

"GLYN'S SUBMARINE!"

A Breezy New Long Complete Story of Tom Merry & Co. Afloat.

THE GEM

2d

EVERY WEDNESDAY.



A SPLENDID NEW COMPLETE SCHOOL AND ADVENTURE—

GLYN'S

CHAPTER 1.

Not Wanted!

"I SAY, Gussy, old chap!"

"Yaas, Twimble?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy paused in his progress along the Fourth Form passage of St. Jim's.

Very few fellows in the Fourth would have troubled to pause. Baggy Trimble was a fellow neither run after nor waited for. But Arthur Augustus was polite, also considerate, even to a fellow of no account like Baggy Trimble.

Gussy eyed the fat junior inquiringly.

"Yaas, Twimble, deah boy?"

Trimble blinked at him. He seemed rather uncertain how to begin.

"Cough it up, Twimble!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "I am wathah in a huwwy, as Glyn of the Shell wishes to see me."

"I—I know that, Gussy!" said Trimble. "Matter of fact, dear old chap, it—it's about Glyn. I—I want you to do me a favour, old fellow!"

Gussy knew that well enough. When Trimble addressed anyone as "dear old chap," or in any other such affectionate terms, it usually meant that he wanted to borrow money or beg a favour.

Arthur Augustus frowned.

"If you wish to bowwow more money fwom me, Twimble—"

"Nothing of the kind, old chap—"

"Or to change a mythical cheque—"

"Certainly not, Gussy—"

"Or to write impots which you are too lazy to write yourself, Twimble—"

"Numno, old chap!" gasped Trimble. "Nothing of the kind, old fellow! The—the fact is—"

He paused. Obviously, the fact, whatever it was, was of a rather delicate nature.

"I am wathah in a huwwy, Twimble," hinted Arthur Augustus again.

"It—it's about to-morrow, Gussy!" gasped Trimble, getting it out at last. "You—you know it's a whole holiday to-morrow!"

"I am awah of that, Twimble," assented Gussy.

"Some old josser—an old St. Jim's boy, or somebody," gasped Baggy, "has been—been celebrated to the peer-age—"

"Elevated, Twimble," corrected Gussy, smiling. "Elevated to the peeahwage, you know!"

"Exactly! That's it," said Trimble. "The Head's awfully bucked about it. Goodness knows why he should be, but there it is! He's given the school a whole holiday."

"That is quite twue, Twimble," said Gussy. "But pway come to the point, deah boy. I am well awah—"

"The—the fact is, I want you to do me a favour, Gussy," said Trimble, blinking at him eagerly. "Would you—would you invite me to Eastwood House for the day, old fellow?"

Arthur Augustus jumped.

"Bai Jove!" he ejaculated. "But—but weally, Twimble, why should I invite you to my home? I am not goin' there myself. I have accepted an invitation fwom Glyn to go on a twip with him."

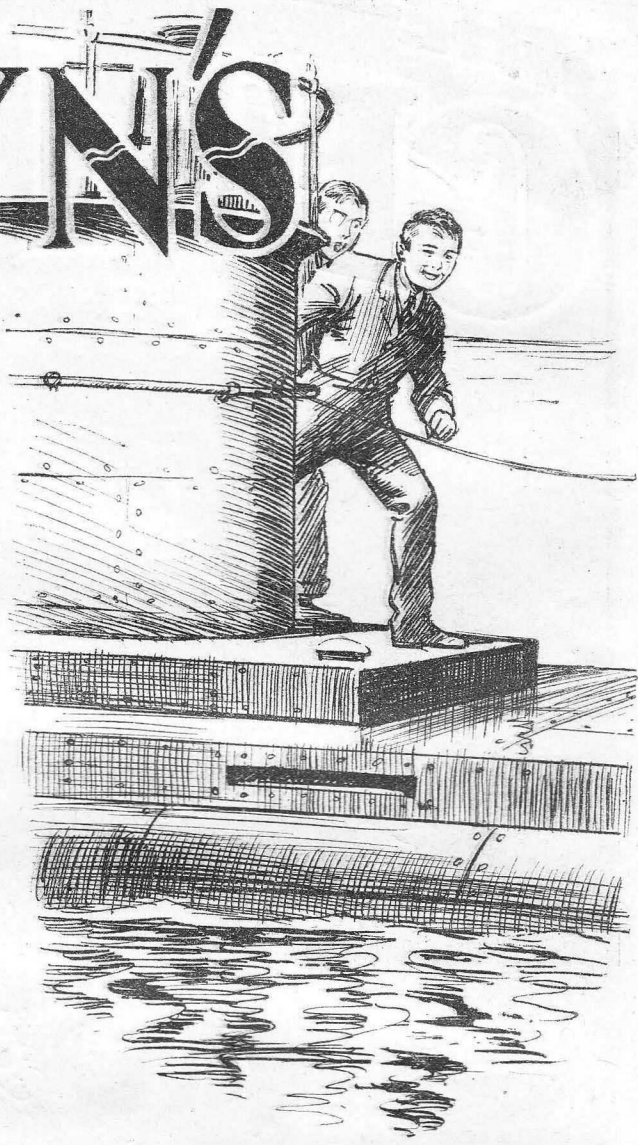
"I—I know that!" gasped Trimble.

"Then why on earth—"

"I know all about Glyn's trip," grinned Baggy eagerly. "He's bought a blessed submarine, you know—an old naval submarine that's been scrapped by the giddy Government, I believe. His pater's found the cash. The old ass would buy him a blinking Atlantic liner if he wanted it, you know. Wish my pater was a millionaire, like Glyn's pater, and would stump up just what a fellow asks—"

"Pway keep to the point, Twimble! I am in wathah a huwwy—"

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"Ain't I keeping to the point?" grumbled Baggy. "Look here, I'm awfully keen to go with Glyn; but the mean beast won't take me. Now—"

"Bai Jove! Then why are you askin' me to invite you to Eastwood House, Twimble?"

"That's the wheeze—see?" grinned Baggy. "You invite me to Eastwood House. Then you can go to Glyn and say: 'I'm in rather an awkward position, old chap. I've already asked Trimble to Eastwood House for the day, and it would be very ill-mannered and ungentlemanly to cancel the invite in order to go with you in the giddy submarine. What shall I do about it, Glyn?'"

"Bai Jove!"

"See the wangle?" said Baggy, with a fat grin. "There's only one thing Glyn can decently do. He'll have to ask me, too. He'll say: 'Oh, bring Trimble along with you!' See? What d'you think of the wheeze?"

Arthur Augustus did not answer in words. He gazed at Baggy as if fascinated for a full minute, and then, when the full import of Baggy's masterly scheme had dawned upon his noble brain, he grasped Trimble by his fat shoulders and sat him down—hard—on the linoleum.

"Yarroooooop!" roared the astonished Baggy.

Leaving him seated there, roaring, Arthur Augustus sailed on to Glyn's study in a state of great wrath and indignation. Obviously, there was nothing doing for Baggy! Masterly as the scheme was, it did not appeal to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

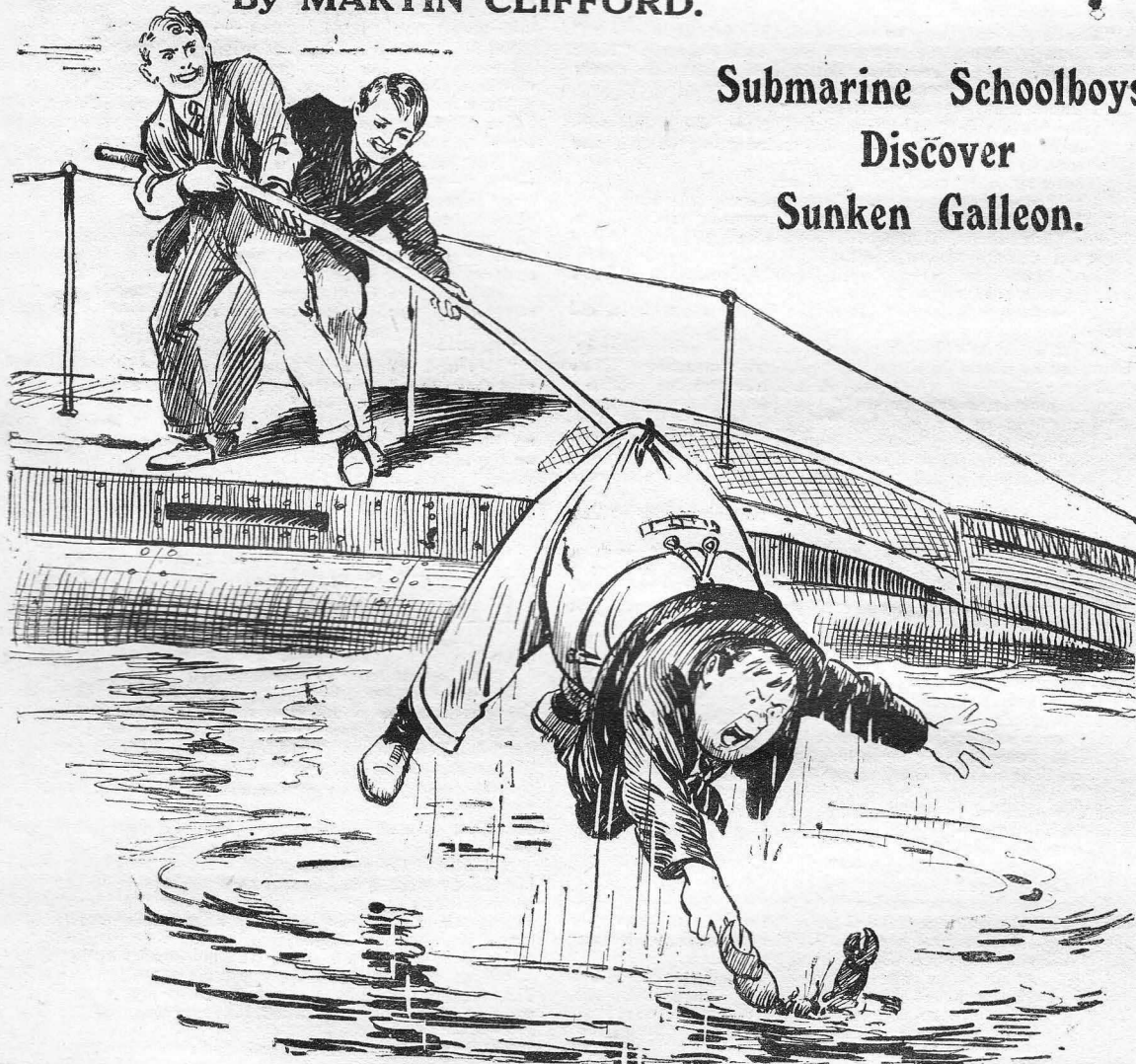
"Ow, ow, ow!" gurgled Baggy. "The awful beast! The raving ass must be potty!"

—YARN OF TOM MERRY & CO., THE CHUMS OF ST. JIM'S!

SUBMARINE!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Submarine Schoolboys
Discover
Sunken Galleon.



He scrambled to his feet and rolled on to Glyn's study. If was only ten minutes since he had visited Glyn's study, and he had left it much quicker than he had entered it. But Baggy was a sticker. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and even Baggy Trimble, was human. He still had hopes of being included in Glyn's party.

But he remained outside the study this time, with one fat ear to the keyhole. Now and again he removed the ear and applied an eye. As he expected, the Terrible Three were there, and so were Blake & Co. of the Fourth. And they were making plans for the next day's outing.

Most of the conversation was centred round the submarine, and a certain invention in connection with the craft which Glyn was anxious to test. Glyn had worked his invention out in theory at St. Jim's. Now he wished to work it out in practice on board his submarine.

Baggy was not at all interested in Glyn's invention. But plans regarding the outing—and especially the feeding

arrangements—he was interested in. He listened to those with all his fat ears, and he was still doing so when suddenly something which felt like a battering-ram struck him forcibly in the rear as he bent.

Baggy, badly battered in the rear, was jerked forward so violently that his nose rammed almost into the keyhole and his ear met the doorknob.

"Yarooooooop!" wailed Baggy.

"Caught you in the act, you spying little beast!" roared George Alfred Grundy, who had come up, unheard by Baggy, and who had applied his boot to Baggy's rear. "I'll show you!"

He opened the door, applied his boot again to Baggy, sending that yelling youth sprawling on hands and knees into Glyn's study.

"Bai Jove! Twimble!"

Tom Merry and his chums blinked at the sudden, unexpected interruption to their planning.

"Caught him in the act!" explained Grundy of the Shell briefly. "He was spying through the keyhole, the little toad! Shall I—"

"I wasn't!" howled Baggy. "Oh, you awful beast, Grundy! Yow! My—my bootlace happened to come undone when—when I was just going to see my pal Glyn, old fellow—"

"You fat nuisance!"

"Oh, really, Glyn, old man!" gasped Baggy. "Look here, I've just had a letter from the pater. He—he wants me to take you along to Trimble Towers for the day to-morrow. The Rolls-Royce is calling— Here— Yarrooop! Let go, you— Yooop! Oh crikey! Yow—"

Bump!

The door closed on Baggy Trimble, who found himself sprawling in the passage.

"That's the only way to deal with that fat little rotter!" said Grundy, who had again been busy with his boot. "Kick him every time you see him! Make it a habit! He's only after an invite for to-morrow, Glyn."

"I know that!" chuckled Glyn.

"Like his cheek!" said Grundy. "Now, about this submarine of yours, Glyn. I believe you're going to take the thing out to sea on your own?"

"That's so, old bean!" smiled Glyn.

"I've been thinking it over!" said Grundy, nodding.

"After an invite for to-morrow, I suppose?" asked Glyn. "Like your cheek, Grundy! Just what you said about Baggy a minute ago, old sport!"

"Eh? Don't rot, Glyn!" said Grundy, frowning. "Look here, it won't do, Glyn!"

"Your face, you mean? It might do for a gargoyle, old chap!"

"What? Who's talking about faces?" said Grundy, frowning as if unable to understand Glyn's meaning. "Now look here, Glyn—it won't do. A kid like you can't take a blessed submarine out to sea!"

"I'm going to try, old top!"

"I don't approve!" said Grundy. "In fact, I don't approve of your pater being so—so indulgent, if it comes to that. Letting a kid like you have just what you want to play with."

"To what?" snorted Glyn, while the rest chuckled. "You silly owl—"

"What the thump does a kid like you want with a real submarine?" argued Grundy. "You'll be buying a thumping battleship next. I don't approve of your pater backing you up over it, even if he is a millionaire, just because you happen to be a bit of an inventor!"

"You cheeky owl!" gasped Glyn.

"I'll admit you know a bit about engines," said Grundy, with a wave of his hand. "You're handy with a hammer and things, like most kids. We'll let that pass. But my point is, you're not fit to take charge of a rowing-boat much less a submarine. It won't do!"

"Why, you—you—" spluttered Glyn.

"You'll be risking the lives of these kids as well as your own!" said Grundy seriously. "It's rather a grave matter, and I've decided to look into it. In fact, I've decided to come with you—"

"You—you have?"

"Yes. And take charge—"

"I—take charge?"

"Yes. Be the commander, you know! You can tinker about with the engine, and I'll give the orders and navigate the vessel. I once had a cousin in the submarine service."

"D-did you?" gasped Glyn.

"Yes. At least he was a sort of second cousin. As I say, I do know a bit about the job. Leave it to me, Glyn! What time are you thinking of making a start?"

Glyn blinked at the great George Alfred.

"M-making a start?" he repeated.

"Yes. Getting deaf?"

"Not at all!" gasped Glyn. "I—I'm thinking of making a start right away, Grundy!"

"Right away!" said Grundy, looking surprised.

"Yes, you cheeky rotter! A start at kicking you out of this study, you fooling, raving, chuckle-headed, addled-born idiot! Lend a hand, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here—why, you—what the— Leggo! Yarrooop! Why, I'll—"

Grundy roared as a dozen hands were laid on him; he roared in mingled astonishment and anger. Why Bernard Glyn should be angry with him for what he considered a generous and wise offer, he could not imagine. But Glyn was angry, obviously. And Tom Merry & Co. came to his aid, laughing as they were.

It was a titanic struggle. But it did not last long. Against eight fellows even Grundy's strength and fury

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availed him little. Possibly as they were to make up Glyn's submarine crew, Tom Merry & Co. did not want Grundy as a commander. At all events they lent Glyn a willing hand, and Grundy went through the door like a stone from a catapult, his generous and wise offer rejected by Glyn and his crew.

He fell in the passage like a sack of potatoes.

But he was up again in a flash, and he charged at the door like a mad bull. The door was locked, however, and it held firm. Grundy gave it up, and as he was turning away he met the grinning glance of Baggy Trimble fixed upon him.

"He, he, he!" cackled Baggy, who seemed to have recovered from his recent set-backs. "Your turn now, Grundy! Won't they let you go, either?"

"You—you—"

"They've turned me down—the beasts!" grinned Trimble. "But just you wait—I'll show 'em! We'll see if they'll take me or not! I bet I make— Yarrooop!"

Trimble leaped away, just missing Grundy's boot.

Grundy, looking very grim, returned to his own study where Wilkins and Gunn eyed him smilingly.

"Any luck, Grundy?" inquired Wilkins, winking at Gunn.

"Has Glyn agreed to you being the giddy commander of his submarine?"

"No," said Grundy shortly. "The silly owl got waxy about it—goodness knows why, though I told him I didn't mind him tinkering about with the engines. But it makes no difference—I've decided to take charge of the craft! In the circumstances I feel it my duty to prevent a tragedy. Luckily I know where the boat lies. I shall take charge and see nothing serious happens. Anyway, I'm going!"

"Better leave Glyn alone and spend the day with us?" suggested Gunn. "Boating and bathing—"

"Rot! I'm going!"

"But—"

"Dry up! Shut up! Leave it to me and stop gassing!" said Grundy impatiently. "Blest if you aren't like a pair of old women. Shut up!"

Evidently, like Baggy Trimble, Grundy had quite made up his mind that he was joining Glyn's submarine party on the morrow—somehow!

CHAPTER 2.

The Wily Wangler!

"HERE we are!"

"Ready! Ay, ready, skipper!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "Shiver me timbers and spice the mainsail, but your crew's all ready and waiting, Glyn."

"But I'm not ready!" snorted Glyn.

He stood in the middle of his bed-room at Glyn House. On the floor was a suitcase, its contents strewn about the floor. In the midst of the conglomeration of articles stood the schoolboy inventor, looking heated, baffled, and wrathful.

As the chums were to start out very early in the morning for Rhyllmouth, where the submarine was stationed, Glyn had obtained permission from the Head to sleep the night at Glyn House—permission Dr. Holmes had readily granted.

Now, with the summer sun streaming in at the windows, his chums were dressed and ready. Outside, through the open window came the strident notes of a motor-horn telling them that the car was also ready—ready to take them down to the coast.

But Bernard Glyn himself was not ready, apparently.

"What the thump is the matter now, Glyn?" demanded Tom Merry, staring from him to the suitcase. "You were gassing last night about the necessity of starting out early—"

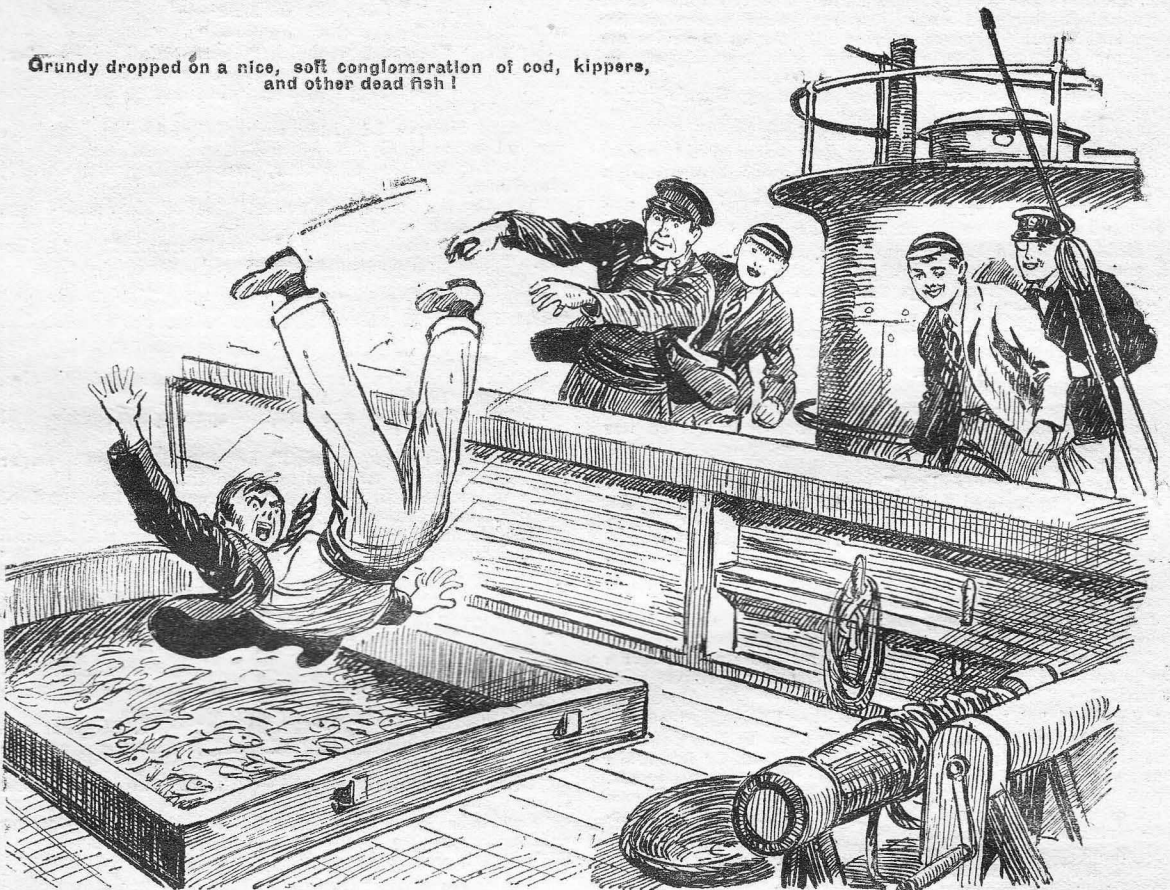
"Yaas, wathah!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "I am wathah surprised to find you laggin', Glyn, dear boy! Pway get a move on!"

"Lost a collar stud?" inquired Lowther. "Or have you suddenly remembered that it's a flying-machine and not a submarine you bought?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Glyn glared. As a matter of fact, he had had to put up with a great deal of chaffing since he had announced that he had bought a submarine. Naturally the news had caused surprise—to say the least of it. But Glyn was always surprising St. Jim's. He was a clever inventor—there was no doubting that. And with a millionaire for a father, and one who took the keenest interest in his son's experiments, he was always in a position to surprise them with some new purchase or invention. He had purchased cars, aeroplanes, and even an old Army tank on previous occasions. Now—he had bought a submarine. True it was a "scrapped" submarine. None the less it was, according to Glyn, a "going concern." And Tom Merry & Co., though

Grundy dropped on a nice, soft conglomeration of cod, kippers, and other dead fish!



they laughed and joked about it, were very keen indeed to see it and to go on a trip aboard it. If it had not been a going concern, they knew quite well that Glyn would have made it one before he had finished with it.

"You cackling asses!" said Glyn. "It's not a laughing matter, I can tell you. Unless I find my thumping wallet we're done."

"Eh? What d'you mean, Glyn?"

"My wallet's disappeared!" snorted Glyn. "It contains all my cash—cash I shall need for to-day. The pater handed it to me yesterday, and I shoved it in my wallet, and placed the wallet in this suitcase. I told you about it last night, didn't I? The pater gave me the money yesterday because he was going away—and he's gone. The mater's away, too, and I can get no more cash!"

"Bai Jove!"

"If any of you fellows have hidden it for a joke——"

"No fear!"

"Wathah not, deah boy!"

"Then it's queer!" said Glyn, looking serious. "There was about ten quid, at least, in the wallet. There was also Jenkins' wages—that's the sailor in charge of the old submarine, you know! We can't go without some cash. I suppose you fellows couldn't lend me some?"

There was a general shaking of heads, and the grins vanished.

"I'm practically stony!" said Tom Merry, frowning.

"Same here!" admitted Jack Blake. "And Gussy——"

"I have a couple of pounds, Glyn," said Arthur Augustus. "But——"

"That won't be anything like enough!" said Glyn. "I shall need that much for grub alone, not to mention paying for oil and stuff I've ordered Jenkins to get aboard. Oh, my hat! We're done unless that wallet turns up!"

"Better slip over to St. Jim's and have a search," suggested Blake. "You may have dropped it——"

"That means wasting half the morning, and we shouldn't get to Rhylmouth in time to do anything!" groaned Glyn. "We're done—absolutely stumped! What on earth—Come in!"

There was a tap at the door, and Chambers, the butler, appeared.

"Master Trimble, sir!" he announced.

Chambers withdrew, and Baggy Trimble, a fat grin on his features, trotted in.

"He, he, he!" he giggled. "I say, you fellows——"

"Well, you fat burglar!" snapped Glyn. "What the thump are you doing here? Get out!"

"Oh, really, Glyn, old fellow——"

"Get out!" roared Glyn.

He was not in a mood to greet the unwanted Trimble with politeness.

Trimble remained.

"Oh, really, Glyn," he protested. "That's a nice way to greet a fellow—after walking all the way from St. Jim's to see you!"

"Will you clear out, you fat nuisance——"

"Oh, all right! If you don't want your wallet, of course——"

"Eh? What's that?" yelled Glyn. "You—you've got my wallet, you fat clam?"

"I'm not sure if it is your wallet, of course!" said Trimble calmly. "You see, I found it in the passage——"

"You mean you boned it out of my suitcase, you fat burglar!" howled Glyn. "Hand it over——"

"Oh, really, Glyn——"

"Hand it over!" shrieked Glyn.

"If you're going to insult me with wicked charges, Glyn——"

"If you've got my wallet, you fat robber——" spluttered Glyn.

"I'm not at all sure that it is your wallet, Glyn!" said Trimble, with dignity. "If you can prove ownership, of course——"

"You know it's mine!" hooted Glyn. "You were listening at the keyhole last night, you fat fraud! You heard me say the money for the day was there, and you've boned it!"

"That's it, for a pension!" grinned Blake. "Ha, ha, ha! The fat wangler's going to offer the wallet in exchange for an invitation to the party."

"Bai Jove! That would be just like Twimble, deah boys!"

"Oh, really, Gussy——"

"You fat wangler——"

CHAPTER 3.

"Good-bye, Trimble—"

"HALLO, what the thump—"
 "We're stopping," remarked Lowther.
 "Don't say the old engine's konked!"
 "Anything wrong, Turton?" called out
 Bernard Glyn.

A good distance had been covered by the big, luxurious car when suddenly it slowed down and came to a halt. Turton, the chauffeur, was looking considerably astonished.

"What's the matter, Turton?" called Bernard Glyn, from the back of the car.

"I—I can't understand it, Master Bernard!" said Turton. "The petrol's run out—"

"What?"
 "The tank's empty," said Turton, somewhat blankly. "And I filled it before starting. Must be a leak, I'm afraid, sir!"

"Oh, my hat!"
 Turton left the car, and the juniors scrambled out also, only Baggy Trimble remaining in his seat.

Turton unstrapped one of the spare petrol cans—and then he gave a jump.

"Why, it—it's empty, sir!" he gasped. "I—I'd swear I strapped two full ones on to be on the safe side."

He unstrapped the second can from the footboard of the car. Like the other, it proved to be empty.

"What's this game mean, Turton?" demanded Bernard Glyn, frowning. "If you strapped two full ones on—"

"I'm quite certain I did, Master Bernard!" said Turton, his face registering bewilderment. "I filled the tank and strapped two full, unopened cans on. This beats me hollow, sir!"

"Bai Jove!"
 "Somebody must have been—" Turton was beginning, when Trimble rolled from the car and joined them, blinking.

"What's up, you fellows?" he demanded. "What the thump are we stopping for? Turton, my man, get a move on!"

"Clear out, you fat ass—" began the exasperated Glyn.

"I've been snoozing!" said Trimble. "You thumping well woke me up, stopping suddenly like this, Turton! Dash it all, what's wrong?"

"Petrol run out, sir!" said Turton; even to the impudent Baggy, Turton was always respectful. "I filled—"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Baggy. "I—I forgot about that!"

"Eh? You forgot about what, Trimble?" exclaimed Glyn, with sudden suspicion.

"About—oh, nothing!" gasped Baggy hurriedly. "Nothing at all! I know nothing about it—nothing at all!"

"Nothing about what?" asked Blake, eyeing the fat youth curiously.

"About—about the petrol!" stammered Baggy, looking utterly dismayed. "I say, can't we go on?"

"Not without petrol—of course we can't, you fat ass! But—"

"Oh crumbs!" mumbled Baggy. "I—I say, you fellows, I know nothing about it—nothing at all! You needn't look at me like that!"

"You fat idiot—"

"I never touched it!" said Baggy hastily. "I never even dreamed of emptying the tank and hiding the full cans in case my other wheeze fell through! Nothing of the kind, Glyn!"

"Eh? What d'you mean?" stuttered Glyn. "You mean to say you've been tampering with the petrol, you fat worm?"

"Nothing of the kind—aren't I telling you I didn't?" gasped Baggy, quite flustered under the accusing glances. "It—it never even occurred to me to hide the petrol and empty the tank so you couldn't go without me. And I didn't see the car at all when I came past the garage."

"Well, you—you—"

"Besides, it was all Turton's fault for leaving the car standing unattended outside the garage all that time!" said Baggy, turning an accusing glance on the startled Turton. "Some tramp must have come along and changed the full cans for empty ones, and emptied the tank, I expect. This—this comes of neglecting your duty, Turton. I must say I'm surprised at you. The servants at my home, Trimble Towers, would be sacked at a moment's notice for a thing like this!"

"Bai Jove!"
 They fairly blinked at the dutiful Trimble. All was clear to them now—even to the startled Turton. Trimble,

"Nothing of the kind!" said Trimble calmly. "I found the wallet in the passage, you know. I put it somewhere, but, unfortunately, I can't just remember where at the moment, Glyn. Of course, if you did happen to invite me to come with you I might remember where I put it. There's no knowing, of course; but I might!"

And Baggy paused—evidently expecting Glyn's invite after that.

Glyn glowered at him in speechless fury.

He saw the game now. Baggy had removed the wallet from his suitcase. Now he intended to hold it—until Glyn agreed he should come with the submarine party.

"You—you fat fraud!" he gasped. "Look here, just you hand over that wallet, or I'll—I'll spifficate you!"

"Hold on!" said Baggy cautiously. "I didn't say I had it, you know. Only that I might be able to put my hands on it if—I was asked to go with you chaps to-day."

"You—you—"
 "If you're going to be rude and mean, of course," said Trimble, turning loftily to the door, "we'll say no more about it. I can't waste a whole holiday standing here arguing with you, Glyn."

"Why, you—you— Here, come back, you fat ass!" Trimble rolled back, grinning. He began to feel he was master of the situation.

"Well, old chap?"

"You—you got my wallet?" gasped Glyn.
 "I might have, and I might not!" said Trimble. "All depends!"

"On whether we let you come or not, you mean?"
 "That's rather a curt way to put it, old chap. It all depends on— Yarroooh! Keep off, you beast! I haven't got it on me— Yarroooh!"

But Glyn did not keep off, and Trimble went down, yelling.

"Lend a hand!" yelled Glyn. "Can't you see the fat ass has it on him? Up-end the fat rotter, and we'll soon have it back!"

"Yaas, wathah! Twimble is weally the limit!"

Undoubtedly Trimble was. The chums had little compunction in lending a willing hand. The yelling fat youth was up-ended, and shaken violently by many willing hands. From his pockets rolled various articles—a broken knife, a stick of sticky toffee, some string, some sticky, soiled cigarette pictures, and—a wallet!

Glyn pounced upon it.
 "It's it!" he yelled. "Got it, you chaps!"

The juniors lowered the yelling Trimble, who very soon recovered himself.

"He, he, he!" he giggled.

"Play your wangling tricks on me, would you?" said Glyn, opening the wallet. "I'll soon show you that—Why, the dashed money's not in it!" he ended, with a howl.

"He, he, he!" giggled Baggy. "I knew you'd try that game on, Glyn! But I was a bit too smart for you—what? He, he, he!"

"You—you fat burglar!" gasped Glyn. "Where's the cash out of this wallet, blow you?"

"He, he, he! It all depends, old chap! Of course, if a pal asked me to go on an outing, the pleasure might easily cause me to remember where I put the banknotes, you know!"

"You—you fat fraud!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"No good—he's got you, Glyn!" said Tom Merry, bursting into a laugh. "Better let him come, perhaps."

"Better!" said Monty Lowther. "He'd be ballast if we wanted ballast. If you can't make the giddy submarine sink, shove Baggy on board; that would do it."

"Oh, all right!" snorted Glyn. "Now, where is that cash, you fat wangler? Where is it?"

"Outside in the passage," grinned Baggy cheerfully. "I'll get it. Buck up and help Glyn finish his packing, you fellows, and we'll soon be off."

And Baggy Trimble rolled outside, reappearing the next moment with a small packet in his hand.

"Left it on the little table on the landing there," he explained to the glowering Glyn. "Here it is, old chap! So glad I—I found it in the passage, you know. Wasn't it lucky?"

It was lucky—and remarkably lucky for Baggy. But it was luckier still, had Baggy only known it, that there was no time for Glyn to do what he was fairly yearning to do; and that was to give the fat wangler the licking of his fat life. But time was precious, and Glyn had given his word. And when the big six-seater glided through the Glyn House gates, ten minutes later, en route for the coast, Baggy Trimble, fat and smiling, was a member of the St. Jim's party.

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by excusing himself, had, as he usually did, accused himself. Quite obviously Trimble was the culprit. He had seen the car unattended outside the garage, and had emptied the tank, or rather, nearly emptied it, and had exchanged the full tins for empty ones.

It was another of his weird "wangles," in case the wallet one failed. His wheeze was, clearly enough, to hold the petrol back until Glyn agreed to take him.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Bernard Glyn. "What—what shall we do to the fat rotter, you fellows?"

"Oh, really, Glyn—" said Baggy, quite startled now.

"I—I say, it's all a mistake, you fellows—"

"Twimble, you feahful wascal—"

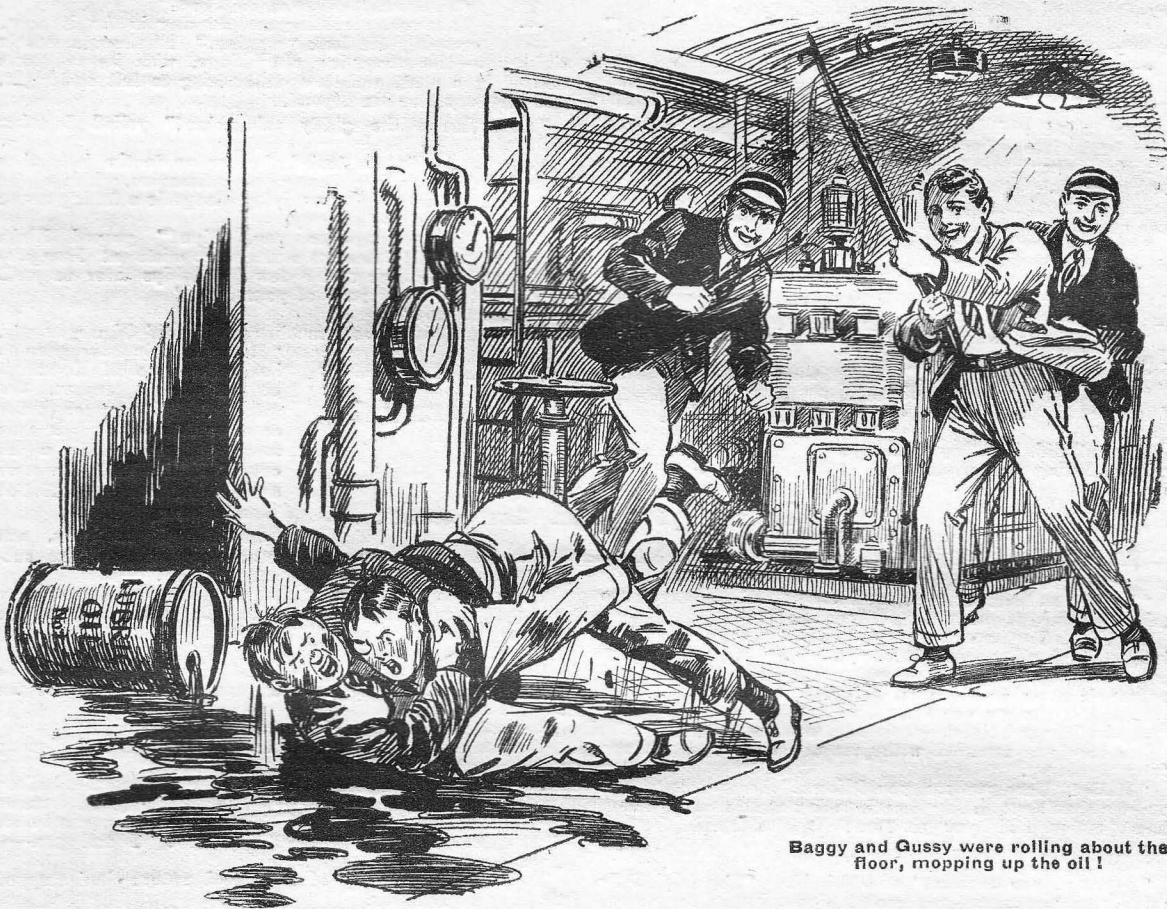
mess, my fat pippin, and you're the man to get the petrol. Here's the money—now get off before we boot you off!"

"Yaas, wathah! Twimble deserves to go through it for his wotten twick!"

"Yes, rather! Off you go, Trimble—sharp!"

"I jolly well won't—yarroop! Stoppit, you beasts!" shrieked Baggy, as several boots got to work on his fat form. "Oh, all right! I'll go, you beasts! Yow!"

He snatched the money Glyn held out and bolted, just escaping a final lunge from Blake's shoe as he went. He vanished round the corner, limping, and yelling back furious remarks.



Baggy and Gussy were rolling about the floor, mopping up the oil!

"D-dud-did I say something about changing the cans?" stammered Baggy, realising that somehow he had said too much. "Quite a mistake! You—you see, I've been snoozing since we left Glyn House, and—and I must have dreamed it. That's it! Isn't it queer what a chap d-dud-dreams? Of course, I don't know a bit about— Here wharrer you at, Glyn? Why—leggo, you fellows—oh crikey!"

Bump!

"Yarrooooooop!"

Bernard Glyn and Tom Merry & Co. soon let the fat wangler of the Fourth know exactly what they were at. Baggy was lifted on high and lowered—abruptly. His fat person smote the hard earth with a terrific bump. Again and again they lifted and lowered him thus until Baggy's wild howls echoed and re-echoed over the quiet sunny fields.

"There's a small village half a mile further on, sir!" said Turton, when the execution was over. "Perhaps I had better walk on and get a couple of cans, Master Bernard."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Turton!" said Bernard Glyn grimly. "The fellow responsible for this is going to do the walking! Trimble!"

"Yow-ow!" wailed Trimble, sitting dizzily in the dusty roadway. "Yow-ow-ow! Oh, you beasts! Yow-ow-ow! I'm jolly well not going to walk anywhere, you beasts! Yah!"

"Yes, you are!" snapped Glyn. "You've got us in this

The juniors entered the car again and made themselves comfortable. It was a hot morning, and they did not envy Baggy the job of walking along the dusty road for the petrol—and less for the job of carrying it back again.

They were sitting there half an hour later—in a growing state of fury and alarm.

Still there was no sign of the fat youth returning.

More than once during the last quarter of an hour various juniors had voiced doubts as to the wisdom of trusting the fat junior on such an errand. Now they all doubted it.

"We might have known this would happen!" groaned Glyn, who was almost raging. "But—but I thought the fat rotter was too keen on the trip to let us down. But—but it doesn't look as if he's coming back!"

"Wathah not!" said Arthur Augustus dismally. "I am afwaid one of us must go, after all. Shall we dwaw lots, deah boys?"

It was a good idea in the circumstances. Undoubtedly Trimble had let them down. Whether he would return or not, they all felt sure now that he would not return with the petrol. They could have kicked themselves for ever dreaming of placing their faith and trust in Bagley Trimble!

But it was done now. Baggy was gone—and the petrol money was gone.

They started to draw lots—though Turton more than

once requested to be allowed to go. But, as it happened, there was no necessity for anyone to go.

Just then a saloon car drew up alongside them, and the juniors fairly jumped as they recognised Dr. Holmes, Mr. Railton, the School House Housemaster, and Mr. Ratcliff, the Housemaster of the New House.

"Good-morning, boys!" called the Head cheerfully. "What is the matter, Glyn? Can we be of any assistance?"

"Oh!" gasped Glyn, hurriedly removing his cap. "Oh, yes, sir, if only you could! We've—we've run out of petrol, sir!"

Dr. Holmes nodded, and spoke to Johnson, his chauffeur, who left the car and unstrapped a petrol tin from the running-board and handed it over to Turton.

"That should see you to Rhyllmouth, at all events, boys!" said Mr. Railton.

"Thank you very much, sir. It's awfully good of you!" "Heah, heah! It is vevy kind indeed of you, Dr. Holmes!"

The Head smiled, Mr. Railton smiled, Mr. Ratcliff even broke into a frosty smile that bright morning. Then the Head's car moved on, a hearty cheer from the juniors following it.

In a moment the petrol was gurgling into the tank, and a few minutes later the party were speeding on again.

"Well, it was jolly well worth it, after all!" smiled Jack Blake.

"Bai Jove! I uttably fail to see that, Blake!" said Arthur Augustus. "It has held us up and been vevy annoyin', you know!"

"Still, it was worth it," grinned Blake, "to get rid of Trimble!"

"Ha, ha! Yes, rather!" "Bai Jove! Yaas, wathah! I agree to that, Blake, of course!"

They all did. But they were congratulating themselves too soon.

A minute later they entered the small village, and Tom Merry suggested a ginger-beer—a suggestion that was met with great enthusiasm.

"We've lost half an hour, and can afford another three minutes!" said Glyn. "Ginger-beer it is!"

They took Turton out a glass, and had a glass themselves in the small village confectioner's. They came out again into the bright sunshine cheerily, and then—they jumped and their cheerfulness faded abruptly.

Seated in the car was a familiar fat figure.

It was Baggy Trimble—forgotten, but not gone!

His face was smeared with jam and cream, but it was fat and cheery.

"Hallo! Here you are, you fellows!" he called. "Buck up—we shan't get to Rhyllmouth to-day at this rate. I say, how the thump did you get here? Did the beaks give you a supply of juice?"

"Why, you—you fat fraud——"

"I—I say, you fellows!" said Trimble. "I'm frightfully sorry about the petrol, you know! I've informed the police, of course!"

"The—the police?" stuttered Glyn.

"Yes. You see, I was attacked on the highway by footpads! Had a fearful experience," explained Trimble, eyeing them a trifle anxiously. "I fought hard, of course—gave them a tough fight. But they were too many for me, though I knocked two of them out—two hulking brutes, you know. I—I did my best to save the cash, of course!"

"The—the cash!"

"The petrol money," said Trimble. "The fearful ruffians robbed me of every penny, you know. That—that's why I didn't return with the petrol. As—as they'd stolen the money I couldn't very well, could I?"

Like Brutus of old Trimble paused for a reply.

"Well, you fat burglar!" gasped Glyn. "You—you fat villain! You've spent the money on grub, you fat gorgier, and—you're still here!"

"The unkindest cut of all!" murmured Lowther.

"I—I'll give him petrol!" gasped Glyn. "Collar the fat rascal—yank him out of the car, chaps! Smash him! Pulverise him!"

"I—I say, you fellows better not!" gasped Trimble. "The Head's just across the way, with Railton and old Ratty!"

"Wha-at?"

"In the post office across the way!" grinned Trimble. "Getting picture postcards, or sending a wire off, or something, I fancy. Can't you see the Head's car?"

"Oh!"

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"Better get in and let's get off!" grinned Baggy cheerfully. "They'll see you through the window, Glyn, and I don't want the Head to think I associate with hooligans and road-ruffians, you know! Think of me! Jump in, you fellows, and let's get off!"

And they jumped in, Glyn fairly seething with helpless wrath, and Tom Merry & Co. laughing—they couldn't help it. Baggy was not gone; he was still there, and he looked like sticking it.

CHAPTER 4.

The Submarine—and Grundy!

"THERE'S the sea!"

"Huwwah! Wippin, bai Jove!"

The sea, sparkling and dancing in the distance, certainly did look "rippin'." Rhyllmouth was in sight now—the straggling old village, with its red roofs nestled in a cleft, with the cliffs rising to left and right; and the deep blue sea beyond.

"And there's the giddy submarine!" yelled Lowther suddenly.

It was. As Turton tooted the car up to the jetty they glimpsed the long, low shape of the submarine, with its grey sides and tall conning-tower, lying alongside a fishing-smack that was moored to the jetty.

"And that belongs to you, Glyn!" gasped Blake admiringly. "You're some nut, and no mistake! I suppose you'll add a cruiser and a few battleships later on until you've got a giddy navy of your own?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It didn't cost so very much, really," said Glyn modestly.

"It would only have gone to be broken up if I hadn't bought it—or, rather, the pater! Still, it's as seaworthy as ever it was, and is only scrapped because it's a bit out of date. Well, here we are! And now—Hallo! What's wrong?"

Something, obviously, was wrong—and aboard the submarine, too!

Bellowing voices were heard, and then two figures were glimpsed struggling furiously on the small deck of the submarine.

"It—it sounds almost like——"

Glyn didn't stop to finish. He jumped down from the car, leaped aboard the smack, and rushed across to the submarine.

"What the thump——" began Tom Merry.

They stared blankly, and as they stared a bellowing voice reached them clearly.

"Chuck me off, would you, you rotter?" came the bellowing roar. "I'll show you what's what! I tell you I've more right here than Glyn has—the right of a fellow who knows what his duty and responsibility are! I tell you—Yarroop!"

Evidently something—of a painful nature—had stopped the flow of remarks.

"It—it's——" gasped Tom.

"Grundy!" yelled Blake. "It's that born idiot, Grundy! Well, my only Sunday bonnet!"

It was undoubtedly the great George Alfred.

They saw him clearly now, struggling and fighting in the grasp of a determined-looking sailor—obviously the man in charge of the submarine.

"Well, my only hat!" gasped Tom Merry, thunderstruck. "That cheeky fool, Grundy, must have stolen a march on us—got here first and tried to collar the submarine."

"Lucky that chap Jenkins was aboard!" chuckled Lowther. "Come on!"

They tore across the littered deck of the intervening vessel and reached the submarine.

The struggle had ceased for the moment. The sailor had sighted and recognised Bernard Glyn.

"What in thunder does this mean?" shouted Glyn, glaring at the red-faced and panting Grundy.

"This—this young gent came aboard, sir!" said the sailor, pointing a horny finger at the dishevelled Grundy. "He claims as he has a right to come and take charge of this 'ere craft, Master Bernard!"

"Well, the—the cheeky cad!" spluttered Glyn. "Grundy, you—you born idiot——"

"That's enough, Glyn!" panted Grundy, warningly. "I've stood enough cheek from this man without you starting. Why, he's trying to chuck me off this boat—me, mind you!"

"And I should jolly well think he would, too!" shouted Glyn. "Of all the cheek——"

"What the thump are you doing here, Grundy?" gasped

Glyn. "This sailor was left in charge here—he's a perfect right to chuck you off, as you were trespassing, you born idiot! And if you don't clear right away we'll jolly well help him to finish the job!"

"Oh, you will, will you?" gasped Grundy, frowning darkly and clenching his big fists. "We'll see about that! Come on, Wilkins—Gunny—back up! We'll soon shift 'em!"

Grundy got no answer. He looked round for his henchmen, Wilkins and Gunn. To his great and overpowering wrath he sighted them on the jetty, just walking away as if they had suddenly remembered an urgent appointment elsewhere.

"Wilkins!" bawled Grundy. "Gunny! Come back, you footling owls! Come back and back me up, blow you!"

But evidently Wilkins' and Gunn's appointment was more urgent and important than Grundy's requirement.

Wilkins and Gunn, without looking round, vanished round the corner of a bathing-shed.

Grundy seethed.

"The—the cheeky rotters!" he gasped. "I—I told them—expressively ordered them—to stand by in case I needed them in the job of chucking this cheeky sailor off the ship. And—and they've gone! Never mind! Tom Merry—Blake—D'Arcy—just lend a hand, will you? Now, you cheeky merchant, off this craft you go!"

And Grundy rushed again at the smiling Jenkins, who, unfortunately for Grundy—was a very brawny, hefty fellow indeed.

Jenkins promptly knocked aside a whirling fist, and his long arms went round Grundy's waist, and he was lifted aloft.

"Can you manage him alone, Jenkins?" asked Glyn.

"Oh, yessir—one 'and, sir, I fancy!" said Jenkins. "Shall I carry him ashore, Master Bernard?"

"No; just pitch the cheeky rotter into that hold there!" grinned Glyn. "He can scramble ashore afterwards himself."

(Continued on next page.)

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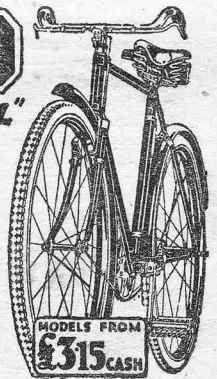
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"Very good, sir!"

The sailor was used to obedience—to the letter! Grundy howled as he was swung aloft.

"Yaroooop! Why, you cheeky rotter! I'll smash you! I'll knock the stuffing out of you, you cheeky—Yarooop!"

George Alfred began his flight through the air.

There was plenty of impetus behind him once he had left the brawny sailor's grasp, and he flew through the air and alighted in the hold of the fishing-smack.

As Glyn had already noticed, the hold was not empty—had it been so, Grundy would probably have broken his neck. As it was, he dropped on a nice, soft conglomeration of herrings, cod, kippers, and various other varieties of dead fish.

Squelch!

"Yaroooop! Grooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy grovelled and gasped amidst the mass of shaking, quivering, and exceedingly smelly fish. He sprawled there, far too winded to attempt to get out yet.

Glyn turned smilingly to Jenkins.

"All ready, Jenkins?"

"Yessir! All shipshape, as you hordered, Master Bernard! But you're sure as you'd rather go alone, sir—I mean, without me aboard, sir?"

"Well, there isn't much room aboard, is there?" grinned Glyn. "And to be quite frank, Jenkins, I want to take her out and back on my own, old chap. See?"

"Very good, sir! After the way I've seen you handling her," said Jenkins, "I ain't worried much! I'll get ashore, then!"

"Going to submerge yet?" asked Lowther, who was eager to get under water.

"Not yet!" said Glyn. "When we get farther out, chaps!"

"He, he, he! I'll bet she'll submerge—I don't think!" grinned Trimble. "You wouldn't have found me coming if I'd thought that, I can tell you!"

"Not really!" smiled Bernard Glyn. "You're booked for a surprise then, old nut! What the thump did you think it was, Baggy—a giddy flying-machine?"

Baggy chuckled, and went below in search of something to eat. He seemed quite convinced that the boat would never submerge—not with juniors in charge, at all events. That was Baggy's idea. He was soon to change it.

The engine-bell clanged at last, and Bernard Glyn, his eyes gleaming, gave the order:

"All below!"

The jetty had vanished into the hazy distance now. They were alone, out on the glimmering blue waters of Rhylmouth Bay. The long, low craft, with its tapering periscope and lofty conning-tower, danced and heaved on the waves. The lower deck was afush with water—waves splashed against the conning-tower.

Bernard Glyn gave a last look round and lowered the "lid" of the conning-tower. Then he went below.

All the juniors were there, busy at work—excepting Baggy Trimble, who had found some sandwiches and was busy demolishing them.

"Not much to eat here, anyway!" he was grumbling. "Look here, Glyn, you've got nothing like enough grub on board. If this is how you treat your thumping guests—"

Say! Hustle and Get "PEP FOR THE SAINTS!"

Next week's great yarn of St. Jim's. It's real ginger!

And, touching his cap, Jenkins clambered on to the fishing-smack, and began to throw off the ropes, while Glyn mounted to the conning-tower of the submarine. Very soon afterwards the powerful engines of the submarine began to throb.

CHAPTER 5.

Under the Sea!

TOM MERRY & Co. had been given their various jobs by Bernard Glyn, and they were already busy at their stations. Tom Merry, Blake, and Lowther were not slow in picking up engineering matters, and it did not take them long to grasp Glyn's instructions and to obey.

Glyn himself was, of course, quite at home on the submarine, having spent quite a number of half-holidays on the vessel with Jenkins, and also with his father. What the schoolboy inventor did not know about motors, and electrical devices, was scarcely worth knowing. But he had his hands full now.

The boat was away from the fishing-smack at last—just as George Alfred Grundy managed to scramble up the slippery sides of the ship's hold.

He looked a most woebegone individual, and he was in a towering rage.

"Well, you awful rotters!" he bawled, as he saw the submarine moving away. "Come back! Come back, you cheeky cads! Glyn, bring that craft back!"

"You're too fishy, Grundy!" yelled Glyn. "Go home and wash, old chap! There's something a bit too fishy about you, old son!"

"Oh, you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The submarine began to move slowly out into the bay, while Grundy fairly danced and gibbered in impotent rage on the slippery deck of the fishing-smack.

When last the juniors saw him he had ceased to dance and gibber, and was scrapping again with the—fortunately—good-humoured Bill Jenkins.

"Good-bye to dear old Grundy!" grinned Tom Merry. "Of all the impudent, cheeky fatheads, Grundy takes the bun! Well, we're off now, chaps! Isn't it ripping?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

The juniors were wildly excited as the submarine glided through the blue waters of Rhylmouth Bay, the decks just afush. Glyn's face was heated and perspiring, but his eyes danced with joy and excitement.

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"Bow-wow! Well, chaps—"

"All very well changing the subject!" snorted Baggy. "Look here, Glyn, I think it's up to a chap to complain about your treatment. Ain't we your guests?"

"Do dwy up, Twimble!" said Arthur Augustus.

"You shut up, Gussy!" snorted Trimble. "You're as bad yourself when you invite chaps to Eastwood House. Not enough grub! Not enough accommodation! Cheeky servants! A fellow isn't treated as he should be treated! As for this rotten tub—"

"This what?" said Glyn.

"Rotten tub!" said Trimble defiantly. "A rotten old submarine that won't go! Hardly a scrap of grub aboard. I've been looking over the food supply; it should be called 'food shortage,' and not supply. As for the accommodation—that's worse still. A fellow can't move hardly! Look here, what the thump have you all come down for? You ought to drop some of these chaps off to make more room. Glyn—especially room for grub!"

"Good wheeze!" said Glyn seriously. "Excellent idea, Trimble! We'll start with you! Lend a hand to shove Trimble overboard, chaps. He can swim ashore, I suppose? As he isn't satisfied, he can go first!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Yaas, wathah! Collar him, deah boys!"

"I—I say, it's all right!" gasped Trimble, as the fellows closed in grimly. "I—I really don't mind a crush! Look here, some of you fellows go up on deck. Make more room, you know!"

"Rats!"

"But it's awful!" gasped Baggy. "Look here, open that thumping trapdoor, Glyn. It's frightfully stuffy with that shut!"

"It'll soon be wet as well as stuffy if we open that, old fat man!" chuckled Glyn. "You see, I'm just going to submerge! In two ticks we shall be exploring the bed of the giddy sea, Baggy!"

"Wha-wha-what?" gasped Baggy, going white. "Oh dear! Look here, Glyn, is that a fact? Are—can you really submerge this boat?"

"Of course!" laughed Glyn amusedly. "And here goes to do it!"

"Oh crikey! I say—look here, you beast!" howled Baggy. "Take the blessed boat back! I won't go! I'm not jolly well going to be drowned to please you! Take me ashore, you beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't submerge!" yelled Baggy, in affright, as Glyn

(Continued at foot of next page.)

Boys! Send along your queries and see if you can catch the GEM'S whisky wonder, the Oracle, napping. He's paid to answer readers' queries of all shapes and sizes.—Ed.



HOW MANY BEANS MAKE FIVE?



WELL, chums, what with the hot weather, and the Editor, and the office-boy trying to build a snow-hut in the middle of the office with some stop-me-and-buy-one ice-bricks, I really felt the other morning that I would have to ask for a day off.

"Come in!" bawled the Editor, as I knocked timidly at the door of the sanctum. "It's you, whiskers, is it? Well, come in, sit down, speak up! What d'you want?" "Please, sir," I said, "may I have a day off? I want to go swimming in the Serpentine in Hyde Park." "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Ed., "that's a good one. Why, if you went swimming in the Serps with those whiskers, everybody would think they were in the Sargasso Sea. You know what that is, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. The Sargasso Sea is a tract of the North Atlantic Ocean that is covered with floating seaweed. For many years it was believed that ships became embedded in the weed and could not escape, but the Michael Sars expedition in 1910 proved this to be a fable."

"Well, it wouldn't be a fable, my lad, if the boats on the Serpentine got fastened up in your whiskers. So that's that."

"If I can't go swimming, sir, will you let me and the office boy go to the Zoo?"

The old Editor looked thoughtfully at the carpet and ran his fingers through his glossy thatch. "No," he said. "The office-boy can't go to the Zoo, he's far too harum-scarum, and if the animals looked at you, I'm afraid your hair'd scare 'em."

"I didn't know you were a poet," I said. "That's very neat."

"Which is more than I can say for your whiskers," said the Editor. "And talking of rhymes, just give me a snappy little verse explaining to a Brighton reader what a hippogriff was like."

"Excuse me, sir," I ventured to remark, "but I'm not getting paid any extra for these verses I make up."

"Poets," said the Editor, "are born,

its dial, and its manner was solemn and stiff; the hippogriff's never been known to smile, so hurrah for the old hippogriff!"

"Rotten!" said the Editor. "A Basingstoke reader writes to know what dunnage is? Can you explain that poser?"

"Yes, sir. When the cargo is stored in the hold of a ship, it is often necessary to put mats, odd sails and wood at the bottom to protect it from the bilge water. Also, these oddments are sometimes used to wedge between the cargo to keep it steady. The name given to them is dunnage."

"Here's another nautical query from another GEM reader. What are the coamings on board ship?"

"That, sir, is the name given to the raised wood or iron borders of the hatches."

"G. Priestly, of Grantham, asks what a natterjack is?"

"The name of a certain European toad. They are sometimes called 'running toads,' owing to the queer way in which they move. They have a yellow stripe down their backs."

"G. Gillingham, who lives at Letchworth, wants to know where the Tigris is?"

"In the cage along with the tiger, sir, I expect."

"What d'you mean," roared the old Editor, "in the cage? What cage?"

"The tiger cage, sir. Unless, of course, they've taken the jolly old tigriss for a walk round the tea rooms."

"You hairy cabbage! This is the River Tigris we're talking about!"

Seeing the Editor was waxing wrathful, and fondling his heaviest paper-weight in a rather suspicious manner, I hurried on to explain.

"The River Tigris, sir, is the more eastern of the two rivers in Mesopotamia. The other one is the Euphrates. At one time these two rivers were very close together at certain points; but the Tigris has had a way of altering its course from time to time.

my lad, not paid. Now then, out with it, what was a hippogriff like?"

"The hippogriff never existed, of course, it was purely a fabulous creature; half was an eagle and half was a horse; but its face was its principal feature. A thoughtful expression pervaded

The upper part of the Tigris is only navigable for native rafts, which are made of timber, supported by inflated skins. When the Tigris is in flood, these rafts will travel from Baghdad to Mosul, a distance of 275 miles, in three or four days. The wood of the rafts is then sold, wood being very scarce in those parts, and the skins are carried back on the backs of asses. At Baghdad and Kut the river can be crossed by bridges of boats. At these points it is a quarter of a mile wide."

"What was the name of the first successful English settlement in America?" "Jamestown, in Virginia."

The Editor picked up another letter. "William Ash, of Cricklewood, wants to know who is the Keeper of the Seals?"

I ran my fingers thoughtfully over the solitary hair on my brain case. "I don't know his name, sir; but he's a short, fat man with a big moustache. You can see him throwing fishes at them in the afternoon at the Zoo any old time."

"Throwing fishes at what?" snapped the Editor.

"At the seals, sir. He's the keeper, and the way he lobs the luscious herrings into the mouths of the jolly old seals is a marvel."

"I'd brain you with this paper-weight if I thought it were possible. I mean, if I thought you had any brain. Those are not the seals I'm talking about at all."

"Sorry, sir," I said, getting a bit nearer the door. "Of course, there is the Privy Seal, which is the seal they fix to grants and things, and the officer of State entrusted with it is called the Lord Privy Seal. The Great Seal is the official seal of the United Kingdom, and is used for treaties and State documents of great importance. The Papal Seal, which has a device on it showing St. Peter fishing, is called the Fisher's Seal. The Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in England was formerly a great officer of State."

"K. Jessop, of Harleslen, wants to know what a magnanerie is?"

"A magnanerie is a place in which silk-worms are reared. It comes from the French word magnan, meaning silk-worm."

"All right," said the Editor. "That's all for this morning, You can get back to your desk."

"You mean my magnanerie, sir. My desk is where the office-boy rears his silk-worms."

"Well, mind they don't rear up and bite you," said the Editor, as I tripped gleesomely out of the room.

begin to settle at the controls, with one eye on the periscope. "Oh crumbs! Yow! Glyn, you awful beast, I demand to be put ashore! I refuse to— Yarooooop!"

Trimble gave a wild howl of fear as the ship gave a sudden lurch. The electric lights were on now full blaze, and Baggy blinked in terror about him. The submarine was sinking—even Baggy realised that. It stopped at last. "Well down now!" said Glyn, laughing at Baggy's terror. "How d'you like having a few hundred tons of water above your head, Baggy?"

"Yarrop! Oh lor!" yelled Baggy. "Is that a fact, Glyn? Are we under the sus-sea?"

"Yes, old top—much nearer the bed of the sea than the surface, old sport!"

"Yarooooop!" shrieked Baggy. "Get her up at once, you beast! Ow! Yow! Oh dear! Make him take us up again, Tom Merry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You heartless beasts!" shrieked Baggy. "Quick! I'm suffocating! Glyn, you awful villain—"

"My dear old fat man, you're safe enough!" laughed Glyn. "Nothing can go wrong unless a ship runs into us, or the oxygen supply fails, or a whale swallows us, or the engines fail, or I make a slight mistake and—here keep away, you silly—yooop!"

Crash!
In his blind terror Baggy Trimble had not waited to hear more.

With one last wild shriek he flung himself at Bernard Glyn, and sent the astonished inventor spinning from the controls. Then Baggy's hand grabbed at the nearest lever long before anyone had grasped his intention.

"Look out!" shrieked Tom Merry. "Trimble, you fool—"

But it was too late. Trimble had wrenched the lever over in his fright and what happened next nobody clearly remembered.

There was a wild yell from Glyn, a sudden sickening, horrifying lurch, and next moment all of the submarine crew were sent headlong in a scrambling, struggling, yelling heap together as the vessel literally stood on her nose! Then the lights went out and blackness—a terrifying blackness—descended on the submarine crew.

"Keep still!" Glyn was yelling in muffled accents from somewhere. "Don't move, any of you, for Heaven's sake! Keep cool—I'll have it right soon!" "Yarrooop! Help! Fire! Yoooooop! Police! Murder! Help!" shrieked Baggy at the top of his terrified voice.

It was rather difficult to keep cool in such circumstances, especially for Baggy Trimble.

From somewhere Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's voice was raised in plaintive complaint, his remarks, apparently, concerning something that was happening to his "clobber"—something rather alarming! Herries was groaning—his nose having, apparently, come into violent contact with Lowther's boot. Lowther himself had jammed his nose against a lever, and his remarks were expressive towards the lever, if not polite. Tom Merry's head had been brought into violent contact with the head of a bolt sticking out from the vessel's hull.

Every fellow, in point of fact, had received some damage. It was a wonder they had not received more serious damage. By the row Baggy was making he had received all the damage he was likely to receive!

And the position seemed serious. The craft was still on her nose, and the crew were still mixed up in a scrambling heap amidst oil-cans, tools, furniture, and all sorts of tackle and odds and ends. It was hot enough on deck; but although the juniors had no coats on, they found it almost stifling in the close, humid, oily atmosphere.

But they all kept as calm as possible in the circumstances—with the exception of Baggy Trimble, that is! And soon there came an exclamation of satisfaction in the blackness. "Got it! Hold on, you fellows!"

It was Bernard Glyn's voice. And next moment the lights flashed up brilliantly again, and the juniors fairly gasped with overwhelming relief. The blackness had been worst of all.

"That's better!" gasped Glyn, blinking about him dazedly as he worked his way cautiously towards the controls again. "I'll soon have her on an even keel again! Hang on!"

It was an anxious moment when Glyn began to handle the various controls—Glyn's own face showed his keen anxiety and fears. But the fears proved to be groundless—evidently no harm had been done to the ship, at all events. In a matter of moments it was righted and brought carefully and skilfully on to an even keel.

Glyn's performance was greeted by a rather hoarse cheer of relief and thankfulness.

The only fellows who did not cheer were Trimble and Arthur Augustus. Gussy's chums soon realised why when they caught sight of him.

Something had happened to the noble Arthur Augustus. In his headlong fall he had grabbed at the nearest object—which had happened to be a big drum of oil.

Naturally, in response to the force of gravitation, the drum of oil had, like Arthur Augustus, gone headlong. Unfortunately it dropped on top of Arthur Augustus, and as he clasped it convulsively in his arms in his alarm, the

bung had come out and the oil—thick, lubricating oil—had flooded like surging lava over the swell of the Fourth.

It swamped him from head to foot, all over his new flannels, his neatly parted hair, his features, his nobby tie, his natty shirt-front, and his elegant socks and shoes.

Gussy, in fact, was thoroughly lubricated; he fairly glistened from head to foot with oil as he staggered up now and blinked in horror and utter dismay down at himself.

"Ow-ow-ow!" he gurgled. "Gwooooh! Oh, great Scott! Oh, bai Jove! Gwooooh! Help! Pway help me, you fellows!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Much as they sympathised with Arthur Augustus, the fellows simply had to shriek with merriment at the sight of him.

Even Baggy forgot his terror and chortled.

"He, he, he! You do look an awful sight, Gussy!"

It was far too much—far too much for Arthur Augustus. Trimble's giggling did it!

"You—you feahful wascal, Twimble!" he choked. "It was all your fault, you dangewous young wascal! I—I—"

Gussy abandoned words for action. He rushed at Trimble, and Baggy's giggling changed abruptly to a wild yelling as Arthur Augustus and he went crashing down, locked in an oily embrace.

"Stop 'em!" laughed Glyn. "Stop 'em before they smash something or barge into the engines! Ha, ha—quick!"

Blake grabbed a crowbar, and Tom Merry a boathook. Not for worlds would they have intervened without keeping their distance. Both Baggy and Gussy were rolling about the floor, mopping up lubricating oil in great style as if they were bundles of blotting paper.

The crowbar and the boathook separated them at last. By that time they both looked fearful sights.

"That's enough!" gasped Glyn, wiping tears of merriment from his eyes. "Ha, ha, ha! No more scrapping unless you never want to see the giddy daylight again, Gussy. This isn't quite the place for a scrap!"

"Gwooooh! Ow, ow, ow!" gasped Gussy. "Vewy well, but I will give that fat wascal a feahful thwashin' when we land ashore!"

Gussy gave it up for the time being—vengeance could wait. And Trimble was only too glad to give it up. The longer vengeance waited the better for Trimble. He had had more than enough already.

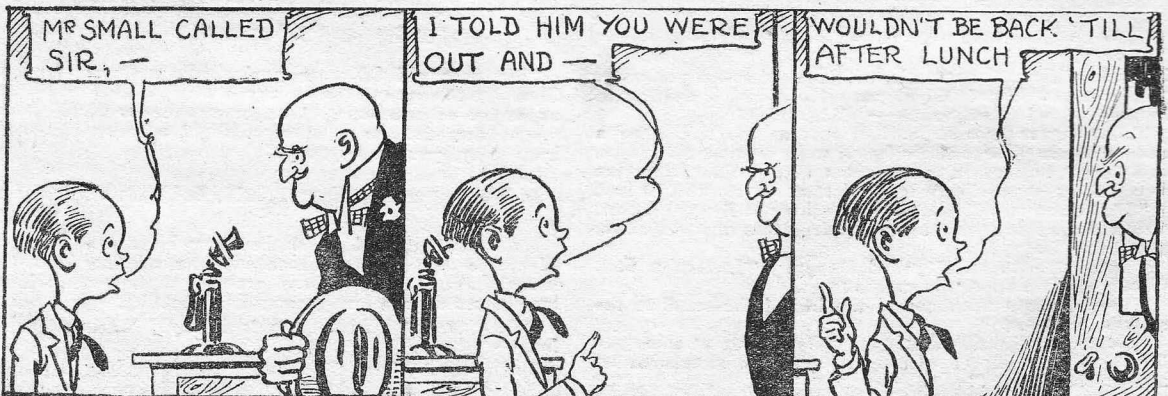
With handfuls of cotton waste the two scraped and mopped, but they gave it up at last as hopeless. From a locker Glyn dragged out an old sailor's suit, and a suit of overalls. The sailor's suit Gussy claimed, and hastily and dimly changed into it, while Trimble did likewise with his suit of overalls. As each suit was several sizes too large, the juniors looked weird and wonderful sights when they had finished changing. Glyn & Co. fairly howled with laughter at sight of them.

"Never mind!" laughed Bernard Glyn. "You'll have to make the best of it, I'm afraid, Gussy!"

"Look here," gasped Trimble, his fears returning again. "Put me ashore, Glyn, you beast! I refuse to risk my life in this rotten submarine any longer! Take me back at once!"

"Not likely, old fat man!" said Glyn coolly. "You came on this trip uninvited and unwanted, and now you're here you'll wait our time. And, remember this, my fat tulip, any more games—you dare to run amok again and start

Potts, the Office Boy



He looks as wise as an Owl!

messing with these levers, and your number's up. Your only chance of ever seeing the shore again, I might remind you, is to leave it to your uncle—little me! Got that?"

"Ow! Oh, lor!"

"And now for testing my invention!" said Glyn, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "You fellows know what it is—it's the adaptation of a torpedo-tube so that a diver can leave the submarine when it's on the bottom of the sea and enter it again just as he wills. But you fellows have seen the apparatus, and all that now remains is to test it. Tom Merry, I leave you in charge of the giddy ship while I'm on the job!"

"Right-ho!" said Tom, and the next moment he had taken charge of the controls while Glyn began preparations for his task—a dangerous task indeed, and one that probably meant death to him—if his invention failed!

CHAPTER 6.

The Sunken Galleon!

THE tube resembled an actual torpedo-tube in shape, but was larger and more complicated. It was situated in the forepart of the vessel, and was made of a curiously dull, green metal. Above the tube was a glass-covered disc, with, apparently, nothing inside save a tiny electric bulb. Two levers were at the right side of the tube with wires leading to what appeared to be a small motor.

That was all they could actually see of Glyn's invention. Willing hands helped the daring junior into the diving-dress—though more than one of them felt qualms and fears as they did so. The diving-suit was the very latest, slim and compact, and was the invention of Glyn's father, who himself was a clever engineer and inventor. Incorporated in it were one or two improvements suggested by Bernard Glyn himself, and he was very proud of them.

The suit had been tested often enough, and Glyn had no fear of that. It remained to be seen if his tube was to be as successful.

Only Glyn's chums were at all dubious about that, however.

The schoolboy inventor was "screwed in" at last. Blake took his stand by the levers, his face rather white, and his hands a trifle shaky. The rest stood round eyeing each other in some doubt and hesitation. Glyn made an impatient movement in his diving suit. He, at all events, was not worrying as to the result.

The next moment they were helping him into the big tube. Another hesitation, and then, with set face, Monty Lowther took the plunge and fastened the circular trap-door at the end.

All was ready now for the experiment, an experiment that would be the last the schoolboy inventor made—if it failed. Though Glyn had impressed upon Jack Blake the importance of not losing time, the latter hesitated.

He moved at last. His hand clutched the lever shakily, and he pulled it towards him. Instantly the subdued hum of a powerful motor was heard in the tiny, confined apartment in the tapering bows of the vessel. A green light suddenly appeared, in the disc above the tube, and then, taking a deep breath, Jack Blake pressed a button on the side of the tube.

Instantly there sounded a strange, muffled explosion, and the green light changed to red—an ominous colour. But it was the colour that told them that the tube, which a moment ago had held their daring chum, was now empty.

Blake drew in his breath with a gasp of relief. According to Glyn's calculations all was well now—for the time being. The invention was a success—Glyn was now out of the ship, and according to his expectations should be safe enough.

But he had to return yet.

In grim silence they waited as the long minutes passed, their eyes fixed on the disc above them. Not one of them dare venture a word—they were far too anxious, far too apprehensive. Baggy Trimble blinked on, shaking like a great fat jelly with fear.

Then the long wait suddenly ended.

In the disc above their heads flashed a green light again. Bernard Glyn was safe, as yet—he had entered the tube outside the hull of the submarine. It was the signal, and Blake acted instantly.

He grasped the second lever and pushed it away from him. Again the hum of the motor was heard, and then Blake pressed another button. The muffled explosion followed, a tiny bell tinkled somewhere in the tube, and with shaking hands Blake unfastened the thick steel circular door of the tube.

A moment later they were helping the diver out and setting him on his feet, their hearts leaping with relief. The high, heavily-padded helmet was removed and Glyn's face, flushed and bathed in perspiration, was revealed.

He gave them a somewhat sickly grin, though his eyes were sparkling with triumph.

"Right as rain!" he panted, breathlessly. "It was great! Just like shoving a pie in the oven and yanking it out when baked, what?"

"Thank goodness you're safe, Glyn!" breathed Blake.

"Safe as houses—though my napper feels as if I'd got in the way of a steam-hammer!" chuckled Glyn. "Wait until the pater sees this stunt, my pippins! Grooogh! I've got a headache! Tell Tommy to get her going, and we'll get farther out to sea still, and then I'll have another go in deeper water!"

A few minutes later the submarine was moving onwards at a steady speed beneath the water. Baggy Trimble begged and implored to be taken back ashore, but he begged and implored in vain. Deeper and deeper went the submarine, and then, with startling suddenness came a shock—a startling shock that sent every member of the submarine's crew sprawling in a heap on the lurching, swaying floor of the vessel.

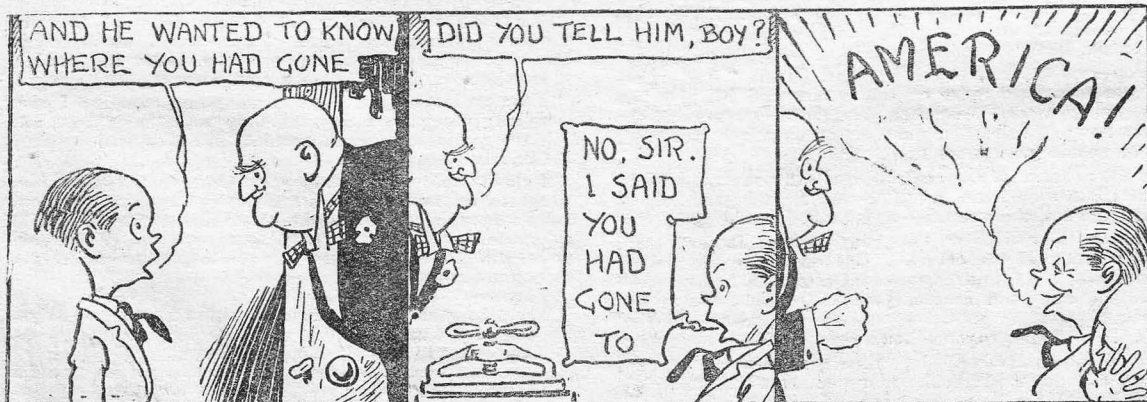
Once again they were on the bed of the sea—but now it was not a voluntary halt. The scared juniors scrambled to their feet, and stared, not a little alarmed, at Bernard Glyn, who seemed as cool and unconcerned as ever.

"What's happened, Glyn?" asked Tom Merry, trying to steady his voice. "We—we've run into something, haven't we?"

"Maybe," admitted Glyn. "Probably run a sardine down or something—possibly a kipper! No knowing, when you're crawling along the giddy ocean-bed, old tops!"

But his keen face betrayed anxiety as he reversed the engines—in vain. The submarine did not move, either backwards or forwards.

Pep an' Hustle!



But he don't give a hoot for the boss!

"Ran into some wreckage, I fancy!" said Glyn crisply. "Well, I intended to go out again in deeper water—and here's my chance. On the ball, Blake!"

Tom Merry took charge of the controls. The remainder of the schoolboy crew helped Glyn into his diving-suit. In a very short space of time Glyn was once again being propelled out of the submarine.

Breathlessly they awaited his return. Baggy Trimble was almost in hysterics by this time.

The long wait ended at last. The green light flashed, and soon they were unscrewing Glyn's helmet again. Once more the test had proved successful.

Glyn's heated, perspiring face wore a grin.

"All serene!" he announced, gasping and panting for breath. "We've run into some wreckage—"

"Phew! A sunken ship, you mean?"

"Just that! And it happens to be, unless I'm mistaken, the wreckage of an ancient galleon!"

"Bai Jove!"

"There's not much of it, of course—not much to be seen, I mean!" gasped Glyn excitedly. "It's all covered with drifted sand and stuff. But there's an old anchor—a queer affair, it is, too—and a mass of rotten timbers, most of them queerly carved! It was a Spanish galleon, I bet!"

"Great pip! Supposing it holds sunken treasure?"

"Not much chance of that, I'm afraid! In any case it would take months of work and dredging to get the treasure, if any, old tops!" grinned Glyn. "Still, I've found something—an old sort of basket covered with giddy weeds and winkles and things! Goodness knows what it's made of—may be a gold casket for all we know, though goodness knows it's big enough for anything!"

"M-mum-my hat!" breathed Trimble, his eyes wide as saucers. "Oh crikey! Supposing it is treasure, you fellows! I say, Glyn, you'll have to play the game, mind—we're the crew and it's share and share alike!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat idiot!" grinned Glyn. "I don't fancy that basket holds much treasure; still, you never know," he chuckled.

"Why the thump didn't you bring it with you?" grumbled Baggy Trimble, with a snort. "Fancy leaving it there—"

"I haven't left it there," chuckled Glyn. "But I couldn't bring it through the thumping tube, you fat ass! I've lashed it on to the hull and we can haul it up and examine it when we get on the surface. I couldn't see the blessed thing clearly through my giddy helmet, of course!"

There was a buzz of excitement. Glyn's news filled them all with expectation. They were thrilled at the thoughts of what the basket—or casket—contained. Glyn seemed less excited than any of them.

"The great thing is that my invention's a success, you fellows!" he said, as he finished doffing his diving-dress. "Blow the treasure—"

"Well, we'll have it if you don't want it," gasped Trimble eagerly. "I say, let's get on the surface—quick! Besides, I'm jolly well hungry and there's no grub left on board!"

"Of course there is, you fat idiot!" laughed Glyn. "Think we came with no grub at all? Not likely. There's a heap of sandwiches and a dozen or so of ginger-beer!"

"No there isn't!" said Trimble sulkily. "I've finished them off!"

"Wha-at?" yelled Glyn.

"Oh crumbs! I—I didn't know they was for all of us, you know!" gasped Baggy, in sudden alarm. "You—you said I could look after the grub, and I've done so!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you fat cormorant!" gasped Glyn. "Just wait—just you wait until we're on the surface and I'll give you grub, you fat worm! Come on, you fellows—never mind the fat ass now! I've shifted some of the wreckage and sand, and we should work clear now!"

He took charge of the controls, and after several anxious minutes the submarine began to move, and gradually it backed clear of the wreckage and banked sand.

"Now we'll soon be on the giddy surface, Baggy!" said Glyn, winking at the others. "Get ready for the licking of your life, old fat lard-tub. And after the licking we'll see if you can swim ashore, you fat Jonah! We've had enough of you!"

"Ow! I—I—I say, you fellows—"

Baggy got no farther. Just then the submarine gave a violent shudder, and shook from stem to stern, and then quiet abruptly the lights went out.

CHAPTER 7.

In Deadly Peril!

THERE was a wild yell of terror from Baggy Trimble. The rest stood where they were, not a little scared at the sudden, unexpected development.

Glyn's voice, cool as ever, came through the velvety darkness.

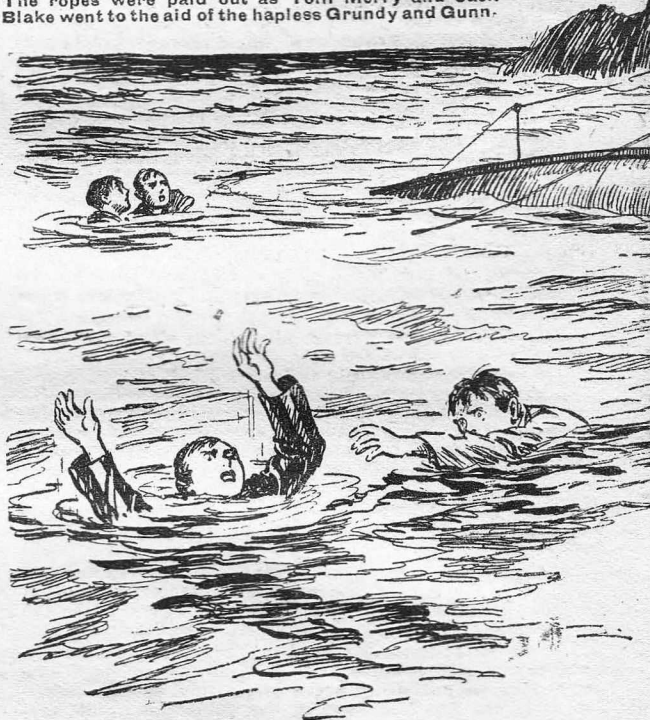
"Steady! Keep your heads, you fellows!" he called. "Something's gone wrong with the blessed engines; or else that collision's done it! I'll soon have a light going!"

In the stuffy blackness of the submarine they waited, their hearts palpitating more than a little. Baggy was actually whimpering now; he was too terrified even to yell. With the cessation of the engines the fact of being hundreds of feet below the surface of the sea became acutely apparent, and all of them felt thrills of fear as they thought of it.

Supposing the engines could not be got to go again? Supposing they could not rise to the surface? They were doomed to die like rats in a trap!

A light flashed—it was Glyn, already at work. Somehow the atmosphere seemed heavier than before—they felt almost suffocated. Actually, thought it was stuffy enough,

The ropes were paid out as Tom Merry and Jack Blake went to the aid of the hapless Grundy and Gunn.



it was their fears that made this seem so. But soon Glyn's cool voice told them that there was, indeed, a great deal to fear.

He got the lights going at last, and then he faced his chums, his own features white, after a brief examination of gauges and dials above the engines.

"We're all right for the present, you fellows," he said, in a quiet, emotionless voice. "But—but if we don't get these engines going soon, we shan't be, I can tell you!"

"Is it serious, Glyn?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes; unless we get the engines going soon, as I say. Something has gone wrong, not only with the engines, but with the giddy oxygen apparatus!"

"Good heavens!"

"I don't want to frighten you," resumed Glyn grimly. "But it's as well for us all to understand the position. There's enough oxygen in the submarine to last, I should say, about an hour. By that time we shall be gasping for breath. After that time, Heaven help us unless we get the engines going!"

"Then—" began Blake shakily.

"The sooner we get to work the better!" snapped Glyn, grabbing a spanner.

"Yarooooop! Help!" shrieked Baggy.

"Shut that row, Trimble! We're not done yet, you fat funk! Be quiet!"

Baggy found it extremely difficult, in the circumstances, to keep quiet, however, until Blake went for him with a

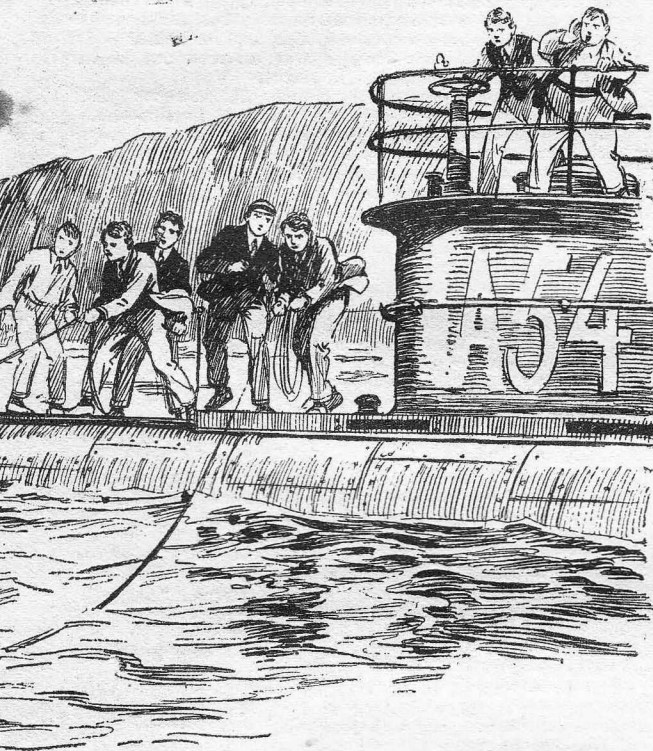
spanner. The threat was enough, and Baggy bolted like a fat, terrified rabbit into the forepeak of the submarine.

Blake returned to the rest, and soon all were busy, working feverishly under Glyn's curt orders. With the lights on, their spirits were cheered tremendously, and all took the danger quietly, and did not complain.

Glyn only mentioned their fears once again.

"An hour, remember!" he said coolly. "If we've failed at the job by the end of that time we'll draw lots for the one chance of life!"

"You mean—"



"One fellow has a chance—and one only!" said Glyn. "He can don the diver's outfit and go out through the tube, and take his chance of getting to the surface and being rescued. It's a bare chance, but far better than dying in here like rats in a trap. Are you willing to draw lots for the chance?"

"Yes!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Right! Now forget it and get busy!"

The juniors tried to forget their position as they set to work again. They also quite forgot Baggy Trimble.

That youth was still shaking, but his eyes were now fixed on that invention of Bernard Glyn's—the tube. Glyn's cool voice had reached him clearly through the deadly stillness of the helpless submarine, and he had understood.

One chance only—for one of them! Then—then he was jolly well going to be that one! After all, he was about the only fellow who couldn't swim, argued Baggy to himself. Feverishly, he began to don the diver's suit. It was only fair that he should have the chance. But he wouldn't bother them while they were so busy with his views on the subject. They might not understand his point of view at all.

So while the crew of the submarine laboured against time—against death—Baggy Trimble, alone in the forepeak, got busy with the diving-dress.

It was not an easy job at all. It was also a very tight fit. But, somehow, the fat youth managed to get inside it, though he was fairly streaming with perspiration and panting like old bellows before he had done so. Then he lifted the heavy helmet, and after a terrific struggle managed to drop it down over his fat face and head.

He had noticed that Glyn's helmet had been screwed on, but that couldn't be helped, Baggy decided. There was nobody to screw it on now—unless he called for aid; which he was not likely to do—not wishing to take the fellows from their work! There was also the question of who should work the electrical device which propelled him from the tube!

Baggy did not think of that until he was half-way inside the tube! He could scarcely be inside the tube and out-

side at the same time. Really it was very awkward. He would have to call for aid and explain his views, after all!

He made to wriggle backwards from the tube. But the tube had not been built for a fellow of Baggy's unusual proportions. It was easier thought of than done. Baggy wriggled and wriggled, and panted and gasped. But it was no good—he was a fixture inside the tube!

The more he wriggled and wriggled the more he seemed to stick in that ghastly tube. His legs waved frantically—they were free enough. But that was all of Baggy that was free. It was decidedly unpleasant inside that horrible helmet. Glyn had stood its discomforts in the cause of science and humanity. But Baggy was not built of such stern stuff, and he gasped and panted and fairly wept as he realised, at long last, that he was, indeed, a fixture.

From gasping and panting and weeping, Baggy got to shrieking and yelling, but the helmet—also the tube—quite drowned his cries. From the bottom of his fat heart did Baggy Trimble of the Fourth at St. Jim's wish then that he had played the game and taken his chance with the rest!

But it was too late now.

Meanwhile, the air in the helmet was getting fouler and fouler—Baggy's yelling became weaker, and he began to choke and pant for breath. The helmet had merely been slipped on, and the oxygen apparatus not connected.

More than ever did the fat junior, as his podgy little legs wagged more and more feebly, wish in his heart that he had never wangled himself into Glyn's submarine party!

CHAPTER 8.

A Little Surprise!

IT was the same all over the ship—the air was getting foul!

Glyn realised it; his chums realised it only too well. They redoubled their efforts with frantic haste, though they panted hoarsely, and the perspiration streamed down their black and oily faces and into their eyes.

It was a fight against death—against a horrible death in that steel coffin, unless they won the fight!

"We'll do it yet!" panted Bernard Glyn bravely, as he worked away desperately. "Keep your peckers up, chaps! Phew! I do believe—"

He wrenched at a lever, and then, as the low hum of a dynamo sounded suddenly, he gave a whoop and began to work frantically at other levers. Almost in a flash the engines were working—throbbing and humming musically, while the submarine shook and trembled from stem to stern.

"You—you mean—" began Tom Merry, almost unbelievably.

"We've done it—the engines are going right as rain again!" gasped Glyn, overjoyed. "The air will soon freshen now; the oxygen apparatus is worked from that dynamo, you know. All serene, chaps!"

"Bwavo! Thank Heaven, deah boys!" panted Gussy.

He leaned weakly against the railed-in enclosure of the engines, and the chums stepped back, wiping their perspiring brows and gasping for breath.

With remarkable quickness the air freshened, and then Gussy suddenly remembered Trimble. It was like Gussy to remember the fat youth just then. He ran into the next compartment, and then he gave a wild yell.

"Quick, you fellows! Help heah, deah boys!"

They rushed in. Then they sighted Baggy's feebly wagging legs, and soon they had hauled him out. Baggy collapsed in a heap on the floor as Tom Merry took his helmet off.

"Grooogh!" he gasped. "Ow-ow-ow! Grooogh!"

"Nearly whacked, bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Gweat Scott! The fat idiot was twyin' to escape by that tube, I suppose!"

"The—the fat worm!" breathed Blake. "Trying to steal a march on us, of course!"

"And jolly nearly got himself suffocated, by the looks of him!" said Tom Merry grimly. "Get the fat ass into the engine-room, chaps. Glyn will have us on the surface in a few seconds."

The submarine was moving now. Baggy was helped into the engine-room where Glyn gave him a grim look and snorted.

"Ow, ow, ow!" gurgled Trimble. "I'm nearly dead, and it's all through you, Glyn, you awful beast! You would persuade a fellow to come on this dangerous trip!"

"You fat rotter!" gasped Bernard Glyn. "You were trying to steal a march on us—"

"Nothing of the kind!" gasped Baggy. "I—I was making a last desperate attempt to—to go for help! I knew the fearful peril, and I tried—"

"To sneak off and leave us to it!" grinned Lowther. "It's a thumping good job for you you didn't manage to get out, anyway. There'd have been a dead porpoise floating about by this time!"

"Yaas, wathah! You have been vewy lucky, Twimble!" said Arthur Augustus severely. "Howevah, we are near the surface now!"

"Take charge, Merry!" said Glyn crisply.

"On the surface, Glyn?"

"Yes; we may have drifted a mile or two for all I know," said Glyn. "I've lost my bearings completely! Just stand by, Tommy!"

He ran up the ladder of the conning-tower, and was soon unbolting the heavy steel trap-door. It went up at last, and a stream of welcome dazzling sunshine shot down into the submarine. Glyn drew in a deep, deep breath of the deliciously fresh air, and thanked Heaven for their narrow escape. Only he really realised how exceedingly narrow it had been.

The next moment Glyn was blinking about him over the sunlit dancing waves.

As he did so, he jumped violently—all but falling off the conning-tower ladder!

For instead of being far out to sea as he had expected, he found to his great astonishment that they were close inshore, in a small sandy cove of Rhylmouth Bay.

Nor was that all. For suddenly Glyn gave another jump. His eyes had fallen on several figures in the water about him—swimming, gambolling figures of swimmers. And then—

Glyn nearly fainted at what he saw then, as quite suddenly he became aware of a wild shrieking and yelling some yards away from him.

It came from an elderly gentleman with a bald head who was sprawling on the glistening lower deck of the submarine, and clinging desperately to the rails.

The face and form were familiar. With a violent start Bernard Glyn recognised the elderly gentleman as none other than Mr. Horace Ratchiff, the Housemaster of the New House at St. Jim's.

The very next moment his eyes fell upon another sprawling form on the deck—also an elderly gentleman of venerable aspect, in a bathing costume.

It was none other than Dr. Holmes, the august head-master of St. Jim's.

"G-good lor'!" gasped Glyn.

He understood in a flash what had happened. He was not looking upon the results of a miracle. The submarine had risen to the surface of the cove in which the Head, Mr. Ratchiff, and Mr. Railton were taking a dignified bathe. It had, in point of fact, risen right underneath those gentlemen, raising the Head and Mr. Ratchiff with it.

"G-good lor'!" repeated Glyn.

He was astounded—but obviously not quite as astounded as were the two scholastic gentlemen. Dr. Holmes was floundering about like a stranded fish, but he was making no noise about it. Mr. Ratchiff was terrified out of his wits, and his voice was raised in terror.

"Help! G-good heavens! Help! Railton—my dear Railton, I beseech you to help me! Help!" he shrieked.

One glance the schoolboy inventor gave at the extraordinary scene and then, seeing Dr. Holmes had got clear, and was swimming away, and that Mr. Railton was forging towards the spot, he gave one yell and slammed down the lid of the conning-tower.

"What the merry dickens— Yarrooop!"

Blake roared as Glyn shinned down the steel ladder and fell on top of him, nearly flattening him, and sending the little crowd at the foot of the ladder sprawling to right and left.

"Quick!" gasped Glyn. "Oh, my hat! The Head—Ratty—Railton! We've done it now! Quick!"

"What on earth—"

"Bai Jove! What—"

"Quick!" yelled Bernard Glyn. "Submerge the blessed boat and let's get out of this!"

He pushed the startled Tom Merry away and grabbed at the controls. The boat began to sink the next moment, and with one eye at the periscope, Glyn saw with great relief that the Head was safe, while Mr. Railton was hauling the terrified Ratty ashore at great speed.

It was enough for Bernard Glyn. He set the engines going at full speed, and very soon the submarine was a couple of miles away from the spot.

"Oh!" gasped Glyn, who was quite overcome. "Take the blinking controls, Tom Merry! I need a rest! That's the biggest shock I've had on this outing! I—I've given the Head and Ratty a rise in the world, and I only hope they don't know it!"

And he explained to his startled, bewildered crew what had happened. They blinked at him, and then, as they understood, they roared with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all very well laughing!" gasped Glyn faintly. "I bet the thumping beaks were not so surprised as I was! Oh dear! I—I feel quite faint! Supposing they spotted me? I'm certain the Head did! Oh crumbs! We started out by ramming a blessed Spanish galleon, and finished up by ramming the Head and Ratty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who'd have expected that?" choked Glyn. "This trip's turning out more exciting than— Hallo! What's up now, Tom?"

"Somebody stranded on some rocks by the look of it! Yes, they're signalling!" shouted Tom, who had his eyes glued to the periscope. "My hat! Quick, you fellows! Three chaps—marooned on some rocks at the end of Razor Point! Take charge—quick, Glyn!"

CHAPTER 9.

Grundy & Co. in Trouble!

EVIDENTLY their adventures were not over yet by any means!

Tom Merry's frantic voice roused them all to action at once. Glyn took charge of the controls, and after a glance through the periscope, he soon understood what was wrong.

Razor Point was well known to the juniors. It was a long arm of rock jutting out to sea, the farthest point being a line of jagged rocks which at high tide were covered with water.

The spot was an exceedingly dangerous one for boats, and was usually given a very wide berth by sailors. The current hereabouts was strong and treacherous, and woe betide any small boat caught in its grip.

Now, three small figures could be discerned, marooned on the farthest rock, almost covered by the tide.

Quickly the submarine was brought to the surface, and the conning-tower was thrust upwards, and out on the deck swarmed the juniors ready and eager to help.

Glyn, with reckless daring, took the long, slender vessel nearer and nearer to the dangerous, evil-looking rocks, ready to reverse his engines in a moment if necessary.

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The forms clinging to the rock, swept again and again by the pounding waves, could be discerned more clearly now. And suddenly Blake gave a yell.

"It's Grundy!" he yelled in astonishment. "It's Grundy, Wilkins, and Gunn. Oh, the reckless fools!"

"Just like that fool, Grundy!" snapped Tom Merry. "Quick with ropes, you fellows! We'll have them out of that before long! Phew! Another few minutes and they'd have been done!"

Even now every moment was precious. Glyn had stopped the boat now, and the engines were working gently—reversed in order to hold the craft against the swirling tide. He dare not approach nearer, and as Tom realised the fact, he yelled to the stranded juniors who were waving their blazers frantically.

"We can't come nearer!" yelled Tom Merry. "You'll have to jump and chance it. Get ready to grab the ropes when you're clear!"

A faint, exhausted yell reached them as the hapless trio, drenched, battered by the waves and exhausted, understood.

Wilkins took the lead. He threw aside his blazer, kicked off his sand-shoes, and took a header into the water.

Gunn followed on the instant.

They swam hard towards the submarine, though they scarcely seemed to move an inch against the current, and those on the submarine watched in an agony of anxiety.

"Now, Grundy, you born idiot!" howled Blake. "Jump for it!"

And for once George Alfred decided to obey someone else. He plunged into the swirling water, and began to swim towards the submarine.

Glyn was edging it still nearer now, seeing that the trio could never hope to gain the boat alone and unaided.

Wilkins was leading, swimming desperately, but just making headway against the tide-rip. A rope whizzed through the air, and, luckily, he grasped it. Lowther, Manners, and Digby hauled him in, and soon he was sprawling on the deck, done to the world, with water streaming from him.

Gunn was less lucky. He struggled as desperately, but he was not so powerful a swimmer as his chum. Tom Merry saw at once that he would never do it; he was losing in the fight. Soon his strength would fail and he would be swept away, to be dashed against the evil rocks.

Tom gave one glance, and hastily tied the rope round his waist. Then he nodded to Herries and Arthur Augustus, who understood. The next moment Tom was in, swimming fast towards the struggling Gunn.

But George Alfred Grundy was in a far worse plight than Gunn.

Much as he bragged about his amazing swimming powers when at St. Jim's, the great George Alfred was actually a very poor swimmer. His great strength, and the tremendous amount of flurry and splashing he put into his swimming, did not make up for his lack of skill.

He was worse than losing way, he was actually as near drowning as he was ever likely to be.

But plenty of help was at hand. Like Tom Merry, Blake fastened a stout rope round his waist and went overboard. The rope was paid out as he forged towards the hapless Grundy. Glyn remained at the wheel, his keen eyes on the jagged, wicked-looking rocks, most of them clearly visible in the shimmering green water.

With great seamanship, the schoolboy inventor kept his craft in check, while Tom Merry and Blake did the rest. Tom Merry's grasp was upon Cuthbert Gunn now. He was swimming steadily back, helping the feebly-struggling Gunn, while the fellows on the submarine hauled them in.

The rest was easy. Willing hands grasped them as they drew within reach, and soon both were sprawling, like half-drowned rats, on the sloping deck.

Then all turned to aid in the rescue of Blake and Grundy. It was a tough task for Jack Blake—tougher than he had expected. As usual, George Alfred knew best. He was quite capable of saving himself—in his own opinion. Grundy was a fellow who never would admit when he was beaten. He was drowning, but he would not admit it. Probably he did not realise that he was. At all events, he objected strongly to Blake "butting-in."

"G-gug-go away!" he panted, as Blake's grasp closed upon him. "Gerraway, you—gug-gug—footling idiot! Think I can't—groogh!—swim? Cheeky cad! Gerroff!"

Blake did not reply in words. He clung on desperately, until Grundy smote him on the nose, and then Blake smote back—hard. He saw that Grundy was almost done, and the only way to save Grundy's life was to make him incapable of resistance. His fist struck the gasping, gurgling George Alfred on the temple, and Grundy's head went back.

He was quite conscious, but he ceased to struggle. The rope tightened round Blake's waist as those aboard the submarine hauled upon it. Half-swimming as he supported the dazed George Alfred, Blake was drawn nearer and nearer

to the vessel, and at last a rousing cheer went up as both were hauled aboard.

They flopped down on the deck, utterly exhausted, like sodden sacks of flour.

The solitary rock on which Grundy & Co. had taken refuge was awash now, the waves were swirling over it. They had been rescued not a moment too soon.

"A jolly close call!" panted Tom Merry, sitting up dizzily on the wet deck. "Grooogh! Whoooop! You nearly cut me in two with that thumping rope, chaps!"

"Better than being cut to pieces by those blessed rocks, anyway," grinned Lowther. "All serene now, thank goodness! Hallo! How d'you feel Grundy, old scout?"

Grundy sat up. He was gasping and panting like old bellows. He coughed and coughed, and then he spoke.

"Rotters!" he gurgled.

"Eh? What's that?"

"Idiots!" gasped Grundy. "Footling imbeciles, the lot of you!"

"Bai Jove! Aftah savin' his life, you know! If that's all the thanks—"

"Saving my life be blowed!" hooted Grundy, trembling with wrath and indignation. "Think I couldn't have swum it?"

"Certainly! You were drowning, you silly owl!"

"Rot!" howled Grundy. "Piffle! Bunkum! Bosh! Fiddlesticks! Grooogh! I was getting along splendidly—"

"In the wrong direction, though!" chuckled Lowther.

"I tell you I was as right as rain!" gurgled Grundy furiously. "Making me look a fool like that! What will the fellows think of me at St. Jim's, allowing a Fourth Form kid to save me, as if I wanted saving? You—you footling idiots!"

"Well, my only hat!"

"I was doing splendidly!" gasped Grundy. "I should have saved Gunny myself in another minute if you fools hadn't butted in—spoiled it all! I intended to save Wilky, too, if the silly owl had waited!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" said Grundy excitedly. "I think you chaps have played the fool—dangerous idiots! This comes of allowing kids like you to go out in a boat at all! I knew how it would be. What the thump did you want to come butting in at all for, Tom Merry?"

"Dunno!" said Tom Merry. "I suppose it's our kind hearts—we always were kind to animals! We saw you hadn't the ghost of a chance of saving yourselves. The most powerful swimmer going could never have reached the mainland in that tide-rip."

"Must be an exceptionally high tide!" said Grundy, dismissing the matter with an airy wave of the hand. "Of course, a fellow could scarcely bargain for that. Well, here we are! And now you'd better let me take charge, Glyn, or you'll have this craft on the rocks!"

"Bai Jove!"

But that was just like Grundy. He had been mistaken; but it would never do for a great man to admit he had been mistaken. So George Alfred decided to let it go at that, and he changed the subject.

CHAPTER 10.

Subduing Grundy

"I'LL take the wheel!" said Grundy.

"You jolly well won't!" said Bernard Glyn.

The submarine was well clear of the rocks now, moving along smoothly in the clear water. All the juniors were on deck. The sun was hot, and the sea a shimmering expanse of heaving silver and gold. Ashore, the red-roofed houses glimmered hazily in the heat. In the bay, close inshore, white-sailed boats were sailing. On the sands could be seen the tiny forms of children paddling and grown-ups bathing in the sea.

But Grundy was not interested in the scene. He was on the submarine now, and he felt his responsibility. By what manner of reasoning he had arrived at the conclusion that he was responsible for the submarine and its crew of school-boys he did not deign to explain. There it was, and it was sufficient, in his opinion, to make his claim and take charge of the vessel.

Grundy fancied himself in the role of commander of the submarine.

Bernard Glyn and Tom Merry & Co. did not fancy him in that role.

The difference in fancies was likely to lead to trouble on that hot summer's afternoon.

"You'll not take the wheel or anything else, Grundy!" smiled Glyn. "I'm skipper here, and what I says goes! Got that?"

"Look here——"

"Any signs of mutiny from you, Grundy, and you'll be shoved in irons!" said Glyn. "I can't endanger the lives of honest sailors by pandering to the fancies of a potty lunatic!" Grundy rose to his feet.

"What's that?" he exclaimed grimly.

"We're making for the shore now—the jetty," said Glyn calmly. "We're going to put you fellows ashore. Wilky and Gunn had better take you home; you're safer there!"

"Why, you—you——"

"Look here, Glyn," said Wilkins, "why not just put Grundy ashore, and let Gunn and me stay on? We'll help with the work, of course."

"We've had enough of Grundy," said Cuthbert Gunn, with deep feeling. "Much too much, in fact! You can sling him overboard and let him drown, for all I care, the footling, born idiot!"

"Well," gasped Grundy, glaring at his candid henchmen—"well, I'm dashed! After—after all I've done for them!"

"All you've done!" snorted Wilkins furiously. "Nearly got us drowned!"

"Mucked the whole day up with your foolery!" gasped Gunn.

Grundy blinked at them.

"Say that again, Gunn!" he spluttered.

Gunn said it again—rather recklessly. Grundy turned back his sleeves and went for Gunn like a whirlwind.

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Cuthbert Gunn. "Back up, Wilky!"

George Wilkins piled in. As a matter of fact, Wilkins and Gunn were fed-up to the chin—and more. They had stood enough from Grundy that day. They were standing no more, and they welcomed the chance to show him what they thought of him.

A wild and whirling conflict followed on the deck of the submarine.

Tom Merry & Co. looked on with interest. The domestic affairs of Grundy & Co. were not their business. They were interested to see how the three-cornered scrap would end—that was all. They hoped it would end by George Alfred getting the licking of his life.

For once, their hopes were realised. Grundy was a mighty fighting man, and usually he was equal to the pair. But on this occasion he was not. To begin with, Wilkins and Gunn were fairly seething with rage against their chum. For another, George Alfred was not in a state to scrap. That struggle for life in the tide-rip had taken it out of him far more than it had done his chums.

The battle ended at last. It ended by Wilkins and Gunn making a combined charge and sending their leader clean overboard.

Splash!

"Man overboard!" bawled Lowther. "Man the lifebelts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was not much danger for Grundy. The submarine was stopped and the engines reversed. A lifebelt had already been slung out to the swimming George Alfred. The water was calm, and he was very soon being hauled aboard—for the second time that afternoon.

But he was cured this time.

He lay on the deck, and gasped and gurgled as if for a wager. When he had recovered at last he was a very subdued Grundy indeed.

"Going on with it?" demanded George Wilkins.

"Groooh! Oh, all right, you cads! Groooh! I—I'll finish licking you another time, George Wilkins, and you also, Cuthbert Gunn! I—I'm whacked!"

"That's better!" chuckled Bernard Glyn. "Look here, Grundy, I—I don't want to go near the jetty yet. If you'll promise to behave yourself you can stay on, old bean!"

"I—I—all right!" gasped Grundy feebly.

"You'll obey my orders and try no more games on?"

"Yes, blow you!" grunted Grundy.

"Right!" chuckled Bernard Glyn. "As a matter of fact, I'm not anxious to show up at the giddy jetty yet! I bet the beaks are looking out for this submarine!"

"Eh? The Head knows about it, doesn't he?" asked Wilkins.

"Of course! He knows all about it—though he doesn't know there are no sailors aboard to run the ship!" grinned Glyn. "I didn't explain that small detail—that we were running the ship ourselves. He might have raised slight objections."

"Ha, ha! Quite likely!" said Gunn. "But why——"

"Because we gave the Head and old Ratty a little rise in the world!" chuckled Glyn. "I bet they had the shock of their lives—I did, anyway. You see, I lost my bearings and brought the giddy submarine up underneath them while they were bathing in the cove yonder!"

"Wha-at?" gasped Grundy.

"You should have seen the Head floundering about the deck like a stranded kipper!" said Glyn. "As for old Ratty—well, you should have heard him howling and shrieking!"

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Luckily Railton was swimming near, and went to his rescue. Anyway, I think we'll give the jetty a wide berth until it's time to go home! I fancy there's trouble enough in store for me when we get back to St. Jim's," added Glyn, with a rueful chuckle. "So we may as well make hay while the giddy sun shines, what?"

"Yaas, wathah!" chuckled Arthur Augustus. "What about lunch now, deah boy? I am most feahfully hungwy!"

"Same here!"

It was a chorus.

"Good wheeze!" said Glyn. "We'll slow down out in the bay and have lunch. After lunch we'll have a bathe, and then go for a cruise, and also do a bit of experimental diving!"

"Ripping!" said Wilkins excitedly.

Only Trimble seemed dissatisfied.

"Look here!" he gasped, in sudden alarm. "Mean to say you're not going ashore, Glyn?"

"Not yet, old fruit!"

"But what about grub?" howled Trimble. "How the thump can we have lunch without grub?"

"We've heaps of grub, old fat man!"

"But there isn't!" shrieked Baggy. "I've scoffed—I mean, all the grub's vanished! That—that chap Jenkins must have scoffed it all!"

"Or that fat burglar, Trimble!" suggested Glyn, with a chuckle. "My dear old scout, there's a locker chock full of grub down below. But it's locked!"

"Oh!" gasped Baggy, in tremendous relief. "I—I didn't know that!"

"I know you didn't," grinned Glyn cheerfully. "There would have been no lunch if you had known—except for you, old fat pippin! I let you raid the store-cupboard. But I kept the real larder locked, Baggy! See?"

"Beast! If I'd only known——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Luckily for us you didn't know!" laughed Glyn. "Pop down below and fetch the grub up, you fellows! Here's the key, Blake! Keep your eye on Baggy, and see he doesn't get the lion's share!"

"Oh, really, Glyn, you beast——"

"There's potted meats, cold ham, tinned tongue—heaps of grub, besides lemonade and ginger-beer!" said Glyn cheerily. "I'll take my lunch afterwards while Tommy takes his turn at the wheel! Get busy!"

"What-ho!"

And the submarine schoolboys got busy with a will.

CHAPTER 11.

The "Treasure"!

LUNCH on board the submarine was a jolly meal.

Even Grundy behaved himself, and was quite affable to all—even to his faithless henchmen, Wilkins and Gunn.

Possibly Grundy had had his lesson; possibly he was enjoying the novelty of life on a submarine, and did not want to be thrown neck and crop off the vessel. So he behaved himself, and everything went smoothly. He kept his ambition to be commander of the submarine in check. As he explained on the quiet to Wilkins and Gunn, he had washed his hands of the affair. His responsibility in the matter had ceased.

If the submarine was piled up on the rocks, or if it was sent to the bottom of the ocean with all hands aboard, it was not his look-out. He had done his best to ensure the safety of the ship and crew by offering his services as commander and navigator. If any terrible disaster occurred now it was not his fault. He disclaimed any responsibility whatever.

And Wilkins and Gunn nodded and winked solemnly at each other, and let it go at that. They knew better than to start an argument with George Alfred.

The hot sun soon dried the deck, and a white tablecloth was laid thereon. Lunch took place there, for it was almost unbearably hot and stuffy in the close confines of the submarine. The juniors themselves had long ago doffed their ordinary attire and donned bathing costumes—a supply of which Glyn had thoughtfully stored aboard. The drenched clothes were hung out to dry on the rails of the submarine. Arthur Augustus and Trimble made some attempt to wash the thick oil from theirs before hanging them out to dry.

Lunch ended at last, and then Glyn took them on an inspection of the ship—Grundy & Co. being keenly interested in all, especially in Glyn's patent diving-suit and the tube.

"I'll show you chaps how it works, if you like!" said Glyn eagerly. "We can have our bathe afterwards! I'll just submerge and take a little trip on the bed of the giddy ocean. How's that?"

"Good wheeze!"
 "All aboard?" demanded Glyn briskly, after the conning-tower had been closed. "Well, we'll soon be under the water now, Grundy, old bean!"
 He took charge of the controls, and the lights were switched on, and the engines were just beginning to throb when Arthur Augustus gave a yell.

"Twimble! Where is Twimble, deah boys?"
 "Oh, my hat!"
 Baggy Trimble was missed at once. Glyn shut off the engines, his face suddenly white.

"Isn't he inside there?" he demanded. "Perhaps taking a snooze—"
 "No; I've looked!" said Gussy, in alarm. "Must be shut out on deck, deah boys!"

"He wasn't!" said Tom Merry, looking alarmed. "I had a good look round before I shut the lid of the pill-box!"
 "Then he's either hiding somewhere—or gone overboard!" snorted Glyn, as exasperated as he was alarmed. "Come on, for goodness' sake! Hallo, what's that?"

From somewhere above came a faint yelling. Glyn tore up the steel ladder of the conning-tower, the rest at his heels. He soon had the hatchway open, and then the yelling and shrieking became suddenly clear and ear-splitting.
 "It's Trimble right enough!" gasped Glyn. "What—why, what the thunder—"

Glyn saw Trimble then. He was on the stern decks by the rails, and he was dancing about madly, and shrieking at the top of his fat voice. From one fat hand dangled something—a huge lobster!

"What the thump is that fat ass up to?" demanded Glyn, scrambling out on to the deck. "Why, he— Oh, my hat!"

Just then Glyn glimpsed something on the deck by Baggy's side. It was the weed-covered basket he had found among the wreckage at the bottom of the sea—the basket he had secured and lashed to the hull of the submarine.

The meaning of it dawned in upon Glyn then—or something of the meaning, at all events.

"The—the fat burglar!" he stuttered. "Well, my hat! He's— Hallo, he's over!"

Splash!
 Baggy was over. His dancing suddenly ceased as he slipped on the wet, sloping deck, and went overboard—taking the squirming lobster with him.

"Man overboard!" yelled Blake.
 Once again the cry rang out, and next moment Tom Merry & Co. were rushing to the rescue again. Monty Lowther was first on the spot, and he grabbed a boathook and made a desperate lunge.

Luckily—though Baggy thought it was unluckily—his aim was true, and the hook of the boathook got a grip in the slack of Baggy's trousers.
 Lowther hung on to the handle of the boathook like grim death.

"Got him!" he yelled. "I've hooked him, chaps! Lend a hand, for goodness' sake!"

They lent willing hands. The boathook bent under the strain, but it did not break. Slowly but surely the half-drowned fat junior was raised from the water, the hook keeping firm grip of his trousers.

Baggy Trimble sat and gasped and panted and sucked frantically at his fingers.

"Ow, ow, ow!" he gurgled. "Yoooop! The beastly—yow—thing's bit pieces out of my hand! Yow-ow-ow!"

The crew of the submarine blinked from him to the basket, in the side of which showed a gaping hole.

"What on earth does it mean?" ejaculated Tom Merry. "That—was that the casket you found, Glyn?"

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Glyn, fairly blinking at it. "It—it must be! That fat rotter's been trying to steal a march on us and has hauled it up!"

"It—it isn't treasure at all!" wailed Baggy, still sucking his fat fist. "I shoved my hand inside, you know, to see what was in it. I—I thought I'd save you the trouble, you know, Glyn. Then—then that beastly lobster grabbed my fingers! It was inside, you know!"

(Continued on page 28.)

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Roaring Romance of the King's Highway.

Nick o' the Highway!

By Cecil Fanshaw.



CHAPTER 1. Treachery!

"THANK goodness I've found 'ee, young sirs!" gasped Harry Weekes excitedly. "It be arl up wi' my brother Jarge if ye cannot help him."

A wild-eyed yokel was Harry Weekes, his face festooned with a ragged fringe of beard, and wearing a battered hat, smock frock, and muddy boots and leggings. He came bursting into the lamp-lit tap-room of the Fox and Hound inn, to gasp in relief at sight of Swift Nick and his young pal Roy Stanford, seated in a high-backed wooden settle near the fire.

The two highwaymen, booted and spurred, but unmasked, with their three-cornered hats lying beside them, were chaffing burly John Dunn, landlord of the inn and their staunch friend.

Their hands flew to their pistol butts, and they half-rose as the door burst open. Then Nick laughed, recognising the yokel.

"Faith! What ails your brother, Harry?"

"He's i' t' village lock-up, young sir!"

"Is he! Why?"

"For poaching rabbits."

"Then they'll clap him in the stocks," grinned Nick.

"'Tis no laughing matter, young sirs!" gabbled Weekes, tearing at his fringe of beard. "Squire Hudson vows he caught brother Jarge deer-stealing, which is a plaguey lie, for Jarge never took more'n a few rabbits off his land. But 'tis certain he'll be sentenced to transportation for life, or Squire Hudson is also magistrate, and a mean, cruel tyrant at that!"

Swift Nick frowned, well-knowing that Squire Hudson of Hanley Grange was a spiteful tyrant and much hated

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all over the countryside. He was notoriously down on poachers, and it was quite probable that he had over-stated the charge against the man Weekes, in order to secure a conviction and a sentence of life-transportation.

"'Twould be black shame to transport a man for life for snaring rabbits!" cried Nick. "We'll rescue your brother, somehow, Harry Weekes. Hast any notion where yon tyrant squire is now?"

"Riding back to his Grange, after shoving my brother i' t' lock-up, Swift Ni—er—young sir!" Harry Weekes barked bitterly.

"Then go to Hanley village, Harry," Nick smiled grimly. "And await developments. Come on, Roy! A right merry frolic is in sight, by thunder!"

With that, Nick snatched up his cocked hat, clapped it on his head, and flung himself out of the tap-room, followed by the eager Roy.

"I lay they go to their deaths, to save a fool rabbit-poacher!" Burly John Dunn growled fiercely at the yokel Weekes. "Why didst not ask me for aid secretly?"

But Harry Weekes scuttled away from the inn, firmly convinced that Swift Nick and young Roy possessed almost magical powers. As for the latter, they chuckled as they pounded out of the back-door of the inn, spurs jingling, to dash to the shadowy barn where their horses were stabled. Nick was racking his brains for a scheme to rescue Weekes' brother; young Roy was ready to follow Nick anywhere.

At the stable door they donned their black masks, saw to the flint, charge, and priming of their big, bell-mouthed pistols, then thrust the weapons back into the deep pockets of their riding-coats. Then speedily Swift Nick saddled and bridled Sultan, his big black horse with the white star on its forehead, whilst no less speedily did Roy saddle his nag.

DISGUISED HIGHWAYMAN IN STOCKS

Released by Disguised Cully!

Within five minutes of the arrival of Harry Weekes at the Fox and Hound inn, the two daring highwaymen were galloping away down the moonlit road, their coat tails flying.

Never had Swift Nick refused any request for aid from cottager or farm yokel. He was determined to rescue George Weekes from gaol if he possibly could, but he quite realised that this was a mighty ticklish job. It was out of the ordinary line of business, and Swift Nick and Roy would certainly hang at Tyburn if they got caught.

It was a clear, still night, moreover, with the shadows of trees flung like black bands across the dusty road. No night on which to attack a closely-guarded gaol, and the hoof-beats of the two highwaymen could have been heard from afar. But suddenly Nick laughed aloud and made Sultan slow down.

"Zounds! But I have the notion, Roy!" He chuckled. "We'll fill our own pockets as well as rescue yon poaching rascal."

"How now?" Roy grinned excitedly.

"You shall see, cully," laughed Swift Nick. "Follow me."

With that, Nick wheeled Sultan, set him at a five-barred gate, and popped over it, closely followed by Roy. Then the two masked highwaymen went racing across country, clearing hedges and ditches at mighty bounds.

The moon flung their shadows, like flitting black goblins, before them, and at last they popped out into the road again, having taken a short cut towards Hanley village. Roy glanced round, to see a dark wood close at hand and some dim farm-buildings away across the fields. The lad recognised his surroundings.

"We are on the edge of Squire Hudson's estate," he whispered, as they drew rein in the road.

"Ay, and we are going to hold up the spiteful old tyrant and despoil him, cully!" Nick chuckled. "Harry Weekes said he would be riding homeward and, faith, I hope we're in time to stop him."

Roy wondered how on earth holding up the squire and magistrate would help Harry Weekes' brother. At a signal from Nick, however, both reined back into the shadow of some overhanging trees.

Then they sat their horses motionless, gripping their pistols, and staring excitedly down the road through the slits in their masks.

"I lay my plan works," chuckled Swift Nick, little guessing what unpleasant events were in store.

The two highwaymen had not long to wait. Soon to their ears came the cllop of a horse's hoofs trotting up the road. The tobymen tensed, and their nerves thrilled as the sounds approached, and soon they saw from their cover a solitary horseman riding slowly towards them.

A big, broad-shouldered man he was, wearing a three-cornered hat, a caped cloak, a short periwig tied in a bow at the back, and riding a fine bay horse. He seemed lost in thought, and Nick chuckled grimly, recognising horse and rider.

"'Tis Squire Hudson, Roy!" he whispered. "Hold back, lad, and I'll attend to him."

Roy did not like being told to hang back, but he obeyed, and on came the horseman, to enter the belt of shadow. Then Swift Nick clapped home his heels, and out into the road leaped black Sultan to bar the way.

"Stand and deliver!" roared Swift Nick.

At the challenge, the horseman gasped in fury. He was, in fact, Squire Hudson, and he had been chuckling to himself at the thought that George Weekes would soon be sentenced to life-transportation, whether really guilty of deer-stealing or not, for he hated poachers. At sight of masked Nick, with bell-mouthed pistols levelled, he uttered a bellow of fury. But he was a stout-hearted tyrant, and snatched out a pistol of his own, and spurred forward.

"A highwayman! By my life, 'tis Swift Nick!" he thundered. "I know your horse, scoundrel! Have at you!"

Bang!

Squire Hudson's pistol belched smoke and flame, but Nick ducked to hear the heavy bullet whistle over his head.

Then Nick fired, and the squire's heavy pistol clattered to the ground, shot from his hand. With a howl of fury, the squire made to draw another barker, but Swift Nick grabbed his horse's bridle, threw it back on its haunches, and clapped bell-mouthed pistol to the man's heart.

Squire Hudson kept his seat with an effort, but found himself helpless, and glared in dumb fury at masked Nick. He was a heavy, fierce-looking fellow, with a weatherbeaten face, hooked nose, cruel eyes, and fleshy chin.

Looking at him, Swift Nick could well believe that he would condemn a man to life-transportation on the flimsiest evidence to gratify his hatred of poachers.

"Zounds! You shall hang for this, villain!" he roared at Nick, recovering his breath.

"Not to-night anyway!" Swift Nick laughed pleasantly. "Turn out your pockets!"

Uttering fearful threats, Squire Hudson fished forth a heavy purse full of guineas, to fling it at the roadside as ordered. Then he expected to be allowed to proceed; but Nick had not done with him.

"Now you shall write a letter, squire!" he smiled grimly. "A letter?"

"Ay, to the turnkey of Hanley lock-up," nodded Nick. "Bidding him set free one George Weekes, wrongly charged with deer-stealing on your estate. And you shall sign the letter and give it to me."

"Rat me! Choke me!" Darned if I do!" bawled Squire Hudson. "Maybe Weekes didn't steal deer, but I caught him on my land and that's evidence enough. He shall go to the Barbados, by thunder!"

But Nick only laughed grimly and cocked his pistol, and quickly the fuming squire gave in. He fished forth his tablets, wrote and signed the release order required, then almost hurled it at Nick.

"Now let me proceed, rascal!" he barked. "And now you have robbed me, perchance you will return the pistol you took from my holster, for the road swarms with footpads."

"Very well," nodded Nick, delightedly pocketing the



Squire Hudson's pistol crashed down on Nick's head!

order to release George Weekes. "But give me your promise to ride straight home, squire, and not back to Hanley Gaol! Also promise not to turn this pistol on me forthwith!"

Squire Hudson gave the required promises, although his cruel eyes blazed with fury. So Swift Nick handed back the pistol and made to swing Sultan aside. No sooner had he grabbed the butt of the weapon, however, than the squire jabbed it forward with a shout of triumph.

"A fig for a promise to a tobyman!" roared he, and spurred his horse, and drew trigger.

Click! The powder had become spilt and the flint only cracked out a few sparks. With a yell of anger Swift Nick whirled round again.

"You treacherous hound—"

But the squire was on Nick, with pistol upraised, and down crashed the butt on Nick's head.

CHAPTER 2.

In the Nick of Time!

"**C**HOKE me! Suffocate me! I've got Swift Nick!" With a yell of triumph, Squire Hudson made to strike again as Nick reeled in his saddle. But a furious shout cut him short, then from out of the shadows spurred young Roy, his eyes flashing through his mask-slit, and his pistols levelled. All had happened too quickly for Roy to prevent the treacherous blow that half-stunned his pal, but now the lad charged at Squire Hudson like a tiger.

"A dirty deed!" he yelled. "Stand, squire! Drop your weapon! No promises! By my life, I'll leave you bound in the ditch!"

Aghast and surprised was Squire Hudson to see a second tobyman spurring from the shadows. He didn't realise this second highwayman was quite a lad. His blood was up; he could see Nick was badly hurt and incapable of hard riding for a bit; he was determined to escape and bring Runners swiftly on Swift Nick's trail.

"That for you, rascal!" he bellowed, and hurled his useless weapon at Roy.

It caught Roy's nag on its head, causing the startled animal to plunge, then rear upright. Before Roy could pull it round again, Squire Hudson was off up the moonlit road at full gallop, roaring threats of vengeance.

"Poacher Weekes can wait!" he whooped grimly. "Rat me! Split me! I'll catch Swift Nick to-night!"

The squire expected to hear bullets and sounds of pursuit, so raced away round a bend for all he was worth. Roy did not pursue, however, for that instant Nick crashed from his saddle, to lie motionless in the dust. His senses had left him, and Roy swung to the ground with a gasp of dismay.

"Nick! Nick!" he cried anxiously.

There was no reply, no sound except the fast-fading hoof-beats of the squire's nag, and Roy's heart missed a beat at sight of blood trickling down Swift Nick's face. That Nick was only stunned and not killed, however, the lad quickly discovered, then his brains worked at racing speed.

The treacherous squire would soon return with help, possibly with Runners. And here lay Nick utterly helpless. It seemed the plucky efforts of the two highwaymen to rescue the poacher Weekes from gaol would bring both to Tyburn!

"Nay, we are not caught yet!" muttered Roy. "If only I can get Nick to Midham Woods we'll cheat yon bloodhounds yet!"

So saying, with a mighty effort Roy lifted Nick, and heaved him up senseless on to his horse's back. Then he made to swingup himself, but that instant spotted Squire Hudson's purse lying in the dust.

"Nick would not leave that behind," Roy chuckled grimly; then snatched up the purse and mounted behind Nick.

With a shout the lad urged his nag forward and anxiously called Sultan. Both well-trained horses leapt forward, but now Roy's had a double burden, and Roy found himself mightily hampered, having to support his helpless cully in front of him.

Safety lay in the depths of Midham Woods, however, if only Roy could reach them. But there could be no jumping hedges, no dashing across country burdened like this. Roy knew he must stick to lanes, but he had no intention of abandoning Swift Nick. He set his teeth, his eyes flashed through his mask slits, and down the road he drummed with Sultan galloping loose beside him.

The wind whistled in the lad's ears, and hedges and trees swam past, and into the first lane on his right he turned at full gallop. But he strained his ears, and soon he

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heard what he dreaded—a muffled drumming of hoofs, a faint whooping and hollering, swelling rapidly in volume.

Already human bloodhounds were on the trail of the highwaymen! Already Squire Hudson had raised a mounted party.

"By my life, they shall not catch us! On, horse!" Roy gasped through clenched teeth.

Though heavily burdened Roy's nag responded gamely, and went racing down the lane, on the right of which lay the moonlit fields and woods of Squire Hudson's estate. In Roy's ears, however, the shouts of the pursuers rang louder and fiercer, and without doubt the men would spot the hoofprints, showing where Roy turned off the main road.

The lad gasped in dismay. He realised he had never before been in such peril except when hotly chased by the Runners from whom Nick had rescued him. And now Swift Nick lay helpless across the front of Roy's saddle, his head supported in the crook of Roy's right arm.

There was little hope that Nick would regain consciousness in time—a glance at his cully's blood-smearred face told the lad that. The only hope of escape lay in desperate flight, in shaking off the pursuers up twisting side-lanes.

Roy shouted at his mount, clapped home his heels, rode indeed for his and his cully's lives. He dodged up side-lanes, but there seemed to be no shaking off the grim pursuers, whose sustained yelling told that they were holding the scent.

At last in desperation Roy drew rein. He pluckily determined to hide Swift Nick and Sultan, then to face the pursuers and pretend that he and Nick had separated in flight, that Nick had galloped in a different direction.

There was nothing else for it. Roy meant to turn at bay and send his captors off on a wild goose chase. He would certainly be captured himself, but there was a mighty good chance that Squire Hudson's party would fail to find Nick.

Even as he felt his sweat-lathered mount stagger, the lad drew rein, called to Sultan to stop, then swung to the ground.

He reined up near a gate across a farm track that ran through a field. It took him mighty short time to carry Nick into the field, dump him behind the hedge, then hide Sultan further along in the dark shadows of a clump of trees.

"Wait there till your master comes round, Sultan," gasped Roy; and ran back to the gate and his sweat-lathered mount.

Here the plucky lad meant to wait at bay, to fool the squire into thinking Nick was nowhere at hand. He could not lead a wild goose chase, for his horse was beat. Confused shouts in the distance told that the pursuers had checked for an instant; but at the same moment Roy heard footfalls coming up the lane, and whipped round with a gasp, levelling his pistols.

Who was coming? Had his actions been spotted?

But it was only a wizened old yokel who loomed up, his white smock frock gleaming faintly in the gloom, his battered hat festooned with wisps of hay, and his leggings and boots plastered with mud. Roy uttered a gasp of delight. Instantly a scheme flashed to the lad's nimble mind, and he leapt forward from the shadows.

"Stand and deliver!" he barked fiercely.

"Snakes alive! A tobyman!" croaked the startled yokel.

"O' ain't got no money, maister!"

"Tis your smock, boots, and leggings I need, numskull!" snapped Roy. "Quick! Squire Hudson is after me and Swift Nick with a pack o' human bloodhounds, and my nag is spent. This comes of trying to rescue yon poacher George Weekes from gaol!"

At that the aged yokel woke to life.

"Squire be after you and Swift Nick, maister?" he wheezed. "An' you tryin' to help Jarge Weekes an' all! Faith, I'll help 'ee fool 'un!"

In fact, most country folk admired Nick as much as they hated the tyrannical Squire Hudson. So the exchange of clothes was speedily effected. Roy dragged the yokel's smock frock over his riding-coat, seized the battered old hat and clapped it on his head. Then he lugged off his long riding-boots, tumbled into the other's muddied boots and leggings, and grabbed his knotted stick.

"Now into yon field with you!" Roy gasped. "Take my nag and lie low."

Roy's disguise was only effected in the nick of time. Hardly had the yokel, plodding clumsily in Roy's long boots, vanished through the gate with the lad's horse than the hue and cry broke out afresh. From down the dim lane sounded renewed yells, the thunder of hoofs, showing the pursuers were on Roy's trail again.

With beating heart the lad clambered on to the gate, to brandish his ragged hat and whoop and holla. Everything depended on his being able to fool the grim squires and his followers.



Thud! Plop! Crack! Unpleasant missiles began to rain upon the stocks!

"Tobymen!" howled Roy in hoarse, disguised tones. "This way, maisters! I seed 'un!" Loudly he yelled, but his heart thumped against his ribs. Would his disguise pass muster, he wondered.

CHAPTER 3. In the Stocks!

A CHORUS of bloodthirsty yells made answer, making the night hideous. Then, round the bend in the lane, Roy saw a party of horsemen come storming into view. He could see Squire Hudson in front, with his cloak flying, and his big, weatherbeaten face as red as a hunter's moon, could see also a couple of grey-cloaked Runners brandishing bell-mouthed pistols.

The rear of the party was brought up by a mixed crew of shouting farmers and ostlers from a posting inn. All came jostling and thundering round the bend, to see no sign of their quarry, however.

What they saw was a countryman perched on the gate, in smock frock, muddied boots and leggings, and wildly waving a ragged hat festooned with hay. They little guessed the seeming yokel was the young highwayman Roy, who had pocketed his mask, and promptly clapped his ragged hat back on his head as the hunters rushed down on him.

"'Tis Swift Nick himself and his young cully we're after, fool!" the squire thundered, as he reined up. "Hast seen them?"

"Ay, Oi seed 'un!" bawled Roy. "Come galloping down here full split they did!"

"Rot it! Where did they go, numskull?"

"How should Oi know, maister? On w' ye! You'll catch 'un for sure!"

At that, to Roy's unbounded relief, the party surged forward with howls of glee. But the next instant Roy gasped in dismay, for the furious squire held his horse in check.

"Hold hard, lads!" he bellowed. "Choke me! Split me! How do we know this clown isn't fooling us and sending us astray? Half the yokels around here are in league with Nick! Plague take 'em!"

"Let him be, squire!" roared a grizzled farmer. "He's daft. Come on!"

But Squire Hudson's face was like a thundercloud. He began to fear that Swift Nick and young Roy might slip him, after all, and he was determined to avenge Nick's hold-up of him on some victim.

"Daft or not!" he roared. "What's this clown doing on my land at night? I warrant he's a poacher. Seize him! Away to Hanley village with him and clap him in the stocks! And I'll have him before the Bench to-morrow, by thunder!"

At that Roy was aghast, but he could not bolt across the field, for fear of Nick and the real yokel being discovered. In vain he roared protests in hoarse, disguised tones. Squire Hudson was a magistrate, and had to be obeyed.

At his order, down swung a Runner and two farmers, to fling themselves on the lad. Speedily they overcame his struggles, and lashed his wrists behind his back with a length of rope, one end of which a Runner kept in his hand.

"Ho, ho! Away with him!" Squire Hudson laughed grimly. "Choke me, but I lay he will not trespass on my land again for a month or more! To the stocks with him, and bring him before me to-morrow!"

With that the spiteful tyrant clapped heels to his horse's sides, and thundered on with the rest of his party in pursuit of the highwaymen—as they thought—leaving Roy captive in the hands of two men.

Fiercely the disguised lad complained of his ill-treatment, but he inwardly chuckled grimly, hearing the hoofbeats of the squire's party grow faint.

"At least, you will not catch Nick!" Roy chuckled to himself. "And, by my life, I mean to escape somehow!"

But Roy quickly found his captors meant to carry out their orders, for, in fact, they themselves feared the harsh squire and his powers. One of the farmers tugged at the rope securing Roy's wrists, urging the disguised lad forward.

"Move on there, fellow!" the man barked, not unkindly. "Squire's a demon, and you were a fool to holloa. But mayhap you'll only ha' to sit a day in t' stocks, for you were not caught poaching."

But Roy ground his teeth as he plodded forward between his mounted captors. True, he was leading them away from the senseless Nick, had sent the squire and the others off on a wild-goose chase; but he had not bargained for this.

To be clapped in the stocks did not much matter for the present. But with daylight his real identity was sure to be discovered.

"Zounds!" Roy gasped to himself. "I'll be in a worse mess than Harry Weekes' poacher brother!"

Furiously to himself the lad raged at the tyrannical squire, but he was helpless, and there followed a gruelling journey for him to Hanley village.

But at last the village was reached, with its deep-thatched cottages, surrounded by tall trees, its quaint little church, with steeple and spire showing black against the sky. And there, on the village green, stood the stocks, hard by the churchyard wall. The stocks were a wooden structure, with a high back, and a low frame in front, the latter having holes pierced for prisoners' legs.

Into the stocks the disguised Roy was clapped forthwith, according to the squire's orders. A wooden beam was clamped down over his legs, to be padlocked in place by the hastily-summoned turnkey of the gaol. Then he was left until dawn, feeling mighty glad he borrowed the yokel's boots and leggings as well as the battered hat and smock frock. His own long riding-boots would have given him away at once.

Directly he found himself alone the lad struggled violently. His wrists had been unbound, but his struggles were useless, on account of the heavy beam locked down on his legs.

He knew his plight was desperate. Daylight would bring discovery sooner or later. And what had happened to Nick? Had Swift Nick been found later, after all?

Tired out with his struggles and the night's wild events, however, Roy at last fell asleep.

He awoke with a start.

The sun was rising over the tree-tops, rooks were cawing. Folk were coming out of their cottages, and heads were being thrust out of casements. Memory returned to Roy

with a rush as he saw villagers crowding round him, to laugh and chatter. He was doomed. There was no escape from the stocks. How soon would someone see through his disguise?

There was a stir in the crowd as two Runners brought other minor malefactors, to clap them in the stocks beside Roy. There was another man charged with being a suspected poacher, two vagabonds charged with begging, and a butcher accused of selling short weight.

The sun mounted, and the villagers began to chaff Roy and his luckless fellow-captives. A few small boys whooped, hooted, and began to shy rotten eggs and vegetables.

Thud! Plop! Crack! Unpleasant missiles rained at the stocks.

"Plague take the squire!" gritted Roy, dodging the missiles as best he could.

And suddenly the worst happened.

"Here comes squire!" cried a voice.

A moment later, with teeth set, and wildly-beating heart, Roy recognised Squire Hudson's fine bay horse come thrusting through the crowd. He recognised the squire's laced hat, pulled down to his eyes, the collar of his cloak pulled up to his ears. Not much of the squire's face was visible, for what was visible was bandaged—evidence, thought Roy with a grim chuckle—of a rough and tumble with real and lusty poachers.

But Roy's chuckle broke off. He braced himself. The moment of his unmasking was at hand. To his horror he saw the squire pointing at him, heard him bark in strained, rough tones:

"Fetch out yonder clown in the smock, Runners! Bring him to the court-house. Rot me! Choke me! I'll teach folk to trespass on my land o' nights, by thunder!"

There was angry murmuring and black looks in the crowd, for Squire Hudson was much hated. But the Runners swiftly unlocked the leg-beam and dragged Roy forth.

The disguised lad braced himself and glared round. Plainly some villagers might help him. Should he try to make a dash for it.

"Faith! I'll try!" Roy gritted, as a Runner hauled him to his feet.

But, even as he twisted in the Runner's grip, an astounding thing happened.

"Up behind me, Roy!" sang out a gay voice.

Roy gasped and stared. He could hardly believe his eyes, for the "squire" had torn aside his bandages, had conjured forth a bell-mouthed pistol in either hand.

"Swift Nick!" yelled Roy.

In fact the man in the squire's clothes, riding the squire's bay horse, was Swift Nick, and instantly the crowd scattered with shouts at sight of his pistols. Roy wasted not a second in wondering how on earth highwayman Nick had arrived, faked up as Squire Hudson! He wrenched free, then was up behind Nick quick as lightning.

Whooping triumphantly, Nick and Roy raced away out of Hanley village, fled across country, and at last drew rein in a dark wood to hear no sounds of pursuit.

"Zounds! 'Twas great, cully!" cried Roy. "But how did you work it?"

"I came round maybe half an hour after you had been captured," grinned Nick, removing the squire's laced hat and wig. "And I saw beside me our horses, and an old yokel who told me what had happened, that you were dragged to yon stocks. I could not think how to have the stocks unlocked and release you, until I thought maybe I could kidnap the squire."

"And you did?" chuckled Roy.

"Ay," grinned Swift Nick. "I trailed him to the Grange, after he had dispersed his party, and held him up again in his own drive and took his clothes. And then I rode to Hanley village."

"But what of George Weekes?" gasped Roy.

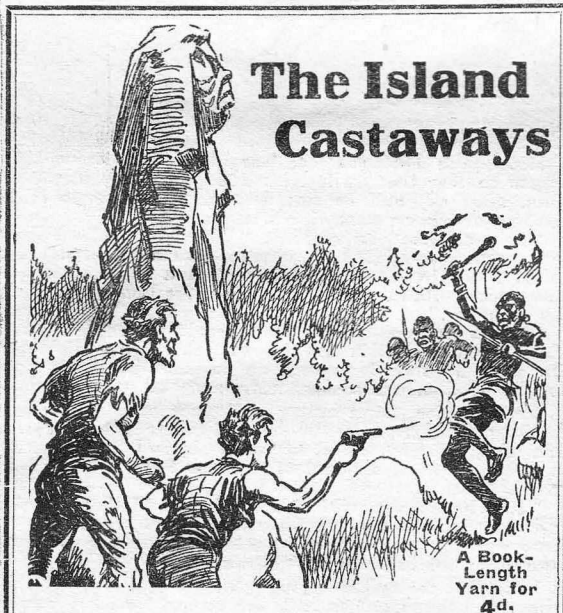
"Faith! Harry Weekes was waiting near the gaol as we told him to," grinned Nick. "And to him I gave the signed release order, which yon scurvy tyrant of a squire gave us at pistol-point. I saw Harry get his brother George out, and bade both flee the county, and then I rode across the green post-haste to the stocks."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Roy. "What of the squire?"

"He lies trussed in a barn on his own estate. And there let him lie until some poacher finds him. Plague take him!" chuckled Nick, emptying the squire's purse into his hand. "By my life, it has been a merry night, cully. Come on back to that field where our yokel pal still awaits with our horses. Methinks I'll keep the squire's, too."

THE END.

(Next week's GEM will contain another thrilling yarn featuring Nick o' the Highway. Be sure and read it, chums.)



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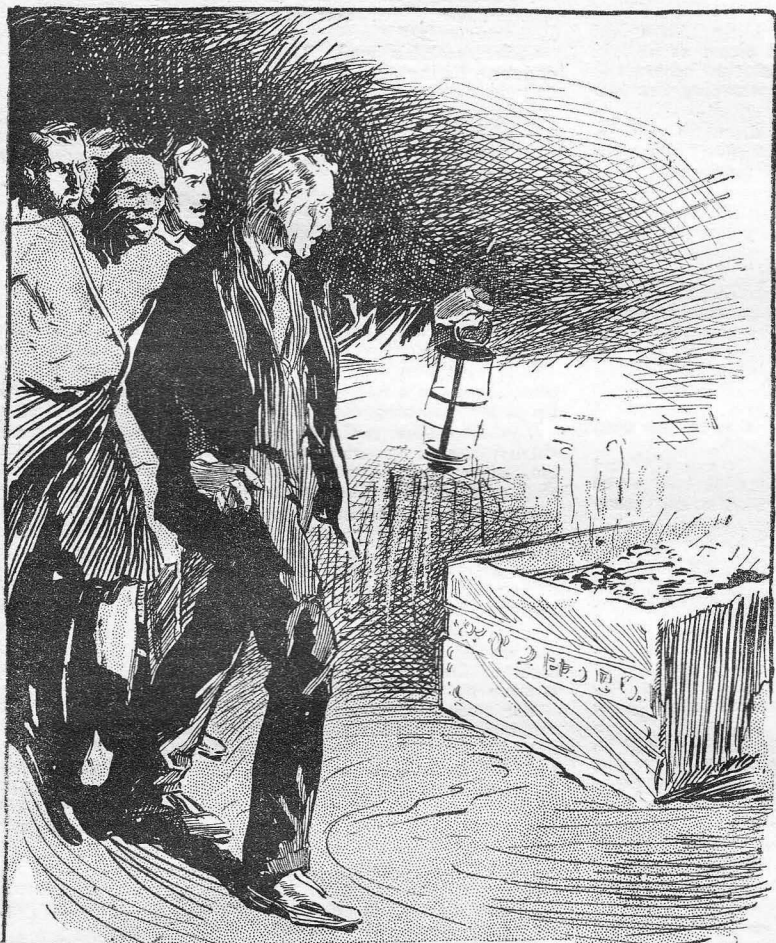
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CHICK CHANCE— ADVENTURER!



THE STORY SO FAR.

Chick Chance and his two chums, Horace and Herbert, and Lobula, a native guide, are searching for Eustace Latimer, who has come into a fortune. He is believed to be a prisoner, together with his daughter, in Black City, in the heart of Central Africa. If Latimer does not return to England within a given time the money will go to Burk Roscoe, a scoundrel, who is at present a captive aboard Chick's fast plane. Chick and his pals eventually arrive over Black City, the land of the Amazeli, where they fall foul of Matturis, the head man, who, in league with De Selvas, a fugitive from justice, murders the king of the Amazeli and places the crime on Chick's shoulders. Thanks to the professor's daughter, however, the plucky adventurers gain their freedom and seek sanctuary in the honeycombed interior of Lion Rock.

(Now read on.)

In the Treasure Vault!

"CRIKEY, if I lived here I'd have a lift put in," grumbled Horace, as they ascended another flight of steps and squeezed past one of the numerous sliding stones that barred their way. "I wonder how long it took the blokes who drilled this rock like a piece of Gruyere cheese?"

"Ten thousand years, perhaps longer," informed Professor Latimer calmly. "I consider that it should be ranked as the eighth wonder of the world. You might make a note of that, Jessie, my dear. Ha, here is something that might interest you gentlemen! Here is a sight that only

the governors of the Bank of England could properly appreciate.

He halted on the threshold of a vast, ruggea-walled room, and held the lantern high above his head. On all sides were stacked thousands upon thousands of yellowish, oblong objects that looked like iron fire-bars. Right in the centre of the room stood a big, stone sarcophagus that was apparently brimful of ordinary pebbles, ranging from the size of a hazelnut to a chicken's egg.

"This," said Latimer, sinking his voice to an impressive whisper, "is the treasure vault of the kings of the Amazeli. Those objects which you see stacked around the walls are ingots of pure gold. That stone chest in the centre of the door contains nothing save uncut diamonds and rubies. At a rough guess I should compute that the contents of this room is worth not a penny less than a hundred million pounds."

Chick Chance drew a deep breath of consternation. Horace's eyes bulged, and his mouth sagged wide open. It was left for Herbert to break the tense silence that followed the professor's astounding statement.

"A hundred million quid!" he exclaimed, tucking his thumbs in his belt. "Huh! I'd give the whole blinking lot, and wot I've got in me pocket besides, for a plate o' cold meat and pickles!"

Chick laughed, for the first time in the past twenty-four hours. Professor Latimer patted the little airman approvingly on the shoulder.

"Well said," he commended gravely, "It is easy to see that the sordid lust for riches holds no place in your nature."

"Suffering cats!" exploded Horace. "You ought to see him getting his hooks into his dough on a pay-day! D'you mean to tell me that them's diamonds in that old chest?"

He made a step towards the big, stone sarcophagus, but in an instant Latimer had grabbed him by the arm and jerked him back.

"Don't go near there!" he warned sharply. "There is something about that treasure chest that I do not quite understand. There is a warning inscribed on a tablet of stone I discovered, but I have not yet succeeded in deciphering the whole of it. It runs something like this: 'Woe to him who seeks to despoil—'"

"Listen!" Jessie Latimer's voice was sharp with alarm as she laid a trembling hand on her father's arm. "I am sure I can hear voices. There is someone coming."

Chick Chance gestured for silence, and turned to stare alertly towards the yawning passage, by way of which they had entered the treasure vault. The girl was right. A low murmur of voices was clearly audible, and even as he watched, the crimson glare of a torch swam into view at the far end of the dark tunnel.

"You shall see for yourself, Roscoe, my friend. The wealth of a nation. A sight such as you are likely never to see again."

"By heavens, it's De Selvas and Roscoe!" exclaimed Chick, in a tense whisper. "They're coming here to get the diamonds they intend taking away with them. Evidently they haven't as yet discovered that the plane is of no use to them. Where can we hide?"

Latimer glanced wildly around the room. The sound of voices swelled louder every moment. The smooth, black walls of the tunnel gleamed blood-red in the glow of the flaming torches.

"Quick! This way!"

In an instant the professor had extinguished the lantern he was carrying, and darted to the far end of the vault.

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There was just room for them to squeeze into the narrow aperture between the stone wall and the towering stack of gold ingots which were laid criss-cross on one another.

Here they were completely screened from view, but were just able to peer through the interstices between the bars of precious metal. Not a moment too soon had they gained this place of concealment. Each carrying a blazing torch, and several spare ones tucked in their pockets, Dr. de Selvas and Burk Roscoe stepped through the doorway into the treasure vault of the dead kings of the Amazeli.

Roscoe's dark eyes were bright with excitement and greed as he stared avidly around the room. Over one arm he carried an empty skin bag, the size of a large pillow-case. De Selvas was similarly equipped, and both were armed with heavy automatics.

Chick could feel Jessie Latimer trembling like a leaf as she crouched beside him. She nestled closer as he laid a protecting hand on her shoulder, and at that moment it was revealed to the young airman that something new had entered into his life.

"Look!" declaimed De Selvas, with a dramatic gesture. "Gold, my friend! Thousands and thousands of ingots of pure gold! Millions of pounds' worth of virgin gold."

Roscoe's hands shook as he reached for one of the metal bars. It was as much as he could do to lift it. He scraped it with his thumbnail, revealing the soft, yellow metal beneath the outer grime.

"By heavens, it's gold right enough!" he exclaimed huskily. "Have we got to leave all this behind? Is there no way we can take it with us? It must be worth millions of pounds!"

De Selvas laughed shortly.

"You would never live long enough to spend it," he taunted. "The gold is of no use to us. It is the diamonds we want. There they are, heaped up like pebbles on a beach. Help yourself, my friend. You will never get such an opportunity again."

A spot of colour flamed feverishly in Roscoe's cheeks, and his moist lips drooled like a cat at sight of a bird as he advanced and bent over the contents of the big stone sarcophagus.

"Diamonds! They don't look like diamonds," he muttered doubtfully. "More like bits of bottle-glass, or common crystals."

"They're uncut, and unpolished, you fool!" sneered De Selvas. "Come, don't let us waste any time! The sooner we get away from this accursed place the better I shall be! It seemed to me that Maturis was altogether too willing to allow us to help ourselves to what stones we wanted. He is as cunning as an old dog-fox, and as much to be trusted as a crocodile."

Almost casually De Selvas opened the leather sack he was carrying, and commenced to scoop handfuls of diamonds into the gaping mouth. Roscoe watched him for a moment, and then feverishly commenced to follow suit. Once he stopped, snarling viciously as he snatched an extra large stone that his companion had been about to claim.

"Steady, my friend—steady!" warned De Selvas, in a silky voice. "Don't lose your head. There is plenty here for both of us."

Chick Chance experienced a sudden sense of revulsion and disgust as he stared at Roscoe's moist, mottled countenance. The sight of so much wealth had evidently thrown the man off his mental balance. His mouth sagged open, and there was a gleam almost of madness in his eyes that gradually changed to evil cunning.

His sack was now bulging full, but he continued to stuff more of the gleaming pebbles into his pockets.

"Curse you for a fool, De Selvas!" he snarled. "It was your idea to bring only one sack each! Why couldn't it have been two?"

"Because one is quite enough," answered the Belgian blandly.

"Enough for you, perhaps, but not for me," muttered Roscoe thickly.

He glared covetously at the other man's bulging bag of diamonds, and one hand wandered slowly towards the pistol at his belt.

De Selvas noticed the furtive movement. His black eyes snapped, and one hand shot out to close tenaciously over Roscoe's sinewy wrist.

"Have you gone crazy, man? Take your hand off that gun! Take your hand off— You treacherous hound! Roscoe—"

A smashing blow full in the mouth sent De Selvas floundering back against the edge of the massive sarcophagus. Snarling like a rabid wolf, Roscoe flung himself on top of the man, seizing him by the throat, and sinking his thumbs deep into his windpipe.

"Great gosh, the beggar's gone potty!" gasped Herbert. "He ain't satisfied with one sack o' diamonds. He wants the whole blessed lot!"

It was a hideous spectacle, accompanied by hideous sounds of strangling and bestial fury. Jessie Latimer shuddered, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Look—look! They'll kill one another!"

Old Eustace Latimer nodded approvingly.

"Woe to him who seeks to despoil the treasure vault of the Amazeli," he quoted solemnly. "Leave them alone, Chance. Let them tear one another to pieces, like the Kilkenny cats!"

Chick shook his head. The sight was more than he could endure. Rising to his feet, he leaped out into the open, only to stand transfixed with horror and awe!

The End of Roscoe!

A LOW, rumbling sound echoed hollowly through the room that was lit by the flickering glare of the torches that had been thrust into slots in the wall. Chick felt the hair bristle on his scalp. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes.

With a ghastly groaning and creaking noise that portion of the floor on which the stone treasure-chest stood suddenly tilted downwards, revealing a yawning, black cavity that seemed to drop sheer down into the bowels of the earth.

Slowly at first, and then with increasing speed, the two men, locked in a fierce, straining embrace, slid towards the lip of the widening chasm.

Too late they realised their peril. Roscoe screamed shrilly, like an hysterical woman, as he released his hold on De Selvas' throat, and scratched and tore at the smooth, sloping stone with his finger-nails.

He was unable to arrest his downward career. Steeper and steeper the great slab of stone tilted until it was almost perpendicular. Chick Chance never forgot the terrible expression on Roscoe's face as, with one last ghastly scream of horror and despair, he slithered over the edge, and disappeared for ever into the gaping pit.

Head over heels after him pitched the sprawling figure of Dr. de Selvas. And, finally, side by side, the two bulging sacks of diamonds lipped the edge of space, and plumped gravely out of sight.

For several seconds Roscoe's last scream hung on the air, fading like a distant locomotive whistle on a still night.

Freed of the weight of the two doomed men, the cunningly-balanced square of flooring slowly tilted upwards again, and settled back in its original position with a hollow clang. There was a gentle swish, like the ebbing tide on a shingle beach, as the disturbed diamonds settled back in the depths of the stone chest.

Chick Chance realised that his heart was pumping like a gas-engine. His knees felt as though they had been turned to jelly, and great beads of ice-cold perspiration were streaming down his forehead.

With a gigantic effort he managed to pull his shattered nerves together, and turned to meet Professor Latimer, as he stepped forward with an expression of bland interest on his bearded countenance.

"Ah, I said there was something queer about that stone chest!" he remarked. "A very ingenious arrangement indeed. It is evident that the diamonds are only intended for those to whom they rightfully belong. I have no doubt that stone must have become jammed, else the weight of one man would have been sufficient to throw it off its balance. The hole must drop sheer down to the base of the rock; perhaps farther than that."

Jessie Latimer shuddered.

"Please, let's get away from here," she said shakily. "It — it was terrible. I want to forget all about it."

"Maturis evidently knew what was likely to happen to De Selvas and Roscoe," thought Chick, as Latimer put a fresh light to his lantern. "He never had any intention of allowing them to leave Black City. He just bluffed them from beginning to end, and sent them to their death."

"I don't mind admitting that affair's given me a nasty jolt," confessed Horace. "If it hadn't been for the professor pulling me back I should have walked into the same

trap. The fellow who invented that gadget must have had a queer sense of humour."

Latimer took the lead again. In grim silence the little party followed close at his heels as he guided them unerringly through winding passages, and up crumbling flights of steps that were as old as time itself. With startling unexpectedness they emerged in the open air, and stood temporarily blinded by the blazing sunlight that beat full in their eyes.

"We are now within a hundred feet of the extreme top of the rock," informed the explorer. "It is as far as we can go, for there is no means of scaling the Lion's Head itself."

Chick's head swam as he opened his eyes and stared out over the great gulf of space that yawned beneath him. It was a colossal, brain-stunning spectacle. He was standing on a shelf of rock that jutted out and formed the under-jaw of the so-called Lion's Head.

Two thousand feet beneath him was a sheer drop to Black City, and the ribbon of water was the River Tambaze, streaking across the valley of the Amazeli.

The atmosphere was astonishingly clear. Lying flat on his chest, and peering over the edge of the ledge, he could plainly distinguish the gleaming fuselage and wings of the monoplane, and the black figures of the warriors who guarded it at a safe distance.

"So near, and yet so far!" muttered Chick ruefully. "Anyway, the old crate is likely to remain there, now, that De Selvas and Roscoe are no longer to be reckoned with."

The floor of the spacious ledge was littered with boulders, and rugged chunks of stone, that weighed anything from one to four or five hundredweight. Jessie Latimer searched about amongst these stones, and finally returned with a sparkle of triumph in her violet eyes, and her hands filled with two Colt automatic pistols and a box of spare cartridges.

"By James, that makes me feel better already," grinned the young airman.

Dexterously he filled one of the clips and slipped it into the magazine. The other pistol and half the cartridges he

handed to Horace, who was a better shot than Herbert. "Now, what's the next move?" queried Horace, and he hefted the gun in his fist. "It strikes me that we couldn't get much farther away from the old bus than we are up here. Great Godfrey, what was that?"

Chick shook his head puzzledly. For a fraction of a moment the atmosphere had seemed to quiver to a dull, rumbling sound, like the roll of distant thunder. The mighty rock beneath them vibrated from top to bottom, and appeared to sway like a factory chimney in a strong wind.

Eustace Latimer cocked his bald head quizzically on one side, and swept a gaze towards the distant horizon.

"It can't be thunder!" he declared. "There's not a cloud in the sky."

Herbert suddenly uttered a shout of excitement, and beckoned them to his point of vantage at the far side of the ledge. Directly below was the flight of steps that wound from top to bottom of the Lion Rock. Chick caught a glimpse of nodding white plumes and gleaming spearheads as he peered over the vast gulf of space.

A party of Amazeli, fully fifty strong, was already within a hundred yards of the summit of the rock. Four abreast they came marching steadily up the rough-hewn steps. A sudden, deep-throated roar of excitement made it clear that they had caught sight of the missing white men, staring down from their lofty place of refuge.

"They've rumbled us!" exclaimed Herbert resignedly. "Here they come, like a swarm of blackbeetles. What's to be done, Chick? I reckon I'd sooner stay here and fight it out than crawl back into them horrid black rat-holes!"

Chick nodded in sympathy with this remark. His lips tightened as he swiftly took in the situation. He was reluctant to resort to violence and bloodshed, but he did



Still struggling furiously, Roscoe and De Selvas slid from sight.

not intend to submit to recapture. Their lives were in jeopardy; Matturis would not spare them a second time.

"We can keep those beggars at bay so long as our ammunition holds out," declared Horace. "The steps are too narrow for them to attack us more'n four or five at a time. We can bowl them over like ninepins!"

"We've plenty of natural ammunition!" jerked Chick. He pointed meaningfully to the loose rocks and boulders that littered the floor of the cave. "Roll some of those over here, and pile them up at the edge of the shelf."

The heaped rocks formed a formidable breastwork. Released one by one, they would prove deadly weapons of destruction as they crashed down the steps into the ranks of the advancing Amazeli.

Chick lifted his automatic and fired a warning shot in the air. The black warriors halted for a moment, stamping their feet and brandishing their spears threateningly.

"Try a bit of chin-wagging on those fellows, Lobula," suggested the young airman. "Tell them that we'll fight to the last gasp, and that they'll be only throwing their lives away if they attempt to come any farther."

Lobula's great voice boomed out impressively as he towered to his feet and stood boldly on the topmost step. His words had little effect on the Amazeli. Their leader tossed his plumed head scornfully and gave reply in guttural tones.

"It is of no use, master," informed Lobula resignedly. "The fools will not listen to me. Matturis has given them orders to take us, dead or alive, and they dare not disobey. Wah! Here they come!"

(For the concluding chapters of this great adventure serial see next week's GEM.)

Glyn's Submarine!

(Continued from page 19.)

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a sell undoubtedly—especially for Baggy. The basket was an old crab-pot, covered with weed and barnacles. An inspection soon showed that there was nothing inside it now but a mass of sodden weeds and the skeleton of an enormous lobster. And somehow another lobster had managed to get inside at a recent date—the lobster which Baggy had disturbed when he had plunged his hand in—a very much alive lobster.

All was clear now.

The submarine schoolboys spent a jolly and exciting afternoon.

All thoughts of treasure were gone—at least, the visions conjured up by the weed-covered crab-pot, were gone like a beautiful dream. But Glyn was still keen to visit the wreckage under the sea again—if he could find it. And at last he did find the spot, and the submarine was submerged, and Glyn donned his diving-suit and was propelled out on to the bed of the sea where he poked about among the piled sand that covered the ancient wreck.

But he found nothing of interest—nor did Tom Merry, the only fellow Glyn would allow to leave the vessel on such a perilous adventure.

Fortunately there were no more breakdowns, and after voyaging some time under the sea, the submarine was brought up to the surface in safety again—to the terrific relief of Baggy Trimble, if nobody else.

Then the juniors spent a jolly hour bathing from the deck. After which Glyn took them for a cruise along the coast. And, at last, as the time to get back to St. Jim's drew near, the submarine entered Rhylmouth Bay and forged up to the jetty.

On the jetty stood Dr. Holmes, and as the juniors swarmed ashore he came up to them. His kind old face was deeply lined and full of distress. He seemed to have aged years.

The juniors stared at him as they touched their caps.

"So—you are back, Glyn!" said the Head quietly. "I am thankful indeed that you boys, at all events, have returned safely. I had feared—"

He broke off, greatly agitated. Bernard Glyn was puzzled. He had expected a fearful row.

"We—we're safe enough, sir!" he stammered. "I—I say, sir, I'm fearfully sorry about—about—"

"It was most reckless—most dangerous of you to bring that vessel so close in to the shore, Glyn!" said the Head sternly. "I am very angry indeed with you, my boy. Not only did you hold Mr. Ratcliff and myself up to ridicule—"

He broke off abruptly, and gave a violent start.

His eyes had fallen upon Grundy, Wilkins, and Gunn, just leaving the submarine and being helped ashore by Jenkins.

"G—good heavens!" he gasped. "Grundy—my boys—you are safe, then, after all? Bless my soul!"

He seemed on the point of fainting, so great was his relief.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Grundy cheerfully. "Safe as houses, sir!"

"But—but my dear, dear boys, I thought—I thought you were lost—drowned! Bless my soul!"

"Oh, no, sir! Here we are, right as rain!" said Grundy. "We did get cut off by the tide, but I managed to get these fellows out of it safely!"

"Bai Jove! Cheek if you like!" murmured Gussy.

The Head seemed unable to comprehend it all yet.

"I—I heard, I—I believed that you were lost, Grundy!" he stammered. "It has been a great shock to me. They said—a man saw your plight and ran for aid. When he returned with fishermen and the coastguard you had vanished from the rock on which you had taken refuge."

"We swam to the submarine, sir!" grinned Grundy. "All serene and safe, sir, I'm not likely to let these fellows get drowned while they're in my charge, sir! Not likely!"

"Oh! Ah! Yes, exactly, Grundy!" gasped the Head, smiling now. "I—I cannot say how thankful I am to hear the news, boys. You can imagine our fears and apprehension. Apparently, Glyn, your submarine has been of the greatest possible use! I am exceedingly thankful you were at hand to save these three reckless boys. I—both I and Mr. Ratcliff were very angry indeed at the—the unfortunate happening on the bathing beach. But in the circumstances—ahem—we will say no more about it, Glyn. Now, boys, it is already time for you to return to St. Jim's. Please do not lose any time!"

And the kindly old Head departed, his step quite springy now as he realised that all his fears and apprehensions regarding Grundy & Co. had been groundless.

"All is merry and bright, what?" said Grundy. "But for me—it would have been the kybosh for you, wouldn't it? You've me to thank for that, Glyn! If I hadn't insisted on staying on that rock you wouldn't have jolly well rescued us, and so the Beak wouldn't have forgiven you. See! But it's all right, all serene. Good! Now, George Wilkins and Cuthbert Gunn, get a move on, our blessed car's waiting. Cheerio, kids!"

And the great George Alfred walked his two henchmen away, not troubling to thank Glyn for the outing.

In the dusk of the summer's evening Glyn and Tom Merry & Co.—not forgetting Baggy Trimble, of course—arrived back at St. Jim's in a tired but cheery crowd. And that night in the Shell and Fourth dormitories the story of their submarine adventures was told again and again to the crowd of envious juniors.

Naturally Baggy Trimble came out strong in that respect. And the story as he told it, grew and grew with the telling—especially how he made a gallant and heroic attempt to leave the submarine, while it lay on the bed of the ocean, to fetch help for his dying pals!

Nobody believed Baggy's view of the story, of course, but that did not grieve Baggy overmuch, perhaps! He was used to that!

THE END.

(A great yarn this? All agreed? Good! But gee, boys, wait until you've read: "PEP FOR THE SAINTS!" It's the greatest yarn ever!)

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