

"CHICK CHANGE-ADVENTURER!" SENSATIONAL STORY BY ROBERT MURRAY INSIDE!

# THE GEM 2<sup>d</sup>

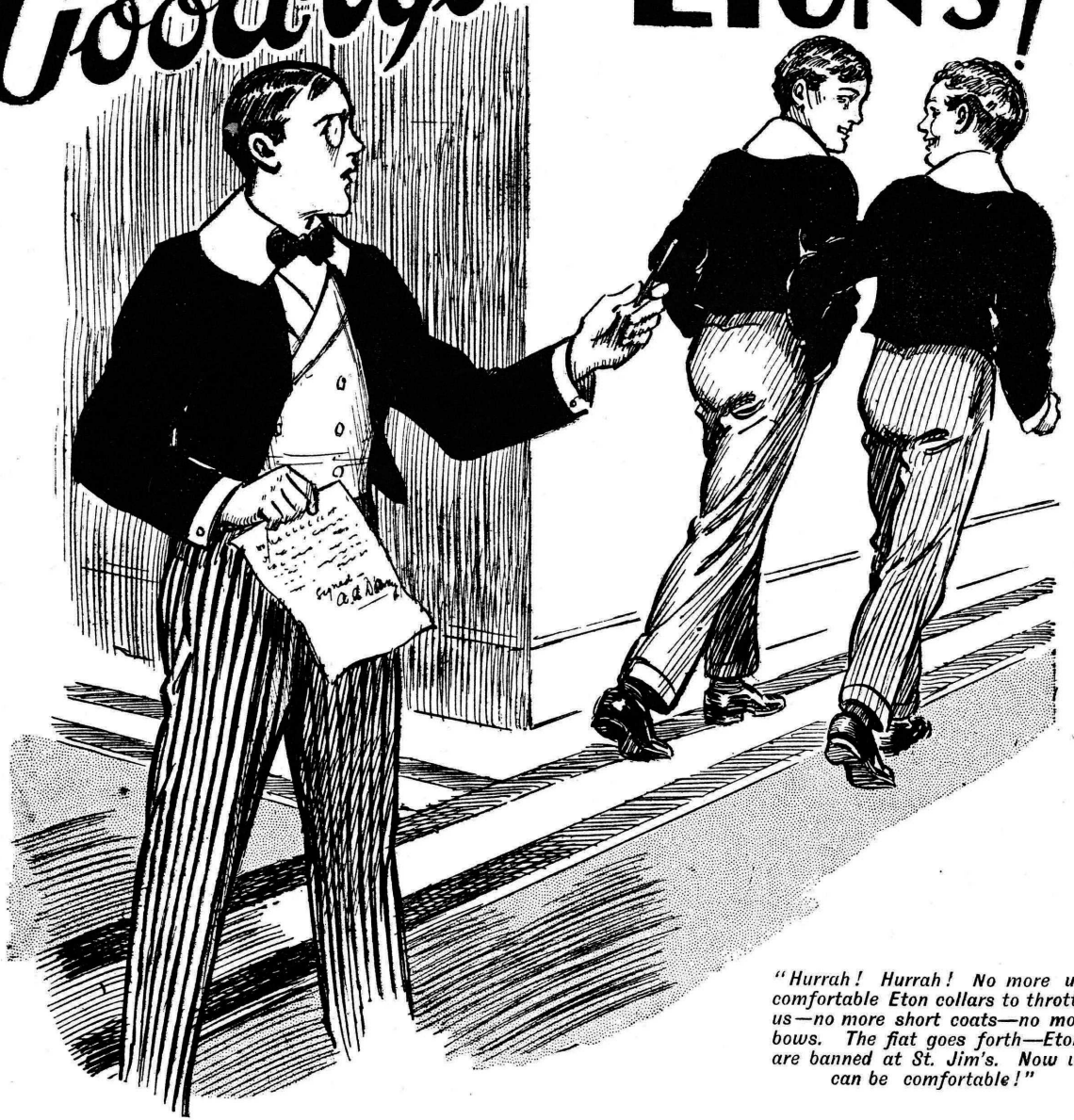
EVERY WEDNESDAY.



"GOOD-BYE TO ETONS!"

THE MOST AMAZING STORY OF TOM MERRY & CO.—

# Good-bye TO ETONS!



*"Hurrah! Hurrah! No more uncomfortable Eton collars to throttle us—no more short coats—no more bows. The fat goes forth—Etons are banned at St. Jim's. Now we can be comfortable!"*

## CHAPTER 1. Whose Jacket?

**B**AI Jove! Twimble, deah boy!" Baggie Trimble jumped. He seemed alarmed.

Baggy Trimble, of the St. Jim's Fourth, was going out of the School House as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the same Form, was going in. Therefore, they met!

Generally, when Arthur Augustus D'Arcy came on Trimble of the Fourth he passed him unregarding, or at most with a distant nod.

On this occasion he paused, and looked at the fat Baggie with an actually benignant expression.

"I—I say—" stammered Trimble.

He glanced to the right. He glanced to the left. He looked like a fat rabbit seeking an avenue of escape. Obviously, such pleasure as the meeting afforded was all on the side of Arthur Augustus.

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"My deah chap—" said D'Arcy.

"I—I didn't—" stammered Trimble.

"Eh?"

"I mean, I wasn't—"

"I do not quite follow you, Twimble. Pway what are you dwivin' at?" asked Arthur Augustus, in surprise.

"I—I mean, I—I'm going to the pictures this afternoon," stammered Trimble. "That's why—"

"If you are in a hurwy, Twimble, I will not detain you. I was goin' to make a wemark," said Arthur Augustus.

"That jacket—"

"This—this jacket—"

"Yaas, wathah! That Eton jacket you are weawin'—"

"The—the fact is—"

"I twust," said Arthur Augustus, with graceful dignity, "that you will not wegard my wemarks as impertinent, Twimble. I am quite awah that it is bad form to pass wemarks on a fellow's clobbah, as a wule. But in the pwesent instance I feel bound to congwatulate you!"

"Eh?"

—OF ST. JIM'S EVER WRITTEN! YOU & YOUR PAL'S'LL ENJOY IT!



## By Martin Clifford

Trimble blinked blankly at the swell of St. Jim's. Whatever it was he had expected from Arthur Augustus it was not congratulations.

"Generally," continued Arthur Augustus, "your jacket looks like a wag, Twimble. Generally, your twousahs look like bags. Your appeavance is generally fwightfully slovenly. I am vevy glad to see this wemarkable impwovement."

"Oh!" gasped Trimble.

He seemed relieved.

"Like the jacket?" he asked.

A grin dawned on Baggy's fat face.

But the noble countenance of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was quite serious as he adjusted his famous monocle in his aristocratic eye, and surveyed Trimble.

There was undoubtedly a change in Trimble. He was wearing an Eton jacket of the most elegant cut and fit. True, it seemed rather tight for him. The tailor had not allowed for the ample proportions of the podgy Baggy. Still, it was a remarkably nice jacket. There was not a single stain on it; not a smear; not a smudge. As a rule, it did not need a detective to deduce, from Trimble's jacket, what he had had for recent meals. But the bright new jacket he was wearing now was like the brave knight of old—without stain or reproach.

Arthur Augustus smiled approval.

He was naturally interested. Trimble's slovenly appearance had always

worried Arthur Augustus. He did not like to see a fellow about with a rustified, fustified, mustified air. Clobber was, from Gussy's noble point of view, an important matter. And Gussy, the glass of fashion and the mould of form in the Lower School at St. Jim's, knew all there was to be known about clobber.

"I weally congwatulate you, Twimble," he said benignantly. "Your twousahs still look wathah disgwaceful, if you don't mind my mentionin' it—"

"Look here—"

"And your tie is howwid, if you do not object to my weferin' to it. But the jacket is weally wippin'!"

Trimble grinned.

"It is wathah tight," resumed Arthur Augustus. "Next time you had bettah get your tailah to let it out a twifle, pewwaps. But it is weally a jacket—not at all like the wag you usually wear, deah boy! It is a jacket I would not mind weawin' myself!"

"He, he, he!"

D'Arcy raised his eyebrows.

"I fail to see anythin' to cackle at in that wemark, Twimble. I am speakin' quite sewiously. As a mattah of fact, that jacket is a garment that can be weally and accurately called a jacket, and it is vevy like the new jacket that has just come home fwom my tailah's. I ofah you my congwatulations, Twimble. You are impwovin'."

"Glad you like it, old chap!" said Trimble.

"You do not mind my makin' a wemark on the subject, Twimble?"

"Not at all."

"Vevy good! It is weally a pleasuah, you know, to see you in a jacket that does not look like a wag. I twust that this impwovement, Twimble, will ultimately extend to your twousahs. It is up to a fellow to be well-dwessed. It is a sign of self-wespect. If I can give you advice any time, Twimble, with wegard to twousahs, I am at your service."

And, with a cheery nod and a smile, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy passed on into the House.

Baggy Trimble stared after him for a moment or two, grinning.

Then he hurried out of the house and made his way down to the gates.

It was a half-holiday that day, and Baggy was going out. Since his encounter with D'Arcy, he seemed in a greater hurry than before. Generally, Baggy's movements were slow, if not stately. He rolled on his podgy way a good deal like a steam-roller. But Baggy could put on speed at times; and this was one of the times. Baggy had reached the gates and cleared off by the time Arthur Augustus' graceful and stately progress had brought him as far as the door of Study No. 6 in the School House.

Arthur Augustus sailed gracefully into that study.

Blake and Herries and Digby were there. They were discussing an excursion for the afternoon when Gussy blew in.

"Oh, here you are, fat-head!" said Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Waiting for you, ass!" said Digby.

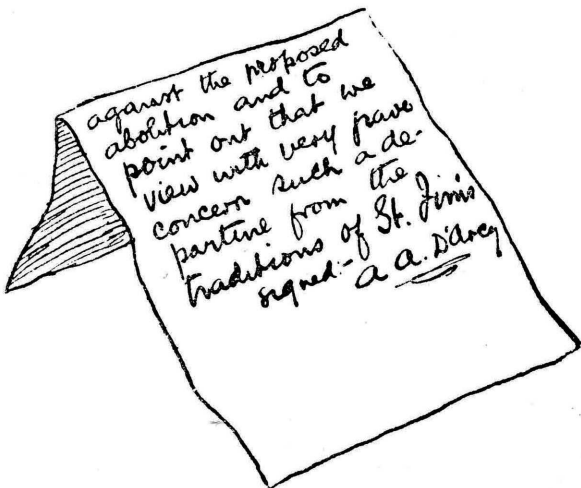
"Weally, Dig—"

"You were going to be two minutes posting a letter," said Herries. "It's nearer two hours."

"Weally, Hewwies, it is nothin' like two hours. As a mattah of fact, I stopped to say a few words to Twimble."

"What the thump did you want to speak to Trimble for?"

"Twimble is impwovin', deah boy. I believe in givin' encouragement where encouragement is due. Twimble was unusually well-dwessed this aftahnoon. It is a change. THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,155



wevy much for the bettah. I was vevy pleased to see him weavin' a decent jacket."

"Oh, blow Trimble!" said Blake. "And bless his jacket! Look here—what are we going to do this afternoon?"

"I think we might go for a wamble, deah boy. It is a vevy fine aftahnoon; and we could dwop in for tea at the bunshop at Wayland. It is warm enough to go without coats; and I have not yet worn my new Eton jacket in public."

"Oh, my hat! Are we going to take your jacket for a walk?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Well, buck up, anyhow. How many hours will it take you to change into your new jacket?" demanded Blake.

"Wats! It will not take me more than a few minutes, as the jacket is heah," said Arthur Augustus. "I left it hangin' on the hangah on the door, aftah unpackin' it. Heah it is— Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus closed the door of the study and stared at the inner side of that door.

On the hook a coat-hanger hung.

But there was nothing on the hanger. A beautiful new Eton jacket had hung there when D'Arcy had last been in the study. Now the hanger was bare.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass severely on his chums "Weally, you fellows—"

"What's biting you now?" asked Dig.

"Nothin' is bitin' me, Dig, and I regard the question as widiculous," said Arthur Augustus stiffly. "I am bound to remark that I disappwove strongly of larkin' with a fellow's clobbah. I regard it as bein' in the vevy worst of taste. Where's my new jacket?"

"Isn't it there, fathead?"

"I wefuse to be called a fathead, Blake; and if you use your eyes, you will see that the jacket is not there."

"Well, where did you leave it, ass?"

"I left it on the hangah on this door, Blake, and I wequire to know where it is now!" said Arthur Augustus warmly. "Twicks with a fellow's clobbah are simply silly. I wepeat it—simply silly! What have you uttah asses done with that jacket?"

"Not guilty, my lord!" said Dig, grinning.

"Haven't even seen it!" said Herries.

"If you have put that jacket somewah, Blake—"

"Never thought of it," said Blake regretfully. "If it had occurred to me, I might have stuffed it up the chimney, or—"

"You uttah ass—"

"But I didn't," said Blake, shaking his head. "Not guilty! Now, if we're walking over to Wayland—"

"We cannot walk ovah to Wayland until I have found that jacket, Blake. I wefuse to stir a step until I have found that jacket. Some unspeakable wottah has been larkin' with my jacket!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus hotly. "Some unpwincipled wuffian has wemoved that jacket—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Blake, all of a sudden.

"Weally, you fathead—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Blake shrieked. "Didn't you say Trimble was wearing a decent jacket—"

"Eh?"

"Did he tell you whose it was?" roared Blake.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Herries and Digby.

"B-b-bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus stood transfixed.

Slowly, but surely, the dreadful truth filtered into his aristocratic mind.

He remembered Baggy's hunted look when they had met— which he had not understood at the time.

"Twimble!" he gasped. "My jacket! Bai Jove—the uttah wottah—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Blake & Co.

"This is not a laughin' mattah," shrieked Arthur Augustus. "That fat boundah is goin' to the pictures; he will be gorgin' chocolates, and smeavin' them all ovah that jacket—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I—I—I—"

Words failed Arthur Augustus.

He made a bound for the door, and rushed out of Study No. 6, leaving his chums yelling like hyenas. Utterly forgetful of the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, D'Arcy raced down the passage, and descended the stairs three at a time. From Study No. 6 a roar followed him on his wild career.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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## CHAPTER 2.

### A Friend in Need!

"FOOTBALL!" said Tom Merry.

"Pictures!" said Monty Lowther.

"It's a fine afternoon," said Manners thoughtfully. "The light's good. What about a camera?"

The Terrible Three of the Shell were sitting in a row on the top bar of a fence at a little distance from the school gates.

Like the chums of the Fourth, they were discussing what was to be done with the half-holiday.

It was a remarkably fine afternoon, considering that it was early in the year; and when fine weather and a half-holiday coincided all three of the chums of the Shell agreed that the best possible use had to be made of it.

Loyal and devoted comrades as they were, a dissimilarity of taste often showed itself among the three.

Tom Merry's mind naturally ran to football. Monty Lowther, who felt the call of the cinema at all times, was thinking of the pictures. While Manners, whenever he had any films, turned to photography like a duck to water.

"There's no match on, Tom!" argued Lowther.

"We can fix up a pick-up game!"

"We don't often get weather like this so early in the season," remarked Manners. "I had a tip from my uncle yesterday, and bought a new roll of films."

"Just what you would do!" said Lowther. "You never get a tip without wasting it at once in riotous living."

"A good game—" observed Tom Merry.

"There's a new picture at the Wayland Palace," remarked Monty Lowther. "It's only on for this week."

"Oh, blow your blessed pictures!" said Manners. "Give 'em a rest for once!"

"Hear, hear!" said Tom Merry.

"It's a British film!" said Lowther triumphantly. "And it's a fellow's patriotic duty to go and see a British film!"

"Oh!"

"So we'll make it the pictures, what?" grinned Lowther. "I hope you fellows are patriotic."

"There's this advantage about a pick-up game of tooter," said Tom. "Besides being better than staring at pictures, or rooting about with a camera, it's cheap. Who's got any money?"

"Oh!" said Lowther, in his turn.

He had forgotten that item—a rather important item.

"Manners had a tip yesterday," he said.

"It all went on films," said Manners. "I've got a new roll of twelve for my camera, and—"

"If you weren't my pal," said Lowther sorrowfully, "I'd bump you off this fence on the back of your neck. Haven't you any money, Tom?"

"Twopence!" said Tom cheerfully.

"Oh, rotten!"

Monty Lowther looked quite crestfallen. Evidently he wanted very much to see that new film at Wayland Palace. A fellow did not often get a chance of seeing a really decent British film, and Monty did not want to miss it.

The expression on his speaking countenance was enough for his friends. Tom Merry gave up the idea of a pick-up game on the spot. Manners, with a sigh, said a mental good-bye to a walk with his camera. But the question of ways and means remained to be settled. Three fellows could not wedge into a picture palace on twopence.

"If we could find old Talbot, he would lend us something," said Tom. "Hallo! Here's Trimble! Let's borrow it of Trimble!"

The Three Shell fellows laughed.

Tom's suggestion was entirely playful. Baggy Trimble was a borrower of wonderful skill, resource, and pertinacity; but he was not a lender. Baggy had borrowed from nearly every fellow in the junior Forms in the School House, and from many in the New House. But he had never been known to lend anybody anything.

The fat Fourth-Former arrived from the direction of the school in a rather breathless state. Apparently he had been hurrying. But he had dropped into a walk now; and he halted as he came abreast of the three juniors sitting on the fence.

"Hallo, you chaps!" said Trimble.

"Hallo, old fat pippin!" said Tom cheerfully. "What's the matter with you, Trimble?"

"Eh? Nothing!"

"Not ill, or going off your rocker, or anything?"

"No, you ass!"

"Then what do you mean by having a clean jacket on?"

"Look here, you know—"

"Not a smear on it," said Tom Merry. "Not a stain! Not even a polished elbow or sleeve! Wherefore this thushness?"

"Oh, don't rot, you know!" said Trimble. "I say, I'm rather glad I've met you fellows! I'm going to the pictures."

"So are we, if we can raise the oof!" said Monty Lowther. "What about robbing Trimble, you men? You can hold his head in the ditch while I go through his pockets."

"I'd like you fellows to come," said Trimble.

"My dear man," said Tom Merry, laughing, "we can't even pay for our own admission—let alone for yours."

"I don't mean that—"

"Gammon!" said Manners. "You can't mean anything else."

"As a matter of fact," said Trimble with dignity, "I'm in funds."

"In funds!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "You!"

"Yes. As it happens I've found a couple of half-crowns in a jacket pocket, that I—I'd overlooked."

"Come to my arms," said Monty Lowther affectionately.

Trimble grinned. "Well, what about it?" he said. "You fellows have sometimes lent me small sums—in fact, I believe I owe you a few trifles—"

"I believe you do," grinned Tom Merry.

"More than a few," remarked Lowther.

"And not exactly trifles," commented Manners.

"Well, come along with me," said Trimble. "I'll be glad of your company, and I'll stand the tickets—what?"

"My hat!" said Tom.

The Terrible Three regarded Baggy in astonishment. They did not, as a rule, like Baggy. Baggy, in their opinion, was rather a worm. They had kicked Baggy more times than they could remember, but they had never kicked him so often as he had deserved kicking. Still, they were prepared to do Baggy justice. If there was any good in Baggy they were ready to acknowledge it.

"Is that a joke?" asked Tom Merry at last.

"I mean it," said Trimble. "The fact is I'd be jolly glad if you'd come. Bob seats all round, and some chocolates. Do come!"

The Terrible Three hesitated.

The heroes of the Shell had friends in the Fourth Form, but Baggy Trimble was not of the number. Neither was Baggy a fellow of whom they cared to accept a favour. Monty Lowther was very keen to see that British picture, and his chums were keen for his sake. But—

"I think you might come," said Baggy, with dignity. "You've done me favours several times. It's rather rotten to do a fellow favours, and then refuse one from him."

"Oh," said Tom. "If you put it like that—"

"I do," said Baggy.

Tom Merry slipped from the fence.



"Yah!" snorted Baggy Trimble disrespectfully. "You white-whiskered old frump!" "What, what?" ejaculated the little old gentleman. "You are impertinent, boy!"

"Come on, you men!" he said. "Baggy's playing up like a little man—let's!"

"Let's!" agreed Lowther; and he slipped from the fence in his turn.

Manners hesitated a moment longer.

"Oh, all right!" he said.

And he, too, slipped from the fence.

Baggy Trimble smiled, a beaming smile.

"That's right, old chaps!" he said. "Come on!" He cast a rather hurried glance back in the direction of the school. "Better buck up or we shan't see the beginning. Come on!"

And Tom Merry & Co. walked away briskly by the footpath through the wood with Trimble, on unusually amicable terms with the fat Baggy.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### A Peculiar Meeting!

**A**BSURD!

Tom Merry & Co. looked round in surprise. They had reached the gate at the end of the footpath, which gave on the Wayland road.

Standing by that gate was a little old gentleman, unknown to the St. Jim's juniors.

He was quite a pleasant-looking little old gentleman, with a pink face and thick white hair. There was an erectness in his carriage which seemed to hint that, in some far-off time, he had followed a military career. He stood by the gate, looking along the Wayland road, apparently waiting for somebody. In the distance, had the juniors looked that way, a figure might have been seen in breathless pursuit of a hat. A brisk wind blew along the high road, and it had playfully lifted the hat and spun it away, and its owner was in hot chase. The little military gentleman was waiting for him, in the meantime standing at the gate, and as the juniors came up his eyes, under their shaggy white brows, turned on them.

As he was a stranger to the St. Jim's fellows they naturally did not expect any remarks from him, especially such a remark as he now proceeded to make.

He glanced at the Terrible Three, and then fixed his eyes on Baggy Trimble and ejaculated:

"Absurd!"

Baggy turned pink

The Terrible Three suppressed a smile.

The fat Baggy was perhaps a little absurd. He was almost as broad as he was long, his fat face showed smears of recent jam, and his handsome new Eton jacket—handsome as it was—was considerably too tight for him, and seemed to have been made for a much slimmer fellow.

All the same, such a remark from a perfect stranger was surprising. It was no wonder that Trimble was offended.

He blinked at the old gentleman.

"You speaking to me?" he demanded.

"I was not exactly addressing you, my boy," said the

gentleman, in a rather high pitched, squeaky voice. "My remark was called forth by your appearance."

"You cheeky old ass!" exclaimed Trimble indignantly.

"What—what?"

"Here, come on, Baggy!" said Tom Merry hastily.

"Shan't!" hooted Trimble.

"Think I'm going to be cheeked by an old donkey like that?"

"What—what?" ejaculated the old gentleman. "What—what?"

"What about yourself?" demanded Trimble. "A white-whiskered old frump! Look as if you'd come out of a Punch-and-Judy show! Yah!"

"Good gad!" said the old gentleman.

"Come on, you men!" said Manners.

"Stop!" said the old gentleman, standing in the way. "You boys belong to St. Jim's, I believe!"

"Yes, sir!" said Tom Merry.

"I thought so! It is very many years since I have been at the school—very many. I am quite surprised to see that my old school has not moved with the times. Is it possible that the junior boys are still wearing Eton jackets at my old school?"

The chums of the Shell looked at him. Apparently he was an "Old Boy" of St. Jim's.

"More than possible, sir," said Monty Lowther cheerfully. "It's probable—more than probable, in fact! It's a dead cert."

"Absurd!"

"Would you mind letting us pass out of that gate, sir?" asked Tom Merry respectfully. He was beginning to think that this old gentleman was a little off his "nut," but he did not forget the proper respect due to a G. E.

"Kindly wait!" snapped the old gentleman.

"You see—"

"Enough!"

The juniors exchanged glances. The rather peculiar old gentleman spoke as if he had a right to give them orders. Upon what he founded that right they could not imagine.

"Boy!" He stared at Trimble. "What is your name?"

"Find out!" retorted Baggy.

"What—what?"

"Yah!"

"Upon my soul! Boy, do you know whom you are addressing?"

"Yes—a cheeky old donkey!" said Trimble

"Hear, hear!" said Monty Lowther.

"You are impertinent, boy! But perhaps you misapprehended my remark," said the old gentleman. "It was not your personal appearance, but the appearance of your attire that I characterised as absurd. I was alluding to your Eton jacket."

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"Like your cheek!" said Trimble defiantly. "And what's the matter with my jacket, anyhow? Not that it's any of your business."

"It is archaic!" said the old gentleman.

"Eh?"

"It is a garment no longer worn, except at the scholastic establishment where the absurd garment originated."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Eton jackets," said the old gentleman, "are certainly worn no longer."

"That is a little mistake, sir," said Monty Lowther. "Eton jackets are not all the same size. Some are worn shorter. Some are worn longer."

"You misapprehend me," said the old gentleman, who had evidently not been blessed by Nature with a sense of humour. "I mean to imply that they are no longer being worn."

"Go hon!" said Monty

"What? What?"

"Look here, get out of the way!" exclaimed Trimble indignantly. "What the thump are you sticking in our way and jawing for? Cheese it!"

At that moment, the gentleman who had been chasing his hat along the Wayland road came back, rather breathless, with the recaptured hat in his hand. As he came up to the gate, the juniors recognised Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

"I am sorry to keep you waiting, General Skewsome," said Mr. Lathom breathlessly. "I—"

The juniors capped the St. Jim's Form master respectfully. He glanced at them and nodded.

"These are St. Jim's boys, Mr. Lathom," said General Skewsome.

"Yes, yes—quite so. One of them a member of my Form?" said Mr. Lathom. "Shall we proceed, sir?"

"I have noted with surprise, Mr. Lathom, that St. Jim's boys are still wearing Eton jackets," said the little old gentleman.

"Ah! Yes! Quite so, sir!"

"It is absurd, sir!"

"Indeed?"

"It is archaic!"

"Oh!"

"It is an anachronism!"

"Um!"

"I shall speak to the Head on this subject! Let us go on, Mr. Lathom!"

"Certainly, sir!"

The two gentlemen passed on their way, leaving Tom Merry & Co. staring.

"Oh crumbs!" said Baggy. "They're going to St. Jim's! That old codger must be going to see the Head! I suppose Lathom must have met him at the station. I—I wish I hadn't called him an old donkey!"

"Well, he is rather an old donkey," said Tom Merry, laughing. "What the thump does he want to bother about our clothes for? Must be some sort of a giddy old crank."

"A blithering old donkey!" said Lowther.

"Yes, but a fellow mustn't call an old donkey an old donkey, if he knows the Head," said Baggy uneasily.

"Well, you've done it now," said Manners. "Let's get on!"

And they got on.

A quarter of an hour later, the four juniors were in Wayland Picture Palace, watching the "movies," and had quite forgotten General Skewsome. But if they had thought about him, certainly they would never have dreamed of the remarkable occurrences that were to follow the General's visit to St. Jim's.

#### CHAPTER 4. Unfortunate!

"THE uttah wottah!"

Thus the swell of St. Jim's.

The wrath of Arthur Augustus was deep. It was not diminished by the smiles of his three chums. Rather, it was intensified thereby.

"The frightful cheeky beast!" continued Arthur Augustus. "My bwand-new Eton jacket, you know—"

"Well, it won't be brand-new when you get it back, so why worry?" said Blake. "You can look on it now as your old second-hand jacket."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Are we going to spend the rest of the day talking about that jacket, or are we going out?" asked Herries.

"Weally, Howwies—"

"After all, you've got about twenty other jackets, old scout," said Dig, "and I suppose you don't want to wear more than one at a time?"

"Weally, Dig—"

"Yes, let's get a move on, if we're going to tea at Wayland," said Blake. "You can weep over your lost jacket as we go along, Gussy."

"But we haven't found Twimble yet—"

"Blow Trimble! Are we going to tea at Wayland, or are we not going to tea at Wayland?" demanded Blake.

"If you wegard the bowwowin' of my bwand-new Eton jacket as a mattah of no consequence, Blake—"

"Right on the wicket, old bean. I do! Come on!"

"Then I wegard you—"

"March!" said Blake, and he headed for the gates. Herries and Digby followed him.

Arthur Augustus stood still and looked after them. He was wrathly. Nearly an hour had been spent in rooting about after Trimble; and Blake & Co. considered that quite a sufficient portion of the half-holiday had been devoted to the matter. Trimble had vanished, and that beautiful new jacket had vanished with him. Blake & Co. were prepared to let it go at that. Gussy wasn't.

At the gates the three juniors paused.

"Look here, Gussy's got to come!" said Blake.

"Oh, let him rip!" said Herries. "I'm getting fed-up with that blessed jacket!"

"Same here!" remarked Digby.

"Quite!" agreed Blake. "Same here—fed right up to the chin! Right up to the back teeth, in fact. Still, Gussy's got to come! Gussy's the moneyed man in this firm this afternoon."

"Oh!" said Herries and Dig together.

It was a point that could not possibly be overlooked. In Study No. 6 funds were low—a thing that will sometimes happen in the best regulated studies. The total financial resources of the three juniors were limited to the sum of three-halfpence. D'Arcy, on the other hand, was the happy possessor of five shillings. Apart, therefore, from the charm of his aristocratic company, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's presence at the tea-party was essential and indispensable.

"Let's get on," said Herries. "He'll follow."

They walked on slowly and rather dubiously.

But Herries was right.

In a few minutes there was a patter of footsteps behind, and Arthur Augustus rejoined his friends, a little breathless.

"You thumpin' asses—" he began.

"Come on, old bean!" said Blake cheerily.

"I wegard you," said Arthur Augustus, breathing hard, "as actin' in a wotten, inconsiderate mannah. That slovenly beast, Twimble, will wuin my jacket—"

"Oh, give that jacket a rest!" sighed Blake.

"I have worn that jacket only once—"

"Help!"

"And in view of your unthinkin' and bwutal diswegard of an important mattah, I should wefuse to walk out with you this aftahnoon, you uttah sweeps, except for one considewation," said Arthur Augustus. "As I am goin' to stand the tea, I feel bound to come. Othahwise, I should tweat you with the diswegard you deserve."

"Bow-wow!"

"If you considah that an intelligent we remark, Blake—"

"R a t s, old bean!"

The four juniors walked on down Rylcombe Lane, Arthur Augustus, pink with wrath, his comrades smiling

cheerily. It was obvious that they did not realise the overwhelming and transcendent importance of the affair of the new jacket.

"Hallo, there's the old Lathom bird!" remarked Blake, as the juniors walked down the lane towards the wood. "Who on earth is that merchant he's got with him? Must have borrowed him out of a circus."

"That is scarcely a wespectful we remark, Blake, to make concernin' a gentleman of advanced years."

"Go hon!"

The juniors capped Mr. Lathom as they passed him in the lane, and glanced rather curiously at his companion.

General Skewsome glanced at them, and granted.

"Absurd!" he remarked to Mr. Lathom.

"Bai Jove!"

The master of the Fourth Form seemed a little uncomfortable. He gave the juniors a hasty nod, and walked on with General Skewsome.

D'Arcy stared after them.

"Did you fellows heah the old gentleman's we remark?" he asked.

"We did!" said Blake.

"To what do you think he was weferrin', deah boy?"

"Must have been your features."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Or your eyeglass, old bean," said Herries.

"Weally, Howwies—"

"Or the cut of your jib, generally," said Blake. "Like his cheek to blurt out these painful truths to a stranger."

"It is pwobable," remarked D'Arcy thoughtfully, "that he was weferrin' to the way you fellows are dwessed. It was vevy impertinent; but weally, you fellows should be a little more particulah in your attiah. I wondah who that vevy impertinent gentleman is."

"A fossil that Lathom's dug up somewhere," said Blake. "Looks as if he came out of the ark. Come on, Gussy."

The chums of Study No. 6 walked through the wood by the footpath. They came out by the gate on the Wayland road, and walked into the town.

In Wayland High Street was a bunshop, much patronised by St. Jim's men on half-holidays, when they were in funds.

By the time the four juniors reached it, they were quite ready for tea.

"Here we are!" said Blake, cheerily. "Gussy, old man, it's such a pleasure to have you with us."

"You are vevy kind, deah boy."

"Or else there would be nobody to pay for the tea—"

"You uttah ass!"

"Come in," said Dig. "I'm hungry! The waitress won't notice you're not wearing your best jacket, Gussy."

"Bai Jove!"

Arthur Augustus stopped suddenly in the doorway. He seemed to be struck by a sudden, painful, unnerving thought.

"Bai Jove!" he repeated, in dismay.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Blake, resignedly.

"That jacket—"

"What?"

"I pwesume you have not forgotten already that Baggay Twimble bagged my new jacket, the one I was goin' to wear this afternoon—"

"For goodness' sake, give us a rest about that jacket!" gasped Blake.

"Chuck it! Cheese it! Ring off! Be mun!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"If I die of hunger while I'm waitin' for Gussy to leave off talking,"

said Dig gloomily,

"you will find the word 'jacket' written on my heart!"

"Weally, Dig, I—"

"Shut up, Gussy, for goodness sake!"

HERE  
YOU ARE, CHUMS!

Take a look at the contents of next week's issue.

Worth waiting for, what? In the first place there's the next rousing long complete tale of TOM MERRY & CO. OF

ST. JIM'S, entitled: "The Message in Morse!" Sounds exciting, what? Believe me, it is! Right from the very first chapter; in fact, from the very first line you'll be caught up in a network of breathless adventures, strange mysteries, and red-hot dramas; and the Boy Scouts of St. Jim's are well to the fore.

On page 24 of this issue are the opening chapters of a powerful new serial—"CHICK CHANCE, ADVENTURER!" Once you start reading it I don't suppose you'll want to leave off. That's how it took me. If possible, next week's long instalment of this really first-class story is even MORE THRILLING!

Mr. "Nosey" Parker and his colleague, The "Oracle," have done their best in their own special features next week. Great chaps these two. And they have done a great deal to cement the friendship between the Editor and his chums. You might tip the wink about them to your non-reader pals.

Well, that's about all; so you can see what a foolish thing it will be if you miss next week's issue.—Ed.

"What do you mean?" hooted Blake.

"I mean that we cannot have tea here, Blake, as Trimble bagged the jacket I was goin' to wear this afternoon——"

"You burbling ass!" shrieked Blake. "Can't you have tea in your second best jacket?"

"I could have tea in my second-best jacket quite well, Blake, if there was any money in the pocket."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"I have only just wemembahed," explained Arthur Augustus, "that I put the five shillings into the pocket of that new jacket in the study, as I was goin' to wear it this afternoon."

"You—you—you did?" gasped Blake.

"Yaas, wathah!"

D'Arcy's chums gazed at him. They looked at him as if they could have eaten him.

"You—you—you put the rhino into the pocket of that jacket that Trimble's wearing now, in parts unknown?" articulated Blake.

"Yaas, deah boy."

"And you've only just remembered it?"

"Only just."

Blake breathed hard and deep.

"You couldn't remember it, before we walked a mile and a half to Wayland?"

"Appawwently not, deah boy! It has only just flashed into my mind."

"And a mile and a half back!" said Blake, with increasing excitement. "Which will land us at the school too late for tea in Hall!"

"Kill him!" said Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies——"

Blake & Co. looked at one another, and looked again at Arthur Augustus. Evidently, there was going to be no tea at the bun-shop. The two half-crowns that were to have paid for the tea were in the pocket of the jacket Baggy Trimble had borrowed, and was wearing—unless Baggy had found them there, in which case it was highly probable that, like other riches, they had taken unto themselves wings and flown away. To make the discovery, after walking a mile and a half to the bun-shop, was exasperating. Especially with the prospect of a long walk back, and no tea to follow. The feelings of Blake & Co. seemed too deep for words, for some moments.

Blake spoke at last.

"Why they sent that howling ass to St. Jim's, when there are a lot of lunatic asylums available, beats me," he said. "Slav him!"

"Weally, Blake—— Bai Jove—look heah—hands off, you wottahs—oh cwikey!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

If words failed Blake & Co., action did not fail them. Moreover, it was a time, they felt, for actions, not for words. They proceeded to action.

Three pairs of hands grasped Arthur Augustus.

Rap!

An aristocratic head came into sharp contact with a door-post.

"Yawwooh!" roared Arthur Augustus.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Oh cwumbs! Oh cwikey! Leggo! I will give you a feahful thwashin' all wound! Yow--ow--ow--ow!"

Bump!

Arthur Augustus sat down, hard, in the doorway of the bun-shop. He roared. Blake & Co., feeling a little better, walked away, and left him roaring.

## CHAPTER 5.

### Tricky Trimble!

"GOOD show!" said Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry & Co. were coming out of the Wayland Picture Palace. They had seen the British film, and were satisfied. On Baggy Trimble's fat face there was a rather thoughtful expression. There were also several new smears. Four shillings out of Baggy's unexpected supply of cash had been expended on admission. The fifth shilling had gone in chocolates.

Baggy, with uncommon generosity, had paid for the seats. But it had not occurred to him to whack out the chocolates. Or, if it had occurred to him, he had abandoned the idea. A bob's worth of chocolates had gone down Baggy's own capacious gullet when the lights were low. They had left their traces on his fat countenance and his podgy fingers. As it was now long past tea-time, the Terrible Three were getting hungry, not having enjoyed any refreshment during the cinema show. So they were thinking of a quick walk back to the school as they came out.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,155.

"Oh, quite a good show," said Tom. "Let's put it on, shall we? I'm getting peckish."

"Same here!" remarked Manners.

"Well, I could do with a feed," remarked Baggy. "If you were in funds, you fellows, we could get tea at the bun-shop."

"Only we're not!" said Tom.

"Might get it on tick?" suggested Baggy, hopefully. "After all, you've been there a lot of times. And we might run into some St. Jim's man you could borrow something of—what?"

"Bow-wow!"

"Well, I think you might try it on," said Baggy argumentatively. "After I've stood you a cinema show, I really think it's up to you."

Tom looked at him. But as no remark seemed adequate, he made none, and walked on in silence.

The way took the juniors down the High Street, past the entrance of the bun-shop, which certainly looked very inviting to hungry schoolboys. Baggy's eyes turned on it longingly.

"I say, what about it?" he urged. "I'm frightfully hungry. A bob's worth of choccs won't go far with me. We could get a feed——"

"Put it on!" said Tom.

"Look here, you fellows, don't hurry like that!" exclaimed Trimble irritably. "I can't walk at that rate! Slower!"

"Oh, back up!"

"Yah!"

The Terrible Three accommodated their pace to the snail-like progress of Baggy. By that time all three—even Monty Lowther, who had been so keen to see the British picture—realised that a mistake had been made in allowing Baggy to stand the tickets. To let a fellow stand them anything was to admit him to terms of friendship; and the fat Baggy was utterly unworthy of the honour.

They turned at last from the Wayland road into the footpath through the wood, on their way back to St. Jim's.

Ahead of them, on the footpath, appeared an elegant figure, with his back towards them.

"Hallo, that's Gussy!" remarked Manners.

Trimble started.

"D'Arcy!" he ejaculated. "Oh, crumbs!"

"Let's catch him up," suggested Tom.

"No fear!"

"Eh, why not?"

"The—the fact is, I—I'm not on the best of terms with D'Arcy at present," stammered Baggy. "Let's walk slower—we don't want to catch him up. I—I'd rather not!"

"Look here, Trimble, we want to get in before call-over," said Manners. "Gussy won't bite you!"

"I tell you we're going to walk slower," granted Trimble.

"I refuse to have anything to do with that fellow!"

At that moment Arthur Augustus D'Arcy glanced round. Perhaps the footsteps or voices from behind had reached his ears.

At the sight of Baggy Trimble the noble countenance of Arthur Augustus was suffused with wrath. His very eyoglass gleamed with it.

He halted in the path, with the evident intention of waiting for Tom Merry & Co. to come up.

Baggy Trimble halted, too.

"I—I say, let—let's go round another way," he stammered.

"I—I want to keep clear of that beast!"

"Why?" demanded Tom Merry.

"I—I bar him, you know," said Trimble. "I say, you fellows have got to stand by me, you know. I say, he's coming back!"

"We won't let him eat you," said Tom, laughing. "What have you been doing, bagging tuck from his study?"

"I hope you don't think I'm the fellow to bag tuck from a fellow's study."

"Oh, my hat!"

"The—the fact is," said Trimble, eyeing the approaching figure of Arthur Augustus with dismay. "that—that as I was going to the pictures I borrowed a jacket from D'Arcy! Mine's a bit inky and sticky in places, you know, and a fellow likes to look decent——"

"So that's it, is it?" chuckled Lowther. "Is that Gussy's jacket you've got on now?"

"Ye-es," admitted Trimble.

"That accounts," said Tom, laughing. "I wondered at seeing you in a decent jacket. Whose bags are you wearing?"

"My own!" said Baggy indignantly.

"Well, they look baggy and greasy enough to be your own," said Monty Lowther. "Well, if D'Arcy dusts that jacket for you, you can't complain. He has a right to dust his own jacket."

"Ha, ha, ha!"



"Look here, you fellows, you keep him off!" exclaimed Baggy, in alarm. "I've stood you seats at the pictures, and it's up to you! You're bound to stand by me if D'Arcy kicks up a row—you had as much of the loan as I had."

"The loan!" repeated Tom Merry blankly.

"Yes."

"What loan?"

"The five shillings."

"What five shillings?" yelled Tom.

"The five shillings I found in the jacket pocket."

"Great pip!"

The Shell fellows stared blankly at Baggy Trimble.

They began to understand now how it was that Baggy had been in funds that afternoon. They also began to understand why he had shown that pressing desire for their company, even to the extent of standing them seats at the pictures.

"You—you—you found money in D'Arcy's jacket and—and pinched it!" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"If you mean to hint that I'm a fellow to pinch a fellow's money, Tom Merry, I can only say that you're an insulting beast," said Trimble, with a great deal of dignity.

"What do you call it, then?" demanded Tom.

your expenses this afternoon for nothing? What about common gratitude?" demanded Trimble warmly.

It was all clear now! Baggy's affectionate desire for the Shell fellows' company that afternoon was fully explained. He had stood them and himself seats at the pictures with D'Arcy's five shillings, and they were to stand by him and protect him from Gussy's wrath. It was a case of give and take—or one good turn deserving another.

"You're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire, if you come to that!" argued Trimble. "We've borrowed D'Arcy's five bob among us."

The fat Fourth-Former's arguments were suddenly cut



"Stop!" roared Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Baggy Trimble did not stop. He fairly flew, the raging Gussy hot on his heels.

"I call it what it is—a loan! I borrowed it, being temporarily hard up! You needn't grumble—I whacked it out with you," said Baggy indignantly. "I told you I'd found the money unexpectedly in a jacket pocket—you can't say you didn't know."

"You didn't tell us it was D'Arcy's jacket!" shrieked Manners.

"It's no good arguing," said Trimble. "We've borrowed the money—"

"We?" roared Lowther.

"Yes, we—we've borrowed the money. Of course, I shall pay D'Arcy. My uncle is sending me a pound-note this week. That will be all right. Talk about pinching," said Baggy indignantly. "You'll make out next that I've pinched the jacket. If you think it's good form to insult a fellow who's just stood you seats at the pictures I must say I don't agree, I'm surprised at you."

"Well, my hat!" said Tom.

"That beast D'Arcy will be here in a minute," said Baggy. "I'm not going to scrap with him—it's a bit too low to suit me. You can see that he's going to make a fuss. I expect you fellows to stand by me. Think I've been paying

short. With one accord, and without wasting time in consultation, Tom Merry & Co fell on Baggy Trimble and smote him hip and thigh.

There was a fiendish yell from Baggy.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Yooop!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Ow! Wow! Leave off! Yarooogh!"

"Slaughter him!" roared Lowther. "Burst him!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Yooooop!"

"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy came trotting up, with a switch, cut from a thicket, in his hand. "Bai Jove, deah boys, leave some for me! I've been huntin' for that fat wascal! Bai Jove! Mind how you woll him in that puddle! That's my jacket!"

"Groooogh!" spluttered Trimble, as the Terrible Three, in reckless disregard for Gussy's jacket, rolled him in a wide and muddy puddle.

"There!" gasped Tom Merry. "I think that will do!"

Baggy Trimble, probably, thought so, too. As the Shell fellows released him he sat up in the puddle, spluttering wildly.

"Oh ewumbs!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "You have wuined that jacket! You have uttably wuined that jacket."

"Never mind!" gasped Manners. "Take it out of Trimble."

"Your turn now, Gussy," said Lowther. "We've left some for you. Kick him all the way to St. Jim's."

"Yaas, wathah! You scoundwel, Twimble—"

"Yarocooogh!"

Baggy Trimble leaped up out of the puddle. The switch caught him as he leaped, and he roared.

The next moment he was bolting.

"Stop!" roared Arthur Augustus. "You cheeky fat wascal, stop! I am goin' to thwash you—"

Baggy did not stop. The inducement to stop, indeed, was not great. Probably he objected to being "thwashed." He flew.

After him flew Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Pursued and pursuer vanished along the footpath, both going strong.

The Terrible Three followed at a more leisurely pace, chuckling. When they reached St. Jim's Baggy Trimble was not to be seen; but they found Arthur Augustus D'Arcy as they entered the School House. There were traces of excitement in his noble countenance, and he seemed rather breathless.

"Did you get him?" asked Tom.

"The uttah wottah is hidin' somewhah!" said Arthur Augustus. "I am goin' to give him such a feahful thwashin', when I find him, that he will pwobably nevah touch my clobbah again. I am goin' to make an example of that howwid fat wascal!"

"We owe you five bob, Gussy!" said Tom. "That villain Trimble—"

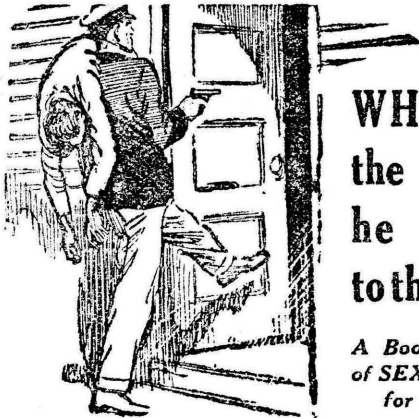
"Bagged it out of that jacket pocket!" said Manners.

"And stood us seats at the pictures with it," said Monty Lowther. "Of course, we never knew—"

"That is all wight, deah boys. Pway don't mench," said Arthur Augustus. "But if you come acovss that scoundwel I shall take it as a favah if you will hold him by the yahs and call me."

"Right-ho!" said Tom, laughing. "He's bound to turn up at call-over, anyhow. Then you can bag him!"

## The Victim of the Gang!



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he carried  
to the grave?

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"Yaas, wathah!"

But Baggy Trimble did not turn up at call-over. He was marked absent when Mr. Railton called the roll in Hall. Baggy was keeping out of sight till Gussy's wrath had had time to cool down.

Generally, the wrath of Arthur Augustus did not last long. But there were exceptional cases. This was one of them. Gussy was a forgiving fellow; but sacrilegious hands laid on his elegant clobber constituted an offence that no fellow could be expected to forgive. The sun went down on Gussy's wrath, and the stars rose on it; and it was still unabated.

### CHAPTER 6.

#### Supper with Talbot!

TALBOT of the Shell threw open the door of his study with a cheery smile to the juniors who had just arrived there. There was a handsome spread on the table in Study No. 9. Prep was over in the Shell passage; and there was going to be supper in Talbot's study—an early supper, very welcome to the guests he had invited.

Possibly Talbot was aware of the stony state of his friends, and of the circumstance that they had unfortunately missed tea, and that was the cause of the spread; it was like Talbot to do these thoughtful things. Anyhow, there the spread was; and Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther, the first to arrive, glanced at the well-spread table with satisfaction.

"Trot in, old beans!" said Talbot, with a smile.

The "old beans" trotted in.

"We've brought a good appetite, old chap," said Tom Merry.

"Good!"

"You couldn't measure mine with a yard measure," said Monty Lowther. "We went to the pictures and cut tea. By the way, have you seen anything of Trimble?"

"No. Like him to come? I'll cut along and ask him, if you like."

"No fear! We don't want him—Gussy does! Gussy is going to kill him, I understand, when found. The iniquities of Trimble," explained Lowther, "have now reached the culminating point and boiled over."

"My hat! What has he done now?"

"Gussy!"

"How?" asked Talbot, laughing.

"Borrowed his best jacket," said Lowther. "Not an ordinary jacket, you know, such as common mortals wear; but a tailor's dream—the last word in Eton jackets! A thing of beauty and a joy for ever! Gussy is out for Trimble's blood! He's looking for him, with a fives bat."

There was a tramp in the passage, and Blake and Herries and Digby arrived. They, like the Terrible Three, cast glances of deep satisfaction at the well-spread table.

"Here we are!" said Blake.

"Trot in! Where's Gussy?"

"Going up and down the passages, like a lion seeking what he may devour," answered Blake. "I hope he won't find Trimble. There will be a funeral if he does."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No good waiting for Gussy," said Herries, drawing a chair to the table. "Hallo! What's that?" he added as he sat down. "What have you stacked away under the table?"

"Eh? Nothing that I know of."

"My boot bumped on something. No damage done. We may as well begin," said Herries. "That idiot Gussy led us all over to Wayland for tea—and then remembered that he hadn't any cash. Just like the born chump!"

"Weally, Hewwies—" said a reproving voice at the doorway.

"Oh, here he is!"

"Found Trimble?" asked Manners.

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"Not yet! The fat wascal is hidin' somewhah! I have wooted through all the studies in the Fourth, and he is not there. Levison says he saw him scootin' into the Shell passage. Have you seen him, Talbot, deah boy?"

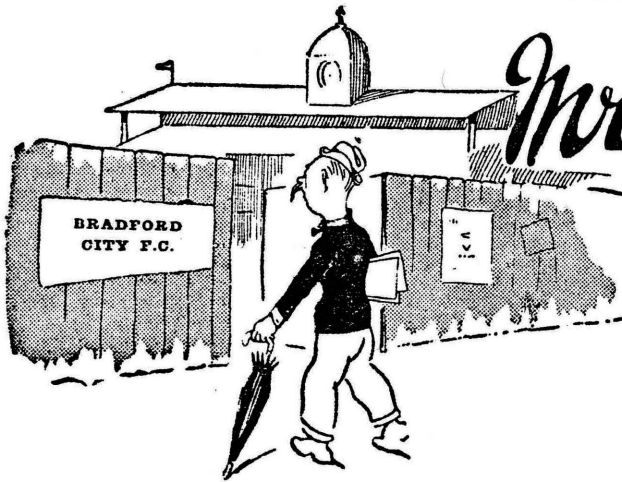
Talbot laughed.

"No. I haven't been here long—I went down after prep to get some of the things for supper. Why not let him off, Gussy?"

"If you saw the state of my best jacket, Talbot, you would not ask that question," said Arthur Augustus stiffly. "The fat wottah has chucked it into my studdy. I found it lyin' on the floor. It is in a shockin' state. I shall have to have it cleaned at the cleanah's. You know what a jacket is like when it has been to the cleanah's. I am

(Continued on page 12.)

THE REASON WHY OLD MR "NOSEY" PARKER IS SO POPULAR IS BECAUSE HE HANDS OUT THE "REAL GOODS!"



# Mr. Parker POPS IN TO SEE BRADFORD CITY.

## Scottish Talent!

HOWEVER, they don't all laugh at Watson's playing: some of them sing to it, including Charlie Dennington, a fine goalkeeper. He ought to be able to sing, because he used to play for Norwich City, and, as you know, they are called the Canaries! As a matter of fact, however, Charlie is more interested in fishing than in birds, and I was assured that he knows all different types of eels, and can even tell how old they are by their teeth! I didn't take in all that "fishy" story, but in substance it is very near the truth.

The regular right-half is Ralph Burkinshaw, who for some reason is called 'Roy.' He used to play for Bury at one time, but has now really settled down at Bradford, and judging from my conversation with Roy there isn't any game he doesn't know something about. Golf, cricket, lawn tennis, bowls, football—they all seem to come alike to Roy, and Stevenson, the inside-left, assured me that Burkinshaw was the "shove-ha'penny champion" of the district. But I am not sure that in this respect my leg was not being pulled. I didn't know there was such a thing as a shove ha'penny championship!

There is a real Scottish element associated with Bradford City. Part of it is supplied by Willie Summers, the centre-half, who once had the honour of being skipper of a Scottish International side in a real match against England. He and Tommy Cairns carried on a long conversation which I overheard, but did not understand: but I heard enough of the "ye ken" stuff to gather that it was something real in Scotch dialect. Cairns is the brains of the Bradford City attack, and a really clever player, believe me! He, too, has been capped for Scotland on many occasions, and though he was considered to be approaching the veteran stage when the City signed him on from Glasgow, he has done the club no end of really fine service.

Jock Cochrane plays on the extreme left, and is another Scotsman who arrived at Bradford, via Middlesbrough, while Sam Barkas comes of a football family. His brother Ted plays at full-back for Birmingham, but Sam is a left-half for preference.

Then I had a few words with Harold Peel, who recently returned to Bradford—at his own request—after spending some time with the Arsenal. You see, there is no accounting for tastes! Several of the fellows told me they would be quite willing to give me a lift part of the way back, in their motor-cars, and naturally, I accepted this as a hint that I ought to be going! However, before I went, I had to look up Charles Matey, the financial secretary, and the son of a man who much shined in football. However, in passing, I may mention that I don't think much of Charles Matey as a financial secretary. Surely you ought to be able to touch a man in such a position for a little bit! When I mentioned a river, however, as being the wiser thing to relieve a temporary embarrassment, I was told that the door shuts on the outside

NOSEY PARKER.

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## At Bradford Park Avenue!

IF you have been a good boy, read your GEM regularly, and gone around the country with me, metaphorically, on visits to the various football grounds, you will remember that I went to Bradford some little time ago.

There are two clubs in Bradford—two Soccer clubs, that is—one playing at Park Avenue, and the other at Valley Parade. When I wanted to go to Park Avenue, I told how I nearly went to the wrong ground! Now that particular sentence got me into trouble. I have been told more than once that I should not have got to the wrong ground, but the right one, if I had gone to Valley Parade.

Now, when you are in trouble there is only one thing to do—get out of it as soon as possible. So the Editor bundled me back to Bradford to pay my respects to the City players and officials, and now I am quite certain that I have been to the right football ground in Bradford, because I have been to both!

Having got out of my first bit of trouble, I am not poking my nose into the other trouble by making comparisons between the two teams. So now, to treat Bradford City on their merits, and forget that there is Bradford Park Avenue.

## Deaf and Dumb Players

BRADFORD CITY have had their ups and downs. They were in the First Division after the War, but fell and fell, until they were in the very low water of the Northern Third Section. However, they are coming back to power, and I can assure you that you wouldn't have to be long at the Valley Parade ground before somebody told you that the City hold a proud record. In gaining promotion to the Second Division, last season, they scored more goals—128—than any team has ever scored in one season, in the whole history of the Football League. And they did quite well in the Cup this season, too, so that things are looking up all round.

When I bumped into Mr. Peter O'Rourke (the manager), I was surprised that things had ever looked down at Valley Parade. I have met few people who know more about football than Peter. We just talked and talked, and once I thought I had caught him napping in his facts. However, I discovered in due course that it was myself who was wrong, and that Peter was right!

Peter was a player for Bradford in the old days when they were a really famous side, but according to a story which he tells nearly all the referees who come to Bradford, he was a better referee than a player. This is the story which Peter tells:

"I once refereed a match," he said, "which went absolutely perfectly. From beginning to end there was not one word of protest uttered by a single player against any of my decisions." Of course, I found that story hard to believe, but Peter assured me that it was a fact. And then, with that merry smile of his, he gave away the secret: "I was officiating at a match between two teams of deaf and dumb players!"

## Hobbies!

As I did not want to spend more than a whole day at Bradford, I left the manager and went looking for the boys on the pitch, for they were doing their training.

## THE TEAM THAT SCORED 128 GOALS IN ONE SEASON! —AND GOT PROMOTION!

George Livingstone is the trainer, and right well he does his job. He used to play for Manchester City, in the long ago. I asked George if he had any hobbies, and at that question, he smiled:

"How in the world can a fellow have time for hobbies, when his job is the training of this lot of fellows? I've got a whole-time business here."

Yet in a very few minutes I ceased to be at all sorry for George Livingstone in his job of training the Paraders, for they looked very good when on parade, and very jolly too: went through their training as if they were really enjoying themselves!

Albert Whitehouse, the centre-forward, was practising goal-scoring, though I know at least one goalkeeper who doesn't think Albert needs any practice at all! This is the fellow who had to pick the ball out of the net seven times in one match last season after Albert had hit it. I heard from another player that Albert loves to spend some part of his winter evenings playing with toy railway trains, and that in the summer evenings the home garden takes up most of his spare time.

Willie Watson, who is a full-back, is the entertainer on the staff, and I was told that I should see his "Mary's little lamb." This mystified me a bit, but in due course I discovered that Willie's little lamb is really a melodeon, which goes everywhere Willie goes, except actually on to the football field and the golf course. Watson is keen on all sorts of play, but Sam Russell, the comedian on the staff, declares that the way Watson plays the melodeon has finally decided him never to play any instrument at all.

## Good-bye to Etons!

(Continued from page 10.)

goin' to give Twimble the thwashin' of his life when I discovah him!"

Arthur Augustus laid down a fives bat on the bookcase. "That's for Twimble, when I find him," he said. "I am goin' to make the fat boundah w'iggle. But the bwute will keep till aftah suppah."

Eight juniors sat down round the study table.

"Bai Jove, Hewwies——"

"Eh?"

"Pway give a chap woom for his legs, old bean! I am awah that your feet are wathah large, deah boy; but——"  
"Fathead! My feet aren't in your way."

"If they are your feet, Blake, you might move them. A fellow has to put his legs somewhah."

"My feet are over here, ass!" said Blake.

"Bai Jove! Somebody's feet are in my way," said Arthur Augustus. "I am sowwy to cause any inconvenience, but weally a chap must put his legs somewhah. Oh, it's all wight now—they're gone!"

Arthur Augustus settled down comfortably, with room to stretch his noble legs under the table.

Supper proceeded.

It was quite an ample supper; as it needed to be, for eight fellows, seven of whom had brought unusual appetites to the feed. For some minutes there was silence, jaws being too busy for conversation. Then Arthur Augustus was heard again.

"It is weally wemarkable where that wottah Twimble is hidin' himself. He seems to have uttably disappeared."

"Bother Trimble!" said Tom. "Pass the ham."  
"Heah you are, deah boy! But it is weally wemarkable——"

"This is jolly good coffee," remarked Blake. "You can make coffee, Talbot. Oh, my hat!" Blake's coffee-cup jerked, and a considerable quantity of its contents swamped over. "What silly ass gave me that bump on the knee?"

"Weally, Blake——"

"You silly ass, Lowther!"

"Eh?" said Monty Lowther.

"If that's one of your fatheaded jokes——" snorted Blake. "Look at my waistcoat! Soaked!"

Blake mopped his waistcoat with his handkerchief. "Bai Jove, Lowthah!" said Arthur Augustus. "I do not see anythin' funny in makin' a fellow spill his coffee! It's wuff on his clobber——"

"You silly chump!" said Lowther. "I didn't! I never touched the howling ass!"

"Well, somebody did!" grunted Blake. "Somebody bumped my knee! I'll jolly well——"

"Look here! Keep your hoofs to yourself," said Lowther crossly. "I never bumped your silly knee; and if you sprawl your hoofs over this way I'll jolly well land out with my boot, so there!"

"Who's sprawling his hoofs that way?" snapped Blake. "You are, fathead!"

"I'm not, ass! My feet are under my chair."

"Well, some other silly chump is," said Lowther. "You Fourth Form kids want to learn manners."

"Weally, Lowthah——"

"Br-r-r!"

The harmony of the tea-party in Talbot's study seemed to be getting a little impaired.

"My dear fellows——" murmured Talbot.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus. "Is it possible that there is some animal undah the table? Pewwaps a cat——"

"Or a dog!" said Lowther. "Herries' bulldog, perhaps——"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Manners. "Is that ferocious beast of yours loose, Herries?"

Snort from Herries.

"Towser isn't a ferocious beast, and he isn't loose!" he grunted. "The only beasts in this study at present belong to the Shell."

"There's somethin' undah the table! I feel sure of that! I am goin' to look——"

"Oh, jiminy!"

That sudden terrified exclamation proceeded from under the table. It made all the tea-party jump.

"Twimble!" yelled Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, crumbs! Trimble!" gasped Blake.

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"Bai Jove! That's where he's hidin'! Bai Jove! I'll——"

Crash!

There was a sudden upheaval, as though an earthquake was taking place in No. 9 of the Shell. The table suddenly rose on one end, tilted over, and pitched sideways. From underneath squirmed a fat figure, bolting for the door.

Crash! Smash! Splash!

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Crockery and tuck, hot coffee and spilt milk swamped right and left, and chairs went crashing as the startled juniors leaped out of the way. In the wild confusion Baggy Trimble reached the door before a hand could be laid on him.

The door opened and slammed after Trimble. His flying footsteps died away down the Shell passage.

"Oh, my hat!" said Talbot in dismay.

"Aftah him!" shrieked Arthur Augustus.

He grabbed up the fives bat, rushed to the door, and leaped into the passage in pursuit. But the passage was vacant. Baggy Trimble, like the guests in Macbeth, had stood not upon the order of his going, but gone at once.

Once more the fat Baggy had disappeared into space.

### CHAPTER 7.

#### Something Like A Reform!

"O H, jiminy!" gasped Trimble.

Baggy of the Fourth was finding the way of the transgressor hard. He was finding life full of excitement, in fact, quite hectic. Instead of one pertinacious pursuer on his track, there was now a whole crowd—seven infuriated fellows all yearning to get to close quarters with the hapless Baggy.

Trimble had dodged into the passage leading to the Head's study in the hope that in those awful and sacred precincts pursuit would cease.

But it was a delusive hope. As he stopped outside the Head's study door an eyeglass gleamed round the corner in the distance. And Baggy, in desperation, opened the door and dodged in. There, at least, he was safe; even the exasperated Gussy was not likely to pursue him into the headmaster's study.

Dr. Holmes, he knew, was in his own house now, and the study was empty. It was, for the present at least, a safe refuge. General Skewsome, the visitor to St. Jim's, had stayed to dine with the Head; and Baggy hoped that he would keep the headmaster talking. He would not have liked Dr. Holmes to come along and find him in the study, which no junior was supposed to enter unless especially sent for.

"The uttah wottah!"

Trimble quaked as he heard D'Arcy's voice outside the door.

"Where is he?"

That was Blake's voice. Blake had received the coffee-pot in his neck, when the tea-table was upended in Talbot's study. The incident seemed to have excited him.

"The feahful wottah has dodged into the Head's study. He's in there now."

"Let's have him out."

"Oh, jiminy!" groaned Trimble.

"Bai Jove! I think we had better keep cleah of the Head's study, Blake. Dr. Holmes would wegard it as disrespectful——"

"That's all right—the Beak's got another old donkey to dinner," answered Blake. "He won't be coming back to his study yet. Let's have that fat villain out and slaughter him!"

"Bai Jove! Hold on, deah boy!"

"Rats! What——"

"Heah comes the Head!"

"Oh, scissors!"

There was a sound of pattering feet. Trimble's pursuers vanished out of Head's passage like ghosts at cockerow.

That, so far as it went, was welcome to Trimble. He was glad that they were gone. But he had heard D'Arcy's words, and the news that the Head was coming was terrifying.

Baggy made a step towards the door, and stopped. He could not leave the study now without running into Dr. Holmes.

He blinked round him in terror and dismay.

The study was dark, save for a glow from the fire. But it was light enough for Baggy to spot a hiding-place. He dodged behind a Chinese screen in a corner, just in time. The door opened.

There was a click of a switch, and the room was flooded

with light. It did not reveal Trimble—crouching in a palpitating state behind the screen in the corner.

"Pray enter, sir!" said the Head's courteous voice.

Trimble almost groaned.

The Head had not come alone. Somebody was with him, and Baggy could guess that it was his guest—the rather queer old gentleman he and the Terrible Three had seen at the gate on the footpath that afternoon, and whom he had seen later walking in the quad.

General Skewsome entered the study, and Dr. Holmes followed him in, and closed the door.

The hapless Baggy heard them seat themselves. Apparently they had come to the study to jaw. The miserable Baggy wondered how long that jaw was going to last. Why couldn't they jaw in the Head's dining-room?—Baggy asked himself indignantly. Of course they were bound to come and jaw in the study just because Baggy was hiding there. Baggy really did not seem to be lucky in his selection of hiding-places.

The jaw seemed to be chiefly on the side of General Skewsome. Baggy did not find it interesting. It appeared that the general was a member of the governing body, which was news to Baggy; more than once he had seen those august gentlemen at the school, but he had never seen this white-whiskered, old, military gentleman among them.

But from the general's remarks he learned that this Old Boy had been abroad for many years, and had only lately returned to England, which accounted for his being unknown and unheard of by the present generation at St. Jim's. And Baggy further gathered that the general was not wholly satisfied with his old school as he found it after a long absence.

Baggy grinned behind the screen.

Unlike the somewhat long-winded general, he could guess what the Head's feelings were like.

Courteous and polished as the Head was, Baggy had no doubt that he was counting the minutes.

In the way of governors and parents, Dr. Holmes, like all schoolmasters, had much to endure.

The Governing Body had a great respect for the Head; but many of its members would offer little hints and suggestions; to all of which the Head listened with polished courtesy; never allowing his real thoughts to become known. A governor, when he honoured the school with a visit, had to be received with deference; but there was little doubt that the Head counted the minutes till he was gone. Baggy, in the corner behind the screen, was frightfully bored by the general's reminiscences, remarks, and observations; and he was assured that Dr. Holmes fully shared his feelings.

"But to revert," said the general's rather squeaky voice, at last, "to revert to the matter I mentioned, sir."

"Oh, certainly!" said the Head. He had said "Oh, certainly" at least six times already; and "Quite so!" a dozen times. In dealing with a governor, it was the Head's system to be guided by that ancient text: "Agree with thine enemy quickly."

"The question," said General Skewsome, "of the boys' attire."

"Ah!" said the Head. He had said "Ah!" about fifteen times, and on its sixteenth repetition it had a rather weary note.

"The Eton jackets!" said the general.

"Quite so!" said the Head.

"In my day," said the general, "we wore Eton jackets at St. Jim's. I believe they were worn at most schools. That was a considerable time ago."

Baggy thought that it must have been a frightfully long time ago, judging by the general's looks. Probably somewhere in the Dark Ages.

"No doubt!" said the Head.

"Times have changed, sir," said General Skewsome.

"Ah!" said the Head, for the seventeenth time.

"Tempora mutantur," said the general.

"Quite so."

"Nos et mutantur in illis!" added the general, apparently after a slight mental effort.

Evidently the general had not wholly forgotten his Latin. "Times change, and we change with them!" resumed General Skewsome, constraining, as it were, for the Head's benefit.

"No doubt!" said the Head.

"Eton jackets," said the general, "are now an anachronism! They survive, I believe, at the school where they originated. Do they survive elsewhere? I say with confidence, sir—no! Only at St. Jim's!"

"Ah!" said the Head for the eighteenth time.

"They are out of date, sir!" said the general. "They are, in fact, absurd in these times! Quite!"

"You think so?" asked the Head.

"I do!" said General Skewsome.

"The matter, of course, is important," remarked the Head.

And Baggy fancied he detected a tincture of sarcasm in the tone. Sarcasm, however, was wasted on General Skewsome.

"Very!" he said. "Very! I am glad you agree with me. After all, sir, in these days, we must stand for progress."

"Oh, certainly!" said the Head.

"Progress," said the general, "is the note of the times! Even a Public school must progress."

"Quite!"

"The Public school stands for—for—for—" General Skewsome paused a moment. "For—for what the Public school always has stood for, sir. The Public school supplies a governing class to the nation, and the nation, I hope, is duly grateful."

"I hope so," said the Head, and again Baggy felt certain that there was a note of sarcasm in his voice.

"But these are days of progress," resumed the general's squeaky voice. "The Public school must not be content to stand where it stood fifty years ago. It must move with the times, sir. We live in an age of change and reform, and progress. If we do not advance, we are left behind."

"Ah!" said the Head, for the nineteenth time.

"Look round you, sir, in the wide world," said the general, "and what do you see on all sides? Progress! Even in the Army there is progress. While at the War Office, sir, I was myself responsible for a very considerable reform in a matter connected with the size of the buttons worn on the tunic. I will not call it an epoch-making reform—but it was a very considerable reform. I found a great deal of opposition in my way. I overcame it."

"Ah!" said the Head. This was the twentieth time.

"Ah!"

"We must move, sir," said the general sagely. "If we do not move, sir, we stand still."

"No doubt," said the Head. And indeed the Head could not have controverted that statement had he desired to do so.

"I am sorry, therefore, to see this—anachronism—this survival of former times—at St. Jim's!" said General Skewsome. "I am glad that you agree with me that it should be abolished."

"Ah!" said the Head.

"The abolition of the Eton jacket, sir, cannot take place too soon. To-morrow—"

"Oh!"

(Continued on next page.)

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"Strike, sir, while the iron is hot!" said the general. "I cannot say how gratified I am, sir, to find you so completely in agreement with my views—to see you realise so thoroughly the importance of this reform. For that it is a matter of the greatest importance, who can doubt? I will go so far as to say, sir, that I consider it as important, in its way, as the reform I instituted while at the War Office in the matter of buttons. St. Jim's boys, after all, must take their places in the world as men some day."

"No doubt."  
"They will not be prepared for it, sir, by old-fashioned and archaic methods in the school where they receive their training," said General Skewsome. "I have been called an innovator—a reckless innovator! I may tell you, sir, that in the matter of tunic buttons I met with very strenuous opposition; but I had my way, sir—I had my way! We must be ready for the next war!"

"No doubt."  
"If we do not move, sir, we stand still!" repeated the general, whose powerful military brain had evidently thought that proposition out very carefully, and arrived at a fixed opinion about it.

"Quite!" said the Head wearily.  
"I take it, therefore, that this reform will be adopted, without undue loss of time; and St. Jim's placed in the very forefront of the vanguard of progress," said the general.

"I will consider."  
"Why consider, sir? I have explained my views!" said General Skewsome, in a tone of surprise.

"Oh, quite! But—"  
The Head paused. There was hardly a member of the Governing Body who had not, at various times, offered the Head hints and advice, which he had parried as skillfully as he could. But it was difficult to parry General Skewsome. And it was impossible for the Head to point out to him that he was an interfering old donkey. Indeed, General Skewsome was so important a gentleman, and so influential on the Governing Body, that the Head hardly ventured to regard him as an old donkey. But he could not help regarding him as a bother and a nuisance, like all governors; only much more so than the rest.

"But—" repeated the general in a slightly offended tone. General Skewsome was not accustomed to opposition or argument. He disliked both.

Before the Head could reply, there came a sudden interruption.

Baggy Trimble, for nearly half an hour, had been standing almost motionless in the narrow space between the screen and the wall.

He was getting cramped—more and more cramped; and he simply had to move.

He moved cautiously; but his caution did not avail. It booted not, as a novelist would say. Baggy moved—and the screen moved—he grabbed at it in alarm, and it toppled over.

Crash!  
"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head, jumping.

"Begad!" ejaculated General Skewsome, jumping also.

"Oh, jiminy!" gasped Trimble.

Baggy stood revealed to the astonished eyes of General Skewsome and the Head. In majestic wrath the Head rose to his feet.

"Trimble!" he said, in an awful voice.

"Oh, jiminy!"

"What?"

"I—I mean—I—I—I—"

"Go!" The Head pointed to the door. "I will deal with you later, Trimble—and the most exemplary punishment—"

"Ow! I say—"

"Go!" thundered the Head.

Trimble went.

He fairly cringed his way down the passage! The happiness Baggy was between the devil and the deep sea—before him a mob of enraged juniors, behind him the angry Head. He felt like Horatius in the lay.

"Thrice thirty thousand foes before,

And the broad flood behind."

As he turned the corner of the passage there was a shout.

"Here he is!"

And once more Baggy was running for his life.

## CHAPTER 8.

### Just Like Gussy!

"D'ARCY!"

"Yaas, Kildare!"

"Wh have you brought a fives bat into the dormitory?"

"A—a—a fives bat, Kildare?"

"Yes. Why?"

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Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not immediately reply.

The captain of St. Jim's, who was there to see lights out for the Fourth Form, had fixed his eyes on the fives bat that lay on the foot of Gussy's bed. Some of the Fourth grinned. The tragic history of Gussy's best Eton jacket was now known far and wide; but to most of the Fourth it seemed to smack rather of the comic than the tragic. Only to the powerful mind of Arthur Augustus himself did it present itself in all its true seriousness.

Trimble who had followed the prefect into the dormitory, last of the Form to arrive for bed, grinned widely. He, at least, knew what the fives bat was there for; and he was



"Now, Twimble, you wottah!"  
Slipper in hand, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy groped his way along the row of beds. Swipe! There was a fiendish yell from Tompkins.  
"Yarooop! You silly owl. I'm not Trimble!"

glad to see Kildare's eye fall upon it. Baggy did not want to make a closer acquaintance with that fives bat.

"Well?" rapped Kildare.

"I—I—I bwrought it up, Kildare!" stammered D'Arcy.

"I guessed that much," said Kildare sarcastically. "I did not suppose, for one moment, that it walked up here by itself."

"Sarc!" murmured Cardew.

"The—the fact is, Kildare—"

"Hand it over," said Kildare. "Thanks! If there is any ragging in this dormitory to-night, you young sweeps, you will hear from me. I shall keep an ear open."

Kildare extinguished the lights, tucked the fives bat under his arm, and left the dormitory.

"He, he, he!" came from Baggy Trimble's bed. Baggy had looked forward to bed-time in fear and trembling. Now he was feeling better.

"You uttah wascal, Twimble!" There was a sound of Arthur Augustus getting out of bed. "I shall have to thwash you with a slippah. I pwesume that you do not suppose that you are goin' to wigggle out of the thwashin', you fwrightful wapscallion?"

"Chuck it, Gussy," said Levison of the Fourth. "You'll bring Kildare back if you make a row."

"I am not goin' to make a wow, Levison. I am merely goin' to thwash Twimble."

"Trimble will make the row!" remarked Clive.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gussy, old man, get back into bed," said Blake.

"Trimble will keep till to-morrow; now you've told Kildare you're going to rag—"

"I did not tell Kildare anythin', deah boy."

"Fathead!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Get back to bed, old bean," said Wildrake. "Kildare told you he would keep an ear open."

"I do not care a wap—not a single solitawy wap—if Kildare keeps both yahs open, Wildwake. I am goin' to thwash Twimble as soon as I can find a slippah."

"I—I say—" stammered Trimble, sitting up in bed and blinking uneasily through the gloom.



"You need not say anythin', Twimble! You have uttably wuined my best jacket—"

"I—I say, that jacket wouldn't be much good, anyhow, old chap," said Trimble. "They're going to abolish Eton jackets in the school."

"Wubbish!"

"Honest Injun" said Trimble. "That old goat with the whiskers, old Skewsome, is a governor of St. Jim's; and he's bullying the Head about it. I was present."

"Wats!"

"I heard them—"

"I wufuse to have your wotten eavesdwoopin' wopeated to me, Twimble. And I uttably wufuse to believe that the Head would be so misguided as even to think of abolishin' so vevy elegant and dwessy a garment as the Eton jacket. I should certainly wufuse to have my Eton jacket abolished. I should object vevy stwongly."

"Which, of course, would make the Head change his mind," remarked Cardew.

"Yaas, pwobably," assented Arthur Augustus innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! Heah's a slippah!"

Arthur Augustus had found what he had been groping for in the dark. Slipper in hand, he proceeded to grope for Trimble's bed.

In the dark it was not easy to pick out one of a long row of beds from another. Perhaps it was natural that Arthur Augustus, who, of course, was not able to see in the dark like a cat, should arrive at the next bed to Trimble's.

"Now, you wottah!" he said.

Swipe!

There was a fiendish yell in the Fourth Form dormitory. "Yaroooooop!"

Tompkins of the Fourth squirmed and howled.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Trimble. "Oh, jiminy!"

And he promptly rolled out of bed, while the unhappy Tompkins filled the dormitory with the sound of his lamentation.

"Bai Jove! That doesn't sound like Twimble!" said Arthur Augustus, arresting the next swipe of the slipper in time.

"Ow! Wow!" roared Tompkins. "Yooop! You silly ass! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fourth.

"Bai Jove! There is nothin' to laugh at, deah boys! I seem to have walopped Tompkins by mistake—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am sowwy, Tompkins—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fearful chump!" shrieked Tompkins. "Oh, crumbs! I'll jolly well get out of bed and scrag you! Wow!"

"Weally, deah boy—"

"You dangerous idiot—"

"I wufuse to be called a dangewous idiot, Tompkins. Any fellow might make a mistake in the dark! Pway be weasonable!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I—" gasped Tompkins. Sitting up in bed, he grasped his pillow with both hands, his eyes gleaming.

"Pway accept my apology for my ewwah, Tompkins, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "I am weally sowwy, and in the cires, I can only say—yawooooooop!"

Arthur Augustus did not intend to say that; he said it involuntarily as Tompkins' pillow crashed on his noble features.

There was a heavy bump as D'Arcy sat down.

"Oh, cwumbs! You uttah wottah! Oh, cwikey!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Bai Jove! I will thwash you befoah I thwash Twimble Tompkins! I wegard you as an uttah bwute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The dormitory door opened.

The light was switched on, and Kildare of the Sixth stood looking into the dormitory.

"D'Arcy!"

"Bai Jove!"

"What are you doing out of bed?"

"I—I was just goin' to thwash Tompkins!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "I—I am also goin' to thwash Twimble!"

"Trimble, get back into bed! D'Arcy, hand me that slippah!"

"Weally, Kildare—"

"Sharp!"

Arthur Augustus unwillingly handed over the slipper. Trimble grinned as he rolled back into bed. The slipper, evidently, was still destined to serve as an instrument of punishment; but Baggy was not to be the recipient thereof. "Now bend over that bed!" said Kildare.

"Bai Jove! What for?"

"You'll know shortly," said the St. Jim's captain. "Sharp's the word!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy drew a deep, deep breath. Bending over, to be whacked with a slipper, impaired his lofty dignity very considerably. Unfortunately, there was no help for it. Slowly, with a crimson countenance, the swell of St. Jim's bent over.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

Arthur Augustus fully intended to endure the infliction without a single sound. A fellow's dignity required, at least, that he should go through it with the stoical endurance of a Spartan. But Gussy's pyjamas, though elegant, expensive, and beautiful, formed hardly any protection against a slipper wielded in a vigorous hand. Quite unintentionally D'Arcy uttered a fearful howl.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"There!" said Kildare. "Now go back to bed!"

"Ow! Wow! Ow!"

"And if there's any more of this," said Kildare, "I'll bring my ashplant next time, and make an example of you!"

"Ow! Weally, Kildare—wow!"

"Turn in!" rapped out the prefect.

Arthur Augustus crawled dismally to bed. Once more the prefect departed, and the Fourth were left to darkness and repose.

This time their repose was not disturbed. Four whacks from the slipper were enough for Arthur Augustus, and the prospect of the ashplant was too much! He decided to let Trimble stand over till the morrow.

## CHAPTER 9.

## Still Running!

"THERE'S His Whiskers!" remarked Monty Lowther. It was not a respectful way in which to allude to a retired but eminent military gentleman, who was also a governor of the school. For it was General Skewsome who drew forth Monty's remark in the quad, in break, the following day.

Tom Merry and Manners glanced round. General Skewsome, evidently, was still at St. Jim's. Apparently he was remaining as the Head's guest.

Perhaps the headmaster enjoyed his society; perhaps he had felt bound to accede to the obvious desire of that eminent member of the governing body; perhaps he felt that he had no choice in the matter—for every headmaster has to walk warily in dealing with school governors. Anyhow, there the general was, walking with his jerky footsteps, taking the fresh air in the quadrangle—an object of considerable interest to the St. Jim's fellows who were out of class.

The general's brow was puckered with thought—corrugated like zinc.

Deep thoughts of reform, probably, were working in that powerful intellect. A long and distinguished military career had not, as might have been supposed, petrified that intellect—it still worked. Reform and progress were the general's watchwords. The last war had taken the country by surprise; the next would find the Army ready—at least, so far as its buttons were concerned. This was due to General Skewsome's reforming energy. That effort had not exhausted his energy; much remained to be exerted for the benefit of his old school.

The general was there to exert it. And he was pleased—very pleased—to find the headmaster so cordially in accord with him. It would not be necessary, as perhaps the general had feared, to take the matter up with the governors, and bring pressure to bear. The Head seemed to see eye to eye with General Skewsome. A man of remarkable intelligence, for a schoolmaster, was the general's opinion of Dr. Holmes. The Head agreed, apparently, with everything the general said. General Skewsome had hardly expected so much intelligence in a mere civilian.

"The fellows say that old bird is a governor of the school," remarked Manners. "He's an Old Boy—about the oldest Old Boy I've ever seen! Must have been here about the time of the Foundation."

"Hallo! There's Trimble!"

"And Gussy!" chuckled Tom Merry.

Baggy Trimble appeared on the direction of the School House, moving with unaccustomed speed.

Behind him appeared Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Stop, you wottah!" came the voice of the swell of St. Jim's.

Trimble did not stop.

The Terrible Three chuckled. Their own wrath had subsided; so far as they were concerned, Trimble was safe from slaughter. Blake and Herries, and Dig, too, had forgotten the manifold offences of the offensive Baggy. It was strange, perhaps, that Arthur Augustus—generally the most placable and good-natured fellow in the House—should keep up a vengeful wrath longer than the other fellows. But it was not strange considering the nature of Baggy's offence. Any other offence Arthur Augustus might have forgiven and forgotten, but when a fellow ruined his clobber pardon was impossible.

Trimble, obviously, had to receive his deserts, if only as a warning for the future. If he escaped scot-free he might offend again in the same way—a fellow's clobber would never be safe. So the just punishment of Baggy was a matter of principle. And the kind heart of Arthur Augustus could be as hard as adamant where a matter of principle was involved.

"Stop that wottah, you fellows!" shouted Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, jiminy!" gasped Trimble.

He changed his direction and cut off towards the elms. Under the elms General Skewsome was walking and cogitating, revolving mighty matters in his mighty brain. Baggy did not see him, or heed him—he was thinking of what was behind, not what was before.

He glanced over his shoulder.

Arthur Augustus was gaining. Baggy put on a spurt and dashed up the path under the elms.

Bump!

"Oh!" gasped General Skewsome.

"Ow!" gasped Baggy.

He reeled back from the shock.

The general staggered against a tree. Possibly he had received many a charge in the course of his military career. But a charge with Baggy Trimble's weight to back it up

was no ordinary matter. The general staggered and spluttered.

"What—what?" he gasped. "Oh, begad! Ow! You young rascal! Oh!"

"Oh, jiminy!"

"What do you mean?" spluttered the general, grasping Baggy Trimble by the collar.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Shake! Shake!"

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Oh crumbs!" gasped Trimble.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus, and he halted.

The general cast a glare in his direction, and the swell of St. Jim's melted away. He sagely decided to give Baggy a respite till there were no governors of the school about.

Baggy, unfortunately, could not melt away. The general's grasp was on his collar, and it was a tenacious grasp.

"You—you young ruffian!" gurgled General Skewsome.

"I shall take you to your Form master! Who is your Form master?"

"I—I say, I—I couldn't help it, sir!" gasped Baggy. "That beast was after me! Oh dear!"

"In my time," said General Skewsome severely, "horse-play was not permitted in the quadrangle. Tempora mutantur, by Jove!" That Latin tag was all the general remembered of a classical education. "You have given me a—ow!—severe shock. I have a pain—a distinct pain! Wow!"

General Skewsome released Baggy, for a moment, to press his hand to the spot where he felt a distinct pain.

It was just over the place where the general had packed away a substantial breakfast that morning; and the impact of Baggy's bullet head seemed to have disturbed the breakfast.

It was only for a moment that the general intended to relax his grasp on Baggy. But a moment, in the circumstances, was enough for Baggy Trimble.

He jumped away and bolted.

"Begad!" gasped General Skewsome. "Stop! You hear me? Stop! I order you to come back, by Jove! What?"

Baggy flew.

The general made a stride in pursuit. But there was a distinct and undoubted pain inside General Skewsome; and he stopped again, gasping.

Baggy vanished into the distant house. There he paused to gasp for breath.

"Bai Jove! Now, you wottah—"

It was the voice of the avenger.

"Oh, jiminy!" groaned Trimble.

"I am goin'—"

But Trimble was gone.

He scudded away to the Fourth Form-room. It was nearly time for third school; and he expected the Form master to be there. In that august presence he would be safe. Fortunately for Baggy, Mr. Lathom was already in the Form-room.

He stared over his desk at Baggy as the fat junior came bolting in. He frowned. Bolting into a Form-room like a rabbit into a burrow was quite against the rules.

"Trimble!" rapped out Mr. Lathom. "What does this mean? What—"

He knew what it meant the next moment, when Arthur Augustus D'Arcy appeared in the doorway.

"Ow! Keep him off!" gasped Trimble.

"D'Arcy!"

"Oh! Yaas, sir!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

"Why are you following Trimble in this manner?"

"I—I—I—"

"Answer me!"

"I—I was goin' to thwash him, sir."

"Upon my word D'Arcy! You have the audacity to admit to me that you were intending to use violence towards another member of your Form?" exclaimed Mr. Lathom.

"He—he asked for it, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"Weally, sir—"

"I cannot believe for a moment, D'Arcy, that Trimble asked you to do anything of the kind. The idea is absurd!" said Mr. Lathom.

"Oh ewumbs!" murmured Arthur Augustus. Apparently Mr. Lathom was not so well "up" in slangy expressions as his Form and he had taken Gussy's reply literally.

"Trimble!" snapped Mr. Lathom.

"Oh dear! Yes, sir!"

"Did you ask D'Arcy—"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Trimble.

"D'Arcy, you will take a hundred lines for pursuing Trimble in this—this lawless and violent manner. If there is any repetition of your conduct, you will be severely



caned. The boy appears to be actually in fear of you!" said Mr. Lathom, with great severity.

"Weally, sir—" "I require your word, D'Arcy, that there shall be no repetition of this!" said the master of the Fourth sternly. "Otherwise I shall report you to your headmaster."

"Oh cwikey!" Trimble grinned. His career had been full of hectic excitement since the borrowing of Gussy's best jacket. He had voyaged, as it were, in perilous seas. But he had reached a safe port at last!

"You hear me, D'Arcy? I am surprised at you—very much surprised! Give me your promise at once to cease this—this lawless persecution of your Form-fellow!"

"Weally, sir, considewin' what Twimble has done—" "Indeed! What has he done?"

Baggy ceased to grin. The port in which he had found refuge did not seem so safe now. He trembled. If it came out that he had borrowed, not only a jacket, but two half-crowns that he had found in the pocket—

But Arthur Augustus was not the fellow to "sneak." Had Baggy's iniquitous conduct been ten times more iniquitous, Gussy would not have given him away to a master.

"Oh, nothin', sir!" stammered D'Arcy. "You appear to be speaking at random, D'Arcy. I presume the fact is that you have no excuse to offer. You will give me your word at once to cease this persecution of Trimble!" said Mr. Lathom sternly.

Arthur Augustus gulped. "Vevy well, sir!" And Trimble grinned again. He could afford to grin now!

CHAPTER 10.  
A Crisis!

"WUBBISH!" That was D'Arcy's opinion, delivered with unusual emphasis, in Study No. 6, in the School House.

Scorn and indignation struggled for expression in the aristocratic countenance of the Honourable Arthur Augustus.

He looked round at Blake and Herries and Digby. These three youths did not seem to realise the seriousness, the solemn importance, of the matter under discussion. In fact, the expression on Gussy's face made them smile.

"I say, wubbish!" said Arthur Augustus deliberately. "And I wepeat: Wubbish! Wotten wubbish! Wotten, wassally wubbish!"

"Head's orders!" said Blake. "Wubbish!" "Backed up by the jolly old governors!" said Herries. "Wubbish!" "It's on the board," said Dig. "Wubbish!"

Every time Arthur Augustus said that it was rubbish—or, rather, "Wubbish!"—his voice grew more emphatic; the scorn and indignation in his face grew more expressive. In fact, by this time Gussy looked like the celebrated Alpine climber in the poem; his brow was set, his eye flashed like a falchion from its sheath.

Evidently the feelings of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy were deeply stirred.

Any fellow who knew Gussy would not have needed to ask why he was so deeply disturbed. There was one subject upon which Gussy was capable of this excitement—only one cause which could make him forget the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. Evidently it was a matter pertaining to clobber.

"The Head—" repeated Blake. "In this instance, Blake, I find myself quite unable to respect the Head's judgment."

"Old Skewsome—" "I do not approve of weferrin' to a governor of the school as old Skewsome, Blake. Nevahtheless, I wepeat that old gentleman as an uttah ass!"

"The fiat," said Blake solemnly, "has gone forth! Having gone forth, it naturally applies to the Fourth—" "Weally, Blake—"

"And all we can do is to bear it," said Blake. "Let's summon up our manly fortitude."

"Let's face it," said Dig, with equal gravity, "Eton men!"

"Let's!" agreed Herries. Arthur Augustus looked at them. They looked grave now; and it was a grave matter. But he suspected them of inward merriment.

These unthinking youths did not see eye to eye with Gussy in a matter of transcendent importance. There was silence in the study. Blake wiped away a tear—probably a fictitious one.

Footsteps sounded from the passage. The door opened, and Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther looked in. "You fellows heard?" asked Tom.

"Seen the Head's paper on the board?" asked Manners. "If you have tears," said Monty Lowther, "prepare to shed them now. Eton jackets are abolished at St. Jim's!"

"Tee-totally abolished!" said Tom Merry. "We thought we'd look in and see how Gussy was taking it."

"We would have brought some smelling-salts if we'd had any," said Manners. "But in case of a sudden faint burst feathers are supposed to have a reviving effect—"

"Or cold water dashed in the face—" said Tom. "If there's no water handy, ink would do," said Monty Lowther.

Arthur Augustus gazed at the Shell fellows. His countenance, like that of Hamlet's pater, was one more of sorrow than of anger.

"You fellows do not seem to realise the seriousness of this mattah," he said with simple dignity.

"Gussy's feeling it!" said Blake. "Feeling it deeply you see, he's left with a heavy stock on hand. Having about forty jackets—"

"You uttah ass! I have only seven jackets." "There's only one consolation," remarked Digby. "We shall be able to sell off Gussy's jackets now to a rag-and-bone man! That will raise the wind—"

"I uttably wefuse to have my jackets sold to a wag-and-bone man, Digby!" said Arthur Augustus hotly.

"Gussy gives two or three guineas each for them," remarked Herries. "I dare say the rag-and-bone man will give a bob a time. That will raise a couple of pounds—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Weally, Hewwies—" "Anyhow, the jolly old fiat has gone forth," said Blake. "No more Eton jackets at St. Jim's! That's what old Skewsome thinks an important reform. What a brain!"

(Continued on next page.)

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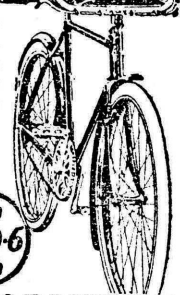
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"That absurd old gentleman does not undahstand what he is doin'," said Arthur Augustus. "I am surprised at the Head listenin' to him. Fortunately, my patah is a governah of the school. I shall w'ite to him and wequest him to call a meetin' of the governin' body, and I have no doubt they will wally wound."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I fancy Lord Eastwood knows it already," said Tom. "There's something in the notice about parents having been communicated with."

"It has pwobably given my patah a gweat shock. I am suah he will oppose nis uttably wotten ideah. That old ass Skewsome knows nothin' whatevah about clothes. Look at his twousahs!"

"Awful!"

"There you are, then!" said the swell of the Fourth, with the air of a fellow bringing forward an irrefutable argument. "The old ass knows nothin' about clobber; and I, for one, wefuse to take any notice whatevah of his cwanky wules!"

"Head's orders, Gussy!"

"There are times, deah boy, when a fellow is bound to wesist tywanny," said Arthur Augustus. "I wegard this as tywanny—uttah tywanny! Pwobably the Head has forgotten the time when he wore an Eton jacket himself. Without bwaggin', deah boys, I think I can say that I know somethin' about clothes. My opinion is that the Eton jacket is elegant—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Dwessy—"

"Bravo!"

"But not too dwessy. A fellow looks his best in an Eton jacket. It is a fellow's dutay to look his best. The abolition of the Eton jacket is a cwime against good taste."

"Go it, Gussy!"

"When that fat wottah Twimble told us that they were discussin' the abolishin' of the Eton jacket I could hardly believ' my yahs. I wepeat, I could hardly believe my yahs! When I saw it on the board in the Head's fist I could hardly believ' my eyes! In the circe, deah boys there's only one thing to be done. We must wemonstwate with the Head."

"Phew!"

"I suggest," said Arthur Augustus. "a wound wobin. I am suah that it will be signed with enthusiasm by ewevy fellow who knows anythin' about clothes. It is bound to pwoduce some effect on the Head. Even a headmaster is bound to give some attention to public opinion. Backed up by the whole Lowah School, the Head will be in a stwong posish, and will be able to tell that 'nterferin' old ass to go and eat coke!"

"Headmasters don't tell school governors to go and eat coke, old bean."

"I am speakin' metaphorically, Tom Mewwy. I am goin' to dwaw up a wemonstwance, and ask ewevy uniah chap in both Houses to sign it. I am suah the New House will back up the School House in this mattah. House wags must be forgotten at a time like this. Union is stwength. United we stand, divided we come a cwoppah."

"But—" said Tom Merry

"There are no buts in the mattah, deah boy. We have now weached a cwisis in the histowry of St. Jim's—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"The old school is at the partin' of the ways," said Arthur Augustus. "It is ewevy fellow's dutay to wally wound. If you fellows will cleah off, I will dwaw up a papah—in modewate but vevy plain language and bwing it wound pwesently for the fellows to sign. I am not standin' this, you know, and I expect support fwom my fwiefs."

"But—"

"Wats!"

"Let's leave him to it," said Blake, rising. "The fact is, I'm feeling rather overcome. The mere thought of Gussy being deprived of his bootiful Etons unmans me."

"Me, too," said Dig, with a sob.

"Me, too," said Herries; and he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and applied it to his eyes.

"Weally, you fellows—"

Grief, like joy, is infectious. The sorrow visible in the countenances of Blake & Co spread to the Terrible Three.

Three handkerchiefs were taken out to mop three pairs of eyes.

"Excuse this emotion, said Monty Lowther in a breaking voice. "The thought of Gussy without an Eton jacket— Boo-hoo!"

"Boo-hoo!" said Manners.

"It reminds me," said Tom Merry, weeping, "of something we had in English literature the othe' dav—something from Macaulay—"

"O maidens of Vienna, O matrons of Lucerne,

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those that never shall return."

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"It reminds me," groaned Manners, "of something from Shakespeare; it runs something like this:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;  
But he that filches from me my Eton jacket,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
But leaves me poor indeed."

"It reminds me," said Monty Lowther, "of that old Cornish song, which runs like this—or something like this:

"And shall the jacket die, the Eton jacket die?  
Then Arthur Gussy Gustavus will know the reason why."

"You uttah asses!" roared Arthur Augustus. "If you cannot take a sewious mattah sewiously—"

"Boo-hoo!"

"You fwightful chumps!"

"Boo-hoo!"

Six sobbing juniors trailed from the study. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy glared after them, and closed the door with a terrific slam. Then he sat down to compose the remonstrance to the Head.

Outside the study Tom Merry & Co. recovered from their grief. They were chucking as they went down the passage.

## CHAPTER 11.

### The Round Robin!

"WHEREAS—"

Arthur Augustus paused, with his pen in his hand and a thoughtful wrinkle in his brow.

That was a good beginning.

"Whereas—" he murmured.

The best beginning must, according to the classic rule of composition, be followed by a middle and an end. These, however, did not come rapidly to Gussy's powerful brain. Having written "Whereas," he paused, chewed the handle of his pen, and reflected.

It was, indeed, a matter that required reflection.

Other fellows might treat this crisis in the history of the school flippantly. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy recognised its seriousness.

Gussy, as he had modestly stated, knew something about clothes. It was a subject in which he was well up—a matter to which he had given deep thought.

The proposed abolition of that elegant article of attire, the Eton jacket, was no light matter. Arthur Augustus had been exasperated to deep wrath by Trimble borrowing his Eton jacket and smearing chocolate over it. But that offence, compared with the proposed total abolition of Etons was as moonlight unto sunlight, water unto wine.

Scorn, indignation, and horror mingled in the breast of the Honourable Arthur Augustus.

It was, in fact, a thing no fellow could stand.

"Whereas—"

The study door opened, and a fat face was inserted into Study No. 6. Arthur Augustus glanced round and glared at Trimble.

"Oh!" ejaculated Trimble. "I—I thought—"

Evidently Baggy had supposed the study to be empty.

"Buzz off, you fat wottah!" snapped Arthur Augustus.

Trimble cast a glance towards the study cupboard. Probably he was aware that the chums of Study No. 6 had done their shopping for tea.

"I—I say, Blake wants you in the games-room," he said. "He—he asked me to tell you—"

"Wats!"

"Doing lines?" asked Baggy. "I say, I'll tell you what. I'll do some of your lines for you, if you like, while you go down and see Blake."

"I am not doin' lines, Twimble. Pway get out!"

"What are you up to, then?" asked Baggy inquisitively, blinking at the sheet of paper before the swell of St. Jim's.

"Whereas—what's that for?"

"I am dwawin' up a wound wobin!" said Arthur Augustus, relaxing his frowning brow a little. "I shall wequiah you to sign it Twimble, along with the othah fellows, latah."

"Eh? What's a round robin?"

"A wound wobin, Twimble, is a—wound wobin. Fellows sign that papah in a circle, so that it does not twanspire who signed first, so no fellow gets into a wov more than anothah fellow. It is a wemonstwance to the headmastah."

"Oh jiminy!" ejaculated Trimble. "Catch me signing it!"

"It is a vevy important mattah, Twimble. It turns out that that you heard the othah day when you were spvin' is twue, though I could hardly believe my yahs at the time. They are pwoposin' to abolish the Eton jacket."

"What about it?" asked Trimble.  
 "What about it?" repeated Arthur Augustus. "You do not realise that it is a sewious mattah?"  
 "Oh jiminy!"  
 "You do not realise that it is an uncalled-for and fwightfully impertinent intahfewence with a fellow's wight to dwess well?"  
 "Oh crikey!"  
 "This wemonstance is goin' to Dr. Holmes, and I twust that it will cause him to wectlect—"  
 "He, he, he!"  
 "To wectlect in time, befoah takin' a step which is bound to wouse the most wesolute wesistance—"  
 "He, he, he!"

show the Head what the fellows thought—at least, what Arthur Augustus D'Arcy thought.  
 All that was needed now was the signature of every member of the Lower School. The Upper School, who wore lounge jackets, were not, of course, concerned in the matter. But if the Lower School, in a solid block, supported the remonstrance, it was bound to produce an effect on the headmaster. It would give him the necessary backing to resist the interference of an interfering and asinine governor. It would cause him—Gussy hoped, at least—to retrieve a false step before it was too late. It would avert disaster.  
 And it was disaster that threatened St. Jim's. It was hardly possible for Gussy to view with calmness the prospect of a St. Jim's without Eton jackets! With that elegant and



Following the lead of Blake & Co., the Terrible Three took out their handkerchiefs and wept. "Poor Gussy!" sobbed Lowther. "Boo-hoo!!" "Boo-hoo!"

"Bai Jove! What are you cacklin' at, Twimble?"  
 "He, he, he!" chortled Baggy. "I'll tell the fellows this. He, he, he!"  
 "You cacklin' chump—"  
 "He, he, he!"  
 Arthur Augustus jumped up from the table. He grasped a ruler, and made a stride towards Baggy.  
 "Bai Jove! I'll—"  
 Slam!

Baggy Trimble was gone.  
 With a ruffled brow, Arthur Augustus sat down to his task again. He laid down the ruler and took up his pen.  
 "Whereas—" he murmured.

There was a sound of laughter in the Fourth Form passage. Baggy Trimble, no doubt, was already telling the fellows about the round robin. Arthur Augustus closed his ears to it, and proceeded with his self-imposed task. He got going at last.

"Whereas it is proposed to abolish the Eton jacket at St. Jim's, and whereas we, the undersigned, regard the proposal with indignation and condemnation, we, the undersigned, beg to remonstrate against the proposed abolition, and to point out that we should view with very grave concern such a departure from the tradition of St. Jim's.  
 "Signed—"

Arthur Augustus read over that manifesto, and nodded his noble head in approval.  
 He considered that this hit the nail on the head. It would

graceful garment consigned to the limbo of forgotten things, and the common-or-garden jacket worn in its place, where would the old school be? Nowhere!  
 With a firm hand, Arthur Augustus appended the first signature to the round robin: A. A. D'Arcy. Then he sallied forth from Study No. 6, with the document in his hand, to collect signatures.

There was a squeak from Baggy Trimble.  
 "Here he comes!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Quite a crowd of fellows were in the Fourth Form passage. Evidently Trimble had spread the news of what was on, and the fellows were interested.

That, so far as it went, was all right. But Arthur Augustus could not see why there should be so much merriment. There was, so far as he could discern, nothing to laugh at in this serious matter.

"Is that the round robin?" asked Levison of the Fourth.  
 "Yaas, waihah!"  
 "Let's see it," chuckled Clive.  
 "I will pin it on the wall, deah boy, and ewevy fellow can wead it, and then I want you all to sign."  
 The document was pinned up. An army of fellows gathered round to read it, with many chortles.

"I fail to see any weason for this mewwiment, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus mildly. "I twust that you realise that this mattah is sewious."  
 "You mean solemn?" asked Cardew. "Serious is hardly strong enough."

"Pewwaps you are wight, Cardew, deah boy."

"Be serious, you men—I mean, solemn," said Cardew reprovmgly. "This isn't a laugin' matter—not if that paper's taken to the Head! The fellow who takes it will feel serious enough when the Head has done with him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! Do you think the Head will be watty, Cardew?"

"It's just possible," said Cardew. "These headmasters, you know what they are. They can never get it into their old nappers that the Fourth know best."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pway woll up and sign, you fellows," said Arthur Augustus. "I have a fountain-pen heah."

"My dear chap——" said Levison.

"You are goin' to sign, Levison?"

"Hem!"

"You arə goin' to sign, Clive?"

"Um!"

"You are going to sign, Cardew?"

"I'm goin' to sympathise," said Cardew. "Deep sympathy and morai support, an' all that."

"Pway sign the papah as well."

"Um!"

"Now, weally, Cardew——"

"Dear me!" said Cardew. "I've got to speak to Tom Merry about the football. Ta-ta, Gussy!"

"Bai Jove! Levison——"

"I've got to see Manners about some photographs."

"Clive, old chap——"

"See you later, Gussy."

"Tompkins—Hammond—Kewwuish—Lumley—Wildwake—Bai Jove! What are you fellows cleawin' off for?"

The Fourth-Formers did not explain what they were clearing off for. They cleared off, laughing.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his celebrated monocle in his eye, and gazed after them.

He remained alone in the passage, with the round robin! There was only one signature on that document—his own! Slowly, but surely, it trickled into Gussy's aristocratic brain that there was not going to be general and enthusiastic support to this remonstrance to the headmaster.

He, and he alone, realised the importance of the crisis in the history of the old school; the other fellows looked on it with a flippant indifference that was simply amazing—to Gussy! They seemed not to care whether they wore the Eton jacket or the common-or-garden jacket—the traditions of St. Jim's it appeared, were nothing to them. Like Gallio of old, they cared for none of these things.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus.

It was said of old that the last shall be first, and the first shall be last. Thus it was with the round robin. Gussy's signature was the first—and it was also the last!

## CHAPTER 12.

### Baggy Comes In Useful!

"BUT——" said Tom Merry.

"I wegard you as an ass, 'Tom Mewwy."

"But——" said Manners.

"I wegard you also as an ass, Mannahs."

"But——" said Monty Lowther.

"I wegard you as an howlin' ass, Lowthah."

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows," said Monty. "The Honourable Arthur Augustus Adolphus regards us all in his well-known character as an ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I did not mean that I was an ass, you ass, I meant that you were an ass, you ass!"

"There goes His Whiskers!" remarked Tom Merry, as General Skewsome appeared in the offing.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy turned his eyeglass on the little old military gentleman. His eye behind it gleamed with scorn.

"I am sowwy to be guilty of anythin' savouwin' of disrespect to a man of advanced years," he said, "but I cannot help wegardin' that old ass as an unmitigated old donkey! I have been thinkin' of wemonstwatin' with him personally."

"Oh, my hat!" said Tom. "I wouldn't! Governors of the school have to be given their head. Besides, he wouldn't understand, Gussy."

"Pwobably not!" agreed Arthur Augustus. "I have heard that he has held a high administwative post at the War Office, so it would be wathah hopeless to expect him to undahstand anythin'. Howevah, as I was sayin', I'm not goin' to give in."

"But——" said Tom.

"I shall wesist!" said Arthur Augustus, calmly. "It is a

mattah of pwinciple of the wight to be a well-dwessed fellow!"

"But——" grinned Manners.

"Wats!" said Arthur Augustus. "I weally do not know what the old donkey is still wemainin' at St. Jim's for. The Head must be fwightfully bored with him."

"Well, he's a jolly Old Boy," said Tom. "I daresay he enjoys trotting round his native heath after being away for ages. I've heard that he was in Study No. 6 when he was in the Fourth Form here—your study, Gussy! He was a School House man."

"Bai Jove! I should certainly have taken him for a New House man," said Arthur Augustus disdainfully. "He certainly does no cwedit to his House. Bothah him! I am goin' to take no notice whatever of his sillay wot. I shall wefuse to be anythin' but a well-dressed fellow, and I am pwepared to suffah in the cause of upholdin' the most sacwed twaditions of the school."

"But——"

"Wats!"

Arthur Augustus walked away, with his noble nose in the air, leaving the chums of the Shell grinning.

There was a cloud on his aristocratic brow as he went into the School House, and made his way to Study No. 6.

The position of affairs at St. Jim's was what Gussy would have described as "doooid wotten."

Some days had elapsed since the epoch-making announcement by the Head.

It had not had the effect of an earthquake, or any other cataclysm, on the school, as Arthur Augustus had naturally expected.

St. Jim's seemed quite undisturbed.

Such matters as games still occupied the fellows' minds, to the exclusion of the important question of Eton jackets.

It was surprising to Gussy—astonishing, in fact, but there it was. The fellows did not seem to care! Gussy's voice, raised in protest, was raised alone, even as the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

Arthur Augustus had long felt that he was the only fellow at St. Jim's who knew anything, and really cared anything, about clothes. But never had he realised it so acutely as now.

The other fellows were ready to give in—they did not seem to have a kick among them!

In the School House no man had signed the round robin, and D'Arcy had taken it over to the New House with equal want of success.

Figgins & Co. had only chortled; roars of laughter had greeted the proposition of combined resistance to the Head's decree, and when Gussy told the New House men what he thought of them matters became personal, and the swell of St. Jim's had to leave the New House in rather a hurry, with the round robin stuffed down the back of his neck. Since when the round robin had not been heard of again.

Arthur Augustus was, so to speak, left alone in his glory as the solitary champion of a forlorn hope.

But he was stubborn! In any other matter Gussy was placable; but on a matter of principle a fellow had to be firm. And there could hardly be a more important matter of principle than one involving a fellow's clobber. Gussy was going to resist. The rest of the fellows could wear any jackets they liked—they could, as Gussy said bitterly, "dwess in wags if they jolly well liked"—but one man, at least, was going to stand up for the right—and that man was Gussy.

In a short time, therefore, it appeared that among the crowds of fellows at St. Jim's, only one would be wearing an Eton jacket—which was certain to be a well-cut, handsome jacket, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. This, undoubtedly, would bring Arthur Augustus into conflict with authority—it would mean trouble. Trouble, Gussy was prepared to face.

The spirit of ancient heroes burned in his breast; the noble army of martyrs had nothing on Gussy! If he was "jawed," he would bear it with dignity; if he was caned, he would endure it with fortitude; if he was fogged, he would not wince; even if it came to extremities, and if he was sacked, he would go forth with the halo of martyrdom round his noble head, shaking from his feet the dust of a degenerate school! Such were the lofty thoughts stirring in the powerful brain of Arthur Augustus, as he went into Study No. 6 in the Fourth.

These lofty thoughts were banished by the sight of a fat figure standing at the empty cupboard.

Baggy Trimble was busy there.

In the cupboard was a pot of jam. In the hand of Baggy Trimble was a spoon.

The spoon was busily engaged in transferring the jam from the pot to the capacious mouth of Baggy. In these matters Baggy preferred to take in his cargo in bulk.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated D'Arcy.

Baggy spun round.

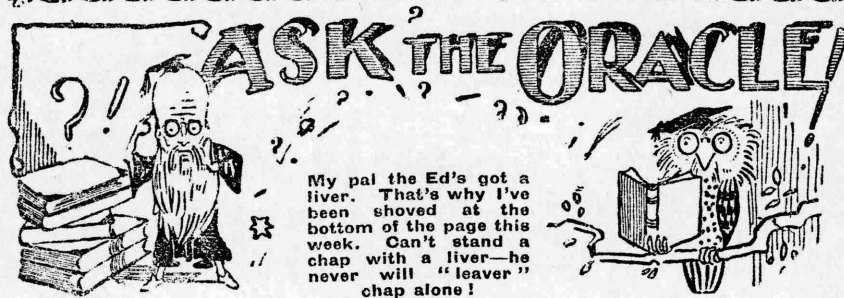
"Oh!" he gasped.  
 "You fat gwub-waidin' wottah—"  
 "I—I say—" gasped Baggy. "I—I wasn't touching the jam!"  
 "Wha—a-a-t?"  
 "I—I came here to speak—to speak to you," stammered Baggy. "I—I want to—to sign that round robin, you know. I—I've been waiting for you to come in. I—I was just looking into the cupboard to—to see if the round robin was there, you know."  
 "Bai Jove! You feahful fabwicatah—"  
 "I—I'm frightfully indignant about it, you know!" gasped Baggy. "Boiling with indignation, in fact! If—if you think I've been touching the jam, D'Arcy—"  
 "You feahful fibbah, it is smeared all over your chivvay!"  
 "Is—is—is it?" gasped Baggy. "Oh 'iminy! I—I—Yarooooh! Leggo! Leave off kicking me, you beast!"  
 Arthur Augustus, in a mood of exasperation with General Skewsome, with the Head, and with things generally, was feeling powerfully inclined to kick somebody. Baggy Trimble, for once, was the right man in the right place!  
 The swell of St. Jim's grasped him by the collar and spun him round. Then an elegant boot came into play.

Thud, thud, thud!  
 "Yaroooh! Help!" roared Baggy. "Whooop! Oh crickey! Yow-ow-ow!"  
 Thud, thud, thud!  
 "Yow-ow-ow-ow!"  
 "There, you feahful wottah!"  
 "Whoooooop!"  
 Baggy Trimble fled for the door. Arthur Augustus followed him up, and dribbled him into the passage. With a series of wild howls, Baggy faded away down the Fourth Form passage.  
 Arthur Augustus turned back into Study No. 6. He was feeling a little better. Baggy, to judge by the wild howls that floated back, wasn't!

CHAPTER 13.

Mistaken Identity!

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy under his breath.  
 He sat up in the armchair in Study No. 6.  
 It was dark in the study.  
 Arthur Augustus was alone there. Blake & Co. had gone  
 (Continued on next page.)



My pal the Ed's got a liver. That's why I've been shoved at the bottom of the page this week. Can't stand a chap with a liver—he never will "leaver" chap alone!

**Q.—What is the method for making cloth waterproof?**

A.—There is a process that will do this, S. F. Belton, of Plymouth. It consists of ironing white paraffin wax on to the back of the cloth. But I wouldn't advise you to experiment on your Sunday suit, chum. My office-boy did it once to his trousers, and his father was in an awful wax about it!

**Q.—What is the Rand?**

A.—Rand, "Anxious-to-learn," is a Dutch word. It means rim or edge. In South Africa the word is used to describe an elevated ridge in south Transvaal the full name of which is Witwaters Rand. This ridge is the water-parting between the Vaal river and the Olifants river. This area is famous for its gold-mining, and the word "Rand" is usually used with reference to that.

**Q.—How are furs dyed?**

A.—Fred Wilton, of Wendover, has found me a proper teaser this time. In fact, Fred, I've got to admit myself completely done by your question. The methods of dyeing fur are so closely

guarded that even fur dyers themselves don't know how the other chap does the job. All I can tell you is that years ago furs were dyed with vegetable or mineral colouring matters. Now chemical compounds that are known as "fur bases" are used instead, and these have enabled furriers to use a lot of furs that would be unmarketable otherwise. Chief among these is our old friend the rabbit, known as coney in the trade, and one of the most important furs in the world. Marmot is dyed to look like the valuable mink, and musquash is used in place of expensive sealskin. If you keep rabbits, Fred, I would like to remind you that the dye is applied after the rabbit has died. Never dye a live rabbit, because you can't.

**Q.—Where is Fiji-yama?**

A.—A volcano in Japan, "Young Oracle," of Wisbech. The highest point is over 12,000 feet above sea level. In ancient times great streams of lava flowed from this mountain, and the ashes that poured from the crater stopped up the rivers in the plains beneath and created large lakes.

**Q.—What is a Jennet?**

A.—A small Spanish horse, A. P. Stevens. The word is used in English, as you say, and is applied to the mule, which is the offspring of a she-ass and a stallion.

**Q.—What is a dumb waiter?**

A.—"Puzzled," of Colchester, is very puzzled about this. His sister was married the other week, and someone gave a dumb waiter as a present. When he asked her if he was dear, as well sister laughed mirthfully. Well, I won't laugh, "Puzzled"—I might lose my false teeth. A dumb waiter is a small table for holding plates and dishes and other things that are not put on the dining-table. Usually it has wheels fixed to the legs, and when sister's out it could be used as a railway engine. I'm looking for a GEM reader to make me a present of a dumb office-boy.

**Q.—How can a GEM reader become a Ludo Champion?**

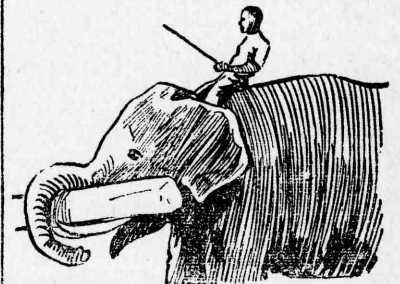
A.—This requires a good deal of hard training. "Constant Player." You must be prepared to have a rough time, getting up before breakfast, washing round the back of your neck, and being polite and respectful to your elders. Don't eat too many sweets, and never give your elder brother cheek or the small half of an apple.

**Q.—Must all Dogs be licensed in England?**

A.—No, J. Starling. Dogs used as guides for blind persons, sheep dogs and hounds under twelve months old that have not hunted do not have to be licensed. Neither does a puppy under six months old.

**Q.—What is Dry Rot?**

A.—"Nobby" Clark writes to me from his school and wants to know if this expression applies to anything besides Latin, Greek, Grammar, Algebra and Euclid. Yes, "Nobby," it applies to the decay of wood caused by various kinds of fungi. These fungi grow through the wood in slender tubes and cause it to become hollow inside. Of course, chum, if a chap's head is made of wood and it's hollow inside, he mustn't blame that on to the dry rot ho has to learn at school.



How would you like an elephant for a pet? This chap seems to like riding this mountain of flesh, anyway.

**Q.—What is a Mahout?**

A.—An elephant driver, K. S., of Swanage. The mahout sits on the elephant's neck and directs him either by voice or with a goad called ankus.

**Q.—What is a Lituus?**

A.—This, "Young Un," is something that belongs to the days of Ancient Rome. It was a cavalry trumpet used by the Romans and made of a cylindrical tube 5 feet in length and shaped like the letter J. What kind of sound it produced I cannot say, as I was not in the Roman Cavalry.



It's a good job Boy Scouts don't have to blow trumpets this size. These noise-makers were blown by the soldiers of Ancient Rome! (Just before the Oracle was born.—ED.)

to a meeting in Tom Merry's study, in the Shell. The meeting concerned games—a matter in which D'Arcy, normally, was keenly interested. At the present time, however, more important matters occupied his mind. Games, when the school had reached a crisis in its history, savoured, to Gussy's mind, of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning.

So Blake & Co. went by themselves, and Gussy remained in Study No. 6, his powerful brain occupied with the disastrous eclipse that threatened the old school.

Sitting in the armchair before the fire, Arthur Augustus grew a little drowsy. He nodded off.

In the other studies, lights were on; but in Study No. 6, where Arthur Augustus dozed peacefully in the armchair, there was no light save a faint glimmer from the dying fire.

It was, as a matter of fact, past time for prep now; but Blake & Co. had not yet returned. Arthur Augustus would probably have dozed on, had he not been awakened by a footstep in the doorway.

He sat up and took notice.

A fellow who belonged to the study, coming in, would, of course, have turned on the light. But the fellow who was coming in now did not turn on the light.

"Twimble!" was the thought that flashed into Gussy's mind.

There could be no doubt of it! Trimble, kicked out of the study before he had been able to finish the jam, was sneaking back in the dark for the remnant of his plunder. Finding the study in darkness, he would naturally suppose that it was untenanted.

Arthur Augustus grinned.

He made no sound.

A sound would have warned the raider off; and Gussy did not want to warn him off till he was within reach. He resolved that if Trimble had come after the jam, Trimble should have the jam—not inside, as he desired, but outside, as a punishment for grub-raiding. That would be making the punishment fit the crime.

Silently Arthur Augustus rose to his feet.

Dimly, in the gloom, he saw a shadow by the doorway—the dim figure that had entered in the dark.

That it was Trimble, how could he doubt?

Any other fellow would have switched on the light. That the newcomer was a person who had once known that study well, but had not visited it since the electric light was installed at St. Jim's, naturally did not occur to Gussy. If he noticed that the dim figure was groping about, how was he to guess that he was groping for a switch? Naturally, Arthur Augustus did not guess that.

Besides, he gave himself no time for conjecture.

It was necessary to act swiftly, before the raider took alarm and fled; and D'Arcy acted swiftly. Arthur Augustus was a fellow of tact and judgment, who could act rapidly in an emergency.

Two swift strides, and he reached the dim figure that had butted into the study; and his grasp fell on it suddenly.

There was a startled gasp.

There was no time for more; for in a split second, Arthur Augustus had whirled the unseen person round, and hurled him on to the study carpet.

Bump!

"Oooooooogh!"

"Now, you wottah!" gasped Gussy.

He leaped to the study cupboard! He leaped back with the jam-jar still half-full of jam—in his hands.

The intruder, sprawling on his back, was gasping spasmodically. The jam-jar was up-ended over the upturned face.

Jam streamed out.

"Groooogh! Oooooooogh!" came in a horrible gurgle from the prostrate intruder.

It seemed that his mouth was open! Jam filled it. Jam streamed over his features! Jam clothed him as with a garment.

"There, you gwub-waidin' scoundwel!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "You came aftah the jam, and you've got the jam, bai Jove!"

"Groooogh! Ooooooch!"

"Now get out, you fat wascal, or I will give you the ink next!"

"Yooooooogh!"

The dim figure sprawled and gasped and spluttered horribly. Arthur Augustus groped over the table for the inkpot.

He found it! Swiftly it was up-ended over the sprawling, gasping figure! Ink streamed out and added itself unto the jam.

"Hooooogh! Ooooooch! Wooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Arthur Augustus. "How do you like that, you wottah? Now cwawl out, or I will kick you out!"

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"Oooooooogh!"

"Do you heah me, you wascal!"

"Yooooooogh!"

"Bai Jove, if I have to woll you out——"

"Mooooooogh!"

"Heah goes then you wottah!"

Arthur Augustus grasped the sprawling figure and rolled it over. Wild and horrid gurgles came from the wretched victim. It wriggled and squirmed wildly as Gussy rolled it to the door.

"Hallo, what on earth's up here?" exclaimed Blake's voice in the passage. Blake & Co. had returned.

"My hat! What are you doing there in the dark, Gussy?" exclaimed Digby.

"Wollin' Twimble out!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "The fat boundah came in heah gwub-waidin', and I have given him the jam and the ink——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groooogh! Oooooch! Mooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake & Co.

Blake stepped in and turned on the light.

All eyes were fixed on the jammy, inky, breathless, gurgling object on the floor. It sat up! Then there was a yell of surprise.

"Great pip!"

"That's not Trimble!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Oh crikey! You've done it now, Gussy!"

Blake & Co. stared at the horrid object in horror. Arthur Augustus fairly gaped at it. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

It was not Trimble! Gussy had taken the intruder for Trimble. But he had taken too much for granted. It was not Trimble! It was not a St. Jim's junior at all! It was a man—a little man, it is true; but a man—and the man was General Skewsome!

"That—that—that," said Blake faintly—"that that's old Skewsome!"

"Oh cwumbs!"

"A—a—a governor of the school!" babbled Digby. "Oh scissors!"

"I—I—I thought it was Twimble! I—I— Oh, gweat Scott! What the thump did he come sneakin' into the studay in the dark for, then? What did he come to the studay at all for? Oh ewikey!"

"Oooogh! Oooooch! Gurrrrrrgggh!"

General Skewsome staggered to his feet. He was barely recognisable. Jam and ink obscured his features and streamed all over him. He was of the jam, jammy; of the ink, inky! Faintly through ink and jam, the fury in his face could be discerned.

"Groooogh! Oooooch! Young scoundrel! Oooooch!"

"Bai Jove! I did not know——"

"Woooooch! Young villain—— Oooooch!"

"I wufuse to be called a villain! I——"

"Mooooooogh!" gurgled the general. "Oooooogh! Oh, gad! Attacked—assaulted—jammed—inked! By gad! What is St. Jim's coming to—— Oooch! Grrrrr! A governor of the school, by Jove! Oooooogh! Gug-gug! An Old Boy cannot come to look at his old study without being attacked—groooogh!—and assaulted—woooch!—and smothered with jam—— Gurrrrrrh! You shall be expelled for this—— Gurrrr! Expelled! Oh, gad! Wow! I will go to the Head—— Oooooch! Prepare for expulsion—— Wooooh!"

The general staggered away.

Horrid glances followed him as he disappeared.

Then there was a long silence. Jack Blake broke it at last.

"Well," said Blake, in measured tones, "you've done it now, Gussy—you've been and gone and done it!"

And there was no doubt that Gussy had!

## CHAPTER 14.

### Up to Gussy!

"SACKED, of course!" remarked Baggy Trimble.

"Can't say 'm sorry—— Oh jiminy! Wow!"

If Baggy was not sorry for Gussy, he was sorry for himself before he completed his remark. Three or four boots landed on Baggy at the same moment; and Baggy yelped and fled.

Everybody else was deeply concerned. The news had spread all through the House. Prep was forgotten! There was a hushed crowd in the Fourth Form passage. Every face was serious.

The noble countenance of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was calm. But it was serious enough.

He was in a momentary expectation of a summons to the Head's study. He was prepared to face the music. But he had little hope.

It looked—he could read in every face that it looked—as if the game was up for Gussy; as if also the troublesome question of whether he was or was not going to wear an Eton jacket at St. Jim's, would be settled by his sudden departure from St. Jim's—which would settle the vexed question most unpleasantly.

He was not to blame. It had been a case of mistaken identity; he had wrecked and ravaged General Skewsome in the belief that he was Baggy Trimble. But such mistakes were not supposed to occur in the case of a governor of the school. A fellow who had up-ended, jammed, inked, and rolled a member of the Governing Body could hardly expect anything but the chopper. D'Arcy realised it.

Some fellows remarked, by way of comfort, that if he was bunked he could get his father to send him to Eton, where, of course, he could wear an Eton jacket. But that was cold comfort. He did not want to be bunked, and he did not want to go to Eton. Not even for the sake of sticking to that elegant garment, the Eton jacket would he willingly have exchanged St. Jim's for Eton; he would, he sadly remarked, as soon have gone to Harrow and worn a Harrow hat!

And Monty Lowther, with a great effort, refrained from remarking that that would be a harrowing experience. It was no time to be funny.

"After all, it was a—a sort of accident," said Tom Merry. "The Head may go lightly—"

"That f'wightful old wottah won't let him!" said Arthur Augustus, shaking his head. "He has wagged the Head into abolishin' the Eton jacket—t-h-a-t shows the kind of blightah he is! He will insist on the sack. As a mattah of fact, it was wath a wuff on the old codgah. Little as I wespert him, I would not willingly tweat a man of his yeahs in such a vevy dewogatory mannah. But, of course, he will not undahstand that. With a bwain like his, he can not be expected to understand anythin'. I'm afraid I'm for it, deah boys!"

"Here comes Lathom!" muttered Blake dismally.

The master of the Fourth came up the stairs. He glanced round severely, and fixed his eyes on D'Arcy.

"D'Arcy! Follow me!"

"Yaas, sir!"

Arthur Augustus followed Mr. Lathom, and anxious and sympathetic glances followed Arthur Augustus.

If Gussy was sacked—

What else could happen to a fellow who had up-ended a governor of the school and jammed him? But the thought was awful! Gussy added considerably to the gaiety of existence at St. Jim's. But it was not only for that that he would be missed. St. Jim's would not be the same without him.

Cardew remarked that it would be like a Punch and Judy show with Punch left out; but Cardew was frowned upon. Manners remarked that the school without Gussy would be like "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out. That remark was considered much more to the point.

There was no doubt that Gussy, when he followed Mr. Lathom down the stairs, left a sympathetic, anxious, worried crowd of friends behind him.

Calm, though with an anxious heart, Arthur Augustus followed his Form master to the Head's study.

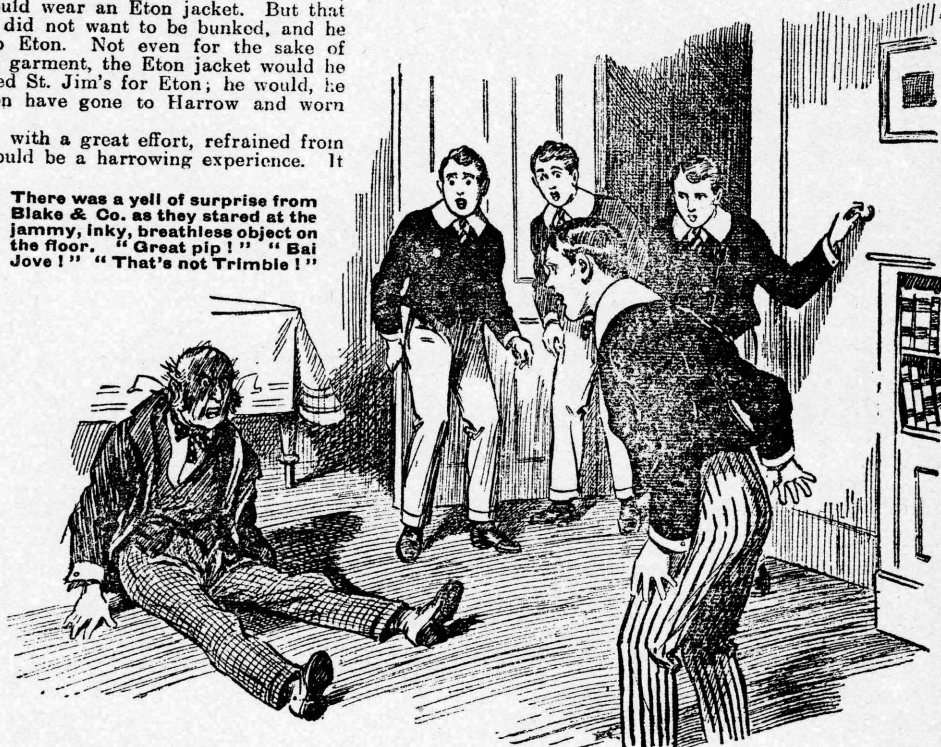
Dr. Holmes was there—severe, majestic, awe-inspiring. General Skewsome was there, in a newly cleaned and brushed state, newly swept and garnished, as it were; but still betraying signs of ink about his ears and his hair. His face was a thundercloud. The "sack" could be read quite plainly in his speaking countenance.

"Here is D'Arcy, sir!" said Mr. Lathom.

"Enter!" said the Head, in a deep voice.

D'Arcy entered; and Mr. Lathom retired, closing the door. Arthur Augustus faced the headmaster.

There was a yell of surprise from Blake & Co. as they stared at the jammy, inky, breathless object on the floor. "Great pip!" "Bai Jove!" "That's not Trimble!"



"Yaas, sir!"

"I have but a few words to say! You have been guilty of an outrageous assault upon a governor of the school! You will be expelled—"

"Weally, sir—"

"You can have no defence—no excuse to offer! General Skewsome demands your exemplary punishment. I can only accede! This very day—"

"No excuse—no defence!" boomed General Skewsome. "A young ruffian—a young rascal, begad! What?"

"Weally, sir—"

"I am shocked—pained beyond words!" said the Head. "General Skewsome, once a boy at this school, visited his former study. I should have expected with confidence that

so distinguished an Old Boy would be welcomed there—greeted with respect. Instead of which—"

"Yaas, but, you see, sir—"

"St. Jim's," said the general, "is evidently going to the dogs! Scarcely anything in the country remains in the palmy state in which I remember it in my youth. But this—this— Boy, how dared you lay hands on a governor of the school? I repeat, how dared you?"

"I—I didn't, sir—"

"What?"

"I—I mean I didn't know—"

"Nonsense!"

"If you will allow me to explain, sir—"

"You can have no explanation to offer. D'Arcy," said the Head. "Your conduct speaks for itself!"

"One moment, sir!" said General Skewsome. "A prisoner is allowed to defend himself at a court-martial. Boy, if you have any explanation to offer, offer it! Your headmaster will listen."

"Thank you, sir!" said Arthur Augustus, rather surprised at support from such a quarter. "The fact is, sir, it was a fearful mistake! You see, sir, as it was in the dark, I nevah saw you, and I took you for a chap who had been waidin' gwub in the studay—"

"What?"

"I—I thought that fat boundah was sneakin' in again in the dark to bag the jam, sir—"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated the Head.

General Skewsome stared blankly at Arthur Augustus. It dawned upon him that this was not, as he fancied, a deliberate "rag." Distinguished military gentleman, as he was, his brain was not wholly impervious to impressions from without. He stared

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# CHICK CHANCE.

## Adventurer!



*"Go and find the missing heir to half a million pounds!" says the Lawyer.*

*"Right!" answered Daredevil Chick Chance—and off he goes!*

### CHAPTER 1. A Narrow Squeak!

**C**HICK CHANCE—late Flight-Commander Chichester Chance, R.A.F., V.C., D.S.O., and sundry other decorations for conspicuous valour—had come unscathed through two years of the fiercest kind of warfare that the world had ever known.

It was not his fault that he had missed the early years of the Great War. He had been born too late for that; he had been very young when he had donned his "wings" and brought down his first enemy plane on the Western Front.

Chick Chance had flirted with death in every shape and form. They had dubbed him the Flying Fool long before a certain intrepid airman had made a lone hop across the wastes of the Atlantic. He had seen the wings of his Spad riddled with tracer bullets, and had had his tail-assembly shot away by a burst of "flaming-onions." He had crashed so many times that he had lost count. Once his engine had conked out, and he had landed in No Man's Land, to be literally blown into the British trenches by the next shell that came along.

The aftermath of the War left Chick Chance stranded, like so many of his kind. Lads who were men before their time. Hawks of the air, with their wings clipped by the decrees of peace. Commercial flying was the only field open to him, but commercial flying was too tame for Chick.

Instead, he expended most of his capita. in the purchase of a two-seater cloud-hopper. He leased a field on the outskirts of London, had a hangar erected, and advertised himself as a free-lance aerial taximan, who was willing to fly anywhere from Bermondsey to Baluchistan at five minutes' notice.

"This business looks like being a flop," mused Chick Chance, a month later, as he zoomed his crate ten thousand feet into the blue, and darted here and there through the atmosphere like a minnow in a pool. "Haven't had a smell of a job since I flew Steve Halloran, the jockey, to Newcastle races. If things don't improve I shall have to sell the old bus, and take a pilot's job with the European Airways Company."

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Chick groaned at the bare thought, and relieved his feelings by performing a couple of screaming inside loops, and zooming until the plane stalled, and fell into a tail-spin. Coolly he took hand and feet off the controls, and waited for the machine to level out.

He was dropping like a stone, with the wind howling and screaming through the struts and stays. The earth seemed to be leaping up towards him at an alarming pace. Chick Chance suddenly realised that his old enemy Death was riding the sky with him, and this time there was no grim orchestral accompaniment of booming Archies and wailing machine-gun bullets.

He grabbed the stick, and jammed his feet on the rudder-bars. Nothing happened. He glanced back along the tail. Chick guessed what had happened. The rudder and lifting-planes had jammed. The crate was hopelessly out of control. He had dropped three thousand feet in a few seconds!

The youngster knew no fear. A thrill of savage pleasure stabbed through him as he wrestled vainly with the controls, and kept his eye on the altimeter.

Dismay came to him as he realised that the plane was doomed. He had only a matter of moments in which to make his final decision, and life was still sweet to Chick Chance!

One hand fumbled for the ring of the Irving chute that was strapped to his back. With the other he switched off the engine and unsnapped the catch of his safety-belt. He jumped to his feet, and met the full force of the slipstream as he poked his head over the edge of the cockpit. The plane seemed to be dropping straight towards the flying field from which he had ascended.

"Home, John!" chuckled Chick, as he scrambled out on to the wing, and dived headlong into space. The ground was unpleasantly near. He only counted six before he jerked the ring of the release-cord that was looped on one finger.

There was a sharp plop as the pilot shot free, and then a crackle and rattle of silk, and a fierce tug, as the main parachute caught the air and billowed out like a great, yellow mushroom.



Chick was dangling and swaying betwixt earth and sky. Calmly he fumbled for a cigarette, and grunted as he discovered there was no lighter in his pocket. He glanced down just in time to see the abandoned plane crash into a copse of trees, and dissolve into a shapeless mass of splintered struts and tattered canvas.

Three hundred yards away was his flying field, and he was drifting in that direction. Then a stray current of air altered his course, and spun him round towards a railway-cutting, and two double lines of gleaming metal that ran north and south, until, in one direction, they disappeared into the yawning black mouth of Hurley Tunnel.

The parachute was dropping faster than Chick would have wished, and he had no desire to land in the middle of the permanent-way. He grasped the silk rigging-cords, and tried to change his direction by spilling some air out of the chute.

In this he was only partially successful. The parachute side slipped straight for the mouth of the tunnel, and the iron road-bridge that spanned the railway-line.

The boy heard a wild yell of astonishment, and caught a momentary glimpse of two men riding a motor-bike and sidecar, who were chugging towards him along the main road. The next instant he crashed into the bridge with a force that knocked all the breath out of his body, and half-stunned him as well.

Chick bent his knees and waited for the final shock, but it did not come. He opened his eyes to find that he was suspended in mid-air with his feet dangling within a yard of the shimmering railway metals. Behind him was the black, sulphurous mouth of the tunnel. The body of the parachute had caught on the iron railing on the parapet of the bridge overhead.

A sudden, dull roar of sound, and a fierce current of air blowing around his ears quickened the boy's senses, and caused him to realise that he was not yet out of danger. A train had entered the other end of the tunnel, and was thundering towards him through the darkness.

He groped for the release-catch that would free him from the harness that was strapped over his shoulders and around his thighs. For the second time that day Fate had played a dirty trick on him. The catch had jammed. He swung helplessly to and fro, right in the path of the coming train!

A shiver of horror trickled down the lad's spine. This was not the kind of death he had courted and defied in the vast wastes of the upper air. He had no knife in his pocket with which to slash through the leather straps, and the roar of the advancing train dinned louder and louder in his ears. In another few moments his mangled, lifeless body would be smashed to pulp beneath the grinding iron wheels!

"Hang tight, old son! We'll soon have you out of that! Now then, put your back into it, Horace!"

The sound of a cheery, encouraging voice came faintly to Chick's ears. Then came a jerk that almost dislocated his neck as he was hauled upwards towards the bridge overhead. One more pull dragged him clear of danger, and he was engulfed in a scorching cloud of smoke and red-hot cinders as the train burst, roaring, from the mouth of the tunnel, and swept beneath him, within a bare couple of inches of his dangling feet!

"Up she comes! My stars, matey, that was a near one! I've always said as a fellow's safer in the air than he is on old terra-firma!"

Chick Chance's scattered wits were gradually reassembling themselves in his spinning brain. He choked and

coughed to get rid of the sulphur fumes that had been sucked into his lungs, and opened his eyes to find himself seated by the side of the road, with his back propped against the parapet of the railway-bridge.

## CHAPTER 2.

### Old Pals!

A FEW yards away stood a very dilapidated and battered motor-bike and sidecar, to which were strapped numerous bundles and parcels, in addition to a frying-pan, a kettle, and several other culinary articles.

Bending over him were two men. Chick studied them gravely. One was tall and thin, with a toothbrush moustache, a decidedly prominent nose, and a monocle screwed firmly in one eye. He wore a faded tailcoat, crumpled spats over cracked patent-leather shoes, and a bowler-hat that was considerably too small for him.

His companion was as short as he was tall. He possessed a round, whimsical countenance, with a wide mouth, and a nose like a dab of putty. He wore an old Army tunic, a bright red beret, and puttees.

"He ain't dead yet," said the little man gravely. "Stand back and give him air, Horace. You're allus in the way!"

"Silence, you contemptible maggot!" snapped the tall fellow coldly.

Chick Chance scrambled to his feet and shook himself. One sleeve of his flying-coat was slit from wrist to shoulder, and his arm was bruised and sore. There was an ugly gash on his right cheek.

Phew! That's the narrowest squeak I've ever had!" he said bluntly. "I reckon I've got to thank you two fellows for saving my life. Shake! My name's Chance. Chick to my pals."

"This two-legged, animated, six-foot o' misery answers to the name of Horace," introduced the little man, with a grin. "I'm Herbert—or Herb to them as prefers it."

Chick shook hands warmly with this oddly-assorted pair. A vague memory was stirring at the back of his mind as he stared from the one to the other.

"You know, I'm certain I've seen you two fellows before," he said puzzledly.

"Once seen, never forgotten," replied Herbert gravely. "Many's the time I've rolled out your old Spad for the dawn patrol, Mr. Chance. I was an air-mechanic, attached to your squadron. Horace, here, he was a sergeant-pilot, until he crashed on top of the officers' mess-hut, and lost his wings."

"Well, for the love of Mike!" Chick shook hands again in honest delight. "By gosh, it's good to run up against you two fellows again! It brings back old times."

"It weren't a bad War, were it?" said Herb, a trifle regretfully. "The rations were sometimes late, perhaps."

"Huh! Always thinking of his stomach," drawled Horace, eyeing his chum coldly through his monocle. "How's things with you, sir?"

Chick Chance rubbed his chin ruefully.

"Well, they're worse now than they were twenty minutes ago, and they weren't any too bright, then," he admitted. "I did have a plane, but that's gone west now."

"Me and Horace, we're what you might call travelling salesmen," volunteered the little man. "We bought that there motor-bike, and we travels round to football matches and sports meetings, selling chewing-gum, confectionery, and acid-drops. It ain't much of a living, but we gets plenty of fresh air, and a change of scenery every day. And—"



"Here, put a sock in it," interrupted Horace disrespectfully. "That's a nasty cut you've got on your face, flight. Can we give you a lift anywhere?"

Chick glanced dubiously at the ancient motor-bike. "I've got a dump three hundred yards down the road. There's going to be a flying-field and a hangar going spare after to-day from what I can see of it."

With difficulty Chick managed to wedge himself into the side-car. Herbert drove, while Horace draped his lean figure across the pillion.

"Sounds like old times," grinned Herb, as the motor commenced to rattle and bang like a machine-gun gone crazy.

Lurching and swaying it managed to stagger as far as the entrance to the field where stood an old Army hut, and a tin-roofed hangar that had recently housed Chick Chance's two-seater cloud-hopper—now a tangled mass of wreckage in the middle of a copse of trees.

"Come in, you birds!" Chick invited, leading the way into the hut, which was barely furnished with a table and a few wooden chairs, and a folding-bed that was convertible into an armchair. "You're a handy man, Herb. See if you can rustle us a bit of grub. How do you fancy a tin of bully?"

"Bully!" Herbert rolled his eyes. "Ain't tasted bully since Armistice Day," he declared. "Here, stir your stumps, Horace! Your head's so far from your feet that by the time you put your hat on, your boots are worn out."

"You—you undersized weevil!" retorted Horace indignantly. "If you got hit on the head you'd think someone had trod on your toes. How I've stuck your insolence

all this time, I don't know. I'd sooner go about with an intelligent ape."

"You'd certainly feel more at home," agreed Herb, "providin' the ape weren't too intelligent. Horace don't mean all he says. flight. Real devoted to me, he is. Why, only last week I fell into the river at Reading, an' he jumped in and fished me out."

"You forget to mention," reminded Horace pointedly, "that you happened to be wearing a shirt of mine that you'd borrowed the previous day. I wouldn't have lost that shirt for anything."

"I'm jolly glad I met you chaps," said Chick; and he meant it.

The loss of his plane had hit him hard. The future seemed very bleak and black at that moment. He told his two friends all about the speculation in which he had invested his capital.

"Tough luck, flight," said Horace, blinking sympathetically through his monocle. "I only wish I could get back into the flying game; but my left eye went wonky after I got hit in the head with a lump of shrapnel. That's why I wear this confounded, window-pane!"

"That's what he says," chipped in Herb. "I suppose it's because of trench feet you wear them there spats on your plates of meat. I—I wish you, and me, and Horace could join up in some sort of a stunt together, Chick. I'm not suggesting you should join us selling chewing-gum, and—"

Chick held up a warning finger.

"Listen! I thought I heard someone drive up outside here," he exclaimed.

Herb rose, and glanced through the window.

"Whopping great Rolls-Royce," he informed. "One of your swagger pals coming to call on you, Chick. Some toff he is, too."

"What?"

Chick Chance jumped to his feet as there came a sharp, peremptory rap on the door, and it was pushed open without further ceremony.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

"MR. CHANCE?"

Chick nodded dumbly as he stared at the man who had stepped into the hut. The latter was a complete stranger to him. He was an elderly individual, with strong features, iron-grey hair and moustache, and cold, blue eyes that swept swiftly over the occupants of the room.

He was clad in a heavy, fur-lined overcoat, and carried a pair of fur driving-gloves in one hand.

"My name is Paige—Howard Paige," he announced brusquely, as he accepted the chair that Chick pushed towards him. "I have come to talk business with you, Mr. Chance."

"Go ahead!" invited the young airman. "Don't mind my pals."

"I saw your advertisement in the 'Daily Wire,'" proceeded Howard Paige, referring to a newspaper clipping. "I am wondering if it is to be taken literally, Mr. Chance? You say here: 'Experienced aviator; young; own plane. Open to offers. Will undertake anything honest. No distance too far; no danger too great.'"

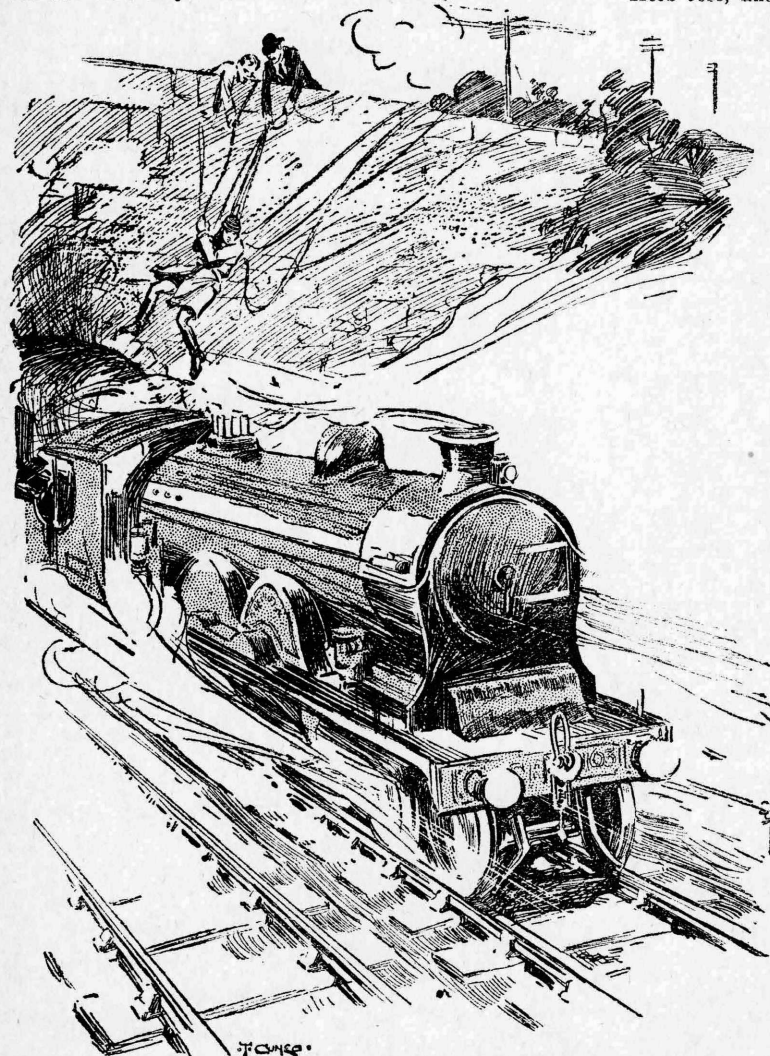
Chick Chance lit a cigarette, and grinned sadly.

"I reckon that ad. was my swan-song," he said regretfully. "I meant every word of it, Mr. Paige; but I'm afraid you've come too late."

"Too late!" echoed the visitor disappointedly. "Do you mean that your services have already been engaged?"

"Not a hope," jerked Chick. "What I mean is that I'm a bird without wings—a regular kiwi. I crashed this afternoon, and you couldn't collect the remains of my crate with a sieve."

"That is immaterial," said Paige, with a careless wave of his hand. "I don't suppose your machine would have been any use for the task I am going to ask you to undertake. I am not going to beat



Then came a jerk that almost dislocated Chick's neck as he was hurled upwards out of the way of the roaring engine.

about the bush, Mr. Chance. Is the name Professor Eustace Latimer familiar to you?"

Chick concentrated for a moment with wrinkled brow and pursed lips.

"Famous traveller and explorer, isn't he?" he asked at length. "Got a string of letters after his name—F.R.G.S., F.R.Z.S., and all that sort of thing. Didn't he set off on a hike into Central Africa a couple of years ago, and was promptly swallowed up, and never heard of again?"

"Exactly," agreed Howard Paige. "I want you to find him, or at least bring me satisfactory proofs of his death."

Chick Chance stared incredulously.

"Now, let me make everything clear," continued Paige, before Chick had time to speak. "I will stick to bald facts. I am Professor Eustace Latimer's lawyer and trustee. As you have remembered, he set off on an exploring expedition into Central Africa two years ago, and I have had no word from him since.

"Just a year ago," went on the lawyer, after a pause, "a man named Jennings, a distant relative of Latimer's, died. He was a very rich man. His will was proved at close on half a million pounds, and he left all his money to Eustace Latimer."

"Crumbs! Half a million quid!" muttered Herbert in an awed voice.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Chick. "And Latimer doesn't know about his good fortune, and never will, if he is dead."

"But is he dead?" said Paige gravely. "I have reason to believe that he is still alive, in the heart of Central Africa, detained there by circumstances of deadly peril. The point is, Mr. Chance, if Latimer is dead, the money that Jennings left goes to another relative, a man named Burk Roscoe. From what I know of him, Roscoe is an arrant scoundrel—a waster, a ne'er-do-well, and an adventurer. And—"

"And he is mighty anxious to claim that half-million?" suggested Chick shrewdly.

"He is trying to claim it," declared the lawyer.

Chick's eyes were blazing with excitement as he studied the lawyer.

"You believe Latimer to be still alive?" he said quietly.

"I am almost convinced, since I received a certain letter this morning." Paige took an envelope from his pocket and handed the young airman a creased, stained scrap of paper. It was a page, torn from an ordinary notebook, on which were scrawled a few words in indelible pencil.

"Send help. Prisoner in Black City. In terrible peril. Lobula will guide you, if this gets through."

"EUSTACE LATIMER."

"That is Latimer's writing," vowed Howard Paige. "The message was sent me by a man named Barron, who is a trader at Lakola, on the West Coast of Africa. He fitted out Latimer's expedition before he set out for the interior. Barron reports that that scrap of paper was handed to him by a native named Lobula, who was one of the bearers Latimer took with him. He says the fellow staggered into Lakola, eaten up with fever, and half-dead of starvation and privation. He was too ill to give any account of himself. He simply handed Barron the message from Latimer and collapsed."

Chick's eyes were blazing with excitement as he studied the pitiful scrap of stained, tattered paper.

"It seems that Latimer is a prisoner in a place called the Black City. Probably hundreds of miles in the interior of Central Africa. I suppose you will instruct this fellow Barron to form a search-party to find Latimer?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"It might take a year to find any trace of Latimer, and I have only three months at my disposal," he pointed out gravely. "I have cabled Barron to detain and look after Lobula, and to await further instructions. There is only one way to rescue Latimer—by aeroplane. And it's a million to one the fellow who tackles the job will be going to certain death. It was chancing to see your advertisement that put the idea into my head, and I came straight here.

"This is my proposition, Mr. Chance," he said, staring straight across at the young airman. "There is a boat sailing for the West Coast in three days' time. I will purchase any kind of passenger-plane you care to mention—



From the darkness of the field beyond there came a vicious spit of red flame, and Mr. Paige's hat was torn from his head by a bullet!

it will have to be a six-seater, at least, and capable of remaining in the air for forty-eight hours—and have it dismantled and packed aboard the liner.

"You will go straight to Lakola, where Barron will be instructed to supply you with everything you may need—arms, ammunition, provisions, and kit. You will take the native, Lobula, with you as a guide, and set out to find and rescue Eustace Latimer, and bring him back to England before the three months are up. I will pay all expenses, and hand you five thousand pounds before you start. If you succeed, you will receive another ten thousand pounds. How does that appeal to you?"

Chick Chance jumped to his feet with a whoop of joy, and shot a muscular hand across the table.

"Shake on it!" he cried. "I'm your man, Mr. Paige!"

"You realise the risk you'll be running?"

"Risk be blowed! Isn't my name Chance?"

"Of course, you can't go alone," said the lawyer. "You will need at least two assistants—a spare pilot and a mechanic."

"I've already got 'em!" beamed Chick. "Allow me to introduce ex-Flight-Sergeant Horace and ex-Air-Mechanic Herbert! Are you game to tackle this job with me, old sons?"

"Game!"

Horace and Herbert fell into one another's arms and lapsed into temporary lunacy.

Howard Paige smiled grimly as he glanced at his watch and rose to his feet.

"There is my card. Come and see me in the morning, Chance," he said. "We must get hold of a suitable plane, and have it sent down to Southampton and stowed aboard the Arden Castle. By the way, I forgot to mention Latimer was not alone. He had his daughter with him."

"His daughter! Suffering cats!" gasped Chick.

"Yes," said Paige, "and pray Heaven the dear girl is still alive!"

He shook hands warmly with the three chums, and opened the door. From the darkness of the field beyond there came a vicious spit of red flame and an ugly report. Howard Paige's hat was flipped from his head, and Chick heard the hum of a bullet as it sank past his head and crashed into the wall behind him!

*(This is a thrilling beginning to Chick's great adventure, but there are hundreds of more breath-taking thrills to come. Bless you, Chick doesn't mind 'em, and as for YOU—why you'll revel in 'em! Look out for next week's gripping instalment.)*

# "GOOD-BYE TO ETONS!"

(Continued from page 25.)

"Good gad!" he ejaculated.  
 "If I had known it was a gentleman of your venerable yeas, sir, nothin' would have induced me to wag you!" said Arthur Augustus. "It was all a howwid mistake!"  
 "Good gad!"

"Takin' you for that boundah who was aftah the jam, sir, I—I buzzed the jam at you!" said Arthur Augustus, in distress. "Words cannot describe my utah howwah, sir, when I discovahed that I had buzzed the jam at a gentleman of your venerable yeas!"

"Good gad!" repeated the general.  
 "Upon my word!" said the Head.  
 There was an extraordinary expression on General Skewsome's face. The terrific frown had melted away. A twinkle came into the eyes—the lips twitched. To his utter amazement Arthur Augustus discerned a smile dawning on the crusty visage.

"Then—it was a mistake!" exclaimed the general. "You did not know that it was I?"

"I nevah dweamed, sir—"  
 "The boy appears to be a fool, sir," said General Skewsome, turning to the Head.

"Bai Jove!"  
 "Certainly very thoughtless, very reckless, very unthinking." The Head looked at the general. "Perhaps, in the circumstances, a flogging—"

"Not at all," said the general. "It was a mistake! We all make mistakes! Why, good gad, sir, I have made mistakes myself!"

"Indeed, sir!" said the Head, with an appropriate expression of incredulity.

"Yes, indeed, sir! If you leave this matter to me—"  
 "Certainly."

"Then it ends here," said General Skewsome. "Boy, you may go! Don't make such a mistake again! Begad, I do not like jam taken in such a form; and the ink was uncomfortable—doocid uncomfortable, sir! Look before you leap next time! That is all! March!"

Arthur Augustus gasped.  
 "Bai Jove! General Skewsome, sir, I—I am vevy much obliged, sir! Will you allow me to say that you are a sportsman, sir? As you used to be in Studay No. 6, sir, when you were at St. Jim's, pewwaps you would be so kind, sir, as to visit the studay and let us do the honohs, sir."

The general smiled.  
 "Done!" he said.

"Thank you vevy much, sir!"  
 And Arthur Augustus left the Head's study. He seemed walking on air as he went.

"Sacked?"  
 "Bunked?"

"What's the verdict?"  
 "Out with it!"  
 Arthur Augustus smiled at the crowd of anxious faces as he rejoined his friends. He polished his eyeglass thoughtfully.

"It's all wight!" he said.  
 "All right?" ejaculated Blake.  
 "Yaas, wathah!"  
 "But what—" exclaimed Tom Merry.  
 "That old scout, Skewsome, is a sportsman, deah boy—a vegulah sportsman. I cannot help vegardin' him as wathah an ass, but he is a sportsman. When I explained that it was all a howwid mistake he made the Head let me off!"

"Great pip!"  
 "It was fwightfully decent of him—considewin that I jammed him, and inked him, and wagged him," said Arthur Augustus. "And, what's more, although I vegard him as an ass for wantin' to abolish the Eton jacket, I feel it is up to me to yield the point."

And he did!  
 Blake and Herries and Dig were still wearing Etons when General Skewsome came to tea in his old study the next day. But Arthur Augustus, taking the bull by the horns, as it were, had discarded Etons and wore a lounge jacket that was, like all Gussy's garments, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Little as he would have expected it himself, Arthur Augustus was the first, instead of the last, to make the momentous change.

That tea in Study No. 6 was a very cheery meal—far more cheery and informal than Blake, Herries, and Digby, at least, had anticipated. And when General Skewsome finally took his leave, looking—as Blake remarked afterwards—just as if he might have been a boy himself once, Arthur Augustus' opinion of him as a "vegular sportsman" was stronger than ever. For the general had promised to inform Dr. Holmes that silk hats were not included in the ban on Etons, which meant that the most celebrated "topper" at St. Jim's, without which Gussy would not be Gussy, was saved. It would still adorn his noble brow, the envy and admiration of all beholders, and from that the swell of the Fourth took consolation.

One evening, a few days after the visit of General Skewsome, a giant bonfire might, as a novelist would say, have been seen lighting up the old quadrangle of St. Jim's. But this was no ordinary bonfire. A score of hilarious fags danced round it excitedly and helped to throw still more fuel on to the flaming pile. Jackets of all sorts and in all conditions—jackets of every shape and size—blazed away merrily.

St. Jim's was saying good-bye to Etons!  
 THE END.

(There will be another rousing, long complete story of Tom Merry & Co. in next week's GEM, entitled: "THE MESSAGE IN MORSE!" If you want a feast of thrills you'll make sure of your GEM by ordering it WELL IN ADVANCE.)

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