

The GEM

2nd

**GIVE YOURSELF A
TREAT AND READ**

"GUSSY SAYS 'NO'!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

"BULLY AND DANDY!"

By FRANK RICHARDS.

In Addition—

Your Fortune from the Stars, Stamp Article, Pen Pals, Wisecracks, Illustrated Jokes, etc.



**BACKING UP
HIS BROTHER!**



HOW'S YOUR LUCK THIS WEEK?

Read what the stars foretell,
by PROFESSOR ZARRO.

HERE are this week's star forecasts, specially prepared for GEM readers. Look in the section in which your birthday falls to find your horoscope, up to, and including, Tuesday, January 25th.

January 21st to February 19th.—You Aquarians, to give you your astrological name, are specially favoured this week. Work, sport, and all personal affairs go with a swing; no unforeseen troubles come your way. Your most enjoyable times come at the week-end. Anything connected with money prospers.

February 20th to March 21st.—Go carefully in your dealings with other people, or complications will result. Teachers, employers, and similar folk will do you a good turn. Letter-writing plays an important part in your affairs this week; you will either write an important letter, or receive one. Your lucky number is 2.

March 22nd to April 20th.—There is danger in obstinacy this week, so watch your step if you are a disciple of the one-and-only Gussy in this respect! Family affairs will play a big part, with lucky results. Be active and assert yourself, especially in sport and pleasure, where your best tendencies lie for the next seven days.

April 21st to May 21st.—Signs of a difficulty at school or work, but it will vanish if you stick out for your rights and don't take the matter lying down. Otherwise, an easy-going week, brightened by a stroke of luck round about next Monday. Green will prove a colour of good fortune for you.

May 22nd to June 21st.—Concentrate on work—the achievements of this week tend towards a big success. An unexpected gift from a female relation or family friend. Good fortune and pleasant times in something connected with animals—such as a visit to a circus. That certainly wouldn't include, however, such a catastrophe as Gussy losing the seat of his newest trousers in a misunderstanding with Herries' bulldog!

June 22nd to July 23rd.—A profitable journey is forecast, so maybe you'd be wise to pay a visit to your "rich uncles," if you've got any! You are faced with keen competition, in both work and sport, but the results will be better than you expect. Next Sunday is your lucky day, and 4 your lucky number for the week.

July 24th to August 23rd.—Those born in August

have all the luck this week; the others will find themselves up against little setbacks. The August-born's luck covers a wide range—almost everything he is concerned with will turn up trumps. Those born in July will avoid a pitfall if they think carefully before deciding in propositions which are not absolutely straightforward. For you all, to-day, Wednesday, is the most favoured.

August 24th to September 23rd.—A happy week, but not a particularly exciting one. The quieter, un-energetic pastimes are more likely to be lucky than sports, and concentration on hobbies is bound to bring good results. The postman brings good news, but its effect will not be felt till later in the year. Signs of a big change in connection with work or school.

September 24th to October 23rd.—A meeting with old friends brings cheery times, maybe even exciting ones. In any case, adventure is the keynote of the week—strike out on new lines wherever you can, even if it's only switching your position on the football field. Don't let others persuade you this week; your ideas, if carefully thought over, will prove the best. Friday is your lucky day.

October 24th to November 22nd.—A confusing week—things that seem to be turning out splendidly will suddenly collapse, and the unpleasant ones will prove lucky in the end. A stroke of luck coming to a member of your family will affect you, too. Don't take chances this week, but stick to routine. An old worry will be ended—probably next Monday, as that is your luckiest day.

November 23rd to December 22nd.—Good prospects here, for all those around you become helpful to you this week. Money comes in freely, and you can safely take small risks, for they will turn out favourably. Cultivate system and method, to cope with the sudden turns of Fortune's wheel. A quarrel made up. Talk of travel and perhaps of holidays.

December 23rd to January 20th.—Comfort, good luck, and many of the things you have been wanting are on their way, but this is a strange week for you, because of many readjustments you will find necessary. Be careful of wasting time; there are many opportunities coming if only you will grasp them. A very big stroke of luck, connected with the number 5.

BIRTHDAY INDICATIONS.

WEDNESDAY, January 19th.—Rather a problem, this birthday—it might bring a year of big changes, or the tendencies might lead to nothing at all. Much depends on yourself, and how you face up to events. In any case, a year of surprises and lucky developments.

THURSDAY, January 20th.—New friendships made freely, but the friends will stick. Movement is the keynote of the year—you will advance in work, in sport, and in physical and mental development at a rapid rate. An important decision, affecting your future, next May.

FRIDAY, January 21st.—Dealings with other people, especially your family, will increase. Watch your money carefully; there is a tendency to fritter it away, and by so doing miss a lot of fun. Letters play an important part.

SATURDAY, January 22nd.—If you are starting work this year, or taking on a new job, you can expect instant success. If at school, rapid progress comes with change to a different class. Pos-

sibility of moving your home; certainly a change of some kind in your surroundings.

SUNDAY, January 23rd.—At first, a steady year, then unexpected developments, bringing many ups and downs. Strange experiences are certain, bringing new interest. You will shine at sports, probably in one you take up during this year.

MONDAY, January 24th.—Everyone born on this date will have their fair innings this year—they will find new interests, much to do in all pursuits which they already follow, and amazing luck in money matters. Birthday presents better than expected.

TUESDAY, January 25th.—You are on the upgrade from to-day! Good health, and enjoyment of anything to do with outdoors brings self-confidence and a happy mind, free from worry. Don't look for extraordinary luck, but at the end of the year you will find yourself with memories of a joyous twelve months.

PROFESSOR ZARRO.

BRICK WALLS, IRON BARS, AND AN IRATE MASTER CANNOT PREVENT CUSSY FROM PLAYING FOOTER FOR ST. JIM'S AGAINST ROOKWOOD!

Gussy Says "No"!

When Gussy says "No" he means "No"! And not even the Head can force him to apologise for backing up his young brother against the Third Form master!

CHAPTER 1.

D'Arcy Dares to be a Daniel!

"YOW-WOW!"

That loud howl resounded from the Third Form Room at St. Jim's.

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth ejaculated:

"Bai Jove!"

There were four Fourth Formers waiting in the passage—Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy, the chums of Study No. 6. They were waiting for Arthur Augustus' young brother, Wally of the Third.

In the Form-room the Third Form were at evening preparation with Mr. Selby, their Form-master.

All Forms above the Third had the high privilege of doing their preparation in their own studies—at their own free will, as it were. But the fags of the Third had no studies, and they prepared their lessons in the presence of their Form-master, which meant a decidedly unpleasant hour every evening for the Third Form, for Mr. Selby was not a pleasant or a good-natured gentleman.

D'Arcy minor had been in trouble with his Form-master that day. He often was in trouble with his Form-master. D'Arcy minor was, in fact, born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

It was not a heinous crime to introduce white mice into the Form-room at afternoon lessons; but it was a reckless proceeding, especially when the Form-master was Mr. Selby. Wally had been severely caned, and, tough as that young gentleman was, he had fairly squirmed under the infliction.

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By
**MARTIN
CLIFFORD.**

Arthur Augustus swung on the rope, and, hand under hand, swiftly and surely he lowered himself. So far all was well with the runaway, but it remained to get clear of St. Jim's without being seen!

Hence the brotherly affection with which Arthur Augustus was waiting for him.

The noble and elegant Arthur Augustus often had little rubs with his unruly minor. At the same time, he regarded him with fatherly interest.

In Study No. 6 there was a feast of the gods—a "spread" that would have delighted the heart of any fag—and it was, as Blake described it, a consolation prize for Wally. If anything could console D'Arcy minor for his misadventure with the Form-master, that spread could.

Arthur Augustus & Co. had been waiting cheerily for Wally, to rush him off to the study as soon as he emerged from the Form-room.

Then came that loud howl from the Form-room—a howl that rang the whole length of the passage.

"Poor little beggar!" said Herries. "Selby does go for him, doesn't he?"

"The wottah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "I regard Selby as a perfect beast!"

"He is a beast!" agreed Digby. "But I dare say Wally has been up to something. May have catapulted him, or something of that sort. It would be like Wally."

"Yaas, but—"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

It was another yell, louder than the first. Then Mr. Selby's acid, unpleasant voice was heard.

"D'Arcy minor, how dare you make that ridiculous noise! Hold out your hand!"

Arthur Augustus' eye gleamed through his eyeglass.

"He's cann' my minah!" he ejaculated. "I am not standin' this!"

"Hold on, Gussy!" shouted Blake, as the swell of St. Jim's made a stride to the Form-room door.

Arthur Augustus did not hold on, and Blake grabbed at him—too late.

The door of the Third Form Room was thrown open, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy strode in.

His eyes were gleaming with wrath. The noble blood of all the D'Arcys was boiling in his veins.

There was a buzz from the crowded ranks of the Third Form as D'Arcy strode in. Wally was standing out before the Form, and Mr. Selby, cane in hand, was about to administer another stinging stroke upon a grubby paw.

Wally did not look happy. There was a smear of ink on his nose, and another on his collar, and his features were twitching. Wally was as hard as nails, and he prided himself upon the fact that he never "blubbed." But he was dangerously near to blubbing now.

The stroke did not fall. Mr. Selby held his hand in sheer astonishment at the sight of Arthur Augustus. His thin, hard face became pink with anger.

"D'Arcy, what do you want here? How dare you intrude into the Form-room during preparation!"

"I firmly protest against this excessive punishment of my young bwotah!" said Arthur Augustus majestically.

Mr. Selby stood rooted to the floor. For the moment he could not believe his own ears. For a junior of the Fourth Form to march into his den, as it were, like a new Daniel into the lions' den, and protest against his proceedings was so astonishing that it quite took Mr. Selby's breath away.

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In the doorway, Blake, Herries, and Dig looked at one another speechlessly. Their breath was taken away, as well as Mr. Selby's.

"D'Arcy!" gasped Mr. Selby, at last. "Boy, are you out of your senses? Leave this room at once!"

"You ass, Gus!" murmured Wally, under his breath. "Hook it!"

Arthur Augustus did not heed either of them. He stood his ground, his eyeglass gleaming in his eye.

"Do you hear me, D'Arcy?" shouted Mr. Selby.

"I heah you, sir."

"Then quit this room at once! I shall report this insolent behaviour to your Form-master!"

"You may weport what you like, Mr. Selby! I wefuse to allow my minah to be tweated in this bwutal mannah!"

"You—you refuse!" stuttered Mr. Selby.

"You—refuse! You will not allow! You must be mad, D'Arcy! This astounding insolence! Leave this room!"

"Are you goin' to cane my minah again?"

"I am certainly going to do so! Obey me! Go!"

"In the circe, I wefuse to go!"

"Gussy!" came Jack Blake's appealing voice from the doorway. "Gussy, old man!"

D'Arcy did not even hear.

"For the last time," said Mr. Selby furiously, "will you go, D'Arcy?"

"I feel bound to wefuse to do so, Mr. Selby!"

"What—what? Boy, go!" thundered the Form-master.

And he grasped Arthur Augustus by the collar with one hand and wielded the cane with the other.

Loud thwacks rang upon Arthur Augustus' well-fitting Eton jacket.

"Yawooh! Yow! Ow! Oh you beastly wottah!" roared Arthur Augustus. "How dare you cane me! You are not my Form-mastah! Welease me!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

"Yoooooop!"

Arthur Augustus' noble blood was fairly up. He whirled round on the Third Form master, grasped the cane, and wrenched it from his hand.

In a second the cane was snapped in two, and the pieces flung across the room.

"My only aunt!" gasped Wally.

"D'Arcy!" Mr. Selby almost choked with wrath. "You—you— Follow me! Do you hear? I shall take you immediately to the Head! Follow me!"

"I am quite pwepared to explain to Dr. Holmes!" said Arthur Augustus, with a great deal of dignity.

And, with his noble nose high in the air, Arthur Augustus followed the Form-master, who strode ahead, with whisking gown.

They passed Blake, Herries, and Dig, who were dumb with dismay.

Arthur Augustus had put his foot in it this time with a vengeance!

CHAPTER 2.

Before the Head!

TOM MERRY stopped and stared. Manners and Lowther, who were with him, stopped also and stared.

The sight of Mr. Selby whisking along the passage, with flushed and furious face, and

Arthur Augustus following him with the calm and sedate walk of Vere de Vere, surprised them. Mr. Selby passed them without a look or a word. Arthur Augustus bestowed a calm nod upon them.

"Gussy!" murmured Tom.
 "What the merry dickens!" said Manners.
 "In for it?" asked Lowther.

"Yaas, I think so," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "Mr. Selby has requested me to follow him to the Head. I had to intahfere in his tweatment of my minah. I did not appvove of his sevewity."

"You did not approve?" murmured Tom Merry, almost overcome.

"No. I wegarded it as bwatal!"
 "Oh, my hat!"

Mr. Selby looked back.
 "D'Arcy, do not stop to talk to those juniors! Follow me at once!"
 "Vewy well, sir."

Mr. Selby whisked on. Arthur Augustus followed him in quite a stately manner.
 "Gussy, old man," murmured Tom Merry, accompanying the swell of St. Jim's down the passage, "don't play the giddy ox, you know! Remember, it's the Rookwood match to-morrow, and you don't want to get detained."

"I should wefuse to be detained, Tom Mewwy!"
 "Oh, you fathead!" groaned Tom.

Arthur Augustus was on the high horse now; and when Arthur Augustus was on the high horse, no amount of argument would induce him to dismount.

The Terrible Three exchanged hopeless looks, and watched him enter the Head's study at the heels of the Third Form master.

Dr. Holmes was in conversation with Mr. Railton, the master of the School House. Both of them looked very surprised at the sight of Mr. Selby's almost purple face.

"Dr. Holmes," stuttered Mr. Selby, "I have brought this junior to you! I am incapable of dealing with him!"

"My dear Selby—"

"The boy has entered the Form-room, interrupted the preparation of my Form, and intervened between me and a junior whom I was punishing!" said Mr. Selby, his voice trembling with rage. "He has snatched my cane away and broken it! I leave him in your hands, sir!"

Dr. Holmes' brow became hard and stern.

"D'Arcy, is it possible? How dare you!"

"I feel quite justified in acting as I did, sir," said Arthur Augustus, respectfully but firmly.

"What!"

"Mr. Selby was tweatin' my minah in a bwatal mannah!"

"D'Arcy!"

"I felt bound to chip in, sir—I mean, to intahfere. As for bwekin' Mr. Selby's cane, I did not do that till he whacked me with it, sir. Mr. Selby is not my Form-mastah, and has no wight to cane me, especially across the shouldahs."

"You caned D'Arcy, Mr. Selby?"

"I could scarcely allow him to enter my Form-room, sir, and defy my authority."

"Undoubtedly. D'Arcy, you have acted in an incredibly insolent manner!"

"Weally, sir—"

"I can scarcely find words, D'Arcy, to describe your conduct!" said Dr. Holmes severely. "You will instantly apologise to Mr. Selby!"

Arthur Augustus' eyes glinted.

"I cannot apologise sincerely, sir, when I am not in the w'ong," he said.

"D'Arcy! Then you are not sorry for your conduct?"

"I cannot be sowwy, sir, for actin' accordin' to what I considahed wight! Mr. Selby was bein' bwatal—"

"Silence!"

"My minah has already been licked to-day, and Mr. Selby was lickin' him again, I am sure, for nothin'."

"You have no right to say anything of the sort, D'Arcy! You have no right even to think so! It is not for you to criticise a Form-master!"

"Bai Jove!"

"D'Arcy," said Mr. Railton gently, "you must surely realise that you have acted very wrongly?"

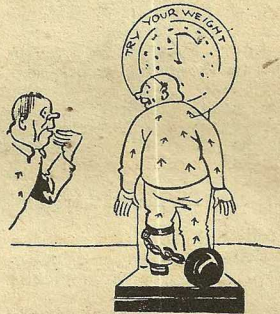
"I cannot wealise it, sir. Mr. Selby was bwatal—"

"Silence!" exclaimed the Head. "Do you wish me to send you away from the school, D'Arcy?"

"Gweat Scott—I—I mean, no, sir!"

"Then take care not to repeat such insolent words!"

"I twust, sir, that you do not wegard me as



"This prison life agrees with me, Mike. I've gained thirty pounds a-lready!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to C. Moss, 45, Teale Street Buildings, Shoreditch, London, E.2.

bein' capable of insolence?" said Arthur Augustus warmly. "I should wegard it as the vewy worst of taste."

"You are insolent, however, perhaps without intending it," said the Head. "I shall cane you, D'Arcy, for entering Mr. Selby's Form-room without permission and offering an opinion there upon his action!"

"I am quite willin' to be caned by you, sir. I think it is wathah unjust—"

"What!"

"But I know you mean to be just, sir, and I should not dweam of opposin' your wishes in any way."

The Head seemed at a loss for words for a moment. Mr. Railton turned to the window to hide a smile. Dr. Holmes settled the matter by taking up his cane.

"Hold out your hand, D'Arcy!"

"Certainly, sir!"

Swish!

Arthur Augustus set his lips hard. To "howl" over a caning did not consort with the dignity of Vere de Vere. But the swish was a stinger, and Arthur Augustus very nearly forgot what was due to his dig.

"The other hand, D'Arcy!"

Swish!

Arthur Augustus had his teeth set now. He did not yell. His palms felt as if they were on fire.

Dr. Holmes laid down the cane.

"Now, D'Arcy," he said quietly, "you have been punished for your impertinence. You will now apologise to Mr. Selby, and the matter is ended."

"I fear, sir, that I cannot apologise to Mr. Selby!"

Dr. Holmes raised his eyebrows.

"Are you aware, D'Arcy, that you are disobeying the orders of your headmaster?" he exclaimed.

"I am vewy sowwy, sir," said Arthur Augustus. "It would be quite howwid for you to suppose me lackin' in pwopah wespct for my head-mastah. But, in the circs, sir, I feel that I cannot apologise to Mr. Selby."

"I will waste no more words upon you, D'Arcy!" thundered the Head. "Unless you apologise to Mr. Selby, at once, you will be confined to the punishment-room, and kept there until you have rendered Mr. Selby the apology that is his due."

Arthur Augustus squared his shoulders, and drew in a deep breath. Arthur Augustus was the easiest-going fellow at St. Jim's. But he had a strong will on some occasions. He had often declared that he was as firm as a rock, while his studymates averred that he was as obstinate as a mule.

"Well, D'Arcy?" said the Head, after a pause. "I am weady to go to the punishment-woom, sir."

Dr. Holmes made an angry gesture.

"I will take you at your word, D'Arcy. Mr. Railton, will you kindly take D'Arcy to the punishment-room, and lock him in there?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"You will go with Mr. Railton, D'Arcy."

"Yaas, sir."

Arthur Augustus followed the Housemaster from the study. Mr. Selby's eyes were glinting. He was quite satisfied with the delinquent's punishment.

The Head glanced at him rather curiously when D'Arcy was gone.

"I suppose, Mr. Selby, that there is nothing in the boy's allegation that you were using D'Arcy minor with undue severity?"

"I was caning him, sir," said Mr. Selby. "I think I had reason. D'Arcy minor used a catapult in the Form-room, and I, sir, was the target. A pellet, sir, struck me behind the ear."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "The young rascal! You were undoubtedly justified in punishing him in the severest manner. I am sorry, my dear Selby, that this has occurred; but that obstinate boy will, I think, soon be brought to his senses."

"I trust so, sir," said the Third Form master, and he quitted the study, almost in a good humour.

CHAPTER 3.

The Prisoner!

"Gussy!"

The anxious chums of Arthur Augustus greeted him in the passage. Mr. Railton walked on.

"I am sowwy I cannot stop to speak to you, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus. "I have to follow Mr. Wailton."

"Licked?" asked Blake.

"Yaas, wathah," said D'Arcy, rubbing his hands. "But I do not gwumble at the Head. He pwobably wewarded it as his duty."

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"Probably!" grinned Lowther. "But what's the trouble now? Railton isn't going to lick you, too, I suppose?"

The Housemaster was out of hearing.

"No. He is takin' me to the punishment-woom—Nobody's Study, you know."

"What for?" asked Tom Merry.

"I am goin' to be shut up there till I apologise to Mr. Selby. That," added Arthur Augustus serenely, "means a life sentence, deah boys. For I certainly vevah shall apologise to Mr. Selby."

"Look here, Gussy—"

"Don't play the giddy ox, Gussy—"

"Wats!"

"Think of the Rookwood match to-morrow," urged Tom Merry. "You ought to be in the team going over to Rookwood, you know."

"Bai Jove! I hadn't thought of that."

"Buck up and apologise to the Selby-bird, then," urged Herries.

"Imposs, Hewwies! A chap must considah his dig."

"You fathead—"

"I wufuse to be called a fathead, Hewwies! About the Wookwood match, Tom Mewwy, that will be all wight. I am comin' to Wookwood."

"How can you come if you're in the punishment-room?"

"I shall get out somehow. Pewwaps you fellows can help me. In any case, I shall uttably wufuse to be detained to-morrow aftahnoon. I am goin' ovah to Wookwood."

"You can't, fathead!"

"Wats!"

"I shall have to put another chap in—"

"I wufuse to allow anythin' of the sort, Tom Mewwy!"

"But you can't come, duffer!"

"I am comin'!"

Mr. Railton was looking back and beckoning from the end of the passage.

"I must go, deah boy. But wemembah, Tom Mewwy, I am comin' to Wookwood to-morrow aftahnoon, and I am goin' to play in the match. You can wely on me."

And Arthur Augustus hurried after Mr. Railton, leaving the chums of the School House staring at one another helplessly.

"Gussy'll be the death of me yet," groaned Blake. "Let's go and see him shut up."

Tom Merry & Co. followed at a distance.

Mr. Railton and D'Arcy had reached the punishment-room in the upper passage—Nobody's Study, as it was called by the juniors.

There was a deep alcove in the wall, and at the end of the alcove was the strong oaken door of the punishment-room.

Mr. Railton turned the big rusty key in the great lock, with a grating sound, and threw the door open. The room was dark and bare.

"D'Arcy," said the Housemaster quietly, "I do not desire, and the Head does not desire, that you should be confined here. Think it over, my boy, and do what Dr. Holmes has commanded you."

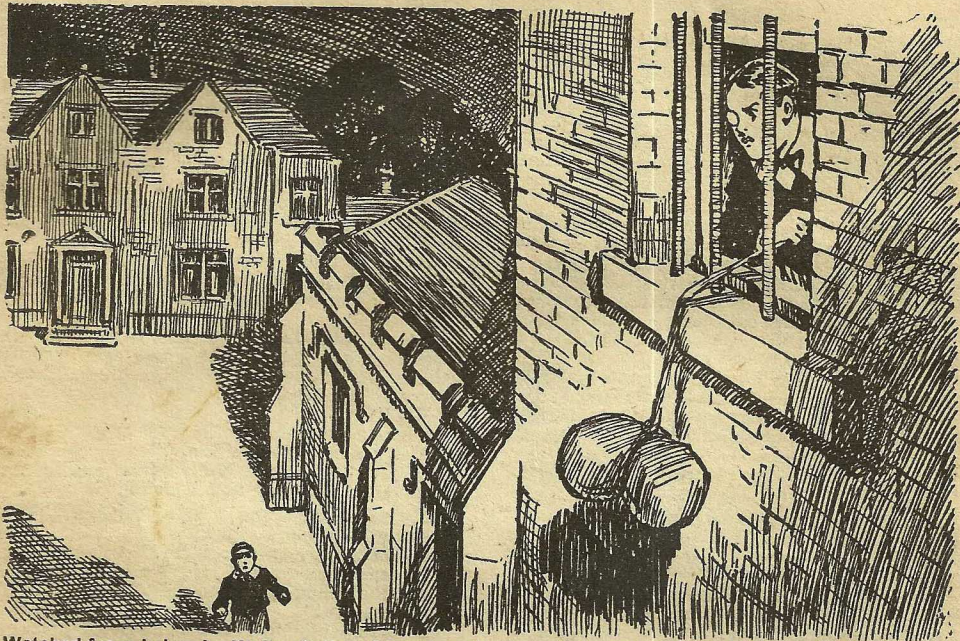
"You are vewy kind, Mr. Wailton. But I cannot apologise to Mr. Selby, when I weward him as—"

"That will do, D'Arcy!" said Mr. Railton curtly.

"Vewy well, sir!"

Mr. Railton looked very hard at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy for a moment, but he made no further remark.

Arthur Augustus walked into the punishment-room with his head erect.



Watched from below by Wally, Arthur Augustus slowly and steadily drew up the cord till the bundle on the end of it reached the window. It was one way of getting food and a file to the prisoner of the punishment-room!

The Housemaster followed him in and switched on the light. He glanced round the room—it was cold and dismal enough. Nobody's Study was furnished with a chair and a table, and one or two other articles of furniture—barely enough. The bedstead was in a corner, but there was no mattress on it, as the room was hardly ever used.

After another expressive glance at the junior, the Housemaster withdrew, locking the door, and taking away the key.

Arthur Augustus shivered.

"Bai Jove!" he murmured. "This is wathah wotten! Howe vah, a fellow has to considah his dig."

He looked out of the grimy window. The window was guarded by iron bars. It gave a view of brick walls.

Arthur Augustus sat down on the bed.

He did not feel cheerful.

Mr. Selby had been brutal, and he had felt called upon to chip in. He could not, and would not, apologise for having been in the right, as he regarded it.

Tap!

Arthur Augustus jumped up and approached the door.

"Hallo, deah boy!"

"You there, Gussy?" It was Blake's voice.

"Yaas!"

"How do you feel?"

"Wotten!"

"Better make up your mind to give Selby some soft sawder! Soft sawder doesn't cost anything," said Blake through the keyhole.

"Wats!"

"Oh, you ass!" murmured Blake.

"Weally, Blake——"

Then another voice was heard. It was the voice of Kildare of the Sixth, the captain of St. Jim's.

"Cut off, Blake, you young rascal! Don't let me catch you hanging about here again!"

The key grated in the lock.

Kildare came into the room, followed by Toby, the page of the School House.

Toby's rugged face was very commiserating in its expression. He liked and admired Arthur Augustus, and his look showed his deep sympathy. Toby was laden with a mattress and bed-clothes.

He proceeded to make the bed.

"You seem to have got yourself into a pretty fix, young 'un," said Kildare.

"Yaas, Kildare. It's vewy wotten!"

"Better make up your mind to do as you're told," said the captain of St. Jim's. "Don't you know that it's cheeky to be disrespectful to the Head, and jolly bad form?"

"I have no desiah to be diswepctful to the Head," said Arthur Augustus. "I twust Dr. Holmes will not misconstvwue my conduct. But it is impos for me to apologise to Mr. Selby."

Kildare shrugged his shoulders. He had not a very high opinion of Mr. Selby himself; but he knew what was due to the discipline of the school.

However, it was evident that there was no arguing with the swell of the Fourth.

The bed made, Kildare waited while Toby went away and returned with a tray. On the tray was a plate of bread-and-butter and a cup of cocoa.

Toby set the tray on the table, and, with another commiserating look at Arthur Augustus, departed.

Kildare followed him out, and locked the door, leaving D'Arcy to his spare tea and solitude.

CHAPTER 4.

Bad Luck All Round!

"HALLO! Funeral going on?"

Thus Figgins of the Fourth. Figgins & Co. had arrived from the New House. They had been invited guests to the "spread" in Study No. 6, and they had arrived. They found Blake & Co. looking gloomy. Hence Figgy's humorous query as to whether a funeral was going on.

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Kerr. "Do you always look as cheerful as this at a tea-party?"

"I see you've got the spread ready," remarked Fatty Wynn. "You haven't been waiting for us? I made these boudners come along in time."

"Where's Gussy?"

Blake explained.

"Oh, my hat!" was Figgins' comment. "What a giddy kettle of fish! Poor old Gussy! He's always in the wars. Last time he was in love; now he's in the punishment-room. That's the worst of the two."

"Goodness knows how long he'll stay there," said Blake. "He's so jolly obstinate!"

"And there's the Rookwood match to-morrow," remarked Kerr. "You'll have to fill his place in the team."

"I suppose so."

"Better put in a New House chap," remarked Figgins. "There's young Owen—"

"Oh, blow young Owen!"

"Well, after all, we want to beat Jimmy Silver's team, and if you can strengthen the eleven, you know—"

"Bow-wow!"

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GLORY FOR BILLY BUNTER

Mr. Quelch, a master at Greyfriars, has been the victim of a wild and reckless rag . . . and Billy Bunter, the fat and funky Owl of the Remove, not only admits that he's the culprit, but brags of it, and glories in it. If you want a feast of fun and thrills, read this great yarn.

"BUNTER, THE BRAGGER!"

by FRANK RICHARDS

This week's extra-special school story of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars, in our companion paper

THE MAGNET

Of all Newsagents. Every Saturday. 2d

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"It's rough on Gussy," said Fatty Wynn thoughtfully. "My idea is that we'd better talk it over while we have our tea. No good letting a good spread spoil, you know."

Fatty Wynn was already beginning. He was sorry for Arthur Augustus, but he was hungry, and he had a healthy appetite.

The other juniors followed his example. Tea was in progress when Wally of the Third arrived.

After his painful experience in the Form-room, D'Arcy minor might have been expected to look down in the mouth. But he didn't. He was quite serene as he came into Study No. 6.

"Hallo, feeding?" he said cheerily.

"Pile in!" said Blake. "This feed was really got up for you, you young scamp! It was Gussy's idea."

"Good old Gussy!" said Wally heartily.

"Gussy's a good sort. You should have seen him stand up to old Selby, you chaps—like a Trojan. I suppose he's been licked?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"Shut up in Nobody's Study."

The grin faded from Wally's face, and his fork was arrested half-way to his mouth.

"My only Aunt Jane!" he ejaculated. "What have they shut him up for?"

"He won't apologise to Selby."

"Of course he won't!" said Wally warmly.

"And he's shut up till he does."

"Oh crumbs!"

The scamp of the Third had started upon the spread quite voraciously. But his appetite suddenly seemed to have fled. His face was a picture of dismay. He laid down his fork and rose.

"Where are you going?" asked Tom.

"I'm going to speak to Gussy."

"Can't be did; the prefects are looking after that."

"I'm going to chance it!"

And the fag quitted the study and ran along the passage. He arrived breathless in the alcove, and tapped at the door of Nobody's Study.

"Gussy!" he called out.

"Hallo, deah boy!"

"I say, Gussy— Yaroooh!" yelled Wally suddenly

A finger and thumb fastened upon Wally's ear from behind, and he was whirled round. He found himself looking at Knox of the Sixth.

"Speaking to a kid under detention—what?" said Knox. "Come along with me, you young rascal. You know it's against the rules."

"It's my major in there."

"I know all about it," grinned Knox. "I've been told to keep an eye on the punishment-room. Your major is getting what he deserved, and you're going to. Hold out your hand!"

"Look here, Knox—"

"Would you rather be taken to your Form-master?" grinned the bully of the Sixth.

Wally grunted and held out his hand.

Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Wally. The prefect had given him a tremendous cut.

"Shut up!" said Knox. "Let me catch you breaking the rules again, and you'll go straight to Mr. Selby. You know what you'll get then. Cut off!"

Wally, with a furious face, squeezing his hand under his arm, returned to Study No. 6.

"No go," he said. "That cad Knox is on the watch."

Knox of the Sixth looked into the study.

"I suppose you kids know the order?" he said. "Any junior found hanging about the punishment-room will be detained for the next half-holiday. Housemaster's orders. Mind you don't get caught, that's all."

And Knox departed, grinning.

Any misfortune that fell upon Study No. 6 was sure to afford pleasure to their old enemy.

"That would mean all U P with the Rookwood match," said Blake. "Well, I suppose we can't do Gussy much good by calling him names through the keyhole."

Wally gave a snort.

"I'm not going to leave my major stranded," he said. "I'm going to have a jaw with old Gussy, anyway. Blow Knox!"

"You young ass!" said Blake crossly. "You're the cause of all the trouble. What did you do to old Selby to make him lick you at prep?"

"Only caught him in the ear with a pellet," said Wally. "He's been licking me for nothing, so I went for him."

"You young ass!" roared Blake. "You ought to have been skinned!"

"Well, I was jolly nearly skinned when Gussy came in," said Wally. "Gussy's rather an ass; but he's a brick, and I'm going to stand by him. He's not going to be fed on bread-and-scrape, either, if I can help it. I'll take some of this tommy away with me, and you can bet that I'll get it to him somehow."

"You can't!" growled Manners.

"Oh, you Shell bouncers don't know how to do things!" said Wally disdainfully. "You leave it to me. We've got some brains in the Third."

And when Wally left Study No. 6, he carried a bundle with him—tuck that was somehow to be conveyed to Arthur Augustus in the punishment-room, if the devoted Wally could contrive it.

"Well, it's a bad bisney," said Figgins. "I don't see what can be done. Gussy will be left out of the Rookwood match, I suppose."

"Looks like it!" growled Blake.

Figgins & Co. left. They were sympathetic, but there seemed nothing to be done. The Terrible Three returned to their study to finish their preparation in somewhat dashed spirits. They could not help being concerned for the unfortunate swell of the School House.

Arthur Augustus' plight was known to all the school by this time. Fellows continually dropped into Study No. 6 to ask for particulars.

The School House prefects were evidently keeping an eye open, for Julian of the Fourth, venturing to the door of Nobody's Study to exchange a word with D'Arcy through the keyhole, was immediately pounced upon by Rushden, and Julian was caned at once, and detained for the next afternoon—a heavy punishment, for he had intended to accompany the St. Jim's eleven to Rookwood.

And worse than that was to happen.

Kangaroo of the Shell made the venture, and he was spotted by Knox, and marched off to the Housemaster, to be similarly punished as Julian.

The sentence of detention for Wednesday afternoon was very severe in his case, for Harry Noble was centre-half in the junior team, and a tower of strength.

Kangaroo brought the news dismally to Tom Merry's study.

"You'll have to fill my place to-morrow," he said.

"What on earth for?" demanded the captain of the Shell warmly. "I've got to fill D'Arcy's place already, and I can't have Julian, as the young ass has got himself detained."

"I'm detained, too!" grunted the Cornstalk junior. "I just had a word with Gussy—"

"Oh, you duffer!" said Tom crossly. "You haven't done Gussy any good, and now you've mucked up the team."

"Sorry! Can't be helped. I didn't know Knox was spying," said Kangaroo glumly.

"Br-r-r-r!"

Tom Merry wrinkled his brows over the footer list as Kangaroo left the study.

"Looks ripping for the Rookwood match—I don't think!" he growled. "I could have put Julian in Gussy's place, and the team wouldn't have been a penny the worse; but he's detained. Now Kangy's got it in the neck. I shall have to put in Owen of the New House at half, and he's



"Do you remember that time you gave me a good hiding at school, old chap?"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to G. Conway, 56, Hooper Road, Custom House, London, E.16.

not nearly so good as Kangy. I don't know who's to take Gussy's place at outside-left. Hallo, Talbot!"

Talbot of the Shell entered the study with a rueful countenance.

"I'm awfully sorry, Tom!"

"What's the row?"

"I suppose you were depending on me for to-morrow?"

"Yes, rather; you know I am!" Tom Merry jumped. "Don't say you're detained."

"I'm sorry, but I am."

"Speaking to Gussy?" yelled the exasperated football captain.

"Well, it seemed so rotten poor old Gussy being shut up there all on his own. I just had a word with him through the keyhole, and Darrell spotted me."

"Oh, you fathead!" groaned Tom Merry. "There's Jimmy Silver's team at the top of its form, and now I've lost one of my best forwards, as well as the best half, to say nothing of Gussy. The match is a goner!"

"I'm awfully sorry!"

"I should think you are. If any other member of the team tries to get a word with Gussy I'll scalp him!"

Tom Merry hurried from the study to speak a word in season to the remainder of the team who belonged to the School House.

There were no more "casualties," fortunately; but Tom Merry's prospect for the morrow was not a rosy one.

CHAPTER 5.
In the Night!

"**B**AI Jove!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat up in bed.

Midnight had tolled out from the clock tower of St. Jim's, and the old school was buried in darkness and slumber.

Arthur Augustus was in bed in the lonely punishment-room. He was only dozing, however. His nerves were in a somewhat excited state, and he did not sleep so soundly as usual.

Tap!

The knock at the door startled him. In the solitude and darkness there came back into his mind the uncomfortable remembrance that Nobody's Study was supposed to be haunted.

Tap!

"Are you awake, Gussy?"

The whispering voice through the keyhole reassured Arthur Augustus. He recognised the tones of his cheerful minor.

"Wally, you young boundah!" he ejaculated.

"Wake up, you slacker! I've been tapping on the door for ten minutes!" growled Wally. "Everybody's in bed, but I don't want to make a thumping row."

Arthur Augustus slipped out of bed. The cold was keen, and he drew the blankets round him, as he stumbled to the door.

"What are you doing out of bed, Wally?" he exclaimed. "You will get into a fearful wov if you are caught."

Wally chuckled.

"I know that, duffer! I've sneaked down out of the dorm to speak to you. I've got some grub for you here. What did you have for tea?"

"Bwead-and-buttah."

"Well, I've got ham sandwiches, a saveloy, a cake, and a bag of tarts. If you've got a cord, you could let it down from the window, and pull up the bundle."

"Bai Jove!"

"I can cut out of the House easy enough, Gussy. You were a brick to stand by me like you did. I'm sorry you got into this scrape."

"I only did my duty as your majah, Wally."

"Are you going to give Selby soft sawder in the morning?"

"Certainly not!"

"You can't stay here for ever, Gussy."

"I should pwefer to stay here for evah, wathah than apologise to a person I regard with contempt."

"Oh, my only Aunt Jane; he's on the high horse again!" groaned Wally.

"Weally, you cheeky young boundah—"

"Anyway, here's the grub. If you haven't got a cord, tear up your shirt, and make one. Buck up!"

"Hold on, deah boy! I am not vewy particulah about the gwub, but there is somethin' else you can get for me!"

"Go it! What do you want?"

"A file!"

"A—a—a what?" ejaculated Wally.

"I wequiah a file to wemove the bars from the window."

D'Arcy minor gave a gasp.

"Gussy, you old duffer! You're not thinking of bolting?" he exclaimed.

"Certainly not! I should wegard boltin' as disrespectful to the Head. But I have to play in the Wookwood match to-morrow aftahnoon. I

decline to allow Mr. Selby's tantwums to intahfere with my football engagements. I am goin' ovah to Wookwood."

"My hat!"

"Pway give Tom Mewwy a message in the mornin'. Assuah him that, in any cires whatevah, I wefuse to give up my place in the eleven. I cannot go ovah with the team, but I shall join them at Wookwood. Tell Tom Mewwy to take my football clobber."

"My only Aunt Jane!"

"Pway wepeat that message word for word to Tom Mewwy, Wally. And get a file out of Blake's tool chest in Study No. 6. I will make a stwing to let down from the window."

"Gussy, old man, there'll be an awful row—"

"Wats!"

"Selby will come after you, very likely—"

"Let him!"

"It'll take you a fearful time to file through the bars."

"I shall have all the mornin'."

"Look here, Gussy—"

"Weally, Wally, it is too cold to talk; I am vewy neahly tweezin'. I expected some fellow to come before I went to bed, but I suppose the pwefects have been watchin'."

"They have, rather!" chuckled Wally. "Julian and Talbot and Kangaroo have been detained for to-morrow for speaking to you."

"Bai Jove! Then the team will need me more than evah. I shall certainly not fail them, in spite of Mr. Selby's tantwums. Pway wun and get that file, Wally!"

"Oh, all serene!" said Wally.

There was a faint sound of stealthy footsteps; D'Arcy minor was gone.

Arthur Augustus slipped on some clothes, as he was shivering. Then he sat on his bed in the dark, and proceeded to make the required cord. He tore one of the sheets into narrow strips for the purpose. When the improvised cord was completed, he groped to the window and opened it. The strong iron bars prevented a passage through the window, but there was plenty of room for the cord, and he let it dangle out.

Wally was evidently already in waiting; for there came a pull at the cord.

Arthur Augustus jerked at it in response to show that he understood. After a few minutes he drew it up slowly.

There was a weight on the cord now.

Slowly and steadily Arthur Augustus pulled upon it, till a bundle reached the window-sill. Then the bundle was drawn, with some squeezing, through the space between the bars.

Arthur Augustus closed the window.

He unfastened the bundle in the dark. His fingers encountered the file, and he hastened to conceal it under his mattress. The other contents of the bundle were placed out of sight under the bed.

"All serene?" came a whisper from the keyhole.

Arthur Augustus stepped quickly to the door.

"All sewene, Wally! Thank you vewy much!"

"Oh, don't mensh! But, I say, Gussy, you'd better not bolt to-morrow."

"Wats!" said Arthur Augustus. His mind was quite made up on that point. "Give my message to Tom Mewwy, Wally, and don't forget to tell him to take my football clobber with him. I shall vewy likely cleah out while the chaps are at lessons in the mornin', Wally. Tell Tom Mewwy I shall join him at Wookwood. And I want you

to get my ovahcoat and toppah in the mornin', and leave them somewhere for me to take. Put them in the woodshed."

"Oh, all right!"

"And in case I have to wun for it, you might wheel out my bike in the mornin', and leave it near the side gate."

"Anything else?"

"That is all, deah boy. Now go back to your dorm. I'm fwightfully sleepy!"

"Good-night, Gussy!"

"Good-night, kid!"

Wally hurried away, and Arthur Augustus undressed and turned in again, much comforted in his mind.

In spite of Mr. Selby's tantrums, in spite of everything, Arthur Augustus was fully determined to play in the match at Rookwood. As to what would happen afterwards, he did not give it much thought. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and it was no use meeting trouble half-way.

CHAPTER 6.

Never Say Die!

THERE was a vacant place in the Fourth Form Room the next morning.

Arthur Augustus was still a prisoner in the punishment-room.

At breakfast-time his Housemaster had visited him, with Toby and a tray.

Mr. Railton was kindness itself; but he found the swell of the Fourth adamant. Arthur Augustus was willing to do anything except apologise to Mr. Selby. As that was the only thing required of him, it was evident that there was "nothing doing."

Mr. Railton had left him rather impatiently, and Arthur Augustus ate his breakfast in solitary state.

After breakfast came Toby to "do" the room.

Knox of the Sixth lounged in the passage, quite prepared to collar Arthur Augustus if he should attempt to take the opportunity of bolting. But D'Arcy was not thinking of bolting just then. He knew that the door was guarded.

Toby made the bed, and, of course, he immediately missed the sheet which Arthur Augustus had manufactured into a rope the previous night. And as Toby's eyes were keen, he also spotted the bundle hidden in a shadowy corner.

"Oh, Master D'Arcy!" Toby murmured.

"I twust, Toby, that you will not betway me!" said Arthur Augustus. "Pway don't say a word about the sheet, deah boy—not this aftahnoon, at any wate!"

"I won't, Master D'Arcy; but——"

"Not till to-morrow mornin'," said Arthur Augustus. "Then it will be all wight. Pway be a pal, deah boy!"

"O.K., Master D'Arcy!"

The bed was made and the room "done." Toby departed and Knox locked the door again.

Arthur Augustus went to the window and looked out. He caught sight of Wally, who waved his hand and grinned reassuringly.

Arthur Augustus waved back, satisfied that his minor had done what he asked of him.

Wally had, in fact, delivered his message to Tom Merry, much to the surprise of the captain of the Shell.

Tom was still thinking about it when the juniors had to go into the Form-room.

It was true enough that D'Arcy would be very

(Continued on next page.)

LAUGH THESE OFF!



—with Monty Lowther.

HALLO, EVERYBODY!

Remember, never dispute anything the referee says—unless, of course, you think he is wrong.

I hear Japanese children must always stand in the presence of their parents. The land where the son never sits.

Story: "The pater just couldn't say anything about my report," said young Jameson; "you see, he had just failed in his driving test!"

A famous music-hall comedian says audiences laugh more quickly to-day than they did in the past. Perhaps because they know the jokes better!

Then there was the impecunious artist who rang up the pawnshop to remind them that they had his watch, and to ask them to ring him up in three minutes as he was going to boil an egg.

Figgins and Kerr speaking: "What's the diff. between a snake and a piano, Kerr?" "Give it up." "No diff. You spell both with a 'b.'" "What—snake and piano?" "No, 'both.'"

A really polite motorist is one who raises his hat and calls "Come in" when his engine knocks.

Panto Story: "Yes," said the theatrical producer, "I advertised for a good strong call-boy. Think you can fill the bill?" "Well," replied the applicant, rather breathlessly, "I've just finished licking fourteen other applicants outside the stage door."

Winter holiday resort advertises: "One hour from London, and an excellent rain service." T-hey!

The Head was engaging a new assistant gardener. "As regards time off, I am prepared to meet you half-way," said the Head. "That's all right, sir," replied the gardener, "I'm not afraid to come home in the dark."

Last Story: They were travelling on a very slow section of the railroad in one of the Western States of America. "Say, what's to-day?" asked Buck Finn's uncle. "Thursday," replied his fellow traveller. "Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Finn, leaping up. "Then that's my station!"

In Covent Garden a man found a snake whilst unpacking bananas. A crate adventure. I'll be seeing you, chaps!

valuable if he turned up at Rookwood for the match. With all Arthur Augustus' elegant manners and customs, he was a good footballer, and very fast and tricky on the wing. And as Talbot and Kangaroo were detained by the House-master's order, Tom Merry was in need of a good player.

But the idea of the swell of St. Jim's clearing out of the punishment-room and "bolting" filled Tom Merry with dismay.

He thought a little further than D'Arcy, and his mind dwelt upon the possible consequences.

But it was impossible to communicate with Arthur Augustus, and urge him to give up his reckless scheme.

The captain of the Shell was a little absent-minded in class that morning, and Mr. Linton was sharp with him once or twice—not guessing the worry that was on Tom Merry's mind.

While the rest of St. Jim's were working in the Form-room, Arthur Augustus was busy.

The file was hard at work on one of the window bars. He only needed to remove one of the bars to be able to squeeze through the window.

Arthur Augustus knew that he was not likely to be visited till after morning lessons. He had several hours before him. He had expected to get through the bar in less than an hour.

To his dismay he found that it was harder work than he had anticipated. The file ate away the rusty iron, but slowly.

He discovered that his arm ached considerably after a short time, and he began to change the file from one hand to the other.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus, after an hour of it. "It keeps me vewy warm, but it is vewy unpleasant work. If I hadn't promised to play at Wookwood, I should weally feel inclined to give it up. But nil desepwandum!"

Both his arms were aching by the time the bar was cut through. But for the rust that had eaten deep into it the file would never have severed it in the time.

Arthur Augustus grasped the bar and tried it. It did not yield a fraction of an inch. He set to work upon the other end of it, greasing the file with a fragment of butter he had thoughtfully saved from breakfast.

Twelve o'clock boomed out from the old tower. The bar still held its place.

"Oh cwumbs!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

There was a sound of cheery voices from the quadrangle. The St. Jim's fellows were out of the Form-room.

"What wotten luck!" groaned the swell of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus had calculated very cunningly. He had intended to take French leave while boys and masters were occupied in the Form-room. But the filing had proved too long a process.

School was out now.

The junior eleven were catching an early train for Rookwood, and were not waiting for dinner. The journey was a long one.

Evidently the imprisoned member of the team would not be able to catch the same train.

Arthur Augustus filed away desperately. He ceased at last, and dragged at the bar.

Snap!

"Huwwah!"

The obnoxious bar was out at last.

Freedom lay before the swell of St. Jim's—at the bottom of a sheer drop of wall over forty feet.

But that was a trifle to the determined Gussy.

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He sat on his bed, and proceeded to cut up the bedclothes with his pocket-knife, and plait the strips into a rope. The damage to the bedclothes could not be helped; it could be paid for afterwards. At present the pressing matter was to obtain a rope to reach the ground.

With nimble, tireless fingers, the swell of St. Jim's plaited away. The rope grew and grew under his hands, curling about his feet like a serpent.

CHAPTER 7.

Off to Rookwood!

"READY!" said Tom Merry.

"Here we are!" said Figgins.

The team was about to start.

Talbot and Kangaroo accompanied them as far as the gate, with dolorous looks, and so did Julian of the Fourth.

Detention held them within the walls of St. Jim's. They could not very well grumble, as they had known the risk when they broke the rule concerning the prisoner in the punishment-room. But it was hard, all the same.

Tom Merry had filled Talbot and Kangaroo's places with Reilly of the Fourth and Owen of the New House, also of the Fourth.

The team now consisted of Fatty Wynn, goal; Herries and Reilly, backs; Redfern, Owen, Lowther, halves; Kerr, Figgins, Tom Merry, Blake, and D'Arcy, forwards—D'Arcy's place being still open if he turned up. But as Tom Merry had little faith in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy turning up, he was taking along Digby for outside-left.

The team had been somewhat rearranged, to put the reserves in the places where they most fitted. Three or four fellows were going over with the team—not many, as the distance made the railway fare an expensive item.

It was a very good team, but not the strongest Tom Merry could have put into the field in happier circumstances.

"Good-bye, and good luck!" said Talbot.

"And look out for Gussy in an aeroplane," grinned Kangaroo.

And they started.

Blake had scuttled round the House to take a "squint," as he expressed it, at the window of the punishment-room, and he was looking very thoughtful as the party tramped down the road with their bags.

"It's hard cheese on poor old Gussy," said Dig. "Of course, the duffer won't be able to bolt."

"He's going to try," said Blake. "He's been using that file."

"How do you know?"

"I've had a squint at his window. The bar's gone."

"Great Scott!"

Tom Merry looked very anxious.

"There's no way of getting down from the window!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Gussy's a Scout!" said Blake. "Any Scout can make a rope if he's got the materials. Gussy would think nothing of ripping up the bed-clothes. His noble pater would have to pay for them."

"The reckless ass!" said Tom, frowning.

"Oh, he's safe enough! But"—Blake shook his head—"he won't get clear. Why, the place is swarming with people who'll spot him. Of course, most of the fellows won't give him away if they see him; Levison or Mellish might, though. But the prefects will spot him."

"Sure to!" agreed Tom.
 "He'll be collared and yanked back at once," said Blake. "Poor old Gussy—always running his noble napper against a brick wall. There isn't a chance in a million of his getting to Rookwood. Still, I've got his clobber in my bag, ready for him if he does come."
 "I'll stand out if he does," said Dig. "But he won't."

The juniors looked back several times as they walked down to Rylcombe. But there was no sign of the swell of St. Jim's in pursuit.

At Rylcombe they had to wait five minutes for the local train; but it rolled away, without anything being seen of Arthur Augustus.

The party had to change at Wayland Junction for the express. They crossed to their platform, with ten minutes to wait for the train.

"I shouldn't really be surprised if Gussy turned up at the last minute," Blake remarked thoughtfully. "Hallo, there's a car, anyway!"

A car had stopped outside the station.
 "Gussy can't have got a car," said Figgins.
 "My only hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "Selby!"

Mr. Selby, the master of the Third, dashed upon the platform. His face was red and excited.

He rushed up to the group of astonished footballers.

"Is D'Arcy here?" he panted.
 "D'Arcy! No, sir!"
 "Has he bunked?" ejaculated Blake.
 Mr. Selby did not reply to that question. He

scanned the group of juniors to satisfy himself that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was not there. Then he stood watching the entrance to the platform like a cat watching for a mouse.

Tom Merry & Co. exchanged glances.
 It was evident that Arthur Augustus had "bunked," and that the master of the Third guessed his destination and had come to stop him.

Blake set his teeth.
 "The meddling rotter!" he muttered. "He isn't Gussy's Form-master; it's no business of his! Why can't he keep out of it?"

"Wouldn't be like him!" growled Herries.
 "Like his cheek to be after Gussy!"
 The express was signalled. The juniors waited—and Mr. Selby waited.
 The situation was growing exciting.

CHAPTER 8.

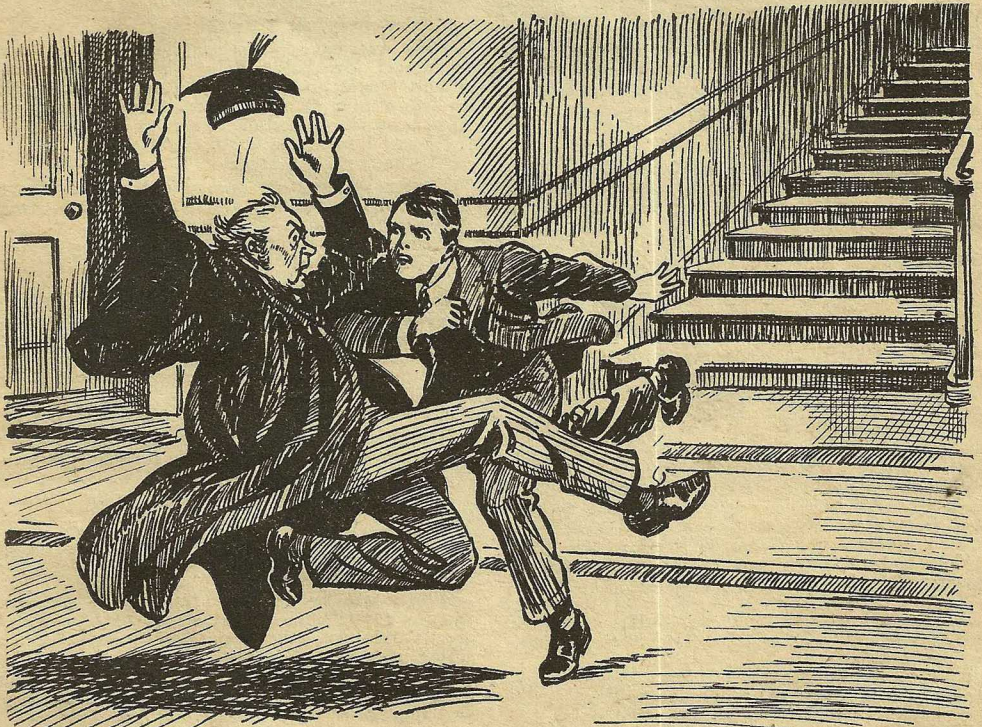
Bolted!

AND where was Arthur Augustus?
 The swell of St. Jim's was on his mettle.

The rope had been plaited from the strips of bed-clothes by his active fingers.

The rope finished, Arthur Augustus carefully tested every foot of it. He was reckless, but he did not mean to run unnecessary risks. The rope was strong, however, and more than capable of bearing his weight.

"That's all wight!" murmured Arthur



Knox bounded down the stairs three at a time and dashed for the dining-room door. There was a roar as he rushed into Mr. Selby, who was crossing the Hall. "Oh! Ah!" gasped the Third Form master as he went flying. "Yaroo!" yelled Knox.

Augustus, when he was satisfied of the strength of the rope. "Now for it, bai Jove! If Wally's left out my bike I can cut across to Wayland fastah than that cwawlin' local twain, and catch the express along with the team. Bai Jove, won't they be surprised to see me!"

With a chuckle, the swell of St. Jim's secured the end of the rope to a remaining fragment of the filed bar. He allowed the rope to slide down out of the window, and had the satisfaction of seeing that several feet of it trailed on the ground. The window of Nobody's Study was not overlooked. Three stone walls shut in the narrow space outside it—only a slight glimpse of the quad could be had.

Arthur Augustus had no fear of being observed in his descent. It was after that that the dangers would begin.

He clambered actively through the window and swung on the rope.

Arthur Augustus had plenty of pluck, and the dizzy height did not make his head swim.

Hand below hand he lowered himself nimbly.

Lower and lower, swiftly and surely, till his feet touched the ground. Then he paused to take breath.

But he did not waste time. He had succeeded so far. It remained to get clear of the precincts of St. Jim's—unseen, if possible. But seen or not, Arthur Augustus intended to go, even if he went with two or three prefects raging on his track.

He crept to a corner and peered out over the quad. It was deserted.

Arthur Augustus realised that it was dinner-time, though he was not thinking of his dinner. He gave a little chirrup of glee. The fellows and the masters would all be indoors; nothing would be simpler than to get clear—unseen, unsuspected.

That happy thought had just come into his mind when a loud exclamation from above reached his ears.

He glanced up in alarm.

The head and shoulders of Knox of the Sixth appeared from the window of the punishment-room. The prefect was glaring down at him in astonishment.

"Great Scott! D'Arcy! Stop, you young rascal!"

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus set his teeth. He was discovered.

He realised that Toby must have brought his dinner to the punishment-room, with the prefect in attendance to unlock the door, and, of course, it had been discovered immediately that the room was empty.

Arthur Augustus thanked his lucky stars that he had not been a few minutes later. Had Knox entered while he was still in the room he would have noted the filed bar at once, and escape would assuredly have been cut off. But Arthur Augustus, as it happened, was ahead.

"Do you hear me?" roared Knox.

"Go and eat coke, you wottah!" was Arthur Augustus' reply.

"Stop!"

Arthur Augustus did not stop. His only idea was to reach his bike and flee. He rushed for the woodshed.

Knox withdrew from the window. Shoving aside the astounded Toby, the prefect rushed out of the punishment-room and dashed down the stairs.

The bully of the Sixth was due in the dining-room, but he was only thinking at that moment of recapturing the junior. It was his duty as a

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prefect, and Knox was very zealous in the performance of his duties when he could make somebody uncomfortable thereby.

The prefect bounded down the stairs three at a time and rushed for the door, and there was a roar as he rushed into Mr. Selby, who was crossing the Hall towards the dining-room.

"Oh! Ah!"

"Yaroo!"

Mr. Selby went flying.

Knox staggered back dazedly from the shock, and Mr. Selby rolled on the floor.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Knox.

Mr. Selby sat up.

"What? Who— Ah, Knox! How dare you rush into me, Knox! How dare you collide with me like a—a—a wild beast, Knox!" shrieked Mr. Selby. "I am hurt. I believe I am injured. Knox, you—your ruffianly imbecile!"

"I—I beg your pardon, sir!" panted Knox.

"I—I was after D'Arcy!"

Knox was winded, but he knew how to make peace with Mr. Selby.

That gentleman bounded to his feet.

"D'Arcy!" he ejaculated. "D'Arcy of the Fourth, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he not in the punishment-room?"

"He has bolted, sir."

"Goodness gracious!" Mr. Selby gasped for breath, and his eyes glittered green. "That insolent boy—he has gone! But how—how?"

"Out of the window, sir."

"But—but the bars?"

"Filed away, sir."

"He must have had accomplices in this, then!" exclaimed Mr. Selby. The Third Form master almost forgot his tumble. "You did quite right to follow him at once, Knox, though you might have been more careful. Where is he now?"

"I saw him in the quad, sir."

"Come with me at once!"

Master and prefect dashed out of the House, and round the building. There was a shout from Knox.

"There he is, sir!"

"Where—where?"

"The woodshed! This way, sir!"

"Seize him, Knox!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had just come out of the woodshed. He had found his coat and hat there, placed in readiness by the obliging Wally. He came out in coat and topper—to find Knox streaking for him as if on the cinder-path, and the Form-master running laboriously behind.

D'Arcy dashed away at top speed. He vanished round the outbuildings, heading for the side gate. If Wally had carried out his instructions, his bike was there. Once astride his faithful "jigger," and all was serene!

"Good old Wally!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

The bike was there, leaning against the wall, just inside the gate.

D'Arcy tore the gate open, pushed the bike out, and the gate slammed behind him. A topper and a coat were not exactly suitable attire for quick riding, but it was too late to think of that.

Arthur Augustus hopped on his machine, and his feet pressed the pedals hard, and they fairly flew round.

A few seconds later Knox dragged the gate open and rushed out.

Arthur Augustus was turning into the high road on the bike, and he disappeared next moment.



Trudging back to Europe and liberty—the Hungarians' view of the return of their War prisoners from Siberia.

A series of three different charges made on each of them going to a fund to help Hungarian prisoners of war in Siberia. On the lowest value of the series, the 40 filler (illustrated here), we see a muffled figure tramping through the snow.

On the middle value, the 60 filler, are shown a group of disconsolate soldiers languishing behind barbed prison wires, and on the highest value, the one korona, is depicted the reunion of a Hungarian soldier with his wife and children. A graphic set of pictures reminding us of the hardships of war.

BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Now, for another side of the picture, we turn to a series of what we may call special stamps attached to Czecho-Slovakia.

There has always been a common bond between the Czechs and the Russians, for they are both members of the great Slav race. When the Great War started, many Czechs living in parts of Europe, under the domination of Austria-Hungary, found themselves called upon to fight on Austria's side against the Russians. Numbers of these changed sides and threw in their lot with the Allies.

The Czechs in Russia, on the other hand, were looked on with suspicion by the Russians, who believed that they secretly supported the Austrian cause. Eventually, however, the more adventurous of the Russian Czechs prevailed on the Russian authorities to allow them to form a separate Czecho-Slovak Legion. It rendered valuable service on the Austrian front, but when the Russian Revolution came, the Legion found itself in a pretty ticklish position.

The Valiant Legion

Few of the stamps issued in the Great War tell such a thrilling story as those produced by the Czech Legion.

A MIGHTY interesting slice of history is recorded in the stamps of two European countries. In 1920 Hungary issued a

The legionnaires were still anxious to help the Allied cause, but, by now, the Russians were still less keen on them than they had been when the Legion was formed. Eventually it was decided that the Legion should link up with the French Army on the Western Front.

The only way to do this was to cross Russia, travel up its eastern coastline, and then come Francewards by way of Siberia. No mean task, even in peace-time, but with violent revolution raging throughout the Russian continent, a truly colossal task.

However, the Czecho-Slovaks were undaunted, and off they started on their great trek. En route they had not only to fight against such obstacles as vile weather and lack of food, but they often had to fight the Russians themselves.



Czecho-Slovakia's first stamp commemorating her brave Legion. Note the bayonets in the frames.

A UNIQUE STAMP SUBJECT.

When at last they got to bleak Vladivostok the legionnaires were advised to remain there in order to keep the vital Trans-Siberian railway free for Allied use. And here's where our Hungarian stamps come in.

Most of Russia's German and Hungarian prisoners of war had been transferred to Siberia. But, until the arrival of the Legion, there was the constant fear that these prisoners would escape and return to help their armies in Europe. The legionnaires were ordered to prevent this, and prevent it they did.

While in Siberia, the legionnaires produced stamps of their own. On the highest value, the one rouble, we see a typical Legion sentry, while on the middle value is a subject which is probably unique in stamp subjects—an armoured train.

Justifiably proud of her legionnaires, Czecho-Slovakia has several times since paid postal tribute to the men who did so much to ensure the foundation of the republic, and, in their small corner, help bring victory to the Allies.

Mr. Selby came panting up.
"Have you caught him, Knox? Why are you dawdling here? Where—"

"He's got a bike, sir. He's gone!"

"A bicycle!" shouted Mr. Selby. "It is a plot! He has had accomplices in this."

"No doubt about that, sir," said Knox. "I fancy the others were with him in this. They want him in the junior eleven. He's gone after them, I should say."

"After them? After whom?"

"Tom Merry and the rest. They've gone over to Rookwood, sir," Knox explained. "D'Arcy was in their team, but as he was detained, he couldn't go."

"Bless my soul! Do you seriously mean to tell me, Knox, that the boy can have had the astounding audacity to break detention to play in a football match?"

"Just like one of those cheeky kids in Study No. 6, sir. I haven't the least doubt of it."

Mr. Selby almost raved.

"But such a flagrant defiance of authority—it is unheard of. He must be stopped, brought back, punished! Why, if such a defiance of authority is allowed to pass, there will be an end of all discipline in the school. He must be prevented from going, Knox!"

"He's gone, sir!"

"Have the others started?"

"Well, they'll have to go from Wayland Junction," said Knox. "The express can't have gone yet. I suppose D'Arcy intends to join them on his bike. That must be the idea."

"He must be stopped!" raved Mr. Selby.

Knox did not reply. He was more than willing to stop Arthur Augustus, if it could be done, and disappoint him, but he did not see how it was to be done.

"Come with me, Knox. The boy is ruffianly enough to resist, and I may need help. We will take the local train from Rylcombe."

"It's gone long ago, sir. They caught that to Wayland. The next doesn't get there till long after the express has gone."

"He shall not escape!" thundered Mr. Selby.

"I don't see—"

"Go to the garage at once, Knox, and order out the Head's car. Use my authority. Tell the chauffeur not to lose an instant. We will go to Wayland. The car will travel faster than a bicycle."

"I—I haven't had my dinner, sir."

"Never mind your dinner, Knox. I haven't had mine. At such a time as this, one must be prepared to make little sacrifices for the good of the school."

"Very well, sir."

Knox started for the garage, and Mr. Selby rushed into the House to change his gown and his mortar-board for a coat and hat.

Knox was in a bad temper by this time. He was very keen to be "down" on Study No. 6 in any way whatever, but he did not want to miss his dinner. As for the "good of the school," he knew that what Mr. Selby was thinking of was not the discipline of St. Jim's, but his own private animosity. But there was no help for it, and Knox carried out Mr. Selby's instructions.

Five minutes later the car was buzzing away to Wayland, with Mr. Selby and Knox seated in it. They kept their eyes wide open for a cyclist, but they did not spot Arthur Augustus on the way.

The swell of St. Jim's was riding hard, by short cuts that the car could not take. But Mr. Selby had no doubt that the rapid car would beat the bicycle in the race to the station, and he looked forward with spiteful satisfaction to marching Arthur Augustus D'Arcy back to St. Jim's—back to a caning and the punishment-room.

CHAPTER 9.

Touch and Go!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY was simply flying along on the bike.

His silk hat was on the back of his head, his coat-tails were flying in the breeze, his handsome trousers were being splashed with mud as he ground away on the pedals. But, for once, the swell of St. Jim's was not thinking of his clobber. Even clobber had taken a secondary place now.

He had time to get to Wayland Junction for the express, and to join the party for Rookwood—but only just time.

He came out into the Wayland road with a rush, and buzzed on into the town and to the station.

The big station clock caught his eye. Three

minutes more! He gave a gasp of relief as he jumped off his machine.

"Done it, bai Jove!"

Then his eye fell upon Dr. Holmes' motor-car, standing outside the station, and upon Knox, sitting in the car.

Mr. Selby was inside the station. Knox, the prefect, was keeping watch outside in the car.

Gerald Knox spotted Arthur Augustus just as Arthur Augustus spotted him.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated D'Arcy.

"Caught!" chuckled Knox.

He jumped out of the car.

But Arthur Augustus was not caught yet. He leaned the bike against the red pillar-box outside the station and ran in.

Knox made a grab at him and missed, D'Arcy dodging him like a Rugger three-quarter eluding a tackle. He vanished, panting, into the station entrance.

Knox paused there, grinning.

Mr. Selby was on the departure platform, watching. The swell of St. Jim's was not likely to elude him.

Knox stationed himself in the entrance to cut off D'Arcy's escape.

Taken between two fires, as it were, Arthur Augustus certainly seemed to be at the end of his tether.

The swell of St. Jim's did not stop for a ticket. He knew that the express was signalled, and he rushed for the platform.

The porter at the gate was well acquainted with Arthur Augustus, and he did not stop him. He had observed the football team on the platform, and could guess that this was a belated member of the team trying to catch the train.

There was a general gasp from Tom Merry & Co. as they spotted the swell of St. Jim's coming breathlessly on the platform.

"Cave!" yelled Blake.

"Look out, Gussy!"

"Gweat Scott!"

Arthur Augustus was about to join his comrades when he became aware of Mr. Selby bearing down on him. He had not had time to think, and he had not yet realised that Knox was not likely to have come over in the Head's car by himself. But at the sight of the Third Form master, D'Arcy understood all.

He stood rooted to the platform, the Form-master interposing between him and the football team.

"Stop!" said Mr. Selby acidly.

"Oh cwickey!"

"You will return to the school with me immediately, D'Arcy! I fully understand your insolent plan of going to Rookwood, in spite of your detention! You will certainly not be allowed to do anything of the kind! Come!"

Arthur Augustus backed away as Mr. Selby reached out a hand to place on his shoulder.

"Weally, Mr. Selby—"

"D'Arcy, I command you—"

"You are not my Form-mastah, sir, and I wufese to wecognise your wight to give me ordahs—"

"You impertinent young rascal—"

"I decline to be called an impertinent young wascal!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly.

"Bai Jove! Here comes the twain! Pway allow me to pass, Mr. Selby!"

"Boy!"

The express came steaming in, and stopped.

Tom Merry & Co. boarded the train. They had only a minute to do so.

"It's hard cheese, but it's all up with Gussy," said Tom Merry. "Good-bye, Gussy, old man!"

Arthur Augustus panted with wrath. He made a rush for the train, and Mr. Selby promptly seized him and held him back.

The junior could easily have laid the Form-master low with an upper-cut; but, angry as he was, Arthur Augustus fortunately did not go to that length.

The doors slammed, the juniors in the train shouted "Good-bye!" to the disappointed Gussy, and the express glided out of the station.

Mr. Selby held the swell of the Fourth in a firm grip till the train was quite out of the station. Then he released him, with a grim smile.

"You will now come with me, D'Arcy! I shall report this conduct to the Head!"

Arthur Augustus set his teeth.

"I wogard this intahfence as uttably un-waywanted, sir!" he said.

"Silence! Follow me!"

Mr. Selby strode away, frowning, and Arthur Augustus followed him.

The express being gone, and with it all chance of getting to Rookwood with the team, Mr. Selby had no doubt that the rebellious junior would follow him quietly to the car and return to St. Jim's.

But nothing was further from the thoughts of Arthur Augustus.

He was not beaten yet. The firmness of a rock and the obstinacy of a mule combined were as nothing to the determination of Arthur Augustus at this moment.

He was not at the end of his resources by any means, and his noble brain was working rapidly.

He followed Mr. Selby out of the station, Knox of the Sixth greeting him with a sneering grin.

"Get into the car, D'Arcy!"

Arthur Augustus crossed the pavement towards the car, but he did not get in. As he reached it, he made a sudden rush for his bicycle, still leaning on the pillar-box.

"Stop him, Knox!" shouted Mr. Selby, in anger and alarm.

Knox rushed at the swell of St. Jim's.

D'Arcy reached the bike, and Knox reached him. Knox grasped him by the shoulder with one hand, and seized the handlebars of the machine with the other.

"Let go, you wottah!" panted D'Arcy.

"Stop, you young fool! Oh—ah—yah!"

Arthur Augustus was desperate. He hit out, and his fist came with a terrific thump on Knox's chest.

The Sixth Former staggered back and sat down on the pavement, dragging the bike down with him. He let out a fearful yell as the pedal jarred on his shin.

"D'Arcy!" shrieked Mr. Selby.

"Yow-ow-ooop!" shrieked Knox.

D'Arcy did not reply. He was running. In a twinkling almost he disappeared in the traffic of Wayland High Street.

"Great Scott!" gasped Mr. Selby. "Knox, follow him—pursue him!"

"Yoooooop!" groaned Knox. "Oh, my shin! Ow! I'm hurt! Groooogh!"

Mr. Selby gave an impatient snort, and strode after Arthur Augustus himself. Dignity forbade Mr. Selby to start upon a wild foot-race with the runaway junior. But if he had run his hardest he would not have had much chance in a foot-race with the Fourth Former.

Mr. Selby paused in the High Street, and blinked furiously after the vanished junior.

D'Arcy had disappeared from sight. The Form-master, gritting his teeth, returned to the car and the groaning prefect.

CHAPTER 10.

A Race on the Road!

"B AI Jove! That was a nawwow squeak!" Arthur Augustus slackened down, panting, but victorious.

He had lost his train and he had lost his bike, but he had other resources if there was time—and he did not lose a moment.

At a quick walk he hurried in the direction of Wayland garage; he reached it in a few minutes. Arthur Augustus was well known there; many a time he had telephoned for a car for some excursion. He walked into the office hurriedly.

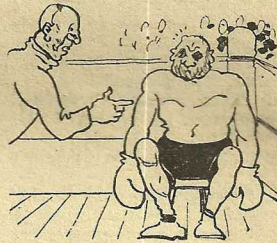
"Good-aftahnoon, Mr. Wheelah!"

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Mr. Wheeler urbanely.

"I suppose I can have my usual cah?"

"Certainly, sir."

"The fact is, I am wathah in a huwwy," said Arthur Augustus. "I've lost my twain, and it's a mattah of ovahtakin' a football team in time



"I can 'ardly see 'im now."
"Never mind, Bill, 'it 'im from memory!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to A. Breadner, Marine Hotel, Peel, Isle-of-Man.

to play in the match. Will you let them wun out the cah as quickly as possible?"

"Certainly!"

Mr. Wheeler's charge was two guineas for the afternoon. Most juniors applying for a car on those terms would probably have been asked for a sight of the cash, but the son of Lord Eastwood was not troubled in that way.

Mr. Wheeler was only too ready to put it down to the account, to be settled by a cheque from his lordship; and Arthur Augustus had little doubt that his noble pater would pay that little bill quite cheerfully when he knew how extremely urgent the case had been.

In that Arthur Augustus was probably mistaken. But he did not care in the least if the bill was stopped from his allowance. There was only one thing that mattered—and that was to get to Rookwood in time for the football match. A handsome car was soon in readiness in the garage yard.

Arthur Augustus was keeping one eye on the street, wondering whether Mr. Selby would "tumble" to his plan and come along to stop it. But there was no sign of Mr. Selby.

"Ready, sir," said the chauffeur, touching his cap.

"Vewy good! I want you to get to Wookwood THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,562.

as fast as poss, chauffeur. You go through Latcham, and then to Coombe. Make her wip, deah boy."

"Yes, sir," grinned the dear boy.

Arthur Augustus stepped into the car, and the chauffeur started it.

The swell of St. Jim's gave a quick glance round as the car glided out into the High Street, but the enemy was not in sight.

"Now let her wip!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

The car "ripped" along the Wayland Road.

Ahead of them on the road was another car, and Arthur Augustus recognised Dr. Holmes' Austin. The next moment he recognised the backs of two heads in it—the heads of Gerald Knox and Mr. Selby.

"Gweat Scott!" murmured Arthur Augustus in dismay.

Mr. Selby and Knox were on their way back to the school. They had started in the car while Arthur Augustus was busy at the garage. For some distance their way lay along the Wayland Road—the same as Arthur Augustus' way. They were only a few minutes ahead, and he had overtaken them.

"Bai Jove! How uttably wotten! Stop, Wobinson! No; keep on! Make her wip!" shouted Arthur Augustus.

Mr. Selby had glanced round at the sound of a car hooting behind him. His face was a study as he spotted Arthur Augustus in the following car.

"D'Arcy," he ejaculated, "in a car!"

"D'Arcy!" repeated Knox, with a whistle. "He's got a car for Rookwood! By Jove! Of all the cheek—"

Mr. Selby jumped up and waved to D'Arcy's chauffeur.

"Stop!" he shrieked. "I command you—stop!"

The chauffeur did not even look at him. A sudden excited command from a perfect stranger was not likely to make him stop.

D'Arcy's car was passing the Austin now and drawing ahead.

"D'Arcy, stop!"

"Stop, you cheeky young villain!" yelled Knox. "Wats!"

That was all D'Arcy's reply.

The car rushed on, and Mr. Selby was left behind. He leaned forward and yelled to the chauffeur.

"Follow that car! Overtake it! Hurry!"

Dr. Holmes' chauffeur put on speed.

It was a race now between the two cars.

They were about equally matched in point of speed, and both of them fairly flew along the High Road.

Arthur Augustus looked back.

A hundred yards behind, the St. Jim's car was tearing on his track, with Mr. Selby in it, gesticulating wildly.

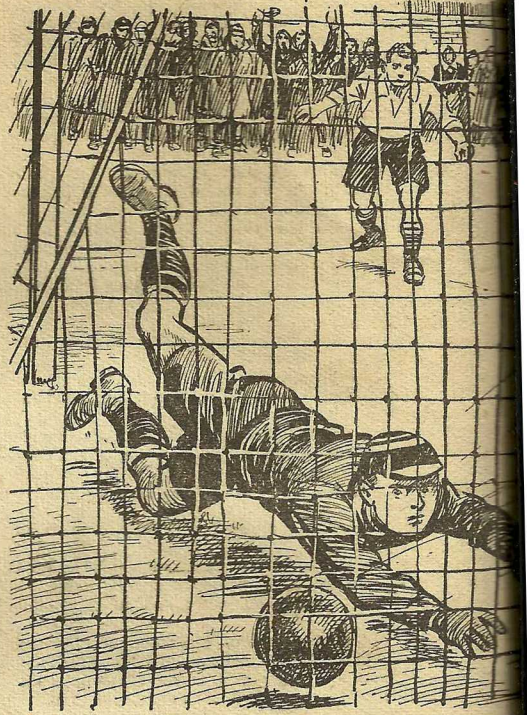
"Bai Jove! They're chasin' me!" murmured D'Arcy. "Old Selby is wathah a stickah. I say, Wobinson"—the chauffeur's name was not Robinson; but Arthur Augustus called all chauffeurs Robinson, that being the name of the family chauffeur at home—"Wobinson, deah boy, make her wip! There's a cheeky wottah twyin' to wace us. Don't let our cah be beaten on the woad, Wobinson!"

"Leave it to me, sir!" chuckled the chauffeur.

The car fairly hummed along.

After it came the Head's car—humming, too.

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With only the Rookwood goalkeeper to beat now, let drive. The leather whizzed in like a cannon—the roar of "Goal!"

Mr. Selby was urging on his driver.

Knox looked rather uneasy as the milestones flashed past, and loud shouts came from angry drivers of other vehicles.

"We're exceeding the speed limit, sir," said Knox.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Selby.

"But we are, sir. We're doing a good fifty miles an hour."

"Rubbish!"

Mr. Selby was not to be reasoned with. He was risking getting a summons for dangerous driving, but he was too angry to think of that.

"We shall catch him!" he exclaimed. "I will follow him all the way to Rookwood if necessary!"

"Unless we get pulled up," mumbled Knox.

"Nonsense!"

"It means a summons, sir."

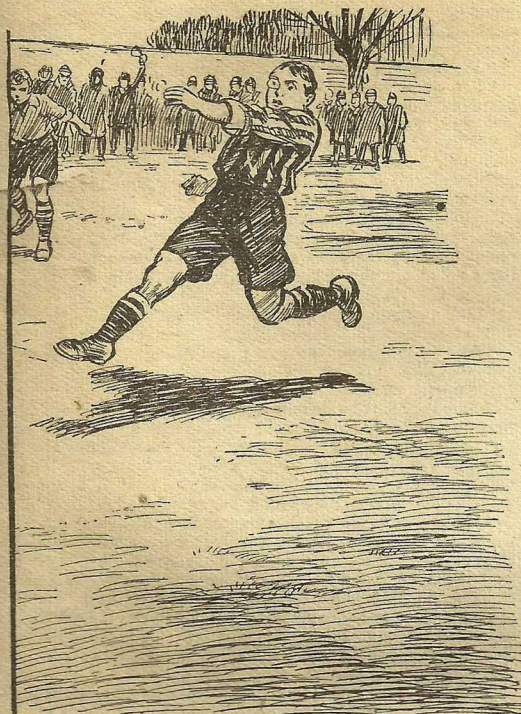
"Pray do not talk rubbish, Knox!"

"Oh, all right, sir!"

Arthur Augustus looked round over the back of his car. His face was flushed with excitement; he had forgotten even the Rookwood match, and was enjoying the race. He waved his eyeglass to his pursuers encouragingly.

Mr. Selby shook his fist in answer to that encouraging wave. He was quite beside himself with anger. He did not stop to consider what the Head was likely to say or think about this reckless use of his car.

Twenty miles had slipped under the wheels. The two cars, still separated by about a hundred



with the ball till he was ten yards from goal, and then tried full-length to save, but in vain, and next moment from the spectators.

yards, were following a white road across a moor.

Then the Head's chauffeur slackened down.

Mr. Selby shouted at him furiously.

"What do you mean? What are you stopping for?"

"Beg pardon, sir——"

"Get on!"

"Very well, sir. But I thought I ought to mention——"

"Nonsense! You are losing time. If that truant escapes I shall hold you responsible!" shouted Mr. Selby.

"Very well, sir; only we can't go much farther."

"Why—why not?"

"I've got barely enough petrol left to get back to the school, sir, if we turn back now."

"Petrol! Petrol! What—what?" Mr. Selby foamed. "Do you mean to say that you have been imbecile enough to come out without sufficient petrol?"

"You ordered the car for Wayland, sir," said the driver surlily. "I didn't know there was a long stretch to follow. I wasn't told."

"Do you mean to say that you cannot keep on?"

"Certainly, sir! But I can't get much farther without more petrol."

"You must obtain petrol from somewhere."

"I'll stop in the next town, sir, if you like," said the chauffeur. "What I knows is that Dr. Holmes 'ave ordered his car for four o'clock

this afternoon, and I ain't too much time to get back now."

Mr. Selby fairly gasped.

To renew the supply of petrol would take time. All hope of recapturing Arthur Augustus was at an end now.

D'Arcy's car was, indeed, a speck in the distance already.

"Return to Wayland!" snapped Mr. Selby savagely.

The chauffeur turned the car in the road, and Mr. Selby, trembling with rage, was carried back to the market town.

Knox did not dare to say a word. He was afraid the disappointed man's wrath might turn upon him.

Mr. Selby gritted his teeth during the run back. He was savagely angry. He ordered the car to stop at the station, and called a porter, to ask after trains. It was nearly an hour since the express had gone. Another was due to start in fifteen minutes.

The master of the Third jumped from the car.

"Take the car home!" he said curtly.

He hurried into the station without another word. When the express started, Mr. Selby was seated in a first-class carriage, his face pale with anger. He still had hopes of arriving at Rookwood in time to stop Arthur Augustus playing in the match. That, at least, would be some satisfaction and worth the journey—to march Arthur Augustus off the field, under the eyes of all the Rookwood fellows, with a grip on his ear. Arthur Augustus had escaped, but he had not done with Mr. Selby yet.

CHAPTER 11.

A Surprising Meeting!

"HERE'S Coombe!"

The train stopped, and Tom Merry & Co. poured out on the platform.

They had changed at Latcham, and the local train had brought them on to Coombe, the little village near Rookwood School.

Two or three fellows in Rookwood caps were on the platform waiting for them.

Jimmy Silver, the junior captain of Rookwood, was there, with Lovell and Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook.

They greeted the St. Jim's party cheerily.

"We've got a motor-coach outside," said Jimmy Silver. "This way!"

Tom Merry & Co. marched out to the coach.

They piled into the roomy vehicle. It was a clear, cold winter's afternoon, and the footballers enjoyed the drive through the keen air, after the stuffy train.

"No sign of Gussy," grinned Monty Lowther, as they drove on. "I half-expected to see him sweeping after us in an aeroplane."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll have to play Dig."

"I'm ready," said Dig. "But we'll leave it till the last minute. Gussy may turn up. He's as obstinate as a mule."

"One of your chaps left behind?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes," said Tom. "Our outside-left——"

"Left outside on this occasion," explained Monty Lowther.

"He's going to come after us if he can," said Tom Merry. "I fancy we shan't see anything

of him, though. As a matter of fact, he's detained, and he's bolted."

"My hat, what a nerve!" said Lovell, with a stare.

"I wish him luck!" said Jimmy Silver heartily. "Who is it?"

"D'Arcy. You remember him?"

"Yes, rather!" Jimmy Silver chuckled. "Chap with a lovely accent, I remember; a ripping winger! I hope he'll come."

Jack Blake was looking out. It seemed outside the bounds of possibility that Arthur Augustus would turn up at Rookwood in time for the match. But Blake knew his chum, and that mulish obstinacy which Gussy called the firmness of a rock. He would not really have been surprised to see Arthur Augustus arrive, by some means or other, at the last moment.

Rookwood came in sight, rising to view over the leafless trees. A car was standing outside the school gates, and several Rookwood fellows were gathered round it.

An elegant form in a handsome overcoat and a silk hat had stepped from the car.

Blake gave a wild yell.

"Gussy!"

"Gussy!" shouted all the team together.

The junior at the gate looked round.

"Bai Jove! Beaten you at the post, deah boys!"

The coach halted.

Tom Merry & Co. swarmed down, and surrounded the smiling swell of St. Jim's.

"How did you get here?" roared Blake.

Arthur Augustus chuckled.

"I came in this cah, deah boy."

"But—but—"

"You see, Wobinson made her wip," explained Arthur Augustus. "We have beaten your old twain hollow."

"Well, my hat!"

"Old Selby chased me in the Head's car," grinned Arthur Augustus. "But they chucked it aftah about twenty miles. Old Selby is beaten to the wide. Sowwy to disappoint you, Dig."

"I'm not disappointed, fathead," said Dig. "But there'll be an awful row about this afterwards."

"Yaas; I shouldn't wondah," agreed Arthur Augustus calmly. "Howevah, the pwincipal point is that I am here. How do you do, Silvah, deah boy? We are goin' to beat you hollow this time."

"Well," said Tom Merry, with a deep breath, "I am glad you're here, Gussy, but you'll have to go through it when we get home. Selby will be like a raging beast!"

"He is always wagin', deah boy. Nevah mind Selby. I pwesume you bwought my clobbah with you?"

"I've got it here," said Blake.

"Thank you!"

The St. Jim's footballers went in at the gates. Arthur Augustus bestowed a handsome tip upon "Wobinson," thanked him cordially for having made her "wip," and dismissed the car.

He followed his comrades into the dressing-room, and proceeded to change with them in a cheery humour.

The consequences of his wild escapade did not seem to be troubling Arthur Augustus at all. He had to give all his thoughts just now to

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beating Rookwood, and he dismissed all considerations of the future to a more convenient time.

"Feeling fit, you duffer?" asked Blake.

"Fit as a fiddle, deah boy! But I object to bein' called a duffah!"

"Well, fathead, then!" growled Blake.

"Wats! Why aren't Talbot and Kangawoo in the team, deah boy?"

"Detained for jawing to you in the punishment-room," said Tom Merry.

"How wotten! Awfully lucky I got here, then, isn't it? Two of the best left out is bad enough, but thwee would have fairly put the lid on. You can wely on me to pull the game out of the fiah, deah boy."

"Did you see anything of Selby after he chased you in the car?" asked Figgins.

"No. I suppose he has gone home."

"Not likely to be following you here—what?"

Arthur Augustus started.

"Gweat Scott! As he gave up the wace, I thought he had chucked up the ideah of catchin' me, you know. He wouldn't be beast enough to come on here and make a scene, I suppose?"

"Wouldn't he?" growled Blake. "Lot he would care about making a scene."

"Well, he couldn't intewwupt the match, anyway," said Arthur Augustus, after reflecting for a moment. "He's not likely to come all the way in the Head's cah, aftah losin' me. And there's not anothah twain frowm Wayland for over an hour, you know. If he does come, we shall have to scwag him. I shall certainly wefuse to take any notice of him if he twies to intewwupt the game."

The St. Jim's fellows left the dressing-room, and found Jimmy Silver & Co. ready in the field.

The idea that Mr. Selby might visit Rookwood, with the intention of interrupting the game, if possible, was somewhat disquieting. But it was useless to worry about it; they could not help it. For the present, they devoted their minds to the Rookwood match.

CHAPTER 12.

Gussy's Goal!

JIMMY SILVER won the toss, and gave St. Jim's the wind to kick off against.

Jones major, of the Fifth Form at Rookwood, was refereeing the match.

The whistle went, and the ball rolled from Tom Merry's feet.

From the kick-off, the Saints realised they were "in for" a decidedly tough match. The Rookwood team was fast and clever.

The two sides of Rookwood, Classical and Modern, had been very nearly equally drawn upon to supply the team. Every fellow in the side—Jimmy Silver, Raby, Newcombe, Lovell, Flynn, Oswald, Tommy Dodd, Cook, Doyle, Towle, and Lacy—was a good man.

Tom Merry's team, though really good, was not the best that St. Jim's could have furnished. They missed Talbot sorely on the right wing, and Kangaroo in the middle of the half-back line.

Arthur Augustus fully intended to make up for all deficiencies by his brilliant play, and had, indeed, promised to do so; his promise having been received with general sniffs.

But, as a matter of fact, Arthur Augustus was especially brilliant that afternoon.



Wally D'Arcy, leader of the Third Form.

Who's Who at St. Jim's

(Continued.)

DIGBY, ROBERT ARTHUR.—A member of Study No. 6 in the Fourth Form, who backs up Blake, Herries and D'Arcy in all their japes and alarms and excursions against the New House and Tom Merry & Co. Sometimes gets his place in the junior football and cricket elevens. Is not outstanding in any way, but is a generous and steady-going fellow. Age 15 years 4 months.

DUDLEY, EDWIN.—A Sixth Former and a prefect of the School House. A genial sort of fellow, and is good at all sports, though not brilliant. Is a loyal supporter of Kildare. Age 17 years 4 months.

FIGGINS, GEORGE.—The long-legged, athletic leader of the New House juniors. Shines in every branch of sport, and is greatly attached to Gussy's cousin, Ethel Cleveland. Shares Study No. 4 with Kerr and Fatty Wynn, the inseparable Co. being great rivals of the School House juniors. He is good in any position on the football field, but usually figures at back or in the forward line. Is a mighty hitter at cricket. Age 15 years 3 months. Form, Fourth.

FINN, BUCK.—Hails from Arizona, U.S.A., and is the son of the foreman of Tom Merry's uncle's ranch. Is an expert with horse and lasso. Has settled down to life at St. Jim's, though he's not a prominent figure. Age 15 years 9 months. Form, Shell. Study No. 4, School House.

FRAYNE, JOE.—Formerly a waif of a London slum. A true friend to Tom Merry when the latter was down on his luck. Afterwards Tom used his influence with his uncle in America to get Joe installed at St. Jim's. Belongs to the Third Form,



George Darrell, chum of the St. Jim's captain.

Perhaps the knowledge of all that he was risking, in playing in the Rookwood match, bucked him up. Perhaps it was the excitement of the escape, and in the chase, that tuned him up. At all events, he was in wonderfully fine form.

Never had his pace been so swift, never had his passing been so accurate, or his kicking so sure.

In spite of the wind in their faces, the Saints led off with a hot attack, and brought the leather down to the home goal.

Arthur Augustus was well to the fore. And when Raby, in goal, fisted out the leather Tom Merry had sent in, Arthur Augustus captured it from the back who sought to clear, and sent it flashing in again. And Raby barely got his hand to it in time. The Rookwood defence cleared, after all, but it had been a narrow shave, in the first five minutes of the game.

"Good old Gussy!" called out Tom Merry. "Keep that up!"

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!"

The match was exciting from the start. There

and is associated with Wally D'Arcy in all manner of rows and japes. Simple and affectionate by nature, and talks with a Cockney accent. Age 13 years 5 months. School House.

GIBSON, STANLEY.—Familiarly known as "Curly." One of Wally D'Arcy's firmest supporters, and a popular character in the Third. Age 13 years 2 months. School House.

GILMORE, PHILIP.—One of the "blades" of the Fifth, and a member of Cutts' set. Indulges in shady pursuits, but has not Cutts' coolness and nerve when in a tight corner. Lacking in strength of character, and rather easily led. Age 16 years 9 months. School House.

GLYN, BERNARD.—Comes from Liverpool, and is the son of a millionaire—which is just as well, for he spends a small fortune on his weird and wonderful inventions. Has a gift for anything in the electrical and engineering line, and among other inventions, has produced a line-writer, a mechanical bulldog, and a robot Skimpole. Lives locally and often takes fellows home to tea. Quite good at sport, but has not much time for it. Age 15 years 6 months. Form, Shell. Study No. 11.



George Alfred Grundy, the chump of the Shell.

GORE, GEORGE.—A curious mixture of bad and good, and is known as the bully of the Shell. Used to be a black sheep, but has now retrieved his past conduct to some extent, though he not infrequently lets his old bad habits gain the mastery over him. Shares the same study as Talbot and Skimpole—No. 9 in the Shell, School House. Age 15 years 10 months.

GRAY, ALBERT.—A handsome Sixth Former, straightforward and honest. Plays in the senior football and cricket elevens, and is a prefect. Belongs to the New House and loyally backs up Monteith. Age 17 years 6 months.

GRUNDY, GEORGE ALFRED.—Late of Redclyffe. A big and burly junior, handy with his fists, and uses direct but blundering methods. Fondly imagined that he could win his way at St. Jim's by sheer brute force, but had a rude awakening when Tom Merry knocked him out in a terrific scrap. Thinks he's a splendid footballer and cricketer, but couldn't get his place in a fag team. Is also a big dunce, which he fails to realise. But in spite of his faults, he is quite a good fellow at heart, honest and true blue. Age 16 years 4 months. Form, Shell. Study No. 3, School House.

(Continued next week.)

was soon a hot attack on the visitors' goal; but Fatty Wynn, between the posts, was all there. The plump Welsh junior put "paid" to all the shots he received, so to speak. Rookwood could not score, though their forwards brought the ball through several times.

Then came a struggle along the touch-line, and the ball went into touch several times, until the St. Jim's attack got away at last, and forced the Rookwooders to concede a corner.

But nothing came of the corner-kick. The game swayed again to midfield, and neither side could launch an attack.

A crowd of Rookwood fellows had gathered round the field. Prominent among them was a slim youth with an eyeglass in his eye—Smythe, of the Shell, the great chief of the nuts of Rookwood. Smythe was looking on, with a tolerant smile.

"Not much class, this fag play," Smythe confided to his companions. "Close on the whistle, and not a goal! They call this football, by gad!"

As a matter of fact, it was good football on

both sides; so good, that neither side was able to score. Territorially, Jimmy Silver & Co. seemed to have the advantage, but the St. Jim's goalkeeper was a tower of strength, and that equalised matters.

Fatty Wynn was not to be beaten. St. Jim's had fewer chances to score; but the greater number of chances that fell to the Rookwooders did not materialise, owing to Fatty Wynn's impregnable defence.

Fatty saved the most deadly shots; and some of the Rookwood fellows remarked that it was miraculous to see him shift his weight about at such a rate.

Phoop!

Smythe of the Shell shrugged his shoulders.

"There goes the whistle, by gad!" he remarked. "And they haven't broken their duck, dear boys. It wasn't like this when I was captain of the team."

The Rookwood nut was quite right in that. In his time the St. Jim's team would have scored half a dozen goals by that time. But Jimmy Silver & Co. had more than held their own.

"Well, where are they, Gussy?" Jack Blake demanded, as the footballers rested, after the whistle.

Arthur Augustus looked surprised.

"They! Who?"

"Those goals."

"What goals, deah boy?"

"Those goals you were going to score," said Blake. "Haven't you promised to pull the game out of the fire? What I want to know is, where are those goals?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Comin', deah boy," said Arthur Augustus.

"Those Wookwood boundahs are vevy hot stuff, you know. But this isn't goin' to be a dwaw. I'm goin' to pile in like anythin' in the second half."

"It's a New House game so far," remarked Figgins loftily. "Fatty's saved our bacon."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, that's all wight; but it takes a School House chap to score goals, Figgys."

"Fathead!"

"Wats!"

"Hallo, here we are again!" said Tom Merry cheerily. "Trot along!"

The brief interval was over, and the teams lined up again. The St. Jim's juniors had forgotten all about Mr. Selby by this time. Fortunately, the master of the Third had not turned up. He was, in point of fact, on his way; but the way was long, and he was an hour and a half behind the football team.

The change of ends brought the wind behind the backs of the St. Jim's team. The wind was freshening, and they felt the relief at once when it was behind them. The first half had been goalless, but both sides were determined that the game should not end in a draw.

The two teams played up for all they were worth, and it was, indeed, a battle of the giants. The Rookwood crowd round the field was thickening. Even Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, had strolled down to look on—a very great honour for a Lower School match.

But the second half was only ten minutes' old when misfortune fell upon St. Jim's. Figgins, at inside-right, was bowled over in a charge—quite a fair charge—but he twisted his ankle in

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falling, and when he was picked up, his face was a little twisted, too, and pale with pain.

The game was stopped.

Kerr ran to him anxiously. He supported Figgins, who leaned heavily on the Scots junior's shoulder.

"Hurt?"

"M-my ankle!" gasped Figgins. "Awfully sorry, Tommy, but I shall have to go off. I—I couldn't run a yard!"

"Right-ho!" said Tom, as cheerfully as he could. "Sorry you're crocked, old chap. Come on again if you feel up to it."

Figgins nodded, and a linesman helped him off.

Figgins was bearing up with grim fortitude, but it was easy to see that he was in great pain, and that he would not be much use again that day.

Tom Merry was left with four in the forward line; the game went on minus George Figgins. The loss was almost irreparable. Figgins was one of the best forwards.

The Rookwood attack was unslacking, and they drove their way down the field now. The attack on goal called for all Fatty Wynn's powers of defence. Fortunately, the fat Fourth Former was not found wanting. For several minutes Fatty Wynn was playing the game almost "on his own," so hot was the attack on the St. Jim's goal.

But Fatty eventually got the ball away to Herries, who cleared to midfield. Then, like a red streak, the most elegant footballer on the field was on the ball, and Arthur Augustus was sprinting for goal.

It was the chance of a lifetime. In that eager attack, which had looked like bringing a goal, the Rookwood half-backs had forgotten caution. The halves had no chance to tackle Arthur Augustus, and he was upon the backs before they could fall back and cover their goal. He tricked the right-back by a clever swerve, and left him fairly stranded as he rushed on, dribbling the ball.

It was a single-handed attack, for the rest of the St. Jim's forwards had been helping to defend their goal during the Rookwood assault.

It was up to Gussy alone, and he had only the left-back and the goalkeeper to beat. The back barred the path to goal, and as Arthur Augustus raced up to him, the Rookwood man pushed out his foot to tackle. But at that moment Gussy kicked the ball past the back, raced round the other side of him, and took the ball on in his stride again.

Gussy now had only the goalkeeper to beat, and ten yards from goal he let drive. The ball whizzed in like a cannon-ball. Raby, in goal, dived full length in an effort to save, but he was beaten easily.

"Goal!" gasped the onlookers. "Great pip! G-g-g-goal!"

It was a goal; there was no mistake about that. Raby lay sprawling in the goal-mouth, and the ball was in the back of the net.

From somewhere on his elegant person, Arthur Augustus extracted his eyeglass, and jammed it into his noble eye. He surveyed the baffled Rookwooders with an affable gaze as they panted up.

"I wathah think that's a goal, deah boys!"

"Goal!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Oh, yes, I rather think it is, and the best goal I've ever seen."

"Goal!" gasped Tom Merry. "Good old Gussy!"

"Alone he did it!" chortled Blake. "Come and be banged on the back, my tulip!"

"Thank you! I'd wathah not. Pway excuse me, Tom Mewwy, for takin' the game into my own hands like that!" said Arthur Augustus gracefully. "You see, it seemed wathah a chance for a solo effort, as the Wookwood half-backs were concentwatin' on attack."

"Hurrah!"

"And I weally had only time to make sure that I was not offside, you know."

"Gussy, old man, you're a giddy jewel!" gasped Tom Merry. "Blessed if I thought you had it in you! Good old fathead!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"
 Raby had tossed out the ball, with a rather glum

Twice Jimmy Silver came through with the ball, but each time he met his match in David Llewellyn Wynn.

It was no go, but Rookwood fought on to the finish.

Pheep! The whistle went at last. The footballers, panting hard after that gruelling game, were glad of the cessation of play. St. Jim's had scored once—Gussy's goal—and Rookwood had not broken their duck.

St. Jim's had won the Rookwood match. Figgins clapped Arthur Augustus on the shoulder with a terrific clap as the players came off the field.

"Yow-wow!" said Arthur Augustus. "Weally, Figgins—"



Numbed with cold and exhausted after his struggle in the choking depths, Arthur Augustus could not have supported himself and the insensible Form-master for long. But fortunately help was at hand—Jack Blake and the rest of the St. Jim's team were racing over the ice to the rescue.

look. It was taken back to the centre of the field, and the teams lined up again.

St. Jim's were in high spirits now. The game had seemed so even that it had looked as if the ding-dong match would end in a draw. But that chance had come, and the outside-left had been on it like lightning.

The Rookwooders had made a slip, but only a first-rate player could have turned it to advantage as Arthur Augustus had done. It had been touch-and-go, but fortunately, as Blake remarked afterwards, it had proved to be touch and not go.

There were fifteen minutes to go, and every minute of that fifteen was packed with strenuous play. But the St. Jim's defence was like iron now. They were a man short, and another chance like the one Gussy had made so much of was not likely to come. But they kept the enemy at bay.

"Good old Gussy!" chortled Figgins. "What a thumping stroke of luck you came! If Selby says a word to you after this, we'll boil him in oil!"

"Wasn't it a ripping goal?" chuckled Blake. "Put your money on Study No. 6!"

"Hurrah!"

But Arthur Augustus bore his blushing honours, thick upon him, with becoming modesty.

"Wats, deah boy!" he said. "I happened to get that goal, but the Wookwood boundahs would have had two or three but for Fatty Wynn. Fatty saved the game. It's a case of honahs divided!"

"Well, that's so," admitted Blake. "But Study No. 6 scored the winning goal, all the same. And we've beaten Rookwood. I wish the Head could
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have been here to see that goal. I know he'd excuse you for bolting if he'd seen it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. changed in great spirits. Arthur Augustus was the most cheerful of all. If he had needed any justification for bolting from St. Jim's that afternoon, surely the winning goal was a complete justification!

Arthur Augustus thought so, and his chums agreed with him. It was very doubtful whether the Head of St. Jim's would also agree, however—very doubtful.

CHAPTER 13.

At Close Quarters!

JIMMY SILVER & Co. were prepared to entertain their visitors at a royal high tea after the match, and Tom Merry & Co. were quite prepared to do justice to that high tea.

But now that the match was over, the thought of Mr. Selby was in their minds.

Whether the master of the Third would follow Arthur Augustus to Rookwood they did not know, but it was likely enough. They knew his hard and bitter nature, and his disinclination to admit defeat. He would enjoy making the juniors feel uncomfortable in the presence of the Rookwood fellows. Above all, it would be a pleasure to him to march Arthur Augustus away by the ear, with a crowd looking on.

Arthur Augustus certainly would have refused to be marched away in that humiliating manner before all Rookwood. As he remarked, he would rather knock Selby down, and chance the consequences. But his affectionate chums had no intention of letting him chance the consequences of knocking Selby down. There would not have been much chance about the consequences—the consequences would have been a dead cert.

So, all things considered, Tom Merry & Co. resolved to leave Rookwood as soon as they had changed, to avoid a meeting with Mr. Selby at the school. They naturally shrank from anything like a scene there, their feelings being a little more sensitive than Mr. Selby's.

So they took their leave of Jimmy Silver & Co., and Jimmy, who understood their motive, acquiesced.

The coach came round to take them to the station to catch an earlier train than they had originally intended. This would necessitate a wait at Latham Junction for the express home; but at Latham they did not mind encountering Mr. Selby if he came upon them there.

They took a cordial leave of the Rookwood fellows. Jimmy Silver was naturally not pleased by the result of the match, but he was a sportsman to the finger-tips, and he congratulated Arthur Augustus heartily upon that splendid goal.

"I wathah like that chap Silvah," Arthur Augustus remarked, as the coach rolled away down the frosty road. "A wegulah sportsman, you know. How is your ankle, Figgy, deah boy?"

"All serene!" said Figgins. "Only a little pain. Never mind that. I'm thinking of you when you get home."

"That's all right. I'm jolly glad we dodged Selby at Wookwood, and pvented the boundah fwom makin' a scene there."

"Of course, we don't know he's coming there," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "But it was best to be on the safe side. Hallo! My hat!"

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"Selby!" ejaculated Blake.

"Wun down!" said Arthur Augustus cheerfully. "Wathah too late to collah me on the footah field, though—what?"

It was Mr. Selby.

He was striding along the lane at a great rate, his coat-tails whisking in the wind.

A slow local train had brought him to Coombe, and he was walking to Rookwood, there being no taxi available at the station.

Mr. Selby was not a good walker—he did not like exercise of any sort—and he was easily fatigued. His temper, in consequence, was at white heat. He realised that he would probably be too late to interrupt the match, but he was looking forward to administering corporal punishment to Arthur Augustus before a staring crowd of Rookwood fellows. That would be some consolation, at least.

He stopped as he sighted the crowd of juniors in the motor-coach, with Arthur Augustus among them. It was the last straw. He was even too late to humiliate the swell of St. Jim's before the Rookwooders.

"Stop!" he shouted.

As Mr. Selby planted himself in the middle of the road, the driver brought the coach to a halt. He could not proceed without running down the Form-master.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" ventured Tom Merry, as the Form-master came round to the side of the coach.

Mr. Selby took no notice of him.

"D'Arcy!"

"Yaas, sir!"

"Descend from that vehicle at once!"

Arthur Augustus turned his celebrated eyeglass calmly upon the infuriated Form-master.

Mr. Selby was trembling with rage. He was looking utterly undignified, too, but that did not seem to trouble him.

"You are not my Form-mastah, sir!" said Arthur Augustus. "I am willin' to answah to Dr. Holmes for bweakin' bounds!"

"Descend at once!"

"I wefuse, sir!"

"If you do not descend immediately, I will drag you out with my own hands!" panted Mr. Selby.

He clambered on the step of the coach.

Arthur Augustus rose to his feet with a great deal of dignity.

"Wathah than entah into an undignified scuffle with a gentleman of your yeahs, I will descend," he said loftily.

And he descended.

"You young scoundrel!"

"I object to that expwession, Mr. Selby!"

"Come here!"

Arthur Augustus backed away. Mr. Selby was gripping his umbrella in a businesslike manner. He seemed to have completely lost control of his temper.

The swell of St. Jim's had no intention whatever of being thrashed with an umbrella.

"What for, sir?" he asked calmly, keeping his distance.

"I am going to punish you for your insolence, you young scoundrel!"

"I wefuse to allow you to do anythin' of the sort!"

"Come here!"

"I wefuse to approach you, sir, in your pwesent tempah! Pway allow me to point out that you are actin' in an extwemely undignified mannah!"

There was a chuckle from the coach. It was a

serious moment, but it was hard to keep serious when Arthur Augustus was on the high horse.

Mr. Selby did not chuckle. He gasped with rage, and made a rush at Arthur Augustus. His umbrella swept the air. Had he reached the junior, he would certainly have hurt him severely—perhaps so severely that he would have had to answer for it seriously himself.

But Arthur Augustus dodged nimbly. "Stop, you young rascal!" yelled Mr. Selby. "Wats!"

"I—I will thrash you! I—I—I—"

The angry man pursued the elusive junior.

"Pway don't wait for me, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus, with undiminished coolness. "I will wejoin you at Latcham. I'm goin' for a little wun."

Arthur Augustus sprang through a gap in the frosty hedge, with the umbrella lashing only a foot behind him.

Mr. Selby was getting dangerous.

The junior broke into a run across the field, with the furious master in full chase.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry, standing up in the coach to watch them over the hedge. "Selby must be out of his senses!"

"He can't know what a figure he's cutting!" grinned Monty Lowther. "Why didn't you bring your camera, Manners?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He won't catch Gussy," said Kerr. "But we'll wait. We've got lots of time."

Certainly it did not look as if Mr. Selby would catch Arthur Augustus. On the farther side of the field was the river, the surface frozen hard. Arthur Augustus slid on the ice. Mr. Selby halted in the frosty rushes and roared.

"Come back!"

"Thank you! I pwefer to wemain here!"

"I shall fetch you—you—"

"Pway don't mind me, sir. It's a wathah healthy exahcise, slidin'," said Arthur Augustus cheerfully. "Sowwy I didn't bwing my skates, but I did not foresee this. Pway undahstand at once that I wefuse to be twashed with an umbwella!"

Mr. Selby did not reply. He trusted himself to the ice. Perhaps he had been able to slide in the long, long ago, when he had been a boy—indeed, if he had ever been a boy at all. But certainly he was what Blake would have called a cack-handed slider now. He covered about two yards on the ice, when his feet flew in different directions, and he came down with a terrific bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the coach as Mr. Selby's legs flew in the air.

But the laughter died away in an instant.

Crack!

The ice was strong enough for skating, but it was not strong enough to stand that terrific concussion.

It broke under Mr. Selby's weight like glass under a stone.

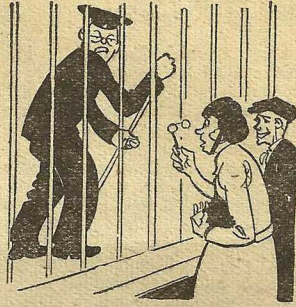
Black water bubbled up through the gap in the ice, and through that gap Mr. Selby vanished from sight.

The juniors in the coach stood frozen. Arthur Augustus gazed at the gap in the ice, thunder-stricken. Water bubbled up, but Mr. Selby had disappeared.

"Bai Jove!"

The juniors in the coach were a hundred yards away—much too far to help—but Arthur Augustus was there.

The moment the tyrant of the Third was in



"Fancy! They even teach the monkeys to sweep out their own cages!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to W. Lawson, 102, Kent Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.

danger, all animosity vanished from Arthur Augustus' generous heart. He forgot everything but the fact that Mr. Selby was in deep water, and could not swim. He stayed only to tear off his coat and toss away his hat.

Then he bounded to the gap in the ice and plunged in.

"Gussy!" panted Blake.

The juniors were leaping and scrambling wildly down from the coach now. They scrambled through the hedge, and tore furiously across the field.

The black waters that had closed over Mr. Selby had closed now over the head of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

CHAPTER 14.

A Narrow Escape!

JACK BLAKE was the first to reach the ice. He came panting up to the yawning gap, where the black waters bubbled up over the broken, jagged edges, and, as he reached it, a head appeared in the open—the drenched head of the swell of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus came up, but not alone. His face was pale. The bitter cold of the icy water had penetrated to his very bones. But the Form-master was in his grasp, and Mr. Selby's head appeared. He was unconscious. He lay like a log in the grasp of the exhausted junior.

Arthur Augustus supported himself with one arm on the ice, holding up the insensible Form-master with the other. For more than a minute he had struggled in the choking depths, and he was spent.

Had there been no help at hand, Arthur Augustus would have gone down to his death with the enemy whom he had saved.

But there was help—the help of eager hands.

Jack Blake's grasp was upon the swell of St. Jim's at once.

Arthur Augustus could not speak. He was numbed.

"Take Selby while I hold Gussy!" panted Jack Blake.

Figgins and Tom Merry were at hand, and they seized the insensible Form-master; Digby and Lowther lent a hand, and Mr. Selby was dragged out on the ice.

Blake and Kerr had Arthur Augustus' hands, and they drew him forth.

"Gwoogh!" gasped D'Arcy.

Blake held him; he almost hugged him.

"Gussy, you dummy! Oh, you silly ass!"

"Gwoogh!"

"Get this coat on—quick—quick!"

"Thank you, deah boy! Gwoogh! Selby all wight?"

"Alive, right 'enough," said Lowther, "but pretty far gone. We shall have to get him to a doctor. Lend a hand, and run him to the coach."

Half a dozen of the juniors lifted the insensible man and rushed him away across the field to the road.

Arthur Augustus followed, running, with Blake holding his arm. Swift exercise was what he needed to counteract the effects of that plunge into icy water. But his head was swimming, and his feet felt like lead.

Blake and Digby helped him along.

They reached the coach, and were bundled in.

"Drive to the nearest doctor's—quick!" panted Tom Merry. "Never mind the station! You know the doctor's?"

"Yes, sir."

The coach sped along the road, and Arthur Augustus, drenched and dripping, sat with half a dozen coats round him. Half a dozen more were wrapped round Mr. Selby. The Form-master groaned, and opened his eyes wildly.

"Help!" he panted—"help! Oh, where am I?"

"Safe as houses, sir!" said Tom Merry.

Mr. Selby shivered.

"I—I fell in!" he stammered. "I—I was under the ice! Oh, the darkness! I—I was choking! I—I—did you get me out?"

"D'Arcy did, sir."

"D'Arcy?"

"Yes, sir. He went in for you—under the ice," said Tom Merry. "Thank goodness he didn't stay there!"

"D'Arcy did?" Mr. Selby gasped. "D'Arcy?"

"I am sowwy you have been in dangah, sir," said Arthur Augustus. "Yestahday, sir, I wefused to apologise to you. Now, sir, I ofah you my most p'pound apologies!"

"Groogh!" said Mr. Selby.

He closed his eyes again.

The coach halted outside the house of the village doctor. That gentleman was at home, and Arthur Augustus and Mr. Selby were rushed in.

Arthur Augustus was sneezing; Mr. Selby was groaning. Arthur Augustus was chiefly in need of a change of clothing and a rub down, but Mr. Selby's case was more serious. He was only half-conscious, and the medical gentleman announced that he could not possibly make a journey.

"You had better leave the gentleman in my hands, and I will see that he is placed in the Cottage Hospital," said the doctor.

"Thank you, sir!" said Tom Merry.

There was nothing else to be done. Arthur Augustus being dried, and provided with a suit of clothes belonging to the medical gentleman's son, the juniors took their leave, leaving Mr. Selby in the doctor's charge.

It was pretty certain that the master of the Third would not return to St. Jim's for some days at least. He was booked for a severe cold, at the very least.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus soberly, as they drove to the station. "I am wathah sowwy, you know. Of course, Selby was a bwute, and had no wight whatever to chase me in that widiculous mannah, but—but, upon the whole, deah boys, I wealise that it is w'ong to bwreak bounds, and I think I did quite wight in apolo-gisin' to Selby."

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"Jolly lucky for Selby you were there!" growled Herries. "I wonder if he'd have gone in for you if you'd bumped through the ice?"

"Ahem! Pway don't wondah anythin' of the sort, Hewwies! Atchoo—chooch—chooh!"

"Hallo! What are you talking Russian for?"

Arthur Augustus was not talking Russian; he was sneezing, and he continued to sneeze at intervals during the journey home to St. Jim's.

"Bai Jove!" he remarked, as the football party left the train at Rylcombe. "I wathah think—atchoo—that I'm catchin'—atchoo—a e-cold!"

"Go hon!" grinned Blake. "Never mind. A few days in the sanatorium, with Miss Marie looking after you, won't hurt you."

"Atchoo-coo-choo!" was Arthur Augustus' reply.

The juniors hurried on to St. Jim's. They were anxious to get Arthur Augustus to bed. He was certainly booked for a severe cold.

Taggles, the porter, looked at them grimly as they came in.

"Master D'Arcy!" he ejaculated. "So you've come 'ome? Report to the 'Ead at once!"

"Atchoo-choo!"

"Which the 'Ead is awaitin' for you," said Taggles, "and which 'e's waxy! My word!"

"Atchoo!"

The juniors marched on to the School House.

Knox sighted them as they came in. He bore down on them at once.

"D'Arcy!"

"Atchoo!"

"Hallo! Been out catching colds?" grinned Knox.

"Gwoogh! Atchoo!"

"You're to go to the Head at once! I'll take you!"

"We'll take him!" said Tom Merry curtly.

And the chums of the School House marched Arthur Augustus to the Head's study.

Tom Merry knocked.

"Come in!"

"Atchoo-choo!"

Dr. Holmes' brow grew dark and stern at the sight of Arthur Augustus. The vials of his wrath were all ready to be poured upon the devoted head of the swell of St. Jim's. The time had come for paying the piper!

"D'Arcy"—the Head's voice was like the rumble of thunder—"D'Arcy, you have— Why—what—bless my soul, what is the matter with him?"

"Gwoogh! Atchoo-choo! Gwoogh!"

"Tumbled in the river, sir; bad cold," said Tom Merry. "May we take him to the dorm now?"

"Dear me! The boy is in a feverish state!" exclaimed the Head. "Take him to the sanatorium at once. Ask the matron to take care of him. D'Arcy, I will deal with your conduct later! You are ill!"

In five minutes Arthur Augustus was safely tucked up between warm blankets, with a hot-water bottle at his feet. Then Tom Merry was called into the Head's study to give an account of what had happened.

He gave an eloquent account. He did not attempt to excuse D'Arcy's bolt; that would have been useless. But he described how Mr. Selby, having followed him to Rookwood, had fallen through the broken ice, and how Arthur Augustus had plunged in after him at the risk of his life.

Tom's voice and look told plainly of the fear that had been in his heart that the generous—

(Continued on page 36.)



A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging views on matters of mutual interest. Readers wishing to reply to notices published here must write to the Pen Pals 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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W. G. Manley, 11, East Street, Torre, Torquay; overseas; newspapers, magazines.

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PEN PALS COUPON

22-1-38

THE GREYFRIARS GREEK WHO TURNED GREEN!

Bully and Dandy!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magnet.")

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

Heracles Ionides, a Greek newcomer to the Sixth Form, makes a bad start at Greyfriars. Effeminate, a dandy, and an ill-tempered bully, he soon finds himself despised and disliked by all the fellows—particularly the Remove, with whom the Greek is on very bad terms.

While Ionides is out one evening, Billy Bunter uses his study fire for cooking a feed, as the Remove quarters have recently been burnt out. The Greek returns, catches Bunter, and gives him a severe licking. Harry Wharton & Co. chip in and smother Ionides' face and head with bacon grease and eggs!

The new senior hesitates to come to grips with the Remove, so he lets the ragging pass. But much to Bunter's disappointment, the feed he was cooking has been left behind in the Greek's study.

(Now read on.)

Bunter Ventriloquises!

HERACLES IONIDES had not made a good start at Greyfriars, either with his own Form, or with the Lower School. The Sixth, mostly despised him as a dandy and a fop, and the juniors disliked him as a bully and an ill-tempered beast. But there was one quarter where the new fellow in the Sixth found favour.

Effeminate as he was out of doors, he was capable of hard work in his study, and his attainments were mostly in advance of those of the rest of his Form. Even the "swots" of the Sixth found themselves outclassed by Ionides on some subjects—especially Greek.

As a Greek himself, Ionides naturally excelled as a Greek scholar, notwithstanding the great difference between the ancient and the modern languages. He found favour with the Head, and with most of the masters, and he had a wily, insinuating manner which helped him on. He had not been a week at Greyfriars, when there was a rumour that he was to be made a prefect.

The Remove received the news with astonishment and disgust. The Sixth did not like the idea at all. That a fellow who never turned up on the football field when he could help it, who was never seen in the gym, should become a prefect, was not pleasant to the seniors. Whatever sort of scholar Ionides might be, something more than scholarship was required for the post. And his unfortunate relations with the Lower Forms were not likely to help him in his new authority. The juniors were certain to kick.

Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, seldom made a mistake, but he certainly made a mistake this time. No one cared to interfere in the matter, and indeed it would have been a delicate task for anyone to point out to the Head that his action was unpopular.

Ionides became a prefect, much to the disgust of the others of that exalted rank. And

the enemies he had made for himself in the Remove knew what it meant for them. Harry Wharton & Co. were likely to hear from him—and they did!

"The fellow's a hopeless cad!" Harry Wharton remarked. "He's like a wildcat, and we shall have to look out for him."

"Yes, rather," grunted Billy Bunter. "I've found out what he did with the grub that was left in his study. He slung it all into the dust-bin!"

"Horrid rotter!"

"Oh, there's no word for him! Fancy chucking away good grub! I don't know when we shall be able to have another feed."

"Wait till the studies are rebuilt," said Harry, laughing, "and then we shall have a house-warming, and a high old time."

"I suppose you're joking. The studies won't be rebuilt for weeks. I suppose you don't expect me to go without anything to eat till then? The school grub barely suffices to support life. Of course, I can eke it out with things from the tuckshop. But what I want is a good feed. I've almost forgotten what a good feed is like," said Bunter pathetically.

"Horrid! Why don't you give a ventriloquial entertainment, and raise vast funds that way?" said Bob Cherry solemnly.

And the Removites chuckled. Billy Bunter's attempts at ventriloquism were a standing joke at Greyfriars.

Bunter blinked indignantly at the juniors.

"I'm sorry to see jealousy so rampant among you chaps," he said; "and I've got pretty far in ventriloquism already. I can throw my voice now. I threw it out of the window once, and——"

"Pity it didn't stop there," yawned Bob. "The trouble with your voice, Bunter, is that you use it too much."

"I threw it out of the window in the passage, and——"

"Did it fall on anybody?"

"I threw it out of the window," said Bunter obstinately, "and Skinner wouldn't believe that there wasn't somebody outside the window helping me. Perhaps if you heard me throwing my voice at this moment, you'd believe me. Look here, I'll make a sound of footsteps coming round the corner there."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"All right. Go ahead!"

The juniors were standing in the passage downstairs. Bunter screwed up his face, and proceeded to squeak and grunt out curious sounds in imitation of footsteps. The chums went into a roar of laughter. It was so evidently Bunter who was grunting that the thing seemed to them screamingly funny. But Bunter's screwed-up face relaxed at last, and his lips were still, and the sound of footsteps approaching from round the corner was audible and unmistakable.

The chums started and stared.

HERACLES IONIDES—FOP AND BULLY—CAUSES AN UPROAR WHEN HE GOES TO DINE WITH THE HEAD!

If Bunter was ventriloquising now, he was doing it remarkably well, for his face was quite still, his lips motionless, and the sound round the corner was quite natural, the footsteps growing louder and louder as they approached.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "It looks—Ha, ha, ha!"

He broke into a laugh as a diminutive figure came round the corner. It was Wun Lung, the Chinese junior of the Remove. It was his footsteps that Harry Wharton & Co. had heard.

The juniors roared, and Bunter's face was a picture.

"Ha, ha, ha! Offside again!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"Hold on; I'll try again, and—"

"Try again, by all means," said Nugent. "Keep it up, old chap. Put your beef into it."

And Bunter, facing the corner, grunted away again as if worked by steam. The chums of the Remove walked quietly off, and left him grunting.

It was about a minute before Bunter stopped, with a face like a beetroot, and quite breathless, and looked round. He blinked to and fro in amazement as he found himself alone.

"I say, you fellows— Oh, really, this is too bad! Fancy leaving me like that! I am sorry to see jealousy of my wonderful abilities carried to such an extent. I'm not appreciated at this school."

And the fat junior ceased to ventriloquise.

Ionides Uses His Authority!

"MARJORIE!"

Two or three voices uttered the exclamation as a graceful girlish figure crossed the Close towards the schoolhouse.

It was Hazeldene's sister. Two or three juniors ran towards her, raising their caps. Marjorie smiled sweetly at them.

"Is my brother here?" she asked. "I wanted to see the ruins of the fire, you know, and I told him I would look in when I came to Friar-dale."

"We shan't be able to ask you to tea in the study," said Harry ruefully. "The study's gone, and the whole Remove passage."

Hazeldene came racing up.

"Hallo, Marjorie! Here you are, then! Come and have a look at the Remove quarters. It's a bit of a change since you were last here."

It was indeed a change when the girl looked at the scene of havoc left by the fire. The Remove passage, with the studies and dormitory, had been gutted, and the workmen were engaged in clearing away the ruins for the rebuilding to commence.

"The upper box-room is gone, too," said Hazeldene. "See, that's where Wharton got on the chapel roof with Molly Locke, but the ledge he climbed along has fallen."

"It is a wonder he didn't fall!" Marjorie exclaimed.

Wharton laughed.

"Oh, Cherry and Nugent helped me at the really ticklish part!" he said carelessly. "It was an exciting time, though."

"It was," agreed Bob Cherry. "Hallo! Here comes Ionides! What the dickens does he want?"

The Greek was strolling towards them



Dressed in elegant style, Ionides walked haughtily past the Remove juniors—quite unaware of the fact that his face was assuming a greenish hue. "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites. "My hat!" gasped Wharton. "What will the Head say when he sees him?"

Marjorie followed the glance of the juniors, and looked curiously at the new product of Greyfriars.

Ionides was dressed with his usual dainty care, his clothes immaculate. His hair, which was beautifully curled, peeped out from under his silk hat. A delicate perfume exhaled from him on all sides. The Greek used very expensive scents, but to the Greyfriars fellows a chap who used scent at all was immediately set down as a fop.

Ionides came up with his usual mincing manner, and raised his silk hat to Marjorie. The girl's bright fresh looks had attracted his attention, and with his customary conceit he had decided to patronise her.

"Good-afternoon!" he exclaimed. "Your sister, I believe, Hazeldene?"

"Yes," said Hazeldene shortly.

"Introduce me, will you?"

"Marjorie, this is Ionides of the Sixth," said Hazeldene reluctantly.

He was inwardly chafing at the Greek's insolence; but Hazeldene was not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

Marjorie nodded coldly.

"You are looking round Greyfriars?" said Ionides, with an agreeable smile. "It will be a great pleasure to me to escort you, Miss Hazeldene."

"My brother is doing so," said Marjorie indifferently. But Heracles Ionides was not to be abashed.

"Oh, I cannot leave you to the care of juniors!" he said. "You are too charming a

young lady. Hazeldene, you have an imposition to do this afternoon."

"That's all right," said Hazeldene. "Lots of time before tea."

"Nothing of the sort. You had better go and do it at once."

Hazeldene hesitated and glanced at his friends. Wharton was looking angry. He disliked more than anything else a scene in the presence of a girl, but he felt that he could never submit to the Greek's insolence.

"Don't go!" he muttered.

The Greek glanced at Wharton with tightening lips.

"Go at once, Hazeldene," said Ionides, "and you will go with him, Wharton! You will do fifty lines from Virgil for your impertinence!"

Wharton set his lips grimly and stood still. Wild horses would not have dragged him from that spot at the moment.

The Greek's dark face flushed with anger.

But before he could speak again Marjorie laid a hand on her brother's arm. The girl knew well enough that it was not safe for the juniors to defy the authority of a Sixth Former.

"Please go," she murmured, "and you, too, Harry."

Wharton swallowed his wrath.

"Very well, if you wish it!" he said.

And Wharton and Hazeldene walked away. The Greek gave Nugent and Bob Cherry a significant look.

"You may go, too," he said.

The juniors looked rebellious, but a glance from Marjorie decided them. They walked away angrily.

Ionides smiled at the girl. He had an idea that he could make a great impression on Marjorie.

But the girl's face was like stone.

"This is a very interesting old place," he remarked. "I will show you. But where are you going?"

"I am going in to see Mrs. Locke."

"But I was going to show you—"

"Thank you—I won't trouble you."

And Marjorie walked away.

The Greek hesitated for a moment, and then he strode quickly after her and kept pace at her side.

Marjorie set her lips and walked faster. Her desire to get away from the Greek was so evident that Ionides' dark face became darker with rage. He passed his arm through hers, and the girl pulled her arm away. But the Greek was holding it fast, and she could not release it.

Marjorie stopped and looked at him.

"Let me go!" she said.

Ionides laughed. They were under the trees, and there was no one to observe them at the moment.

"Let me go, or I will call out!" exclaimed the girl.

The prefect laughed again.

"Nonsense! I am not going to hurt you."

"Help!"

"Fool!" he muttered.

There was a pattering of feet under the trees. Harry Wharton came up breathlessly.

The Greek dropped Marjorie's arm and laughed again uneasily.

Harry was springing forward with clenched fists when the girl interposed.

"Don't be angry, Harry—it's all right."

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"But I heard you call," said Wharton.

"It is nothing. Let us go."

Wharton looked at the Greek with blazing eyes. But for the presence of Marjorie, Harry would have attacked the cad of the Sixth.

Ionides muttered something under his breath and swung away.

Harry and Marjorie walked away together without speaking. The girl was looking troubled.

Harry left her at the door of the Head's house, without either having spoken of the incident under the trees.

Marjorie went in, and Harry went in search of his chums with his face set. From that moment it was war between Harry Wharton and the new prefect.

Bunter Loses the Sausages!

HARRY WHARTON was frowning, and there was a glint in his eyes when he rejoined his chums. His feelings were shared by the other Removites when he explained what had happened under the trees. That Ionides should venture to make himself disagreeable to Marjorie was, as Bob Cherry expressed it, getting past the limit.

"We've got to make him sing small," said Nugent determinedly. "It's the Remove up against a cad in the Sixth, and we'll bring him down off his perch or bust something!"

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, coming up, "I've got an idea!"

"Whose is it?"

"Oh, really Cherry, it's a ripping idea! You know that we can't ask Hazeldene's sister to tea in the study now that it's burnt out. I was thinking we might have a feed in the woodshed to celebrate her visit, if you fellows can stand the tin. I can do the rest."

"I can't quite see that there's any 'rest,'" said Nugent. "But how are you going to do the cooking in the woodshed?"

"There isn't going to be any cooking. I was thinking of a cold collation."

"A which?"

"A cold collation. I could get the things at Mrs. Mumble's, if you fellows had the tin. I know it's cold weather for a cold collation, but what are you to do when you can't get a fire to cook by? I think a cold collation is the only resource. How much can you fellows stand?"

"We can stand lots of things, Bunter, but we can't stand you," said Bob Cherry, walking away.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I say, Wharton, don't go for a minute. What do you think of the idea of a cold collation in the woodshed?"

"Rotten!" said Wharton tersely.

And he walked off, too.

Bunter was left to blink indignantly. All his ideas seemed to be wrong just now, and the feed he was yearning for seemed destined never to materialise.

Marjorie, as a matter of fact, had tea with Mrs. Locke. The Remove, as usual, had the meal in Hall. Bunter, who had succeeded in borrowing a couple of shillings of Wun Lung, came into the dining-room with a jar of jam under one arm and a paper packet of sausages under the other.

He sat down in his place and put the sausages on his plate. They were cold sausages, but they looked very brown and nice. There were eight of them, sufficient for a snack, even for Billy Bunter.

"Giving any of those away, Bunter?" called out Skinner across the table.

"Certainly not, Skinner! I have barely sufficient for myself. I'm not a greedy chap; but I have to take a certain amount of nourishing food to keep up my strength."

Skinner cast a longing eye upon the sausages. He exchanged glances with Bulstrode and Stott, who were sitting on either side of him. He was determined to have some of those sausages by hook or by crook.

"I say, Bunter, have you been doing any ventriloquism lately?" he asked, as Billy Bunter plunged a fork into the first sausage.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter, looking up. "I'm getting on splendidly."

"Stott here says you couldn't make your voice come from the Fifth Form table."

"Oh, really, Stott, it would be as easy as winking! I'll give you a sample after tea."

"Give it us now!" said Stott sceptically.

Billy Bunter glanced towards the head of the table. Mr. Quelch, the Remove master, was not in his usual place. Randall, the fattest and best-natured prefect at Greyfriars, was in his place in charge of the Remove table. Randall was carrying on a conversation on the subject of football with another Sixth Former, and paying no attention whatever to what was passing at the table he was supposed to be in charge of.

"It's all right," said Stott. "Old Randall won't take any notice, so long as you don't make too much noise. Go ahead. Seeing is believing."

"I'll jolly soon show you, then," said Bunter.

He turned towards the Fifth Form table, and a painful squeak proceeded from his mouth, with the scarcely distinguishable words:

"Ere I am!"

It was supposed to be a voice speaking from the Fifth Form table, but it was plain enough that the squeak proceeded from Bunter's straining throat. But Skinner & Co. didn't care a rap where the squeak proceeded from.

Directly Bunter's head was turned, Skinner, Stott, and Bulstrode reached across the table and jabbed their forks into the sausages, and whisked them over to their own plates.

"Ere I am!" went on the ventriloquist. "Can't you hear me?"

Bunter turned back to the Removites with a crimson and triumphant face.

"What do you think of— Where are my sausages?"

Skinner, Stott, and Bulstrode, who were bolting sausages at express speed, made no reply.

Bunter looked up and down the table. Bob Cherry was yelling with laughter, and as he was sitting next to Bunter the Owl of the Remove at once suspected him.

"Oh, really, Cherry, it's too rotten! Where are they?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I haven't taken them, ass!"

"Who has, then?"

"Better employ a detective."

The Removites were all chuckling.

Bunter rose in his place, blinking excitedly behind his big spectacles.

"Who's got my sausages? I'm going to have my sausages. I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo! Sit down there!" said Randall, looking round. "How dare you make that row at the table, Bunter? Sit down!"

"My sausages—"

"Shut up—"

"I brought in eight sausages—"

"I don't care if you brought in twenty. If you

don't sit down and shut up this instant, I'll send you out of the room without your tea."

Bunter sat down, overwhelmed. He blinked to and fro, and he blinked across the table at last, and saw the last of his sausages disappear into the capacious jaws of Skinner & Co.

"You—you rotters!" he murmured.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter started on bread-and-butter and jam. As he opened the jampot, Skinner leaned across the table and whispered confidentially:

"I say, Bunter, that was an awfully ripping bit of ventriloquism. Would you mind doing it again?"

Bunter gave a glare that ought to have petrified Skinner on the spot. He did not accept the invitation, and Skinner's designs on the jam were frustrated.

As the Remove came out of the dining-room after tea, Ionides called to Bob Cherry.

The junior approached him unwillingly. Now that Ionides was a prefect, it behoved the juniors to be more careful towards him. They sometimes had trouble with Carberry, but Carberry's character was well known to most of the masters, and to some extent to the Head, and his influence with the powers that be was small.

It was different with Ionides. He had contrived to worm himself into the Head's good graces, and to keep on good terms with all the other masters. He was certain of backing from the authorities, and the Remove knew that.

Bob Cherry would gladly have turned his back on the Greek and walked away, but it would not have done. He walked slowly up to the senior and waited for orders, inwardly chafing.

"I want you to go down to the village," said Ionides.

"I don't want to go!" growled Bob Cherry.

"That has very little to do with the matter, I imagine," said Ionides satirically. "I shall fag you juniors as much as I please, and you and your set especially, as a lesson for your insolence. I'll teach you manners before I've done with you."

"You may learn manners yourself," muttered Bob Cherry under his breath.

"You will go to Mr. Fraser, the chemist, and get me what is written on this card," said Ionides. "You will take great care of it as it is expensive."

"Where's the money?"

"You will not need any money, as I have an account with the chemist."


"Oh, all right!" grunted Bob.

He took the card and walked away. His grumpy look when he came into the hall with his cap and coat on attracted the attention of his chums.

"No good getting ready yet," said Harry. "Marjorie isn't going for half an hour or more."

"I've got to go to the chemist's in the village for that Greek beast."


(Continued on the next page.)



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"Hard cheese!"

"It's to get some filthy skin-wash, or something!" growled Bob Cherry. "Ionides is dining with the Head this evening, I hear, and he wants to look as much like a figure in a barber's window as possible."

"Suppose you don't go?" said Hazeldene.

Bob shook his head.

"It's no good bucking against a prefect. I've got to go. You'll tell Marjorie how it is, won't you?"

"Me helpee Chelly!" said a soft voice—and Wun Lung grinned at the discontented junior. "Suppose me go to the village instead of Chelly? Savvy?"

"Good!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You're a good little boulder, Wun Lung. I suppose you could manage it. It's only going to the chemist's and getting a bottle of filthy skin-wash, and bringing it home without busting it."

"Me blingee safee."

"Good! Here's the card—and much obliged."

And Wun Lung went off with the card in his hand, a wide grin on his face, and a humorous twinkle in his almond eyes.

Wun Lung's Joke!

THE Famous Four walked with Marjorie Hazeldene and her brother as far as the railway station when the girl left Greyfriars. As they left the school gates they met Wun Lung returning from the village, and Bob Cherry called to him.

"Got the stuff, Wun Lung?"

"Me gottee."

"Good! Give it to Ionides and tell him to go and eat coke."

The Chinese grinned.

"Me givee—no tellee."

Ten minutes later the little Celestial presented himself at the Sixth Former's study. He tapped at the door and opened it, and there was a muttered exclamation in Greek. Heracles Ionides was there, standing before the dressing-table, and there was a packet of curling-pins on the table. The Greek had evidently been opening the packet when Wun Lung's tap came at the door.

The almond eyes of the little Celestial glimmered, but he gave no open sign of having observed anything. Ionides hastily thrust the packet of pins out of sight, and looked savagely at the Chinese junior.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Me blingee bottle me fetchee for Chelly."

"You went to the chemist's instead of Cherry?"

"Me go."

"I told him to go. I'll give him an imposition for this!" growled the prefect. "Have you got the bottle all right?"

"Me havee it."

"Give it me, then. You've been a long time."

"Me hully quickee."

Wun Lung had been occupied ten minutes or so since re-entering Greyfriars after his return from the village, but he did not tell Ionides so. His look was innocent and deprecating; and even the new prefect did not bully him.

"Well, get out!" he said.

"Me savvy!"

And Wun Lung left the study. In the passage he stopped and doubled up with laughter. He straightened up suddenly as Carberry came out of his study.

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"Hallo, you young heathen!" growled the prefect. "What trick have you been playing now?"

"No savvy."

"What were you laughing at?"

"No savvy."

"Oh, get along!" growled Carberry, and he took a kick at the Celestial, which Wun Lung promptly dodged. Carberry's leg swept through the air, and he lost his balance. He sat down with a terrific bump and a gasp like escaping steam.

"My—my word! I'll pulverise him!"

But by the time Carberry was on his feet the Celestial had vanished.

Wun Lung returned to the Common-room, where he surprised the juniors by breaking out every few minutes into chuckles. But though many questions were asked, he refused to explain what the joke was, his invariable answer to every query being "No savvy!" And when Wun Lung took refuge in that answer, it was no good trying to get anything out of him.

And not a word did Wun Lung say till Harry Wharton & Co. came in. Then, when Harry asked him what he was chuckling at, he explained at last.

"Me gettee facee washee in Fliardale," he said.

"Well, we know that," said Bob Cherry. "And you took it straight to Ionides, didn't you?"

"Me takee—no takee stlaight."

"And why didn't you?"

"Me openee bottle."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"You opened the bottle, you cheeky young beggar! What did you open it for?"

"Puttee something in."

The Removites who heard the words redoubled their attention. Wun Lung was the most irrepresible joker in the Form, and they began to realise that he had played a daring jape on the unpopular prefect.

"What did you put in?" asked Hazeldene.

"Stainee."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You put stain in the face-wash?"

Wun Lung grinned and chuckled. The Common-room was in a roar. Even Billy Bunter, worried as he was by his disappointment about the cold collation, burst into a snigger.

"You young ass!" exclaimed Wharton, laughing. "He'll find out what you've done when he comes to use the silly stuff!"

"No findee. Chinee stainee, me makee selfee. No colour till used, and then it dly darkee. When quite dly, velly dark. Savvy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors shrieked.

Wun Lung was something of a hand with chemicals, and they could easily credit that he could make a stain which would be colourless while in the liquid state, and would darken when it dried, whether on wood or on the human skin.

"My only hat!" said Harry Wharton. "Is that honest Injun, you young sweep? You're not pulling our leg?"

"Me no pullee leggee. All blue."

"And when Ionides puts the stuff on his face—"

"Allee light for quarter-hour; then he turnee darkee-gleenee."

"Ha, ha, ha! Fancy the dandy of the Sixth with a dark green complexion!"

"He's dining with the Head this evening!"

yelled Nugent, and a fresh yell of merriment followed.

"I—I wonder if he's used it yet?" gasped Harry.

"Must have," said Temple of the Upper Fourth, choking with laughter. "The Head dines at seven-thirty, and it's past seven now."

"Ionides will be going to his house any minute, then."

"Let's go and watch for him."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's the idea!"

The juniors crowded out. Ionides was most likely to leave the house and cross to the Head's private door when he went to dine with Dr. Locke. The juniors crowded into the hall, and lined the walls to watch for him. Wingate, the captain of the school, came along and stared at them inquiringly.

"What's the little game?" he demanded. "What are you youngsters up to? No good, I suppose."

"We're waiting for Ionides."

"And what are you waiting for him for?"

"We hear he's been using a new face-wash, and we want to see the effect."

"Don't be an ass, Cherry! Ionides doesn't use anything of the sort."

"That he does," said Hazeldene. "Wun Lung fetched it for him from Friardale."

Wingate gave a sniff of disgust and walked on. He shut the door of his study hard. He despised the effeminate Greek, but he had never suspected that Ionides used preparations for the skin, though he knew he scented himself.

A few minutes after Wingate had gone, Ionides came down the stairs. He saw the juniors in the hall and scowled at them. There was nothing wrong with his complexion, so far. Wun Lung had said that a certain time must elapse before the stain showed itself, and evidently it had not yet begun to work.

"It's all humbug, after all!" muttered Bulstrode.

"No humbug. He turnee darkee-gleenee soonee."

The Greek stopped in the hall and called to Bob Cherry. Bob came forward with affected reluctance. As a matter of fact, he was glad of a chance to delay Ionides while the Chinese's stain had time to work.

"Cherry, I told you to go to Friardale to the chemist, and you did not go."

"Sorry, Ionides. Wun Lung went instead," said Bob Cherry, with unaccustomed meekness.

"You had no right to disregard my orders. You will take fifty lines of Virgil, and bring them to me before bed-time."

"Yes, Ionides."

"And now run upstairs and fetch my gloves. I've left them lying on my table."

"Yes, Ionides."

The Greek looked baffled. Bob's meekness gave him no excuse for inflicting any further penalty. The junior scuttled up the stairs. Ionides stood in the lighted hall, waiting.

He looked a handsome figure as he stood there. He was in evening clothes, which fitted his supple figure excellently. A diamond gleamed in his shirt-front, others in his cuff-links. He had a light overcoat over his dress clothes, and was wearing a silk topper. His face, though dark, was very clear in the skin, his complexion being probably due in part to the cosmetics he used. His eyebrows probably owed something to the pencil. His complexion, though clear, was dark,

and in the light of the hall it seemed to be growing darker.

The juniors watched him with almost painful interest. Ionides was a little puzzled to account for the interest they took in him, but he concluded that they were overcome by his magnificent appearance.

Bob Cherry came downstairs with the gloves, and the prefect put them on.

"My hat!" murmured Nugent; "it's working!"

It certainly was working.

The Greek's complexion was darkening visibly. The clear skin assumed a greenish hue, and it was rapidly growing darker. Ionides himself had not the faintest idea of it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry, unable to contain himself any longer.



"Take that!" murmured John, the Head's manservant, as Ionides dashed up the steps. And he let out his right, landing it full on the angry Sixth Former's chin. The Greek rolled down the steps again, to be brought up with a bump at the bottom.

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

Ionides looked round with a glare. He did not know what the juniors were laughing at, and he was inclined to burst into one of his towering tempers. But a quarter-past seven rang out from the clock tower, and he realised that he had no time to lose.

He walked on haughtily between the two rows of grinning juniors, and left the house. The Remove shrieked when he had gone.

"My hat!" gasped Wharton. "What will the Head say when he sees him?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the wild yell of mirth followed Heracles Ionides into the Close, and gave him a feeling of vague uneasiness.

A Shock for the New Prefect!

HERACLES IONIDES knocked and rang, and the door was opened immediately by a maidservant. Ionides was about to speak; but the light from the hall fell full upon his face, and the maid gazed at him in horror.

If he had been black like a negro, the maid might not have been quite so startled. But a man with a dark green complexion was something quite outside her experience.

She gave him a horrified stare, and then uttered a shriek and fled, leaving the door wide open, and Ionides standing petrified with amazement.

"What is the matter?" muttered the Greek.

He heard the maid's shrieks die away in the distance. He stepped into the hall and closed the door himself. He was amazed by the maid's conduct, but as he was not shown into the drawing-room, it only remained to show himself in.

"Oh, the awful sight!" It was the maid's voice from some region below. "Oh, it did give me such a turn! I never did see such a thing!"

Ionides gritted his teeth. He stepped to the drawing-room door, which was half-open, pushed it and entered.

Miss Molly, the Head's daughter, was in the room, and she happened to be alone there. Miss Molly had been ill of late, the result of the shock she had received on the occasion of the Greyfriars fire; but she was recovering now. She was engaged in adorning a new doll with ribbons when Ionides came in.

She glanced up and saw Ionides, and the doll went to the floor with a crash. Miss Molly burst into a wild shriek.

"What is the matter?" cried the bewildered Greek. "What is it? I won't do you any harm?"

But Miss Molly only shrieked.

The TERROR of the FORM!

by Frank Richards



Billy Bunter starts the New Year well—by doing a homeless waif a good turn! And from his

benevolent action spring many amazing and amusing incidents—the outcome of which finds Flip, the waif, installed at Greyfriars, where he becomes the terror of his Form! Don't miss this great yarn.

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There was a door at the opposite end of the room, and as the Greek advanced towards her the little girl fled frantically and disappeared, still shrieking.

Ionides was perplexed. What was the cause of the terror of the maid and the little girl he could not imagine. He began to wonder whether they were mad, or whether he was.

There was a step in the adjoining room, and Mrs. Locke looked through the communicating door. Her face was pale and startled, and she had evidently come to see what had frightened her child.

Ionides started towards her, and the electric light gleamed on his dark green face, and Mrs. Locke uttered a gasp of affright.

"Really——" began Ionides.

But the terrified lady did not stay to listen. She ran away, crying for help.

"They're all mad!" exclaimed the Greek.

Dr. Locke hurried to the room. He had been attracted by the cries of Mrs. Locke as he was dressing for dinner, and he had come tearing down, unfinished, with an old jacket on.

"Who is it?" he exclaimed. "How dare you co— Oh!" He broke off, gasping, as his eyes fell upon the dark green face, and backed away towards the grate. Then he suddenly stooped and possessed himself of the poker.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "How dare you come here and frighten my child? Who are you? What are you?"

Ionides panted.

"Don't you know me?" he exclaimed. "Are you mad? Are they all mad?"

The Head started.

"I seem to know your voice."

"I am Heracles Ionides of the Sixth."

"What?"

"I have never been so insulted——"

"Ionides!" exclaimed the Head, dropping the poker with a clang into the grate. "Is it conceivable that a prefect of the Sixth Form could play this silly trick to frighten a woman and a child?"

"Sir——"

"It is inexcusable—inexpiable! I have been deceived in you. Instead of a studious scholar, you are a stupid practical joker!"

"Dr. Locke——"

"Go!" thundered the Head, raising his hand and pointing to the door.

Heracles Ionides almost staggered in his bewildered amazement. He stared blankly at the infuriated Head. Never had he seen the Head in such a rage—nor had anyone else for that matter—and the Greek could not understand what was the cause of the trouble.

He opened his lips to speak, but amazement held him dumb. The Head pointed imperiously to the door.

"Go at once!" he thundered.

"But—but—but——"

"Will you go, or shall I ring for my servant to eject you?" roared the Head.

Ionides gave a gasp of rage.

"I have never been so insulted! How dare you treat me like this? What have I done?"

"What have you done?" said Dr. Locke, in scathing accents. "You dare to stand there and ask me what you have done, after frightening my wife and child by your mad trick?"

"I—I—I— A trick?"

"Do not bandy words with me! Go!"

"I will not go!" yelled the Greek, quite losing control of himself now. "I will not go till you

explain. You asked me to dine with you, and when I come you insult me!"

The Head touched a bell.

A manservant came into the room and eyed the dark green visitor very curiously.

"John, turn Mr. Ionides out!"

The manservant gasped.

"Mr. Ionides!"

"Yes, it is Ionides, playing a foolish and dastardly trick!"

"I have played no trick!" shouted the Greek. "You are mad! You're all mad, or else this is a conspiracy! I refuse to go till you have explained. I tell you——"

"Go! You are no longer a prefect. More than that, you are no longer a member of the Greyfriars Sixth, sir! I expel you!" almost shouted the Head. "Now throw him out, John!"

"Certainly, sir!" said John.

He advanced upon Ionides and grasped him by the shoulders.

"Outside!" he said laconically.

The Greek was beside himself with rage. He clenched his fist and struck the man full in the face and John reeled under the blow.

But John, though he wore a livery, had plenty of muscle and pluck. He reeled for a moment, and then he closed with the Greek. He dragged him towards the door.

Ionides, utterly losing self-control, struggled furiously, rapping out savage oaths in Greek, and punching, kicking, biting, and scratching.

"My heye!" gasped John. "What a wildcat! Hopen the door, Hemily!"

Emily, the maidservant, opened the door into the Close. John dragged the furiously struggling Greek to the doorway and flung him out.

Ionides rolled down the steps, and landed at the bottom with a grunt, and then picked himself up. Too furious to think of anything but revenge, the Greek dashed up the steps and hurled himself at the manservant.

"Take that!" murmured John.

And he let out his right, landing it full on the Greek's chin, and Heracles Ionides rolled down the steps again. This time he did not charge back. But he groped in the dark for a stone, found one, and flung it with all his strength.

John gave a yell and staggered into the hall. The stone had grazed his head, whizzed past him, and shattered the glass of a picture. Dr. Locke looked out at the door.

"You had better go, Ionides," he said quietly.

The Head's voice somewhat calmed the Greek. He realised that he was acting in the worst possible way for himself. He slunk away in the dusk, and the Head closed the door.

Ionides, his eyes gleaming, strode back to the schoolhouse and entered. Several juniors who had followed him in the Close had scuttled back to announce the fact that he had been ejected from the Head's house, and he found a delighted crowd of juniors waiting for him when he came in.

He gave them a tigerish look.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Remove. "Who's been chucked out on his neck?"

The Greek made a savage rush at them. The juniors scattered, many of them yelling as they received cuffs. Mr. Quelch came out of his study and almost ran into the Greek. He started back in amazement.

"What—what—who—what is that?"

"What, are you mad, too?" shrieked Ionides.

"Ionides! Boy! How dare you! How dare you play such an absurd trick?"

"You are mad—mad! They are all mad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry from the distance. "What price our patent face-wash?"

Mr. Quelch started.

"Is it possible, Ionides, that you do not know what state your face is in?" he demanded.

The Greek stared at him.

"What do you mean? My face?"

"Look in the glass," said the Remove master sternly.

Ionides rushed to the glass over the hallstand. He looked in, and staggered back as he saw his reflection in the mirror. He gazed at it, dumbfounded. His expression was quite sufficient to show Mr. Quelch that it was no trick on his part, and that he had indeed been ignorant that his face was in such a state.

"Great Scott!" gasped the Greek. "What can it be—what terrible disease?"

"It is no disease," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "Something has been painted on your face—yet how it can have been painted on without your knowledge passes my comprehension. Have you been asleep? This looks to me like a trick of the juniors."

"Asleep? No. It is not half an hour since I washed my face, and when I left my study I looked in the glass to adjust my tie, and there was nothing on my face then," said the Greek, perfectly bewildered.

"Then I cannot understand it. I suppose you do not use any preparation for the skin?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Ionides. "That's it! It was the skin lotion."

"You—you use a skin lotion?"

"Yes, for improving the complexion, and——"

"Then I must say you are a fop and a fool, and you deserve what has happened to you," said the Remove master. "You might leave these things to the other sex. You have evidently used something containing a chemical which has changed colour, perhaps owing to something in the atmosphere."

"But—but I have used the same before, and— Ah, I understand now! They have opened the bottle and played some trick with it."

"Ha, ha!" The Remove master burst into an involuntary laugh. "I should not be surprised, and I should not feel sorry for you if such were the case. I should advise you to go and get your face cleaned, and to use no more skin lotions in the future. Your complexion will be well enough if you take plenty of open-air exercise."

And the Remove master went into his study.

Heracles Ionides went upstairs to his own room trembling with anger. He guessed pretty accurately that he had been the victim of a joke among the juniors, and he was beginning to understand that, prefect, as he was, he was not likely to have everything his own way with the Lower School.

Nor was he likely to remain a prefect much longer after what had happened. He could call on the Head and explain, but——

He washed and scrubbed at his face desperately. But the stain, easy as it had been to put on, was difficult to get off. For almost an hour the Greek laboured at his task, and when he at last desisted there were still traces of the green stain clinging to his ears and under his chin, and his fingers were coloured by it in the washing process.

He looked in the glass at last, gasping with fatigue and rage. He dressed himself carefully

for his visit of explanation to the Head. When he came out of his study there was a crowd of grinning juniors waiting to look at him, but Ionides allowed their grins and chuckles to pass unnoticed. He felt too fed-up just then for a row with the Removites.

He called on the Head. Dr. Locke allowed him to be admitted, and listened to his explanation coldly. He conceded that the Greek was not to blame for calling in such a curious state, and that he could not be held responsible for the fright Mrs. Locke and little Molly had received.

"But this would never have happened but for your absurd and effeminate use of a skin lotion," said the Head. "Too much attention to beautifying the person is essentially unmanly. Apart from that, I cannot forget your conduct here. As you have been the victim of a trick, I exonerate you in part, and I shall not expel you, as I intended. I hold you excused so far; but nothing can excuse your conduct here. You ought to have left the house, right or wrong, when I told you to go. You cannot, in any circum-

stances, be pardoned for the violent assault on my servant. Had the stone struck him, as you intended, it might have caused him serious injury."

"I am sorry—"
"I hope you are," said the Head grimly. "But sorrow is not quite sufficient to meet the case. A boy of such a savage and ungovernable temper is certainly not fit to hold in his hands the authority which belongs to a prefect."

"But—"
"You are no longer a prefect. You may go."
Heracles Ionides went. And with the exception of the Greek himself, there wasn't a soul in Greyfriars who was sorry that Ionides had lost his rank as a prefect. He had joined battle with the Remove, and the Remove had had the best of it—and the Remove rejoiced over the downfall of the bully and dandy.

(Next week: "WUN LUNG'S WILY WHEEZE!" Look out for more fun and excitement with Harry Wharton & Co. in this grand yarn. Order your GEM early.)

GUSSY SAYS "NO"!

(Continued from page 26.)

hearted junior would never appear alive from the frozen depths of the river.

Dr. Holmes listened in silence.

"Thank you, Merry!" he said at last. "What you have told me places a very different complexion on the matter. D'Arcy's conduct is inexcusable, but—but he has shown very great courage, and also generosity. I shall consult Mr. Selby before I decide what is to be done. You may go."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was in the school hospital for four days, but when he reappeared among his chums he was looking quite his old self.

Mr. Selby's case was harder.

His stay in the Cottage Hospital at Coombe was likely to run into a fortnight at least. That was good news for the Third Form, and Wally danced a war-dance in his Form-room when he heard it.

The fags would have been quite contented if Mr. Selby had remained at Coombe for the term of his natural life.

Messages, however, passed between the Form-master and the Head. Even Mr. Selby's hard heart had been a little touched. He knew that Arthur Augustus had saved his life at the risk of his own, and at the moment when he had been

seeking to inflict severe punishment on the junior. So his message to the Head was that Arthur Augustus had rendered him the required apology, and that, as far as he was concerned, he hoped the matter would be regarded as closed.

Whereupon, Dr. Holmes called the swell of St. Jim's into his study, and talked to him for ten minutes, and Arthur Augustus looked quite breathless when he came out of the dreaded apartment.

He confided to Blake that he would rather have had a licking than that lecture, which somehow made him feel quite in the wrong.

However, he added that the Head was a "bwick," and that even old Selby was "wathah bwicky," and he astonished his cheerful minor with a severe admonishing to be more respectful to his Form-master in the future—an admonition which caused Wally to stand with his mouth wide open, like a newly landed fish, till his major had finished.

Then Wally ejaculated, "My only Aunt Jane!" and whistled.

Whether Arthur Augustus' admonition had any permanent effect upon the scamp of the Third was doubtful.

(Next Wednesday: "THE RAGGING OF REGGIE!"—telling of the arrival at St. Jim's of Manners minor—a spoilt darling who has a rough time in the Third! Don't miss this powerful yarn.)



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