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TOM BOYLE
(Burnley F.C.)

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JOCK EWART
(Bradford City F.C.)

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Every Wednesday.

August 5th, 1922.



A WARM RECEPTION FOR THE ST. JIM'S RUNAWAY!

(An Exciting Incident from the Splendid, Long, Complete School Story Inside.)

MEN IN THE LIMELIGHT!

TOM BOYLE & JOCK EWART

(Burnley F.C.) (Bradford City F.C.)

TOM BOYLE,

Captain and Centre-half of Burnley.

ONE of the most remarkable features of football of recent years has been the number of really first-class men turned out by the comparatively obscure Burnley club. Professionals who first appeared in the colours of the Burnley side are now to be found playing with remarkable success up and down the country, and one of the best ever discovered by the Yorkshire side is centre-half Tom Boyle, the captain of the Burnley team.

Boyle is a Burnley man, and as long ago as 1906 he first found a place in the Burnley team, helping to make it into that fine fighting force in the Cup which it became about three or four years later. Unfortunately there have never been big gates at Burnley, and when good players have been found they have had to seek pastures new so that the club could carry on as the result of the transfer fees obtained. So in 1911 Tom Boyle was transferred to Burnley. Three years later this player captained the Burnley side to success in the Cup competition, and, as everybody knows, Burnley also won the championship of the First Division the season before last under the capable leadership of this great half-back.

Boyle is just the type of player of whom we might say that he often comes as near to carrying a whole team on his back as it is possible for a man to do, for right through his career he has ever been in the thick of the fight, now defending his goal with head and feet, and then initiating attacks with precise passes to the forwards. It is quite likely that Boyle has now passed his best, but he is retained on the books of the Burnley club, and if the coming season should prove that he is no longer quite fast enough for top class football, then his services will be utilised to coach the young players on the books of the club, if Boyle can teach these youngsters to do things as he does them, his services will be invaluable.

JOCK EWART,

Scottish International Goalkeeper of Bradford City.

EWART, who has earned fame as a goalkeeper with Bradford City, and who is known to everybody as Jock, is only half an inch short of six feet. This fact should perhaps be mentioned first of all, because, to a certain extent, it explains one of the secrets of his success between the posts—his ability to reach high shots with comparative ease.

Going to Bradford as a young man scarcely out of his teens, Ewart has, since 1912, been recognised as a custodian good enough to stand alongside the best the game has ever known. Prior to going to Bradford he had played for the Airdrieonians, having been born at Oakbank, in Scotland. In the season before last he realised his ambition when he was chosen to play for Scotland against England at Hampden Park, incidentally preventing the Englishmen from scoring a single goal on that occasion.

Ewart has also played in several trial matches for Scottish representative teams, but last season he was scarcely at his best following an injury. Bradford City then tried another custodian, and Ewart was put on the transfer list at his own request, but later was reinstated to his place in the team. In addition to being a fine goalkeeper, he is also an accomplished musician, and when his club is travelling he entertains the players either on the flute or the violin.

MAX WOOSNAM

(Manchester City F.C.)



A Wonderful REAL ACTION Photograph of the above famous footballer and all-round athlete will be presented FREE with next week's GEM. Make sure of this splendid photograph by ordering EARLY!

"MY READERS' OWN CORNER."

A Splendid Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck is awarded to the reader of what the Editor considers the most interesting paragraph. Half-a-crown is awarded for each other contribution accepted.

(If your name is not here this week it may be next.)

This Wins Our Tuck Hamper.

In the Nick of Time!

Some men shoot game, others buy it. One of the latter class spent a day in the woods, but he was a bad shot, and he hated the idea of returning home empty-handed. So on his way home he dropped into the poultryer's shop and bought a hare. "Look what I've brought you!" he cried to his wife. "Splendid!" said the lady. "Now," said the sportsman, "will you ever tell me I'm a bad shot again?" "No," replied the marksman's better half, as she closely examined the hare. "But what a good thing it was you shot it when you did! This hare would not have kept another day!"—A Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been awarded to Robert G. Schofield, Moreing Street, Belmont, Western Australia.

THAT CRUST!

A tramp called at a farmhouse, and the farmer's wife gave him a large pork pie which she had made herself. The tramp thanked her and went away. A quarter of an hour later he returned to the farm, and handed the farmer's wife the crust of the pie, saying, "Here's your basin back, ma'am, and thank you!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to H. Pharo, 33, Robins Road, Observatory, Cape Town, South Africa.

CLOSE TO LAND!

Sea, sea everywhere, as the great liner made her way through the heaving waves. "Oh, steward," came in a disconsolate voice from a passenger who was lying back in a deck-chair, "how far are we from land?" No answer came to his question, which was repeated several times that day. "Oh, steward, do answer me! How far?" "Mile and a half, sir," came the gruff response. "Thank Heaven! In which direction, steward?" "Straight down," was the answer.—Half-a-crown has been awarded to R. G. Hobbs, Windygates, Fife, N.B.

HE UNDERSTOOD!

Two ladies were holding a conversation in Hindustani in a grocer's shop. At last the man behind the counter could stand it no longer, and remarked: "I think it only fair to tell you that I understand French."—Half-a-crown has been awarded to T. P. Finnegan, 11, Porteous Road, Paddington, W. 2.

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Gussy Among the Girls!



A Grand, Long, Complete Story of the Chums of St. Jim's, telling how Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the runaway from St. Jim's, in trying to evade the clutches of his pursuers, finds himself amongst the girls of Cliff House.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.

Nothing Doing!

"WELL?"

Dr. Holmes, the Head of St. Jim's, spoke quite sharply.

The Head did not seem to be in his usually placid mood that day.

It was but rarely that any happening was allowed to ruffle his Olympian calm. But on the present occasion he was quite snappy.

Six juniors had invaded his study together—Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther of the Shell, and Blake and Herries and Digby of the Fourth. They had come in rather uneasily, hoping to find the Head in an amicable humour. Apparently their hope was ill-founded.

"Well?" repeated the Head, still more sharply, as the juniors did not speak. Apparently each fellow was leaving to some other fellow the task of bearding the lion in his den, as it were.

"We—" began Tom Merry, taking the plunge.

"Well?"

That monosyllable, which was hurled at the juniors almost like a bullet, had a very disconcerting effect. Tom Merry stammered.

"We—" mumbled Blake, coming to the rescue.

"Well?"

Really, the Head's vocabulary seemed limited. He seemed to be understudying the raven in the poem, who, "sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only that one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour."

Blake also stammered, and ceased.

"We—" said Manners feebly.

"I trust that you juniors have not come here to waste my time?" exclaimed the Head, plunging all at once into a wider vocabulary. "Kindly tell me at once why you have come to my study!"

"We—" said Lowther.

"It's about D'Arcy, sir!" blurted out Tom Merry at last.

"Oh!" said the Head. His frowning brow cleared a little.

"I understand that you are friends of that misguided boy, who has been guilty of the—the unparalleled audacity of running away from school. You have heard some news of him and have come to tell me. Very right and proper. It is your duty to tell me at once anything that may lead to his recapture. Do you know his present whereabouts?"

"Nunno!" stammered Blake.

"Then what—?"

"We—we've heard that Kildare and Darrell of the Sixth have been sent to look for him, sir," said Tom.

"That is correct. He seems to have taken refuge at Highcliffe School, where it appears that he has some friends, in Kent. Whether he is still there I do not know. Do you know?" snapped the Head.

"N-no, sir! But we thought—"

"Well?"

"We—we thought—"

"Well?" rapped out the Head. Apparently the irritated old gentleman had relapsed into his limited vocabulary, and was once more understudying the raven.

"We thought, sir," said Tom Merry, "that—that most likely D'Arcy will dodge—"

"He will what?"

"Dodge the prefects who are after him, sir——"

"Do you mean elude?"

"Elude? Oh, yes, sir! I—I mean elude!" gasped Tom.

"If you mean elude, you should say elude, Merry. You should not use absurd expressions of a slangy nature in speaking to your headmaster."

"Oh! Yes, sir! I—I mean, no, sir! I—I catch on!" stuttered Tom. And then he stopped, growing crimson, as he realised that he had dropped into another absurd expression of a slangy nature.

"Really, Merry——"

"We—we thought——" Tom managed to continue, though the Gorgon-like stare of his headmaster made his courage ooze out at his finger-tips. "We—we thought that as D'Arcy is keeping away from school, and will very likely dodge—I mean, elude—the prefects who are on his track—I mean, searching for him—we figured it out—I mean, we thought that if you would send us to look for him——"

"What?"

"You see, sir, being D'Arcy's chums, we should be able to——"

"To nab him, sir!" said Digby.

"To what?"

"I—I mean collar him, sir!" stammered Dig.

"To collar him?" repeated the Head in a terrifying voice.

"I—I mean to nail him—that is to bag him—I—I mean to——" Robert Arthur Digby grew incoherent.

"Shut up, Dig!" whispered Herries, in a stage whisper. "You're only making matters worse!"

"We thought, sir," said Monty Lowther, taking up the tale, "that we should be able to find D'Arcy and persuade him to come back to school; he will not try to dod—elude us as he would the prefects——"

"We'd land him all right, sir!" said Blake.

"Land him? Do you infer that he has gone to sea?"

"Nunno! Oh, no! I—I mean land him like—a fish, sir!" gasped Blake. "I mean put the stopper on him."

"The stopper?"

"Oh dear! I really mean——"

"Is there no boy present who can explain what is meant by this invasion of my study without the use of ridiculous slangy terms?" asked the Head.

"Hem!"

"Um!"

"Yes, sir!" said Manners. Manners collected all his wits. Manners was a deep reader; he had read Dr. Johnson, and he called to mind some of the language of that luminary of the eighteenth century as suitable for communications with his headmaster. "Certainly, sir! In view of the lamentable condition to which our unthinking school-fellow has been reduced by his hasty and ill-considered action in absenting himself unpermitted from this scholastic establishment, sir——"

"Wha-a-at?"

The Head stared at Manners as if that youth mesmerised him. Manners continued:

"In view of this, sir, and of the exceedingly regrettable neglect of constituted authority displayed by D'Arcy in thus absenting himself, of the abrogation of discipline, the disobedience to pedagogic injunctions, and the volatile inconsiderateness of his conduct, sir——"

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"Bless my soul!"

"We have consulted together, sir, and have arrived at the conclusion that the erring and unthinking youth should be brought back immediately to undergo the castigation due to his delinquency—"

"Manners!"

"And we offer our services, sir, in undertaking this onerous duty, considering that—"

"How dare you talk such nonsense, Manners?"

"Oh!"

"It appears," said the Head, who seemed to be pleased neither by modern brevity nor by ancient tediousness—"it appears that you boys desire to make D'Arcy's absence from school an excuse for securing a holiday for yourselves—"

"Oh!"

"We—we shouldn't mind missing our lessons, sir," said Herries rather unfortunately.

"I have no doubt of that," said the Head, with sarcasm. "No doubt of it whatever. Your remark, Herries, is the only adequate explanation I have yet heard of this invasion of my study."

Tom Merry & Co. looked sheepish.

"We—we think we could find D'Arcy, sir—" murmured Tom.

"And bring him back, sir—"

"In a day or two—"

"Or a few days, sir—"

Dr. Holmes raised his hand.

"I have every hope that Kildare and Darrell of the Sixth Form will be successful in finding the foolish boy, and bringing him back to school to-day," he said. "In any case, I certainly should not dream of sending junior boys in search of him. The suggestion is absurd."

"We—we thought, sir—"

"I am quite aware of what you thought. I am now telling you what I think," said the Head. "You will kindly be silent."

The juniors were kindly silent.

"You will now leave my study," said the Head. "Each of you will take fifty lines of Virgil!"

"Oh!"

"I shall speak to your respective Form-masters, and request them to see that these impositions are duly written out," said the Head.

"Oh!"

"Now you may go!"

The juniors went. Evidently there was nothing more to be done, or to be said. Another word or two would probably have increased the fifty lines to a hundred.

The Head's door closed behind Tom Merry & Co.

In the corridor they looked at one another.

"Nothing doing!" said Lowther.

"Only lines!" growled Blake. "It was your fatheaded idea, Tom Merry! I told you you were an ass!"

"Well, there was a chance," said Tom. "After all, we could find D'Arcy when the prefects most likely can't; and we could have got some bathing—"

"And a few days out of the Form-room!" said Herries with a sigh. "But of course, it was too good to come true!"

"Fifty lines!" said Blake. "Lines instead of cricket after tea! Oh, won't I punch Gussy's nose when he comes back!"

"Won't I scalp him?" said Digby.

"Blow him!" said Tom Merry.

"Bother him!"

"Bless him!"

And Tom Merry & Co. faded away from the Head's corridor dismally. That joyous prospect of a few days by the sea in Kent, hunting for D'Arcy, and incidentally boating and bathing and climbing the cliffs, was gone from their gaze like a beautiful dream. They were still doomed to classes, while the St. Jim's runaway, far from his accustomed Form-room, was still on the run!

CHAPTER 2.

Run to Earth!

GWEAT Scott!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy uttered that ejaculation in suppressed tones of dismay.

The St. Jim's runaway had cause to be dismayed.

He was standing at a little latticed window, with honey-suckle clambering round it, in the Anchor Inn at Pegg.

It was a late hour in the morning, but Arthur Augustus had not yet gone down. He had breakfasted in bed, taking it easy, as it were; and after that he had devoted a very considerable time to his toilet. Now he was standing at the window, looking out and thinking, till he beheld the unexpected sight that made him ejaculate "Gweat Scott!"

From the window there was a wide view of the sea and the shelving sands, and the little rugged street of the fishing village; in the distance, beyond a mass of trees, a glimpse of the roofs and chimneys of Cliff House School. Arthur Augustus was admiring the sunny view, which certainly was

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more pleasant to look at than the dusky walls of the old Form-room at St. Jim's, where, at the same time, the rest of the St. Jim's Fourth were grinding Latin with Mr. Lathom.

D'Arcy was not thinking of St. Jim's or the Form-room, or of grinding Latin. He was wondering what he was going to do.

Under a sense of injustice he had run away from St. Jim's, and he was quite determined not to return thither unless matters were set right. But the career of a runaway presented difficulties.

He had visited Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars, and had nearly been recaptured by a master from St. Jim's. He had been hospitably taken in at Highcliffe School, but a hurried departure had been necessary, and he was aware that the Head of Highcliffe must have communicated with the Head of St. Jim's.

Now it seemed that the fugitive had no refuge, and nowhere to lay his weary head. First of all he had tried home; but he had been sent back to school. So going home was out of the question. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy rather prided himself upon the fact that he was quite a capable fellow, equal to the task of looking after himself, and indeed others. But on this sunny morning, looking out over the blue waters of the bay, he had to confess that he felt rather at a loose end.

And then the current of his thoughts was suddenly changed by the sight that dawned upon him of two sturdy youths walking up the rugged street towards the Anchor.

He recognised Eric Kildare and George Darrell, two prefects of the Sixth Form at St. Jim's.

He blinked at them from the window.

He did not need telling that the St. Jim's prefects were in search of him. For no other reason could they have been so far from St. Jim's that morning, when their proper place was in the Sixth Form room at the old school.

Evidently word had been sent from Highcliffe, and Dr. Holmes had dispatched the two prefects to bring Arthur Augustus home.

Gussy could guess that they had called at Highcliffe, and had learned there of his hurried departure. Possibly they had called at Greyfriars also, and learned that he was not there.

So they had set out to make inquiries in the neighbourhood—Arthur Augustus could see that at once. Their inquiries had led them along to this little village, which was only a few miles from Greyfriars and Highcliffe. Arthur Augustus thanked his stars that he had not yet gone down. He might have been returning from a bath, or sunning himself on the beach, when the two prefects arrived, in which case he certainly would have been collared without ceremony, and without a chance of resistance.

"Gweat Scott! What beastly luck!" murmured Arthur Augustus, as Kildare and Darrell stopped at the porch of the inn.

His window was almost over the porch, and it was open. Kildare's familiar voice floated up to him clearly.

He was speaking to someone in the porch—the innkeeper or a waiter. Arthur Augustus expected a reference to himself, but Kildare's remarks concerned ginger-beer. Apparently the two Sixth-Formers of St. Jim's were thirsty after a walk in the hot summer's morning.

"They don't know I'm heah!" murmured Arthur Augustus in relief. "But they are goin' to inquitah! Bai Jove! I'm weally cornahd!"

He looked round him almost desperately.

A minute ago he had been thinking of his future programme—quite a puzzling problem. Now he was only thinking of escape.

Whatever the unknown future might hold, he was quite sure of one thing—he was not going to be marched ignominiously back to St. Jim's with a prefect's grip on his collar.

He could not leave the inn, while the prefects were there, by the usual way, that was certain. He might be stopped, or seen, if he descended the stairs and sought a rear exit, especially as he had not yet paid his bill. But to remain where he was, was asking to be captured, for as soon as the prefects asked questions they would learn that he had passed the night at the Anchor.

He made hurried preparations for flight.

Fortunately, he had little baggage. He had only a few things that the Caterpillar had lent him, at Highcliffe, packed in a rucksack which had been lent him by Courtenay. It was necessary for a fugitive to travel light, though that was by no means Arthur Augustus' usual mode of travelling.

Having packed his rucksack in a very few minutes, he returned to the window and peered out cautiously.

Kildare and Darrell were not to be seen—they were seated in the porch drinking ginger-beer. But voices floated up through the honeysuckle.

"D'Arcy!" It was the old waiter's wheezy voice. "Yessir, a young gent of that name took a room 'ere last night."

"Is he still here?" asked Kildare.

"He ain't down yet, sir."



Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stepped out on to the roof of the porch, where it was quite easy to clamber to the ground. An ancient fisherman, who was supporting a post with his broad back, stared at him with astonishment. Arthur Augustus dropped lightly, though rather breathlessly, to the ground. (See this page.)

D'Arcy heard a laugh.

"Good! Then we shall bag him easily enough," said Darrell. "You see, the young ass has run away from school, and we've come to take him back!"

"Lor'!" said the waiter.

"You'd better show us to his room," said Kildare. "Finish your ginger-beer, Darrell, and we'll nail the young duffer. We can get an early train back from Courtfield Junction."

"Right-ho!" said Darrell.

Arthur Augustus breathed hard.

His mind was made up.

He crossed quickly to the bed-room door and locked it. Then he wrote a note for the innkeeper on a leaf of his pocket-book, tore it out, and pinned it on the table, with a ten-shilling note attached.

Then he waited.

By that time footsteps were sounding on the old creaking stairs of the inn.

They stopped at D'Arcy's door, and there was a tap. Then the handle turned. Arthur Augustus listened breathlessly.

"It's locked, gentlemen."

"The young ass can't know we're here," murmured Kildare. "Tell him to open the door."

"Mr. D'Arcy!" called out the waiter.

"Yaas?"

"Gentlemen to see you, sir."

"P'way tell them to go and eat coke!"

"Eh?"

"You young sweep!" roared Kildare. "So you know we're here. Open the door at once!"

"Wats!"

"What?" shouted Kildare.

"I wepeat, wats!"

"Will you open the door, you cheeky young ass?" exclaimed Darrell.

"Certainly not!"

"It will be all the worse for you."

"Wubbish!"

There was a hurried consultation outside the door. Arthur Augustus grinned, and stole to the window. In a moment he had stepped out on the roof of the porch. Thence it was quite easy to clamber to the ground. An ancient fisherman, who

was supporting a post with his broad back, and smoking a pipe, stared at him with stolid astonishment.

Arthur Augustus dropped lightly, though rather breathlessly, to the ground. The next moment he was going up the rugged street of Pegg as if he were on the cinder-path.

CHAPTER 3.

D'Arcy's Dodge.

KILDARE of the Sixth looked wrathful. He was head prefect of St. Jim's, and captain of the school. To be defied by a junior of the Fourth Form was really too much, and for that junior to say 'rats' to him was the last word in audacity. Kildare rather regretted that he had not brought his ash-plant on the journey from St. Jim's. He felt that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy needed a severe application of that ash-plant.

The waiter was grinning faintly. He, at least, seemed to find something amusing in the peculiar situation.

"Well, what are we going to do, old man?" asked Darrell. "He doesn't seem to be opening the door."

Kildare breathed hard, and rapped on the panels with his knuckles.

"D'Arcy!"

No reply from within.

"D'Arcy! Do you hear me?"

Still no answer. The captain of St. Jim's breathed harder. He was a good-tempered fellow, but he was growing very exasperated.

"Will you answer me, D'Arcy?" he shouted, rapping savagely on the door.

But, as in the case of the walrus and the oysters, 'answer came there none!'

"Can't hear him moving," said Darrell. "The cheeky young rascal! Look here, is there any other way out of that room? If there is—"

Kildare started.

"My hat! He may have bunked while we're wasting time here."

"There's the winder, gentlemen."

"Could he get out of it?"

"I dessay he could, over the porch," said the waiter.

reflectively. "Young Dick, the boss' son, have climbed out of that there winder, and have been strapped for doing it."

Kildare and Darrell did not stay to listen to the further adventures of young Dick.

They rushed down the stairs.

With a rush they came out into the sunny street. They looked this way, and they looked that, like Moses of old. But, also like Moses, they saw no one—at least, they did not see the one they sought. They saw the ancient sailorman supporting the ancient post with his broad back, and Kildare hurried up to him.

"Have you seen a kid climb out of the inn window in the last few minutes?"

The stolid old gentleman turned his quid slowly and methodically before he answered. It was many years since he had been in a hurry, and he did not seem to see any reason for haste now.

But his answer came at last.

"Ay!"

"Which way did he go?"

"Nor'-west and by west."

"Oh, my hat!"

Kildare had to reflect a moment or two before he ascertained which direction was north-west and by west. They learned many things in the Sixth Form at St. Jim's, but there were many other things that they did not learn.

"He went by the inland road?" Kildare asked at length.

"Ay!"

"Thanks."

"Come on," said Darrell, "we'll soon have him now. I fancy a Fourth Form kid hasn't much chance against us in a foot-race."

"I hope not!" grunted Kildare.

And the two Sixth-Formers started running in the direction taken by Arthur Augustus. Two young gentlemen in tail-coats running in the hot sunshine attracted some attention from the natives of Pegg. Several urchins started running with them, or after them, hallooing in great excitement. One of them inquired breathlessly of Kildare whether it was a fight, and another wanted to know whether it was a fire. Somebody raised the cry of "Stop thief!"

Kildare and Darrell "put it on," crimson with exertion and vexation. They were glad when Pegg dropped behind, and the juvenile crowd tailed off as the dusty country road lay ahead of them.

On the wide stretch of road, shaded by trees at intervals, they hoped to spot Arthur Augustus in advance of them. But there were several turns and bends in the road, which was fortunate for the fugitive, though not for the pursuers.

Arthur Augustus had put on speed, but naturally his running powers were not equal to those of the mighty men of the Sixth. He was only a hundred yards ahead of his pursuers when he looked back from a sharp turn in the road, peering cautiously round the corner of a fence overhung with foliage. Coming up the dusty road in great style he had a full view of Kildare and Darrell, going strong.

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus whipped back from the corner, and started running again. But, ahead of him now was a long stretch of road without a turn, bounded on one side by a low wall over which hung leafy branches and the blossom of laburnum. He knew that before he came to another turn the Sixth-Formers would come speeding round the corner behind, and would get full sight of him.

It seemed that all was lost. But the sharp spur of necessity imparted an unusual activity to D'Arcy's aristocratic brain.

He stopped, panting. One rapid glance back, and then he seized an overhanging branch and swung himself to the top of the wall beside the road.

What was beyond the wall he had not the faintest idea. He had passed two large gates, but without noticing them specially. But, whatever was there, at least it was a temporary refuge.

He glanced quickly down on the inner side of the wall, and dropped lightly through laburnums into concealment.

In less than a minute more Kildare and Darrell came round the corner, racing. D'Arcy, panting for breath on the inner side of the wall, listened to the footsteps on the hard road. They came nearer and nearer, and his heart beat fast. They passed, and grew fainter and fainter in the distance.

Arthur Augustus chuckled breathlessly.

"Sold again, bai Jove!" he murmured.

The footsteps of the pursuers died away. Kildare and Darrell, going strong, vanished in the direction of Greyfriars. But Arthur Augustus did not think of emerging from his place of hiding. He knew that the two Sixth-Formers, failing to sight him ahead, would "try back" sooner or later, realising that he had dodged them somehow. Arthur Augustus did not mean to be in sight when they tried back.

He remained where he was, taking a well-earned rest; prepared to sit tight all the morning, unless he was found and routed out by the owner of the property he had invaded.

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CHAPTER 4.

A Surprise for Bessie Bunter!

"B UNTAH, bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus started.

Close by the spot where he had dropped over the wall into the unknown domain, was a little wooden summer-house, covered with clambering wistaria. Arthur Augustus had entered it to sit down and rest, and to reflect on his position. The gardens around seemed quite silent and deserted, and there seemed no immediate danger of discovery.

But there came a sound at last in the garden, and the swell of St. Jim's peered through the wistaria. To his astonishment, he saw a face looking over the wall from the road.

It was a face he knew.

He had seen that fat face and podgy little nose, adorned by a large pair of spectacles, every time he had visited Greyfriars School.

It belonged to William George Bunter of the Remove.

Bunter had clambered up the wall, and was leaning his fat elbows on it, and blinking over into the garden, puffing with his exertions.

Keeping carefully in cover, Arthur Augustus looked at him through the wistaria.

He had no idea of what place he might have taken refuge in—he could not even guess. But evidently the place was known to Billy Bunter of the Greyfriars Remove. Arthur Augustus could have stepped forth and asked him the question, but he knew Bunter too well to think of confiding to him. A secret handed on to Bunter was handed on to the world in general. It was more prudent to understudy Brer Fox, and "lie low and say nuffin'." So Arthur Augustus lay low and said nothing, only wondering what on earth Billy Bunter was blinking into the garden for, and wondering whether the fat junior had any designs on the apples that grew on some of the trees.

"Bessie!"

Bunter was calling cautiously.

There was a footstep at hand, and a schoolgirl came through the shrubberies, with a fat face remarkably like Bunter's, adorned with a large pair of spectacles on a similar little fat nose.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

"Hallo, Billy!" said the fat schoolgirl, stopping at the wall, and blinking up at the fat face above.

"Got 'em, Bessie?"

"Yes, Billy!"

"Good!"

Bessie Bunter held a bag in her hand. It was full of apples—which certainly did not belong to Bessie Bunter.

"Hand 'em up!" said the Owl of Greyfriars breathlessly.

"Where's the marzipan?" asked Bessie.

"I'll give it you after you've given me the apples."

"You'll give it to me first, Billy," said Miss Bunter calmly.

"I know you, old bean!"

"Look here, Bessie—"

"Look here, Billy—"

"I've biked over from Greyfriars specially for those apples, Bessie," said Billy Bunter, in tones of reproach. "I've had to borrow Bob Cherry's bike, as mine was out of order, and there may be a row."

"Well, hand over the marzipan—"

"Can't you trust your own brother, Bessie?"

"Just as far as I can see him," answered Miss Bunter.

"Haven't you got the marzipan, you fat fraud?"

"Well, I like that! I'm not so fat as you are, anyhow."

Arthur Augustus grinned in the arbour. The exchange of that adjective between the two Bunters reminded him of the pot and the kettle accusing one another of blackness.

"You're jolly well not going to have the apples till you shell out the marzipan," said Miss Bunter decidedly. "I've taken a lot of risk to get these apples. Miss Primrose would be no end waxy if she knew. She's a cat. She's told me not to go near the apple-trees. Just as if she can't trust me not to take the apples! Suspicious cat, you know! Where's that marzipan? You told me you had some!"

"So I had," said Bunter. "I—I brought it over with me—"

"Well, where is it, then?"

"I—I just tasted it as I came along—"

"You've eaten it!" howled Bessie Bunter.

"Oh, really, Bessie—"

"Then you jolly well won't have the apples," said Bessie. "You can hang on there and watch me eat them if you like."

Miss Bunter took an apple from the bag and started on it. Bunter watched her from the wall, his extensive mouth watering.

Arthur Augustus chuckled inaudibly. He had found out what he wanted to know. He knew where he was now. He was aware that Billy Bunter's sister Bessie was a pupil of Cliff House School, near Pegg, on the road from the sea.



Barbara looked up into the tree, and gave a little cry as she caught sight of a boot among the foliage. "It's only some kid stealing apples. Come down!" she called out. "You young rascal, who ever you are, come down and clear, or I'll call the porter!" "Bal Jove, Miss Wedfern!" ejaculated the voice up above. (See page 5.)

Evidently it was the grounds of Cliff House School for Girls that Gussy had taken refuge in.

There were a good many inmates of Cliff House School whom Gussy would have been glad to meet—Marjorie Hazeldene, Miss Clara, Barbara Redfern, and Mabel Lynn. He knew them, and they liked him. But there was one he did not want to meet, and that one was Bessie Bunter. And the swell of St. Jim's did not mean to meet Bessie if he could help it. He was glad that the wistaria screened him from her sight.

"I say, Bessie, gimme a few—"

Munch, munch!

"Just one, Bessie!"

Munch!

"I really meant to bring over the marzipan, Bessie—honour bright! I just tasted it, and—somehow it went."

"Just as these apples are going, you fat fraud," said Bessie Bunter. "You can't spoof me! I know you!"

"I say, old girl, don't be a beast! I— Yaroooh!" roared Bunter suddenly, as his fat leg was suddenly smacked by someone in the road. His head whirled round to look down.

Two flushed and dusty youths stood there. Bunter remembered to have seen them before on a visit to St. Jim's.

"I say, you fellows, you startled me!" he gasped. "G-g-glad to see you, Kildare! How do you do, Darrell? Wharrer you want?"

"What are you doing up there?" said Kildare. "After the apples—what?"

"Oh, really, you know—"

"You're a Greyfriars kid, I think?" said the captain of St. Jim's. His voice was clearly audible over the wall in the arbour.

"Eh? Yes! I'm Bunter."

"You saw D'Arcy when he came over to Greyfriars the other day?"

Bunter chuckled.

"You bet! Still looking for him? He, he, he!"

"Yes," said Kildare, "and there's nothing to cackle at, you fat sweep. Have you seen him to-day?"

"Of course not! He hasn't been at Greyfriars since last week."

"We were following him on this road," said Kildare. "He's got out of sight somewhere. Sure you haven't seen him?"

"Never knew he was here at all."

"What's on the other side of that wall?" asked Darrell.

"The young rascal might have nipped over there."

Arthur Augustus' heart stood still.

"It's a girls' school," said Bunter.

"And what are you doing, barging over the wall of a girls' school?" demanded Kildare.

"Talking to my sister," said Bunter loftily. "I—I often come and help her with her lessons."

"Oh, what a whopper!" said Bessie.

"Better look over, Darrell—it might be D'Arcy he's talking to," said Kildare.

"It's possible."

"Oh, really, you fellows—"

Kildare, without heeding Bunter further, grasped the wall and drew himself up. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy scarcely breathed in the little arbour, as he watched, through the interstices of the creepers, the face of the St. Jim's captain rise into view.

Kildare glanced down, and Bessie Bunter met his glance. Her teeth were buried in a fat apple; but she withdrew them to blink at Kildare and address him.

"Go away, you naughty boy!" she said severely.

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Kildare. The Sixth-Former of St. Jim's was not used to being addressed as a naughty boy.

"I'll call the porter," said Bessie Bunter. "Miss Primrose is very angry when boys speak to us over the wall. I know what you want—you think I am going to let you kiss me, but I shan't."

Kildare gasped. Miss Bunter's fat face was smeared with jam from recent tarts, and her large mouth was now adorned with fragments of apples—and kissing her would have been a task from which the most reckless and desperate youthful Lothario might have shrunk.

"You—you little idiot!" exclaimed Kildare angrily.

"What?"

"Don't be silly."

Miss Bunter's eyes glinted behind her glasses.

It was obvious that whatever Kildare wanted, he did not want to kiss Miss Bunter—and possibly that fact had an annoying effect on Bessie, in spite of her declaration that he shouldn't!

"I'll scream!" she exclaimed.

"What?"

"I'll scream if you don't go away, you bad, wicked boy!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Kildare dropped back into the road. He was flushed and vexed; and not consoled by a grin that he observed on Darrell's face.

"Not there," growled Kildare. "Only a fat little idiot of a schoolgirl. But the young sweep disappeared about here somewhere—let's look further."

The two St. Jim's prefects walked on, Billy Bunter grinning after them. But the Owl of Greyfriars speedily turned his attention to his charming sister again. Miss Bunter's jaws were still busy, and the apples were going at an alarming rate.

"I say, Bessie, old dear—"

Munch, munch, munch!

"I'll let you have two bob out of my next postal-order."

Munch, munch, munch!

"I jolly well—ish I could reach you, you little beast!" hissed Bunter. "I'd jolly well slap you!"

"I'd scratch you!" said Bessie.

"Give me just one, old girl!" urged Bunter.

"I'm just beginning on the last."

"Beast!"

Bunter dropped back into the road. His last hope of apples had vanished—owing to the marzipan not being forthcoming. He clambered sadly on Bob Cherry's bicycle and pedalled away. Miss Bunter gave a fat chuckle, and finished the last of the apples. Arthur Augustus eyed her in wonder from the arbour. Where Miss Bunter was stowing all those apples was a mystery.

The fat schoolgirl was breathing hard when she finished. She dabbed her fat face with a handkerchief, and gave a little fat grunt, remarkably like Billy Bunter's. Then, to Arthur Augustus' horror and dismay, she came directly towards the little arbour—obviously with the intention of entering it to sit down and rest there.

There was no way of escape—no place of concealment—and, indeed, Arthur Augustus had no time to act, even if there had been an avenue of escape. Miss Bunter pushed aside the hanging wistaria over the entrance to the arbour, and rolled in—and almost rolled into the swell of St. Jim's.

It was dusky in the arbour—and Miss Bunter was short-sighted. All she knew was that there was someone there of the masculine species—where most certainly nothing of the masculine species ought to have been.

She gave a loud shriek, and recoiled.

"Bai Jove!"

Shriek!

"Miss Buntah—" gasped Arthur Augustus.

But Bessie Bunter was too startled by the shock to hear or heed. She rushed out of the arbour shrieking.

"Help! Burglars! Tramps! Fire! Police! Help!"

CHAPTER 5.

Nice for Gussy!

"OH dear!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stood overwhelmed with dismay.

Bessie Bunter's shrieks grew fainter as she fled through the garden, but they could still be heard.

Arthur Augustus was fairly overwhelmed. The alarm was given now, with a vengeance—he was discovered—he—a schoolboy, in hiding in the grounds of a girls' school! His face crimsoned. He thought of making a sudden dash for the wall, and further flight. But the searching prefects were close at hand—it was only too probable that they would see him drop from the wall, and then instant capture was certain.

But he could not remain where he was. What was to be done was a perplexing puzzle.

But to remain in there, to be routed out by a shocked school-mistress and a crowd of frightened school-girls, and perhaps a porter with a big stick, was impossible.

The swell of St. Jim's peered out of the arbour.

He could hear Bessie Bunter's shrieks, through the shrubberies, and the sound of many voices buzzing.

Close at hand was an apple-tree with thick branches. Arthur Augustus stepped out, and hastily climbed the tree. It was his only refuge—it exposed him to the suspicion, if found, of intending to steal apples, but it was a case of any port in a storm.

Almost before he had concealed himself in the thick of

the low branches, footsteps and voices approached the spot. He recognised the voice of Barbara Redfern.

"Nonsense, Bessie."

"Rot!" That was Miss Clara's voice.

"Bosh!" said Mabel Lynn.

"I tell you, I saw him!" shrieked Bessie Bunter. "He was hiding in the arbour—he's there now! Don't go near him!"

"What was he like?" asked Marjorie Hazeldene.

"A fearful-looking ruffian."

"Oh cwumps!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "What a fearfully exaggewatin' howwid gal! I am suah that I do not look in the least like a wuffian."

"Some tramp might have got in after the apples," said Marjorie.

"Or Bessie's brother," said Clara. "Billy Bunter comes here stealing apples sometimes, I know."

"Bessie wouldn't be frightened if it was her brother."

"Oh, I don't know—any Bunter's face is enough to frighten anybody—isn't it, Bessie?"

"Cat!"

"The wonder is that the tramp wasn't frightened, if he saw Bessie suddenly—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cat!" howled Miss Bunter.

"Well, let's look in the arbour," said Barbara Redfern.

"Come on, Mabs."

"Mind he doesn't shoot you," shrieked Bessie. "I am sure I saw a pistol in his hand."

"I don't think!" chuckled Miss Clara.

"Cat!"

Babs and Mabs boldly penetrated the deserted arbour, and Marjorie and Clara followed them, and some of the other girls. They looked round and saw nothing but wistaria.

"Nobody here!" announced Barbara.

"Of course there isn't," said Miss Clara. "It's only Bessie's tommy-rot. I told you so."

"I saw him!" screamed Bessie. "He had a fearful bludgeon in his hand, and I should have been stunned if—"

"What is all this, my dear?" Miss Penelope Primrose, the headmistress of Cliff House, arrived on the scene.

"What is this disturbance?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, in the apple-tree, clung tight and close. Not for worlds would he have been discovered now.

"Nothing, Miss Primrose," said Barbara. "Bessie fancied that she saw a tramp in the arbour."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Miss Primrose. "Bessie, do—"

"I saw him!" shrieked Bessie, who was blessed with all the rich imaginative powers of the Bunter clan. "He was a tall, horrid ruffian, with a bludgeon in one hand and a pistol in the other—"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Miss Clara.

"Clara, do not use such slangy expressions," said Miss Primrose severely. "Bessie, calm yourself and tell me what happened."

"He seized me by the throat—"

"What?"

"In an iron grip," continued Bessie Bunter, who had perhaps lately paid a visit to the "pictures." "Grasping me in a deadly grip, he—"

"Bessie, if you do not immediately tell me the truth—"

"That's what I am doing, Miss Primrose. He seized me by the hair of my head, and—"

"A minute ago you said that he seized you by the throat!" exclaimed Miss Primrose, much vexed.

"Ye-es—exactly! He seized me by the throat with one hand, and by the hair with the other—"

"Bless my soul!"

"What did he do with the bludgeon and the pistol, then?" murmured Miss Clara, and there was a chuckle among the schoolgirls.

"Holding me in an iron grip by the throat and the hair, he levelled the pistol in my face," continued Bessie Bunter.

Miss Primrose almost jumped.

"Bessie Bunter, how dare you tell me such untruths!" she exclaimed. "If he was holding you with both hands how could he level a pistol at you?"

"Oh, I—I—I mean—" stuttered Bessie.

"Well, what do you mean?" snapped Miss Primrose.

"I—I mean—he held the pistol in his—his teeth—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a shriek from the Cliff House girls.

"Silence! This absurd prevarication is not a laughing matter!" exclaimed Miss Primrose. "Bessie, I do not believe that you saw anyone in the arbour at all, and if you tell me another untruth I shall cane you! Go away at once, and wash your face! Your face is sticky! Go and wash it immediately!"

And Miss Penelope Primrose shepherded the fat schoolgirl away, leaving a laughing crowd behind.

Arthur Augustus, peering down from above, was greatly relieved to see them go. From the branches of the apple-tree, he had a partial view of the road over the wall, and he could discern Kildare and Darrell, sitting on a stile at a little distance, apparently debating their next move. Retreat from his present quarters was cut off; Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was booked for Cliff House, for the present at least. The swell of St. Jim's hoped to see the crowd of schoolgirls follow their schoolmistress, but though some of them moved off, others remained. Marjorie Hazeldene and Barbara Redfern stayed under the very apple-tree itself, and talked. Their talk dealt with tennis, a subject that was not interesting to Arthur Augustus in the circumstances. And suddenly it was interrupted. A large apple, detached by a movement of the hidden junior, shot downward, and missed Marjorie's hat by an inch.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Marjorie.

She jumped back.

"Hallo, that's a windfall!" said Barbara. She looked up into the tree, and gave a little cry as she caught sight of an elegant boot among the foliage. "Oh!"

"What's the matter, Babs?"

Babs caught her companion's arm.

"There's somebody in the tree!"

"Oh cwumps!" groaned Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as he heard those dismaying words.

"Then Bessie was right, after all——"

"The boulder dodged out into the tree!" exclaimed Barbara. "Of course, it's only some kid stealing apples. Come down!" she called out. "You young rascal, whoever you are, come down, and clear, or I'll call the porter!"

"Bai Jove, Miss Wedfern——"

Barbara started. "Goodness! I know that voice!" she exclaimed.

"So do I!" exclaimed Marjorie, in astonishment. "It's not one of the Greyfriars boys, though."

"Weally, Miss Hazeldene——"

"I know now—it's Ethel Cleveland's cousin D'Arcy," said Barbara. "I'd know that merry toot anywhere."

"But he is at St. Jim's, in Sussex," said Marjorie, in bewilderment. "It sounds like his voice, but——"

"Look!" said Barbara, pointing upward.

Arthur Augustus had slipped down to the tower branches. Further concealment was impossible; and he could only resolve to throw himself on the mercy of the Cliff House girls. The two girls stared up at him, and Arthur Augustus stared down at them. Holding on with one hand, Arthur Augustus contrived to raise his topper with the other. He was in rather a precarious position for performing that act of politeness; but with Arthur Augustus politeness came before any other consideration.

"Good-afternoon, young ladies!" he gasped. "I twust I have not startled you vewy much—oh cwumps!"

"Look out!" gasped Barbara.

But it was too late. Arthur Augustus rolled round the branch—raising his topper in the tree had done it! The topper flew one way, and Arthur Augustus flew another.

Bump!

"Oh Jewusalem!"

The swell of St. Jim's, in a breathless state, sat at the feet of the two schoolgirls, wondering whether he was on his head or his heels.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER 6.

Looking After Gussy!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY scrambled to his feet.

He was breathless and ruffled and rather bewildered, and puzzled by the fact that Barbara and Marjorie were laughing irresistibly. Arthur Augustus himself could see nothing laughable in these painful happenings.

"Weally, young ladies——" he gasped.

"I didn't know you were an acrobat!" said Barbara demurely.

"Bai Jove! I am not weally an acrobat, you know!"

"You did that very cleverly," said Barbara. "Could you do it again?"

"Weally, Miss Barbaw——"

"But what are you doing here?" asked Marjorie,

becoming grave. "You haven't a holiday at your school, have you?"

"Not exactly, Miss Hazeldene——"

"Do you usually pay visits by coming over the wall into an apple-tree?" asked Barbara.

"Bai Jove! Certainly not. I wegwet vewy much that my pwoceedin's must have seemed wathah suwweptitious," said Arthur Augustus. "The fact is, I am dodgin' two pwofects who are aftah me."

"You have not run away from school!" exclaimed Marjorie breathlessly.

"Nothin' of the kind, Miss Hazeldene. Ewewbody persists in wegardin' it as wunnin' away from school—even Blake and Tom Mewwy—ewewbody, in fact, but I twust I should nevah be guilty of such an undignified pwoceedin'. I have merely wetiached from St. Jim's for a time owin' to a misunderstandin' with my Housemastah——"

"Taken French leave?" asked Babs.

"Yaas, it might be described as French leave. I have no doubt that the Head is vewy watty."

"And isn't that running away from school?"

"There is a distinction, Miss Wedfern."

"A distinction without a difference?" asked Barbara.

"Weally, your know——"

"And you've run away here?" continued Barbara. "Are you going to join a girls' school now?"

"Gweat Scott! Certainly not!"

"I don't think Miss Primrose would allow it," said Barbara, shaking her pretty head. "Otherwise, it would be awfully nice."

"Weally, Miss Wedfern——"

"But how did you get here?" asked Marjorie.

"Those boundahs Kildare and Dawwell were chasin' me along the woad, and I nipped ovah the wall," explained Arthur Augustus. "I did not know it was Cliff House then. I twust you young ladies are not goin' to give me away. I am determined not to go back to St. Jim's until mattahs are set wight, and if Kildare and Dawwell collah me I am goin' to wessist—I twust I shall be able to give them a fealful thwashin', and cleah off, you know. But as they are two to one, and Sixth-Formers, they may get the better of me."

Barbara smiled. She thought it extremely probable that two of the St. Jim's Sixth would get the better of a Fourth Form junior in combat.

"But what are you going to do?" she exclaimed. "If you are found here——"

"I am goin' to cut, as soon as the coast is cleah," explained Arthur Augustus.

"If you do not mind my wemainin' a little while——"

Marjorie and Babs looked at one another.

What Miss Primrose would think of two of her girls surreptitiously entertaining a schoolboy who had run away

they could hardly imagine.

Certainly the headmistress of Cliff House would be extremely wrothy if she discovered the fact.

But to give the refugee up to the enemy was not to be thought of. The two girls had their own opinion of Gussy's wisdom—or otherwise—in running away from school. But he was thrown upon their hospitality, and they felt bound to stand by him in this extremity.

"Oh, my word!" murmured Barbara. "What would Miss Primrose say? But, after all, why not? We can't give the poor boy away."

"Oh, no, never!" said Marjorie at once.

Arthur Augustus winced a little.

Babs was very kind; but he did not exactly like being alluded to as a poor boy. In his own eyes he was something like a hero in dire straits—a rather desperate character in adversity. To Babs he was a thoughtless schoolboy—indeed, Babs felt motherly towards Arthur Augustus just then. He was, to her mind, so obviously unequal to the task of taking care of himself.

The discussion was interrupted by the voice of Bessie Bunter, calling through the shrubberies.

"Marjorie!"

Babs made a sudden movement. The immediate danger of discovery decided the question at once.

"Get into the arbour, quick!" she whispered.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Keep quiet there!" breathed Marjorie. "Bessie will tell all the school if she sees you."

Arthur Augustus jumped into the cover of the wistaria.

(Continued on page 12.)

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The ST JIM'S NEWS

Edited by TOM MERRY.

Herries Triumphant!

WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE IN THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

THE St. Jim's Junior School Orchestra recently gave a performance in Big Hall in aid of the Rylcombe Blanket Fund. There was a large audience.

The orchestra numbered about twelve performers, and Lowther, the hon. musical director, is to be congratulated upon the excellent programme they presented.

Lowther confesses that the orchestra was rather weak in the brass, the sole exponent of this being Herries, with his cornet, but those who heard the performance would scarcely agree that "weak" is the proper word to use. Possibly Lowther was alluding to the number of instruments and the efficiency of the players—or player—and in this respect he may be right. But as far as volume is concerned, there was no sign of "weakness." An army of trombones, tenor horns, euphoniums, and bombardons could hardly have been responsible for more noise than Herries produced. There might have been more tone and tune and variety with their assistance, but actual sound—they couldn't have done it. A foghorn might have envied him. A ship's siren would have sounded, in comparison with him, like the gentle humming of gnats on a summer evening.

Wagner would have loved him, and Sousa would have written marches especially for him. Composers of those Futurist rhapsodies usually entitled "A Fierce Gale at Sea," or "Overtone in a Boiler Foundry," would have hailed him as the executant of their wildest hopes. Jazz bands would have fought for his services.

The villagers down at Rylcombe imagined that the annual contest of brass bands was being held out of season, and at St. Jim's instead of at the Crystal Palace.

They have since remarked upon the wonderful effect that was produced when, as they supposed, the whole of the bands were playing at once. This must have been Herries' effort in a passage marked "ppp," just before Figgins drew his attention to the injunction with the aid of a drum-stick, and explained that it meant "very softly indeed."

The indignant Herries inquired whether it wasn't marked on the drum-part as well, and, if so, why he didn't heed it. Certainly the portion that Figgins trotted out on Herries' head instead of the drum might have been marked "fffff."

In fairness to Herries, it must be said that when the matter came to be investigated, it was discovered that the "ppp" was not marked on his copy. In fact, he didn't happen to be playing that piece of music at all. He was slogging away at another, quite different from the one that the rest of the orchestra were performing.

But, as Herries said, that was the sort of accident that might have happened to anybody, and it didn't matter so long as the audience weren't told about it.

At the conclusion of the performance Tom Merry announced that the sum of £4 6s. 3d. had been obtained by the sale of tickets, and proposed a vote of thanks to the orchestra for their services, with special reference to the musical director.

Monty Lowther, responding on behalf of the band, said that he would rather that the special reference in the vote of thanks be applied to the cornet-player, in preference to the GEM LIBRARY.—No. 756.

to himself, as if the orchestra had provided musical entertainment to the value of £4 6s. 3d. he was certain that quite £4 6s. 2½d. worth of it had been contributed by Herries.

Junior Swimming Club Meeting.

TALBOT'S REPORT ON THE SWIMMING POOL.

THE annual meeting of the Junior Swimming Club was held in the Common-room last Friday evening, Tom Merry taking the chair.

The first business was the election of officers for the coming year.

It was proposed by Blake, and seconded by Kerr, that Mr. Rallion be again elected president, and the proposition was carried.

The vice-presidents were also re-elected en bloc—Messrs. Latham, Linton, Kildare, and Darrell, with the addition of Baker.

The remainder of the officers were elected as follows:

Captain, Tom Merry; vice-captain, Reginald Talbot; secretary, George Figgins; treasurer, Robert Digby.

Committee: R. R. Cardew, A. A. D'Arcy, H. Manners, R. Julian, and M. Lowther.

It was decided that a polo match should take place between two teams, representing the School House and New House, respectively, Tom Merry to Captain the School House and Figgins the New House. A selection committee would be present at this match for the purpose of choosing a team to represent St. Jim's.

The Secretary was instructed to write to the secretaries of the junior clubs at Greyfriars, Highcliffe, and Rookwood, challenging these teams to meet St. Jim's at polo and team races.

The vice-captain brought to the notice of the meeting the fact that the spring-diving board at the junior swimming-pool on the Rhyl was badly in need of attention, and urged that something be done with regard to it. He also stated that the portion of the pool specially prepared and fenced off for the use of non-swimmers was in a very dirty state, with broken fencing, making it both unpleasant and unsafe to use. This was a very serious matter, as it discouraged non-swimmers from bathing and learning to swim, and he thought that the club would do well to pay as much, if not even more, attention to the instruction of learners as to the training of teams.

As captain of boats he was specially interested in the matter, because the boating club had a rule that none but swimmers should use the school craft, and he was well aware that many fellows were deprived of the right to belong to the boating club and the use of the river in consequence. Some of these might possibly develop into useful oarsmen, and so the condition of the learners' swimming-pool was a handicap to both the swimming and boating clubs.

R. R. Cardew corroborated the vice-captain's statement, and it was decided the secretary should make a report, and forward it to the proper quarter.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

Fun and Frolics at St. Jim's.

ANNUAL SCHOOL SPORTS.

By Richard Redfern (Reporter.)

IT was the occasion of the Annual School Sports at St. Jim's, and great excitement prevailed. Lessons were off, and it was a general holiday for masters, seniors, and juniors alike. Bunting hung from the school windows, and the decorations in the quadrangle and playing-fields resembled those of a coronation festival. A bandstand erected on Little Side contained the cream of musicians in the way of the local Rylcombe Rustlers' Prize Band, who rendered music of the popular-air variety.

Everybody was happy; even the visitors, who had flocked to the school in their hundreds, joined in the merriment. Refreshment-bars were fixed up for those who were thirsty, and juniors were detailed to give a hand behind the counter at intervals to cope with the rush. Mrs. Taggles was in charge of the concern, and well did she carry it out, too. There were luxuries innumerable.

Forms from the gymnasium had been arranged around the playing-fields, which was to act as the sports ground. Flags stuck in the ground marked the direction and distances for the various races, and a large circle which had been made by Taggles, with the aid of a whitewash-brush, denoted the cycle-track.

The earlier races were devoted to the Second and Third-Formers only, and great was the applause given each youngster winning an event. Wally D'Arcy was the winner of the chief event—the fags' Long-Distance Run. He did not win it in a canter, for Curly Gibson was well on his track, being only three yards behind when passing the winning-post.

Gibson was rewarded for his plucky display later on in the morning by winning the Mile Skipping Race all hands down from young Piggott. Piggott lost a little ground at the start, though, owing to his rope getting caught in a tuft of grass, which nearly caused a spill.

The fags' contests finished up as follows: Running Events.—Half-Mile.—Reginald Manners 1. George Leggett 2. Mile.—Piggott 1. Joe Frayne 2. Long-Distance Event.—Wally D'Arcy 1. Gibson 2. Obstacle Race.—Joe Frayne easily. Joe was in the height of his glory in this race; he could have won it in his stockings too, having been a past-master at such stunts long before he came to St. Jim's. Egg-and-Spoon.—Frank Levison, winner also of the Thread-Needle Race. Sack Race.—Raymond Hobbs, the only entrant who did not fail. Potato Race.—Cecil Perkins of the New House. The New House followed this up with another victory in the Donkey Race, Jameson representing the donkey and Perkins its rider. It may be mentioned that this was the run-off of a dead-heat.

Lunch-time saw the finishing of the fags' races, and after a spell of an hour came the more important races for the Shell and Fourth.

These opened with the High Jump, in which long-legged Figgins carried off the honours, his best being four feet two inches, against Harry Noble's four feet. This was

"CAN YOU HEAD 'EM?"

See particulars of this New and
Novel Competition in Next
Week's GEM.

first blood to the New House. They had to sink low in the Tug-o-War, though, Tom Merry's stalwarts pulling them all over the line in next to no time. The running-races saw Sidney Clive pull off the Half-Mile, with Blake a very good second. Reginald Talbot beat Tom Merry in a neck-and-neck finish in the Mile. The Long-Distance Event was won by Noble, who left his nearest man lengths behind with bellows to mend. The Cycle Race was an interesting event to watch, and, strange to say, little Richard Roynance, the smallest junior among the entries, carried it off amidst loud cheering and hand-clapping.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had entered for this race, but he had left his monocle in the bike-shed, and felt it beneath his dignity to ride in public without it. Monty Lowther tried to amuse the onlookers by riding one of the old-fashioned penny-farthing bikes; but, needless to say, failed to stay the course.

The next event was the Three-Legged Race. Blake and Digby won this about four feet from Smith and Roynance. Eric Kerruish came a nasty cropper in the race, unfortunately ricking his ankle. The Wheelbarrow Race caused much excitement, and was won by Durrance and Digby, Herries finishing last. In his barrow sat Fatty Wynn, the Falstaff of the Fourth, so there was ample excuse for Herries!

Following this came Tilting the Bucket, and none laughed more heartily than Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who completely overlooked the fact that he was "wuinin' his clobber" in his attempt to gain honours. Cardew even exerted himself to enter for the 100 Yards Hopping Race, and quite a creditable performance he put up, too, failing to reach Talbot by the smallest of margins. The juniors' events ended with the Hot Apple-Pie Race. Mrs. Taggles was the donor of the prize for this event; also the maker of the luscious-looking pies, which were turned out into saucers steaming hot. This was no doubt the "hottest" contest of the afternoon, and the spoils went to David Llewellyn Wynn, who not only finished his own pie, but the remaining portions of the other contestants as well!



D'Arcy overlooks the fact that he is "wuinin' his clobber" in his attempt to gain honours.

Tea was then provided on the large lawn adjoining the Head's garden, and a gorgeous spread it was, too.

After tea followed the events for the seniors, and some interesting contests were witnessed.

A real scream went round the grounds as Darrell and Knox faced each other astride a scaffold-pole in the Pillow Fight. Some hefty blows were exchanged in this exciting contest, and such cries as "Stick it, Knoxy!" "Put it across him, Darrell!" and "Give him one for me, Dawwell, deah boy!" could be plainly heard above the cheering of the spectators. Darrell felled his opponent after a while with a hefty swipe to the side of

the head. Knox scowled at his conqueror, but nobody noticed it. Kildare won the Throwing - the Hammer Contest, beating Stanley Baker by a comfortable six feet. Kildare also won the Mile Race. He did not enter for the Long-Distance Running Event, which was carried off by Darrell. There was an exciting Cycle Race, and only an accident of a slight nature between Dudley and Langton enabled Rushton to carry off first honours. The next event was the Greasy Pole; but this proved somewhat of a fiasco, as nobody succeeded in walking it to the end. The prize, nevertheless, went to Knox, as he was considered to have received the worst knocks in his attempt!

The last event for the seniors was the Obstacle Race, a very stiff proposition, too. Mulvaney picked out rather a small tub to crawl through, and was made a fixture. Knox got caught in the wire-netting, and took about ten minutes to extricate himself, only then to find the race had already been won by Rushton.

A short time was then devoted to the masters' races. Herr Schneider, the German master, was an easy victor of the 100 Yards Sprint. Horace Ratcliff won the Open-Umbrella Race, amidst cheers from the New House juniors. Victor Railton carried off first honours in the Pen-Shelling Race, but, in his excitement, upset his cup of peas, and was disqualified. The event finished with Henry Selby beating Percy Carrington by two shells. The final event, the Balancing Cricket-Stump, was won by the ever-popular and respected Head, Dr. Holmes, who was cheered to the echo.

A wonderful spectacle to complete a splendid day's programme was presented in the Fancy-Dress Parade. This necessitated very close judgment, and, after very careful consideration, the prize went to Ralph Reckness Cardew, who represented Napoleon Bonaparte.

The evening ended with a splendid firework display, given by Bernard Glyn. Then came a short speech by Dr. Holmes, which the juniors followed up by singing wholeheartedly "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" The band then struck up with "God Save the King," and the evening closed.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

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

My dear Chums,—This week I have a very special announcement to make concerning the GEM Library Photos, for next Wednesday. I shall be giving a splendid real action portrait of Max Woosnam, of Manchester City F.C. In this photo Max, who has plenty of successes to his name, is seen playing the game like the crack player he is, on the field of play.

Next Monday the "Magnet" will give two real photos of George Harrison (Everton F.C.), and F. Reilly (Blackburn Rovers F.C.), while on Tuesday, the "Popular" will issue another of its superb coloured plates of railway engines. Then, in the "Boys' Friend" on Monday you will find a most excellent likeness of Bermondsey Billy Wells, the Welter-Weight Champion of Canada.

I want to advise you all to place orders for the GEM and its companion papers, so as to make sure of participating in the Grand Free Gifts.

There is always something pretty irresistible about a runaway. You get interested at once. Without a doubt, the new yarn of St. Jim's next week will be counted as one of Mr. Martin Clifford's best and raciest—and it is not only the superfine fugitive who is racy, take it from me!

The title of the new yarn is "The Runaway at Rookwood!" What is he doing there? Wait and see! All in good time. They know the noble D'Arcy

at Rookwood, and appreciate him, just as Gussy should be appreciated, for he is full of good qualities. My view of the whole matter is that the author has handled it with consummate skill. Mr. Martin Clifford can be as dry as America, or the Sahara, for choice. Just watch how he deals with Baggy, when Trimble is showing himself extra flabby and unpleasant.

But I was going to say this about the enthralling subject of runaways. Nobody runs away without a motive, unless he is on the ash track, or doing an early morning exercise stunt on his own. There is pretty nearly always a big, tangible motive lurking behind. There is in this case, and, as in the majority of cases, onlookers are on the side of he who runs. The quarry is prime favourite. You do not want to see the fugitive rounded up. That is the ordinary view. Whether the fellow who flees is acting like that because a herd of mad bulls have taken an acute dislike to his expression, or for the reason that he has seen a chap he does not care about, it is always the same; you wish the runaway good luck.

The GEM serial is going great guns. Mr. Duncan Storm has certainly added another to his long list of successes.

I hope you have all secured your albums for the sports photos. These albums may still be obtained, price 6d. each, from the Gem Album Office, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. It would be a pity not to make sure of such a snug little home for the photos as one of these capital albums. You have a thoroughly useful little volume which will afford interest just as long as you or any of your friends take an interest in sport—and that's no end of a time.

The new volume of the "Holiday

Annual" will be published on September 1st, and I have no hesitation in describing the magnificent book as the finest yet. To GEM readers the "Annual" is a sort of yearly edition of the GEM, for it pays special attention to St. Jim's, and includes a rousing yarn by Mr. Martin Clifford. Open the "Holiday Annual" anywhere and you will find yourself amongst old friends. You will meet the favourites of Greyfriars, as depicted week by week in the "Magnet," also Jimmy Silver and his chums from Rookwood. Mr. Owen Conquest, the chronicler of Rookwood, is well represented in the forthcoming volume. Besides these prime attractions, I have a very strong programme of articles, romantic, and adventure stories in the "Holiday Annual." It is a book which will please everybody, and is sure to increase the mighty army of readers of the Companion Papers, a circumstance which will be met with no complaints from me.

I want all readers to take note that a new and novel competition will make its appearance in next week's GEM. Order your copy early and read full particulars. Big money prizes will be offered.

YOUR EDITOR.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND" Every Monday.
 "THE MAGNET" Every Monday.
 "THE POPULAR" Every Tuesday.
 "THE GEM" Every Wednesday.
 "CHUCKLES" Every Thursday.
 "THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL" Published Yearly.

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"GUSSY AMONG THE GIRLS!"

(Continued from page 9.)

He was none too soon. Bessie Bunter's ample form appeared in sight. Her fat face was washed now—newly swept and garnished as it were. She was looking cross. An extra wash did not please Bessie, though it greatly improved her.

"Oh, here you are!" she said. "Who were you talking to?"

"You are mixing up your cases, Bessie," said Barbara severely. "If your Form-mistress heard you say that—"

"Rot!" said Bessie. "Whar'er you mean?"

"You should say whom!" said Babs. "Who is the nominative case?"

Bessie sniffed.

"You're trying to put me off," she said. "Blow the cases! Who were you talking to—I mean whom?"

"Isn't it nearly dinner-time?" asked Marjorie.

"Jolly near," said Bessie. "I came to tell you. I say, Miss Primrose is a cat. She made me wash my face again—just as if I was dirty, you know. She doesn't believe there was anybody in the arbour—just as if I would tell crams. You girls were talking to somebody. Have you seen him?"

"The tramp?" asked Barbara. "Was he a big man about six feet high?"

"Yes—yes."

"With a black beard and a—a red nose?"

"Exactly," said Bessie eagerly.

"And a huge bludgeon?"

"That's it—just."

"Then we haven't seen him," said Barbara cheerfully.

"Hullo, there's the dinner-bell! Come on!"

The dinner-bell, as a rule, was a signal that made Miss Bessie Bunter show instant activity. But for once it failed to draw her. She blinked suspiciously at the two girls through her big spectacles.

"You were talking to somebody," she said. "Now I come to think of it, I didn't see the person very clearly, and perhaps it wasn't a tramp. It was someone who came to speak to you girls! I know! I'll tell Miss Locke."

"Bessie, you horrid little fat—"

"Cat!" said Bessie. "I'm going to look in the arbour, anyhow!"

"Come in to dinner," said Babs.

"Shan't!"

"You won't get a second helping if you're late."

For a moment Bessie Bunter wavered. But inquisitiveness was too strong. She made a step towards the arbour.

Barbara exchanged a glance with Marjorie, and the two girls caught Bessie by her fat arms. There was a howl of protest from Bessie as they raced her away through the gardens towards the schoolhouse.

"Leggo! I'll scream! Cats! I know there's somebody in the arbour! Leggo! Cats! Cats! Cats!" Bessie's voice died away in the distance in a shriek.

"Oh cwumps!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

He stepped out of the arbour. Barbara and Marjorie had saved him from immediate discovery. But evidently he could not remain where he was now that Bessie Bunter suspected. He looked cautiously round him, and then drew himself up by a branch to look over the wall into the road. If only the coast was clear—

He had a view of two hats. Kildare and Darrell had stopped quite close to the spot, once more in baffled consultation. Arthur Augustus dropped back into cover with amazing rapidity. The coast was anything but clear!

But he could not remain where he was—that was certain. Almost in a state of desperation, Arthur Augustus sidled away among the shrubberies, hunting for a new refuge—and almost wishing himself back at St. Jim's.

CHAPTER 7**Cornered!**

"DISCOVERED, bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus almost groaned.

He had found a refuge—he had felt almost secure. It was a little shed, at a distance from the school buildings, and it was more than half filled with stacked faggots, and a number of agricultural implements pertaining to the domain of the gardener. Arthur Augustus had slithered into the shed with great relief, hoping to lie low there till the hue and cry was over, so to speak.

In case of anyone visiting the shed he could pop out of sight behind the stacks of faggots—that was a second resource in case of necessity. Meanwhile, he watched from a little window, and debated in his mind whether the time had come to make a break for freedom. Making a break was only too probably to run into the arms of the St. Jim's prefects, who evidently suspected that he was in concealment somewhere close at hand; and Gussy realised that it would be only prudent to wait for darkness to fall. But the long summer afternoon seemed endless before him, and he was getting hungry. The career of a runaway was exciting, doubtless, but it was not at all agreeable. And as Arthur Augustus stood dismally considering his doubtful prospects, he discerned the fat figure of Bessie Bunter coming towards the wood-shed.

He felt that he was discovered.

Bessie certainly couldn't have any business in the wood-shed—so far as Gussy could see. She knew he was there! That was his first dismaying thought.

He watched her anxiously, hoping to see her turn aside.

But Bessie came straight on towards the shed. Several times she glanced behind her, and to right and left, in a cautious and surreptitious manner. It really looked as if Bessie Bunter were seeking concealment, just like the St. Jim's runaway.

D'Arcy noticed that she had a bag in her hand—a large paper bag. But he did not think of connecting that with her surreptitious manner.

But if Bessie was seeking concealment, as her looks indicated, she could hardly be looking for him—and Gussy felt relieved of that dread. He hurried to ensconce himself behind a stack of faggots close to the wall.

This was not quite so easy as Gussy had supposed. The faggots were closely packed; and as he squeezed behind them the whole stack lurched a little, and for a moment he feared that it would come down with a crash.

Fortunately it didn't!

Squeezed between the faggots and the wall, Arthur Augustus scarcely dared to breathe, as the shed door opened, and Bessie came in.

He could not see her now, but he heard a fat chuckle.

He heard the plump young lady sit down on a bench, and a rustle of paper showed that she was opening the paper bag.

Then there was a sound of crunching and munching.

"Jolly good!" It was Bessie's voice, mumbling while she munched and crunched. "Six of them—and so juicy! I wonder if that cat Clara will guess who took them? Just like her to suspect me of taking her tarts! Car!"

Munch! Crunch! Munch!

Arthur Augustus grinned behind the faggots. He understood now. The fat girl had evidently "lifted" the bag of tarts, and retired to a secluded spot to devour her prey undiscovered.

Gussy could only hope that she would finish, and clear, without suspecting that there was anyone else in the wood-shed.

Munch! Crunch! Munch! Tart after tart disappeared into Miss Bunter's capacious mouth.

THE COMPANION PAPERS. NEXT WEEK'S GRAND FREE GIFTS!

MONDAY.—In the "Magnet" are presented **TWO REAL PHOTOS OF GEORGE HARRISON** (Everton F.C.), and **F. REILLY** (Blackburn Rovers F.C.)

MONDAY.—In the "Boys' Friend" is given away a splendid **REAL PHOTO OF BERMONDSEY BILLY WELLS**, the Welter-weight Champion of Canada.

TUESDAY.—In the "Popular" will be given away a further **MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ENGINE PLATE.**

WEDNESDAY.—In the Gem Library will be given away a marvellous **REAL PHOTO OF MAX WOODS-NAM**, of Manchester City F.C., **IN ACTION** on the field of play.

MOST IMPORTANT!

If you have not already done so, place an order with your newsagent for copies of all the above-mentioned papers to be saved for you, and participate in

THE COMPANION PAPERS' GRAND FREE GIFTS.



The grip on Gussey's collar was like iron, as Miss Bullivant marched him through the gateway into the road. "Now go!" she cried. "Reappear here at any other time, and I shall hand you over to the police! Wretched boy, take that as a punishment!" "Yawoop!" D'Arcy staggered to one side as Miss Bullivant gave him a powerful box on the ears. (See page 15.)

Arthur Augustus scarcely breathed. Miss Bunter was only six or seven feet from him.

The swell of St. Jim's felt a tickling on his neck. A spider had crawled from the wall, and was proceeding on a voyage of discovery inside Arthur Augustus' collar.

The junior shuddered violently. The spider's legs tickled his neck most horribly. The spider is a very industrious and painstaking creature, and quite admirable in its own sphere. But inside a fellow's collar it was simply horrid.

Arthur Augustus reached into his collar for the horrid insect, reckless of all other considerations, and hooked him out. The faggots swayed and crackled with his movements.

Bessie Bunter jumped up in alarm.

That sudden swaying and crackling of the faggots showed that there was someone behind them in hiding, and Bessie remembered the desperate tramp of the harbour.

She gave a howl of terror as she jumped up, and unfortunately her mouth was full of juicy jam-tart at the same time. Quite a considerable quantity of that tart went the wrong way.

The sounds that followed were awful, only to be equalled by those on a Channel steamer on a rough day.

"Grooooooh, grooooooh! Gug-gug-gug-wuggg! Ooooooooh! Gooooooooh! Mmmmmmm! Yooooooooh!"

"Bai Jove! The gweeday gal is chokin'!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "I wondah if I ought to go to her help?"

"Ooooooh! Goooooh! Moooooh! Gug-gug-gug!"

Chivalry called Arthur Augustus to the aid of beauty in distress. But danger of discovery held him chained behind the faggots. He was still in a state of doubt when Miss Bunter recovered sufficiently to roll out of the wood-shed, shrieking.

"Help! Fire! Tramps! Murder! Help!"

"Bai Jove! The extwemely sillay gal!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "There is nothin' the mattah with her but boltin' jam-tarts in too gweat a huwwy! She is wemarkably like her bwothah Billy—wemarkably! I wondah whether she is any welayon of Twimble of the Fourth? I twust she will not bwing a cwod wound heah. It would be a doocid awkward posish!"

But that was exactly what Bessie Bunter was doing.

Her wild howls brought running feet from every direction. A dozen Cliff House girls were on the spot almost at once; as many voices inquired of Bessie what was the matter.

"Help! Tramps!" yelled Bessie.

"Oh, do be quiet!" exclaimed Barbara Redfern, wondering whether Bessie had happened on the St. Jim's refugee again.

"What is the matter?"

It was a stern voice, the voice of Miss Bullivant, the mathematics mistress of Cliff House, a very severe lady.

"Oh dear, it's the Bull!" murmured Barbara. "Now all the fat's in the fire! You little idiot, Bessie!"

Miss Bullivant came grimly up.

"Tell me at once what is the matter, Bessie Bunter! Why, you are covered with jam!"

"My tarts!" murmured Clara.

"Tramps! Murderers!" shrieked Bessie. "He's in the woodshed!"

"What?"

"Hiding in the wood-shed!" shrieked Bessie. "I—I saw his revolver. He—he was going to shoot me! Help! Whoop! Help!"

"Silence! Do you mean to say that there is some unauthorised individual in the wood-shed?" exclaimed Miss Bullivant.

"Yes; that ruffian, that tramp, he was in the harbour before dinner, only Miss Primrose wouldn't believe me. Help!"

"Silence! Stand back, girls! If there is a tramp here I will deal with him!" said Miss Bullivant. "You need not be frightened! Do not be silly! Remember you will be women some day, and will exercise the vote! I forbid you to be frightened."

Miss Bullivant was a determined character. In younger days she had helped to wring the vote from terrified Cabinet Ministers, whom she had waylaid with golf clubs, though some Cliff House girls whispered that Miss Bullivant's features had been more terrifying than her golf clubs. Never would Miss Bullivant have confessed that she was unequal to dealing with a mere man—tramp or Cabinet Minister or bad character of any other description.

"Cal'n yourself, Bessie! You say that there is a man hidden in the wood-shed?"

"Ow! Wow! Yes, a fearful ruffian—"

"Very good! Doubtless a lurking criminal, seeking an opportunity to commit a robbery!" said Miss Bullivant, with great calmness. "I shall deal with the ruffian! Clara, run into the house as quickly as you can, and bring me a golf club. You will find a bag of clubs in the hall. Bring the heaviest club."

Clara cut off.

The crowd of girls gathered round Miss Bullivant, confident in her calmness and courage, though some of them cast very uneasy glances towards the open doorway of the wood-shed. Certainly, if a hulking tramp had appeared there, a general flight would have set in. Only Barbara and Marjorie were worried, wondering whether the fugitive from St. Jim's was there. In his hidden corner behind the faggots Arthur Augustus palpitated. What was going to happen now he could not guess. He clung to the hope of remaining concealed, but he realised that his chances were slim.

Miss Clara was soon back with the golf club. The Bull grasped it in her powerful hand.

"Keep behind me, girls!" she commanded. "Do not scream, and do not be frightened. I will deal with him."

Miss Bullivant marched into the wood-shed boldly. The girls gathered in a crowd round the doorway.

Miss Bullivant glanced round.

"Come forth!" she commanded.

Arthur Augustus did not come forth.

"Oh dear! Suppose he rushed at you, Miss Bullivant!" exclaimed Barbara. "Hadn't we better all go away, and—"

and send the porter—"

"Nonsense! What a mere man can do a woman can do—better!" said the Bull. "I can see the faggots moving. He is hidden there! If you shriek again, Bessie, I shall punish you! Ruffian!"—Miss Bullivant's voice boomed through the shed—"I know you are there! Come forth!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

"He may rush—" recommenced Barbara.

"If he rushes out, Barbara, I shall stun him with one blow!" said Miss Bullivant.

"Oh!" gasped Barbara.

"Ruffian," boomed Miss Bullivant, "will you come forth?" Still there were no takers, so to speak. Miss Bullivant advanced intrepidly towards the stack of faggots.

She swept the golf club through the air, and crashed it on the faggots. There was a sharp yelp from behind them.

"Oh cwumbs!"

"I hear him!" said Miss Bullivant. "Clara! Barbara! Mabel! Drag the faggots aside! Do not be afraid! The moment I see him I shall strike him on the head and stun him!"

"Oh cwumbs!"

Miss Bullivant stood with the club upraised, all ready for the devoted head of the hidden junior. Arthur Augustus felt that it was time to show up. That golf club, laid on by Miss Bullivant's sinewy arm would have been no joke.

Arthur Augustus squeezed out from behind the stack.

"Pway excuse me, madam—" he gasped.

CHAPTER 8.

The Order of the Boot!

MISS BULLIVANT held her hand. She held it just in time, as she observed that her intended victim was not a hulking tramp, but a dusty and dishevelled schoolboy with a crumpled silk hat. She fairly blinked at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The Cliff House girls, just about to break into flight with a chorus of shrieks, stopped, and there was a laugh instead. Arthur Augustus, with a crimson face, stood hat in hand, wishing that the floor of the wood-shed would open and swallow him up.

"Boy!" gasped Miss Bullivant.

"Only a boy!" said Miss Clara. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" thundered the Bull. "This is not a laughing matter. Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Pway excuse me, madam," gasped Arthur Augustus. "I was weally doin' no harm!"

"Why are you here?"

"I—I was hidin'—"

"From the police?" demanded Miss Bullivant.

"Gweat Scott! Certainly not! Do you think I am a cwiminal?" ejaculated the swell of St. Jim's indignantly.

"I think it very probable!" said Miss Bullivant, in a grinding voice. "In fact, I have very little doubt of it."

"Bai Jove!"

"You have stolen into these premises to commit a theft—"

"Oh dear! Not at all."

"Then explain your presence at once!"

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 756.

"I—I—I—"

"You appear to be a schoolboy," said Miss Bullivant, eyeing the swell of St. Jim's suspiciously. "Is it possible that you have come here to hold surreptitious communication with a girl belonging to this school?"

Miss Bullivant felt that she had it right at last. Really, Arthur Augustus did not look like a youthful member of the criminal classes, or an enterprising burglar beginning early in life.

It was much more probable that it was a case of a romantic schoolboy treading the primrose path of dalliance.

But that was almost as serious a matter in the eyes of the Bull. She threw aside the golf-club, but she barred Gussy's egress from the shed, her stern face growing sterner.

"Confess!" she snapped.

"Nothin' of the sort!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "I should wegard anythin' of the sort as vewy bad form!"

"Do you belong to Greyfriars or Highcliffe?"

"Nunno."

"What school do you belong to?"

"St. Jim's!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "In—in Sussex."

"Then what are you doing here, a hundred miles away from your school? I do not believe you! You are a young rascal!"

"Oh dear!"

"An unscrupulous and precocious young scoundrel!" continued Miss Bullivant, who had learned a fine flow of language in her early days of the struggle for the Vote. "Well may you cringe before me—"

"Bai Jove! I was not awah that I was ewingin'—"

"Well may you think—"

"But I was not shwinkin', madam—"

"I look upon you with disgust, detestation, and abhorrence!" said Miss Bullivant. "Wretched interloper!"

"Oh cwumbs! Weally, you know—"

"If you please, Miss Bullivant—" murmured Barbara timidly.

The Bull turned on her at once.

"Do you know this boy, Barbara?"

"I—I have seen him. He is Ethel Cleveland's cousin," stammered Barbara. "I am sure he was doing no harm—"

"You can know nothing about it, Barbara, unless he came here to see you!" snapped the Bull. "Is that the case?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus hotly. "I did not come heah to see anyone, madam—I came to dodge some chaps who were chasin' me along the wood—"

"Nonsense!"

"I assuah you, madam—"

"Do not tell me falsehoods, wretched boy—unscrupulous and cunning interloper!" thundered Miss Bullivant. "Bah! I despise you! You are regarded with abhorrence by all here!"

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus glanced round with a crimson face at the girls. He was comforted to find no signs of abhorrence in their faces. Most of them were smiling, and some were laughing—and certainly they thought that Arthur Augustus looked very ridiculous. But they did not share Miss Bullivant's crushing opinion of the wretched interloper.

"Come with me!" said Miss Bullivant. "I shall see you safely off the premises! I shall box your ears—"

"Weally, madam—"

"And turn you out! Come!"

Miss Bullivant strode at Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and grasped him by the collar.

The swell of St. Jim's did not resist. He could not punch a lady—besides, Miss Bullivant was physically able to deal with at least half a dozen like Arthur Augustus, so resistance would not have been of much use. With a grip of iron, Miss Bullivant jerked him out of the wood-shed.

Barbara and Marjorie and some other girls gave him looks of sympathy. But they could not help him now; and they tried hard not to laugh. That was all they could do.

The whole crowd followed Miss Bullivant and her prisoner, and most of them were bubbling with laughter. Bessie Bunter, relieved now of her fears, was chortling a fat chortle. In an extensive procession the whole party came down the drive towards the gates; and on the gravel drive they were met by Miss Penelope Primrose. The headmistress of Cliff House put up her glasses and blinked at Arthur Augustus.

"What—what—who—who is this, Miss Bullivant?" she ejaculated.

"A wretched interloper whom I have found lurking surreptitiously in the wood-shed, Miss Primrose."

"Bless my soul! Please see him off the premises as quickly as possible, Miss Bullivant! I think you might box his ears!"

"I shall do so, Miss Primrose!" said the Bull grimly.

"Bai Jove! I pwotest—"

"Come!"

"Weally, you know— Oh cwumbs!"

The grip on Gussy's collar was like iron. He was fairly

yanked along the drive, and he had to trot to keep pace with Miss Bullivant's powerful strides. Miss Bullivant marched him through the gateway into the road.

"Now go!" she said. "Reappear here at any other time, and I shall hand you over to the police! Wretched boy, take that as a punishment!"

Smack!

"Yawwoop!" roared Arthur Augustus, staggering to one side as Miss Bullivant gave him a powerful box on the ears.

Smack!

A box on the other ear righted the swell of St. Jim's.

"Oh cwumbs!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "If you were a man, madam, I would give you a feahful thwashin'! Bai Jove! I considah—"

"Go!" thundered the Bull.

"I wegard you—"

Miss Bullivant raised her hefty hand again. Arthur Augustus did not linger to tell her how he regarded her! It was clearly a case where discretion was the better part of valour! He stood not upon the order of his going—but went!

He went at a run, and Miss Bullivant turned back sternly into the gateway, her duty done. And as Arthur Augustus sped down the road, a stalwart figure dropped from a stile and intercepted him, and again a hand closed on Gussy's collar—this time the hand of Kildare of the St. Jim's Sixth.

"Bagged!" said Kildare cheerfully. "You young rascal! You've given us a run; but we've got you at last!"

CHAPTER 9.

Neck or Nothing!

TOM MERRY & CO., at St. Jim's, were in a state of expectation that day, wondering whether the searching prefects would succeed in "bagging" the St. Jim's runaway and shepherding him home. If they could have seen the hapless youth, in the waning summer's afternoon, they would have had no doubt about it. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat in a railway carriage with Kildare of the Sixth on one side of him, and George Darrell on the other. He was being brought home—a captive.

His aristocratic face was glum.

The two prefects looked satisfied. They had had a tiring day; but they had been successful. The runaway was in their hands, and they were taking him home. They had reason to be pleased. On the other hand, Arthur Augustus had abundant reason to be dissatisfied with the state of affairs.

The misunderstanding with his Housemaster, which had caused him to run away from school, was still there. Severe punishment awaited the runaway—there was no doubt about that! And he had stated that he would not return till he received his "wights." And here he was, returning, like a lost sheep rounded by the shepherds.

More than once Arthur Augustus had cast longing glances about him, seeking a way of escape.

But Kildare and Darrell were too watchful. Whenever they changed trains, one of them linked an arm in Gussy's, and held him securely.

They were on the last "lap" of the journey now, the countryside of Sussex was round them, Wayland Junction was ahead. By dark they hoped to reach St. Jim's and hand over the runaway to the Head.

Arthur Augustus sat silent and glum.

He had not given up hope yet. Somehow, anyhow, he was going to dodge—he was not going to be marched back to St. Jim's with a prefect's hand on his shoulder. That humiliation was really too deep to be contemplated calmly by Arthur Augustus.

Until matters were righted he was not going back—he was resolved upon that. There only remained the question of means.

Resistance was out of the question. It had dawned upon Gussy's powerful brain that he could not "thwash" Kildare or Darrell—and certainly not the two of them. So he sat in glum silence, thinking it out. Wayland Junction was drawing nearer and nearer; and after that, St. Jim's—and the stern Housemaster, and the Head; and perhaps—probably—the birch!

"Wayland!"

The train was slowing, and the dulcet tones of the porter chanted:

"Wayland! Change 'ere for Rylcombe and Woodend."

"Thank goodness we're back at last!" said Kildare.

"Yes, rather!" agreed Darrell.

The train stopped. Kildare stepped out; and then Darrell took Gussy by the arm and handed him out. Kildare received him with a grasp on his other arm.

"You are wuffin' my sleeve, Kildare!" said Arthur Augustus mildly.

"Go hon!" said Kildare sarcastically. "Come on, Darrell!"

The two prefects walked along the platform with Arthur Augustus. He walked between them, and they left the platform together. At the exit there was rather a crowd, and Darrell had to fall back, leaving D'Arcy to Kildare.

The captain of St. Jim's tightened his grasp on the junior's arm.

Arthur Augustus's eyes glinted.

It was now or never.

It was not customary for Gussy's aristocratic wits to work rapidly. But he was spurred on by dire necessity. He barged into a stout farmer who was pushing towards the platform, and his silk hat rolled off and fell to the floor. He stooped to pick it up; and Kildare, for the moment, let go his arm.

But Arthur Augustus did not rise again. He grasped the hat, and, instead of rising with it, he plunged round the stout farmer, bent double, and just escaped the hurried clutch Kildare made after him.

The next instant he was dashing away.

"D'Arcy!" shouted Kildare.

He plunged after the fleeing junior. But the station vestibule was full of people. A crowd of men from the Abbotsford races were coming in, and D'Arcy dashed recklessly through them, causing the sporting gentlemen to break out into loud objurgations. Kildare, as he would have followed, was shoved angrily back, and he lost several minutes in getting clear of the noisy crowd.

Arthur Augustus had not wasted those few minutes.

He hardly stayed to jam his hat on his head as he sprinted out of the station.

Two leaps carried him across the pavement—a third into a waiting taxi.

"Numbah one High Stweet—as fast as you can go!" he gasped.

He gave the first direction that came into his mind—anything to get away from the station without delay.

"Right!"

The taxi-man started quickly enough. The taxi was turning the street corner as Kildare came tearing out of the station, with Darrell at his heels.

"Stop!" roared Kildare, waving his hand wildly after the vanishing taxi.

"Stop!" yelled Darrell.

The taxi vanished.

Arthur Augustus, looking breathlessly out of the little window at the back, grinned as he saw two flying figures tear round the corner in pursuit. The taxi was going strong; Kildare and Darrell dropped hopelessly behind.

Then Arthur Augustus leaned from the side window and spoke to his driver.

"I'm not stoppin' in the High Stweet, aftah all. Keep wight on to Lexham."

"Right!"

The taxi rushed on out of Wayland, and left that thriving market-town far behind in the gathering dusk.

Once more the St. Jim's runaway was on his travels.

It was at a late hour that night that two tired and wrathful Sixth-Formers arrived at the gates of St. Jim's and rang the bell. Taggles came grumbling down to let them in.

Kildare and Darrell tramped across to the School House. The juniors had long been in their dormitories. Mr. Railton was in his study, and Kildare presented himself there with his report.

The Housemaster listened quietly, with a frowning brow.

"We did our best, sir!" said Kildare. "We caught the young ass, and brought him as far as Wayland. I'm sorry to say he dodged me there, in the crowd. He cleared off in a taxi. We hunted for him, and found the taxi-man later on when he came back. He told us he'd left D'Arcy at Lexham station—he thinks the boy took a train there. So—so we thought we'd better come back and report, sir."

Mr. Railton nodded.

"Quite right, Kildare!" he said. "The foolish, reckless boy! You have done all you could, and I am obliged to you. I shall have to take measures to-morrow."

On the morrow, at St. Jim's, there was lively expectation among the juniors when they came down from the dormitories.

Tom Merry & Co. soon learned that Kildare and Darrell were back at St. Jim's; but the burning question was: Had they brought the St. Jim's runaway with them?

Nothing was to be seen of D'Arcy, and Nobody's Study—the punishment room, was ascertained to be empty.

"Good old Gussy!" grinned Blake. "He's dodged them! Perhaps the Head will see now that we'd better go after the duffer!"

"Perhaps!" said Tom Merry, laughing.

(Continued on page 19.)

YOU SHOULD SEE THAT ALL YOUR CHUMS READ THIS MAGNIFICENT SERIAL!



ALL ON HIS OWN!

A Story of a Lad's Uphill
Fight For Fame and
Fortune.

By DUNCAN STORM.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

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

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

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

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

He finds a friend in Wobbygong, a plucky lad from Australia, and the master of a pet kangaroo, Nobby.

Nobby bolts one night, but the boys give chase and capture him. On their return to St. Beowulf's they find that burglars have broken into the school. The ruffians are captured. Wobby commandeers their car, and hides it in the Haunted Barn for future use.

Later, Ready is attacked in the Rat Pit by Slurk & Co., but by means of a maroon he signals to his chums, who come rushing to his assistance. Slurk, after having a warm time, escapes through a hole in the wall; but Johnson, in trying the same move, becomes a fixture.

"Bring a pole, you chaps," cries Wobby, "and we'll help him out with that!"

(Now read on.)

The Triple Hunt.

THERE was a rush and a stampede of cheering fags, who were delighted to see the Black Prince, as they called the nigger, in this plight.

They rushed to the works yard of the school, and came staggering back under a scaffold-pole of large dimensions.

"That's no good, you young idiots!" said Wobby wearily. "What we want is a small pole—something that we can work about like a pin in a winkle! Bring one of the touch-line flags from the footer gear!"

There was another rush of fags, and they quickly returned with the desired pole.

There were loud groans from the prisoner as Wobby inserted the pole into the narrow tunnel.

"Look out!" moaned Jack Johnson, "You're a-gwine to hurt me!"

"No, we aren't!" replied Wobby. "We are just going to work you about a bit, while the chaps on the other side pull on your legs. If we smash up some of those apples

and bags of sweets that are holding you, we'll soon get you free!"

"But," protested the nigger, "you'll hurt me!"

Wobby lifted his voice.

"Hi, you pebs there on the other side of the wall!" he called.

"Yes?" came the answer.

"Pull on his legs when I whistle!" cried Wobby.

He whistled shrilly and levered about with the pole. The victim howled. Then all of a sudden he wriggled himself square with the hole in the wall, and was dragged back swiftly, almost jerked out of the hole by the band of willing helpers who were dragging on his legs.

A shower of bullies and apples fell from his torn jacket as he was hauled back, and his head descended with a thump on the ground.

He sat down, rubbing his woolly pate, and ruefully surveying his blazer, which was torn to ribbons.

"I've gwine to hab de law on you chaps!" he threatened. "Look! You hab spoil my coat! I'll take yo' names, all ob you!"

He produced a notebook and pencil, ready to take the names of all the boys who had pulled on his legs, just as Wobby came racing round from the other court, with the kangaroo bounding after him.

"What's this about taking names?" Wobby demanded.

"I take yo' name, sar!" replied the indignant nigger.

"Here, Nobby!" said Wobby to his pet. "This smoooger is goin' to squeal on us! Breathe up to him and ask him if he's goin' to report you along with the rest of the clique!"

The sight of Nobby, the kangaroo, dancing on his tail, with his gloved paws and feet beginning to spar for him, was too much for the nigger.

With a yell and a rush, he dashed through the crowd of boys, and made for the school as hard as he could go.

Wobby grinned placidly as he watched his retreating form.

"He's beat it while the going is good!" he remarked cheerfully. "Let him go, boys! We'll put the old kangaroo back in his stable now, and then we can go for a bit of a walk."

Nobby was duly taken back to his loose box and shut in. Then the crowd melted away. Wobby signed to his chums to follow him quietly, and led the way through the tail of the lane that led by the doctor's kitchen garden into Muck Lane.

They followed him at a distance, for they were already beginning to learn something of Wobby's bush methods.

"Never be seen all together at once!" was Wobby's motto.

They knew that Wobby was making for the Haunted Barn, where they had hidden the motor-car of the burglars, for which the police were now searching everywhere.

Wobby had ascertained that the sergeant and the constable had taken plaster casts of Ford tracks in all the lanes. He did not attach any importance to their investigations, anyway, as every farmer in the country around had a Ford. It was the saying in that part:

"I can't afford a car, but I can afford a Ford!"

Jim and Lung followed Wobby's trail through the wood, for here and there a branch was turned and tied in a knot. As they approached Juicy Brook they found Wobby seated on a tree-trunk, absorbed in studying the notebook which he had taken from the captured burglar.

He looked up and nodded as they approached.

"The other chaps coming along?" he asked.

"They'll be here directly," said Jim. "Lal Singh is bringing Stickjaw with him."

"Then we are all complete," said Wobby comfortably. "Look here, boys. We've got to look up the old car now and see that she's all right for a start. We've got to take her out to-night, and bring her back loaded with treasure. I've been studying these private maps of the burglars, and I've found out where they've stowed the silver that was taken from Lord Tantivy's place.

OMAR THE MAGNIFICENT!



Ask for
The Boys' FRIEND

It's buried close alongside the stuff that was burgled from Lord Bradbury's. We must get that at night. It's big, so we must use the car. I've got my own notion as to getting Lady Castlewood's jewels. We can do that without the car. Let us now come along to the Haunted Barn, and see that no one has pined the old Ford."

"Where is the stuff hidden?" asked Jim. "Forty miles away from here!" replied Wobby. "So you'll have a nice long eighty-mile ride. I want to see how much petrol there is in the tank."

"Shall we lie close while you go to the barn?" asked Jim.

Wobby shook his head. "A couple of reed-cutters went up Juicy Brook a while ago," he said, "and I've been watching things since they went along. There's an old otter came up on the bank yonder by the brook with a fish. He's playing about amongst the reeds. We'll start him up and drive him towards the men. They are all out for the otters, and they'll take up the chase. Then we will have a look at the car!"

Jim knew that those wonderful eyes of Wobby's, which never missed the flight of a bird or the track of an animal, could not be mistaken.

Leaning against a tree close by were some light poles which the woodmen had been shaping for the boatbooks of the fishermen. Wobby took one of these and tested it.

"These will do for jumping-poles, boys," he said, bending the pole nearly double. "Now we'll go and stir up the otter."

He marched down the slope on to the marsh that surrounded Juicy Brook. His chums took their leaping-poles and followed him.

Arriving at the bank of the river, Wobby motioned to his friends to keep back, and pointed to a fresh-caught three-pound bream which lay on the bank, still wet and gleaming from the river, with a big chunk bitten out of its back.

It was plain that the otter was fishing close handy.

Looking more like some wild savage than a tame schoolboy, Wobby crept along the bank, watching for his prey. Suddenly he lifted his pole and thrust it down amongst the rushes.

There was a struggle, a plunge, and a rush as a large dog otter broke away and went racing up the river to get clear of these rude intruders to his fishing-grounds.

Wobby gave a shout. "There he goes!" he cried. "There he goes! Come along, boys!"

Away they went, chasing the otter up-river and along the low wall of the marsh.

Presently Wobby came to a dyke, shallow and oozy, and fourteen feet wide. He took the dyke in his run, using his long pole as a leaping-pole.

Away he flew over the dyke like a bird, closely followed by Lung.

Unfortunately, Lung's pole slipped as his chum went flying across the wide stretch of water and mud, and down he went, with a terrible splash of black mud and water.

Lung was very doozy and neat, but he came up from his bath black from head to foot, with his pigtail hanging limp down his back and trimmed with watercress.

Wobby turned at the splash and came running back.

"Oh, you silly Chink!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "You've been and struck the jossop all ri', buck! My word, what a picture to frighten a horse! Come out of it! Stick to your pole!"

Wobby thrust out his pole and dragged the unhappy Lung to land.

"Next time I bring you out, Lung," he said wrathfully. "I'll bring a perambulator for you. That's what you want! Now run, or we'll lose the otter!"

"Me no wantee catchee ottee!" puffed Lung, spitting out mud water and watercress.

"You keep the tambourine a-rolling!" said Wobby, as he raced along. "There he goes! Tally-ho!"

The otter made for a big clump of reeds by the riverside, thinking to find shelter, but Wobby, industrious as a terrier, got in amongst the stuff and stirred him out with the end of his pole.

Then down he went slump to his neck as though the quaky earth had opened and swallowed him up.

"I'm in the soup now!" he exclaimed. "Chuck us a pole, coppers!"

The boys on the firmer ground threw him the end of a pole which he gripped. Then

they pulled back, drawing Wobby with a "plop" from his muddy wallow.

He came out black and juicy up to his neck; but he had not lost sight of the chase.

"Keep him on the move, boys!" he cried, starting off again.

Another wide dyke soon broke their path. There was a fence rail across this, and Wobby, using his pole as a balancing pole, got up on the shakily rail and walked it like a tight-rope walker.

Jim followed him safely. The dyke was too wide here to jump, even with the help of a jumping-pole.

Stickjaw was third to take to the rail. He was coming across in fine style until his foot hit a patch of slime which Wobby had left on the rail. He slipped up and came smack on his back in a bed of rich, black ooze, sending huge goutts of mud flying in all directions.

Lung, whose clothes were past caring for, as he was black mud from head to foot, did not try to walk the rail. Hanging on to it, he made his way well out to where Stickjaw was wallowing, and catching that youth by the collar, he hauled him up so that he could grab the rail.

Lal Singh took no chances of jumping the dyke here at the mouth, where it joined the river. He started running along its bank, seeking for an easier crossing, and when he was a couple of hundred yards inland from the river he gave a yell of derision for his muddy friends, for here the dyke was crossed by a narrow plank.

Lal ran across this brandishing his pole.

"Ha, you sillies fellows!" he shouted. "Look! I have not roll in mud. You call yourself smart fellows, you Australians, but you shall hit yourself kicks to see how easy I cross these perilous places!"

Lal's remarks were cut short, as there came an angry bellow from behind a large clump of alders. The angry face of a large red bull was next shot forth from the greenery.

The bull had a ring through its nose and an ugly look in its eyes. When it saw Lal's dusky face, it put down its head and charged out of cover like an express train.

"Ho! Run fellows!" shouted Lal. "We are chased by angry beefs!"

There was now a triple hunt going on. First the otter, rustling through the reeds upstream, cunningly taking cover from the chance of a gunshot, then the boys, running for dear life, then came the "angry beefs," as Lal Singh called the red bull.

Lal was the last in the little procession, but he made wonderful progress, thrusting his pole before him into the ground and covering the greensward in great bounds, that Nobby, the kangaroo, himself might have envied.

The bull was thoroughly stirred up now. It was an ill-tempered brute, who had been placed on the marsh to fatten up before he went to the butchers. As he had not fattened much, he was lithe and active.

Wobby gradually fell behind Jim and the muddy Lung as they ran.

"Keep going, boys!" he cried. "Take to the river if he nobbles you!"

The bull was closing on Lal Singh now, with its head down and its tail straight out, bellowing like a foghorn.

"Dyke!" yelled Jim, as the watercourse showed before them.

He plunged his pole into the mud, and flew across the dyke into safety, closely followed by Lung.

Lal Singh, panting and nearly run out, came flying along with the bull close behind him. Suddenly there was a crack and a splintering, his pole broke in the middle of a jump, throwing him to the ground.

Wobby did not hesitate; he turned and leaped back to the rescue, giving a wild yell to attract the attention of the bull.

The bull swerved aside and came for him, giving Lal Singh time to get to his feet.

"Run, you fool!" exclaimed Wobby breathlessly.

Lal Singh was too surprised to run; he stood there, as if he were frozen to the ground, whilst the bull charged at Wobby.

Wobby was ready for the charge. Running forward and planting his pole in the ground in front of the angry brute's nose, he went flying over its head and back, as his pole flew to splinters.

The bull then came to a standstill, looking up into the air for the boy he thought he had tossed, with a ludicrous expression of surprise on its face.

Wobby appeared to the bull to have vanished into thin air. Its eyes turned with a red gleam on the petrified Lal, and it pawed the earth, sending great clouds of the soft marsh soil flying behind it. Then it lowered its head.

It never charged, for, to its horror and wonderment, its tail was caught in a grip of steel and given an excruciating twist. It leaped and bucked, and went flying round with Wobby hanging on to its tail for dear life.

"Run, you Hindoo idiot!" yelled Wobby. "Run! I can't hold him much longer!"

Jim had hurled his pole across the dyke. Lal ran, and, picking up the pole, took a flying leap into safety, whilst Wobby and the bull, whirling in a mad jazz, came circling nearer and nearer to the dyke.

Down went the bull over the edge, rolling and wallowing in the mud and water of the dyke, taking Wobby with it.

Wobby struggled out on one side of the dyke as the bull struggled out on the other, a mass of mud and astonishment, and bellowing, till he roused the echoes of the marsh and sent a heron sailing up wind croaking harshly.

The two reed-cutters came rushing down the river bank.

"What be all the moither, young gents?" called one.

"Beefs him too cross!" yelled Lal.

"Never mind the beefs," cried Wobby; "there's an otter in the reed-bed, your side of the river!"

The men took up the hunt, too excited by the presence of the old dog otter to notice the pickle the boys were in. They drove the marauder of their eels and tench out into the river, and the boys drove it up stream on their side. The hunt went fast and furious, one of the men running off to get his gun. Then Wobby winked to his pals.

"Let 'em have their old otter now, coppers," he said, as he sighted some stepping-stones above the marsh. "He'll take 'em another mile up the river before they get him."

A couple of woodsmen came hurrying down the woods, attracted by the shouting and excitement, and took up the chase of the "warmint," as they called him. Away they went up river, clear of the marsh, where there were no more reed beds and where the otter travelled fast.

Wobby came to the stepping-stones, and sat down, washing his legs free of some of the mud.

He looked round at his companions and grinned as he listened to the music of the hunt dying away up the river.

"That's worked the oracle, boys!" he said. "In a few minutes there won't be a living soul within a couple of miles. They are all after the otter. We'll cross the river here,



The enraged bull leaped and bucked and went flying round, with Wobby hanging on to its tail for dear life. "Run, you Hindoo idiot!" yelled Wobby. "Run! I can't hold him much longer!" Lal picked up the pole and took a flying leap into safety.



Wobby climbed out and sat comfortably on the tall chimney-stack. He shifted along to make room for Jim. Then Stickjaw's head and shoulders were thrust from the chimney.

leaving the bull on the other side, and get to the Haunted Barn. Then we'll look up our Rolls-Ford without anyone being a bit the wiser.

The party hopped across the stepping-stones and came down the opposite bank, where the ground was firmer, to the Haunted Barn, and here they found the burglars' car just as they had left her.

Wobby pointed out by the spiders' webs that no one had been to the barn. He tested the engine, overhauled the car, found four spare tins of petrol, and decided that he would travel a hundred miles without difficulty to recover the buried treasure of the two great burglaries.

"I want to get hold of that stuff quick, boys," he said. "Who knows that Frisky Smith and his pals are not working with other confederates, who may clear out the stuff under the noses of the police, if we don't? We can get the old car out of the back of the barn here on to the road to-night without anyone being the wiser, and off we'll go. Won't the cops be mad? Lord Tantivy has offered five hundred pounds reward for his part of the stuff alone!"

"We can't go back to the school in this mess!" exclaimed Jim Ready.

"Leave that to me!" said the resourceful Wobby, and he led the way through the woods to the back of the playing fields by the pavilion.

Here there were wash-basins and many lockers filled with cricketer's clobber. The boys stripped off their clothes, and changed, so that no suspicion was aroused by the little group as they made their way back into the school.

At supper-time that night, Wobby, who was already the favourite of all the servants in the school, thrust his head in at the buttery hatch of the great old-fashioned kitchen.

"Tom," he called to the buttery servant, "stuff that nosebag with bread and cheese and beef sandwiches, and oblige yours truly!"

"What's the game, Master Wobby?" asked Tom.

"Nothing exciting," replied Wobby. "There's a chance that some of us may be getting hungry in the night, and it's always just as well to have a ration or two about you!"

Tom stuffed the bag generously, and Wobby, stowed it under his bed in Dormitory No. 4. Then he returned to Hall, where supper was in full progress.

He could hear Monsieur talking loudly with Buckley at the high table. The conversation was of burglaries, for the talk had turned on the daring robberies at Lord Tantivy's and Lord Bradbury's mansions.

"Ha!" exclaimed Monsieur, his eyes rolling. "Your English police are not smart. Dey will not discover dat treasure. I converse wif ze police-sergeant to-day, and 'e tell me dat zey 'ave motor patrol at 'Angman Copse and Two Bridges. Zey stop all ze motor-car!"

Wobby listened intently, making up his mind that he would steer clear that night of Hangman's Copse and Two Bridges. Wobby was nothing if not methodical. He had secured two first-class Ordnance Survey maps of the country, and had studied them closely.

Already he was shaping a cross-country course for the Rolls-Ford, which promised to be exciting.

The air was full of adventure when, after chapel, the boys sought their dormitory.

There was no skylarking or wakefulness to-night. Most of the boys were wearied by the day of excitement and sport.

Only Wobby was wakeful. There was a good deal of the savage about Wobby. He could take his food or his sleep at long intervals, without suffering.

He heard Blackbeard going his rounds, padding softly along the passage outside, and turning across the Bridge of Sighs. He gave him a careful half-hour to settle down in his study, then crept from his bed, and slipped along the passage like a shadow, across the Bridge of Sighs, and down the staircase to Blackbeard's very door.

There he stopped and listened intently. He could hear the buzz of a carborundum wheel.

Blackbeard, the pirate, was engaged in a favourite occupation of his. He was grinding down sections of rock to the thinness of tissue paper for microscopic slides.

He was safe in the pirate's lair for hours.

The coast was all clear. They could be off.

Wobby woke his pals quietly. They slipped out of their beds and dressed quietly. Then, by a careful arrangement of the clothes, the beds were made to look as if they were still tenanted.

Wobby slipped the haversack of sandwiches over his shoulder, and the boys stood wondering a moment as to how they were going to get out of the dormitory.

Wobby soon solved the problem. He tiptoed into the box-room, and flashing on his electric lamp, pulled aside a pile of boxes, revealing one of the glories of the old Abbey, hidden away in this humble surroundings.

It was a huge, stone fireplace.

"We go out this way!" said Wobby, with decision.

"Up the chimney?" exclaimed Jim Ready.

"It's the only way out," said Wobby. "Up the chimney, on to the roof, and then down the fire escape—easiest thing in the world."

"My word, Wobby!" whispered Stickjaw. "You are a lad! Why, we shall be as black as sweeps!"

"Not been a fire in this chimney for years," said Wobby calmly. "and there are nice little iron foot-grips all the way up. I've been up there already, so I know all about it. Follow me!"

Wobby walked into the great chimney-place, and reaching up, suddenly disappeared from their sight.

His chums followed him.

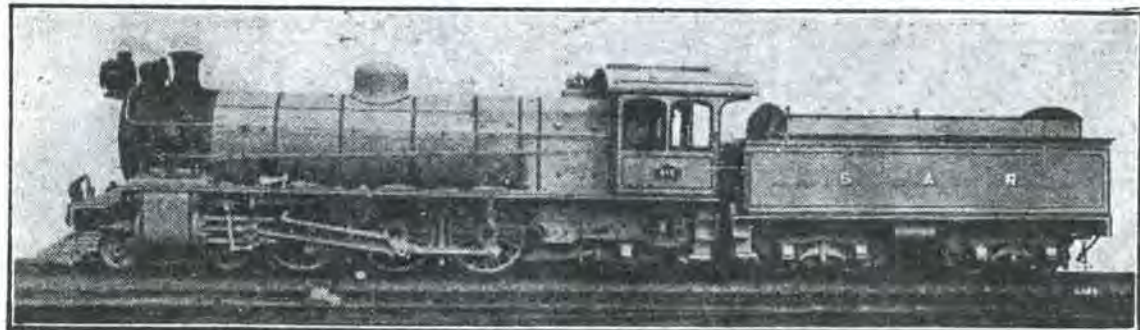
Soon Wobby saw the dim moonlight sky above his head. He climbed out, and sat comfortably on the tall chimney-stack, taking a bird's-eye view of the dim moonlit country round the school.

He shifted along to make room for Jim, then Stickjaw's head and shoulders were thrust forth from the chimney.

(What will be the result of the chums night ride in search of the hidden treasure? Next week's splendid instalment of this magnificent serial will tell you.)

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GUSSY AMONG THE GIRLS!

(Continued from page 15.)

Later in the day it was learned how near the runaway had been to recapture. Arthur Augustus had escaped by the skin of his teeth, as it were. And still the great question was: Where was Gussy?

"Anyhow, he's not far away now," Monty Lowther remarked. "I—I wonder—" Lowther broke off with a chuckle.

"Well?" said Tom.

"He's given Greystriars a turn, and Highcliff a turn; and it comes out now that he's even given Cliff House Girls' School a turn," said Monty. "Lexham's on the way to Rookwood—do you think the champion ass is going to give Rookwood a turn?"

Tom Merry whistled.

"I shouldn't wonder! But—"

"If I were our merry Housemaster," said Lowther, "I should ring up Rookwood on the telephone and ask them whether a fathead with an eyeglass had wandered in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If he isn't there, where is he?" said Lowther. "Two to one on Rookwood! And if the Head would let us fetch him—"

"Not a word!" said Blake. "If that's the giddy state of the case, Railton can guess it for himself."

"Yes, rather!"

Whether the Head or the Housemaster guessed what might have been Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's probable refuge, the juniors did not know. Dr. Holmes and Mr. Railton did not think of confiding their surmises on the subject to the Shell and the Fourth—which, the juniors agreed, was a pity.

But the whole Lower School of St. Jim's was in a state of breathless expectation now for news of the runaway; and Tom Merry & Co. could not help thinking that the elusive Gussy was very near the end of his tether.

THE END.

(You must not miss next week's grand long story of the chums of St. Jim's, entitled: "The Runaway at Rookwood." By Martin Clifford. You will read therein the further exciting adventures of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the runaway of St. Jim's.)

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