safety-scissors, the same as safety-wazahs!" Arthur Augustus remarked.
 "W-w-why?" murmured Manners.
 "Weally, Mannahs, I should think you could see why. Suppose you are cuttin' your hair with bullets flyin' wound you?"
 "Bullets?" gasped Blake.
 "Yaas; or shells, you know."
 "Oh, dear!" said Blake.
 The juniors were horrified by this time.

"And these socks are toppin'!"
 "Oh, t-topping!"
 "But where are the othah things?" said Arthur Augustus, looking round. "There should be some eggs, and jam tarts, and cweam puffs!"
 "Ahem! There's been a little accident with those!"
 "Oh, bai Jove! You are an awfully careless ass, Blake! However, I can ordah some more to-morrow. Where is the box of clasp-knives? Hasn't that come?"
 "Ye-es, but—"
 Blake had left the box of clasp-knives in the cupboard.
 "Well, I want to see them, deah boy!" Arthur Augustus stepped to the cupboard.
 "Oh, heah they are!"
 "I—I say, let those knives alone!"
 "Wubbish!" Arthur Augustus picked out one of the big clasp-knives and opened it, and the chums exchanged dismal glances. "Bai Jove, this is wippin', isn't it? You could easily kill a Nazi with this!"
 "Oh!"
 "It's wathah sharp, too!" said Arthur Augustus. "However, I'll twy the blade on



"Keep off!" shrieked Manners, dodging behind the armchair as Gussy came towards him. It certainly seemed that Gussy had gone off his rocker, and the fellows were taking no chances while he had that knife in his hand!

D'Arcy's complaint was evidently insanity caused by excitement over the war.
 D'Arcy was keenly interested in the war—his elder brother was in France. He always devoured the latest news with avidity. Evidently the excitement had got on his brain at last.
 "And these mufflahs are vewy decent," said Arthur Augustus. "I was wathah doubtful whether I should get woollen mufflah or silk mufflahs. I pwefer a silk mufflah myself. They are wathah nobbaw. It's howwid to think that befoah long these mufflahs may be stained with blood, isn't it?"
 "Gussy!" groaned Blake.
 "What's the mattah, deah boy?"
 "Get those scissors away from him!" whispered Herries.
 "What did you say, Hewwies?"
 "N-nothing!"
 "This is a wippin' lot of tooth-brushes, isn't it?" said Arthur Augustus. "It was wathah thoughtful of me to think of tooth-brushes, wasn't it?"
 "Yes!" gasped Blake. "V-very thoughtful, Gussy!"

somehin'. Blake— What are you dodgin' away for, Blake?"
 "W-w-was I dodging?" gasped Blake.
 "Yes, you were. Hewwies— Bai Jove, what are you wunnin' wound the table for, Hewwies?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus in astonishment.
 "I—I want a little exercise, that's all!" stuttered Herries.
 "I begin to think you fellows are pottay. I want to twy the blade of this knife, you know. Dig— Bai Jove, what's the mattah with you, Dig?"
 "N-nothing!" panted Digby.
 "Look heah, if you fellows are wottin' you may as well chuck it!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, exasperated. "I'm not goin' to hurt you, you fatheads! I shouldn't wondah if some day this knife dwips with goah—"
 "Ow!"
 "But I am only goin' to twy the blade now. Tom Mewwy— You uttah ass, what are you boltin' wound the studay for?" shouted Arthur Augustus.
 "Oh, my hat!"
 "Pway don't wot, deah boys! This is no

time for wottin'. I want to twy the edge of this knife. Mannahs, don't dodge behind the armchair like that, you duffah!"

"Keep off!" shrieked Manners.

"What!"

"Keep calm!"

"But I am perfectly calm!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "Do you think my hand will twemblem when I am usin' the knife? Wubbish! Lowthah—"

Monty Lowther dodged quickly.

Arthur Augustus stood in the middle of the study, with that dangerous-looking knife in his hand, and stared at the juniors, who were as far as they could get from him, and evidently prepared to dodge if he approached them.

"You uttah asses!" shrieked Arthur Augustus. "What is the mattah with you?"

"Oh, dear!"

"Put the knife down!" groaned Blake.

"I wufuse to put this knife down till I have twied the blade! One of you fellows hold this stick while I twy the blade on it. I suppose you don't think I am goin' to twy it on you, do you?"

"I—I—we—" stuttered Blake.

Arthur Augustus sniffed, and, holding the stick in his left hand, slashed at it with the knife in his right. Certainly the blade was very sharp. Arthur Augustus looked satisfied. "That's all wight!" he exclaimed.

Jack Blake was tiptoeing behind him, with the intention of snatching away the knife. Arthur Augustus turned, and Blake jumped back in a great hurry.

"Weally, Blake, this is no time to play twicks—"

"I—I—"

Whiz!

A cushion flew suddenly from Monty Lowther's hand and knocked the knife out of the fingers of the swell of St. Jim's. It clanged to the floor.

"Collar him," yelled Lowther, "before he can get at it again! Quick!"

"Bai Jove! What— Yawoooooh!"

Six breathless juniors piled on Arthur Augustus, and in an instant he was borne in a struggling heap to the floor.

NOT DANCEROUS

"GOT him!" panted Tom Merry.

"Hold his hands!"

"Sit on him!"

"Thank goodness!"

"You uttah asses!" shrieked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, struggling madly in the

grasp of the juniors. "You fweightful wotters! What are you at? Leggo!"

The juniors were not likely to let go while sharp knives were lying about.

They collared Arthur Augustus D'Arcy most thoroughly. Five of them held him pinned to the floor and dragged his hands together, and Blake snatched one of the silk mufflers and bound his wrists.

Then they released him.

Arthur Augustus sat up on the study carpet, gasping for breath, and looking dishevelled and dreadfully excited. For some moments he simply spluttered with wrath.

Blake caught up the clasp-knife and shoved it into the box, and planked the box into the cupboard and locked the cupboard.

"Safe now!" he gasped.

"You—you uttah wottahs! I will give you a fearful thwashing all wound for this!" shrieked Arthur Augustus. "Untie my wists immediately!"

"Calm yourself!"

"I wufuse to calm myself! You fweightful asses! What do you mean by playin' these sillay twicks?"

"Shush, old chap!" said Tom Merry soothingly. "It's all right."

"All wight! What do you mean?"

"We—we'll look after you," said Manners. "I say, you chaps, we'd better call the House-master! He ought to be seen to at once!"

"Mannahs, you howlin' ass—"

"Don't get excited, old chap," said Blake. "We'll get a doctor to see you as soon as we can. For goodness' sake, be quiet!"

"I wufuse to see a doctah! Why should I see a doctah, you cwass ass?"

"Oh, dear! This is a go!" gasped Digby. "It simply gave me the shivers while he had that knife in his hand!"

"He might have hurt himself," said Blake.

"That's what I was really nervous about—not for myself at all."

"Will you wesease my wists?" yelled Arthur Augustus.

"Presently, old chap—presently," said Tom Merry. "Don't get excited. We're only doing this for your own good, you know."

"You—you—you—"

"Poor old Gussy!" said Digby, almost with tears in his eyes. "They always turn on their best friends, you know. He would have been awfully sorry afterwards, when he came to his senses, if—"

"You uttah ass!" shrieked Arthur Augustus wildly. "What are you talkin' about? How dare you insinuate that I am not in my senses? If you do not wesease me at once, you sillay, japin' duffahs, I shall lose the post!"

"Quite mad!" murmured Blake.

Arthur Augustus wrenched at his wrists, but the twisted silk muffler held them tightly bound together.

"I wepeat," said Arthur Augustus in a sulphurous voice, "that I shall lose the post if you do not wesease me! I do not approve of these idiotic japes! And all those things have to be packed and taken to the post office before the post goes."

"What?"

"They've got to be sent off this evenin', you fatheads!"

"Sent off?"

"Yaas, wathah! The soonah they will get to the Fwont. It takes about six or seven days for them to go to the Maginot Line, you know."

"What-a-t?"

Light dawned on Tom Merry. "What did you order these things for, Gussy?" he gasped.

"To send to the soldjahs at the Fwont, of course, you silly ass! I suppose you don't think I want safety-wazahs for myself?"

"My hat!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You—you ordered these things to send out to the soldjahs?" gurgled Blake.

"Of course I did! Everybody is sending things to the boys at the Fwont. There was a lettah in the papah the othah day, sayin' that a chap couldn't get his hair cut, and askin' for wazahs. And they want safety-wazahs, too; they are much safer to use when the bullets are flyin'."

"Oh!"

The chums of the School House looked at one another with sickly expressions.

"Then—then you're not mad, after all!" ejaculated Herries involuntarily.

Arthur Augustus gave him a ferocious look. "Hewwies, you idiot—"

"You see, we—we thought you were mad."

"You insultin' duffah!"

"Well, what were we to think?" demanded Blake, greatly relieved in his mind, but, at the same time, extremely exasperated. "You never told us you were going to send things to the troops, you sillay fathead!"

"There was no reason to tell you young-stahs. It would look like bwaggin' if I jawed about it all ovah the place," snapped Arthur Augustus. "Now will you untie my hands, you cwass duffahs?"

Dig obligingly untied his chum's hands, satisfied at last that he was not dangerous. Arthur Augustus went on with increasing wrath and indignation:

"You sillay asses! So you thought I was off my wockah? You cheeky duffahs! And you were all fwightened out of your wists! Poof!"

"We weren't fwightened."

"Wats!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, pway don't talk, deah boys! You were as fwightened as a set of bunny wabbits. I wondahed what was the mattah with you. You ought to have guessed that I was gettin' these things to send to the Fwont."

"How could we guess?" howled Blake. "Why, there were eggs, cream puffs, and jam tarts, and—ham sandwiches."

"Well, I suppose the twoops like eggs and cream puffs and things, don't they?"

"Eh?"

"You were going to send new-laid eggs to the Front?" shrieked Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah! Think what a tweek it would be for the chaps in the line to have wippin' new-laid eggs along with their washahs of bacon in the mornin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Blake, wiping away his tears. "And what state do you think the eggs would be in by the time they got to France?"

"Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that! Pewwaps they would have got bwocken in twansit," said Arthur Augustus thoughtfully.

"Perhaps!" stuttered Tom Merry. "Yes, perhaps—it's just possible!"

"Oh, pway don't cackle, deah boys! Help me to pack up these things, and we can take them down to the post office and catch the post. Kildare will give us a pass out of gates. You have wasted enough time already with your wot."

Tom Merry looked round.

"It seems that Gussy isn't mad, after all," he said. "But he made us think he was, and he's been keeping secrets from his kind uncles, and he's alarmed us—alarmed us for him, of course. I suggest that the silly idiot has a jolly good bumping."

"Hear, hear!"

"Weally, you wottahs— Yawooooh! Leggo! Ow! Ooooooh!"

"Bump, bump, bump, bump!"

"Now we'll pack up the parcels," said Tom Merry affably, as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat and gasped for breath.

"You—you uttah wottahs! I—I'll—"

"Shut up!" roared Blake. "Do you want to make us lose the post when we're sending things to the chaps at the Front? I'm surprised at you!"

"I—I— Undah the cires I will ovahlook this, but—"

"Cheese it! Make yourself useful, and don't talk!"

And Arthur Augustus suppressed his feelings, and the juniors set to work to pack up the various parcels with great care for dispatch to the B.E.F. in France.

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