

THE LAUGH OF A LIFETIME!—"EDITOR GRUNDY!"—INSIDE.

The

GEM

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GRUNDY'S
WEEKLY



EDITOR
GRUNDY!

No. 1,540. Vol. LII.

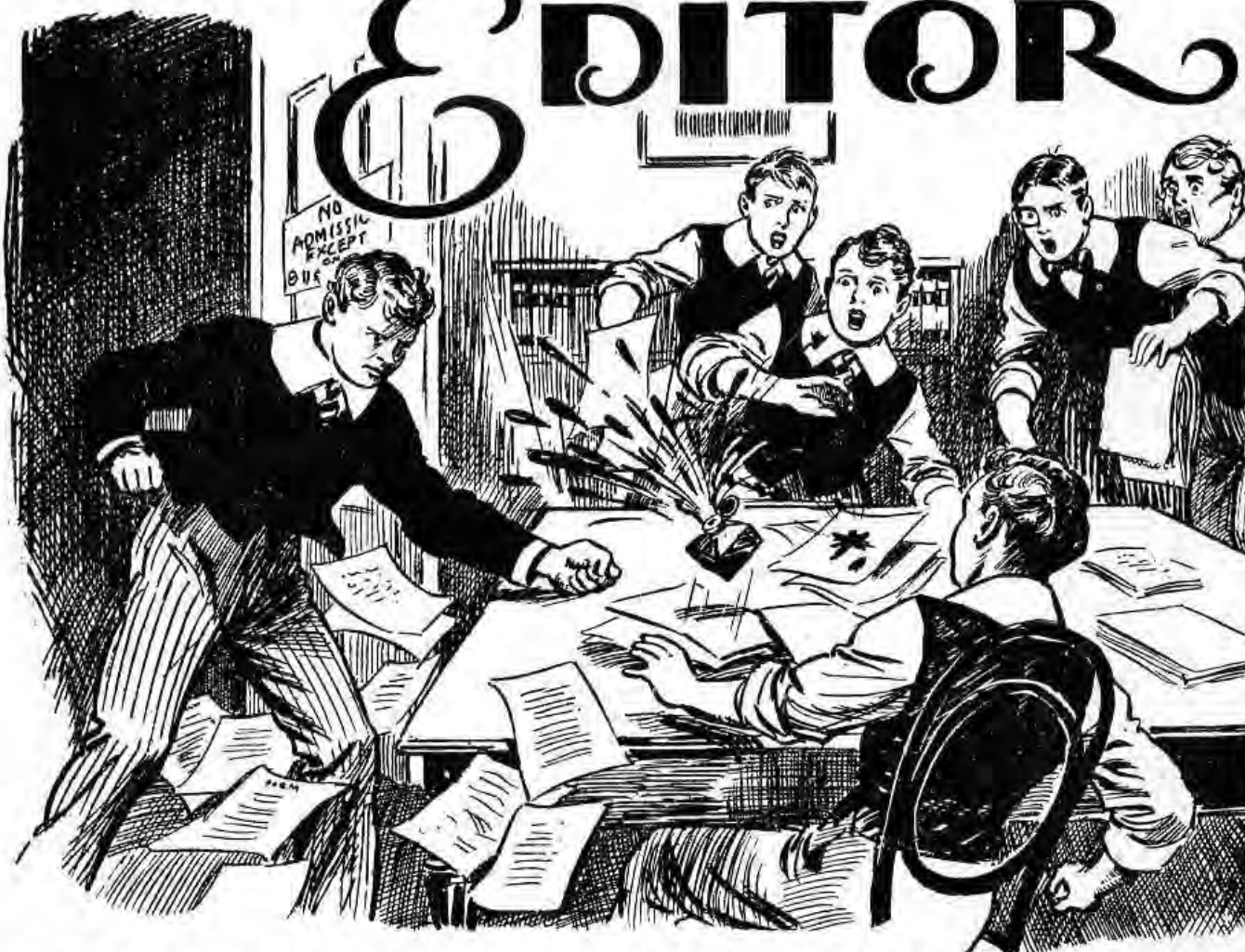
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Week Ending August 21st, 1937.



THE SCHOOLBOY EDITOR WHO IS THE WORLD'S WORST SPELLER—AND DOESN'T KNOW IT!

EDITOR



Bang! Grundy brought his flat down on the table with a concussion that made the inkpot dance. There was a yell from Lowther as a stream of ink obliterated several of his jokes. "You fathead! Wharrer you at?" "I'm not standing this!" roared George Alfred. "You're not going to keep my story out of the 'Weekly'!"

CHAPTER 1. No Admittance!

THERE was a large card pinned upon the outside of Tom Merry's door in the Shell passage in the School House. It bore an inscription in large capital letters, daubed in with a large brush, and a liberal supply of ink. The supply of ink, indeed, had been so liberal that a good deal of it had run down from the letters to the bottom edge of the cardboard, giving the important notice a streaky appearance. It ran—the notice, as well as the ink:

"EDITORIAL OFFICE!
NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT
ON BUSINESS!"

Which proved to all who were interested, and to St. Jim's generally, that the staff of "Tom Merry's Weekly" were engaged upon the production of a new number of that celebrated journal.

It was really high time for a new number. The journal was, as Monty Lowther declared, weekly in name, and weakly in constitution. It only appeared on occasions when the number—
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ous staff of editors and sub-editors were not too busy about cricket, rowing, scouting, or ragging.

When Tom Merry, as Chief Editor, made up his mind that another number was imperatively necessary, he was accustomed to round up the staff into the editorial office, very much as a cowboy rounds up steers into a corral. In fact, the Chief Editor had been seen on one occasion driving his staff into the office with a cricket stump.

Tom Merry's study was crowded now. There were ten juniors in the room, and they were all editors. They had plenty to do.

Tom Merry was busy upon a leading article. Monty Lowther was compiling, or perpetrating, his usual column of comicalities. Manners, also as usual, was very busy about photography.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the fashion editor, was concentrating his mighty intellect upon the subject of the latest thing in curly brims for top hats. Jack Blake was dealing with cricket in a masterly manner. Herries had a column on dogs. Robert Arthur Digby dealt with pets.

Figgins & Co. of the New House were also there. Figgins was turning out a new instalment of his blood-curdling, Wild West serial. Kerr was

engaged on the "History of Scotland." Fatty Wynn, who was musical, was doing an article on the Welsh harp, which he said would give the paper a tone.

Ten pens scratched away busily. There was a pile of manuscript on the table from outside contributors. They had to be gone through, and selected or rejected. The "copy" also came in useful for providing pen-wipers.

Naturally, the crowd of editors and sub-editors did not want to be interrupted in their editorial labours. Hence the prominent notice on the door.

Fellows who came along to the study to "jaw" saw the notice and passed on. Those who looked in and "jawed," in spite of the notice, were greeted with abusive epithets, or a cushion, or, in extreme cases, an inkpot.

Skimpole had received an inkpot. He had stepped in with an article on Determinism, and stepped out again a little more rapidly, streaming with ink. He was now very busy in a bath-room.

The ten pens drove away manfully, and the latest number of the "Weekly" grew and grew under the efforts of the staff. There was silence

YOU'LL FIND LAUGHS GALORE IN THIS SPARKLING STORY STARRING G. A. GRUNDY,
THE CHAMPION CHUMP OF ST. JIM'S.

GRUNDY!



By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

in the study, save for the scratching of pens, and an occasional chuckle from Monty Lowther. Lowther, like a true humorist, was greatly tickled by his own jokes, though common-or-garden readers had been seen to peruse them with grave and puzzled faces.

Grundy of the Shell came along the passage and stopped at the door of Tom Merry's study. He read the prominent notice, and snorted. George Alfred Grundy had a most expressive snort.

He turned the handle of the door and opened it, and stepped into the study.

Tom Merry looked round, and pointed with his pen to the passage.

"Travel!" he remarked concisely.

"I've come—"

"Didn't you see the notice on the door?"

"Yes, fathead!"

"No admittance, except on business. Bunk!"

"Yaas. Clear off, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You are intewwuptin' the editowial labahs, you know."

"I'm here on business," said Grundy.

"Outside, please!"

"Look here—"

"Only editors and sub-editors admitted on business," explained Tom Merry. "No dogs or outsiders admitted! Good-bye!"

Grundy snorted again.

"You're doing a number of the 'Weekly,'" he remarked.

"Yes. Sheer off!"

"I've got a contribution."

"My hat!"

Tom Merry smiled at the idea of George Alfred Grundy contributing to the "Weekly." Grundy had never struck him as possessing literary tastes.

Grundy was a tremendously big fellow with two big fists, and in a "scrap" he was admitted first-class. But the things that he couldn't do were innumerable. He couldn't play cricket, though he thought he could. He couldn't see that he was an ass, a fact which was perfectly obvious to everybody else in the two Houses at St. Jim's.

When George Alfred Grundy finds that his literary ability is unappreciated by the editorial staff of "Tom Merry's Weekly," his reply is to run a rival paper. But the first number is far more amazing and amusing than Editor Grundy ever intended!

He was a new fellow in the school, and he had come like Caesar—to come, to see, and to conquer. That idea, however, had been somewhat knocked out of him in the Shell of St. Jim's.

Grundy's idea was that he ought to have a hand in everything that was going on, and an authoritative hand, too. He found few fellows to agree with him on that point. Wilkins and Gunn, in his own study, agreed with him—perhaps for the sake of a quiet life. Outside his own study it surprised and exasperated Grundy to find that he was generally sat upon.

Grundy produced a roll of manuscript from his pocket. It was covered with very large writing, in sprawling characters, and in the original orthography for which Grundy of the Shell was distinguished.

"Look at that!" said Grundy.

Tom Merry pointed with his pen to the pile of manuscript on the corner of the table.

"Put it there!"

"What for?"

"We're going over the outside contributions later."

"I want it to go in."

"That depends on the quality."

"Oh, the quality's all right!" said Grundy confidently.

"And upon the amount of space at
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the editor's disposal, after the regular contributions have been shoved in."

"Bosh!"

"Eh?"

"I want this to go in," said Grundy. "I've been looking over an old number of the mag. It struck me as being very weak."

"You cheeky ass—"

"I thought it was piffle from start to finish, to tell you the truth," said Grundy. "What with Figgins' fat-headed serial—"

"What?" ejaculated Figgins.

"And D'Arcy's silly rot about silly clothes—"

"Bai Jove!"

"And Lowther's idiotic chestnuts—"

"You silly ass!" roared Lowther.

"And a silly, piffing leading article!"

"Why, I did the leading article!" shouted Tom Merry.

"Yes, I thought you did," assented Grundy. "It was rot from beginning to end. Your spelling is bad, too."

"My spelling?"

"Yes. You spelt 'beginning' with a double 'n.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to cackle at, that I can see," said Grundy. "Now I'm going to talk to you plainly—"

"You're not going to talk at all—you're going out!"

"I never stand any rot," pursued Grundy, unheeding. "I want my story to go in. It will save this number from being as rotten as the last, if there's one good thing in it. Mine's a story of the Spanish Civil War. Look at it!"

"All in good time."

"Look at it now," said Grundy. "Run your eye over the first page and you'll see what a ripping story it is."

Tom Merry looked round for a cushion. There wasn't one within reach, so he sighed, and took Grundy's ripping story, and glanced over the first page.

Some of the staff glanced over it, too, and there was a chuckle in the editorial office. The story was entitled: "Under the Spanish Flag," and it began:

"The sun had sett, and depe darkness shadowed the trenches outside Madrid. A thunderus kannonade rored, and high in the air saled the murderus shels, pored out by jigantic guns. The ground was cuvered with dead and dying, and the rore of the heavy guns mingled with the shreeks of the woonded, the grones of the injured, and the mones of the damidged hoarses, not to mention the horse cries of the still and silent forms stretched out under the wite and goastly lite of the moon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The gravity of the editorial office was completely gone. The staff of "Tom Merry's Weekly" were doubled up.

Grundy of the Shell glared at them. "You silly duffers!" he shouted.

"What are you cackling at? That's what I call good, descriptive writing."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!" moaned Tom Merry. "It's a little too descriptive. You see, the hoarse cries of silent forms—"

"And the light of the moon in the deep darkness—"

"Go away, Grundy!"

"Take it away and bury it!"

"I expected something of this sort," said Grundy bitterly. "It's just the

same with the cricket—you keep out a good man because of paltry jealousy. Now you want to keep my story out of the 'Weekly,' because it would show up your own rot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang!

Grundy brought his big fist down on the table with a concussion that made the inkpot dance. There was a yell from Lowther as a stream of ink obliterated several of his best jokes at one fell swoop.

"You fathead! Wharrer you at?"

"I'm not standing this!" roared Grundy. "And I tell you plain—"

"Chuck him out!"

"Give him the ink!"

"Outside, you fathead!"

"Are you going?"

"No, I'm not going!" bellowed Grundy, and his emphatic fist smote the table again with a bang. "And I say—Leggo! Yaroooh! I'll scalp you—I'll pulverise you! Oh, my hat!"

The whole editorial staff piled on Grundy. He was seized on all sides by indignant editors and sub-editors. In a wild and whirling crowd, the staff swooped him through the doorway.

Crash!

Grundy landed in the passage.

"Gimme the ink!" yelled Tom Merry.

Grundy sat up, blinking. Blake handed out the ink, and Tom Merry, with a skilful sweep of the inkpot, jerked its contents fairly upon Grundy's head.

Splash!

"Yoooooop! Grooooooogh!"

Then the door slammed.

Grundy staggered to his feet, the ink streaming down his face. He fairly hurled himself at the study door and burst into the study again like a cyclone.

But the editorial blood was up now, and the editors struggled to get at him. Many hands grasped him on all sides, and he was bumped on the floor and then hurled into the passage again.

This time he stayed there.

It was several minutes before he recovered sufficiently to crawl away to his own study.

In the editorial office there was a sound of chuckling, followed by the scratching of pens. The staff were busy once more, and the new number was growing, but in that number there was not included the ripping literary effort of George Alfred Grundy.

CHAPTER 2.

Grundy Means Business!

WILKINS and Gunn smiled.

They couldn't help it.

Grundy had lumped back into his study, and his study-mates found his appearance irresistible.

His rugged countenance was almost obliterated by ink, his collar was torn out, and he was covered with dust.

Grundy was always looking for trouble, and generally finding it. He looked now as if he had found trouble upon an unusually extensive scale.

"Groogh!" said Grundy, as he came in.

"Had an accident?" asked Wilkins.

"Gug-gug!"

"There's a bath-room in the next passage," hinted Gunn; he certainly thought that George Alfred Grundy needed a wash.

"What are you grinning at?" demanded Grundy.

"Grinning? Was I grinning?" murmured Gunn.

"Yes, you were. Why, you are now, you silly ass! Is there anything funny in a chap being smothered with ink by a set of cheeky rotters?" roared Grundy.

"Not at all—ha, ha, ha!—not a bit of it. It isn't funny—ha, ha, ha! Excuse me," gurgled Gunn, "but—but you are rather inky, you know. What's the little game? Here, keep off!"

Gunn dodged round the table.

Grundy glared through the ink and breathed hard.

"There's nothing funny in this," he panted.

"Of course there isn't!" murmured Wilkins. "Shut up, Gunny! There's nothing to cackle at—he, he, he!—nothing at all."

"You're cackling yourself!" howled Grundy.

"Was I?" Wilkins made a manful effort and recovered his gravity. "Ahem! Hum! H'm! What's happened, old chap? You do look inky, you know."

"I've been to see the silly editors of that silly 'Weekly,'" growled Grundy. "I took them my new story—the one I showed you. Now, you fellows know what that story's like. Why, you gurgling idiot, what are you cackling at now?"

"N-nothing. They accepted the story, of course?"

"They refused it. Sheer jealousy!"

"I suppose Lowther didn't want anything new in his line in the paper," said Wilkins soothingly.

"Lowther?" repeated Grundy. "It wouldn't clash with Lowther's stuff. Lowther's stuff is comic."

"Yes, that's what I mean. I—I mean, of course, you're right!" stammered Wilkins. "What reason did they give for—refusing that ripping yarn? Didn't they like the spelling?"

"What's the matter with the spelling?"

"N-nothing, of course."

"They didn't give any reason," said Grundy. "They simply cackled. Every fellow I've shown that story to has cackled. I'm blessed if I know why. Now, you fellows, I never stand any rot. I've been kept out of the cricket because there's a dead set against me. I'm not going to be kept out of the school magazine in the same way. I'm determined on that."

"But—but if they won't put your stuff in—"

"They've got to."

"You're going to wallop the lot of them?" asked Wilkins innocently.

"How can I wallop ten chaps at once?" growled Grundy. "You'd hardly believe it, but they actually chucked me out of the study."

Wilkins and Gunn could quite believe it, but they assumed expressions of sympathetic surprise.

"You don't say so," murmured Wilkins.

"Awful cheek!" said Gunn.

"But I'm not standing it. I'm resolved that my story goes into that number. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, you know. When Tom Merry sees my story being devoured by all the readers, and when they ask for more, he will understand what he's trying to miss. If he really understood literary merits I think he'd have sense enough to put my work in. He's bound to want to buck up the paper, if he can. He can't like it being such a

heap of dashed rubbish, I suppose. Well, my story's going in."

"But—but how?" stammered Gunn.

"I'm going to put it in."

"Without the consent of the editor?"

"I shan't take any notice of the editor. Mind, I'm not asking to be paid for this story. I give it gratis. In the circumstances, I feel entitled to disregard a silly editor who doesn't know a good thing when he sees it!"

"Ye-es; but how—"

"There are ways and means," said Grundy darkly. "You fellows are going to help me."

"Oh, we'll help!" said Wilkins. "We'll talk about it over tea—"

"Blow tea! I'm going to get a wash now. But that story's going in, and if you fellows can suggest a way I'll be glad. I can't think of a way at present, but it's got to be done. You know I never stand any rot."

Grundy swung away out of the study, leaving Wilkins and Gunn grinning at one another.

How George Alfred was to get his story into the "Weekly" without the consent of the editorial staff was a mystery. But George Alfred had evidently made up his mind, and G. A. Grundy was a determined chap.

Grundy tramped away, frowning, to a bath-room. He met Levison of the Fourth in the passage.

Levison had a sheet of manuscript in his hand, and was on his way to the editorial office. He stared at Grundy's inky face.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Levison.

"Where did you get that faco, Grundy?"

Grundy did not reply to the question. He made a rush at Levison. He was feeling an intense desire to wallop somebody, and Ernest Levison had come along in the nick of time, as it were.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Levison. "Oh, my hat!"

He fled along the passage, with Grundy after him, breathing fire and slaughter. Levison ran for his life and reached Tom Merry's study, and tore open the door and rushed in.

There was a whoop from the editorial staff.

"Get out!"

"Rescue!" gasped Levison.

Grundy rushed in.

"Hallo, Grundy again!"

"Kick him out!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Grundy whirled into the passage faster than he had entered the study. Two or three editors pursued him there, with a cricket-stump, a bat, a poker and a ruler.

Grundy fled along the passage, yelling, and the editors returned, panting, to the office.

"I fancy we're done with him now!" gasped Tom Merry. "It wouldn't be all lavender to be an editor if all contributors were like that. I've dented my bat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I've dented Grundy," remarked Blake. "Levison, there's a passage outside. Didn't you see the notice on the door?"

"I hadn't time," explained Levison, "I've brought you a contribution."

"Put it on the table and bunk."

"But is it going in?"

"That's got to be settled. But what's settled already is, that you're going out. Will you go on your feet or your neck?"

Levison decided to go on his feet.

CHAPTER 3.

No Luck!

"**D**ONE!"

"Hurrah!"

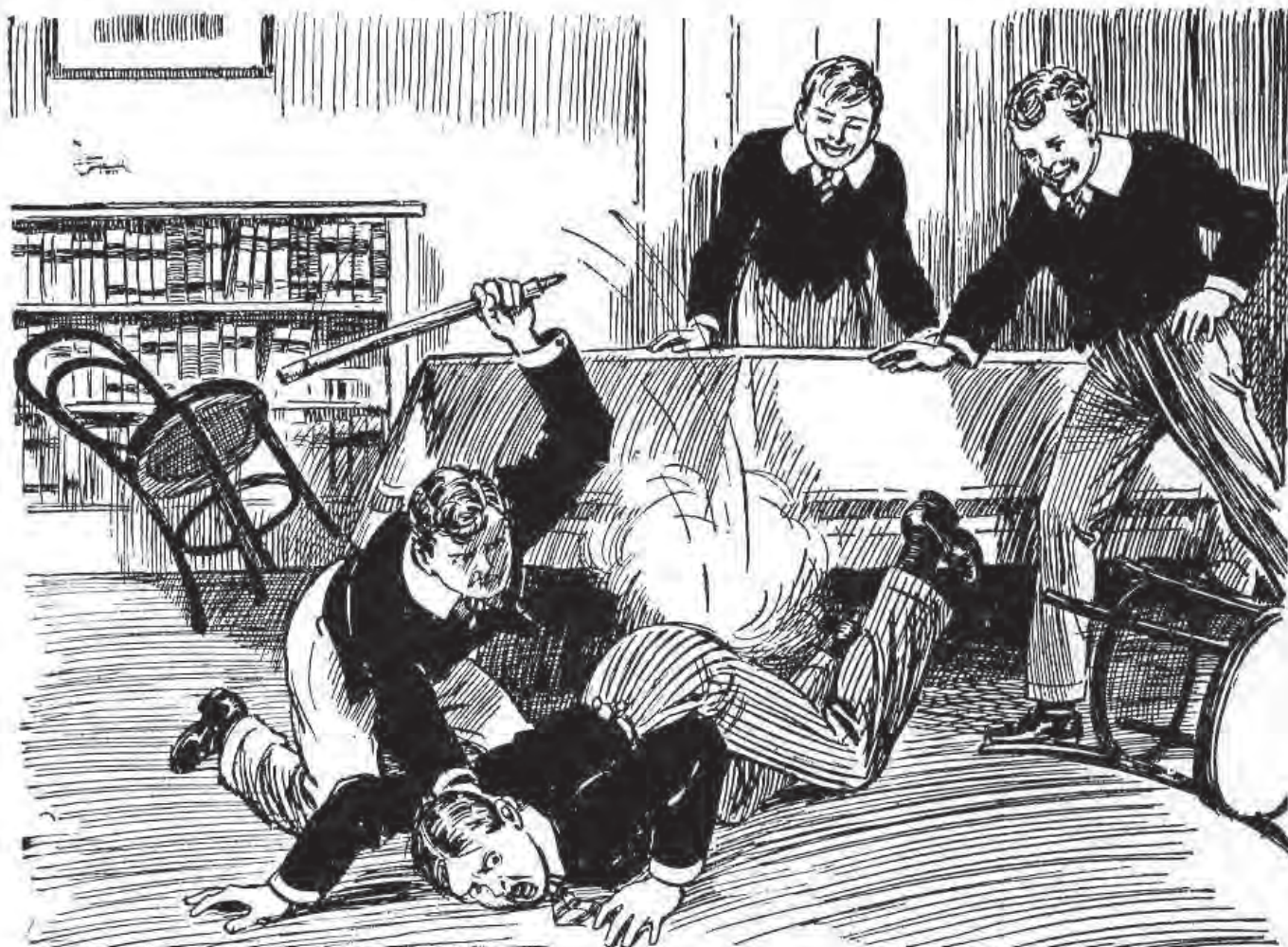
"Bai Jove! We've weally made a wecord with this numbah," said Arthur Augustus, with great satisfaction. "We shall be able to get it down to the pwintah this evenin', deah boys!"

The editorial staff were feeling pleased with themselves. Their literary work was done, and it only remained to fill up the vacant spaces in the journal with selections from outside contributors.

It was decided to examine those valuable contributions over tea. It was already late for tea, and the staff were hungry.

The editorial office became a study again, and the juniors crowded round a well-spread table. While they disposed of poached eggs and toast and cake they looked over the contributions, amid a good deal of laughter. The literary standard of the "Weekly" was high, and most of the articles and stories and poems did not come up to it.

"First item—'Ode to a Dying Sky-



In a moment, Grundy's strong grasp was on Levison, and the cad of the Fourth was pinned down to the floor. Then the stump rose and fell. Whack, whack, whack! "Yow-wow-wow!" roared Levison. "Stoppt! Ow!"

lark,' by Dibbs of the Fourth," said Blake.

"Upon the ground I see thee stretched,
Poor dying lark, no help is nigh!
Alas, alas, alackaday!
A tear of sympathy dims mine
eye!"

"Oh, don't!" said Tom Merry.
"Declined with thanks! Extra thanks
if Dibbs doesn't do it any more."

"Here's Levison's little bit. By Jove,
this isn't so bad!" said Blake. "Levison
is rather a clever beast, you know."

"Better look at that carefully," said
Monty Lowther. "Levison is jolly deep
and there may be more in it than meets
the eye. He's played tricks on us before
with his contributions."

"Read it out!"

Jack Blake proceeded to read it out:

"Tom Merry's Weekly"—
A Reader's Tribute!

"This paper is the pride

Of all St. Jim's.

Many rivals have been tried,

Merry beats them to the wide.

Easily he keeps the field,

Rivals always have to yield.

Readers follow Merry meekly,

Young and old enjoy the "Weekly."

In these pages, ever new,

Sparkle wit and wisdom, too.

Always bright and always merry,

Bright as sparkling cham or sherry,

Under Merry's able lead,

Readers get just what they need.

Best of school mags, far or near,

Long may it flourish here.

In its present palmy state,

Never may its fame abate.

Give a cheer, then, for the

"Weekly."

And its praises ever speak,

So that it still may prosper,

Still delight us every week!"

Tom Merry & Co. listened in astonish-
ment as Blake read out Levison's poetic
tribute to the "Weekly."

The poetry, perhaps, could not be
praised very highly, but the sentiment
was certainly excellent. It showed an

appreciation on the part of Levison
which the editors had never expected
before.

"What the dickens is he buttering us
up for like that?" said Figgins,
puzzled.

"Wathah wokey verses," remarked
Arthur Augustus; "and there is one
line without a rhyme at all. But cer-
tainly it is vewy flattewin'."

"Blessed if I know whether we ought
to put it in!" said Tom Merry. "It's
awfully kind of Levison to praise us
like this, but it will look like blowing
our own trumpet to shove it into the
paper."

"Well, as he treats us so jolly well, it
would be rather rough to leave it out,"
remarked Blake. "After all, the
'Weekly' is about the best school mag
going. It beats the Sixth Form
magazine hollow."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"All that Levison says here is true
enough, too," said Manners. "He does
lay it on rather thick, but it's true
enough. There aren't many school mags
like our 'Weekly.' Only Levison never
seemed to see it before."

"However, it would be only wight to
put it in. Aftah all, it will show some
of the weadahs what is thought of the
papah. Some of them are wathah
cwitcal, you know."

"Yes, and 'A Reader's Tribute'
sounds well," said Tom Merry. "I sup-
pose it had better go in."

"Hear, hear!"

All the editorial staff agreed upon it.
Levison's tribute was duly copied out to
fill half a column in the "Weekly."

But the schoolboy editors could not
help feeling puzzled. Levison had
generally regarded the "Weekly" in a
sneering sort of way, and made fun of
the stories, the articles, and the little
jokes.

It was quite a right-about-face for the
cad of the Fourth to start praising the
school paper and its editor in this ful-
some manner. Still, as he had come to
have a just appreciation of the
"Weekly" at last, it was only fair that
he should be allowed to say so in its
columns.

Short work was made of most of the
manuscripts that remained in the heap.
The copy was fully made up, and finally
wrapped up to be taken to the printer's
in Rylcombe.

Mr. Tiper, the printer of the local
paper, had the task of producing the
"Weekly," which was quite a handsome
production by the time it was turned
out by Mr. Tiper.

"Now, who's going to take it down to
the printers?" asked Tom Merry.

"Oh, the Chief Editor does that!"
said Blake.

This was agreed by the whole staff.

"But there's still plenty of time for
cricket," said Tom Merry; "and I'm
jolly well going down to practice. I
think Gussy had better go."

"Sowwy, deah boy; I'm playin'
cwicket."

"As sub-editor, Figgins, I think—"

"Good-bye!" yawned Figgins, and he
strolled out of the study with Kerr and
Wynn.

"Bai Jove, it's time we got down to
cwicket, deah boys!" observed Arthur
Augustus D'Arcy. "Pway don't be late
with the copy, Tom Mewwy."

Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy
followed Figgins & Co.

Tom Merry frowned.

"Look here, what's the good of being
a blessed editor if you can't give orders
to your blessed staff?" he demanded.
"Manners, I think—"

"You think it's time I got on with
my films?" remarked Manners. "So do
I, old chap. See you later."

Manners sauntered out.

Tom Merry looked at Monty Lowther,
and Monty Lowther looked at Tom
Merry.

"Toss up for it!" suggested Tom.

"My dear chap, I wouldn't think of
encroaching on your rights as Chief
Editor," said Lowther affectionately. "I
should advise you to go on your bike,
and you'll catch Tiper before he closes.
Ta-ta!"

And Lowther departed.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r!" said Tom Merry.

He looked out of the window at the
distant cricket field. Then he looked
at the bundle on the table.

The captain of the Shell wanted to
go down to the cricket. But his duty
as Chief Editor apparently included
services as messenger-boy, and the copy
had to be taken to the printer's. Tom
Merry reflected.

"Dash it all—it's all right if it gets
there in the morning! I'll post it,
anyway."

And Tom Merry hunted through his
study for stamps, and stuck four on the
parcel, and left the study with it under
his arm.

His destination was not Mr. Tiper's
shop in Rylcombe, but the letter-box in
the school hall.

It might lead to the "Weekly"
appearing a day later than had been
planned, but that could not be helped.
Cricket came before school mags.,
anyway.

Grundy looked out of his study as he
passed with the copy under his arm.

Grundy's eyes gleamed.

He turned back into the study, and
met the inquiring glances of Wilkins
and Gunn.

"Come on!" he whispered.

"What's the game?"

"That ass is going down to Rylcombe
with the copy."

"Well?"

"We're going to collar him on the
road, and make him put my story in."

"How on earth will you do that?"

"Easy enough. We'll hold his head in
a ditch till he does it."

"Oh crumbs!"

The Man in the Dark!

Who was the intruder who entered the Remove dormitory at midnight intent on kidnapping the Chinese junior, Wun Lung? What malignant enmity did he cherish against the boy from the East? Could it have been Doctor Sin, the man who poses as Wun Lung's friend? All Greyfriars is asking these questions, and only Billy Bunter can supply the answer! Here's a story you won't forget in a hurry—the first yarn of a spine-chilling new series. Read—

"THE SINISTER DOCTOR SIN!"

the grand long tale appearing
in Saturday's issue of



The MAGNET

On Sale Saturday, August 21st, at all Newsagents 2d

That extraordinary method of getting one's contributions accepted by an editor seemed to astonish Wilkins and Gunn. But Grundy meant business.

"Come on!" he snapped. "You're wasting time!"

"Oh, all right!" gasped Wilkins.

Grundy's word was law in Study No. 5. His two loyal followers hurried out after him, and they rushed downstairs to get on the track of Tom Merry.

As they came dashing into the quadrangle they met the captain of the Shell. There was nothing under his arm now.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Grundy.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry in some surprise.

"Aren't you going down to the printer's?"

"No."

"Where's the copy, then?"

"I've posted it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"What does it matter?" asked Tom Merry in wonder.

"Posted it!" mumbled Grundy.

"Posted it, by gum! Oh, you rotter! Then my contribution—oh, you boulder!"

"But what—" Tom Merry was beginning, and then it dawned upon him, and he burst into a laugh. "Ha, ha, ha! You cheeky ass! Did you think you could force me to include your rubbish?"

"I'm going to have my story in, yet!" roared Grundy. "If you think you can keep the only good story out of the mag., you're mistaken, see?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry walked away to the cricket ground, still laughing.

Wilkins and Gunn were grinning, but they tried to hide their smiles as Grundy glared at them.

"Done!" growled Grundy.

"Can't be helped!" murmured Wilkins. "Wait for the next number, old chap!"

"Blow the next number! My story's going into this number!" growled Grundy. "I tell you I'm not standing any rot! Look here, you fellows have been here longer than I have, and I suppose you know about it. Do they have any proofs of that rot before it's printed?"

Wilkins nodded.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Oh!" said Grundy, relieved. "That's where we come in then. I'll jolly well show them whether my contribution's going to be left out!"

All the editors and contributors of "Tom Merry's Weekly" were keen for the proofs to arrive; but the fellow who was keenest was neither an editor nor a contributor.

Grundy had deep and dark designs on those proofs. It only remained to be seen whether he could carry them out.

CHAPTER 4.

Levison's Little Joke!

"HERE you are, deah boys!" It was a very large letter for Tom Merry, a couple of days later.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy found it in the rack when the juniors came out of their Form-rooms after lessons.

It contained the proofs of the latest number of "Tom Merry's Weekly," sent for correction by Mr. Tiper.

Tom Merry opened the packet on the table in the hall, and the juniors gathered round to look at their contributions in print.



If "Tom Merry's Weekly" had justified its title, and appeared every week, there would not have been so much novelty about it; but the intermittent appearance of the celebrated journal prevented the contributors from growing "blase," as the French say. There was still a pleasant interest in seeing their writings reproduced in print.

The work of correcting their proofs was "whacked out" among the staff.

There had been a disposition to include proof-correcting among the duties of the Chief Editor. But Tom Merry had not performed that task to the general satisfaction.

Some of Monty Lowther's finest jokes had suffered from over-correction. In Figgy's serial, the sentence, "the greatest chief of modern times," had inadvertently been corrected into "the greatest thief of modern times."

Such little mistakes on the part of an amateur proof-reader could not be helped, but they caused the Editor-in-chief to be relieved of the duty of general proof-reader.

"Bai Jove, this weads wippingly!" said Arthur Augustus, capturing one page of the proofs, and glancing over it with great satisfaction.

"My leading article?" asked Tom Merry.

"Wats! No."

"You've got my serial there?" asked Figgy.

"Certainly not, you ass!"

"Oh, my comic column?" said Lowther.

"Wubbish! I'm weadin' my own article—"

"Great Scott! The fashion column! Now, I don't want to discourage you, Gussy, but, as a friend, I can't help mentioning that that column is utter rot!"

"I wegard my fashion column as vewy neahly the best thing in the papah, Lowthah."

"Great Scott!" suddenly ejaculated Talbot of the Shell.

"Hallo! What's the matter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Talbot was reading over Levison's poem, which filled half a column in print. "Oh, my hat!"

Tom Merry looked puzzled.

"Oh, that's Levison's!" he said. "A tribute from a reader, you know. It's laid on rather thick, but I suppose he means well."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't quite see where the cackle

comes in," said Tom, in perplexity. "It isn't much of a poem, but the sentiment's all right. It's perfectly true what Levison says, you know."

"Is it?" chuckled Talbot. "Have you read all that he says?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Then, you admit it?"

"Eh, what?"

"That you are a burbling ass," chuckled Talbot.

Tom Merry looked astonished.

"Levison doesn't say that," he said. "His poem is simply praise for the 'Weekly,' rather fulsome, perhaps—"

"You haven't seen it all," grinned Talbot. "Perhaps you didn't notice it in handwriting. It's plainer in print. Look at it!"

Tom Merry took the sheet, and read over Levison's poem—that appreciative production beginning, "This paper is the pride," etc.

Tom read the poem through, and then looked at Talbot.

"Blessed if I see it! Suppose you explain instead of cackling, old chap. I don't see any harm in this."

"Ever heard of acrostics?" asked Talbot.

"Acrostics?" repeated Tom, with a start.

"Read the initials of the lines downwards—the first letter in every line," said Talbot, laughing.

Tom Merry, his brows contracting, looked at the poem again. He read the first letters of the lines downward. They ran:

"TOMMERRYISABURLINGASS."

It was easy enough to separate these letters into words once Tom Merry's attention had been directed to the acrostic.

"TOM MERRY IS A BURBLING ASS."

Tom flushed crimson.

There was a shout of laughter from the rest of the staff, as they all read over Levison's precious acrostic. The poetic flattery of the "Weekly" was explained now. Levison had been liberal with "soft soap" in order to introduce his acrostic unsuspected into the columns of the "Weekly."

Once the production had been safely printed, Levison, of course, intended to draw general attention to it, and Tom Merry knew full well what a yell of laughter would have greeted it, and the fact that the Editor-in-chief had "written himself down an ass" in this way.

"The rotter!" exclaimed Tom wrathfully. "I call that a mean trick!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Vewy true, though," chuckled Arthur Augustus. "An editah who is taken in by a twick like that must be a burblin' ass, you know."

"Levison's hit the nail on the head," said Blake heartily. "Are you leaving the poem in, Tommy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry angrily scored out the poem with his blue pencil. But for Talbot having spotted it, that acrostic would undoubtedly have been printed in the finished number of the "Weekly," and fifty copies would have been spread over St. Jim's—and certainly Tom Merry would never have heard the end of it.

Fortunately, Levison's little joke had not got any further than the proofs, and it was nipped in the bud.

"Much obliged, Talbot!" said Tom.

"Blessed if I noticed it, and I ought to

have been on my guard, too—Levison has tried to play tricks like that before. It's a rotten trick—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And we're jolly well going to show Levison that he can't guy the 'Weekly' in this way!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard it as a feashful check!"

"Here he comes!" grinned Digby.

Levison had just heard of the proofs, and he was coming along to see them. He came up with a smile on his face.

"Let's see the proofs," he remarked.

"Hallo! What have you been scoring out my poem for?"

"Because we've found you out, you rotter!" said Tom Merry. "Collar him!"

"Here, leggo—"

"Three bumps—hard!"

"I—I say, it was only a joke, you know!" gasped Levison, struggling in the editorial grasp. "Only an acoustic—"

"Well, this is only a joke, too!"

Bump!

"Yow! Help!"

"Simply humorous, you know, like your acoustic," said Monty Lowther.

Bump!

"Oh, my hat! Leggo!"

"Oh, you can take a joke, as well as snake one, can't you?" said Lowther.

Bump!

"Yoooooooooooo!"

Levison rolled on the floor, gasping for breath, and feeling considerably hurt.

"Give him another!" said Blake.

"He's so funny, and so fond of jokes!"

Levison leaped to his feet and fled. He did not want any more of these little jokes.

CHAPTER 5.

Black Ingratitude!

THERE was silence in Grundy's study. Grundy was sprawling in the armchair, with his big hands thrust deep into his pockets, and a wrinkle of deep thought on his brow.

Wilkins and Gunn watched him in silence. They did not venture to interrupt the workings of George Alfred's mighty brain.

Grundy was thinking!

It was an unaccustomed exercise for Grundy, and it did not seem to agree with him.

Wilkins, who had ventured upon a harmless remark concerning tea-time, had been snapped at quite ferociously, and since then he had held his peace.

Wilkins and Gunn waited for the great Grundy to get done with his thinking; but Grundy's thoughts seemed to hold him, and to banish all mere considerations of tea-time.

Grundy was thinking of "Tom Merry's Weekly" and his determination that his great story should appear in the columns. The proofs were in Tom Merry's study at that moment—but so were the Terrible Three.

How was he to get at the proofs, and compel the editor to introduce his story there, and let it appear in that number? It was a knotty problem. G. A. Grundy never acknowledged defeat. But he had to admit that he had set himself an exceedingly difficult task.

If it had been merely a personal matter, Grundy might have given it up. But he was really public-spirited. He felt that the school magazine ought to have at least one really good thing in it. He felt that the fitness of things

required that the one really valuable contribution should not be left out.

Then there were the readers to be considered. How pleased they would be to find a really ripping story among so much rot—like a smiling oasis amid the arid desert!

For these public-spirited reasons, more than for really personal ones, George Alfred Grundy was determined not to be beaten. He knew what he was going to do. But he had to admit that he did not quite see how it was to be done.

His great system of "walloping" fellows who did not agree with him did not seem much use at the present juncture. Even the big-hearted and muscular George Alfred could not wallop a whole staff of editors and sub-editors.

Hence the deep think that was keeping G. A. Grundy with wrinkled brows in the armchair, and Wilkins and Gunn waiting dolefully for their tea.

The door opened and Levison came in. The cad of the Fourth came in limping. He had not yet quite recovered from the somewhat heavy punishment he had received at the hands of the "Weekly" staff.

Grundy did not move or look at him. His mental processes were not to be interrupted by a mere Fourth Former.

Levison stared at him and spoke:

"I say, Grundy—"

Then Grundy moved. He jerked his thumb towards the door.

"Get out!"

"But—"

"I'm thinking!"

Levison was inclined to ask "What with?" but he restrained himself. He had not come there to sample Grundy's powerful punch.

"I can give you a tip, Grundy, old man," said Levison. "It's up against those cheeky rotters, you know."

"When I want tips from a Fourth Form fag, I won't forget to mention it!" said Grundy, with heavy sarcasm.

"Look here, you want your rot—I mean, your splendid story—to go into the 'Weekly,'" urged Levison.

"How do you know anything about it?"

"It's a standing joke in the House," Levison grinned.

"Oh, is it?" growled Grundy. "If you've come here to ask for a thick ear, Levison, you've dropped in at the right place."

"I've come to make a suggestion," said Levison pacifically. "You want that story to go in, don't you?"

"It's going in!" said Grundy positively.

"Tom Merry won't put it in, you know."

"I shall decline to take any notice of Tom Merry in the matter!" said the Shell fellow loftily.

"Have you thought of a dodge of getting it in, then?"

"Well, I was thinking of catching Tom Merry on the way to the printer's, and making him put it in," said Grundy thoughtfully. "I could hold his head in the ditch—"

"Then he'd write to the printer, or call again and make him take it out."

"I suppose he would," admitted Grundy; "that's the difficulty. When a fellow's jealous of a chap who can write, he'd do anything."

"Ahem! Exactly. Well, I know how you can get it in, and those rotters won't know till it's appeared in print," said Levison. "They'll find it in the 'Weekly' when the printer sends it home, that's all."

"Go on," said Grundy graciously.

If Levison had a really valuable suggestion to make, the great Grundy was willing to give him a hearing.

"I say, let's talk it over while we have tea!" exclaimed Wilkins, as if struck by a sudden bright idea.

"Bother tea!" said Grundy. "For goodness' sake don't keep on interrupting, Wilkins! I never knew such a chap as you for talking! Get your tea if you want to, but don't jaw, there's a good fellow!"

Wilkins made a grimace. He would have been quite willing to get the tea while Grundy was doing his thinking, but it was, unfortunately, necessary for Grundy to "stand" the tea, Wilkins and Gunn being stony.

But it was evidently useless to talk to Grundy just then about standing tea. Grundy's mind was fixed upon matters more important than tea.

"Go it, Levison!" said Grundy. "If you've got a suggestion to make—"

"My idea is to get hold of the proofs after they've left Tom Merry's hands," said Levison. "Then you can put in what you like, you know, and he won't be any the wiser till the paper comes home from the printer's."

Grundy snorted.

"Can't be did! The beast doesn't take the proofs down to the printer's; he puts them in the school letter-box for the postman. I'd have nobbled them the last time but for that. When they're sent by post I can't get at them. And he's sure to send the proofs back by post."

"All the better," said Levison.

"I don't see it."

"Well, I do. Keep an eye on him, and watch him post the letter with the proofs in it. Then I'll get hold of it."

"How on earth can you get hold of a letter when it's been put into the box?" demanded Grundy, in astonishment.

"Letters can be fished out."

"What!"

"Fished out of the letter-box, you know."

"Why, you silly rotter!" roared Grundy. "Is that your rotten idea? You've come to me to propose robbing a letter-box! My hat!"

Grundy jumped up, and Levison dodged round the table just in time.

"Hold on!" he roared. "Wharrer you at?"

"Lemme get at you! Why, a chap can be sent to prison for robbing a letter-box, you silly fathead! I'll jolly well—"

Levison scuttled round the table again. Wilkins and Gunn looked on, grinning. Levison's rascally proposition deserved some punishment, and it looked as if he were going to get it.

"Hold on!" shrieked Levison, in great alarm. "I—I really didn't mean that, you know. I—I was only putting a case. I—I—"

"You sneaking cad!"

"It's quite another idea I meant!" gasped Levison.

Grundy paused.

"Well, what's the other idea, you rotter?"

Levison panted for breath. It had been a hot chase round the table for a couple of minutes.

"The—the other idea—ahem—"

Levison racked his brain. As a matter of fact, he had no other idea. He had not supposed for a moment that Grundy would object to his precious scheme of robbing the letter-box.

Levison was not particular himself, and he never gave any other fellow the credit for being particular. When a

fellow seemed to be particular. Levison charitably set it down to humbug.

"Well?" roared Grundy.

"You—see—"

"No, I don't see! You're trying to make up a whopper," said Grundy. "You haven't any other idea, only stealing a letter out of a letter-box! You might be put in prison for it, you young idiot!"

"I—I—"

"And I'll show you what I think of your precious idea!" said Grundy.

"Gimme that cricket stump, Gunn!"

"Here you are!" chuckled Gunn.

"Look here—" roared Levison.

He bolted round the table again, with Grundy after him, flourishing the cricket stump.

Wilkins put out a foot, and Levison rolled on the carpet. Grundy's strong grasp was on him the next moment, and Levison was pinned on the floor, face downwards, and the stump rose and fell.

Whack, whack, whack!

Levison yelled with anguish.

Levison never expected gratitude; he did not believe in gratitude, but never had he looked for such black ingratitude as this.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-wow-wow! Stop it!"

"Now, out you go!"

Grundy's heavy boot helped Levison into the passage. The black sheep of the Fourth shook his fist at the burly Shell fellow, and fled as Grundy made a movement with the stump.

Grundy went back into the study.

"What a rotter that fellow is!" he remarked. "I think I've given him a lesson! I say, I'm hungry!"

"So am I!" said Wilkins, with deep feeling.

"Well, why the dickens don't you get tea?"

"Ahem! There's nothing in the cupboard!"

"Why the dickens couldn't you say so before?" said Grundy crossly.

"Why, you wouldn't let me speak a word!" said Wilkins indignantly. "You—"

"Oh, don't jaw! You are such a chap for jawing. Wilkins! You'd jaw the hind leg off a mule! You get the kettle on while I do some shopping."

"Right-ho! But I—"

"Now you're starting again! You go on like a wireless set! I'm off!"

Grundy went shopping, and Wilkins continued his remarks to Gunn—remarks that were not at all complimentary to George Alfred. But when George Alfred returned, laden with tuck for the festive board, Wilkins was all smiles again, and peace and concord reigned in Grundy's study.

Grundy still looked very thoughtful. But perhaps tea and toast, and shrimps and bloater-paste, and jam and jelly, assisted his somewhat slow mental operations. For suddenly he burst into a chuckle.

"I've got it!"

Wilkins gave a nod.

"Yes; pass it along when you've done with it!" he said.

"Eh—what?"

"The jam."

"I wasn't talking about jam!" growled Grundy. "I've got the idea—the giddy wheeze! I'm going to dish them!"

"Well, pass the jam, all the same!"

"Hang the jam! Blow the jam! Bother the jam!" howled Grundy. "Is this a time to think of jam? Talk about Napoleon fiddling while Rome was burning!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at now?"



"Was it Napoleon? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, Wellington, then," said Grundy, whose historical attainments were not very extensive. "I tell you I've got it. We're going to dish those rotters; you fellows are going to help. It will be necessary to be awfully deep, but you chaps know how deep I am. Now I will tell you."

And Grundy proceeded to tell them, and Wilkins hung on his words; not so much because he was deeply interested in the great scheme as because Grundy evidently did not intend to pass the jam until he had finished.

CHAPTER 6.

A Great Scheme!

"THAT job's jobbed!" remarked Tom Merry.

The Terrible Three had finished at last.

Proofs had been brought in from various quarters, and Tom Merry had put them together, and the three Shell fellows had finished making their own improvements and corrections.

"Tom Merry's Weekly" was ready to be sent to the printer's, but it was too late to think of taking it down personally; the gates were locked. But there was plenty of time to catch the last collection from the box in the school wall.

It had really been hard work; the life of a literary man is not all lavender, as Monty Lowther had remarked. But it was done at last.

Tom Merry proceeded to fasten up the bundle of proofs in a sheet of brown paper and tie it with string. It was small enough to be slipped into the letter-box, and Tom Merry weighed it carefully in his hand, to guess how many stamps it would require.

There was a tap at the door, and Grundy looked in.

His eyes rested on the little brown-paper parcel on the table for a moment. The Terrible Three glared at him. They had had quite enough trouble with that exceedingly determined contributor.

"Look here—" began Tom Merry.

"Lend me a dick, will you?" said Grundy affably.

"Oh, you want a dictionary?"

"Certainly!"

"I thought you wanted a thick ear!" said Tom Merry politely. "Here's the dick."

"Thanks!"

Grundy departed with Tom Merry's

Latin dictionary. The Terrible Three sat down to their preparation.

Grundy returned to his study, grinning. He tossed the dictionary on the table.

"What on earth's that for?" asked Wilkins. "I've got a Latin dick here, if you want one."

"I don't want one, fathead!"

"Then what the dickens—"

"That's the scheme."

"Oh, the scheme is to borrow a Latin dictionary," said Wilkins mystified. "I don't quite see—"

"You wouldn't!" said Grundy wittingly. "I had to see if they'd finished the proofs, so I dropped in to borrow a dick—see now?"

"Oh!"

"They've got the proofs there, wrapped up all ready to post," said Grundy. "Tom Merry had just addressed it to Tiper. They're going to post it. This is where we come in. I've got my copy all ready. It won't take me long to shove it in when I can get at the proofs. Those three bouncers have got to be got away from their study for about ten minutes."

"How?"

"Oh, of course, I've got to do all the thinking!" snorted Grundy. "I'm used to that. But I've got it all cut and dried. You're going to have a fight with Talbot."

"Wha-a-at!"

"They're awfully chummy with Talbot, and when they hear he's in a fight, they'll rush along at once, won't they?"

"I—I suppose they will!" stammered Wilkins in dismay. "But—but—"

"Talbot's in the Common-room. You pick a row with him, and then Gunn comes running up to tell those chaps. You see, Tom Merry would want to be his second. They'll be off like a shot. They won't stop to think about their silly 'Weekly' when there's a fight on."

"No; but—"

"As soon as they're gone I'll nip into the study and open the packet. I'll shove in my copy. I'll take out Tom Merry's leading article and Figgins' serial to make room for it, and fasten it up again. When they come back they'll find it just as they left it."

"That's all right; but—"

"Don't you think it would work like a charm?"

"Yes; but—"

"Great Scott, you're as full of 'buts' as a goat!" exclaimed Grundy, exasperated. "There's no time to jaw; while you're jawing they may go and post the letter."

"I know; but—"

"They're doing their prep now, I think, but they may go and post it to make sure of the collection. Get a move on!"

"But—"

"Don't you know any other word but 'but'?" shrieked Grundy. "What are you wasting time for?"

"I'm jolly well not going to fight Talbot!" snorted Wilkins, getting it out at last. "I haven't any row with Talbot. I like Talbot."

"That's only a detail. You can fight a chap as well as like him, I suppose. I like most of the fellows I've fought with. Besides, you can shake hands with him afterwards, can't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"More blessed 'buts'! Of all the idiots—"

"He'll lick me!" shrieked Wilkins. "He's too tough for me. I'll fight Levison or Mellish, if you like."

"That wouldn't do. Tom Merry wouldn't budge an inch if you were

fighting Levison. But Talbot's his chum—see?"

"Well, I've got a better idea. You go and fight Talbot, and I'll nip into the study and see about the 'Weekly.'"

"I couldn't trust you with my copy; you'd make a bungle of it. Besides, why shouldn't you fight Talbot? Are you afraid of getting hurt?"

"Well, do you think I want to be hurt, you blithering cuckoo?"

"If you're funk—"

"It isn't funk, I suppose, not to want to fight a chap I like for the special purpose of getting my nose bashed in, you silly ass!"

"It's the only way. But if you funk it, Gunn can take it on."

"Wilkins could do it better than I could," said Gunn anxiously. "Wilkins is a better boxer."

"I'm not!" growled Wilkins.

"Well, you always said you were. You have said so lots of times."

"Well, you never admitted it before."

"I admit it now," said Gunn hastily.

"You're better—much better—far and away better."

"Look here—"

"You're wasting time, Wilkins. I should think you might do a little thing like that for a pal," said Grundy. "I know jolly well that if you don't back me up, I'm not going to have you in my study."

"Your study! Why, it was my study before you came to St. Jim's!" yelled Wilkins. "And I jolly well wish you'd stayed at Redclyffe."

Grundy pushed back his cuffs in a businesslike manner.

Wilkins eyed him uneasily.

"What are you up to?" he demanded.

"I'm going to fight you," said Grundy calmly.

"You—you—you're going to fight me!" stuttered Wilkins, backing away round the study table.

"Yes; come on!"

"B-b-but what f-f-for?"

"Because you won't back me up. If you're going to muck up my scheme for dishing those rotters, you're going to fight me. Put up your paws!"

"I—I—I say, I'll—I'll fight Talbot if you like!" stammered Wilkins. "I suppose I may as well fight him as you. But I think you're a silly idiot!"

"Well, get a move on, then. He's in the Common-room."

"Look here, how can I march into the Common-room and begin fighting with a chap I'm on good terms with? It isn't reasonable."

"That's all right. Call him names."

"Eh?"

"Then he'll fight you fast enough. Tell him he's a slacker."

"But he isn't a slacker. Besides," added Wilkins, "I don't approve of telling crams any more than you do."

"Tell him you don't like the way he does his hair, then!" howled Grundy. "Tell him any old thing, and hit him in the eye. Then he's bound to fight you."

"Oh crumbs!"

"I'll come and pick up the pieces, old chap!" said Gunn comfortingly.

"For goodness' sake, get a move on," said Grundy. "Here, I'll come to the Common-room with you, and start you fighting. I can see I've got to manage everything. I wonder how this study would get on without me?"

"A jolly good deal better, I think!" growled Wilkins.

"Are you coming?"

"Oh, yes; I'm coming!"

Wilkins sulkily followed Grundy from the study, and the sympathetic Gunn brought up the rear. Wilkins was not

in the slightest degree enthusiastic, but the determined and heavy-handed George Alfred had his way.

George Alfred was generally admired and esteemed by his study-mates, but at that moment Wilkins would not have wept if George Alfred had been "bumped off."

While the Terrible Three, unsuspecting of Grundy's scheme, were working away at their preparation in their study, Grundy & Co. proceeded to the Common-room.

Talbot was there, talking cricket with Kangaroo and Clifton Dane.

Grundy marched the reluctant Wilkins up to him.

"Here, Talbot—"

"Hallo!" said Talbot.

"Wilkins has got a bone to pick with you."

Talbot looked at Wilkins in surprise. "Anything the matter?" he asked good-naturedly.

"No!" mumbled Wilkins. "I—I mean yes—ow!" he added, as Grundy stamped on his foot.

"Well, what is it?"

"I—I don't know! I—I mean, you're a slacker!"

"What?"

"I—I—I'm going to fight you!" stammered Wilkins.

"What the dickens are you going to fight me for?" asked Talbot, in surprise.

"Because—because—"

"Hit him in the eye, you idiot!" whispered Grundy fiercely.

He gave the unhappy Wilkins a shove, which sent him staggering fairly upon Talbot.

Wilkins, feeling that he was in for it, hit out blindly, and caught Talbot's nose with his knuckles.

Talbot uttered a sharp exclamation; the blow was unconsciously hard, and his nose spurted red. He promptly hit out in return, and Wilkins gave a yell.

"Go it!" roared Grundy.

"Pile in!" encouraged Gunn.

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Blake.

"Bai Jove! What's the mattah?"

"Make a ring!" shouted Grundy.

"Wilkins is going to have it out with Talbot. Cut off, Gunny!" he added, in a whisper.

Gunn cut off. In the midst of a surprised circle of juniors, Wilkins and Talbot were fighting at last.

CHAPTER 7.

Quite a Success!

TOM MERRY jumped as his study door was burst open, and Gunn's excited face looked in.

"You're wanted!" gasped Gunn.

"What on earth's the matter?"

"Talbot's in a fight, and you're to be his second," said Gunn.

"Talbot! Who on earth is Talbot fighting with?" asked Tom Merry, in surprise.

Talbot was one of the most peaceable fellows in the School House, as well as one of the most tremendous fighting men.

"Wilkins! I'm backing up Wilkins! You'd better go and back up Talbot! He's getting it awfully hot!"

Gunn dashed off without another word. The Terrible Three were after him in a twinkling. Preparation was forgotten. Talbot was their best chum, and if he was in a fight, naturally they wanted to be on the spot at once.

Gunn and Tom Merry, Manners and Lowther vanished downstairs at top speed. They had barely vanished when Grundy came along the passage.

Grundy was grinning.

His little scheme was working like magic—with painful and deplorable results to his unfortunate chum Wilkins.

Grundy whipped into the study and closed the door.

To untie the brown-paper parcel and open the proofs was the work of a few seconds.

With a ruthless hand Grundy confiscated Tom Merry's leading article, Monty Lowther's comic column, and Figgins' thrilling serial.

He crumpled up the sheets and shoved them hastily into his pocket, to be destroyed later.

Then he produced the valuable copy of his story and introduced it into the vacant place.

With great care he pinned the written sheets among the printed ones. There was nothing to excite Mr. Tiper's suspicious when he received the proofs.

The schoolboy editors frequently indulged in second thoughts, which are proverbially the best, and introduced improvements in the proofs, sometimes to the extent of two or three pages.

Perhaps Grundy's remarkable orthography might make the printers smile. But when Mr. Tiper received the proofs back he would proceed to print the "Weekly" as he received it; there was no doubt about that.

Grundy was really being very deep.

The change in the proofs effected, he retied the packet, taking great care to give it exactly the same appearance as before.

In ten minutes it was done, and the packet, addressed to Mr. Tiper, at the office of the "Rylcombe Times," lay on the table, showing no sign whatever that it had been interfered with.

Grundy chuckled and tiptoed out of the study.

The passage was deserted. All the fellows had rushed downstairs at the news of the fight, and the Common-room was crowded.

"Done in the eye!" murmured Grundy. "Now they can post it as soon as they like, the rotters! This will be a real treat for the readers when they get the 'Weekly.' I dare say Tom Merry will realise that he can't afford to leave out a contributor like me when he sees the reception my story will get. By Jove! I wonder how old Wilkins is getting on."

Grundy strolled away to the Common-room to see how old Wilkins was getting on. To judge by his looks when Grundy arrived, old Wilkins was getting on badly.

Old Wilkins lay on the floor and Blake was counting:

"One, two, three, four, five—"

"Got a move on, Wilkins, old man!" said Grundy.

Wilkins groaned.

"Ow! Yow! I'm done!"

"Oh, you've got another round left in you!" said Grundy encouragingly. "Never say die, you know!"

Talbot smiled. His nose was a little swollen, but otherwise he showed few signs of the combat. But Wilkins showed many.

"Six, seven, eight, nine!" went on Blake's voice.

"Buck up, Wilkins!"

"Play up, old man!"

"Gro-oogh!" was Wilkins' only reply.

"Out!" said Blake.

Gunn picked up his principal. Wilkins was helped to a chair, and he sat, and blinked, and gasped. He

could only blink with one eye. The other was closed. With his one available eye he blinked reproach at Grundy.

"Look at me!" he gasped.

"Well, you do look a picture!" said Grundy.

"You chump! You blessed idiot—you fatheaded rotter—ow!"

Talbot quietly put on his jacket. The fight had, fortunately, passed off without any inquisitive prefect looking into the Common-room, or there might have been trouble for all concerned.

"Now, what was it all about?" asked Tom Merry.

Talbot shook his head.

"Don't ask me! I haven't the faintest idea."

"But you know what you've been

wegard you as a wank wottah, Wilkins, deah boy."

"Grooooooh!"

Grundy and Gunn helped the unfortunate Wilkins away. They took him to a bath-room and bathed his eye and his nose for him. Then they helped him to the study, and he collapsed into the armchair and groaned deeply.

Wilkins felt as if he had been fighting Tommy Farr.

"Buck up, old chap!" said Grundy comfortingly. "It's gone off rippingly. I've dished them a treat."

Wilkins groaned.

"They can't possibly smell a rat, and my ripping story will come out in the 'Weekly,' you know."

Groan!

gone back to their study to finish their preparation.

Tom Merry uttered an exclamation as he caught sight of the packet still lying on the table.

"My hat! I forgot the 'Weekly'!" he exclaimed. "I'll cut off at once with it."

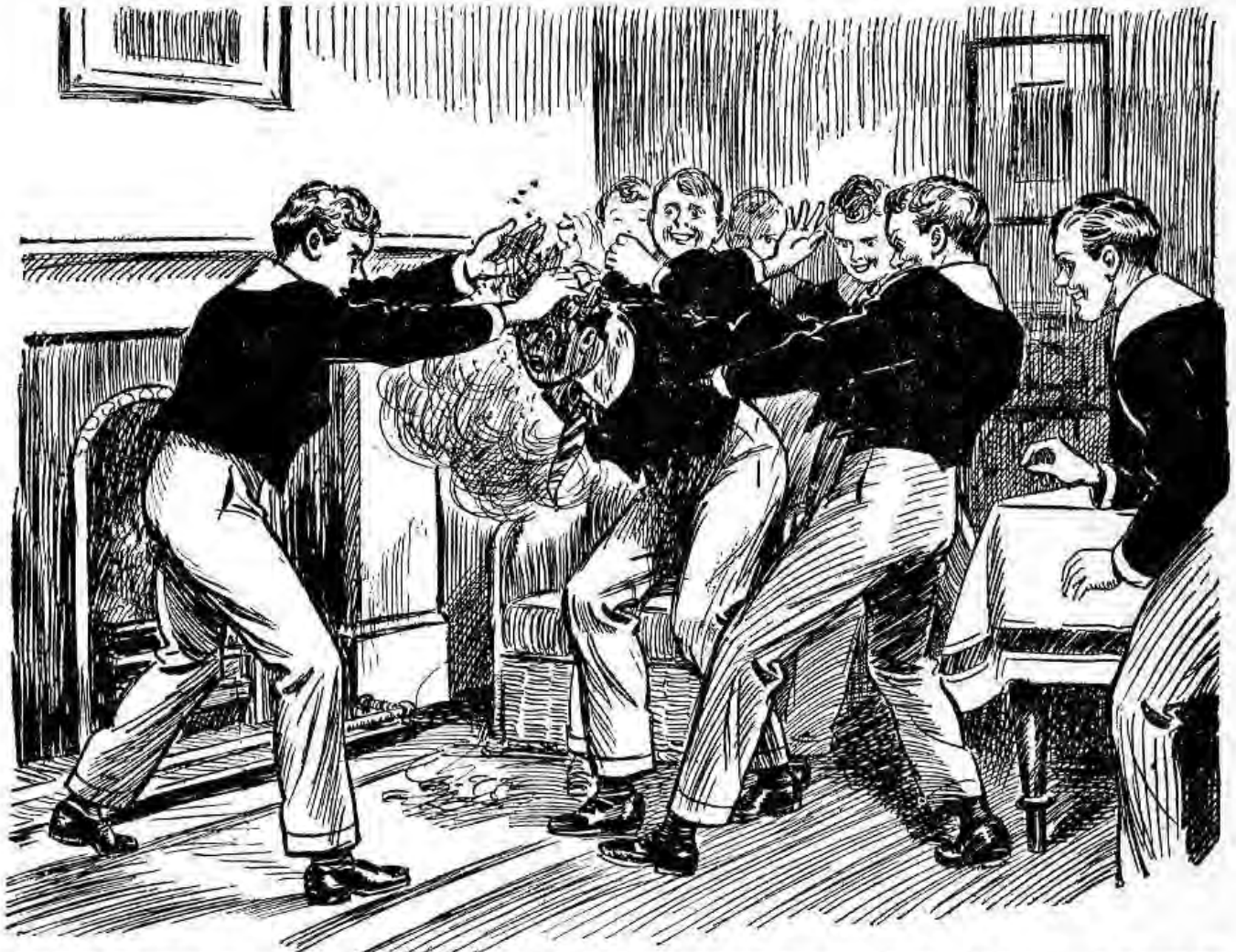
And he cut off with it, and the packet was safely dropped into the letter-box.

CHAPTER 8.

A Burnt Offering!

GRUNDY waited eagerly for the "Weekly" to make its appearance.

Tom Merry & Co. were all looking forward to seeing that new



"Grundy's contributed to the 'Weekly,'" said Lowther, "and now we'll contribute the 'Weekly' to him!" And Lowther took up a handful of burnt ashes and lathered them over Grundy's perspiring face. The unfortunate contributor was soon looking like a chimney sweep!

fighting Wilkins for?" exclaimed Manners.

"Oh yes; because he punched my nose!" said Talbot, laughing. "But I don't know why he did it, unless he's gone off his rocker!"

"What did you fight Talbot for, Wilkins?"

"Yow!"

"What do you mean by it, you fat-head?"

"Wow!"

"You jolly well deserved a good licking, you thumping ass!" exclaimed Tom Merry indignantly.

"Woooooop!"

"Bai Jove, and the silly duffah's got it!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I

"It was worth getting a tap or two on the chivvy, wasn't it?"

"Not on my chivvy!" groaned Wilkins. "Oh, my eye! Oh, my nose! If I didn't feel so used up I'd get up and brain you with the poker! Ow! Ow!"

"Some fellows are never satisfied," said Grundy irritably. "Here we've dished those rotters a treat, done them fairly in the eye, and you're grumbling! I'm really surprised at you, Wilkins! I can't see anything to complain about."

Groan!

Wilkins could see a lot to complain about, though he had only one eye to see with at present.

Meanwhile, the Terrible Three had

number, which they had produced with so much trouble and patience.

But Grundy was looking forward with the keenest anticipation.

The paper was to be delivered from the printer's on Saturday afternoon—fifty copies nicely printed and pinned. "Tom Merry's Weekly" was a real artistic production, and they had reason to be proud of it.

Grundy's belief was that they would have much more reason than usual to be proud of that number.

The big parcel from the printer arrived at last, and the juniors gathered in the Common-room to open it. Every fellow who had so much as two lines in

the "Weekly" was there, and they crowded round as Tom Merry cut the string of the parcel.

The copies of the "Weekly" were handed out on all sides, and fellows opened them eagerly to get at their own valuable contributions.

Then there was a sudden wild yell from Monty Lowther. He was the first to make the dreadful discovery. He had opened the number at his page, to gloat once more over his ripping jokes.

But alas for his ripping jokes! Long ago those ripping jokes had vanished in smoke in Grundy's study grate. But in the place of them was something that was perhaps quite as funny as Lowther's wisecracks.

"In the deadly shrouds of the night the attacking soldiers krept forward. Depe silence rained on the seen. Suddenly there was the crack of a rylle. 'Caramba!' ejakulated the captano. 'Turn on the poyson gass!'"

"What the howling thunder!" yelled Monty Lowther. "What's this? What the blue thunder has happened to this paper?"

Tom Merry's voice answered in infuriated tones:

"Where's my leading article? What's this? How did this awful rot get in in the place of my leading article?"

Tom Merry could scarcely believe his eyes. Instead of that article, which had cost him so much thought and ink, this was what met his eye.

"The loyal troupes sped forward at topp spedo. With gleeming bayyonets, they rushed upon the foe. Squeeling like pigs—wich they were, and everybody knows it—the enemy terned and rann."

Meanwhile, Figgins stood thunder-struck. Naturally, he had looked first to see the instalment of his Wild West serial. That instalment was absolutely the best Figgins had written. It described thrilling deeds of daring on the prairie. Hairsbreadth escapes from death, and so forth, written in the well-known literary style of Figgins. But the serial instalment had vanished as completely as the snow of yesteryear.

This is what he read, instead of his own splendid yarn:

"Hye in the skie saled the fool moon. Her glorious lite was shedd on hill and dail. It shonn on the sleping kampf, and on the forms of soldiers, stretched in slumber. In his tent sat the general alone. He was sleepeless. 'Caramba!' he muttered, as he klenched his bony hand. 'Defeet—always defeet, and yet agane defeet!'"

Figgins rubbed his eyes and looked again.

This was a war story, not his Wild West serial. Figgins was not strong on spelling, but he could not have spelt like that to save his life. Spelling like that was a gift of nature that Figgins did not possess.

There was a chuckle from the contributors whose contributions had not been interfered with.

Some of them seemed to regard the matter as funny.

But the outraged editors did not regard it as funny. They were furious.

"It's Grundy!" gasped Tom Merry. "Look at the title: 'Under the Spanish Flag,' by George Alfred Grundy. How did he shove it in?"

"That villain Tiper must have let him!" howled Lowther.

"Bai Jove! You duffahs must have let him get at the pwoofs!" said Arthur Augustus. "Fortunately my fashion article is here all wight."

"The rotter!"

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"The spoofer!"

"The cheeky villain!"

"Where is he? I'm going to scalp him!"

"I'm going to slaughter him!"

Grundy came in cheerfully. He wanted to see the "Weekly," naturally—that ripping number which for once had a good story in it.

"Hallo, I see you've got it!" he remarked affably. "Hand me a copy, will you? I dare say you've noticed that there's some good stuff in this number?"

"You cheeky rotter!"

"You fathead! You've ruined the whole number! We can't let anybody see this!" roared Tom Merry.

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Grundy warmly. "Now that it's done, it's no good grumbling. I really did this as much for your sake as anything else. It's time there was something good in the paper."

"Something good! Oh scissors!"

"Something good, you fiendish ass!" shrieked Lowther. "What have you done with my comic column?"

"Well, something had to go," said Grundy. "I thought I'd take out the rottenest contributions."

There was a chuckle from some quarters, but Monty Lowther did not join in it. The contributors whose work had been untouched felt that they had to admit that Grundy had exercised a certain amount of judgment.

"If any fellow wants Lowther's jokes he can have them," went on Grundy.

"I've got a lot of old numbers of 'Comic Cuts.' You'll find 'em all there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you rotter!" raged Lowther. "Every blessed one was original. There might be slight resemblances—superficial resemblances!"

"There were!" said Grundy.

"And what about my serial?" shouted Figgins.

"Well, I've put in a better one," said Grundy. "What are you grumbling about? I dare say you fellows feel a bit ratty, but you must admit that I told you I wouldn't stand any rot. Read my story and judge for yourselves. That's all I ask. Read it, and you'll see how it bucks up the paper to have a good story in it at last."

"Read it!" stuttered Lowther. "I wouldn't be found dead reading it!"

"Well, it's a bit above you, I dare say," remarked Grundy.

"The whole number's ruined!" said Tom Merry. "Get them together—we can't let them be seen. We shall have to burn the lot—"

"Burn them?" ejaculated Grundy.

"Every one," said Tom Merry. "My hat! If anybody saw the paper with that silly piffle in it we should be laughed to death. We'll get back the proofs from Tiper and reproduce the number. We shall have to pay over again for the printing, but it can't be helped. And we'll jolly well scrag that howling ass for putting us to the trouble."

"Lynch him!" hissed Lowther.

The editors rapidly gathered together all the copies of the "Weekly." They were very anxious that not a single number should remain in existence to bring ridicule upon the school magazine.

Grundy appeared thunderstruck. Certainly he had never foreseen anything like that. He could not get his voice for some moments, so intense was his indignation. But he found it at last.

"You fatheads!" he roared. "You can't! You shan't! Do you think I'm going to have my splendid story

squashed like this after all the trouble I've taken. Why, I'll pulverise you—I'll—I'll—Yow-ow! Leggo! Ugh! Oh!"

"Make him do the burning!" said Blake.

"Hear, hear!"

Grundy, struggling and roaring, was dragged to the grate. There was no fire there that warm summer day. But the fire was soon going. Monty Lowther set a match to a copy of the "Weekly" and tossed it into the grate.

"Now keep it going, Grundy."

"I won't!" roared Grundy. "You're not going to burn my story. I think even your rotten jealousy might stop short of that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shove 'em in, Grundy!"

"I won't!"

"Got a pin? Now, then—"

"Yarooooh!" Grundy uttered a fiendish yell as a pin ran into him.

"Stop it! Oh crumbs!"

"Hold him!"

Grundy needed holding; he was struggling with terrific energy. But a dozen pairs of hands were upon him—his arms, his legs, his ears, his hair, and his nose were all seized in iron grips. He had no chance. The editors and sub-editors did not handle him gently.

"Now shove that rot into the fire!" rapped out Tom Merry.

"Yow! I won't! Groooooh!"

"Give him the pin!"

"Yarooooh!"

"Now, then—"

"Yow! Stop it! Yoop! I—I—I'll burn 'em if you like!" howled Grundy.

"Go it, then—sharp!"

One hand was released for Grundy to feed the fire. He fed it. In horrified apprehension of another lunge of the pin he fed the fire with copy after copy of the "Weekly."

One after another fifty copies of that famous journal were consigned to the flames, and Grundy's face was ruddy and smoky and streaming with perspiration by the time the burnt offering was complete.

His famous story had vanished as completely as Lowther's jokes, Figgins' serial, and Tom Merry's leading article now. That masterpiece was destined never to burst upon an astonished and delighted St. Jim's.

"Now hold him!" said Lowther. "He's contributed to the 'Weekly,' and now we'll contribute the 'Weekly' to him!"

Lowther took up a handful of burnt ashes of the "Weekly" and lathered Grundy's perspiring face with it. The unfortunate contributor was soon looking like a chimney-sweep. Lowther rubbed the burnt paper over his face, into his hair, and down his neck.

Grundy wriggled feebly and mumbled. But he could do nothing more. He had to go through it.

Then, with one accord, the editorial staff kicked him out of the Common-room. And Grundy had not a wriggle left in him by the time he escaped down the passage.

CHAPTER 9.

A New Idea!

TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY came out the following week. It was a very satisfactory number.

The editorial staff had a lot of extra work to do owing to George Alfred Grundy; but, needless to say, they had taken particular care of the proofs this time, and Grundy had no chance of inserting any part of his story.

The "Weekly" came out, and was voted a great success by everybody but George Alfred Grundy. Grundy was dissatisfied. But he was not beaten.

His studymates condoled with him. Wilkins had recovered from his disastrous fight with Talbot and was chummy again—all the more as Grundy had lately had a whacking remittance from his uncle.

"It's hard cheese," said Wilkins sympathetically. "Your story would have bucked up the paper no end, of—of course. But there you are."

"There you are!" concurred Gunn.

"It's jealousy," said Grundy. "I've got rather a good opinion of that chap Merry on some points. But there's a lot of jealousy in his nature. You've seen the way he keeps me out of the junior eleven."

"H'm!"

"It's the same with the school paper as with the eleven—he's determined not to be put in the shade by a chap who can do better. I dare say he hardly realises how mean it is," added Grundy generously. "Fellows act like this without thinking, you know. I don't like thinking badly of any chap, and that fellow Merry is decent in many ways—I will say that. But, of course, I'm not going to take any notice of his rot. I'm going into the number next week."

"Next week?" repeated Wilkins.

"Yes, rather!"

"But will there be a number next week?"

"I suppose so. It's a weekly, isn't it?"

Wilkins grinned.

"But it only comes out once in a blue moon," he said. "There won't be a number next week, or the week after, you bet!"

"My hat! Then they've properly dished me!" ejaculated Grundy.

"Looks like it, old chap."

Bang!

Grundy brought his fist down on the table. It was a little way he had when he was excited. The table danced, and Wilkins and Gunn jumped.

"The rotters! My hat! I never thought of that, you know," said Grundy. "I fully made up my mind to wangle the next number, somehow. Dished, by gum!"

Tap!

"Oh, come in, fathead!" growled Grundy.

Levison opened the door and looked in. Grundy greeted him with a frown. He did not like Levison, and did not approve of him.

Grundy never made any secrets of his likes and his dislikes. If he did not approve of a fellow, that fellow was never left in any doubt on the subject.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped Grundy. "Have you come to propose another burglary, you worm?"

Levison coughed.

"I've got an idea to tell you, Grundy, old man."

"Go and bury it!"

"They've done you on the 'Weekly,'" said Levison.

"Get out!"

"You'll never have a chance on Tom Merry's paper, you know," urged Levison.

"I know there's a conspiracy to keep me in the shade!" snapped Grundy. "But I'm not the kind of fellow to be kept in the shade. I'll jolly well show some of 'em that before long, too!"

"I'll tell you what, Grundy——"

"Oh, rats!"

Grundy's manner was not encourag-

ing. But Levison did not seem to mind. Hard words break no bones, and Levison had an axe to grind.

"The fact is," he pursued, "you ought to be editor, Grundy."

Grundy thawed a little.

"Of course I ought," he agreed. "But it's no good telling those chaps that. They know it, for one thing."

"Why not cut them out?"

"Eh?"

"Put 'em right in the shade," said Levison. "Knock their rotten paper sky-high!"

"How?" demanded Grundy.

"Start a rival weekly."

Grundy simply jumped.

With all his ambitious ponderings on the subject, that idea had never occurred to him. As a matter of fact, ideas did not come very easily to George Alfred. His powerful brain worked slowly.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Grundy.

"You see," pursued Levison eagerly, "that would give 'em the kybosh. You'd get a lot of followers among the chaps who can't get into the 'Weekly.'"

"I shouldn't want Tom Merry's leavings," said Grundy, frowning.

"But he leaves out the best writers, you know—ahem!—in your own case."

"Yes; that's true enough."

"You could make it a point, too, that your 'Weekly' comes out weekly, and not once in a blue moon, like 'Tom Merry's Weekly.' You've got lots of tin, and you could afford it. And if you pay all the exes yourself, you'll run the paper exactly how you like, you know."

"By gum!"

"I'll sub-edit it for you," said Levi-

son modestly. "Between us we'll knock their rotten weekly right out of the ring."

"Blessed if I ever thought you had so much sense, Levison," said Grundy, with growing enthusiasm. "It's a stunning idea. I wonder I never thought of it before. I generally think of good things. What do you think, Wilkins?"

"H'm!" said Wilkins.

"I happen to have plenty of tin just now, too," said Grundy. "No difficulty on that point."

"H'm!" said Gunn.

As a matter of fact, Wilkins and Gunn had been planning a half-holiday trip in a motor-car, with a picnic, on the strength of George Alfred's latest remittance.

Levison's suggestion had come inopportunely, so far as they were concerned.

"Don't you think it's a good idea?" demanded Grundy warmly. "Do you think I could edit a paper?"

"Ahem! Yes, of course, but——"

"We'll work at it on Wednesday afternoon," said Grundy. "We'll put in the whole half-holiday on it."

"Oh, will we, by Jove!"

"Yes, we will!" roared Grundy.

"What about that little run in the car we were speaking of?" blinked Gunn. "And—the picnic, you know?"

"Blow the car, and hang the picnic! We've got business on hand now. I shall want you fellows to contribute. I'll make you sub-editors. I'll put your stories in—see? Of course, I shall have to look over 'em, and see that

(Continued on next page.)



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they're quite up to the mark, and correct the spelling, and all that."

"Oh, my word!"

"It's a go!" said Grundy. "Now what shall we call it?"

"But what about that picnic?"

"Don't jaw, old chap! I keep on telling you how you jaw. The question is—what are we going to call the new paper?" said Grundy thoughtfully.

"The St. Jim's Times" would sound rather well. Or 'The School Gazette.' No; I've got it! 'Grundy's Weekly.'"

George Alfred grabbed a pen and a sheet of paper, and began to scrawl.

"There you are! 'Grundy's Weekly.' Chief Editor, George Alfred Grundy; sub-editors, Wilkins and Gunn."

"And Levison," put in the owner of that name.

Grundy shook his head.

"Can't be did, Levison. I'm rather particular about the kind of chap I have on my editorial staff. And, to put it candidly, you're not quite up to the mark. You can send in your stuff, if you like, and I'll give you a chance as a contributor. No; on second thoughts, I won't. You're not going to play blessed tricks on me with your acrostics, as you did on the rival paper. Sorry, but there's no room for you on 'Grundy's Weekly' at all."

Levison simply glared. As the whole thing was his idea, it was a little hard to be totally excluded from it in this high-handed way.

"Why, you fathead!" he exclaimed. "You'll make a muck of the whole thing if you don't have at least one chap with some brains to keep you from making a fool of yourself."

"There's the door, Levison."

"Wasn't it my idea from start to finish?" howled Levison.

"You did make the suggestion—the bare suggestion," said Grundy. "Hardly what you would call your idea, I think; a bare suggestion, which I've developed—in fact, I should have thought of it anyway. I may say I did think of it, only I hadn't worked it out."

"You cheeky ass—"

Grundy rose and picked up a cricket stump. Levison executed a strategic movement towards the door.

"You silly ass! You'll only make a giddy ox of yourself, as usual!" he howled, as he departed. "I could have made it a success for you. As for you—"

Levison dodged the stump and fled.

Grundy slammed the door after him.

"Cheeky young ass!" he said warmly. "As if I'm going to have any Fourth Form fags on the staff of my 'Weekly'! I suppose the cheeky young boulder will go about saying that it was his idea. Some of these fags have nerve enough for anything. I'd better put a notice about this on the board. Let the fellows know what to expect, you know, and give those rotters a hint that envy and jealousy don't pay in the long run. What?"

"Oh, yes!" gasped Wilkins. "But what about that picnic on Wednesday?"

"Cheese it!"

"But, I say—"

"For goodness' sake give a chap a rest, Wilkins! Blessed if you don't talk like a parrot. How can I draw up this notice if you keep on burbling?" said Grundy irritably.

Wilkins ceased to burble, and Grundy drew up the notice; and an hour later it was pinned on the notice-board in the Hall, to astonish all St. Jim's.

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CHAPTER 10.

A Rival in the Field!

"G WUNDY again!"
"My hat!"
"What's the new departure?"

Fellows gathered from far and near to read the new notice on the board.

George Alfred Grundy had a way of keeping himself in the public eye. It was not uncommon for a notice to appear on the board in his hand and celebrated spelling. The fellows always read Grundy's notices, which were admitted to be as funny as Lowther's comic column.

But the present notice was more startling than any of Grundy's earlier announcements.

As a matter of fact, Grundy, who was a new fellow and really a nobody, had no right to put notices on the board at all. Grundy assumed that right, and he had a hefty punch for anybody who disputed it.

Quite a crowd gathered in the Hall to read over and chuckle over "the latest."

"NOTICE!

'GRUNDY'S WEEKLY!'
'GRUNDY'S WEEKLY!'
'GRUNDY'S WEEKLY!'

"This new paper will shortly appere. A reely good school paper has been a long-felt wont at St. Jim's. This long-felt wont will now be supplide by 'Grundy's Weekly,' Edited by George Alfred Grundy of the Shell.

"No connectshun with any other weekly whatt-ever. The new paper will be run by G. A. Grundy, assisted by an abel staf of subb-editors. It will make a poynt of appering weekly, and not once in a blew moon, like some papers. Contribewtions for the collums of 'Grundy's Weekly' should be submitted to the Edditorial ofis, where they will be dewly considered by the Edditor. The motto of 'Grundy's Weekly' is Kwollity—not Kwantity, but Kwollity. Look out for 'Grundy's Weekly'!

"'GRUNDY'S WEEKLY' IS IT!

"GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY."

"A giddy rival weekly!" said Monty Lowther. "Tommy, my son, you will have to hide your diminished head."

Tom Merry laughed.

"The blessed ass ought to be stopped," said Jack Blake. "A school paper is a serious matter, and Grundy is bringing ridicule on the whole thing with his rot!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Well, any chap can bring out a paper if he likes, I suppose," remarked Tom Merry. "He can't be stopped."

"Wats! I think he ought to be stopped!" said Arthur Augustus. "I

wegard that as uttably widiculous. I weally think somebody ought to go and speak to Gwundy, and bwing him to weason."

And Arthur Augustus, acting on his own suggestion, proceeded at once to Study No. 5 in the Shell passage, to speak to the new Editor.

He tapped at the door and opened it, and a scene of busy confusion met his eye. Grundy was seated at the table with a book on orthography in his hand.



Tom Merry & Co. chased desperately after Grundy. "Stop, all he was worth. Arthur Augustus stumbled over a stone wild yell from Gussy and

Written sheets covered the table before him, and were strown all over the floor. A notice on Grundy's desk announced that it was "Prest Day."

Wilkins and Gunn were also at work, and their wrinkled brows showed that they were in the throes of composition. Grundy looked up and pointed to the door.

"Haven't you seen the card on the door?" he snapped.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass upon a card that was pinned to the door. It bore the familiar legend—in unfamiliar orthography:

**"NO ADMITTANCE EXEPT ON
BIZINESS."**

Grundy was evidently adopting the manners and customs of the editorial staff of the rival weekly.

"Weally, Gwundy, I wefuse to take any notice of that wotten imitation!" said Arthur Augustus. "I wegard you as an ass, Gwundy."

"Travel off, please! You ought to know better than to shove yourself into

'Grundy's Weekly' is quality! Your stuff is not quite up to the mark!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Your fashion article is utter rot, you know! As for your poem on 'sartorial elegance,' it would make a cat laugh!"

"Gweal Scott!"

"I'm sorry, but it's an editor's duty to be firm," said Grundy. "I have my readers to consider, you know. The fellows will be expecting something good, and so I cannot palm off trash on them. So I shall be obliged to decline your contributions, D'Arcy."

"You uttah ass!" shouted Arthur Augustus wrathfully. "I have not come here to offah you contwibutions for your silly wag! I have come to wemonstrate with you! I do not approve of this wubbish apprawin' at all!"

"Ea, ha, ha!" roared Grundy.

"What are you cacklin' at, you duffah?"

"Oh, buzz off! I'm busy!"

"I wefuse to buzz off, Gwundy! I have come here to point out to you—"

"Travel!"

"That this widiculous weekly will not be allowed to appeal!" said Arthur Augustus firmly. "We wefuse to have our papah pawodied in this absurd mannah!"

"I know you'll all feel your blessed noses put out of joint," assented Grundy. "I expect jealousy."

"Jealousy! Bai Jove!"

"And envy!"

"Oh deah!"

"But it won't make any difference. I never stand any rot! Now buzz off! And you can tell the other duffers that they're going to get the kybosh! I fancy there won't be many readers left for 'Tom Merry's Weekly' when 'Grundy's Weekly' comes into the field. First-class quality is the motto. I'm going to write most of the stuff myself to keep it right up to the mark. Good-bye!"

"Look here, Gwundy—"

"Are you going?" roared Grundy.

"I am not goin'! I—"

Grundy jumped up and grasped the inkpot.

Arthur Augustus jumped back into the passage just in time. He peered cautiously round the doorpost.

"Gwundy, you ass— Gweal Scott!"

Arthur Augustus dodged back just in time to escape a stream of ink. He breathed wrath. But ink was too deadly to be faced. Arthur Augustus feared no foe, but he feared for his elegant clobber. He retreated along the passage, and Grundy kicked the door shut after him.

"You can see how they're taking it!" he chuckled. "Simply green with jealousy already! What will they say when the 'Weekly' actually comes out—what?"

And Grundy settled down to work

again on an extra long opening instalment of "Under the Spanish Flag," which was to make the first number of "Grundy's Weekly" go like hot cakes.

CHAPTER 11.

Something Like a Weekly!

"GRUNDY'S WEEKLY" attracted quite a lot of attention.

On Wednesday afternoon Grundy was hard at work on it. He was determined that the first number should be completed that afternoon.

Most of the fellows looked forward to seeing the first number. They did not take it seriously. But they were sure that it would be funny, and they were prepared to chuckle over Grundy's editorial efforts.

But the feelings of the numerous editors and sub-editors of "Tom Merry's Weekly" were different. They were exasperated.

It was like Grundy's cheek to bring out a rival paper, anyway. It was their idea to run a junior school paper, and Grundy was borrowing that idea in the most barefaced manner.

But that was not all. The editorial juniors were quite satisfied that the famous "Weekly" could beat all rivals hands down. It was a fact that "Tom Merry's Weekly" was read by the whole school, while the Sixth Form magazine had hardly any readers outside the Sixth Form.

The staid and solemn columns of the Sixth Form magazine were not exciting, while the junior editors prided themselves on producing really up-to-date journalism. They beat the Sixth Form paper, and they had no doubt whatever that they could beat any other rivals.

Their objection to "Grundy's Weekly" was chiefly founded upon the fact that it would be an absurdity, and would bring the whole idea of junior school papers into ridicule.

As Tom Merry observed, it would be a heap of idiotic bosh and bad spelling from the first page to the last.

Grundy was in the Shell, but his spelling would have disgraced a fag in the Second Form. And that spelling was to be placed on permanent record in printed pages as the work of a Shell fellow.

It was only too clear how the seniors would grin over it. In the eyes of the school, "Tom Merry's Weekly" and "Grundy's Weekly" would be lumped together, and the famous "mag" would share in the ridicule earned by the egregious Grundy.

As Arthur Augustus indignantly observed, it was a "wotten pawody," which would be generally considered as a joke up against the genuine "Weekly," and it was up to the editorial staff to "squash" Grundy at once.

But Grundy was not so easily squashed.

The frowning disapproval of the schoolboy editors only spurred him on. He attributed it simply to jealousy—the same kind of personal jealousy which kept him out of the cricket eleven.

On Wednesday afternoon Tom Merry & Co. were playing cricket, and they dismissed Grundy and his "Weekly" from their minds. But George Alfred was very busy that sunny afternoon.

So were Wilkins and Gunn. Having been appointed sub-editors, they had their sub-editorial duties to carry out, and Grundy saw that they did them.

Somewhat depressed, the two sub-editors stayed in the study—or, rather, the office—that hot and sunny afternoon,

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you beast!" they shouted, but Grundy pedalled away for and went flying. Blake tripped over him, and there was a crunch from his topper!

an editorial office in business hours!" said Grundy severely.

"I have seen your notice on the board, Gwundy—"

"Oh, I see! You've come to offer contributions?"

"Weally, Gwundy—"

"Contributions may be sent in, and will be examined later, as time can be spared by the staff."

"You uttah ass—"

"But I may as well say out plainly, D'Arcy, that it isn't any use your sending in anything! The motto of

thinking sadly of the motor-car trip and the picnic which were destined not to come off.

They did their best, and loyally backed up their study-leader. But Grundy as an editor was hard to please.

He was a very particular editor, especially on the subject of spelling. He found many faults with his staff on that point.

"This means a lot of work for me," he remarked, as he read over Wilkins' "Lines to St. Jim's School, seen from Rylcombe Hill."

It is possible that Wilkins had been reading Gray's celebrated "Lines to Eton College," for his poem began:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers!"

However, the rest of the poem did not much resemble Gray. For it went on:

"From this high hill on thee I gaze!
Amid these fields all bright with
flowers,
I gaze upon those antique towers,
And think of past and bygone days!"

"What's the matter with that?" asked Wilkins, rather warmly.

Wilkins had spent much mental labour on that poem, and he did not think much of his chief editor as a judge of poetry, anyway.

"It's the spelling," explained Grundy.

"You spell antique with a 'q,'"

"How do you spell it, then?"

"With a 'k,' of course!"

"Why, you ass—here, what are you doing?"

"Correcting the spelling."

"You fathead! Antique isn't spelt with a 'k.'"

"If you know more about spelling than I do, George Wilkins—"

"Well, I do, if you think that antique is spelt with a 'k'!" howled Wilkins. "And what are you doing now?"

"Putting the 'u' in flowers, of course!"

"You—you fathead!"

"That's all right, Wilkins, old man; you leave it to me. Some chaps are born good spellers," said Grundy. "It really isn't a matter of education at all—it's a kind of gift. I don't brag of it."

"You—you don't brag of it?" stammered Wilkins.

"Not a bit of it. I can spell—it's one of the things I happen to be able to do, that's all. I've noticed that spelling is generally very bad at this school. Tom Merry spells editor with one 'd,' for instance."

"Well, it is spelt with one 'd,' isn't it?"

"At this school, I dare say it is!" sneered Grundy. "At Redclyffe I used to spell it with two 'd's.'"

"And weren't you licked for it?"

"Don't be funny, Wilkins, old chap! It doesn't suit you. There, that's all right now."

Wilkins gazed upon his poem, corrected by Grundy, with feelings that were too deep for words.

"Ye distant spyres, ye anteeek towers,
From this high hill on thee I gayze,
Amid these feelds all bright with
flours,
I gayze upon those anteeek towers,
And think of passed and bigone days."

"You're—you're going to shove it in like that—" gasped Wilkins, at last.

"Of course."

"The printer won't print it."

"I shall send Mr. Tiper a special note that the spelling is not to be altered in
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any way. Printers are generally very bad spellers. I've noticed a lot of bad spelling in the daily papers. In the 'Rylcombe Gazette' the other day I saw 'bleed' spelt with a double 'e.' "Wasn't that right, you chump?"

"Of course it wasn't! B-L-E-A-D—bleed," said Grundy. "I've noticed the same thing even in our school books. Bad spelling in pretty nearly everything. But a special characteristic of 'Grundy's Weekly' will be its spelling. It will set an example, you know. A really high-class school paper, particularly on points like that, will have an educational value. I shouldn't be surprised if the Head sends for me and specially thanks me for it."

Wilkins could not reply; he was overcome. The Chief Editor took up Gunn's manuscript and ran his critical eye over it.

Gunn's forte was conundrums, and he had compiled a list of such treasures as:

When is a horse not a horse? When it's afield—a field.

Why did the cowslip? Because she saw the bullrush.

Grundy shook his head. "We'll put this in," he said. "It will make a sort of comic relief. But I shall have to go over it."

Grundy went over it, with the following result:

When is a hoarse not a hoarse? When it's afeeld.

Why did the cowslipp? Becawse she saw the bullrush.

Gunn resigned himself to his fate. It was no use arguing with Grundy. Grundy was impervious to argument.

Grundy, with so many corrections to make, had plenty to do that afternoon. But he worked on with great industry.

By tea-time the first number of "Grundy's Weekly" was complete—more than half of it being filled with the Editor's own story. That ripping story was to see the light at last. Grundy's leading article, in which he slated the rival "Weekly" in the most scathing manner, took up several pages, and Grundy's poem, "An Editor's Lament!" filled a page. Then there was a short

story, by George Alfred Grundy, entitled: "Direct Action!"—then an article, by G. A. Grundy, with the title: "How to Play Cricket!" Then a comic column by G. A. G., with such gems as:

What is the difference between Tom Merry's studdy and a hoam for idiots? Nun.

On the final page appeared the effusions of Wilkins and Gunn, with improvements by G. A. Grundy.

Grundy was tired when he was finished, as was only natural after so much literary effort; but he was well satisfied with the afternoon's work. Wilkins and Gunn did not seem so satisfied; but there was no satisfying everybody.

After tea, Grundy cycled down to the office of the "Rylcombe Times" to deliver the copy to Mr. Tiper in person and give him particular instructions that his printers were not to interfere with the orthography—a very important point.

Having paid in advance for the printing of the number—also an important point—Grundy returned to St. Jim's, assured that the proofs would reach him by Saturday. "Grundy's Weekly" was going strong.

CHAPTER 12.

On the Warpath!

"WHAT is sauce for the goose," remarked Monty Lowther, "is also sauce for the giddy gander!"

Monty Lowther made that sapient remark in Tom Merry's study on Saturday as the juniors sat at tea.

The chums of the School House had been discussing "Grundy's Weekly." They were aware that Grundy's proofs had arrived, and that George Alfred was busy going over them in his study.

In a few days more the great paper would be out.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's opinion was that something ought to be done. The rest of the junior editors fully agreed.

The only question was, what was to be done, and how was George Alfred to be done?

There was the rub.

Blake had suggested a frontal attack upon Grundy's study, and the destruction of "Grundy's Weekly" by sheer force. But that expedient was a desperate resource, only to be adopted in extremity.

Monty Lowther was thinking it out.

Lowther was specially up against "Grundy's Weekly." Grundy had cut out his comicalities in "Tom Merry's Weekly" to make room for George Alfred's masterpiece. True, Grundy had suffered for his sin, and the comicalities had been restored in all their pristine glory. But Lowther could not pardon that affront.

The sacrilegious hand that had been laid upon his comic column was not to be forgiven.

"What is sauce for the goose—" repeated Lowther.

"Yaas, we are aware of that," said Arthur Augustus. "Grundy had the fweightful cheek to muck up our numbah! We are fully entitled to muck up this wotten wubbish in return. Besides, it is our duty."

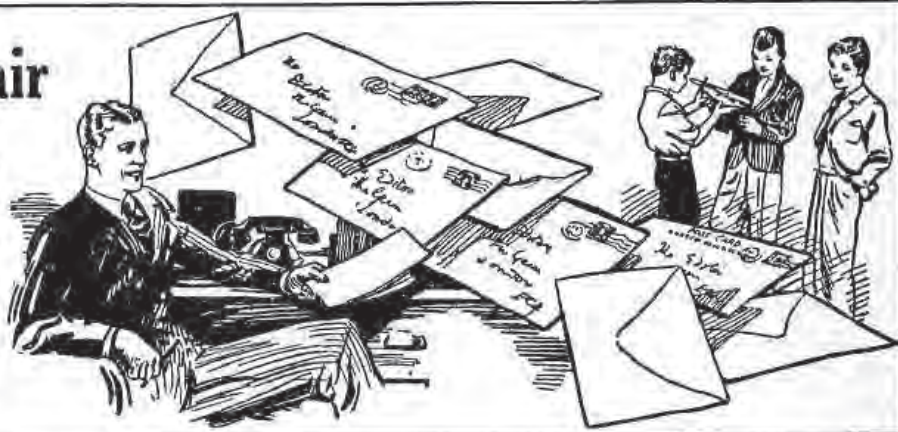
"But how?" said Tom Merry.

"I've been thinking that out," said

(Continued on page 18.)

The Editor's Chair

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



HALLO, Chums! Wrote a Glasgow reader to me a few days ago: "It's some time since the GEM had one of those humorous stories in which Kerr impersonates somebody or other. What about it, Mr. Editor?"

My answer to that question is contained in next Wednesday's number, for when I received this Glasgow reader's letter a story of the very type he suggests was in course of being prepared for publication. The appropriate title of the yarn is:

"THE BOY WHO SPOOFED ST. JIM'S!"

Kerr, needless to say, is the fellow who does the spoofing. He sets out to get his own back on Knox, the Sixth Form bully, and so as not to implicate his chums in case anything should go wrong, he develops his scheme of revenge in secret. How Kerr impersonates a friend of Knox's father, and makes the prefect look foolish before a crowd of juniors, and how he "rags" the sour-tempered Mr. Rateliff, causing the Housemaster to take a ducking in the fountain, makes highly amusing reading.

But unfortunately for the Scottish junior there is a serious outcome of his daring impersonation. He is arrested for the theft of Knox's gold watch, and all the evidence is against him! Never has Kerr found himself in such a terrible predicament. If he reveals his true identity, he will sure to be expelled for his "rag" on Ratty! But if he keeps mum, how is he to escape from the police? His chums cannot help him, for they are ignorant of his impersonation. What happens is told in Martin Clifford's most exciting style in next week's grand yarn. I'm sure all readers will greatly enjoy every word of it.

"HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S DAY OUT!"

How grand it is to have a day off from lessons! To have an unexpected holiday instead of swotting at Latin and maths. It would delight the heart of any school-boy. Thus when Harry Wharton & Co., in Frank Richards' next ripping Greyfriars yarn, receive an invitation from Colonel Wharton to see an Army football match, they welcome it with open arms, for it means a day out for them. As usual, Billy Bunter succeeds in tacking himself on to the party, and adds not a little fun to Harry Wharton & Co.'s trip to Aldershot.

But there are one or two surprising developments on the way, not the least of which is the sudden appearance of Melchior, an outcast gipsy whom Harry Wharton & Co. were once responsible for bringing to justice for kidnapping. Is the man following the juniors to seek revenge on them? That remains to be seen.

Don't forget to order your GEM early, chums!

AN OLD FAVOURITE.

Before I deal with my mail, I should just like to tell you that I had a look at the 1938 "Holiday Annual" the other day. And for thrilling, amusing and gripping stories, this issue's got all its predecessors beaten hollow. It's the best budget of school yarns ever produced. But I shall have more to say about it later. Meantime, make a note that it will be on sale September 1st.

IN REPLY TO YOURS—

Now, what does my mail contain? My first reply is to:

A. Davey (Shrewsbury).—I am pleased to hear you have enjoyed the GEM and "Magnet" for three years. No, stories are definitely not repeated every two years. The GEM wouldn't hold its readers long if this were done. A yarn featuring "Ratty" appears next week. Gussy may not shine as a batsman, but he is worth his place for his fielding—and he may make that long-promised "century" one day! Cutts is 17 years old. One of the best swimmers in the Lower School is Lumley-Lumley. Ratty has been at St. Jim's ever since the stories began. Kalouth Das is no longer at the school.

L. Robinson (Holmfirth, Yorks).—Yes, the Levison at St. Jim's is the same character as appears in the Greyfriars stories. He gets expelled from Greyfriars and then goes to St. Jim's.

Miss J. Barlow (Ashton-under-Lyne).—I'm sorry I cannot help you in the way you suggest. I can only put a notice in "Pen Pals" for you. Let me know if you want this done.

Miss P. Williams (Cork, I.F.S.).—Many thanks for your cheery letter. Glad you enjoyed your trip to England. I will pass on your kind regards to Martin Clifford. One of your jokes was used in the GEM some time ago. The other failed to make the bell ring. Better luck next time!

R. Butt (St. John's, Newfoundland).—Yes, Martin Clifford and I are in good health, thanks. I'm sorry I cannot let you know our author's private address. Thanks for your story suggestion. You will hear more about it in due course. The Remove at Greyfriars is equivalent to the Fourth Form at St. Jim's. There is no Remove in the latter school. The Forms are: Second, Third, Fourth, Shell, Fifth and Sixth. Wally D'Arcy, who is 13½ years old, is captain of the Third.

A. Baines (Hockley).—I will bear in mind your suggestion. Frank Richards lives in Kent. That is all I can tell you. Piggott is 14 years old; Jameson 13 years 3 months. Your joke was a "chestnut." Try again.

P. Banyard (Enfield).—The boy who befriended Tom Merry when Tom was down and out was Joe Frayne, who is in the Third Form. Tom's uncle in America pays Joe's school fees at St. Jim's. Billy Bunter is 15 years 1 month; Wharton, 15 years 4 months; Cherry, 15 years 2 months; Hurree Singh, 14 years 11 months; Koumi Rao, 14 years 11 months; Digges, 14 years 9 months; Redfern, 15 years 4 months; Owen, 15 years; Thompson, 16 years.

Miss M. Finn (S. Lambeth, S.W.8).—Very pleased to hear from you again. Gussy has almost black hair and brown eyes. His right eye is supposed to be weak. Tom Merry has curly fair hair and blue eyes. He is 5 feet 5½ inches. Figgins has dark brown hair and eyes. He is 5 feet 7½ inches. Manners and Lowther were at St. Jim's before Tom Merry arrived. Lowther has no brothers or sisters. Kildare has light brown hair and blue-grey eyes. He is 6 feet tall. He has been captain of the school since the stories began. I will certainly pass on your compliments to Martin Clifford.

R. Walsh (Salford, Lancs).—Tom Merry is 16 years old; Fatty Wynn, 15 years 4½ months; Mellish, 15 years 2 months; Cutts, 17 years; Figgins, 15 years 3 months; Kerr, 15 years 5 months. Yes, I will get the autographs you want.

S. Ekberg (Grimsby).—Glad to know you have been such a loyal reader of the old paper. For the number you want write to the Back Number Dept., The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. I will endeavour to drag Monty Lowther out of his "retirement." St. Jim's senior cricket eleven is: Kildare, Langton, Darrell, Monteith, North, Rushden, Baker, Mulvane major, Gray, Webb, and Lefevre. The masters at St. Jim's are: Dr. Holmes, Mr. Bailton, Mr. Rateliff, Mr. Linton, Mr. Latham, Mr. Selby, Mr. Carrington, Monsieur Morny, and Herr Schneider.

D. Lawson (Waihi, N. Zealand).—A series of William Wibley ends in this week's "Magnet." Levison will be featured again soon. There are no yarns coming along on the lines you suggest. Kipps will appear in the Greyfriars yarns in due course. I have no news yet about the Greyfriars film. Masters' ages are not given. Darrell is 17 years 6 months. Your jokes just failed to hit the target. Have another shot. Thanks for your good wishes.

C. Groombridge (Northampton).—Yours is a fine record—having read the GEM and "Magnet" for six years without missing one copy! Keep it up! Old numbers of the "Popular" and "Nelson Lee" are unobtainable. If I hear of any readers who have some I will let you know. A St. Frank's story appears every month in the "Schoolboys' Own Library."

PEN PALS COUPON
21-8-37

THE EDITOR.
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 1,540.

Lowther. "We are going to give Grundy some of his own back."

"Hear, hear!"

"But he's on his guard," said Munnors. "I looked into his study, and he's got a cricket bat beside him on the table. He's quite ready for us to try to rush his proofs."

"And we can't get at them secretly as he did ours," said Tom Merry. "He's too jolly careful for that!"

"He won't even post them; he's so jolly careful," said Blake. "He's going to cycle to Rylcombe and deliver them to Tiper personally."

"Wotten suspicious beast!"

"But that number's not coming out," said Lowther. "It would make us all look duffers, a fatheaded parody of our 'Weekly' like that!"

"Yans, wathah!"

"We've got to nip it in the bud."

"We're all agreed on that," said Tom Merry. "But how's it to be done?"

"Have you ever heard of Dick Turpin?"

"Eh?"

"And Jack Sheppard?"

"What the dickens—"

"We are going to understudy them," said Lowther. "We are going to lay a giddy ambush in the laue, and wait for Grundy to come by. When he comes, we collar him and take the blessed 'Weekly' off him, and I suggest that he be made to eat it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I think he will be fed-up with 'Grundy's Weekly.'"

"No doubt about that!" chuckled Tom Merry. "I believe the silly ass was going to play that very smart game on me, only I happened to post my copy. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Come on!"

The chums of the School House finished their tea hastily, and put on their hats and sauntered out. George Alfred Grundy was still busy correcting his proofs, and there was plenty of time.

Tom Merry & Co. strolled down the lane and selected a favourable spot for the ambush.

They took cover among the thick trees along the lane, the Terrible Three on one side of the road and Study No. 6 on the other.

Then they watched for Grundy.

But Grundy's proofs were apparently keeping him. Half an hour passed and several cyclists rode by, but not the cyclist the ambushed juniors were waiting for.

"Bai Jove, he doesn't appeah to be comin'!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "Pewwaps the wottah has gone anothah way."

"Oh, he'll come!" said Blake.

"Here comes another bike, anyway," remarked Digby, looking out cautiously into the road.

"Grundy by George!"

"Look out, you fellows!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus excitedly, as George Alfred was spotted approaching at a good speed on his bike. "Don't show yourselves in a huwwy!"

"Shut up, ass! He'll hear you!" growled Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Shush!"

"I wefuse to shush, Hewwies! You fellows get weady to wush out as soon as I give the signal."

"Bow-wow!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Here he comes! Keep back, Gussy!"

"I'm keepin' back, Blake. He can't see behind this twee."

"You topper's showing, fathead!" hissed Blake, jerking back the swell of St. Jim's. "What did you put on a topper for, you dummy? Do you think Dick Turpin went out turping in a topper?"

"He's slowing down!" growled Herries. "He's seen Gussy's topper and smelt a rat!"

"Wats!"

Grundy had slackened down, and his eyes were fixed upon the point among the trees by the roadside where the chums of Study No. 6 were in cover. It was clear enough that he was on his guard and had spotted the ambush.

"Come on!" muttered Blake.

"Pway don't alarm him by showin' yourself too soon, Blake."

"Ass! He's alarmed already! Follow your leader!"

Blake sprang out into the road and rushed swiftly towards the cyclist. His chums followed him fast, and the Terrible Three leaped out of the trees on the other side of the road.

The cyclist did not stop. He whirled his machine round in the lane. The juniors were not a dozen yards away from him, and they put on a desperate spurt to reach him.

But Grundy had his machine round now, and was driving at the pedals with terrific force.

"Stop, you wottah!" shrieked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Stop, you beast!"

"After him!"

Tom Merry & Co. ran desperately. Arthur Augustus stumbled on a stone and went flying. Blake crashed over him as he fell full length, and there was a wild yell from Arthur Augustus, and a crunch from his topper.

Blake had fallen fairly on top of it.

"Yawwooh! Oh ewumbs!"

"Oh, you fathead!"

Grundy looked back and waved his hand. He was getting up speed now, and the juniors on foot were hopelessly beaten.

Tom Merry slackened down, panting.

"N.G.," he gasped.

Grundy, chuckling, vanished round a corner—to proceed by another and safer route to Mr. Tiper's office in Rylcombe.

The disappointed juniors gathered round Arthur Augustus, who was sitting in the dust, striving to get his breath. He was also regarding his crunched topper with a mournful gaze.

"Got away!" said Monty Lowther. "You Fourth Form fatheads, what did you let that silly ass hang out his topper as a warning for?"

"Weally, Lowther—"

"Oh, bump him!"

"I wefuse to be bumped! I wegard you—yawwooh! You howwid wuffians! Leggo! Yow—ow! Yawwooop!"

The amateur Dick Turpins and Jack Sheppards, whose imitations of those old masters had been such a lamentable failure, tramped away morosely to St. Jim's, leaving Arthur Augustus gasping spasmodically, and struggling with his crunched topper, which Lowther had jammed down over his noble nose before departing.

An hour later Grundy wheeled in his bicycle at the school gates, and grinned cheerfully at the sight of Tom Merry & Co. in the quad.

The attempt to "muck up" "Grundy's Weekly" had failed, and George Alfred felt that he had scored.

The "Weekly" was safe in Mr. Tiper's hands now, and the finished copies were to be delivered at St. Jim's

in due course. Everything in the garden, from G. A. Grundy's point of view, was lovely.

But was it? Monty Lowther was thinking again.

CHAPTER 13.

Lowther Does the Trick!

"I SUPPOSE I can use the telephone, Kildare?"

Monty Lowther made that remark to the captain of St. Jim's after morning lessons on Monday. The telephone in the prefects' room was sometimes used by the juniors, but permission had to be obtained. But Kildare of the Sixth was always good-natured.

"Something awfully important—what?" he asked with a smile.

"Well, I want to speak to Mr. Tiper—chap who prints our paper, you know," explained Lowther.

Kildare nodded.

"Right-ho!"

"Thanks awfully!"

Kildare was just going out, and the prefects' room was deserted. Monty Lowther had chosen his moment carefully. He did not want his little talk with Mr. Tiper to be overheard.

Tom Merry and Manners followed him into the prefects' room, looking somewhat mystified. That Lowther had some scheme on hand they could guess, but they could not guess what it was.

It was a final attempt upon Grundy's egregious "Weekly"—the last throw of the dice, as it were.

Lowther unhooked the receiver, and asked for his number.

"What's the little game?" asked Tom.

"You'll see. Three Rylcombe," said Lowther into the transmitter.

Lowther had to wait a few minutes for his number. He had interrupted an important consultation about summer hats at the exchange. However, he was given his number at last.

"Office of the 'Rylcombe Times'?" asked Lowther. "That Mr. Tiper speaking?"

"Yes."

"How are you getting on with my paper?"

"Eh?"

"This is St. Jim's."

"Oh! Master Grundy?"

"How are you getting on with my weekly, Mr. Tiper?"

Monty Lowther was a truthful youth. Nothing would have induced him to assert that he was Grundy. If Mr. Tiper chose to assume that he was, that was evidently Mr. Tiper's business. True, from the way Lowther worded his remark, it was hardly possible for Mr. Tiper to assume anything else.

"It will be printed this afternoon, Master Grundy, and delivered on Tuesday, as we arranged."

"The printing hasn't started yet?"

"Not yet."

"Good!"

"You wish to make some further alterations in the proofs, Master Grundy? That will delay the delivery, of course."

"Supposing the alterations were made at once, you could get on with the printing this afternoon, just the same?"

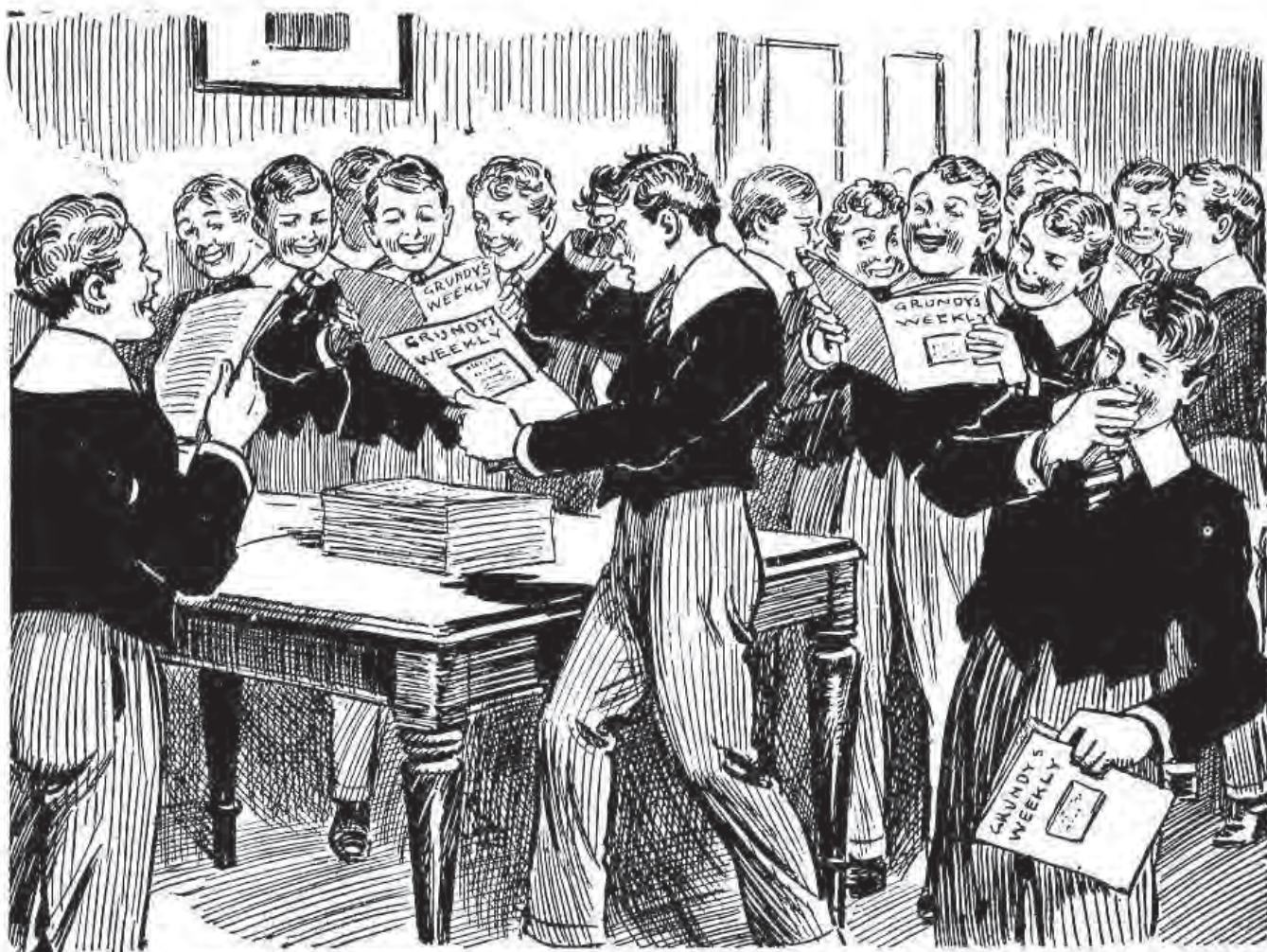
"Yes, if they are made before two o'clock."

"H'm! After school wouldn't do?"

"Not if the paper is to be delivered to-morrow morning."

"Well, I'll get a chap to come down for me. It isn't always easy to get away, you know, but I'll send a chap down."

"Very well."



As the juniors looked at the first number of "Grundy's Weekly" there was an outburst of laughter. George Alfred frowned and looked at a copy. Then he stood transfixed. There was not a word of his stirring serial there! Instead, there was a large advertisement for lessons in spelling!

"I'll get Lowther to come," said Monty Lowther cheerfully. "Do you know Lowther—a chap in the Shell here?"

"Yes. Master Lowther has been down to see me sometimes about the other school paper."

"Well, I'm sending him. He'll come down on his bike before two o'clock, and put in the alterations I want."

"Very well, Master Grundy. You will not require further proofs to be sent after the alterations are made?"

"Oh, no! The fact is, I've changed my mind a good deal about the paper, and I want to bring it out on rather unique lines. But there won't be any need of fresh proofs. Lowther will go over the paper and cut out all I want left out, and put in what I want put in. Then you can go ahead with the printing."

"Very well."

"Thank you, Mr. Tiper. Good-bye!"

Lowther rang off.

"That job's jobbed!" he remarked. "Tiper seemed to think I was Grundy, didn't he? Queer ideas people get into their heads sometimes, don't they?"

"Why, you made him think so!" said Manners.

"I'm sure I didn't say so. However, he's jumped to conclusions," said Lowther, with a shake of the head. "Now, when I do go down to Mr. Tiper's office he will think that I'm sent specially by Grundy, and won't have a suspish."

"But what—"

"And he won't think the alterations I am going to make any funnier than Grundy's spelling, most likely."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lowther looked at his watch.

"I'd better get off," he remarked.

"I've got a good bit to do, proof correcting, and so on, in Mr. Tiper's office. Ta-ta!"

"But what are you going to do?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Improve Grundy's 'Weekly' for him. You admit that it needs some improvement."

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes!"

"Well, I'm going to improve it. This is really philanthropy on my part. I do these things out of kindness of heart. But I must get off. I shouldn't like old Grundy to be disappointed about getting his paper to-morrow morning."

And Lowther walked away for his bicycle, and was soon speeding down to Rylcombe with a smiling face.

He returned just in time for afternoon lessons, and he was still smiling when he came into the Form-room.

Apparently the alterations and improvements in "Grundy's Weekly" had been made to the satisfaction of the humorist of the Shell.

George Alfred Grundy remained in blissful ignorance of those alterations and improvements. Once the proofs were safe in Mr. Tiper's office, Grundy had no further fears for his "Weekly."

The Machiavellian deepness of Monty Lowther was not suspected by George Alfred Grundy.

George Alfred was anticipating the morrow with complete satisfaction.

After morning lessons the first number of "Grundy's Weekly" was to be delivered—fifty nicely printed copies of it; and then "Tom Merry's Weekly" was to get the "kybosh."

According to Grundy, the old weekly would be put so much in the shade by the new weekly that its editors would hardly care to produce it again.

It would be, in fact, totally driven from the field by the rival weekly, and "Grundy's Weekly" would reign in its stead.

Naturally, Grundy was in a mood of satisfaction. When the Shell went up to their dormitory that night, Grundy observed that the Terrible Three were smiling; and Grundy snorted.

Like the gentleman in the old comedy who was sure that certain persons were speaking about him because they laughed, Grundy was assured that the smiles of the Terrible Three were on his account.

"You can cackle!" he snapped.

"Thanks!" said Monty Lowther.

"We will! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You wait till you see my 'Weekly'!" jeered Grundy. "I fancy you won't have the cheek to publish your rag again after it, though I must say some fellows have nerve enough for anything!"

"They have!" chuckled Lowther.

"Oh rats!"

Grundy grunted and turned in. He could afford to wait till the morrow, when the schoolboy editors would be completely crushed.

With "Grundy's Weekly" going like hot cakes, and all the school struggling for copies, and Grundy's literary work praised on all sides, and perhaps attracting a word of commendation from the Head himself—surely, then,

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the rival editors would have sense enough to hide their diminished heads.

But Grundy was generous. He meant to crush "Tom Merry's Weekly"—that was strictly necessary. But when it had been knocked out of existence, George Alfred intended to take on Tom Merry's staff, and let them contribute to the victorious paper.

Of course, he would have to go over their contributions, and improve and touch them up here and there, especially in the matter of spelling. But he would give them all a chance; he had generously made up his mind on that.

CHAPTER 14.

Out-Grunding Grundy!

THE next day there was a general air of anticipation about quite a number of the juniors of St. Jim's.

Grundy was specially anticipative.

His "Weekly" was coming home that morning, and when lessons were over the great paper would be in his hands, and would be distributed to an admiring school.

Already, in his mind's eye, Grundy saw the rush for the paper, saw the fellows craning over one another's shoulders to peruse the precious copies; and in his mind's ear, so to speak, he could hear fellows reading out his thrilling story to awe-stricken groups of other fellows.

Some admirer would send a copy to the "Telegraph," and the "Telegraph" would publish it with a note: "It is scarcely credible that this was produced by a junior schoolboy, but such, we are

assured, is the case"—or something to that effect.

No wonder Grundy was anticipative and that he thought morning lessons unusually long; and that he was awarded a hundred lines by Mr. Linton for inattention in class.

What were lines to Grundy at that moment?

Other fellows were also looking forward to the arrival of "Grundy's Weekly." The Terrible Three were unusually smiling expressions that morning. So did Blake & Co., who had apparently been informed of Monty Lowther's visit to Mr. Tiper's office, and the result thereof. So did Figgins & Co. of the New House, who were also in the secret.

The word "Dismiss" was welcome to very many ears that morning.

Grundy was in so great a hurry to get out that he narrowly escaped being called back and detained by his Form-master for his unseemly haste.

He spotted Toby, the page, in the hall, and clutched him by the shoulder with a clutch that made Toby jump.

"Oh corks, Master Grundy!" ejaculated Toby.

"Has my parcel come from the printer's?"

"Yes, Master Grundy."

"Where is it?"

"On the 'all table, sir.'"

Grundy rushed to the hall table. There lay a bulky parcel, corded up in thick paper, and addressed to Master G. A. Grundy.

"It's come!" called out Grundy to Wilkins and Gunn. "Here you are! I'll open it in the Common-room. Tell all the fellows."

Grundy bore the bulky parcel away to the Common-room. He naturally concluded that "all the fellows" would be awfully keen to see the "Weekly." As a matter of fact, they were.

The Terrible Three, Study No. 6, and Figgins & Co. rushed after Grundy, quite eager to see the great number. Other fellows crowded in after them, grinning.

"Grundy's Weekly" was creating quite a furore.

The new editor smiled with satisfaction as the juniors crowded in. They stood in a throng round the table as Grundy cut the cord on the parcel.

"Faith, let's see it!" said Reilly of the Fourth. "Sure, it will be worth seeing!"

"It will!" said Monty Lowther solemnly. "You must note, gentlemen, that this is something unique in weeklies. There never has been seen a weekly like this in or out of St. Jim's."

"Nevah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Grundy gave a snort.

"I suppose you think that's funny," he remarked witheringly. "But, as a matter of fact, you're right. This paper is a bit different from the kind of bosh you've had up till now."

"No doubt about that!" said Lowther blandly. "Let's see it, Grundy! You're keeping us on tenterhooks, you know."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Gather round, my infants!" chuckled Kangaroo. "Look out for the surprise of your lives!"

The big parcel was unfastened at last. Inside reposed a stack of the "Weekly." There was a nice coloured cover—an

(Continued on next page.)

PEN PALS

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J. Bryant, 463, Johnson Street, Kingston, Ontario, Canada; stamps, sports, newspaper exchange; British Isles, Australia, New Zealand, India, Africa.

original idea of Grundy's, and a great improvement on the old kyboshed "Weekly." On the coloured cover appeared, in large letters, the title:

"GRUNDY'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY.

SUB-EDITORS, WILKINS AND GUNN."

There was a general smile round the big table. That was very good for a beginning. But there was better to come. Grundy handed out the copies with a generous hand, keeping the last one for himself.

The copies were opened, and the St. Jim's fellows read, marked, and learned, and inwardly digested the contents.

And a roar of laughter such as had seldom or never been heard within the walls of St. Jim's before rang through the Common-room.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy had not opened his copy yet. He had been too busy serving them out. He paused, and regarded the juniors with astonishment.

That irresistible outburst of hilarity took him by surprise.

There was nothing to account for it, unless, indeed, they had all started on his comic column at once.

"Hallo! What's the cackle?" he demanded.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Must be something wrong!" murmured Wilkins, opening his copy.

"Why, what—Ha, ha, ha! Oh crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wilkins, you ass—"

"Oh dear! Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy frowned and tore open his copy.

Then he stood transfixed. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own vision. On the first page should have appeared the title and opening chapter of "Under the Spanish Flag."

But the story was not there!

There was no sign of Grundy's stirring serial—not a line of it—not a word—not a syllable!

Instead, there was a single paragraph in the centre of the page, surrounded by a wide black margin. And the paragraph ran in the form of an advertisement.

"WANTED.—Lessons in spelling! Any Second Form fag who has a little time to spare is requested to call at Study No. 5 in the Shell passage, and to bring a copy of the first spelling-book with him."

Grundy stood dumbfounded.

Certainly he hadn't put that advertisement on the front page of his own "Weekly." How on earth had it got there? Where was his story?

Hadn't he placed the proofs safely in the hands of Mr. Tiper personally, to make sure that no trick was played upon them? Had Mr. Tiper gone suddenly mad and perpetrated this joke upon him?



Mechanically he turned over the leaf. On the second page appeared another advertisement, having the whole page to itself:

"WANTED.—A second-hand strait-jacket! Anyone having the same to dispose of is requested to call at Study No. 5, Shell passage."

On the third page appeared:

"ORTHOGRAPHY on the G. A. G. SYSTEM.

K-a-t-kat.
D-o-g-g-e-dogge.
K-o-w-e-kowe.
B-o-o-l-bool.
S-h-e-a-p-sheap.
L-y-o-n-n-lyonn.
T-y-g-a-r-tygar."

"Wha-a-at does this mean?" gasped Grundy. "I—I—I never wrote anything like this! That man Tiper must be dotty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This spelling's all wrong, too. Cow's spelt c-o-w-e; not k-o-w-e."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy opened his "Weekly" in the middle, where the leading article was to appear. It was there—but with improvements. Some unknown hand had been over the spelling, and out-Grundied Grundy, so to speak.

George Alfred's eyes almost started from his head as he read:

"Thiss knewe paipar iz inntenddedd two phill a long-phelt wonnt. Itt wille bee eddittd inn phurst-klasse stile bye Jorge Alfred Grundey, whooh wille keepe thes mannagememt inn hiss oan hannds. Hee wille bee ass-sisssted buy ann aybel staph off subbb-eddittdorrs. Spellingge wille bee the strongge poyynt off thiss paipar, inn Jorge Alfred Grundey's oan orrijinal stile."

The spelling was a little more original than Grundy's own, and it made it somewhat difficult to read. Grundy mechanically turned over the

leaves, and came to his story: "Direct Action."

The story was there, but the spelling had been out-Grundied. It made George Alfred rub his eyes.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Grundy. "That's my story; but that fat-headed printer has spelt it all wrong!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors were nearly weeping.

Bang!

Grundy's fist, with the "Weekly" crumpled up in it, smote the table with a terrific concussion.

"This is a rotten jape!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! Has it only just dawned on you, deah boy?"

"What a brain!" gurgled Lowther. "He's thought that out without the aid of a net. What a brain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some of you rotters have got at my 'Weekly' and mucked it up!" shrieked Grundy furiously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gimme those copies! I can't allow them to get into circulation! Don't take those copies away!" yelled Grundy. "Bring 'em back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors streamed out of the Common-room almost in hysterics, clutching their copies. Nothing would have induced them to part with "Grundy's Weekly."

They had expected it to be funny, but nothing like this. And those copies of "Grundy's Weekly" were far above rubies in their eyes.

The hapless editor had thought of burning the whole edition. But not for love or money would the other fellows have parted with those precious copies.

Grundy roared and yelled and banged his fist, and threatened wildly, and finally made a frontal attack, endeavouring to reclaim the "Weekly" by main force.

Then he was seized and bumped, and left in a breathless state on the floor of the Common-room.

In a quarter of an hour the "Weekly" was in circulation all over St. Jim's, and all the school was chuckling hysterically over it.

And afterwards, though Grundy begged almost with tears in his eyes for those copies, he could not regain possession of a single one.

Monty Lowther announced his intention of leaving his copy as an heirloom in his family. Other fellows sent them home to their people. Some put them safely by to read, again and again, to cheer them up when they were in low spirits.

So long as Grundy remained at St. Jim's he was likely to be haunted by his "Weekly."

"Tom Merry's Weekly" went on flourishing—intermittently. But the first number of "Grundy's Weekly" was also the last. Indeed, after that day, in order to throw George Alfred Grundy into a state of homicidal fury, it was only necessary to whisper in his ear the title of his famous paper, "Grundy's Weekly."

THE END.

For Next Wednesday—

"THE BOY WHO SPOOFED ST. JIM'S!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

A great story of Kerr's daring masquerade—and how it led to his arrest for theft!

Order Your GEM Early.

WHEN TEN REMOVE FEASTERS BECAME THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE SCHOOL—
THANKS TO WILY WUN LUNG!

THE JOKER OF THE REMOVE!

WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

The Remove Form at Greyfriars receive a big fright one evening when a strange monster with bright green eyes appears in the Remove passage. But Harry Wharton & Co. eventually run it to earth in their own study, and the "monster" turns out to be none other than Wun Lung, the Chinese junior. He is making a dragon-kite, and for a joke he put on the dragon's head to scare his Form-fellows.

Billy Bunter decides to make a kite also—a glider, he calls it. But he lacks funds to buy the necessary materials, and no one will lend him the money—even on the strength of a competition prize he declares he is going to win.

Later, in the darkness of the Close, Wun Lung tries out his kite, which has been named the "jabberwock." Mr. Capper, the Upper Fourth master, sees it, and, somewhat scared, rushes in to inform the Head of the strange monster in the Close. He then ventures out again with Mr. Prout, who is armed with a gun. The Fifth Form master shoots down the "monster," and, rushing up to it, brings the butt of his rifle down on the jabberwock.

(Now read on.)

Lucky for Wun Lung!

THERE was a wail of anguish from Wun Lung as Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth Form, brought his gun down on the strange monster.

"My kite! My kite!" The Chinese junior ran up in dismay. But Mr. Prout did not hear nor heed. The butt of his gun had crashed through the bamboo and cardboard of the dragon, and now it crashed through again. Mr. Prout meant to finish the jabberwock, as Bob Cherry termed the kite, while he was about it.

The electric lamp in the hollow head was extinguished, and so the creature's eyes were dark now. The humming noise, of course, had ceased. The Fifth Form master had slain the jabberwock.

Mr. Capper disentangled himself from the cord and staggered to his feet.

"Have you shot it?"

"Yes—yes, and finished it with the butt of my gun."

"Good! Don't damage it more than you can help. I want to have it stuffed for the British Museum."

The fellows were crowding up. Some of them were striking matches. Half Greyfriars had been brought out into the Close by the reports of Mr. Prout's gun.

"Bring a light!" shouted Mr. Capper. A torch was quickly on the scene. It shone on the slain jabberwock, and there was a ripple of laughter among the Removites.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth is it?" asked Wingate, bending over the crumpled object and shining the torch on it.

"A strange bird," said Mr. Capper—"a bird of a species unknown to British ornithology."

Wingate chuckled

"Or to the ornithology of any other country, I think, sir," he said.

"What do you mean, Wingate?"

"It is made of cardboard, sir."

By Frank Richards.

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

"What?" roared Mr. Capper. "It is cardboard, bamboo, and paper. It's a kind of kite."

"A-a-a kind of k-k-kite!"

"Yes, sir. Look for yourself." Mr. Capper looked at the wrecked dragon in the light of the torch, with feelings too deep for words. Mr. Prout, who had been leaning on his gun with the air of a great sportsman who knew that he deserved admiration, quietly slipped away and put his gun out of sight as soon as possible.

Both his shots had gone through the strange creature, and if it had been alive would most certainly have killed it. But it was rather a come-down for the great sportsman to find that he had slain nothing but a curiously shaped kite.

Mr. Capper looked at the dragon-kite, and the juniors looked at Mr. Capper. The Upper Fourth master's face was a study.

"It is a—a kite," he murmured, turning crimson. "I have never seen a kite like that before, but it is undoubtedly a kite."

One minute the chums of the Remove are enjoying Wun Lung's delicious stew—the next they are looking very sick about it!

"It's a Chinese kite, sir, I think," said Wingate.

"Ah! To whom does this kite belong?"

"My kite!"

"Wun Lung, is this your property?" demanded Mr. Capper, fixing his eyes, with a portentous frown, on the Celestial.

"My kite!"

"You have been flying it in the Close?"

"Me fly kite!"

"How dare you fly a kite in the Close after dark," said Mr. Capper—"especially one of such a—a strange form? You led me to suppose—" The Form-master checked himself. His absurd mistake made him colour deeply as he thought of it. "You—you might have done damage with this absurd thing."

"My kite—broken!"

"Yes, it is broken; and it is just as well, as I should certainly have ordered you to destroy it," said Mr. Capper. "You have been guilty of a most reprehensible act, Wun Lung."

"No savvy."

"You ought not to have flown this kite in the Close after dark. I firmly believe that you did it with the deliberate intention of—of startling people."

"No savvy."

"Answer me, Wun Lung. Were you

not perfectly well aware that you were being guilty of an infraction of the rules of the school?"

"No savvy."

The Form-master was baffled. He believed that the Chinese junior "savvied" well enough, but Wun Lung's face was perfectly innocent and bland.

"You must not use that ridiculous expression, Wun Lung," he said angrily. "If you do not understand, say that you do not understand."

"No savvy."

Mr. Capper gave it up. He walked away with heightened colour; and then the merriment of the juniors could no longer be restrained. They burst into a roar, which Mr. Capper had the pleasure of hearing as he entered the house.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry. "Did you ever hear of anything so funny as this?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Never!"

"My kite's broken," said Wun Lung, bending over his precious dragon. "But it all lightee. Me pullee leggee of Mistel Cappel—ow!"

A finger and thumb closed on the ear of the Chinese junior. He squirmed round and looked up into Wingate's grim face.

"So you were pulling the master's leg, were you?" said the captain of Greyfriars grimly.

"No savvy."

"You were working off a jape at Mr. Capper's expense?"

"No savvy."

Wingate could not help laughing. He released Wun Lung's ear and walked away. The youthful Celestial gathered up his broken kite and carried it off towards the house.

Bob Cherry gave him a thump on the back.

"You'll do, you young rascal!" he said. "It was worth busting a kite to see those two naturalists bagging such an unique specimen. This bird, gentlemen, belongs to a species utterly unknown to British ornithologists."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is probably a survival of prehistoric times," went on Bob Cherry, as they entered the house. "Examine it closely and you will detect a resemblance to the pterodactyls of antediluvian days—to the strange birds that lived along with the mastodon, the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, and the other cheerful inhabitants of the earth in its sprightly infancy, the chief difference being that the pterodactyl was not made of cardboard."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nor were its eyes manufactured of green glass. In other respects the resemblance is remarkable; and when the stuffed jabberwock is presented to the British Museum—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Extremely comic," said a dry voice. And Bob swung round in dismay, to see Mr. Quelch standing at his study door. "You have a remarkable gift of humour, Cherry, have you not?"

"I—I—" stammered Bob, in confusion.

"Unfortunately," proceeded the Remove master, "it is combined with an equally remarkable gift of impertinence, and so it will be necessary, Cherry, for you to keep your remarkable gift of

THE CHINESE JUNIOR OF GREYFRIARS IS UP TO HIS TRICKS AGAIN IN THIS HUMOROUS YARN OF THE EARLY SCHOOLDAYS OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.

humour within bounds. To assist you to do so, I will give you an exercise that will impress the lesson on your mind. You will write out a hundred times, 'Impertinence leads to punishment.' I shall want to see the lines before bedtime!"

And Mr. Quelch turned into his study. Bob Cherry made a grimace; but he made no more jokes just then.

The wrecked dragon was carried up to Study No. 1, where Wun Lung proceeded to patch it up. It had suffered severely from Mr. Prout's doughty blows, but it was not past repair.

Meanwhile, Mr. Capper had reluctantly reported the facts of the matter to the Head. Dr. Locke looked at him anxiously as he re-entered the study.

"Has the creature been shot, Mr. Capper?" he asked quickly.

"Ye-es," said Mr. Capper, blushing. "But it—er—turns out to be a—a species of kite—"

"Indeed! There is no species of kite in England, or the known world, of such size!" the Head exclaimed. "This must be an unique specimen. The length of the object I saw was considerably more than the length of the largest kite known—"

"I—I do not mean the kite of ornithology," stammered Mr. Capper. "In point of fact, it was not a bird at all." The Head stared.

"Not a bird! But you said it was a species of kite."

"Yes. But I meant a schoolboy's kite."

"Oh!"

"It—it was a kite made by the Chinese boy in the Remove, in the shape of a dragon," said Mr. Capper. "He was flying it after dark, and I—I made a mistake. Of course, I could not know it—"

"Of course not," assented the Head,

taking pity on the Form-master's confusion. "The thing startled me as much as it did you. Really, the boy should be punished for causing so much trouble. But he is such an innocent little fellow that I am sure he was unconscious of doing harm. Perhaps it would be better to pass the matter over."

And passed over it was.

A Helping Hand!

THE slaying of the jabberwock furnished the Remove with an inexhaustible topic of laughter for some time. Wun Lung suddenly found himself quite a famous personage in the Lower Fourth. A fellow who could succeed so completely in pulling the leg of a Form-master and escape scot-free was a fellow to be respected.

The jabberwock, as all the juniors called the dragon-kite, was patched and repaired, and, after morning lessons the next day, Wun Lung flew it in the Close. But it was not the least terrifying in the daylight. Several more of the Remove followed Wun Lung's example, and manufactured kites, though they did not attempt to give them the artistic form of the jabberwock.

Billy Bunter was as busy as anybody. The fat junior, who was perfectly convinced that he was an inventive genius, was busy with his glider. He was hampered, as usual, by want of cash, and he made efforts in all directions to obtain capital. But lenders were scarce.

It was in vain that Bunter explained that with a pound a week for six months—the prize he was going to win in "Answers," football competition—he would be able to discharge all his debts. The juniors declined to believe that he would ever possess that valuable prize.

"The thing's a dead cert," Bunter explained, almost with tears in his eyes.

"Blessed if I know how to convince you obstinate duffers. Don't you see that the best answers sent in are bound to get the best prize?"

"The boundfulness is great," agreed the Nabob of Bhanipur, "but the bestfulness of the honourable Bunter's answers is terrifically problematic."

"Oh, really, luky—"

"I believe that the prizefulness will arrive for the honourable Bunter along with his esteemed postal order."

"As a matter of fact, I'm expecting a postal order this evening," said Bunter. "I'd let you have that on account, and pay up the rest out of the pound a week, if you could let me have a pound or two now."

"Well, of all the nerve!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Why don't you ask for a fiver?"

"A couple of pounds would be enough. Besides, I shall make money. When the glider is completed I can give fellows a ride in it, and charge a tanner a time. If eighty fellows take a ride at sixpence each, there's the two pounds back again!"

"Oh, give us a rest, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Cherry, I must have a little capital to work with, you know! How can you expect me to make a glider when I haven't any tin?"

"We don't expect you to make one!" grinned Bob as he left the study.

Bunter grunted disconsolately. He was left alone in the study with Wun Lung, the Chinese junior being busy giving some finishing touches to his dragon-kite. Wun Lung looked up.

"How muchee?" he asked.

The fat junior stared at him.

"What are you jabbering about, you silly Chinese ass?" he growled.

"How muchee cashee?"

Billy Bunter brightened up wonderfully. He knew that the Chinese junior had plenty of money.



"Nicee fatter doggee in stew," said Wun Lung. The juniors, who had feasted not wisely but too well, gazed at the Chinese in horror. "You horrible young cannibal!" they gasped. "You pigtailed beast!" "I—I feel queer!" moaned Temple.

"A couple of pounds would do," he said eagerly.

"Lats!" said Wun Lung, turning to his work again.

"Well, perhaps thirty bob——"

"Lats!"

"Say a pound, then. I could get the bare materials for that."

Wun Lung groped in his pocket and tossed a pound note over to Bunter. The fat junior could scarcely believe his eyes as he caught the banknote.

"Now shuttee up!" said Wun Lung.

"Oh, really, Wun Lung——"

"No talkee."

Apparently the Celestial regarded the shutting up of the fat junior as cheap at a pound. But Bunter was quite contented, and he left the study before Wun Lung could change his mind.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and Bunter had plenty of time to carry out his scheme. When Harry Wharton looked into the study a couple of hours later the fat junior was very busy. He was sitting on the floor amidst piles of all sorts and conditions of material, sewing away at canvas with a huge needle, and muttering things whenever he jabbed the point into his finger.

Wharton stared at him in amazement. The study was in utter confusion. The table, the floor, the chairs, and even the fender were littered with materials for Bunter's glider.

"What on earth are you doing, Bunter?"

The fat junior blinked up at him.

"I'm making my glider, Wharton."

"He, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. People have made gliders before."

"Not people like you, Bunter!" laughed Wharton. "But where on earth did you get all this stuff from?"

"A friend lent me a pound," said Bunter, with dignity. "Some fellows can trust me."

"They must be perfect strangers, then."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"And you'd better get some of this muck cleared up before we come into tea."

And Wharton picked up his football and left the study. Bunter sewed and out and pinned and stuck valiantly, and the glider grew. Whether it would ever fly was a question which anyone but Billy Bunter would have answered immediately in the negative.

Several fellows, hearing that Bunter was making a glider, came to look at him during the progress of the work. They gave him plenty of friendly advice, but no assistance. Skinner recommended lining it with felt to keep the rain off, and Levison suggested a framework of wrought iron for strength.

Billy Bunter worked on, and took no notice of these frivolous suggestions. The only offer of help he received came from Wun Lung. The Chinese looked into the study towards tea-time, and found Billy Bunter up to his ears in work.

"Fattee Buntel wolkee muchee," said the Chinese sympathetically. "S'posee Wun Lung help?"

"Well, I'll be glad of a little help," said Bunter. "The fellows will be in to tea soon, and Cherry will make a row if the study is in this state. The glider is getting on, but this canvas wants sewing up. Could you manage it?"

The Chinese's almond eyes twinkled.

"Me sewee nicee."

"There's a needle. Mind you don't prick your fingers. I keep on doing it."

Wun Lung threaded the needle and

set to work. Bunter was busy, and the Chinese sat down partly behind him. The fat junior did not keep an eye on him, and the Celestial sewed away industriously.

A quarter of an hour later there was a tramping of feet in the Remove passage, and the Famous Four burst into the study, glowing with the exercise of the football field, and as hungry as hunters.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's all this?" asked Bob Cherry, as he caught his foot in a coil of cord and nearly fell. "You young ass!"

"Don't tread on my materials, Cherry. I'm making a glider."

"You ought to be making the tea. Fire's out, you young ass! I'm hungry!"

"I think you fellows could have tea in Hall this time. Wun Lung is standing a feed this evening, so you don't want much. I wish you'd be quiet, and not interrupt my work."

"Well, of all the cheek!"

"I'm practically finished now."

"Don't you want any tea yourself?"

"No; I shan't want any."

"What duffer was it said the age of miracles was past?" said Nugent.

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"If the esteemed Bunter doesn't want any tea, the miraclefulness is terrific," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, really, Inky! You see, you fellows, I've eaten all there was in the cupboard. I had to have a snack from time to time to keep up my strength while I made the glider. You can go and have tea in Hall. On second thoughts I'll come with you, and I can put the finishing touches to the glider afterwards."

Bunter tried to rise to his feet. He got half-way up, and then sat down again with a thud. His spectacles slid down his nose, and he gave a gasp of blank amazement.

"Wh-wh-what's the matter?"

He struggled to rise, but he could not. Wun Lung had risen, and was looking at Bunter with an expression of mild surprise.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Blessed if I know! I say, you fellows, lend me a hand, will you? I—I'm stuck to the floor somehow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "The seat of your trousers is sewn to the carpet!"

"What?" yelled Bunter.

Wun Lung quietly disappeared from the study. The Famous Four stood round the fat junior, laughing uproariously. The look on Bunter's face was too funny for words.

He squirmed round to get a look behind him, and jammed his spectacles tighter on his nose. It was true enough. There was a gash in the study carpet, and to one of the edges of it Bunter's trousers had been sewn, and the fat junior was a prisoner. He made another effort to rise, and fell over on his back.

"My—my hat!" panted Bunter.

"How—why—who——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter gave a yell as light dawned on his mind. He remembered the kind assistance he had received from Wun Lung.

"Where's that Chinese?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Help! You grinning idiots! Get this loose, will you? I say, you fellows, you might lend a hand, you know. I'm going to pulverise that Chinese. I'll teach him to sew my trousers to the carpet! Why don't you

help a chap instead of standing cackling there like a lot of silly old hens!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter gave a desperate wrench, and his trousers came away from the carpet, with a torn fragment of the carpet adhering to it. The fat junior panted for breath.

"I'll—I'll massacre that Chinese villain!" he panted.

Wun Lung looked innocently into the study.

"Tea is leady," he said, with a bland smile.

Bunter made a wild dash at him, and the Chinese junior fled. Bunter pursued him down the stairs at top speed, and the Famous Four followed, roaring with laughter.

A little fat poodle belonging to the housekeeper ran across the passage under Bunter's feet, and he went sprawling headlong. The poodle ran away yelping, and Bunter sat up and gasped.

"Ow! Where's my glasses? Ow! Where's that Chinese beast? Ow!"

Harry Wharton picked up the fallen glasses, and handed them to the fat junior. The poodle had vanished. Bunter had fallen on him, and Bunter was not a light weight. Fido had gone to seek comfort from his mistress.

"Thank you, Cherry!" gasped Billy Bunter as he received the spectacles from Wharton. "I'll—I'll wipe up the floor with that Chinese when I catch him! I'm quite out of breath!"

It was some minutes before Bunter recovered his wind. Then he went into the dining-hall, and found Wun Lung sitting at the Remove table, with the blandest of smiles upon his amiable face.

Bunter Flies!

BUNTER'S wrath had evaporated by the time tea was over, several considerations helping it. One was that Wun Lung had lent him a pound in the afternoon. Not that Bunter had a good memory for favours received; but he had a very keen anticipation of more favours to come. Another and more important consideration was the feed Wun Lung had promised to stand that evening. The fat junior did not want to be left out of that.

Besides, Bunter was busy with his glider. It was finished now, and there was plenty of time before dark for the first flight, and he needed assistance. The Famous Four were, of course, called upon, and they consented to lend a hand in the Close.

The glider—which was, in point of fact, nothing but a very large and clumsily constructed kite—was carried out into the Close, half the Lower School coming to see the result. Opinions were freely expressed that it would never rise in the air.

"It will have to get some impetus first," said Bunter. "The proper way to start a glider is from high ground, and I'm working under difficulties. You hold it, Wharton. Start it when I give you the word. I'll keep the cord, and it'll be up in a jiffy!"

And Bunter marched off with the cord. The wind was favourable, and there was ample room to run in the Close. But, somehow, the kite would not rise. Wharton held up the huge contraption manfully. Whenever Bunter gave the word, he started it; but each time it fell to the ground.

It was possible that Bunter had not constructed the glider on scientific lines, but it was of no use telling him so. As

a matter of fact, the weight of the materials was very unevenly distributed, and the whole thing was very truly, if not elegantly, described by Levison as cack-handed and cock-eyed.

"I say, you fellows, I think you might help me a bit," said Bunter indignantly to the grinning Removites. "You said you'd help, Wharton!"

"I'm doing my best, Bunter."

"It keeps on falling to the ground!"

"That's not my fault, ass!"

"Well, the glider is all right, so I don't see why it shouldn't fly. Will you hold it for me, Cherry? Wharton can't manage it!"

Bob Cherry obligingly held the kite. The result was the same. Then Wun Lung volunteered to hold it. But Bunter had had enough of the Chinese's assistance, and he curtly declined. He asked Hazeldene, who took the kite with a grin.

Hazeldene was in a humorous mood. He did not let go the kite, and Bunter tugged at the cord in vain. After some minutes, he came up red and gasping.

"No good," he said. "You fellows can't handle a glider for toffee! Besides, what it really wants is a good start from high up somewhere. Would you mind climbing up on the roof, Wharton, and starting it there for me?"

"Well, rather, I think I should mind!"

"I don't see why you shouldn't take a little risk in the cause of science. When it's fairly going, I'll let you have first ride."

Harry Wharton laughed and shook his head.

"Don't be a silly ass, Bunter. You know very well we're not allowed on the roof!"

"It's a very special occasion. Will you go up for me, Cherry?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Well, I don't know about going on the roof, Bunter; but I wouldn't mind trying from the top of the gym."

"Good! The gym's hardly high enough for the purpose, but it is better than the level. You can pull up the glider with a cord, after you are on the roof."

"Right-ho! Get the cord out of our study, Inky!"

"With great pleasurefulness, my worthy chum."

"You get the ladder, Nugent, to climb up to the roof."

"Certainly!"

Billy Bunter, satisfied at last, led the way towards the gymnasium. The Removites followed, most of them grinning. It was apparent to everybody but Bunter that Bob Cherry had some joke up his sleeve.

The ladder was planted against the side of the gym, and Hurree Singh returned with the coil of cord. Bob Cherry fastened one end to the bamboo centre of Bunter's kite to pull it up by, and then he cut off a length and tied it directly underneath.

"What's that for?" asked Bunter, blinkin' at it through his spectacles.

"For you to hang on to."

"I've got the cord."

"Suppose the kite carries you up into the air," said Bob, "the cord would snap!"

"Quite right. I didn't think of that. Of course, the glider will in all probability lift me off the ground," agreed Bunter. "Perhaps I had better put a turn of the rope round under my arms, in case I should let go."

"Good wheeze!"

Bob Cherry took his rope in his hand and ascended the ladder. He signed to Nugent and Hurree Singh to follow him, and they did so with solemn faces.



"Help! Help!" gasped Bunter, struggling to rise from the carpet. "You grinning idiots! Get my trousers loose! I'm going to pulverise that Chinese! I'll teach him to sew my trousers to the carpet!"

The Removites waited expectantly. Bob Cherry pulled up the kite over the roof of the gym, and all was ready.

"Are you ready, Bunter?"

"Yes. Let go."

"It's going!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Hold on!"

"Has the wind caught it?" gasped Bunter, as he felt a steady pull on the rope.

"Hold on!"

The kite was, of course, invisible, as it had passed over the roof of the high building. Whether it was rising in the sky or lying idle on the roof of the gym, could not be seen by anyone standing close to the gym wall in the Close. But there was certainly a sharp pull on the rope.

Bunter clung to it desperately, and in a few seconds he was whisked off his feet, and came with a bump against the wall of the gym.

"Oh!" he gasped.

But he held on. Higher and higher he was pulled, till he was half-way to the roof of the building. He was turning round and round on the end of the rope.

The Removites below were almost in convulsions. They knew how much of Bunter's ascent was due to the glider. But Bunter had no doubts.

"Hold on, Cherry!" he gasped.

"Don't let it go too high."

"Can't be stopped now!" called back Bob Cherry from the roof.

"I say, hold on—hold on!"

The ascent stopped. Bunter was half-way to the roof, and there was a sudden crash of glass as his foot went through a window.

"My hat!" gasped Bunter.

The Removites on the roof came down the ladder. They joined the crowd of juniors below, and at the same time Wingate came wrathfully out of the gym.

Wun Lung at Work!

WINGATE stared in blank amazement at the fat junior half-way up the wall of the gym, with one leg through the window, and the other wagging in the air.

"What on earth are you doing, Bunter?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Wingate—can't help it!"

"Come down immediately!"

"I—I can't. It's the glider, you know!"

"The what?" howled the captain of Greyfriars.

"The glider. It was carrying me up and I can't come down. If you could hang on to my feet it might bring me down. I hope for goodness' sake it won't rise any higher. I—I'm getting nervous!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the Removites.

"How is the young idiot fixed up there?" asked Wingate. "What is the rope fastened to?"

"The glider," grinned Levison.

Wingate muttered something, and walked to the ladder and ascended. He could not help grinning as he stepped on the roof. The great kite, which Bunter supposed to be soaring in the air, lay on the leads. Bob Cherry and Nugent had, of course, pulled him up by main force and fastened the end of the rope, while Bunter imagined that the glider was dragging him up from the earth.

Wingate loosened the rope and lowered Bunter to the ground. The fat junior came down with a sharp run, and bumped on the ground with a jar that took his breath away.

He sat up and blinked, and as he did so his kite came over the edge of the roof and fell on him, and Bunter's head

liffed through the canvas. The expression of the junior was almost idiotically bewildered as he sat with the kite round his neck. The Remove roared.

Wingate came down the ladder. He surveyed the fat junior with a grim smile.

"You young ass!" he said. "If you hadn't been an utter idiot you would have known that that clumsy contraption wasn't lifting you!"

"But it was, Wingate. It was a first-class glider."

"Mind, no more tricks on the roof of the gym," said Wingate, "and the charge for mending that window will be sent to your father, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Wingate—"

The captain of Greyfriars went back into the gymnasium. Bunter staggered to his feet. He blinked indignantly at the Removites.

"Blessed if I see what you want to keep on cackling for," he growled. "Wingate must be an ass. Fancy not believing that the glider raised me from the ground, when he had the evidence of his own eyes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Didn't the glider raise me from the ground, Cherry?"

"Well, no; I rather think it was a chap about my size who pulled you up!" roared Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors shrieked at the expression on Bunter's face.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter indignantly gathered up his kite.

"I shall try my next experiment without assistance from you," he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter stalked away. The glider disappeared and was not seen again. Bunter was not very sensitive to ridicule, but he could not help feeling that his experiment had been a failure, and he did not care to face it a second time.

"Any more gliders, Bunter?" asked Bob Cherry, when he came in with Wharton and met the fat junior in the hallway. Bunter blinked at him reproachfully.

"No, Cherry. I'm thinking of giving up aerostatics and sticking to ventriloquism, after all. But while we're on the subject, there's that window in the gym to be paid for. Wingate said the bill would be sent to my father. He will report it to Quelch. Now that's not fair."

"We shall see to it," said Harry Wharton.

"Good! If you could give me the money now, Wharton, I'll manage it without any trouble to you. Slade, in the village, charges five shillings for a pane like that. I'd rather have it put in at once and not let the matter go before the beak. You can tell Wingate that I've arranged it with Slade."

"Very well."

And Bunter walked away with the five shillings jingling in his pocket. The chums of the Remove went upstairs to Study No. 1 to do their preparation, but they found the rooms occupied. Wun Lung was there, and he was evidently preparing for the feed he had promised Harry Wharton & Co. His sleeves were rolled up, and he had a white apron on and looked extremely professional.

A huge fire was banked up in the grate and a variety of utensils occupied the fender and the hob. It was already dusk, and the light was on in the study.

"Gettee leddy for feedee," remarked Wun Lung.

"Oh, you're getting ready, are you?"

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said Bob Cherry. "But what about prep?"

"No plep."

"But we've got to do it, you know. We can't get over the Form-master in the morning with soft soap, as you do."

Wun Lung grinned.

"No plep, allee samee. Me makee nicee feed!"

There certainly wasn't much room for doing preparation in the study. The table was piled with crockery and utensils. Wun Lung seemed to have borrowed things on all sides for his cookery, for half of them did not belong to Study No. 1.

"What are you going to cook?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Nicee stew—Chinee stew."

A savoury smell was proceeding from a huge saucepan on the fire, to which Wun Lung was adding at intervals various ingredients. Bob Cherry sniffed.

"That smells 'all right," he remarked.

"I'm getting hungry."

"Laddy soon."

"Yes, but what about our prep?"

"No plep."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"We'd better take our books down in the Common-room," he said.

"Oh, all right! It looks like a decent feed. We had a rotten tea in Hall, and I'm feeling jolly peckish," Bob Cherry remarked. "Will the feed be ready in an hour, young cheer-ful?"

"All leddy."

"Good! Then you can have the room to yourself. Mind there's enough and mind it's good! I'm not particular on other points."

Wun Lung grinned and nodded, and the Removites went down again. They met Hurree Singh and Nugent on the stairs and explained matters to them.

"Well, if it's going to be a decent feed, I don't mind," Nugent remarked.

"That young Chinee can cook, too! He did us some sausages and chips the other day in first-rate style. I shall be quite ready for the stew in half an hour's time."

And the Famous Four went into the junior Common-room to do their preparation. It was not easy to do it there, with a buzz of talk going on around them. Bunter came into the room and walked over to Wharton.

"I say, Wharton!"

"Don't bother now, Bunter, I'm busy. Why don't you do your prep?"

"Lots of time for that. Besides, I want to tell you I— It's about that window."

"That's all right, if you've arranged with the man."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I haven't. You see—"

"Very well, I'll see to it."

"That's all right, then," said Bunter. "I don't want Mr. Quelch to be bothered about the matter, and, of course, it wouldn't do for the bill to go to my father."

And the fat junior walked away. Harry called after him.

"You've forgotten the tin."

Bunter turned his head.

"No, I haven't, Wharton."

"Well, if I'm going to see about it, leave the tin here," said Harry.

"You see, that's really what I came to speak to you about," said Bunter hesitantly. "I—I thought I'd better have a snack as we were waiting so long for Wun Lung's feed, you know. I suppose to-morrow morning will do for the five bob, Wharton?"

"What do you mean?"

"I—I had to have a snack to keep up my strength. You know I'm in delicate health, and I can only keep going by having plenty of nourishing food. I've got a postal order coming by the first post to-morrow morning, so I thought if it was all the same to you, I'd let you have the tin back then and spend the five shillings with Mrs. Mimble."

"But it isn't all the same to me."

"Now, don't be mean, Wharton. You won't arrange with Slade about the pane till to-morrow. What possible difference can it make to you if I give you the five bob now, or if you have it out of my postal order to-morrow morning?"

"None, if I have it then, you young idiot! But it's my own fault for trusting money into your hands."

"I hope I'm a fellow that can be trusted with money," said Bunter, with dignity. "I had to spend that five bob at the tuckshop; but I suppose you give me credit for common honesty, and knowing that I shouldn't have spent it if my postal order hadn't been coming for certain to-morrow morning."

"You'll be telling yarns like that to a judge some day," said Bob Cherry. "But you won't get off as easily as you do with Wharton."

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"It was my own fault," said Harry. "I ought to have known Bunter better. Don't talk any more rot about your postal order, Bunter."

"Well, it's barely possible that there may be a delay in the post, Wharton, and if you are not in an immediate hurry for the money, I would rather you left it till I get the prize in 'Answers' football competition."

"Oh, cheese it! Let me get on with my work."

"Certainly. But is it understood that the amount stands over?"

"I make you a present of it."

"Thank you very much, Wharton, but I cannot accept a money present at your hands," said Bunter firmly. "A loan I have no objection to, but a gift of money isn't possible between friends."

"Will you get away and stop bothering?"

"I think this point ought to be settled—"

Bob Cherry rose and took Bunter by the ear and led him to the door. A drive of his foot sent the fat junior along the passage hurriedly. Bunter caught up against the wall and blinked at the wrathful Removite. Bob shook a warning finger at him.

"If you come in here again till our prep is finished, I'll jump on you!" he said.

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Scat!"

And Bob Cherry looked so dangerous that Billy Bunter promptly "scatted."

The Fate of Fido!

THE news had spread that a feed was being prepared in Study No. 1, and that the Chinese junior was standing it. A good many fellows looked in while the preparations were going on.

The smell from the huge saucepan boiling on the fire was most appetising. Wun Lung was undoubtedly a good cook. Skinner declared that the mere scent of that stew made him hungry, and he asked Wun Lung when it would be finished.

Bulstrode was equally impressed, and he demanded a spoonful to try, which the obliging Wun Lung accorded him.

Bulstrode pronounced it ripping, and regretted that he was not on the best terms with Harry Wharton & Co. He would have liked very much to be asked to that feed in Study No. 1.

After finishing their prep, the Famous Four looked into the study. Wun Lung was still busy, but his labours were approaching an end. He had laid the cloth and disposed of the crockery to the best advantage. Bob Cherry sniffed appreciatively.

"Ripping!" he said. "I'm getting jolly peckish, too. I hope you've got a good supply of that stew, young cheerful. I should like to ask some fellows in."

Wun Lung nodded.

"Muchee plenty."

"Good! Where did you get that saucepan?"

"Me bollow it of nicee fat house-keeper."

"Ha, ha! I wonder if Mrs. Kebble would like to hear herself described as a nice fat housekeeper!" grinned Nugent. "It was very decent of her to lend you the saucepan! What are you making the stew of?"

"Nicee meatee, nicee tato, beance, callots, and ungyungs, muchee plenty!"

Bob Cherry smacked his lips.

"Good! The scent is ripping! Now, there will be six here to the feed."

"Five, my worthy chum," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Oh, you're not going to stand out of a feed like this, Inky!" said Bob warmly. "There's nothing in it for you to be fastidious about."

The nabob shook his head.

"The excellentfulness of the esteemed stew is great, but the keep-off-the-grassfulness is terrific!"

"Blessed if I know how you live!" said Bob Cherry. "Well, we'll get some bananas for you, as you can't eat good grub. Five of us, then. We can have two or three of the fellows in. They are all anxious to come."

"Muchee good!"

"How long will it be, Wun Lung?"

"Lingee bell when leady."

"Good! The guests will have to bring their own plates, spoons, and forks, though. Must remember that."

The Removites, feeling very cheerful at the prospect of the feed, strolled along the passage. Billy Bunter met them on the stairs.

"Isn't it ready yet?" he asked.

"Not quite. Wait for the bell to ring."

"All right. I say, Wharton, what's going to be done about the dish that was broken last night? The house-keeper has asked me about it."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"I suppose you don't hold me responsible for that, Bunter?"

"Well, somebody will have to pay for it. It was Wun Lung's fault it was broken over his rotten jape with that dragon, and he ought to pay for it. Mrs. Kebble says she will complain if the loss isn't made good; and as she was giving a dish of potatoes to Study No. 1, I think the least you fellows can do is to pay for the damage done. Still, I'll go and ask Wun Lung."

"No, you won't!" said Wharton. "How much does Mrs. Kebble want for the broken dish?"

"One-and-six."

"I'll go and see her, then."

"You needn't trouble, Wharton. I'll take it to her."

"You are too obliging, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry sarcastically. "Perhaps the one-and-six might follow the five bob to Mrs. Mumble's tuckshop!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—Where are you going, Wharton?"

"I'm going to the housekeeper's room."

"Better not. I could manage the affair ever so much better."

Harry Wharton walked away. He knocked at the housekeeper's door, and Mrs. Kebble received him, with a smile. Bunter followed Wharton in, looking very red and plucking at his sleeve.

"I say, Wharton, it's all right! Better leave it to me."

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But, I say—really, Wharton—"

"I've come to see you about the dish, Mrs. Kebble," said Harry, coming to the point at once. "We're very sorry it was broken, and Bunter says it will be one-and-six to replace it, so I—"

The housekeeper gave Bunter a withering look.

"Nothing of the sort, Master Wharton. Master Bunter explained how the dish was broken, and insisted on knowing how much it cost. I said it did not matter, but he insisted on paying. As it will be charged in the breakages, I told him—"

"Bunter, you fat rascal!"

"Well, I thought the dish ought to be paid for," said Bunter. "I was going to pay for the dish out of my postal order to-morrow morning, and have the use of the eighteenpence for the evening. I'm in need of some nourishing food."

Wharton's brow darkened.

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"I'm sorry to have troubled you, Mrs. Kebble."

"It is nothing," said the housekeeper, "and I shall not allow you to pay for the dish. I was surprised at Master Bunter's insisting, and did not guess the reason. I consider him a dishonest boy."

"Oh, really, ma'am—"

"And you are quite right, Mrs. Kebble," said Wharton; "only Bunter is too stupid to know what is honest and what is not."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Harry took hold of Bunter's collar to march him away. The fat junior squirmed.

"I say, while we're here, we might as well ask Mrs. Kebble if we can have another dish of potatoes to eat with Wun Lung's stew, as that lot last night was wasted."

"Come along, Bunter!"

"Yes, go along, you bad boy!" said Mrs. Kebble severely. "I think Wharton would be only doing right if he boxed your ears! It is your fault that I have lost my poor little Fido!"

"Is Fido lost, ma'am?" asked Harry.

"He's dead," said Bunter. "It wasn't my fault. How could I help falling on him when he ran under my feet? Besides, I've fallen on dogs before, and they never died. It was because Mrs. Kebble overfed the poodle. He was so fat that he could hardly crawl about, and, of course, a shock to his system was bound to finish him off. There's nothing so bad for the health as overfeeding."

"Well, you ought to know," said

Wharton. "I'm very sorry about Fido, Mrs. Kebble. He must have been seedy for a shock like that to cause his death."

"I had the veterinary surgeon," said Mrs. Kebble, with tears in her eyes. "He made the same ridiculous assertion as Bunter has just made—that the poor little dear was overfed. Of course, he was nothing of the kind. My little pet! It was all Master Bunter's fault!"

"Oh, really, ma'am—"

Wharton dragged the fat junior away, leaving the housekeeper to mourn over her departed Fido. Bunter blinked rather uneasily at the captain of the Remove, not liking the expression on his face.

"Look here, Bunter," said Harry Wharton, "you were telling lies when you said that Mrs. Kebble wanted to charge one-and-six for the broken dish."

"I didn't say she wanted to."

"But you gave me to understand that the dish had to be paid for."

"Well, I thought that in the circumstances we couldn't do better than pay for it, Wharton. I suppose I've a finer sense of honour in these matters than most fellows."

"You young rascal!"

"Oh, really, Wharton! I wish you wouldn't shake me like that. You might make my spectacles fall off, and if they get broken—"

"Listen to me! You pretended that the one-and-six had to be paid, so as to get hold of it, not intending to give it to the housekeeper at all."

"I was going to give it to her out of my postal order to-morrow morning."

"And suppose it did not come?"

"Well, it's bound to come, so it's no good supposing that."

"Do you know that keeping the one-and-six, after I had given it to you to give to Mrs. Kebble, would have amounted to embezzlement?"

"But you didn't give it to me," said Bunter.

"Yes; but if I had—"

"It's no good supposing what would have been the case if you had done something you didn't do. Any amount of 'ifs' don't count. Stick to the facts."

"You young ass!"

"Calling a fellow names isn't argument, either. You've acted very stupidly and rather selfishly in the matter, Wharton, but I'm quite willing to overlook it."

Harry Wharton gave it up. He released the fat junior and walked away.

The Feast—and After!

TING-A-LING-A-LING!

"Time!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Wun Lung was ringing the bicycle bell at the door of Study No. 1 to announce to all whom it should concern that the feast was ready.

Harry Wharton, who was chatting with Nugent in the Common-room, turned towards the door. Temple of the Upper Fourth tapped him on the shoulder. Temple was looking exceedingly amiable.

"I hear you've got a feed going," he remarked. "I don't mind if I come."

Harry Wharton smiled.

"You're quite welcome. You will have to bring your own plate and other things, that's all. The supply is short, but there's plenty of grub."

"That's the chief thing," said Temple. "I can manage the rest."

Billy Bunter nudged Wharton as he left the Common-room. The captain of the Remove glanced at him.

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"I say, Wharton, may I bring in a friend?" asked Bunter.

"Yes, one," said Wharton. "Who is it?"

"Bulstrode."

"Very well," said Harry.

Bunter scudded off and found the bully of the Remove waiting for him in the passage.

"It's all right," he announced. "I've got the invitation for you, Bulstrode. Can you let me have a couple of bob off my postal order to-morrow morning?"

"Yes; to-morrow morning," said Bulstrode grimly.

"I'd rather have it now, because—"

"Rats!" said Bulstrode, as he walked off towards Study No. 1. Billy Bunter stared after him with an expression of utter disgust.

"Well, of all the ungrateful brutes!" he muttered. And he slowly and discontentedly followed in the Remove bully's footsteps.

Dabney of the Upper Fourth was in the passage as Wharton came out with Temple. Harry invited him along with his chum, and Dabney gladly accepted. The two Upper Fourth fellows fetched the required utensils from their studies, and came along to Study No. 1.

Bob Cherry brought in Levison, and Hazeldene came in with Nugent. Micky Desmond chummed up with Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, and strolled in with him.

Six guests found themselves in Study No. 1 along with Wun Lung and the five owners of the room. It was a pretty large crowd for the room, though it was one of the largest studies in the Remove passage. But the juniors were accustomed to close quarters.

The stew had been turned out of the saucepan into an immense dish, and a savoury steam was rising from it.

It was rich and appetising. The juniors eyed it hungrily.

Wun Lung glanced round upon the crowded juniors with a beaming smile, and dipped a large ladle into the dish.

"All ready?" he asked.

"What-ho!" said Temple.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Buck up, Pigtail!"

"On the ball!"

Wun Lung served the stew. There were no side dishes—every conceivable ingredient had been added to the stew itself.

Every feaster received a liberal helping. The best of it was that a dozen helpings hardly diminished the supply in the dish. There was evidently enough and to spare, and no need to economise.

Billy Bunter had provided himself with the largest soup-plate he could discover, and it was filled to the brim.

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry.

"I've never tasted anything like this before."

"I say, you fellows, this is ripping!"

"Oh, rather!"

"I must say it's all right," said

Levison. "The meat is tender, and no mistake. Blessed if I can guess what it is, though."

"It's ripping, whatever it is."

"It tastes to me like veal," Bulstrode remarked.

"There's a flavour of kidneys about it, I think."

"What is it, Wun Lung?"

But Wun Lung was busy. He had helped himself last, but he had given himself a very generous helping. His Oriental face beamed over his well-filled plate.

Billy Bunter passed up his plate for more. The plates were soon emptied, and as quickly refilled. Most of the juniors had good appetites. But that delicious stew would have tempted one who had just dined heartily.

Billy Bunter fairly let himself go. He sent up his plate again and again. He was at the end of his fourth helping before the others were finished with their second.

"Ripping!" he said, again and again.

"Another helping please, Wun Lung."

The proof of the pudding is said to be in the eating, and certainly Wun Lung received the best possible proof that his stew was appreciated. Wharton was the only one who stopped at the third helping. Every other plate went up for a fourth. Then some of the others dropped out, but several plates received a fifth supply.

The stew in the dish, great as the quantity was, was getting low now. Bunter was working steadily through his seventh helping. Bulstrode was starting on his sixth. Temple leaned back in his chair and breathed contentedly.

"Well, I must say, I think you've done us well this time, Wharton," he remarked.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"But I'd like to know what it is," pursued Temple. "I'd lay anything that it's rabbit done up in a new way."

"Pork," said Levison. "I say pork."

"Well, what is it, Wun Lung?"

"Has anyone guessed right?"

The Chinese shook his head.

"No guesser light."

"It's not pork?" asked Levison.

"No."

"Not rabbit?"

"No rabbit."

The juniors were juzzled. A curious expression came over the face of Harry Wharton as he suddenly remembered something he had read about Chinese manners and customs. The colour faded from his cheeks at the awful thought.

"Tell us what it is, Wun Lung," he said hastily.

"Yes, what is it?" demanded half a dozen voices.

"What you tinkee of doggee?"

"What?" roared eleven voices.

"Chinese always eat doggee—nicee—"

"Dog!" said Nugent faintly. "A

dog! Oh—er—ah—a dog!"

"A—a dog!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Impossible."

"It's—it's a lark of the Chinese beast," said Billy Bunter, putting down his spoon suddenly and turning almost green. "It's—it's a jape, you know."

"If—if it's true, I'll strangle him with his own pigtail," said Temple.

"Oh, rather!" groaned Dabney.

But they felt that it was true. The smiling face of the Chinese showed no comprehension of the horror that had seized upon his guests.

"Nicee doggee," he said. "Nicee cattee. Velly common glub in China—doggee, cattee. Nicee."

"But where did you get the dog from?" said Wharton.

"Nicee fattee doggee, Fido."

"Fido!" shrieked Billy Bunter. "Mrs. Kebble's fat little beast! Oh!"

"Doggee killee when Bunter fall on him," explained Wun Lung innocently. "He claw away and die. Me no killee doggee. Cook doggee that die."

Temple staggered to his feet.

"You horrible young cannibal—"

"You—you pigtailed beast—"

"Scrag him!"

Wun Lung looked astonished.

"Whattée wlong? Nicee doggee—nicee stew. Havee more?"

"Oh!" gasped Temple. "I—I feel queer!" He rushed from the study, strange sounds proceeding from his throat.

And after him rushed the rest of the feasters, with faces of strange hues between green and yellow, and horror in their looks.

All except Billy Bunter. He had eaten too much to move quickly.

"Oh—oh!" groaned the fat junior as he rolled on the floor. "I—I—I'm dying! I—I feel that I shall expire! Oh—oh!"

"Whattée wlong? Havee some more?"

"Oh—oh—oh!"

"Nicee doggee—nicee stew!"

"Oh—oh!"

The sudden exodus from Study No. 1 had attracted general attention. The looks of the sufferers excited something like alarm. But when the facts were known, there was a yell of laughter from all who had not partaken of the feast.

But the guests of Wun Lung did not feel like laughing. While they were gasping and groaning in anguish, Wun Lung calmly finished the stew.

The story was soon all over Greyfriars, and the whole school shrieked over it. Wun Lung, when he was taken to task over it, admitted that the stew had contained lamb, and not the defunct Fido. But it would be a long time before the juniors would again sample the cooking of the joker of the Remove!

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