

JIMMY SILVER & CO. of ROOKWOOD SCHOOL ARE HERE! See Page 20.

# The GEM

2<sup>D</sup>



**WAT-ER  
SOAKING!**

*See the  
Sparkling School  
Story inside*

GRUNDY WINS A SOCCER MATCH FOR ST. JIM'S... BY HELPING THE—

Smashing Long  
Complete School  
Story of TOM  
MERRY & CO.  
at St. Jim's!

# MR. JUSTICE

CHAPTER I.  
Ordeal by Showbath.

**C**RASH!  
"Yoooop!"  
"What the  
tump—"

Wilkins and Gunn, of the Shell at St. Jim's, jumped to their feet in sudden alarm.

The door of their study had just opened, & shapeless men had hurried in. The more shapeless men had landed on the carpet with a crash and a yell.

Three juniors stood in the doorway for a moment. The occupants of Study No. 3 recognized Tom Merry, Mansons, and Lowther, the Terrible Three of the Shell. They looked rather undecided.

"What the tump—" repeated Wilkins.

"So much for Grundy!" said Mansons.

"Ought not to be allowed at large!" remarked Merry, Lowther.

"Keep him chained up for the rest of the evening, you men!" advised Tom Merry, whose face appeared to have been liberally dashed with Blue-black ink. "Come on, chaps! I'm off to the bath-room!"

And the Terrible Three departed, Mansons slamming the door with a slam that rattled the windows.

A moment later the shapeless men arose, and resolved itself into a very familiar form.

"Grundy!" ejaculated Gunn.

"Dear old Grundy!" grinned Wilkins. "Well, my hat!"

George Alfred Grundy, leader of Study No. 3, and, in his own opinion at least, the most important junior at St. Jim's, staggered to his feet. His nose was hanging loose, his hair was awry, and there was a wild look in his eyes. He glared at his two satellites with a hostile glare.

"Idiot!" he panted.

"Ha!"

"Fathheads!" roared Grundy.

"Fooling, fooling, diabolical! Fine supporters I've got in you, I must say!"

"Oh?"

"Why didn't you go for 'em baldheaded?" booted the great man of the Shell. "Why didn't you stop up the floor with 'em?"

"My dear chap—"

"My dear old fellow—"

"Bah!" said Grundy contemptuously. "Dashed if it's not always like this! You chaps make me tired! You two what happened?"

Wilkins grinned.

"Well, I saw something come leaping through the door—"

"Yes; me!" started Grundy. "The chucky rollers just the confused chook to handle me. Me, you know!"

The Girl Linnart.—No. 1,886.



"My hat!"

"Awful!" said Gunn, looking appropriately serious.

Grundy frowned.

"Well, it's not exactly awful; but it's pretty rotten when the best footballer in the Shell can't offer to skipper the team against the Grammar School without being rough-treated!"

"Who's the best footballer in the Shell, then?" asked Wilkins innocently.

"Me, of course, you dandy!" roared Grundy. "That's what I just said to Merry, and all the idiot could do was laugh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you chucky nose—"

"I mean, just so, old chap!"

corrected Gunn, becoming

serious again. "Fancy Merry

laughing!"

"It's not funny; it's only

too true!" snapped Grundy.

"It was quite a serious case,

and—"

"Ha, ha— I mean, of

course it was, old man!"

"Yet the watter laughed!" said Grundy bitterly. "Goodness knows I've been patient enough! I've put up with being kept out of the Junior team all the season, and—"

"Not much choice over it!" murmured Gunn, sotto voce.

"And I'd have been quite satisfied if I'd known he was giving me a place in the team against the Grammarians. But I know jolly well he wasn't going to do anything of the kind, and it's not my policy to ask for half a loaf. So I jolly well asked him point-blank if he'd give me a chance as skipper next Saturday."

"And he refused!" asked Gunn.

"Yes—he actually refused!"

"Well, he must be off his rocker!" said Wilkins.

"And I told him that he didn't know a good footballer when he saw one," continued Grundy.

"Was that all?"

**Most Obstinatc Boy in the School  
becomes the Most Tractablc. Who  
works this miracle—and how?**

—GRAMMAR SCHOOL! GRUNDY REFORMS! RESULT—MIRTH!

# GRUNDY!

By  
**MARTIN CLIFFORD.**



"That's all!" said Grundy emphatically. "Except that when he started coughing again I tipped the bucket over him!"

"Oh, either!"

"And I'll do more!" roared Grundy. "Things have come to a head now, and this is only the beginning. Reason seems to fail, by gum, so now I'm going to use other tactics. I'm jolly well going to rag him into it!"

"And I'm going to start right now!" went on Grundy. "He did say he was going up to the bath-room, didn't he?"

"Well, he did, old chap, but—"

"Right!"

And Grundy, without another glance at his unreliable retainers, strode to the door and flung out of the study.

Up the stairs, three at a time, went the outraged Grundy. There was a bath-room along the landing at the top, and Grundy heard the sound of running water coming from it.

He opened the door and stopped in, shutting and locking it behind him.

"Now!" he roared.

A face covered with lather turned round from one of the wash-basins.

"You again!" gasped Tom Merry. "Look here, Grundy—"

"Thought that was the end of the argument, did you?" roared Grundy. "Well, it wasn't! It was only the beginning!"

"You silly ass—"

"Going to give me a chance as skipper, or—"

"Don't be funny!" pleaded Tom Merry. "You've been funny ever this evening, Grundy. Now give it a rest!"

"You shabby ratter—"

"Burr! Trrrr! Vaaaish!"

"So that's it, is it?" roared Grundy. "Well, you've asked for it; now you're going to get it!"

He made a sudden dive.

Grundy was not usually a quick-thinking individual. In fact, he usually didn't trouble to think at all. His righteous indignation made therefore have inspired him on this occasion, for he did think—and thought quickly.

Spring-cleaning operatives were in progress at St. Jim's and the gaiters had been working in the bath-room. They had left behind them for the night several planks of wood and a length of rope.

Grundy dived for the latter.

Tom Merry, who had plunged his head into the wash-basin to rid his face of the lather, suddenly felt his arms plucked to his sides. He shot up, with an exclamation.

"What the deuce—?"

"Get you!" said Grundy triumphantly, as he knotted another part of the rope round his victim's ankles. "No use struggling!"

"You—you—"

The great man of the Shell, smiling a little now, held the hellish skipper of the Shell by the scruff of the neck with one hand while he lifted first one and then another of the painted planks across the bath. Having fixed them to his satisfaction, he lifted Tom Merry bodily, and set him down on the planks.

"What the deuce—?" gasped Tom Merry.

Grundy finished the job by securing him to the planks.

Finally he went to the shower-bath, which hung directly over his prisoner, and pulled the chain.

Up to this point Tom Merry had been wondering what on earth Grundy could be thinking of. Now he knew!

A drenching, blinding shower of water started pouring down on him in an endless stream. From Tom Merry came a yell of alarm and acute discomfort.

"Oo-oww! Whooooon!"

"Swooooooh! S-s-s-s! Swoooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared George Alfred Grundy. "Oh, my hat! You ought to see

yourself! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you— Oo-whoop! Gro-er! Bo-er-ri! Yooop!"

"Going to glance a place in the team on Saturday or not?" demanded Grundy.

"Grrr! Mmm! Yooop!"

"I'm not grumpy! You know jolly well I don't mind your being skipper so long as I'm down to play. Going to?"

"Mmmmmmm! Grrroooh! Help! Bessie! Whoooooh!" roared Tom Merry.

Tom was fond of a shower-bath at ordinary times. He found, however, that a shower-bath taken while fully dressed and awkwardly trussed up like a chicken, can be very uncomfortable.

Grundy kept the water going regardless of his victim's yells. Apparently he was prepared to keep it going till Tom Merry did give him a place in the Junior Eleven.

But interruptions were on the way. There was a sudden tramping of feet on the landing outside and the sound of many voices. Grundy heard Figgins' voice above the others.

"Here's a bath-room, shape! He'll be here right enough! Watch out for School House boarders!"

"Fuss-ho!"

The door was tried, then there was a series of thunderous rappings.

"Wanted, Merry!"

"Come out, you fathead!"

"Come out and be scragged!"

Grundy gasped.

"Hoosr off, Figg!" he called out. "I'm scragging him already!"

"What?"

"Bessie why rag want him; but I'm giving him a shower-bath, anyway! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mad!" Grundy heard Figgins say. "Hoos Grundy, anyway! We want Merry! Open the door!"

"Open the door, or we'll bust it open!" yelled Fatty Wyan through the keyhole.

But Grundy was not prepared to part with Tom Merry at this juncture. He kept his hand on the chain. Tom continued to struggle and splutter and yell. And outside, the New House janitors thumped harder and louder on the door.

Quite a miniature Bellini arose in the neighbourhood of the bath-room landing.

THE ONE LESSON.—No. 1,264.

## CHAPTER 2.

## When Grandy Ered!

**THUMP!** Thump! Thump!  
Figgins & Co. were going strong on the bath-room door.

Not unreasonably, the noise soon attracted attention. Doors were opened on the floor below, and there was a sound of ascending footsteps.

Half a dozen School House juniors appeared at the top of the staircase, with many more bringing up the rear. They stared wide-eyed at Figgins & Co.

"What the thump?" said Jack Blake.

"But Jove! New House bounds!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus O'Acop. "It's a wash, dash boys!"

"Ought to have known there was something on when Figgie asked for Tommy just now," remarked Lowther.

"Dash up, you men! Turn 'em out!"

"What-ee!"

"Hold on!" called out Figgins, as the School House crowd advanced. "It isn't a House rag, you chaps. We've only come to see Tom Merry."

"Well, you're kicking up enough row about it!" granted Blake, looking again. "Like your blessed New House chaps to come over here kicking up a row!"

"Dash, dash!"

"What do you want Tommy for, anyway?" asked Mansera. "By the look of you, you haven't come to give him a boxen't!"

"We haven't!" asserted Figgins. "We've come to see him about the team he's picked for Saturday."

"Oh!"

The School House juniors grinned. They seemed to understand.

"About Lawrence, you mean?" queried Kangaroo, who had just strolled up.

"Just that!" granted Figgins. "Merry has seen fit to stand down a rattling good New House player like Lawrence in favour of a School House duffer who doesn't know the difference between a football and a lillibird-ball. We've come to see him about it."

"Well, I can't say I blame you altogether," remarked Blake, with a chuckle. "Though, in a way, it's a compliment to Lawrence."

"Yess, wack! If I substituted the parish cowweedy," said Arthur Augustus, "the reason Tom Merry has dropped Lawrence is that he thought he could do without one or two of the ladies' lights for the Gwammah School game."

"That's so," nodded Mansera. "Must give others a chance sometimes, you know, Figgie. The Grammar School are only a moderate lot at present."

"Well, if that's the explanation, it puts a slightly different complexion on things, certainly," admitted Figgins. "Anyway, I will wait to see Merry. Why the thump doesn't Grandy open the door?"

"Grandy? He is in there, then?" asked Lowther.

"What-ee! He seems to be having a high old time, too! Listen!"

The juniors listened.

From within the bath-room came the steady sound of running water, and accompanying it, a series of gurgling sounds and galls of incoherent laughter from George Alfred Grandy.

"My hat! The silly one has got Tommy's head under a tap!" gasped Lowther. "Dash the blessed door in!"

"Push like anything, dash boys!" advised Arthur Augustus.

They pushed—like anything—but without result. The bath-room door refused to budge.

"Only one thing to do," said Mansera. "Get a wooden form and use it as a battering-ram. There's one on the floor below."

"Good egg!"

A number of juniors hurried off to get the form.

While they were absent, Figgins & Co. kept up a constant tattle on the door. But Grandy, though he must have heard them, heeded them not, and the washing sound of the water continued steadily within the locked room.

Then the waiting-party returned, bearing the wooden form triumphantly between them. Figgins & Co. stood on one side.

"Better take a good long run at it," said Figgins. "Push back as far as you can before the start."

"And don't waste time!" snapped Mansera.

This enjoined, the battens took a few rapid steps backwards to get in a good preliminary run.

For a moment the end of the wooden form swung out from the landing over the stairs.

And by an unfortunate coincidence it was at that very

moment that Mr. Bailton, the Housemaster of the School House at St. Jim's, came racing up the stairs to inquire the reason for all the noise!

Naturally, Mr. Bailton had not anticipated that a long, wooden structure would shoot out from the landing. He had travelled up the stairs two at a time, without any thought of that kind of danger.

But it is the unexpected that happens. It did on this occasion.

The form shot out and Mr. Bailton shot up. Mr. Bailton's shout and the juniors' battering-ram seemed to rush to meet one another.

"That!"

"What the thump!" gasped Monty Lowther, as he felt a sudden shock.

"Whooop!" came a roar from the stairs. "Ow! Oh! Whoop!"

"Oh, my hat!"

The juniors dropped the form and rushed to see what had happened. Then there was a yell.

"Bailton!"

"Oh crony!" gasped Herries. "A giddy back!"

"But Jove!"

Mr. Bailton, looking dazed and dishevelled, picked himself from the stairs on to which he had collapsed and glared up at the dismayed juniors, who were hanging over the banisters. Mr. Bailton was usually a good-tempered man, but his temper appeared to have suffered a little row, which was not to be wondered at in the circumstances.

"Kindly remain where you are!" he snapped. "I came up to investigate the reason for this disturbance. Kindly explain, Lowther."

Lowther scratched his head. An adequate explanation seemed a little difficult.

"If I'm! We were trying to get into the bath-room, sir," he ventured at last.

"You can hardly expect me to believe that a score of you were trying to gain access to a bath-room with the aid of a wooden form!" said Mr. Bailton tartly. "What are all these New House juniors doing here? And why at the bath-room door looked?"

"Well, you see, sir—"

"Purwas, dash boys, I had better explain—"

"I will arrange the matter myself!"

And Mr. Bailton strode to the door of the bath-room and rapped smartly on one of the panes.

From within the bath-room came a defiant yell:

"Go and eat cake!"

"What!" gasped Mr. Bailton.

"Go and chop chips! Go and boil yourselves!"

"Grandy!" roared Mr. Bailton.

And the truculent shouts of the great George Alfred stopped suddenly as he recognized the Housemaster's voice.

"Oh crony!" the juniors heard Grandy say.

"Open this door at once!" ordered the Housemaster of the School House.

"Oh dear! If you can hold on for a few minutes, sir—"

"At once, I said!" boomed Mr. Bailton, in a voice that broke up any further argument.

And Grandy opened the door, and immediately afterwards turned to cut Tom Merry loose.

The leader of the School staggered to his feet, feebly streaming with water. Water was coming out of his hair, his eyes, and his clothes. It was a case of water, water everywhere. A great pool of it formed round his feet as he stood staring at his aggressor.

"You—you—" gasped Tom Merry.

"Grandy! Can I believe my eyes? In this your handiwork!" demanded Mr. Bailton, pointing to the wretched figure of Grandy's victim.

Grandy nodded.

"Yes, sir. Reason failed, you see, sir, so I used other tactics!"

Mr. Bailton looked quite awestruck.

"You—you attracted Merry with water because reason had failed, Grandy? In what respect, may I inquire, had reason failed? What was the point of difference between you?"

"Well, you see, sir, Merry's never given me a chance in the Junior Eleven, and I'd fully made up my mind that I'd turn out against the Grammar School on Saturday. So I thought I'd give him a shower-bath till he agreed!"

There was a gasp from the listening crowd. Then a laugh which very quickly became a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Bailton made a gesture.

"Silence! This is no laughing matter, boys!"

"But Jove! Nevertheless, sir, there is a funny side to it," said Arthur Augustus, with a chuckle. "You see, sir—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's like this, sir— Ha, ha, ha!"



"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What ever is the matter with you all?" gasped Mr. Bailton.

Tom Merry smiled a faint and very wistful smile.

"I think I got the idea, sir," Grandy had been raggng in to give him a place in the team on Saturday. But he hasn't taken the trouble to find out first whether I've overlooked him."

"And—"

"Well, sir," said Tom, "I haven't overlooked him. As a matter of fact, I've included him in the team, and his name's on the list on the notice-board at the present moment."

"What-a-oo!" roared Grandy.

Then he dried up. His jaw dropped, a sickly expression came into his rugged countenance, and all the aggressive veins departed from him.

For once the wind had been taken out of the sails of George Alfred Grandy!

CHAPTER 3.

Bailton Points the Way!

"SILENCE!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!"

repeated Mr. Bailton, with an air of sternness, which was rendered rather ineffective by the twitching which had suddenly manifested itself round his lips.

The laughter died away at last, and Mr. Bailton eyed Grandy somewhat grimly.

"Well, Grandy!" he said.

"I—I—" stammered Grandy.

"You have heard what Merry has said."

"I—I—I—"

"Possibly you feel that his statement calls for some kind of explanation on your part, Grandy?"

"I—I—" stammered Grandy.

It really began to appear as if Grandy had entered a phaze where he found it impossible to depart from the first person singular.

Mr. Bailton left Grandy for a moment and turned his attention to Tom Merry.

"Merry! You will catch cold unless you are careful. Go to the dormitory and thoroughly dry yourself and change your clothes."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, not at all sorry to get the order. He hurried away, dripping water as he went. Mr. Bailton took a rapid survey of the grinning crowd of juniors.

"I suppose I ought to punish the lot of you," he remarked. "But there was certainly some reason for your excitement, as it turns out, so I will drop the matter."

"Thank you, sir!" chorused the juniors.

"You may now disperse—and do so quietly!" added the good-natured Housemaster of the School House. Then he turned to Grandy: "Grandy! You follow me!"

Grandy followed, his face almost asque.

The crowd watched his retreating figure down the stairs with rather commiserating glances. The general opinion was that Grandy was "for it."

In a sense, Grandy certainly was "for it." But not in the sense imagined by the juniors.

When Mr. Bailton reached his study, he did not, as might have been expected, produce a cane.

Instead, he sat down at his desk and regarded Grandy thoughtfully for some time.

Grandyidgeted uncomfortably. He wondered what was coming.

Mr. Bailton spoke at last.

"It is not my habit, Grandy," he said, "to read out unnecessary lectures or to point morals. To use the popular expression, I am not in the habit of 'ragging' it in."

An unintelligible murmur arose from Grandy's lips.

"I need say, however," went on Mr. Bailton, "that if ever an occasion arises when a lecture could be said to be desirable, that occasion has arisen now. Evidently, you appreciate the absurdity of your position?"

"I'm sorry, of course, sir—" stammered Grandy.

Mr. Bailton nodded.

"Naturally, I should be amazed if you were not sorry. Unfortunately, your contrition comes a little late in the day."

"If I'd thought Merry had given me a place in the team, sir—"



Mr. Bailton beckoned up the stairs just as the latter was going what and from the landing. "Stand! Whisop!" The Housemaster let out a wild yell as the boys caught him awestruck.

"You wouldn't have ragged him," gasped Mr. Bailton. "Precisely. That is hardly the point. The point that I wish to stress, Grandy, relates not so much to your ragging Merry as to your failing to stop to think first."

"I— Well, I didn't think, sir—"

"You are quite right, Grandy. You did not think before you acted, I want to point out to you that this is not the first time the same kind of thing has arisen through your acting in a hasty and thoughtless manner."

Another unintelligible murmur from Grandy.

"I have had occasion to tell you before, and I repeat it now with greater emphasis, that you are lazy, intemperate, and prejudiced. In a word," said the Housemaster sternly, "you are unjust, both to your seniors and to your school-fellows. Mark the word, Grandy—unjust!"

Grandy stared at his accuser with widening eyes. He seemed to find it difficult to understand that he was actually being accused of injustice.

"Un—unjust!" he stammered.

"That is what I said, and I use the word in all seriousness. The incident which has just occurred epitomizes the whole thing."

"But—but I'm not unjust!" burst out Grandy, flinging his tongue at last. "It's all wrong, you're mistaken, sir! Anyone who knows me'll tell you I'm the soul of justice! Ask Wilkes or Quain!"

Mr. Railton shook his head.

"What you mean, Grandy, is that you intend to act fairly. I give you the credit of believing that your intentions are of the best. What I am telling you is that, however good your intentions may be, you are in effect one of the most unjust persons I have ever met!"

"By gum!" said Grandy, almost deeply.

"It is true, Grandy, and you would do well to ponder over it."

Grandy drew a deep, deep breath.

"It can't be—simply can't!" he declared. "Any chap who knows me as I've never intended—"

"I have already admitted, Grandy, that your intentions are perfectly good. But I will categorize that you are hasty and prejudiced, and, therefore, unjust. Believe me, my boy, went on Mr. Railton earnestly. "I'm not upbraiding you, or even speaking to you in anger. What I am saying is being said solely for your own good!"

"Oh!" murmured Grandy, rather taken aback.

"You're a good fellow at heart; I don't need to be told that. But you have a way of acting first and thinking afterwards, which results in your treating other people unjustly, and, in the long run, of being unjust to yourself. Be frank with me, Grandy. In the light of what has just happened, can you deny that I am right?"

Grandy was silent. He had a peculiar system of logic of his own, which was usually capable of dealing with any argument. But for once that system failed him.

He really did feel conscience-stricken over the ragging of Tom Merry. He couldn't get away from the fact now. He really had acted in a hasty and prejudiced manner. He was completely in the wrong.

Grandy had never felt himself to be in the wrong before. The experience was therefore a novel one, and it had a decidedly chastening effect on him. All he could do, now

that Mr. Railton had brought the matter to a climax, was to edgily and look very unhappy.

Mr. Railton smiled faintly in the end.

"Well, Grandy, I see you understand. There is no need to take it too much to heart. But one thing I think you should do—"

"If I can make amends in some way, sir—" stammered Grandy.

"You can. You can make amends by taking care that for the future you think more before you act, and try to see the other fellow's point of view. Try, in other words, to act more justly."

"My gum, I will, sir!" said Grandy, with sudden vivaciousness. "Of course, this is all new to me. I never dreamed before that I was unjust to anybody. But I can see there's something in it now, and I'm jolly well going to allow it. Thanks for pointing it out, sir!"

"I shall feel well repaid for my trouble if you carry out my wishes," said Mr. Railton, with a smile. "Don't forget, Grandy—be just. Now you may go."

"And you're not going to cage me?" asked Grandy, in wonderment.

"I do not propose to punish you in any way. All that I ask is that you do as I have told you."

Grandy's jaw set grimly.

"I will," he said resolutely. "I'll be as just as—as justice. I can assure you, Mr. Railton, you won't have any more cause to complain. I'm starting the new idea right away from this very minute!"

"Very well, Grandy. You may go."

"Thanks again, sir, for pointing it out!" said Grandy. And he tramped out of the Housemaster's study.

#### CHAPTER 4.

#### Mr. Justice Grandy I

"GOSH!"

"Look here, Figgins—" said Figgins. "It's no use your trotting out that School House dope for our benefit, Tom Merry!"

"No fear!" came a loyal New House cheer from the doorway of Study No. 12, where the junior principals of the two rival Houses had assembled.

Tom Merry frowned. He had had a good travelling and a change of clothes, and looked none the worse for his adventures at Grandy's hands. He had found the crowd waiting for him on his return from the dormitory, and the New House section had fairly swooped down on him.

"If you'll listen to me for a moment," he said patiently.

"No, if you're going to talk a lot of School House twaddle!" roared Figgins. "We want a plain answer to a plain question. Why have you dropped Lawrence from the team and put that idler Grandy in his place?"

"I've already told you the reason. Grandy has been on about having a trial in the arena for a long time, and he really has been showing up a little bit better at practice today. It may do him good to turn out with the team for once."

"Possibly it will, old bean. But what about the team?" asked Kerr.

"The team will get on quite well, thank you," replied Tom Merry, with a smile. "You New House bounders know jolly well that the Grammarians are spinning a weak team and don't stand so eagerly against us."

"They'll stand a jolly good chance of winning the game if Grandy plays for St. Jim's!" growled Figgins. "But why pick out Lawrence to stand down, anyway? Why not a School House man?"

"Because Lawrence hasn't fully recovered from the sprain he got at practice the other week."

"But! Lawrence is O.K., aren't you, Lawrence?"

"I think I am, anyway," said Lawrence. "Not that I'm not prepared to accept Merry's ruling in the ordinary way. I am. But I don't fancy standing down, crooked or not, when a chap like Grandy's going to take my place."

"Fraid you're going to have no option, old chap," said Tom Merry wearily. "Well, that's that. Ta-ta, you New House wasters!"

"Waste yourself!" growled Figgins. "One thing about it, you won't find any half-baked imbeciles like Grandy on our side!"

"Why, you cheeky New House scoundrels—"

"Bump 'em!" suggested Manners.

The School House crowd looked as if they were quite prepared to do so. Among themselves they were quite prepared to admit that Grandy was several yards of an ace. But they were not prepared to hear the same kind of criticism from New House lips.

Before they could act, however, there was an interruption,

### A Book-Length Yarn for 4d.



## SAINTS versus GRAMMARIANS

Rip-roaring Rivalry! Lively Larks! Super Japes! Rivalry between the juniors of St. Jim's and the Rylcombe Grammar School has always been keen, but never so keen as in this great yarn! It's simply side-splitting! You'll laugh till you bust! Get it now—don't wait! He who hesitates is lost—if you hesitate you'll lose the laugh of a life-time!

Ask for No. 144 of the

## SCHOOLBOYS' OWN LIBRARY

On Sale Everywhere . . . 4d.

The crowd in the doorway parted, and George Alfred Grandy himself stepped in.

Hostilities were suspended for a moment, and a host of inquiries were heaped at the newcomer.

"Locked?"

"Did it hurt?"

"Was the Hotel dragged in?"

"Caught 'em, Grandy?"

Grandy held up his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Recognized at last!" grinned Monty Lawther.

"Gentlemen," said Grandy, whose look of ostentatious gravity was beginning to acquire the jauntiness, "in the first place, I want to apologise. I've given a fellow a ragging—"

"Hear, hear!" grinned Figgins; and there was a chuckle from the No. 1 House juniors.

"But I did it while I was suffering from a misapprehension," went on Grandy. "I can only say, Merry, that I'm sorry."

"All serious, old wot?" said Tom Merry, agreeably surprised to find Grandy in such an apologetic mood. "I felt jolly wild at the time, but it's all over now."

"Jolly decent of you to take it like that," said Grandy, with a nod. "Now, there's another thing. Raibson's been giving me a piece, and I've had a heart-to-heart talk with him."

"How?"

"Fide in on, Grandy!"

"He pointed out one or two things which I need admit I hadn't quite seen before," said Grandy seriously. "For instance, he told me I was hasty—"

"Well, that's true!"

"And intolant and prejudiced—"

"Hear, hear!"

"And unjust."

"Quite right!"

"That's just it," said Grandy. "It is quite right. I am hasty, I am prejudiced, I am unjust. I admit it!"

"Ha!"

The juniors stared at the great man of the Shell. This was a new line for Grandy.

"But it's all going to change now," went on Grandy.

"From now on I'm going to be a model of justice. Nothing I do in the future will ever merit the label 'Unjust.' Gentlemen, my eye aim also will be to get in such a way that chaps will point you out in the quad and say to each other: 'There goes a just man!'"

And, almost unconsciously by his own eloquence, Grandy sat down on the edge of the table.

Grandy's listeners stared at him in mesmerised silence for a moment.

Then there was a yell.

"Grandy the Just!"

"Grandy has Reformed!" howled Jack Blake. "And he means it! You can see he does!"

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows," yelled Lawther, "allow me to present to your notice Mr. Justice Grandy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dashed if I can see anything to laugh it!" said Grandy.

"I'm serious!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Anybody in need of justice?" asked Lawther. "If so, come to Grandy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's a brainwax," added the humorist of the Shell.

"We were going to bump those New House boundaries. Why not give 'em justice instead? Make Grandy their judge!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Good egg!" chuckled Kargrove. "After all, what more appropriate than that Grandy should judge 'em for calling him names?"

"Hear, hear!"

"Oo!ler 'em!"

"Back up, New House!" yelled Figgins, as the grinning School House juniors surrounded their visitors.

"What-fo?"

Figgins' followers robbily rallied round and prepared to make a light of it. But there were only six of them, including Figgins himself, and they couldn't hope to make much of a show against the swarming hosts of the School House who had been attracted to the scene.

Very quickly they were over-powered and made prisoners.

"Do the thing properly now we've begun," grinned Blake.

"We'll hold the trial in the Common-rooms; then everyone can look on!"

"Good egg!"

"I'll dash upstairs and get a wig and gown; we've got some among the theatrical people," said Lawther, who seemed to be full of bright ideas.

He hurried off.

The rest dragged their straggling prisoners along the passage and down the stairs to the Common-rooms.

Grandy followed, listening to a solemn account from Blake of the things Figgins & Co. had said about him.

"By gum!" he said, when Blake had ended his recital. "The boundary ought to be made to sit up! I'll jolly well do it, too!—I mean—"

He had suddenly remembered his new role again. Blake grinned.

"You mean you'll give 'em justice with a capital 'J'!" he suggested.

Grandy nodded.

"That's it, Blake. They're a shameous lot of rotters, and they don't deserve it; but I'll give 'em justice."

"Justice," grinned Tom Merry; but only just justice, so to speak!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's Lawther!"

Monty Lawther reappeared, carrying a long "property" wig and a gorgeous justice gown which had figured in some of the productions of the St. Jim's Junior Dramatic Society.

"Just your fit, old bean—I mean, your lordship!" he corrected. "Try this!"

"Look here—" protested Grandy rather warmly, as Lawther and one or two others started helping him on with the judicial habiliments.

But his protest didn't go far. Grandy had a liking for the limelight, and the circumstance that he was to be the central figure in the act soon enabled him to overcome his scruples about being turned into a human "prop."

Within two minutes the great man of the Shell found himself sitting on the edge of a table in the Common-rooms, with his feet on a chair and his robes of office trailing all over the table.

Before him stood the six New House prisoners.

They were made to stand with some difficulty, for they were still struggling furiously in the hands of their captors.

Monty Lawther, who had appointed himself counsel for the prosecution, discovered how much life there was left in them before he had spoken more than half a dozen words of his opening speech. He was standing near the prisoners; and at the wrong moment Kerr managed to wrench himself free for a moment and give the prosecuting counsel a vigorous tweak on the nose.

Lawther's speech, as a result, was brief and rather unimpassioned.

"My lord, these wretched prisoners— Yarsooop! Or-son-oo!" he concluded. And from the court came an unappreciative roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That'll do for you, Lawther!" remarked Grandy, who seemed anxious to get to the finish of the trial. "Prisoners at the bar, I find you guilty!"

"What, already?" asked Manners in surprise. "Thought you were going to give 'em justice!"

"This is justice!" asserted Grandy. "I can see by their faces that they're guilty, so there's no sense in wasting time!"

"Oh!"

"Justice in the new style!" chuckled Digby. "Justice a la Grandy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" said Grandy majestically. "After a fair trial, prisoners, I have found you guilty. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?"

"None!" was Figgins' disrespectful retort.

"Why, you cheeky rotter—that is to say, silence!" said the judge, hastily remembering the dignity of his position.

"Now, prisoners, as I'm the one who has been slandered, you might expect me to give you a jolly stiff sentence; but there's nothing like that about me. I'm here to administer justice, apart from my private feelings."

"Hear, hear!" chorused Blake.

"I therefore sentence you all," said Grandy solemnly, "to repeat the following words after me: 'Grandy is the best knatter at St. Jim's!'"

"What!"

"And I shall order the garter to leave you until you do!" said Grandy grandly. "Do the needful, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Figgins let out a yell.

"Don't give in, chaps! If Grandy thinks he can get us to say that— Yarsooooo!"

"Whooooop!" yelled Figgins' followers, as they all collapsed simultaneously with the floor.

"Keep it up till they say it!" ordered the just judge of St. Jim's. "All together, you know!"

"O.K., judge!"

Yoop!

Yarsooooo!"

Bang!

"Whoooop!"  
 "Ow! All right, then!" roared Batty Wynn. "I'll say anything—Ow!"

"All willing?" asked Grandy.  
 "Goooooh!" Right-oh, you followed?" gasped Figgins.  
 "We'll keep on thinking you're the biggest duffer that ever saw a football; but we'll say what you said!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Very well, then," said Grandy, suppressing, with a mighty effort, his inclination to increase the sentence. "Say after me: 'Grandy is the best footballer at St. Jim's!'"  
 "Oh crikey!" gasped Figgins. "Grandy is the best footballer at St. Jim's!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Not good enough," grunted the judge. "Say it all together, slowly and reverently!"

"Oh, great job!"  
 "Oo the bumping will proceed!" added Grandy grimly. That threat was sufficient. In slow and measured tones the hapless New House visitors chanted the magic chorus:  
 "Grandy—is—the—best—footballer—at—St.—Jim's!"

"That'll do!" nodded Grandy. "Glad you New House rotters have spoken the truth at last!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 The crowd fairly yelled. Figgins & Co. had come over to protest against Lawrence's place in the footer team being taken by Grandy. For the motion to stand in their protesting Grandy's supremacy at football struck the School House juniors as really funny.

The "trial" being concluded, the "Court" rose, and the New House juniors were escorted off the premises.

The laughter, however, continued long after they had gone. Grandy as an exponent of justice had certainly begun in an extraordinary way. The general opinion in the School House was that a lot more entertainment would be forthcoming, if Grandy really had become Mr. Justice Grandy!

## CHAPTER 5.

### Very Funny!

CLANG! Clang! Clang!

Rising-bell echoed in another day at St. Jim's. In the Shell dormitory George Alfred Grandy was out of bed at the first stroke. He had been dreaming about being just.

"Wake up, you dummies!" he yelled, hurling a pillow at Wilkins and a slipper at Gunn. "Lots to do to-day!"  
 "Yaw-aw-aw!" came a yawn from Mossy Lewther's bed. Then the banner of the Shell rubbed his eyes and grinned at him turned those on Grandy. "Hallo, Grandy! Still mean it?"

"Yes, I'm talking about being just and fair and square to everybody, of course I mean it!" asserted Grandy. "To-day was the thing in full swing. I'm going to do the right thing by the lot of you."

"Oh, thank you, kind Grandy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not that any of you deserve it, mind you!" added the great man of the Shell. "You're full of faults, every man-jack of you. Fritzenham, you think a lot too much of yourself, Tom Merry!"

"Do I?" asked Tom Merry blankly.  
 "You jolly well do! I should be doing you an injustice if I didn't tell you! Then there's you, Noble; you're a lot too cheeky!"

"Why, you silly me—"

"No good denying it; you are!" said Grandy calmly. "Manners, too—"

"Well, what about Manners?" asked that junior, with a frown.

"You're a lot too soft—only too much so other people!" said Grandy, with a shake of his head. "I'm not running you down. I've got faults of my own—dozens of 'em!"

"Go on!"

"It's a fact!" said Grandy unhesitatingly. "I've got faults as well as you chaps. That's all the more reason why I should make allowances for yours. So I will!"

"Good old Grandy!"

"Just and generous—that's me for the future," said Grandy. "I shall tolerate your conceit, Merry, for instance."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll try to make allowances for your cheek, Noble. And for your softness, Manners—"

"Thanks for nothing, old bean!"

"In fact, I'm going to be more broad-minded and tolerant all round," finished up Grandy. "I'll even stand your intended slipper, Lewther."

"You will!" asked Lewther, jumping out of bed and

making hasty preparations for dressing. "Well, that's lucky. You're just in time to see me wipe one of the biggest chumps in the House. Like it, worth it!"

"I'll help you if you like," grinned Grandy. "I want to be fair to you—your point of view, you know. What's the game, anyway?"

"Why, I'm going to stick pummed block all round this dormitory, always! Sunday supper," Lewther answered. "Imagine his lino when he comes to take it out for church parade next Sunday! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Grandy.

"Seen as I've washed and dressed I'll slip down and get the hat," shrieked the banner of the Shell. "Shan't be long."

He hurried through his ablutions and dressing, and was ready long before Grandy, whose movements were always hasty.

Grandy whistled cheerfully as he finished his toilet. He seemed to be deriving a good deal of satisfaction from his new outlook on things. The juniors wondered how long it would be before he got his first school.

A grin went round the dormitory as Lewther returned, leaning in his hands a neat topper. The juniors didn't know whose property the hat happened to be, but they guessed it belonged to someone whose Grandy would regret giving.

"Got it, then?" asked Grandy graciously. "What about the labels?"

"All serene; I've enough to paper the walls with beer! Like to stick on a few, old chap?"

"I'll help you certainly!" said George Alfred Grandy, helping himself to Lewther's labels. "Start with a few on top, eh? Like this?"

"Top-hole!" grinned Lewther. "Of course, we'll want a few near the eaves. Don't stick yourself!"

"Trust me!" dookled Grandy. "My hat! The corner'll have a blue it when he finds it! I begin to understand your point of view now, Lewther. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not bad fun, is it?" grinned Lewther. "That'll do, I think!"

"Can't get any more on, anyway!" declared the just man of the Shell. "Now, what about taking it back?"

"Please! Like to trot along with me!"

"Waboo!"

Lewther led the way downstairs. Grandy followed, still laughing at intervals. Most of the Shell joined in at the top.

Grandy was a little surprised to find that Lewther went straight down to the Shell passage.

"I say, I didn't think it was a Shell man you'd picked out!" he gasped. "This makes it all the funnier. Ha, ha, ha!"

"This was!" said Lewther.

And he led the way into Study No. 3, which Grandy himself shared with Wilkins and Gunn.

Grandy's laughter subsided.

"Ha, ha, ha! Then the topper's old Wilky's—or Gunn's!" he roared. "Where are they? They'll feel like laughing!"

"This is where it goes!" remarked Lewther, solemnly producing a button. "I'll just put it back as I found it and—"

"Half a me!" exclaimed Grandy, his laughter coming to a sudden end. "That's my box!"

Lewther nodded.

"Quite right, old bean! I thought I hadn't gone wrong!" Grandy blinched.

"Then—then it's mine!" he stammered. "Well, my hat!"

"Just so!" grinned Lewther. "As you say, it's your hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd shrieked. Grandy's expression was irremediable. Grandy did not shrink. He stared at Lewther, then stared at his hat, then stared at the yelling crowd. For the time being he seemed incapable of words.

"You—you—"

"Fenny, isn't it?" gasped Lewther. "Forgive me, old chap, but it really was too good to miss!"

"Now he understands your point of view!" shrieked Kapparoo. "Oh crikey! This is rich! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grandy's face had gone a sort of mottled colour. A struggle seemed to be going on within him, and the crowd thought they knew which way it would end. They quite expected the great man of the Shell to wade in and attempt to make mince-meat of Mossy Lewther.

But they were wrong. Mr. Baitton's lecture had evidently sunk in very deep indeed. For, instead of wading in to Lewther, Grandy eventually managed to smile. It was rather a ghastly smile, but none the less a smile.

"Give you best, Lewther!" he growled. "I suppose it is funny in a way!"

"Well, I'm dashed!" exclaimed Manners, almost over-  
come. "He's actually standing for it! Bravo, Grandy!"  
"Well spoken, old bean!"  
And the juniors went in to breakfast with a new respect  
for the great man of the Shell. Which fact, if it didn't  
compensate Grandy for the damage to his hat, was at least  
a source of consolation to him.

CHAPTER 6.  
Backing Up Linton!

"LINTON!"  
"Oh!"  
"Listen!" repeated Grandy meaningly. "Our  
Form master!"  
"What about Linton?"  
"We don't treat him fairly," said the great man of the  
Shell, with a shake of his head. "We're not just to him.  
I'm going to stop all that."  
"Oh!"

Wilkins and Gann  
looked at each other  
and grinned.

Breakfast was a  
mess, and the trio  
were on their way  
to class. Grandy  
had quite recovered  
his good spirits by  
this time, and was  
busy thinking out  
new openings for  
his altered philo-  
sophy. This was  
evidently the result  
of his cogitation.

"Shouldn't be too  
anxious to start on  
Linton if I were  
you," remarked  
Wilkins. "He might  
not appreciate it."

"Quite right!"  
grinned Gann.  
"Don't want to put  
your foot in it, old  
man."

"Talk sense,  
Quarry!" scouted  
Grandy. "How the  
cheap do you  
imagine a fellow  
with the diplomacy  
and savvy I possess  
could put his foot in  
it?"

"H'm!"  
"Of course! of  
course!" said  
Grandy cheerfully.  
"I'm going to be  
fair to Linton, I tell  
you. What's more,  
I shall make the  
other chaps toe the  
line, too!"

"Yes, but Grandy, old chap—"

"My dear old fellow—"  
"No good talking; my mind's made up!" said Grandy  
firmly. "Mind you run back up Linton this morning.  
There'll be trouble if you don't!"

And with that dark threat Grandy entered the Form-  
room.

Wilkins and Gann were left wondering how exactly  
Grandy intended to demonstrate his new fairness to Linton.  
They soon learned.

Mr. Linton was already at his desk when they came in.  
Grandy gave him a beaming smile.

"Good-morning, sir!" he called out cheerfully.  
Mr. Linton eyed him a little suspiciously.

"Good-morning, Grandy! I thought I had already met  
you at breakfast."

"So you did, sir," answered Grandy. "No harm in say-  
ing it twice, though, is there, sir? Fellowship makes for  
good will and so on. Co-operation between master and  
pupil, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Dear me!" remarked Mr. Linton, and he watched  
Grandy go to his place with a very dubious eye. The effect  
of Grandy's cheerful remarks on the master of the Shell  
was not altogether what Grandy had intended.

Shell listened to Mr. Linton's descriptions of the physical  
features of South America without enthusiasm. Geography  
was not a favourite study with most of the Shell.

Grandy was usually no more interested in the physical  
features of South America than anybody else. But the  
Grandy of to-day was different from the old Grandy. He  
listened with rapt attention.

Occasionally he looked round to make sure that the rest  
were giving Mr. Linton the attention he had decided was  
his due.

He frowned as he observed that they were not all  
convinced.

All at once he noticed Gore busily engaged in the pre-  
paration of an ink-pellet.

Grandy stood on his feet and, to the amusement of the  
Shell, pointed an accusing finger across the room.  
"Stop that, Gore!" he ordered; and Gore sat up,  
startled.

"Grandy!" gasped Mr. Linton.

"All seems, sir!" said Grandy calmly. "I'll see that



Though it went Grandy's big fit on the Hesperometer's back, Mr. Hatchell sprang forward under the unexpected impetus.

they keep up to scratch. Show me that toffee away, Dene; can't concentrate on the lesson while you're showing!"

"Why, you—you—"  
"Grandy! How dare you?" gasped Mr. Linton. "Sit  
down at once, sir! Gore and Dene! It appears that you  
have been guilty of misconduct. You will each take  
fifty lines!"

"Oh!"  
Grandy jumped up again.

"Had a misere, sir? That's not fair!"  
"What?" stammered the outraged Mr. Linton.

"You're punishing them on no information. Naturally,  
I can't agree to act as a weak," explained Grandy. "I was  
simply backing you up—being fair to you, you see, sir. If  
you give those chaps lines, I shall feel it is up to me to  
do them and—"

"Silence!" barked Mr. Linton. "Since it appears that  
you feel it incumbent on you to write other boys' lines,  
you may take an imposition yourself! You will do me a  
hundred lines!"

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Grandy. "But don't you see,  
sir—"  
"Silence!" barked Mr. Linton.

Grandy gave it up.

At least, he gave it up for the time being. But he had not abandoned the rule of watching the Shell entirely, as the Shell soon found out.

A little later Mr. Lawson was called to the Head's study on business.

The Shell, as was usual on such occasions, gave themselves over to a little relaxation. Tom Merry, Messers. Noble, and Wilkins started an argument about the forthcoming Grammar School match. Gore began to read a "thriller" he had brought in with him. Minny Lovelock and Clifton Dane commenced an interminable game of table-tennis, with books as bats and a roll of paper as a ball. Others amused themselves in other ways according to their respective inclinations.

Very soon the Shell Form-room was a hive of activity of a kind that would certainly not have pleased Mr. Liston.

Grandy sat at his desk for a time, apparently engrossed in his textbook on geography.

Eventually he closed it, and with a look of determination on his rugged face stepped out to the front of the class.

"Silence!" he roared suddenly, and the Shell sat up and took notice.

"What the Champ—" said Tom Merry, looking up from his footer argument.

"You chaps aren't being fair to old Liston!" said Grandy. "He let us, expecting that we should spend the time while he was out studying geography."

"Where do you come in, anyway, Grandy?" grinned Lawson.

"Me? Well, I'm jolly well going to see that you keep on studying geography till he comes back!"

"What?"

"You—you're going to— Oh, ye gods!"

"Form master Grandy!" yelled Clifton Dane. "It's getting better and better!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dashed if I see anything to chuckle at!" declared Grandy. "I'm backing up Liston, and I'm going to see that you back him up, too! Get on with your work, you fellows! Otherwise—"

"Well, what happens if we don't?" chorched Noble.

"Not going to come in, are you?"

"That's just what I am going to do!" asserted Grandy, rickling up Mr. Liston's cane. "Now you know how you stand! Work or be caned!"

"Oh, grand pip!"

The Shell stared breathlessly at the great man of the Shell. Grandy had always had a high-handed way with him, but he was really appalling himself this time.

"Well, of all the cheek!" said Tom Merry at last.

"Not so much talk, Merry! Get on with your work, or— Yooocooop!" finished Grandy, as a paper pellet caught him on the ear; then, as a look and a ruler pointed respectively with his face and his chest: "Yooocooop! Yooocooop!"

"Let him have it!" yelled Noble, taking careful aim with a piece of chalk. "Give the cheeky bender sock!"

"Whoo-ho! Coming over, Grandy!"

"Hold this, old bean!"

"Whooop! Ow! Yooocooop!" roared Grandy, as a regular rain of missiles began to descend on him. "Look here, you rotters— Ow-woop! Yooocooop!"

The storm was at its height when the door of the Form-room opened again to admit Mr. Liston. The Shell master almost collapsed at the sight that met his eyes.

"Baps!" he roared.

"Oh arkie!"

"Cave! It's Liston!"

The din ceased as if by magic, and Mr. Liston advanced majestically to the centre of the room, which by this time resembled a battlefield as much as anything.

"Baps! How dare you!" gasped Mr. Liston. "What are you doing out in front of the class, Grandy?"

"Ow! I was—ow!—trying to keep order—"

"Nonsense!"

"But it's true, sir!" declared Grandy indignantly. "I was ordering 'em to get on with their geography, and—"

"Ow-woop!" boomed Mr. Liston. "You were taking advantage of my absence from the class to create a commotion. Give me that cane, sir!"

"But I assure you, sir—" almost wept the great man of the Shell.

"Don't bandy words with me boy! That cane, I said! Now hold out your hand!"

Grandy decided that it was useless to pursue the argument. He held out his bony hand, as required, and by the time he was permitted to lower it again he felt more than sorry that he had ever tried backing up Liston! **THE GEM LIBRARY—No. 1,235.**

## CHAPTER 7.

## With Gigs in His Hand!

"HERRIP!" he crooned!  
"Good old Grandy!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar from the waiting crowd when George Alfred Grandy traoped out of the Shell-room after class.

"Now what's the next move?" asked Messers. "Shouldn't advise you to start being just to the Head, he might even things up by being unjust to you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shew the Head! I'm fed up with giving fair play to books!" said Grandy. "But I'll admit I've been thinking about the New House chaps we ragged last night. Bit rough on 'em, wasn't it?"

"Well, not really," demurred Tom Merry. "It was only a lark. They've often done the same kind of thing to School House men."

Grandy shook his head.

"Two wrongs don't make a right, Tom Merry. I fancy we've done an injustice to Figgins and his pals this time. Of course, they're fearful spite to think I'm not better than Lawrence at footer—"

"Oh, of course!"

"Naturally!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But, after all, they have a right to their opinion, however silly it may be," said Grandy thoughtfully. "I feel I did the wrong things last night, anyway. Jolly good used to make it up to them in some way."

"What way?" asked Messers, with a snarl. "They'll think you're petty if you go over and apologise."

"Who said anything about apologising? You always jump to conclusions, Grandy," said Grandy. "The first thing that I'd think if I went over to apologise would be that I was pulling their legs. I can see that now, after the way Liston treated me."

"Love and learn!" grinned Wilkins. "But if you're not going to apologise, old chap, how else are you going to make Figgins and his pals understand you're sorry?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I thought of taking them over a piece of clothing of some kind—a hamper of tack or something like that, suggested the great man of the Shell.

"What do you think of that?"

"Bottom!"

"Eh!"

"Fancy wanting good tack on New House blighters while School House men are waiting to be led!" said Wilkins indignantly. "Never heard of anything so silly in my life!"

"Done, hear!"

"Dish it out between an instead," advised Clifton Dane.

"We'll tell Figgins what it was like afterwards!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hail a mo', chaps!" exclaimed Lovelock, with a twinkle in his eye. "Grandy's right, when you come to think of it."

"What?"

"There's something in it, after all," said the humorist of the Shell, closing the eye which was out of Grandy's line of vision. "Nobody was any ill-doing with the Grammar School match coming along."

"Just what I thought," nodded Grandy.

"And a nice little tack-hammer may do away with that resentment they might otherwise feel," said Lovelock jealously. "Come to think of it, Grandy, that's a jolly good idea of yours—so long as you pay the cost, of course!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll do that all right," promised Grandy. "Glad you like the idea, Lovelock. You're a faithful most of the time, but you're got a bit of sense!"

"Thanks, old bean!" grinned Lovelock. "Well, I've got an empty hamper if it's any use to you. I suggest we start it down to the tackshop and fill it up. Then you can take it across to Figgins."

"Good egg!"

And George Alfred Grandy, for the second time that day, left arrangements in the hands of Lovelock.

It was not a very wise thing to do, after his experience with the topper. But then Grandy, in spite of his own feeling to the contrary, was not a very wise fellow.

He cheerfully allowed Lovelock to bring along his empty hamper, and with equal cheerfulness allowed him to suggest how it should be made up.

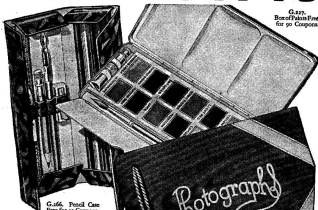
In his simplicity he failed to observe that the Shell humorist showed a marked disposition to choose unspiced food in preference to the tinned or wrapped variety.

But the grinning crowd which had followed the pair down

(Continued on page 12.)

# FREE GIFTS

G.197.  
Box of Pains Free  
for 50 Coupons.



G.166. Pencil Case  
Free for 40 Coupons.

Would you like a box of first-class English-made paints—twelve pans and two tubes—or would you rather have a Pencil Set with ruler, nibs and rubber? Or a beautiful album bound in moiré silk for your photographs? These are just a few of the Nestlé's Chocolate free gifts.

Just collect the right number of coupons—it's soon done for there's a coupon in with every bar and packet of chocolate that Nestlé's sell from the ad. bar upwards!

G.197.  
Photograph Album  
Free for 110 Coupons.

## NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

**FIVE  
COUPONS  
FREE**

To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.3  
Please send me 5 FREE COUPONS and the Nestlé's Presentation List.  
— (10-5-55)

Name .....

IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address .....

This offer applies only in Great Britain and N. Ireland. All stamp valuations of envelopes is excluded.

## MR. JUSTICE GRUNDY!

(Continued from page 10.)

to the school also observed the phenomenon. Furthermore, they saw the reason for Llewther's strange predilection.

Every now and again, while Grundy's back was turned, Llewther made a rapid slit in a cake, or pie, and inserted something from his pocket.

The "something" varied according to which pocket it came from. But in each case it was something extremely unpalatable, and not a bit related to the article it was wedged in. In point of fact, Llewther's pockets contained respectively a bottle of cod-liver oil, a bag of damp soap, and a packet of soap-flakes!

The crowd saw and grinned. Grundy did not see, and, therefore, did not grin. Indeed, it was very doubtful whether he would have grinned if he had seen; for, like everything else he took up, he had taken up the matter of making amends to Figgins & Co. with deadly seriousness.

As last the hamper was filled. On the surface it certainly looked a hamper fit to set before a king, so to speak. But appearances are notoriously deceiving.

"Well, there you are!" said Llewther, regarding the hamper with something like satisfaction. "If Figg doesn't fall on your neck and hail you as a long-lost brother after this, I'll eat my hat!"

"Ye gods!" murmured Manners. "Going to take it over yourself, Grundy?"

"Sure thing!" said Llewther, answering for the great man of the Shell. "He's going to balance it on his head, like the Syrian water-carriers do, aren't you, Grundy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grazie the hamper!" said Grundy.

Evidently he was not desirous of identifying himself with Syrian water-carriers, for he balanced the hamper on his shoulder, which had the advantage of being a little broader than his head.

Grundy set out for the New House.

The School House crowd would have liked to go with him; but that would have aroused suspicions and spoiled the whole thing, so they reluctantly stayed behind and watched him cross the quad and enter New House territory from the shelter of the trees outside the tuck-shop.

Grundy entered the New House wearing a beaming smile on his rugged countenance.

Luck was with him. Figgins & Co. were in their study. They rose at the sight of the great man of the Shell. They looked surprised, but rather glad to meet him.

"Dear old Grundy!" exclaimed Figgins.

"Just the man we've been wanting to meet!" grinned Korr.

Grundy smiled cheerfully.

"I've just come to see you fellows, as a matter of fact," he said. "I've brought a hamper for you."

"Eh?"

"Thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that I'd perhaps been a little unfair to you last night. So I thought I'd make up for it by bringing along a little present. Here it is."

"Well, my hat!" said Korr.

"By gum!" said Pasty Wynn, his eyes shining. "Pretty decent of you, Grundy! We were really thinking of regging you, but—"

"Can't rag a man who brings gifts in his hand!" said Figgins, with a shake of his head. "Let's sample that cake, Grundy."

"Help yourselves!" said Grundy hospitably, setting down

the hamper. "You'll find the quality's good; and there's plenty of it!"

Figgins helped himself to a cake. Pasty Wynn made a dive for a succulent-looking pie. Korr plucked out a tempting jam-tart. Three hungry jaws made a simultaneous bite.

And two seconds later three simultaneous howls rent the air.

"Ouch!"

"Gwocoooh!"

"Ow! Missummers!"

"What the thump—" ejaculated Grundy, with a start. Figgins & Co., with mouthfuls of soap and cod-liver oil and soap, staggered back, choking. As they did so, a grim figure in cap and gown appeared in the doorway. Grundy recognized Mr. Ratcliff, the sour-tempered Housemaster of the New House.

"Boys!"

Mr. Ratcliff's tone was acid. It usually was.

"Gwocoooh!" was all that Figgins & Co. could say in response.

## CHAPTER 8.

## Declined with Thanks!

"BOYS!" boomed Mr. Ratcliff.

"Missummers!"

"Boys!" said Mr. Ratcliff for the third time. "Boys! Wretched youths! What is the meaning of this disgraceful exhibition?"

"Gwocoooh! Ow! Gwocoooh!"

"Disgraceful!" declared the Housemaster of the New House. "The cause of your discomforts evidently lies in these comestibles. I have reproved you before for gluttony, Wynn. Apparently your friends share your greedy propensities!"

"Gwocoooh!"

"What the thunder—" said George Alfred Grundy, who was amazed at the notice of his New House guests.

"Inconceivable gluttony!" snapped Mr. Ratcliff, whipping out a cane from under his arm like a warrior unsheathing his sword. "You appear to be party to this disgusting orgy, Grundy. I shall report you to your Housemaster."

"You, sir," said Grundy, undismayed. "But what light do I—"

"Silence, Grundy! The rest of you I shall cane here and now. The hamper I shall confiscate as a lesson to you, which I hope and believe will prove effective. Certainly the comestibles in themselves appear to be quite good," acknowledged Mr. Ratcliff.

And to support his opinion he took advantage of Figgins & Co.'s inattention to help himself to an inconceivable-looking cake. Mr. Ratcliff, who suffered somewhat from dyspepsia, did not usually indulge in such luxuries as cakes; but he had cut down his breakfast to a cup of weak tea and a biscuit on this particular day and was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger.

Unfortunately his hand happened to alight on one of Llewther's "prepared" delicacies.

In order that Figgins & Co. should not see what he had done, he transferred the cake bodily into his mouth, closed his thin lips, and started munching.

During the two seconds in which he penetrated the outer casing of the cake, Mr. Ratcliff noticed nothing unusual about his captives. But then—

"Gwocoooh!" ejaculated Housemaster Ratcliff, M.A., suddenly.

"Well, I've figured!" said Grundy, his amazement

## Would You Believe It?

10,000,000 lost annually in the U.S.A. by fires attributed to carelessly discarded cigarettes.

The *Thames Ship of the Cape of Good Hope* was by a British merchant.

Fifteen days were on her way, July 11, 1851, in an entry on the log of H.M.S. Bechford, one of the largest ships in the British Navy.

On a warm summer's day the Crystal Palace is 10 inches longer than in winter, due to the expansion of glass & iron.

The Gem Library—No. 1,202.



increasing as he turned from Figgins & Co. to see that the New House master had also been affected.

"Goo-coooh! Ah! Goo-coooh!" spluttered Mr. Ratcliff, holding up a handkerchief to his mouth. "Fetch a—booch!—dooor, boys, I am—ooch!—poooored! Oh! Ah! Mwaan!"

"My hat! Best thing to do then, sir, is to choke it up," advised Grandy, looking quite alarmed. "Perhaps I'll do the trick if I thump you on the back, like this!"

Thump! what Grandy's big on the New House master's back, then— Thump, thump, thump!

The effect was not quite what Grandy had imagined it would be. Instead of choking it up, Mr. Ratcliff sprang forward under the unexpected impetus, clasped Figgins affectionately round the neck, and collapsed in a heap on the floor, with the leader of the New House juniors on top of him.

"Crash!" roared Figgins, while from Mr. Ratcliff came a grating yell.

"Oo! Oo! Ah! Oo!"

"Oo ookey! Sorry, sir!" gasped Figgins, scrambling up again.

"Urur!" roared Mr. Ratcliff, growling like an infuriated bull-dog.

He staggered to his feet, adjusted his glasses, and fixed a hostile glare on the New House juniors.

"What likes me—" began Grandy again, but Mr. Ratcliff interrupted him before he got any farther.

"Silence! I appreciate the position now. The whole thing was a plot to make me appear ridiculous!"

Figgins & Co. gasped. Certainly Mr. Ratcliff had appeared ridiculous enough, but the idea that he had appeared ridiculous as a result of a plot on their part was one which certainly had not occurred to them.

"But—" said Figgins.

"I decline to bandy words with you, Figgins! I shall punish you severely!"

"Oh dear!" wailed Fatty Wynn. "But what for?"

"That is known to you already!" snapped Mr. Ratcliff. "You deliberately advised me to sample the confection which appeared to be making you ill!"

"Well, my hat!"

"But there was nothing with the trick," said Grandy indignantly. "I've only just bought it in the school shop."

"You admit, then, that you also are in the plot!" said Mr. Ratcliff harshly. "I shall request Mr. Butler to inflict the same punishments on you as I am about to inflict on these boys. Hold out your hand, Figgins!"

Figgins suppressed his feelings and held out his hand. It was no good arguing with Mr. Ratcliff in the tantrum. When he made up his mind to use the cane, it was a zero thing he would use it, whether justified or not.

So Figgins held out his hand, and after that the other hand, and after that the free again, and so on until the New House master was satisfied. After which, Kerr and Wynn went through the same performance.

"That will do!" snapped Mr. Ratcliff, having concluded; and he went his way, growling rather hard.

Figgins & Co. quite agreed. They thought it had more than done, in fact!

"Ow! Well, of all the brats!" said Figgins.

"Of all the tyrants!" growled Kerr, expressing his police under his armpit.

"Of all the rotters," growled Fatty Wynn. "Ratty's the worst! I'd give a couple of beads to cure him like he's cured me! Oo!"

"By gum, he's the giddy limit!" said Grandy warily.

"I tell you what: you chaps are at a disadvantage, being in his hands, and I want to do you a good turn. Let me rag him for you."

"Am!"

"I'll do it," said Grandy eagerly. "It's my policy now, to be fair to everybody. New House odds included, I'll rag him, if you like."

"Must?"

"Of course, I'll be careful!"

"Pushed! Footling, leading sherry!" roared Figgins. "Think we want School House loaves to do our ragging for us! Anyway, we haven't settled with you for footling that doctored talk on to us yet."

"But it wasn't doctored!" yelled Grandy. "I tell you—ow! Whatever you doing, you idiots!"

Figgins & Co. didn't trouble to explain what they were doing. They simply did it. They felt like taking it out of somebody, and the fellow who had been the cause of their own was a very suitable person to take it out of.

Grandy felt himself suddenly whirled off his feet, raised in the air, and brought down with a bump on the stairs. That process was repeated several times.

Grandy returned to his own quarters, growling and snarling, but still determined to show his good will to the New House. How he was going to show it, was a matter for the future.

CHAPTER 9.

Football is a Game!

"READY in half a jiffy, dash boy!"

"Half a jiffy's too long when the Grammarians are out there waiting for us," said Tom Morry grimly. "Kin as?"

"Woolly, dash boy!"

"Coming, or shall we make you come?" roared the skipper of the junior eleven.

"If you'll kindly wait till I've brushed my hair—"

"Good old Gas!" growled Jack Blake, and there was a chuckle from the rest of the footballers in the pavilion.

It was the day of the Grammar School match, and Gordon Gray and his merry crew were already on the field. As usual, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was holding up the roof of the team, while he put a finishing touch to himself in front of the mirror.

"I'm woolly now, dash boys!" he announced, turning from the mirror at last. "Trust I haven't kept anyone waiting!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Kin on!" repeated Tom Morry, and he led the way out of the pavilion.

Grandy followed the team out, still looking a little thoughtful over the problem of Arthur Augustus. Before he went on to the field of play he stopped for a moment to speak to Guss, who was among the spectators. The result of that brief speech was to be seen after the match.

Meanwhile, Tom Morry had led the team to Gordon Gray, the chosen leader of the Elysian Grammar School team, and Gray had chosen his end.

The sides lined up. Grandy was right-half, and very proud he looked as he trotted to his position. He nodded cheerfully as he passed Tom Morry.

"Back me up for all your worth and you won't go far wrong!" he called out.

"Don't be an ass, Grandy! We expect to be attacking most of the time. Your game is to feed the forwards, not to be supported by the rest of us!"

Facts from Far and Near.

A Genius many times over



Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) artist · poet · architect · sculptor · engineer · soldier.

"Beefsteak" as the Yeomen of the Guard is a corruption of the name of one who waits at the buffet.



Started 23 years ago with 21 boys, the Scout Movement now numbers nearly 2,000,000 members

The Record Football Score

Preston	26
North End	0
Hyde	0

Oct 15, 1887 (English Cup)

"Look here—" began Grandy argumentatively. Then he remembered his new role as the first man of St. Jim's, and managed to suppress his other feelings. "All across, then," he went on. "You're the skipper, and it's only fair for me to take your orders. I'll stand the forwards all right. Lay 'em in to me."

"Mind you do!" said Tom. A moment later he kicked off. Blake took the pass and looked it across to Talbot, on the wing, who got well on the way. Then Oliver, in the Grammar School half-back line, tackled him, and was successful in robbing him of the ball. He swung it across to Frank Monk, on the Plymouth left wing, sending it a little too far ahead for his man.

Grandy came tearing down the field, the light of battle in his eyes, and there was a roar from the St. Jim's supporters.

"Go it, Grandy!" Grandy went for it! He lifted his foot and gave the ball a mighty kick that sent it whizzing through the air in the direction of his forwards.

The drawback to that, while it was certainly in the right direction, it travelled about twenty yards in front of them, landing up at the feet of a grinning Grammarian full-back.

Several expressive glances were turned in Grandy's direction by disengaged St. Jim's players. Grandy did not see them. He was making for mid-field, where the ball was looking about, determined to head the forwards, if he perished in the attempt. There was a sudden yell from the crowd.

"Where are you, Grandy!" Grandy was raising for the ball. Unfortunately, as soon as he got near it, it returned to the very spot he had come from.

Frank Monk, unchecked, scudded up the field with the ball at his feet. Piggott, the home right-back, rushed across to intercept it. But Monk, who was one of the stars of the Grammar School side, just managed to get past him, took the ball up a few more yards, headed himself, and then shot.

It was a terrific shot, and though Fatty Wynn, in goal, made a valiant effort to save, he missed it by inches. The ball lodged in the back of the net, and from the visitors' supporters came a delighted roar.

"Goal!" "Hurray!" "What price, Grandy?" came a howl from a group of New House men round the ropes.

Grandy, apparently, was quite satisfied with himself. "Back up, you chaps!" he called out, as the players lined up again. "Step up near their goal, Merry! I'm looking for you here!"

"Hal Joss!" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Others said the same thing in terms more forcible, but less polite. "Play!"

They were off again! Tom Merry and his forwards were on their merciful toes, and they ruzzed down the field, carrying all before them. For several minutes the Grammarians, staided as subjected to a regular bombardment, and only by bad luck did the home side fail to score the equalizer.

Then the tension was relieved, and the ball went into St. Jim's territory again. It landed right at the feet of George Alfred Grandy.

Grandy did not hesitate. He never had been one to hesitate. He rushed the ball across the half-way line again and booted it up into the air in what he thought was the right direction.

Unfortunately, he hadn't made allowance for the fairly stiff breeze which was blowing. The result was that, instead of heading the forwards, as he had intended, he fed Gordon Gay, who was quite a long way behind him. Gay headed the ball across to Wootton, who stretched away with it. Kerr tackled him, and Wootton passed to Carbery, on the wing, who was heading for goal in a trice. The St. Jim's keeper doubled back, but Grandy was already passing to Gordon Gay, who was waiting in the right place to send on a stinging shot into the far corner of the net.

"Goal!" shrieked the delighted Grammarians round the ropes for the second time.

A gasp went up from the home supporters. Two goals down in ten minutes, and both the result of Grandy's play! It began to look as if Tom Merry's decision to give the great man of the Shell a real chance at Foster would bring disaster to the St. Jim's team.

But the game wasn't over yet. The St. Jim's forwards put all they knew into the game, and were eventually rewarded by netting a goal from the foot of Jack Blake. Then, just before half-time, an accident occurred which proved to be the turning-point of the game.

Frank Monk collided violently with Grandy, and had to be helped off the field, suffering from a sprained ankle. The GAZETTE.—No. 1,235.

That meant that the Grammar School would have to play a man short for the rest of the game.

It was rough luck, and the St. Jim's fellows sympathized with their opponents in their misfortune.

Their sympathy, however, was as nothing compared with the sympathy Grandy felt.

"The great man of the Shell was simply confounding with it. 'Something's got to be done about it!' he announced decisively, as he kicked half a dozen during the interval. 'It was my fault.'"

"But?" It was no more than anyone else's," laughed Tom Merry. "Except it, old chap, and for goodness' sake play up in the second half!"

Grandy shook his head. "That's not good enough. Tom Merry, I'm not satisfied with the idea of the Grammar School playing a man short because of me. Wouldn't be fair. It would be downright unjust, in fact."

"Right, then?" grinned Blake. "You drop out, then we'll all be happy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Yes?" grunted Grandy. "No. So far as I can get, there's only one way in which I can repair the damage I've



"Get on with your work—pop!" bellowed Grandy.

done, and that's for me to help the Grammar School in the second half.

"My hat! That's not a bad idea," remarked Lovison lightly. "We shall be sure of winning now!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you howling cow—" gasped the indignant Grandy.

"Time!" announced Tom Merry at that moment, and the players dropped the discussion and trooped out of the pavilion again.

Grandy's nose was aching as he lined up with the rest. He had truly made up his mind that justice demanded his visiting Gordon Gay's team, and he had decided that he should do it. It was a serious matter to Grandy. It was a serious matter for Gordon Gay also, but he knew it. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he was unaware that he had acquired a new coach.

Gordon Gay kicked off for the second half, and the

depleted front line of the Grammarian moved forward. The ball swung evenly from man to man till it came whizzing from the wing back to Gordon Gay.

It looked a dangerous attack, and as Gay raced forward towards the St. Jim's goal, with the ball under perfect control, there was an anxious hush from the home supporters. The Grammarian looked like catching another goal.

Then Grandy came into the picture.

When he came from was not quite clear, but there was no mistake about his coming. He rushed across the field,



Regular rule of missiles began to descend upon him.

making a dead line for the Grammarian skipper, and reached him just as he was studying himself for a shot.

"Goal!"

The line met with a terrific impact. Gordon Gay rolled over, roaring, and Grandy's foot flew up in the air, while his foot collided with the ground.

There was a roar from the crowd.

"Clear, Grandy!"

"Oh, good man!"

The crowd were quite under the impression that the great run of the Shell had got St. Jim's out of a hole. That impression, however, was entirely incorrect. Grandy himself thought he was helping Gordon Gay!

He picked himself up and rushed in again. The ball had returned to the other end now, and Tom Merry was bearing down on the Grammarian's attack. Grandy, full of zeal for the team he had adopted, gave a yell.

"Keep 'em out, Grammarian School!"

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Gordon Gay, in great

astonishment. "What the thump are you yelling, Grandy?" Grandy's voice was drowned in a roar.

"Goal!"

"Hoop, Tommy!"

Tom Merry had scored the second goal for the home side. The two teams were now level.

St. Jim's settled down to their real form after that. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy soon scored another, to put St. Jim's one ahead, and Tom Merry made victory more certain by adding yet another.

The Grammarian, still not disheartened, tried hard to charge level again. But an evil influence seemed to pursue them. They could do nothing right.

The evil influence was really a rugged, sturdy St. Jim's junior—George Alfred Grandy, to wit. He was here, there, and everywhere. Whenever a Grammarian got away with the ball, Grandy seemed to slip in and fall over it or in some other way spoil the move.

It was Grandy's way of helping them. But they did not recognize his efforts as helpful. Gordon Gay and his men developed quite a respect for Grandy as a footballer. The St. Jim's supporters, who were also in ignorance of Grandy's real intentions, yelled themselves hoarse over him, angrily surprised by his unexpected form.

The whistle went at last with St. Jim's easy winners by 6-2.

Thanks, in a large measure, to Grandy's new position for justice, the home side had survived the ordeal of Grandy's playing for them and triumphed!

CHAPTER 16.

Studing by Gony!

"WELL, we had?" remarked Gordon Gay ruefully, as he returned to the pavilion. "Must give you St. Jim's change a little commiseration now and again, I suppose."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What I don't understand," went on the Grammarian School leader, frowning, "is the surprising show Grandy put up for you in the second half. Why, he played like a gobby Trojan!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to chuckle at, is there?" asked Gay, in surprise. "I never thought much of old Grandy as a player before, but he fairly came to-day! Skipped me scoring several times!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you silly ass—" gasped Grandy.

"Well, it's a fact, you know. You seemed to be in my way all the time!"

"But I didn't stop you once, you duffer!" roared Grandy. "I was helping you!"

"When?"

"I told Merry at half-time that as I'd spotted Monk I'd help you out by playing for your side in the second half!" howled Grandy. "Mean to say you didn't notice me doing it?"

"Blame-my hat!" stammered Gordon Gay. "So you were helping us, were you? Well, that explains it. No wonder we lost!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the St. Jim's crowd.

The indignant Grandy seemed inclined to argue the matter. Reason was overruled, however, by the arrival of Gony, who beckoned his leader aside.

"Here you are, old chap," he said in an undertone, handing over a brown-paper parcel. "I got what you asked for—a topper and a memento. Though what on earth you want them for—"

"Thanks!" said Grandy, with a nod. "In confidence, I intend to make Gony feel more at ease."

"Oh?"

"It occurred to me just before the match that nobody here treats Gony fairly," explained Grandy. "The chaps are always pulling his leg one way or another. I'm going to be fair in his—where him there's one in the School doesn't look on him as an idiot!"

"But—how the merry dickens—"

"You'll soon see how!"

Grandy vanished into the dressing-rooms. He was out again in a matter of seconds. But a surprising change had come over him in the brief interval of his absence. He was still wearing his boxer shorts and jockey; but on his head now reposed an elegant topper, while in his eye glinted a replica of D'Arcy's celebrated monocle!

For a moment he was transfixed. Then he came into the circle of the crowd on the veranda, where Arthur Augustus himself was standing—and there was a yell.

"What the thump—"

"What—what—"

"It's Grundy!" roared Blake. "But what on earth—"  
Grundy smiled and raised his topper with an elegant flourish.

"How do you do, dear boy?" he said cheerfully.

"Oh!"

"Wishak a good game, wasn't it?" remarked Grundy blandly. "Nother like football for a spring afternoon, is there?"

"Great pip!"

The crowd fairly blinked. As to Arthur Augustus, he regarded the cheerful Grundy through his own monocle with a fixed and frozen stare.

"What is it?" demanded Blake dazedly. "Is it just conventional idiosyncrasy, or—"

"But Jove! Are you addressin' those remarks to me, Blake?" asked Grundy. "If so, you had better apologise quickly before I administer a fabled thwack!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd paled. They didn't understand what exactly was the object of Grundy's peculiar little game. But the spectacle of the rugged orange Alfred Grundy wearing a topper and monocle with fustian rig and training D'Arcy's delicate sword was, as Lorrain afterwards remarked, a sight for gods, men, and little fishes. The jokers on the veranda of the pavilion found it irresistible. Saints and Gracianians alike roared with laughter.

"But Jove!" murmured the original Arthur Augustus, finding his tongue at last. "But Jove! D-d-d-d Jove!"

"Don't let those gwiners' wotshak worry you, Goo, dear boy," said Grundy, turning his monocle in the direction of the swell of the Fourth. "I teach them, dear boy! Want to shake that I'm with you, anyway, but Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—" stuttered Arthur Augustus, his noble face turning as if his shade of pink had been extinguished.

"The wotshak are always stuppid' you, but you'll know in futshak that you've got one pal, wotshak, dear boy!"

Imped Grundy, with a terrific effort. "Fussus new us, Gwenny, I'm standin' by you; I'm your pal!"

"Oh, great pip!"

"It's just Grundy's way," he justly remarked Blake. "He's just Grundy's way. 'Be just to everyone,' is his motto. He's being just to Gwenny! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But Jove!" breathed Arthur Augustus.

"Trot along in the aforesaid you've changed your clubshak, if you feel like it?" ratched on Grundy genially. "I shall have one or two friends, dear boy. You'll quite enjoy it, but Jove!"

"You silly ass!" roared Arthur Augustus, forgetting in his rather nervous excitement that calm repose which swayed the coat of Vere de Vere. "You stink fathead!"

"What!"

"If I really thought you were playin' an intentional practical joke on me, I'd give you a fabled thwack!" said the angry swell of the Fourth. "As it is, Grundy, I give you the benefit of the doubt, though it is hard to understand when you doin' this in all sincerity!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy's monocle dropped out of his eye. He pushed the topper on the back of his head and glared.

"By gum! So that's the gratitude I get, is it?" he asked. "By gum!"

"You are a duffshak," snapped Arthur Augustus. "It is just now that in this case you are a well-wisher's duffshak, but you're a duffshak all the same! Fussy stop being wild, and put that toposh away!"

"But, you idiot, I put it on so as to make you feel at home!" roared Grundy. "Dashed if I can understand you, D'Arcy; I do all this for your special benefit, and then—"

"I shall take it as a farak, Gwandy, if you cease tryin' to make me feel at home!"

"So that's it, is it?" snorted Grundy. "Allow I go to all this trouble of dressin' up like a piddly tailor's dandy—"

"But Jove!"

"And talking as if I'd get a piddly in my mouth," went on Grundy hotly, "you, here, roared on me and try to make me look an idiot! Jolly good mind to snap up the deer with you!"

"You are quite welcome to try!" snapped the swell of the Fourth. "If I can obtain the permit of our guests from the Gwammak School—"

"Don't mind us!" growled Gordon Gay. "We won't turn a hair, whatever Good is shed!"

"Then come on," growled Grundy, hurling aside the impassable topper with which he had hoped to jolt Arthur Augustus at his ease. "As you don't seem to jolly well appreciate what I've done, I'm quite willing to jolly well—"

"Gwenny—"

"Whatever you doin'!"

"Yarroosh! Welcome to!" roared Arthur Augustus at the same time. "Lemme go, Tom Mowsey, or—"

"But tall wotshak heaped your heads together; then you can both go!" grinned Tom Merry. "Can't have scrapin' in front of visitors like this, you know! Get Grundy, you mean!"

"Wotshak!"

"Then both together!"

"Crack!"

"Blowup!"

"Gwenny! Yarroosh!"

And thus, in a scuffling and wailing and gnashing of teeth, finished Grundy's one and only effort at standing by Gwenny!

---

## CHAPTER 11.

### The Masked Baller!

"GRUNDY, old chap—"

"Grundy, old chap—"  
"No good arguin'," said Grundy. "I've told you what I'm going to do. Well, I shall do it. That's that!"

It was the evening of the same day, and the great man of the Ball had been explaining a scheme he had evolved for doing Figgins & Co. of the New House a good turn.

"There was no doubt that Grundy was a duffer. His wotshak wotshak could not have done that."

"Well, as time is lost," went on Grundy briskly. "I'm leaving off now, you chaps. Keep men about where I've gone, wotshak you!"

"Of course, you are; but—"

"In-in!" said Grundy; and, without waiting to hear his supporters out, he quitted the study.

"Of all the duff shams—" said Gwenny, when he had gone.

"Of all the scatterbrained fustians—" said Wilkins.

And Grundy's two satellites proceeded to perform a bird of dust on the subject of their leader. Fortunately for Grundy's peace of mind and for his satellites' bodily comfort, the subject of the dust was well out of earshot.

He tramped downstage, passed through the Hall, and went out into the quad, across which he walked in the direction of the New House.

There were not many about at this time of the evening; but entering the New House without being challenged, the great man of the Ball met Figgins and Kerr and Fatty Wynn crossing the entrance-hall.

Figgins & Co. stared at the caller.

"Hallo, hallo! Looks like an escaped inmate from that madshak ward over the way!" remarked Figgins. "Wonder how it got away!"

"Can't allow it in our quarters, anyway," said Kerr, with a shake of his head. "Might catch foot-and-mouth disease from it! Bam!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dashed if I see anything to chuck about!" snorted Grundy. "Look here, you men. I've come over to do old Batty one in the eye, as I promised I would!"

"Oh, crick!"

"You have, have you?" grinned Kerr. "How exactly are you going to set about it?"

Grundy's answer drew a yelp from the New House jokers. He snorted, snuggled, and snarled.

"Bog his study!"

"What!"

"Bog his study!" repeated Grundy grimly. "It's the easiest and best way I know to make old Batty wild. He'll have fitz fitz when he sees what I've done! Now, where is he?"

"To gods!"

"If he's not, now's my chance!" said Grundy. "Of course, I shall take precautions. I shall wear a mask."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to laugh at, is there?" asked the great man of the Ball, in surprise. "Well, I'll jolly operators and have a most round. So-long!"

"Hold him!" sang out Figgins, as Grundy started mounting the stairs. "If the silly ass starts playing tricks with Batty's study—"

"There'll be the very deacons to pay!" finished Kerr.

"Exactly! After him!"

Figgins & Co. leaped up the stairs after the retreating School House jester. Grundy looked round in astonishment.

"Trying to stop me, then? But, you fatheads, I'm doing this for your special benefit—"

"Now, lemme go!"

"Not just yet!" grinned Figgins. "And we're not letting a tame bogger run amuck in Batty's room, even if it is for us— Yarroosh!"

"Gwenny—" called Fatty Wynn simultaneously.

Grundy had decided to go from words to deeds! It was a

painful decision for Figgins and Kerr. Figgins staggered back, holding his jaw, and Kerr fell over, feeling as if he had been kicked by a mule.

Fatty Wynn, the surviving member of the trio, fairly sang himself at the School House raider; but Grandy stepped, and gave him a push that sent him sprawling.

Then, without waiting for his fallen victims to rise again, Grandy snatched up the stairs and made a bee-line for Mr. Ratcliff's room, which he knew to be along the first landing.

He took a chance about the Housemaster being in, and opened the door.

Mr. Ratcliff was not in. Grandy grinned and entered.

Once inside, he found that the key of the door was missing. That was a bit awkward, with Figgins & Co. on his track, but Grandy managed to fix it by placing a chair under the door-handle.

Then he donned his mask and proceeded to "make a mess" of Mr. Ratcliff's study.

Grandy cheerfully scattered all the papers on Mr. Ratcliff's desk over the floor, and poured a bottle of ink over them. Then he scrougled out some soot from the chimney and spread it over the desk. A lick was sufficient to send the bookcase flying and a push the table.

There was a tramp of footsteps in the passage outside and a banging on the door.

"Open the door, you faddled!" came Figgins' voice through the door and its frame. "If you don't let us in, we'll—"

"Go and eat cake!" snorted Grandy, as he went about his work. "Fine let you see—I don't think! You wanted to take it out of Ratty, and I'm doing it for you, and this is the thanks I get!"

"You silly ass—"

"Go and chop chips!"

"Shove together and see if we can't knock the chair away!" growled Kerr, from outside, and a moment later there was a creaking and a groaning as the shoving process began.

It turned out to be more successful than any of them had imagined. After three mighty efforts on the part of Figgins & Co. there was a sudden loud crack, and the chair toppled over with a broken back.

Then something else happened. Grandy, naturally, anticipated that Figgins & Co. would rush in. But, instead of that, there was a sudden startled cry of "Ratty!" and the sound of footsteps scuffling away down the passage.

"Oh, Ratty!" gasped Grandy.

As Figgins & Co.'s footsteps died away he heard the sound of heavier footsteps coming from the other direction.

Mr. Ratcliff was returning! And there was no way of keeping him out!

Grandy made a desperate rush across the room, grabbed another chair, and tried to set it under the handle.

He was too late. The door was opened again before he could get the chair in position, and the Housemaster of the New House stepped into the room.

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Ratcliff, as he came face to face with the masked School House raider. Then he saw that his visitor was by a junior, and his first apprehension gave place to sudden fury as he saw the state of his room. "Boy! Ratcliff! What have you done!"

Even Grandy wasn't foolish enough to reveal his identity by answering that question. He saw that words, not words, were more wanted, and he proceeded to do them. He led to scrape scowder, and Mr. Ratcliff was barring the way out of the door. There was only one way left—by the window.

With a sudden movement Grandy rushed across the room to the window, which was, fortunately, open, and jumped out on the ledge.

"Boy! Wretched youth!" roared Mr. Ratcliff. "Come back at once! How dare you try to escape!"

He might well have asked that question, for it certainly required daring to climb down the ivy from Ratty's window to terra firma. Grandy, of course, was not lacking in that respect.

For a moment or two he hung from the sill by his hands. Mr. Ratcliff, infuriated at the idea of the wretched scamp, fairly scowped near to the window. He leaped out and tried to grab the mask that covered Grandy's face.

Grandy was fairly desperate now. He disengaged one hand and knocked Mr. Ratcliff's arm on one side. Then his thumb and forefinger fixed firmly on the Housemaster's nose and pulled.

"Wew-whooop!" roared Mr. Ratcliff, following his nose to the level of the ledge.

For a moment the Housemaster had a wild idea that the masked raider was trying to pull him out of the window. But that was not Grandy's idea.

The great man of the School suddenly released his victim.

In the same instant his free arm shot up and pulled down the window on Mr. Ratcliff, making the Housemaster of the New House a helpless prisoner!

"Whooop!" roared Mr. Ratcliff.

"That's that!" remarked Grandy to himself, and he proceeded to swing himself hand under hand down the ivy into the front quad.

## CHAPTER 12.

## Grandy's Master-Stroke I

"HELP! Oh! Oh! Help!" Mr. Ratcliff's agonized voice rang out across the quad.

The Housemaster of the New House had a knack of getting himself into tight corners. But he had never been in a tighter corner than this. The window held him in a vice-like grip, and Ratty found himself powerless to escape.

His bony arms waved frantically over the quad, while his equally bony legs waved equally frantically in the study. From both sides Ratty presented an extraordinary and decidedly entertaining picture. Unfortunately for his personal comfort, it was quite a long time before anybody came along to enjoy the entertainment!

Monteith, a New House prefect, happened to pass below eventually, and looked up at the sound of Mr. Ratcliff's appealing cry.

"By gad!" he exclaimed, as his eyes took in the Housemaster.

"Help! Rescue! Hurry up to my room at once, Monteith!" shrieked Mr. Ratcliff.

"Right-ho, sir!" called out Monteith, and as he hurried off, he repeated in wondering accents: "By gad!"

Monteith's departure was the signal for the appearance of several others, and a small army had assembled below by the time the visible half of Mr. Ratcliff was eventually withdrawn.

Up in the Housemaster's study the rescued Ratcliff sank back into a chair almost exhausted by his ordeal.

"How on earth did you get there, sir?" asked the amazed prefect. "I thought the sashline must have broken while you were leaning out, but—"

"But assured that it was not an accident, Monteith!" gasped the Housemaster. "I have, in point of fact, been the victim of an attack of unparalleled brutality by a junior boy belonging to the School House!"

"Oh, gad!"

"The brutal young rascal, who wore a mask, was interrupted in the nefarious task of wrecking my study by my unexpectedly returning—"

(Continued on the next page.)

**TRY ME FOR VALUE AND GIFTS**

I GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU POUNDS on any type of Bicycle you require. Thousands of new machines in stock. ALL MARKED DOWN BY POUNDS. Cashless paid, on approval. FREE GIFT Assurance. Write for my counter money-saving Catalogue—No. 1115.

**EMERSON BROS. LTD.**  
THE GREAT LONDON CYCLE WORKS, 101, 111, COLUMBIA ST., E.C. 4.



## BUY NOW FOR EASTER



## THE COMPETITION TENT.

Size 4ft. long, 4ft. 3ins. wide, 3ft. 6ins. high, 6ft. wide. Made from strong white material. Frame jointed poles in 2 sections. One photo in white.

**15/6**

## THE OLIVIER TENT.

Same size as above, but of superior quality white material, with green net-work material, with Pine Green Colour, etc. Pattern in white. Frame jointed poles in 2 sections. One photo in white.

**15/6**

HEIGHT INCREASED. (See page 12.)

SOLE AGENTS—P. & A. COLLYER, MARKHAM, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

"But if he were a mask, how do you know he belonged to the School House?" asked Monteith.

"Because, my dear Monteith, I watched him cross the quad, and proceed straight towards the School House?" replied Mr. Ratcliff in his most acid tones. "Undoubtedly this young hoodlum belonged to the School House, and you may take it that I shall not feel satisfied until I have identified him."

"Anything I can do, sir?" asked Monteith. "If you'd like me to fetch a doctor or something—"

"That, providentially, will not be necessary, Monteith. It is verily advised, however, that I take a rest. After that I shall go to the Head and acquaint him with the circumstances of the outrage. You may go!"

Monteith withdrew.  
Quits a crowd greeted him outside the Housemaster's study.

"What's doing, Monteith?" asked Figgins.  
"Nothing that concerns you young swags, luckily for you!" answered the perfect. "Apparently it's a School House chap who's for it this time."

Figgins started a little.  
"Does Hatty—I mean, Mr. Ratcliff—know the chap, then?"

"Not at the moment. But he knows he belongs to the School House, and he's going to mass heaven and earth to find him!"

"Oh!"

Figgins & Co. strolled off as Monteith went his way.  
"Terrible for Grundy, unless I'm much mistaken," remarked Wain. "He ought to be warned that Ratty suspects a School House man."

"Just what I was thinking," nodded Figgins. "We'll warn him."

And they did so with all speed, afterwards returning to the New House without delay.

They left Grundy feeling in a state of considerable perturbation.

The great man of the Stoll was not worried on his own account. The wreath of the books held no terrors for George Alfred Grundy.

What did worry him, as he explained to Wilkins and Gunn, was the fact that he had presented Ratcliff, few, gratis, and for nothing, with a letter to sue against Ralston. He hadn't thought when he returned to the School House that Mr. Ratcliff would be able to observe his movements

back to his own House. Grundy never did trouble about titles.

Now that he had discovered his error, he felt very annoyed and worried about it.

"It's rotten!" said Grundy. "I can just imagine Ratty robbing it in. He'll make Ralston squirm, if he can!"

"Well, it's all your fault," groaned Wilkins.  
"Oh, well! Anyway, if it is, there must be a way out somewhere— Oh, my hat! Get it!" concluded Grundy suddenly. "The very idea!"

"Oh, crackle! Another brain-rave!" groaned Gunn.  
"What is it?"

"Just the one thing that can put things right again!" declared Grundy enthusiastically. "Ratty'll come over and complain to the Head that a School House man rapped his room, won't he?"

"How is it?"

"Suppose there's a New House raid on Ralston's study in the meantime, then it's ten to one Ralston'll rush to the Head with the same sort of complaint, isn't it? In which case, Ratty won't have anything on Ralston!"

"Well, should I should imagine he would, if it happened," admitted Wilkins, with a stare. "But, of course, it won't happen."

"Won't it?" grinned Grundy. "I rather fancy it will!"

"But how, the thump—?"

"Walk and see!" said Grundy, using the phrase of a famous statesman.

With that cryptic phrase he vanished, leaving his satellites mystified.

Grundy's movements during the next ten minutes were unknown so far as St. Jim's was concerned.

The results of his movements, however, became known in a very short space of time.

Soon after the passing of Grundy's mysterious ten minutes Mr. Ratcliff came stamping over from the New House, his thin lips twitching and his little eyes gleaming behind his glasses.

He went straight to the Head's study.  
Dr. Holmes, the worthy old Head of St. Jim's, listened to the story of the Housemaster's misadventure with his stretched rather indolent and unconcerned.

"And you think this—this appalling outrage was committed by a— a School House boy?" he exclaimed, when Mr. Ratcliff had reached the end of his breathless recital.  
"I am positive of it, sir!"

"Extraordinary! I am deeply perturbed at the suggestion," said Dr. Holmes. "I had always thought the standard of discipline prevailing under Mr. Ralston to be exceptionally high."

Mr. Ratcliff's lip curled sardonically.  
"It is a matter of regret to me that I should be the one to alter your ideas in the matter, sir. I cannot help remarking, however, that my ideas on the standard of discipline existing in the School House have never been identical with your own. Now in the New House—"

Then came an interruption. There was a hurried tap on the door, which was immediately afterwards flung open.

Mr. Ralston burst in, his usually good-tempered face flushed with anger.  
"Pardon the interruption, Dr. Holmes!" he exclaimed.

"I have to report a matter of extreme seriousness. My study has been wrecked!"

"Wrecked?" echoed the Head.  
"What, yours, too?" asked Mr. Ratcliff, his expression betraying the mixture of emotions the announcement brought to him.

"And the wretched culprit," added Mr. Ralston, his eyes gleaming, "has had the impudence to leave behind him a card bearing the words: 'With the compliments of the New House!'"

## CHAPTER 12. Bank Injuries!

"WHAT the thump—"  
"What the merry dickens—"  
"What is it? School on fire!"  
A hundred and one such exclamations were being echoed all over St. Jim's.

It was late in the evening—almost bed-time—and the school bell had just started tolling for a general muster in the Hall!

The event was without precedent. Nobody remembered a summons of such a hour before. The fellows poured into the Hall in a state of great excitement and curiosity.

The School lined up in Form order, and to save time all the Form masters called the roll simultaneously for their respective Forms.

Gen. P. P. SKERSLEY,  
who is Chief  
Technical  
Advisor to  
POPULAR  
WIRELESS



**A  
Staff  
of  
Expert  
Contributors**

Get the most service if you read POPULAR WIRELESS. Write for week they will give you particulars of the newest and most developments in the world of Radio. If you are not getting the best possible satisfaction from your set, POPULAR WIRELESS will put you right. If you are looking for many hours of enjoyment on the cheap, our door—again, P. P. will put you right. Place a regular order with your Newsdealer right away.

**POPULAR  
WIRELESS**

Buy a Copy Today.

As they were finishing, the Head stalked in and went to his desk on the raised dais at the end.

The voices engaged in the roll-call died away into silence at last, and the Head addressed the gathering.

"Boys! I have called you together at this unusual hour to inquire into two outrageous occurrences which have just been brought to my notice."

The School waited expectantly.

"During the evening," said the Head, "some miscreants have been responsible for two separate acts of destruction and vandalism. The studies of two of the masters have been entered and the contents either destroyed or seriously damaged. It is supposed in one instance that a School House boy is the culprit; in the other instance he may be a New House boy."

There was a buzz from the ranks of the assembled School. "I order the boys concerned to stand forward at once and admit their guilt," roared the Head. "It seems impossible that any extenuating circumstances will attach to their offenses. But if there are such extenuating circumstances they will receive consideration only if the offenders confess their guilt now. Will the boys concerned stand forward?"

"Come out and be slaughtered!" expressed Mowly Lowther; and there was a suppressed chuckle from the Shell.

The Head waited.

There was a long and painful silence.

Eventually the Head spoke again.

"Very well. The guilty parties apparently intend to conceal their guilt. I warn them that they are likely to find the task an extremely difficult one. The School may now disperse."

The Head descended from the dais, and the School dispersed. The fellows returned out of Hall, fairly buzzing with excitement.

Grandy detached himself from the rest of the Shell and followed Mr. Railton out of Hall.

The Headmaster of the School House went up to his chambered study. Grandy followed him there and calmly walked in after him.

"Excuse me, sir—" he began.

Mr. Railton looked round with a frown.

"Well, Grandy?"

"Thought I'd better let you know as soon as possible, sir," said Grandy. "I'm the one who wrecked the two studies!"

"What?" roared Mr. Railton.

"I'm the guilty party, sir," admitted Grandy calmly. "You see, sir—"

"Grandy!" boomed Mr. Railton. "You have the license of attorney to admit to me that you are responsible for both these outrageous acts?"

"That's it, sir. If you'll wait a minute I'll explain."

"-Explain?" stammered the astounded Headmaster.

"You see, sir, I was just carrying out your advice to be just and fair to everybody," said Grandy. "Some New House fellows were feeding fed-up with Batty—I mean Mr. Railton—"

"Boy?"

"So as I wanted to do them a good turn I thought it would be only fair if I ragged him for them. I did so. Unfortunately, sir, Mr. Railton happened to see that I came from the School House. I thought I'd put my foot in it then. Knowing what a stickler he is—"

"Grandy!" boomed Mr. Railton.

"Well, you know he is, sir," said Grandy. "Knowing what he was like, anyway, I knew he'd come over here and kick up a stink to the Head and get you into a row. Naturally, that was the last thing I wanted. You're a good sport—not a bit like Batty—"

"You utterly ridiculous boy—"

"So I had to do something quick to get you out of trouble. I thought the best thing to do would be to rag your study and make it seem as though a New House chap had done it. Then Batty—Mr. Railton would be in the same boat, and wouldn't be able to scold of you, after all."

"Goodness gracious!" breathed Mr. Railton, staring at Grandy as though the great man of the Shell fascinated him.

"So that's the explanation, sir," said Grandy. "I was sorry to have to do it, and I made it as light as I could." Mr. Railton drew a deep breath.

"Grandy, your obstinacy is almost beyond belief. Never in all my experience have I encountered such stupidity."

"Wh?" ejaculated Grandy indignantly.

Just a suspicion of a tremble came into Mr. Railton's eyes. "I will give you the credit of saying that I accept your statement, incredible as it sounds. But, of course, the matter cannot end at that. I shall have to take you to the Head."

"But it'll all come out then, sir!" exclaimed Grandy.

"There'll be no point in what I've done if you drag the Head in. Mr. Railton'll get to know, and he'll be able to rub it into you more than ever."

"You should not make such absurd statements about other masters, Grandy," said Mr. Railton, though if looks told anything he was rather inclined to agree with Grandy. "Well, you may go now; it is bed-time. I will see you again in the morning."

"And what about the Head?"

"I shall have to acquaint him with the full circumstances. I will do my best to get him to take a lenient view of your offense. Good-night!"

"But you can't take it to the Head, sir?" said Grandy earnestly. "Can't you see that all I've done is in the cause of justice—and—and—? Wharver you doing, sir?"

"Fasting you out of my room?" snapped Mr. Railton. "Another word, Grandy, and I shall sue you!"

"Well, my law?" said Grandy indignantly.

And he tramped away from the Headmaster's room looking a picture of righteous wrath.

A large crowd waited rather expectantly near the Head's study after prayers on the following morning.

Within the study were the Head himself, Mr. Railton, Mr. Boscill, and George Alfred Grandy of the Shell.

The crowd heard for a long time the sound of voices, raised in argument, explanation, and reprimand.

Eventually there was a period of silence.

Then the steady sound of walking.

Finally, a yell, which preceded a number of other yells getting louder and louder until they reached a kind of top-note in yells.

Shortly afterwards Grandy stepped out of the study. He was looking very red and very disturbed, and he groaned as he limped. The crowd made a dash for him.

"Bashed?"

"Sacked, old bean?"

"Sacked be blasted!" groaned Grandy. "The Head's an old man, but he's not such an old man as to sack me! He only cased me. Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha?"

"Mind you, I'm not blaming the Head," added Grandy, between his groans. "He couldn't very well do anything else. It's Railton I blame. He's the most urgent look I ever met!"

"What, Railton?"

"Railton?" sneered Grandy. "He's treated me with rank injustice. After starting me on this state of being fair and just to everybody, he's the first to turn on me. Knowing that I ragged his study for his own sake, he still has to haul me up before the Head. Rank injustice—that's what it is!"

"But Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha?"

"Well, you can't say Grandy and I didn't warn you," remarked William. "You remember before you started out for the New House we said—"

"Butcher what you said!" roared Grandy. "What the hang does it matter what you said, anyway? It's what I say that matters!"

"Oh crying!"

"Here, what about justice for Wilkie and Guss?" asked Blake.

"Blow Wilkie and Guss! Blow justice, too, anyway!" said Grandy recklessly. "I'm fed-up with the whole thing! After the rank injustice Railton's given me, I'm through!"

"Ha, ha, ha?"

"Cockle away, you idiot!" boomed Grandy. "I mean it, anyway. I was an ass to start trying to do out justice; it's not appreciated here. From now on I'm going to be just as I was!"

"Good old Grandy!"

"There's only one chap at St. Joe's with brains and ability and character," said the great man of the Shell. "That chap has the right to be just in his own way, and he jolly well will be in future. Needless to say, he's me!"

"Ha, ha, ha?"

"Then it's 'Good-bye, Justice Grandy!'" remarked Mowly Lowther, with much solemnity. "Confession! The old, original George Alfred is back again!"

"Baw!" sneered Grandy.

And the old, original George Alfred, no longer Mr. Justice Grandy, limped away to his study.

THE END.

(Poor old Grandy, he's jaded again! He just can't be just! Don't make next week's splendid regular story "BIRD SACKED" SEELY?")

RIPPING NEW LONG COMPLETE YARN OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!

# LOVELL'S LUCKY DAY!



## CHAPTER I.

Back to Rookwood!

"THIS way!" shouted Lovell.

Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Classical Fourth Form at Rookwood, pressing half out of the door of the railway carriage.

Holding on with one hand, Lovell waved his hat with the other over the heads of a variety of Rookwood men on the platform at Lanchester Junction.

Lanchester Junction was alive with Rookwooders, as was always the case on the first day of a new term.

At Lanchester they gathered from the four quarters of the Kingdom, and the local train was waiting to carry them on to Combe, the station for the school—or, at least, as many of them as could bag seats in the local. There was another local to follow. But nobody wanted the second train. From great men like Balfour and Neville of the Sixth down to small fry like Socks of the Second, everybody wanted the first train. Great men of the Sixth, of course, got what they wanted. With the smaller fry, it was a case of first come, first served.

That was why Arthur Edward Lovell had begged a carriage, filled the doorway with his sturdy physique, and waved his hat and bowed to Jimmy Silver, Ruby, and Newcome. The Physical Four of the Fourth, scattered prior to the term, were meeting again at Lanchester, and naturally, they were going on to the school in the first train. Whoever was left, it was not going to be that celebrated Co. They had their prestige to consider.

"This way!" roared Lovell, waving his hat frantically. "Here, James! Here, Ruby! Here, Newcome! Duck up! Don't crowd! Come on! This way!"

"Coming, old man!" shouted Jack Jimmy Silver. And three members of the Co. converged on the carriage, with a liberal use of elbows.

"Who are you shouting?" hoated Hanson of the Fifth, as an elbow jabbed in the small of his back.

"Whoa, dear man, whom?" cried Jimmy Silver. "Doesn't Groaty teach you grammar in the Fifth?"

"I'll jolly well!" Hanson of the Fifth reached out at Jimmy Silver. Ruby nearly bowled his leg, and Edward Hanson sat down suddenly. Newcome's hand rose and fell, and Hanson's Tin Ox Lament—No. 1,23.

## BY OWEN CONQUEST.

Lovell hat was squashed over his ears. Three juniors charged on, chattering, leaving Hanson struggling to extract an infuriated head from a badly damaged hat.

"This way!" bawled Lovell. "Here, you Modern cads, clear off!"

Tommy Dodd, Tommy Cook, and Tommy Dorr, of the Modern Fourth, stopped at the door of Lovell's carriage. They did not clear off at Lovell's behest. The three Tommies of the Modern side wanted seats.

"Plenty of room here," said Tommy Dodd.

"Not for Modern cads!" said Lovell. "Shoor off! This way, you men! For goodness' sake, back up!"

"Bag that carriage!" said Tommy Dodd; and three pairs of Modern hands were laid on Arthur Edward Lovell's Classical person at once.

Lovell clung to the doorway.

"Head off, you Modern cads! Runas! Leggo!"

"Block him out!" chuckled Dorr.

"With the Classical an!" roared Cook.

Hecked out and shifted Lovell certainly would have been, but at the psychological moment Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived on the spot. Three pairs of Classical hands grabbed the Modern juniors, and the three Tommies went sprawling along the platform, amid innumerable feet.

"Here we are again!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

The Physical Four swarmed into the carriage. Tommy Dodd & Co. picked themselves up, huffed and breathed, and changed. But there were four Classics' holding the fort now, and the Moderns were buried back. Once more they were stowed on the platform.

"Harsh!" roared Lovell. "Come on again, you Modern cads! Harsh!"

"This way, Morry! This way, Revell!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "Here, Hanson! Here, Muffin! Here, Pooty! Morington and Revell, Dawson and Tubby Mullin and Pooty Grace, crowded in, admitted freely as members of the Classical Fourth, Leggett of the Modern Fourth, following, was hauled forth on his back now. There was no room for Moderns, Topham and Torrased, two more Classics, crowded in. The carriage was fairly full by that time. It was built to seat ten, and there were seven more slivers in it. After

which, even Classics could not be admitted further. Laffrey and Gower and Poole, coming along, were waded 1873.

"That the doge, Lovell, old bean?" said Morington; and the door was slammed.

"There's old Manders!" said Lovell. "What price bearing an orange at him? I've got one in my pocket."

"You frabjous an!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Chark it!"

He grasped Lovell's arm. Arthur Edward Lovell seemed in exuberant spirits that day. A little too exuberant, in the opinion of his friends. If that exuberance led him to burning oranges at Mr. Manders.

"Look here, he's never knew where it came from," urged Lovell. "Is a crowd like this—"

"Folksed it!"

Mr. Manders, the tall, bene, singular master of the Modern side at Rookwood, heard the carriage assailed. He never knew what a narrow escape his topper had had.

Lovell grunted disconsolately.

"It was a jolly good chance!" he asserted.

"You an! There's Dicky Dalton!" exclaimed Ruby

"Flaw!" said Lovell.

Introducing Jimmy Silver & Co.,  
the famous chums of Rookwood  
School, to the GEM!



Mr. Richard Dalton, master of the Classical Fourth, passed the crowded carriage a few steps behind Mr. Manders. Even Arthur Edward Lovell realized that it was just as well he had not "bumped" that orange at the Moderns' master. It would have been bumped right under the eyes of his own Form master, and the results to Arthur Edward certainly would not have been dire.

"Treat old Lovell to play the goat if we let him!" grinned Ruby.

"Well, Manders is only a Moderns' tick, anyhow," said Lovell. "We've jolly well going to give the Moderns the kibbutz this term, you see!"

"Hear, hear, and the whole marriageful!"

"My last! I don't let the Moderns bind upon!"

The lean Moderns' master was coming back along the platform. His sharp, narrow eyes were glancing to right and left, as if in search of somebody or something. He looked irritated and angry. But that was nothing new with Mr. Manders. Seldom had Roger Manders been seen looking genial.

"Lost something, sir?" asked Jimmy Silver from the carriage window.

Mr. Manders glanced at him.

"I am looking for my nephew, Silver. Have you seen him?" he enquired. "Is he in that carriage?"

"No, sir," Jimmy Silver had never heard of Mr. Manders' nephew before, but he took it for granted that Manders' nephew—if he had a nephew—would be a Modern.

"Only Classical boys, sir."

Mr. Manders sniffed and jerked on his way.

"My hat!" said Lovell, in utter disgust. "Does that mean that Manders has got a nephew coming to Brookwood?"

"Hatten!"

"Patric!" agreed Ruby. "One Manders is enough!"

"More than enough!" said Merry. "One Manders is one too many. How the young tick's sure to be on the Moderns' side. Hunt goodness!"

"Jimmy Dodd's welcome to him!" grinned Newcome.

"He can have the young Obediah along with the old Obediah."

"Ha, ha, ha! Hello, we're off!"

There was a final clattering of doors, and the train gave a jerk. Jimmy Silver turned from the window. There were plenty of Brookwooders left on the platform, among them a tall, lean master, still looking for a nephew who had apparently vanished.

Just as the train moved, the door of the carriage was torn open and a hurrying figure plunged in headlong. An alarmed and angry porter slammed the door after it, and the train moved on. The hurrying figure landed in the middle aisle passengers already crammed into the carriage, and there were loud and wrathful exclamations on all sides.

The hurrying figure had hurtled right into Lovell. Arthur Edward was thrown on the carriage floor, and the newcomer was strewn over him. He sat up, gasping, on Lovell's neck.

CHAPTER 2.  
Young Manders!  
"GERROFF!"

Arthur Edward Lovell's voice was muffled and unrecognizable.

"You silly ass!" quipped Jimmy Silver. Jimmy had been barged aside, and sprawled over Ruby and Newcome.

"Harry!" gasped the newcomer. "I was in a hurry!"

"Gerroff!" shrieked Lovell. "Disgraced!"

The newcomer was panting for breath. He did not seem to observe, for the moment, what he was sitting on. He glanced down, and at the sight of a crimson and variegated face, scrambled in his seat. There was not much room for

scrambling in a carriage now containing a crowd dozen of fellows, and no doubt it was by accident that he tumbled on Lovell's waistcoat. There was a gurgling howl from Lovell.

"Gerroff! Gerroff! Goooooeroff!"

"Standing room only!" grunted Mornington. "But you mean't stand on Lovell's tummy! He doesn't like it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I'll smash him!" spluttered Lovell, sitting up, gasping. "I'll spitfire him! I'll—" Lovell scrambled up on his feet.

"Hold on, old bean!" interposed Jimmy Silver. "Keep your rag for Brookwood—master's rag the harriens and necessary points."

"I'm going to punch his silly head!" roared Lovell. "Couldn't the bewitched ass see that the carriage was full? Think I'm going to be barged over and trodden on by an escaped lunatic! I'm going to punch his fat head; and if you get in the way, Jimmy Silver, I'll punch yours!"

"Keep your punches for Brookwood head, old chap!" said Jimmy cheerily.

"Oh, let him rip!" said the stranger cheerily. "Mine's a Brookwood head, if that's what you want."

"Oh! New kid for Brookwood?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"You've got it!"

"I'm going—" roared Lovell.

"You're going to sit down, old bean!" said Jimmy.

"Keep sitting!"

Lovell was pushed into a corner seat. Unappreciated, he glared at the new junior for Brookwood. Lovell, as a rule, was quite kind to new boys. But he was not feeling kind now. This particular new boy had barged him over, sat on his neck, and trodden on his waistcoat. That made a difference. However, Lovell yielded to the force of public opinion, and left the new fellow unperceived, only glowering at him from his corner.

The new junior sat his hat straight, arranged his collar and the looked round for a seat. Found none, and leaned beside the door. Jimmy Silver & Co. regarded him with some slight interest. He seemed rather a sturdy and good-looking fellow, with a crop of fair hair and pleasant blue eyes. He did not seem alarmed by Lovell's glare. He smiled genially at Arthur Edward in return.

"You silly, blundering ass!" said Lovell.

"Same to you, old bean, and many of them!" said the new junior.

"Oh, shove it, Lovell, old man!" said Jimmy. "So you're for Brookwood, kid? Classical side?"

"No, Moderns."

"A speaking Modern tick?" asserted Lovell. "An unscratched tick for Manders' House. We'll sling him out at the next station!"



As he sat, a sudden awful change came over Mr. Dalton's face. The Fourth Form realized with horror, that he was sitting on the seat!

"You jolly well won't!" said the poor junior cheerfully.

"Who says I won't?" bawled Lovell.

"Little me."

Arthur Edward Lovell pumped up Jimmy Silver pushed him back again.

"No room here for snapping, old son," he said scoldingly.

"Bonds, the poor kid's going into Manders' House! That's had enough for any man, without having his head poked, too."

"Yes, rather," agreed Raby. "Sorry for you, kid?"

"Sympathy, and all that," said Newcome.

"Well, something is that," agreed Lovell, with a grunt.

"He looks the sort of man that will suit Manders' House!"

"Are they axes in Manders' House?" asked the new junior.

"Frightful!" said Raby.

"The outside edge!" said Townsend.

"We call them the casual ward at Rockwood," said Mervington.

"Manders is a frightful old tick!" said Newcome, shaking his head.

"An absolute beast!" said Rawson.

"The limit!" agreed Jimmy Silver.

Every Classical face in the carriage expressed sorrow and concern. They looked as if the new fellow might have been announcing that he was looking for the licking of his life, announcing that he was looking for ragging, and they expected to see it was a mild form of ragging, and they expected to see the new fellow wilt. But he did not wilt. He grinned.

"You don't like Manders?" he asked.

"If you'd ever seen Manders you wouldn't ask that question," said Raby. "It's not only that he's ugly—"

"Not only that he's ill-mannered—" said Newcome.

"Not only that he's got the temper of a demon!" continued Jimmy Silver.

"Not only that he's a rank outsider—"

"Not only that he's a smacking cringing blighter! He's all these things and more!" said Jimmy. "Wait till you see him!"

"Oh, I've seen him!"

"You've seen him?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Yes, he's ugly."

"Oh!"

The Classical juniors cringed, and stared uncomprehendingly at the new fellow. They had joined cheerily in the chorus descriptive of Manders to make the new fellow's back creep. Not for a moment had it occurred to any of them that Manders was anything to the new fellow except a House-master. There was a dead silence for a long moment.

"Go on," said the new fellow encouragingly. "It's quite agreeable to hear these nice things about one's relations. Don't mind me."

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy. "Sorry! I never dreamed— Sorry! You're the nephew that Mr. Manders was looking for on the platform!"

"That's it! Montague Manders, if you'd like to know my name! My friends call me Monty. Finished about my work!"

"Oh, don't rub it in!" said Jimmy. "If we'd known Manders was your uncle, we'd never—"

"Apologies, old ones!" said Mervington.

"Sorry!" said two or three Classics.

Montague Manders smiled genially.

"All excuses," he said. "I gather from your remarks that Uncle Roger isn't popular on your side of Rockwood."

"Well—yes, not very popular."

"Oh, he's about as popular on our side as on the other side!" said Lovell with a grunt.

"Shut up, Lovell!"

"Not!" said Lovell. "The fellow will soon know what Rockwood thinks of old Manders, anyhow. He's only got to ask Tommy Duff, or any Modern chap."

"Shut up, you an!"

"Not!" repeated Lovell. "What did the tick come barging into this carriage for at the last moment, while Manders was hunting for him on the platform? He was dodging him."

"Oh!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver.

Monty Manders grinned.

"I've had my little old uncle's company all the way to Latcham," he remarked. "I thought I'd give him a rest as far as Cobbe. He's not badly compared."

"You've made him lose this train," said Jimmy. "He was left on the platform at Latcham, looking for you."

"Well, I never asked him to look for me. I never asked him to bring me to Rockwood at all. I wouldn't be found dead at Rockwood if I could help it."

Jimmy Silver stared.

"You don't want to go to Rockwood?" he exclaimed.

"Not a small little bit. I want to go back to Highcroft. The Gem Library.—No. 128.

Uncle Roger batted in and persuaded my poster to send me to Rockwood. He's always bating in. He means well, of course, but it's never occurred to him to send his own money!" said Monty Manders cheerfully. "I hope he will get tired of me at Rockwood before the term's out, that's all. I shall do my best to make him tired. Sorry for you fellows!"

"What the thump are you sorry for us for?" demanded Jimmy.

"Well, you'll have to stick at Rockwood when I get back to Highcroft. That's pretty rotten, isn't it?"

"Why, you cheeky an!"

"You cheeky fellow!" sneared Arthur Edward Lovell, in great wrath. "Rockwood's too thumping good for you, believe me. I jolly well wish you could get back to Highcroft, wherever that is, and take old Manders with you. We don't want any Manders at Rockwood. I can jolly well tell you—"

"It's your love law that moves, isn't it?" asked Monty Manders, looking at Lovell with friendly interest.

Lovell spluttered.

He bounded out of his seat. The train was slowing down into Cobbe, half-way to Cobbe.

"You cheeky Modern an! You can shut up, Jimmy Silver; I'm going to check that Modern tick out!"

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Go and eat coals!" roared Lovell. "He's going out of this carriage! Now, then, you cheeky scamp!"

Lovell flung the carriage door open as the train stopped. He had a powerful grasp on Montague Manders.

"Out you go!" he panted.

Lovell was wrathful, and Lovell was determined. Out went Monty Manders, but he held fast to Lovell, and Lovell went out with him. They splashed on the platform.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"You'll lose the train, Lovell!" bawled Raby. "Only a minute stop!"

"Chuck it, you an!"

Lovell did not heed. Neither did Monty Manders. They rolled over on the platform in wild strife, so mixed that it was difficult to discern one from the other.

"Back up, Lovell!" yelled Jimmy, as the doors slammed along the train.

One of the struggling juniors jumped up, and leaped back into the carriage. A porter slammed the door after him. But it was not Arthur Edward Lovell who had leaped in just in time. For the second time Monty Manders had caught that train at the last moment.

Arthur Edward Lovell sat up, gasping for breath, as the train moved on.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

The train glided out of the station. On the platform, gasping for breath, staring after it, stood Arthur Edward Lovell. And the expression on Arthur Edward's countenance was extraordinary.

## CHAPTER 3.

### Colaptable!

THE end study in the Classical Fourth passage looked over and cheerily and bright. Jimmy Silver & Co. had had tea in Hall; but after tea they were busy in their old study. Every member of the Co. had brought his something for the study, and there was much unpacking. The end study was the only study in the Fourth that had two windows. Both these windows were now decorated with new chintz curtains, unpacked by Newcome, and as the pattern was a large red rose on a ground of green, there was no doubt that these new curtains brightened the study very considerably.

Raby had brought a bright new topset, which was almost a novelty, both handle and spool being missing from the old one. Jimmy Silver contributed a rug which had pink and blue flowers on a purple ground, and almost put the new curtains into the shade. Lovell's contribution was a collapsible armchair. This was one of Lovell's bright ideas. There was one armchair in the study, and really room for only one. A folding armchair, Lovell explained, was exactly what was wanted. When an armchair was needed, you opened it out; when it wasn't needed you folded it up and stood it against the wall. The Co. agreed that it was an, though they showed no eagerness to sample the chair when Lovell set it up. Lovell's statement that it was a collapsible chair was borne out. In the opinion of the Co., by its looks. Collapsibility, of course, was a desideratum where space was limited; still, it was possible to have too much of a good thing.

Three members of the Co. were being very tactful with Lovell just then. Lovell had arrived late and rather cross, with a strong desire to go over to Manders' House and

look for Misty Mauders. He had eyed his chums suspiciously, suspecting them of seeing something comic in the incident at Harvard Station. Snubrow—Lovell hardly knew her—checking that cheeky Modern fellow out of the carriage had ended in Lovell being left behind. There was nothing comic in that, of course, but Lovell suspected that his friends fancied that of there was. So the incident was tactfully left unmentioned by his friends; only they gently prevailed on him to devote his attention to the study and leave Mauders' House alone. They did not wait Arthur Edward to start the new term with a scrap, especially a scrap with a Housemaster's nephew.

"There, that's all right!" said Lovell, breathing rather hard after he had finished adjusting the new armchair. There were a number of clips to be fastened, and some of them had shown an irritating disposition to slip out of place after fastening. "Looks a comfy chair, what?"

"Ripping!" said Jimmy Silver heartily.  
 "Try it, old chap!"  
 "I—I'm just getting up this picture—"

"You needn't be afraid that chair isn't safe," said Lovell sarcastically. "If you think I don't know how to fix up a collapsible chair—"

"Of course you do, old chap! It looks ripping! Lead me a hand with this picture, Babo."

Mean, from Lovell.  
 "Well, look here!" he said.  
 Lovell threw himself into the new chair. Lovell was a rather heavy fellow, and he threw himself into the new chair rather heavily, just to show what a strain it would stand now that it was properly fixed.

Crash!  
 Perhaps some of those clips had slipped again. Or perhaps the new chair creaked on the side of extreme collapsibility.

There was no doubt, at all events, that it was collapsible, as the makers declared, for it collapsed.

"Yarooch!" roared Lovell.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy and Babo and Newcome involuntarily, as Arthur Edward was thrown on the floor of the study, with a collapsed armchair under him.

"Ow! Wow!"  
 Lovell sat up and roared. So did his chums!

"You silly cunk! What are you cackling at?" hooted Lovell. "There's nothing funny in this, is there?"

"Oh! Ah! No! Ha, ha! Not at all!"  
 Lovell picked himself out of the wreck of the new armchair. He glared at his hilarious chums.

"Shut up, you sniggering idiots! I've got a bump—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "There's nothing wrong with that chair! One of the clips is a bit loose, that's all. All it needs is a nail. Will you shut up cackling and tell a fellow where the tool-box is?"

Lovell's chums restrained their emotions with some difficulty. Lovell moved out the tool-box, extracted a hammer and nails, and recommenced his labours on the new armchair. There was no doubt that Lovell was cross, and he threw in the necessary nail with energy—perhaps a little too much energy.

Bang! Bang! Bang!  
 "Whoop!"  
 "Oh, my hat! What the thump—"

"Ow! My thumb! Wow! My thumb! Yarooooooh—"

Lovell jumped up and dropped the hammer. His left thumb was jammed into his mouth, and he sucked it frantically.

"Ooook! Ooook! Whooooooh!"  
 "Oh dear! Poor old chap!" gasped Jimmy Silver.  
 "Whoo-hoo! whoop!"

The Co. turned their faces away to hide their emotions. Arthur Edward Lovell glared at the backs of their heads.

"Ow! Wow! You cun cackles! Wow! Wow! Keep on cackling! Oooop! It's jolly funny, isn't it? Whooooooh! I'm trying to make the study a bit more comfortable—wow!—and this is what I—wow!—got! You—ow!"

It was a moment when silence was golden. Jimmy Silver & Co. preserved a golden silence, while Lovell sucked his thumb. When the agony had abated, as the youthful Mauders would have described it, Lovell ceased to suck the injured member, and picked up the hammer again.

Bang! Bang! Bang!  
 With the aid of the nail the collapsible armchair was successfully set up. Lovell glared round at his chums.

"Now, if you don't think that chair's all right—"

"Right as rain," said Jimmy Silver.

"It's a jolly good chair. Firm as a rock! Safe as houses now. All it needed was a nail, as I told you. Oh, come in, instead!" added Lovell crossly, as a tap came at the door.

"Thank you," said the quiet voice of Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, as he stepped into the study.

"O-oh!" stammered Lovell. "I—I didn't know it was you, sir. I—I thought it was some other instead—I mean—that is—I—I—I—"

"For goodness' sake shut up!" breathed Babo.  
 "Well, I—I—I thought—"

Mr. Dalton smiled. Richard Dalton was a very good-tempered young gentleman. He was making a round of the Classical Fourth studies to give a few sherry woods here and there; and perhaps to see that there was not too much skylarking on the first day of term. Jimmy Silver & Co. immediately suspended their furnishing operations, to give their Form master a welcome in the end study.



Mr. Dalton Mauders staggered backwards as he received Lovell's infuriated charge!

"I see you are making yourselves at home, my boys," said Mr. Dalton, in his cheery way. "You seem quite busy."

"Yes, sir. Please sit down, sir!" said Jimmy Silver, beginning to drag away a pile of books from the old study armchair, to make room for the distinguished visitor.

"Here's a chair, sir," said Lovell eagerly. "Please sit down, sir!" He dragged the new armchair a little forward.

"Thank you. I will sit down for a few minutes," said the master of the Fourth affably.

And he sat down. Three pairs of eyes turned on him apprehensively; but Lovell had no doubts. Lovell prated himself on being a hardy man; and he knew what he could do with a hammer and a nail.

Crack! Richard Dalton sat in the new collapsible armchair. Jimmy Silver and Babo and Newcome hardly breathed. If that nail really had done the trick, it was all right. But—

"Think that's a rather comfy chair, sir?" asked Lovell, with a triumphant look at his chums.

"Quite!" said Mr. Dalton, stretching himself comfortably. "Quite! I think— Oh—ah—what—what—oooooh!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Jimmy Silver.  
 Again that famous chair demonstrated its collapsibility.  
 THE GUN LAMAR.—No. 1,200.

It spread out under Richard Dalton, and the Form master suddenly descended to the floor in the midst of it. And as he sat, a sudden awful change came over his face, and a wild howl pealed from his lips. The Fustian Four, gazing at him in horror, realized what had happened. Mr. Dalton was sitting on the wall!

For the millionth part of a second Mr. Dalton sat on that wall. Then he leaped to his feet like a man electrified.

"Upon my word! You young rascals! Owt! How dare you play such a trick on your Form master! Ooooh! How dare you!"

"Oh ooooh!" gurgled Lovell, in other dissent. "Oh crickey! Wa-wa— I-I never— Oh—oh dear—"

"How dare you!" thundered Mr. Dalton. All his good temper was gone now. "Upon my word! How dare you! I am surprised at this—surprised, and pained! Owt! You will take five hundred lines each. No doubt that will correct your mischievous sense of humor. Owt! I shall report the lines to-morrow. Owt!"

And Mr. Dalton strode from the study, endeavoring to suppress a painful wriggle as he went. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another in horror and dismay. Three of them found their voices at last.

"You howling idiot, Lovell!"

"Was it my fault?" howled Lovell. "That chair's all right—and when I get another nail in it—"

"What?" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"It only wants another nail— Here, what are you up to? Loggo!" roared Lovell, in surprise and indignation, as his chair assailed him and collared him on all sides.

Beep, beep, beep!

"Oh, you rascals! Owt, you idiots! Wharver you up to? Oh, my hat!"

Beep! Arthur Edward Lovell flew through the doorway and bumped in the passage, roaring. He sprawked and roared, and as he sprawked, the fragments of that famous chair rained round him.

"Oh! Owt!" roared Lovell. "Are you rascals breaking up my chair? Why, you cheeky scoundrel, let that chair alone! Oh! Owt! Stoppitt! Whooop! Oh, my hat!"

Lovell scrambled up. Under a shower of fragments that had come like a collapsible archipelago, he fled wildly along the Fourth Form passage. Lovell's collapsible chair had collapsed for the last time.

#### CHAPTER 4. Lovell all Over!

"CLASSICAL Owt!"

Dodd and Cook and Duple, of the Modern Fourth, greeted Arthur Edward Lovell with that cheery remark, as he walked into Mander's House.

Lovell gave them a cheeky frown.

"Where's that tree hid?" he demanded.

"They only checked you out at Elmwood!" checked Tommy Dodd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell's eyes glistened.

"Where is he? I've been looking for him."

Tommy Dodd waved his hand to the staircase.

"In my study—if you was checking out again, old bean,"

he said. "I dare say young Mander will oblige you."

Lovell, declining to reply to that, tramped up the stairs, leaving the three Tommies grinning. He arrived at the Modern Fourth studio, and kicked open the door of Tommy Dodd's study.

The study had a single occupant at the moment. It was Montague Mander. He was arranging books on a shelf, when Lovell barred the door open and tramped in. He gave a start, dropped two or three books, and stared round.

"My hat! Oh, you?" he ejaculated. "Do you always come into a study as quietly as that?"

"So you're here!" growled Lovell.

"Yes, this is my study, it seems. But aren't you a Classical?" asked Mander.

"Yes, you silly an."

"Then what are you doing on the respectable side of Rockwood?" asked the new junior innocently.

Lovell bunched head and deep.

"You're a funny sort of an, aren't you?" he said. "I'll tell you what I'm doing in this respectable House. I've come over here to lick a cheeky worm. I'm going to mop up this study with you, see?"

"You—I can see of see you doing it!" growled Monty Mander.

"Run away and play; and thank your lucky stars that I let you."

That was enough for Lovell—too much, in fact. He made a dash across the study at the Modern junior. Monty Mander promptly dodged round the study table.

"Another time, old bean," he cried. "Somehow you'll find my study's single eye—"

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,200.

Lovell seized the table to drag it aside. Mander jumped to the study door. The table crashed against the wall; and at the same moment Mander whipped the key out of the lock, jumped out of the study, and slammed the door after him. Click! Lovell, rushing furiously at the door, heard the key turn outside.

He dragged at the door handle.

"You funny rascal! Let me out!" roared Lovell.

"Stop those till you cool down, old bean. That's!" There was a sound of rattling lockwork.

"Why, you—you—you Modern worm!" shrieked Lovell, thumping furiously on the panels. "You funny rascal! You—you rascal! Come back and let me out! Why, I—I—!"

Thump, thump, thump, thump!

There was a hurried look-out in the passage outside.

Lovell heard the key grating as it was turned back in the lock. His eyes blazed. He had no doubt that the upper had made Monty Mander come back to release him.

He hardly waited for the key to turn, when he grabbed the door handle and tore the door open.

"Now, you rascal!" panted Lovell. And he fairly hurled himself through the doorway at his enemy.

"What—what—what— Goodman grins!" shrieked Mr. Roger Mander, as he received Lovell's interested charge.

Mr. Mander staggered back.

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

It was Mr. Mander! The Modern master staggered across the passage. A case under his arm dropped to the floor. He staggered against the wall, gasping for breath, hitting dully at Lovell over the glasses that had all down his long, thin nose.

"What—what— You young rascal—you young hee-gan!" gurgled Mr. Mander. "A Classical boy, too. Lovell—you young rascal! You have dared to—attack me—"

Lovell stared at him spellbound. It was Mr. Mander who had come to see what the study was about.

"Oh!" gasped Lovell. "Oh crickey! I didn't know. I—I never knew—"

Mr. Mander recovered himself. He grabbed up his case from the floor. With his left hand he grabbed Lovell.

"As a rule," gasped Mr. Mander—swipe!—"I should not think of naming a Classical boy—swipe!—" but in these circumstances—"swipe!"—I shall administer chastisement—swipe, swipe!—"although you do not—swipe!"—belong to my House, swipe, swipe, swipe! "You rascally young rascal!"—swipe!—"Tch, that—swipe!" and that!" Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe!

Mr. Mander's arm was aching when he finished. Lovell was aching all over. He hardly knew how he got out of Mander's House.

It was a worn and weary Lovell that wriggled and slipped into the end study on the Classical side. Jimmy Silver & Co. were ready for him. They were going to make it clear to Lovell what they thought of him for getting them five hundred lines each on the first day of term. Jimmy had sorted out a five hat for that special purpose.

But at the sight of Arthur Edward wrath and vengeance evaporated on the spot. Lovell leaned on the table and growled.

"What the durnp—" exclaimed Jimmy.

Growl!

"What the diction—" exclaimed Baby and Newcomb.

Growl!

"My dear old chap, what's happened?"

"Owt, now! Mander!" said Lovell in a hollow voice.

"Owt! I-I pushed into young Mander—ow—I mean, I thought it was young Mander, and it was old Mander—ow! He laid into me—ow—with a cane—woot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Baby. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh crickey!" gurgled Newcomb. "Ha, ha, ha!" Lovell glared at them.

"You silly scolding asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you think it's funny?" shrieked Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you shut up?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were yelling. They simply could not help it. They were still aching with excitement when Lovell seized the five hat and drove them from the study, still pulling his brows.

THE GEM.

(Cinema, there will be another ripping story of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next week's GEM! Don't miss it!)

OPENING CHAPTERS OF OUR GREAT NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL!



CHAPTER I.  
"Man Overboard!"

As I left the cabin the old Maglo gave a terrific roll which shot me across the alleyway and brought me up with a crash against the young third officer.

"Hold up, young Mayne!" he said. "You'll need your sea legs to-day all right. We're in for a proper dusting, kid!"

In the ordinary way I should have felt a bit sick at being called kid by a chap who was only a few years older than I was, even if he had made a dozen voyages from London to New Zealand, for when a chap is turned sixteen, has left school, and is going out to a job on the other side of the world, he feels pretty well grown up. Anyway, I did. But you can't check the officer of a ship on which you are a passenger, and somehow I got a feeling that the young third officer who went leaping off wasn't too happy about things.

We had come by the Panama Canal route, and, except that Ecuador, the skipper, was early and seemed to have some grievance against my father, it had been a jolly sea voyage, and the wonderful licks in the canal had been an eye-opener. But we hadn't been many hours in the Pacific before that ocean started to show us that there wasn't much in a name, and as I crawled along the alleyway, banging on to anything I could, I felt a bit windy.

I'd read about mountainous seas, but I'd never have believed that the sea could turn up like real mountains. The Pacific that morning was getting jolly near to it, ahead and astern were great moving hills of water, and wherever we went up and the propeller raced wildly, and then we went spluttering down, slipping a lot of water, and it seemed

to me that we were like a piece of cork I'd thrown into a rough sea off Hastings, only we were not so sure of keeping afloat as the cork was.

As I gained the companionway leading to the boat-dock and held on tightly to the rail, the mate came down in glowering colours, and he looked a bit surprised at the sight of me.

"You ought to be below, young Mayne," he said sharply.

"Where's the family?"

"Where I ought to be, sir," I replied, with a grin. "They're not feeling too good, but I feel all right, and it's so stuffy in the saloon."

The mate shrugged his shoulders. He was a serious-looking chap at the best of times, and he looked very serious now.

"If this gets any worse you'll all be battered down," he said, and went off down the alleyway to his cabin.

I didn't see how it could get any worse, but a sudden pitch and roll crashed me against the companionway, knocking all the breath out of me, and a heavy sea drenched me. I slung like grim death to the rail, and wondered how the family were getting on in the saloon.

You see, the Maglo was a cargo boat, and in the ordinary way did not carry passengers, but dad had been employed in the company's office in Featherbed Street for years, and when his doctor had ordered him abroad on account of his health, the company had been very decent and given him the job as manager in Auckland, New Zealand, and he'd decided

to bring the whole family with him—mother, Dudley, who was thirteen, and Jill, my kid sister, who is a year younger than I am.

He'd fixed me up with a job in the office to help him. I'd left school suddenly just as I stood a chance of getting into the First Fifteen, which was a bit astonishing, though the thought of going out to another summer in a new country, more than made up for it.

My older brother Dudley—Jill and I called him the Dad, because we reckoned he held the record for being sacked from more motor-companies than any chap with only a year's experience at the game—had managed to wrangle a

The Gas, Limited.—No. 1,226.

MEET BARRY MAYNE!  
And read his gripping yarn of  
MUTINY! SHIPWRECK! ESCAPE!

job as sales-manager in New Zealand, and was taking out a jolly fine Mountain demonstration car, because, through dad, he was travelling business, and they let him bring the car as personal luggage. Dad reckoned he was going to make a fortune in commission on the cars he sold, but old Dad was one of those chaps who was always talking about the things they are going to do, but don't seem to get time to do anything. That's what dad said when Dad got asked for the sixth time, anyway.

"I'd just got my breath again, and was thinking of making for the saloon to see how the others were getting on, and if there were any signs of lunch, when Dick Pollard, the wireless operator, came swaggering up. I knew a bit about wireless, and we'd got quite chatting on the voyage. The Magle had out-of-date equipment; she could receive pretty well, but her transmission was the old spark type, and carried a precious short distance.

Dick had got the wind up, it was easy to see that; he was as white as a sheet, and I could see one hand clenching and unclenching nervously as he stood by me, holding the rail with his other hand.

"Barry," he said—"we'd got into the habit of calling each other by our Christian names—"we're not going to live through this; we're looking badly in the fore hold, not that Captain Saunders on the bridge is driving her at full speed into the teeth of a typhoon. We ought to have sent out an S.O.S., but he won't listen! It's my first voyage with a skipper like Saunders, and I hope it's my last!"

I could see that young Pollard was properly rattled, and reckoned of what he said. It had been easy to see that Saunders was unpopular with all his officers, but they had all seemed mighty careful how they spoke of him.

"That's a pretty serious thing to say about the Old Man," I told him, though Dad had said the same thing when we were out in the Atlantic.

"I know it is," replied Dick recklessly, "but it's true. He knew your father when he was in the office, and he reckons that he loses his ship in order to spy on him. That's why he— Look out, Barry!"

I was partly sheltered by the steps, and I held on tighter as a huge sea broke over the ship. It whirled round me, lifting my feet from the deck. I heard a scream, something like the scream of a gull, and then a mass of water swept over me, blinding me for a moment, and almost pulling my arms from their sockets; and when, gasping for breath, I looked round, Dick Pollard had gone.

It gave me a pretty awful feeling. I felt sick and numb, for I knew well enough that nothing could be done, but I dragged myself up the companionway, tennis shirt and grey flannels soaked through and clinging stickily to me, and somehow fought my way to the bridge.

A huge Swede was at the wheel, and he seemed to be more fighting with it than moving it. Beside him stood the third officer, likewise soaked by the spray which came up in showers and seemed to cut into the skin. A sudden roll nearly sent me backwards down the steep steps, but I managed to save myself.

"Pollard!" I shouted. "Pollard's been washed overboard!"

I shall never forget the look on the young officer's face as he turned and stared at me, and I expect I looked pretty ghastly. It may not sound much when you read in a paper about a man being washed overboard, and you perhaps think him an odd lot to have held on tight, but when it happens in real life, when you're there to see it, when you've been talking to the poor chap, it's pretty awful, and I know I was mighty near blubbing.

"What's that?" said a sharp voice, which seemed to penetrate easily above the roar of the wind and the incessant crash of the spray.

"Pollard's gone, sir," said the third officer, turning to the man who had emerged from the chart-room.

Captain Saunders was a big man, tall and broad, with heavy black moustache, and short pointed beard. I suppose he would have been called a handsome man but for his eyes, which somehow always reminded me of a dead fish. I told him how Pollard and I had been talking at the foot of the companionway, when a heavy sea had torn him from his hold, and a mill heavier succeeding wave had washed him clean over the side. Of course, I knew what that gull-like scream had been, and that's why I still hate to hear squalls.

"Young lad ought to have been more careful!" snapped Saunders. "A nice thing to see the wireless operator at a time when he might have been a bit of use!"

I believe I could have gone for the brats. It wasn't dark that stopped me, for I'm a better chap for my age, five foot ten and pretty broad, and I'd had a good deal of boating broken into me at school; but the brats was in command, and, anyway, I could only stand on the bridge by clinging  
The Gen Library—No. 1396.

tightly to the rail. The spray was cutting me like fury, and the bows disappeared in a mass of green, swirling water, and it seemed a miracle that they came up again.

"Maybe knows something about wireless, sir," said the third officer quickly. I suppose he saw the expression on my face, and was anxious to save me from saying or doing something that would get me into trouble.

The skipper wheeled round upon me, staggered across the bridge, and stood over me, and I could smell the reek of whisky in the keen tang of the salt air.

"You go below and stay there!" he thundered. "Your father may be manager at Auckland, and a travelling spy, but I'm captain of this ship, and I'll be obeyed! Get you down, and don't let me see you on deck again!"

He leaped against the big Swede at the wheel, but saved himself from falling and pointed to the steps.

There was nothing for it but to go. I felt, and I expect I looked, like a half-drowned kitten as I fought my way to my cabin to change.

Having changed into an old blue flannel suit, I left the cabin, and as I did so I saw three leucor dressmen who had been standing talking together in a sheltered part of the alleyway, steal silently away, looking suspiciously at me. Most of the crew were leucor and Chinlo. It was easy to see that they'd properly got the wind up, and poor Pollard had only been telling me the other night that they were a rotten crowd to handle in a crisis.

From my cabin to the saloon the way was sheltered by the side of the ship, which ran up to the upper deck shafts the engine-room; but I had not taken more than a few steps when I heard what sounded like a terrific explosion right under my feet, and at the same moment the Magle swung round to starboard and we shipped a heavy sea. I could hear it thunder on the deck above my head, and a swirl of water came along the lower deck, soaking me nearly up to the knees before it went pouring through the scupperns.

Feeling pretty windy, but trying not to show it, I hurried into the saloon and met dad coming out.

"What was it, Barry?" he asked anxiously. "What's happened?"

"Starboard propeller shaft gone by the word of it," I said, and I should have told him about poor Dick Pollard, but Jill was sitting in a chair just inside the doorway, and I thought it best to shut up.

## CHAPTER 2.

### Like Rats in a Trap!

MY kid sister is rather a pretty girl really, with dark, bobbed hair and deep blue eyes. I know the change at school raved over her when she came down on sports day, but she looked pretty greenish now.

"If we've got to sink I wish they'd hurry up with it, Barry," she said, with a sort of wistful little smile. "I feel pretty awful. Mother's worn, and poor old Dad is quite flopped out. Is this smash going to make any difference?"

"We'll hope not," said dad cheerfully. He was looking rather groggy. He was a thick-set man, with long grey hair and a rather thin, clean-shaven face. He looked rather stern, but he wasn't really.

I got Jill off to tell mother and Dad about the shaft, in case they were worrying about the explosion sound they'd heard, though Jill told me she was sure that Dad wasn't worrying about anything. As soon as she'd gone I told dad what Pollard had told me before he was swept overboard, and what had happened on the bridge; and it was clear that dad was worried.

"There's been a regular stunner for some time that Saunders has been drinking too much, but I certainly did not come to spy on him. I chose his ship because it stood in for mine, but principally because the company had been so good about the amount of staff they were letting us take over—Dadley's car, my poultry, and so on. I don't know that Saunders, drunk or sober, can make much difference now. We must be miles out of our course, we were last night. All Saunders could do was to keep her headed to—"

Dad broke off as the steward entered, a rather decent, Chink, who spoke good English. He explained that the cook's galley had been flooded, but he laid the cloth on the table, and said he would bring cold beef and pickles. Jill had stopped with mother—they shared one of the cabins behind the saloon—while dad and my brother shared the other. I'd pigged in with Pollard for and of the saloon.

The second officer came in white, and I was talking the beef and pickles. He was staggery about, but he let out that the wireless mast had gone when the shaft had broken, so it was clear that the skipper could not send out an S.O.S. now.

"Not that it makes much difference," said Dad. "We must be right of the track of shipping now."

The second officer gave him a strange look and hurried out. I looked in to see Dad, but he looked more dead than alive. Things were tanked all over the cabin, and the pipe made-me feel rotten, so I decided to go on deck and chance trouble with the skipper.

The door of the saloon was locked.

That did give me a horrible feeling. I suppose if you're going to be drowned it doesn't really make a wonderful lot of difference if you are as dead as down below; but when I found that door locked I reckon I felt much as a rat does when he sees the trap being placed over a basket of water.

There was no other exit, for the occupants of the two cabins on the stern had to pass through the saloon to get to the deck. In the ordinary way one gets light and air from a hatchway immediately over the dining-table, but that had been boarded over when we had run into the gale, and the only light came from the small portlights and a solitary electric bulb.

The Magic was moving slowly, like a lame duck in a big sea, and about five o'clock her engines stopped, and the electric light gave dinner. It seemed to me that the saloon was taking a decided slope towards the bow. Dad slung to one of the four chairs by the table, and I was in another. We may have talked a bit, but I don't think we did. I know I kept thinking of a beastly rat in a trap, and wished to goodness I could think of something else, and was quite startled when dad sat up and said he'd heard a revolver shot.

"It means nothing, Barry!" he said. "That's why the engines have stopped!"

And there was more than one revolver. I heard sharp cracks above the roar of the wind, and a scream which reminded me of poor Dick Pollard. There was a rush of feet on the upper deck; we heeled over badly. I heard the third officer shouting, "Back, you scum!" and I battered at the door with a heavy chair.

I suppose I was mad, but it was awful, locked up in that cabin. Knowing nothing of what was happening, and feeling that you might be a bit of use if you got outside.

But I could make no impression upon that door, and after a bit, had to stop through door weariness. Dad had gone off to try to jamme mother and Jill who must have heard the firing. We were rolling waves then over, but it seemed to me that the fury of the gale had died down a bit. Listening intently, I heard voices on the deck above, jabbering, excited voices, and then creaking sounds, and as I gained a porthole a partly filled boat was lowered just in and disappeared from view, to show up suddenly into view again on a big wave and come crashing against the side with a hollow, scrunching sound and screams that I'll never forget.

There was more jabbering on deck, and from the sounds I heard I knew they were lowering the other lifeboat. Dad came in, looking a bit queer, and I told him what I had seen.

"It's no use dinking things, Barry, old chap," he said.

"It looks as though the crew have capitulated and got the upper hand. The Magic must be sinking, or these rats wouldn't attempt to get away in such a sea. We've got to face it, but we mustn't let the others know. She's sinking head-first, and the end will come quickly enough by the time the water gets in here."

Dad had only confirmed the horrible thought that had been at the back of my mind. I'd never put him down as a particularly plucky sort of chap—he was always awfully nervy driving a car—but there was pluck in the way he faced the situation, and I felt it was up to me not to squeal. If he'd thought I was a squealer he would have tried to kid me that things were not so bad, just as we'd got to keep the facts from the others.

"I suppose it doesn't make a lot of difference whether you drown in a cabin or outside," I said—and it must have been a pretty ghastly sort of bluff, for I was feeling awful—but I should like to get out—to have a fighting chance."



The crash had burst open the locked door of the saloon, and water was rushing in, as if the sluice gates of a lock had been opened.

"You wouldn't," said dad. "A small boat could never live in a sea like this even if it could be got away from the ship. The rainwater has got mad, they've probably waterlogged all the whites, and they're heaving in to go down with the ship, so that there will be no witnesses against them if they should be picked up."

We discussed their chances, and I think it saved me from going mad, or, anyway, from making a fool of myself. I think we both talked calmly, and we discussed it as a mathematical proposition. There was no word on the ship save the flapping of seas sweeping her decks, and strange creaks and thuds. Not a footstep, not a voice.

We noticed that the slope of the saloon became sharper. Dad snatched his pipe and talked about any old thing that came into his head, and I noticed that he kept glancing at the door leading to the two cabins, and always abruptly turning away his head. Then I reminded him it that he wanted to be with mother, but dared not go. I felt the same. We should have given the gang away, we knew; they would

only again. Though mother and Dad were probably too ill to go on. Dad and I were like men sentenced to death, knowing the executioner was that, but not quite sure of the time he was closing.

"I looked at my watch; it was four o'clock; we'd been talking for well over an hour, and it was getting more and more difficult. Dad got up and went staggering across the hearing floor.

"To play you a game of cribbage, Barry," he said, as he put the board and the cards on the table; and I think I must have given a feeble sort of gasp, for he seemed rather hunched, and we started the game. It was my crib, and a three out a jack and a five. I've an unbecomingly bright air, don't think enough about them, but Dad is a lot of a swell. He cut for me, and I turned up a jack, so I had to take two points and grope for the board, which was slithering down the table.

"If it's any consolation to you, I threw you a pair of jacks," said Dad, when we had played the hand, and he had shown his hand and taken six points.

"Gosh!" I said. "I threw a jack and a five—that will mean—"

Before I could finish, the door from the cabins opened, and Jill, in short blue skirt and white sweater, stood in the doorway staring at us; then her blue eyes went past us, and widened with horror.

"Look!" she cried.

There was something in that cry which sent a cold shiver down my spine. I looked round. I saw Dad staring at the door.

Water was gurgling in undertones in it.

"Look! Jill!" I shouted, just like looking up a chap who looks like getting skunked in a scrap.

Then came a grinding noise, a deafening banging, and the ship lurched and quivered, and then pitched forward. I saw Dad grab Jill, who was flung forward against him, and then, half-dead, I was struggling in swirling water!

The crash had burst open the locked door of the saloon, and water was rushing in as it did when the door gave of a lock or opened. I was choked round in the rain of it, and had a perfectly sickening dread that I should be carried up to the roof, and then my head forced down into the water! But after the first rush, which swirled me round and threw me against the side of the cabin, I saw Dad and Jill high above me, but only waist-deep in water.

"The table?" cried Dad, and I swam towards them. The water was just rising, but there was a creaking and scraping underfoot—Dad's light flashed upon me that there could only be one explanation—the old Mable was aground, or, at least, on a big rock which was unlikely to be far from level. As I grasped the table and clambered up on to it, I gazed out my deduction as triumphantly as I could, trying to look up Jill, who wasn't looking her best, with her face very pale and her blue eyes wide and staring.

"It's a real eye! Barry," said Dad. "We must have crashed on some reef. You see, the water is receding a little, and, thank heavens, it won't have reached the cabins yet!" Heid on to Jill. I'm going to see your mother and Bradley."

He slipped off the table, and, with the water set up to his temples, made for the door leading to the cabins.

The gale was still raging, and the thunder of the waves breaking over her made the old tub creak and groan in a way that was anything but cheering. I sat down on the table and found my head was well above water, and told Jill to swim down, too.

"Oh! Barry!" she said, in a sort of choking voice, as she sat down beside me, and caught me by the arm. "What are we going to do?"

And that flowed me. I hadn't the vaguest. But I wanted to get on my feet. All I did know was that if the old tub went to pieces we should not stand an earthly, but it was no use telling her that.

"We'll hold a cabinet meeting when the others roll up," I said, and then added, with what I reckon must have been a pretty ghastly attempt at a grin: "There's one thing, if we're on the rocks, we've practically steady, and that ought to back up mother and Dad!"

And then Dad came back, and my other brother was with him. In the ordinary way, Bradley is a bit of a knave, his hair shines like his shoes, his bags are always perfectly crumpled, and that sort of thing; but now he was wearing a dressing-gown over pajamas, his hair half was tumbled, his face was greenish, his light blue eyes dull, and his dressing-gown flared round him as he came towards the table.

"Pretty dashed awful business, kid!" he said to me, as he clambered on to the table. And it certainly was!

"The Mable is certainly dashed! But what of Barry Mable and his family? Hoga, you've on the most thrilling calisthenics gone you've ever read—look out for another sensational new book!"

**THE "MONARCH" LARGE 35MM. CAMERA**  
 Super 35mm. Super 8mm.  
 Sale Price **1/6 ONLY**  
 Includes A.C. and all accessories. Guaranteed. **THE LATEST PERFECT LARGE FORMAT, 35MM. SUPER 35MM. AND SUPER 8MM. SLR WITH SHOOTER'S ASSISTANT. 1/25 TO 1/2000 SHUTTER SPEEDS. 1/25 TO 1/2000 ISO. 1/25 TO 1/2000 ISO. 1/25 TO 1/2000 ISO. 1/25 TO 1/2000 ISO.**  
 Write to: THE MONARCH, 10, St. Pancras Way, London, W.C.2. Telephone: 4000. Super 35mm. Super 8mm.

THE LARGE BARGAIN DEPARTMENT, 20, Market Street, LEEDS.

**"ARE YOU A BOY DETECTIVE?"**

Not that they'd do it! They'd do it for you! The instructions are in **"BOY'S SECRET SERVICE BOOK"**. Packed with mystery, fun, and excitement! It's the only book of its kind in the world. It's the only book of its kind in the world. It's the only book of its kind in the world. It's the only book of its kind in the world. It's the only book of its kind in the world.

**KING LEOPOLD & LUXEMBURG PRT. PAPER!** In 1890, a...  
**LONDON & TOWNSEND LTD., LONDON.**

**BLUSHING.** Boy's...  
**MAGIC TRICKS.** ...  
**BE TALL.** ...

**300 STAMPS FOR 6d.** ...  
**BLUSHING.** ...

**BLUSHING.** ...  
**STAMMERING. STOP NOW!** ...

**STAMMERING. STOP NOW!** ...

**STAMMERING. STOP NOW!** ...

**SPURPROOF TENTS, Model 6.**



Made from lightweight material. Complete with...  
**15/11**  
**GEO. BROWN & CO., 8, NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.4.**

**HOME CINEMATOGRAPHS FILMS AND ACCESSORIES PROJECTORS**



Home Cinematographs...  
**FORD'S**

**GROW TALLER!**

**BE STRONG**

**BLUSHING, SHYNESS, TIMIDITY.**

**STAMMERING. STOP NOW!**

Applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **HELEN JACK SERIES, The Fantasy House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.**

Printed and published only by authority of the proprietors, The Advertisement Manager, 115, The Finsbury Causeway, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Office: The Fantasy House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Telephone: 3000. Registered in England at the Gowers Press, Ltd., 115, The Finsbury Causeway, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Printed and published only by authority of the proprietors, The Advertisement Manager, 115, The Finsbury Causeway, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.