

TIP-TOP TALES OF ST. JIM'S and GREYFRIARS!

# The GEM 2<sup>D</sup>

HE THOUGHT HE WAS  
A 'TEC!

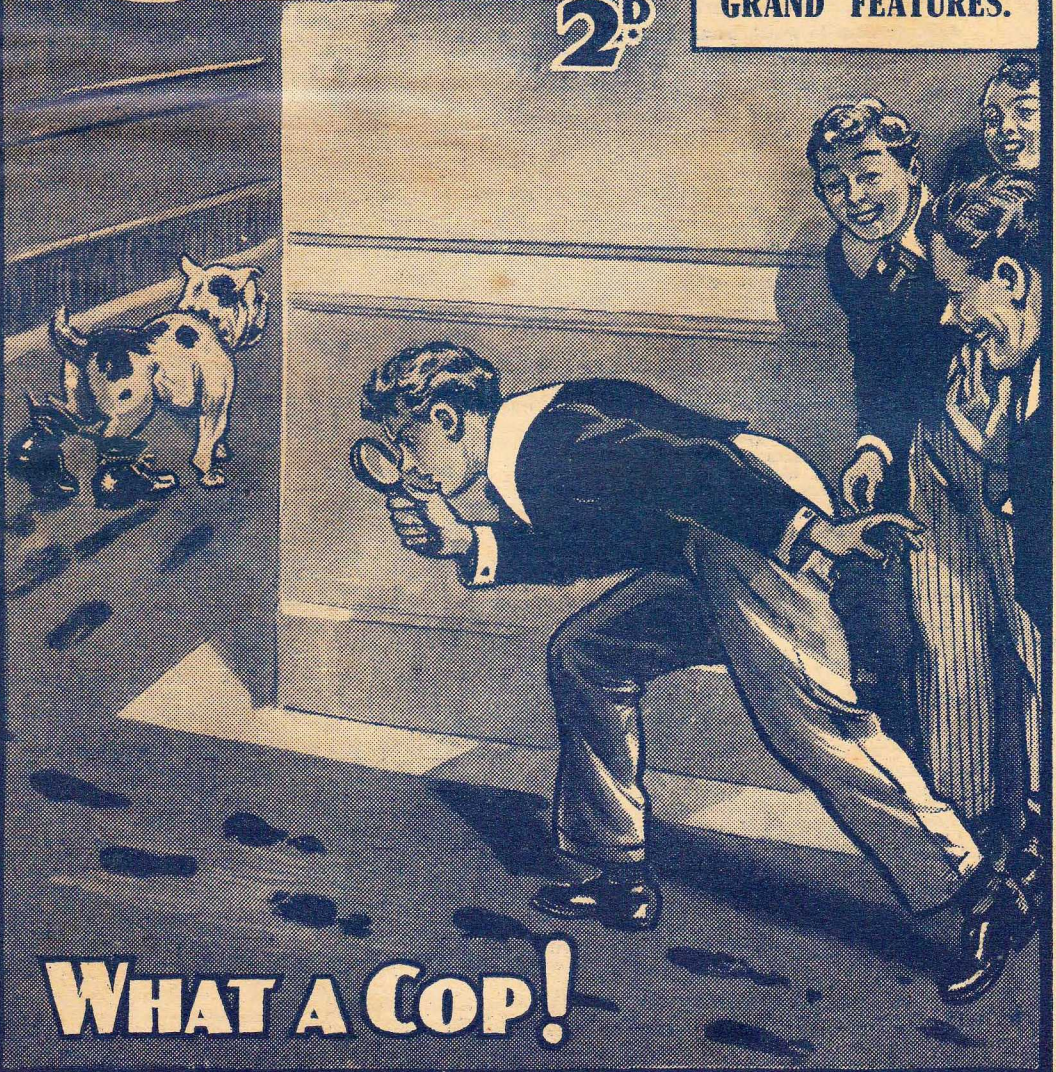
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

GREYFRIARS  
SAILORS ON PARADE!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

and

MANY OTHER  
GRAND FEATURES.



WHAT A COP!



## HOW'S YOUR LUCK THIS WEEK?

Read what the stars foretell,  
by PROFESSOR ZARRO.

**O**N this page is a horoscope for every reader, covering the period March 23rd to March 29th. To find the kind of luck which the stars forecast for you during these seven days, look in the section in which your birthday falls.

**January 21st to February 19th.**—A rather quiet week, but one in which you will find yourself improving your position in many small ways. Don't worry about a mistake you may make early in the week; it's not nearly so serious as you imagine. Stick to your friends and your family during the next seven days, rather than make new acquaintances.

**February 20th to March 21st.**—Be on guard against an unpleasantness arising out of a misunderstanding with someone you trust. Apart from this, the week's tendencies are all in your favour, and you will reap success in many directions. Sport is especially favoured. Praise for work you have done; a present or reward for favours you have shown.

**March 22nd to April 20th.**—A week when the unexpected plays a big part. You will find friendship in another quarter, receive a surprise visit, and be told unexpected information of great value to you. Anything connected with mathematics, chemistry, and other sciences is favoured. A week when you find yourself getting along best on your own.

**April 21st to May 21st.**—Sunday is a tricky day this week; a minor matter may lead to big complications. The rest of the period is full of lively times. Outings of any kind are favoured, as is anything to do with outdoors. A journey round about the week-end. If you have been awaiting news, it will come to you during the next seven days.

**May 22nd to June 21st.**—Take things easily this week—but I don't mean turn slack! Visits to cinemas, or other entertainments, are indicated, and will provide the most enjoyable times of the week. Don't be talked into other people's ideas that clash with your own views, because you can rely on your own judgment best this week.

**June 22nd to July 23rd.**—Old plans revived, and pushed ahead to excellent results. Other people's advice and support, freely given, helps you on your way. A

meeting with a friend you have lost sight of, leading to an enjoyable time later. An invitation arrives for the week-end.

**July 24th to August 23rd.**—Young people score all along the line during the next seven days. Elders help them, and it's a pretty safe bet that you'll find your pocket-money increased by a present from some adult. The extra money will come in useful for a plan suggested to you later in the week.

**August 24th to September 23rd.**—Do all you can for yourself this week, rather than getting others to do the tasks for you, because you are on the top-line for efficiency. For this reason, a certain amount of individuality on the footer field will bring results; you'll probably see a chance to score a goal on your own. Mid-week friendship leads to exciting times.

**September 24th to October 23rd.**—Something you have been awaiting a long time comes to you at last, but there is also the danger of a small loss to offset this good fortune. Don't try to hurry events this week; let them take their own course, and everything will turn out well for you.

**October 24th to November 22nd.**—Good, painstaking work this week will bring its own reward. The steady-going folk will do better than the "flash" ones for this reason, and it applies in every sphere. On the whole, a week you will thoroughly enjoy—one of the best you've had this year, in fact. Reunion with someone against whom you have felt a petty grievance; you will find that the misunderstanding was not founded on fact.

**November 23rd to December 22nd.**—The beginning of the week is difficult, and there are signs that, unless you're careful, you may get into hot water with your teacher or employer. Once you're clear of this pitfall, however, the week becomes exciting. Try to avoid the unexpected by using tact and moderation.

**December 23rd to January 20th.**—A busy week, this, both in your working and leisure times. Travel is indicated. Guard against wasted effort; you'll need all your powers for the activities already mentioned. What you do this week has important bearings on the future, so do all things well. Reward comes immediately, and pays a dividend later as well!

### BIRTHDAY INDICATIONS.

**WEDNESDAY, March 23rd.**—Plans for new ventures during the coming year will receive setbacks at first. Don't worry; you'll get a chance to carry them through later. Friendship counts a lot during the next twelve months; all your best times will be in your friends' company.

**THURSDAY, March 24th.**—Take advice of other people to heart in any important thing you tackle this year. If you trust your own intuition, it may lead you astray. Chance of trouble may come through listening to rumours; to avoid it, all you have to do is ignore those rumours. A year when money is plentiful, for you and your family.

**FRIDAY, March 25th.**—Prize-winning is in the air for you this year. Not necessarily winning prizes at school, and things like that, but you reap the harvest of special effort. August is a marvellous month; you'll find it one in which nothing can go wrong.

**SATURDAY, March 26th.**—An active year, but not

a particularly memorable one. You'll enjoy it, however, for the feeling of self-confidence you will have all the time, and the way in which you participate in all sorts of new interests.

**SUNDAY, March 27th.**—"Fortune knocks at one's door but once," they say—but for you, Fortune will be a daily caller all this year! The keynote is opportunity—make sure you take advantage of the chances offered you. You'll go a long way ahead.

**MONDAY, March 28th.**—Small ideas mean a lot this coming year. They lead to big developments later. Many friends will be made, and being with them will bring all sorts of enjoyment. Money prospects bright.

**TUESDAY, March 29th.**—Ups and downs throughout the year, bringing good fortune and bad in regular turns. Relatives play an important part in your affairs, and one will provide the means of a big step forward for you. Watch out for July—it's your lucky month this year.

THE FALSE CLUE THAT LEADS TO THE SOLVING OF A BIG MYSTERY  
AT ST. JIM'S!



HE THOUGHT  
*He Was a TEC!*

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.

More Haste, Less Speed!

“WHERE’S my camera?” Manners of the Shell asked that question in a voice that could be heard from one end of the passage to the other.

Manners was furious. He had rushed into the study in hot haste for his camera.

There was a first eleven footer match in progress on Big Side, and Manners was anxious to get some snaps of the game.

And the camera wasn’t there!

It was exasperating to a keen amateur photographer. Manners glared round the study wrathfully. But the camera was not to be seen. It wasn’t on the table, it wasn’t under it, it wasn’t in the cupboard or the coal-locker, or the book-case. It had vanished! Manners’ wonderful presentation ten-guinea camera had vanished.

And Manners put his head out of the doorway, and demanded of the world generally, at the top of his voice:

“Where’s my camera?”

Most of the fellows were out of doors, and there came no reply to Manners’ excited demand.

“Where’s my camera?” bawled Manners.



*Who’s stolen Manners’ valuable camera? Sherlock Holmes Grundy takes up the case—with amusing and unexpected results.*



Then Grundy of the Shell looked out of his study.

“Hallo! What’s the matter with you?” he asked.

“Where’s my camera?” yelled Manners.

Grundy looked surprised.

“Blessed if I know!” he replied. “Have you lost it?”

“No!” roared Manners. “I haven’t lost it. Some beast has taken it out of the study. Have you borrowed it?”

“If you’re calling me a beast—” began Grundy, with a warlike look.

“Have you had my camera?”

“You should take more care of it!” said Grundy, shaking his head. “Why don’t you look after your property?”

“Have you had it, you ass?”

“Oh, no; I haven’t had it! But you should really be more careful—”

“Oh, dry up, you ass!”

Manners was excited—too excited to be polite. He rushed down the passage in quest of the sacrilegious person unknown who had laid hands on his camera.

Grundy caught him by the shoulder as he passed, and stopped him.

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Manners, brought up with a sudden jerk, waltzed fairly round Grundy before he came to a halt.

"Look here, Manners——"

"Leggo, you ass! I want my camera——"

"You called me an ass——"

"So you are—a frabjous ass!" roared Manners, struggling in Grundy's powerful grasp. "Leggo, or I'll biff you on your silly nose!"

"You called me an ass," said Grundy obstinately, and still holding the excited Shell fellow. "I never stand any rot; I've told you that lots of times. I haven't seen your silly old camera——"

"Leggo!"

"I'm sorry you've lost your camera, if you've lost it!" pursued Grundy calmly. "But you can't call a chap names because you've lost a camera——"

"Will you let go, you shrieking idiot? I'm in a hurry!"

"Of course, I don't want to stop you if you're in a hurry, but you can't call a chap an ass because you've been careless with your camera. I simply want to point out to you civilly—Yaroooh!"

Manners' patience was quite exhausted. Perhaps Grundy was within his rights, but he was a little tactless, in the circumstances, considering that Manners was a young man in a hurry.

Manners smote George Grundy on his broad chest, and Grundy staggered against the wall with a roar.

Then Manners tore down the passage, hurled open the door of Study No. 6, and rushed in. D'Arcy of the Fourth was there. Blake, Herries, and Digby, his studymates, had gone out.

"Have you got my camera?" roared Manners.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated D'Arcy.

"Where's my camera?"

Arthur Augustus rose to his feet, carefully adjusted his celebrated monocle in his eye, and stared at Manners. It was a withering stare, though it had no perceptible withering effect on Manners.

"Weally, Mannahs, I wegard it as the vewy worst of bad form——"

"You fathead!"

"To wush into a fellow's study, and wear at him like a lion! I wequest you not to wear at me, Mannahs!"

"My camera!" yelled Manners.

"Unless you are willin' to modewate your voice, Mannahs, I have no wresource but to wequest you——"

"My camera——"

"To wetiah from the study. A voice like yours throws me into a fluttah!"

"Have you got my camera?" shrieked Manners. "You wanted to borrow it yesterday, you ass, I remember that!"

"I wequested you to lend me your camewah to pwactise with, Mannahs, as I had an ideah of buyin' one," said D'Arcy, with dignity. "But as you wefused the wequest, the mattah was at an end. I twust you do not considah me capable of bowwowin' a fellow's pwopahty without askin' and obtainin' his permish."

"Then, what silly ass has taken it?"

"I weally do not know; but if you mean that remark to imply that I am a silly ass, Mannahs——"

"Oh, here you are!" Grundy, red and wrathful, appeared in the doorway of the study.

"Here you are, are you?"

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"The match will soon be over!" gasped Manners. "Oh, I'll scalp the silly idiot who's borrowed my camera! I'll pulverise him! I'll——"

"It's you that's going to be pulverised!" grinned Grundy, barring Manners' way as he was rushing from the study. "You bified me in the bread-basket——"

"Get out of the way!"

"And I'm going to wallop you——"

"I'll biff your silly head off if you don't let me pass!" raved Manners.

"Come on, then, and do it!" said Grundy. "I'm ready for you. I never stand any rot!"

Manners made a charge through the doorway, and the next moment he and Grundy had clasped one another, and were waltzing about the study, gasping and pommeling.

Both of them were excited and wrathful.

Grundy was a burly, powerful fellow, much bigger than Manners; and the amateur photographer of the Shell had no time to think of his camera now. They staggered about the study in deadly combat.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus. "I don't want to intewwupt you, deah boys, but pway don't w'eck the place. Pewwaps you would be kind enough to do your scwappin' in your own quartahs."

"Groogh! Take that!"

"Yah! Take that!"

"Yow! You silly chump——"

"Groo-oooh! You frabjous ass——"

"Gweat Scott! Look out, you'll have the table ovah!" shrieked D'Arcy.

But the excited combatants did not look out. They crashed into the study table, and it went dancing. An inkpot shot off it, and caught Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's knees, with direful results to his beautiful trousers. There was a terrific crash as the struggling combatants rolled over on the floor.

"What the thunder!" Jack Blake looked into the study. Herries and Digby, and Tom Merry and Lowther were behind him. "What the merry thunder! Is this a dog fight?"

"Gwoogh! Look at my twousahs——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There is nothin' to cackle at, you howlin' ass! My twousahs are wuined——"

"Stop that row, you pair of dummies!" shouted Blake. "You can't hold your dog-fights in this study! Here, collar them, you chaps, and bump some sense into them!"

"Hear, hear!"

Grundy and Manners were still struggling on the floor. Tom Merry pounced upon them, and they were dragged apart by main force. Then, with great impartiality, they were bumped on the study carpet, till clouds of dust rose from the carpet, and fiendish yells from Grundy and Manners.

## CHAPTER 2.

### The Missing Camera!

"LEGGO!"

"Chuck it, you—— Ow!"

Grundy and Manners sat on the carpet and gasped, after justice had been done. They were looking, and feeling, damaged.

"Oh, you silly chumps!" gasped Manners.

"You howling fatheads!" growled Grundy.

"I'll jolly well lick the lot of you!"

"Bai Jove! Look at my twousahs!"  
 "What's the merry row about?" asked Monty Lowther.  
 "Have they finished?" asked Manners.  
 "That depends on who 'they' are," said Lowther.  
 "You ass! I mean, is the senior match over?"  
 "Yes, fathead!" said Tom Merry.  
 "I was going to take one or two snaps of the game," hooted Manners, "and some silly ass has borrowed my camera, and I couldn't find it. I want to find the silly chump who's taken my camera out of the study."  
 "Look here—" said Grundy.  
 "'Nuff said," interrupted Blake. "You buzz off, Grundy! You're too numerous."  
 "I've been bumped on that carpet—"  
 "Well, it hasn't damaged the carpet," said Lowther, inspecting it. "No harm done, Grundy."  
 "You silly chump, I'm hurt!" roared Grundy.  
 "Good!"  
 "And I'll jolly well lick the lot of you!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Grundy made a rush at the juniors. Grundy was wrathful, and he never counted odds. The next moment an earthquake happened to Grundy, and he found himself lying in the passage, with a dazed impression that the floor had risen up and smitten him hard. A crowd of grinning faces looked at him from the doorway of Study No. 6.  
 "Come back and have some more," chortled Blake.  
 "Yow-ow-ow-woop!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Wilkins and Gunn of the Shell came along the passage, and they picked up their chum and helped him away. Even the warlike Grundy had had enough for the present.  
 Manners was still unappeased, however. Manners' camera was missing, and so long as that precious instrument was missing, Manners was sure to be like unto Rachel of old, and mourn and refuse to be comforted.  
 "Some silly idiot has borrowed that camera!" said Manners. "I thought it was Gussy, as the howling ass wanted to borrow it yesterday—"  
 "I wefuse to weply to you, Mannahs! You have wuined my twousahs. I have a vewy gweat mind to give you a feahful thwashin'!"  
 "Never mind your trousers, Gussy," said Blake. "Lend a hand getting tea. Fill the kettle, my son. Your trousers will keep."  
 "I am goin' to change my twousahs, Blake. I suppose you do not expect me to have my tea in inky twousahs?"  
 That being evidently impossible—from Gussy's point of view, at all events—the swell of St. Jim's quitted the study wrathfully, and proceeded to the dormitory for a change.  
 Manners stamped out of the study, still greatly excited. His camera wasn't in Study No. 6. The question was—where was it?  
 "It doesn't matter, old chap," said Lowther consolingly. "Let's go and have some tea."  
 "Some idiot is very likely damaging my camera!" howled Manners. "I dare say it's Levison. He takes photographs, and he's too mean to buy a camera himself. I think I'll look for Levison."  
 "But it's tea-time—"  
 "Blow tea-time!"  
 Manners threw open the door of Levison's study. The occupants of that study were having



"I told you we ought to have waited until those clouds lifted!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to M. Koster, 21, Nairne Grove, Sunray Avenue, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.

tea—Levison, Mellish, Trimble, and Lumley-Lumley. They stared at Manners' excited face.  
 "Ever heard of the custom of knocking at a door before you push your face into a room?" asked Levison politely.  
 "Have you got my camera?"  
 "Is that a conundrum?"  
 "No, it isn't!" roared Manners. "Some cheeky beast has taken my camera from my study. I'm going to skin him! You asked me for it this morning, Levison."  
 "Well, you didn't lend it to me," said Levison.  
 "You're just worm enough to take it without permission."  
 "Thanks!"  
 "Well, did you take it?"  
 Levison grinned.  
 "If I'm worm enough to take it without permission, I'm worm enough to tell a whopper about it. So it's no good my saying anything, is it?"  
 "Look here! Did you take it?" demanded Manners, pushing back his cuffs.  
 "Find out," said Levison coolly.  
 "You might ask a chap a bit more civilly, Manners, I guess," remarked Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.  
 "I haven't any civility to waste on a cad who borrows a fellow's camera without permission," snorted Manners.  
 "Who steals my purse, steals trash!" said Monty Lowther, paraphrasing Shakespeare. "But he who borrows my presentation camera, robs me of that which not enriches him, but gets my hair off, and puts my back up."  
 "Oh, cheese it!" said Manners. "I want my camera!"  
 "Better go and look for it," suggested Levison.  
 "Would you mind shutting the door after you?"  
 "I give you one second to tell me whether you've got it, you worm!"  
 "Go hon!"  
 "Have you got it?"  
 "Nice weather, isn't it?" said Levison coolly.  
 "If we don't get any more rain, it will be ripping for footer."  
 "Where's my camera?"  
 "Do you think it's likely to rain, Lumley?" asked Levison.  
 Lumley-Lumley grinned, and Trimble and Mellish chuckled audibly. But Manners was in no mood for Levison's humour. He hurled himself at the cad of the Fourth, and dragged him backwards over his chair.  
 "Here, let go!" roared Levison.  
 "Where's my camera?"  
 "Hang your camera!"

"Then I'll jolly well lick you till you tell me where it is!"

Tom Merry and Lowther seized Manners, and dragged him away from Levison.

Levison scrambled up, his fists clenched, his eyes glinting.

"Let him come on!" he said, between his teeth.

"Lemme get at him!" howled Manners.

"Easy does it," said Tom Merry coolly.

"You're not going to scrap with Levison. I don't believe he knows anything about your silly camera."

"Let him say so, then!"

"I might answer a civil question," said Levison.

"But you can't bully me. Go and eat coke! Hang your camera, and hang you!"

Manners made an effort to break loose, but his chums propelled him out of the study.

"Better get a strait-jacket for him!" called out Levison, as they went, and he slammed the door.

Manners was propelled forcibly back to his own study. There he was plumped into the armchair, gasping and furious.

"Now, you silly ass, go easy!" said Tom.

"You can't start scrapping with every chap in the House because somebody's playing a joke with your camera. Take it calmly."

"I'll pulverise him—"

"No, you won't! You'll sit there till you get into a better temper."

"Look here, you dummy—"

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

Manners jumped up.

Tom Merry and Lowther promptly collared him, and bumped him into the chair again.

Manners glared at them ferociously. But he gradually calmed down.

"Look here, will you help me look for my camera?" he said, at last.

"Yes; after tea!"

"But the villain may be damaging it!"

"Oh, rot! It's only some chap borrowed it to take photographs," said Tom. "I'm jolly hungry. After tea, we'll scour the School House for it, and we'll bump the fellow who's taken it. Now be reasonable."

And Manners finally decided to be reasonable, and the Terrible Three sat down to tea.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### Trouble in the New House!

**M**ANNERS' camera was well known in the School House at St. Jim's, and in the New House, too, for that matter.

Manners was enthusiastic on the subject of photography—indeed, he was generally considered "potty" on the subject. His work in that line was very clever. The study was adorned with handsome enlargements of photographs taken by Manners, representing the St. Jim's elevens, senior and junior, and St. Jim's itself, seen from the south, the east, the west, and the north. Indeed, Lowther had sometimes, in a sarcastic mood, expressed surprise that Manners didn't paper the study with his blessed photographs.

Manners very seldom lent his camera—it was the apple of his eye. It had associations, too—it was a very expensive camera, and had been presented to Manners in recognition of an act of courage.

He would lend it to Kerr of the New House, or Talbot of the Shell—fellows who understood its use and could be relied upon to take every

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care of a fellow's property. But he had steadily declined to lend it to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy to learn on, and he had ferociously refused to let Skimpole have it to experiment with. Manners didn't believe in a camera being common property.

When Manners' celebrated camera was found to be missing, therefore, it was easy for all the fellows to guess that Henry Manners would get his "wool off," and Manners' "wool" was off with a vengeance now.

After tea, the Terrible Three went up and down the School House inquiring for the missing camera. They questioned everybody in the Shell, and the Fourth, and the Third. But nobody seemed to know anything about the camera. Nobody admitted having borrowed it.

Kangaroo of the Shell told Manners that he wouldn't be found dead with it. Gore told him that he was fed-up with his camera and with him, too. Skimpole advised him to search his pockets carefully. Skimpole was an absent-minded youth, and often lost things in his pockets. As the biggest imaginable pocket would not have held the camera, however, Skimmy's advice was not of much service.

Manners was growing quite distracted, and everybody else was growing bored to death with his missing camera. Manners had feared at first that some amateur had borrowed it to practise with, and might damage it. But evidently that was not the case. Either it had been hidden by some youth with a mistaken sense of humour, or else it had been actually stolen. That it had been stolen was an idea scouted by Tom Merry and Lowther at once. But Manners was doubtful.

"It's a jolly valuable camera," he said. "It cost ten guineas, at least. First-class! Some cad who's hard up may have taken it to pawn it. Trimble wouldn't be any too good for that. Or Levison, either."

"It's not been stolen."

"Then where is it?" demanded Manners heatedly.

"Somebody's hidden it," said Lowther. "The fellows know how cranky you are about it, old chap. It's a practical joke."

"I'll practical joke the idiot when I find him!" said Manners sulphurously.

"Only nobody seems to know anything about it," said Tom Merry, perplexed. "Some of them might be lying—Levison, or Trimble, or Crooke."

"Look here, we'll give 'em a jolly good hiding each, and make 'em own up!"

"My dear idiot, we're not going to start handing out hidings on spec. Perhaps it was a House raid," said Lowther, struck by a sudden thought. "Figgins & Co. may have done it. They may be cackling over the camera in their study at this minute."

The suggestion was enough for Manners. He strode out of the School House and hurried across the quadrangle.

His chums hurried after him.

Manners entered the New House, and dashed up the stairs to the junior quarters. He pitched open Figgins' door, and strode in.

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn, the celebrated Co. of the New House, were at work on their preparation. So ought the Terrible Three to have been, as a matter of fact. But prep had been postponed while the missing camera was hunted for.

Figgins & Co. stared at their visitors somewhat grimly.

Manners' look hinted at trouble, and the heroes of the New House jumped up in anticipation of war.

"Have you got my camera?" demanded Manners.

"Your which?"

"Camera, fathead!"

"Shut up, Manners!" growled Tom Merry. "Figgins, old man, if you've been raiding Manners' camera, hand it over, for goodness' sake, before he goes right off his dot. Life won't be worth living till he gets his camera back."

Figgins & Co. grinned.

"But we haven't been raiding it," said Kerr. "We don't know anything about his silly camera!"

"If it had been grub, we might have raided it," said Patty Wynn. "But why the dickens should anyone take the trouble to raid a fatheaded camera?"

"Then who's got it?" howled Manners. "I feel pretty certain that it was some New House rotter!"

"Have you come here to call us pretty names?" asked Figgins.

sorry you've lost your camera, Manners, if you've lost it. But I don't like your style of speech."

"Lump it, then!" grunted Manners.

Figgins came round the table.

"Are you going on your feet or on your neck?" he asked warmly.

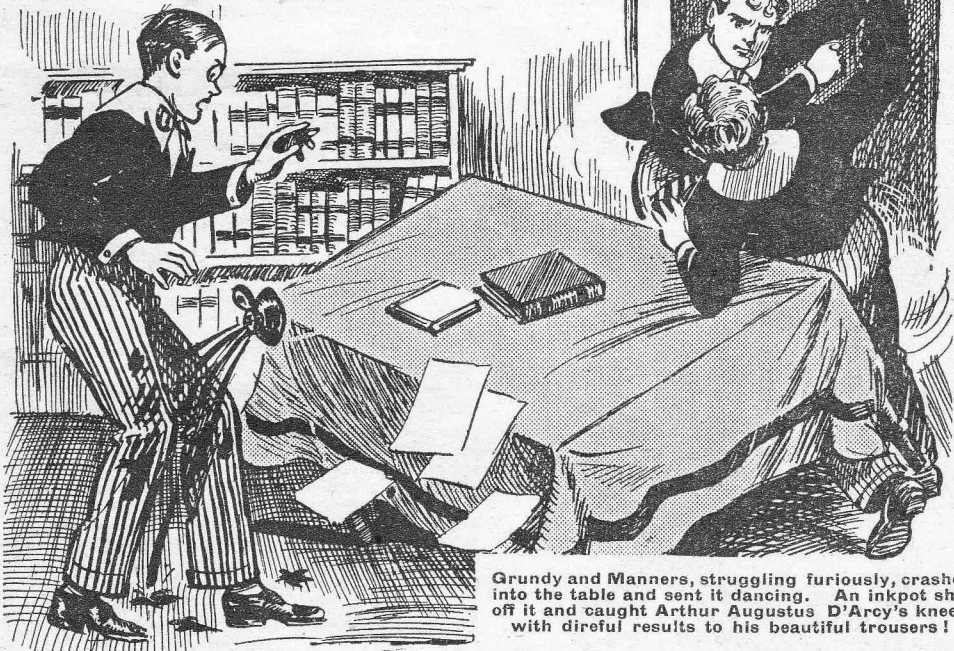
"Oh, shut up!"

That was more than enough for George Figgins. He was a good-tempered fellow, but there were limits. He jumped at Manners.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "We haven't come over for a row!"

"Manners has," grinned Kerr, "and he's getting it! Chuck the silly ass into the passage, Figgy, old man!"

"I'm going to!" panted Figgins.



Grundy and Manners, struggling furiously, crashed into the table and sent it dancing. An inkpot shot off it and caught Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's knees, with direful results to his beautiful trousers!

"Well, I want to find the cad who's got my camera!"

"Must be in the School House. They're all cads there," said Kerr sweetly. "Go home and inquire among the other cads."

"You silly idiot—"

"And get outside this study till your manners improve a bit," said Figgins. "Take that howling idiot away, Tom Merry, if you don't want him chucked out!"

"We don't want hooligans in the New House, you know," remarked Kerr. "That kind of thing belongs to your side."

"I want my camera, and I'm jolly certain some New House cad has it!" growled Manners. "I wonder I didn't think of it before. Might be Redfern—"

"Redfern isn't a cad," said Figgins. "I'm

"We may as well chuck these other cheeky rotters after him!" said Patty Wynn. "What are the School House bounders doing in a respectable House, anyway?"

"Look here, you New House prize porker—"

Fatty Wynn rushed to the attack. Tom Merry and Lowther collared him and bumped him down, and Kerr dashed to the rescue. In a moment more three pairs of combatants were struggling in the study. There was a patter of feet in the passage, and a yell of "School House cads! Back up!"

Redfern of the Fourth dashed into the study, with Owen and Lawrence at his heels. After them came Koumi Rao and Clampe and Pratt and Diggs and Thompson, and a crowd more fellows.

The Terrible Three were collared from all sides. A raid on a New House study was an outrage that had to be severely punished.

"Frogmarch 'em out!" roared Redfern.

"Hurrah!"

"Bump, bump, bump, bump, bump!"

The Terrible Three went down the passage to the stairs in a succession of bumps. They yelled and struggled, but there was no help for it. They reached the landing, and rolled down the stairs, with a forest of New House boots helping their descent.

The New House juniors crowded the landing, shouting with laughter.

Tom Merry, Lowther, and Manners rolled down helplessly, and clung to the banisters and to one another.

Monteith of the Sixth came striding along the lower passage, with a frowning brow.

"What's this thundering row about?" he shouted.

The New House fellows vanished from the landing in the twinkling of an eye. In marvellously short time Figgins & Co. and the rest were quietly at work on their preparation in their studies, as if they had never even dreamed of such a thing as a House rag.

The Terrible Three blinked at Monteith. They were dusty and dishevelled; their collars were torn out; their ties were gone; their hair was like unruly mops. The prefect could not help grinning as he looked at them.

"Groogh!" said Tom Merry.

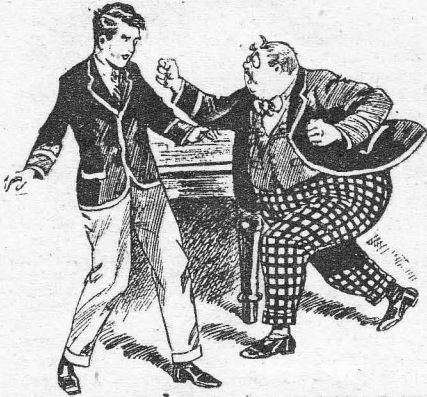
"Ow! Oh dear!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"You seem to have come looking for trouble, and found it!" grinned Monteith. "Clear off, you young rascals! If there's any more of this, I'll report you to your headmaster!"

The chums of the Shell limped out of the New

.....



## GREYFRIARS WITHOUT BILLY BUNTER . . .

... would be like a cream-puff without the cream! But there's one person who'd be pleased to see the back of the porpoise of the Greyfriars Remove—and that's his rascally cousin, Arthur Carter. But it's no simple matter getting "Billy" expelled, as you will find out when you read "Billy Bunter's Twin!"—Frank Richards' book-length school yarn, appearing today in

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House. They gasped and grunted their way back to their own quarters. In their study at last they sank down, quite fagged out.

"Oh dear!" moaned Lowther.

"I'm bumped all over!" mumbled Tom Merry.

"But what about my camera?" gasped Manners.

"Eh?"

"My camera!"

The chums glared at him. They were in no mood to bother any more about that camera. They had suffered enough on account of Manners' camera.

"You frabjous idiot!" gasped Monty Lowther. "If you say the word camera again, I'll squash you!"

"But my camera—"

"Oh, bump him!"

Tom Merry and Lowther were all but spent. But they found energy enough to grasp Manners and bump him on the carpet.

"There!" panted Tom. "Now let's hear no more about your dashed camera for a bit! I'm fed up with your camera!"

"Say camera again, and we'll scalp you!" hooted Lowther.

But Manners did not say camera again. He couldn't. He sat on the carpet, and said:

"Groogh-hooh-hooh! Ow-wow-wow!"

### CHAPTER 4.

#### Up to Grundy!

"IT'S up to me," said Grundy.

Wilkins and Gunn had been wondering for some time what George Alfred Grundy was thinking about.

Grundy was seated in the study, and Wilkins and Gunn were getting tea. Grundy had a deep wrinkle in his brow, and was evidently in deep thought. It was quite an unaccustomed state of things with Grundy, and his studymates were, naturally, surprised.

It was the day following the disappearance of Manners' celebrated camera. That camera had not turned up. Manners was going about like a bear with a sore head, as the other fellows called it. There was a great deal of sympathy for Manners; but even the most sympathetic fellows had to confess that they were fed up with the camera. There was such a thing, as Kangaroo remarked, as having too much of a good thing.

Grundy had taken some interest in the search for the camera. Grundy might have been expected to be quite indifferent, considering his warlike dealings with Manners as a result of the loss of the camera. But Grundy had boundless good nature, and he always forgave a fellow freely after "walloping" him.

"It's up to me," repeated Grundy, as Wilkins and Gunn looked at him inquiringly. "I feel I ought to take the matter up!"

"Oh, certainly!" yawned Wilkins. "Any old thing! Are you going in for hypnotism again? Pass the jam!"

"I've been thinking about Manners' camera."

"Oh crumbs, don't say anything about that!" implored Wilkins. "I've heard of nothing but Manners' camera for twenty-four hours!"

"Manners' camera is gone," said Grundy, unheeding. "I've heard about Manners getting that camera. It was before I came here, but I've heard that it was presented to him for rescuing



a kid, or something, from a fire, or something, by an uncle or aunt or grandfather of the kid, or something."

"Exactly," said Gunn; "or something or other, or something!"

"Don't be funny, Gunny! This is a rather serious matter!"

"It is," said Wilkins, with deep feeling—"jolly serious, if we're going to have Manners' camera dinned into our ears in our own study! We can't go outside without Manners asking us if we've seen anything of it!"

"It's rather hard on Manners!"

"Harder on us, if you ask me. Why can't a fellow lose a camera without boring the whole school about it?"

"Well, that camera's going to be found!" said Grundy.

"I hope so. We shall never hear the end of it till it's found. I'd give anybody twopence of my own money to find it!"

"Manners has put a notice on the board, and the Housemaster has asked him about it. Railton's given an order that if anybody's hidden Manners' camera for a practical joke, he's to produce it at once."

"Yes, we've heard it from Railton, too," said Wilkins almost tearfully. "If it isn't found I suppose we shall get a speech from the Head next. Then they'll call in the board of governors on the subject. After that it will be taken before Parliament, I suppose."

"It's clear to me," said Grundy, "that that camera has been stolen."

"Oh, rot!"

Grundy fixed his eyes on Wilkins and rose from the tea-table. He pushed back his cuffs methodically—a proceeding that Wilkins watched with some alarm.

"Did you say that what I said was rot, Wilkins?" asked Grundy with deadly politeness. "I'm sorry to have to wallop a pal. Would you mind getting up?"

"Oh, don't be a goat!" said Wilkins uneasily. "I didn't mean exactly rot. I meant—ahem!—very likely you're quite right, as—ahem!—you usually are!"

Grundy sat down again. Grundy was always ready to punch his best pal's nose at the shortest notice, but it was easy to placate him.

"Well, if you agree with me, Wilkins, that's all right. It's as clear as daylight that the camera's been stolen. If a practical joker had hidden it Railton's order would have brought it to light. But it hasn't turned up. Those duffers have searched high and low for it, too, and there's no sign of it. Manners has routed out every blessed corner of the House. I've heard chaps say they've seen him looking up the chimneys and down the sinks after it. Now, that was a valuable camera. It could be sold for five quid, I should say. It's been stolen!"

"But there isn't a thief in the School House!" urged Wilkins.

"There can't be a theft without a thief, Wilkins."

"Did you work that out in your own head, Grundy?" asked Gunn, with sarcasm.

But the sarcasm was wholly lost on Grundy. He nodded calmly.

"Yes, I thought that out, Gunny. Some fellows can think things out, you know, and some can't. I'm one that can. The camera's been stolen—ergo, there's a thief somewhere in the school. Most likely in the New House, of course. Still, there are some fellows in this House that I don't really



"Well, that's your good deed for to-day!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to C. Ball, Westfield House, Spratslade Drive, Longton.

approve of, and they might be thieves, for all I know. That remains to be seen. But, as I said, it's up to me. I'm going to get that camera back for Manners!"

"Oh dear!" said Gunn. "Does that mean that we're going to have jaw about it in the study as well as everywhere else?"

"I'm surprised at you, Gunny! Manners is simply knocked over by losing his camera. He's rather a cheeky beast and I had to wallop him yesterday; but I don't bear malice. When I've licked a fellow I can be decent to him."

"I understood that he licked you."

"You understood what?" roared Grundy.

"Ahem! I—I mean, exactly! I hope you didn't hurt him too much, Grundy."

"Well, I suppose I did hurt him a bit," said Grundy. "That doesn't matter. He was a cheeky rotter and asked for it. But that doesn't make any difference. I'm going to find his camera for him. Not only to do him a good turn, you know, but to show all the Shell that this study can do it. There are some jealous chaps in the Shell who run this study down. Now, you fellows know that this study has practically all the brains in the Form!"

"Hear, hear!"

"A chap with brains," went on Grundy, "can turn his brain-power on practically any subject and master it. I don't brag of what I can do; you fellows know I'm not that kind. But facts are facts. I happen to be one of the brainy sort!"

Wilkins nearly choked over his teacup. Gunn had some difficulty in mastering a sudden internal convulsion. Grundy as a brainy chap took their breath away. Gunn and Wilkins were loyal followers of the great Grundy. They found many things to admire in him which were quite imperceptible to other fellows. But in their most loyal moments they would never have suspected him of being brainy.

"You chaps remember how I took up hypnotism once," said Grundy. "Other chaps don't do such things."

"They—they don't!" gasped Wilkins.

"Then there's my footer," resumed Grundy. "I don't brag of my footer, but I've always been such a ripping player that footer captains always wanted to leave me out of the team."

"Eh?"

"From jealousy, I mean."

"Oh!"

"You've noticed that with Tom Merry here. A very decent chap in his way, only he can't stand the idea of being put in the shade by a better

player. It was the same when I was at Redclyffe. I had to wallop the junior captain before he'd put me in."

"D-did you?"

"Now, a fellow who can do a lot of things in a masterly way can do other things if he sets his mind to it. Don't you think so?"

"Oh, ah, ye-es! Of—of course!"

"I've often thought," said Grundy, "that I should make my mark as a detective."

"A—a—a what? A—a—a which?"

"A detective. You know, a detective has to have a clear, cool brain, quick judgment, knowledge of human nature, wonderful intuition, and so on. Well, you fellows know that that's me all over. So that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to take up detective bisney and find the stolen camera."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunn and Wilkins couldn't help it. They had been suffering internally for some time, but the idea of George Alfred Grundy as an amateur detective, looking for clues, was too much for them, and they burst into a roar.

George Alfred Grundy stared at them in angry astonishment.

## CHAPTER 5.

### Sherlock Holmes Grundy!

**G**RUNDY stared, and Wilkins and Gunn roared, and the thunder clouds gathered more and more darkly over the brow of George Alfred.

There was not, so far as Grundy could see, anything of a comic nature in his idea of turning himself into an amateur detective and taking up the stolen camera case. He would simply show, in that new direction, the same striking ability that had marked him as a hypnotist and a footballer and many other things. He was prepared for surprise, for admiration, but he wasn't prepared for that wild yell of merriment.

Wilkins and Gunn simply wept.

George Alfred Grundy stared more and more ferociously, till his looks would have done credit to a raging tiger. He jumped to his feet at last.

"You silly, cackling asses——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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

"So that's the tune, is it?" roared Grundy.

"Well, I've told you fellows that I never stand any rot. Put up your paws, both of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll jolly well mop the study up with you! Cackling at a chap in his own study, by gum! I'll show you! Put up your silly paws! That's for a start!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Wilkins.

His merriment came to a sudden end as Grundy grasped him and whirled him out of his chair.

Crash!

Wilkins went to the floor.

Grundy danced round him, and then rushed at Gunn.

Gunn leaped up, and dodged round the table in alarm. There was no laughter in the study now. Matters were growing serious.

"Now, then, come on and have something to cackle at!" roared Grundy, brandishing a pair of fists that looked remarkably like shoulders of mutton.

Wilkins sat up, gasping.

"You frabjous idiot!" he yelled.

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"Get up and have some more!" said Grundy truculently.

"You—you dangerous ass——"

"Don't keep dodging me round the table, Gunn!"

"I—I say, Grundy, old man," stuttered Gunn, "don't play the goat, you know! I—I couldn't help laughing at you. I mean I couldn't help laughing at Tom Merry."

"At Tom Merry!" ejaculated Grundy, stopping short.

"Yes. Whom do you think I was laughing at?" asked Gunn innocently.

"Oh!" said Grundy, nonplussed.

"I was thinking of what an ass he'd look when you found the camera, you know, after the way he's always regarded you as a thundering idiot, you know," Gunn explained.

"Exactly!" said Wilkins, taking his cue from the astute Gunn. "Really, Grundy, you don't encourage a chap to appreciate you."

"Well, I'm sorry!" said Grundy. "Of course, it was rather hasty of me; but I certainly had the impression that you were laughing at me."

"Oh, Grundy!"

"I wish you'd explained," said Grundy, giving Wilkins a helping hand to rise. "I'm sorry, old chap! As you say, Tom Merry will look silly when I prove I've got more brains than his whole study. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Wilkins and Gunn.

Peace was restored. It was really easier to pull Grundy's leg than fight him. And, besides, Wilkins and Gunn did not want to quarrel with Grundy. They liked old Grundy, and he was an easy fellow to get on with, so long as a chap was careful not to tell him what he really thought of him.

And Grundy's never-ending supply of cash rendered the study a land flowing with milk and honey, and Grundy's chums were not ungrateful. Gratitude, it has been said, is a lively anticipation of further favours to come. On those lines, at least, Wilkins and Gunn were grateful.

Grundy grinned serenely as he sat down. Fortunately, he was not a suspicious fellow. If Grundy had been suspicious, he might have divined his chums' real opinion of his brain-powers, and there would certainly have been serious trouble in the study.

"Of course, Tom Merry will look a silly ass when I've handled this case in a masterly manner," said Grundy, with a nod. "He's always running me down—not exactly running me down, I mean, but acting as if he considered me a silly ass. I'll jolly well show him this time! You chaps can assist me in the case if you like. In fact, I shall be glad of your assistance."

"Highly honoured!" murmured Gunn.

"You see, I've been reading up detective literature," said Grundy. "I'm rather taken up with the methods of Sherlock Holmes. There's a sort of calm, lucid, well-reasoned certitude about Holmes' methods that appeals to me. I think I'm really much the same sort of chap. Holmes always gets right to the point, and never makes a mistake, and can't be taken in. That's me all over!"

"I shall discuss the matter with you, and explain my clues, the same as Sherlock Holmes does to Dr. Watson," said Grundy.

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Wilkins.

"Eh? What's wonderful?"

"Oh, I thought that was my bit! Dr. Watson always says 'Wonderful!' while Sherlock Holmes does all the jawing."

# LAUGH THESE OFF!

—with Monty Lowther.



Hallo, Everybody!

*Do you know that if all the "toppers" Gussy has ever worn were placed end to end, somebody would be sure to take a running kick at them?*

Blake asks when will people stop looking for a gas leak with a naked light? When they have found one!

*I hear a foreign firm is now making false teeth of steel. The villain with a metallic laugh may get become a reality.*

Did you hear that the Rylcombe barber shaved one hundred customers without a pause? A non-stop performance.

*A critic objects to comedians using gags. After some I have heard, I think gagging would be an improvement.*

"What I am saying," said the school governor one speech day, "is meant for those who follow after." "Gosh!" whispered Wally D'Arcy wearily. "If he goes on much longer, they'll be here!"

*"Buy a Car With a Pedigree," challenges an advert. Mr. Selby's car has a pedigree—he can trace the last six owners.*

Try this: "Waiter!" exclaimed Mr. Rateliff in a Wayland restaurant. "There's something

queer about this coffee. It tastes like cocoa!" "Oh, beg pardon, sir!" apologised the waiter. "I've given you another customer's tea by mistake!"

*A specialist is now using gramophone records to get his patients in a pleasant, happy mood. We are still waiting for the tune that will get us in the mood to enjoy doing our prep.*

They say it was young Jameson who bought a book on Buddhism, thinking it was all about gardening.

*Three hundred thousand cigarettes were recently stolen in London. A really enthusiastic collector will go to any length to obtain a card to complete his set.*

A bogus company promoter caught in Wayland was using two luxurious limousines. These things are necessary, of course, when a man is trying to keep up disappearances.

*An international footballer is taking singing lessons. Bawl control.*

American report states new fish discovered, possessing hands. Most probably the one that pulls anglers' legs so often.

*"Statistics show that on an average every boy in an English Public school consumes six doughnuts a day," read out Figgins from a newspaper. "Gosh!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn. "I wish I knew who's getting my six!"*

Last laugh: "Have you a permanent position here?" asked Cousin Ethel of the new maid. "It must be," replied the maid. "The matron is stopping me sixpence a month from my salary to pay for a valuable antique vase I broke on my first day here—and it will take me two hundred years to pay it off!"

*See you next Wed., chaps!*

"I'm afraid you're a bit dense, Wilkins, old man. You don't seem quite to understand. Now, I'll give you my ideas of the case. Manners' camera has been stolen. I deduce a thief. The thief belongs to this school. The place can't have been burgled for a camera. It's one of the chaps."

"My hat!" murmured Gunn.

"What did you say, Gunn?"

"I said, 'Go ahead, old chap!' This is getting interesting."

"I thought you'd be interested," said Grundy, gratified. "If you like I'll give you a sample of my powers of deduction, the same as Sherlock Holmes does. For instance, suppose you ask me to tell you just what you've been doing this afternoon?"

"Bet you couldn't!" said Gunn.

"My dear chap, it is child's play to me—the same as to Holmes. It simply requires the concentration of a cold, clear intellect." Grundy looked Gunn over with quite a professional eye. "Now, I can tell you some things that may

surprise you. You went down to Rylcombe this afternoon after lessons."

"Did I?" ejaculated Gunn

"You did!"

"How did you deduce that, Grundy?" asked Gunn meekly.

"You won't think it wonderful if I explain to you," smiled Grundy, who had evidently been reading a good deal of Sherlock Holmes. "But I'll explain all the same, Watson—I mean, Gunn—and then you can study my methods."

"Your methods!" murmured Gunn.

"My methods," said Grundy firmly. "I deduce that you've been down to Rylcombe by the state of your boots. You've got mud on them. It's the thick, black mud that's found in Rylcombe Lane after rain. Therefore, you made your boots muddy in Rylcombe Lane, and nowhere else."

"Splendid!" said Gunn. "I suppose it's no good my telling you that I got my boots muddy on the towing-path?"

"No, it isn't!" said Grundy warmly. "I

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should be sorry, Gunn, to see you descend to falsehood rather than admit my powers of deduction."

Gunn gasped.

"All right, I went down to Rylcombe," he said resignedly. "It's the first I've heard of it, but perhaps I was asleep at the time."

"If you're going to be funny, Gunn——"

"Not at all!" said Gunn. "Perhaps you could deduce what I did when I was in Rylcombe—if I was there. That would be awfully interesting."

"I dare say I could if I wasted any more time on you," said Grundy. "But the present matter to attend to is Manners' camera. Come on."

Grundy rose, and Wilkins and Gunn blinked at one another, and followed him from the study. Sherlock Holmes Grundy was on the track, and his studymates were really interested in his progress. If he showed the same powers of deduction in the case of the missing camera as in the matter of Gunn's supposed excursion to Rylcombe, the result could not fail to be very interesting.

## CHAPTER 6.

### The Clue!

**T**OM MERRY & CO. were in their study. Tom and Lowther were looking as sympathetic as they could while Manners talked about his camera.

They felt sympathetic. They were really concerned about the missing camera. But Lowther had whispered to Tom that if Manners didn't give the camera a rest he would get up and shriek soon.

Manners' chums would have sacrificed a whole term's pocket-money to get that camera back safe and sound. Only by that happening could they hope to hear the end of it.

There was a tap at the door, and Grundy of the Shell came in.

Wilkins and Gunn followed him, looking very grave.

Manners looked up hopefully.

"Heard anything of my camera?" he asked.

"Heard of nothing else," said Wilkins, with a deep yawn.

"Shut up, Wilkins!" said Grundy. "The fact is, Manners, we've come here about your camera. I think I can find it for you."

"You know who took it?" exclaimed Manners.

"Not yet. I'm going to find out."

"How the thunder are you going to find out if you don't know anything about it?" said Manners crossly.

"I'm going into the matter as a detective."

The Terrible Three stared at Grundy. Wilkins, behind his great leader, tapped his forehead significantly. Grundy glanced round, and Wilkins hastily scratched his head.

The Terrible Three grinned.

Grundy gave Wilkins a rather suspicious look and resumed.

"I've read about Sherlock Holmes, and studied his methods a bit. My idea is that I could beat him at his own game. I'm going to take up this matter, partly to find Manners' camera for him, and partly to show that I can do it if I like. I don't mind admitting that. Of course, I shan't want any reward or anything of that sort. It will be child's play to me. Now, in the first place, I want some particulars."

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at now?"

"At a silly ass," said Tom Merry politely. "Run away and play, Grundy, and don't try to be funnier than you were born."

"More jealousy!" said Grundy, with a snort. "I can't say I'm surprised. I might have expected as much from you, Tom Merry. But I'm going to find the camera, and show you. I may write an account of it for the next number of the 'Weekly.' You can make room for it by leaving out some of Lowther's comic rot. Fellows are getting fed-up on that, anyway."

"You silly owl!" began Lowther.

"Now, Manners, about your camera——"

"Take him away and bury him, Wilkins!" said Tom.

"Oh, let him run on!" said Manners. "He can't help being a silly idiot, but he might come across the camera if he hunts for it. But I've jolly well searched everywhere already, Grundy."

"That's not my method," said Grundy. "When Sherlock Holmes wants a murderer, he doesn't go out searching for him. He just lights his pipe and works it out in his brain, with the help of a clue or two, and then tells the police where to find the man. A little cigarette ash is enough for Sherlock Holmes."

"I'm afraid there isn't any cigarette ash in this study," said Lowther regretfully. "Apply in Crooke's study."

"I want a few particulars," said Grundy, unheeding Lowther. "I'll take them down, Manners." He took out a pocket-book and pencil. "In the first place, what size was the camera?"

"Quarter-plate film."

"Good! Any identification marks?"

"My monogram on the leather."

"Now—be careful how you answer—at exactly what time did you miss the camera?"

Manners grinned a little; but, as he had said, there was no harm in letting Grundy run on. The more fellows that looked for the camera, the more likely it was to turn up.

"Yesterday afternoon," he said.

"What time?"

"About five."

"You didn't miss it before five yesterday afternoon?"

Tom Merry shook his head, but Lowther nodded.

"Yes. I missed it on Saturday," he said.

"Oh, good! That's a bit more information. At what time did you miss it on Saturday, Lowther?"

"About three in the afternoon. Manners was taking photographs in the quad, instead of coming to play footer, and he wouldn't chuck it. So I shied an apple at the camera——"

"Eh?"

"And missed it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy gave the humorist of the Shell a ferocious look. He had not come there for Monty Lowther's little jokes.

"You missed the camera at five yesterday afternoon, Manners. Where was it when you left the study?"

"I left it in the bookcase."

"You generally keep it there?"

"Yes."

"Was it there when you left the study?"

"I suppose so."

"What you suppose isn't evidence. Pull yourself together and think," said Grundy encouragingly.

"Do you know it was there?"

"Well, I know I put it there on Sunday."  
 "Then, we'll take it that it was there. When you came in for it on Monday afternoon—yesterday—it was gone? You didn't see anybody in the study?"

"No, ass!"

"Nor any suspicious footprints and fingerprints?"

"No, fathead!"

"Of course, you wouldn't; your eye isn't trained. I dare say I shall find a clue fast enough. I'll make some investigations now."

The juniors watched Grundy with interest as he made his investigations. He opened the bookcase, which was half full of books, the rest of the space being occupied with baskets belonging to foils, old footballs, a couple of slippers, a jar of jam, and other miscellaneous articles. There was an empty space, however, where Manners had kept his camera.

"You don't keep this bookcase locked?"

"No; of course not!"

"Then the lock wasn't picked."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Wilkins.

"No; that isn't wonderful, Wilkins. Anybody could have deduced that, with a little thought," said Grundy modestly. "By Jove! What's this?"

"Hallo! Found a clue?" asked Lowther.

"Yes, rather! I suppose none of you three fellows ever smoke in this study—what?"

"No, burler!"

"Then the chap who took the camera was smoking a cigarette!" exclaimed Grundy triumphantly. "I've found a clue. Cigarette-ash, by thunder! It won't be long before I get the thief now."

"My hat!"

The juniors jumped up. Manners was a little excited now.

"I never noticed it!" he exclaimed. "That looks like Levison. Levison smokes."

"But is it cigarette-ash?" asked Lowther.  
 "No doubt about it—and I've found it," said Grundy. "I don't blame you for not noticing it, Manners—your eye isn't trained. But there it is. Look!"

There it was, and Grundy's triumphant finger pointed it out. On the lowest shelf of the bookcase was a little patch of white ash. Grundy fairly gloated over it. His career as a detective was starting under the most favourable auspices. Sherlock Holmes could not have been more successful than that.

"Ripping!" exclaimed Grundy. "I'll take this bit of ash away. I shall have to—analyse it—at least, examine it under a microscope. I'll borrow old Latham's microscope. If I can find out the brand of cigarettes, that settles it. It will point to the real criminal, beyond the shadow of a doubt. I'll borrow one of these envelopes."

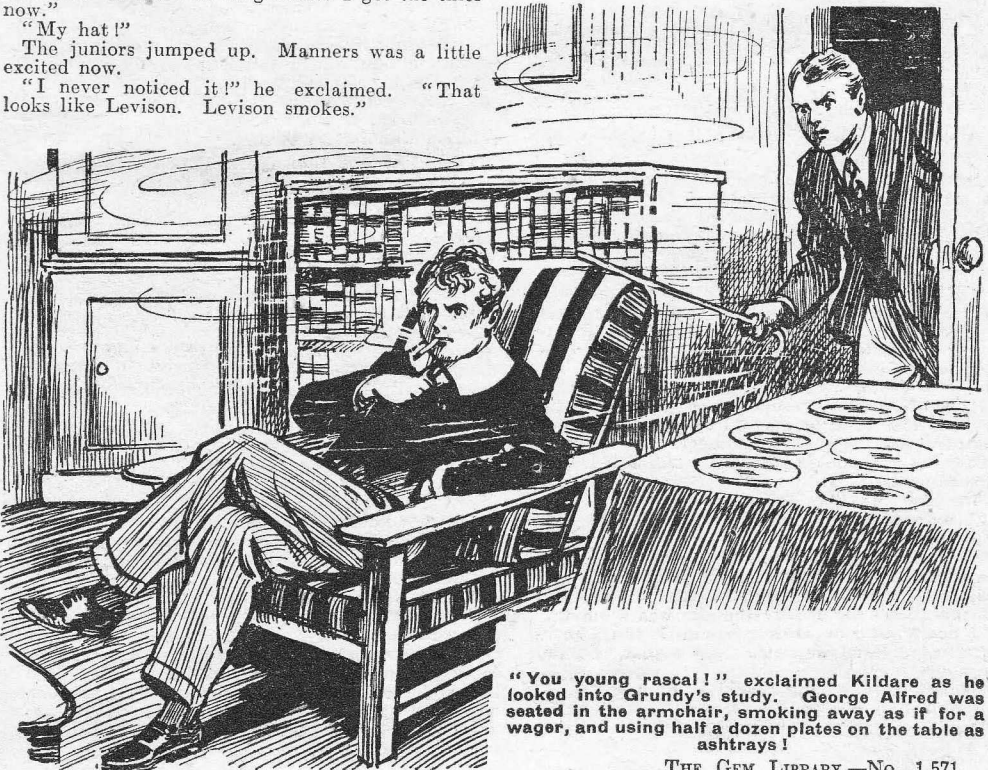
Grundy carefully scraped the ash into an envelope, and quitted the study in great glee, followed by Wilkins and Gunn.

The Terrible Three looked at one another and grinned.

"Queer about that ash being there," said Tom Merry.

"I hadn't noticed it," said Manners. "Not that that fathead will find anything about it."

"Oh, he might!" remarked Monty Lowther thoughtfully. "I could help him, really; but I don't want to shove in my oar when Sherlock Holmes is at work. I don't quite know how Grundy will analyse that ash, but if he does, he may discover that it's not cigarette-ash at all!"



"You young rascal!" exclaimed Kildare as he looked into Grundy's study. George Alfred was seated in the armchair, smoking away as if for a wager, and using half a dozen plates on the table as ashtrays!

"What?"

"It may dawn on his mighty brain that it's ash of carbide of calcium, and that it's been spilt from a bike-lamp," suggested Lowther. "I don't say it will dawn upon him, but it might. The fact that my carbide-lamp is lying on that shelf is really a clue, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Terrible Three roared.

Grundy heard that roar of laughter as he retired, and he snorted. They might laugh now, but they would have to wonder and admire when Grundy had analysed that telltale ash and discovered what brand of cigarettes it belonged to!

## CHAPTER 7.

### Investigations Under Difficulties!

"YOU young rascal!" Kildare of the Sixth thundered out those words.

The captain of St. Jim's could scarcely believe his eyes as he looked into Grundy's study and beheld Grundy.

George Alfred was seated in the armchair, methodically smoking cigarettes.

Grundy was every imaginable kind of an ass, but no one had suspected him of having any vices; yet there he was, smoking cigarettes as if for a wager! There were half a dozen plates on the table, and each of them had been used as an ashtray. There was cigarette-ash on all of them. And half a dozen half-smoked cigarettes lay in the fender. The atmosphere of the study was hazy with smoke.

Kildare stared at Grundy. He had come there to see Grundy. The great Grundy, busy in his new work as a detective, had quite forgotten that a certain number of lines were overdue. Kildare had come to the study to inquire after those missing lines, and he had thoughtfully brought a cane with him. He took a tight grip on the cane now as he saw Grundy smoking.

"You young rascal!" ejaculated Kildare. "You smoky little beast! How dare you!"

Grundy jumped up, and took the cigarette from his mouth. His usually ruddy face was a little pale. Grundy was a powerful fellow, but his internal arrangements were not powerful enough to deal adequately with the number of cigarettes he had smoked.

"Oh, draw it mild, Kildare!" he said warmly. "What's the matter?"

"The matter? The matter is that I'm going to lick you! How dare you smoke in your study—or anywhere else, for that matter!"

"I'm not—not exactly smoking," said Grundy. "Really, Kildare, I suppose you don't take me for that sort of silly ass? I've punched chap's heads for smoking."

"You're not smoking?" ejaculated Kildare, in astonishment.

"Certainly not!"

"Then what are you doing?"

"Investigating!"

Kildare blinked at him. As the study was getting like a tap-room with smoke, and Grundy had a lighted cigarette between his lips, Kildare had not expected him to deny that he was smoking.

"I don't mind explaining," said Grundy, keeping a wary eye on the cane. "Keep your wool on, you know!"

"Hold out your hand!" said Kildare.

"Hold on, I tell you!" Grundy backed round the table as the prefect advanced on him. "Can't

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you give a chap a chance to explain? I tell you I'm not smoking—not what you'd call smoking—Yaroooh!"

Kildare's left hand grasped him by the collar, and the right made rapid play with the cane.

Grundy roared and wriggled.

"You silly ass! Leggo! I tell you I'm not smoking!" he roared.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooh! Oh, my hat! You howling ass! Yow-ow-ow!"

"There!" said Kildare, breathing hard. "You'll get worse than that if I catch you smoking again!"

"I wasn't smoking!" yelled Grundy.

"Now hand me over the cigarettes you've got—sharp!"

"I can't!"

"Do you want some more?" demanded Kildare.

"Will you listen to a chap?" shrieked Grundy.

"I'll jolly well hit out if you touch me again, I tell you! I was investigating! I don't smoke! The rotten things have made me feel queer already, too! I'm on the track!"

"You're what?" ejaculated Kildare.

"At present I'm acting as a detective——"

"A—a what?"

"A detective," said Grundy. "I suppose you know that Manners' camera has been stolen?"

"I know it's been lost!" growled Kildare. "I should think all Sussex knows it by this time! What has that got to do with your smoking?"

"I've taken up the case, and I've found a clue. The thief left some cigarette-ash in Manners' study when he stole the camera. I've got the ash—that's my clue."

Kildare stared at him.

"You see," explained Grundy, more calmly, and falling into Sherlock Holmes' manner, "by analysing that ash, I can find out the brand of cigarettes it belonged to. I suppose you know that ash varies according to the brand of cigarette?"

"You seem to know a lot about cigarettes for a fellow who doesn't smoke!"

"Oh, I've got that out of Sherlock Holmes! Holmes has analysed the ash of forty-two kinds of tobacco—or a hundred and forty-two kinds; I forget. Well, I can't analyse the ash like Holmes—I haven't a laboratory, you know. The only thing was to get a lot of cigarettes of different brands and smoke them. You see that ash on those plates? Well, I've knocked off the ash carefully of every kind of cigarette I've smoked already. When I've got the whole set complete, I'm going to compare every kind of ash with the ash I discovered in Manners' study. Thus," said Grundy dramatically—"thus I shall make the crowning discovery and denounce the criminal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kildare burst into a roar.

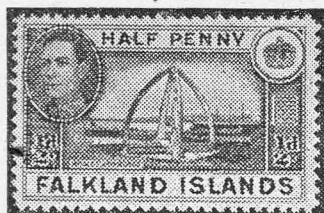
"Of all the silly young asses!" he ejaculated. "Well, I'm glad to find that you're only a silly idiot, and not a silly blackguard, Grundy! But you're not going to smoke, all the same. You'll hand me all the cigarettes you've got in the study, or I'll march you straight to the Housemaster!"

"Now, look here, Kildare——"

"Sharp's the word!"

Grundy snorted in utter disgust. It was intensely exasperating to have his professional investigations interrupted in this ruthless way. Sherlock Holmes himself would not have had a chance if he had been subjected to such ruthless interruptions. But there was no help for it. Kildare was gripping the cane again, and Grundy had had enough of that cane.

# New Stamps for Your Album



The new issues of the Falkland Islands will make a grand show in your collection.



WE stamp-collectors are being handsomely treated in the new permanent issues of King George VI colonial stamps. Extremely well printed, most of them are striking pictorials, worthy of an honoured place in anyone's collection.

Foremost among the new issues are those of the Falkland Islands, the Empire's most southerly colony. Altogether there are twelve values in the new series, all of which bear the same King's-head frames. The centre panels, however, differ for each value.

## A MONUMENT OF JAWBONES.

On the 1/2d. specimen, illustrated here, we see the Whales Jawbones Monument at Port Stanley, the island's capital. This monument actually does consist of the jawbones of the mammoths of the sea, and was erected in 1933 to mark the hundredth anniversary of the British annexation of the islands. The monument is also a reminder of the importance of whaling to the colony, which in those bleak, South Atlantic climes is its staple industry.

Two other values of the new stamp series stress this fact, the 6d. and 9d., which feature the Royal Research Ships, "Discovery II" and "William Scoresby" respectively. It is the business of these ships to study the habits of whales. The "William Scoresby" herself an enlarged whaler, marks whales. "Discovery II" assists by tracking down the marked monsters and studying ocean conditions generally.

Several of the new Falklands stamps are devoted to the bird and animal inhabitants of the islands. Our 1d. illustration depicts a black-necked swan, claimed by many to be the colony's loveliest bird. The upland goose, valuable as a source of food to the islanders, appears on the 4d.

"Well, here you are," said Grundy reluctantly. "I suppose a chap like you wouldn't understand. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!"

"Is that the lot, you egregious young ass?"

"Yes!" growled Grundy.

"You can go on with your precious investigations," said Kildare, grinning, "but you must find another means. If you're caught smoking again, I'll report you to the Housemaster, and that'll be serious. Have you done your lines?"

"Of course I haven't!" said Grundy indignantly. "I haven't had time to do any lines!"

"Then they're doubled," said Kildare; "and if they're not brought in to-morrow by tea-time, you'll get licked! Mind that!"

Kildare strode out of the study with the cigarettes.

Grundy cast a frowning look after him. His

value. This goose is unique in that the males and females differ markedly in colouring. The former have black and white feathers, the latter brown and white ones. Most other breeds of geese are the same colouring for both sexes.

## PENGUINS AND SEA-LIONS.

The third type of Falkland birds are the gentoo penguins, three of which are seen waddling in their ungainly fashion across the face of the new half-crown stamp. These are as common in the Falklands as seagulls are with us.

The next industry in importance to whaling in the Falklands is sheep farming, and on the 2 1/2d. value we see a flock of these hardy animals. Most likely the originals of those illustrated are those of the Romney Marsh breed—an interesting link with the Old Country.

At one time seal-hunting was a profitable occupation. Nowadays it looks like being replaced by sea-lion hunting, for these intelligent animals breed in large numbers round the islands in grounds known as rookeries. A fine specimen of a sea-lion looks at us from the new 5/- value.

So much for living things. Now for three views. The 2d. value features the Battle Memorial at Port Stanley, which commemorates one of the greatest sea battles of the Great War—the Battle of the Falkland Islands. In this engagement, you may remember, a British Squadron, under Admiral Sturdee, defeated a portion of the German Fleet commanded by Admiral von Spee.

On the 1s. specimen we see Mount Sugar Top, a snow-covered, and not sugar-covered, eminence in South Georgia. Deception Island, in the South Shetlands, appears on the 10s. value, and the whole series is rounded off by that most coveted value to collectors, the £1, depicting the arms of the colony.

investigations had been cut suddenly short. However, he had six kinds of ash to go on with. But, as it happened, his investigations were not to be resumed, even on that limited scale. A sudden inward spasm made Grundy's face turn pale, and he caught at the table and gasped.

"Grooogh!"

When Wilkins and Gunn came into the study to do their preparation they found George Alfred Grundy stretched in the armchair, his legs hanging limply on the hearthrug, and his face as white as a sheet. He was breathing stertorously. His studymates looked at him in astonishment and alarm.

"Are you ill, old man?" exclaimed Wilkins.

"Grooogh!"

"You look awful!" said Gunn sympathetically.

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"Gurrrrr!"  
 "Somebody's been smoking in here," remarked Wilkins, sniffing. "Dash it all, you haven't been smoking, have you, Grundy?"

"Grooogh!"  
 "Open the blessed window!" said Wilkins. "This place is like a tap-room. If you've been smoking, Grundy—"

"Grrrrr!" moaned Grundy. "I've been investigating cigarette-ash, you dummy! I had to smoke the cigarettes to get the—grooogh!—ash. Ow! Oh dear! I feel jolly queer inside! Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Grooogh! What are you cackling about? I—I feel as if I were on the Channel! Oh dear! I've only smoked six. Groogh! Some of them were rather strong. Ow, wow!"

"You'd better go and lie down a bit," grinned Wilkins.

"I—I think I'm going to be sick!" moaned Grundy. "Ow, wow! Groogh! You cackling rotters, I'd jolly well wallop you, only—groogh!—I feel so bad! Wow!"

Grundy heaved himself out of the armchair and staggered from the study.

Wilkins and Gunn roared. The latest development in Grundy's investigations struck them as funnier than ever.

"He'll be the death of me—I know that," murmured Wilkins, wiping away the tears. "He ought to get a job on the front page of 'Funny Bits.' That's the only place suitable for Grundy. Poor old Grundy!"

It was an hour later when Grundy came into the study again. He limped in weakly, still very white and worn. He had passed a volcanic time in the dormitory. The cigarettes were taking their revenge.

"Feel better?" asked Wilkins, grinning.

"Ye-es, I'm all right now," said Grundy weakly. "A detective has to go through some rotten experiences, you know. I—I dare say Sherlock Holmes was a bit seedy when he started smoking. Groogh! What silly idiots smoke for beats me! Of course, I wasn't smoking; only getting ash for my investigations. I've got the ash, anyway—six kinds. Where is it?"

"Eh? Where's what?"

"The ash! I left it here, on six different plates on the table."

"Oh, my hat!" said Wilkins. "Were you keeping that muck?"

"Keeping it!" gasped Grundy. "What did you think I smoked the rotten stuff into ash for, you dummy?"

"Blessed if I thought about it at all!" said Wilkins. "I thought you were a dirty beast to use the crocks for ashtrays, that's all. I've dusted them."

"Dusted them!" shrieked Grundy.

"Yes, and put them away. I suppose a chap ought to keep the study tidy?" said Wilkins.

Grundy gazed at him. His feelings were too deep for words. Wilkins had dusted the plates upon which he had carefully placed the ash of half a dozen different kinds of cigarettes, all ready for experiment. The ash had vanished; the amateur detective had suffered in vain—and his unfortunate inside was still weak and inclined to be volcanic.

"Oh, you idiot!" gasped Grundy.

"Never mind!" said Wilkins comfortingly.

"You can smoke a lot more to-morrow."

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"Grooogh!"  
 The bare idea of smoking a "lot more" made Grundy feel queer. Keen as he was, he had to admit that, unless his investigations could take a different line, they would have to be dropped. Grundy had done enough smoking.

For the rest of that evening Wilkins and Gunn were greatly entertained in noting the various shades that Grundy's complexion assumed. He was still slightly green when the Shell went to bed; and to the hail of inquiries as to how he was getting on with the case Grundy replied only with a grunt. For once, George Alfred Grundy was in a subdued mood.

## CHAPTER 8.

### Smokers Wanted!

THE next day Grundy of the Shell was an object of interest to quite a large number of the St. Jim's juniors.

His fame as a detective had spread.

Jack Blake observed that he had believed that he knew every kind of an idiot Grundy was; but he confessed that Grundy had succeeded in surprising him with a new variety.

Grundy as a detective was, as all the fellows agreed, a real "corker."

The adventure of the cigarettes was the talk of the School House. Grundy's stern devotion to duty had been proved by the fact that he had travelled through half a dozen smokes in succession, and his subsequent illness was heartlessly regarded as funny.

The fact that he had received a licking from the head prefect was looked upon as the cream of the joke. And when it was learned that Wilkins had carelessly dusted away the results of his painful labours the juniors shrieked. Even Manners seemed to be cheered up by Grundy's adventures, though he was still worried and exasperated by the loss of his beloved camera.

Naturally, Grundy, the detective, was the butt of many jokes in his efforts to track down the culprit who had stolen the camera, and the juniors delighted in sending him on false trails.

The crowning joke was when Blake informed Grundy that muddy stains, probably footprints, had been discovered in Tom Merry's study. Grundy was on the scene in a moment, armed with a large magnifying glass.

He soon picked up the trail, which led out of the study. With a crowd of fellows following him, Grundy moved out of the study and along the passage, inspecting the footprints through the magnifying glass.

But as Grundy turned the corner of the passage he received a big shock; for Herries' bulldog Towser, with two muddy boots tied to his rear paws, was going towards the stairs. It was the bulldog laying a false trail!

The juniors yelled with laughter; and Grundy, with a very red face, retired from the scene hastily.

But, in spite of all the japes played on him, the amateur detective kept doggedly to his task of trying to discover the thief.

Manners, who took the loss of the camera more seriously than anyone else, could not quite believe that it had been stolen. Some unfeeling practical joker had hidden it to worry him. It might have been Levison, or Mellish, or Crooke, or Piggott, or Trimble, or some New House fellow with a mistaken sense of humour.



And there were endless nooks and crannies about the school where it might have been hidden in safety, defying the most thorough search. His suspicion rested chiefly on Levison, who was as ill-natured and full of tricks as a monkey, and who was up against the Terrible Three in every way.

But there was no proof; and Manners could only glare at Levison, and receive sneering grins in return for his glares.

Meanwhile, though the weather was sunny and quite propitious, the amateur photographer was debarred from using his camera, much to his exasperation.

"Levison's got it, most likely," he told Tom Merry and Lowther that day; "and if it isn't found, and the time runs on, he's quite cad enough to keep it, and sell it secretly. He ought to be made to own up!"

"But there isn't any proof," said Tom. "You thought it was a New House chap once. It might have been dozens of fellows."

"Leave it to Grundy!" said Lowther. "With the clue of the cigarette-ash—I mean, the carbide of calcium ash—Grundy is bound to arrive somewhere. It's the best joke this term, and, in the circs, Manners, it's really lucky that your camera was lost. Otherwise, we should have missed Grundy as a detective."

"And it's bound to turn up," said Tom. "Whoever's got it will hand it out sooner or later. Or it may be found."

"It's a half-holiday this afternoon!" growled Manners. "I was going out to take some pictures."

"Play footer instead!"

"Blow footer!" growled the amateur photographer.

Grundy of the Shell was glad that it was a Wednesday, and a half-holiday. It gave him time to pursue his investigations without the bother of lessons. After morning lessons, Grundy was prepared to go on the warpath again.

Wilkins and Gunn were thinking of footer, but Grundy soon put a stopper on that. He required Wilkins and Gunn to play the parts of the faithful Watson and the devoted Tinker, while he emulated Sherlock Holmes and Sexton Blake.

Wilkins and Gunn gave in. It was no use arguing with Grundy.

After dinner, Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson and Tinker—otherwise Grundy, Wilkins and Gunn—held a consultation in the study.

Grundy was full of ideas—ripping ideas.

"You see, the clue of the cigarette-ash is a regular clincher," he told his assistants. "I've got to follow that up. It was a distinct stroke of luck that the thief should have left that clue behind him. Sherlock Holmes is strong on clues of the cigarette-ash—and I may say I know the whole game—from end to end. That was a rather distinctive kind of ash, too—I noticed that it had rather a smell—a sort of chemical smell. When I get some ash just like that, I shall recognise it at once, and then I shall hold the thief in the hollow of my hand. In the hollow of my hand," repeated Grundy sternly, as Wilkins and Gunn showed signs of risibility.

"Well, suppose you go smoking, and getting your blessed ash, while we play footer?" suggested Gunn.

Grundy shook his head.

"Can't be did! You see, I can't do any more smoking—it upsets my inside. Of course, I'm prepared to face that, or anything else, to make

the case a success. But a detective is bound to keep himself fit and clear-headed, and all that. That's where a detective's assistant comes in useful. What do you think Sherlock Holmes would do, if he badly wanted a variety of cigarette-ashes to furnish him with clues? Why, he would set Dr. Watson smoking the cigarettes for him!"

Wilkins suppressed a yawn.

"So you see," went on Grundy, "that's where I require your help. So far as the brainy part of the business goes, you can't help me much—that's not to be expected. But you can do the donkey-work, as it were. You two fellows are going to smoke the cigarettes for me and get the ash."

"Eh?"

"You can divide 'em equally between you, and smoke a dozen each," said Grundy, "and I hope



Jealous Angler: "I'm glad you caught it. I'm tired of throwing the little beggar back!"

Half-a-crown has been awarded to R. Leask, 95b, High Granton Road, Edinburgh 5.

this time you won't be idiot enough to chuck the ash away before I've had time to examine it, George Wilkins!"

"I'm jolly well not going to smoke the rotten cigarettes!" exclaimed Wilkins, with some excitement. "I've got my inside to think of. I'm jolly well not going to spoil my wind for footer to please you!"

"I don't want you to smoke as a habit, you dummy! Just once won't matter. It will only make you seedy for one day!"

"Do you think I want to spend a half-holiday feeling seedy?" hooted Wilkins.

"It isn't a question of what you want," explained Grundy. "It's a question of doing your duty as my assistant. Dr. Watson wouldn't have hesitated a moment."

"Perhaps Dr. Watson's inside would stand it, and he wasn't a footballer, either! I'm jolly well not going to smoke myself sick for your fat-headed clues!"

"Same here," said Gunn. "I'll do anything I can, Grundy, but I draw the line at smoking cigarettes."

Grundy began to glare; but for once his faithful followers were firm. Wilkins and Gunn did not mean to surrender on that point. They were prepared to scalp Grundy first. It was mutiny.

"And you call yourself pals?" said Grundy, more in sorrow than in anger. "Here I'm covering the whole study with glory, and you think of your measly tummies, rather than backing me up. However, I never stand any rot! If you don't back me up—"

Grundy was already pushing back his cuffs.

Gunn made a strategic movement towards the poker. But Wilkins rushed in with a suggestion.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

"I don't mind hearing a suggestion from my assistants," said Grundy. "You can go ahead!"

"You can get the cigarettes, and we'll get some other chaps to smoke 'em!" said Wilkins brightly. "There are some smoky cads in the House who like that kind of thing—chaps like Crooke, Levison, and Mellish. They'll jump at the chance of smoking for nothing, if you pay for the cigarettes."

"Good!" said Gunn heartily. "It doesn't matter about their insides!"

Grundy reflected, and then, much to the relief of his anxious chums, he nodded assent.

"Right!" he said. "It's a good idea, Wilkins. I will say that you're not always a dashed fool, Wilkins—nearly always, but not all the time. You can buzz down on your bike and get the cigarettes for me."

"Hadn't you better get them, Grundy? Your judgment, you know—"

"I'll give you a written list of the brands I want, so that you can't make a mistake."

"Look here, I'd rather not—"

"Never mind that. You see, I might be spotted going into the tobacconist's, and that means detention. I can't risk having my detective work being interrupted by detention."

"But suppose I'm seen?" hooted Wilkins.

"Well, that won't matter!"

"But I should be detained, you ass!"

"It doesn't matter if you're detained. I shall be able to go on with the case without you."

"But I don't want to be detained!" shrieked Wilkins.

"That isn't the question. You keep wandering from the point, Wilkins!"

"But I might be licked!"

"I suppose you're not afraid of a licking?" said Grundy scornfully. "Don't be a shirker, Wilkins!"

"You frabjous ass, I'm not afraid of a licking, but I don't want to go looking for one!"

"You'll get one without going to look for it, if I have much more of your jaw!" said Grundy darkly. "A detective's assistants are supposed to back him up without gassing like dashed Cabinet Ministers all the time. You're going down to Rylcombe for the cigarettes. As for you, Grundy—"

"I may as well get some footer while Wilkins is gone!" remarked Gunn brightly.

"No time for footer. You've got lines to do!"

"Lines! I haven't got any lines!"

"My lines, I mean. Kildare's doubled them because I didn't do them yesterday. I've no time for lines, of course. Make your fist as like mine as you can. Two hundred of Virgil, old chap."

Gunn gasped.

"You—you want me to stick in the study doing your lines, while you're playing the giddy ox?" he ejaculated.

"While I'm doing my detective work!" said Grundy sternly. "It's nothing to what Tinker does for Sexton Blake."

"Blow Tinker! Bust Sexton Blake!"

"Suppose Sexton Blake had lines to do when he was busy on a case? Of course, Tinker would do them like a shot. The same with Dr. Watson, if Sherlock Holmes had lines. There's such a thing as duty, William Gunn."

And Grundy walked out of the study to save further argument.

Wilkins and Gunn regarded one another.

"Tobacconist's, and a chance of a licking for

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Cigarette after cigarette was smoked by Levison and Mellish, and the eternal heavings that warned them of what was to come. The black sheep should be unwilling to smoke to aid

you, and two hundred lines for me," said Gunn. "I don't want to quarrel with old Grundy, but I shall get fed up in the long run. Suppose we cut the whole bisney, and go down to footer?"

"Toss for it," said Wilkins.

"Good! Heads we go to the footer, tails we play the giddy ox to please that frabjous idiot!"

Wilkins tossed a penny, and it came down tails—perhaps a little to the relief of the mutineers. For certainly there would have been earthquakes and tornadoes in the study if Grundy's autocratic commands had not been carried out. And carried out those commands accordingly were.

## CHAPTER 9.

### Too Much of a Good Thing!

LEVISON of the Fourth was lounging outside the tuckshop, chatting with Mellish a little later, when George Alfred Grundy bore down on him.

The two black sheep of the Fourth were idle, as usual, that afternoon. They seldom appeared on the football field, save for the compulsory practice.

Tom Merry & Co. were enjoying themselves on Little Side; but that kind of healthy enjoyment did not appeal to Levison and Mellish, and funds were too low for any other enjoyment more in their line.

Mellish was, according to his own account, dying for a smoke. Levison was thinking of the back-parlour of the Green Man, of dirty



while they sat on the floor in dumb misery, with in-  
But Grundy was inexorable. It was not that the two  
his great experiment as a new Sherlock Holmes!

cards, and frowzy sporting gentlemen who played nap. But a favourite "gee-gee" had run away with all Levison's available cash, and Mellish was in the same happy state of "stoniness."

They were not feeling cheerful that afternoon. But they brightened up a little as Grundy joined them.

Grundy, the detective, had a naturally inspiring effect upon anybody.

"Getting on with the case, Grundy?" asked Levison, with a wink at his comrade. "Have you found the bloodstains yet?"

"There weren't any bloodstains," said Grundy. "It's not a murder case, you young donkey. Simply a case of theft. I'm getting on well with it, too. I may say that I have the thief practically in the hollow of my hand."

"The thief?" repeated Levison.

"Yes; the young criminal who stole the camera."

"Oh, you think it was stolen?" yawned Levison.

"I know it was."

"Well, if you know it was, of course, there's nothing more to be said," remarked Levison. "I should have thought it was a practical joke myself. Some fellow who had a grudge against Manners, perhaps."

"He, he, he!" cackled Mellish.

"Nothing of the sort," said Grundy. "It's a certain case of theft. I've worked that out beyond the shadow of a doubt. I'm handling the case A1."

"You're handling the case?"

"Certainly!"

"Then you've got the case?"

"Eh? Of course."

"And haven't you got the camera?"

"The camera? No, not yet."

"But I understood from Manners that the camera was in the case when it was taken away from the study."

Grundy stared.

"You young ass!" he said witheringly. "I don't mean I've got the camera-case. I've got the case of the lost camera to deal with, I mean. Not the case Manners keeps the camera in. You are rather dense, Levison."

"He, he, he!" came from Mellish. Mellish did not think that it was Levison who was dense.

"I want you chaps," went on Grundy. "You're a pair of smoky rotters, I understand."

"Eh?"

"I've got a lot of cigarettes, and I want somebody to smoke them."

"You're standing a smoke?" asked Mellish, with interest.

"Not exactly standing a smoke; but I want somebody to smoke cigarettes for me. I believe you do that kind of thing."

"You bet!" said Mellish proudly.

"Yes; you look that sort of a sickly worm," said Grundy. "Well, come on. It won't do in the study, as that interfering dummy Kildare might come down on us."

"We generally do our smoking in the old tower."

"Good! I'll join you there with the cigarettes."

"Done!"

Levison and Mellish willingly sauntered away to the old tower. Grundy's offer was not exactly polite or respectful, but it had come like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years to the young blackguards who were stony. They knew why Grundy wanted the cigarettes smoked; they had heard of the faithful Wilkins' exploits with the duster.

"Silly idiot!" remarked Mellish. "But we'll smoke his fags for him—what!"

"What-ho!" grinned Levison.

"As for his finding clues—"

"Ha, ha, ha! I rather think that the chap who took Manners' camera away wasn't smoking a cigarette at the time," chuckled Levison. "I don't know, of course, but I fancy so."

"He, he, he!"

Grundy looked for Wilkins and Gunn.

Wilkins had returned from Rylcombe with his pockets bulging with cigarettes, fortunately without having been spotted. Gunn had laboured through two hundred lines of Virgil, and was hoping that Sherlock Holmes II was done with him, and that he could go down to the footer field. But there was no escape for Detective Grundy's assistants.

"Come on, you chaps!" said Grundy briskly. "I've got Levison and Mellish to smoke the cigarettes. We're going to the tower."

"You don't want us, then?" demurred Wilkins.

"Yes, I do. You see, they're rotten cads, and they'd like to smoke a fag or two, but they may kick at smoking a dozen. They've got to do it, though. If necessary, they will have to be held by their necks while they smoke a sufficient number for the purpose—see?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Somewhat cheered by the prospect of holding Levison and Mellish by their necks while they smoked the cigarettes, Wilkins and Gunn followed their great leader to the old tower.

The two new recruits were waiting for them there.

"Trot out the fags, Grundy," said Mellish airily. "We'll show you Shell chaps how we do things. Be a man, and have one yourself."

"You dirty little jackanapes!" said Grundy wrathfully. "If you want a thick ear to begin with—"

"Ahem! Trot out the smokes!"

"Hand them out, Wilkins."

Wilkins grinned, and disinterred the smokes from his pockets.

He had carefully carried out the written instructions of the great Grundy. There were a number of cigarettes of each of the twelve brands.

Mellish and Levison took one each, and lighted up, and proceeded to smoke with a great appearance of enjoyment.

Grundy spread out a number of sheets of paper carefully on the stone floor. On each of them he scribbled in pencil the name of a cigarette brand.

"Knock off the ash on these," he said. "Mind you don't get them mixed. The success of the whole case depends on this."

Mellish and Levison grinned, and obeyed instructions. They smoked mild Virginia cigarettes to begin with. Then Wilkins handed them a couple of fat Turkish cigarettes.

Mellish eyed them rather doubtfully. However, the Turkish were smoked, and the ashes knocked off on the papers duly labelled.

"Egyptian next," said Wilkins.

The Egyptian cigarettes followed.

"Thanks!" said Mellish, as Wilkins offered him a further supply. "I'll put a few in my pocket, if you like. I won't smoke any more just now."

"Oh, go ahead!" said Grundy.

"The fact is, I'd rather not."

"Go ahead, I tell you!"

Mellish scowled.

"Look here, I don't want to smoke any more—especially such blessed strong ones! I'm done."

"Same here," remarked Levison. "Enough's as good as a feast, you know. Another time, Grundy."

"Another time won't do," said Grundy calmly.

"I want one of each kind smoked."

"Go and eat coke!"

Mellish strode towards the doorway of the room. Grundy shoved him back without ceremony.

Gunn grinned and took up his post in the doorway. There was no escape for the merry blades of the Fourth. They had come there to smoke, and they were going to smoke. Grundy meant business.

"Look here!" said Levison, his eyes beginning to glitter greenly. "I suppose we're not going to smoke if we don't choose?"

"That's your mistake! I didn't bring you here for the pleasure of seeing you act the silly idiot. You've got to make yourselves useful. You've got to smoke three more each."

"Well, I won't!"

"And I won't, either!" howled Mellish indignantly.

"You will," said Grundy calmly. "You can do

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it without being licked, or after being licked, just as you like. But you'll do it!"

"You bullying rotter—"

"Oh, cheese it! I wouldn't make a decent chap smoke, even to make my case a success. But you rotters make out that you like it, and a bit extra won't hurt you. If it does I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

Levison and Mellish glared, but they did not care to "handle" three Shell fellows at once. They accepted another cigarette each, and smoked them slowly.

"That's better," said Grundy approvingly. "You look a bit yellow, Mellish, but you'll pull through. Have another."

"I—I—I won't!"

"Look here, you can get the ash by burning the cigarette," said Levison.

Grundy shook his head.

"That wouldn't be the same thing. I can't afford to risk the success of my experiment. Go ahead!"

"I won't!" howled Mellish.

"Collar them!" said Grundy.

Levison and Mellish made a desperate rush for the door.

Grundy, Gunn, and Wilkins collared them promptly. There was a desperate struggle, and Mellish and Levison went down. Unfortunately, they landed on the carefully spread sheets of paper, and the carefully collected ash was scattered far and wide.

The struggle was brief. The unfortunate cads of the Fourth gave it up, with the grasp of Wilkins and Gunn on their collars.

"See what you've done, you dummies!" howled Grundy. "You've mucked up the ash I was collecting. Now you'll have to begin again."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wilkins and Gunn.

"B-b-begin again!" stuttered Mellish.

"Yes; I must have the ash of each kind of cigarette."

"You dangerous ass! I shall be sick!"

"Well, it's your own fault!"

"I—I won't smoke at all. I—I——"

"Knock his head on the wall, Wilkins!"

Bang!

"Yarooooh!"

"Are you ready, Mellish?"

"Yow, ow, ow! Yes!"

"Are you ready, Levison? Knock his head on the wall if he isn't, Gunny!"

"I'm ready!" howled Levison.

"Good! Here you are! Here's a match!"

With faces that expressed a queer mingling of rage and apprehension and inward misery, the two unhappy blades of the Fourth recommenced smoking—from the beginning.

They started on the fat Turkish—with dreadful forebodings.

"And mind you don't upset the ash again," said Grundy warningly.

That warning was not needed. The awful prospect of having to begin again from the beginning made the unhappy smokers more careful of the ash than Grundy was himself.

Cigarette after cigarette was smoked, till the room was hazy and the two smokers grew yellow and green and white and breathed spasmodically.

They sat on the floor in dumb misery while they smoked, with internal heavings that warned them only too clearly of what was to come.

But Grundy was inexorable. It was rot that the two young blackguards should be willing to smoke out of sheer perversity and unwilling to smoke to

aid in his great experiment as a new Sherlock Holmes.

Grundy had no patience with such rot. Mellish and Levison were doomed to smoke those cigarettes through to the last of the dozen.

The wretched victims would have yelled for help, but it was no use yelling. The old tower was selected as a place for smoking because it was a good distance from the School House. They would have been glad to see even Mr. Raitlon or the Head himself walk in at that moment. But nobody walked in. The cigarettes were smoked steadily through, while the inward anguish of the smokers increased crescendo.

Grundy watched the accumulating piles of ash with great delight. Success was within his grasp—the thief would shortly be in the hollow of his hand!

Mellish and Levison looked as if they would shortly be in the sanatorium, but that could not be helped.

The dozen piles of ash were complete at last. Mellish and Levison leaned back against the wall, almost grey in the face. They dared not rise. They knew what would happen if they moved.

But Grundy had no eyes for them. He folded up the sheets of paper carefully, each separately, with infinite care.

"That's done!" he remarked, with satisfaction. "I wonder whether it would be a good idea, though, to have a bigger supply of ash in case anything goes wrong in the experiment? Another dozen—"

Mellish moaned faintly.  
 "Oh, you beast! Go away!"  
 Grundy glanced at him.  
 "Hallo! Feeling queer?"  
 "Groo-oogh! Ooooo-er!"  
 "Well, that may be a lesson to you about playing rotten tricks!" said Grundy. "I advise you fellows to chuck smoking."

"Woooooh-er!"  
 "Come on, Wilkins! Come on, Gunn! Much obliged to you young rotters! I dare say you'll feel better presently."

Grundy & Co. quitted the room. Mellish and Levison did not move. They couldn't. They sat and moped.

CHAPTER 10.

Fairly on the Track!

TOM MERRY & CO. had forgotten all about Grundy the detective while footer was on.

But, having beaten the Fourth Form by the odd goal and footer being over, they remembered him.

Manners had played for the Shell, and for a time his missing camera had been dismissed from his mind. But as the chums came off Little Side, tired and ruddy, Manners remarked that something might have been heard of his camera.

Tom Merry and Lowther did not groan, though they felt inclined to do so whenever the camera was mentioned. Their belief was that it would turn up in the course of time, when the practical joker was tired of worrying Manners. They really wondered why Manners couldn't wait patiently till that time arrived. But he couldn't, so they bore with him like good chums.

"I dare say Grundy's on the track by this time," Lowther remarked. "Let's see Grundy. He may have made some discovery."

"Not likely!" growled Manners.  
 "Oh, I shouldn't wonder!" declared Lowther.  
 "He may have discovered that the ash belongs to a bike-lamp instead of a cigarette."

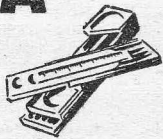
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 The Terrible Three went into the School House. In the upper passage they came upon Lumley-Lumley and Trimble, looking into their study and chortling.

"What's the joke?" asked Tom.  
 "I guess Levison and Mellish are the joke," chuckled Lumley-Lumley. "Look at the scallawags!"

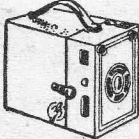
The Terrible Three looked in. Levison was stretched in the armchair, and Mellish was sitting by the table, leaning on it.

(Continued on next page.)

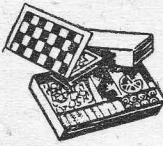
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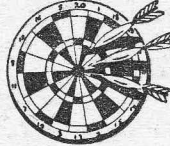
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Both of them were very white and dispirited. They glanced at the visitors with lack-lustre eyes. "Overdone smoking—what?" grinned Lowther. "Br-r-r-r!"

"It was that beast Grundy!" moaned Mellish. "He got us to the old tower for a smoke, and made us smoke a heap of rotten cigarettes to get silly rotten ash for his fatheaded experiments! Ow! I shall never get over it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can't have too much of a good thing!" grinned Lowther. "I've heard you say that a smoke is simply delightful, Mellish!"

"Oh, go to Jericho!" growled Mellish. The Terrible Three went on their way, grinning; but not to Jericho.

Tom Merry knocked at Grundy's door, and opened it.

Grundy was in the study alone.

Wilkins and Gunn had succeeded in escaping at last, Grundy not requiring their services in the analysis of the ash. Indeed Grundy had told them he would rather have them out of the way for a bit, as they were clumsy. They were only too glad to get out of the way for a bit.

Grundy was very busy now.

He had the varied assortment of cigarette-ash on the table, each little heap on its separate sheet of paper. He was examining them under a microscope, which the juniors recognised as Mr. Lathom's property. He was comparing them, one after another, very carefully, with the original discovered in Tom Merry's bookcase.

Grundy was bringing the whole force of his powerful brain to bear on the problem; but he had not yet discovered that the ash from the bookcase had been spilt there from Lowther's carbide lamp. The peculiar aroma that clung to it, even in its spent state, might have enlightened him if he had not been so very keen after clues.

But Grundy would probably have laughed Lowther to scorn if he had told him the real nature of the powder. Not that the humorist of the Shell had any intention of telling him.

Monty Lowther was keenly interested in the progress of Grundy's discoveries, founded on that telltale ash.

Grundy glanced up carelessly as the Shell fellows looked in.

The Terrible Three maintained as much gravity as possible—but it was not easy, in the circumstances. Grundy fondly imagined that he gave an impression like Sherlock Holmes in his laboratory. But that wasn't how he impressed the Terrible Three.

"Got the man yet, Grundy?" asked Monty Lowther affably.

"Not yet. Close that door—a draught might scatter this ash. It's a bit tiring work," said Grundy, resting from his labours for a moment or two. "You see, I haven't the apparatus for making a thorough analysis. But I've borrowed old Lathom's microscope, and I'm getting on all right. There's a lot of difference between the ash of different makes of cigarettes—surprising. Sherlock Holmes has classified about fifty kinds—or a hundred and fifty—or something. Holmes would very likely penetrate this mystery at a glance. But, of course, a fellow wants practice."

"You've found out the exact nature of the original ash?" asked Lowther gravely.

"Yes; I've examined it very thoroughly. It's Turkish!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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The Terrible Three were overcome for a moment. The discovery that the carbide of calcium ash had come from a Turkish cigarette was a little rich, even from Grundy.

Certainly, the powder, which was quite dry and white, bore a resemblance of cigarette-ash. But that it resembled the ash of a Turkish cigarette any more than that of any other kind of cigarette, was certainly a surprising discovery, if true.

"If you've come in here to cackle, the sooner you buzz off the better!" said Grundy crossly. "I've no time to waste on silly, cackling asses!"

"Yes, shut up, you fellows!" said Lowther reprovingly. "Laughter in court is quite out of place here. Sherlock Holmes himself wouldn't like it. Besides, Grundy is awfully interesting! How did you prove that that was the ash of a Turkish cigarette, Grundy?"

"I don't mind explaining." As a matter of fact, Grundy was glad to explain. He liked the role of Sherlock Holmes explaining to admiring listeners. "By examination under the microscope, I have detected certain characteristics—"

"Good word!" murmured Lowther.

"Certain characteristics," repeated Grundy firmly, "in the texture, so to speak, of that particular ash. Similar characteristics appear in the ash of a Turkish cigarette I have here, especially smoked by Levison."

"Oh, good!"

"There is also a slight aroma attached to the ash," pursued Grundy. "The aroma is the same in both cases."

"My hat! I wonder what the Rylcombe tobacconist makes his Turkish cigarettes from?" murmured Tom Merry.

"I have established, therefore, that the ash left in your bookcase, Merry, was the ash of a Turkish cigarette. This is irrefragable."

"Another good word!" said Lowther admiringly.

"I am going to finish examining these ashes to the very end, but I have the case pretty clear. The thief is a chap who smokes Turkish cigarettes!"

"Bravo!"

"That narrows down the ground considerably, my dear Watson—I mean, you chaps," went on Grundy. "Most of the silly cuckoos here who play the giddy ox smoke some kind of American tobacco. A chap who smokes Turkish cigarettes ought to be spotted pretty easily. That's the next step in the investigations!"

"Wonderful!"

"Oh, quite elementary!" said Grundy, who seemed almost to imagine that he was the real Sherlock Holmes by this time.

"Let us know when you denounce the villain!" said Lowther. "I want to see his face when you state the evidence you convict him on."

"I may want you to lend me a hand in securing him," said Grundy. "It might be a senior, of course. Knox of the Sixth, perhaps; or Cutts of the Fifth—"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "You'd better let the seniors alone, Grundy. You won't find them appreciative of your kind of humour."

"A detective cannot afford to be a respecter of persons," said Grundy calmly. "When I have worked out the case, I shall denounce the thief, even if he turns out to be a master!"

"Great Scott!"

"You see, the evidence will be unanswerable, and there will be nothing for him to do but to confess," explained Grundy. "To save a scandal, I

may give him a chance of handing back the camera, and taking a licking. That's better than letting people know that there's a thief in the school. A jolly good licking would be sufficient punishment, in my opinion!"

"I'll give him the licking, if he's ever found out," said Manners grimly. "I've got a licking saved up for him."

"Well, I expect to be able to give you his name early this evening, and you'll have your camera back all right—or the pawnticket," said Grundy. "Of course, the thief may have pawned it or sold it already. But once the thief is found, it will be easy enough to get the camera back. And with such a clue—"

"The clue of the Turkish cigarette?" asked Lowther.

"All I've got to do is to find the chap who was smoking Turkish cigarettes on Monday afternoon," said Grundy. "That's the next step."

"But where are you going to find him?" asked Wilkins dubiously.

"I deduce that it's a School House chap," said Grundy. "The thief was smoking when he committed the theft. Now, I know there are smoky cads in the New House—chaps like Clampe. But a New House chap couldn't have come into the School House smoking. He'd have been spotted. Neither would he have stopped to light a cigarette while engaged in stealing a camera. It stands to reason that he'd have been as quick about it as possible!"

"Wonderful!" said Wilkins. "What are we going to have for tea, Grundy? It's up to you."



The amateur detective was swept off his feet by Blake & Co., and before he knew what was happening, he was projected through the study doorway like a stone from a catapult. Grundy crashed into his two chums and all three went sprawling in the passage.

"Yes; with a clue like that, even one of you fellows might be able to do the trick. I cannot fail."

"Let's get out," murmured Tom. "I shall explode soon!"

The Terrible Three left Grundy at work on his analysis, and did not yell till they were in the passage.

Grundy, in blissful ignorance of the fact that the telltale ash came from a carbide lamp, and certainly wasn't Turkish, went on with his labours in a very satisfied frame of mind.

When Wilkins and Gunn came in to tea he had finished, and he proudly explained to his chums the result of his investigations.

Wilkins and Gunn regarded one another doubtfully.

They had their own suspicions about that telltale ash, though they had not ventured to state them to Grundy.

"Never mind tea!"

"It's tea-time, you know, and I'm hungry!"

"Yes; never mind," said Grundy, unheeding.

"Now, as I work it out, a chap went into Merry's study and stole that camera. He wouldn't light a cigarette while he was on the job, so he must have had a cigarette in his mouth at the time. Some cad was sticking indoors smoking, instead of going out, and he took advantage of everybody else being out of doors to sneak in and bag that camera. That's another clue!"

"Why, you were indoors!" said Wilkins. "You were here when Manners missed his camera. You scrapped with him about it!"

"Looks rather black against you, Grundy!" chortled Gunn.

Grundy frowned.

"None of your silly jokes, Gunny! This isn't a joking matter! Of course, the camera might

have been taken some time before Manners missed it. He wanted it in a hurry. Now, I've narrowed it down to a School House chap, and a chap who was indoors after lessons on Monday when everybody was out, and a chap who smokes Turkish cigarettes!"

"That's three chaps, then!"

"One chap, you ass—the same chap!"

"Oh, I thought you said——"

"You're rather dense, Wilkins. Now, the question is, to find that chap, and that's what we're going to do next," said Grundy. "Come on!"

"But what about tea?"

"Blow tea!" roared Grundy.

"Look here! Suppose you go to find the Turkish cigarette—I mean, the chap who smokes Turkish cigarettes, while we get tea?" proposed Wilkins, as if struck by a sudden brilliant idea.

"Suppose we don't do anything of the sort!" snorted Grundy. "I should have thought you'd want to be in at the death. Dr. Watson always did!"

"Dr. Watson mayn't have wanted his tea!"

"Are you coming, or aren't you coming?" demanded Grundy.

"Oh, I'm coming!" said Wilkins resignedly.

Tea in the study depended on Grundy, so there was really no help for it.

And Grundy & Co. marched forth, fairly on the track of the thief at last—if Grundy's clue of the cigarette-ash was worth anything.

## CHAPTER 11.

### Tracked Down!

"**B**AI Jove! Here's Gwunday!" Study No. 6 were at tea when the amateur detective of St. Jim's looked in. Grundy nodded affably to Blake & Co.

"Just a question to you chaps," he said.

"Pway wiah in, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus politely.

"Do you smoke cigarettes of Turkish manufacture?"

"Eh?"

"Don't all speak at once," said Grundy. "I want to know whether one of you chaps smokes Turkish cigarettes."

"You uttah ass!"

"Are you looking for a thick ear?" asked Blake, looking up. "You've come to the right study for it if you are!"

"I don't want any prevarication," said Grundy. "I merely ask whether any fellow in this study smokes Turkish cigarettes. Never mind why—just answer!"

"You mustn't merely ask questions like that in a respectable study," explained Blake. "You are liable to be chucked out on your neck, you know!"

"Your answers are very unsatisfactory, Blake. It's rather suspicious, in fact. Digby, are you aware whether Blake smokes Turkish cigarettes?"

"Manilla cigars, I think, when he hasn't a pipe on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I didn't ask you for any rotten jokes, Digby. It looks to me as if you may have had a hand in this, too. Herries, listen to me. Do you happen to know whether Blake or Digby smoke Turkish cigarettes?"

"Of all the uttah duffahs——"

"Certainly," said Herries blandly. "They're

demons at it. They prefer shag, but when they can't get shag, they smoke cheroots. When the cheroots run out, they come down to Turkish cigarettes."

Wilkins and Gunn emitted a chuckle from the passage.

Grundy gave them a glare, and reduced them to seriousness.

"Prevarication all round!" said Grundy sternly. "I admit that I didn't suspect this study—I was only beginning here. But it's beginning to look very black. As I can't get the truth out of you, I shall have to search the study."

"Bai Jove!"

"Search our study!" gasped Blake.

"Yes. I have no doubt that I shall find Turkish cigarettes here, and that will settle the matter. Come in and help, you chaps."

Wilkins and Gunn had no time to help.

Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy, as if worked by the same spring, hurled themselves on Grundy.

The amateur detective was swept off his feet, and before he knew what was happening, he was projected through the study doorway like a stone from a catapult.

Gunn and Wilkins dodged too late.

Grundy crashed fairly into them, and hurled them headlong.

The three investigators sprawled in the passage, roaring. And a roar of laughter from Study No. 6 followed them.

"Come in and have some more, Gwunday!" called out Arthur Augustus. "We are quite willin' to keep this up as long as you do, deah boy!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The door of Study No. 6 slammed.

George Alfred Grundy staggered to his feet. He was feeling hurt.

Wilkins and Gunn sat up and groaned.

Grundy wasn't a light weight.

"Oh crumbs! The rotters!" gasped Grundy. "Come on, you fellows—we'll wipe up the whole study!"

"Yow-ow! My nose! My napper! Ow-ow!"

"Grooogh! My funnybone! Wow-wow-wow!"

"Are you coming?" shouted Grundy.

"No, we're jolly well not coming, you silly ass!" raved Wilkins. "What do you expect when you go into a decent chap's study and ask him whether he smokes Turkish cigarettes, you howling idiot?"

"Look here, Wilkins——"

"Oh, don't talk to me! Ow! My funnybone! Ow! I biffed my funnybone on something!"

"It was my nose!" said Gunn, in tones of deep anguish. "Oh! Ow! It was my nose! Yow!"

"Oh, don't make a fuss about a trifle!" said Grundy crossly. "Come along, and don't grouse! On second thoughts, I'll start on the chaps who are known to smoke. Come on, I may want your help."

"You can whistle for it, then!" groaned Wilkins. "I'm done!"

Grundy snorted and strode away. His second thoughts were undoubtedly the best; his experience in Study No. 6 was really too painful to be repeated unless strictly necessary.

Wilkins and Gunn limped away, growling furiously.

Crooke of the Shell received Grundy's next visit. The black sheep of the Shell was smoking after tea, with Racke, his studymate.



The two young rascals looked alarmed as the door opened, and hastily put the cigarettes out of sight; but they were relieved to see that it was only Grundy.

"What do you want?" snapped Crooke.  
 "I want you to answer a question or two," said Grundy. "What kind of cigarettes do you smoke?"

"Find out!"  
 "I'm going to!" Grundy held a formidable set of knuckles under Crooke's nose. "See that?"

Crooke backed his chair away.  
 "I'm smoking Virginia," he said sullenly.

"Do you ever smoke Turkish?"  
 "No; too strong for me."  
 "What about you, Racke?"  
 "Mine's Egyptian. What in thunder does it matter to you?" demanded Racke.

"You haven't any Turkish here?"  
 "No, you ass!"

"I'll take your word—at present," said Grundy. "Perhaps you know a chap who does smoke Turkish?"

"Do you want a smoke?" asked Crooke. "If you do, why can't you say so? I don't mind letting you have one."

Grundy's heavy knuckles very nearly came into play, but he restrained himself. He remembered that it was necessary for a detective to be diplomatic.

"Well, suppose I want a Turkish cigarette," he said, with great cunning, "where could I get one?"

"I dare say Levison could give you one," said Crooke. "He smokes that kind. He's got an inside like leather."

Grundy started.  
 "Levison does!"

"Yes."  
 "Good!"  
 Grundy strode from the study.

A minute later he pitched open Levison's door and strode in. He was acting now from "information received," and there was no further doubt. Levison of the Fourth was the guilty party, and Grundy of the Shell had run him to earth.

CHAPTER 12.

At Last!

LEVISON was in his study, and he turned a very sour face on Grundy.

Levison had recovered from his unpleasant experience early in the afternoon. He was a much more hardened smoker than Mellish, who had gone to the dormitory to lie down, and hadn't had any tea.

Levison had recovered to such an extent that he was smoking a cigarette after tea.

Grundy came in and closed the door. Then he fixed his eyes on Levison, with a stony stare that ought to have made the culprit shiver in his shoes. There was triumphant denunciation in that glare.

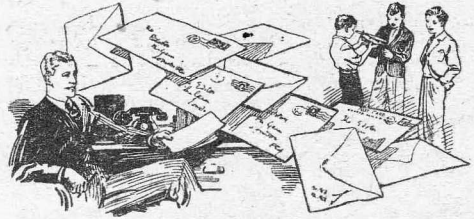
Levison, however, only scowled.  
 "At last! I hold you," said Grundy, "in the hollow of my hand!"

"Mad, I suppose?" remarked Levison, addressing space.

"I'll trouble you to let me look at that cigarette you're smoking," said Grundy.

"Go and eat coke!"

(Continued on next page.)



THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

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

HALLO, Chums! I had a letter the other day from a London reader—I shall not mention his name—who airs a grouse against the stamp articles in the GEM. He says he's not interested in stamps, and never reads the articles, and thinks the space they occupy in the old paper ought to be devoted to some other feature of general interest.

Firstly, I should like to point out to this reader that his point of view shows a very selfish nature. Because he is not interested in stamps, the articles should be discontinued. What about the thousands of readers who are stamp collectors? Surely they are to be studied! A glance through "Pen Pals" will prove that seventy-five per cent of them are philatelists.

But that is not the main point of my reply. Our stamp expert always gives a general interest angle to his articles. They are not technical, and only suitable for stamp enthusiasts. I advise my reader with a grouse to read one or two of them, and he will see for himself that the articles contain many facts that besides being very interesting, are also instructive.

"THE BOY FROM SOUTH AFRICA!"

The sparkling story which appears next Wednesday introduces to St. Jim's a South African boy, of a particularly wide-awake and joking disposition. When Sidney Clive arrives at Rylcombe, he walks right into the arms of the rival Grammarians, who are there to jape the newcomer. But it is not Gordon Gay & Co. who score—it is Clive.

The South African next falls foul of Figgins & Co., and once again he does more than hold his own. Finally Clive incurs the enmity of Sefton, the black sheep prefect of the New House. Sefton is plotting to bring about the downfall of Eric Kildare—but he reckons without the boy from South Africa.

I am sure all readers will like the cheery Afrikander, and will greatly enjoy his first lively adventures at St. Jim's. Make sure you meet him next week.

"THE PIRATES OF PEGG!"

As described in this week's Greyfriars story, the Remove sailors are all set for a grand cruise in their schooner, the Marjorie. There is lots of fun on board—especially when Bunter gets busy as a painter!

But suddenly a blot appears on their horizon. A sailing-vessel flying the black flag, the emblem of piracy, comes on the scene! It contains a crew wearing black masks and armed with rifles! The Removites are simply flabbergasted. Pirates in the twentieth century, in the calm waters of an English bay, seems too absurd to be possible. But the crew look in grim earnest, with their rifles menacing the schoolboy sailors!

What happens readers will discover when they read next week's thrilling yarn.

To wind up this ripping programme, Monty Lowther, with his weekly batch of wisecracks, will be on parade again. Then there will be another splendid stamp article, more illustrated jokes, and Professor Zarro will tell readers their luck tendencies for the week.

"See" you next Wednesday, chums. Chin, chin!

THE EDITOR.  
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"Mind, I mean business. Are you going to let me look at it?" asked Grundy, pushing his cuffs back.

Levison scowled, and held out the cigarette.

"Look at it, you silly ass, if you want to. I don't see why the thunder you can't mind your own business."

Grundy scanned the cigarette.

"Turkish!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Yes. Is that what you wanted to know?" asked Levison, mystified.

"Now hand over the camera!"

"The—the what?"

"Manners' camera."

Levison looked bewildered.

"What the howling thunder has Manners' camera to do with my cigarette?" he yelled. "Are you right off your dot, Grundy?"

Grundy smiled serenely.

"I don't mind explaining," he said. "I've tracked you down, Levison! You stole Manners' camera!"

"Stole it?" ejaculated Levison.

"Yes. I've worked out the case, and I have proof! You may as well own up!"

"I'd rather hear your proof first," said Levison.

"I don't mind explaining. I found a clue in Tom Merry's study."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Levison.

"You won't cackle soon!" said Grundy, frowning. "I found the ash of a cigarette there. I've analysed it, and found that it's the ash of a Turkish cigarette. Now I've found the chap who smokes Turkish cigarettes. You're the man, Levison! I don't say I want to show you up to the Head and get you sacked for stealing. I think a licking will meet the case. I've undertaken to let Manners hand you the licking. I'm going to take you to him—with the camera!"

"You frabjous ass!"

"Where's Manners' camera?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose it isn't much use asking you for the truth," said Grundy. "But as I've found the guilty party, I feel justified in making him own up!" Grundy turned to the door and locked it. "Now, then, where's that camera?"

Levison started up as Grundy came towards him.

The burly Shell fellow towered over the weedy slacker of the Fourth.

"You dangerous ass! What are you going to do?" yelled Levison, in alarm.

Grundy took a cricket stump from a corner.

"I'm going to lick you till you hand back the stolen goods!" he said. "Are you going to hand that camera over?"

"Ye-es!" stuttered Levison, who was frightened at the look Grundy gave him and the stump in his hand. "I hid it in Manners' study. It's there all the time—on top of the bookcase!"

"Come on, then!" said Grundy. "I've promised Manners the thief to lick!"

Levison was not allowed any choice about coming on. Grundy unlocked the door and marched the wriggling cad of the Fourth out of the study by the collar, and marched him into Tom Merry's study without a halt.

### CHAPTER 13.

#### No Glory for Grundy!

**T**OM MERRY & CO. were at tea.

They stared as Grundy marched in, dragging the wriggling Levison by the collar.

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"Hallo! What's the name of this game?" asked Tom, setting down his teacup.

"I happen to have detected the thief," said Grundy, with studied carelessness.

"Levison!" exclaimed the Terrible Three together.

"Exactly! Levison!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Manners. "I thought it was very likely Levison. But how do you know?"

"I've proved it. You remember I found the clue of the ash of a cigarette in the bookcase—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes!"

"I analysed it, and found that it was the ash of a Turkish cigarette—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Levison is the only chap in the House that I've discovered who smokes Turkish cigarettes. I caught him in the very act of smoking one."

"Let go my collar, you beast!" mumbled Levison.

Grundy did not heed.

"So the case is proved against Levison!" he concluded triumphantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at, you dummies?" demanded Grundy, wrathfully and indignantly.

"You howling ass!" roared Lowther. "The ash you discovered wasn't cigarette-ash at all!"

"What was it, then?"

"It was some old carbide spilt from my bike-lamp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Eh?" faltered Grundy.

Even the great Grundy was taken aback for a moment.

"The carbide-lamp is kept on that shelf when I'm not using it," continued Lowther. "It was under your silly nose all the time! I dare say Levison pinched the camera, but you've got no proof against him, you silly ox!"

Grundy snorted. He had been taken back for a moment, but only for a moment. He was quite himself again the next.

"I'm surprised at you, Lowther—surprised that you should resort to prevarication to detract from my success!" said Grundy sternly.

"You burbling, frabjous jabberbox!" gasped Lowther. "You—you dummy! It was carbide-ash!"

"It was nothing of the sort!" said Grundy calmly; "and the proof is that I've discovered the thief, and that he's confessed!"

"Confessed?" shouted Manners.

"Yes," said Grundy triumphantly. "Now, perhaps Lowther will apologise?"

"Ass! Duffer! It was carbide-ash."

"Having proved Levison's guilt, I felt justified in walloping him till he owned up," said Grundy.

"He says he hid the camera for a lark, and it's on top of your bookcase all the time. If it's found there, I regard Levison as cleared of the charge of theft. My decision is final!"

Manners ran to the bookcase. It was rather a tall bookcase for the study, and the top nearly reached the ceiling. Naturally, it had never occurred to Manners that the missing camera might be on top of the bookcase in his own study—it was the last place he would have been likely to search.

He dragged the table to the bookcase, mounted on it, and peered over the top, unheeding bumping his head on the ceiling.

Manners groped over the dusty bookcase-top, and dragged the hidden camera into view. He



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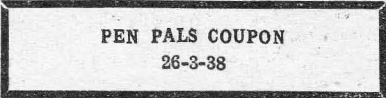
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jumped down from the table, the big camera in his hand, triumphantly.

"And it was there all the time!" exclaimed Tom. "Well, I must say you're an ass, Manners! You've been turning our hair grey about a dashed camera that was in our own study all the time!"

"How was I to know?" demanded Manners. "How could I guess this rotter would hide it in my own study?"

Manners put the camera on the table, and advanced towards Levison.

"Now, you rotter, put up your hands! You won't hide my camera again, after I've done with you!"

The next five minutes were exciting and interesting.

Levison was for it, and he put up a good fight, and Manners was not so formidable a foe as Grundy. But Levison had no chance. In five minutes he was licked to the wide, and he lay on the floor, gasping, with his nose streaming, and one eye closed.

Manners mopped his own nose with his handkerchief.

"Had enough, you cad?" he gasped.

"Wow-wow! Ow-ow!"

Manners opened the door and helped Levison out—with his boot.

Never had a practical joker felt so sorry for himself as Levison did as he limped away to his study.

"Much obliged to you, Grundy!" said Manners. "I suspected that beast, and I'd have licked him into owning up, only I couldn't go for him without some proof."

"Exactly," said Grundy. "I had the proof, you see."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was carbide-ash!" yelled Lowther. "It happens to be Levison; but you went for him without an atom of proof."

Grundy smiled—a bitter smile.

"I've taken up this case, and worked it through to a successful conclusion," he said. "I've revealed the rascal and discovered the missing

(Continued on page 36.)

ALL ABOARD THE MARJORIE FOR A LIVELY CRUISE WITH THE  
SAILORS OF THE REMOVE!

# Greyfriars Sailors on Parade!

By FRANK RICHARDS. *Reprint of Magnet No. 56*

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

## Early Risers!

**B**UZZ!

It was a sudden alarming sound in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars.

The early rays of the March sun were stealing in at the high windows, but none of the boys had yet awakened.

Rising-bell was not due for a good half-hour yet, and the Removites were not wont to wake before its unmelodious clang rent the morning air.

In the long row of white beds juniors lay sleeping the sleep of the just, when the silence was broken by the sudden outbreak of buzzing near Bob Cherry's bed.

Buz-z-z-z-z!

Ting-ing-ing!

Harry Wharton sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. He looked up and down the long dormitory in alarm.

"What on earth's that?"

"Goodness knows," said Frank Nugent.

Harry Wharton sprang out of bed. The din had awakened the whole dormitory, and there were angry inquiries from all quarters as to what it meant.

Buz-z-z-z!

It seemed to come from Bob Cherry's washstand, and Harry Wharton ran towards it. A small article, wrapped in a handkerchief, lay on the washstand, and from it the mysterious noise proceeded.

Wharton tore open the handkerchief, and a cheap alarm-clock crashed to the floor. The corner of the handkerchief had been wrapped round the striker, to muffle the noise when the alarm went off; hence the mysterious buzzing. The clock, freed from the handkerchief, rang loudly and raucously on the floor.

Bob Cherry started up in bed. He was a sound sleeper, and he had only just awakened.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! That's the alarm-clock!"

"You ass!" exclaimed Nugent. "What do you mean by setting the confounded thing at all? Stop it now."

"We wanted to be woke early——"

"Stop that fearful thing! It'll bust my eardrums!"

The clock seemed to be inexhaustible. It was ringing away merrily, with a noise that was like the jarring together of innumerable tins. Wharton stooped and picked it up. But there was no way that he could see of stopping the clock.

"Bob, how do you stop this fearful thing?"

"You can't stop it," said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "There isn't any stopper. It's a cheap one. You have to let it run down."

Wharton dropped the clock on the washstand. The bump seemed to cause it to ring on with renewed energy. The juniors stuffed pillows

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over their ears, or yelled to Bob Cherry, who sat up in bed, grinning.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed. "It's time to get up. That's a jolly good clock. No chance of going to sleep when it's once started."

"Stop it!"

"Can't be did!"

"Well, I'll jolly soon stop it!" exclaimed Bulstrode angrily; and he jumped out of bed, seized a cricket-bat, and rushed at the offending clock.

"Here, hold on!" shouted Bob Cherry. "That clock cost me two bob, and I'm not going to have it busted."

But Bulstrode did not heed.

The cricket-bat whirled aloft and came down with a terrific crash on the clock. One last agonised buzz, and the alarm-clock was silent. A beautiful stillness fell upon the dormitory.

"You—you beast!" exclaimed Bob. "You owe me two bob now."

"I've a jolly good mind to give you a biff, too!" growled Bulstrode. "What do you mean by waking us all up hours before rising-bell?"

"We've got to be up early. Have you forgotten it's a whole holiday to-day?"

"I'm not going to begin a whole holiday by getting up in the middle of the night, dummy!" grunted Bulstrode, and he plunged into bed again.

"Slacker!" said Bob Cherry. "Up with you, you chaps! You ought to be thankful to me for calling you early. Get up, you lazy bouncers!"

"I don't think I can get up just yet," said Billy Bunter. "I'm rather delicate, and I require a lot of sleep. I never really get enough sleep. If you fellows are quiet I can get to sleep again. Don't make a row."

Bob Cherry took the sponge off his washstand and dipped it into a jug of cold water.

"I'm an obliging fellow," he remarked. "I've gone to the expense of two shillings for the sake of getting you up early, but I don't mind taking a little more trouble. Will you have it down the neck, Bunty?"

"Ow! Keep away!"

"Or under the chin?"

"Ow! Goorooh!"

"Are you going to get out—— By Jove, he's out already!"

"You beast!"

"Any of you fellows want helping to rise?" asked Bob Cherry. "Every chap who is coming down to the bay to-day has got to get up early. We're going to have the schooner out, and make a day of it, and the earlier we begin, the better. We're going to get our own breakfast downstairs, and buzz off before the school's awake. Now then, who wants cold water down his neck?"

"Look here," said Hazeldene, "that's all very well——"

"Of course it is! Get up!"

"I think we might as well leave it till after breakfast, at the usual time."

## THERE'S NOT A DULL MOMENT IN THIS SPARKLING STORY OF FUN AND ADVENTURE AT SCHOOL AND AT SEA.

"You'll think differently when you're out of bed. Here goes!"

"Ow, ow! Take that sponge away from me!"

"Take yourself away from the sponge!"

Hazeldene did so, rolling out of bed streaming with water. Bob Cherry moved towards Nugent's bed, and Nugent was up in a twinkling. In fact, every bed that Bob Cherry drew near was immediately vacated by its occupant, and in a very short space of time the Greyfriars sailors were all up.

Once up, in the fresh, clear morning, they were contented enough, and washing and dressing went on cheerfully. Only Bulstrode and his friends—the slackers of the Remove—remained in bed, as well as a few fellows who, for various reasons, had not taken up the sailor wheeze.

It had been Wharton's idea to form a kind of cadet corps of sailors among the Greyfriars juniors, who should train for a seafaring life. The proximity of the sea aided him in carrying out his idea, and through the generosity of his uncle, Colonel Wharton, he had obtained possession of an old schooner, which had been wrecked in the bay, but was now patched up, and in really good condition.

The whole holiday was a rare chance for the Greyfriars sailors to have a day out, and they had been preparing for it for some time.

It was Bob Cherry's idea to get up early, and make the day longer by starting it sooner. The alarm-clock had been a success, and now, still half an hour before the rest of Greyfriars was astir, the juniors were ready for business.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Now, we're ready," said Harry Wharton. "March!"

"I say, you fellows, what about brekker?" asked Billy Bunter anxiously. "We can't go out hungry—at least, I can't. It might have a most serious effect on my health."

"That's all right," said Bob Cherry. "We're going to have a feed before we start. There must be some grub downstairs, and the maids will be pleased when they get up to find that we've got our breakfast ourselves, and saved them a lot of trouble."

The Removites chuckled. It did not seem likely that the cook and her satellites would be pleased—but there was clearly nothing else to be done. And the crowd of juniors swarmed downstairs in search of provender.

### Breakfast Below Stairs!

GREYFRIARS was very still. No one seemed to be stirring. Below stairs, all was gloomy and quiet.

The juniors trod on tiptoe as they descended into the lower regions, where the housekeeper was monarch of all she surveyed. In spite of Bob Cherry's optimistic opinion that she would be pleased, the juniors expected a wrathful reception if they were found below stairs.

There was no one in the kitchen. The room was still warm and close from the fire of yesterday. Wharton crossed to the window and threw it open, to let in a breath of fresh air, and Bob Cherry switched on the light.

"Now we've got to get a fire going, and make some tea," Bob Cherry remarked, "and I suppose there's some grub somewhere."

"The larder's locked!" exclaimed several disappointed voices.



Siphons in hand, the Greyfriars sailors lined the rail—and fired! Six-z-z-z-z-z-z! There was a roar from the boat alongside, as the Fegg Scouts received the streams full in their faces. It was one way of repelling boarders!

"Well, you didn't expect it to be open, did you? We shall have to open it ourselves."

"I say, you can't bust a lock—"

"No bustee," said a soft, silky voice; "me pickee lockee."

It was Wun Lung, the Chinese junior.

Wun Lung could do almost anything, in a mechanical way, and his skill came in very useful just now. Bob Cherry gave him a slap on the back that made him stagger.

"Go it, China!"

"Velly good!" gasped Wun Lung. "Not so luff—bleakee bonnee."

"Oh, rats! Get the larder open!"

How the Chinese did it, the juniors did not know; but the door was open in a few seconds. The stores of the housekeeper were exposed to the raid of the Removites.

And the raid was soon carried out.

Breakfast at Greyfriars was usually a substantial meal of eggs and bacon and marmalade, in addition to an unlimited supply of bread-and-butter. But on the present occasion breakfast was more plentiful. There would very likely be a row about it, and if there was to be a row, there was no reason why the juniors shouldn't have a very good feed while they were about it.

"Of course," Bunter remarked, "if there's a row, Bob Cherry will own up to be the ring-leader, so it will be all right. We may as well have a good tuck-in while we've got the chance."

"Oh, it will be all right. will it?" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Of course, I shall be sorry if you get a licking, Cherry, but that needn't worry us now. Where's the frying-pan?"

"Here you are."

"I'll grease it with fresh butter. That's nicer, you know, and the expense doesn't matter now. Hand over the sausages. How many shall I cook?"

"The lot."

"Good! What we can't eat we can take with us. It will cost something, getting our grub out of doors to-day, and we may as well take all we can."

The fire was soon roaring up the chimney. Plenty of wood had been used, and it had not taken long to light it. Bunter busied himself with the task of cooking bacon and sausages, and he turned them out in masterly style. Bunter, with all his faults, was an excellent cook.

A savoury smell of cooking filled the great kitchen. The roaring fire was very cheerful in the chill March morning.

The juniors industriously dragged out plates and dishes, knives and forks, and the largest table was laid for the feast.

There was the sound of a footstep on the stairs as Bunter dished up the bacon, and Nugent uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"It's cooky!"

The juniors acted promptly. Two or three of them rushed to the door and slammed it, and the key was turned in the lock.

The next moment there was a thump on the door.

"Who's in there?"

It was the voice of the cook.

"Don't answer," whispered Wharton. "We'd better be deaf for a bit. Buckle to and get the grub."

The Removites fell to with a will. Bacon and eggs and sausages disappeared at an alarming rate, in a way that would have brought fearful visitations of dyspepsia to any but schoolboys. There was plenty to be had, and the juniors passed up their plates again and again, and feasted right merrily.

Meanwhile, the thumping and shrieking at the door was growing hysterical. There was no reply to the frantic inquiries and commands of the enraged cook, and at last the noise ceased.

"She's gone," chuckled Bob Cherry. "Pass the eggs, Bunter."

"The gonefulness is great," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur; "but the returnfulness will be terrific."

The dusky junior was right. Five minutes later there was a sharper knock at the door. The voice of Mrs. Kebble, the housekeeper, was heard through the keyhole.

"Boys, please open the door!"

Harry Wharton looked up and down the table. The inroads of the juniors had pretty well cleared up the provisions, and breakfast was nearly over.

"Can't refuse a lady when she makes a request," said Bob Cherry. "Open the door, somebody."

Harry opened the door. Mrs. Kebble, with the wrathful cook behind her, looked into the kitchen. At the sight of the well-spread table, the roaring fire, and the feasting juniors, the housekeeper looked as if she would faint.

"Dear me! What ever are you doing?"

"My grate!" gasped the cook. "Look at it! Hegg's spilt all hover my 'obs."

"Don't get excited!" said Wharton soothingly. "We've been trying to save you a lot of trouble."

"What does this mean?" asked the housekeeper.

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"We were up early this morning," said Wharton. "That's the rising-bell going just now, by Jove! We thought we'd save you all the trouble of getting breakfast for us."

"Young himps!" murmured the cook.

"We're done," went on Wharton. "You can have the kitchen now."

"I must report this," murmured Mrs. Kebble. "Oh, nonsense!" said Wharton. "Sit down and have breakfast with us. The cooking is ripping, and I can recommend the grub. You must."

"But—but—"

Wharton led Mrs. Kebble to a chair.

"Come, have breakfast with us. Bunter, serve Mrs. Kebble."

"Certainly, Wharton. Do you like sausages well done, ma'am?"

"Really!" gasped Mrs. Kebble, scarcely knowing whether she was dreaming or not.

"Fresh tea for Mrs. Kebble," said Wharton.

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry, jumping up.

Mrs. Kebble broke into a smile. She was a good-hearted soul, and Harry Wharton had a winning way with him. The good lady had not breakfasted, and, as a matter of fact, the cooking was very good, the scent appetising. Mrs. Kebble allowed herself to be helped, and the wrathful cook retreated, to confide her indignation to Mary Jane, the housemaid.

The breakfast was a success. The juniors pressed round the housekeeper, filling her plate and her teacup as fast as room was made for fresh helpings, until at last Mrs. Kebble laughingly pleaded for mercy.

And then, breakfast over, and the housekeeper in an excellent temper, the juniors took their departure from the sacred precincts below stairs.

"You're a set of young rascals," said Mrs. Kebble, shaking a forefinger at them warningly, "and I ought to report you to the Head to be caned. But I won't—only, if you ever do it again—"

And so the Removites retreated unscathed.

### Off to Sea!

THE other Forms were coming downstairs as the Removites, well fed and contented, left the precincts of the kitchen.

Temple, Dabney & Co., of the Upper Fourth, stared at the Removites as at a startling vision.

"My hat!" said Temple. "Here are these youngsters up and washed already! Who was it said the age of miracles is past?"

"And we've had breakfast, too, and a jolly good one, while you slackers were in bed," said Bob Cherry. "Now we're going out for a life on the ocean wave. Good-bye!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Temple. "If you like to wait till after breakfast we can come. I know a lot about sailing. I've sailed a yacht, you know, at home in the holidays. I can take command, and you kids can be the crew. Dab and Fry can be the mates, and I'll be the captain."

"Oh, I say, Temple, you're too kind!"

"I don't mind. I'll—"

"But we do!" said Wharton promptly. "We're not looking out for any commanders. I'm captain of the Marjorie."

"You? Rats!"

"Bob Cherry is first mate and Nugent second mate."

"Bosh!"

"And these chaps are my crew. We haven't any vacancies for able seamen, but we'll take you chaps on as cleaners and stokers, if you like."

Temple, Dabney & Co. looked daggers at the grinning Removites.

"Look here——" began Temple.

"That's the offer," said Wharton. "You can take it or leave it."

"I rather think we'll leave it," said Temple. "Mind, I've offered to run the boat for you and make the cruise a success."

"Thank you for nothing."

"If anything happens, don't blame me. And I rather think something will happen."

"We'll be ready for you if you come along," said Wharton, laughing. And Temple, Dabney & Co. walked on to the dining-room, frowning.

"Cheeky young beggars!" said Temple. "They want putting in their place. Since Wharton got up this wheeze about sailing the Remove have been altogether too cocky."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"They want a lesson," said Fry. "It's a good idea to give them one. We've got to fill up the holiday somehow. If they are going to start in life as sailors, I don't see why we shouldn't begin as pirates."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat, that's not a bad idea!" exclaimed Temple eagerly. "If their craft is captured by pirates this afternoon, they've only got themselves to thank. We'll jaw it over with the fellows."

And the Upper Fourth, always ready for a row with the Remove, were soon eagerly discussing the project.

Meanwhile, the Remove sailormen were leaving the school to go down to the bay. They had donned their sailor garb, which was a sort of midshipman's uniform. All eyes were turned on them when they marched out into the Close.

Dr. Locke glanced out of his study window, and smiled. The Greyfriars Remove was a lively and restive Form, and gave more trouble to the authorities than any other Form at Greyfriars.

But the latest scheme was not only harmless, it was one of which the Head could heartily approve. Anything that fostered in the boys a love of the sea and sailing, was beneficial, and the training they were getting, in the form of amusement, could only do them good.

Wharton formed his men up in order, four abreast, and gave the signal to march. The Remove marched.

After them came a crowd of "infants" belonging to the Third and Second Forms, yelling and grimacing and cat-calling, evidently very much amused by the sailor garb and the orderly march.

Some of the Removites were greatly inclined to break ranks in order to chase the cheeky infants and inflict on them condign punishment, but Wharton's voice rang out sternly, and the Removites marched on, with crimson faces, to the gates.

Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, met them in the Close, but he did not grin, as the juniors expected. He looked up and down the ranks of the Removites and nodded his head with approval.

"You'll do!" he exclaimed. "Mind you don't get drowned, that's all. Remember, Wharton, only the fellows who can swim are allowed to sail the schooner."

"Right-ho!" said Harry.

"You've sunk her once," smiled the captain of Greyfriars. "If you'd had any fellow with you who couldn't swim, it might have been serious."

"We shan't sink her again, Wingate."

"No; but keep on the safe side. Head's orders, you know."

"Right you are!"

And the Removites marched on. Various village lads who saw them going down the road to the bay hurled ribald remarks after them, but the Removites preserved an aspect of lordly dignity, and took no notice.

They marched on round the hill, where the road wound round by the rugged slopes of the Black Pike, and the sea burst upon their sight.

It was a glorious view—the wide bay, shut in to the north by the towering rocks of the Shoulder—the stretch of blue water fading away into the boundless English Channel—the brown sand glimmering in the sun, and the fishing-village nestling among the rocks at the head of the bay.

The road sloped down ruggedly towards the hamlet of Pegg. The juniors had reached the border of the village, when there was a sudden shout, and a line of bronze-faced youths drew up across the road.

"Halt!"

#### Afloat Again!

**H**ARRY WHARTON halted, and the juniors followed his example. There were six sturdy fellows drawn up as if to oppose their passage, and Harry recognised them as belonging to the fishing-village. Their attire showed that they were a patrol of Boy Scouts.

"Hallo, kids!" said Wharton. "What's wrong?"

The Scout leader frowned. He was a boy of Wharton's own age, named Trumper, the son of a fisherman, and many a time he had been out in his father's boat, and the rough-and-ready life had made a man of him before he was sixteen.

He evidently did not like being addressed as a "kid," and he pushed his wide hat back on his head and fixed his eyes on Wharton.

"Not so much jaw," he remarked. "We're Scouts, and we're out for training."

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were looking for trouble," said Bob Cherry. "If so, you've alighted on exactly the right spot."

"You've got to give an account of yourselves," said Trumper loftily. "When we come into contact with suspicious characters, we——"

"Well, of all the cheek! You know jolly well who we are."

"Clear out of the road," said Nugent. "You'll get bowled over if we charge."

"The chargefulness will be terrific."

"Rats! You halt till we give the word."

"Catch us!" said Harry Wharton warmly. "Now, we give you chaps a chance to get out of the way."

"Rats!"

Wharton waved his hand.

"Charge!"

And the Remove charged.

The Scouts had no chance against the weight of numbers. They were knocked right and left, and the juniors, yelling with laughter, rushed on, leaving Trumper and comrades sitting in the lane.

"My—my hat!" gasped Trumper.

"Well, you are an ass, Trumpy!" said one of the seafaring youths. "If you'd had a bit more sense we might have had a cruise in the schooner to-day."

"Oh, you dry up, Dicky Brown!"

"Rats to you!" said Dicky Brown indignantly. "I've a jolly good mind to make it up with them on my own, and have a cruise this afternoon."

"That you won't," said Trumper. "You're a member of this patrol, and we're out for training."

"Yes, but—"

"Any kid disobeying orders gets a thick ear on the spot," said Trumper warningly. "That isn't in the code; I made that rule myself, and it's a jolly good one."

"I don't see why I shouldn't go."

"Well, I do. It would be desertion."

"Yes, but—"

"Shut up! Form up, there! March!"

And the Boy Scout Patrol marched, Dicky Brown, however, looking considerably dissatisfied. The prospect of sailing on the bay in a real ship was an attractive one to Dicky Brown, and better than spending the day ashore. But his Scout leader thought differently.

Meanwhile, the victorious Removites marched down to the shore. The Marjorie—so named after Hazeldene's sister—was at anchor there, a short distance from the sands. An old weather-beaten seaman was leaning over her rail and smoking a pipe.

"There's Captain Stump!" said Bob Cherry. "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Schooner ahoy!"

Captain Stump looked up.

"Ahoy!" he shouted back.

"Come and fetch us aboard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Here he comes. Now, you chaps who can't swim have to stand out," said Wharton. "I'm sorry, but it's the Head's orders."

"Oh, blow the Head's orders!" said Snoop. "He won't know."

Wharton's eyes glistened for a moment.

"I've given my word," he said. "If the Head couldn't trust us, he wouldn't let us free for a whole day like this. Those who can't swim stand out."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Did you speak, Bunter?"

"You know jolly well I did, Cherry," said the fat junior indignantly. "Look here, what are we going to do about grub on board? We can't go hungry."

"That's all right," said Wharton. "Captain Stump has had his orders. You'll find plenty of grub in the cook's galley."

Billy Bunter looked mollified.

"Well, that's all right," he said. "I'd rather have selected the grub myself. You might have left it in my hands, Wharton."

"Such a jolly lot of it would have remained in your hands, you see."

"Oh, really, Wharton!"

"Here's the boat—ready there!"

A boat had been moored to the schooner, and the old sailorman had stumped into it and pulled ashore.

"Captain" Stump, as he called himself, was a regular old sea-dog. His complexion was weatherbeaten almost to the hue of mahogany. He had a wooden leg, one of his limbs having been lost during his voyages in remote quarters of the world; but exactly where, no one knew. Perhaps the old sailorman didn't remember himself; or perhaps his weakness for relating marvellous stories had rendered him a little uncertain about it at last.

If he was to be believed, he had left a leg in Australia, another in the jaws of a shark in the Indian Ocean, one frozen in the ice of Greenland, and still another among the cannibals of the African coast. Which, as Bob Cherry remarked,

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was really impossible, unless the old seaman had started life as a kind of centipede.

"Ere you are, 'sir," said Captain Stump, touching his peaked hat. "You'll find the ship safe and sound, sir. I've looked after it as if it was the happle of me eye. Every 'ole caulked now, and every leak stopped, by gum!"

"My hat! Gum isn't very strong stuff to caulk leaks with, surely!"

"Eh? I says—"

"Oh, don't be funny, Bob," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Out oars, there! Pull away!"

The boat was pretty full, and there were four oars. Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, and Mark Linley took the oars. The boat glided through the water and bumped against the side of the schooner.

The juniors clambered aboard. The schooner was certainly shipshape. The necessary repairs had been carried out, and she was seaworthy once more—at least, sufficiently seaworthy for a sail on the bay in fine weather.

But as far as paint and appearance generally went, there was a great deal to be desired. But Captain Stump pointed out the supplies of paint that had been laid in ready.

"Which it only wants laying on, sir."

"Right-ho!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Bunter can do that."

"Oh, really, Cherry!"

"Now, you know you're a jolly good painter. You've been mucking up everything in Study No. 1 lately, painting picture-postcards."

"Yes; but that's different. I'm painting picture-postcards as remunerative homework for the Patriotic Homework Association, and I expect shortly to be receiving three pounds a week from them."

"Well, you can keep your hand in practice by painting the ship. First thing, though, is to get the anchor up. Anybody got any idea how to disanchor a ship—if that's the correct term?"

"Ass! You weigh the anchor," said Trevor.

"Good! Bring up the scales!"

"Oh, don't be funny! You have to man the capstan."

"Good again! I don't know what you mean, but I'm ready. Stand by to cap the manstan—"

"Ass! Man the capstan!"

"My mistake. I'm ready!"

"I say, you fellows, before we weigh anchor, we'd better make sure there's plenty of grub on board."

"You can go and make sure, Bunt, while we weigh anchor," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Now then, all hands to the capstan!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's that? Look!"

A running figure had appeared on the shore. It was making directly for the schooner, and behind, at a distance, were five other figures, running their hardest.

"It's Dicky Brown!" exclaimed Nugent.

"He's bunking from the others."

"Been a row, I expect."

Dicky Brown ran breathlessly down the sand, and halted, gasping, by the water's edge.

"Ahoy, schooner!" he roared.

"Ahoy, Dicky Brown! What do you want?"

"Will you take me aboard?"

"Where do you want the board taken?" asked Bob Cherry humorously.

"I—I mean I want to come on the schooner. I'm a good pilot, and I'll guide you anywhere you like, and—and keep you off the rocks."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Wharton. "That's a



ripping idea. We want a pilot—in fact, it's exactly what we need. We'll take him."

"Can I come aboard?"

"Yes, rather!"

There was a shout from the distance. The other Scouts were racing down to the shore. Dicky Brown looked back nervously over his shoulder.

"Quick with the boat!" he gasped.

Wharton and Cherry jumped into the boat. With a few strokes of the oars they brought the bow bumping into the sand, and Dicky Brown sprang in.

"Shove off!" he exclaimed excitedly.

They did not stop to ask questions. It was time for action, not words. Wharton shoved off, the oars dipped again, and the boat shot away from the shore just as Trumper and his comrades came tearing down to the water's edge.

The Deserter!

"HOLD on, there!"

"Stop!"

"Come back!"

The Scouts shouted at the top of their voices as they came racing down to the shore. But the Greyfriars sailors took no notice. They pulled away steadily for the schooner, the side of which was lined with the faces of the Removites, watching eagerly.

Trumper halted, and yelled:

"Come back! Stop!"

But the boat bumped against the hull of the schooner, and the boys clambered aboard. A stretch of blue water separated Dicky Brown from his comrades and pursuers. The Removites didn't understand yet what was the matter, but they were content to know that it was "up against" the Scouts of Pegg.

Harry Wharton looked back at the seashore, and laughed as he saw Trumper making excited gesticulations.

"Ahoy, there!" he called out.

"Ahoy, you college rotter!" yelled Trumper.

"Send that man back."

"Rats! He's a pilot, and he's sailing with us to-day."

"He's a deserter!"

"We're protecting him."

"Send him back, I tell you."

"More rats!"

Trumper brandished his fists. His authority as Scout leader was defied, and the Greyfriars fellows were roaring with laughter instead of taking the matter seriously. It was enough to make any earnest Scout tear his hair. And he could not get at the deserter or his protectors—that was the worst of it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Go it, Trumpy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep it up!"

Trumper realised that he was not adding to his dignity as Scout leader, and he calmed down somewhat. He held a hurried consultation with his comrades.

The Greyfriars juniors watched them, grinning. The row with the Pegg Scouts seemed likely to add liveliness to the day's outing, and they welcomed it. It was Trumper who had started the rivalry, by stopping the juniors in the lane, and the Greyfriars fellows were inclined to keep it up for the fun of the thing.

And, anyway, they couldn't give up Dicky Brown. Deserter or not, he had taken refuge with them, and claimed their protection, and that was enough.

Dicky evidently did not realise the seriousness of the desertion, for he was grinning all over his plump, ruddy face. When he caught Trumper's eye he made a sign to him that was far from respectful—by placing his thumb against his nose and extending his fingers—a salute that made Trumper shake his fists in fury again.

"Weigh anchor, you chaps!" said Trevor.

"Hold on," said Bob Cherry. "They'll think we're running away. Let's see the end of this."

"Good!" said Wharton.

And they waited. The consultation of the Boy Scouts did not seem to be very profitable.



"You rotter!" roared Trumper. "Ow!" He gave a roar as Bunter applied the needle. There was no resisting that, and he walked forward along the plank. "You lopsided lubbers, you think you're sailors!"

They talked and argued, and some of their words floated to the juniors on the schooner.

"Don't be a silly duffer, Trumper!"

"If you don't speak more respectfully to your leader, Jim Spriggs, you'll get a thick ear—and sharp!"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"They'll begin to fight soon," he remarked. "This is as good as a circus."

A crowd was gathering on the sands to watch—fisher-folk, visitors to the village, and Greyfriars juniors. Wharton's recruits who could not swim had been left ashore, and they had dispersed up and down the bay, but the row was gathering them to the scene again.

Trumper finished the argument by giving an order in a sharp tone.

Jim Spriggs started off for the village, and the other Scouts dragged down a boat from the sand and launched it on the water.

"My hat! They're going to try to board the schooner!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Let them come!"

"Right-ho! Let 'em all come!"

"They won't find it very easy to get aboard," laughed Harry. "Get those mops together and wet 'em. Stand by to repel boarders!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Wharton gave his orders quickly, and they were as quickly carried out. He had not trained his recruits for nothing. The dozen juniors who formed the crew of the schooner lined up to receive the boarders. They were armed with wet mops—very effective weapons in repelling a rush, and they were grinning in anticipation.

Spriggs came running from the village with five or six sturdy lads at his heels. Trumper had sent for reinforcements, and the fisher lads were ready to back him up. Nearly a dozen sturdy fellows tumbled into the boat that had been launched, and pushed off from the shore.

Trumper stood up in the bows, with a very determined expression on his sunburnt face.

"Aho, there!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Are you going to surrender that deserter?"

"Not much!"

"Then we'll take him by force."

"Ha, ha, ha! Come on!"

"Mops to the fore!"

"Repel boarders!"

And the boat came swinging on, and bumped against the schooner, and the Scouts clambered up fiercely to the attack

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### Repelling Boarders!

THE Boy Scouts of Pegg were all more at home on the sea than on land, as a matter of fact, and they were all strong swimmers. They came up the side of the Marjorie like so many cats, and the attack was so swift and sudden that the juniors were almost taken by surprise, though they were ready at their posts.

The first thrusts of the mops were clumsy, or easily eluded, and in a few seconds Trumper had a leg over the rail, and Spriggs was clinging to it, and the rest had more or less of a footing.

But the Greyfriars sailors recovered themselves in a moment and rallied under Wharton's shout.

"Buck up, Greyfriars!"

Wharton's mop caught Trumper full on the chest, and he went down faster from the rail than he had come up. Bob Cherry gave Spriggs a lift under the chin, and he dropped into the water with a splash and a yell.

"Go it!" roared Bob Cherry.

The juniors leaned over the side poking and thrusting at the boarders, dislodging them one after another.

The Scouts dropped back into the boat, or into the water, baffled and yelling epithets at the Greyfriars juniors.

Trumper clambered out of the water into the boat, and wiped the drops from his eyes.

"Come on!" he yelled.

And he went up the side again like a madman. Disheartened a little as they were, the Scouts followed him pluckily.

Trumper eluded the thrust Frank Nugent made at him and hurled himself bodily over the rail, coming down with a bump on deck.

He was on his feet again in a moment, but then he was grasped and rolled over again in the grip of Bob Cherry and Mark Linley.

"Collar him!" roared Bob.

"I've got him!"

"Ow, you beasts!"

"Sit on his head!"

"Here, Bunter, you sit on his head!"

"Oh, really, Linley—"

"Come on! You're a heavyweight."

And Bunter, seeing that Trumper was secure and that there was no fighting to be done, assented.

Meanwhile, the Scouts had been repulsed again. The mops were too much for them. They were dislodged one after another, and they crowded savagely in the boat, defeated, and their leader a prisoner.

"Sheer off!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Yah!"

"Soda-water forward, there! Present!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! Help! Fire!"

It was a fiendish yell from Billy Bunter. He had sat on Trumper's head, as directed, to keep the truculent Scout leader still. But Trumper, if he could not use his hands, had his teeth left to use.

And he used them!

Billy Bunter jumped into the air, and hopped along the deck with the contortions of a dancing dervish.

"Ow! I'm bitten! Jump on the beast! Ow!"

"Shut up, Bunt!"

"Ow! I'm hurt! Ow!"

"Oh, ring off! Can't you be hurt quietly?" exclaimed Wharton. "Soda-water, there! Forward! Line up!"

There were soda siphons among the liberal

supplies on board the schooner, and the juniors were not long in arming themselves.

Siphons in hand, they lined the rail—and fired! Siz-z-z-z-z!

There was a roar from the boat alongside. The Scouts received the streams in their faces, in their ears, down their necks; and in a few seconds the boat was rocking away on the waves.

Yells of laughter followed it from the schooner. At a safe distance from the siphons the Scouts stopped, to yell back insulting epithets.

"Licked, by Jove!" exclaimed Russell. "And we've got a prisoner!"

"The lickfulness is terrific!"

Harry Wharton put his cap straight and assumed the stern and determined air of a captain, victor in a stubborn fight.

"Bring forward the prisoner!"

The prisoner was brought forward.

He looked very savage as Bob Cherry and Linley led him forward with a grip on either arm.

Wharton eyed him sternly, while the juniors gathered round, with excited looks. The spirit of the thing was entering into their blood, and they fancied themselves as real sailors by this time, with a real prisoner to be strung from the yardarm.

"Prisoner——" began Wharton, in a deep voice.

"Oh, cheese it!" said the prisoner.

"Prisoner!" repeated Wharton, in a still deeper bass. "You've been captured in a flagrant attempt at piracy on the high seas!"

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Cherry.

And a general chuckle followed.

Wharton turned a stern glance upon his first mate.

"Silence! Cease these ribald remarks. This is a serious matter. Piracy must be put down, or what becomes of the Union Jack and British prestige?"

"Ay, ay!"

"The Union Jack is great, and the prestige is terrific."

"Prisoner, have you anything to say before you walk the plank?"

"My hat," murmured Nugent, "that's coming it strong!"

But Wharton's face was quite serious.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Trumper.

"Have you anything to say before you walk the plank?" repeated Wharton.

"Yes, ass!"

"Say it."

"You can go and eat coke!"

"Anything else to say?"

"Yes; you're a set of silly landlubbers!"

"Anything more?"

"Yes; I'll jolly well give you a thick ear each for this when I get a chance," said Trumper. "As for Dicky Brown, he'd better look out for himself to-morrow!"

"Yah!" said Dicky Brown.

"Silence! The prisoner has no excuse to offer for his piratical conduct. As members of a glorious Navy on which the sun never sets," said Wharton, "we are bound to put down piracy. The prisoner is condemned to walk the plank."

"Oh, don't be a duffer, you know!"

"Two minutes' grace is allowed while the plank is being prepared," said the captain of the Marjorie sternly. "Then prepare to meet your—! I mean thy doom!"

"Of all the silly chumps——"

"Silence, prisoner! Prepare the plank!"

And they prepared it.

### Walking the Plank!

THERE was no doubt that the Greyfriars sailors were in earnest. The piratical Scout was doomed to walk the plank. As he would fall into shallow water, and was a good swimmer, there wasn't much danger in walking the plank, but it fulfilled the juniors' notion of what was right and fit to be done. Indeed, Billy Bunter proposed to hang him at the yardarm, but Bunter was still smarting from Trumper's bite, and he was naturally exasperated.

"Bring out the plank!"

A plank was brought. Captain Stump, who was grinning broadly, lent a hand. The plank was tilted across the rail, with a half of it over the water.

The Scouts in the boat watched these proceedings curiously. As it dawned on them what was intended, they made a movement as if to rush to the attack again. But mops and siphons were ready, and they thought better of it. They lay by, watching, and ready to pick Trumper up as soon as he splashed into the water.

Trumper was looking half-savage, and half-grinning.

As he had already been in the water twice, he couldn't get much wetter than he was, but he wasn't inclined to be executed as a pirate if he could help it.

"Prisoner——"

"Silly ass!" said the prisoner.

"The plank is prepared—go to thy doom!"

"Look here, you chump——"

"Walk the plank!"

"Rats!"

Wharton's hand rose sternly to point to the plank.

"Pirate dog——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"Silence! Pirate dog, go to thy doom!"

"Blessed if I will," said the pirate dog. "I'll jolly well give you a thick ear!"

Wharton waved his hand.

"Take him away!"

"I'll——"

"Enough! Take him away!"

"Come on, you piratical bow-wow," said Bob Cherry, yanking the prisoner towards the plank.

"Put your pretty feet there! Now march!"

"Shan't!"

Trumper struggled as Bob Cherry and Linley dragged him upon the plank.

"It's all right!" exclaimed Billy Bunter. "I'll make him walk! I've got a needle here!"

"You rotter!" roared Trumper. "I——"

"Walk, then!"

"Ow!"

Trumper gave a roar as Bunter applied the needle. There was no resisting that, and he walked forward. He halted at the spot where the plank was tilted over the rail.

"You lopsided lubbers, you think you're sailors! You're a set of lubberly, fatheaded—ow, wow!"

Bunter had made use of the needle, a jab in Trumper's calf interrupting the harangue.

The Scout leader jerked away, the plank tilted, and he went with a splash into the water.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trumper's head came out of the water. He struck out for the boat, and was pulled in in a few moments.

There he stood up to finish his remarks to the

Greyfriars sailors. The remarks were not complimentary. He gave his opinion of their sailing, of their personal looks, and of their mental capacities. He gave it at full length at the top of his voice. But he did not hurt their feelings. They were roaring with laughter, too loudly to hear a word he said.

And at last, in utter disgust at being able to make no impression upon them, the Scouts pulled away and went ashore.

"Well, I think we've given a jolly good account of ourselves," chuckled Bob Cherry. "We shan't be boarded by pirates again in a hurry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And now I fancy the proper caper is to weigh anchor."

"Right," said Wharton. "Man the capstan!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And the Greyfriars sailors obeyed. Billy Bunter retreated to the galley. He was hungry, and it was his duty to prepare meals, and he meant to have a snack or two en passant.

Wun Lung, the Chinese, followed him. Billy Bunter had been appointed cook by the captain—and Wun Lung had been appointed cook's mate by himself—but as the galley was small, there was likely to be friction there.

The anchor was weighed quite safely and stowed away, and under the experienced direction of Captain Stump, the schooner glided away from the shore under her main and topsail.

It was exhilarating to the juniors to feel the vessel moving under their feet. They felt like real sailors at last, with a vessel in their hands to manage, and the wide blue sea before them.

*(The Greyfriars sailors receive a big shock next week when they are challenged by masked pirates! Don't miss the fun and thrills.)*

## HE THOUGHT HE WAS A 'TEC!

(Continued from page 27.)

goods. And now, with my splendid success staring you in the face, you won't admit it. I won't say I'm surprised. I'm disgusted!"

Grundy strode wrathfully from the study, and closed the door after him with a terrific bang.

Tom Merry & Co. said no word. They couldn't!

Grundy the detective had left them in hysterics.

Wilkins and Gunn were astonished to learn of Grundy's success. So was everybody else.

To Grundy's intense indignation his success did not lead in the slightest degree to the chorus of admiration he had confidently expected. He was generally considered as big an ass as ever, if not a little bigger.

Wilkins and Gunn, indeed, said that it was wonderful—life wouldn't have been worth living in the study if they hadn't. Privately, they howled over Grundy's Sherlock Holmes' methods, as merrily as anybody else in the School House. Which was really a very poor reward for the powerful intellectual efforts of Grundy, the detective.

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