

"THE TOUGH GUY OF THE SHELL!" WEEK'S GREATEST SCHOOL STORY INSIDE.

The GEM

2^d



The TOUGH GUY
of the SHELL!

INSIDE AN HOUR THE ST. JIM'S NEWCOMER HAD LICKED A FIFTH FORMER AND THE CHAMPION BOXER OF THE FOURTH—AND WAS READY FOR MORE!

The TOUGH GUY



As Cutts closed with Grundy, Tom Merry & Co. beheld an amazing sight. The Fifth Former was swept off his feet in the grasp of the new boy and flung headlong through the doorway! Cutts had woken up the wrong customer!

CHAPTER 1. Grundy Arrives!

"YOUNG shaver!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not turn his head.

He did not even know that he was being addressed.

That he, the honourable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the most elegant junior of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, should be addressed as "young shaver" by a perfect stranger in a stentorian voice across the platform of a railway station was impossible, or ought to have been impossible.

Arthur Augustus was strolling elegantly along the platform at Rylcombe Station.

The local train from Wayland Junction had just come in. In that THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

train Arthur Augustus expected to see his chums Blake, Herries, and Digby, who had been over to Wayland that afternoon.

Arthur Augustus, with his celebrated monocle jammed in his eye, continued his leisurely inspection of the train, blind and deaf to a passenger who was looking out of a carriage window and shouting:

"Young shaver!"

"Bai Jove, they don't seem to be here!" murmured Arthur Augustus, as he failed to detect his chums among the passengers. "I pvesume they have walked it, aft'n all!"

"Hi!"

Arthur Augustus turned his monocle carelessly upon the shouting youth, who was leaning out of the carriage window and looking towards him—looking past him, Arthur Augustus supposed.

The youth in the carriage was a big fellow of over sixteen, with a bullet head and prominent features, and wearing a cap stuck at an angle upon a somewhat unruly mop of hair.

"Hi, young shaver! Hi!"

"Bai Jove, what an extremely loud and unpleasant voice that chap has!" murmured the swell of St. Jim's. "I wondah who he is shoutin' to?"

"Hi! You with the glass in your eye!"

Arthur Augustus jumped.

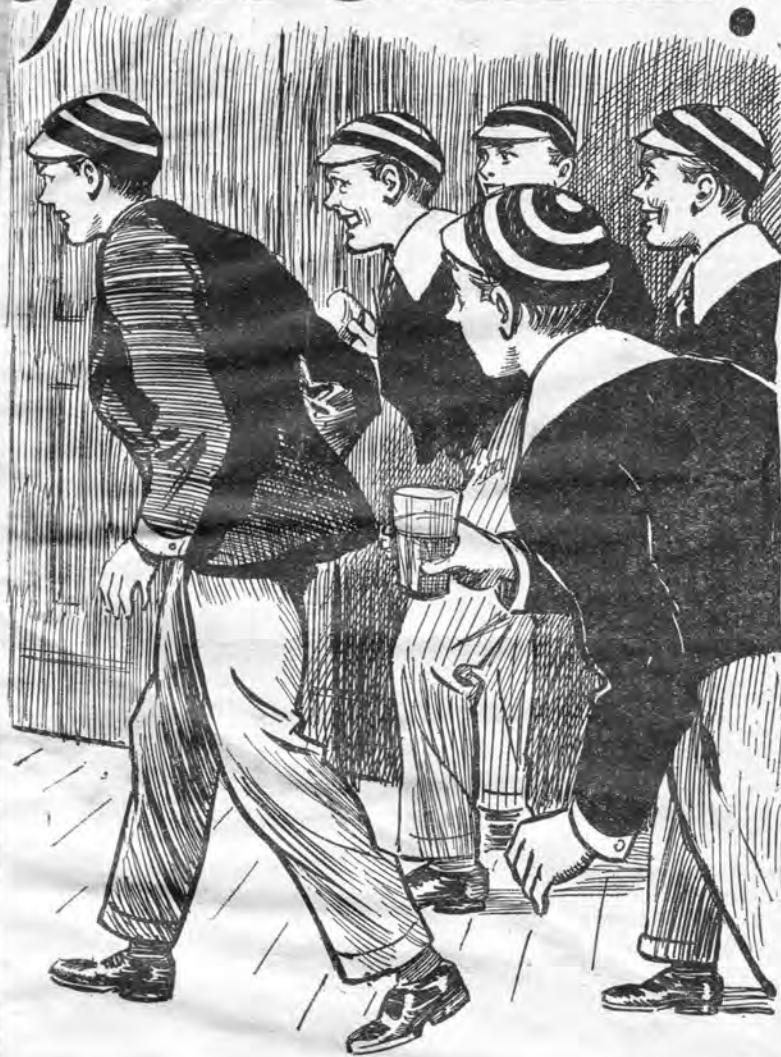
That description certainly applied to no one on the platform with the exception of himself. The stranger was addressing him. There could be no mistake about it. That stentorian shout was intended for his ears.

The eye of Arthur Augustus gleamed with wrath behind the eyeglass. He fixed a stare upon the youth at the

SOMETHING NEW IN NEW BOYS IS BIG, BURLY, BONEHEADED GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY! MEET HIM IN THIS GREAT YARN.

of the SHELL!

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD



carriage window, which ought to have petrified him on the spot. But the big youth did not seem in the least petrified.

"Are you deaf?" he asked.

"Bai Jove! Are you addressin' me?" ejaculated Arthur Augustus, driven to speech at last.

"Yes, you young duffer! Is this the station for St. Jim's?"

"Yaas!"

"Oh, good!"

The big youth threw open the door of the carriage and stepped out.

Arthur Augustus gazed at him with mingled wrath, indignation, and contempt. The fellow did not seem to have the slightest sense of the enormity he had been guilty of in addressing Arthur Augustus as a young shaver.

From his question, D'Arcy could guess that he was a new fellow for the school. He was big enough to be a senior, but his manners, in D'Arcy's opinion, would have been a disgrace to the Third Form.

He pitched a bag and a rug out of the carriage.

Trumble, the old porter, had taken a box and a hamper from the guard's van and put them on a trolley.

The big youth looked up and down the platform. Then he fixed his eyes on Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The swell of St. Jim's was in Etons, so the newcomer jumped to a correct conclusion.

"You belong to St. Jim's?" he asked.

"Yaas!"

"Good! Then you can show me the way!"

"Bai Jove!"

*Pugnacious and autocratic,
George Alfred Grundy soon
makes his presence—and his fists
—felt at St. Jim's!*

"What Form are you in?" continued the stranger, looking over the elegant junior with a decidedly disparaging expression.

"The Fourth!"

"Ah! A blessed fag!"

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "I wondah what menagewie this awful boundah has escaped fwom?"

Old Trumble came along, closing the doors of the carriages, and the train moved on out of the station.

The big youth gave him a dig in the ribs.

"Porter!"

"Ow!" said Trumble.

"Put my trunk and hamper into a cab."

"Yessir!"

"Young shaver!" Arthur Augustus having failed to wither the newcomer with scarifying looks, was walking away towards the exit, giving it up as a bad job. The burly youth seemed quite impervious to scarifying looks. "Here, young shaver!"

Arthur Augustus trembled with indignation. He turned round and fixed his gleaming eyeglass upon the newcomer.

"Will you kindly wefwain fwom addressin' me?" he said. "I do not desiah to make your acquaintance."

The big youth stared at him.

"I wegard you as a boundah," said Arthur Augustus, his indignation gathering force as he proceeded. "I look upon you as an uttah outsidersah. I shall be obliged if you will wefwain fwom addressin' me again."

"My hat! What's your name?"

"That does not concern you, you uttah boundah! I wefuse to say anothah word to you. Young shaver! Bai Jove!"

"Pick up that rug!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Pick up that rug, and carry it for me!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Are you deaf?"

"I am not deaf!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "I can only conclude that you are off your wockah! Are you uttah ass enough to think that I shall fag for you, a new boy, with the mannaahs of a wuffian?"

The new boy grinned.

"You don't know who I am yet," he remarked.

"I have not the slightest desiah to know."

"I'm Grundy!"

"It is a mattah of uttah indifference to me!"

"At Redclyffe," continued the new boy, "I was in the Shell, and the Fourth fagged for me."

"They must have been awful duffahs, then."

"You see, I should have whopped them if they hadn't," explained Grundy. "I keep fags in order, I can tell you. I don't stand any cheek. Pick up that rug!"

"Rats!"

"And carry it to the cab."

"Wubbish!"

"Or I shall wallop you!" roared Grundy.

Arthur Augustus pushed back his

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

immaculate cuffs Grundy from Redclyffe was bigger than the swell of St. Jim's. But all the blood of the D'Arcys was boiling in the veins of Arthur Augustus. Grundy from Redclyffe had apparently found more meekness in the Fourth Form there than he was likely to meet with in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

"Do you hear me?" demanded Grundy.

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard you as a bullyin' beast, and if you appoach me I shall give you a feahful thwashin'!"

"Are you going to pick up that rug?"

"Wathah not!"

The next moment an earthquake happened to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. Precisely what came to pass he hardly knew; but when he could see clearly again he was sitting on the platform, with his silk topper squashed on his head, his elegant clobber badly rumbled, his eyeglass swinging at the end of its cord, and he was gasping for breath.

Grundy of the Shell was walking off the platform with his bag and his rug, and Trumble was wheeling the trolley before him.

"Gweat Scott!" Arthur Augustus gasped and gasped. "Bai Jove, what a dweadful wuffian! Oh dear!"

Grundy was gone before Arthur Augustus recovered sufficient breath to rise from the platform.

CHAPTER 2.

No Rot!

"LOOKS like a new merchant!"

Monty Lowther made the remark.

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, the Terrible Three of the Shell, were adorning the gateway of St. Jim's with their persons, when the station cab drove up.

There were a trunk, a bag, and a hamper on top of the old cab. Inside was a burly youth, who looked out of the window as the cab drove up to the school.

The Terrible Three made way for the vehicle to pass in, and it stopped at the lodge, and Taggles came out.

The big youth descended from the cab.

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther looked at him rather curiously. He was evidently a new boy; but he had none of the shrinking modesty of a new boy about him. If he had spent a dozen terms at St. Jim's his manners could hardly have been more assured. He gave the Terrible Three a stare, and then turned to the cabman.

"How much?"

"Four shillings, sir."

"Too much."

The cabman blinked at him. Of course, it was too much, but the driver regarded a new boy as legitimate prey. Grundy turned to Taggles.

"You're the porter—what?"

"Yes, I ham!" said Taggles, somewhat surlily.

"I'm Grundy!"

"Ho!" said Taggles.

"What's the right fare from Rylcombe to here?"

"Harsk the cabman," said Taggles, not at all pleased by the imperative manner of Master Grundy.

Grundy turned to the three juniors in the gateway.

"What's the fare from Rylcombe, you fellows?" he asked.

"Half-a-crown," said Tom Merry.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

"I thought so. Here's half-a-crown, cabby, and a bob for yourself. You don't get four shillings out of me."

The old cabby, without a word—perhaps his feelings were too deep for words—bumped down the box, the bag, and the hamper, and tossed the rug out of the cab, and drove away.

Grundy, without a glance at him, came towards the Terrible Three.

They looked at him with interest.

"I'm a new chap," he explained.

"Not really?" said Monty Lowther.

"Yes, really. You wouldn't take me for a new chap, I suppose? You see, I know the ropes," said Grundy.

"I've come from another school. I was in the Shell at Redclyffe—that's in Kent. I'm going into the Shell here. Not much of a new boy about me, really."

"You haven't bought the school, by any means?" asked Lowther.

"Bought the school? No."

"Oh, I thought that perhaps you had!" said Lowther amiably. "My mistake."

Grundy looked at him sharply, but Lowther's face was quite serious.

Tom Merry and Manners smiled.

"Don't think you can pull my leg because I'm new here," said Grundy.

"I know the ropes. I'm an old hand. If a chap tries to pull my leg I wallop him!"

"Not really?"

"Yes, really," assured Grundy. "I could lick any fellow in the Shell at Redclyffe—anybody in the Fifth, for that matter. I never stand any rot."

"By Jove!"

"I make it a point never to stand any rot," explained Grundy; "especially from fags. I find it's the best system."

"Oh!"

"Not that I'm a quarrelsome chap—not a bit of it. Only I never stand any rot—see? Is there a tuckshop near here?"

"There's the school shop," said Tom Merry, hardly knowing what to make of this somewhat unusual new boy. The Terrible Three were in doubt whether they had better smile, or take Master Grundy by the scruff of the neck and bump him in the gateway.

"Good!" said Grundy. "Will you show me the way?"

"If you're a new kid, you ought to see your Form-master first," said Tom.

"Oh, he can wait!" said Grundy.

"I'm hungry, you see. I've had a long journey. What Form are you fellows in?"

"Shell."

"Oh, good! Trot along with me and have some ginger-pop."

The Terrible Three decided to smile instead of administering the bumping that Master Grundy evidently stood in need of.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend signor," said Monty Lowther solemnly, "to hear is to obey."

"Oh, don't be funny, you know!" said Grundy.

"Where's that shop?"

The Terrible Three led the way to Dame Taggles' little shop in the corner of the quad. They were not averse to imbibing the cheering ginger-pop on a warm afternoon; and, as it happened, funds were low in Tom Merry's study. Grundy had come along in the nick of time, in fact.

There were several fellows in the tuckshop, and they looked curiously at the new junior.

Monty Lowther presented him with great solemnity.

"Gentlemen, lend me your ears! Allow me to present Master Grundy,

who has left his old school for his old school's good, and deigns to honour us by coming to St. Jim's. He condescends to come into the Shell. It is a great loss for the Sixth, and we must expect the Fifth to be jealous."

"Which House are you in, new kid?" asked Figgins of the Fourth, amid a general chuckle.

Figgins was the great chief of the New House juniors.

"Eh?" said Grundy. "Which, what?"

"School House or New House?" asked Kerr.

"Oh, School House!" said Grundy.

"Ginger-pop, please, ma'am. And jam tarts. If any fellow cares to join me he's welcome."

"Well, I must say that's jolly decent for a School House chap!" remarked Fatty Wynn of the New House. "I'll join you with pleasure!"

All the juniors in the tuckshop joined Master Grundy with pleasure. His invitation was given very genially and heartily, and there was no reason to refuse. And the ginger-pop and the jam tarts were good. Quite a merry party gathered round the counter, and Dame Taggles was soon busy.

A tall and elegant senior, who was chatting with another Fifth Former in the shop, did not appear to have heard Grundy's genial invitation. It was Cutts of the Fifth, the dandy of the School House.

Grundy gave him a look.

"Hallo! Won't you trot up?" he asked.

Cutts looked at him with his most insolent smile.

"Thank you! I do not generally consume jam tarts and ginger-beer with fags," he replied, in a drawing tone.

"Oh, never mind Cutts!" said Tom Merry. "Cutts is always rather a pig. Aren't you, Cutts?"

Grundy put down his glass of ginger-pop.

"Your name Cutts?" he asked, with a glare at the dandy of the Fifth.

"Yes, my name is Cutts."

"You called me a fag."

"Quite so."

"I don't stand any rot from anybody," remarked Grundy. "I'm a peaceable chap. But I don't stand any rot, and I don't like being called a fag."

"I am desolated," said Cutts, with mock humility. "I sincerely hope you are not angry, Master Bundy?"

St. Leger of the Fifth, Cutts' companion, grinned.

"My name isn't Bundy, it's Grundy."

"Any relation to the celebrated Mrs. Grundy?" asked Cutts, and there was a laugh.

"Look here!" said Grundy. "I've told you already that I don't stand any rot. I suppose you're a senior—what?"

"Yes, I have that distinction."

"Well, I don't care if you're in the Sixth. I don't care if you're a prefect. I don't care twopence for you, whatever you are!" announced Grundy. "When I was at Redclyffe I walloped Fifth Formers!"

"Indeed! You will find St. Jim's a little different from Redclyffe, then," remarked Cutts. "May a fellow inquire what you were kicked out of Redclyffe for?"

"I wasn't kicked out of Redclyffe."

"No? Then I'm sure you ought to have been."

"There was a row," explained Grundy. "I was really fed-up. There was a row, and my pater decided to take me away. It was through licking a prefect."

"My hat!"

"You see, I never stand any rot. I know how to look after myself. Now, my opinion of you is that you're a cheeky cad!"

"What!" yelled Cutts.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Grundy!" chorused the juniors. "Tell him what you think of him!"

"I'm going to!" said Grundy. "You called me a fag, Cutts. I've called you a cheeky cad. That makes us even. But don't give me any more of it, or I'll bundle you neck and crop out of this shop before you can say knife."

astonishment. There was a cheer in the tuckshop.

"Go it, Grundy!"

"Give him beans!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cutts recovered himself, and stood his ground, and closed with the new fellow from Redclyffe.

Then Tom Merry & Co. beheld an amazing sight. Cutts was swept off his feet in the grasp of George Alfred Grundy, and flung headlong through the doorway. He bumped down in the quadrangle with a yell.

"My hat!"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Dame Taggles. "Stop them! Separate them! Oh dear!"

"Pile in!"

"Go it, Grundy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" yelled Levison of the Fourth from the door.

"Look out!" called out Wilkins of the Shell. "Here comes Linton!"

But the infuriated combatants did not heed. Mr. Linton, the master of the Shell, stopped in the doorway, and looked in with a terrific frown.

"Stop! Do you hear me? How dare you! Stop this instantly!"



What happened to Arthur Augustus he hardly knew. When he could see clearly again he was sitting on the ground with his topper squashed on his head. Grundy was walking off the platform. "Gweat Scott!" gasped Gussy. "What a dweadful wuffian!"

Cutts stared at the new junior in amazement and rage. Cutts, dandy as he was, was an athlete, and quite a formidable fighting man. There was certainly no junior at St. Jim's who would have cared to tackle Cutts in a stand-up encounter. But Grundy was nearly as big as Cutts, and he was a tremendously powerful fellow. And he was evidently not used to measuring his words.

Tom Merry & Co. looked on, grinning. They enjoyed hearing Gerald Cutts talked to in this way. It was refreshing.

"You—you—you—" stuttered Cutts. "Why, I'll lick you till you can't crawl! I'll smash you, you cheeky cub!"

"That's done it!" said Grundy. "Here goes!"

"Why, what—my hat!" roared Cutts. Grundy was attacking him right and left. The dandy of the Fifth gave ground before the attack, in great

"Hurrah!"

St. Leger made a movement forward. Grundy turned on him with his big fists up.

St. Leger promptly made a movement backwards.

"By gad!" said St. Leger.

Cutts scrambled to his feet. He came raging into the tuckshop like a tiger from the jungle. Cutts was a black sheep, and a good deal of a cad, but he had plenty of pluck. He fairly hurled himself upon Grundy.

Grundy faced him cheerfully, and in a second they were fighting, hammer and tongs. The juniors crowded back to give them room.

Dame Taggles, behind the counter, wrung her hands and shrieked. There was a crash as a tin of biscuits was knocked to the floor, and the trampling feet of the combatants soon ground the biscuits to dust. Another crash as a couple of bottles of sweets went down.

CHAPTER 3.

Wally Shows the Way!

TOM MERRY & CO. dragged the combatants apart.

Cutts was panting for breath. His tie was torn out, and his nose was streaming red.

Grundy was looking very dishevelled, and he had a bruise under his right eye.

Mr. Linton stared at them with towering wrath.

The Form-master had been crossing the quadrangle when the din from the tuckshop drew him to that spot. He had expected to find a fag row going on. He was astonished to find that it was a Fifth Former engaged in combat with a youth he had never seen before.

"Cutts," he rapped out, "I'm surprised at you! I am disgusted! You, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

a senior of the Fifth Form, fighting in the tuckshop!"

Cutts was crimson with rage. "I wasn't fighting!" he howled. "What! What were you doing, then?"

"I was thrashing a cheeky fag." "Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Grundy. "I like that! Thrashing me! Why, you couldn't thrash half of me!"

"Boy!" thundered Mr. Linton.

"Hullo!" "Don't say 'Hullo' to me! Who are you? I have never seen you before!"

"I'm a new boy, sir. I am Grundy—George Alfred Grundy, sir."

"Oh, the Head has mentioned you to me! You are coming into my Form," said Mr. Linton. "Grundy, you have signalled your arrival at this school by a disgraceful disturbance."

"Oh, my hat!" said Grundy.

"How dare you, sir!"

"Well, I told him I wouldn't stand any rot, sir," said Grundy. "These fellows will witness that I told him quite plainly—"

"What is the cause of this disgraceful encounter?" rapped out Mr. Linton.

"He cheeked me!" hissed Cutts.

"He cheeked me!" said Grundy.

"You had better go, Cutts. As I am not your Form-master, I will not deal with you. But I must point out that you are not a prefect, and have no right to chastise a junior. If you have any complaint to make of Grundy, you should make it to me. Kindly go. Your present appearance, Cutts, is a disgrace to the school!"

Mr. Linton had a very sharp tongue when he let it go. Cutts, boiling with rage, quitted the tuckshop without another word.

"As, for you, Grundy, you must learn to be more respectful to older boys. Discipline is maintained at this school. As you are a new boy, however, I will not punish you on this occasion. You may follow me to my study."

"Yes, sir," said Grundy.

The master of the Shell rustled away.

"That's my Form-master—what?" said Grundy, looking round.

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes!"

"I don't see what he wanted to go for me for," said Grundy. "The fellow cheeked me—you all heard him. I never stand any rot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who is going to pay for those biscuits and those sweets?" exclaimed Dame Taggles wrathfully. "I shall complain to the Head."

"Well, Cutts ought to pay for them, as he started the row," said Grundy.

"I'm always being picked on like this, though I'm a peaceable chap. Lots of quarrelsome fellows at Redclyffe never got into half my rows, somehow. Still, you shan't lose by it, ma'am. I'll pay."

Grundy threw a pound on the counter. Evidently the cheerful youth was very well supplied with money.

"You'd better go after Linton," said Tom Merry. "He doesn't like being kept waiting."

"I haven't really had enough yet," grumbled Grundy. "I don't see what he wanted to wedge in for. I know I'm hungry. He can wait a bit."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cut off!" said Talbot of the Shell. "You'll get into an awful row. Linton isn't the best-tempered master at St. Jim's."

Grundy hesitated.

"Well, I suppose I'd better go. Don't you fellows leave off—finish the quid."

And Grundy walked out of the tuckshop, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. He did not seem to be feeling any ill results from his tussle with Cutts. He left the tuckshop in an uproar.

"Well, that merchant takes the cake," gurgled Monty Lowther. "Blessed if I've ever seen a new kid quite like that before."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Something quite new in new kids," grinned Tom Merry. "As for a

peaceable chap, it doesn't take him long to get into a row."

"He handled Cutts awfully well," remarked Figgins. "He seems a decent sort of ass; but a first-class ass, and no mistake!"

"He's really decent!" said Fatty Wynne. "The real right sort, in my opinion! He said we were to finish the quid—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors proceeded to "finish the quid" in refreshment, liquid and solid, with great satisfaction.

Grundy had made quite an impression upon the fellows he had already become acquainted with. Pugnacious as he undoubtedly was, he seemed good-tempered and genial, and he was certainly open-handed. And the "handling" of their old enemy Cutts delighted the juniors.

Grundy crossed the quadrangle, looking about him. His new acquaintances were still in the tuckshop, finishing the quid. Grundy looked for Mr. Linton, but the master of the Shell had already disappeared into the House.

"Now, which blessed House is the blessed School House?" grunted Grundy, halting. "Here, young shaver, which is the School House?"

It was D'Arcy minor—Wally of the Third—whom he hailed.

"Hullo! When did you get out of the Zoo?" asked Wally.

Grundy frowned.

"None of your cheek! Is that the School House?"

"Ask a policeman!" suggested Wally.

"Look here, you cheeky young monkey—"

"Why, you thumping ass!" exclaimed Wally, with breathless indignation. "You—you— Here, wharrer you at? Leggo!"

Grundy picked up the fag as if he had been an infant and swung him round vigorously on one shoulder, grinning. All St. Jim's swam round D'Arcy minor for a moment, and then he found himself seated on the big youth's shoulder.

"Lemme down!" he yelled.

"You'll take me to the School House!" said Grundy. "Now then!"

"You—you—you rotter!" bellowed Wally, his dignity entirely outraged by being carried on a fellow's shoulder like a kid. "You—you jabberwock! Put me down, or I'll pull your silly ears!"

"If I put you down, I'll land you on your head!" said Grundy. "And if you don't show me the way to the School House at once, I'll drop you into the fountain!"

"My Aunt Jane! I—I—I—"

"Now then—"

"Go and eat coke!" roared Wally.

Grundy made a stride towards the fountain.

"Hold on!" gasped D'Arcy minor. "You—you awful beast! I'll show you the way! There's the School House, you fathead! Anybody but a silly idiot would know that that other rotten barn wasn't the School House! Now put me down, you beast!"

Grundy carried him as far as the School House, and then sat him down on the steps. He jerked off his cap and jammed it down his back, and then went into the House.

Wally jumped up, boiling with rage. Never had the hero of the Third, the great chief of the inky brigade, been so unceremoniously treated.

"Why, I'll—I'll serag him!" gasped Wally. "I'll make him sit up! I'll—"

Words failed the indignant fag.

Completely careless of the Third Former's fury, George Alfred Grundy

THE "BAD HAT" OF THE REMOVE

Racking winners and raking in the cash is as easy as pie . . . so thinks Peter Hazeldene, of the Greyfriars Remove, until he plunges heavily on a loser. Then the fat's in the fire! Saddled with a debt he cannot pay, and dreading expulsion, the scapegrace takes the worst possible course. Fortunately, however, Hazeldene has a good friend in his sister, who is ever ready to save him from the consequences of his folly. If you like stories of real human interest you cannot do better than read Frank Richards' latest cover-to-cover school yarn of Harry Wharton & Co., in



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strode in an easy manner into the School House.

Mr. Linton was standing in his study doorway, and he signed to the new boy. Grundy followed him into the study.

When Tom Merry & Co. came into tea, Grundy was still in the Form-master's study, not having a happy time. Though apparently very well up in the physical line, George Alfred's scholastic attainments made Mr. Linton snort.

The Terrible Three were still smiling over the scene in the tuckshop as they prepared tea in their study in the Shell passage. But a sudden reflection made Tom Merry very grave.

"My hat!" he reflected.

"Hallo! What's the matter now?"

"That new fellow—he's in the School House—"

"Well?"

"And he said he's in the Shell. He's big enough for the Fifth, but he said he's in the Shell—"

"Well?"

"Suppose they plant him in this study?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He doesn't seem a bad sort," said Tom Merry. "But—"

"If they plant him in here, we'll soon unplant him!" said Monty Lowther. "Crooke can have him! There's only two in Crooke's study—Crooke and Wilkins. They couldn't have the cheek to put him here. We wouldn't stand it, anyway! We're full up, and we don't want a blessed elephant here!"

But the Terrible Three felt a little uneasy as they sat down to tea.

They rather liked George Alfred Grundy, in a way. Certainly he had handled Cutts very nicely. But they didn't want him in their study. He was such an exceedingly burly and overpowering person that they would greatly have preferred him as a neighbour rather than a study-mate. And so the chums of the Shell were somewhat anxious to learn which study George Alfred Grundy had been assigned to.

CHAPTER 4.

Jack Blake on the Warpath!

"Gussy! My hat!" Blake and Herries and Digby stared at their noble chum.

Arthur Augustus had put himself somewhat to rights after the earth-quaky encounter with the new boy at Rylcombe Station. But when he met his chums on the way home, he showed many signs of dilapidation.

Blake, Herries, and Dig were just turning out of the lane from Wayland at the crossroads when Arthur Augustus D'Arcy came from Rylcombe.

They met him face to face.

And they stared.

"What on earth have you been doing with your hat," demanded Blake—"trying to turn it into a concertina?"

"And your collar into a dishcloth?" asked Herries.

"And where are your waistcoat buttons?" inquired Digby.

"Bai Jove! I've had a fearful time, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus. "Have you seen anythin' of him?"

"Whom?" asked the three chums together.

"That wottah!"

"Somebody been handling you?" asked Blake.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"The Grammar School bounders?"

"Wats! No. A wotten new kid—a new fellow for the Shell, named Wundy or Bundy or Gwundy, or somethin'. A fearful beast! I was at the station,"



explained Arthur Augustus. "I'd been to my tailah's, and I thought I'd dwop in at the station, as the twain was due, in case you fellows came home that way. You didn't come, but that awful wottah did. A disgustin' beast! A wogulah tewwor!"

Blake & Co. grinned.

Arthur Augustus was breathing indignation.

"Tell your uncle about it," said Blake soothingly.

"The fwightful cad addressed me as a 'young shavah'—"

"Awful!" said Blake.

"Horrible!" said Digby solemnly.

"Unspeakable!" said Herries.

"Pway don't wot, deah boys! I should have tweated him with silent contempt, but he wanted me to fag for him."

"What?"

"He ordahed me to pick up a wug and cawwy it for him."

"Fagging the Fourth—a Shell bounder, and a new kid?" said Blake incredulously. "You're dreamin', Gussy!"

"I am not dweamin', Blake, though I admit it seemed like a howwid dweam shortly afterwards. He said he used to fag the Fourth at Wedclyffe."

"Comes from Redclyffe, does he? Where's that?"

"I wathah think that is the school near Gweyfwiahs. We pass Wedclyffe goin' to Gweyfwiahs. The howwid wottah was in the Shell there. I suppose he has been kicked out for bein' such a wuffian—at least, I pwesume so."

"Why didn't you lick him?" demanded Herries.

"I started lickin' him."

"And what happened?"

"Ahem!"

Blake doubled up his fists in a suggestive manner.

"I shall have to tackle him," he remarked.

"Weally, Blake, you would hardly have much luck, as I have already failed to lick him."

"Go hon!"

"The fact is, he is a vewy big beast—as big as a seniah, and I suppose he is old enough to be in the Fifth, only he is pwobably too fatheaded to get his remove. He is as big as Cutts, or vewy nearly—a fwightfully burly wuffian. He left me gaspin'."

"But you didn't fag for him?"

"Wathah not!"

"If you had we'd have expelled you from Study No. 6," said Blake. "I'm anxious to see this merchant. A Shell fellow who wants to fag the Fourth is worth looking at. He will find Study No. 6 down on him."

"I don't believe in being rough on new kids," remarked Digby, "but it would be best to start with giving him a hiding."

"Leave that to me," said Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Well, if I can't lick him, he'll lick me," said Blake. "And he will feel rather groggy after he has licked me, anyway."

"He's an awfully stwong beast!"

"Well, so am I," said Blake.

Jack Blake hurried his steps. He was anxious to get to St. Jim's and see that unusual new boy. The mere idea of a junior in the Shell trying to fag the Fourth put Blake's back up at once. All the fighting blood of the Yorkshire junior was aroused. He was prepared to wade in and wipe up the quad with Master Grundy, as a preliminary lesson in manners.

Arthur Augustus had his doubts.

Jack Blake was a great fighting-man, and had few equals in that line in the Fourth Form. Perhaps only Figgins was really quite up to his level fistically. But Arthur Augustus remembered how Grundy had swung him, Gussy, about like a sack of potatoes.

The juniors were keen to see Grundy. They reached St. Jim's and hurried to the School House. They were late for tea, and tea in Hall was just over when they arrived. That did not matter to Blake & Co., who generally had tea in their study.

The School House juniors who had had tea in Hall were coming out, and among them Arthur Augustus spotted the broad shoulders and bullet head of George Alfred Grundy.

Grundy was looking quite cheerful and contented. His interview with Mr. Linton had not been a happy one, but he had made a good tea, and he was satisfied. He caught sight of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and grinned.

"That's the wottah, deah boys!" said D'Arcy.

"My hat, he is big!" confessed Blake. "But quality is better than quantity any day."

Blake marched up to the new boy.

Grundy stared at him inquiringly.

"You're the new kid?" asked Blake.

"I'm Grundy!"

"The chap who thinks he can fag the Fourth?"

"You bet!"

"Will you step round behind the gym with me?"

"Certainly!"

"Come on!" said Blake impressively.

Study No. 6 led the way, and Grundy lounged after them with his hands in his pockets.

Several juniors who spotted what was on followed them. Levison tapped Blake on the arm.

"You're going to tackle that merchant?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He's tackled Cutts since he's been here."

"Really?"

"Yes; and looked like licking him when Linton chipped in and stopped them."

"Gammon!"

"He will make sawdust of you," remarked Levison agreeably.

"I'll make sawdust of you if I have any jaw!" said Blake.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

"Oh, keep your wool on!" said Levison. "I'm coming to help carry you in afterwards."

Jack Blake turned upon him wrathfully, and Levison backed away hurriedly. Whether Blake could tackle Grundy of the Shell or not, there was no doubt at all that he could make rings round Levison.

They turned behind the gym, and a crowd of juniors gathered round to see the fun. The fellows who had seen Grundy's tussle with Cutts had little doubt as to the result.

Arthur Augustus looked very anxious. Jack Blake was not feeling over-confident now. Grundy was so much bigger and heavier than Blake that the disproportion was really too great. But Blake was standing up for the honour of the Fourth, and of Study No. 6, and he would not have retreated if George Alfred Grundy had been twice his size.

"Will you have the gloves on?" asked Blake.

"Not worth while," said Grundy.

"Who's going to keep time?"

"No need to keep time," said Grundy. "There won't be more than one round."

Blake snorted with wrath.

He tore his jacket off, and tossed it to Dig, and squared up to the big Shell fellow.

"Come on, you jabberwock!"

Grundy grinned and came on.

For the next minute the scene was very interesting. Jack Blake put up a fight that was really creditable. But he was overwhelmed. His skill in boxing did not stand him in much stead, for Grundy's tremendous drives smashed through his guard. At the end of the minute Blake was gasping on the ground.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

Grundy put his hands into his pockets. "That cheeky young bantam going on!" he asked.

"G-going on!" gasped Blake. "Yes, rather!"

"Better chuck it!" said Grundy good-naturedly. "What's the good of tackling a fellow my size? You haven't an earthly."

"Not much good, Jacky, old chap," murmured Dig.

"Rats!"

Blake jumped up and came on.

There was another earthquake for the unfortunate leader of Study No. 6. Grundy received two or three terrific drives, but he did not seem to mind them. And his big fists smote like flails.

Blake went down again. This time he stayed down.

"Now chuck it," urged Grundy. "You can see it's no good. What do you want to pick a row with me for? I'm a peaceable chap. I never stand any rot, especially from fags, but I'm a peaceable chap."

"Get up, and go on, Blake," chirruped Mellish of the Fourth. The cad of the Fourth was quite delighted at seeing Blake licked. "You ain't finished yet, Blake. Don't be a funk!"

Blake turned crimson. He was done; he could not go on. But to be called a funk by a worm like Mellish was bitter.

Grundy swung towards Mellish, and caught him by the ear. Mellish gave a yell.

"Who are you calling a funk?" demanded Grundy.

"Yow! Leggo!" yelled Mellish. "I was calling Blake a funk, not you. Yow!"

"Bai Jove, Mellish, you uttah wottah!"

"So you were calling this chap a funk, were you?" said Grundy. "Well, THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

you can do the same as he's done. Put up your hands!"

"Wha-a-at!" gasped Mellish.

Mellish's idea had been to curry favour with the victor. Apparently he had not succeeded.

"Are you going to put up your hands?" demanded Grundy.

"N-no! No fear!"

"Then I'll lick you!"

"Yah! Oh! Leggo! Help!"

Grundy, with a twist of his sinewy arm, whirled Mellish over his knee, and then his right hand rose and fell with terrific force.

Spank, spank, spank, spank!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Grundy!"

"Bai Jove! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarooooop!" roared the unhappy Mellish. "Yow-ow-ow! Leggo! Yah! Help!"

Grundy pitched him over on the ground, where he lay gasping. Then he turned to Jack Blake, who had risen with Dig's assistance, and was standing very unsteadily on his pins. Grundy held out a big hand.

"You're a plucky kid," he said.

"Give us your fin. I won't fag you."

"You jolly well won't!" snorted Blake.

However, he gave Grundy his fin.

Grundy put his hands in his pockets and sauntered away.

The chums of Study No. 6 looked at one another grimly.

"My hat!" said Blake, at last.

Then, with decidedly serious looks, they left the scene of the brief combat, and Blake proceeded to bathe his eye and nose, which needed it badly.

CHAPTER 5.

Grundy's Study!

"COME in!" called out Tom Merry, as a heavy knock came at the door of his study.

The Terrible Three had finished tea.

It was Grundy of the Shell who came in.

The three juniors noted that his prominent nose was a little swollen, and guessed that the peaceable new chap had been in another fight since his encounter with Cutts.

"Hallo!" said Grundy. "This is the Shell passage, isn't it?"

"True, O king!" said Monty Lowther.

"I've got to have a study in this passage."

"Inquire farther along," said Manners.

"Has Linton told you which study?" asked Tom Merry.

"No; he's going to see about it," said Grundy. "My idea is to select the study I like best, and then tell him I want that one. See? I don't suppose he cares much which study I have."

"Oh!"

"That's how I used to do at Redclyffe, you know. I generally bagged the best study every term."

"Didn't anybody ever raise objections?" asked Tom.

"Lots of times."

"And what happened?"

"I licked them."

"Oh!"

"This looks a pretty comfortable study," remarked Grundy, looking round. "I must have a study with a window on the quad—I don't like back windows—and a firegrate. This looks rather comfy."

"You might not find it comfy if you settled down in it," suggested Lowther.

"Why not?"

"We are not looking for a new study-mate."

"Oh, that makes no difference! If I decide to come here, I shall come."

"Without asking us?" roared Lowther.

Grundy nodded.

"What's the good of asking you?" he replied. "You'd say 'No.'"

"What-ho!"

"Then I should lick you!"

"Would you, by gum?"

"And it would come to the same thing in the end. However, I haven't decided yet. I'm going to look at all the studies. That's how I did at Redclyffe."

"You may find St. Jim's a bit different from Redclyffe," said Monty Lowther, glowering. "You may find yourself taken by the scruff of the neck and slung out!"

"I'd like to see anybody sling me out!" grinned Grundy. "But keep your wool on! I'm a peaceable chap, and I don't want a row. I'm going to look at all the studies."

And, with a friendly nod, Grundy walked out.

The Terrible Three looked at one another. The new fellow almost took their breath away.

"That's a cool merchant," murmured Manners at last.

Tom Merry frowned.

"A jolly good deal too cool for a new kid! If he plants himself in this study there will be trouble. I won't have it, for one!"

"Hear, hear!"

Quite regardless of what the Terrible Three might be thinking, Grundy went along to the next study and opened the door—after knocking politely.

Talbot, Gore, and Skimpole were there, finishing their tea.

They looked in surprise at the new junior as he strolled in and stood looking round the room with a critical eye.

"What the dickens do you want?" demanded Gore.

"I'm looking at the study."

"Take your time!" said Talbot.

"Thanks! I mean to. I don't care for this study," said Grundy. "It's smaller than the next one. Three of you here?"

"Yes."

"Well, I shan't dig here."

"That you jolly well won't!" roared Gore. "And if you want a thick ear you—"

Grundy strolled out of the study without replying.

Talbot laughed, and Skimpole blinked, and Gore scowled.

"By gum," said Gore, "if that fellow plants himself here I'll warm him! The blessed cheeky burler!"

Grundy stepped to the next study. It was the room belonging to Crooke and Wilkins. As it happened, Crooke and Wilkins had that study to themselves, though the Shell generally went three in a study. The room was better furnished than most of the Shell studies, Crooke being the son of a millionaire, with plenty of money, and a habit of "splashing" it about.

It was quite a pleasant room, and Grundy's expression showed that he was pleased with it. Crooke and Wilkins stared at him.

"Hallo, new kid!" said Wilkins.

"What may you happen to want?"

"This is going to be my study, I think," said Grundy.

Crooke scowled.

"Has Linton sent you here?"

"No; I'm looking them over."

"Well, you jolly well won't plant yourself here unless Linton says so," said Crooke.

"How many to this study?" asked Grundy, unmoved.

"Us two," said Wilkins.
 "There's three in the others—what?"
 "Yes."

"Then there will be more room here. I'll settle on this room," said Grundy. "There'll be room for another armchair, and my bookcase, too. Good!"

"Look here—" roared Crooke.
 "Anybody object?" asked Grundy.
 "Yes; I do!" shouted Crooke. "I don't like three to a study. Unless old Linton says we're to take you in you're not coming. See?"

"What's your name?"
 "My name's Crooke, you long-legged scarecrow!"
 "Mine's Grundy. I dare say we shall get on all right. If we don't, I'm sorry for you."

"Look here—" said Grundy.
 "Nuff said! This is my study!"
 "I tell you—" said Grundy.
 "Better settle it at once, I suppose," said Grundy. "I may as well warn you that I'm always cock of the walk in my study. I'm going to be cock of the walk in this study. See?"

"Here, hands off!" Grundy grasped Crooke by the collar. Crooke struck out furiously, but he was whipped off his feet and flopped down on the hearthrug.

Grundy proceeded coolly to rub Crooke's nose in the rug. The astonished Wilkins looked on as if mesmerised.

"Grrrrrrgh!" came from Crooke.
 "Any more objections to my sharing this study?" asked Grundy.
 "Grooogh!"

"Now then—" Grundy released Crooke, who staggered to his feet, crimson with rage and spluttering.
 "The new boy did not seem at all perturbed. He turned to Wilkins.
 "You got any objections?" he asked.
 "No," gasped Wilkins. "Oh, no! Not at all! You're very welcome!"

"Good! You'll find me a decent fellow to get on with," said Grundy. "There's only one thing for you to remember—I never stand any rot."
 "D-don't you?" murmured Wilkins.

"Never," said Grundy. "But I'm a peaceable chap. You're really lucky to get me here. I shall make this study top study of the Shell. If anybody objects, I shall wallop him. You can come and help me get in my traps, if you like."

"Oh, o-certainly!"
 "I want to get my hamper up to the dormitory, too," said Grundy. "I've got an awfully ripping spread, you know, and all the Form will be invited. Do they allow hampers in the dorm here?"

"No fear!"
 "Then we shall have to smuggle it up somehow."

"I'll help you, with pleasure," said Wilkins, quite cordially.

Wilkins left the study with Grundy. Crooke sat in the armchair and rubbed his nose and scowled. He did not think of raising any objection to the new boy's "digging" in that study. His nose was very sore.

Grundy proceeded to Mr. Linton's room, and made his request to be assigned to Study No. 5 in the Shell passage. He pointed out that there were only two fellows there, and three in the others, and Mr. Linton gave his consent.



Then Wilkins helped Grundy to carry his belongings into the study.

Grundy had a good many belongings. Boxing gloves and punch-ball and Indian clubs figured more largely than books. Grundy was not greatly "gone" on books. He told Wilkins that other property was coming down by railway—a bookcase and a desk and a comfortable armchair, and so forth.

"Rolling in tin?" said Wilkins, in surprise.

"Only five bob a week from my pater," said Grundy. "But my Uncle Grundy whacks out big tips. He's rolling in money. I generally have enough. I'll lend you some, if you want any, as you're in my study."

Wilkins, who was not very well provided with that very necessary article, cash, began to think that his new study-mate was an acquisition.

The Terrible Three, coming out of their study, passed the open door of Study No. 5, and found the new boy and Wilkins arranging Grundy's things there, and Crooke looking on with a scowling brow and a red nose.

"Hallo! Settled down?" asked Tom Merry.

Grundy nodded affably.
 "Yes, I've selected this study. I think I shall be all right here. I've got a hamper I want to get into the dorm for a feed to-night. Will you lend me a hand?"

"What-ho!"
 And Grundy and the Terrible Three, on the best of terms, concerted measures for getting that hamper to the Shell dormitory.

CHAPTER 6.

Quick March!

STUDY NO. 6 were just finishing their preparation that evening when the new boy looked in.

Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy all glanced at him. They supposed that the big youth was on the warpath again. They were prepared to make Study No. 6 very warm quarters for him.

But Grundy was not on the warpath. He came into the study with quite an affable expression.

"I'm standing a feed in my dorm to-night," he remarked.

"Stand it and be blowed!" was Blake's genial reply.

"We've got the hamper up there, and hidden it in the cupboard without being spotted, you know."

"Well?"
 "Will you fellows come?"
 "Eh?"

"You can scoot out of your dorm after lights out and come along, you know," said Grundy. "It will be easy enough. And it will be a tophole spread. I can promise you that. My Aunt Grundy packed the hamper."

The four juniors looked at him very oddly. After the way he had handled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy at the railway station, and after his fight with Blake, they had not expected a friendly visit with an invitation to a feed. It took them by surprise.

Blake rubbed his swollen nose.
 "Bai Jove!" remarked Arthur Augustus at last. "I regard you as a vewy extraordinary person, Gwundy."

"What's the matter?"
 "You tweeked me with gwoss disrespect at the station."

"Well, you cheeked me."

"I wufuse to have my remarks chawac-tewised as cheek!"

"I only licked you," said Grundy. "I dare say I shall lick you again, as far as that goes."

"Bai Jove!"
 "You see, I never stand any rot."

"This study doesn't stand any rot, either," said Jack Blake warmly. "And you can keep your feed and go and eat coke!"

"Hold on, deah boy! If Gwundy is extendin' the olive bwanch, it is up to us to buy the hatchet. If Gwundy apologises—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Grundy.
 "What are you cacklin' at, you duffah?"

"Catch me apologise to blessed fags," said Grundy. "Don't be a young ass! You'd better come to the feed. It will be ripping. I can tell you!"

"I wufuse to come to the feed."

"Same here," said Blake. "I dare say you don't mean any harm. I'm willing to look on you as a harmless lunatic. But travel along!"

Grundy held up a warning hand.
 "No rot!" he said.

"You long-legged ass—"

"Yass, watah! I must remark that you are a howlin' idiot, Gwundy!"

Grundy frowned.

"I've warned you that I never stand any rot," he said. "I came here quite friendly to ask you to a feed. But I'm quite ready to dust up the whole study if I have any rot. See?"

"The—the whole study!" gasped Blake.

"Yes, rather!"

"You—you think you could dust up the whole study—Study No. 6!"

"Why not?"

"Then you'd better start," said Blake truculently.

"Yass watah! Start, you wottah!"

"Oh, do start!" said Herries and Dig together boseechingly.

"I'll start soon enough!" said Grundy, and he started with a rush at the four juniors.

Study No. 6 closed in upon him joyously.

It was only too plain that in single combat they had no chance against the big Shell fellow. But when it came to a rag, Study No. 6 were "all there." The cool cheek of the new fellow in tackling the whole study astounded them. But they were pleased.

Four pairs of hands closed upon George Alfred Grundy.

It was evident that Grundy never

counted odds. But he would have done more wisely to do so in this case. Study No. 6 was a hard nut to crack.

Grundy, big and powerful as he was, found himself swept off the floor, and he came down on the carpet with a concussion that made the dust rise from the carpet, with a terrific yell from Grundy.

Bump!

"Yow!"

"Chuck him out!" gasped Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Struggling wildly in the grasp of the four Fourth Formers, Grundy was whirled to the door. Study No. 6 did not escape unscathed. The Shell fellow was a hard hitter, but they were much too strong for him.

Grundy went whirling through the doorway, and he landed in the passage with a tremendous bump.

Kerruish and Reilly came jumping out of the next study as they heard the concussion. Other fellows rushed out, and there was quickly a crowd of the Fourth round the sprawling Shell fellow.

Grundy sat up dazedly.

In the doorway of Study No. 6 four juniors stood grinning, waiting for him to come back, if he chose to do so.

"Groogh!" gasped Grundy. "My hat! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sure, you've woke up the wrong passenger at last, Grundy!" chuckled Reilly.

"Why, I—I—I'll smash 'em!" roared Grundy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy bounded up, and made a wild rush for the study doorway. Before that heavy charge the chums of the Fourth had to give ground; but they closed in on Grundy as he charged in, and hauled him over. He went down on the carpet, and then the four juniors seized a leg or an arm each, and swung him into the air.

Grundy struggled and wriggled and roared.

"Leggo! Oh, my hat! I'll pulverise you! Yaroo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kim along!" said Blake. "Give him the frogmarch! Take him back to his quarters!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"March!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy struggled desperately as he was rushed out of the study, held by his arms and legs. But he had no chance. The crowd in the passage yelled with laughter as he was carried along.

Reilly dived into the study for his mouth-organ, and then followed the procession playing: "You Can't Do That There 'Ere!"

With a swarm of howling juniors behind them, the procession turned into the Shell passage.

The Shell fellows crowded out of their studies. There was a roar of laughter at the sight of the unfortunate Grundy spreadeagled in the grasp of Study No. 6.

"What's the little game?" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"Grundy's the little game," said Blake. "He undertook to dust up Study No. 6. This is the result!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroo! Leggo! I'll lick you! I'll pulverise you! Yow-wow!"

Grundy's face was crimson, his hair was like a mop, and his collar was torn out, and he was quite helpless in

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

the grasp of four juniors. Grundy had for once bitten off more than he could chew, so to speak.

Study No. 6 marched him the whole length of the Shell passage, to the cheery strains of Reilly's mouth-organ, and bumping him every now and then on the linoleum, eliciting fiendish yells from George Alfred.

The Fourth Formers and Shell fellows looked on, roaring with laughter. It was a case of the mighty fallen. The general opinion was that it would be a valuable lesson for Grundy.

At the end of the passage the procession turned back, and Grundy gave a wild whoop as his head cracked on the wall in turning.

"Better not wriggle so much," said Blake. "You may get another knock."

"Yaroo!"

"I told you so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Leggo! I—I won't whop you!"

"Bai Jove! You do not look much like lickin' anybody at the present moment, Grundy!" chuckled Arthur Augustus.

Back came the procession along the passage to the tune of "You Can't Do That There 'Ere!" But now there was an interruption. Kildare of the Sixth came striding from the direction of the stairs.

The tremendous din in the junior quarters had brought the prefect to the spot.

"Cave!" yelled Hammond.

The juniors dropped Grundy as if he had become suddenly red-hot, and bolted.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye the passage was clear, save for George Alfred Grundy, who lay gasping on the floor, completely out of breath.

Kildare stopped and stared down at him grimly.

"Well, what's the little game?" he demanded.

"Yow! I'll smash 'em! Yow!"

"A ragging, I suppose," said Kildare. "I've had my eye on you, Grundy. You're too quarrelsome. I'm not surprised that you've been ragged. If there's any more of it, I shall drop on you."

"Grooogh! I'll—I'll lick 'em! Cheeky fags! Yow!"

"Do you hear me?" roared Kildare.

"Look here, I'm hurt, and I'm not going to stand any rot!"

Kildare grasped Grundy by the collar, and jerked him to his feet.

Grundy gasped and blinked at him. Even the warlike George Alfred was not inclined to "go for" the captain of the school.

"If there's any more rowing I'll lick you!" said Kildare. "And if you say another word, I'll lick you now!"

"Oh!"

Kildare strode away.

Grundy blinked after him. He made a step in the direction of Study No. 6, and then he stopped. Even George Alfred was fed-up at last.

There was no more "dusting up" in Study No. 6 that evening.

CHAPTER 7.

After Lights Out!

GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY was looking red and breathless when he came into the Shell dormitory a little later.

A general grin greeted him. Only Skimpole uttered a word of sympathy.

He blinked at Grundy through his big spectacles.

"My dear Grundy, I trust you do not feel very sore?" Skimpole remarked, in his solemn manner.

"Oh, rats!" said Grundy.

"You must expect some horseplay, my dear Grundy, being a new kid," said Skimpole soothingly.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Grundy. "Not so much of your new kid!"

"My dear Grundy, I was sympathising with you," said the good Skimpole.

"Well, don't; I don't like it!"

"My dear Grundy—"

"And don't call me your 'dear Grundy.' I don't like that, either!"

"Dear me!" said Skimpole, blinking.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see what you fellows are cackling at," said Grundy crossly. "I don't see anything to cackle at."

"There's a looking-glass yonder," said Monty Lowther obligingly.

"Eh? What about it?" said Grundy, not comprehending. The great George Alfred did not seem very quick of comprehension.

"Look in it," explained Lowther.

"What for?"

"To see what we're laughing at."

Grundy appeared to reflect for a moment. Then the inner meaning of Monty Lowther's humorous remark seemed to dawn upon him.

"I suppose you think that's funny," he remarked.

Lowther nodded.

"Yes, a little," he agreed.

"Well, I don't. If you make any more of your funny remarks to me you'll get licked."

"Spare me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy made a stride towards the humorist of the Shell. Kildare came into the dormitory at the same moment.

"Turn in, you young sweeps! Hallo, Grundy! What are you up to?"

Grundy looked round.

"I'm going to whop this cheeky sweep!" he replied.

"Do you remember what I told you a quarter of an hour ago?" asked Kildare.

"I'm not going to be checked!"

"You will take a hundred lines, Grundy," said the captain of St. Jim's. "And if there's any row in the dorm to-night, I shall come back with a cane."

"My hat!"

"I—I say, Kildare," murmured Lowther, "I was pulling his leg, you know."

"Quite so," said Kildare. "That doesn't make any difference. You must learn not to be quarrelsome, Grundy."

"Me, quarrelsome! I'm a peaceable chap! The only thing is I won't stand any rot!" exclaimed Grundy.

"Turn in!" said Kildare, without replying to that remark. "I shall be back in five minutes."

Grundy looked very thoughtful as the captain of St. Jim's quitted the dormitory.

"Hundred lines!" he growled. "I'm blessed if I shall do them! I hate lines! Some fag will have to do them for me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at? I had a fag at Redclyffe," said Grundy. "I'm going to have a fag here. I'm not going to stand any rot!"

And Grundy turned in.

Kildare found peace in the dormitory when he returned to put out the light.

The juniors were all very orderly, and Kildare extinguished the light and departed.

As soon as his footsteps had died



With Blake & Co. holding a leg or an arm each, George Alfred Grundy was carried spreadeagled along the passage. A crowd of yelling juniors followed the procession, to the cheery strains of Reilly's mouth-organ.

away down the passage, Grundy sat up in bed.

"Anybody feel inclined for a feed?" he asked.

"What-ho!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Better give Kildare time to get clear," said Tom Merry. "If he came back he would confiscate the grub."

"We'll give him ten minutes," said Grundy.

They gave Kildare ten minutes, and he did not come back; and then the Shell turned out.

Several candle-ends were lighted, and Wilkins helped Grundy to bring the hamper out of the big wardrobe where it had been concealed.

The juniors, in pyjamas, gathered round the hamper. Some of them had had a peep at it already, and they were aware that Aunt Grundy had provided for her nephew well.

Grundy opened the hamper and turned out a supply of good things that almost took away the breath of the Shell fellows. If Aunt Grundy had expected her nephew to stand a siege at St. Jim's, she could hardly have provided for him more generously.

Grundy's popularity was on the increase at that moment. There was enough there of the very best to give a severe attack of indigestion to every fellow in the dormitory—if the juniors had not possessed appetites like ostriches.

"Gather round, my infants," said Kangaroo. "Grundy, old man, you're more than welcome to St. Jim's. You're an acquisition. You're a giddy jewel. Must be something really decent about a fellow with a hamper like that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pile in!" said Grundy hospitably. "What are you sticking in bed for, you funny merchant? Aren't you hungry?"

Monty Lowther had not turned out with the rest. As Grundy had just

quarrelled with him, and had only been prevented by Kildare's entrance from committing assault and battery, Lowther had not joined the feasters. But Grundy's good-nature and hospitality was unbounded.

"Ye-es, I'm hungry," said Lowther. "Well, why don't you turn out, then?"

Lowther laughed.

"Oh, I'll turn out!" he said.

And he did.

Good things were passed from hand to hand, and in the flickering light of the candles the Shell fellows enjoyed a tremendous feed such as the dormitory had seldom or never seen.

"Those Fourth Form kids haven't come," remarked Grundy. "Somebody ought to cut along and tell 'em. There's plenty for all!"

"Oh, I'll cut along and tell 'em," said Kangaroo, with a chuckle. "Perhaps they feel a little modest about coming after frogmarching you along the passage, you know."

"Oh, rot!" said Grundy. "Why shouldn't they come? Most likely I shall lick them to-morrow; but that's no reason why they shouldn't feed to-night, is it?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Not at all!"

The Cornstalk slipped quietly out of the dormitory and scudded along the Fourth Form passage. He opened the door of the Fourth Form dormitory, and whispered:

"You fellows asleep?"

"Not yet," replied Blake's voice.

"What's on?"

"You four are wanted. Get a move on!"

"Right-ho! What's the little game?"

"Come along to the dorm and you'll see."

"All serene."

Kangaroo returned to the Shell dormitory. A few minutes later the chums of Study No. 6 followed him in.

They were in their pyjamas, but Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had donned a gorgeous dressing-gown. They stepped in quickly and closed the door.

"Hallo!" said Blake. "What's the game? I thought perhaps you were ragging that new kid!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, and we would lend a hand with pleasure."

"Oh, would you?" said Grundy belligerently. "I'd like to see 'em rag me! I'd like—"

"Peace, my infants!" said Tom Merry. "The new kid's standing a topping feed, my sons, and he wants the pleasure of your company."

"Bai Jove!"

"Well, that's really decent," said Herries. "We take back that frogmarch, Grundy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Study No. 6 joined in the feast with great gusto. If George Alfred Grundy was willing to make it pax after the way they had handled him there was no reason why they should not bury the hatchet.

And the feed was really as Grundy had declared—tophole!

"Bai Jove, you know! I wegard this as weally wippin', you know!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Gwundy is weally a vewy forgivin' chap. Pewwaps we have misundahstood him a little, deah boys."

"Perhaps we have," agreed Blake cordially.

"Oh, you'll find me all right!" said Grundy affably. "If one of you kids choose to fag for me I'll promise him a good time."

"What?"

"Grundy's going to have a fag," explained Monty Lowther. "Finding that our institutions are not quite up to what

he has been used to at Redclyffe, he's going to make some improvements."

"Oh!" said Blake. "Well, as I am feeding with him I won't tell him what I think of him. It wouldn't be polite."

"Wathah not," said Arthur Augustus. "Mannahs before ewewythin'. We'll tell Gwundy what we think of him to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The best thing you can do, Grundy," said Lowther seriously, "is to put a notice on the board, 'Fag Wanted!' giving the number of your study. Then you'll have a rush and you'll have to pick and choose."

"By Jove!" said Grundy. "That's a good idea. Thanks!"

"You—you—you're really going to do it?" stuttered Blake.

"Yes; why not?"

"Oh, all serene! It's a ripping idea." The juniors grinned gleefully. Great and important persons in the Sixth Form sometimes put a notice on the board when they wanted a fag. A Shell fellow had never done so far. But Grundy was evidently something a little out of the common in the way of Shell juniors.

The juniors anticipated that notice on the board and its probable results with much glee. But for the present everything was merry and bright.

When the feed was over Blake & Co. returned to the Fourth Form dormitory, smiling.

"That idiot doesn't seem a bad sort of an idiot," Blake remarked, "but of all the idiots that ever idioted he's the biggest idiot."

"Where have you fellows been?" inquired a voice from Lumley-Lumley's bed.

"Feeding with Grundy."

"My hat!"

"Grundy doesn't bear any malice," said Blake, "and Grundy wants a fag! He's going to put a notice on the board to-morrow—'Fag Wanted!' He expects a rush of customers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He'll have the prefects down on him," said Levison.

"He'll have the whole House down on him before long, I expect," chuckled Blake. "Some merchants are born to hunt for trouble as the giddy sparks fly upwards."

But Grundy, in the Shell dormitory, had turned in feeling in a state of complete satisfaction. Grundy was not aware that he was hunting for trouble. But he was; and he was quite certain of finding it.

CHAPTER 8.

A Candidate for the Eleven!

THE next day Grundy took his place in the Form-room with the Shell.

Grundy had excited quite a lot of attention since his arrival at the school.

Most new boys were a little shy at first, and slipped into their places very quietly, and only gradually came out of their shells, as it were.

Not so Grundy.

Grundy was "all there" from the start. Grundy had a first-class opinion of himself. He was not slow to let it be known. And he was ready to lick anybody who disagreed with him. That settled it.

Mr. Linton's opinion of him, however, did not seem to be very high. Grundy was not distinguished for his erudition in class.

Indeed, he confided to Tom Merry, in a whisper, that he regarded Latin as all rot, and the rest of his lessons as not being much better.

With that fixed opinion of the Form work, Grundy was not likely to distinguish himself in it—and he didn't.

He received some scathing remarks from his Form-master without appearing much perturbed thereby, however.

His manner was quite jaunty as he came out of the Form-room after morning lessons.

The Terrible Three fetched their bats to go down to a little practice before dinner. Grundy joined them.

"You play cricket?" he asked.

"Well, we've heard of the game," said Monty Lowther. "Got your fag yet?"

"I'll see to that after lessons. I suppose you've got a junior eleven here?"

"We have," said Lowther—"we has."

"Who's skipper?"

"I am," said Tom Merry.

"Oh, good! I'll play for you."

"Thanks!"

"Not at all. I mean to play cricket, of course. I'm a first-class cricketer. We played a good game at Redclyffe. I was in the junior team."

"Skipper, of course!" murmured Lowther.

"Well, no! There was some jealousy. I'm afraid. Anyway, they wouldn't make me skipper. In fact, our skipper didn't want me in the team at all."

"But you played, all the same?"

"Oh, yes!" said Grundy. "I played, all the same."

"How did you manage, if the skipper objected?" asked Tom Merry curiously.

"Oh, I licked him!"

"Oh, you—you licked him!" ejaculated Tom. "I—I see! Quite so! A really first-class way of getting into the team."

"It was the only way, as it happened. Still, there won't be any trouble of that kind here," said Grundy reassuringly. "You're going to put me in the junior eleven?"

"That depends on your play, my son," said Tom Merry coolly. "I'm not exactly yearning for a new kid to shove into the eleven. Still, if you can play, you've got as much chance as anybody else."

"I'm going to play!" said Grundy decidedly. "Still, I think when you've seen me play, you'll be glad to have me. I'm a first-class cricketer."

"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet!" murmured Lowther.

"Oh, I don't believe in false modesty!" said Grundy. "If a fellow can play a good game of cricket, why shouldn't he say so. I never did hide my light under a bushel. I'll get my bat, and I'll show you something."

Grundy cut off for his bat, and the Terrible Three walked on to Little Side, smiling.

Talbot joined them there, and a crowd of the Shell and the Fourth.

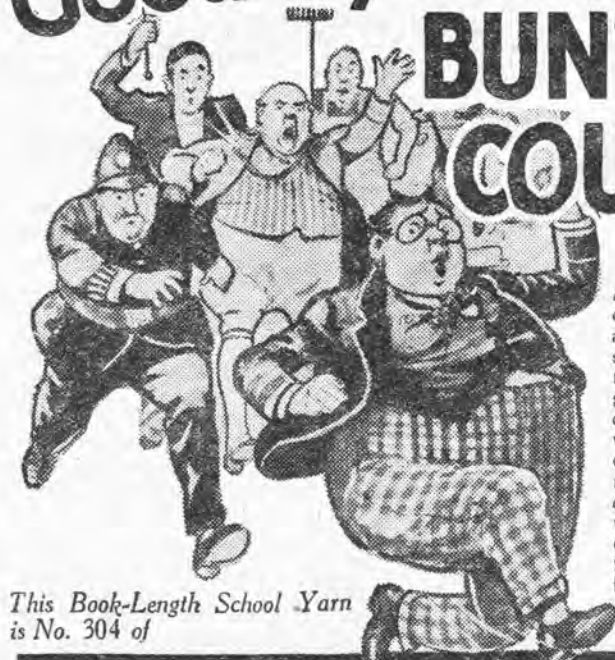
Tom Merry was batting to Talbot's bowling when Grundy appeared, with a bat under his arm. He looked on at the Shell captain's performance with a critical eye, and raised his eyebrows a little.

"Not quite up to the Redclyffe mark—what?" asked Manners, a little irritated by Grundy's look.

"Well, in a general way, yes; but not quite up to my style. I hardly like the way he stands at the wicket. I could improve on that bowling, too."

"Why, you fathead!" said Manners. "Talbot is the best junior bowler in the school, excepting Wynn of the New House."

Good-Bye to BUNTER COURT!



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"Then you don't know what bowling is," said Grundy.

"Here, Tom!" yelled the exasperated Manners. "Let this chap get on and show us some of his wonderful cricket!"

"Right-ho!" said Tom. "Here you are, Grundy."

Grundy made his way to the wicket. He took up his position there with an exaggerated stance, and Wally of the Third yelled:

"Tuck in your tuppenny!" amid a shout of laughter.

Talbot smiled as he was about to deliver the ball. He did not think that that batsman would be hard to beat, judging by appearance.

The ball came down like a bullet, and the middle stump was uprooted, Grundy making hardly a movement.

There was a yell from the onlookers:

"How's that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wasn't ready," remarked Grundy.

"You try that again."

"Certainly!" said Talbot, laughing.

Kangaroo fielded the ball, and tossed it back to Talbot.

Grundy watched very carefully for the next ball. This time it was his leg stump that flew out of the ground, while Grundy's bat described a wild circle in the air.

There was a yell of laughter.

"If that's how they play cricket at Redclyffe, they must be regular corks," grinned Tom Merry. "No wonder the skipper had to be licked before he would put Grundy in the team."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I wogard that chap as a wank ass," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I weally don't think he can stop a ball at all."

The juniors watched the third ball with great interest. This time it was the off stump that fell.

Talbot was playing with the batsman. Having given each of the stumps a turn, he gave the new boy a rest.

Grundy looked round, and seemed surprised to find all the juniors laughing like hyenas.

"I'm a bit off my form," he remarked. "I'm not used to the pitch, either. Give me that ball, and if you've got a batsman that can stand up against my bowling, I'll eat my hat."

"I hope your hat's digestible, then," said Tom Merry. "I'll give you a trial."

Tom Merry went to the wicket, and Grundy walked away with the ball. Every eye was upon him. Grundy had succeeded in making himself the centre of interest, at all events. He was the cynosure of all eyes.

Tom Merry smiled as he stood at the wicket. If Grundy's bowling was anything like his batting, there was not much to fear.

Grundy took a little run, turned himself almost over, and the ball flew from his hand.

"Throw!" roared Blake.

The next moment there was a fiendish yell from Tom Merry.

The ball, without even touching the pitch, caught the captain of the Shell in the ribs.

Tom Merry dropped his bat, and executed a wild dance.

"Oh! Oh! Ow! Yow! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove, that duffah is dangewous!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Gweat Scott! He might have bwained him!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" yelled Tom Merry.



Magistrate: "Speeding, eh? How many times have you been before me?"

Motorist: "Never, your worship. I've often tried to pass you on the road—but my car will only do fifty-five!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss B. Rodwell, 19, Clarendon Road, Unthank Road, Norwich.

"Here, field that ball!" called out Grundy. "You can try again, Merry. You'd be out if it was a game. Leg before wicket, by Jove!"

"Leg before wicket!" yelled Tom Merry. "You shrieking ass! The ball hit me in the ribs. And you've nearly punctured me, you dangerous ass! Keep that ball away from me. If he bowls again, I'll brain him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give me that ball!" shouted Grundy wrathfully. "I'm going to show you what bowling is like."

"You've shown us," grinned Monty Lowther. "Life is sweet, my son. We don't want to be shown any more!"

Grundy came wrathfully along the pitch. Tom Merry was rubbing his side and mumbling.

"I call you a clumsy duffer!" said Grundy. "You captain of the eleven, by gad! Still, when you have me in the team you'll have one good man!"

"Take him away, somebody," mumbled Tom Merry. "Find him a strait-jacket, if you can."

"Am I going into the eleven?" asked Grundy.

"Yes—the next time we play a home for idiots," said Tom Merry, "or when we have a match with a lunatic asylum. Not before."

"Look here—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"I'm going into the eleven!" roared Grundy.

"Clear off, fathead!"

"Mind I shall lick you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry's patience was exhausted. He brought his bat into play, and prodded Grundy with the business end, and Grundy retreated with a roar.

"You ass! Wharrer you at?"

"I'm driving a silly jackass off the field!" said Tom, prodding harder. "No room for stray jackasses on a cricket field. Clear off!"

"Yaroooh! Why, you—yah! Oh! Stop it! I'll—"

Grundy had to beat a retreat. Tom Merry was hurt, and he was wrathful. And there was no arguing with a cricket bat. So Grundy had to go. But he

went in great wrath, and fully resolved to carry out his excellent idea of licking the junior captain if he was not put into the eleven.

CHAPTER 9.

Fag Wanted!

AFTER lessons that day there was a notice on the board of the School House.

It was written in a large, scrawling hand, and the orthography did not seem to show that George Alfred Grundy had paid much attention to the rules of spelling when he was at Redclyffe.

"NOTICE!"

"Fag wanted. Apply Studdy No. 5, Shell passidge."

There it was in George Alfred's big and sprawling "fist."

The juniors gathered round that board, and read the notice, with many chuckles. That Grundy should be ass enough to suppose that anybody would fag for a fellow in the Shell was astonishing. But they had already discovered that Grundy was several sorts of an ass.

"Now look out for a rush," said Monty Lowther. "Who's going to make the first offer?"

The juniors chuckled, but they did not rush off to "Studdy No. 5 in the Shell passidge" to offer their services to George Alfred Grundy.

At tea-time Grundy was at the table in the study, which was well spread. Crooke and Wilkins, his studymates, were with him.

Wilkins was in high good-humour. Wilkins was short of cash, as usual, but Grundy was lavish, and he did not mind standing tea for two.

Crooke was looking sour. His nose was still sore from his experience of the previous day. And the new fellow had been heavy-handed since then.

He had found Crooke smoking in the study. He had told him to stop it, and as Crooke had not stopped it, Grundy had taken his cigarettes away and licked him. Really, it was no more than Crooke deserved, but he could not be expected to see it in that light, and he was feeling very sore—in a double sense.

Grundy had told him that if there was any more of his rot, he wouldn't have him in the study, which as Crooke was really the owner of the study, fairly put the lid on, so to speak.

But there was no arguing with George Alfred. He was prepared to lick Crooke on the spot, if he argued.

Crooke was accustomed to all sorts of little games in his study—indeed, he had a little card party fixed for that very evening. It looked as if the even tenor of his way would be very much disturbed by the arrival of that big, boisterous, and obstreperous person, George Alfred Grundy.

"No fags come along yet," remarked Grundy. "Doesn't seem much good putting a notice on the board, after all."

Wilkins chuckled, and Crooke snorted. "You silly ass!" said Crooke. "Do you think anybody will fag for you? It wouldn't be allowed, even if any chap was ass enough."

"Rot!" said Grundy.

"If a prefect sees your idiotic notice on the board, you'll get into hot water," said Crooke. "I jolly well hope you'll be licked!"

"You'll be licked, anyway, if I have much of your rot," said Grundy. "I

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want it to be understood that I'm head of this study. There are some fellows who are born to command, you know, and I'm one of them. Hallo, here comes somebody."

Wally of the Third looked into the study.

"Grundy here?" he asked.

"Here I am, kid."

D'Arcy minor came in smiling.

"You're the chap wanting a fag?" he inquired.

Grundy gave his studymates a triumphant look. His notice on the board had evidently produced an applicant, after all.

"Yes, I'm the chap," he said.

"What's your name?"

"D'Arcy minor."

"Form?"

"Third."

"Can you cook?"

"First-rate!"

"Brush clothes?"

"Top-hole!"

"Wash teacups without smashing half of them?"

"I'm a dab at washing teacups."

"Know how to light a fire?"

"First-rate!"

"I'll take you on trial," said Grundy. "I always treat my fags well. You'll have plenty of tuck, and I'll help you with your lessons."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wilkins. He remembered Grundy's performances in the Form-room, and Mr. Linton's remarks thereon.

Grundy's help with lessons was not likely to be very valuable. But seniors generally helped their fags with their work, and Grundy was following the rules.

"What did you say, Wilkins?" asked Grundy, fixing him with his eye.

"Ahem! I—I said I'm glad you're suited."

"I dare say this kid will suit me all right," Grundy rose from the table. "My bookcase has come, kid, and you'll find a bundle of books to sort out and put in it. Stack away the boxing-gloves and things in the lower shelves—see? There's not so very many books. I think books are rot. You can unpack my pictures, too, and hang 'em. Put 'em up all round the walls, and mind you stick the nails in tight. If you're a decent fag, I'll treat you well. If you're not, I shall lick you."

"I savvy!" said D'Arcy minor meekly.

If Grundy had had more acquaintance with Wally he might have been suspicious. But he did not know Wally yet, and he wasn't a suspicious fellow.

"I'm going down to the cricket now," he remarked. "You wire in while I'm gone."

"Right-ho!"

"That kid's not going to muck about in my study!" howled Croke.

Grundy looked at him.

"If there's much more of your rot, it won't be your study long," he said. "Kid, if this fathead bothers you in any way, tell me, and I'll lick him fast enough!"

"Hear, hear!" said Wally.

Croke flung out of the study in a temper. There was evidently no way of dealing with Grundy, unless he brained him with the poker, which was not feasible.

Grundy strolled away with Wilkins.

The new fag was left in possession of the study. When the Shell fellows were gone, Wally stepped to the door and whistled.

Frayne and Jameson of the Third came scudding along the passage.

"That fathead," said Wally, "thinks he can have a fag! We'll fag him!"

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"Ear, 'ear!" said Frayne.

"You can help me fag for him! When we've finished I think he will be fed-up!"

Grundy's notice on the board had greatly incensed the fags. They fagged for the Sixth; but that a Shell fellow should imagine for one moment that he could have a fag put their backs up. Even the Fifth Form were not entitled to fags, and they were seniors.

One thing was perfectly clear to the fags, and that was that Grundy had to be brought to his senses.

Wally & Co. had a little scheme. They proceeded to fag for Grundy.

The tea-table was cleared first. It was cleared rapidly and efficaciously by the table being pitched over into the grate. There was a terrific crash of crockeryware.

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, who were going down to the cricket, heard the crash as they passed, and locked in.

"What on earth are you kids up to?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Fagging for Grundy."

"What!"

"I'm his fag," explained Wally.

"You young rascal! Is that how you fag?"

"That's how I fag for Grundy."

The Terrible Three grinned.

"You see, he's got to have a lesson," said Wally. "We're going to give him a lesson on the subject of fagging. After this, perhaps he won't advertise for any more fags. I think perhaps he won't."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Terrible Three went on the field grinning.

At the nets, Grundy was distinguishing himself. Wilkins was bowling to him—nobody else wanted to be near him when he was playing cricket—but Wilkins felt that it was up to him, after the feed in the study—and with the expectation of more feeds to come.

Grundy was pleased to feel that while he was at cricket his study was being put to rights by his fag. He little dreamed how it was being put to rights.

CHAPTER 10.

Fagging for Grundy!

BUMP, bump! Crash! "Bai Jove! What are you young wascals doin'?"

Arthur Augustus' eyeglass almost fell from his eye in astonishment as he gazed at three dusty fags who were bearing a bookcase along from the box-room.

The glass doors of the bookcase had flown open—it was a rather large bookcase, and not easy to carry. Before it was half-way to Study No. 5 all the panes of glass in it had been smashed, and the fragments were scattered along the passage.

"You young wascals!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "What the deuce—"

"Fagging for Grundy."

"I refuse to allow you to fag for Gwundy, Wally," said his major severely. "A Shell fellow has no right to have a fag, as you vewy well know."

"That's what we're going to show him," chuckled Wally.

"Oh, bai Jove!"

"Get that blessed thing along," said Wally. "It's beastly heavy! It's getting a few knocks, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With a final rush, the fags brought the bookcase to the doorway of the study. It was not easy to get it in. But they pitched it over on its side, and it was merely a regrettable incident that one of the doors smashed off in the process.

The fags shoved it in and set it up against the wall—upside down.

Wally thought it looked better that way, and his chums agreed with him.

Arthur Augustus walked away, smiling. He confided to Blake, Herries, and Digby that his minor was "fagging for Gwundy," and when he explained how he was fagging, Blake, Herries, and Digby smiled, too.

They came along to look in.

Blake thought that the process of fagging for Grundy would be worth watching. So did a good many more of the Shell and the Fourth, and there was soon a crowd outside Study No. 5.

Wally & Co. were very busy.

Having set the bookcase upside-down, they proceeded to fill it. They did not trouble about unpacking the books; there were other things they could put in the bookcase.

Broken crockeryware, cinders and ashes, mixed up artistically with the supplies from the study cupboard, soon filled the bookcase to overflowing.

Wally surveyed it with great satisfaction.

"That's bound to please Grundy," he



Grundy watched very carefully for the next ball. As it came But it only met the air, and the ball whipped into the

remarked. "It will show him that we've taken a lot of trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus, from the passage. "The boundah will be frightfully watty!"

"You young duffers will be skinned!" said Clifton Dane.

Wally snorted.

"He advertised for a fag, didn't he? If he's not satisfied, he can come along to the Third Form Room and tell us so. But we're not finished yet!"

Wally & Co. were by no means finished. The pictures were unpacked. They were big and highly coloured oleographs, quite dazzling to look at.

Wally had provided a hammer and nails. He proceeded to hang the pictures. The process of hanging was quite simple.

Jameson and Frayne held the pictures against the wall while Wally hammered nails through them. Quite a large number of nails were expended. When Wally had finished, the pictures had a spotted look.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Blake. "Poor old Grundy!"

"What about the carpet?" said Wally, looking round.

"The carpet?" said Frayne.

"Yes. We ought to beat the carpet."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The fags dragged up the carpet from the floor and proceeded to beat it. The dust flew, and the crowd retreated, coughing, from the door.

The carpet was draped artistically over the mantelpiece, and Wally drove in a few more nails to keep it there.

There was a sudden shout from

Reilly in the passage. He had spotted Grundy from the window, coming back to the House, with his bat under his arm.

"Here comes Grundy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I think we're about finished here, you chaps," said Wally hastily. "Come on! No good staying here to see Grundy!"

"Not a bit of good," said Frayne. "Master Blake, you can tell 'im that we're in the Third Form Room if he wants to see us!"

"And we'll be glad to see him there!" chuckled Jameson.

And the three dusty fags scuttled away.

Grundy came up the passage. He was looking a little cross.

He had had an argument with Tom Merry on the cricket field. He had fully explained to Tom Merry that he would be licked if he did not put him—Grundy—into the junior eleven. But, apparently, the threat of a licking had no terrors for the junior captain. He had told Grundy to go and eat coke, and half a dozen fellows had chased the new junior off the field with their bats.

Grundy was looking surprised as he found a grinning crowd in the Shell passage. He did not see what there was to grin at—yet.

"Got your fag, I see, Grundy?" Blake remarked affably.

"Oh, yes!" said Grundy. "A kid in the Third."

"Satisfied with him, deah boy?"

"Oh, I dare say he'll be all right!" said Grundy. "He's putting my study to rights now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling about?"

The juniors did not reply to that question, but yelled with laughter.

A surprise was waiting for George Alfred Grundy, who, considerably puzzled, strode on to his study. He looked in, and stood transfixed in the doorway.

"Great Scott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who's done this?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's my fag?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aren't you satisfied with your fag?" asked Levison. "He's been working jolly hard for you!"

"The—the young villain! The young rascal! The—the— Why, I'll smash him!" roared Grundy. "I suppose this is a jape?"

"Well, it looks like one," agreed Blake. "And that's the only kind of fagging you're likely to get here, Grundy!"

"Where is he?" shrieked Grundy.

"You'll find 'im in the Third Form Room!" chuckled Levison.

Grundy rushed downstairs.

The juniors rushed after him. They knew that Wally & Co. would be gathered in force for the interview with Grundy, and they were keen to see what would happen.

Wally & Co. were there, waiting. There was a chuckle in the Third Form

Room as the door was flung open and Grundy rushed in.

About forty fags were waiting for him.

"D'Arcy minor!" yelled Grundy. "Is that young villain here? D'Arcy minor!"

"Hallo!" said Wally.

"You—you—your young villain!"

"Aren't you satisfied?"

"I'll pulverise you!"

Grundy swept down on D'Arcy minor like a cyclone.

"Back up!" yelled Wally.

With one accord, the army of fags rushed on Grundy. They swept over him like a tidal wave.

Grundy went down on the floor, and the fags simply flowed over him. He disappeared from view.

"Bump him! Scrag him! Wallop him! Lick him!"

"Hurrah! We'll give him fag!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wild and muffled roars came from the unfortunate Grundy. He had no chance whatever. He rolled on the floor, gasping for breath, under a horde of fags.

They bumped him, and ragged him, and scragged him, and rolled him over, and pommelled him till he hardly knew whether he was alive or dead.

His roars died away in feeble groans.

When he had not even a kick left in him, the fags dragged him along to the door by his ankles, and he was pitched, gasping, into the passage, into the crowd of yelling juniors there.

Wally & Co. crammed themselves in the doorway, ready for another charge.

But Grundy was not able to charge any more. He lay on the floor, pumping in breath, in a shocking state of rags and tatters, while the juniors howled with laughter.

"Bai Jove, you know," remarked Arthur Augustus, "I wathah think that ass will be fed up with faggin' aithah this, you know. How do you feel, Grundy?"

"Groooooooooogh!"

"Feel wathah bad, deah boy?"

"Yurrrrrrrgh!"

"Seems to be enjoying himself," remarked Blake.

Grundy sat up dazedly.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll wallop 'em! I'll smash 'em! I—I—I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Wally invitingly.

"We're waiting for you! All ready to fag for you, Grundy! Do come on!"

Grundy did not come on. He picked himself up limply and crawled away. The fags of the Third gave him a yell as he departed, and Grundy could only moan.

In the Third Form Room there was great triumph and jubilation.

"I think he must be fed up," Wally remarked. "If he isn't we'll give him some more! If he's still advertising for a fag to-morrow we'll fag for him again!"

"Yes, rather! Ha, ha, ha!"

But Grundy was not advertising for a fag on the morrow.

That evening Kildare of the Sixth spotted his notice on the board. Kildare stared at it, frowned, jerked it down, and strode away to "Studdy No. 5, in the Shell passidge" with the offending paper in his hand.

He found Grundy looking unusually subdued, and the study far from being "to rights."

Kildare held out the paper, and Grundy blinked at it.

"Did you put this on the board, Grundy?" demanded the prefect.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.



When he lashed out at it, and his bat described a wild circle, the wicket and lifted the leg stump out of the ground.

"Yes."

"Are you idiot enough to think that a junior in the Shell can have a fag?"

"I had a fag at Redclyffe."

"Didn't the fellows tell you you couldn't have a fag?"

"Yes. I took no notice of their rot, of course. I never stand any rot."

"Take that paper," said Kildare.

Grundy took it.

"Now put it in the fire."

"What?"

"Put it in the fire!" roared Kildare, taking a grip on his ashplant.

Grundy looked rebellious for a moment, but he did not like the look of the ashplant. He put the paper in the fire.

"You will take two hundred lines," said Kildare, "and if there's any more nonsense of this sort I'll lick you. Remember that!"

And the captain of St. Jim's strode from the study without waiting for Grundy to reply.

From that time nothing more was heard of fagging for Grundy.

CHAPTER 11.

Grundy Means Business!

TOM MERRY, during the next few days, was observed to be very keen on boxing.

The captain of the Shell was a good boxer, and there were very few juniors in the school who could stand up to more than a few rounds with him. But just now Tom Merry was very keen to perfect himself in the manly art of self defence.

Every day he spent at least an hour with the gloves on, picking out the most formidable opponents he could find in the Lower School. He even put the gloves on with some fellows in the Fifth, and held his own pretty well against them.

His chums took a keen interest in his progress, for it was a very important matter.

Grundy had announced his intention of licking the captain of the junior eleven unless he was put in the team. As Tom had no intention whatever of putting such a duffer as Grundy in the cricket eleven it was evident that he had to prepare for the licking.

Of course, if he had been licked till he was black and blue, it would have made no difference, as far as putting Grundy in the eleven was concerned. There was no place in the eleven for so remarkable a cricketer as George Alfred.

But Tom Merry, naturally, did not want to be licked. He could not refuse a challenge if he received one; neither did he wish to refuse it. But tackling Grundy was a very large order.

The new fellow was nearly a head taller than Tom Merry, much bigger in every way, and very muscular and powerful. Such an encounter would have been very interesting and exciting for the onlookers, but it was likely to go very hard with the captain of the Shell unless he was at the top of his form. Even then he was far from feeling certain of victory.

Grundy had disposed of Blake quite easily. He had tackled Cutts of the Fifth, a senior; and Cutts, though he had certainly not been licked, had shown no desire since to come into collision with the new Shell fellow.

Cutts, apparently, had had enough; and Cutts was a good boxer. When the licking started, therefore, it was only too clear that Tom Merry was booked for a high old time.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

He prepared for that high old time cheerfully and coolly, determined that if Grundy threw down the gauntlet there should be a record "scrap," even if the new fellow was victorious.

On Saturday School House and New House were playing a match, and Grundy again preferred his claims, and was politely told to go and eat coke.

Grundy watched the match with his hands in his pockets, criticising the play very severely with Wilkins.

Wilkins was a devoted follower of Grundy by this time. It was the only way to get a quiet life, as he was Grundy's studymate.

Not that Grundy was anything like a bully. He was down on bullying, and had already licked Gore for pulling the ears of a fag. He pulled the ears of a fag sometimes himself. But that was, of course, quite a different matter.

Grundy was, in fact, a really good-natured fellow, brimming over with good-humour and a tremendous sense of his own importance, and everybody rather liked him. It was impossible to dislike him.

He had only one enemy, and that was Crooke. Crooke was suffering severely from his studymate. He had put off his little card party. He never ventured to smoke in the study now, if Grundy was about. Grundy was down on smoking.

It was right enough of Grundy, so far as that went; but his studymate could not be expected to be pleased. It was a little too much for a Shell fellow coolly to assume the rights, manners, and customs of a prefect of the Sixth.

"Pretty rotten show on both sides!" was Grundy's comment when the House match was over. "They want a really good cricketer. Look at the way Talbot was batting."

Wilkins grinned. Talbot of the Shell was a first-class cricketer, quite the equal of Tom Merry, who had been the best before Talbot came to St. Jim's. To hear a player like Grundy criticising Talbot was funny. But Grundy was very much in earnest.

"And that fat chap Wynn," went on Grundy. "See the way he delivers the ball! I could give him some points."

"He takes the wickets," murmured Wilkins.

"That's because the School House batting is rotten."

"Oh!" said Wilkins.

"He wouldn't take my wicket," said Grundy confidently. "It's simply rot that I should be left out of the House eleven. No wonder the New House have pulled it off! However, I'm not going to stand it. I'm going to play for the House and for the school. I consider that my due."

"How are you going to manage it?" grinned Wilkins, winking at Guna of the Shell, who was standing near.

"I'm going to speak to Merry again."

"And after that?" asked Guna.

"Well, if he doesn't do the right thing I shall have to lick him, that's all."

"And after that?"

"I shall have to keep on licking him till he puts me in the eleven," said Grundy. "There's nothing else for it. I'm not going to see the House beaten in cricket because Tom Merry is an ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy joined the cricketers when they came from the field. He was looking very determined.

"Just a word with you, Merry," he said.

"Pile in!" said Tom Merry affably.

"The New House have beaten you."

"Yes. They were one too many for us to-day," said Tom. "Only by three runs, though."

"It would have been a bit different if I'd been in the team."

"Yes; three dozen, or three hundred, perhaps, instead of three," assented Tom Merry.

"I don't mean that!" roared Grundy.

"Now, when is the next match?"

"St. Jude's, next Saturday."

"I'm playing in that match."

"Bow-wow!"

"Mind, I mean it. I'm not going to stand any rot."

"Same here," said Tom cheerily.

"Weally, Gwundy, you are makin' a silly ass of yourself," remonstrated Arthur Augustus. "Pway wun away, and don't talk out of your neck, deah boy!"

"You can leave that duffer D'Arcy out, and put me in," went on Grundy.

"Bai Jove!"

"Or Blake. Blake's not much good."

"What?" said Blake sulphurously.

"Still, you can please yourself about that, Merry," said Grundy magnanimously. "I don't care which fellow you leave out."

"Thanks!"

"All I care about is that you put me in. Can I take it that that's settled?"

"Certainly!"

"It's settled that I'm in the eleven?"

"Oh, no; it's settled that you're out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll put it plain," said Grundy. "I'll give you till Friday. On Friday I shall expect to see my name in the cricket list."

"Blessed are those who don't expect!" remarked Monty Lowther. "They never get disappointed."

"And if my name isn't there," said Grundy, "I shall lick you. I'm sorry to have to do it—very sorry—but—"

"You may be still sorrier when you come to do it," suggested Tom Merry.

"Oh, don't be funny! Mind, I mean business. On Friday my name goes down in the list, or else you get licked. I know this looks a bit high-handed, but what I'm really thinking of is the good of the team."

Tom Merry made a note with a pencil and paper. Grundy watched him in rather a puzzled way.

"Making a note of it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"To put me in the team on Saturday?"

"No; to lick you in the gym on Friday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The cricketers walked on, leaving Grundy frowning.

Grundy looked at Wilkins, who was making a heroic effort not to smile.

"Well, I've done my best," said Grundy. "If the fellow won't have any sense, I'll try to knock some into him. You fellows come along to the gym on Friday next week, and you'll see that duffer licked."

"Oh, we'll come!" said Wilkins and Guna together.

"You've seen me play cricket?" said Grundy.

"We have," agreed Wilkins and Guna. "We've never seen a fellow play cricket like it. There isn't a cricketer in the school like you, Grundy. Coming to the tuckshop?"

Grundy accompanied his two friends to the tuckshop, pleased and solaced by their appreciation of his powers as a cricketer, and over a liberal supply of tuck—stood by Grundy—Wilkins and Guna pulled his leg to their heart's content.

But though George Alfred's leg could

he pulled to any extent, he was in deadly earnest, and unless his name was in the list for the junior school match the following week there was a licking to be expected by somebody.

It only remained to be seen whether the licking would fall to Tom Merry or to George Alfred.

CHAPTER 12.

Evicted!

ON Wednesday afternoon, which was a half-holiday, there was a merry little party gathered in Grundy's study.

It was not Grundy's party. Grundy was out with Wilkins, who was very chummy now with Grundy. Crooke was taking advantage of his absence to hold a merry little meeting which had had to be postponed.

The St. Jim's fellows were mostly out of doors in the bright weather. But the playing fields, the meadows, and the river did not appeal to Crooke & Co.

With the study door locked, the black sheep of the School House were enjoying themselves in their own way.

It was a party of four—Crooke of the Shell, Levison and Mellish of the Fourth, and Pigott of the Third. The study was hazy with cigarette smoke, and there were cards on the table,

and little heaps of sixpences and shillings.

The four young rascals were playing nap.

Crooke had intended the little party to be over before Grundy came in. He had told his precious visitors that Grundy would be a beast if he found the card-party going on there.

The cheeky new cad, as Crooke remarked, had set himself up as head of the study, and assumed the right to lay down the law there, and he was too big for Crooke to tackle. Indeed, Crooke never showed any desire to tackle anybody, big or little.

But in the keenness of the little game the black sheep forgot the passage of time, and they were still going strong when there were heavy footsteps in the passage. Those heavy footsteps could belong to nobody but George Alfred Grundy, unless indeed an escaped dray-horse had got into the School House.

Crooke started to his feet in dismay. "That rotter's coming in!" he exclaimed.

The door handle turned as he spoke, and there was a loud exclamation outside as the door did not open.

"Hallo! Who's been locking my study door?"

"Is it locked?" said the voice of Wilkins.

"Try it yourself," said Grundy.

Bang, bang, bang!

"Here, open this door—do you hear? My hat! Open this door at once. I want my tea! Locking me out of my own study, by gum! Open this blessed door!"

Crooke & Co. looked at one another. Levison unlocked the door.

The terrific noise Grundy was making was likely to bring a prefect on the scene. That would hardly have suited Crooke & Co., under the circumstances.

Crooke hastily swept the cards into the table drawer.

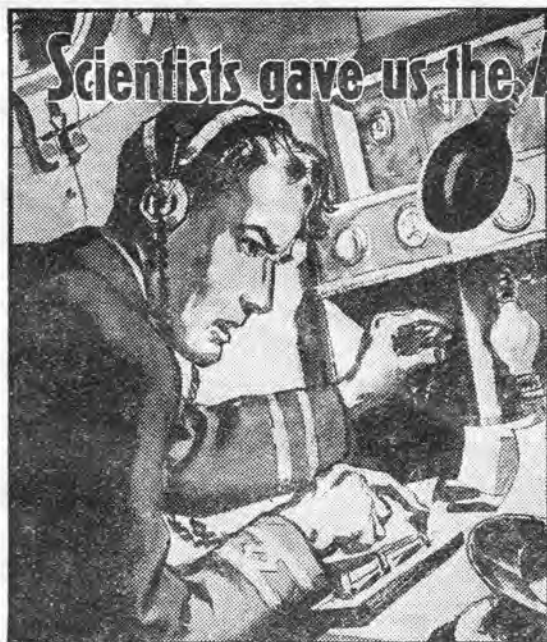
Grundy strode into the study, and snorted emphatically as the cigarette fumes smote upon his nostrils. He snorted again at the sight of the loaded ashtray and the money, which the gamblers were quickly gathering up, and the cards Crooke was trying to get out of sight.

"Oh, let's get out of this!" said Wilkins. "We can have tea in Gunny's study—can't we, Gunny?"

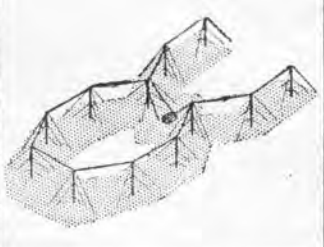
"Certainly!" said Gunn, who was with Grundy—another faithful follower, who had become attached to Grundy. "Come to my study, Grundy, old man!"

"I've got something to do here," said Grundy, frowning. "These cards have been gambling in my study!"

(Continued on next page.)



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"We did not expect Little Eric back so soon," sneered Mellish.

"Who are you calling Eric?" demanded Grundy.

"I—I—" Mellish backed away in alarm.

"I don't approve of these blackguardly goings on!" said Grundy. "I've told you before, I don't approve of it."

"I don't care tuppence whether you approve of it or not!" snarled Crooke. "What's it got to do with you, anyway?"

"Isn't it my study?"

"Well, get out of it, if you don't like what's going on here! You weren't asked into this study."

"My study!" repeated Grundy, unheeding. My study turned into a tap-room! Smoky as a tap-room at the Green Man, by gum! Reeking with it! You three cads—" He glared at Levison, Mellish, and Pigott. "How dare you come and gamble in my study?"

"We—we were invited, you know," stammered Mellish.

"Get out!"

"Don't go!" said Crooke.

"They'd better," said Grundy grimly. "I give them two seconds to get out!"

Levison, Mellish, and Pigott thought they had better, too. The two seconds were more than enough. In one second they were outside the study, and in another they were at the end of the passage.

Grundy's leg-of-mutton fists were not needed.

"Stir up the fire, Wilkins, old fellow," said Grundy. "I've got some rubbish to burn."

"Let my ashtray alone!" howled Crooke.

Unheeding, Grundy jammed the ashtray into the fire. Then he tore open the drawer of the table and scooped up the cards.

"Let my cards alone!" Crooke yelled.

Whiz! went the cards into the fire. Crooke made a jump to save them, and Grundy caught him by the collar, and whirled him across the study. Crooke collapsed in the armchair, gasping.

Wilkins, grinning, stirred the cards into the flames. Wilkins did not quite approve of Crooke's "goings-on," either, and if Grundy was starting on a career as a reformer of manners, Wilkins did not mind backing him up. Certainly it was no use opposing him. Opposition would only have made him more obstinate.

Grundy prided himself upon being firm.

Crooke sat and gasped, and glared at him. He wished fervently that he had been a fighting man. He would have given a term's pocket-money to be able to give Grundy a tremendous hiding.

"Now, you worm!" said Grundy, glaring at him.

"Hang you!" exclaimed Crooke.

"Get out of my study!"

"What!"

"Clear off! I'm fed-up with you. You're not going to share this study with me any longer," said Grundy autocratically.

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Crooke. "Why, you—you blinking idiot, it's my study, not yours!"

"Are you going?"

"Going out of my own study!" yelled Crooke. "Well, rather not! I think

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

you're off your rocker! You silly ass, I—"

"Mind, if you don't go, I shall boot you out. I never stand any rot. And if you come back I'll lick you!"

"But it's my study!" shrieked the hapless Crooke.

"It isn't your study any longer! I order you out!"

"Why, you—you—you—" Words failed Crooke. He could only gasp and glare at Grundy.

Grundy pointed to the door.

"Will you get out?"

"No!" yelled Crooke. "And if you lay a finger on me I'll brain you!"

He jumped up and grasped a cricket bat, and swung it into the air.

"Brain me!" said Grundy indignantly. "By gum, I'll show you!"

He rushed at Crooke. Crooke would certainly have brained him, as he had threatened, but the consequences of braining Grundy would have been a little too serious for him to face. And it was evident that nothing short of braining would stop Grundy.

Crooke faltered, and Grundy knocked the bat out of his hand, and grasped Crooke by the collar and swung him round. Then he took a grasp with the other hand on the seat of Crooke's trousers, and swung him into the air.

"Leggo!" shrieked Crooke. "I'll go."

"That's all right. I'm taking you," said Grundy.

He rushed the unfortunate Crooke through the doorway, and landed him in the passage with a bump.

Crooke roared, and Grundy walked back into the study.

"Now we'll have tea," he said cheerfully. "Wave a newspaper round, and clear off that filthy smoke. By gum, the awful cheek, smoking in my study!"

"I—I say, aren't you letting him come back?" murmured Wilkins.

"Certainly not!"

"But—but he must have a study, you know!"

"Let him find another, then. He's not coming back here. If he puts his nose inside this study again I'll alter the shape of it for him."

But Crooke did not put his nose inside the study again. He stamped away, vowing vengeance, and Grundy & Co. sat down to tea.

CHAPTER 13.

The Autocrat of No. 6!

THE eviction of Crooke from his study caused howls of laughter, and Crooke did not get any sympathy.

The next day he made an attempt to establish himself in his study again, as if nothing had happened.

Grundy found him there, and, without speaking a word made a rush at him.

The hapless black sheep of the Shell dodged round the table, whipped out of the room and fled.

Grundy was not to be reasoned with.

Grundy's high-handed proceedings, however, only caused merriment among the other fellows.

Crooke threatened to appeal to Mr. Linton; but as it would undoubtedly have come out why Grundy had evicted him, he did not carry out his threat. He did not dare to go into the study again, and that evening he did his preparation down in the Form-room.

But he was furious. Having finished his preparation, he presented himself in Tom Merry's study, to appeal to Tom Merry as captain of the Shell.

The Terrible Three greeted him with

a smile. They had no sympathy to waste on him.

"Look here," said Crooke savagely, "you call yourself head of the Shell, Tom Merry!"

"I am head of the Shell," said Tom cheerfully.

"Then it's your business to see that a chap isn't put upon by a big, lumbering beast he can't tackle. It's up to you to put down bullying."

"Quite so. If you've been bullying anybody, tell me all about it, and I'll lick you fast enough."

"I'm talking about Grundy!" roared Crooke.

"Oh, Grundy!"

"Yes, Grundy. He's turned me out of my study, and the beast won't let me go back. I don't want to complain to the Form-master."

"You're entitled to, if you want to. It might be a bit awkward if it came out about the cards, certainly."

"That bully ought to be stopped. You ought to see that he lets me back into my study. I call on you as captain of the Form."

Tom Merry shook his head.

"Yes, if he was bullying you," he said. "But he's kicked you out for smoking and gambling in the study. If you were my studymate, and you smoked and played cards here, I would kick you out just the same."

"Why, you rotter—"

"Nothing doing!" said Tom.

"You're afraid of him!" hooted Crooke.

"Well, he's a big beast, isn't he?" said Tom, with perfect good-humour.

"Any chap might be afraid of him, mightn't he?"

"Look here, what am I going to do?"

"Looks to me as if you can't have a study. Grundy can't be expected to have a smoky, gambling blackguard in a respectable study."

"It isn't his study. It's mine."

"It appears to be his now. Still, you can argue that out with Grundy, if you like."

"Well, if you funk tackling him—"

"My dear chap, I'm going to tackle him to-morrow. But I'm not going to ask him to let a smoky, disreputable cad into his study. I wouldn't have you in mine. You can't expect a decent chap to put up with you now, can you?"

Crooke spluttered with rage. He did not answer the question.

"Try to change with somebody else," suggested Tom. "Somebody else may be willing to dig with Grundy, and let you have his study."

Crooke stamped away in fury. There was no help to be had in that quarter. However, he adopted Tom's suggestion, and wandered up and down the Shell passage seeking somebody who would change with him.

It was not an easy quest, as nobody appeared to be very anxious to share Grundy's quarters. It seemed very much like putting one's head into the lion's mouth.

Gunn offered to change at last. Gunn was already chummy with Grundy, and he resolved to risk it. He presented himself rather doubtfully in No. 5.

Grundy and Wilkins were there, making a substantial supper of rabbit pie.

Grundy was standing the rabbit pie. "Come in, Gunn!" said Grundy hospitably. "There's a plate and a fork and knife. This is good pie."

"Oh, good!" said Gunn. "I've been talking to Crooke—"

Grundy frowned.



Grundy's pluck was unlimited and he fought on blindly. But he was floored again by a terrific blow from Tom Merry, and then he lay gasping feebly, blinking with one eye. The other was closed. "Wow—wow!" gasped George Alfred.

"No good asking me to take him back. I won't!"

Gunn grinned. Grundy's persuasion that he was monarch of all he surveyed, and that his word was law, struck him as being funny.

"He wants to change with me," he explained. "The chap must have a study, you know. If you don't mind—ahem!—my coming here."

To Gunn's great relief Grundy nodded cordially.

"All serene," he said. "You're quite welcome. But I can't stand Crooke at any price. He's a rank outsider. Why, his beastly cards and smokes might be found in the study some day, and get the whole study into hot water. Besides, it's caddish. I'm down on caddishness. You can stay and be welcome."

"Oh, good!" said Gunn.

And he stayed.

That amicable arrangement having been made, Crooke looked in to ask Wilkins and Gunn to help him move his things. Excepting for the chair and table, studies at St. Jim's were furnished by the occupants.

Grundy glared round as Crooke made his request.

"What things?" demanded Grundy.

"I want my things moved!" growled Crooke.

"What things?"

"Furniture, of course!"

"It belongs to Crooke, old man," Wilkins explained. "Crooke stood the carpet, and the looking-glass, and the fender, and the fire-irons, and the bookcase, and the armchair. The rest belongs to me."

It was a little difficult to see what the "rest" consisted of.

"I suppose you don't want to stick to my property, Grundy?" sneered Crooke.

"Certainly not!" said Grundy. "I can furnish my own study, I suppose. But you can't move the things till I've got a new lot. I can't be left with nothing on the floor. And those beastly fags smashed my bookcase, and it's taken away for repairs. You can wait for your things till I've had time to furnish the study."

"Look here!"

"Enough said!"

"But I'm going to have my things!" roared Crooke.

"You can wait!"

"Oh, go easy, Crooke!" said Gunn, the peacemaker. "My old study's all right. Mathers and Gibbons won't mind if you don't bring in any sticks for a few days. Grundy can do his shopping on Saturday afternoon."

"Ahem!"

"I want my property!" howled Crooke. "I'll complain to Mr. Linton if you interfere with my taking it, too."

"Go ahead!" said Grundy. "I'll explain to Mr. Linton. He won't expect me to stay here without any sticks. Go ahead!"

Crooke almost foamed. He did not dare to complain to the master of the Shell, lest the whole story should come out.

"Well, I'll jolly well take my things away to-morrow!" he snarled.

"You touch 'em, and I'll give you such a licking you won't be able to crawl for a week!" said Grundy. "I'm not standing any rot!"

Crooke departed in a homicidal frame of mind.

"Awful cheek!" said Grundy. "Fancy thinking of leaving me here without any furniture, as if the study had had the bailiffs in! Blessed if I know where some fellows get their nerve from, really!"

Wilkins and Gunn were just thinking the same thought, though it was Grundy's nerve that astonished them, not Crooke's.

"We'll go and do some shopping in Wayland early next week," said Grundy. "I shall be busy on Saturday afternoon. Crooke can wait, of course."

"Playing in the St. Jude's match?" asked Gunn blandly.

"Yes."

"You've fixed it up with Tom Merry, then?"

"No. I'm going to lick him to-morrow. Then it will be all right."

"Oh!"

The next day was Friday, and the list for the St. Jude's match was posted up on the board.

Grundy read that list over with careful attention. The name of George Alfred Grundy did not appear there.

"Merry, Lowther, Blake, D'Arcy, Noble, Talbot, Figgins, Kerr, Wynn, Redfern, Owen," read out Grundy. "Looks as if the duffer has left me out, after all."

Wilkins winked at Gunn.

"It does look like it," he assented. "Perhaps he's forgotten you."

"If he has, I'll soon remind him," said Grundy.

Grundy proceeded to Study No. 9 in THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

the Shell passage, where the Terrible Three and Talbot were having tea.

He strode in, with a frowning brow. "I've just seen the list," he announced.

"Good!" said Tom Merry.

"My name isn't down!"

"We're not playing a home for idiots," explained Tom Merry. "When we do, I'm going to put your name in the list. Not before."

"You know what to expect?"

"Yes; I think we can beat St. Jude's easily enough. You see, Talbot is a regular rod in pickle for them, and Figgins—"

"You know what I mean!" roared Grundy. "I'm going to lick you if you don't put me in the eleven!"

"Oh, thanks!"

"Changed your mind?"

"No," said Tom, laughing.

"Then I'll see you in the gym after tea."

"Right-ho!"

"And look out for squalls!" said Grundy impressively.

"Thanks! I will."

Grundy departed and slammed the door. He left the Shell fellows grinning.

"It won't be an easy thing, though," said Talbot seriously.

"I don't suppose it will," said Tom cheerily. "Still, I think I shall have a dog's chance. Anyway, I can't refuse. If I get licked, though, and the ass says anything more about licking, he'll get a Form ragging. Pass the jam."

After tea, the Terrible Three and Talbot proceeded to the gym. And as all the School House and the New House were aware of what was going on, there was a tremendous crowd of juniors to see the fun.

It was likely to be such a mill as the gym had seldom seen, and the result was very doubtful.

Tom Merry, however, did not seem much perturbed, and Grundy, when he came in with Wilkins and Gunn, seemed quite confident.

Grundy had no doubt whatever about the result.

CHAPTER 14.

Licked!

KILDARE of the Sixth came in as the juniors were preparing for business.

The captain of St. Jim's knew what was on, too, and he intended to keep an eye on the proceedings.

It was a prefect's duty, of course, to stop fighting; but a mill with the gloves on, and according to rules, was permissible, so long as it was not carried too far.

Kildare had had his eye on Grundy, and he was convinced that what that cheerful youth needed more than anything else was a good licking, which was likely to do him more good than any amount of punishment from those in authority.

"Well, what are you up to here?" asked Kildare.

"Ahem! Only a little mill," said Tom Merry. "Gloves on, you know. Everything in order. Just a friendly round or two."

"Yaas, wathah! Pway don't intahere, Kildare, deah boy."

"I shall keep an eye on you," said Kildare. "I will keep time."

"Good!"

"Yaas; that will be wippin'!"

"There won't be much time to keep!" said Grundy, with a sniff. "I'm not

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1535.

accustomed to more than one round with anybody."

"You are a young ass!" said Kildare. "What!"

"Where are the gloves? Get your jackets off and the gloves on."

"I don't need my jacket off," said Grundy.

"Do as I tell you!"

"Oh, all right!" said Grundy. "It's a lot of fuss about nothing, you know. I don't really want to lick that kid at all. We should get on all right if he only had a bit more sense. But he can't expect me to stand quietly by while he throws cricket matches away. That's a bit too thick."

"Bai Jove! Weally, Gwundy—"

"Ready!"

Tom Merry and Grundy, without their jackets, and with the gloves on, stepped up to the line.

A crowded ring surrounded them.

Talbot was Tom Merry's second, and the obliging Wilkins looked after Grundy.

"Time!" said Kildare.

"Go it, ye cripples!" murmured Blake.

Grundy grinned and started. He started with a tremendous rush, which Kildare himself would not have found it easy to stop if he had been in Tom Merry's place.

But Tom did not try to stop it. He side-stepped, and Grundy whirled past him, and Tom's right came on the side of his jaw, and then his left, like lightning, and the big youth pitched over and sprawled on the floor.

"Grooogh!" came in a gasp from George Alfred.

"Bravo!"

"Huwwah!"

Grundy sat up, looking dazed.

Kildare began to count:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—"

It looked as if Grundy would be counted out in the first round. But at eight he scrambled up, and came on again.

He did not give Tom Merry another chance like that. But for the rest of that round he was quite groggy, and he was gasping when he retreated to Wilkins' sympathetic knee at the call of time.

"That kid's tougher than I thought," he confided to Wilkins. "I shall need another round, after all, to lick him."

"You will," agreed Wilkins.

Wilkins' private opinion was that Grundy would need a good many more rounds to attain that object.

"Time!"

Tom Merry stepped up briskly.

Grundy began again with a fierce attack, and this time he was a little more careful. But he found Tom Merry's guard almost impenetrable, and his heavy rushes were dodged, and Tom fended him off with great skill.

Grundy got two or three blows home, and they were hard and heavy ones, and they made the captain of the Shell blink.

But the return was equally emphatic, and at the end of the round Grundy's left eye persisted in winking incessantly, and there was a crimson stream flowing from his nose.

"How do you feel?" asked Talbot, as he sponged Tom Merry's heated face.

"Right as rain, so far."

"Your wind is better than his," said Talbot, "and if you can stall him off you ought to lick him. But if he gets home one of those sledgehammer drives—"

"I shall take jolly good care he doesn't!"

"Time!"

The third round was fast and furious. So was the fourth. Grundy was getting very excited by this time. It exasperated him to see the captain of the Shell come up smiling every time. He began to get reckless, and his recklessness had to be dearly paid for.

The fourth round ended with Grundy on his back, gasping loudly.

Both the combatants were showing signs of wear and tear, and Kildare looked a little anxious. He was in doubt whether to stop the fight; but he knew that if he stopped it at that stage, it would be continued in some quiet corner without his observation, and probably without gloves. It was evidently better to let it go on, so he called "Time!" again.

The fifth round was rough on Tom Merry. Grundy succeeded in getting home one of the sledgehammer drives, and Tom Merry went down like a log.

Kildare had counted up to "Nine," when he got to his feet, feeling very groggy, but quite game.

Grundy gave him plenty of time to get up. He was a chivalrous fighting man. But the end of the round came only just in time to save Tom, who was at the end of his strength.

The captain of the Shell panted as he sank on Talbot's knee, and Monty Lowther fanned him.

"That was a twister!" said Tom Merry. "Never mind! Better luck next time!"

"Time!"

The sixth round was exciting, but it ended without either combatant showing signs of yielding.

The seventh was equally without result. But by that time, in spite of the gloves, the faces of the opponents were considerably damaged, and their noses looked very bulbous, and their eyes were winking.

"You'd better call this a draw," said Kildare, hesitating.

"I'm going to lick him!" said Grundy.

"Oh, let's go on to a finish!" said Tom.

"Yaas, wathah! Bettah finish here than begin again to-morrow, you know," said Arthur Augustus.

Kildare felt that that was true, and, as the combatants were still full of fight, he called "Time!" again.

Grundy was looking very groggy in the eighth round.

Tom Merry was much the better boxer of the two, and he called on all his skill now. A right-hander on the point of the jaw almost lifted the big Shell fellow off his feet, and he dropped on the floor of the gym.

Kildare counted:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—out!"

Grundy staggered up.

"Hold on! I'm not out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going on, you know!"

"You're not going on!" said Kildare sternly.

"You're counted out, and you're licked! This has gone too far already. Put your jacket on!"

"But, I say—"

"Put your jacket on at once!" Kildare thundered.

Grundy sulkily obeyed. But he evidently did not regard himself as defeated. He was good for a couple more rounds yet. However, he quitted the gym with Wilkins and Gunn, leaving the crowd cheering the victor.

But Tom Merry did not stay many minutes after Grundy; he wanted to bathe his eye, which needed it badly.

The Terrible Three quitted the gym and made their way to the Shell dormitory in the School House.

Tom Merry was bathing his eye when Grundy came in with Wilkins and Gunn. The latter two were grinning, but Grundy was looking truculent.

His left eye was quite closed, and he could not open it, and his nose looked like a beetroot. But he was still on the warpath. A crowd of juniors followed him into the dormitory.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry, sponge in hand, blinking at him through the water.

"I was counted out," said Grundy. "That's all rot, you know. We couldn't expect to fight it out with a blessed perfect looking on. I suppose Kildare really couldn't allow it to go on to a finish. I don't blame him."

"But it did go on to a finish!" said Tom warmly. "You're licked!"

"Rot!"

"You blithering ass!" said Tom Merry. "I've licked you once—"

"Oh, rot!"

"If you're still looking for trouble, I'll lick you again!" said Tom grimly. "Shut the door, you fellows, and don't make a row! Kildare would be wild if he knew we were going on. You keep time, Talbot! Now then!"

"That's right!" said Grundy heartily. "You've got some pluck! You're a chap that it's worth while taking the trouble to lick!"

"Time!"

"Round No. 9, continued in our next!" grinned Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were no gloves in the dormitory. The great fight finished "old style."

The ninth round was wild and whirling.

Grundy piled in for all he was worth, and Tom Merry received two or three hard knocks. But Grundy was winded, and the captain of the Shell closed in on him with right and left, and Grundy went down with a bump that shook the dormitory.

"Time!"

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Grundy.

"Satisfied?" grinned Lowther.

"Rot! I'm going on, of course!" groaned Grundy. "Ow, ow! I'm going on! I'm not licked! I've never been licked!"

"Then it's time you were."

"Time!"

The tenth round was breathless. Tom Merry was hitting his hardest, and as



"Put up your hands, my man! Willie, go and get me the cart-ridges out of the top drawer!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to J. Cattle, 2, Acworth Street, Falsgrave, Scarborough.

it was a case of bare knuckles, Grundy's punishment was simply terrific.

His right eye was nearly closed now, and he could not see; but his pluck was unlimited, and he fought on blindly.

He was floored again by a terrific right-hander, and then he lay gasping feebly, and blinking with one eye. The other was closed.

"Wow—wow!" murmured Grundy.

"Time!"

Grundy made a great effort to rise. But he sank back again on the floor with a groan.

"Give him time," said Tom Merry, who was nearly at an end, too. "Take a bit of rest if you like, old chap."

"Wooh—wooh!" mumbled Grundy.

"I—I can't get up, you know. My blessed head's swimming. But I'm not licked! I've never been licked!" He made another effort, and sat up. But he could not get to his feet.

"Well, you've had four minutes," said Talbot, at last. "You'd better own up, Grundy. You know very well you can't go on!"

"Can Merry go on?" mumbled Grundy.

"I'm waiting for you," said Tom.

"Well, I—I can't! I—I—I'm jolly well licked!" gasped Grundy. "Licked, you know. Me! They'd never believe it at Redclyffe. Licked—me! My hat!"

His right hand sawed blindly in the air. He could not even see his opponent now.

"Give us your fin," he said. "You're the first chap that's ever licked me. But I don't bear any malice. It was a ripping fight!"

Tom Merry shook hands with him cheerily enough. Wilkins and Gunn raised up the defeated hero. They helped him to bathe his injuries, which were many and various.

Tom Merry was similarly engaged.

The punishment had been heavy on both sides.

Grundy, as he mopped his nose with a crimsoned sponge, repeated several times, in a state of unending astonishment:

"Licked, you know! Me! What would they say at Redclyffe? Me!"

The next day, when the St. Jude's match took place, Grundy was a spectator.

Tom Merry was not feeling at the top of his form that day; the effects of that strenuous mill had not left him yet. But Talbot played up in first-class style for St. Jim's, and Fatty Wynn's bowling was unequalled. St. Jude's were beaten by a narrow margin.

Grundy looked on; but he did not see the match very clearly. He had two black eyes, and his nose looked twice its usual size.

For some days after that the state of Grundy's face attracted mirthful attention. And Grundy was a little more subdued in his manners and customs.

A new light seemed to have dawned on his mind, and it was evident that that licking had done him good. And as he had not succeeded in licking Tom Merry, the junior cricket team of St. Jim's was not blessed with the valuable services of the Tough Guy of the Shell.

(Monty Lowther's famous impersonation of Herr Schneider, the German Master, in the end-of-term play, gives Martin Clifford unrecalled opportunities for mirth-making in next Wednesday's grand yarn—and he takes them all! Look out for "Lowther Brings the House Down!")

depends on the design of the submarine, of course, but the greatest depth ever attained in a steel fish is just short of 450 feet. Eric may be interested to know that a diver in an armour-plated suit once reached a hundred feet lower than that in a Bavarian lake—and even he doesn't hold the underwater record, for Dr. William Beebe, the American scientist, was lowered into the ocean in an immensely strong metal sphere, and went down 3,000 feet. Over half a mile!

NEXT TO EVEREST

And here's a query from nearer home. Monica Brittain, of South Shields, says: "Which is the second highest mountain in the world?"

Well, Monica, you've asked something, because even the scientists are not sure. The distinction is shared by a mountain called K2, in the Karakoram Himalayas, and Kanchenjunga, at the other end of the same range. Some people declare that K2 is a few feet higher than Kanchenjunga, others that it's the other way about.

Au revoir till next Wednesday,

THE EDITOR.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

HALLO, CHUMS,—Did you know that Herr Schneider, the German master, had a daughter? Well, he has, and she turns up unexpectedly in next week's yarn just in time to upset the juniors' apple-cart. She's a good sport, and Monty Lowther soon discovers he'd do anything rather than risk offending her. But—

Lowther is playing the leading role in the juniors' end-of-term play. And he has modelled his part on Herr Schneider's well-known eccentricities. If he refuses to go on, the play which his chums have worked so hard on will be spoiled. But if he does go on, he knows Fraulein Schneider will never speak to him again.

It's a difficult choice, and I don't propose to give the game away in advance. But I will tell you that it's a thundering good yarn, and the suspense is held in the way only Martin Clifford can hold it.

The title, by the way, is:
"LOWTHER BRINGS THE HOUSE DOWN!"

So look out for it, and let me know how you like it. Remember, the more letters I receive, the better I like it.

As usual, there will be another episode of the early adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., and with Billy Bunter's amazing ability at guessing competition results and the Aliens of Friarale Academy out to discomfort their rivals by shrugging their shoulders all in the same story, you won't need any further recommendation from me.

RECORDS FOR SUBMARINES

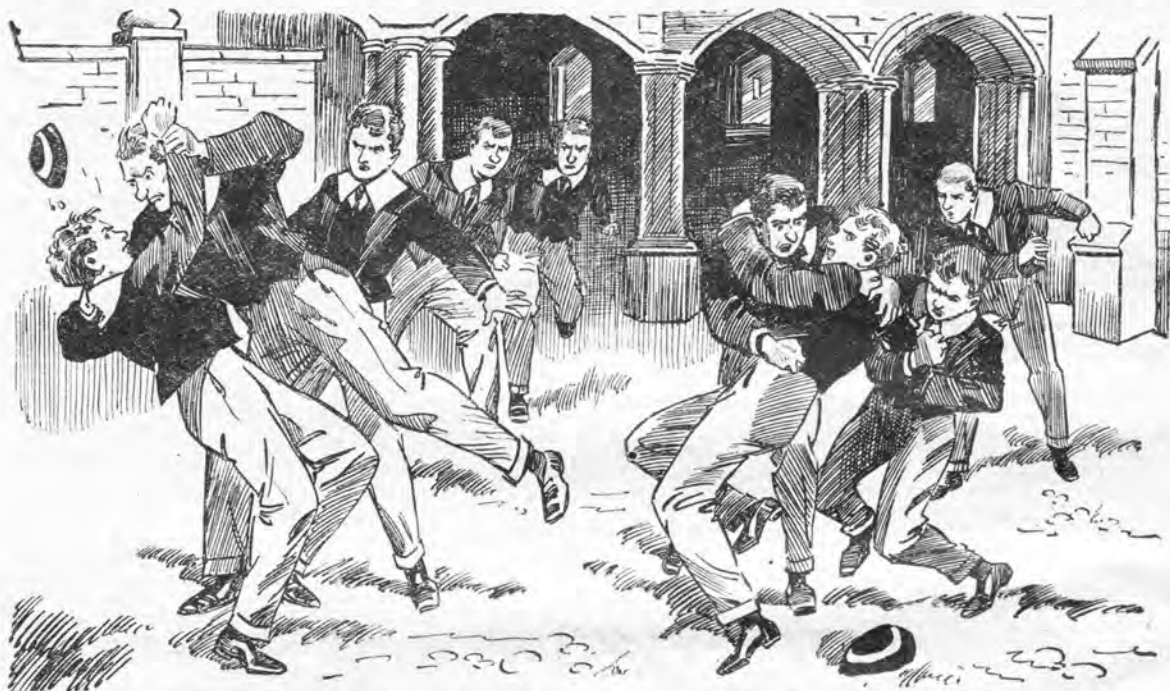
Eric Gill has written to me all the way from Buenos Aires to ask me how deep a submarine can dive. That

PEN PALS COUPON

3-7-37

HARRY WHARTON & CO. GET TO CRIPS WITH THEIR FOREIGN RIVALS OF FRIARDALE ACADEMY!

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS!



Harry Wharton & Co. were rushing through the Cloisters when there was a sudden yell. "At zem!" Half a dozen aliens dashed out and hurled themselves on the Greyfriars chums. They had run into their rivals' ambush!

Goal!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! What have you got there, Bunter?"

Bob Cherry had just run into Study No. 1 for his football. Billy Bunter was the only occupant of the study, and he was sitting at the table, with his spectacles glued to a paper spread out before him, evidently deeply engrossed in its contents.

As Bob Cherry ran in, Bunter jumped up and hastily thrust the paper out of sight under his jacket—a proceeding which Bob viewed with considerable astonishment.

"I—er—did you speak, Cherry?" stammered Billy Bunter.

"Yes, ass! I asked you what you had there. What are you hiding under your jacket?"

Bunter turned red.

"Well, you see, I wasn't exactly hiding it," he said. "I was putting it away. It's all right, Cherry. What have you come in for? It's not tea-time yet."

"I know it isn't. I've come in for my football," said Bob Cherry, looking suspiciously at the fat junior. "What's the little game?"

"The—er—little game?" stammered Bunter.

"Yes. You were reading something, and you popped it out of sight the moment I came in. I suppose it's one of those cheap American novels about Deadwood Dick, the Bronco Buster—"

"No, it isn't, Cherry. You know I wouldn't read that stuff."

"You would when my fatherly eye wasn't on you," said Bob Cherry.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

"What have you got there, you young owl?"

"If you don't mind, Cherry, I—I'd rather not show you."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see—you see, I expect to make a great deal over this scheme, and I don't want to let the whole school into it. But, I say, I'll tell you what I'll do," went on Billy Bunter eagerly. "I'll let you into the scheme on equal shares for an entrance fee of five bob."

Bob Cherry laughed.

"What's the scheme, you young ass?"

By Frank Richards.

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

"Well, you see—"

"Hallo, there!" came Harry Wharton's voice along the passage. "Are you ever coming out with that ball, Bob Cherry?"

"I'm coming!" called Bob; and he picked up the football and turned to the door.

"I say, Cherry, if you'd like to come into the scheme on those terms—"

"Rats!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully; and he quitted the study.

The chums of the Remove were waiting for him on the stairs—Harry Wharton, the captain of the Lower Fourth, Frank Nugent, and Hurrea

Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Been having a nap?" asked Nugent.

"The longfulness of the time is terrific!" remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur.

Bob Cherry grinned.

"It was that ass Bunter! He's got some scheme on for making money, and he wanted me to take a five-bob share in it."

"I thought he'd had something on lately," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"He has been looking mysterious all day, and dropping hints of the feeds he is going to stand later on. What is the scheme?"

"I don't know. That's a secret—at least, until the entrance fee is paid over; and that means for ever, as far as I'm concerned!" said Bob Cherry.

"I haven't any tin to waste. I don't know what the scheme is, but if it keeps him off ventriloquism, it will come as a boon and blessing to Study No. 1! I was getting fed-up with his ventriloquial practice."

The chums of the Remove went out together into the Close. Afternoon school was over, and in the fine afternoon most of the fellows had turned out on the football field.

Bob Cherry dropped the ball and punted it along across the Close.

A fat junior, with a good-humoured Teutonic face, was coming from the direction of the Cloisters, and Bob Cherry grinned as he saw him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's Hoffman!" he exclaimed.

"By Jove, so it is! I wonder what he wants here?" said Harry Wharton.

"I don't know what he wants, but I

FUN AND FROLIC IS FAST AND FURIOUS IN THIS LIVELY YARN OF THE EARLY SCHOOLDAYS OF THE GREYFRIARS CHUMS.

know what he's going to get!" grinned Bob Cherry.

"What's that?"

"A goal!"

And Bob Cherry dribbled the ball towards the German junior. The chums of the Remove followed him, laughing.

Fritz Hoffman had until lately been a member of the Greyfriars Remove, but since the opening of Herr Rosenblau's Foreign Academy he had gone over the way.

The new academy had been built on Greyfriars ground, and was separated from the old school on one side simply by the Cloisters, which were used by both schools in common. Herr Rosenblau's pupils, mostly sons of foreigners resident in England, were on terms of rivalry with Greyfriars.

Fritz Hoffman was coming towards the Famous Four, and he stopped as they advanced towards him. Perhaps he did not wish to get too far from the Cloisters, in case a retreat was necessary.

"Ach!" he began. "I tinks I speaks to you—"

"Look out in goal!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Himmel! Vat—Ow!"

Bob Cherry kicked the ball.

Right on Fritz Hoffman's chest the ball plumped, and the German junior was bowled over like a ninepin.

He sat up, and gazed about him with an expression of such absolutely idiotic bewilderment that the Removites burst into a roar.

"Ach! I tinks tat I have been knocked over, ain't it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tinks tat te football knock me ofer pefore!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Hoffman staggered to his feet. Nugent was on the ball by this time, and he kicked it again, and Hoffman stopped it with his left ear. There was a roar.

"Ach! Vat is tat after?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tinks tat you kick tat football at me for te purpose, after, ain't it!" roared Hoffman. "I tinks tat you vant tat I lick you pefore!"

"On the ball, lanky!"

"The onfulness of the esteemed ball is terrific, my worthy chum!"

The ball flew again from the foot of the nabob, and Hoffman stopped it with his right ear this time.

"Ach! That peastly pounder! I tinks—"

"Harry! On the ball, there!"

Wharton laughed, and stopped the ball, and sent it flying towards Hoffman again. It biffed on Hoffman's broad shoulders, and he staggered forward.

None of the "biffs" had been hard enough to hurt, but Hoffman was growing extremely confused and excited with the attack from all quarters.

"Ach, himmel!" he roared. "I tinks tat—"

"On the ball!"

"Play up, there!"

Biff! The ball landed on the German junior's ribs, and he ran. He had come over to Greyfriars with a message of defiance from the aliens of the rival school, but he decided all of a sudden to depart with his message undelivered.

"Ach!" he gasped. "Himmel! I tinks tat I petter get out pefore, ain't it?" And he ran at top speed.

"Play up, there!" roared Bob Cherry. "Pass, you beggars, pass!"

Wharton passed the ball to Bob, who

let Hoffman have it again, and the German junior sat down as it bumped on his knees behind. He was up again in a twinkling, however, and running for the Cloisters.

Five or six foreign faces were looking out from the Cloisters. Hoffman saw his friends and ran his hardest.

"Tat ve goes out and helps him, ain't it?" exclaimed Limburger, one of Hoffman's chums. "Come on, poys!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Adolphe Meunier. "Stay here viz yourself, garçons. I zink zat ve collars zat football in anozzer minute. Keep close viz you."

The foreign juniors caught on to the idea at once.

The chase of Hoffman was too exciting for the Famous Four to have any eyes for the Cloisters, and they did not see the ambush there. The aliens promptly crouched out of sight.

Hoffman ran on and dashed under the old stone arch, and Bob Cherry who had the ball at his feet, sent it after him with a whiz.

"Goal!" roared Bob Cherry, as the football thumped on Hoffman's back.

The chums of the Remove rushed on to recover the ball. There was a yell from the dusk of the Cloisters.

"At zem!"

And half a dozen aliens dashed out and hurled themselves on the Greyfriars chums.

The Aliens Don't Score!

"LOOK out!" shouted Harry Wharton.

But the warning came too late.

The aliens, with the surprise and the

The Remove Form have always thrived on fun and ragging—as their new rivals very quickly discover!

odds on their side, fairly rushed the Greyfriars juniors off their feet, and they went sprawling, with the aliens sprawling over them.

"Sock it to zem!" roared Adolphe Meunier.

"Giff dem peastly socks!" roared Limburger.

"Ach!" gasped Hoffman. "Tat is goot! I tink tat I collars te pall, ain't it?"

And Fritz Hoffman kicked the ball on towards the academy grounds, and the other aliens followed him, laughing.

The Greyfriars chums staggered to their feet, looking somewhat dazed and dusty.

Adolphe Meunier turned to kiss his hand at them as they vanished from the Cloisters into the grounds of the new college.

"My hat!" exclaimed Nugent. "They've collared our ball!"

"The collarfulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"It's tit for tat!" he exclaimed. "I didn't see that there were any of the bounders in the Cloisters."

"Neither did I," Bob Cherry remarked ruefully. "I say, we're not going to be done. We've got to get that ball back."

"Four against four dozen," said Harry, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Well, let's have a look, anyway."

The chums of the Remove hurried on after the aliens. The latter had passed the bronze gate in the high brick wall which bounded the grounds of the academy.

The gate was usually open to give access to the shady Cloisters, but Meunier had shut it now and fastened it on the inside. Through the bars of the gate the aliens grinned gleefully and triumphantly at the Greyfriars juniors.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Adolphe Meunier. "I zink zat ve takes vat you Engleesh call ze cake, mes amis."

"Ve have te pall, at all events!" grinned Hoffman. "You kick te pall at me, but I have captured te pall pefore, ain't it?"

"Zat is not correct, Hoffman. It is I zat have captured ze ball."

"Himmel! Vat you do? You do nozzing, Adolphe Meunier."

"I zink zat—"

"I tink tat—"

"Sherman ass! Shut up viz yourself while Frenchman speak!"

"French peastly pounder! I tinks tat you shut up mit you, ain't it!"

"Sherman rottair!"

"French peeg!"

Adolphe Meunier rushed at the German. Hoffman, nowise disinclined to meet him, put up his fists. In a moment they were at it hammer and tongs. It was the Removites' turn to grin as they looked through the gate.

"Go it, Froggy!"

"Back up, Hoffy!"

The aliens gathered round the two combatants in great excitement. There were about equal numbers of French and German boys in Herr Rosenblau's academy, and the rivalry between them was very keen. There was always a feud going on, and if it ever ceased it was when the aliens combined in some row with the Britfishers "over the way" in Greyfriars.

"But, I say, we want our ball!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Look there it is! I wonder—"

He paused. The football was lying where Hoffman had dropped it when he faced the French junior in combat. It had rolled a few yards from the combatants, and no one had eyes for it. They were all too keenly interested in the fight.

Harry Wharton glanced at his chums. "What are you thinking of, Bob?"

"I was thinking that one of us might nip over the gate and get that ball while they're slogging one another!" grinned Bob Cherry. "The gate's easy enough to climb. As a matter of fact, I've climbed it once already."

"We shall be chipped to death by the other fellows if we allow the aliens to keep our football," Nugent remarked.

"The chipfulness will be terrific."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"It's a good idea, Bob, only the chap who goes might be collared."

"I'll risk that."

Bob Cherry grasped the bars of the gate. It was easy for the athletic and active junior to draw himself up to the top, and swing over to the inner side.

The danger was that he might be collared by the aliens.

But as yet he was not seen. The fight between the German and Meunier was growing terrific. The juniors were crowded round in a circle, looking on.

and cheering the combatants in a babel of French and German.

Bob Cherry dropped to the ground and scudded to the spot where the ball lay. In a twinkling it was in his hands.

Then there was a sudden yell from Limburger.

"Look out! Te enemy!"

Nugent gave a gasp.

"They've seen him! They'll collar him now!"

Harry Wharton, with a set face, climbed to the top of the gate. Bob Cherry's eyes glistened as a dozen aliens rushed upon him. Meunier and Hoffman were still fighting, but the spectators had turned their attention to the bold intruder.

Bob Cherry dropped the footer, and, as it rose, kicked it. It was a good half-volley and it saved the ball. It flew over the heads of the aliens, over the gate, and dropped almost in Nugent's hands. The ball was saved, but Bob Cherry—

"Collar te peast!" roared Limburger.

Bob Cherry dodged desperately, and a dozen hands slid off him without a hold. He ran for the gate. Twice he was seized and held, twice he broke away, and then his grasp was on the gate. But the aliens closed up in force, and hands gripped him on all sides.

"Collar te pounder!"

"Zat you seize him!"

"Ciell! I have ze beast!"

"Himmel! I tink zat I catch him!"

Bob Cherry clung to the gate with both hands. With a desperate effort he tried to drag himself up. Harry Wharton leaned down and seized his hand in a tight grip.

"Now, Bob!"

He pulled, and Bob Cherry shook himself loose for a second. Nugent and Hurree Singh were hitting through the bars of the gate, and more than one alien nose and eye came in for a powerful drive.

Hoffman and Meunier separated at last. They saw how things were going, and they dashed forward to help in making a prisoner of the Greyfriars junior.

"Hold him!" shrieked Adolphe Meunier. "Zat you hold him tight!"

"Don't let the peasty pounder go!" gasped Hoffman.

Wharton and Cherry made a simultaneous effort. Bob was dragged up, and obtained a grip on the top of the gate. Hoffman clutched at him, and reeled back from Bob Cherry's boot, which clumped heavily on his chin. One more effort and the gasping Removite was on top of the gate.

Wharton helped him over, and he dropped, exhausted, on the Greyfriars side. Nugent assisted him to his feet.

"Steady, Bob, old chap."

"I—I'm winded!" panted Bob Cherry.

"But we—we've done them!"

"Come on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "They'll be through the gate in a second."

Meunier was already unfastening the gate.

With the ball under Nugent's arm, the Famous Four sprinted through the Cloisters towards the Close, and they were safe out of reach before the aliens could crowd through the gate.

The excited foreigners pursued them as far as the end of the Cloisters, but farther than that they did not venture to go, for a score of the Remove were rallying to the spot now, attracted by the noise.

The Famous Four stopped, gasping for breath.

"That was a narrow squeak," said Bob Cherry, scarlet with his exertions.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

"But we've done the giddy aliens, anyway."

"The donefulness is terrific."

"I say, what's the row?" asked Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove.

"Oh, they captured our ball, that's all! We've got it back."

"Let's go for them and wipe up the Cloisters with them!"

"Good wheeze! Come on!"

And half the Remove rushed towards the Cloisters; but the aliens did not stop to face the rush. They crowded back into their own quarters, and the gate was shut and fastened once more.

The Removites rattled and shook it, and yelled all sorts of personalities between the bars, but the gate did not open. The aliens yelled back, and, as they were rather stronger in that line, they had the best of the yelling. The Removites retired at last, followed by a screech of mockery from the aliens.

"I tink zat ve have lost tat ball," said Fritz Hoffman. "I tink, too, tat it is te fault of tat French ass Meunier!"

"I zink zat it is ze fault of zat Sherman peeg Hoffman," said Meunier.

"Is it tat you have not had enoff of te trashing before?" demanded Hoffman.

"I never have enoff of ze trashing zat you can give me," said Meunier. "I zink zat I vipes up ze ground viz you."

"Ach! French peast!"

"Sherman coction!"

And in a moment more they were fighting again, cheered on by a tangled jargon of German and French from their compatriots.

Bunter's New Idea!

"I SAY, you fellows—"

"Tea ready?" asked Bob Cherry, slinging a dusty football across the study as he came into Study No. 1.

"No, Cherry, tea isn't ready. You see—"

"Yes, I see that it's not ready," granted Bob Cherry. "What do you mean, you young duffer? Have you scoffed all the tommy?"

"Well, perhaps I've had a snack," said Billy Bunter. "You see, I've been too busy to get tea, but I had to have a snack, or my constitution would have suffered. You fellows had better have tea in Hall this evening as I haven't any time to cook, and, as a matter of fact, there isn't anything to cook."

"Nothing to cook! Why, Wharton gave you two bob to lay in the grub!"

"Oh, yes, I know he did!" said Bunter, blinking at the chums through his big glasses.

"Well, where is the tommy—"

"You see, I've got a new scheme on—"

"Where is the tommy?"

"I've got a new scheme on for making money—"

"Where is the tommy?" roared Bob Cherry, seizing the Owl of the Remove by the collar and shaking him. "Where is it, you young cormorant?"

"I wish you wouldn't shake me like that, Bob Cherry—"

"Where is the tommy?"

"You might make my glasses fall off, and if they got broken I should expect you to pay for them."

"Are you going to answer me?"

"I'm answering you! As I said, I've got a new scheme—"

"Where is the tommy?"

"Oh, the tommy! There isn't any."

"Didn't you get it at the tuckshop?"

"Yes," said Billy Bunter, blinking. "I got it at the tuckshop. Wharton gave me two shillings to get some grub

for tea, and I should not be likely to spend the money on anything else, I hope."

"Well, where is the grub, then?"

"You see, as I've got a scheme for making money, I thought I'd better get something that didn't require cooking, as I should have no time to cook—"

"Well, where is it? That's what I keep on asking you."

"So I bought cold sausages, ham sandwiches, and jam roll."

"By Jove, that's all right, and I'm as hungry as a hunter!" said Bob Cherry.

"The hungerfulness is terrific."

"And I had some bananas, too, for Inky—"

"Good, my worthy chum!"

"And a couple of those little cakes that Wharton likes—"

"Well, where are they?" said Harry, laughing.

There was no sign of the provisions anywhere in the study, and the fire was out and the table unladen.

"Well, you see, as they didn't require cooking—"

"All the better, as we're in a hurry," said Nugent. "Where are they?"

"I'm sincerely sorry, but—but—"

"My hat! The young villain has wolfed them."

"I'm sorry—"

"He's scoffed the lot!"

"You see, I thought I had better have a snack to keep up my strength and—I suppose I went on eating absent-mindedly, and—and—"

"And travelled through the lot?"

"I suppose I must have done so," confessed Bunter. "I remember leaving Inky's bananas till the last, but they're gone now. I get so hungry, you know, and I'm working out a scheme for making money."

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"It's all right. We'll have tea in Hall," he said. "We're not too late, as it happens. But of all the young cormorants—"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I'm working out a scheme for making us all rich."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, not exactly rich, but it will put money in our pockets if it works out all right. Money or money's worth—it's all one."

"If the hurryfulness is not immediate we shall be late for the teaful refreshment in the esteemed Hall."

"Right you are, Inky! Come on."

"But I say, you fellow—"

"Oh, rats, Bunt! We can't stop or we shall lose our tea."

"I wish you fellows didn't think such a thundering lot about your meals," said Billy Bunter. "Blessed if you're not always thinking of eating."

"Why, you young boulder, you've had your tea—and ours, too, as a matter of fact!"

"I'm willing to take you all in my scheme, on an entrance fee of five bob each," said Bunter, following the Famous Four out of the study. "If you like to stump up five shillings each, you come into the scheme on equal terms."

"More rats!"

"With my ability in guessing the answers, we can't fail to scoop in the whole show."

"Guessing the what?"

"The answers—the names, you know."

"Is it a competition?"

"My hat, I've let it out now! Of course, you fellows will keep it dark."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If you like to stand five bob each, I'll let you into the whole thing," said Bunter, following the Removites down the stairs with generous offers. "I really don't want to keep it to myself, and it requires some capital, and I'm

rather short of ready money at the present moment. I've been disappointed about a postal order, and—

But the chums of the Remove had gone into the dining-hall. Bulstrode was coming in from the Close and Billy Bunter hurried towards him.

"I say, Bulstrode—"

"Don't bother!"

"I've got a new scheme—"

"Buzz off!"

"If you like to stand me five bob—"

"I'll stand you a thick ear if you don't stop bothering me!"

And Bulstrode walked on. Billy Bunter blinked after him indignantly. Levison came in, and Bunter, turning round, ran into him.

"Hallo, Skinner! I'm sorry—"

"It isn't Skinner," said Levison, gripping the back of Bunter's collar and shaking him. "It's Levison. Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I'm a little short-sighted—"

"You Owl! You trod on my foot!" "I'm sincerely sorry, Levison; but I'm glad I've met you, too. Would you like to know an easy way of making money?"

"No, I wouldn't!" said Levison, and he strode on.

"My word!" murmured Billy Bunter. "Fancy a keen, cute chap like Levison turning up his nose at an easy way of making money. I can't understand it. I say, Russell, stop a minute, will you?"

"I'm not Russell, ass! I'm Hazeldene."

"Oh, is it you, Vaseline? It was really you I wanted to see. I've got a new scheme on for making money, but it requires a little capital."

Hazeldene grinned.

"Better wait till your postal order comes, then, Bunt."

"Well, I've been disappointed about a postal order," said Billy Bunter. "I'm expecting another on Saturday, but I don't want to wait till then to work the scheme. What I mean is, I want to start at once. I'm thinking of taking a number of fellows into the scheme on equal shares at five bob each."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's not a joke, Hazeldene. If you like to stomp up five bob—"

"If!" said Hazeldene. "Jolly big 'if,' isn't it?"

"Well, really, Vaseline, it's a good scheme—with my ability in. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to tea."

"But I haven't explained my scheme."

"Don't trouble, Bunt. Explain it to somebody else."

"Oh, really, Vaseline—"

Hazeldene laughed and walked away. Billy Bunter slowly and discontentedly took his way up to Study No. 1. He was certain of cornering the chums of the Remove there when they came up from tea to do their preparation.

He drew a paper from his pocket and began to con over a set of pictures in it, and make pencil notes. He was still thus engaged when the door of the study opened and the Famous Four came in.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, don't!" said Bob Cherry imploringly. "We don't want to make our fortunes. We're not yearning to get rich quick. We don't want any shares in a new scheme, even at the low price of five bob, with a reduction for quantities."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Peace, my son! Can't you see that your uncle is going to do his prep?"

"Yes; but this is really an important matter, you know," said Billy Bunter.

"If I hadn't been disappointed about a postal order, I shouldn't let you into

it at all. As it is, I must have working capital."

"To blue at the tuckshop?"

"Certainly not. You see, I'm thinking of buying up a lot of copies of the paper and sending in lots of solutions. That's the scheme. With my splendid talents—"

"Your what?"

"My splendid talents for guessing the answers, I haven't the slightest doubt of walking off with all the prizes—"

"The splendidfulness of the esteemed Bunter's rotten talents is only equalled by the modesty of his conceitfulness," remarked the nabob. "If our worthy Bunter chum would leave off talking, we could commencefully begin our honourable prep."

"This is a more important matter than prep, Inky. I thought you fellows took an interest in football."

"Football! What has your scheme to do with football?"

"It's a football competition."

"Oh, I see!" said Bob Cherry, showing some interest at last. "I don't mind if I have a look at it, then. No five-bob shares, though."

"Well, perhaps I'd better explain the thing, and you'll see it's a good scheme to go into," said Billy Bunter thoughtfully. "With my ability—"

"Oh, never mind your ability! Where's the competition?"

"You see, it's a competition to guess the names of famous old footballers from pictures representing them," explained Bunter. "With my ability—"

"Oh, I know! I've entered competitions of that kind, and they're jolly good fun," said Bob Cherry. "There's one starting in a paper I take every week, and I was thinking of going in for it. What's your paper?"

"Answers."

"What?"

"Answers."

"Why, that's my paper, too!" said Cherry indignantly. "That's the competition I was thinking of going in for, only I haven't seen this week's number yet with the pictures in."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"And is that your new scheme—to go in for the football competition in 'Answers'?"

"You see—"

"Yes, I see a howling duffer."

"It's a ripping idea. If you fellows stand five bob each, I shall be able to buy up a heap of copies of the paper. How many twopenny papers can you get for a pound, Nugent?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"Wait a minute. I'll work it out on paper. Twenty times twelve are—"

"Don't trouble," said Bob Cherry, grinning. "You're not likely to have the pound."

"Oh, yes, if you fellows subscribe five bob each."

"Yes, if we do; but we shan't."

"You're wasting a good chance. With capital to get a large number of papers, so as to send in lots of answers, and with my splendid ability at guessing the right answers, there's not the slightest reason why we shouldn't scoop in the whole of the prizes."

"Well, we don't want to be greedy, you know," grinned Bob Cherry. "And although the capital might be forthcoming, I'm not so sure about the splendid ability."

"Oh, you can rely on me for—"

"For gas—yes. I haven't had 'Answers' this week yet, and if you've got your copy, just hand it over and let's have a look at the pictures."



With Wharton helping him, Bob Cherry clambered up the gate and obtained a grip on the top. Hoffman clutched at him, but the next moment he reeled back as Bob's boot clumped heavily on his chin!

"Oh, really, Cherry, unless—"
 "Hand it over, old chap, and don't jaw."

And Billy Bunter drew a well-thumbed copy of the current number of "Answers" from under his jacket, and handed it over to Bob Cherry.

The Football Competition!

BOB CHERRY opened the paper at the competition page, and spread it out. Nugent, Hurree Singh, and Harry Wharton looked over his shoulders with great interest. For the moment prep was forgotten.

"Here they are," remarked Bob Cherry. "Have you guessed any of these, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, I've guessed most of the first set!" said Billy Bunter. "They're hard enough, some of them, but with my ability—"

"Let's have a look," said Nugent. "H'm! These pictures represent the names of well-known old footballers. That's a jolly good idea for a competition."

"First picture, a hand and the word 'ley.' I see the answer's filled in. Handley. Second picture—what's that?"

"A hod," said Nugent.
 "Good. A picture of a hod and a lot of capital letters. Blessed if I know what to make of it."

"They're 'G's,'" said Harry Wharton.
 "Yes, I know they're 'G's,'" said Bob Cherry. "The trouble is, what do they mean? Have you guessed that one, Bunt?"

"Oh, yes, I guessed that at a glance!"

"What's the answer?"

"Well, I don't see how I can give it away to you chaps if you're going in for the competition, too."
 "Don't then."
 "Oh, I don't mind!" said Bunter loftily. "There are to be a lot more sets of the pictures, and you'll never guess them without my assistance. I may as well tell you these few, just to encourage you."

"The encouragement will be terrific."

"Well, that second picture represents Hodletters."

"Hodletters?"

"Yes."

"Was that the name of a footballer?"

"Of course it was."

"It doesn't sound like a real name to me," said Bob Cherry suspiciously. "I've never heard of a footballer of that name."

"Neither have I," said Harry, laughing.

"Have you heard of a footballer named Hodletters, Bunter?"

"Well, no. But there are a lot of old footballers whose names I haven't heard, of course."

"No doubt. But why do you think there was one named Hodletters?"

"You see what the editor says—each of these pictures represents the name of a well-known old footballer. That picture can't represent anything but Hodletters, and therefore there must have been a footballer named Hodletters. It's impossible to doubt what the editor says in plain print."

"You shrieking ass!"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"The picture represents something else—say, Hodges."

"Hodges?"

"Yes. Hod—see?—and 'G's'—Hodges."

Billy Bunter shook his head.

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"I'd rather stick to my solution, Cherry."

"Hodletters isn't the name of a human being, you shrieking duffer!"

"It must be, or it wouldn't be in the competition."

"It isn't in the competition!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "This picture isn't Hodletters—it's Hodges!"

"You can stick to your opinion if you like, Cherry, and I'll stick to mine. We'll jolly well see who's right when the answers are published."

"Oh, ring off, Bunter, or you'll be the death of me!" said Nugent. "What's the next picture?"

"A 'B,'" said Bob Cherry. "The first's a 'B' and 'lake,' you know."

"Lake's on a tube of paint."

"Beepaint. That's no good. It doesn't sound like a name."

"I say, you fellows, you're all wrong."

"And what's the answer, Bunter?"

"It's Letterture, of course."

"It's what?"

"Letterture. That was the name of a well-known footballer, I believe. See?"

"No, I don't. I think you're an ass!"

"What do you think, Nugent?"

"Same as Bob."

"You ass, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry.

"It's Bee-Lake."

"I've never heard of a footballer named Beelake."

"Ass! B-lake—Blake!"

"Oh, Blake! Was that the name of a footballer?"

"Of course it was! I remember reading about him once."

"Well, it may be Blake," said Billy Bunter. "But, don't you see, that's where the advantage of my scheme comes in? It may be Blake, or it may be Letterture—"

"Rats!"

"Oh, let me finish, Cherry! It may be Blake, or it may be Letterture, or perhaps it may be a lot of things. Now, if we work out my scheme, we can send in lots of sets of pictures, and every possible name can go in. See? Then we're absolutely certain of collaring the prizes."

"Unless we happen to overlook one name—"

"Oh, with my ability—"

"More rats! What's the next?"

"The word 'Wed'—"

"Wed? And that thing's a lock."

"That one's plain enough," said Billy Bunter. "That's MacLuckie."

"It's what?" shouted Bob Cherry.

"MacLuckie."

"MacLuckie was a footballer," said Nugent. "He used to play for Aston Villa years ago, I think. But how Bunter makes it out—"

"You can do anything with a brain like mine," said Bunter modestly.

"That picture's MacLuckie. I saw it at a glance. You see the word 'wed' means wed—"

"Go hon!"

"And the lock means lock—"

"Did you work that out in your head, Bunter?"

"Without the aid of a net?" asked Nugent.

"Oh, don't be funny! You see how it's worked out into MacLuckie now?"

"No; I'm blessed if I do!"

"Well, I must say you chaps are dense!" said Billy Bunter in disgust.

"Not much good your going in for a football competition without me to help you guess the answers. The word means wed—"

"You've told us that before."

"It means marrying—see? And the lock signifies that when you're married, you're married and done for—I mean,

fixed. And that makes you lucky. See?"

"No, I don't quite see yet."

"Oh, I say, you fellows, you are dense! Don't you see—a man's lucky to be married—at least, in stories? Make—lucky. See? MacLuckie."

"Make MacLuckie?" said Bob Cherry seriously. "MacMake Luckie?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! A fellow's lucky to be married. Suppose, for instance, that his wife's a good cook. Make Luckie—"

"Make who Lucky?"

"Anybody!" yelled Billy Bunter.

"Don't you see? If a thing makes you lucky—"

"What thing?"

"Oh dear, I believe you're only rotting!"

"But who's lucky?"

"MacLuckie. See? Wedlock—to make lucky. MacLuckie."

"Do you see, Nugent?"

"I'm afraid I don't. In the first place, I think Bunter ought to explain whom it is he means is lucky."

"I don't mean anybody—"

"Then you're talking out of your hat!"

"Look here, you fellows! That picture represents MacLuckie. I believe you're only rotting, and you know what I mean all the time!"

"The knowfulness is great!" chuckled the nabob. "But the fatheadfulness of the esteemed solution is terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Don't you see it now, Cherry?"

"I see that you're a howling ass, Bunt. The answer's Wedlock, of course!"

"I don't think anything of the kind."

"Well, let's get on to the next picture. Billy Bunter's solutions will give me a pain if there's many more of them. What's the next?"

"There's a picture of a mill—"

"Yes, a coffee-mill, you fellows!"

"We shouldn't be likely to mistake it for a water-mill, Bunt. And there's the syllable 'er'."

"Yes, that's plain enough."

"What do you make it out to be, with your splendid ability? I think it's pretty easy myself."

"Oh, it's plainer than the other. It's Millander."

"Millander?"

"Yes. Mill—and—er. See?"

"Yes, I see. But was there a footballer named Millander?"

"Of course there was! Doesn't the editor say that each picture represents a—"

"Ass! Suppose it's Miller?"

"Miller? H'm! Well, it might be Miller."

"I think it might," said Bob Cherry.

"In fact, I think it's pretty certain. Now for the last of the bunch. I say, this is getting interesting."

"There's a leg—"

"Only the knee. And a letter 'D'."

"And a ham," said Billy Bunter.

"That reminds me, you fellows, Mrs. Mimble has some lovely ham just now, and if you'd like me to cut down to the school shop and get you some, I wouldn't mind in the least taking the trouble."

"I dare say you wouldn't," said Bob Cherry. "But I think we'll wait till your postal order comes. Meantime, about this giddy picture—"

"I can't quite figure it out yet," said Nugent.

"And you, Harry?"

"I don't think I've quite got on to it."

"I can tell you, if you like, you fellows."

"Well, what is it, Bunter?"

"Leggett, of course."

"How do you make it out, then?"

"Why, that's a leg, and ham is a thing that you can eat, you know—Leggett."

"Leggett, rats! Was Leggett the name of a footballer?"

"It must have been. The editor says that—"

"And what about the letter 'D'?"

"Oh, that's just in by mistake, I expect!"

"Ass! We shall have to give that one up for a bit. We're going in for this—eh, you chaps?"

"Yes, rather!" said Harry Wharton.

"We stand as much chance as anybody else, if we don't let Bunter help us—"

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"But we'd better get on with our prep now, I'm thinking, or there will be ructions with the Quelch-bird in the morning."

And for the time the guessing was laid aside.

Aliens In Council!

"**M**EIN friends—"

"Mes amis—"

"I tink zat I speaks if you be silent, Adolphe Meunier."

"I zink zat I speak, Fritz Hoffman. Ze Frenchman always come before ze Sherman."

"Te Frenchman get a tick ear if he not shut up!"

"I zink zat you get ze zick ear."

"Nein, nein; shut up, mit you!" exclaimed Limburger. "It is enoff of fighting tat tere has been, ain't it! I tink ve meet to hold council of war."

"Tat French peast interrupt me."

"Zat Sherman rottair interrupt me, and—"

"Let zere be peace," said Alphonse Lerouge. "Ve must stand by one anozer to get level viz ze Greyfriars garcons."

"Zat is correct."

"I tink tat you vas right, ain't it."

"Ve leave our own quarrels till later," said Lerouge. "Zat is no matter. Ve have ze honour of ze academy to uphold."

"Goot!"

"I zink zat I agree viz Hoffman zere."

"Let zere be peace," said Lerouge. "I move zat our friend, Meunier, makes ze peace viz our friend Hoffman, and zat zey shake hands."

It was a crowded meeting in the Common-room of the Foreign Academy. The aliens were almost all there and very excited.

They had had a chance of scoring off the Greyfriars fellows that day; but the chance had passed, owing to the untimely outbreak of the fight between Hoffman and Meunier.

Now the meeting was being held, well attended by both parties, for the purpose of laying plans to bring the Greyfriars juniors "off their perch," and put them in their place.

(Continued on next page.)

PEN PALS

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B. Bees, 102, Jameson Street, Bulawayo, **S. Rhodesia, S. Africa**; pen-pals; age 10-14.

L. Beaton, 99, Alexandra Road, Parow, Cape Province, **S. Africa**; stamps.

R. Pederson, 12, Dundonald Street, Woodstock, Cape Town, **S. Africa**; dancing, sports.

Miss E. Badger, 33, Albert Square, Clapham Road, **London, S.W.8**; girl correspondents; age 14-16; animals, sports.

J. Savage, 546F, Third Avenue, Rosemount, Montreal, Province Quebec, **Canada**; age 18 up; stamps; British Empire.

E. Johnson, 88, Bridge Road, Litherland, Liverpool; stamps, books; age 15-17.

R. Fine, 460, O'Connor Street, Ottawa, **Ontario, Canada**; age 10-15; stamps.

Ian Miller, 9, Braid's Road, Paisley, Renfrewshire, **Scotland**; age 13-15; stamps, football.

R. Bloodworth, 11, Warham Road, Harringay, **London, N.4**; age 13-15; stamps.

S. Crump, 27, Cumberland Road, Walthamstow, **London, E.**; age 18-23; newspapers, mags., etc., films, modern thought; U.S.A., Kenya, India.

G. A. Moss, 7, Norfolk Road, Reading, Berks; age 16-17; stamps, cycling, railways, etc.; British Africa, U.S.A.

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J. Blitz, 118, Rothschild Buildings, Spitalfields, **London, E.1**; age 14-16; stamp collecting, films; overseas.

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T. H. Munnford, 64, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, **London, N.W.1**; age 16-17; cycling, photography, books; **S. Africa**.

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M. Mareus, P.O. Box 69, Ladysmith, Natal, **S. Africa**; collecting foreign money, stamps, pictures of film stars.

J. Moran, 828, Sixth Avenue, Vélun, Quebec, **Canada**; stamps.

D. Lindsay, 131, Craigleith Hall Ave., Edinburgh 4, **Scotland**; age 13-15; stamps, coins; all letters answered.

T. Haley, 126, Mortlake Road, Custom House, **London, E.16**; age 11-14; sport, autographs, cycling; anywhere.

Miss M. J. P. Bigley, Dykebar Cottages, Hurlet Road, Paisley, **Scotland**; girl correspondents; collecting stamps and postcards; British Isles and overseas.

D. J. Harris, Spital Hotel, Spital, Chesterfield, **Derby**; age 15-17; films and sports; Gold Coast, California, Egypt.

E. Allen, 274, Carrington Road, Googee, N.S.W., **Australia**, wants pen pals for Modern Googee Correspondence Club; ages 13-25.

O. S. Kian, 143, High Road, P.W., Straits Settlements; age 14-20; stamps, sports, films, newspapers, postcards, etc.; anywhere.

R. Lee, 27, Meyrick Road, Batterssea, **London, S.W.11**; wants members for "International Pen Pals Club." Please enclose stamp for reply.

P. Jackson, 68, Droop Street, Queen's Park, **London, W.10**; pen pals; age 13-15; stamps, Boy Scouts; **Australia, South Africa**.

Miss D. Blakeborough, 14, Temple Walk, **Halton, Leeds**; age 12-14; girl correspondents.

S. J. Fraser, 30, Park Grove, The Portway, West Ham, **Essex**; correspondents of any age, interested in anything.

Miss J. Leach, 624, Baily Street, Camden, **New Jersey, U.S.A.**; girl correspondents; age 12-15; sports, books; Japan.

Miss B. Dewar, 3011, Kearsarge Ave., Camden, **New Jersey, U.S.A.**; girl correspondents; age 14-16; America.

Miss E. Byrne, 3, Parton Street, Southampton Row, **London, W.C.1**; girl correspondents, age 13-14; pen pals; anywhere except London.

D. C. Pace, 132, Wandless Ave., Toronto, **Ontario, Canada**; age 14-16; stamps and hobbies.

D. Gill, 25, Morton Street, Queenbeyan, New South Wales, **Australia**; age 13-15; stamps; England, Canada, New Zealand.

C. Thomas, 31, Tower Road, Kingswood, Bristol; age 12-14; stamps, especially jubilees and Edward VII.; any part of the Empire.

B. Cloutman, Wayside, Dorchester Road, Weymouth; age 11-14; cricket, rugby, films; British Empire.

A. Pollard, 154, Divinity Road, Oxford; age 14-17; pen pals; stamps, sport, films.

V. C. Tipping, 7, Eden Terrace, Londonderry, Ireland; pen pals interested in St. Frank's stories, cricket, and Gilbert & Sullivan Operas.

E. Grayson, 144, Sandford Grove Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield; sports, chiefly swimming; any part of the world.

Miss Joan Knight, 32, Edwin Street, Croydon, New South Wales, **Australia**; girl correspondents; age 11-13; stamps and general topics; overseas.

J. L. Fenaughty, 12, Argentine Ave., Miramar, Wellington, **New Zealand**; stamps and sports; any part of the world.

Miss E. Boote, 1, Woodland View, Main Road, Oncham, I.O.M.; girl correspondents; Scotland; 14-15; sports, Girl Guides, films.

Miss S. Shepard, 32, Briar Road, Skellow, **N. Doncaster**; girl correspondents; age 15-16; foreign correspondents; general.

Miss M. Timms, 3, Villa Road, Woodlands, **N. Doncaster**; foreign correspondents; age 15-16.

S. G. Bond, P.O. Box, 660, Instambul, Turkey; stamps; general.

Miss J. Suntz, 20, Northy Street, Witbank, Transvaal, **S. Africa**; girl correspondents; age 11-14; overseas.

Miss J. Hind, c/o Mrs. Lea, 31, Carsick View Road, Sheffield 10; girl correspondents; age 20-30; **Australia, Canada, S. Africa**.

K. Walton, 71, Leighcliff Road, Leigh-on-Sea, **Essex**; age 11-14; films, books; overseas.

G. Pynegar, 15, Westfield Road, Beckenham, Kent; age 11-14; overseas; films, books, cycling.

R. Walker, 55, Staines Road, Hounslow, **Middlesex**; age 14-16; stamps.

Chua Eng Chan, 13, Main Road, Padang Rengas, **Perak**; age 15-16; stamps, sports.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,533.

It was pretty clear that nothing could be effected, so long as the aliens were "ragging one" another on their differences, and they had determined to pull together for the important purpose of crushing Greyfriars. But how long the unity would last was a difficult question to answer.

Lerouge's suggestion was greeted with cheers.

The excitable foreigners were, as ready to fight as to make friends.

"I move," repeated Lerouge, encouraged by the enthusiasm which his suggestion had evoked. "I move zat our friend, Meunier, shake hands with our ozzer friend Hoffman, and zat zere is peace and union."

"Goat!"

"Bravo!"

"Vive Lerouge!"

"I second zat motion," said Limburger. "Tat our friend Hoffman shake hands with our friend Meunier, and tat ve all 'pe' goat 'friends' and allies, till ve have knock down and crush te Greyfriars 'peegs'."

"I agree viz zat," said Meunier. "I zink zat I have a great respect for Hoffman, and also for Sherman."

"I tink tat I admire Meunier," said Hoffman, "and tat I also have te great admiration for te France."

"Zat I shake you by ze hand, my shum."

"Tat I also shakes your hand, mein friend."

The aliens cheered the shaking of hands. The old feud was healed again—for a time.

"And now," said Hoffman, "I tink tat ve puts our heads togodder, and it, and zats out te plan to knock down te Greyfriars pounders."

"I zink zat also," said Lerouge.

"Messieurs," began Meunier, "with an important air, 'I zink zat I have ze plan.'"

"Zat you speaks him, zen?"

"Non, non! I have ze plain; zat I zink zat my friend Hoffman have perhaps better vun, and I wait for him to speak."

Fritz Hoffman shook his head.

"I stand peck for my friend Adolphe to speak."

"Non, non!"

"Ja, ja!"

"I insists upon my shum Fritz speaking first."

"I insists upon my friend Adolphe speaking first."

"My dear Fritz—"

"My dear Adolphe—"

"Ze vun zat have ze plan speak first," said Lerouge; and this brilliant suggestion was greeted with acclamation.

"I have no plan before," said Hoffman. "I tink tat I soon tink out a plan, but I tink tat I have not tink you zink it, so I tink ve hear vat Meunier tink."

"Tat is right," said Limburger. "Zat you tink, Meunier?"

"If my friend Fritz give me permission zat I speak first—"

"Certainly, my dear Adolphe."

"Zen I speaks."

"Goat! Ve listens mit ali te ears. Gentlemen, I calls for te silence while our goat friend Adolphe speaks mit himself."

"Mes amis," said Meunier, "at ze request of ze friend Fritz I speaks first."

"Vive Meunier!"

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"Vive Hoffman!"

"Pravo!"

"I say zat I have a plan," said Meunier. "I zink zat it is not so good a plan as our friend Fritz would zink of, if he zought about it—"

"Ja, ja!" said Hoffman. "Not at all, my dear Adolphe."

"Out, out! I tink, my dear Fritz, 'Ve have not time to plan yet," said Limburger.

"Zat is correct. I go on viz ze plan. You are all avace, mes amis, zat ze Greyfriars 'pounders' get ze better of us zis afternoon. I zink zat ve

avenge ze hair of ze Academy by going into ze Close and lick ze zem in one big fight; but I zink also zat zey are more use to ze fist zat ze are, so zat not a good plan."

"Non, non!"

"Zerefore, I zink out a plan zat vill put zem in zeir place, and make zem vat ze English call sing small viz zem selves."

"Vive Meunier!"

"Hoelt! Pravo!"

"I zink zat is ze plan. Ve vill crush zem, mes amis—ve vill crush zem! But not viz ze fist. Ve vill crush zem viz ze contempt."

"Vive zat, mes ami!"

"Mit vat, Meunier?"

"Viz ze contempt," said Meunier.

"Ve takes our little yalks in ze Cloisters, and in ze Close of Greyfriars—but ve not enters into any fights viz zem. You ve meets a Greyfriars garcon, shangs up ze shoulders like zis." Meunier shrugged his shoulders almost up to his ears. "And zen ve turns our back on him like zat." Meunier swung round on his heel. "I zink zat zat make zem sing small, mes amis."

"I, George!" said Hoffman. "I tink tat tat is te most excellent plan tat it is possible to tink of. Ve not enters into any rows mit tem, but ve treats tem mit fearful contempt."

"Goat!" said Limburger. "I tink tat ve owe our friend Meunier a vote of thanks for tinkin' of tat splendid plan."

"Vive Meunier!"

"Pravo!"

"It is vat te English boys call 'ripping a yarn,'" said Hoffman, beaming with delight. "Ven ve meets tem shangs up ze shoulders like zat!"

"Goat! Zat vill make zem feel ferry small."

"Ten ve turns on te heel like tat!"

"Zat is correct."

"My dear Adolphe, tat is petter plan tan any I could ofer tink of before. I tink in. I shakes your hand, Adolphe."

And the rivals shook hands again with glee.

And so the great plan for humbling Greyfriars was formed—but how far it would succeed in carrying the Remove was another question.

(What's the best way of combating a barrage of shrugging shoulders? The Greyfriars jokers discover it in next week's fine story for the immense surprise of their alien rivals.)

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