

"TOM MERRY'S HOLIDAY PARTY!" SPARKLING XMAS HOLIDAY SERIES STARTS INSIDE.

The GEM

2d



A ROUGH PASSAGE!

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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WHO SAYS A GRAND HOLIDAY IN GAY PAREE? ALL ABOARD WITH THE CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S!

DOVER
BOAT TRAIN

TOM MERRY'S



The Dover train was moving now. The St. Jim's juniors, very red and angry, were crowded on the platform with their bags. They had lost the train—all through Arthur Augustus!

CHAPTER 1. Off to Paris!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's sat in the carriage polishing his eyeglass with a thoughtful air. The train was rushing Londonwards at top speed, through the keen November morning. It was a first-class carriage, and was supposed to seat six persons, but there were ten juniors of St. Jim's in it, and it was rather a puzzle to find room for so many. But they all wore an air of satisfaction, for they were on their way to Paris.

St. Jim's had not yet broken up for the holidays, but the Head had granted the juniors a few days early leave, at the request of Tom Merry's uncle, who was to look after them on their vacation in the French capital.

The holiday party consisted of Tom Merry, Manners and Lowther, and Blake, Digby, D'Arcy, and Kangaroo of the School House, and Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn of the New House. Herries had, unfortunately, contracted a severe cold, and was unable to make the trip, much to his disappointment.

Wally D'Arcy of the Third Form had wanted to come with the party, but Arthur Augustus had put his foot down on that. The scamp of the Third was a source of worry to his major, and Arthur Augustus did not want to be

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bothered with his minor's presence during the holiday.

At that moment D'Arcy seemed to be thinking something out. He polished his eyeglass mechanically. The thoughtful frown deepened upon his aristocratic brow, and for a time he did not seem to notice how he was being squeezed on one side by Jack Blake, and on the other by Tom Merry of the Shell.

Blake was winking at Tom Merry, and perhaps they were doing a little more shoving than even the crowded state of the carriage necessitated.

Arthur Augustus woke at last to the fact that there was an elbow digging in his ribs on the port side, so to speak, and a shoulder jamming against him to starboard.

He ceased to polish the monocle, jammed it into his eye, and stared alternately at Blake of the Fourth and Tom Merry.

"Weally, deah boys!" he remarked, in a tone of mild remonstrance.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry. "Weren't you asleep?"

"Certainly not, Tom Mewwy!"

"Thinking out a contribution for 'Tom Merry's Weekly'?" asked Blake.

"Nothin' of the sort!"

"Oh, I know what's the matter with Gussy!" said Monty Lowther, whose long limbs were stretched along the luggage-rack above. Lowther finding that more comfortable than a squeeze on the crowded seat. "He's thinking

of the charming young lady messenger at Blankley's, in Wayland. He forgot to say good-bye to her!"

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass upward.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wegard that wemark as impertinent to myself, and disrespectful to the charmin' young lady in question."

"Go hon!"

D'Arcy rose excitedly to his feet. "And if you do not immediately withdraw it, Lowthah, I shall have no resource but to give you a feahful thwashin'!"

"Oh, hold him, somebody!" said Lowther lazily.

"I wefuse to be held! I wegard you as a wottah! If you do not immediately apologise, I shall thwash you! You can take your choice."

"Rats!"

"Come down off that wack, Lowthah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you goin' to get off that wack?"

"Oh, calm down, Gussy!" said Blake.

"How can you thrash Lowther here? You must see that there isn't room! You had better leave it till we get to Charing Cross!"

"I wefuse to leave it till we get to Chawing Cwoss!"

"Then suppose Lowther considers himself thrashed?" suggested Digby.

"I wegard you as an ass, Dig."

"What I've always said is that Blake

EVERY MINUTE OF THEIR JOURNEY TO THE CONTINENT IS FULL OF FUN AND EXCITEMENT!

HOLIDAY PARTY!



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

ought not to take Gussy out without a chain on!" said Monty Lowther, addressing space. "He's as troublesome as his minor's dog Pongo, and I contend that Gussy ought to be muzzled!"

"You utter ass—"

"Oh, ring off, Gussy!" said Manners. "You can't make a row here, you know. There are ten of us in the room of six, and if anybody treads on my feet there will be ructions!"

"If Lowthah withdraws his remarks I—"

Monty Lowther jammed a penny into his eye in ludicrous imitation of an eyeglass, and blinked down at the juniors in the carriage.

"What I have said, I have said."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then pway descend here and take your thwashin', Lowthah!"

"Ask me another day!" said Lowther.

"If you do not immediately descend I shall dwag you down!"

"Dwag away!"

"Pway keep back out of the way, you chaps! I am goin' to dwag Lowthah off the wack!"

"Look here—"

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort! This is a question of dig with me now, and I am goin' to give Lowthah a fearful thwashin'."

And Arthur Augustus pushed back his cuffs with a determined air.

The grinning juniors crowded back. Tom Merry & Co. were en route for

London, to take the express to Dover, for the Calais boat. They were going to Paris for a holiday, and they wore in the highest of spirits. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's was the only serious face in the crowded carriage.

Lowther took a firmer hold upon the luggage-rack, and prepared to resist boarders. He had the rack to himself, excepting that there was a strapped bag, belonging to Blake, at the end where his feet were.

D'Arcy pushed his cuffs back and took a grip upon Lowther's shoulder.

"Now then, you wottah!"

"Go ahead!"

D'Arcy gave a wrench. Lowther did not stir. D'Arcy might as well have tried to pull the rack itself away.

Arthur Augustus pulled, and yanked, and dragged, but he made no impression upon Monty Lowther, who held on firmly, and did not budge.

The swell of St. Jim's desisted at last, gasping for breath.

"Lowthah, I wegard you as a beast!"

=====

Tom Merry & Co. are bound for a grand holiday in Paris, and not even a missed boat train and a rough Channel crossing can damp their high spirits!

=====

"Drag him down!" said Tom Merry. "Strew the hungry railway carriage with his bones, Gussy!"

"Pway don't talk wot, deah boy!"

"Well, we're waiting for the circus, you know."

Arthur Augustus released Lowther's shoulder, and changed his grip to one of the Shell fellow's ankles.

This gave him a better chance. With a tremendous jerk he tore Lowther's foot off the rack and dragged his leg downwards.

"Oh!" gasped Lowther.

He sat up quickly on the rack, and, naturally, bumped his head against the top of the carriage; and then he said "Oh!" still more emphatically.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake. "Go it, Gussy!"

"Go it!" said Figgins. "Two to one on Gussy. Look after your head, Lowther. It makes an awful row when wood meets wood!"

"Come down, you wottah!"

"Leggo, you ass!"

"Wats!"

"More rats!"

D'Arcy hung on to Lowther's captured leg as if it had been a bell-rop, and he were the bell-ringer. Lowther hung on to the rack, but he was naturally getting a pain in his captured leg. "Will you leggo?" he roared.

"Certainly not, deah boy!"

Lowther snorted. With his free foot he kicked Blake's packed bag off the

end of the rack, and it swooped down upon D'Arcy.

"Look out!" yelled Kerr.
But it was too late for D'Arcy to look out.

The bag plumped upon his chest, and he released Lowther's leg and sat down on the floor of the carriage, among the innumerable feet of the St. Jim's juniors.

"Ow!" he gasped.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You uttah wottah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lowther.

"Goal!"

"What price my bag?" demanded Blake wrathfully as he struggled over D'Arcy to pick up his property, which certainly had had a heavy biff upon the floor.

"Blessed if I know!" said Lowther, purposely misunderstanding. "Seven-and-sixpence, I should say!"

Blake breathed hard through his nose. That bag had certainly seen service, but it had cost two and a half guineas.

"You are tweading on my twousahs, Blake!"

"Blow your trousers!"

"I wufuse to do anythin' of the sort. I mean, I—"

"Hallo! The train's slackening!" said Fatty Wynn, looking out of the window. "I wish you'd give me a little more room, Kerr!"

"You've got room enough for two already!"

"Pway get off my feet, Blake! I want to get up and thwash Lowthah!"

"Yes, let him get on with the thrashing," said Monty Lowther. "It's getting interesting!"

"Bai Jove, I—"

"Here, you be quiet!" said Harry Noble, adding his feet to Blake's upon the aristocratic person of Arthur Augustus. "There isn't room here for a row!"

"Pway w e m o v e your feet, Kangawoo!"

"Rats!" said the Australian junior cheerfully. "They're all right where they are! You're going to stay on the floor till you make it pax with Lowther!"

"I wufuse to make it pax with Lowthah!"

"Then stay where you are!"

"I wufuse to stay where I am!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy struggled under the feet. But Digby and Figgins added their feet to the others, and the swell of St. Jim's was pinned down.

He gasped, and glared, but it was of no avail.

"Lemme get up, you wottahs!"

"Rats!"

"I wufuse to make it pax!"

"Good!"

"On second thoughts—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"On second thoughts, you uttah wottahs, I will make it pax!"

"Good!" said Tom Merry. "If there's any more trouble we'll shove you under the seat, and keep you there till we get to Charing Cross."

"I should wufuse to wemain undah the seat!"

D'Arcy staggered up. He was very dishevelled and dusty. He dusted himself down with a glare of indignation that only evoked disrespectful mirth from the juniors.

"Bai Jove, my clothes are simply wained!"

"Well, you do look a bit of a sight!" said Blake, scanning him critically.

"What I wonder is, Gussy, why you do these things!"

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"Bai Jove!"

"Train's slowing down," said Fatty Wynn again. "I suppose there'll be time to get a decent feed at Charing Cross before we catch the Dover train."

Tom Merry shook his head.

"No; as it happens, it will be rather a rush. But we can have a lunch-basket put on the train."

"A lunch-basket!" said the Falstaff of the New House at St. Jim's. "A lunch-basket, did you say?"

"Yes, a lunch-basket."

"I suppose you mean half a dozen lunch-baskets!" said Fatty Wynn. "I'm hungry, and I suppose you fellows will want something to eat. I haven't had anything since breakfast, except a little lunch just before we started, and then I ate next to nothing. I never eat much when I'm excited, and I only had some cold beef and ham, a pork chop, and some pudding, and cake. I ought to have laid in some more."

"Could you have found room for it?" asked Blake curiously.

"I'm getting jolly hungry now. It's a curious thing, but I always do get hungry in this November weather. We ought to have a feed at Charing Cross, as well as a lunch-basket each in the train. It's no good being reckless of one's health!"

"It will be necessary for us to stop some time at Chawin' Cwoss, too," remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"What for?" Tom Merry demanded.

"That's what I was thinking about when I was intewupted by the necessity of thwashin' Lowthah. How long have we in London?"

"A quarter of an hour."

"That will not be enough, deah boy."

"My dear chap, you are going to Paris for a holiday, not to London," said Tom Merry patiently.

"Pway don't be an ass! You know vewy well why I want to halt in London. I must purchase a silk hat and a decent coat in London, at all events. I shall require at least three hours for shopping!"

"You'll have a quarter of an hour for shopping," grinned Blake; "and if you lose the Dover train, I'll scalp you!"

"I should uttably wufuse to be scalped, Blake! I suppose you don't want me to land in Fwance lookin' like a wagamuffin?"

"Well, you never look much, you know!" said Digby.

This was too much for Arthur Augustus, the swell of St. Jim's, and the best-dressed fellow in the school. He gave Digby a freezing glare, and relapsed into silence.

But the thoughtful frown was still upon his face. He was still thinking of the weighty problem—how to do sufficient shopping in London in the short space of a quarter of an hour.

CHAPTER 2.

The Bolters!

THE train rushed on, to the accompaniment of cheery chatter and laughter from the juniors of St. Jim's. They were as gay as crickets at the prospect of this run abroad. Uncle Frank was to meet them in Paris, but on the journey they were their own masters. They were quite able of course, to take care of themselves, for in these days a trip to Paris is little more than a trip to Margate.

Uncle Frank was the brother of Miss Fawcett, Tom Merry's old governess, and not Tom's uncle, as a matter of fact; but he was always called Uncle Frank. It was his idea for Tom

Merry & Co. to have a run to Paris while he was there to look after them; and, needless to say, the juniors had jumped at the idea.

They were talking over the prospect, and airing their French, which would soon be necessary, while the train rushed on; but there were now two of the party silent and serious instead of one.

Fatty Wynn was as troubled in his mind as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

D'Arcy was troubled by the insufficiency of his wardrobe. True, he had wired to various Parisian outfitters to meet him at the hotel in Paris on his arrival. Uncle Frank had taken quarters for them in the Hotel St. Genevieve, in the Rue de Rivoli, where he was residing himself.

As soon as he arrived there, Arthur Augustus would be able to give his orders for boots and hats and coats and neckties and shirts. But there might be delay, there might be mistakes, and, in case of accidents, D'Arcy wanted to do a little shopping in London.

Fatty Wynn didn't want to do any shopping, except in the refreshment line. But he was seriously alarmed at the prospect of going on to Dover without a square meal. Supposing anything should go wrong with the lunch-basket! The mere idea was appalling!

And the quarter of an hour in town would be fully occupied in seeing to the luggage, of which the juniors had, of course, a certain amount for a month's stay in the French capital.

It was a problem for D'Arcy to think out, and for Fatty Wynn, though they had different objects in view.

Arthur Augustus suddenly uttered an exclamation.

"Bai Jove! I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"An idea!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Monty Lowther.

"Hip, pip! Now that he's started, very likely he will get another idea some day! Who knows?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Go it, Gussy! This shows that your brain has begun to work, after all these years, at all events!" said Lowther encouragingly.

"I twust, Lowthah, that you will not dwise me to givin' you a feahful thwashin'!" said Arthur Augustus. "I've got an idea, deah boys! We are catchin' the twain for Dovah to take the aftahnoon boat to Calais!"

"Yes."

"Well, why not catch the next twain, and take the next boat?"

"Ass! The next boat would be the night boat, and we don't want to travel at night."

"I do not see any wisk in twavellin' at night; and, anyway, I shall be there to look aftah you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I see no cause for unseemly mewwiment, Mannahs!"

"We can't travel by night boat," said Tom Merry. "In the first place, there's no necessity; in the second place, it's jolly uncomfortable."

"I twust that you are not gwovin' to be a mollycoddle, Tom Mewwy!"

"Ass! There's no need to go hunting for discomfort, is there? Besides, the night boat means the night train to Paris, and that means keeping awake all night, or else going to sleep on the seats."

"Yaas, but—"

"Therefore, we're going to catch the afternoon boat!"

"Yaas, but—"

"Oh, blow your butts! It's settled!"

"I think I rather agree with Gussy,

though," said Fatty Wynn. "I don't like the idea of night travelling, but I must admit that I want a square meal in London."

"You can have lunch on the train."
 "Suppose something went wrong—"
 "Oh, ring off!" said Tom Merry. "We're getting into Charing Cross now, and you had better pull up your socks! There's the luggage to look after, and they'll put it into a train for Southampton or Reading if you give them half a chance!"

The express was slackening at last. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy fell into reflection, but there was a slightly obstinate expression upon his face that would have aroused Tom Merry's suspicions if he had noticed it.

But Tom was busy rattling off French with the others, getting it polished up ready for the benefit of the Customs officers at Calais.

Fatty Wynn ventured one remark on the subject.

"Remember, we've got to cross the Channel, Merry. We ought to lay a good foundation, you know, to keep up our strength."

"It wouldn't last you over the Channel," said Tom Merry. "Vous avez the mal-de-mer, you duffer!"
 Fatty Wynn's face lengthened.

In the excitement of setting off on the journey, he had forgotten that, but now a vivid recollection came into his mind of his last experiences on the sea.

"But it's a short trip," he said hopelessly, "and the weather's not rough."

"It will be rough enough for you if you start feeding."

"But it's better to lay in a good

foundation here, and not have anything more till Calais, perhaps."
 "Lay it in in the train, then."

"Yes, but—"
 "Hallo! Here we are!"

The express clattered to a halt. The juniors grabbed bags and portmanteaux, and poured out of the carriage upon the platform. There were three trunks belonging to the party, as well as the array of bags they carried among themselves.

Tom Merry and Figgins rushed off at once to see to the trunks, while the other juniors took care of the bags.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy drew Fatty Wynn aside.

"I say, Wynn, old chap, do you feel weally hungry?"

"What'ho!" said Wynn, with great feeling. "Let's cut off to the refreshment-room, D'Arcy. There's time for a snack, at least."

"But you'd wathah go out and have a weally good feed?"

"Of course; but—"
 "I've got some shoppin' to do. Come with me."

Fatty Wynn stared.

"What about the train?"
 "We can catch the next."

"But Tom Merry—"
 "I will send Tom Mewwy a note by a portah to explain that we are comin' by the next twain."

"Well, that's not a bad idea," said Fatty Wynn reflectively. "I can't help feeling alarmed about the grub, as these railway chaps are so uncertain. If I don't lay in a good foundation now, I shall be hungry on the boat, and I shan't be able to eat if I am seasick. It's a good idea of yours, D'Arcy!"

"Then let us buzz off, deal boy!"
 "Right-ho! After all, we can join them in Paris. It's only a matter of coming on by the next train," said Fatty Wynn.

"Come on, then! We will have lunch first, and then we'll go out shoppin'."

"Good!"
 "I will bowwow a pencil somewhere to write to Tom Mewwy."

"Here's my fountain-pen."
 "Good!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wrote on a leaf of his pocket-book, tore it out, and folded it, and called to a portor.

"Portah!"
 The portor looked round.

"Pway take this note to that chap. You see the chap with the twunks—the one with the curly hair?"

"Yessir!"

"Give it to him just before the twain starts for Dovah, will you? Pway accept this half-crown."

"Yessir!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Fatty Wynn promptly quitted the station.

CHAPTER 3.

Left Behind!

TOM MERRY was too busy just then to notice the desertion of the two juniors. The Continental express was in waiting, and Tom Merry saw the trunks taken over to it and put in the van. Then there was an interval of four or five minutes before the train started on its long run to the Kentish seaport.

"Well, the trunks are all right," said Tom Merry—"labelled, and in, and



Lowther kicked Blake's bag off the rack and it swooped down upon D'Arcy. It plumped on Arthur Augustus' chest, and, with a yell, he sat down on the floor of the carriage.

everything. Now, it wouldn't be a bad wheeze to get a look at the buffet before we start."

"Good egg!"
"I've taken the places," said Lowther. "I've jammed down a bag or a cap or something on every blessed seat. All the corner seats are gone, of course."

"Can't be helped."
"I suppose we're all here," said Tom Merry, looking round. "Hallo, where's Fatty—and Gussy, too?"

"Fatty's in the buffet, I suppose," said Figgins, with a grin. "I suppose we shall find Gussy along with him."
"Come on, then."

The juniors hurried to the buffet. It was pretty well crowded, and they had to look round for some minutes before they discovered that D'Arcy and Fatty Wynn were not there.

"Hallo, where have they got to?" exclaimed Tom, in some alarm. "Nice if they get lost just before the train starts."

"Phow!"
"It's going in three minutes, unless it's late."

"Where can the asses be?"
"Hallo, here's a chap wants to speak to you, Tom Merry."

Tom Merry turned towards a porter who was hastening towards him. The man held out a folded paper.

"Young gent gave me this to give you, sir."

Tom Merry took it mechanically. He opened it, and glanced through it, and gave a howl.

"My hat!"
"What's the matter?"
"It's from Gussy. Listen!

"Dear Tom Merry,—As I have some shopping to do, I cannot very well go by this train; but I will follow in the next, and join you in Paris.

"ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY."

"The ass!"
"The duffer!"
"The frabjous habbler!"

With these ejaculations, and some more to the same effect, the chums of St. Jim's stared at the note from D'Arcy, and at each other. Tom Merry turned quickly to the porter.

"Did you see where the chap went after giving you this?" he asked.

"He left the station, sir."
"How long ago?"

"About six or seven minutes, sir."
"Oh crumbs! It's no good; they're gone. Did another chap go with him, porter—a fat chap with a pink chivvy?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter, grinning. "There were two of them, sir."

"Fatty's gone to get a feed," said Figgins, "and Gussy has gone shopping. The burbling asses! Shall we go on and leave them behind?"

"Gussy will get lost in London if we do."

Kangaroo shook his head decidedly. "It won't do!" he exclaimed. "We shall have to look for them, and go on by the next train."

"I suppose there's nothing else to be done."

"Oh, won't we bump him when we catch him!" exclaimed Money Lowther. "We might have guessed he would be up to some little game like this."

"Yes, rather!"
"I say, the things are all in the train!" exclaimed Figgins, in alarm. "It's going off in about a minute! All our stuff will go to Dover, without anybody to look after it. My hat! I left my cap on the seat."

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"And I mine!" exclaimed Lowther. "Phew!" said Manners. "I left my camera there, too!"
"And the trunks!"
"Great Scott!"

The juniors rushed frantically off to the platform to recover their property before the train started. Tom Merry grasped the porter by the arm.

"Here, come on!" he exclaimed. "I've got to get my trunks out—you savvy? We're not going by this train, after all. Come and help."

"Yessir!"
They raced down the train.

Tom Merry's trunks were safe enough in the luggage-van, and the guard said things when he was called upon to deliver them upon the platform again.

"No time!" he said, and other and more expressive things, too.

"But we're not going by this train!" yelled Tom Merry.
"Look at the clock."

"But—"
"Train just starting."

Tom Merry groped in his pocket, found half-a-crown, and pressed it into the man's hand.

"Look sharp!" he said.
The guard grinned, the porter lent a



"Good-bye, doctor! I'm sure these glasses are just what I need!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to V. Dalli, 18, New Bridge Street, Ayr.

hand, and the trunks whisked out upon the platform. The whistle was screaming.

"Narrow shave, sir!" said the porter. Tom Merry gasped.

"I wonder whether the other chaps have got their caps and bags?"

The train was moving now. The St. Jim's juniors, very red and flustered, were crowding on the platform, with the bags which they had left on the seats to prove their ownership.

"Oh, won't we bump Gussy for this?" said Figgins.

"What-ho!"
"It's the night train and the night boat now," said Tom Merry. "Lucky the same tickets will do, or I should have a nice little bill to bring in to Gussy. We'd better put up the luggage at the station and go to look for Gussy."

"As a matter of fact, I could do with something to eat," remarked Blake. "I suppose we shan't have far to look. We shall discover Fatty in the nearest grub shop."

"Ha, ha! That's pretty certain."
"Shove the luggage somewhere for us, porter," said Tom Merry. "Oh, my hat! To think that we ought to be

whisking off to Dover, and we're standing here putting away luggage! We'll give Gussy the bumping of his life when we find him."
"What-ho!"

The porter packed the luggage on a trolley, and wheeled it away, the chums following him. Tom Merry looked round at his companions.

"It's agreed," he said, "wherever we find Gussy, we're to bump him at once, no matter where it is."

"Agreed!"
The luggage was put up at the station, and Tom Merry put his tickets away in safety, and tipped the porter, and then they left the station.

With wrathful faces they set out in search of the swell of St. Jim's.

CHAPTER 4.

A Little Lunch!

"THIS way," said Fatty Wynn. "This looks a decent restaurant."

"But I was not lookin' for a westauwant, dear boy. I want to get a coat."

"Oh, the coat can wait!"
"Yas, but—"

"Better lay a good foundation," urged Fatty Wynn. "The other fellows are gone now, and we've got plenty of time. We can shop for hats presently."

"It is not only a toppah I want, but a coat, and some gloves and neckties and shoes."

"Well, I'm not jolly well going to wander over half London with you," said Fatty Wynn; "not till I've had some grub, anyway!"

"Oh, vewy well, we'll have a little lunch first!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, yielding the point. "Come on."

"That's better! You'll feel much better for shopping when you've laid a solid foundation of good grub!"

"Powwaps!"
They entered the restaurant. It was a good class restaurant in the Strand, and seemed to promise something very nice in the way of a feed. Fatty Wynn sat down at one of the tables, and a waiter hurried up.

"Just a little lunch," said D'Arcy, looking over the menu. "Suppose—"

"Here, give me the bill!" said Fatty Wynn. "I can order something quicker than you can. There's no time to lose."

"There's heaps of time before the next twin goes."

"Yes, but I'm hungry!"
And Fatty Wynn proceeded to give his orders. The extent of them made the waiter open his eyes. The table was soon loaded, and the two juniors began to eat. D'Arcy was hungry, and Fatty Wynn was ravenous. The inroad they made upon the lunch was considerable, and long after Arthur Augustus had finished Fatty Wynn was still wiring in.

D'Arcy put on his gloves and took them off again, polished his hat, and polished his eyeglass, and shifted in his seat. He did not want to hurry the Falstaff of St. Jim's, but he wanted to be off to do his shopping.

The restaurant was pretty full, and most of the tables were taken. Fatty Wynn kept his waiter pretty busy looking after him.

"Bai Jove, Wynn!" said D'Arcy, at last.

"Like some of this partridge pie, Gussy!"

"I have finished."
"Better lay in a good foundation."

"Waits!"
"Well, there's no accounting for tastes," said Fatty Wynn. "I believe in getting a good feed while you have got

the chance. As we are sharing the expenses of this feed, you might as well have your whack."

"I have had enough, deah boy."
"Oh, you've got a bird's appetite! Why don't you take to exercise of some sort, and get up a really healthy hunger?"

"Pway huwvy up, deah boy!"
Fatty Wynn shook his head seriously.
"I'm sorry, Gussy, but that's impossible. It's frightfully bad for the digestion to hurry over one's meals. I'll do anything else for you, old chap, but don't ask me to bolt my food. I can't. I'm a small eater, but I like to take my time."

"Bai Jove!"
"You can have something to drink to fill up the time, or try some ices."

"Wats! I want to start my shoppin'!"
"Well, I shan't be more than half an hour now."

"Gweat Scott!"
"You should really try this pic—it's spiffin'!"

"Wats!"
"Well, that's my advice. You'll be sorry for it if you go to sea hungry. Think of the crossing. You won't be able to eat anything on the boat. My hat! These pies are simply stunning!"

"Phew!"
"What's the matter?"
"They haven't gone."
"Eh—what?"
"Look there!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy pointed towards the entrance. The face of Jack Blake could be seen looking round the glass doors. The juniors of St. Jim's had tracked down the truants by the simple process of looking into every eating-house on their way.

Jack Blake caught sight of Arthur Augustus at the same moment. He turned back quickly to his comrades outside.

"I've found 'em!"
"Jolly good!" said Tom Merry.

Eight vengeful juniors poured into the restaurant. Arthur Augustus gazed at them with astonishment as they came up to his table. Fatty Wynn was too busy with a partridge pie to do more than give them a short nod.

"Bai Jove, haven't you gone, deah boys?"

"Do we look as if we had?" demanded Kangaroo.

"Did you lose your twain?"
"No; we lost you."

"Bai Jove, you know, you needn't have been nervous at goin' on without me, deah boys! I was goin' to wejoin you in Pawis, and I have given you full directions about the journey."

The chums looked at him speechlessly. They had not imagined that the swell of St. Jim's would attribute their staying behind to this cause.

"But powwaps it was wisar," said D'Arcy thoughtfully. "You would probably have got into some bothal with the Customs if I had not been there to wanslate for you. You could hardly get on without an interpwetah. Powwaps it was wisah of you, on the whole, to decide to go by the latah twain."

"You—you ass!" said Tom Merry, finding his voice at last.

"I decline to be called an ass!"
"You've made us lose the train—"

"Yaas, watah!"
"And we nearly lost the luggage."

"That was vevy careless of you, deah boys."

"And we might have lost you if we hadn't tracked Fatty down by his appetite," said Figgins.

"And now," said Tom Merry, "we're going to bump you, as a lesson not to

ST. JIM'S JINGLES. No. 7.



ERNEST LEVISON.

A BRILLIANT band the Fourth can claim

*Of heroes strong and clever,
Whose practice is to play the game
With resolute endeavour;
Who stand together, one and all,
In manner meritorious,
To battle—and, if need be, fall—
For what is good and glorious.*

*But, like a viper in the grass,
His way discreetly feeling,
Appears a cad whom few surpass
In cute and crafty dealing.*

*'Tis Levison who mars our view—
The worst of Lathom's pupils—
A hardened, reckless rascal, who
Is quite devoid of scruples.*

*The many fine and fearless feats
Performed in recreation,
This blighted type of boyhood treats
With keen abomination;*

*Preferring to peruse with greed
The "tips" for "chase and welter,"
While sucking an unhealthy "weed"
Within the woodshed's shelter.*

*By night he stealthily repairs
To low resorts in Rylcombe,
Regardless of impending cares,
Which, should he blunder, will come;*

*And in an atmosphere made foul
By many a savage smoker,
He sits, with a determined scowl,
To try his luck at "poker."*

*'Tis joy to Joliffe and his pards,
Whose efforts are unceasing
In matters such as marking cards,
And crafty, wholesale fleecing.*

*Their victim mutters, with a pang:
"My luck will alter, maybe."
But in the grip of such a gang
He's helpless as a baby.*

*No prying prefect from the school
Disturbs his dissipation;
And as he plays, his eyes are full
Of eager expectation.*

*His manlier schoolmates slumber on,
And soon, despaired of winning,
He stops, to find his money gone
And Joliffe gently grinning.*

*Then let us bid a prompt adieu
To such a cad as this is,
And send him squirming from our view
With hearty hoots and hisses.*

*Depart with speed, detested youth,
Your shady schemes to nourish!
For British boys prefer that truth
And sportsmanship shall flourish.*

Next Week: PERCY MELLISH.

play the giddy ox again while we're on this trip."

"I wefuse to be bumped! I—"
"Collar him!"

The swell of St. Jim's sprang to his feet, excitedly protesting, but the grasp of eight pairs of hands speedily reduced him to helplessness.

"Hold on! Wescue! Don't be asses! Can't you see you're makin' a disturbance and atwactin' attention, you duffahs! Leggo!"

"Bump him!"
And Arthur Augustus was forthwith bumped.

Two or three waiters rushed up excitedly, and the hotel manager was brought upon the scene, but the juniors of St. Jim's were too excited to care.

They bumped Arthur Augustus, and bumped him again, and the swell of St. Jim's struggled and wriggled and yelled in vain.

Only one of the party remained calm, and that one was Fatty Wynn, still wiring into the partridge pie.

"Bai Jove! Help!"
"Bump him!"
Bump, bump, bump!
"There," gasped Tom Merry, "that's all right!"

Arthur Augustus was released. He staggered against the table and sent it flying. There was a yell from Fatty Wynn as his pie was whisked away by the falling table, and a terrific crash of breaking crockery on the floor.

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry.
"You've done it now, Gussy!"

CHAPTER 5.
D'Arcy's Coat!

"OH!"
"Ow!"
"My pie! My pie!"
"Help!"

"Police!"
"Get out!" shrieked the manager.
"Get out! Police! Get out!"

Fatty Wynn was gazing at the wrecked food. Arthur Augustus was sprawling amid the broken dishes and plates and scattered viands.

The manager was nearly tearing his hair. The other diners were on their feet now, looking on in amazement.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Tom Merry to the excited manager. "We'll pay for the damage. Gussy, get up out of the grub and pay for the damage you've done!"

"Police! Get out!"
"We're going. Don't you want to be paid?"

The manager calmed down a little.
"It was only fun!" explained Tom Merry. "Gussy, this gentleman is waiting for you to pay for the damage."

"I wefuse to pay! I—"
"Then the police will be sent for."
"Weally, Tom Mowwy—"

"You don't want to be arrested on the eve of going to France," said Tom Merry severely. "Fancy your father's feelings, too, when he hears that his only Gussy has been bilking a waiter."

"Weally, you wottahs—"
D'Arcy staggered up.

"I will certainly settle for the damage," he said. "It was weally all your fault, and I shall give each of you a fearful thwashin', but for the pwesent I will settle the damage. Pway let me know how much it is!"

The waiter named a figure that included all the damage done, and as much again that was not done. But D'Arcy did not argue. Perhaps the man thought the damaged prestige of the

restaurant ought to be paid for, too. The bill was settled and the lunch was paid for, and the juniors left the place, the glowering glances of the manager following them to the door.

Fatty Wynn was inclined to remain and start another lunch, but he received no encouragement from either his chums or the restaurant manager. That gentleman had had enough of the St. Jim's juniors and their harmless ways.

Arthur Augustus was breathing hard as he emerged into the street. He was very dusty and very shaken up, and his necktie was undone and his collar awry. He was very angry, too.

"Better look for another restaurant," said Fatty Wynn. "You fellows might have been a bit more thoughtful. I hadn't finished my lunch."

"I suppose you never would have unless you were interrupted!" remarked Lowther.

"Besides, the cooking in that place was good. Now we shan't be able to go there again."

"Hallo, Gussy, anything wrong?" asked Blake, looking at his elegant chum's clouded face and affecting to be greatly astonished.

"Yaas, Blake."

"What's the matter?"

"I have been treated with gross disrespect by a set of wottahs."

"By Jove! Where are they? Point them out, and we'll wade into them!" said Blake, with a ferocious look.

"You uttah ass! You know perfectly well whom I am alludin' to! I regard your conduct as uttally disrespectful and bwotal!"

"But we wanted to give you a lesson about playing the giddy ox, you know. It was entirely for your own good."

"Absolutely!" said Lowther.

"I wefuse to discuss the mattah. I wefuse to considah you wottahs as fwiends after this. I shall endeavour in future to keep my circle of fwiends select, not to say swaggah."

"I'm so disappointed!" said Kangaroo. "I was looking forward to going shopping with Gussy this afternoon."

D'Arcy's face cleared a little.

"If you want to come shoppin', deah boy—"

"It would be a real pleasure!" said the Cornstalk chum. "I was about to suggest that we should drop in at the next hatter's and get your shoes."

"Weally, Kangaroo—"

"What price these coats?" said Blake, stopping outside a ready-made clothes shop. "Some of these look nobby. Do you want a coat, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Come in here, then."

"If you are disposed to assist me, deah boys—"

"Of course we are!"

"In that case, I withdaw my wemarks, and I shall continue to wegard you as fwiends."

D'Arcy entered the shop, and the juniors followed him in. They exchanged a general grin, but their faces were quite grave when D'Arcy looked at them. The shop was one where clothes ready-made were supplied, of the kind familiarly known as reach-me-downs. The cut of the clothes displayed in the shop made Gussy shudder.

"You are an ass to come in here, Blake!" he said. "Do you think I could possibly weah any of these dweadful things?"

"Yes, sir; what can I get you, sir?" said a gracious shopman. "Splendid winter overcoats, sir, from eighteen-and-six."

"All one price—three-and-nine!" murmured Blake.

"I want an ovahecoat," said D'Arcy, "but I'm afraid you haven't one that will suit me."

"Very fine overcoats, sir, up to three guineas."

"Bai Jove!"

"My friend gives ten guineas for his overcoats, you see," explained Blake; "but I've no doubt you would be willing to take ten guineas for one of these."

"Ahem, sir!"

"You see, Gussy, you can get them here at the usual price."

"Pway don't be an ass, Blake!"

"Anyway, you needn't bother about

the fit of a travelling coat," said Manners. "You'll want something warm for the Channel to-night."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Here's a beauty! It's got a pattern that will blind the officers in the Douane and you will get through Customs free."

"Weally, Mannahs—"

"That's a splendid coat, gentlemen!" said the shopman. "It's very much worn, sir."

"Yaas; but I want a new coat," said D'Arcy.

"Ahem! I did not mean this coat was much worn; I mean it is very fashionable just now, sir."

"I see. What do you think, deah boys?"

Arthur Augustus gazed rather dubiously at the travelling coat.

It was made of a kind of cheap tweed, of a loud and glaring chessboard pattern, and it would certainly have attracted general attention anywhere to anybody who had worn it.

"Ripping!" said Blake.

"Stunning!" said Lowther.

"What do you think, Tom Mewwy?"

"I think you don't often see a coat like that, Gussy."

"It looks pwetty warm, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes; it'll keep you warm!"

"Warm as toast, gentlemen!" said the shopman. "I can let you have that coat for two guineas and a half."

"Bai Jove! That's awfully cheap! Are you sure you haven't made a mistake?"

The shopman coughed, and looked at a card attached to the coat.

"Ahem! I should have said three guineas. Exactly!"

"What do you say, deah boys? I must have a coat, and it will save goin' ova to Bond Street if I take this."

"Then you can jolly well take this!" said Tom Merry.

"Yes, rather!"

"But the question is, does it suit me?"

"My dear chap, you could go a hundred miles without coming across anything like it!"

"Will you try it on, sir?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

The shopman helped D'Arcy on with the coat. It was about four sizes too large for him, but this the shopman skilfully disguised by holding the material tight at his back while he buttoned it up.

"Feels a little woomy," said D'Arcy.

"You can wrap it round you on the boat," suggested Kerr. "It will answer the purpose of a travelling rug."

"I have a wug already."

"Yes, but an extra one will be welcome if it's a cold night. Besides, there's something striking about that coat."

"The Parisians will look at it," said Lowther encouragingly. "I don't suppose they've got anything like it in Paris."

"Yaas, I think I will take it."

"Very good, sir," said the shopman.

"Can I send it for you?"

"No; I'll weah it, please."

"Very good, sir. Ticket off? Certainly! Suits you beautifully, sir, as if it had been made for you. Splendid large pockets. Very useful when travelling, sir. Three guineas, if you please."

"Two guineas and a half," said Tom Merry, who had no intention of letting his chum be swindled.

"Ahem! That was a mistake, sir, and—"

"Ah! You made a mistake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you can make another."

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"Really, sir—"

"Take the coat off, then!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"I can let you have it at a reduction, sir," said the shopman hurriedly. "Two guineas and a half, please. Cash! Yes, sir! Thank you, sir!"

The coat was paid for, and the chums left the shop. Nine juniors, with great difficulty, kept grave faces as D'Arcy walked out in that splendid coat.

"Bai Jove, deah boys, it feels much looser now than it did when that chap was twyin' it on in the shop!" D'Arcy remarked.

"Go hon!"

"It is vewy remarkable, isn't it?"

"Extraordinary!"

"It seems a little too long for me. Bai Jove, there's heaps of woom to spare in it! I am afraid it's a wotten bad fit!"

"Amazing!"

"It was absurd to suppose that a weady-made coat would be a good fit, I suppose," said D'Arcy. "Bai Jove! Do you know, deah boys, it seems to me as if this coat is attwactin' attention!"

"Oh, rot!" said Lowther. "People are looking at my pretty face, that's all it is. Are you going to buy anything else, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah! Is there a shoe shop near?"

"There's one. Of course, you want some sabots."

"Some which?"

"Sabots, dear boys—wooden shoes. You know they wear them in France," said Monty Lowther, with a perfectly grave face. "To be taken for a true Parisian you must wear sabots, you know."

"Bai Jove! I never thought of that! I—You ass, you're wottin', are you?" said D'Arcy, as the juniors burst into a yell of laughter. "However, I shall require some shoes, so pway come in."

And they entered the shoe shop.

CHAPTER 6.

Too Late!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS did not purchase any sabots, but he was laden with three pairs of shoes when he left the shop. Then Fatty Wynn suggested an adjournment to another restaurant to finish the interrupted lunch—a proposition that was negatived by nine voices to one. It was not till some time later that the ravenous Fatty was allowed to seat his weary limbs at a table with a substantial meal spread before him.

Arthur Augustus had parcels and packages all round him as he sat down. He had gone on purchasing until his comrades had stopped him by force and dragged him into the restaurant.

The juniors ate a hearty meal. Fatty Wynn, of course, was not finished when the chums dragged him away. As they had time in London several of them decided to do a little shopping. Then they had to get some cash changed into French coin, and when they entered the bureau for the purpose D'Arcy made the discovery that he had expended nearly all he possessed.

"Bai Jove, that's wotten!" he remarked. "Fancy startin' out for a holiday in Fwance and spendin' all the cash in London. It is wathah remarkable!"

"My dear chap, you're capable of anything," said Blake.

"I wefuse to admit anythin' of the sort. I have only done such shoppin' as was absolutely necessary. But it is wathah wotten to wun out of cash like this. I shall have to bowwow fwom you chaps and send a wiah to my governiah



"Shut up a minute! I can't hear what the crowd wants me to do!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss M. Koster, 21, Nairne Grove, Sunray Avenue, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.

for some more. That's wathah wotten, too, as he has been gwovin' vewy close with the fivahs since this supah-tax business. I believe in havin' plenty of aeroplanes, of course, but it is wathah wuff that my pocket-money should be stopped to pay for Britwish supwernacy in the air. I will wush off and send a wiah—"

"Hold on a minute! We'll come with you when we're finished here."

"I shan't be five minutes."

"You won't be a minute without my eye on you!" chuckled Blake. "We've had enough of your losing trains."

"Weally, Blake—"

"The night train goes at nine o'clock, and we're going to be on time," said Blake, linking arms with his elegant chum. "I'm going to keep an eye on you."

"Weally, deah boy—"

"Nuff said; that's settled."

And Blake went with D'Arcy to the telegraph office, and never allowed him to escape observation for a moment.

At a quarter to nine the chums were on the platform ready for the train, Fatty Wynn with a big bundle under his arm containing nearly every variety of comestible sold at the station buffet. Fatty Wynn did not mean to run risks.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was laden with packages, his chums refusing to take any of them, as a lesson to Arthur Augustus to do his next shopping at a more timely moment.

"Here's the train," said Blake. "Bag the corner seats."

"Yaas, wathah."

"There won't be room on the racks for all those packets, Gussy. Better leave them in the luggage-office here, to be called for when we come back."

"Pway, don't be an ass, deah boy!"

"Suppose we leave Gussy in the luggage-office, too?" suggested Figgins. "It would save a lot of worry en route."

"Weally, Figgins—"

"Here you are! Shove the parcels down and keep an eye on Gussy."

"Well, I'm ready for a rest," said Fatty Wynn, sinking into a corner seat. "I say, are any of you fellows getting hungry?"

"No, gourmand. For goodness' sake don't begin eating till we've started. It isn't ten minutes since you bolted a beefsteak pie."

"Nearer twelve," said Fatty Wynn, looking at his watch.

"Bai Jove!"

"What's the matter with Gussy?"

"Pway look aftah my parcels, deah boys!" exclaimed D'Arcy, springing out of the train. "I will be back before the twain starts."

"What!"

"I've forgotten my toppah. I want a new toppah badly. I'll just wun cut and—"

"That you jolly well won't!" roared Blake, leaping after Arthur Augustus and seizing him as he fled, and whisking him back. "You'll stop here."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Stand where you are!"

"I wefuse! I—"

"You can wefuse till you're blue in the dial, but you'll stay," said Blake with a chuckle. "Lay hold of him, Figgys."

"What-ho!" said Figgins heartily.

"Blake, wefuse me!"

"Rats!"

"If you wefuse to wefuse me I shall lose my toppah and stwike you!"

"More rats!"

"I have forgotten my toppah. You cannot possibly expect me to go to Fwance in an old toppah. Pway weflect, deah boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove, I—"

"Shove him in, Figgys!"

"Good! Heave away!"

Arthur Augustus, vainly struggling, was heaved into the carriage. He bumped into the other juniors, and his topper rolled off upon the floor. D'Arcy staggered over Monty Lowther's long legs, and sat down—upon his topper!

"Scrunch!"

"Gweat Scott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy sprang up like a jack-in-the-box. He picked up his topper; it looked like an opera hat, only more so.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake, jumping into the carriage. "If you go stony in Paris, Gussy, you can take that round the cafes as a concertina, and pick up a few honest centimes."

"You uttah ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My toppah is wuined!"

"Well, it does seem to have lost some of its gloss," said Blake, eyeing the crushed topper critically. "But perhaps with a hammer and nails and some glue you could repair it. Wait till we get to Paris!"

"I have no othah hat with me."

"Sit down."

"I wefuse to sit down. I will wun like anythin', you know."

"Ass! The train starts in two minutes."

"I will catch the twain in the mornin', and join you in P'awis."

"Rats!"

"Well, suppose we all get out. I will stand tweat, and we will all put up at the Cecil for the night."

"All for a new hat!" grinned Tom Merry. "Gussy, you grow more killing every day. If you must have something, borrow a cap from a porter."

"Pway, don't be fwivolous at a moment like this, Tom Mewwy."

Slam!

The door closed. The tickets had been examined and the doors closed, and the train gave a warning snort.

"We're off!"

"Once more, Blake, I appeal to your common-sense. Can I possibly twavel in a ewashed toppah? Pway be sensible, deah boy!"

"We've started."

"Bai Jove, it's too late!"

"Sit down, Gussy. My ribs won't stand much more."

"Vewy well," said Arthur Augustus.

"I hold you responsible, Blake, for my

havin' to travel in a badly cwushed toppah."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the train drew out of the station. The St. Jim's juniors had a whole carriage and the best part of another to themselves. Fatty Wynn had a corner seat, and next to him sat D'Arcy, trying to smooth out his damaged topper. Kangaroo was on D'Arcy's other side.

For a long time, to the rattle of the train, there was an accompaniment of cheery talk, and chat, and laughter. The juniors were in the highest of spirits. But as the evening hours wore on, the talk became more desultory, and finally it died away. The usual bedtime of the juniors of St. Jim's was half-past nine. At half-past ten they were very heavy-eyed.

The juniors dozed off to sleep one by one and did not awaken again till, close upon midnight, the train gave a series of heavy jars, and stopped.

Tom Merry jumped up.

"Dover, by Jove!"

The platform was dark and crowded. Porters mingled their deep voices in the endless din. Tom Merry threw open the carriage door. Bags were piled upon a willing porter, and when he had received all D'Arcy's property, he looked like Father Christmas laden with presents. As he was entitled to payment per package, he was likely to have a nice little bill for the juniors aboard the boat.

"Calais boat!" said Tom Merry.

"Yes, sir!"

Tom Merry rushed off to see to the trunks. Blake linked his arm in that of Arthur Augustus. The swell of St. Jim's looked at him doubtfully.

"How long before the boat starts, Blake, deah boy?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know. I think about twenty minutes."

"Then there is time for me to wun out to a hattah's—"

"At this time of night? All the shops are shut, ass!"

"Bai Jove, I nevah thought of that!" And the juniors marched off to the Calais boat.

CHAPTER 7.

The Calais Boat!

THE boat was pretty well crowded. Nervous passengers, crossing the Channel for the first time, asked continually whether it was the Calais boat, unaware that it could not possibly have been any other. A man stood at the gangway announcing that it was the "Callis" boat, while another a little farther off, who had evidently picked up a little French somewhere on the Channel, was announcing with equal energy that it was the "Callay" boat.

The juniors grouped on deck round their luggage, and polite attendants brought them deckchairs, and were duly tipped. The porter who had borne their packages from the train claimed a small fortune in return, and D'Arcy paid it without demur. Whether all the packages were still there it was impossible to see in the darkness, but the chums hoped for the best, and took care not to suggest to D'Arcy that any of them might have been lost.

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy. "There's quite a cwozd. How long shall we be upon the watah, Tom Mewwy?"

"Just over the hour."

"That's not so much, deah boy. I hope none of you fellows will be seasick. It doesn't look like bein' a wuff night."

"The Channel's always a bit rough at night."

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"Oh dear!" said Fatty Wynn.

"Are you hungry, Fatty?"

"N-n-no!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Tom Merry in astonishment.

Fatty Wynn did not reply. He was gazing apprehensively into the deep darkness seaward, broken fitfully by the moving light of the lighthouse.

The ship was not moving yet, but Fatty Wynn was already beginning to wish that he had not laid quite so solid a foundation.

"These chairs are quite comfy," said Arthur Augustus, stretching his legs a little. "How nice of the attendants to bwing them wound so quickly, and for nothin'. The chap told me there was no charge."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any cause for laughtah in that remark, Figgins."

"Oh, my hat! Never mind; I tipped him, so it's all right," grinned Figgins.

"Bai Jove! Did he want a tip?"

"Oh, no; he's an altruist, and he stays on these boats for the special purpose of putting his principles into practice," said Figgins.

"Oh, pway don't wot!"

A French face loomed up in the gloom—a dark face with black eyes. A pair of hands held out a rug.

A voice speaking at express speed reiterated something, in which the word "jambes" alone was intelligible to English ears.

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy, putting up his eyeglass and surveying the man, who had a heap of rugs over his arm, and was still jabbering away excitedly. "Bai Jove! Is that chap a Frenchman, Tom Mewwy?"

"Yes," said Tom, laughing.

"Is he talkin' to us?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"I don't want any jam, thank you," said D'Arcy politely. "It's vevy nice of you, but I am not going to eat just before the voyage."

The man stared, and jabbered again. Kerr went off into a shriek, but D'Arcy was too much occupied with the Frenchman to notice that.

The swell of St. Jim's shook his head.

"Non, non," he exclaimed; "I don't want any jam."

The man gesticulated to the rugs.

"Bai Jove, if this is a specimen of the French nation, I don't think vevy much of their intelligence!" said D'Arcy. "I've told him in plain English that I don't want any jam, and he goes on jabbewin' all the same."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Figgins. "Perhaps he doesn't understand plain English. He might prefer it in plain French."

"Bai Jove, I never thought of that, you know!"

And D'Arcy thought of his French, and started.

"Non, non, merci!" he exclaimed, "Je ne veux pas que vous donnez moi le confiture."

"Oh, hold me, somebody!" shrieked Kerr.

"Weally, Kerr—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pewwaps my Fwrench may be a little wocky, but he ought to undahstand," said D'Arcy. "I know that jain is confiture in French."

"Ha, ha! He wasn't talking about jam."

"Weally, Kerr, he used the vevy word."

"Ha, ha, ha! He said jambes—j-a-m-b-e-s!"

"Oh! That means legs!"

"Of course it does."

"But what could he possibly mean?"

exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in bewilderment. "He cannot suppose that I want any legs—legs of mutton, or anything."

"Ha, ha! He wants to give you a rug to cover your legs, you duffer, against the cold."

"Oh, I see! Speak a little more slowly, old man, and I may be able to catch on," said D'Arcy, forgetting again that the man did not understand English.

The man jabbered again, and gesticulated.

"Yes, yes, certainly," said D'Arcy. "Oui, oui, mon garcon. Shovez the blessed things on my jambes if you likez-vous."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The man understood gestures, if not words, and he grinned and covered up D'Arcy's legs with the rug, tucking it in on either side of the deckchair.

"Good!" said Arthur Augustus.

"This is vevy warm. Thank you vevy much—I mean, merci, mon ami, merci beaucoup."

The man gesticulated.

"Bai Jove! I suppose he wants a tip."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy extracted a sixpence from his pocket, and handed it to the Frenchman. He looked at it, and gesticulated.

"My only hat! He's doin' it again!" exclaimed D'Arcy, watching the Frenchman's gesticulations in great surprise. "Is this an entabtainment, I wondah?"

The Frenchman began to shriek. In the midst of the volume of rapidly uttered French, D'Arcy distinguished a word.

"Deux! That means two, doesn't it, Tom Mewwy?"

"Yes, that's correct."

"Good! It's awfully polite of the chap to make all this fuss about givin' me an extwa wug. No, it's all wight, deah boy, one's enough."

Jabber, jabber, jabber!

"One's enough," repeated D'Arcy.

"C'est—c'est—what's the beastly word? It suffice, you know—c'est—lemme see—assez. See?"

Jabber, jabber, jabber!

"Bai Jove! He must be doin' this for exahaise."

"Non, non!" shrieked the man. "Un autre."

"He's talkin' about oats now. Certainly not; I don't want any oats. I wogard the question as wiculous."

"Un autre—un autre!"

"I tell you, I don't wequire any oats," said D'Arcy testily. "Pway explain to the ass, Kerr, as you seem to be able to guess what it all means."

The Scottish junior shrieked.

"He means he wants another, you ass—not another rug—another tanner."

"Bai Jove! But it's watah wotten bad form to ask for a tip in this way."

"Ha, ha! It's not a tip! The charge for the rug is a shilling."

"Bai Jove! That's too much."

"Better explain that to him in French," grinned Kerr. "Otherwise, you'd better shell out the other tanner. He'll have a fit soon. He must have a pain in his throttle already."

D'Arcy paid the other sixpence, and the Frenchman finally left him alone. Arthur Augustus drew a deep breath.

"Bai Jove! This is quite a twial to one's feelin's, you know. Some of them make a charge, and some of them want tips. How the dooce are you to tell one frowm another? I dare say we shall meet some boundahs who make a charge and want tips as well?"

"That you will," grinned Tom Merry; "and plenty of them. The

best-known word in the French language is 'pouboire,' and that means a tip—and they spring it on you at every turn."

"Bai Jove! I shall have to keep a sepawate pocket for tips. I twinst my governahl will not forget to send off the cash to the hotel in Pawis by the first post."

"We're moving!" exclaimed Manners. "Bai Jove!"

The Calais boat was in motion.

CHAPTER 8.

Crossing the Channel!

FATTY WYNN leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. The fat Fourth Former of St. Jim's would have given untold gold to be able to sleep then. But sleep would not visit his eyelids.

"Ripping!" said Kangaroo. "I don't feel a bit fagged, either. We had a pretty good snooze in the train."

"Wait till you get into the French train," grinned Lowther.

"Oh, no good meeting troubles half-way!"

There was a deep groan in the gloom. The juniors started.

"Bai Jove! What's that?"

It was Fatty Wynn.

He was leaning forward in his chair, in a state of suffering compared with which the tortures of the Inquisition were a playful joke.

"Hallo, Fatty! Feel bad?"

"Groo!"

"He's got it," said Kerr. "Poor old Fatty!"

"Groo!"

"Get some water for him," said

Blake kindly. "You'll be stretched on the deck inside ten minutes."

"Nothin' of the sort, deah boy. I'm a pretty good sailah. I am goin' to look aftah you chaps."

"I don't think!" grinned Blake.

"What do you say, Dig?"

Dig did not say anything.

He sat down again, with a strange look upon his face, and he did not venture to open his lips, apparently in dread of some catastrophe if he did.

The boat was getting out into the sea, and the sea was rolling a little. The vessel rolled, too, and from various parts of the deck came sounds of suffering.

"Feel any bettah, Fatty, deah boy?"

Groan!

"Does it hurt?"

Groan!

"Shall I pat you on the back?"



Arthur Augustus was released by the juniors and he staggered back against the table and sent it over. There was a yell from Fatty Wynn as his pie was whisked away, and a terrific crash of breaking crockery on the floor.

The best way to avoid sea-sickness is to refuse resolutely to think upon the subject. This will put it off, even if it does not save you altogether. But Fatty Wynn simply could not help thinking about it.

The dreadful vision was before him all the time. Dreadful recollections of his last trip to sea rose in his mind.

The other juniors were feeling very fit as yet.

They rose from the seats, and walked up and down the deck to keep themselves warm, as the vessel glided away from Dover Pier.

Tom Merry glanced round him with satisfaction.

There was a sense of adventure and romance in travelling by night which is lost in the glare of day, and to the junior's mind it compensated for the lessening of material comfort.

"This is jolly!" said Figgins.

Figgins. "Here, you chap, you speak English? Bring some water."

Jabber, jabber, jabber!

"Oh dear, it's a French ass. L'eau," said Figgins—"L'eau, s'il vous plait, pour mon ami—vous comprenez?"

"Oui, m'sieur!"

The man brought a glass of water in a few seconds, and thoughtfully brought a big tin basin, too. Fatty Wynn was in a terrible state already, and the vessel was hardly on the sea yet.

Figgins tipped the man, and put the glass to Fatty's lips. Fatty took a little gulp, and gave Figgy a look of thanks; he could not speak. As a novelist would say, his feelings at that moment were too deep for words.

"Bai Jove, this is wuff on Fatty!" said D'Arcy. "The boat is beginnin' to woff, too. I hope you fellows will be able to stand it."

"Worry over yourself, old chap," said

Groan!

"Bai Jove!"

"Let's walk up and down briskly," said Kangaroo. "That's the dodge, you know. I wasn't sick on the voyage from Australia to England, after the first day."

"The Channel's worse than the Pacific, travellers say," said Tom Merry doubtfully.

Groan!

"Poor old Fatty!"

Figgins and Kerr remained with their chum. Fatty Wynn rocked in his chair. He would have pitched out of it several times but for Figgins' restraining hand.

"Think you'd feel better below, Fatty?"

Groan!

"I've heard chaps say that lying down in a bunk is good," said Kerr.

"You give more to the motion of the ship, you know."

Groan!
"Poor old Fatty! Will you try downstairs? Don't try to speak—just nod your head if you'd like us to take you down," said Figgins.

Fatty Wynn feebly nodded his head. He would have been willing to try anything at that moment to cure the terrible mal-de-mer, even to the extent of jumping overboard.

Figgins and Kerr helped him to the companionway, and with some difficulty they navigated him downstairs into the saloon.

Fatty collapsed upon a bunk in a state of anguish.

Figgins sniffed savagely.
"My hat! The place is as stuffy as—as the inside of—a hat-box! Ow! Look at all those poor people—all sick!"

"Blessed if I'm going to look," said Kerr. "Not much!"

"This is worse than the deck."
"A jolly sight worse! You can't see the others there."

"Feel better, Fatty?"
Groan!

"Like to go on deck again?"
Groan!

Figgins caught hold of the bunk, and held on, a sudden curious greenish tinge coming over his face.

"Bad?" asked Kerr quickly.
"Oh, no," said Figgins haltingly; "I'm—I'm all right! I'm perfectly all right. I'm never sea-sick, you know—practically never! I—I'm all right now."

"Oh!" groaned Fatty.
"Like to go up again?"
"Get me out of this, for mercy's sake!" groaned Fatty.

"Right-ho! Lend me a hand, Kerr." They navigated Fatty Wynn to the stairs again. Figgins gave a sudden lurch, and sat down on the lowest step.

"Oh!" groaned Figgins.
"Oh!" groaned Fatty Wynn.
"Lend a hand, steward, will you?" said Kerr.

The two sufferers were brought on deck again. The keen, clear air of the sea revived them somewhat, and they were able to stagger to their chairs.

Digby was in anguish by this time, and Blake and D'Arcy were sitting down. Blake was staring stonily before him, without speaking, and an expression was on his face which indicated an iron resolution.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's face was in shadow, and could not be seen. But his hat had been crushed once more by bumping against something, and he had not even attempted to restore its shape.

"This is what comes of taking the night boat," said Kerr. "Blessed if I haven't a good mind to give D'Arcy another bumping."

D'Arcy did not speak.
"Do you hear, you frabjous burlber?"
"Ow!"

CHAPTER 9.

Land at Last!

FAR out in the dark Channel the Dover light shone. But the juniors of St. Jim's were not looking at it. All excepting Kangaroo were sitting in the deckchairs, or hanging at the side, in dumb misery. The Cornstalk was feeling a little qualmy himself, but he had not given in. There were many passengers on deck who seemed to find life a weary burden, and from below came occasional sounds which indicated that matters were no

better there, and were probably a little worse.

It was not what a sailorman would call a rough night; but it was rough enough to a landsman. Near Tom Merry a man was sitting and drinking coffee, and Tom wondered how he could do it. A passenger—evidently a hardened case—was smoking a cigar and looking towards the Calais light in the far distance.

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy faintly.
"Oh dear!"

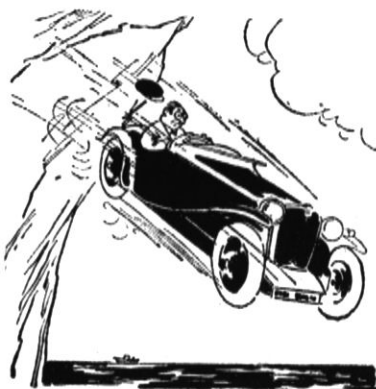
"Is land in sight yet?"
"Ow! Why did I ever come to sea?" groaned Fatty Wynn. "I was all right on dry land! I must have been off my rocker! To think that I might be safe in bed at St. Jim's now, if I'd have had the sense of a rabbit. Oh dear!" And Fatty almost wept.

"Just our luck to choose a rough night for a crossing!" groaned Digby.

"This isn't a rough night," said Kangaroo. "This is calm!"

"Br-r-r-r!"
"You should've seen some of our nights in the Pacific when I was coming over from Australia! Why—"

"Ow!"
"G'wreat Scott! The time-tables put



"Lumme! This is the first time the brakes have failed!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to R. Scott, 90, Copeland Road, Glasgow, S.W.1.

this crossin' at an hour and a quarter, and we've been the best part of the night aboard already!"

"About four or five hours, I think," said Blake.

"Oh dear!"
"Just over half an hour," said Kangaroo, looking at his watch.

"Oh, pway don't wot, deah boy!"
"It's the truth."

"I wefuse to cwedit anythin' of the sort. I have been suffewin' for hours. I think I can see the sun wisin'!"

"Poor old Gussy! The sun won't rise till we're near Paris in the Nord Express!"

"I am sure I can see a light in the sky!"

"My hat," exclaimed Kangaroo, looking round, "you're right! It's the Calais light, not the sun, though!"

"Then we must be near land," said Figgins hopefully.

"Well, getting near," said Kangaroo.

The ship forged on. In the heart of the Channel the water was rougher than ever. The desultory talk died away. Misery was too great for words. The sight of the darkly heaving water, dim in the gloom, made the passengers shudder. Wild thoughts of a peaceful resting-place deep down under that

heaving mass flashed into the mind of Fatty Wynn. He was the acutest sufferer. He smiled at the idea of its being called heroism to face death at sea. What was death compared with this?

"The light's getting nearer," said Kangaroo hopefully. "The water's getting smoother, too. Can't you notice it?"

"Blessed if I can!" grunted Blake. "They say these big boats don't roll; but if this one isn't rolling, I'll eat my hat!"

"Well, I suppose the biggest one's bound to roll a little."

"This isn't rolling a little—it's nearly rolling over!" said Blake peevishly. "I shouldn't be surprised to see the water coming over the side any second. Blessed if I don't write to the company about it when we get ashore—I mean, if we get ashore!"

"Oh dear!"

"Blessed if I see how you stand it, Kangaroo!" said Tom Merry. "But I've heard that the feeblest constitutions stand the sea better than strong ones!"

"Rot!" said Kangaroo.

"Well, it looks as if there might be something in it," said Lowther. "Why, what's the matter with Australia?"

Kangaroo had made a sudden dive for the rail.

"Poor old Kanga! He's got it at last!"

"Bai Jove! Well, it's only fair, you know!"

The steamer forged on swiftly, but with what seemed terrible slowness to the passengers. Fatty Wynn had given up all resistance now. He had abandoned himself to the terrible malady, and he sat like a ghastly statue, saying no word, but every now and then emitting a low, painful moan.

There was a noise of quick footsteps on the deck; sailors passed to and fro. Blake started up hopefully.

"That looks like land!"

They turned their eyes towards invisible France. Lights glared at them through the night. Many lights, gleaming welcome. The steamer was getting to her berth.

"Bai Jove, land at last!"

Arthur Augustus uttered those words as if they had been at sea in an open boat for a couple of weeks. The gleaming lights of Calais gave new life to the juniors. Even Fatty Wynn "bucked up" for a moment.

"Are we getting in?" he murmured.

"Yes. Can't you feel we're not rolling now?"

"Oh dear!"

Slowly the steamer moved in. There was a loud hooting of sirens, to an accompaniment of hoarse voices. Glimpses of the shore, glimpses of moving figures, glimmered in the uncertain lights.

"Here we are at last!"

Fatty Wynn raised a ghastly face.

"Sure?"
"Yes, it's Calais!"

CHAPTER 10.

The Douane!

CALAIS at last!

The crossing had taken about an hour and a quarter, but passengers who were seasick felt as if it were years and years.

As the ship became steady the juniors quickly recovered from their inward qualms, though they were left with a sickly feeling for a time. Fatty Wynn was the last to recover. He was still mumbling as he joined the crowd for the shore. The juniors collected up their hand baggage, and saw their trunks in

the possession of three or four Frenchmen, who carried them off to the Douane.

They tramped ashore slowly with the big crowd moving off the steamer, and Tom Merry was careful to keep the porters in sight. The baggage was slammed down upon a long counter, where sick and tired passengers were waiting their turns for the Customs officials to examine their effects.

There was an hour before the express started for Paris to allow the kindly attentions of the Douane officials. The latter were quick, cheerful, and polite for the most part. With the courtesy natural to Frenchmen, they seemed desirous of giving as little trouble as possible.

The juniors, who wanted nothing so much as a rest and some hot coffee after the crossing, stood about waiting in the long, irregularly lighted room, crowded with anxious passengers, where the officials, quick and ready as they were, were hardly able to deal with the baggage as fast as the porters slammed it down before them.

The Customs officials, doubtless from long experience, know which passengers required looking after, and which didn't. The examination of the juniors' bags was very perfunctory. One or two of them were opened, and a hand was thrust in, but the greater number were chalked without being even opened. The trunks, of course, took longer, but even with them the delay was not at all what the boys had expected.

"Vous n'avez rien a declarer?"

"Non."

That was the usual formula.

"Done at last!" said Tom Merry, with a sigh of relief. "They haven't asked us to pay anything, not even on that coat of yours, Gussy."

"My coat!"

"Well, you have to pay on gramophones, I believe, and traction-engines, and things, and that coat of yours is louder than a gramophone or a traction-engine."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Come on!" said Blake. "Don't lose sight of the porters with the trunks. They'll shove them into a train for the North Pole if they get a chance. They're the same on both sides of the water."

"Parce, Parce?" asked one of the porters.

"Yes; Paris-Nord."

"Parce-Nor!" said Figgins.

"Oui, oui, oui!"

"Like a blessed guinea-pig, isn't he, with his wee-wee-wee," said Blake. "Go ahead, old chap. I'm only saying that you're like a blessed guinea-pig, and you can't understand. *Marchez!*"

The man grinned, and carried on the trunk. Blake had spoken with an agreeable smile on his face, and the man no doubt thought that the English lad was paying him some sort of a compliment.

As the juniors passed out of one of the great doors, the two Customs officers on guard there—one on either side of the portal—darted forward to look at the bags, to make sure that they bore the mark of the Douane.

They had been darting forward like that to examine bags ever since the juniors had been there, and they looked as if they were moved by springs, and Figgys's comparison to Tweedledum and Tweedledee was not inappropriate.

"Vous n'avez rien?"

"Rien, messieurs," said Tom Merry politely.

"I have, though," said Blake. "J'ai—I mean, je l'ai."

"Eh, monsieur! Vous avez—"

"Oui, j'ai faim," said Blake. "J'ai

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

"I imagine the Ouse is the slowest river and the Tyne the tiniest," writes a reader. Wye so?

Mr. Linton tells us that the cuckoo leaves the sunny forests of Africa for England once a year. No wonder it is called a cuckoo!

"Jockeys Thrown By Frightened Horses," runs a headline. They're off!

Mosquitoes prefer fair skin, writes a scientist. They not only like it, they can lump it!

Mr. Ratcliff isn't such a bad sport, after all. I saw him give his hat fifty yards start the other day before he began to chase it.

When the floods were up recently, Farmer Brown marked his haystack with a buoy. The farmer's buoy!

"I saw a man at Brightsea play the piano with his nose!" declares Reilly. That's nothing. I've seen a man fiddling with his moustache.

Then there was the fellow who, going to the headmaster to be birched, asked if he could have a local anæsthetic before the infliction.

Grimes, the village grocer's assistant, has modelled a cricket field in butter. Some of the fieldmen's fingers look very realistic.

A girl reader asks if it is a good thing to treat her face with oil before retiring to bed. Oily to bed and oily to rise, I should think.

It is given to few of us, says a writer, to awaken and find ourselves famous. Most of us find ourselves famous and then wake up!

As the judge said to the bogus fortune teller: "Haroun al Raschid, I can see thirty days in a cell for you!"

Story: "Take this gun and watch!" snapped the sergeant. "Yessir!" replied the recruit, taking the gun. "But where's the watch?"

Seots story: Sandy went to visit his friend Mac at his new home. He was made welcome, but was surprised to see all the wallpaper fastened only with tacks. "What's the idea of not sticking your wallpaper, Mac?" he asked. "Ooh, mon!" replied Mac. "Ye didna think I was staying here all my life, did ye?"

Well, I must be off now, as the fly said when he alighted on a hot stove!

Chin chin, chaps!

soif. Do you tax hunger and thirst in this blessed country? Because if you do, you'd better pile it on me."

Tweedledum and Tweedledee looked decidedly puzzled. They did not understand the English part of Blake's remarks, and his telling them that he was hungry and thirsty only puzzled them.

"Je non comprends pas, monsieur," said Tweedledum.

"Comprong be blowed!" said Blake. "I'm hungry. J'ai faim—I have hunger, as you say in your blessed French. Ou est le blessed buffet?"

Tom Merry dragged Blake on, leaving the Frenchmen puzzled and amazed. They looked at each other significantly, and Tweedledum tapped his forehead, and Tweedledee nodded solemnly. It was quite plain to them that the English was mad.

"You ass, come on!" said Tom Merry. "What do you think Fatty Wynn will be like if he doesn't get a square meal before he gets into the Paris train?"

"I say, I'm feeling peckish," said Fatty Wynn. "Curious how a chap gets over sea-sickness as soon as he gets on dry land. It seems like a dream. We ought really to have stood it a bit better, you know."

"Ha, ha! It's easy to say that on terra firma."

"Yes, I suppose so. Never mind; I'm awfully hungry. Here's the buffet. If you fellows will bag the seats, I'll go in and order supper for ten."

"Good!"

And while Tom Merry & Co. "bagged the seats"—literally, for they captured them by slamming the bags down upon them—Fatty Wynn entered the station buffet, and ordered supper, and he did not err upon the side of stinting.

CHAPTER 11.

Gussy Sheds His Coat!

FATTY WYNN was quite himself again when they sat down to supper. In fact, that terrible mal-de-mer seemed to have freshened him up, and made him capable of more than usual efforts.

The juniors sat at three little tables in a row, and the tables were well laden. The garcon in attendance was very attentive.

Fatty Wynn's orders had been generous; and French waiters expect tips in exact proportions to the amount of the bill. The longer the bill, the bigger the tip. So Fatty Wynn's orders delighted the heart of the garcon.

Cold chicken, ham and beef disappeared rapidly before the hungry juniors. They were all hungry, all ready to distinguish themselves in the gastronomic line. And the viands were good. Fatty Wynn had ordered from beginning to end, but every now and then he glanced at the menu and jerked out a fresh order, and the garcon was kept busy coming and going.

"Jolly good!" said Blake. "Garson!"

"M'sieur."

"Donnez moi le blessed salt."

"Eh, bien, m'sieur! Le—le—le blessey—"

"Le sel s'il vous plait," grinned Kerr.

"Oh, I haven't got into the way of it yet!" said Blake. "Never mind. What's in a name, so long as you get the salt? This chicken is all right, garson."

"Oui, oui, m'sieur."

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"Good old guinea-pig! Any more ham knocking about?"

"Here you are!" said Digby. "I say, take care, you know; these garsongs at the seaports often know a bit of English. They pick it up from the travellers."

"Oh, this chap doesn't understand!" said Blake. "You could say anything to him."

"Bai Jove, it's a safah course only to say polite things, deah boy!"

"Rats! Besides, I am polite. If you say I'm not polite, Gussy, I shall be under the painful necessity of interrupting the proceedings by giving you a thick ear."

"I should uttably wefuse—"

"Pepper this way," said Manners.

"Certainly, deah boy."

"Any frogs on the menu?" asked Blake, who was determined to keep on, if only to show his confidence that the garcon did not understand any English. "I don't think a French menu is quite complete without them. Have you any frogs, garsong?"

"Je ne comprends pas, m'sieur."

"There you are, Dig; I told you he didn't comprong," said Blake triumphantly. "You could ask him where he dug up his face, and he wouldn't do anything but grin and say, 'Je ne comprong pah.' It's all right. By the way, I've heard that they sometimes stew snails in this country. I say, garsong!"

"Shut up, Blake!"

"Rats! Garsong!"

"M'sieur."

"Do you make fricasso of snails on this side of the Channel?" asked Blake, with a bland smile.

"Ah, non, non!" said the garcon, with an equally bland grin. "Monsieur is quite safe."

And he turned away with empty plates.

His last remark had been made in excellent English, and Blake turned scarlet. The juniors simply roared.

"Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy. "I wegard that as wathah funnay! You are quite safe, Blake, deah boy."

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha! M'sieur is quite safe!" yelled Figgins. "Oh, Blake, fancy giving the blessed Frenchman an opening like that! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you New House ass—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blake glowered. He had indeed made an ass of himself, and he could not deny it. The garcon had scored, and scored well, though at the risk of his tip. Arthur Augustus wagged a warning forefinger at Blake.

"Listen to me, Blake, deah boy."

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort. You have tweated the garcon with gveat wudeness, I considah that you owe him an apology."

"Rats!"

"I put it to the fellows," said D'Arcy, looking round. "You have made insultin' wemarks to the garcon. It would serve you wight if he slanged you back again. You thought he could not understand, but he must have understood."

"He said he didn't."

"Pewwaps he understood some, and not the west, then. Anyway, you have tweated him with wudeness, and you owe him an apology. I appeal to the fellows."

"Gussy's right," said Tom Merry.

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"I recommend Blake to apologise, and be more careful in future."

"Oh, cheese it!"

"He is comin' back now," said D'Arcy, with dignity. "If you do not do the pwopah thing, Blake, I shall be unable to considah you any longah in the light of a fwriend."

"Ass!"

"I decline to be addressed as an ass. Weally—"

"Here he is," said Tom Merry. "Seriously, Blake, you must have hurt that chap's feelings, and you ought to tell him you're sorry."

Blake did not reply. He had a short inward struggle, and then he turned to the waiter, who came up with his usual cheerful expression.

"I say, garsong!"

"M'sieur!"

"I was only joking just now, you know. I didn't think you understood. Anyway, I'm sorry for what I said. Savvy?"

The garcon nodded.

"Oui, m'sieur, je comprends, parfaitement. M'sieur is very good."

"I wegard you as havin' done the pwopah thing, Blake."

"Oh, go and eat coco-nuts!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"What does that blessed bell mean?" asked Fatty Wynn, looking up from his tenth plate.

"Time to sheer off."

"I haven't finished my supper. I'm only beginning."

"Better have the express kept back, then," said Blake sarcastically. "Shall I run and hang on the engine?"

"Well, I haven't finished. I suppose I can take something in the train, though."

"Take the whole blessed buffet, and the garcon, too," advised Lowther.

Fatty Wynn did not go quite as far as that, but he made up a quite respectably sized parcel to take with him. The juniors left the buffet. The "addition" came to a figure that made even D'Arcy open his eyes, and the garcon's "pourboire" was very considerable; but that did not affect Fatty Wynn. He was happy. He had had one feed, and was just going to have another. And what more was required to make anybody happy?

The juniors poured out of the buffet.

D'Arcy, with his remarkable coat, was not sorry to get out of the light. That coat was making a sensation wherever it appeared. It was so much too big for D'Arcy that he stumbled about in it, and he had to gather up the skirts in his hand to walk with safety. The train was not starting yet. As the juniors came out, a couple of Frenchmen were talking near the entrance of the buffet, and D'Arcy caught the word "habit."

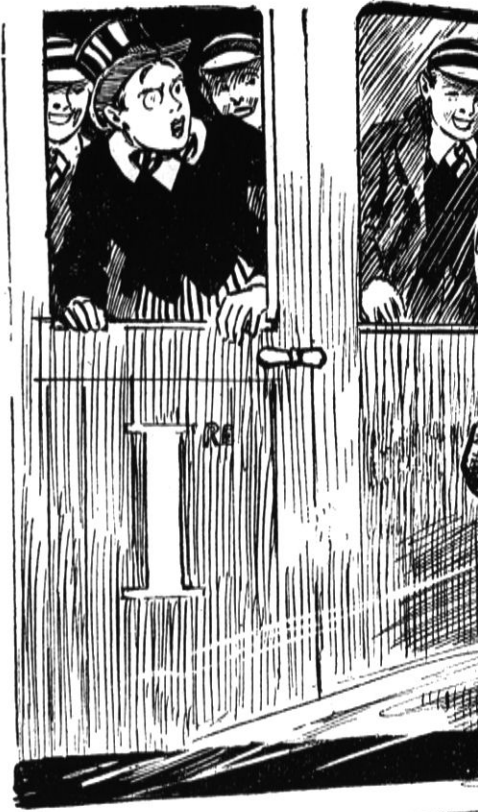
The swell of St. Jim's turned pink.

"Did you hear that, Blake, deah boy?"

"Eh, what?"

"They were wemarkin' on my coat."

"I thought they were talking about an abbey," said Blake indifferently. "I'm sure I caught the word abbey."



"Monsieur! Monsieur!" exclaimed the porter.
"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus. Th

"The French word for coat is pwou-nounced abbey."

"Oh, is it? Well, I told you that that coat would make a sensation on this side of the water," grinned Blake. "Of course, they haven't seen anything like it before."

"I considah that you boundahs were wottin' when you let me buy this coat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can see no cause for wibald laughah. The worst of it is that I cannot get wid of it now. I weally do not desire to entah the Pawis hotel in this coat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was vevy warm on the boat," remarked D'Arcy. "That's all wight. But it is a howwah to look at, and it doesn't fit me now as it did when I twied it on in the shop in the Stwand."

"You should do your shopping at more appropriate times, Gussy, and perhaps you wouldn't be rotted on the subject!" remarked Kangaroo.

"I wegard you as a set of wottahs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall use a wug in the twain, and leave this coat here," said D'Arcy. "I am goin' to thwow the wotten thing away!"

"Well, it's about the best thing you can do with it!" agreed Tom Merry. "Buck up! The train will be starting!"

There was a platform seat near the buffet entrance, Arthur Augustus strolled to it and sat down, and quietly slipped off his coat there. He let it fall upon the seat beside him. Blake leaned out of the carriage door.

"Come on, Gussy!"

"Wight you are, deah boy!"

D'Arcy ran for the train, leaving the coat on the seat. He flattered himself



the carriage just as the train was about to start. He wanted to get rid of was on the man's arm!

that he had got rid of it without attracting attention. "That's all wight!" he remarked, as he jumped in. "I've left the beastly thing on the seat. If I evah buy a woady-made coat again, Blake, I shall not take your advice!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Monsieur!" It was a yell from the platform. The engine was snorting—the train was about to start. A porter tore up to the carriage, and jumped on the step. D'Arcy gasped. The loud check coat was on the man's arm. "Monsieur! Monsieur!" "Bai Jove!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry. "He's found your coat; he thinks you forgot it, and left it on the seat." "I won't take it!" "You must, ass! Tip him!" "I wefuse! I—" "Don't be stingy, Gussy!" "Weally, Tom Mewwy—" "The man's trying to serve you. This is French politeness. Give him a five-franc piece." "I weward it as wotten!" The porter was beaming. He evidently thought he had done something very useful and gratifying in bringing back the coat the English lad had forgotten on the seat. It would have been cruel to undecieve him; or, rather, impossible to make him understand. D'Arcy took the coat, and placed a five-franc piece in the man's palm. "Thank you vewy much!" he said, with an effort. "Merci—merci!" "Ah, merci, monsieur!" The train was already moving, carrying the porter along on the step of the carriage. He jumped off to the

platform, and touched his cap to the chums as the train rolled out of Calais-Maritime Station. Arthur Augustus looked at the coat, and finally donned it, and sat down. As he had to take it with him, he thought he might as well have the benefit of it. And it was cold in the train. The juniors wrapped themselves in coats and rugs, settled on the cushions as best they could, and prepared to "stick out" the journey to Paris. "I'm feeling sleepy!" said Fatty Wynn, relinquishing his attack upon his provisions at last. "Go hon!" said Tom Merry. "You surprise me! It's only one o'clock in the morning." "Well, I'm going to sleep." And the New House junior closed his eyes, and nodded off. "Can't do better," said Blake. "Here's another. Not much chance to see the country here, either. Black as your hat!" "We could have seen it if we had come by the day boat!" growled Kangaroo. "Suppose we bump Gussy now!" "Weally, Kangawoo—" "It would have been dark by the time we got to Calais, I expect," said Tom Merry, with a shake of the head. "Never mind, we'll see it going back, if there's anything to see. I'm going to explore the Land of Nod just now!" And he closed his eyes. "Bai Jove! We shall be in Pawis by dawn!" Arthur Augustus remarked. "I shall leave this coat in the twain. I weward you as a set of wottahs for havin' let me buy such a feahful thing! By the way, my young bwotah Wally hasn't turned up! When we left St. Jim's, he vowed he would come to Pawis, too!" "He's a beggar for check!" said Blake. "Of course, the Head wouldn't let a kid like that come. He wouldn't let you come, if we weren't here to look after you!" "Weally, Blake—" "Good-night!" "I weward that wemark—" "Groo!" And Jack Blake went to sleep. The Nord Express rushed on through the dim night. The juniors were soon all asleep, though they woke up every now and then, by fits and starts, to find that the night was still black, and the train still rushing on. There were several stops, and sometimes they woke, and sometimes they didn't. They were not afraid of being carried past their destination. The Gare du Nord at Paris was the terminus of the line. Arthur Augustus slept soundly for a great distance. The swell of St. Jim's would have been shocked if he could have seen himself as he slept. The crossing of the Channel and the night travelling had left its mark on him. His collar was soiled, his necktie awry, his clothes ruffled and rumpled, even his hair was not tidy. The hideous check coat was the finishing touch. The other juniors all looked much the same, except for the coat. The train jerked and banged, and D'Arcy awoke. "Bai Jove! Is this Pawis?" The train had stopped, and the lights of a station gleamed at the windows. Arthur Augustus put his head out. A porter looked at him. "Is this Pawis, deah boy?" The man mumbled something, in which the word "comprends" was the only one distinguishable. "Bai Jove! Sowwy, deah boy; I forgot you didn't speak English! Est il Pawee?" "Croil," said the man. "Bai Jove! I've nevah heard of it, but I suppose it isn't Pawis. Thank you vewy much—I mean, merci beaucoup!" And D'Arcy sat down again. The train restarted with a banging of doors, but Arthur Augustus did not feel inclined for more sleep. He took out his pocket-mirror, and examined his face, and gave a start. "Bai Jove, I do look a sight! I shall have to get a clean-up somehow before we get to Pawis!" He poked Tom Merry in the ribs. The hero of the Shell gave a grunt. "I say, Tom Mewwy!" "Groo-oo!" "Tom Mewwy, deah boy!" "Yaroo! 'Tain't rising-bell! Shur-rup!" "But I want to speak to you, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus, shaking him. Tom Merry came with a jump out of the land of dreams. "Eh, what? Is it Paris?" "No. We have just passed Croil. I don't know where that is, but we have just passed it, deah boy. I want a clean-up before we get to Pawis. I couldn't possibly pwesent myself in the Wue do Vivoli in this stato!" Tom Merry glared. "Do you mean to say that you have woke me up to tell me that, you dangerous lunatic?" "I wefuse to be chawacterwised as a dangewous lunatic!" "You—you frabjous ass!" "I should be sowwy to commence a holiday in Pawis by givin' you a feahful twashin', Tom Mewwy, so pway do not pwoveke me! I want to know if I can get a wash on the twain." "Of course you can, idiot!" "Weally, Tom Mewwy—" "Shut up, and let me get to sleep!" "But where can I get the wash, deah boy?" "Down the corridor, of course, you silly ass!" And Tom Merry closed his eyes again. "Bai Jove! Quite wight! I ought weally to have thought of that!" remarked Arthur Augustus, and he went along the corridor of the train. He was feeling so dirty and discomposed by night travelling that he felt that a wash would be a boon and a blessing. Naturally, he had not yet caught on to French customs, or he would have avoided that door as he might have avoided the mouth of a gun. "Bai Jove! Here we are!" He opened the door. He caught one glimpse of a young lady calmly combing out her back hair, and then he shut the door and fled. He regained his carriage with crimson checks. Tom Merry blinked at him sleepily.

"Hallo! You've been quick! Had your wash already?"

"N-n-no, deah boy!"

"Aren't you going to have it?"

"N-n-no! On second thoughts I have decided to wait till we get to the hotel in Pavis!"

And Arthur Augustus sat down, and hid his pink face behind the folds of his famous coat.

CHAPTER 12.

The Coat Again!

PARIS!

It was Figgins who shouted out the word, shaking the juniors till he woke them. All of them had been soundly asleep when the train stopped in the Nord Station in Paris, and only Figgins had awakened. He had promptly awakened the others.

"Paris?" said Tom Merry, rubbing his eyes. "Good!"

"Bai Jove! Pavis at last!"

"Well, here we are again!" said Blake. "Hand those bags down! You can look after the trunks, Merry, while I look after Gussy!"

"Weally, Blake—"

They jumped out of the train. Bags and portmanteaux and rugs and umbrellas were borne out, and apportioned among them. Tom Merry looked after the trunks. Arthur Augustus looked anxious.

"Blake, deah boy—"

"Can you carry another bag, Gussy?"

"I have one in each hand already, deah boy!"

"So you have! Never mind; carry this umbrella in your teeth, will you?"

"I refuse to do anythin' of the sort!"

"Then I shall have to put it under my arm. I hope this is not the beginning of the end, Gussy. I can't have you refusing to do obliging things all the while we're in Paris!"

"Weally, you know—"

"This way! I want some coffee!"

"And I want some grub!" said Fatty Wynn. "I've never heard it remarked upon that the air of this country gives you an appetite, but I find it does. I feel jolly hungry!"

"You don't need a change of air for that, Fatty."

"Of course, I've been fasting a lot owing to the travelling—"

"Ha, ha! Fasting for about an hour, I suppose?"

"Well, I'm jolly hungry now, anyway! I think I'll make for the hotel here. I suppose there is one? You'll find me there!"

And Fatty Wynn ambled off.

"I say, Blake, deah boy, how do you think I look?"

"A regular sight!"

"Weally—"

"You'd better shove that coat back into the carriage. It was a joke, but I think you've carried the joke far enough!" grinned Blake.

"Bai Jove! Yaas, wathah!"

Arthur Augustus stepped into the carriage and stripped off the objectionable coat, and threw it upon the seat. He stepped out again with a great sense of relief.

"Bai Jove, that's all wight! I shall nevah see the feahful thing again, now!"

"Shall we bweakfast here, or get on to the hotel?" asked Figgins. "It's jolly early, and I don't feel very hungry."

"More, seedy than hungry!" said

Lowther. "Night travelling does tell on a chap!"

"Yaas, wathah! I feel quite dirty and wuffed!"

"You look it, too!"

"We must manage to get a clean-up somehow," said D'Arcy. "I cannot pweest myself to the Pavis public in this messy state! That is very important. We can get cleaned while Fatty Wynn is gorgin', and then all start together!"

"Good weeze!"

And indeed a good wash and general clean up at the station did work wonders with the juniors, and made them feel fresh. Then Figgins hunted Fatty Wynn out of the buffet, and dragged him off almost by main force. Fatty Wynn protested pathetically, but Figgins was adamant.

"You can get enough at the Ste. Genevieve," he said. "No time to waste

and understand French at St. Jim's, but French at this rate, and in the colloquial style, was too much for him. He hardly followed a word.

"I suppose it's another pourboire," said Blake, from the next taxi. "Give him five francs."

"Well, I suppose that's what it is."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Here you are," said Tom Merry, holding out a five-franc piece to the man.

The Frenchman stared at it blankly.

"Non, non, non, non, non!" he said volubly.

"My hat," said Kangaroo, "he wants more! Perhaps he's some giddy officer or other, by his uniform! Do they tip officers here, I wonder?"

"Of course not!"

"Pewwaps he's a guard, or a shuntah, or somethin'," said D'Arcy. "It's very hard to tell the difference between one Frenchman and another when they're in uniform."

"Make it ten francs, Tommy."

"All right."

Tom selected a second five-franc piece and held it out. The man gazed at it in amazement.

"Non, non, non, non!"

"Make it a fiver!" said Lowther. "For goodness' sake let's get off—all Paris is collecting here already!"

All Paris was not collecting, but a goodly crowd gathered round, looking on with curiosity. Every member of it began to join in the explanation, making confusion worse confounded.

"I want to be off!" yelled Tom Merry.

"Je parte—vous savez?"

"Non, non, non! Vous attendez!"

"Bai Jove! He's talking about tongs now!"

"He's telling us to wait," said Kerr.

"We're not going to wait! It can't be anything to do with the Customs, and we haven't broken any laws—yet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Knock him down!" said Figgins.

"Bai Jove, that would be wathah wuff! The chap may be twyin' to do us a service of some sort, for all we know!"

"Never mind! Knock him down, and let's be off."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Frenchman, waving both hands, and then pointing to a porter who was emerging from the station. "C'est la!"

"Say what?" said Blake.

Tom Merry looked at the porter and yelled. The man had the famous cheek coat over his arm. The gentleman in uniform had evidently rushed forth to stop the chums while their property was restored to them.

D'Arcy's face was a study as he looked at the famous coat. He had fancied that he had seen the last of it when he left it in the empty railway-carriage, but that coat was evidently destined to haunt him.

"Gweat Scott! It's the coat!"

The man who had detained them beamed.

The porter came up with a great air of importance, and the crowd all beamed as much as the man in uniform.

They were all evidently glad to see the lost property restored to these young Englishmen.

"Gweat Scott!" said D'Arcy again.

"Take it, for goodness' sake, Gussy!" said Blake. "Bury it somewhere quietly later on! We shall never get away if you try to explain!"

D'Arcy took the coat. He thanked the porter in his best French, and gave him a ten-franc piece.

(Continued on page 18.)

Special Announcement

YOUR STAMP OUTFIT

Is Now Ready

Send In Your Gift Voucher and Remittance At Once

Your Stamp Outfit is waiting. This week gift token No. 7 appears and readers who started collecting tokens from No. 2 will be able to complete their Token Vouchers which together with cash remittance should be sent in immediately. Do not delay. All Outfits will be sent out in strict rotation and if you want yours quickly you must apply AT ONCE. Readers who started to collect tokens from No. 3 must wait one more week until they have collected the necessary six tokens.

Send Voucher and Remittance to:

**The Gem Stamp Outfit Dept.
(G.P.O. Box No. 184a),
Cobb's Court, Broadway,
London, E.C.4.**

now. Mr. Fawcett will be expecting us, too. We wired from London to say that we were coming by this train."

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, come on!"

"I'm hungry."

"Rats! Get a move on!"

And Fatty had to go. Tom Merry was outside, signalling to a taxicab. One, of course, was not enough for the party. Three were called up, and the luggage was piled into them, and the juniors followed.

Tom Merry was the last to enter, and he had his foot on the step when an excited man in uniform rushed out of the station and stopped him.

"M'sieur! M'sieur!"

"Hallo!"

The Frenchman jabbered rapidly in his own tongue. Tom Merry could both

The Editor's Chair

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



HALLO, chums! How do you like the first story of the Christmas series? Great, isn't it? When the office-boy had read it he said he felt that he had been really travelling with Tom Merry & Co. on that exciting journey to Paris—a tribute to Martin Clifford's convincing writing—and that he was sorry to leave the cheery St. Jim's chums at the end of the yarn. He added that he was eager to read the second story of their further adventures in the French capital. And I feel sure that his words reflect the opinion of GEM readers, and that you are all looking forward to next Wednesday's ripping story. It's called:

"GUSSY IN GAY PAREE!"

As you can judge by the title, Arthur Augustus plays a prominent part. The one-and-only is never backward in coming forward, and his humorous experiences in Paris are a never-ending source of amusement to the St. Jim's chums. From the moment the juniors leave their hotel on a sightseeing tour, Gussy finds himself in all sorts of humorous situations—humorous to everyone, that is, but Gussy! And then, to

add to his troubles, his minor, Wally, the scamp of the Third, turns up in Paris—and proceeds to lead his irate major a rare dance.

You can never be dull with the St. Jim's juniors, and travelling with them on their tour of the principal sights of gay Paree will provide you with many hours of happy entertainment. Don't forget to join up with them again next week.

Then, too, you mustn't miss the result of

"THE GREAT CHRISTMAS PUDDING COMPETITION!"

at Greyfriars. The amateur cooks of the Remove are all very keen to win the prize—some of them too keen. Among the latter are Bob Cherry, Nugent, and Bunter. Bob Cherry favours more butter in Study No. 1's Christmas pudding, Nugent plumps for extra peel, while Bunter sticks out for treacle. As all their suggestions are turned down, each junior adds in secret the ingredient he favours. What the pudding will taste like remains to be seen. But it really looks as if it's another case of too many cooks spoiling the pudding!

You'll enjoy another long laugh when you read this sparkling yarn.

Monty Lowther and the St. Jim's Rhymester are both in tip-top form again next week, and four more illustrated jokes round off the number. Don't forget that early order, chums!

A FAST-SELLING FAVOURITE.

Present figures show that the "Holiday Annual"—that great favourite with all school-story lovers—is selling faster than ever this year. Personal recommendation is the best form of advertisement, and undoubtedly word is being passed round that the school stories in the "H.A." are the best it has ever contained. So I advise readers who want this popular Annual to get it early; otherwise, some of you may be disappointed—and it's too good a book to be missed.

Before I sign off I must tell you that I shall have some important news for readers in a fortnight's time—that is, in the Christmas number of the GEM. Watch out!

All the best, chums!

THE EDITOR.

PEN PALS

A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging topics of interest with each other. Readers wishing to reply to notices appearing here must write to the advertisers direct. Notices for publication should be accompanied by the coupon on this page, and posted to The GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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PEN PALS COUPON

27-11-37

(Continued on page 26)

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,554.

The man in uniform lifted his hat and bowed. He seemed too lofty a person to tip, so D'Arcy raised his battered topper and bowed in return.

The Frenchman bowed again, and D'Arcy bowed again, and then he thought it had gone far enough—but, no, the gentleman in uniform made a third bow, and D'Arcy had to make a third one.

How long it would have gone on it was impossible to say, but Blake stopped it by seizing D'Arcy and forcibly throwing him into the nearest taxi. The crowd gave a yell of laughter, in which the uniformed gentleman joined, and the taxis drove off from the Gare du Nord.

Arthur Augustus struggled to his feet. Blake was not in the same taxi, so the swell of St. Jim's could not immediately wreak his vengeance.

CHAPTER 13.

The Arrival.

IT was the first sight of Paris for the juniors, and, fatigued as they were by the night travelling, they revived as they looked about them from the taxicabs. It was bright and full morning, though the hour was yet early. Offices and shops were closed, but the streets were already assuming a lively appearance. Had the juniors known Paris better, they could have had their luggage sent from the station, and taken the underground railway to the Rue de Rivoli at about a fiftieth part of the present cost. But they were new to the capital of the universe—and, besides, they were not sorry to catch as early a sight of the great city as possible.

The Gare du Nord was left behind, and the taxis drove along the seemingly endless Rue de Lafayette—a street named after a romantic figure in French history. The juniors looked about them with interest. They were not simple enough to assume the manners of old travellers, often assumed by week-end trippers, which do not deceive the most casual observer. Paris was new to them, and they could not possibly have disguised the fact if they had tried.

From the Rue Lafayette they turned through part of the Rue Lafitte into the Boulevard des Italiens, and caught sight of the grand building of the Opera on their right, as they drove on towards the Place de la Concorde.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass upon the Opera House.

"Bai Jove, that's a fine buildin'!" he remarked. "I wondah what it is? I say, dwivah, what's that buildin'? Oh, I forgot! Cocher— Is it 'cocher,' or 'cochon,' Kerr?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any cause for laughtah! I say, cochon!" said D'Arcy.

The man glared round at him. His look rather startled D'Arcy.

"Cochon!"

The driver of the taxi murmured things in unintelligible French, but the furious expression of his face showed that he was not paying compliments.

Arthur Augustus gazed at him in wonder.

"What's the mattah with him, Tom Mewwy? He appears to be excited about somethin'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Attendez, cochon!"

"Hold on, you ass!" gurgled Kerr.

"Cochon means pig, and it's a big insult here!"

"Bai Jove!"

"The GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,554.

"A driver is a giddy cocher!"

"There is vewy little difference. Howevah, speak to him and explain. I don't want the silly ass to think I was callin' him a pig!"

Kerr poured out a volley of French at the taxi-driver, who grinned in restored good-humour as the Scottish junior explained.

"Is it all wight?" said D'Arcy anxiously.

"Yes," grinned Kerr, "it's all right!"

"Ask him what that buildin' is."

"It's the Opera."

D'Arcy turned his monocle upon it again.

"Bai Jove! It's wathah more imposin' than our Opewah in Covent Garden!" he remarked. "A vewy fine buildin' indeed!"

Through the Boulevard des Capucines they reached the place of the Madeleine, and they looked with great interest at that imposing edifice.

Then, crossing the Rue St. Honore, they went down the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde.

And in that famous Place they looked about them with interest, not unmixed with awe.

For in the handsome Place, surrounded now by splendid buildings, ornamented and well kept, many terrible scenes had been enacted. In the Reign of Terror it had been called the Place de la Revolution, and daily the grim tumbrils had brought thither the batches of prisoners to be devoured by the unrelenting guillotine.

In 1871 the victorious Germans had camped there after the siege of Paris; and in the same year, in the terrible struggle of the Commune, it had been the scene of fearful struggles between the unfortunate Communists and the Government troops.

The end of the Rue Royale had been barricaded then, and the despairing Communists had held the barricaded Rue against the swarming troops in the Place, and the fighting had been desperate.

Tom Merry remembered the history of the Place, and he looked about him, but it was hard to realise that this peaceful and beautiful place had been the scene of such fearful fighting and carnage.

"Bai Jove! That looks like Cleopatras Needle!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with a nod towards the famous obelisk in the Place.

"It's a twin to it," said Tom Merry.

"It came from Egypt, like the one on the Embankment. They were a pair at the gates of a temple in Egypt, I believe, some odd thousands of years ago."

"Bai Jove!"

"Hallo, here's the Rue de Rivoli," said Kerr, looking round and seeing the name of the street.

"Good!"

"Bai Jove! I shall not be sowwy to get to the hotel and get some sleep," said Arthur Augustus, with a portentous yawn. "Upon the whole, deah boys, I think I shall go to bed first thing at the hotel, and not get up till the aftahnoon."

Tom Merry laughed.

"I think we shall all want to do that," he remarked.

"I think we ought to have a bit of a feed first," remarked Fatty Wynn. "Nothing like laying a good foundation, you know."

"Good old Fatty!"

"Well, I must think of my health. I believe I lost weight on that rotten boat."

"Ha, ha! I've no doubt you did."

"I shall make up for it in Paris; and

I get extra hungry in this November weather, somehow."

"Wue de Wivoli," said D'Arcy. "I suppose we shall be there in a few minutes now?"

"I don't know. I've heard that the Rue de Rivoli is one of the longest streets in the world."

Kerr looked about him with keen eyes. "We haven't come the shortest way from the Gare du Nord," he said. "This chap turned to the left into the Rivoli. He could have got into it before."

"Ha, ha! I suppose it's no good expecting him to take short cuts to save strangers the fare."

"They jolly well won't take any long cuts with me when I know Paris a little better!" said Kerr emphatically.

"Hallo! That's a fine buildin'! Is that our hotel, Tom Mewwy?"

"No, ass! That's the Louvre."

"The Louvre! Bai Jove!"

D'Arcy turned his eyeglass with great interest upon the mass of splendid buildings, part of which formed the ancient palace of the Kings of France in the old days when kings were, and barricades were not.

"It's a giddy museum now," said Kerr.

"I suppose we'd better look at it one day," said D'Arcy. "A Frenchman in London always goes to the British Museum, so it is only fair to go to the Louvre. Howwid bore, goin' to museums."

"Yes, rather! But it's one of the sights."

"There's a Venus of Milo, or a Milo of Venus, in there—I forget which," said Fatty Wynn, looking round. "I remember a chap telling me. It's got a leg, or an arm, or a head, or something missing."

"Go hon!"

"Hallo! Is that the hotel?"

Tom Merry looked.

"Hotel Ste. Genevieve. That's it!"

"Opposite the Louvre. Good!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

The taxi-cabs stopped and disgorged their burdens. Willing hotel porters sallied forth to take the baggage into the building. A little gentleman who was walking up and down on the balcony looked down into the street and hurried down in time to meet the juniors in the hotel vestibule.

"My dear lads!"

"Uncle Frank!"

CHAPTER 14.

Kerr Interprets!

UNCLE FRANK greeted the juniors of St. Jim's very warmly.

If he had been the uncle of them all he could not have been more pleased to see the party arrive at the Hotel Sainte Genevieve.

He shook hands with them all round, and then shook hands again, while an admiring circle of persons gathered to see this touching display by an Englishman.

"But you must be feeling dreadfully fagged after the night train," said Uncle Frank. "What you want now is a good, sound sleep."

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy—I mean deah sir!"

It was true. Most of the juniors were almost closing their eyes as they stood. Fatty Wynn was leaning against a pillar, and had already nodded off.

"What possessed you to travel by night?" asked Mr. Fawcett.

"Ahem! You see sir—"

"Gussy lost the train."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"



Before Arthur Augustus could guess what the waiter was going to do, the man had up-ended the jug above his head, and the water streamed over the swell of St. Jim's! "Ow! Yow! Groo!" gasped D'Arcy.

"We gave him a jolly good bumping for it, sir."

"I did not exactly lose the twain, sir; I stayed behind to do a little shoppin', and the other fellows natuwallly felt a little nervous about goin' on ulone—"

"Oh, cheese it, Gussy!"

"I wefuse to cheese it. Mr. Fawcett is entitled to an explanation. I—"

"What about something to eat before you get to bed?" asked Uncle Frank.

"Bed, please!" said Tom Merry.

"Yes, rather!"

"In the circes, I considah bed the pwopah capah, sir."

"Then come up," said Uncle Frank. "Your rooms are ready. I have two large bed-rooms for you, opening into one another."

He moved away towards the lift. There was a bell at the side of it, with the word "Ascenseur" inscribed upon it, and Mr. Fawcett pressed the bell.

A man in uniform appeared from nowhere.

He made gesticulations to show that he wanted to get through the juniors to the lift apartment, but Arthur Augustus was in his way, and Arthur Augustus had chosen that moment to polish his eyeglass.

"Pwaj don't push against me, deah boy!" he remarked. "You can't come through this way. Twy the othah door." "Ascenseur—ascenseur!" reiterated the man in uniform.

"Bai Jove! Certainly not!"

The man jabbered and gesticulated. "Gweat Scott!" said D'Arcy in amazement. "Fancy a chap coming into a hotel like this to do a song turn!"

"What are you drivelling about?" asked Blake.

"I decline to have my remarks chawactwised as dwivellin', deah boy." "Why don't you let the man pass?"

"We don't want him to sing here." "Sing?" howled Kerr.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"He doesn't want to sing, ass! He wants to work the lift, duffer!"

"Nothin' of the sort! He wants to sing a song."

"You frabjous ass! What put that idea into your head?" demanded Tom Merry.

"I decline to be called a fwabjous ass. The man said so himself. There he is, sayin' it again—a song, sir! Can't you hear him?"

"Ascenseur!" repeated the liftman wildly.

"Certainly not! Go and sing somewhere else. Give him a tip, Kerr, and tell him in Fwench that we don't want him to sing."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Kerr.

"What are you cackling at, Kerr?"

"You ass! The chap is saying 'ascenseur'—lift—don't you understand? He isn't singing a song, sir! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you mean to say they call a lift a songsir in Pawis?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let the liftman pass," said Uncle Frank.

"Bai Jove! I'm sowwy, deah boy! I wergedid you as a sort of sweet performah," said Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, Gussy, Gussy! You'll be the death of me!" murmured Figgins.

"Weally, Figgins—"

"Please get into the lift," said Mr. Fawcett.

"Certainly, sir."

The juniors crowded into the lift, and it whirred up to the second floor of the hotel. There were endless floors above, but they did not explore the extent of the floor. Their rooms were on the second floor.

They streamed out of the lift.

Mr. Fawcett had a suite of rooms, and one of the boys' windows looked out over the Rue de Rivoli and the Louvre across the way. Tom Merry glanced out of the window. He could catch a glimpse of the endless traffic below, and could see the morning sun glinting on the gilded tops of the Louvre railings.

They looked round their rooms with much satisfaction.

"I say, this is jolly, sir!" said Tom Merry. "You are awfully good to look after us like this!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Like giddy home!" said Kangaroo.

"My hat! How comfy the beds look! I shall sleep like a blessed humming-top!"

"Yaas, wathah; and fortunately we haven't yet any acquaintances in Pawis to come and disturb us."

"You are a little mistaken there, D'Arcy," said Mr. Fawcett. "There have already been three callers for you."

D'Arcy lifted his eyeglass upon the old gentleman in surprise.

"For me, sir?"

"Yes. I showed them Tom's telegram, however, and they will call again."

"Bai Jove! I suppose it's some of the governah's fwienda have discovahed I'm comin' to Pawis. Was there any-body fwom the British Embassy, sir?"

"Oh, no!"

"I pwesume they left their cards, sir?"

"Certainly—er; their names, at all events. One was Monsieur Berthier, shoemaker."

"Oh, bai Jove! I wiahed to them you know, fwom London, to meet me here, as I have wun out of all sorts of things I wquire for a stay in Pawis. I forgot to wiah again that I was comin' by a latah twain."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "There is nothin' to laugh at, deah boys!"

"The second caller was M. Charpentier, tailor."

"Yaas, bai Jove!"

"The third man was M. Picquart, hatter."

"Gwcat Scott!"

"They will all call again."

"I twust they will give me a chance to get to sleep first," said Arthur Augustus. "I am as sleepy as—anythin'."

"Well, have a good sleep and join me at lunch—dejeuner, they call it here," said Mr. Fawcett. "If you require anything, touch the bell, and the garcon who attends to this floor will get anything for you."

"Thank you, sir."
 And Mr. Fawcett retired and left the juniors to their own devices. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat on a bed and began to take off his shoes. The luggage had been already piled in the rooms.

"Bai Jove, I do want a sleep! Will you unpack my box, Tom Mewwy, and get out my pyjamas? You will find them at the bottom of the biggest twunk."

"Not much!"

"Will you unpack my box, Dig?"

"No fear!"

"I say, Blake, will you—"

"Why don't you unpack it yourself, you lazy ass?"

"I'm takin' my shoes off."

"My pyjamas are in my bag," said Lowther. "Yours would be if you had the sense of a grasshopper, Gussy!"

"Pway wing the bell, Tom Mewwy."

"Do you want the garcon?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Tom Merry touched the bell, and an elderly man with a perpetual smile appeared at the door. Arthur Augustus looked at him.

"Vous etes garcon?" he demanded.

"Oui, oui, m'sieu!"

"Pway unpack my box, deah boy, and donnez moi my giddy pyjamas!" said D'Arcy, throwing a bunch of keys towards the box. "Bai Jove, that garcon doesn't understand yet. I spoke in plain English. Speak to him in Fwench, Kerr!"

"Certainly!"

Kerr babbled away in French. D'Arcy slid off the bed and began to peel off his clothes. The garcon looked amazed, but he did as he was bid. He crossed to one of the washstands, took a jug of water, and crossed over to D'Arcy.

Before the swell of St. Jim's could guess what he was going to do, he had inverted the jug, and the water was streaming all over the elegant junior.

D'Arcy gave a gasp and collapsed upon the floor.

CHAPTER 15.

Disturbing for Gussy!

"O W! Yow! Wow! Groo!"

Such were the remarks of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The other juniors stared blankly at the garcon. Kerr seemed to be going into convulsions.

"Bai Jove! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The man's mad!" gasped Tom Merry. "What has he done that for?"

The garcon smiled cheerfully and quitted the room. D'Arcy staggered to

his feet, streaming with water, and speechless.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Kerr.

"You—you ass!" gasped Figgins, the truth dawning upon him. "What did you tell the garcon?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You wotah!" shrieked D'Arcy.

"You were tollin' him to pour the beastly watah ovah me instead of to unloek my twunk!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy hurled his dripping jacket and waistcoat to the floor and rushed at Kerr. Kerr promptly dodged round one of the beds.

"Stop!" shrieked D'Arcy. "I am goin' to thwash you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here, hold on, Gussy—"

"I wufuse to hold on! I weward Kerr as a beast. I am goin' to give him a feahful thwashin'!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus dashed in pursuit of Kerr, leaving a trail of water wherever he went. The Scottish junior dodged him round the beds.

The rest of the party roared.

"You should do your own jabbering, Gussy," said Tom Merry, with tears of mirth in his eyes. "And you shouldn't be such a slacker as not to unpack your own trunk. It serves you right."

"I decline to admit anythin' of the sort, Tom Mewwy!"

"Oh, be quiet now; I'm going to bed!"

"I'm sorrow, but I shall have to thwash Kerr before we go to bed!"

"Cheese it!"

"I decline to cheese it!"

Fatty Wynn had already turned in, only half-undressed, and was sleeping like a top. Kerr dodged over his bed, jumping clear, and Arthur Augustus made a bound after him. He fell short, caught a foot in the counterpane, and sprawled across Fatty Wynn.

"Ow!" he gasped as he plumped down.

The shock awoke Fatty at once. He squirmed round, with the weight of the swell of St. Jim's upon him, and gasped in angry astonishment.

"Hallo! Wharrerr marrer? I—how—who—you ass!"

He laid hold of D'Arcy with both hands.

"Hold on, deah boy! I—I mean, leggo! It was quite an accident!"

"You've woke me up!" roared Fatty Wynn. "I'll—I'll squash you! Lend a hand, Kerr will you, and we'll squash the idiot!"

"I decline to—ow—ow!"

"With pleasure!" said Kerr, and he promptly seized Gussy's ankles, while Fatty had a loving embrace round his neck.

The swell of St. Jim's struggled furiously, but he could not escape with a tenacious enemy at either end of him.

"Ow! Leggo! Pway welease me!" he gasped.

"Make it pax, then," said Kerr.

"Ow! Yaas, wathah! I'll make it pax!"

"That's all very well," said Fatty Wynn indignantly; "but he woke me up. Blessed if I make it pax! Squash him!"

"Welease me!"

Kerr let go and D'Arcy jerked himself away from Fatty Wynn. He stood up, dishevelled, and glared at the Scottish junior.

"I shall not thwash you, Kerr, as I have made it pax—"

"Be still, my heart!" murmured Kerr theatrically; and the juniors yelled.

"But I weward you as a beast!"

"I call that ungrateful, after getting a shower-bath for nothing," said Kerr.

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THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,554.

"Have you any more orders for me to translate to the giddy garcon?"

Arthur Augustus deigned no reply to this question.

He opened his box and dragged out the contents, and found his pyjamas, and then he stripped and towelled off the effects of the shower-bath and tumbled into bed. The others were all in by that time.

Day was rising over Paris, and the city was awakening to new life, but they did not feel inclined for anything but sleep. In a very few minutes they were in the land of dreams. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was sunk in slumber and dreaming that he was chasing Kerr up and down the School House at St. Jim's with a water-jug, when he was suddenly awakened. He opened his eyes and found the second-floor garcon at his bedside.

"Yaw-aw!" said D'Arcy.

"Pardon, m'sieur—"

"Pway clear away! I'm asleep—I mean, I'm westin'!"

"Pardon, m'sieur—"

"Wats!"

"Mais, monsieur—"

"Bai Jove! Can't you let a fellow alone?" howled Arthur Augustus, exasperated. "Can't you see that I'm tired?—je suis fatigued. Bunkez-vous!"

"Mais—"
The garcon held out a card and D'Arcy looked at it. It bore the name "M. Picquart," and in the corner was the word "Chapeaux."

"Bai Jove, the hatter! Tell him to call this aftahnoon—to-morrow—any time! I'm asleep! Chuck him out! Chuck yourself out! Go and die somewhere!"

And D'Arcy turned his head on the pillow.

"Pardonnez moi, m'sieur!" A fat little man had followed the garcon into the room. "Je suis M. Picquart—"

"Pway call another time, deah boy!"

"Pardon, je ne comprends pas—"

"Bunkez vous—cleavez vous out!"

said Arthur Augustus sleepily. "Apwes-midi—to-morrow—demain—cut off!"

And he went to sleep.

The hatter and the garcon exchanged glances, and then, shrugging their shoulders, they left the room.

D'Arcy slept peacefully for about ten minutes.

Then a touch from the garcon interrupted him once more, and he opened his weary eyes. The other juniors were sleeping on peacefully.

"Bai Jove! It that you again, you howwyd beast?"

"M'sieur—"

"Go away! Taisez-vous—shut up!"

"En autre, monsieur—"

"Kill him!"

The garcon thrust a card under D'Arcy's nose. It bore the name "Jacques Charpentier," and the legend "Tailleur."

Arthur Augustus groaned in spirit. His sins were finding him out in the shape of these worthy gentlemen, who did not mean to lose their orders.

"My only hat! It's the blessed tailor! Tell him to come again pwesently."

"M'sieur!"

"Tell him to returnez-vous this apwes-midi!" said D'Arcy, half asleep and wholly enraged. "Tell him I'll give him a thick ear if he doesn't bolt. Savvy?"

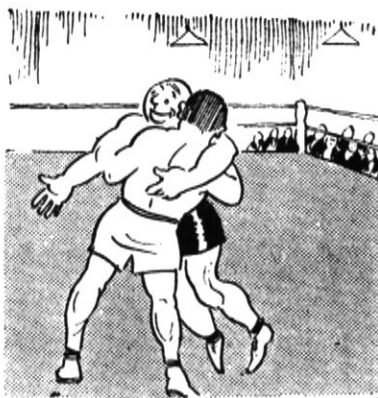
"M'sieur!"

D'Arcy sat up in bed and grabbed the pillow. The garcon made a spring for the door and vanished.

The swell of St. Jim's settled down in bed again. A sleepy voice was heard from Tom Merry's bed.

"What's all that blessed row about?"

"It's a wotten lot of asses wowwyin'!"



"Ha, ha, ha! Throw in the towel! He's found my ticklish spot!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to L. Wood, 37, Wilbert Lane, Beverley, E. Yorks.

a chap!" said D'Arcy. "All your fault, Tom Mewwy, for—for missin' the twain in London."

"Oh, go to sleep!"

Arthur Augustus took that excellent advice. He was fast asleep when the garcon—looking a little uneasy—re-entered the room a quarter of an hour later with another business card.

"M'sieur!"

D'Arcy came out of a dream of St. Jim's. He started up in fury.

"Bai Jove! You again!"

"M'sieur—"

"Bai Jove! I'll bwain you!"

D'Arcy glared at the card the garcon held out appealingly. It bore the name and style of Monsieur Berthier, shoemaker. Monsieur Berthier was peeping round the door.

"Get out!" roared Arthur Augustus.

"M'sieur—"

D'Arcy jumped out of bed, pillow in hand. The garcon fled, and bumped Monsieur Berthier over in the passage as he slammed the door.

"Bai Jove! I'll squash that chap if he comes in here again!" murmured D'Arcy.

He turned in and went to sleep again; but he slept with one ear open. The door of the room cautiously opened about ten minutes later and the garcon looked in. He came cautiously in, but the slight sound he made awakened the irritated swell of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus closed his grip upon the pillow, and suddenly sat up in bed.

"Bai Jove! You wottah!"

The garcon made a dive for the door, but the junior was quicker. The pillow flew through the air, and it smote the garcon on the back of the head.

With a wild yell he disappeared through the open doorway.

The door slammed, and the swell of St. Jim's gave a chuckle and turned over to go to sleep, undisturbed this time.

CHAPTER 16.

The First Letter From Home!

THE juniors slept on till midday,

when Mr. Fawcett looked into their rooms to call them. Tom Merry awakened as he came in, in a bright and cheerful mood.

"Hallo! What's the time, sir?" he asked.

"One o'clock."

"My hat! Time we were up!"

"Yes, I think so, if you are going to lunch with me," said Uncle Frank. "You have had a good rest, and you can go to bed early to-night."

He gave Arthur Augustus a gentle shake. D'Arcy's eyes opened.

"Bai Jove! Is that you again, you wotten beast?"

Uncle Frank gave a jump.

"D'Arcy!"

"Gweat Scott! I—I didn't know it was you, sir! I thought it was that beastly garcon again," said Arthur Augustus, rubbing his eyes. "I beg your pardon, sir."

Uncle Frank laughed.

"Very good. Better get up now."

"Certainly, sir."

The juniors turned out. Fatty Wynn was the only one who was not willing to rise, and he was helped out with the utmost kindness by Blake, who poured some cold water over him in case he should still be asleep. Strange to say, this kindness only drew lurid threats from Fatty Wynn.

"We'll feel better for a sleep, anyway," said Tom Merry as he sponged himself down in cold water, recklessly splashing D'Arcy in spite of his protests. "I believe I'm getting ready for a meal, too."

"What-ho!" said Fatty Wynn.

"Yaas, wathah!"

The juniors completed their toilet. The sound sleep had refreshed them after the night travelling, and if they did not feel quite as fit as usual, still they were quite fit enough to enjoy themselves.

They descended to the dining-room, where they found Uncle Frank and a substantial lunch. Outside the windows, crowds were passing up and down the Rue de Rivoli. Over the way loomed up the Louvre.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as he sat down. "I am weally feelin' vewy fit, deah boys! I wathah think we shall enjoy our holiday in Pawis, you know."

"What-ho!" said Tom Merry.

"Hallo, here's a letter from somebody, for somebody!"

"I twust it is not fwom one of those twoublesome wottahs—"

"It's for you, anyway."

A waiter brought the letter on a salver. It bore the name and address—Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Hotel Ste. Genevieve, Rue de Rivoli, Paris. It bore also a twopenny-halfpenny stamp and an English postmark. D'Arcy started as he saw the handwriting.

"Bai Jove!"

"What's the row?"

"It's from Wally!"

"Your giddy minor! Tell us the news."

Arthur Augustus opened the letter. It contained but a few lines.

"Dear Gussy,—Did you think you had dodged me, cocky? Joining you in Paris! Your affectionate minor, "WALLY."

(Next Wednesday: "Gussy in Gay P.A.R.E.E.!" Look out for this sparkling long story dealing with the humorous and exciting adventures of the St. Jim's chums in Paris. Order your GEM early.)



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THE GREAT CHRISTMAS PUDDING COMPETITION!

On the Ice!

"FREEZING, by jingo!"
Bob Cherry spoke gleefully as he looked out into the Close at Greyfriars in the keen, crisp November morning. Frost was hard on the panes, and icicles glistened everywhere in the rays of the morning sun.

Bob looked at the icicles and the frozen puddles in the Close, and then dashed indoors for his skates. He bumped right into Harry Wharton, who was coming out into the Close to get a breath of fresh air before breakfast.

Wharton sat down on the mat, and Bob Cherry staggered and then ran on. "Sorry!" he gasped, and disappeared up the stairs.

Harry Wharton stared after him blankly.

Bob Cherry went up the stairs three at a time, and met Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh on the landing. He left the Nabob of Bhanipur in a sitting position, and ran on to Study No. 1. There was a sudden exclamation as he entered.

A fat junior in spectacles was standing at the cupboard, just about to open the door. It was Billy Bunter of the Remove, no doubt looking for what he called a snack before breakfast.

Bob Cherry made for the cupboard, and Bunter snapped the door shut and placed his back against it hastily.

"I say, Cherry—"
"Eh? Get out of the way, Bunty!"
"Look here—"
"Ass! I want to open the cupboard door."

"Yes, I know you do, but it won't do, Cherry. Just wait a minute."

Bob Cherry stared in amazement at the fat junior. Why Bunter should want to prevent him from getting his skates out of the cupboard he could not imagine.

"Off your rocker?" he asked. "What are you driving at? Let me get at that cupboard, you duffer, before I put you over on your neck!"

"Oh, really, Cherry it's mean to cut in like this, thinking that you would be before me! You know as well as I do that there's only two saveloys left from yesterday, and—"

Bob Cherry burst into a roar. "You utter ass. do you think I'm after your saveloys?" he exclaimed. "My skates are in the cupboard, and I want them."

"Oh, I see!" said Billy Bunter, looking greatly relieved. "It's all right, Cherry, if it's only your skates you want. I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought—open the door!"

Bunter opened the cupboard door, and Bob Cherry sorted out his skates, and ran out of the study with them clinking over his arm.

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was standing on the landing, dusting down his trousers. He looked rather expressively at Bob Cherry as the junior came hurrying by again.

"Is this the playful japefulness, my THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,554.

By Frank Richards.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magnet.")

~~~~~  
worthy chum?" he asked. "The dustfulness of my esteemed trousers is great, and I incline to think that the punchfulness of your august fat head would be terrific!"

"Sorry, Inky!" said Bob genially. "I was in a hurry, you know, and I was bound to upset any silly ass who got in my way. I left somebody on the mat downstairs, I believe. It's freezing."

"I am aware of that feelfully," said the nabob, with a shiver. "The wintery climate of your esteemed country is coldfully uncomfy to a native of India."

"Come out and skate and get warm."  
"That is a wheezy good idea, and I shall be honourably pleased to—"

But Bob Cherry was already flying downstairs. He grinned at Harry Wharton in the doorway.

"Get your skates and come on out!"

~~~~~  
No fellow is keener on the Remove Christmas pudding competition than Billy Bunter. But it's not the prize that attracts him—it's the prospect of eating the puddings at the end of the contest!
~~~~~

he exclaimed. "The Sark will be frozen as hard as a rock, and we can have a ripping time before breakfast."

"Good idea!"

Bob Cherry went sliding along the path across the Close and disappeared. It was less than five minutes' walk to the Sark—the deep, wide river that ran within sight of the school. But closer than Greyfriars to the stream was Herr Rosenblau's Foreign Academy, and a babel of voices in French and German warned Bob Cherry as he approached that Herr Rosenblau's pupils were already out on the ice.

Bob Cherry came out on the bank of the Sark. The stream, that sang merrily through the rushes in the summer-time, was silent now under a crust of ice, glistening in the sun. Whether the ice was thick enough to be quite safe was a thought that never entered the head of the impulsive Bob.

Besides, some little way down the river, opposite the red brick walls of the new academy, the crowd of French and German boys were already disporting themselves.

Some of them had skates, but most of them were sliding, and both skaters and sliders seemed to think it easier to slide on their backs than on their feet.

Bob Cherry looked at them and grinned, and sat down on the bank to put on his skates. Bob was a good skater, and he was revelling in the prospect of a run on the frozen Sark.

He rose and stepped out on the ice. It was firm and hard, though over on the other side by the willows it did not look so safe. As the Greyfriars junior slid out on the ice, there was a shout from the academy crowd. They had sighted him, and the old warfare between the two schools woke at once.

"Ach!" shouted Fritz Hoffman. "Tat ve goes for him, ain't it?"

"Zat is correct!" exclaimed Adolphe Meunier.

Bob Cherry's actions were indeed a little provoking. He came down towards the aliens with a rush, and went right through them like an arrow. In vain the foreign juniors buzzed round the experienced skater. He eluded them with scarcely an effort, and, after cutting a figure eight through the crowd, whizzed off again. A yell of wrath followed him.

Bob Cherry reached the bank again, and found Harry Wharton and Nugent putting on their skates there.

"Come on!" shouted Bob. "This is ripping fun!"

"We're coming!"  
In a few seconds the chums of the Greyfriars Remove were on the ice.

"What price clearing the lot off the ice?" suggested Harry Wharton.

"Good wheezy!" grinned Nugent. "I believe we could do it!"

"Right-ho!" exclaimed Bob. "Lock arms and rush 'em!"

And the three juniors formed up in a row, Harry in the middle with a good grip on both Cherry and Nugent, and they charged in line.

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Cherry. "Line up, Greyfriars! Sock it to 'em!"

The three skaters quickly gathered speed. With excited shrieks, the aliens rushed to meet them, many of them slipping and falling over in their haste. Yells and shrieks rent the air, as the Greyfriars juniors charged into their rivals, "bifling" alien after alien with shoulder or elbow, or in full tilt. The ice was covered with fallen forms, and the uproar was incessant and deafening.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry at last, nearly doubled up with laughter. "I can't stand this! My ribs will go. Let's cut!"

Harry Wharton looked round, laughing.

There was hardly an alien standing, and the victory of the Greyfriars trio was pretty complete.

"Come on, then," he said. "I fancy Hoffman & Co. have had nearly enough."

And the laughing trio skated back to their own landing-place. Fritz Hoffman sat up on the ice and stared after them ruefully.

"Ach!" he murmured. "I tink tat it was an earthquake tat strike me, and den I tink tat it vas dem pounders, ain't it! Ach! Mein poncs!"

# ICE-SKATING, PUDDING-MAKING, FUN AND ADVENTURE ARE THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS RIPPING YARN OF THE CHUMS OF GREYFRIARS.

"Ciel!" groaned Adolphe Meunier. It is zat so rottairs are practice viz so skates, and zat ve are not, mes amis. Zzzervise, vo lick zem hollow!" And the aliens crawled off the ice.

## A Lesson for the Nabob!

HARRY WHARTON and his chums came in glowing from their run on the ice. The freezing of the Sark was an event at Greyfriars. Most of the juniors were eaters, and, at all events, they could slide.

Billy Bunter was almost the only fellow in the Remove who did not hail the freezing Sark with delight. He had other things to think of. That morning there was a deep shade of thought on his plump countenance, which his study-mates in Study No. 1 were not slow to notice.

"Some new wheeze, I suppose?" said Bob Cherry, as Billy Bunter came towards them in the Close after breakfast. "Lucky I'm stony."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Bunt! You want to come skating with us?"

"No, I don't, Cherry. The exercise is too violent for me, and, besides, I haven't any skates. What I was going to say is, I've been disappointed about postal order—"

Bob Cherry looked very thoughtful. "I fancy I've heard something like that before," he said. "Have you ever heard Bunter make that remark before now, Nugent?"

"Yes, I think so—about a million times."

"Oh, really, Nugent! But, as I was going to say, if you fellows would like to come into the Christmas pudding competition—"

"The which?"

"Of course, you don't know anything about it yet. I suppose you know that a competition in making Christmas puddings is a good old wheeze, and there's lots of fun in it. A lot of fellows, you know, make Christmas puddings, and the best one takes the cake—the prize, you know."

"The wheezy idea is good," said Hurree Singh.

"As a matter of fact, Russell and Desmond are both in the idea," went on Bunter, "and they'd like us to come into it—"

"Then it isn't your wheeze at all?"

"Well, it's my wheeze as far as Study No. 1 is concerned. You see, the beauty of a competition like this is that there's the puddings to eat at the finish."

"What kind of prize is there?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Well, I was thinking of your pocket-knife—you know, the one with three blades and the corkscrew and file and screwdriver—"

"Eh?"

"Or else Nugent's bike-lamp. Lots of fellows have admired that, and it would be a popular prize."

"What!"

"Or, if you wish to do the thing in decent style, there's Wharton's bicycle. I dare say his uncle will be getting him a new one in the spring, and, anyway, it would make a valuable prize."

Wharton glared at the generous Bunter.

"Let me catch you putting up my bicycle as a prize, that's all!" he said.

"Well, if you fellows are going to be

mean about it, all I can think of is Inky's set of ivory chess. I know they're valuable enough."

"The knowfulness of our esteemed Bunterful chum is great, but if he meddles with my chess, the thick-earfulness will be terrific!"

"Well, I dare say some other prize can be thought of," said Bunter. "I forgot for the moment how selfish you chaps are at times. Perhaps all the competitors can club together to make up a prize. But the great point to be remembered is, that the more fellows who enter the competition the more puddings there will be to eat at the finish. Even the puddings that don't get the prize will be all right to eat, you know."

"Well, we might think of it," said Bob Cherry. "I'm going skating now."

"But, I say, you fellows—"

But the fellows were gone. Bunter blinked after them disconsolately. The chums of the Remove hurried on to the river. There was time for a run on the ice before morning chapel. Desmond, Russell, Bulstrode, and a good many more of the Remove were there, besides Temple, Dabney & Co., and others of the Upper Fourth.

Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Bob Cherry soon had their skates on, but Hurree Jamset Ram Singh required assistance, and Bob Cherry helped him. The Hindu junior was not a skator, having, of course, had few, if any, opportunities for practising in his native home in Bhanipur.

"Keep your giddy legs still!" grunted Bob Cherry, as the nabob, supported on either side by Harry Wharton and

Nugent, lurched on the skate that was already fastened on.

"The giddifalness of the legs is terrific," purred the nabob distressfully. "The skates seem to desire wishfully to walk away by themselves."

"Keep your feet close."

The nabob dragged his straying feet close, and jammed Bob Cherry's hand between them. The Removito gave a roar.

"Put your feet apart, you chump!"

"The unreasonableness of the worthy Cherry is—"

"Terrific," grimed Nugent. "Never mind, Bob; go on!"

"He's smashed my fingers!"

"Don't worry over a trifle. Aren't you finished yet?"

"Yes," grunted Bob Cherry, rising. "And the next time I put skates on Inky you can use my head for a football!"

"The woodenfulness of the football would be hurtful to the worthy toes," purred the nabob.

"Why, you Inky ass—"

"Hold on!" roared Nugent. "Wait till we get you on the ice, Inky. You can't skate in two directions, either!"

"It is my worthy feet that seek to depart skatefully in different directions."

"Then keep your hoofs under control."

"They refuse to be controllfully restrained."

"Never mind, we'll hold you!" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Don't let go till I give the word, Frank. Feel better now, Inky!"



Hurree Singh, unable to stop himself, crashed into Carberry's back like a steam engine, and the prefect, with a fearful yell, was flattened on his face in the reeds, with the Hindu junior sprawling over him.

"Ye-es," murmured Hurree Singh doubtfully.

His right leg plunged across the ice, and his left leg went off in the opposite direction. His whole weight fell upon his supporters, who exerted themselves manfully to the task of holding him up. There was a yell of laughter from the bank.

Most of the skaters had turned their attention to Hurree Singh, and the sight was certainly comical. The nabob was clinging round Harry's neck with one arm, and to Nugent's hair with a hand, and kicking about with his skates in a frantic manner.

"Here, keep that maniac out of the way!" called out Carberry of the Sixth, who was putting on his skates. "Keep the course clear, you young sweeps!"

Wharton and Nugent took no notice of the bully of the Sixth. Carberry was a good skater, and it was for him to keep out of the way of the beginner.

"I—I feel very uncertain on my worthy feet," murmured Hurree Singh. "Do not let go till I tell you, my worthy chums."

"Right-ho, Inky!"

And Wharton and Nugent supported their dusky chum, and piloted him on the slippery ice. It was probably the thought that he was taking up his chums' time, and preventing them from getting a run before lessons, that made the nabob finally decide to make a trial alone. Wharton looked doubtful as the dusky junior bade him let go.

"Feel safe?" he asked.

"Well, no, my worthy chum, I cannot truthfully say that I feel safe; but the way to learn is to risk the hard knockfulness."

"Something in that," said Nugent. "I think I shall be all rightfully safe now," said Hurree Singh, cautiously feeling the ice with his skates. "I will not take longful steps, nor allow my honourable feet to float away from one another, if I can helpfully prevent it."

"Buck up, then!"

And Wharton and Nugent, with some doubt still in their mind, released the nabob, and Hurree Singh tried his luck alone.

His right leg went on its travels immediately, and fortunately his left leg decided to go in the same direction. Hurree Singh went off down the ice at top speed, his arms waving in the air.

"My hat!" exclaimed Nugent. "He seems safe enough."

Wharton looked anxious.

"That's a case of skates running away," he said. "He can't control himself. I—I hope he won't get too hard a biff. He's bound to go over."

It certainly seemed as if Wharton was right. Hurree Singh went off at a tangent, which was carrying him towards the opposite bank, and it was only a matter of seconds before he would shoot into the frozen rushes and go down, unless a miracle happened.

"Look out!"

### Carberry Comes a Cropper!

"LOOK out!" A dozen voices yelled out the words, but the warning was quite useless to the amateur skater. His skates were running away with him, and he could no more have controlled them than he could have flown. But as he drew near the rugged bank, and the biff seemed inevitable, a kind of instinctive wriggle sent the nabob whirling on a new course. He shot off at a tangent and went upstream.

Harry Wharton breathed again. THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,554.

"My hat!" gasped Nugent. "What's going to happen now?"

Right up the stream went the nabob at frantic speed. He was half-sitting now, and skating in that posture, his legs refusing to remain perpendicular. It seemed a miracle that he did not slide over. On he went at a dizzy speed, and then suddenly took a twist in his course, whirled round in a half-circle, and came shooting back.

Wharton and Nugent and some of the juniors knew that he was the victim of the skates, and indeed his terrified face was sufficient to show as much. But, as a matter of fact, his performance looked so much like a clever bit of real skating that the majority on the bank were deceived.

There was an angry roar from Carberry. The prefect was doing some figure skating, and the unfortunate Hindu was making directly for him. The senior stopped in the middle of a figure and yelled fiercely to the junior. "Keep off the grass, you silly lunatic!"

The nabob came straight on like an arrow.

Carberry had just time to dodge, or he would have been bowled over. The ill-tempered prefect ground his teeth. He whirled round and yelled after Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and the next moment simply gasped with rage. The nabob had whirled round, and was making for him again.

Hurree Singh was not responsible; it was those terrible skates. He made straight for Carberry, and the senior dodged. There was a roar of laughter from the bank.

As if the Sixth Former had some magnetic attraction for the dusky junior, Hurree Singh was following his every movement. The prefect, panting with rage, dodged to and fro, till he finally made for the bank, amid yells of laughter from the onlookers.

"My only hat," gasped Temple, "what a nerve! Carberry will skin him!"

"He can't help it," said Harry Wharton, choking with merriment; "it's the skates. Inky can't skate for toffee."

Temple winked knowingly.

"You can tell that to the marines," he remarked. "It won't be much use telling it to Carberry when he gets Inky ashore."

Carberry was making for the bank. The curious thing was that the terrified Hindu, as if still attracted by the senior, was following fast. He travelled faster than Carberry, and overtook him at the frozen rushes on the edge of the river.

Hurree Singh rushed into Carberry's back like a steam engine, and the prefect, with a fearful yell, went down on his face in the reeds, and Hurree Singh sprawled across his legs.

The juniors simply yelled with laughter. Even Wharton, anxious as he was for Hurree Singh, was laughing.

Carberry scrambled out from under the dusky junior, his face pale with rage. He was wet and muddy from the reeds, the knees of his trousers and his hands were clogged with mud, and his face smothered with it.

Hurree Singh tried to rise, and rolled over on his back. Wharton and Nugent dashed forward and dragged him away.

Carberry paused for a few moments to gasp for breath, for he was pretty well winded. Then he made a rush at the dusky junior for vengeance.

Harry Wharton stepped into the way, and in a moment Bob Cherry and Nugent were at his side. After a moment, Russell joined him, too. The prefect glared at them in astonishment and anger.

"Get out of the way, you young sweeps!" he roared.

"Hold on!" said Harry Wharton calmly. "Easy does it, Inky couldn't help it. It was an accident."

"You lying young hound!" roared the prefect, beside himself with rage. "You know it wasn't an accident."

Wharton's lips set tight.

"I'm not a liar," he said quietly. "And you shall not touch Inky—not without walking over me first!"

"Well, I'll jolly soon walk over you," said Carberry. And he fairly flung himself at the captain of the Remove. Wharton did not flinch from the attack. He was no match for the burly Sixth Former, of course, but he was game to the backbone.

Carberry, much to his astonishment, did not sweep the Remove from his path like a straw. Harry closed with his burly antagonist, and his foot flashed round Carberry's ankle in a trick he had learned from Wun Lung, and the prefect went over backwards with a crash.

"My only aunt!" yelled Temple. "Carberry's down!"

"Bravo, Wharton!"

"Hurrah!"

Carberry sat up. The expression of dazed bewilderment on his face made the juniors yell again. But the Famous Four were looking serious enough. They were committed to a row that might turn out very seriously for them. Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, came pushing through the crowd.

"What's the matter, Carberry?" he asked, staring at the prefect in amazement.

"I—I—I—"

Carberry was trembling with rage, but he hardly cared to confess that he had been floored by a junior. But there were plenty of others there to supply the information.

"He's sitting down for a rest," explained Temple. "He's been wrestling with Wharton, and thought he had better sit down."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's damp in the grass, Carberry," remarked Blundell of the Fifth solemnly. "You'll catch cold if you sit there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll—I'll half kill him!" hissed Carberry, scrambling to his feet. "He took me by surprise, and—"

"I should think a prefect might find something better to do than wrestling with a junior," said Wingate.

"I wasn't wrestling with him!" yelled Carberry. "He got in my way when I was going to give that confounded nigger a hiding!"

"The niggerful appellation is proof of the extremeful ignorance of the worthy Carberry. The inhabitants of the Indian Empire are not niggerful individuals."

Wingate grinned.

"Well, you can keep your paws off Hurree Singh, Carberry," he said. "I saw the whole affair, and the youngster couldn't help himself."

"That is truly correct. I am not a practised skater, and the esteemed skates carried me away at their own pleasure and wilfulness."

"It's a lie!" yelled Carberry.

"Oh, shut up!" said Wingate. "Don't be a hooligan if you can help it. Why can't you take an accident in good temper like a decent fellow?"

"Mind your own business, Wingate!" The captain of Greyfriars gave him a grim look.

"I fancy this is my business. And





Clinging round Harry Wharton's neck with one arm, and to Nugent's hair with a hand, Hurrree Singh kicked about with his skates in a frantic manner. "I—I feel very uncertain on my worthy feet!" he gasped.

since you want plain English, Carberry, I tell you that if you touch Hurrree Singh I'll jolly soon stop you!"

Carberry glared at the stalwart captain of the school, but he only glared. He would as soon have tackled Tommy Farr as Wingate when the latter's temper was up. He gritted his teeth and turned away, giving Hurrree Singh a glance that showed very plainly what he would have done had he dared, and what he still would do if his chance came.

A hiss followed the prefect as he strode savagely away, but a glance from Wingate stopped that. But the Remove huddled gleefully over the affair as they went in to morning lessons. Carberry was the most unpopular prefect at Greyfriars, and any discomfiture inflicted upon him was one up for the Remove.

**Russell's Raisins!**

THE Removeites came into the classroom with a healthy flush in their cheeks. Hurrree Singh had a bruise or two, but, in spite of his gentle ways, he was not at all soft, and did not mind.

Billy Bunter had something bulging out of his inner pocket, upon which the Form-master's eye casually fell. Mr. Quelch made no remark, but he kept an eye on Bunter. First lesson was not half over when the fat junior found himself in trouble.

"Bunter!"

Billy Bunter gave a jump as Mr. Quelch rapped out his name. His hand had just gone into his inner pocket, and it came out again in a hurry, and there was a scattering of raisins over the juniors nearest to him. Mr. Quelch smiled grimly.

"I think I have told you before, Bunter, that the class-room is not the place to eat surreptitiously," he said.

"I—I wasn't, sir," stammered Bunter.

The Form-master's brow grew very severe.

"Bunter, how dare you! I saw you

with my own eyes, and yet you have the impudence to assert that you were not eating surreptitiously."

"I—I wasn't, sir; I was eating raisins."

The Remove shrieked, and even Mr. Quelch's face relaxed into a smile.

"Bunter, I hardly thought that even you were so dense. I mean you were eating secretly because you thought you were unobserved."

"Oh, I see, sir! Of course, I can't tell what you mean if you don't say what you mean, can I, sir?"

"Ahem! You were eating raisins in the class-room."

"Well, not exactly eating them, sir," said the fat junior cautiously.

"I—I was just putting them into my mouth, sir, to—taste, and—and I chewed them, and—and I think I must have swallowed some."

And the class shrieked again.

"I cannot see much difference between that and eating them, Bunter. You will turn out all the raisins into the fire, and take fifty lines of Virgil."

"Into the fire, sir?"

"Yes—and a' once!"

"But—but they're jolly good raisins, sir," said Bunter in dismay; "and, you know, sir, 'Waste not, want not.'"

"If you do not obey me instantly I shall cane you!"

Billy Bunter reluctantly crossed to the fire and emptied his pocket into it. It seemed terrible to him to allow good food to be consumed in that way. The fifty lines were nothing, but to waste the raisins gave him a pain.

The lesson proceeded, but Mr. Quelch kept the corner of his eye on Bunter. Presently the pointer came down on the desk with a rap that made the Remove jump.

"Bunter!"

"M-m-m-m-m!" said Billy Bunter, with his mouth full of raisins.

"Bunter, you are eating again."

"M-m-m-m-m!"

"You did not obey me!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"You did not put all the raisins into the fire, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter bolted the mouthful and nearly choked himself. He began to cough and choke, and Bulstrode slapped him on the back with such unnecessary force that he choked and coughed worse than ever.

"Leave off, Bulstrode!" said Mr. Quelch sharply.

"I was trying to help him, sir."

"Do as I tell you! Bunter!"

"M-m-m-m-yes, sir!"

"You did not throw all the raisins into the fire."

"Yes, I did, sir. I hope you don't think I should disregard the order of a master I respect as much as I do you, sir," said Bunter.

"Why, you are eating raisins now!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"M-m-m-m-yes, sir; but these are different ones."

"Then someone has given them to you," said Mr. Quelch. "Someone else has brought food into the class-room. I can forgive much of your stupidity, Bunter—"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"But the other boy is probably not so stupid. Who gave you the raisins?"

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not sneak, and it would be sneaking to tell you that Wun Lung—"

"Shut up!" whispered Harry Wharton fiercely.

"All right, Wharton, I'm not going to give him away."

"Silence, Wharton and Bunter! Wun Lung, stand up!"

The Chinese junior in the Remove stood up in his place. His quaint little Mongolian face wore the smile that was child-like and bland, which the Remove fellows were beginning to know so well.

Mr. Quelch looked at him severely. He came into less contact with the Chinese than Wun Lung's Form-fellows, and though the Remove were beginning to know him, he was still a puzzle to the Form-master.

"Wun Lung, you gave some raisins to Bunter?"

"No savvy," said the Chinese junior.

"You gave raisins to Bunter!"  
 "No savvy."  
 "Come, Wun Lung, I'm sure you understand plain English. I do not wish to be hard on a foreign pupil in my Form, but I cannot allow anything of this kind. You will take fifty lines of Virgil, Wun Lung."

"Me no savvy."  
 Mr. Quelch looked harassed.  
 "I am sure you do understand, Wun Lung. I hope that no boy in my class would be guilty of prevarication."  
 "No savvy."

"I shall expect those lines this evening, Wun Lung. You may sit down."  
 Wun Lung sat down. Mr. Quelch looked at him more than once during the morning, but the Chinese's bland air of innocence disarmed him.

Lessons were over at last, and the Remove left the class-room. Bob Cherry dropped his hand heavily on Bunter's shoulder.

"Got anything to say before I biff your head against the wall?" he asked. Bunter looked alarmed.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"  
 "What do you mean by giving Wun Lung away and getting him an impot?"  
 "I'm sorry Mr. Quelch guessed that it was Wun Lung."

"Why, you told him, you fat idiot!"  
 "Oh, really, Cherry, I don't think you ought to say that! Mr. Quelch certainly guessed very quickly, but that wasn't my fault. I wish you wouldn't shake me, Cherry. You might make my glasses fall off, and if they were to get broken I should expect you to pay for them."

Bob Cherry laughed and let him go. It was useless to talk to Bunter. As the chums of the Remove went up to Study No. 1 for their skates, Russell came out of his room, looking worried.

"I say, anybody know what's become of my raisins?" he asked. "I had three pounds of them here to shove into my Christmas pudding, and they're gone."

Half a dozen eyes turned upon Billy Bunter at once.

"You fat young burglar!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You've been burgling Russell's raisins!"

"I—I haven't! I— Ow! Keep him off!"

"My aunt!" roared Russell. "They were my raisins you were scoffing in the class-room! I'll—I'll smash you!"

"Ow! Drag him off! I didn't! I

wasn't! I couldn't! I never ate any raisins except those Wun Lung gave me."

"Wun Lung!" Russell released the fat junior, who staggered against the wall, gasping. "That young Chinese rotter is in my study. I wonder—Here, you heathen, did you take my raisins?"

Wun Lung nodded coolly.  
 "Me takee laisin," he murmured.  
 "You—you giddy heathen! You took my raisins, and you dare to tell me so!" yelled Russell.

"You askee me."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Bob Cherry. "That's a good reason!"

"I say, you fellows—"  
 "I'll—I'll have your pigtail for them!" exclaimed Russell. "I'd laid in those raisins for my Christmas pudding, and now you've scoffed them. Don't you know you've no right to take other people's prog, you heathen Chinese?"

"No savvy."  
 "I'll jolly soon make you savvy!" yelled Russell, and he rushed at the Chinese junior.

Wun Lung skipped out of the way and went along the passage like a frightened hare, with the infuriated Removite in hot pursuit. They both vanished round a corner, leaving the juniors yelling with laughter. Micky Desmond came out of his study with a grin on his face. He had watched the scene from the door.

"Faith, and that haythen's a cough-drop for a fellow to have in his study," he remarked. "Sure, it's hard cheese on Russell's Christmas pudding. But, sure, and are you fellows coming into the Christmas pudding competition? Russell, Lacy, and myself are in it. Lacy and I are making one between us, and Russell is doing it on his lonesome. The more the merrier, you know."

"Well, I rather fancy the way I make puddings," Nugent remarked. "Bunter can cook sausages and chips, but when it comes to making a pudding I think I can keep my end up. I rather like the idea."

"Well, so do I," said Bob Cherry. "To make a Christmas pudding really rich you have to put in plenty of butter."

"I don't know about butter," said Wharton doubtfully. "It gets a good colouring if you put some brandy in. I believe they always put brandy in."

"My idea is to have lots of peel," said Nugent. "Still, we can talk that over. I think we might as well go into the thing, and club together for the funds."

"I say, you fellows, that's a ripping idea! Will you be making the pudding to-morrow?" asked Bunter.

"I don't suppose so. Why?"  
 "I was thinking that you might hand the funds to me, and—and, see, I have a postal order coming to-morrow, and I could have the use of the money to-day, and get the stuff out of my postal order—"

"Oh, get off the postal order, Bunter!" said Wharton, laughing. "We're in the competition. We'll lay in material at once, and all start fair. What about the prize?"

"Sure, Russell has a good idea for that. He suggests everybody putting threepenny pieces and sixpences into the puddings, and all the tin, at the finish, forms the prize. Everybody can put up a little, you know. Most of the Form will come to the feed when the puddings are eaten."  
 "Good wheeze!"

Russell came back along the passage, looking warm and flushed. The Removites grinned at him inquiringly.

"Did you catch him?"  
 "How's anybody to catch a blessed col?" grunted Russell; and he went into his study and slammed the door.

#### Laying in Supplies!

THE idea of a Christmas pudding competition caught on in the Remove. The prospect of eating the puddings at the end of the competition was attractive to others beside Billy Bunter. Several other fellows took up the idea, and for some time hardly anything was talked of in the Remove but Christmas puddings.

Some of the fellows—in fact, most of them—could not afford the necessary ingredients. As Skinner remarked, the materials for a Christmas pudding did not grow on every bush. But this difficulty was overcome by fellows clubbing together and making up funds for the purchase of the articles required.

The fellows were seen hunting out old cookery books, and entering into long talks with the cook or the house-keeper in search of information.

## PEN PALS

(Continued from page 17.)

John L. Langsford, Box 302a, G.P.O., Adelaide, South Australia; age 18-25; sports, polo, music, art; correspondents in all parts of the world.

Owen Kall, 18, Club Road, Byculla, Bombay, India; age 14-18; photography and painting.

Miss Gladys Pares, 3, Simpson Street, Solomontown, South Australia; girl correspondents; age 17-19; stamps, films, photography; overseas especially, India, South America, Russia, South Seas, and France.

Miss M. S. Ryan, 4, Geraldton Hall, 30a, Mount St., Coogee, New South Wales, Australia; girl correspondents; sport, films, stamps, etc.

J. Hyland, 10, Bradford Avenue, Weaste, Salford 5, Lancs; age 16-18; travel or photography; Africa, India, or any surrounding countries.

M. Marston, 17, De Carle St., St. Kilda, Dlonedin, New Zealand; age 13-15; sports, dogs, tap dancing, swimming; Canada, England, South Africa, France.

J. Forrester, 5, Mitchell St., Seven, Fifc, Scotland; exchanging stamps; overseas.

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W. G. Livsey, 13, Edna St., Crumpsall, Manchester 8; interested in everything; Italy, Germany, Russia, America, India, Japan, British Isles.

Harold Gaunt, 61, Hanover St., Stalybridge, Cheshire; age 13-14; stamps; British Empire.

R. Parks, 26, Carnaby Road, Sheffield, 6; age 17-20; boy correspondents; conjuring, camping, rambling.

Miss M. Greenwood, 11, Newlands Gate, Warley, Halifax, Yorks; girl correspondents; age 20; France or the British Empire.

M. Luntz, 20a, Northey St., Witbank, Transvaal, South Africa; age 13-15; stamps, especially Jubilees and Coronation; British Dominions only.

S. Symes, 17, Main Road, Mowbray, nr. Capetown, South Africa; age 13-14; interested in anything except stamps; anywhere except Britain.

R. Williams, The Stores, Tryddyn, Mold, North Wales; age 12-14; stamps; Germany, Gibraltar, Canada, Spain.

Miss L. Carpenter, 4, Penrith Road, Cross Roads P.O., St. Andrew, Jamaica, B.W.I.; girl correspondent; interested in everything except stamps; Ireland, South Africa, India, Australia, or Egypt.

Miss Phyllis Le Sueur, 9, North Road, Wyke Regis, Weymouth, Dorset; girl correspondents; age 15-16; Africa, Canada or New Zealand.

E. D. Catley, 139, Ellbank Road, Eltham,

London, S.E.9; age 13-17; stamps, snaps; N. and S. Rhodesia, Canada, New Zealand.

F. Bright, 178, Elmsmere Road, Dollis Hill, London, N.W.10; wants "Magnets" Nos. 1,191 to 1,193 inclusive, and "Schoolboys' Own Libraries" Nos. 153 to 155.

F. Lightfoot, 35, Ferndale Road, Luton, Beds; stamps, sports; West Indies, Straits Settlements, or Cyprus.

Donald Parke-Taylor, 247, King St., East Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada; age 15-17; stamps, scouting; British colonies and foreign countries.

R. Walsh, 67, Walnut St., Salford, 7, Lancs; stamps, snaps, autographs; anywhere.

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J. Monay, 92, Waverley St., Crossmyloof, Glasgow, S.1; members wanted for the New Empire Club. A surprise for the first ten applicants.

E. Fry, 134, Fulbourne Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17; age 16-19; swimming, cycling, dancing; overseas.

M. Savitt, 92, High Rd., Tottenham, London, N. 15; sports, general topics; New Zealand, America.

R. Walker, 55, Staines Rd., Hounslow, Middlesex; age 14-16; stamp collecting; anywhere in the world.

L. Henry, 539, Dunedin Street, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada; stamps and films.

Fellows wrote home to their people for cookery books and recipes, and contributions to the expense. Others depended on their own knowledge, and not a few had original ideas to work out in the making of Christmas pudding.

The chums of Study No. 1, of course, had clubbed together for their pudding. Bob Cherry pointed out that there wasn't room in a Remove study to mix up five puddings, let alone boil them. Besides, by making a single pudding in common, labour and expense would be saved. As for the prize, if the study won it, that would be all right—they were all for one, and one for all. These propositions being agreed to, the Famous Four commenced the purchase of ingredients.

Billy Bunter offered his services. He promised to supply all that was wanted at a really reasonable figure, if the cash was only placed in his hands. But as Bunter was somewhat unreliable in matters of cash, his kind offer was declined.

"Well, you can please yourselves, of course!" he said, with a sniff. "You'll be done by all the tradespeople, that's all. They're all looking out for mugs. Ow! Let my ear alone, Cherry, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "It's Nugent!"

"Oh, really, Nugent, you beast!" "We'll accept Bunt's offer in part," grinned Nugent, as the junior rubbed his plump ear. "He shall come with us to do the shopping, and we'll carry the cash. He can carry the parcels."

"Ha, ha, ha!" Billy Bunter blinked at them indignantly.

"I shall decline to do anything of the sort," he said. "If you cannot trust money in my hands, this discussion had better cease."

"My dear Bunt, we can't trust anything but parcels in your hands—and not then unless we can watch you all the time. If you don't lend a hand you shan't have any of the Christmas pudding."

"Of course, I'm willing enough to help, and to do anything I can, Nugent."

"Of course you are, if there's a feed at the end of it! Come along, then!"

And the chums of Study No. 1 adjourned to Mrs. Mimble's tuckshop. Mrs. Mimble was the wife of the Head's gardener, and she kept the school shop, and supplied the needs of the Greyfriars juniors at a more or less reasonable figure.

To juniors who criticised the prices, she explained that things could not be bought for nothing, even wholesale—which was certainly true—and added that she had a number of bad debts to make up for, which was equally undeniable.

Billy Bunter was her best customer—and her worst. Nothing could exceed the generosity with which Billy Bunter would give his orders, except the difficulty with which payment was extracted from him afterwards.

And Mrs. Mimble had another good and bad customer in her own son, Herbert Henry George, who had an appetite for all eatables nearly equaling that of Bunter, and never paid for anything. As son and heir of the house of Mimble, he considered himself entitled to take what he liked, and he frequently took applications of the good lady's slipper, externally, which he did not like.

Mrs. Mimble beamed upon the juniors

it. Goods of the finest quality and the lowest price were to be had at the school shop, according to a little card that was displayed on the counter, the work of her hopeful son.

Master Herbert Henry Mimble was sitting on the counter, swinging his legs and waiting for his mother's back to be turned before he bolted a jam tart, when the chums of Study No. 1 came in.

"What can I do for you, young gentlemen?" asked Mrs. Mimble.

"Herbert Henry, if you touch the tarts I shall box your ears!"

"Give your orders, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry.

Mrs. Mimble's face fell.

"Ahem! If Master Bunter is making the purchases, I am afraid I must see the cash on the counter!" she said.

"Bunter owes me a large account."

Bunter blinked indignantly at the good dame.

"If that's what you call gratitude to me for bringing you a lot of good customers, Mrs. Mimble, I can only say that—"

"Shut up, Bunter! You see, Mrs. Mimble—"

"I say, you fellows, I'm not going to shut up! I consider that Mrs. Mimble has as good as implied a doubt of my honesty. I think you ought all to come away to the village shop, now, to punish this aspersion on my character."

"Cheese it, Bunt! - We're buying these things, Mrs. Mimble," Harry Wharton explained. "Bunter is only giving us expert advice."

"Oh, that makes it all right, Master Wharton!" said the good lady, much relieved.

Bunter snorted, and began to give his orders. As he was not helping to foot the bill, he was very lavish with the orders. But the Famous Four kept a tight rein, cancelling all superfluous orders as fast as he issued them. At last a goodly pile of materials for the pudding rose on the counter.

"Better have a little more butter," said Bob Cherry thoughtfully. "I believe in putting a good deal of butter

into a Christmas pudding. It's no good being mean with the butter when you're making a pudding."

"So long as there's plenty of brandy in it, it will be all right," said Wharton. "I really don't know so much about the butter, Bob."

"Better have another pound of peel," said Nugent. "Nothing like peel to give the pudding a flavour."

"The richness is imparted by the goldenful syrup," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "It would be a wheezy good idea to improve it treaclefully."

"Scat! Who ever heard of treacle in a Christmas pudding?"

"I think it's a wheezy good idea. We will purchase the treacle, anyway, and talk it over togetherfully, my worthy chums."

"I rather agree with Inky," said Bunter. "Treacle will make it richer, anyway. Besides, if we don't use the treacle I can eat it, so it won't be wasted."

And a tin of syrup was added to the pile. Harry Wharton settled for the total purchases, and they were carried off by the chums, the eye of Herbert Henry Mimble following them enviously.

"We've got about all we want," Harry Wharton remarked, as they left the shop. "No need to go down to the village for anything, except the brandy."

Nugent gave a doubtful whistle.

"I say, Harry, brandy is rather dangerous for a junior to buy," he remarked. "It might lead to—to misconstruction."

Harry Wharton laughed. "I suppose no one could suspect us of drinking brandy in Study No. 1," he said.

"I don't know. I know for a fact that Carberry of the Sixth has a bottle of whisky in the locker in his study. I've fagged for him."

"Carberry is a blackguard."

"And if a prefect found a bottle of brandy in our study, he might think we were blackguards, too, you know."

"Well, we must have the brandy for the pudding."

"I don't know. If we put in plenty

## Packed with Good Things!



In this respect, William George Bunter resembles the Greyfriars HOLIDAY ANNUAL, the all-school story gift book in which he is so prominently featured. Of course, you will also meet Harry Wharton & Co., and the chums of St. Jim's and Rookwood schools. There are 256 pages in all, including 4 splendid colour plates. Buy yourself a copy of this famous annual.

The Greyfriars  
HOLIDAY ANNUAL



of butter, I think it will be all right," said Bob Cherry.

"I was thinking that a pound of extra peel would make up for the brandy if we left it out," Nugent remarked.

"Oh, rats! We must have the brandy," said Wharton warmly. "You can't make a Christmas pudding without mixing up brandy in it. I don't know exactly how much we shall want, but if I get a bottle I dare say that will be enough."

"It's close on locking-up," Bob Cherry remarked. "You can't get down to the village to-night, Harry, and we're mixing the pudding this evening."

"I'll ask Wingate for a pass." "A pass to go down to the Red Cow!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"A pass to fetch something for the Christmas pudding," said Wharton. "I don't see why anybody should find fault with our getting in a necessary ingredient for the pudding; but I don't want to drag Wingate into it, anyway. I expect he'll give me the pass all right."

"Oh, all right, if you've made up your mind; but to my mind butter—"

"Oh, blow your butter!" Get the things to the study, and see that Bunter doesn't scoff the raisins or peel—"

"Oh, really, Wharton—" "I'll cut off and ask Wingate for the pass."

The captain of Greyfriars gave the pass willingly enough. He knew that Wharton could be trusted out of bounds. Harry rejoined his chums, and showed the pass triumphantly.

"It's made out for two," he remarked. "One of you chaps can walk down with me."

"Right you are!" said Bob Cherry. "I'll come."

And tea being over in Study No. 1 Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry set out in the dusk to walk to Friardale.

Caught by Carberry!

THE evening was dark and cold. It was still freezing. The juniors turned up their coat collars, and stepped out briskly from the gates. It was not long before they came in sight of the Red Cow, an old-fashioned hostelry standing at the entrance of the sleepy village. There were other inns in Friardale, but the Red Cow was the nearest to the school.

There was a rumour at Greyfriars that more than one fellow in the Fifth and Sixth paid nocturnal visits to the Red Cow—though the rumour never seemed to come to the knowledge of the masters.

The juniors halted in the glare of light thrown from the windows of the Red Cow upon the great tree standing before the inn and the patch of grass round it. Now that they had reached their destination a sudden hesitation seized upon them.

"Blessed if I like the idea of going in!" muttered Bob Cherry.

"I don't either, as a matter of fact," admitted Harry. "We're doing nothing wrong, though, and I don't see why we should feel ashamed. You wait here for me, Bob."

Bob Cherry shook his head.

"Rats! I'm coming in with you—I'm not afraid!"

"No, but it's better for one to go. It will attract less attention. You stay here and I'll join you in a few minutes."

"Oh, all right, if you'd rather! Buck up, then!"

Harry Wharton disappeared into the Red Cow, and Bob Cherry waited in the shadow of the big tree. He was feeling very uneasy. Although there was no harm at all in what the juniors were doing, Bob felt that appearances were against them if the matter should happen to come to light.

There was a footstep close at hand, and Bob Cherry turned quickly. Carberry the prefect loomed into view in the light of the inn.

Carberry was coming straight towards the place, as if he meant to enter it—as doubtless he did. He stopped suddenly and changed colour as he caught sight of Bob Cherry.

"Cherry!" exclaimed Carberry, with a quick, gasping breath.

Bob Cherry nodded, his coolness returning at once. After all, he had a pass from the captain of the school.

"Fancy meeting you!" he said. "What are you doing here?" asked the

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prefect angrily. "Have you taken to pub-haunting? Is that your latest?"

Bob Cherry turned red. "When it comes to pub-haunting there are chaps in the Sixth who can teach things to the Remove," he replied.

"I—I was coming here to—in fact, I was informed that Greyfriars boys had been seen here, and I came as a prefect to look into the matter," said Carberry harshly.

Bob Cherry winked at space. "So I've caught you hanging round an inn," said Carberry. "You were going in—don't deny it. I shan't believe you."

"I don't care whether you believe me or not. I wasn't going in!"

"Then what were you waiting here for?"

Bob Cherry was silent. "You are waiting for someone who has gone in?" exclaimed Carberry, divining the truth suddenly. "I dare say it's Wharton. Is it?"

"Find out!"

But at that moment Wharton came out of the Red Cow, his pocket sagging under the weight of a bottle. Carberry looked at him with sneering satisfaction. He had caught Wharton at last! The junior he detested—caught in one of the

most serious offences known at Greyfriars—pub-haunting!

"Wharton! So it is you!" Harry Wharton started a little, but he met the prefect's triumphant gaze calmly.

"Yes, it is I," he said quietly. "What have you got in your pocket?"

"That's my business." "Is it something you have just bought in the Red Cow?"

"Yes, certainly." "Show it me. I order you, as a prefect!"

Harry Wharton hesitated for a moment. He did not like taking orders from anyone, especially orders given in such a tone.

But Carberry was quite within his rights so far, and, after a moment, the captain of the Remove obeyed.

Carberry could scarcely contain his glee when the bottle of brandy was brought to light. He looked at it, and read the label in the light from the inn windows, with glittering eyes.

"So I have caught you fairly, Wharton! I always suspected this. I never knew a chap set up to be better than his fellows without finding him out in the long run. What were you going to do with that bottle of brandy?"

"Take it to Greyfriars."

"What for?"

"Because I wanted it there."

"I mean, it was for yourself—you were not fetching it for anybody else?" asked Carberry, with a dim misgiving lest he might be about to get another Sixth Form black sheep into trouble.

"It was for all of us in Study No. 1."

"My-hat! You were going to guzzle brandy?" said Carberry, as much amazed as pleased.

Harry Wharton turned crimson. "No, we were not. We—"

"You were going to use that bottle for an ornament on the mantelpiece, suppose," said the prefect, with a sarcastic grin. "You can tell that yarn to the Head. Put the bottle in your pocket and come along."

"I had a pass from Wingate—"

"Did you tell Wingate that you were going to the Red Cow?" sneered Carberry.

"No; I didn't!"

"I should imagine not. But I'm not going to take you to Wingate. This is too serious a matter for the head prefect to deal with. You are coming to the Head."

Harry Wharton set his teeth.

"Very well, then; I'm quite ready."

"I expect your cheek will peter out before you get there. But come along."

And Carberry turned back toward Greyfriars, followed by Wharton and Cherry.

Harry was feeling angry. The casual suspicions of the prefect had annoyed him, and he was in no mood to explain to Carberry. However the interview with the Head might end, Harry was quite prepared for it.

(What will happen to Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry? Will the Head take a serious view of their conduct? Don't miss next week's grand chapters.)

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