

HUNDREDS MORE PRIZES OFFERED TO READERS! SEE PAGE 2.

The GEM

2^d

IN THIS ISSUE:

"ST. JIM'S UNDER CANVAS!"

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

"GREYFRIARS VERSUS ST. JIM'S!"

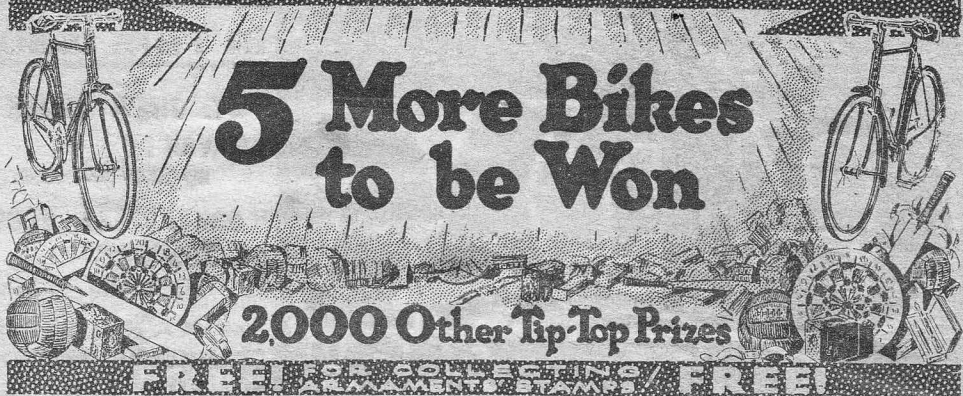
By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

And **MANY OTHER SPARKLING FEATURES OF FUN AND FACT.**



ST. JIM'S UNDER CANVAS!

THE GREAT ARMAMENTS RACE



FREE ARMAMENTS STAMPS FREE

Co all out to win a prize in the third lap of our Giant Stamp-Collecting race!
 We still have Five More "Hercules" Bikes and at least 2,000 of the other grand prizes to give away in the July contest—all for collecting the free Armaments Stamps being printed in GEM every week. There are now five different kinds to be collected—BATTLESHIPS, TANKS, DESTROYERS, and so on. Cut them out and try to get as many others as you can—all those you have collected so far (except Bombers, Submarines, and Searchlights which have been called in) should be kept for this month's contest.

There are sixteen more stamps in this issue—ten on this page and six more on page 35. Add them to your collection right away, and don't forget that you will find more of these stamps to swell your total in other papers like the "Magnet" and "Modern Boy." Why not get your pals interested, too? You can then swap stamps with them!

At the end of this month, we shall again ask you how many of one or more kinds of stamps you have collected. And then the remaining Five Bikes, and at least 2,000 of the other prizes, will be awarded to those readers with the biggest collections of stamps called for. All second-prize winners will be asked to choose their own gifts.

Don't send any stamps yet! We will tell you how and where when the times comes.

OVERSEAS READERS are in this great scheme also, and special awards will be given for the best collections from Overseas Readers, for whom there will be a special closing date.

N.B.—You can also collect or swap Armaments Stamps with readers of "Boy's Cinema," "Triumph," "Champion," "Sports Budget," "Magnet," "Modern Boy," "Detective Weekly," and "Thriller." Stamps can be cut from all these papers, but no reader may win more than one first prize or share, of course.

RULES—Five First Prizes of £4 7s. 6d. "Hercules" Cycles and at least 2,000 other prizes will be awarded in order of merit (as in previous months of the contest) i.e. to the readers declaring and sending the largest collections of the stamps called for. Cash value of any of the first prizes may be divided in case of a tie or ties for such prizes. Ties for any other prizes will be decided by the Editor.

All claims for prizes to be sent on the proper coupon (to be given later); no allowance made for any coupon or stamps mutilated or lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence! No one connected with this paper may enter, and the Editor's decision will be final and legally binding throughout.



WE GIVE SIX MORE STAMPS ON PAGE 35.

GOOD-BYE TO BRICKS AND MORTAR! ST. JIM'S GOES INTO CAMP FOR A FORTNIGHT BY THE SEA!

ST. JIM'S UNDER CANVAS!



"Hallo, Talbot, old chap!" exclaimed Tom Merry, as the weary seven juniors arrived at last at the St. Jim's camp. "So you fellows have rolled up at last?" said Talbot. "Where on earth have you been?"

CHAPTER 1. Off to Camp!

ST. JIM'S was as busy as a beehive that morning.

It was a very important day for the school—a day which stood out from all others in the calendar. For summer camp was to commence on this day. The majority of the fellows had packed their luggage and sent it off in advance to Windyridge, a delightful spot on the Sussex coast, where the tents were already pitched in readiness for the boys of St. Jim's.

It was not to be a holiday party. Lessons were to proceed as usual. But everybody agreed that lessons in the open air, amid new surroundings, would be far nicer than swotting in a stuffy Form-room.

Recently there had been a con-

ference of headmasters from various schools, including St. Jim's and Rookwood, and it had been decided that a fortnight in camp would prove highly beneficial to the health and well-being of the boys. It would also enable certain necessary

repairs to be carried out. It was inconvenient for workmen to be on the premises while the boys were there; but, with everybody away in camp, the repairs could be executed without let or hindrance.

The headmasters had un-animously agreed that summer camp was the best thing in the circumstances.

As a rule, the St. Jim's fellows were not particularly interested in the counsels of headmasters, but when Dr. Holmes had announced that St. Jim's would migrate to Windyridge for a fortnight there had been great excitement and enthusiasm. The
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By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Lessons in a field—school discipline relaxed—fun, sport and adventure in camp! The chums of St. Jim's have the time of their lives under canvas!

fellows had waited eagerly for the day, and now the day had come!

All was hustle and bustle, and commotion and animation, in preparation for the departure to camp.

The scenes in the various studies and corridors, and in the sunny quadrangle, were reminiscent of breaking-up day, and the fellows seemed just as excited as if they were about to start their summer holidays.

From the Sixth Form down to the Third there was great excitement, and everybody was in the gayest spirits. It was cheering to reflect that nightfall would find the St. Jim's fellows under canvas at Windyridge.

The camp train was leaving Rylcombe at four in the afternoon, and all the fellows had instructions to be at the station in good time.

From dinner-time onwards a constant stream of fellows flowed out of gates. Kildare and Darrell and Baker of the Sixth were among the early departures. They wore sports jackets and grey flannel trousers, and they smiled serenely as they strode out of gates.

After an interval, Cutts and Gilmore and St. Leger of the Fifth swaggered down to the gates in their "nutty" attire.

Then came a whole crowd of juniors, laughing and chatting in great good humour as they took part in the general exodus.

Wally D'Arcy & Co. of the Third were early away, of course. They had arranged a feed at the bunshop in the village before catching the camp train.

The Head and the masters—with the exception of Mr. Railton, the School House master, who stayed behind to see everybody off the premises—strolled out of gates together. Dr. Holmes looked more human and approachable than usual. In gown and mortar-board, he was a most majestic personage. In a grey, comfortably fitting lounge suit and a trilby hat, Dr. Holmes was not nearly so awe-inspiring.

Even the masters seemed to be infected with the camping-out spirit, for they were smiling genially. Mr. Linton and Mr. Rathorn were, in fact, fairly beaming. Even Mr. Ratcliff's usually sour visage wore the ghost of a smile.

By half-past three nearly everybody had "trekked" to the station.

Six juniors lingered on the School House steps, fidgeting impatiently. They were Tom Merry, Manners and Lowther of the Shell, and Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby of the Fourth.

They were waiting for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. They had been waiting for him, in fact, for some time, and they were still waiting.

The swell of the Fourth was busying himself in the dormitory—pluming and preening himself, as Monty Lowther sarcastically observed.

On great occasions such as this, Arthur Augustus always believed in being well dressed. The greater the occasion, the more magnificent was Gussy's attire. Most of the fellows were content to wear the most free-and-easy garb for camping-out purposes. Not so Arthur Augustus.

Tom Merry looked rather anxious as the school clock chimed the half-hour.

"That frabjous dummy will make us lose the train if he doesn't hustle!" growled Tom.

"He's been in the dorm long enough to dress himself a dozen times over!" snorted Blake. "Just like Gussy, to keep us hanging about like this!"

"We'll give him another two minutes, and if he

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isn't down by then we'll go and root him out!" said George Herries.

The two minutes passed, but Arthur Augustus D'Arcy failed to show up.

Mr. Railton came out of the School House. He glanced at the waiting juniors.

"You had better be getting down to the station, my boys," he said kindly. "Time is short now."

"We're waiting for D'Arcy, sir," explained Tom Merry.

"Is he not ready yet?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Railton frowned slightly.

"Go and tell D'Arcy that he must start for the station without delay," he said. "We cannot keep the train waiting for his benefit. It is timed to leave punctually at four."

"Very well, sir," said Tom Merry.

And the six juniors turned into the building and headed for the Fourth Form dormitory, while Mr. Railton proceeded on his way to the station, satisfied that the juniors would shortly follow on.

Tom Merry & Co. fully expected to find Arthur Augustus putting the finishing touches to his toilet. They were surprised and wrathful to find that the swell of St. Jim's was not half-way through.

Clad in striped trousers and silk shirt, Arthur Augustus was standing beside his bed, gazing reflectively at a choice assortment of fancy ties, and unable to make up his mind which to choose.

"Gussy!"

Six incensed voices roared the name from the doorway.

Arthur Augustus did not reply. He did not even look round.

"Gussy, you ass——"

"Gussy, you burbling jabberwock——"

Arthur Augustus dignified to look round at last.

"Pway do not woad at me in that mannah, deah boys! I'm just woadin' which of these ties will be the most becomin'——"

"And we're just wondering when you'll be coming!" said Monty Lowther. "Are you aware that it's turned half-past three, you chump?"

"Weally, Lowthah——"

"If you're not ready in a brace of shakes," roared Manners, "we shall lose the train!"

Arthur Augustus frowned.

"It is utahily imposs for me to be weady in a brace of shakes, Mannahs. First of all, I have to choose my tie——"

"Oh, we'll do that for you!" said Tom Merry, in exasperated tones. And he strode towards the bed on which the ties were ranged in a row. He picked up the first which came to hand—a vivid yellow-spotted creation. "Come on, Gussy, put this one on!"

"But I am not sure that I pwefer that one, Tom Mewwy——"

"Ass! There's no time to pick and choose. Give me a hand, Blake. If we leave the frabjous dummy to dress himself, he won't finish till the cows come home. So we'll finish his toilet for him!"

"Right-ho!" said Blake, with alacrity.

Arthur Augustus protested volubly, but his protestations were in vain. He was grasped and held while Tom Merry put on the tie for him. Whether Gussy preferred the yellow-spotted tie or not, he had to have it. His chums had made his choice for him.

Blake jerked on his waistcoat, and Tom Merry seized a jacket, and Monty Lowther produced a shining silk topper, and Herries crammed the surplus ties into Gussy's trunk.

"We shall have to get Taggles, the porter, to see about sending the trunk off," said Herries. "It ought to have gone yesterday. No time to cart it down to the station now."

"I wefuse to twavel without my twunk!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly.

"We shall be lucky if we travel at all!" growled Tom Merry. "It looks any odds on our losing the train."

"We can catch anothead—"

"Fathead! There isn't another for an hour! Come on, Gussy! Get a hustle on!"

"You are wumplin' my jacket, Tom Mewwy—"

But Tom Merry had no time for minor considerations of that sort. He hustled Arthur Augustus into his jacket, and Monty Lowther crammed the silk topper on Gussy's head, and Herries slammed the lid of the trunk. Arthur Augustus was then rushed willy-nilly from the dormitory and down the stairs.

Time was flying fast, and the prospects of getting to the station in time were growing more and more remote.

The swell of St. Jim's was fairly whirled across the quadrangle. He struggled and he protested and he declared that he was only half-dressed, but he was borne along like a leaf in a gale.

There was a brief pause at the school gate, where Taggles, the porter, was instructed to see to the dispatch of Gussy's trunk. Then Tom Merry & Co. rushed through the gateway and down the dusty road. Arthur Augustus, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, accompanied them!

CHAPTER 2.

The Joys of Travel!

"**L**OST it!" panted Tom Merry. "Only just!" gasped Manners. "But we've lost it, right enough!"

The seven juniors, with Arthur Augustus in their midst, rushed on to the little platform of Rylcombe Station just in time to see the tail-end of the camp-train disappearing round a curve.

It was one minute past four. The St. Jim's "special" had started punctually to time. It had not waited for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and his escort.

Mr. Railton was aware that there was another train in an hour, and he had doubtless decided that the juniors could safely be trusted to travel down to Windyridge on their own.

Tom Merry & Co. halted, panting from their exertions. They looked at each other, and they looked at Arthur Augustus, and their looks were expressive.

"Now we've got to wait a whole blessed hour!" snorted Jack Blake. "All through that chop-headed chump Gussy!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Oh, bump him!" said Manners, in tones of great exasperation.

Arthur Augustus backed away in alarm as his schoolfellows closed round him.

"Do not dare to lay a fingah on me—" he began.

But the juniors did dare. Six pairs of hands were laid upon the elegant person of the swell of St. Jim's, and he descended to the dusty platform with a bump and a roar.

"Yawoooooh!"

Bump!

"You feahful wottahs—"

Bump!

Thrice in succession Arthur Augustus smote the platform. The bumping did not improve his personal appearance. His jacket and trousers were powdered with dust; his collar had broken loose, and his silk topper had bowled along the platform and lost much of its pristine splendour.

Arthur Augustus tottered to his feet and limped away to retrieve the topper. He dusted it carefully with a handkerchief, and set it on his head. Then, screwing his monocle into his eye, he glared at the avengers.

"You uttah wottahs! You have assaulted me in a most wuffianly and wepwehensible mannah!"

"We meant to!" said Tom Merry grimly.

"I have a vevy good mind to administah a feahful thwashin' all wound!" said Arthur Augustus truculently.

"Rather a tall order, old top!" grinned Lowther. "Shouldn't try it on, if I were you!"

THE GEM SPELLING BEE

Set Your Wits To Work On These Ten Teasers!

ABSENCE
SIMULTANEOUS
MELANCHOLY
PRODIGIOUS
OBSESSION
RESCIND
EXSTATIC
LINEAGE
OVERULE
BEQUEATH

Correct with a pencil every word which you think has a mistake, and then see on page 31 whether you are right or wrong.

We don't want to strew the hungry churchyard—I mean, platform—with your bones!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

On reflection, Arthur Augustus thought better of his threat to distribute "feahful thwashin's." He adjourned to the waiting-room, and adjusted his collar and dusted himself down.

Tom Merry & Co. were feeling happier now. They had lost the train; but the bumping of Arthur Augustus had afforded them some relief for their angry feelings.

"We've got an hour to kill," said Manners. "No fun in cooling our heels on the platform. Let's go and have a feed at the bunshop."

"Good wheeze!" said Tom Merry.

Arthur Augustus rejoined his schoolfellows, and as he accompanied them to the bunshop, he showed them quite plainly that he was very angry. But, under the genial influence of jam tarts and ginger-pop, he recovered his usual good humour.

The time passed quickly enough, but Tom Merry & Co. were determined not to miss the next train, and they were on the platform in good time.

"Now we're off at last," said Digby, when they were settled in a carriage. "How far is it to Windyridge?"

"A good way," said Tom Merry. "And we've got a four-mile tramp at the other end."

"Help!"

"If it wasn't for Gussy——" began Blake.

"Oh, give Gussy a rest!" said Tom Merry good-humouredly. "He's delayed us an hour, and he's had his punishment; and so long as he behaves himself for the rest of the journey, we'll forgive him!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, you speak as if I were a wefwactowy kid!"

"Well, aren't you?" said Monty Lowther, in surprise.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The train rumbled out of the station, and Rylcombe and St. Jim's were soon left far behind. The juniors chatted gaily of the treats in store for them—morning lessons in the sunshine, with discipline considerably relaxed; cricket and bathing in the afternoons, interspersed with long rambles along cliffs and foreshore. Then there would be the delight of sleeping under canvas and feeding in spacious marquees, and the hundred-and-one other delights dear to the heart of the schoolboy camper.

The St. Jim's juniors had the carriage to themselves for a good part of the journey, but at one of the little halts down the line a portly farmer got into their carriage. He was a heavily built, florid-faced son of the soil, and he beamed jovially at the juniors. Then he sat down heavily, and there was a crunching sound.

"My heye!" ejaculated the farmer, in astonishment.

"My toppah!" shrieked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You are sittin' on my toppah, bai Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The farmer lumbered to his feet, with a grunt of apology. He rose too late, however, for the damage had been done.

Gussy's topper was no longer a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. It was flattened out like a concertina. Fourteen stone of human solidity had descended upon it, and no topper was proof against that crushing weight.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at the battered topper and roared. The farmer looked at it, and shook his head sadly, like a doctor pronouncing life extinct. Arthur Augustus looked at it, and groaned dismally.

"It's your own fault, Gussy!" said Herries. "You shouldn't have left your silly topper on the seat! You should have put it on the rack!"

"My toppah!" moaned Arthur Augustus. "It is utterly ruined!"

"You've got another in your trunk!" said Blake consolingly.

"But my twunk is not here; you would not let me bwing it!"

"That's so; I forgot. But it won't matter if you turn up in camp without a topper, Gussy. You ought never to have brought it. Campers-out don't go strutting around in toppers!"

"I must buy anotheah!" said Arthur Augustus decisively. "I should not dweam of turnin' up in camp in a hatless condish. I shall get out at the next big stoppin'-place an' buy another toppah!"

"Ass!"

"Duffer!"

"Imbecile!"

But Arthur Augustus was not to be turned from his purpose by those epithets. To arrive topperless at the camp was not to be thought of.

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"Which I be sorry!" said the red-faced farmer, sitting down again.

"That's all wight, my deah sir! It was not your fault. As Hewwies wemarked, I should have put my toppah on the wack."

The train rumbled on its way, and the calamity was forgotten in the discussion of more important matters.

Gussy's hatless plight, however, recurred to him when the train came to a standstill with a grinding of brakes, and a stentorian porter bawled into the juniors' carriage:

"Horsham!"

Arthur Augustus jumped to his feet.

"I can get a toppah here, deah boys!" he exclaimed. "A town like Horsham ought to boast a high-class hattah!"

"Sit down, Gussy!" said Tom Merry. "No time to go on a giddy shopping expedition!"

Arthur Augustus turned to the porter, who was lingering at the carriage door.

"How long does the twain stop here, portah?" he inquired.

"A quarter of an hour, sir."

"Whippin'! That gives me ample time to buy a toppah."

Arthur Augustus opened the carriage door and stepped out. His chums exchanged glances, and they tacitly agreed to accompany the swell of St. Jim's to the hatter's. If he went alone, his dilly-dallying would probably cause him to exceed the time limit and miss the train. With his school-fellows present, however, Arthur Augustus would have to hustle.

"Are you comin' along, deah boys?" inquired the swell of St. Jim's. "Good! We shall pwoably find a hattah's just outside the station."

In this, however, Gussy was disappointed. Horsham Station, like the majority of provincial stations, was not situated near the shopping centre of the town, and the main street was a long way off.

"Run for it!" said Tom Merry.

And the juniors ran.

The sight of seven schoolboys dashing pell-mell into the sleepy old town astonished the passers-by. But Tom Merry & Co. were not concerned with the sensation they were making. Their one aim at the moment was to get to a hat-shop, and to get back to the station before the train went on its way.

"Here we are!" panted Blake suddenly.

And he caught Arthur Augustus by the arm and whisked him into a hatter's.

"Trot out your toppers!" said Blake to the assistant. "We're in a tearing hurry!"

A number of top-hats were promptly produced for Arthur Augustus' inspection. And six breathless juniors urged him to "buck up."

Such a momentous matter as choosing a topper, however, could not be carried through in a second. And Arthur Augustus spent a good many seconds before he hit upon a topper which would not disgrace his noble head. He examined himself critically in the mirror, and turned to the assistant.

"This one will do, I think," he said. "You needn't w'ap it up; I'm goin' to wear it now."

"Very good, sir!"

"Can you change a tennah, deah man? I have nothin' smallah."

Tom Merry & Co. looked at each other, and clicked their teeth with vexation. Arthur Augustus seemed to be doing his best to delay the proceedings as much as possible. His chums

thought of the waiting train, and they looked at their watches.

"We shall have to whiz back to the station like streaks of greased lightning!" said Lowther. "If we lose our train, goodness only knows when there will be another!"

The shop assistant had to go several doors along the street in order to change Gussy's ten-pound note. He seemed an unconscionable time, though, in reality, he was only three minutes. Those three minutes, however, made all the difference.

The juniors pelted back to the station at top speed. They hoped for the best, but they feared the worst. And their fears were well founded.

As on the previous occasion, they arrived at the station just in time to see their train disappearing in the distance.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "That's fairly done it!"

It had! And when the juniors were informed that there was not another train for an hour and a half, their feelings were too deep for words.

"Gussy again!" growled Jack Blake. "We shall get to the camp about midnight—if we're lucky!"

"It is weally vevy annoyin'!" said the swell of St. Jim's. "The twain ought to have waited for us!"

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"Bump the born idiot!" roared Manners.

But Arthur Augustus sought sanctuary in the refreshment buffet, where, owing to the fact that ladies were present, it was impossible for Tom Merry & Co. to bump his noble person as it richly deserved to be bumped.

CHAPTER 3.

The Seven Sleepers!

"STORMCLIFF!"

Tom Merry, who was on the point of dozing off in a corner seat of a railway carriage, sat up with a jerk.

"Tumble out, you fellows!" he said. "This is the station for Windyridge!"

Six sleepy juniors rubbed their eyes and rose wearily to their feet.

After numerous delays—for which Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and the South Down Railway were jointly responsible—the St. Jim's travellers had reached the end of their journey. But they were not yet at their destination. A four-mile tramp lay ahead of them, and the prospect was anything but pleasant.

The hour was late and darkness brooded over the countryside. From the near distance sounded the roar of the sea.



As the farmer sat down heavily there was an ominous crunching sound. "My heye!" he ejaculated in astonishment. "My toppah!" shrieked Arthur Augustus. "You 'are sittin' on my toppah, bai Jove!"

Tom Merry & Co. were weary and travel-stained. Many hours before they had set out from St. Jim's in cheery spirits; but they were anything but cheery now. Jack Blake was tired and irritable, George Herries was fretting at the long tramp along the coast which awaited the party, and even Monty Lowther's buoyant spirits were subdued.

The seven juniors tumbled out of the carriage on to the ill-lit platform.

"If we are lucky, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, "we shall find a taxi waiting outside to take us to the camp."

"You're an optimist!" growled Jack Blake. "They don't have taxis in these outlandish parts. And even if they do, every self-respecting taxi-driver has gone to bed by this time!"

"We shall have to rely on Shanks' ponies to take us to the camp," said Digby. "And we don't even know the way. Oh dear! What a life!"

"All Gussy's fault!" snorted Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Oh, come on!" said Tom Merry impatiently. "Let's inquire the way to the camp, and then step it out and get the beastly walk over."

The juniors handed in their tickets, and Tom Merry was about to inquire of the collector which was the way to Windyridge when he caught sight of a stationary vehicle standing outside the station.

It was a taxicab.

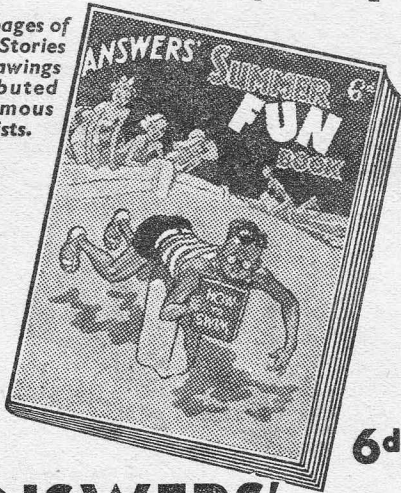
"Oh, good!" exclaimed Tom. "Here's a taxi!"

"I knew it!" said Arthur Augustus. "I had a sort of pwsentiment—"

"Dry up, Gussy! Let's bag the taxi before somebody else does!"

This will cheer you up!

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Jokes, Stories
and Drawings
contributed
by Famous
Humorists.



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The taxi-driver saluted the party of juniors as they emerged from the station.

"Taxi, sir?"

"Rather!" said Tom Merry. "Will you take us along to the camp at Windyridge?"

The driver nodded, and started up the engine. And the weary juniors clambered into the vehicle.

It was a tight squeeze for seven, but they didn't mind that discomfort. They were only too glad to be spared the nightmare of a four mile tramp along an unknown shore in the darkness.

"This is about the first bit of luck we've had to-day," said Manners. "We shall be in camp in a few minutes, and then—"

"Sleep, gentle sleep!" quoted Lowther. "I agree with the jolly old ancient mariner when he says that sleep is a blessed thing, beloved from Pole to Pole."

"Yaas, watah!" murmured Arthur Augustus drowsily. "I am so uttably fagged, deah boys, that I can hardly keep my eyes open."

The taxi rolled away through the darkness along the narrow, rugged shore road.

It was too dark for the juniors to see much of their surroundings, but from one window they could faintly discern the heaving swell of the sea, and from the other they had a glimpse of the Sussex Downs, towering majestically against a background of dark clouds.

The taxi had the road to itself, and it ate up the four miles in a matter of ten minutes. Finally it slowed up at the entrance to a large meadow in which rows of white tents gleamed ghostly in the gloom.

"The end of the trail!" said Jack Blake, with a sigh of relief. "Here's our camp!"

The taxicab disgorged its occupants, and the juniors yawned and stretched themselves.

Arthur Augustus nobly volunteered to pay the fares of the entire party. Perhaps Gussy realised that their belated arrival at the camp was largely his fault, and he was anxious to make amends for the inconvenience he had caused to his chums.

The driver pocketed the fare—plus a handsome tip—and bade the juniors good-night. Then he reversed the taxi and drove away rather hastily, which might have aroused the suspicions of Tom Merry & Co. had they been their usual alert selves.

But the juniors were not concerned with the abrupt departure of the taxi-driver. Their one desire at the moment was to get to bed—and sleep.

Very still and peaceful the encampment looked as they entered it. Masters and boys, it seemed, had retired for the night.

There was nobody on sentry-go; nobody to direct the late arrivals to their tents.

"We had bettah wepport to Mr. Wailton first, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus.

"Ass!" snorted Tom Merry. "How can we report to Railton when we don't know which is his tent?"

"Bai Jove! I didn't think of that."

"In any case, I expect Railton's sleeping the sleep of the just by now. There's not a sign of life."

"Better try to find our tents," yawned Manners. "Personally, I feel like bagging the first empty one we come to. I'm fairly whacked."

The juniors started on a tour of inspection. They passed between the long white rows of tents, peering in at each.

All the tents appeared to be occupied. There were four or five fellows in each, sleeping with

their feet towards the tent-pole. It was too dark to distinguish the faces of the sleepers.

At last, however, Tom Merry discovered an empty tent. He untied the cords at the entrance and rolled back the canvas flap, and beckoned to his companions to enter.

"There are only three beds here," said Herries. "Can't be helped," said Tom Merry. "Too much fag to hunt any farther. Let's all turn in here and make the best of it. We'll draw lots for the three beds, and the losers can sleep on the tent-boards. It's a warm night, and, anyway, we're too tired to care about a little discomfort."

The seven juniors crowded into the tent. Lots were drawn, and the privilege of sleeping in the beds was secured by Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Manners, and Digby.

The lucky three divested themselves of most of their clothes and turned in.

The other four, utterly weary, flung themselves down on to the bare boards.

As Tom Merry had said, they were too tired to care.

"Yaw-aw-aw-aw!" yawned Monty Lowther drowsily. "This is the end of a perfect day—I don't think! I shan't want any rocking to-night. Good-night, all!"

"Good-ni!" murmured Manners, from between the snug blankets.

In a few seconds the seven exhausted juniors were in the arms of Morpheus. Their last waking wish was that they might slumber in peace until the reveille awakened them to a new day. That wish, however, was not to be gratified.

CHAPTER 4.

A Rude Awakening!

"**B**EASTLY dark!" grunted Mark Carthew of the Sixth Form at Rookwood.

"Impossible to see a thing!" growled Knowles.

"And if we start flashing electric torches in the middle of the night, one of the beaks might see us," said Catesby.

The three bad, bold blades of the Rookwood Sixth were returning to their camp.

Rookwood was one of the schools which had been represented at the conference of head-masters; and the Rookwooders had adjourned to the summer camp for a fortnight. Their camping ground was situated on the Sussex coast, barely a mile from the encampment of their St. Jim's rivals.

Already the Rookwooders had been in camp several days, having started their fortnight earlier than the St. Jim's fellows.

The official time for "lights out" in the Rookwood camp was nine o'clock—a ridiculously early hour in the opinion of Carthew, Knowles, and Catesby. Being members of the Sixth Form, and prefects into the bargain, they considered it perfectly absurd that they should be sent to bed at nine like small children.

But Carthew & Co. had no intention of knocking under tamely to the rules of the camp.

At Rookwood they frequently ventured out of the gates after lights out; and they saw no reason why they should not continue their merry antics in camp. They had discovered a rather dingy hostelry in the village, known as the Lobster Smack, and the landlord, realising that the blades of Rookwood had money to burn, had raised no objection to their visiting his

premises after closing-time, for the purpose of playing billiards and cards.

The three black sheep had anticipated a pleasant evening at the Lobster Smack, and they had had one. But they had paid dearly for their pleasure. And as they wended their way back to camp at midnight, their pockets were considerably lighter than when they had set out.

Carthew had lighted the way with his electric torch until they drew near the camp; but he had switched the light off now, and slipped the torch into his pocket.

The three seniors needed to walk very warily, in order to get back to their tent without awakening any of the masters.

"Mind how you go," murmured Carthew, as they groped their way into the slumbering encampment. "Thank goodness there are no sentries to challenge us! That's a little detail that the Head overlooked."

With great difficulty the trio picked their way between the white rows of tents until they came nearly to the end.

"Here we are," muttered Carthew. "This is our tent—the third from the end of the row."



"Good news, Smith! The governor's just sanctioned your release!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to F. Orr, 1, Sycamore Avenue, Green-acres, Oldham.

"Thank goodness!" breathed Catesby. "I'm feeling fagged out, and fed-up into the bargain."

Carthew untied the cords at the entrance to the tent, and rolled back the canvas flap.

"We're safe now," he said. "No harm in having a light on the situation."

He drew out his electric torch as he spoke, and flashed it into the interior of the tent.

Then he uttered a low cry of astonishment:

"Great pip! I—I must have made a mistake! This can't be our tent! There's a whole crowd of fellows sleeping here!"

"What!" exclaimed Knowles, peering over Carthew's shoulder into the tent. "Oh, my hat!"

He broke off in amazement on catching sight of seven recumbent forms.

Three were in bed; the remainder were lying huddled on the tent boards, fully dressed.

"Well, of all the nerve!" ejaculated Catesby, looking into the tent. "Some of those cheeky fags must have bagged our tent for a lark. Switch the light on their faces, Carthew, and let's see who they are. Young Silver and his pals, I expect."

But the searching rays of the electric torch did not reveal the faces of Jimmy Silver & Co., the heroes of the Rookwood Fourth. The light

glimmered upon faces which were unfamiliar to the three seniors, for a moment.

One of the faces, however, was recognised by Carthew, after an interval. He identified the aristocratic features of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who had often been a visitor to Rookwood.

Carthew fairly gasped.

"G-good gad!" he muttered, in utter bewilderment. "These are not our fellows at all. They're St. Jim's kids!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I can recognise young D'Arcy, and—and Merry!"

"Then we've come to the wrong camp?" gasped Knowles.

"Of course not, fathead! It's these kids who have come to the wrong camp—either by accident, or else to play a jape on us."

"What are we going to do about it?" grumbled Knowles.

"Do? Why, bundle them out, neck and crop, of course!" said Carthew angrily. "The— the young rascals! This is their idea of a jape, I suppose."

"We shall have to chuck 'em out, of course," said Catesby. "But we musn't kick up too much of a shindy. Better wake them, and tell them to go quietly. We can deal with the young scamps another time."

Carthew nodded, and stepped into the tent.

The seven juniors took up a great deal of room, and there was scarcely a square inch of space available. It was not surprising, therefore, that Carthew stepped on the toes of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The flashing of an electric torch had not awakened the swell of St. Jim's; but Carthew's heavy shoes succeeded where the torch had failed.

Arthur Augustus came out of his slumber with a yell of anguish.

"Yawwooh! Some clumsy ass has twodden on my toes!"

"Shut up!" hissed Carthew.

He was fearful lest Arthur Augustus' anguished yelp had been heard by the occupants of the other tents.

The swell of St. Jim's sat up abruptly. His cry had awakened his companions, and they sat up, too, blinking drowsily in the light of Carthew's torch.

"What the thump——" began Tom Merry, in surprise.

"It's a raid!" muttered Jack Blake. "Turn out, you fellows!"

Then Blake caught sight of Carthew's tall figure, and he gasped.

"Why, it's Carthew of Rookwood!" he exclaimed. "What the merry dickens are you doing in our camp, Carthew?"

Carthew looked grim.

"It's I who should be asking that question!" he replied. "What do you young rascals mean by bagging our tent?"

"Your—your tent?" stammered Tom Merry.

Carthew scowled.

"Drop that!" he snapped. "Don't pretend you're not aware that this is the Rookwood camp!"

The St. Jim's juniors, still heavy with sleep, stared at Carthew in a fuddled sort of way. Behind Carthew, they saw two other Rookwood seniors, seeking admission to the tent. And they wondered whether they were dreaming.

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But it was no dream; it was painful reality!

This must obviously be the Rookwood camp. Had it been the St. Jim's camp, three Rookwood seniors would not have dreamed of raiding it at dead of night. Jimmy Silver & Co. might have done so, for a rag; but rags of that sort were never indulged in by seniors.

Slowly, very slowly, it dawned upon Tom Merry & Co. that they had come to the wrong camp.

Carthew & Co. could see that their astonishment was genuine, and that their dismay was very real. It was by accident, and not by design, that the St. Jim's juniors were in the wrong camp.

"I can see what has happened, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, at length. "That taxi-dwivah must have made a mistake—quite an excusable mistake, in the cires. If you remembah, Tom Mewwy, you requested him to dwive us to the camp. You did not specify which camp. The Wookwood fellows are campin' hereabouts, as well as us. They've been here some little time, in fact. And the dwivah natuwallly thought you meant Wookwood camp."

Tom Merry gave a groan.

"I suppose this means that we shall have to clear out——" he began.

"Of course!" cut in Carthew. "You don't suppose we're going to let you stay here for the rest of the night, do you? You'll have to clear out, and go along to your own camp. And don't make a row, for goodness' sake! There's been enough row already."

Very reluctantly, the St. Jim's juniors prepared to quit. Only three of them had to dress; the others had been sleeping in their clothes.

"We've not the remotest idea where the St. Jim's camp is," said Tom Merry. "Could you direct us, Carthew?"

The Rookwood senior nodded. Now that he knew that the presence of the St. Jim's juniors in his tent had quite an innocent explanation, Carthew's feelings were somewhat mollified. But he was anxious to see Tom Merry & Co. off the premises as quickly as possible.

If Dr. Chisholm, the Head, or Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, should discover them in the Rookwood camp, there would be awkward inquiries, and Carthew & Co. would be called upon to explain what they were doing up and dressed at that hour.

The St. Jim's juniors seemed to sense what was passing in Carthew's mind, and they turned out with the minimum of noise.

When they were ready, Carthew piloted them through the darkness to the camp exit.

Meanwhile, Knowles and Catesby turned in.

"Follow the path," directed Carthew, "for about half a mile. Then you'll come to a five-barred gate leading into a cornfield. Cross the field, and the field beyond it, and you'll see your camp."

"Thanks!" said Tom Merry.

Carthew gruffly bade the juniors good-night, and made tracks for his tent.

Tired out as they were, the St. Jim's juniors did not relish their mile walk through the darkness. Never had a mile seemed so interminable. At long last, however, they came in sight of their own encampment.

"Home at last!" said Monty Lowther, with a deep sigh of relief. "We've lost our beauty-sleep, but we shan't be disturbed any more to-night, thank goodness!"

LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

“What excuse have you for not doing your preparation, D’Arcy minor?” rasped Mr. Selby. “Well, sir,” said Wally, “stop me if you’ve heard this one before—”

“Dance Experts Hold Conference,” runs a headline. To decide what steps are to be taken, no doubt.

A reader says the sight of an excursion train pulling out always leaves him feeling excited. He should try getting to the station two or three minutes earlier.

“World’s Punting Championship for Warsaw,” we read. It’s only right that it should go to a Pole.

Buck Finn tells me that in an American State far from the big towns, a dentist

accepted farm produce in lieu of cash. One patient arrived with two achers and a cow.

Yes, and I hear there is one film producer who is making his mark in Hollywood. He can’t write his name.

Kindly Note: If you don’t like any of the jokes in this feature, just get a postcard and write exactly what you think of me. I shan’t read it, of course, but look what a lot of fun you will get doing it.

They say many a Scot wishes he were a boy again—so that he could travel half fare.

And remember, a fellow like Crooke never buries the hatchet unless he has an axe to grind.

Story: Grundy entered a store in Wayland and asked for a pound tin of floor wax. “Sorry, sir,” replied the assistant, “all we have in stock is sealing wax.” “Don’t be an ass!” exclaimed Grundy. “Who in the world would want to wax a ceiling?”

A detective who has just retired has been presented with a television set. That’s another thing he’ll have to look into.

In a Wayland restaurant: “Was the waiter who took your order grey-headed, sir?” asked the manager of Mr. Rateliff. “Not when he took my order,” replied Mr. Rateliff acidly, “but he probably is by now!”

See you here next week, chaps.

The seven juniors groped their way towards the camp entrance.

“Halt! Who goes there?”

A voice rang through the darkness. It was the familiar voice of Talbot of the Shell.

Talbot was doing duty as night sentry. A number of juniors had volunteered to act in this capacity, each doing two hours during the night.

Talbot had just relieved Harry Noble, the Australian junior.

The seven juniors stopped short as Talbot’s challenge rang out.

“St. Jim’s here!” replied Tom Merry. “Hallo, Talbot, old chap!”

“So you fellows have rolled up at last?” said Talbot. “Where on earth have you been?”

“We’ll tell you the tragic tale in the morning,” said Tom Merry. “Show us to our tents, there’s a good fellow. We’re simply whacked!”

“This way,” said Talbot. “Railton’s been jolly anxious about you. He stayed up till nearly midnight, and before he turned in he gave instructions that the sentry was to report to him when you fellows arrived.”

“See us to bed first, and report later,” yawned Jack Blake. “Gosh! I feel as if I could sleep the clock round!”

Talbot escorted his schoolfellows to their tents, and Tom Merry & Co., their troubles over at last, were indeed thankful to turn in.

Talbot then awakened Mr. Railton, and reported that the seven absentees had arrived in camp.

The Housemaster had spent a very anxious evening on account of the missing juniors, and he

was greatly relieved by Talbot’s news. Naturally he wanted an explanation of Tom Merry & Co.’s belated arrival. But that would have to wait till the morning.

Talbot resumed his sentry-go, and all was still and silent in the St. Jim’s camp.

CHAPTER 5.

The Morning After!

TOM MERRY awoke and sat up in bed with a yawn.

Manners and Lowther were still sleeping soundly.

Blake & Co., in the next tent, were still in the arms of Morpheus.

Tom stretched out his arm and untied the tent fastenings, and looked out.

It was a glorious morning. The St. Jim’s camp was buzzing like a vast beehive. Fellows were hurrying to and fro, some carrying buckets of water for the morning ablutions, while others were busying themselves with tidying their tents, and putting their blankets out to air.

Some distance away, Figgins & Co. of the New House had pitched wickets, and were indulging in morning cricket practice.

Tom Merry had not had his full quota of sleep. He was tempted to take another forty winks. But he mastered the desire, and, stretching out his leg, he awakened Manners and then Lowther by prodding them in the vicinity of their ribs.

“Wake up, you fellows! It’s morning—and a topping one at that.”

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"Yaw-aw-aw!" yawned Lowther.

"Seems like the middle of the night to me!" growled Manners. "What's the hurry, Tom? They won't mind us lying in for a bit, after what happened last night."

"Rats! We're not going to start slacking in our old age. Let's get our towels and costumes, and go for a dip in the sea. Nothing like an early morning dip to cure that tired feeling."

Tom Merry started to dress, and his chums, knowing that they would get no peace if they continued to lie in, reluctantly followed his example.

"You fellows awake?"

Jack Blake hailed the Terrible Three, in stentorian tones, from the next tent.

"Yes, rather! We're thinking of going for a dip," replied Tom Merry.

"Same here," said Jack Blake. "But I can't persuade these lazy beggars to turn out. Herries is still snoring, and Dig says he's too tired, and Gussy won't budge."

"Weally, Blake!" protested Arthur Augustus in drowsy tones. "I considah it uttably widic to go wushin' down to the sea, when we are all fagged out. I am sure that Mr. Wailton will have no objection to our lyin' in, seein' that we didn't awvive here till the small hours of the mornin'."

"Certainly I have no objection, D'Arcy."

It was the deep, pleasant voice of Mr. Railton, who had just come along to the juniors' tent to inquire into their belated arrival at the camp.

"Good-mornin', sir!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Good-morning, sir!" came a respectful chorus from the Terrible Three in the next tent.

Mr. Railton returned the juniors' salutation.

"I was very anxious about you last night, my boys," he said. "I have no doubt you can give me a satisfactory explanation of your late arrival."

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Tom Merry. And he proceeded to furnish the Housemaster with full details of their overnight adventure.

Mr. Railton smiled when Tom Merry had finished.

"I quite understand, Merry," he said. "You appear to have suffered a good deal of discomfort, though you seem none the worse for it this morning. However, I have no objection to your remaining in your tents for an extra two hours, if you wish. The boys who volunteered to act as sentries during the night have been given that concession, and, in the circumstances, it will be extended to you."

"Thank you, sir!" said Jack Blake. "But we are thinking of going for an early morning dip!"

"Speak for yourself, Blake," said Arthur Augustus. "Personally, I'm goin' to take anothah forty winks."

"Slacker!"

Mr. Railton laughed and strode away, leaving the juniors to settle the matter for themselves.

The Terrible Three, clad in flannel trousers and cricket shirts and white canvas shoes, set out in quest of buckets of water. They discovered where the water supply was situated, and came back to their tent with brimming buckets.

After plunging their heads into the cool, clear water, they felt much more alert and wide-awake.

Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby followed their example, but Arthur Augustus D'Arcy remained obstinately in bed.

While they were performing their ablutions, the juniors were bombarded with questions by their schoolfellows, who were naturally curious to know what had happened overnight. They had to

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describe their misadventures at least a dozen times, till they grew heartily tired of it.

"Let's buck up and get down to the sea," said Tom Merry. "I'm fed-up with answering these footling questions."

"Same here," grunted Manners, towelling himself vigorously. "Hallo! Here comes Wally, and two of his playmates with him."

"Clear off, you fags," commanded Jack Blake.

Wally D'Arcy, Gibson, and Jameson, their faces as radiant as the morning sunshine, approached the juniors' tent.

The three fags were chuckling, and they seemed to be in possession of a priceless joke.

"Top of the morning!" said Wally D'Arcy cheerily. "Where's old Gussy?"

"Still stewing in bed," growled Blake.

"The awful slacker! After all the trouble I've taken to bring him up in the way he should go!" said Wally reproachfully. "Still, I expect he's a bit weary, after coming in so late. Tell us what happened to you last night, you fellows."

"Run away and pick flowers!" said Lowther.

"But we're dying to hear all about it!" persisted Wally. He poked his impudent face into Blake's tent, where Arthur Augustus was still reclining between the blankets. "Good-morning, Gus!"

"Good-mornin', you young wascal!"

"Do tell us what happened last night," said Wally.

Arthur Augustus explained.

"We had a vevy distwessin' expwience, Wally," he said. "We didn't awvive at the station till late, havin' lost two twains. Then we asked a taxi-dwivah to take us to the camp, and he took us to Wookwood."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any weason for wibald hilawity," said Arthur Augustus, with a frown. "If you and your fwiends had been in our place you would not have felt at all humowous about it, Wally."

But Wally D'Arcy and his chums appeared highly amused. They chuckled in chorus.

"What happened when you got to the Rookwood camp?" inquired Curly Gibson.

"We got into a tent which belonged to thwee seniahs," said Arthur Augustus. "They were out on the wazzle, or somethin'. Anyway, their tent was empty, and we took it. I was wudely awakened at midnight by Carthew tweadin' on my toes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it came as a gweat shock to us to find that we were in the w'ong camp. Of course, we had to cleah out and come on here. But I wepeat, it is not a mattah for mewwintin'. If you don't stop cacklin', you young wascals, I will turn out and administtah a feafuhl thwashin' all wound."

Whereat Wally D'Arcy & Co. laughed more heartily than ever.

Tom Merry & Co. glared at the hilarious fags. They could not quite see where the joke came in; and they felt strongly inclined to lay violent hands on Wally D'Arcy, Gibson, and Jameson, and to bump the merriment out of them.

"Oh, what a jape!" gurgled Wally.

"It worked like a giddy charm!" grinned Curly Gibson. "That taxi-driver played up like a trump, and no mistake!" said Jameson.

Tom Merry & Co. stared at the fags in blank amazement. And Arthur Augustus, from inside the tent, uttered a startled exclamation.

"Bai Jove! What do you mean by those wemarks, you young wascals? Are you suggestin' "

that our unfortunate experiences last night were the result of a jape?"

A further chorus of chuckles was the only response to that question.

Tom Merry & Co. stared harder than ever at the fags. Until now they had supposed that the taxi-driver, in taking them to the wrong camp, had made a genuine mistake. Not for one moment had it crossed their minds that the whole affair was a put-up job, planned beforehand by the young rascals of the Third.

But now it slowly percolated into the minds of the juniors that Wally & Co. had played a big jape upon them

were frogmarched back to the juniors' tents, and they realised that they were "for it."

After the jape came the reckoning!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had scrambled into his clothes. He poked his head out of the tent and surveyed the three captives very sternly through his monocle.

"I pwesume you were the wingleadah of the affair, Wally!"

"Right on the wicket, old top!"

"He's admittit it!" said Manners excitedly. "Great pip! To think that we've been japed like this by a parcel of fags!"

"They deserve to be reported!" said Tom



Wally & Co., unable to make headway against the strong current, were now thoroughly frightened, and they were greatly relieved to see Tom Merry and Lowther coming to their rescue. "You hare-brained young idiots!" exclaimed Lowther. "You might have been drowned!"

The expressions on the faces of Tom Merry & Co. became almost ferocious.

"They've tumbled to it at last!" chortled Wally D'Arcy. "Run for it!"

And the three fags sprinted away at top speed.

"After them!" roared Tom Merry.

"Collar the young sweeps!" hooted Jack Blake. "They—they've had the awful nerve to jape us! They must have bribed the taxi-driver to take us to the wrong camp!"

Tom Merry & Co. fairly pelted after the fleeing fags.

Wally D'Arcy and his fellow-conspirators ran like the wind; but the juniors, with fury in their faces, caught them within fifteen yards.

The fags struggled to free themselves, but they had no chance in six pairs of muscular arms. They

Merry grimly. "Just think of what we had to go through last night!"

"So you're going to sneak?" said Wally D'Arcy scornfully.

"Nothing of the sort! We're going to deal with you ourselves. You're going to get the biggest bumping you've ever had in your little lives!"

"Rather!" said Blake grimly.

The juniors were as good as their word. They were very angry at the discovery that they had been the victims of a fag jape; and, like the prophet of old, they felt that they did well to be angry.

The bumping of Walter Adolphus D'Arcy and his two confederates was carried out with great

vigour and thoroughness. They had had a good many bumpings in the course of their bright young lives, but they had never been bumped so soundly and severely as on this occasion. Their yells fairly awakened the echoes.

Arthur Augustus was the only junior who took no active part in administering justice. He watched the proceedings from the tent.

When the bumpings were over, and the three fags tottered to their feet, Arthur Augustus saw fit to deliver a lecture to his minor.

"I am extremely angry with you, Wally——"

"Ow!"

"I am so angry, in fact, that I find it difficult to control my temper. You have played a disgraceful prank on your majah and his friends, and you deserve the punishment you have received."

"Wow!" said Wally.

"But I also demand an apology, Wally," went on Arthur Augustus. "If you are prepared to apologise, I may find it possible to overlook the matter. But if you fail to make a humble apology——"

"Well, what then?" asked Wally, forgetting his physical discomfort in his curiosity.

"I shall refuse to have anything more to do with you while we are in camp!" said Arthur Augustus sternly. "I shall withdraw my brotherly protection——"

"Oh, my hat!"

Arthur Augustus fondly imagined that such a dreadful threat would have the immediate effect of extracting an apology from Wally. But, as a matter of fact, his threat had precisely the opposite effect! It made Wally determined not to proffer an apology. The scamp of the Third felt that he could get along very well without the "brotherly protection" of his major.

"I am waitin', Wally!" said the swell of St. Jim's. "And I do not propose to wait an indefinite time. Unless you apologise at once——"

"Rats!"

Arthur Augustus frowned.

"If you dare to say 'Wats' to me, Wally!"

"More rats!" growled Wally. "Go and boil your head, you ass!"

Arthur Augustus compressed his lips.

"Vewy well, Wally! I regard you as an incorrigible young wascal! As you refuse to apologise for the rotten trick you played on us, I have nothin' furthah to say to you."

"The last word!" murmured Monty Lowther, with a grin.

It was, indeed, the last word, so far as Arthur Augustus was concerned. He retired abruptly into his tent; and Wally & Co., still sore from their bumping, limped away.

And Tom Merry & Co. collected their towels and costumes and sallied forth to the seashore, leaving Arthur Augustus alone.

CHAPTER 6.

Camp Cricket!

TOM MERRY & CO. thoroughly enjoyed their morning dip.

There was no sea-bathing at St. Jim's, and the "briny" made a delightful change from the placid River Rhyl.

The juniors were warned, before taking their dip, to keep close to the shore. The old boatman who gave them this warning explained that there were treacherous currents and submerged rocks some distance out.

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Tom Merry & Co. were thankful for the warning. They were strong swimmers, and but for the timely caution, they would have swum straight out to sea, and perhaps found themselves at the mercy of the current.

After the dip they sprinted back to the camp, arriving just in time for breakfast.

The meal was served in the spacious dining marquee. The kitchen staff had come down to the camp, with the rest of the school, and, in spite of the rather primitive cooking arrangements, they had prepared an excellent breakfast of steaming eggs and bacon, with toast and marmalade to follow.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and the fellows who had done sentry duty during the night breakfasted later than their schoolfellows by special arrangement.

Morning lessons were conducted in the spacious meadow adjoining the St. Jim's encampment. Rows of forms had been set out in circles, and a Form-master stood in the middle of each grassy arena to conduct operations.

By comparison with the stuffy Form-rooms at St. Jim's, morning lessons were a delight. The masters were unusually genial and tolerant, and they ignored many things which would not have been permitted at St. Jim's. Impositions were doled out very sparingly. As for the cane and the pointer, neither were in evidence that morning.

The Shell, under Mr. Linton, and the Fourth, under Mr. Lathom, found morning lessons very pleasant. Indeed, for once in a way, lessons seemed to be a pleasure, rather than a penance.

At half-past twelve classes were dismissed, and the St. Jim's fellows were free to do as they liked for the rest of the day, provided they turned up punctually to meals.

During the interval between lessons and dinner Tom Merry sent a message over to the Rookwood camp by Toby, the page, inviting Jimmy Silver & Co. to come over and play a cricket match in the afternoon.

The challenge was accepted with alacrity, and at two o'clock Jimmy Silver and his merry men arrived at the St. Jim's camp in their flannels, and carrying cricket bags.

Although they had only been in camp a few days, the Rookwood juniors were as brown as berries. Tanned by their exposure to wind and sun, they looked remarkably fit. The St. Jim's juniors gave them a warm greeting.

"I thought you fellows would be game for a match," said Tom Merry. "I suppose you have all your afternoons off, like us?"

"Yes, rather!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're having the time of our lives in camp."

"You look as fit as fiddles, dear boys!" said Arthur Augustus. "I twust, for your own sakes, that you are feelin' in good form. Othahwise, we shall send you back to your camp with your tails between your legs."

"You've some hopes!" grinned Lovell of Rookwood. "It's going to be a match between Redskins and palefaces—and the palefaces will be licked to a frazzle."

"Hear, hear!" chorused the brown-faced Rookwooders.

"Where are we going to play, Merry?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"This way!" said Tom. And he escorted the visiting team to the spacious meadow in which morning lessons had been held.

ALL SHAPES AND SIZES!

Midgets, outsizes, triangles, diamonds and oblongs. . . wide is the range of stamp shapes and sizes!

HOW stamps vary in size and shape! They range from tiny squares no bigger than your finger-nail to oblongs so big that you're inclined to mistake them for miniature posters, and heartily wish that the space lines on your album page were made of elastic instead of immovable ink!

THE SMALLEST STAMP.

The world's smallest postage stamp is the first specimen issued by the State of Bolivar, a section of the republic of Colombia, South America. This stamp occupies about half your thumb-nail.

Better known, though somewhat larger than our Colombian item, which is inclined to be rather rare, is the Victorian stamp illustrated here. Without the word postage between the lower "1d." panels, it first passed between the Post Office and the public in 1873, and was amended to its present form in 1901.

If you've tried mounting many specimens of this stamp you'll agree that it is a tiresome, fiddling little fellow, which makes one wonder why it was in vogue for fully thirty years.

Italy turned the tables with her mammoth commemoratives of 1923 (one is depicted here). They're no trouble to handle, except to the postmarker, who finds it necessary to give the frank two bangs with his stamp instead of the one bang he would give to smaller specimens. Result—the postmarker's work was doubled. Still, as this stamp was of only short duration, being intended merely to honour the founding of the Italian Fascist party, this was of little consequence.



A popular midget stamp of Victorian era.

Actually the U.S.A. set the pace for the outsize in stamps over half a century before the Italian efforts. These items are undoubtedly the giants of the stamp album,

It was an ideal venue for a cricket match, the turf being as level as a bowling green.

The wickets were pitched, and Kildare and Darrell of the Sixth graciously consented to act as umpires.

No time was lost in getting to business. Tom Merry spun the coin, and Jimmy Silver called—correctly.

"Well bat," said Uncle James—by which soubriquet Jimmy Silver was known to his Rookwood chums.

Tom Merry led his men into the field, and Jimmy Silver and Lovell, padded and gloved, and looking capable of making a century apiece, walked briskly to the wickets.

Fatty Wynn, the demon bowler of St. Jim's, opened the attack—and Fatty was in fine form.

Jimmy Silver needed to have all his wits about him, and a keen pair of eyes into the bargain, to cope with the Welsh junior's uncanny deliveries. He was hard put to it to keep his end up, but he fairly collared the last ball of the over and banged it to the leg boundary.

measuring two inches by three and three-quarters, and were intended to frank newspapers and periodicals. They had an official life of only four years, for the very good reason that they took too much licking!



This outsize in stamps is an Italian Fascist commemorative of 1923.

MISTAKE MAKES STAMP HISTORY.

So much for sizes. There's quite as much variation in stamps' shapes. The simplest, of course, is the one bounded by the least number of sides—the triangle. There are enough variations of this to satisfy even old Euclid himself. Equilaterals, isosceles, scalenes—all highly popular shapes since 1853, when the first triangulars were issued in the Cape of Good Hope. Some of the 1d. and 4d. triangulars, accidentally printed in the wrong colours, made stamp history. For these far from handsome stamps when printed in normal colours now cost between £5 and £50 used; and when printed in the wrong colour, £200 to £800 apiece.

From three-siders we come to the largest class of all—the four-sided stamps. Nearly every four-sided combination known to man has been used—the square, the diamond, the oblong, the lozenge, and everything in between.

Nowadays it is the high-speed perforating machines which tend to control stamps' shapes. Eccentric shapes necessitate the stamp sheets going through the machines at least four times—a costly and, frankly, unnecessary business.

"Well hit, sir!" roared the onlookers.

Jack Blake was bowling at the other end, and Lovell opened very cautiously against him. Blake was not such a deadly bowler as Fatty Wynn, but when in form he had been known to skittle out a side like rabbits.

He found his length almost at once, and Lovell could take no liberties.

However, Rookwood's opening pair settled down to play a steady game. Their batting was not brilliant, but it was dogged. When 20 runs appeared on the score-board Jimmy Silver and Lovell were still together.

But in the next over a wicket fell. Arthur Augustus was fielding at point, and when Jimmy Silver cut the next ball hard and clean a hand shot out like lightning and the fast-travelling ball plopped into the palm of the swell of St. Jim's.

"Oh, well caught, sir!"

"Bravo, Gussy!"

Arthur Augustus flushed with satisfaction; and

Jimmy Silver walked back to the marquee which served as a pavilion.

After the dismissal of their star batsman it was confidently expected that the Rookwooders would collapse, but they did nothing of the sort; runs came readily, and the score rose by leaps and bounds.

All the Rookwood men did well. Lovell made 20 before Fatty Wynn spreadeagled his stumps; Raby and Newcome carried on the good work; and the three Tommies—Tommy Dodd, Tommy Doyle, and Tommy Cook—batted freely and forcefully. The "tail" wagged in lighthearted style, as if the St. Jim's bowling were very sorry stuff.

The bowling was quite good, as a matter of fact, and Tom Merry varied his attack like a good general. But it was a batsman's wicket, and the Rookwood men made hay while the sun shone, so to speak.

They were all out at last for the useful total of 159.

Tom Merry made a grimace as the players adjourned to the refreshment marquee for tea.



"It's a pity you're leaving, Mr. Brown. The house will seem quite empty without you!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to B. Walklett, 24, Upper Mulgrave Road, Cheam, Surrey.

"One hundred and sixty to win," he observed. "It's a tall order."

"If Gussy will promise to make a century, I'll promise to make one, too," said Monty Lowther; "then we shall pull it off all serene, and it won't matter if the rest of the team gets duck's eggs."

"If Tom Mewwy will agree to put me in first, I will promise to do my best to make a century," said Arthur Augustus.

"If the match lasted a century you might do it, Gussy!" said Jack Blake. "But as we've only got two hours—"

"Do you wish me to administrah a thwashin' in the pwesence of our guests, Blake?" demanded Arthur Augustus wrathfully.

"N-no!" gasped Blake, pretending to be very much alarmed, and taking refuge behind Tom Merry and Monty Lowther.

"Then pway wefwain fwom makin' asinine wemarks!" said the swell of St. Jim's.

Under the genial influence of tea, peace was restored. And when the cricketers emerged from the refreshment marquee the sun was still shining brilliantly over the St. Jim's encampment.

St. Jim's started on their formidable task with great resolution. Tom Merry took Arthur Augustus in first to open the innings, and they batted briskly from the onset. It would be a race against the clock if St. Jim's hoped to win; and Tom Merry was too good a sportsman to play for a draw. Win or lose, was his motto.

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The runs mounted merrily, and the score was at 25 before Tom Merry left, bowled off his pads by Jimmy Silver.

Arthur Augustus was still going strong. He was, in fact, playing the game of his life. At the start of his innings he had on two occasions narrowly escaped being caught, and he was now profiting by those escapes, and laying on the willow good and hard.

Blake batted well, but he was not too comfortable against some well-pitched bowling, and he left after making a dozen.

Figgins followed on, but it was not Figgy's lucky day. He was caught and bowled by Lovell without adding to the score; and Figgy looked quite glum as he walked out.

Dick Redfern followed Figgins, and Reddy gave an exhibition of fireworks, hitting up 20 runs in hurricane style. But he was brilliantly caught on the boundary by Teddy Grace, who had to race nearly twenty yards to make the catch.

The 100 was hoisted shortly afterwards, and St. Jim's had only four wickets down. Things were looking decidedly hopeful.

"I've never seen old Gussy in such grand form!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "That extra forty winks this morning must have done him good. Oh, well hit, sir!"

With a mighty drive Arthur Augustus landed the ball on the top of the marquee. It rolled off the sloping canvas, and Grundy of the Shell obligingly stopped it with his head.

There was a ripple of laughter, and an unquished roar from Grundy.

Talbot was now partnering D'Arcy at the wickets. Talbot was one of the most reliable batsmen on the St. Jim's side, and he rendered yeoman service now.

The faces of the Rookwooders grew longer and glummer, while the faces of the St. Jim's fellows grew brighter and cheerier as they realised that they were within measurable distance of victory.

Talbot was beaten at last, and Harry Noble, who followed, had wretched luck, being l.b.w. off the first ball he received. But Monty Lowther, the next man in, played up to the best of his form.

Rapidly rose the score, and, although Jimmy Silver changed the bowling repeatedly, no more wickets were taken.

"Only ten wanted!" said Tom Merry at length.

"And Gussy only wants ten for his century," said Blake. "Jolly good luck to him! We're always chipping him and pulling his noble leg, but he's the giddy salvation of the side to-day!"

"Yes, rather!" Jimmy Silver gripped the ball grimly and started a fresh over. There was a feeling that this would be the last over of the match; and so it proved.

Ten runs were wanted to give St. Jim's the victory and to complete Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's century. And it was Arthur Augustus who had the bowling.

He drove the first ball over the head of mid-on, and the batsmen crossed—twice. The second ball also went for two. The third was a real corker, and Arthur Augustus stopped it dead within an ace of his wicket. The next ball was also a blank, for Jimmy Silver was putting all his "beef" into it. But the fifth ball was sent speeding away through the covers, and two more runs were added to the tally.

"Only four wanted now!" It was the last ball of the over, and the excitement was tense.

Jimmy Silver seemed to twist himself round like a catherine-wheel as he delivered the fateful ball. It flashed down the pitch, and Arthur Augustus advanced to meet it and drove it with all his power. Away went the leather, and Teddy Grace, though he pelted after it at top speed, could not prevent it crossing the boundary line.

It was the winning hit. And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had gained that dearly cherished honour among cricketers—the coveted century!

It was a proud moment for the swell of St. Jim's. His schoolfellows swarmed on to the pitch and took him on their shoulders and carried him off in great triumph.

"Well played, Gussy, old top!" piped the shrill voice of Wally D'Arcy, as the procession passed him.

But Arthur Augustus' happy face clouded over for a moment, and he looked fixedly ahead, ignoring his minor's congratulations.

Had Wally chosen to apologise for the jape he had perpetrated overnight, his apology, though belated, would probably have been accepted. But the scapegrace of the Third had no intention of apologising. And Arthur Augustus, though he was not the sort to bear malice, was resolved to stick to his guns and to have nothing more to do with Wally until that refractory young rebel "came round" and tendered a humble and contrite apology.

CHAPTER 7.

A Night Adventure!

"**N**OTHING doing!" said Monty Lowther, with a yawn.

"Everything's quiet," assented Tom Merry. "We've patrolled the blessed camp for over an hour, and nobody has gone out or come in."

Tom Merry and Lowther were acting as night sentries. Rather rashly—for both were badly in need of sleep after their exhausting experiences of the previous night—they had volunteered to keep guard from ten o'clock until midnight. Perhaps they anticipated that their duties as sentries would prove rather exciting; but they had been sadly disappointed. Nobody had attempted to break into the camp, and nobody had attempted to break out of it.

So far from being exciting, sentry-go was proving a very dull business. The St. Jim's camp slumbered peacefully under the starry sky.

Tom Merry and his chum came to a halt under a big oak-tree on the outskirts of the camp.

It was a sultry night, and they were beginning to feel the effects of their loss of sleep the night before.

"Let's sit down for a bit," suggested Lowther.

They sat down.

"Of course, we must keep awake," said Tom Merry. "We're a bit fagged and we were silly chumps to volunteer for this stunt, but we can stick it out for another hour."

"Absolutely, old chap!"

But, although the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak.

Tom Merry strove manfully to keep awake and alert, but his head gradually nodded on to his chest; and so did Lowther's. It was very restful and comfortable beneath the branches of the old oak-tree, and the two sentries soon dropped into a doze. They sat with their backs to the broad trunk of the tree, and were asleep within five minutes.

Monty Lowther would probably have slept until the relief sentry turned up; but Tom Merry was too conscientious for that. His subconscious mind was at work, bidding him to be up and doing, and at the end of twenty minutes he came out of his doze with a start.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "I must have dropped off to sleep! Monty, old chap!"

There was no reply from Lowther. His head was sagging on his chest and he was in the land of dreams.

Tom Merry rose to his feet and stretched himself, and then gave his companion a shake.

"Wake up, Monty! We're a bright pair of sentries, and no mistake, to go to sleep at our posts!"

Monty Lowther opened his eyes and blinked sleepily at his chum.

"What's the time?" he murmured.

"Half-past eleven," said Tom Merry, consulting his wrist-watch, which was luminous. "We shall be relieved in half an hour. Better make a tour of inspection to see that everything's O.K. Somebody might have slipped out of camp while we've been dozing."

"Not likely," said Lowther, rising slowly to his feet.

"You never know. We'll make certain, anyway."

They proceeded to make a tour of the camp, Tom Merry flashing his electric torch in each tent. Tom was wide awake now, and very much alive to his duties.

But his companion was still heavy with sleep, and accompanied him rather unwillingly.

The senior tents were inspected first, and Tom Merry had a half-suspicion that Knox of the Sixth might be absent from his tent, Knox being a notorious night-bird. But Knox was discovered to be fast asleep.

There were no absentees from the Sixth, nor from the Fifth. The Shell fellows were all asleep in their tents—likewise the members of the Fourth Form. Only the fags' tents remained to be investigated.

"It's hardly worth while going on," grumbled Monty Lowther. "None of the fags will be out of camp at this time of night."

"Nothing like making certain," replied Tom Merry. "It will kill time, anyway, until we're relieved."


The first tent in the Third Form lines should have been occupied by four fags—Wally D'Arcy, Curly Gibson, Jameson, and Joe Frayne.

The tent was occupied, certainly, but only by one fag.

Joe Frayne was lying in bed, wide awake, when Tom Merry flashed his torch into the tent. The other three beds were empty.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Tom, in surprise. "All alone, kid? Where are your pals?"

(Continued on the next page.)



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THE CHALLONER CO. (late Bond Street), Dept. 517, Hyde Heath, AMERSHAM, Bucks.

Joe Frayne sat up in bed, blinking in the glare of the torchlight, and looking decidedly uncomfortable. He made no answer to Tom Merry's question.

"Where's young D'Arcy and the others?" insisted Tom. "Are they out of camp?"

Joe Frayne still hesitated.

"Suppose they are?" he said, after a pause.

"Will you report them?"

"That depends. If they've just broken camp for a silly lark, we'll deal with them ourselves. But I must insist on knowing where they've gone. If anything should happen to them, we, as sentries, will be held responsible. Have they gone down to the village?"

Joe Frayne shook his head.

"No, they've gone down to the sea for a bathe."

Tom Merry started violently.

"A bathe—at this time of night? And with a heavy sea running?"

"Yes," said Frayne. "They asked me to go, but I ain't much of a swimmer, for one thing, and I reckon it's a silly sort of stunt for another. So I wouldn't go."

"Sensible kid," said Monty Lowther. "I say, Tom, those silly little asses will be running into danger. You remember what the old boatman told us this morning when we went for a dip. The currents are dangerous, and there are rocks hidden just beneath the surface. The young idiots probably aren't aware of that."

Tom Merry looked very grave.

"We must go after them," he said promptly.

"Of course. Let's go and give old Gussy a shake. Perhaps he'd like to come along with us, as his minor's concerned in this."

The two chums hurried away to the tent in which Jack Blake & Co. were sleeping.

Tom Merry tried to arouse the swell of St. Jim's without disturbing the others, but in this he was unsuccessful.

Arthur Augustus was sleeping very soundly.

Tom Merry had to shake him violently, and bawl in his ear, in order to stir him from the thraldom of deep sleep; and even then Arthur Augustus was only partially awake. He mumbled a drowsy inquiry, and blinked at Tom Merry.

Lowther was waiting outside the tent.

"Turn out, Gussy!" said Tom Merry. "Your silly ass of a minor has broken camp, with Gibson and Jameson, and they've gone down to the sea for a dip at this time of night!"

Arthur Augustus did not seem to comprehend.

"Bothah my minah!" he yawned. "Wun away, Tom Mewwy, there's a good chap! I'm dead tired!"

"Same here!" grunted Jack Blake, who, with Herries and Digby, had also been awakened. "Buzz off, Mcerry, and leave us in peace!"

"But your minor, Gussy—" persisted Tom.

"I do not want to heah anythin' about my minah," murmured Arthur Augustus. "I am no longah interested in the young scamp! I have withdwawn by bwothahly pwotection, and he can go his own way in futuah!"

"But don't you realise, you chump, he may be in danger?"

Snore!

Arthur Augustus had gone to sleep again.

Tom Merry gave a snort, and then, realising that precious time was being wasted, he stepped out of the tent and rejoined Lowther.

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Wally & Co. strained their eyes into the darkness, and the guard, as he patrolled the outskirts of the

"I couldn't make Gussy understand," he said. "He seems drugged with sleep. Let's get down to the shore. There's been quite enough dilly-dallying as it is."

"Come on!" said Lowther, whose drowsiness had left him now that he realised the possible danger to the three foolhardy fags.

Guided by Tom Merry's electric torch, they hurried out of the camp, and raced down to the shore.

It was a stormy night, but there was a big swell running, and the juniors could hear the low boom of the incoming tide as they sped along.

Both were very anxious for the safety of the fags. Sea bathing at that part of the coast was risky in the day-time. At dead of night it was trebly so.

Tom Merry and Lowther ran hard.

Finally they halted, panting and breathless, on the rough shingle of the shore.

"They're in the sea!" panted Lowther. "I can hear them. And here are their togs, piled on this boulder. Let's give them a hail, Tommy."

When they had recovered their breath, the juniors made megaphones of their hands, and shouted:

"Ahoy! Ahoy, there!"

From a short distance out to sea came a cheery response:

"Hallo! What do you Shellfish want?"



d faintly distinguish the form of the fellow who was on
 "Now's our chance!" muttered Wally.

It was Wally D'Arcy's voice, and Tom Merry drew a deep breath of relief.

The fags were safe—up to the present, at all events.

"We've come to fetch you!" roared Lowther. "Of all the tomfool pranks! We're going to give you a spanking apiece, and take you back to camp."

There was a gurgling laugh from the three fags.

"You've got to catch us first!" shouted Curly Gibson.

And the three young rascals, who had been bathing close inshore, now started to swim out to sea.

Tom Merry ran down to the water's edge and yelled to them:

"Come back, you mad idiots! There are treacherous currents out there, and submerged rocks into the bargain!"

"Rats!"

Evidently Wally & Co. thought that Tom Merry was merely trying to frighten them, and to decoy them out of the water.

They went on swimming, side by side.

Tom Merry set his teeth.

"We must go after them!" he muttered.

"Swim?" queried Lowther.

"No; there's a boat over there. Give me a hand—quickly!"

A boat was beached on the shingle, high and dry from the encroaching tide.

Tom Merry and Monty Lowther dragged it down to the water and jumped in.

Tom grasped the oars and pulled strongly out to sea.

By this time Wally D'Arcy and his companions were a long way out. Alarmed at their own foolhardiness, they turned round and started to make for the shore.

But they found that they could make no headway. They were caught, in fact, in one of the currents of which Tom Merry had warned them.

It was fortunate, indeed, for the three young rascals that the two Shell fellows were coming after them in a boat. They could not have battled against that treacherous current for long.

Gradually, but inexorably, it would have carried them farther out to sea. Even the strongest of swimmers could not have contended with it successfully.

Tom Merry pulled hard on the oars, and presently they drew close to the fags, who were now thoroughly frightened, and greatly relieved to see the boat coming to their rescue.

"There's a beastly current or something here!" gasped Wally D'Arcy. "We can't seem to make any headway."

"It's awful!" muttered Jameson.

"Then it's a good job we came after you in the boat," said Tom Merry grimly.

"You harebrained young idiots!" exclaimed Lowther. "You might have been drowned!"

The fags were struggling towards the boat. Tom Merry manoeuvred it into a convenient position, and Wally D'Arcy clung on to one side, and his companions to the other.

Tom Merry shipped his oars, and helped Monty Lowther haul the fags into the boat. Tom said nothing, but he was clearly angry. His warning about the currents had not been heeded, and three lives had been risked because of a senseless prank.

It was hard work, pulling back to the shore.

Monty Lowther relieved his chum at the oars, and gradually the boat struggled clear of the contrary current. After that it was plain sailing.

The boat ran aground on the crunching shingle, and the three fags tumbled out.

Tom Merry and Monty Lowther followed suit. They dragged the boat back to its place, then they turned upon Wally & Co. That reckless trio had now recovered from their fright, but they were a little apprehensive as to what would happen next.

"Get your clothes on!" said Tom Merry curtly.

The fags towelled themselves vigorously, and then dressed.

In the meantime, Monty Lowther, roving about on the foreshore, came across a supple piece of cane which had been washed up by the tide.

He handed it to Tom Merry.

"This will be useful for the execution!" said Monty.

Tom nodded grimly. As for Wally & Co., they eyed the piece of cane in great apprehension.

"Now," said Tom Merry, turning to the fags, "I'm going to give you kids a jolly good licking for giving us all this trouble. You first, young D'Arcy. Touch your toes!"

Wally's eyes flashed rebelliously for a moment; but he realised that a licking from Tom Merry would be preferable to being reported to Mr. Railton. Besides, Tom Merry and Lowther had rescued him and his chums from a very serious plight, and Wally, thoughtless young scamp though he was, could not but feel grateful towards the two Shell fellows.

The rebellious look vanished, and Wally bent down and touched his toes.

Whack, whack, whack!

Tom Merry laid on six strokes. They were powerful strokes, and the cane, after its immersion in the salt water, stung considerably.

Wally uttered no cry, but he wriggled painfully.

"Gibson next!" panted Tom Merry.

Curly Gibson took his medicine, and he yelped a little. He was not made of such stern stuff as his leader.

Jameson came last, and he hoped that Tom Merry's arm would be tired by this time; but it wasn't.

Jameson's punishment was just as severe as that of his chums.

"That's that!" said Tom Merry, tossing away the cane. "Now we'll get back to the camp, and let's hope, for your sakes, that nobody else has discovered your absence."

Tom Merry strode away with Lowther, and the three fags, making painful grimaces, came limping after.

CHAPTER 8.

The Willfulness of Wally!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY awoke from a troubled slumber.

The swell of St. Jim's sat up in bed, peering into the darkness and wondering what had caused him to wake.

He was vaguely worried about something, but the why and wherefore of his worry was a mystery to him for the moment.

Then he remembered Tom Merry's visit to the tent. It could not have been very long ago that Tom had come into the tent and shaken him.

Arthur Augustus had been too fuddled with sleep at the time to grasp the significance of what Tom Merry had said to him; but his mind was clearer now, and he was able to recall a part of Tom's conversation.

His minor Wally, with Gibson and Jameson, had broken camp and gone down to the sea for a bathe, and Tom Merry had pointed out urgently that they might be in danger.

Gussy was well aware of Wally's propensity for getting into scrapes and defying risk and danger, and he wished he had got up when Tom Merry called him.

He began to feel really alarmed for Wally's safety. Such a reckless escapade as a midnight bathe in a treacherous sea might well have serious results.

Arthur Augustus had declared that he would have nothing more to do with his minor until such time as Wally chose to apologise for the jape he had perpetrated in decoying the juniors to the wrong camp.

Wally had not yet apologised. He seemed to have no intention of apologising, and Arthur Augustus, true to his resolve, had ignored the young rascal's existence.

But he could not ignore the present position. Wally and his friends might now be in real danger; in which event, the little feud between the brothers would have to be set on one side.

True, Tom Merry had probably gone after the wayward fags to fetch them back to the camp, but that did not wholly satisfy Arthur Augustus in his troubled state of mind. He felt that he

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ought to get up himself, and hasten down to the shore.

The swell of St. Jim's turned out and started to dress, without disturbing his sleeping chums. Then he crept quietly from the tent and made his way out of camp. He broke into a trot along the narrow road that led to the sea.

Rounding a bend he suddenly heard the sound of voices and approaching footsteps.

Five shadowy figures came into view.

"Hallo! Who's that?"

It was Monty Lowther's voice, hailing the solitary figure of Arthur Augustus through the gloom.

"It's I—D'Arcy," replied the swell of St. Jim's. "Is my minah with you, Lowthah?"

"Yes. It's all serene, Gussy!"

"Thank goodness for that!" said Arthur Augustus, in great relief. "I have been feahfully wowed about the young wascal."

"Your minor's all right, Gussy, and so are the others," said Tom Merry reassuringly. "But they gave us a jolly anxious time, I can tell you! We had to go after the young sweeps in a boat. They got caught in a current."

"Bai Jove!"

"We've given them a jolly good licking," said Monty Lowther, "and now we're going to put them to bed. I don't think they'll play any more pranks of this sort in a hurry."

"Rats!" growled Wally D'Arcy.

Arthur Augustus turned about and fell into step with Tom Merry and Lowther. He frowned over his shoulder at his minor, and he noticed that Wally was walking less jauntily than usual.

"You are an uttably weckless young wascal, Wally!" said Arthur Augustus severely. "You have caused the greatest anxiety and inconvenience to these fellows and to myself."

"I thought you weren't going to worry about me any more?" said Wally. "I thought you were going to let me go my own sweet way?"

"How can I help wovwyin' about you when you go wunnin' into dangah? It was foolish of you to bweak out of camp, in the first place. If a mastah or pwefect found you absent from your tent, you would get into a feahful wow."

"We chanced that," said Wally.

Arthur Augustus gave an angry snort.

"I considah you have behaved wecklessly, Wally! I am glad you have been licked. You thowoughly deserved it!"

"Go on, rub it in!" growled Wally.

All the way back to the camp the indignant Arthur Augustus lectured his minor. And the more he "javed" him, the more perverse and obstinate Wally became.

Instead of being contrite, and promising he would never do it again, Wally was cheekily defiant. And Curly Gibson and Jameson backed him up.

"We don't want any of your grandmotherly sermons, Gus," said Wally. "You said you wouldn't speak to me again while we were in camp; but I knew you wouldn't be able to keep your tongue quiet for long. You're wound up like a blessed gramophone!"

Arthur Augustus bristled with wrath.

"If you hadn't been punished alweady, Wally," he said, "I would box your yahs, you impudent young wascal!"

"Oh, dry up!" growled Wally. "Let's have a rest."

Arthur Augustus subsided after that. Words were wasted on Wally, in the youngster's present

(Continued on page 22.)



In Town To-day

Introducing
George Francis Kerr
 to the Microphone. By a
B.B.C. TALENT SCOUT.

INTERVIEWER: Good gracious, Mr. Kerr! I had expected to see your son.

"MR. KERR": My son, George Francis Kerr, of the New House at St. Jim's?

INTERVIEWER: Yes. Since you have come in his place, Mr. Kerr, I take it your son is unable to attend?

"MR. KERR": Thanks a lot, Mr. Interviewer! Do you know, you've won the New House a spread—at the expense of Tom Merry & Co. of the School House!

INTERVIEWER: I really don't understand, Mr. Kerr.

"MR. KERR": I'm not Mr. Kerr, that's all. I'm George Kerr himself. If I remove my false moustache and my make-up, perhaps it will be more obvious to the eye.

INTERVIEWER: A remarkably convincing piece of acting, Kerr. But why in the world did you wish to masquerade as your own father?

KERR: Well, you see, Mr. Interviewer, at St. Jim's there is a keen rivalry between the two sections of the junior dramatic society—School House and New House. Lowther, the champion actor of the School House, challenged me to come up for my broadcast dressed and made-up to be my own father. A House spread was the wager. I took Lowther on, and if you'll allow me to say so, Mr. Interviewer, I successfully took you in!

INTERVIEWER: You certainly did, Kerr! You know, since you are Scotland's representative at St. Jim's, we had thought of playing you in with bagpipes.

KERR: Why didn't you?

INTERVIEWER: To tell the truth, whilst rehearsing the bagpipe player suddenly gave way.

KERR: Very unclannish for a Scot to give way in any circe.

INTERVIEWER: Ha, ha! I believe you are the only Scot at St. Jim's, Kerr?

KERR: Yes, that's so; and naturally I'm proud of the fact that I am a true-born Scot.

INTERVIEWER: Yet you don't speak so broadly as some Scots, Kerr?

KERR: I don't think my listeners would understand me if I did. Still, a leopard doesn't change his spots, even if he learns to talk English, d'you ken? Now, a special point, Mr. Interviewer—

INTERVIEWER: Surely you haven't another surprise to spring?

KERR: Like the leopard? No. This part of my broadcast is dead serious. I want to refer to the Empire Exhibition now being held at Bellahouston Park, Glasgow.

INTERVIEWER: Naturally, most of the listeners will have heard about it.

KERR: Any announcement of this magnificent display of the Empire's resources should be belloyed from the housetops—from the Bellahoustops, in fact. Everybody who possibly can should pack a haggis luncheon and go to Bellahouston.

INTERVIEWER: To weigh things up for themselves?

KERR: Ten to one, when weighed, the Scottish Empire Exhibition won't be found wanting. This vac I'm taking my chums, Figgins and Wynn. Patty Wynn is going to judge Scotland by the standard of its cooking. There's one thing, however much porridge we put in front of Fatty, he is sure to be able to take his gruel. In fact, if there's any cake about, too, we can rely on Fatty Wynn to take the cake as well! Luckily there's nothing half-baked about the Scots, so we shall probably be able to pipe whatever tune he calls.

INTERVIEWER: Suppose the Loch Ness monster pops up its head?

KERR: Now you're asking a monst'rous lot, Mr. Interviewer. Even I wouldn't like to back the Loch Ness monster against Fatty Wynn in an eating contest. Old Fatty is a Welshman, admitted, but this time, at any rate, Scotland is ready to give him credit.

INTERVIEWER: That, I think, shows one of the pleasantest traits of the Scots, Kerr—their generosity.

KERR: Och, aye, Mr. Interviewer! Don't forget to book your ticket on the Flying Scotsman!

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mood; and his major realised that he might as well address a brick wall, for all the notice that was taken of his remarks.

Arthur Augustus was exasperated, and Wally was exasperated; and the breach between the two brothers had widened perceptibly.

The camp was reached at length, and major and minor parted without a word.

Tom Merry and Monty Lowther saw the fags to their tent, and waited while they undressed and turned in.

"No more larks to-night, you kids!" said Tom Merry sternly. "Manners and Talbot are relieving us at sentry duty, and we'll tell them to keep a close watch on this tent."

"You needn't trouble," said Wally D'Arcy. "We don't feel like going on any more adventures to-night."

"Too sore, what?" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"Rats!"

"You kids had better mind your p's and q's, in future," said Tom Merry. "You've had a lesson to-night, and I hope you'll profit by it."

But Tom Merry's hopes were not likely to be realised.

The young scamps of the Third had had their fill of adventure for one night; but, notwithstanding their narrow escape, they were resolved to embark on further adventures as soon as they felt like it.

Wally D'Arcy seemed to be taking an impish delight in defying his major and Tom Merry. He hated to be put under restraint; and the surest way to make Wally indulge in some new prank was to command him not to.

CHAPTER 9.

Lost on the Downs!

"I'M not coming, Wally!"

Joe Frayne's voice was quietly determined.

"Funking it?" asked Wally D'Arcy—though he knew perfectly well that funking was not in Joe Frayne's line.

"No, I ain't," said Joe. "But it's a silly sort of stunt—just as silly as last night's affair. There's no sense to it, Wally."

"Why, it will be a glorious adventure!" said Wally, with enthusiasm. "We're going to break camp and climb to the highest point of the downs—King Arthur's Height, it's called."

"You'll never do it," said Joe Frayne, shaking his head.

"What do you mean?"

"It's dark as pitch," said Joe, peering out of the fags' tent, "and you don't know the way. If you go wandering about on the downs at this time of night, you'll stand a good chance of getting lost."

"Rot!" snapped Wally. "We're old hands at exploring. There's no question of getting lost. For the last time, young Frayne, are you coming, or aren't you?"

"Not!" said Joe firmly.

The leader of the fags shrugged his shoulders.

"Have it your own way, then. But you don't know what you'll be missing. A midnight climb will be great fun!"

"Getting lost won't be," said Joe Frayne.

"Cheerful sort of beggar you are," said Wally, with a snort. "Perhaps it's just as well that you're not coming. You'd be a wet blanket in the party. Are you fellows ready?"

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"Yes, rather!" said Curly Gibson and Jameson together.

The fags had risen, and were dressing in the darkness.

Joe Frayne remained in bed. Joe was surprised at Wally's intrepidity in planning another nocturnal expedition, after the painful consequences of the preceding one. But Wally, it seemed, had made up his mind to have a jolly good time during the fortnight in camp, and to hurl defiance at law and order—and elder brothers.

Joe Frayne looked greatly troubled. He knew that Wally D'Arcy could not carry on these sort of capers indefinitely. Sooner or later the authorities would discover that Wally and his chums were in the habit of breaking camp, and then there would be serious trouble.

But it was no use trying to turn Wally from his purpose. Once he was fairly launched upon one of his wild schemes, Wally never retreated. The risk of being "spotted" by the sentries, and the further risk of getting lost on the downs in the darkness, merely added spice to the adventure.

"I shall keep awake till you fellows come back," said Joe Frayne.

"You needn't trouble," said Wally disdainfully.

"You'll never get to King Arthur's Height. They say it's a stiffish climb in the daytime. And with nothing to guide you—"

"Wally's got an electric torch," said Jameson.

"And we'll take some flares with us and light 'em when we get to the top," said Curly Gibson. "You'll be able to see the lights from here. Then you'll know we've achieved our giddy object."

"I'll look out for the flares," promised Joe Frayne. But his tone suggested that he did not expect to see them—not at the top of the frowning tor known as King Arthur's Height, anyway.

"Come on, kids!" said Wally D'Arcy, cautiously untying the fastenings of the tent.

They stepped out one by one, leaving Joe Frayne to fasten up the tent.

It was a weird sort of night—very dark and very still. The atmosphere was close and stifling; heavy thunderclouds hung in the lowering sky.

"Listen!" murmured Wally.

A light footstep could be heard not far away—the footstep of the night sentry.

The fags strained their eyes into the darkness, and they could faintly distinguish the form of the fellow who was on guard.

It was impossible to discern who it was. He was patrolling the outskirts of the camp, and gradually his footsteps died away.

"Now's our chance!" muttered Wally.

In the tense darkness breaking out of camp was an easy matter. The sentry had passed on without a suspicion, and the three fags crawled through a gap in the hedge and were soon hurrying across the fields towards the great range of downs which loomed up in the darkness.

It was an aimless sort of excursion. There was nothing to be gained by it, except weariness the morning after and the satisfaction of proving to Joe Frayne that they had climbed to the top. But it was Wally D'Arcy's idea of enjoyment. And Gibson and Jameson, though they did not altogether share Wally's enthusiasm for the expedition, had no thought of backing out.

When the St. Jim's camp had been left far behind, Wally produced his electric torch, and they followed its gleam across the grassy fields.

Curly Gibson carried a couple of sticks, at the

ends of which were tied pieces of rag soaked in paraffin. These were to serve as flares when the little party reached their destination.

Despite the oppressiveness of the night, the three fags walked briskly. Wally D'Arcy, in fact, strode along as if it was a walking match, and his chums had great difficulty in keeping pace with his eager stride.

A tramp of two miles across country brought them to the foot of the downs. Thenceforward, it would be one prolonged and arduous climb.

"Better have a breather before we start climbing!" panted Curly Gibson.

"Not tired already?" queried Wally.

"No; but we don't want to wear ourselves out at the start. Let's squat down for five minutes."

They threw themselves down on the grass and rested.

Jameson looked anxiously at the threatening sky.

"Looks like thunder!" he remarked.

Even as he spoke, the skies were shaken by a reverberating boom. It was followed by another and yet another, and each boom was more terrifying than its predecessor.

The thunder died away like the distant growling of a giant. Then a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the scene.

Curly Gibson winced.

"My hat, that was jolly near!"

"We—we'd better get back!" muttered Jameson uneasily.

"Why?" demanded Wally D'Arcy.

"It will pelt with rain presently, and there's no shelter on the downs."

"Rats! Who's afraid of a spot of rain? And what does a twopenny-halfpenny thunderstorm matter, anyway?"

A terrific crash of thunder broke forth, and the very earth seemed to quake.

It was as if old Thor, the god of thunder, resented Wally D'Arcy's remark and meant to show him that it was not a twopenny-halfpenny thunderstorm.

Then came a further series of lightning flashes, lighting up the lofty downs and the wide panorama of level pasture-land which lay below.

Curly Gibson and Jameson looked quite scared. They were feeling far from happy. When Nature was in this terrible mood it alarmed them. To Wally D'Arcy, however, a thunderstorm had no more significance than a display of fireworks.

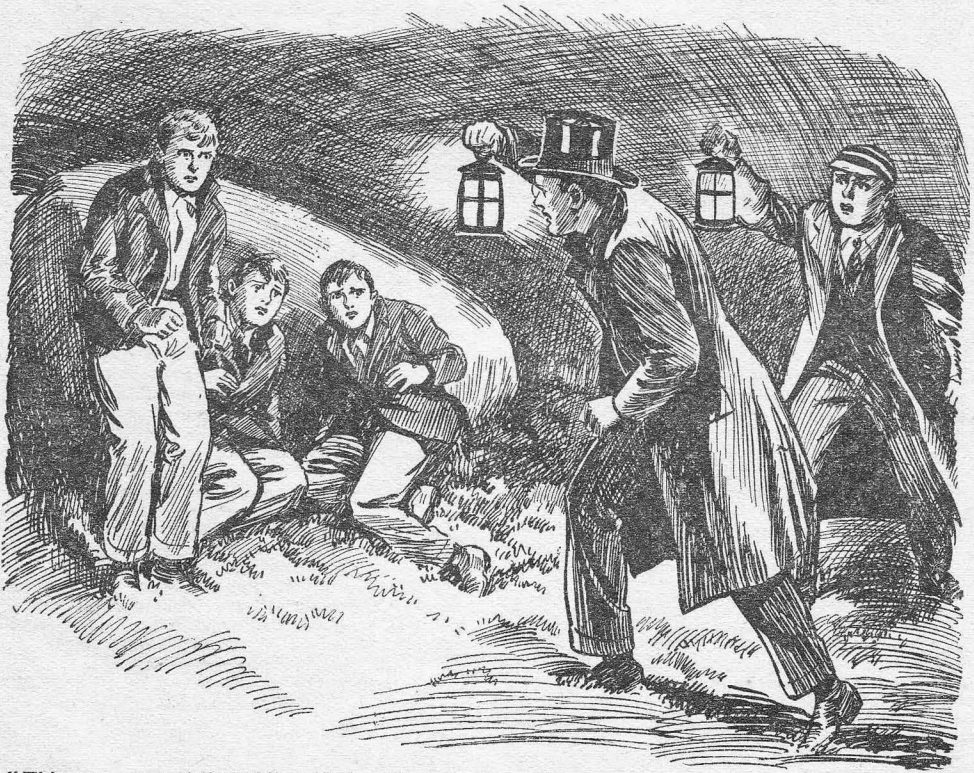
"Let's push on," urged Wally.

"No, no; let's go back," faltered Jameson.

But he and Curly Gibson were overborne by the stronger will of Wally D'Arcy.

Wally had already risen to his feet and started to climb, and his chums followed very reluctantly.

The storm seemed to pass over, and the expected



"This way, you fellows!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, pressing forward eagerly. The three adventurous fags were discovered at last! The lantern-light showed them huddled together—a pitiful and woebegone trio.

deluge of rain did not materialise. The atmosphere remained oppressive and heavy.

For half an hour the three fags toiled up the grassy slope of the downs. They could see King Arthur's Height frowning above them, yet despite all their toiling and climbing it seemed to get no nearer.

Then the storm broke out with renewed violence. The thunder crashed and roared overhead, the lightning darted and flashed in dangerous proximity to the St. Jim's fags.

"This is awful!" muttered Curly Gibson. "I was just thinking to myself that the storm had passed, but it's come back again."

"And it's worse than ever now!" panted Jameson. "We were fools not to go back when it started!"

"Rats!" growled Wally D'Arcy. "We're not going to turn back now that we've come this far, anyway. This firework display will soon be over."



"Lumme, they send for yer to come and mend the bell and then go out!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to "A Reader," 20, Axminster Road, Roath, Cardiff.

And it was. But in its wake came something even worse than thunder and lightning, so far as it affected the three fags.

A thick and drenching mist began to settle over the downs, covering them as with a garment. Deeper and heavier it grew till it became almost impenetrable. And just as luck would have it, the battery of Wally's electric torch ran out.

The three fags found themselves in dense darkness. Close together though they were, they could scarcely see one another, and were obliged to join hands, lest one of the trio should become detached from the rest.

Even Wally D'Arcy realised the futility of going on. In the opaque darkness, and without a light to guide them, it would be impossible to reach King Arthur's Height.

"This is a pretty go!" said Wally grimly. "No use climbing any farther. We must get back to the camp."

"How on earth shall we find our way in this awful mist?" said Jameson.

"It might lift presently."

"Well, it certainly can't get worse!" grumbled Curly Gibson.

The three fags turned and started to retrace their steps.

Progress was painfully slow. They were walking in Stygian darkness, and there were many pitfalls, such as rabbit-holes and clumps of gorse and large stones.

Several times they stumbled, and when Wally D'Arcy tripped up and fell, he brought his companions to earth with him.

The fags were tired and leg-weary by this time.

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Even Wally was fagged, though he would not admit it.

They could not tell where they were going—whether they were heading in the right direction or getting hopelessly off the track. The drenching mist soaked through their garments, and they were as melancholy a trio as could well be imagined.

The recklessness of setting forth on such a foolhardy expedition was clear to them now. They envied the sensible Joe Frayne, snug in his bed in the St. Jim's camp.

The mist showed no sign of lifting, and the three fags were hopelessly lost. They struggled on, hoping to find some familiar landmark which would serve as a clue to their whereabouts; but the farther they progressed, the more hopeless became their plight.

They had walked, it seemed, an interminable distance, yet they could not get clear of the downs.

In despairing silence they stumbled on. At length there was a sobbing gasp from Curly Gibson:

"I—I'm whacked, you fellows! I can't go on!"

Wally D'Arcy was about to reply, and to try to hearten his chum, when his foot caught in a hole and he fell awkwardly, wrenching his ankle.

"That's done it!" groaned Wally. "I've twisted my beastly ankle!"

The trio halted. They were at the end of their tether; they could go no farther.

There was nothing for it but to remain where they were and rest until the mist cleared, or until help came.

The latter possibility was indeed remote. Who was likely to be abroad on the downs at that time of night under such awful conditions?

It seemed madness to rest on the wet grass, but the exhausted fags had no alternative. A shepherd's hut, or any sort of shelter, would have been a tremendous boon. But it was impossible to locate any such building.

Wally & Co. rested on the grass in despair. They were wet and they were utterly weary, and they were in as dismal and cheerless a plight as they had ever been in. Bitterly they regretted having embarked on the expedition; but it was now too late for regrets.

They nursed a faint hope that the mist would lift, so that they could see their surroundings. But the black pall which overhung the downs seemed to grow blacker than ever.

Curly Gibson still had the sticks in his possession which were to have served as flares. But they were quite useless now, for the solitary box of matches which the fags possessed had been soaked right through.

Wally D'Arcy sat on the grass, staring hopelessly into the darkness. Beside him Curly Gibson and Jameson were sobbing quietly.

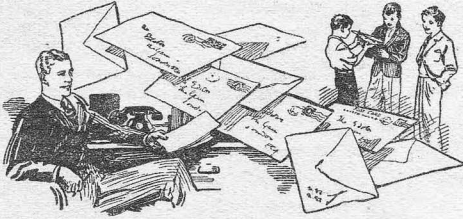
The hopes of the trio were at zero now, and they scarcely dared to speculate what the end of their grim adventure might be.

CHAPTER 10.

A Rescue—and a Reunion!

"B AI Jove! What a night!"

Arthur Augustus, on sentry duty at the St. Jim's camp, sought refuge from the storm beneath the awning of the dining marquee. Peal upon peal of thunder broke forth, and



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

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

HALLO, Chums! As I told you last week, a great new programme of stories and features—the best the GEM has ever presented to its readers—is on the way. To-day I can let you into the secret a little more, and give you a trefast of the ripping attractions which I have been preparing for you.

The star item of the programme will be a sparkling long series featuring the holiday adventures of Tom Merry & Co. on a caravan tour. This is great stuff—full of fun and excitement.

Item No. 2—and this is a big scoop for the old paper—consists of a gripping series dealing with the schooldays of that famous author Frank Richards. And the stories are written by none other than our own popular author Martin Clifford! Mr. Richards went to school in the backwoods of British Columbia, and his experiences make exciting reading.

In item No. 3—a powerful series of school stories—GEM readers will be introduced to new characters in the chums of St. Winifred's—a school which is run on an old wooden warship, the Benbow. Owen Conquest, whose stories of Rookwood are famous, is the author of these yarns.

Besides our fiction programme, there are two special new features starting, more of which you will learn next Wednesday. I feel very enthusiastic about our new stories and features, and I am sure readers will

vivid flashes of lightning played around the slumbering encampment.

Arthur Augustus stood at the entrance of the marquee watching the storm. It was a magnificent and awesome spectacle.

"It's a good job nobody is out of camp," murmured the swell of St. Jim's. "It would be no joke bein' caught in this awful storm!"

For upwards of an hour Arthur Augustus had patrolled the camp; and he was satisfied that nobody had left it. It did not occur to him that to dodge the sentry and slip out of the camp on such a dark night was a very easy matter.

The storm increased in violence; and when it was at its height, Arthur Augustus fancied, he heard somebody calling.

"Sentry! I say, sentry! Where are you?" "Who is calling?" he demanded.

"It's me—Frayne!" came the reply through the darkness. "Where are you, Master D'Arcy?"

Joe Frayne had never been able to get out of the habit of addressing Arthur Augustus as "Master." The little fag had a great liking and respect for the swell of St. Jim's.

"I am here, deah boy!" called Arthur Augustus. And guided by Gussy's voice, Joe Frayne was at his side in a moment.

"What are you doin' out of your tent, kid? I twust nothin' is w'ong?"

"Something is very much wrong, Master D'Arcy. Your minor and Gibson and Jameson are out in this awful storm!"

feel the same. Don't forget—the GEM of the century appears the week after next. Give all your pals the tip.

"RIVAL CAMPERS!"

For next Wednesday there is another ripping long yarn of St. Jim's under canvas at Windyridge. With Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood also in camp near by, it is only to be expected that ragging and japing will break out between the rival schools. It does—with a vengeance! Rag follows rag with increasing liveliness—each school giving as good as it receives. All that mars the excitement is that a series of thefts occurs in both camps, and the St. Jim's chums and Jimmy Silver & Co. are at a loss to discover who the culprit is.

How Gussy tries to track down the mystery thief, and how the unknown is eventually discovered, adds not a little excitement to this rip-snorting camping yarn.

"ROLLING IN MONEY!"

In this amusing story of the chums of Greyfriars we bid adieu for the time being to Harry Wharton & Co. We won't say good-bye, because they will appear again in the GEM.

Billy Bunter is well in the limelight in this last yarn, for the impetuous Owl causes a mild sensation at Greyfriars when he receives a cheque for fifty pounds from his father. Bunter's postal order has long been a standing joke in the Remove, but there's no joke about his cheque! It only remains for him to cash it. Meanwhile, he borrows right and left on the strength of it, and there are plenty of fellows willing to lend him money now he's got fifty pounds. But they would not have been so willing had they known the truth!

Our other popular features—"In Town To-day," "Laugh These Off," the stamp article, Pen Pals, etc.—complete another grand number. Reserve your GEM in advance, chums.

Before I sign off, I've got just one other thing to say. Three great new numbers of the "Schoolboys' Own 4d. Library" are out to-morrow—Thursday. There's "Nobody's Pal!"—a powerful yarn of Greyfriars; "On Fighting Terms!"—featuring Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood; and "The Demon Cricketer!"—a thrilling yarn of mystery and adventure at St. Frank's. Look out for them!

All the best!

THE EDITOR.

"Gweat Scott!"

Arthur Augustus was considerably startled, as well he might be.

"They slipped out of camp some time ago, and they're up on the downs," said Joe Frayne breathlessly. "They're trying to get to King Arthur's Height. I told them not to go, but Wally wouldn't be put off. I thought they'd hurry back to camp when this storm started; but they haven't turned up yet. Knowing you were on sentry duty, I thought I'd better tell you."

"You should have told me before!" said Arthur Augustus sternly. "I am amazed that the young wascals should have bwoke camp; I thought last night's experience would be a lesson to them. I must wake Tom Mewwy and the othahs, and we must go aftah them at once!"

"May I come along, Master D'Arcy?"

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"You had bettah go back to bed, Fwayne," he said.

The fag retired rather reluctantly, and Arthur Augustus hurried to Tom Merry's tent and awakened the Terrible Three, telling them what was amiss. He also aroused Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby.

The juniors looked very grave when they heard of Wally & Co's. latest exploit. They rose and dressed with alacrity, and joined Arthur Augustus.

The thunderstorm had abated by this time, but

it could be seen that the downs were enveloped in a heavy mist.

"Those silly young asses will be getting lost," said Tom Merry. "It will be impossible to see a yard up on the downs."

"Better fetch some lanterns from the store-tent," suggested Jack Blake.

A few moments later, the party of seven hurriedly left the camp.

Three of them carried lighted lanterns.

Searching for three fags on the misty downs would be rather like hunting for a needle in a haystack. Even with the lanterns, it was not possible to see very far or very clearly. But the search-party hoped for the best.

Tom Merry led the way, and Arthur Augustus walked immediately behind him. The swell of St. Jim's was greatly agitated in his mind.

When the juniors reached the foot of the downs, and started to climb, they were astonished at the density of the mist. They scrambled up the slope, keeping close together, and guided by the lanterns.

From time to time as they ascended they sent up a loud "Ahoy!" But no response came to them through the mist.

"They must have come a fearful way," said Tom Merry, "or they would have heard us by now."

"And there's no sort of shelter on these downs," said Manners. "Let's hope that nothing serious has happened to the crazy young idiots."

Arthur Augustus said nothing, but his heart was heavy as he toiled up the slope with his companions.

The swell of St. Jim's was mentally reproaching himself for his recent treatment of Wally. He began to wonder whether he had not been too severe with his minor, and taken the affair of the jape too seriously.

Certainly, such a jape as decoying Arthur Augustus and his chums to the wrong camp had been a little too thick; but, after all, the japers had been adequately punished, and the matter ought to have ended there.

The more he thought about it the more forcibly it struck Arthur Augustus that he had made far too much fuss about the whole thing.

It was, in fact, largely due to his major's attitude that Wally had set out on this foolhardy expedition. If Gussy had forgotten the incident of the jape, this would never have happened. And the swell of St. Jim's felt himself to blame, in no small measure, for Wally's recent exploits.

"I twust, deah boys," panted Arthur Augustus, as they struggled up the slope, "that you will not be too watty with my minah and his pals when we find them."

"They deserve to be scragged for this!" growled Jack Blake.

"Ahem! I—I feel that I am in some degwee to blame," said Arthur Augustus. "You see, I have been wathah down on my minah duwin' the last few days, and he is showin' his wesment by indulgin' in these weckless pwanks."

"Something in that," said Tom Merry. "I've been thinking all along, Gussy, that it was not like you to let that affair of the jape rankle. The kids were punished, and if you had let it go at that I don't suppose these midnight excursions would have ever been planned. But you annoyed young Wally by doing the heavy-father stunt, and it's had the effect of making him kick over the traces."

"I think we ought to let them off this time, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,586.

anyway," said Monty Lowther. "If they've been out in this awful mist all this time—as they must have been—they've suffered enough. We'll be decent to the little beggars when we find them."

"When!" said Manners. "Strikes me we shall have to tramp these downs till dawn before we do find them!"

"Let's give another hail!" said Tom Merry.

Seven voices combined in a mighty shout:

"Ahoy!"

"D'Arcy! Wally! D'Arcy!"

The juniors paused and listened. Faintly through the mist came an answering hail:

"Ahoy!"

Arthur Augustus pressed forward eagerly, swinging his lantern.

"That's my minah!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"This way, you fellows!"

FIVE BIKES—

and over 2,000 other prizes won by "Armament Stamp" collectors.

HALLO, PALS! Here's good news for thousands of you . . . we have just finished checking up the entries in the first month of our great Armaments Race!

The contest has already proved such a success that the May prize list has been increased so that every one of the 2,081 readers who sent in a combined total of 166 or more Bombers and Submarines has won the prize of his choice—while the following five boys who topped the list with the biggest totals win the five "Hercules" Bikes (value £4 7s. 6d. each) offered in the May contest.

Eric Gardner, 80, Botanic Avenue, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

C. L. Lomax, 610, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.
Dennis Russell, 12, Therapia Lane, West Croydon, Surrey.

W. McMeekin, 19, Ainsworth Street, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

G. H. Foggitt, 16, Lawson Road, Broomhill, Sheffield 10.

All prizes have been dispatched and we congratulate the winners! To those who didn't get into the prize list we would say—keep at it and get hold of as many stamps as you can . . . there are still thousands of prizes to be won!

THIS WEEK'S STAMPS ARE ON PAGES 2 and 35!

The three adventurous fags were discovered at last! The lantern-light showed them to be huddled together by a big boulder on the grass, in the weeping mist—a pitiful and woebegone trio.

Wally D'Arcy and his companions were filled with joy and relief on catching sight of the St. Jim's search party.

The juniors had rescued them from their terrible plight not a moment too soon. Had they remained indefinitely on the wet grass, exposed to the damp air, they would indubitably have caught pneumonia.

As it was, they would probably feel the effects of their exposure for several days to come.

Not one of the fags was capable of walking. Wally D'Arcy was crooked, and Curly Gibson and Jameson were stiff, and cramped, and exhausted.

Arthur Augustus took his minor on his back and handed his lantern to Herries.

Tom Merry shouldered Curly Gibson and Jack Blake saw to Jameson. And then the party started on their homeward journey through the thick and heavy mist.

Scarcely a word was spoken on the way. The three lantern-bearers went ahead, and they struck the correct route to the camp.

Half-way home, Tom Merry, Gussy, and Blake

(Continued on page 36.)



A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging views on matters of mutual interest. If you wish to reply to a notice published here you must write to the Pen Pal direct. Notices for publication should be accompanied by the coupon on this page, and posted to The GEM, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

H. Root, 28, Elvendon Road, Palmers Green, London, N.13; pen pals.

A. Jones, 87, Ridgway, Wimbledon, London, S.W.19; age 13-14; stamps, sport; Empire and America.

S. J. Schofield, 77, Bradford Road, Stanningley, near Leeds, Yorkshire; stamps; anywhere.

Miss P. Shaw, 44, Frederick Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts; girl correspondents; age 18.

D. M. Godfrey, "Windyridge," Motcombe, Shaftesbury, Dorset; pen pals, age 12-14; S. America, New Zealand, Australia, Germany.

J. McNay, 92, Waverley Street, Crossmyloof, Glasgow, S.1; age 11-21; Members wanted for the Universal Cage Birds Club: budgerigars, canaries, British and foreign birds.

A. Campbell, 427, Hornsey Road, Holloway, London, N.19; age 15-17; stamps, books; overseas.

Miss N. McHugh, 15, Belgrave Avenue, Saltney, Chester; girl correspondents, age 14-16; films, sports.

D. Ross, jr., 728-14 Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta, Canada; stamps.

E. Wakelynn, 92, Chapman Road, Victoria Park, London, E.; age 14-18; stamps.

Miss B. Hulme, 20, High Town, Middlewich, Cheshire; girl correspondents, age 15-17; free hand drawing; France and England.

B. Breen, 231, Chiro Road, Brooklyn, Wellington, New Zealand; magazines, stamps, or any subject; America.

L. Neilson, 483, Adelaide Road, Bernhamptore, Wellington, S.I., New Zealand; age 15-17; stamps; France, Egypt, N. Africa.

J. Michael, 34, Park Street, London, W.1; stamps; abroad.

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Miss R. Bourne, 6, St. Paul's Street, Randwick, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia; girl correspondents, age 15 upwards; general topics; any part of the world.

Miss B. Hobday, 37, Fallows Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham 11; girl correspondents, age 14-18; dance music, books, cricket; U.S.A., India.

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PEN PALS COUPON

9-7-38

ONE RUN WANTED TO WIN—LAST MAN IN! WILL THE CHUMS OF
ST. JIM'S BEAT HARRY WHARTON & CO.?

Greyfriars versus St. Jim's!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

Having selected the best possible team in the Greyfriars Remove, Harry Wharton & Co. set out for St. Jim's to play their all-day match against Tom Merry & Co. Billy Bunter goes with the team, and he keeps everyone amused en route with his ventriloquism.

Arriving at St. Jim's, the juniors have lunch, and during the meal Bunter learns that there's to be a big feed after the game, and that the tuck is in Tom Merry's study.

Then the rival teams prepare for the big match. Harry Wharton wins the toss and elects to bat, and Tom Merry leads his eleven into the field.

(Now read on.)

Greyfriars Gets Going!

GREYFRIARS opened their innings with Micky Desmond and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. The latter was a very good batsman, and could generally be relied upon to keep his end up with credit. The slim dusky Indian stood in graceful attitude, waiting for the first ball from Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's.

The plump Welsh junior was the most dangerous bowler of the St. Jim's side. He did not look dangerous, and Hurree Singh did not expect much when he saw the rotund figure of Fatty at the bowler's end. Fatty Wynn backed away and took a little run, and the ball came down.

Clack!

Hurree Singh stopped it dead on the crease just in time. He knew that he had had a narrow escape. He was more watchful for the next. He stopped the second ball, and the third he managed to snick through the slips for a single.

This brought Micky Desmond opposite Fatty Wynn, and the Irish junior didn't last long. The St. Jim's bowler sent down a slow spinner this time. The ball eluded Desmond's bat and knocked back the middle stump.

Fatty Wynn grinned.

"Oh!" murmured Micky. "Sure, and it's out I am intirely! I wonder how that happened?"

"Duck's eggs are cheap to-day!" remarked Bulstrode, as Micky brought out his bat.

The Irish junior looked at him.

"Go in and try yourself, ye gossoon!"

"That's what I'm going to do," said Bulstrode. "I don't think you'll see my wicket go down for a duck."

"Faith, and if ye can bat as well as ye can brag, it's a Bradman ye are!"

"Next man in!" said Wharton.

"Right-ho!" said Bulstrode cheerfully, and he put on his gloves. "Keep an eye on me, Micky. If I'm out for a duck's egg you can kick me!"

"Begorra, and I'll not forget!"

Bulstrode strode to the wicket. His faith in himself was great. He had been surprised at being included in the Greyfriars eleven, but he

wanted to show that he was worthy of a place in it. He wanted the other fellows to see that Wharton had been wrong in leaving him out so long.

Also, he had the not unnatural vanity of wishing to cut a figure in the eyes of the girls who were looking on at the game. Cousin Ethel, Marjorie Hazeldene, and Clara Trevlyn were interested spectators from their comfortable seats in front of the pavilion. Bulstrode went in to bat in a cheerful mood. That mood did not last long.

Fatty Wynn took that jerky little run again and sent down a ball like a four-point-seven shell.

Bulstrode played a fraction of a second too late, and the ball crashed into the stumps, and the bails went flying.

There was a roar.

"Well bowled, Fatty!"

"Bravo!"

Bulstrode stared at the wicket as if he could hardly believe his eyes. He was out first ball!

Bulstrode drew a deep breath, and in a savage mood walked back to the pavilion.

"Hard cheese!" said Harry Wharton, as Bulstrode passed him.

Bulstrode nodded without speaking.

He flung his bat down and looked at the field. As he did so he staggered forward under the impetus of a hefty kick in the rear.

"There ye are, me bhoy!"

Bulstrode gave a yell and fell on his hands and knees. Everybody turned to stare at him and at the grinning Micky who had bestowed the kick.

"What on earth—" began Bob Cherry. "Micky, are you dotty?"

"Faith, and it's sane I am! He asked for it if he got out with a duck's egg—and that's what he's got!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent.

Bulstrode jumped up, black with rage.

He clenched his fists and rushed straight at the Irish junior, but two or three fellows caught hold of him and stopped him.

"Hold on! You can't row here!"

"Let me get at him!" roared Bulstrode, struggling furiously.

"You can't kick up a row here!"

"I'll pulverise him!"

"Sure, and you asked for it!"

"You—you—"

"Stop that!" said Harry Wharton. "Don't you start rowing here, Bulstrode. Keep your temper, or get off the field!"

Bulstrode gritted his teeth, but he calmed down. He had indeed brought it upon himself, though Micky might have been a little more judicious. He growled something under his breath, and the row ceased.

Meanwhile, Hazeldene had gone in to face the last ball of the over. He was a fair batsman; but he was not so good as either Desmond or

THERE'S FUN AND EXCITEMENT GALORE IN THIS GRAND YARN OF ALL YOUR SCHOOLBOY FAVOURITES.

Bulstrode; and the bowling made him uneasy. That was not the mood in which to face it successfully—and Hazeldene did not prove successful.

Fatty Wynn delivered a more dangerous ball than ever to finish the over, and Hazeldene had no chance at all against it. His bat swept the empty air, and there was a clack of a falling wicket.

The St. Jim's juniors yelled.

"Hurrah! The hat-trick!"

The hat-trick it was, in the first over!

The Saints were delighted, and they cheered Fatty Wynn to the echo.

Hazeldene went back crestfallen, and he found his comrades wore serious, not to say gloomy, faces.

Greyfriars were three down for a single run! It was a bad beginning.

Harry Wharton, who was next on the list, picked up his bat. Hazeldene made a grimace as he met Wharton's eye.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That fat chap is a demon. Look out for the ball that swerves in from the leg!"

Harry Wharton smiled.

"I'll look out for it," he said. "Things will be serious if this goes on."

And Wharton went out to the wicket.

The Greyfriars fellows looked more hopeful as he went in to bat. Wharton was always reliable, and even Fatty Wynn would not find it easy to beat him.

The next over was bowled by Jack Blake. Hurree Singh scored a single off the first ball, which brought Harry Wharton facing the St. Jim's bowler. Wharton played the bowling confidently, and the over gave him 5 runs.

The odd run brought the Greyfriars skipper opposite the bowling from the other end, and so he was now playing to the redoubtable Fatty Wynn.

Fatty Wynn saw at a glance that he had a good batsman to beat, and he put all he knew into the bowling.

Wharton, who was well on his guard, contented himself with just playing the first four balls. By that time he had, to a great extent, taken the bowler's measure.

He ventured to let fly at the fifth ball, and there was a yell from the Greyfriars fellows as the ball whizzed along the ground to the boundary.

"Hurrah! A boundary!"

"Bravo, Wharton!"

The ball was returned to the bowler, and Fatty Wynn looked determined as he took the leather in his hand again. He wasn't used to a batsman standing up to his bowling so calmly and successfully. He sent down the last ball of the over with extra vim.

Harry Wharton let drive at the ball, and away it went, and the batsmen ran—once, twice, three times, and a fourth.

"Hurrah!" roared Bob Cherry.

Hurree Singh was batting now against Jack Blake.

The Indian junior kept his end up well, but Blake proved to be more than his match in that over.

At the last ball his wicket fell, and Hurree Singh carried out his bat with 12 runs to his credit.

Bob Cherry was next man in. Wharton and Cherry between them kept up a steady rate of



Clack! Arthur Augustus drove the ball away and the batsmen ran. The ball was whizzing over Wharton's head when he leaped into the air and brought off a brilliant one-handed catch.

scoring, and the scoreboard at last began to take on a more healthy look.

When Bob Cherry's wicket fell Nugent came in, but his luck was out. He was leg-before with only 3 runs to his credit. Morgan joined Harry Wharton and did better, but he was stumped before he had been in very long. Ogilvy fared worse than ever, being caught out by Reilly first ball. The score was 67 when the last man came in.

Last man was Mark Linley.

Bulstrode sneered as the Lancashire lad went out to the wicket to join Harry Wharton for the last stand against the St. Jim's bowling.

"The game's up," he remarked. "We shall be all out for less than 70. That chap won't pull matters together."

"It isn't your job to criticise others, Bulstrode," said Bob Cherry, with a laugh—"considering your own score!"

"I had rotten luck, otherwise——"

"Otherwise you would have done wonders. Of course, so would every mug who gets out for a duck's egg."

Bulstrode scowled and walked away.

Mark Linley was not a brilliant batsman, but he was a steady and reliable fellow in cricket as in everything else.

He played Fatty Wynn's bowling with great care and lived through an over against that dangerous bowler, and let himself go when opposed to a less dangerous man. The runs piled up, and the St. Jim's crowd, who had deemed the innings near the finish, woke up to the fact that it had taken a new lease of life.

Bob Cherry roared his approval as Mark Linley made a boundary hit for 4.
 "Bravo!" he roared. "Buck up, Lancashire!"
 "Bravo, Linley!"
 "Well hit!"

Mark Linley smiled. The lad who had come to Greyfriars on a scholarship seldom heard himself cheered by his schoolfellows, and it was very pleasant to him.

"My hat!" said Tom Merry. "This looks like lasting! Fatty, old man, if you don't get Wharton out in the next over I'll stop your lunch!"

And Fatty Wynn chuckled and went on to bowl. He did his level best, and it was needed for the score had jumped to 99. For the first innings Greyfriars had done very well, after all. Fatty Wynn sent down a ball that tempted Harry Wharton to hit out. There was a shout as the elegant form of Arthur Augustus was seen to leap into the air at point.

"My hat! He's held it!"

"Caught, by Jove!"

"Hurrah!"

Tom Merry rushed to the swell of St. Jim's and gave him a tremendous slap on the shoulder.

"Good old Gus! Ripping!"

"Ow!"

The innings was over. So was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy! He staggered up and jammed his monocle into his eye and glared at the St. Jim's captain.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy——"

"Ripping, my son!"

"Yaas, wathah! I fweely acknowledge that it was wippin', but I dislike extwemely bein' knocked about in that wuff mannah."

"Never mind, Gussy!"

Greyfriars were all out for 99, and the St. Jim's side prepared to go in. Morning lessons were over now at St. Jim's, and there was a crowd round the field to watch the home innings.

A Duck for D'Arcy!

"I SAY, you fellows——"

"I don't know what their batting is like," said Harry Wharton, "but if it's anything like their bowling we shall have all our work cut out."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Bob Cherry. "I hear that Merry is a very good batsman."

"I say, you fellows, aren't you going to have any lunch before the next innings?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"You see——"

"Time to get on the field," said Harry Wharton. "Come on!"

"I suppose I am going to bowl, Wharton?" remarked Bulstrode tentatively, as they went into the field.

"I suppose you're not," replied Wharton. "Inky will do most of the bowling, and Bob Cherry and Linley will do the rest."

"Of course, that cad Linley——"

"Shut up!"

"I'll say what I like. I——"

Harry Wharton stopped and looked the bully of the Remove fully in the face. Bulstrode was scowling.

"Look here, Bulstrode," he said, "I've put you in the team this time to give you a chance, and I haven't counted it up against you that you only scored a duck's egg in our innings. But don't give me any trouble. If you make me repent that

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I put you in I shan't make the same error again, I promise you."

Bulstrode bit his lip and was silent.

The Greyfriars fellows took up their places in the field. Tom Merry and Figgins opened the innings for St. Jim's, and Arthur Augustus explained to Cousin Ethel, Marjorie, and Clara what was to be expected.

"Tom Mewwy is a vewy good batsman," he said, "and Figgins is not bad, you know. But you will see some weally good battin' pwesently."

"Oh!" said Clara. "When will that be?"

"I won't mention the name of the most wippin' batsman in our side," said D'Arcy. "It might sound conceited; but you will see."

Cousin Ethel laughed.

"There," said D'Arcy, "Tom Mewwy's battin'. That was weally a nice little stwoke, you know. That late cut is wathah a favouwite of mine."

The ball was whizzing away and the batsmen were running. The girls looked on with great interest.

D'Arcy passed comments on every stroke, giving praise where it was due, but very plainly intimating that there was a better batsman to come in presently.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Cousin Ethel, clapping her hands as Figgins cut the ball away to the boundary.

"Yaas, that's wathah good," said D'Arcy.

"Figgins can bat a twife, but——"

"I say, D'Arcy, excuse me——"

D'Arcy turned his head as Billy Bunter came up behind his chair. The fat junior of Greyfriars blinked at the swell of St. Jim's.

"Did you address me, deah boy?"

"Yes. Will you tell me which is Tom Merry's study?"

D'Arcy turned his head a little more round, and surveyed Billy Bunter attentively through his eye-glass. He had seen something of Bunter, and he remembered that there were good things galore packed in Tom Merry's study.

"Tom Mewwy's study," he said. "Ask Lowthah. He's standin' there and he belongs to the study."

"I've asked him, and he said I could go and eat coke," said Billy Bunter, with a look of indignation. "Then I asked Manners. He said I could go and eat coconuts."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Oh, really, D'Arcy——"

"Bettah go and ask Mannahs or Lowthah again," said D'Arcy. "If they don't want you to know the numbah of their study I dare say they have their reasons."

"Hurrah! Well hit!" roared the crowd, as Tom Merry cut the ball away, and the batsmen ran once more.

"Bwavo!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "I couldn't have done that bettah myself."

"Or as well!" grinned Blake.

"Weally, Blake——"

"Oh, you're a chump, you are!"

D'Arcy put up his monocle and stared at his friend. Blake was looking at the batting, and Billy Bunter was standing by with a peculiar grin on his face. As a matter of fact, the Greyfriars ventriloquist was at work.

"Weally, Blake, I wegard that wemark as wude!"

"Eh—what?"

"You addressed me as a chump."

"Off your rocker? I didn't speak."

"Weally, Blake——"

"I suppose it was a guilty conscience," said

Blake pleasantly. "You know you're a chump—that's it."

"I refuse to be addressed as a chump. I consider you a wude beast!"

"Silly ass!"

D'Arcy turned round hotly. It was Digby's voice this time; but Digby was looking at the game, not at Arthur Augustus.

"Digby, you wude beast—"

"Eh? What's the matter?"

"If it were not for the pwesence of ladies, I would give you a feahful thwashin'!"

"What on earth have I done?" exclaimed Digby, in amazement.

"You chawactewised me as a silly ass."

"I didn't, unless I'm getting into the habit of speaking my thoughts aloud unconsciously," said Digby.

"I refuse to discuss the mattah furthah," said the swell of St. Jim's, with great dignity. "I—"

"Bravo, Inky!" roared the field.

Tom Merry's wicket was down—clean bowled by Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. In the interest excited by the fall of the first wicket, D'Arcy forgot his affronts.

"That was a twicky ball, Miss Hazeldene," he remarked. "Tom Mewwy did not play quite forward enough. Now I should have been a little more forward."

"Are you always very forward?" asked Clara demurely.

D'Arcy did not quite know how to take that question, but before he had time to think it out, he was called to take his innings. He rose from his seat, bestowing a smile upon the three girls that was a promise of great things to come.

D'Arcy donned the pads and gloves and went to the wicket with an easy saunter.

He took centre, and then waited confidently for the ball to come down. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh smiled, and sent down a spinner. D'Arcy swiped at it, fully intending it for a boundary hit. His bat, however, struck nothing but air.

The next moment there was a clatter behind him as the ball knocked back the middle stump, and sent the bails flying.

D'Arcy stared at the wicket, and then at the bowler.

"Bai Jove!" he gasped.

He put up his eyeglass, apparently doubting that he was out until he had another look at the wicket. Then he walked off, and Monty Lowther went in. The swell of St. Jim's was looking surprised. He evidently could not make it out.

"What price duck's eggs?" shouted Gore of the Shell.

"I regard that as a wude question, Gore."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy dropped into his seat again, looking a little pink after what he had said to Cousin Ethel, Marjorie, and Clara. But, fortunately for Arthur Augustus, the girls took pity on him and remained silent.

The Raider!

THE St. Jim's innings continued, with varying fortune, and the crowd watched with great interest; but it had lost one spectator. Billy Bunter was gone. The fat junior had strolled off to the School House, with an air of exaggerated carelessness that would have indubitably attracted general attention, had not

everyone been so keenly interested in the match.

Billy Bunter entered the House and locked round him. A big, athletic man was coming towards the door, and Billy Bunter raised his cap politely, and spoke to him.

"If you please, sir—"

Mr. Railton, the master of the School House, stopped and looked down at Bunter with a pleasant nod.

"What is it, my boy?"

"Can you tell me which is Tom Merry's study, sir?"

"Upstairs," said Mr. Railton. "Study No. 10 in the Shell passage."

"Thank you, sir!"

The Housemaster, who was going out to look at the match, walked away. The fat junior grinned as he ascended the stairs.

He easily found the Shell passage, and the door of Study No. 10 stood open. The Owl of the Remove walked calmly in and blinked round him. Where was the feed?

He looked in the cupboard, in the bookcase, and in the desk, but with no luck.

Billy Bunter's brows contracted a little. He had relied upon the information gained from Fatty Wynn, and he had been certain of finding and enjoying a big feed in Tom Merry's study.

He looked under the table, and dragged out a large box. He opened the lid of the box, and gave a gasp of satisfaction. There were the good things in enticing array.

"My hat! What a ripping feed!"

There were footsteps behind him, and he looked round quickly. Finn, Dane, and Glyn of the Shell had just come in. The three St. Jim's juniors looked at Billy Bunter, and looked at one another. They knew at once what Bunter was there for, and they were inclined to help him out of the study with their boots, but they had to be polite to a stranger within the gates.

"Hallo!" said Buck Finn. "I guess you're here first."

"Looks like it," said Glyn.

"Ye-es," stammered Billy Bunter, quite taken aback. "You—you see—"

"Exactly! That's what we've come for—to get the grub out ready for the lunch," said Buck Finn. "Good of you to lend a hand."

"I—I—I—"

"They want the grub ready after the innings," explained Finn. "The wickets are falling pretty quickly, so we came to get it. Quite an unexpected pleasure to find you here to help."

"You see, I—I—"

"That's all right. We're to take some of these things, not the lot. Lend a hand here, you chaps! And get a bag, one of you!"

"Boys, I want you!"

It was a voice from the passage—the voice

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**Right or Wrong?**

Did you spot the six errors in the Spelling Bee? Here are the words correctly spelled:

- ABSENCE
- SIMULTANEOUS
- PRODIGIOUS
- OBSESSION
- ECSTATIC
- OVERRULE

of Mr. Railton. The Shell fellows did not guess for a moment that a ventriloquist was at work.

"Yes, sir?" said Glyn.

And they hastened out of the study.

Billy Bunter plunged his hand into the box, and grabbed up a bag of tarts. He squeezed them under his jacket. He had no time for more.

The St. Jim's juniors looked up and down the passage. There was no sign of Mr. Railton, and they were amazed.

"Some pesky young rotter playing a trick, I guess," said Finn, the American junior.

"It was Railton's voice," said Clifton Dane, very much puzzled.

"Well, he isn't here."

They re-entered the study. Bunter had jammed the bag of tarts out of sight of the juniors, and was looking red and guilty. Buck Finn noticed the swelling of his jacket, but made no remark.

As many of the things as were wanted were packed into a large bag, and then the box was pushed back. The juniors carried the bag into the passage, and Finn closed the door and locked it, taking out the key.

"Wh-what's that for?" stammered Billy Bunter.

"I guess some pesky young raider might come round hunting for grub," said the American junior blandly. "Can't be too careful."

Billy Bunter flushed. Dane and Glyn, exchanging glances with Finn, walked away. Buck Finn stooped over the bag and signed to Bunter to help him.

"I say, it's jolly heavy," ventured Billy Bunter.

"I guess so. It was jolly good of you to come and help," said Buck Finn. "Lend a hand, will you?"

Bunter groaned inwardly, but stooped and grasped the handle. The bag was very heavy, and Finn, though he appeared to be exerting himself, took care to leave the greater part of the weight to Bunter.

"Oh, really, I—I say, it's heavy!" gasped Bunter.

"I guess so. Come on!"

Billy Bunter staggered along under the weight of the big closely packed bag. He was red and gasping by the time they were out of the School House. He dumped the bag down on the steps and panted for breath.

"I—I say, let's have a breather!" he gasped.

"Certainly! It's heavy. Perhaps you would manage it better if you hoisted it on your shoulder," suggested Buck Finn.

"I—I—I—"

Before Bunter could decide what to say Finn had slung the heavy bag up and plumped it on his shoulder. Bunter staggered under the weight, and perhaps it was by accident that Finn allowed the bag to slide down upon the fat junior's chest.

Squelch!

The tightly crammed paper bag under Bunter's jacket burst, and the tarts were squashed out over his waistcoat.

Bunter gave a shudder of horror and let the bag slide away without attempting to hold it. But Finn had it safe.

"Ow!" murmured Bunter. "Oh dear! Oh, really, I—I— Grooh!"

"Anything the matter?"

"N-n-no!"

"Lend me a hand then. Perhaps we'd better carry it between us, after all."

Bunter lent a hand. The bag was carried down

to the cricket ground. Curious glances were cast at Bunter. Jam was oozing out from under his jacket and made his trousers sticky, and every now and then a squashed tart escaped.

"That chap's a walking jam-tart factory!" grinned Manners. "Look at him!"

Bunter heard the words and looked down at his clothes. He gave Buck Finn a look that ought to have slain him on the spot and waddled away in unspeakeable wrath. Buck Finn chuckled gleefully.

Behind the pavilion Billy Bunter scraped and scraped at his jammy waistcoat and murmured expressive things.

### Gussy Gets the Tart!

THE St. Jim's innings had come to an end. The batting had been very good, especially in the case of Tom Merry and Blake. D'Arcy's was the only duck's egg.

The total for the innings had been 95, which was 4 under the visitors; but the difference did not amount to much. Both sides felt quite equal to winning on the second innings.

The afternoon was sunny and warm, and the lunch was taken in the open, and it was a merry party that gathered there.

As for Billy Bunter, he did not turn up at first to the lunch, much to the surprise of the Greyfriars juniors. He was inquired for, and Buck Finn explained the slight accident the fat junior had met with. The cricketers roared with laughter, but Harry Wharton looked serious.

"I'm sorry for this, Merry," he said. "The young bouncer was after the grub, I suppose. He ought to have a jolly good licking."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Oh, it's all right! I dare say he was hungry. Fatty Wynn would have done just the same, wouldn't you, Fatty?"

Fatty Wynn looked up from a pie.

"I shouldn't wonder," he replied. "You see, it must be awfully hard for a fellow to keep away from the grub when he's hungry. I dare say Bunter feels much the same as I do. This warm weather makes me fearfully hungry."

"So does any weather," grinned Figgins. "May I pass you some of the rabbit, Miss Hazeldene?"

"Thank you!"

"Your plate, please, Ethel."

"Oh, no!" said Cousin Ethel, laughing. "I'm not Fatty Wynn."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Bunter!"

Billy Bunter came along, looking decidedly worried. He had scrubbed the jam off his waistcoat, and the exertion had tired him and made him extraordinarily hungry. His face brightened up at the sight of the feed.

"Hungry?" asked Fatty Wynn.

"Famished! I say, you fellows, make room for me!"

"Here you are," said Wynn hospitably. "Here's your place! I've kept back this rabbit pie for you to start on."

"Oh, really, Wynn, that's awfully ripping of you!"

And Bunter devoted his whole attention to the pie. The feast was a merry one, and there was an endless clatter and chatter. Figgins was looking after Cousin Ethel with great devotion, and D'Arcy divided his attention between Marjorie and Clara.

Billy Bunter cast an eye on D'Arcy after he had



finished the rabbit pie. Fatty Wynn helped him to a jam tart, and Bunter travelled through it at express speed. At the same time his brain was working.

Bunter had always had the idea that he was a ladies' man, and if a girl ever addressed him with common politeness he deduced from that that his charms had found another victim. He regarded D'Arcy's place as belonging to himself by right, but the swell of St. Jim's showed no sign of moving until it was time for the second innings.

"Some of this marmalade tart, Gussy?" said Blake.

"No, thank you, Blake! You see, Miss Hazeldene, when a chap sends down a ball like that I let out with the bat like that, and then I can always hit a boundary."

"I see," said Marjorie.

"Pway pass me some tart, Blake," said a voice wonderfully like D'Arcy's.

"Here you are. You said you wouldn't have it just now."

"Eh? Did you speak?"

"Yes; here's the tart."

"No, thank you, deah boy. I've finished."

"You asked for it."

"Weally, you are labouwin' undah an ewwah. I did nothin' of the sort."

"I believe you're going off your rocker."

"I wegard that wemark as wude and oppwobwious."

Blake set down the plate and consoled himself by taking a helping. D'Arcy turned to Marjorie again, and a voice that seemed to be his proceeded:

"Weally, Blake, do you mean to scoff all that tart?"

Blake stopped a piece of tart on his fork halfway to his mouth and glared at the swell of St. Jim's.

"What's that, Gussy?"

"What's what, deah boy?"

"Do you want any of this tart or don't you?" roared Blake.

"I weally do not, deah boy. Pway don't pursue the subject."

"Well, of all the asses—"

"I wefuse to be wegardad as an ass!"

Blake snorted and went on eating his tart. D'Arcy sniffed and wondered why Marjorie and Clara were smiling. Ethel was looking puzzled.

"Bai Jove, that's a wippin' marmalade tart! You might let me have some, Blake. You are a wathah gweedy boundah!"

Blake snorted angrily.

"You unutterable ass—"

"Did you address me, Blake?"

"Look here, I don't know whether this is a new brand of humour," said Blake with emphasis, "but if you ask for this tart again, you'll get it!"

"I wefuse to discuss the mattah, Blake."

"Oh, ring off!"

There was a minute's silence. Blake looked dangerous, and Arthur Augustus indignant. He recovered his composure, however, and turned to Marjorie to make a remark. It was time for the ventriloquist to chip in again:

"Pway give me some tart, Blake!"

Blake caught up the tart vengefully.

"There it is!" he exclaimed, and he dabbed the plateful into the face of the swell of St. Jim's. "I told you I'd give it to you if you asked for it."

D'Arcy gave a muffled shriek.

"Ow-ow! Groo! You howwid beast! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus leaped to his feet. His face was smothered with tart, and his eyeglass was opaque with marmalade. He gasped and spluttered, and a roar went up.

Tom Merry came along and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Is that you, Gussy? It's time for the second innings, but you needn't have tried to bolt the grub so quickly as all that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wasn't bolting the gwub!" shrieked D'Arcy. "It was that wottah Blake!"

"Well, you asked for it," said Blake.

"You'd better go and get it cleaned off," chuckled Tom Merry. "The Greyfriars chaps are ready to open the second innings."



"There's the tart!" exclaimed Blake, dabbing the plateful into the face of Arthur Augustus. "I told you I'd give it to you if you asked for it!" "Ow-ow! Gwoo!" shrieked D'Arcy, "You howwid beast! Yow!"

And Arthur Augustus postponed reprisals upon Blake, and went off to get a wash.

And Billy Bunter chuckled.

Fatty Wynn Distinguishes Himself!

THE Greyfriars second innings opened well, with Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry at the wickets. Wharton was in his best form, and he was well backed up by his chum. His individual score was at 25, and it looked as if he might go on to the century, when Fate overlooked him in the person of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

D'Arcy had requested Tom Merry to put him on to bowl, giving as his reason that it was necessary to get Wharton out if the game was to be played to a finish. Tom Merry declined to accede to the request, pointing out that he

would as soon trust Herries' bulldog with the ball as D'Arcy. D'Arcy's feelings were too deep for words, and he went out to field in a state of bottled-up indignation.

Perhaps the indignation made him extra keen; but certain it is that in the very next over he caught Harry Wharton out.

There was a shout from the St. Jim's crowd. The Fourth Form and Shell, to say nothing of the Third, and many of the Fifth and Sixth, thronged round the field, and there was no lack of spectators to appreciate good play. The catch by D'Arcy was a good thing for the home side, and he was given a round of cheering.

Tom Merry went to give him a slap on the back, but D'Arcy, remembering his previous experience, dodged, and Tom Merry nearly fell over. D'Arcy grinned at him.

"Pway don't be such a wuff wottah, deah boy," he said. "You can always wely on me to hold a catch, you know."

Wharton carried out his bat for 25. It was a good beginning, though he had expected to do more. After Wharton's retirement a "rot" set in in the Greyfriars side.

Fatty Wynn was bowling again, and the Welsh junior seemed to come fresh from his substantial lunch, like a giant refreshed with wine, to do wonders.

Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Hazeldene went down in quick succession, without a single run being scored. But Fatty Wynn was not finished yet.

Next man in was Micky Desmond, with Ogilvy at the other end. Micky Desmond, remembering his duck's egg of the first innings, was very careful. But his care did not avail.

The ball came down, and his off-stump was whipped out of the ground before he even made a stroke. Micky looked down at his wrecked wicket in dismay.

He had achieved the dreaded "pair of spectacles." He went back to the pavilion with a saddened face, and Morgan took his place. Morgan was a good batsman, but Wynn was too much for him. Down went his wicket at the next ball, and Morgan followed Micky Desmond back to the pavilion.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, while Nugent gave an expressive whistle. "This is a case of rot, and no mistake. I—I wish that fat bouncer had suffocated himself with another tart."

Harry Wharton was looking serious. "Six down for 30," he remarked. "It looks serious."

"There goes another!" It was another wicket down. Seven down for 30 runs!

The crowd cheered Fatty Wynn's fine bowling. He had taken six wickets in his last two overs.

"Good old Fatty!" roared the crowd.

Mark Linley went in next. He received the bowling from Jack Blake, and stopped the rot. Backed up by Ogilvy at the other end, he started the scoring again for Greyfriars. The figures crept up, and Harry Wharton breathed once more.

"Forty," he said. "That's a bit better. My hat! There goes Ogilvy's wicket!"

Ogilvy had been run out by a good return from Figgins in the deep field. Eight down for 40.

Bulstrode came out of the pavilion with his bat under his arm, and Wharton glanced at him.

"Better luck this time!" "Right you are!" said Bulstrode, with unusual heartiness. "I'll do my best."

But Bulstrode had little chance. He was opposed to Fatty Wynn, and though he stopped several balls, he was clean bowled by the last of the over without having scored a run.

He came out looking very despondent. He had done his best, but he had not helped Greyfriars, and, like Micky Desmond, he had only the pair of spectacles to his credit for the match. Hard as the Remove had expected the fight to be, it was proving harder than their expectations. But they were not beaten yet.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh took up his bat, and Wharton tapped him on the shoulder.

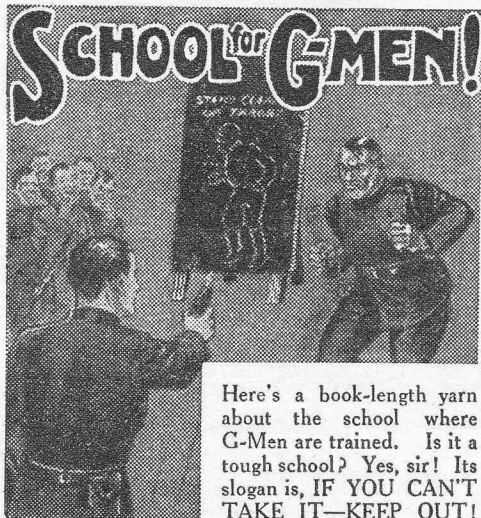
"Stick it out with Linley," he said. The nabob nodded.

"The stickfulness shall be terrific, if it lies within my esteemed powers," he said. "The bestfulness is all I can do, my worthy chum."

And Hurree Singh joined Mark Linley at the wicket. He did his best, and it was a good best. Between them the Nabob of Bhanipur and the Lancashire lad made the running, and the close of the innings was the most exciting part of it.

The score crept up to fifty, fifty-five, sixty. Then there was a shout as the ball, glancing from Linley's bat, went right into the ready hands of Jack Blake.

The Greyfriars second innings was over for a total of 60. The visitors looked serious over it, but not downhearted. If they could not win on their batting, they might yet do it on their bowling and fielding. The total for the two



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innings was 159, and St. Jim's wanted 65 to win.

"Gweyfwiahs have done vevy well, considewin'," Arthur Augustus remarked to the girls. "Of course, they couldn't expect to do bettah, as we have wecwuited fwom the Shell as well as the Fourth."

"But the match isn't over yet," said Marjorie.

"Pwactically ovah, deah boy—I mean, deah gal. The west won't take long. Gweyfwiahs have weally put up a vevy good fight, and gweat cwedit is due to them, you know."

Clara laughed.

"Well, we shall see," she said. "I hope we shall win, all the same."

D'Arcy was nothing if not polite.

"I hope you will," he said gracefully. "I shall, unfortunately, be compelled to do my best at the wicket, so Gweyfwiahs won't have much chance."

D'Arcy wondered why the girls smiled as he walked away.

The fourth innings of that eventful match commenced, and it was watched with great keenness. St. Jim's wanted 65 to win.

**Honours Even!**

**T**OM MERRY and Jack Blake were first on the list for the second innings, and they made the fur fly for a start. Tom Merry was a hard hitter, and so was Blake, and they gave the visitors some leather-hunting to keep them busy, while 20 runs were piled up in next to no time.

But the Greyfriars Remove were watchful for chances. They had no bowler like Fatty Wynn to pit against the home batsmen, but at fielding they were excellent. And Hurree Singh's bowling favoured catches in the field.

Tom Merry swiped at a ball that was purposely sent to tempt him, and the leather flew straight to Wharton, fielding at cover-point. The captain of the Remove made no mistake, and Tom Merry was out.

Figgins took his place. His innings was longer, but poorer in results: The bowling was so cautious, and the fielding so careful, that, though wickets did not fall, there were few chances of scoring runs.

A run was stolen here and there, but the score was only increased by half a dozen when Figgy's wicket fell. And Kerr, who followed him in, had worse luck, being clean bowled by the second ball.

Manners came in next and kept up his end with Blake for a good quarter of an hour, but only 4 runs rewarded him. He was stumped at the finish, and gave place to Herries.

Herries swiped a ball fairly into the hands of Mark Linley and carried out his bat for a duck's egg. Reilly came in and began to score. Tom Merry watched from the pavilion.

"Get ready, Fatty," he said; "you're next man in."

Fatty Wynn felt a touch on the arm. He turned round and met the glance of Billy Bunter. "Look here!"

Fatty Wynn's eyes glistened as he saw a big paper bag crammed with tarts in the fat junior's hands.

"I sneaked them out of sight at lunch," grinned

**SAVE THESE STAMPS!**

(See Page 2.)



Bunter. "I knew I should get hungry before tea. There's a dozen here, and they're new and fresh. Tuck in!"

Fatty Wynn did not need a second invitation.

He "tucked in," and between the two fat juniors the tarts disappeared at an amazing rate.

There was a shout as another wicket fell.

"Blake's out! Now then, Wynn!"

"Half a mo'!" gasped Fatty Wynn, cramming the last tart into his mouth. "Groo! Now I'm—groo-oo!—ready."

He hurriedly took his bat and walked out to the wicket. St. Jim's were six down for 55. Fatty Wynn took his place at the wicket and received the bowling of the rest of the over and just lived through it. After those hastily eaten tarts he did not feel up to great exertions, but he kept his wicket intact. Then Hurree Singh bowled from the other end to Reilly.

Reilly was in good form and he hit out. He cut away the second ball almost to the boundary and ran. Fatty Wynn had no choice but to run, and he ran. But it cost him a big effort, and he dragged his plump limbs slowly along. There was a roar from the crowd.

"Buck up!"

"Get on! This isn't a snail's race!"

Fatty Wynn reached the wicket and gasped with relief. He was safe at last. But what were the fellows yelling about?

"Run! Run! Run!"

"I have run!" gasped Fatty Wynn. "I I—Oh crumbs!"

Reilly was running again. It was a close thing, but there was time. He was half-way down the pitch already, and Fatty Wynn had not left his wicket. The fellows waved their hands and roared.

"Run! Run! Ass! Duffer!"

Fatty Wynn ran. He started too late, and he wasn't in good form for running. Reilly got in safely, but Fatty Wynn had six yards to go when Harry Wharton sent the ball crashing into the stumps.

"Out! Oh, you duffer!"

They said things to Fatty Wynn as he carried

out his bat. They would have said more, but they remembered Fatty's remarkable bowling and let him off lightly.

Lowther was clean bowled in the next over, and then Digby was caught at mid-wicket. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy went in to join Reilly, last man in. The St. Jim's score stood at 60; 5 wanted to win, and the last man at the wickets.

Arthur Augustus took his stand in his usual graceful attitude.

He knew that three pairs of pretty eyes were upon him. He swiped out at the first ball, and it fairly flew. D'Arcy could bat when he liked. He waved his hand to Reilly.

"Don't win!" he said. "It's a boundawy, deah boy!"

A boundary it was. Sixty-four! It was a tie! Arthur Augustus gracefully raised his cap to acknowledge the round of cheering for the hit.

Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh sent down the next ball. Clack! The ball flew, and the batsmen ran.

Then there was a roar.

Harry Wharton, fielding at cover-point, had

## ST. JIM'S UNDER CANVAS!

(Continued from page 26.)

were relieved by Manners, Lowther, and Digby, who took the three fags on their backs and carried them for the remainder of the journey.

Tom Merry feared that the absence of so large a party from the camp would have been discovered by the authorities. Fortunately, his fears proved to be groundless.

The night was well advanced when rescuers and rescued reached the camp, and the three fags were promptly put to bed and tucked beneath the warm blankets.

Arthur Augustus remained with them for a time. He made some cocoa on a spirit-stove, and under the stimulating influence of the hot beverage the fags revived, and recovered, in some measure, their normal good spirits.

"You're a good chap, Gussy!" said Wally D'Arcy gratefully. "Goodness knows what would have happened to us if you hadn't brought a search party along to find us!"

"That's all right, Wally! I only hope that you will suffah no ill-effects from your dweadful expewience."

"We won't break camp again, anyway," said Wally.

"No fear!" chimed in Curly Gibson and Jameson.

Arthur Augustus smiled.

leaped into the air and brought off a brilliant one-handed catch.

"Oh, well caught!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Bravo, Harry!"

It was the finish, and the great match had ended in a draw. As nobody was beaten, everybody felt satisfied.

A merry party gathered to tea after the match; and a crowd of St. Jim's juniors accompanied the Greyfriars party to the station when they left.

The platform was crowded as the train steamed out, with the Greyfriars fellows waving their caps from the windows. On the platform a host of caps was waved. The train sped on, and a last cheer died away behind.

"Well, it's been a ripping day!" said Harry Wharton.

And the Removites agreed, without a dissentient voice, that it had.

*(Who said the age of miracles was past? Billy Bunter gets a cheque for fifty pounds! Read all about it in "ROLLING IN MONEY!"—next week.)*

"I am glad you realise the utter folly of these midnight excursions," he said. "Soonah or latah you would have been certain to get into sewious twouble."

Wally D'Arcy finished his cocoa and handed the empty cup to his major.

"I've been a pig-headed ass, Gus!" he said. "I ought to have apologised to you the other day, when you asked me to. Still, better late than never. I give you my apology now—if you'll fake it."

"Why, of course I will!" said Arthur Augustus, his face beaming. "As for being pig-headed—I am afraid the pigheadedness has not been entirely on your side. But we will not weter to the mattah any more. Give me your fist, Wally—"

Major and minor gripped heartily; and thus the breach was healed.

Light of heart now, Arthur Augustus returned to his own tent.

Next morning there was a good deal of sneezing and wheezing in the tent occupied by Wally D'Arcy, Curly Gibson, and Jameson.

All were suffering from colds; but, thanks to their timely rescue, the colds did not develop.

Miss Marie Rivers, the school nurse, doled out copious draughts of quinine to the three fags, and in a day or two they were all right again. And life flowed along smoothly and merrily for the St. Jim's chums under canvas.

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