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The Greyfriars
BOYS' HERALD

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THE COURAGE OF DICK O'DARE!
A Thrilling Incident from our Splendid, Long Complete Story.

THE BITER BIT!

OUR GRAND, LONG, COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY.

Coker Calls In!

BILLY BUNTER put a fat and grinning face in at the doorway of No. 3 Study, in the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

"Coker's coming!" he announced.

There were four juniors in the study; Russell and Ogilvy, and Jack Drake and Dick Rodney, the two new-comers. They were sitting round the table at evening prep.

Billy Bunter evidently expected his announcement to make an impression. But it didn't! Russell and Ogilvy and Rodney went on with their prep., regardless. Only Jack Drake glanced up carelessly, and asked:

"Who's Coker?"

Jack Drake had only been a few days at Greyfriars School, hence his ignorance of the existence of that great man, Horace Coker of the Fifth.

Bunter blinked at him in surprise through his big spectacles.

"Who's Coker?" he repeated.

"Yes, who's Coker?" said Drake. "Some Remove fellow I haven't met yet?"

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "I'd like to see Coker's face, if he heard you call him a Remove fellow. He's in the Fifth."

"Oh, he's in the Fifth," said Drake.

"What is he coming here for, then?"

"You!" said Bunter.

"I see—a friendly call. This is very polite of a fellow in the Fifth. But we're doing prep., and we can't have visitors now. Run away and tell Coker to make it a bit later."

Billy Bunter chortled again.

"He's bringing a fives bat with him,"

he said.

"For me?"

"What-ho!"

"I can't accept presents from fellows I don't know," said Drake.

"He, he, he! Wait till Coker starts in with the fives' bat," grinned Bunter.

"You won't have much choice."

Drake did not look alarmed. It had already dawned upon him that the forthcoming visit of Coker of the Fifth—whatever Coker was—was of a hostile nature.

"What have you been doing to ruffle Coker?" asked Ogilvy, looking up.

Drake shook his head.

"Blessed if I know! Never knew there was a fellow of the name at Greyfriars at all."

"Oh, draw it mild," said Bunter.

"You bagged the Fifth Form brake at the station the day you came here, and Coker was punished."

"Oh, was that Coker?" said Drake.

"Come to think of it, I sort of remember him now. A lanky fellow with a face like a gargoyle, is that Coker?"

"He, he, he! Here he is."

"You cheeky young sweep!" roared a voice in the doorway. "Are you talking about me?"

Coker of the Fifth strode into No. 3 Study.

He had a fives bat in his hand, and a wrathful frown on his rugged face. He had arrived just in time to hear the new junior's flattering description of him.

Drake rose to his feet, and Dick Rodney followed his example. Evidently there was going to be trouble.

Ogilvy and Russell exchanged a glance.

Coker's trouble with the new junior was no business of theirs; but his invasion of a Remove study was—especially as it was their study. So they rose, too.

Horace Coker did not heed them. He

fixed a threatening glare upon Jack Drake.

"I haven't had time to attend to you before," he said. "But if you think I've forgotten you, you're mistaken."

Drake nodded with a smile.

"So kind of you to remember me," he said.

"You bagged our brake on the first day of term," said Coker. "I was dropped in the road."

"Yes," said Drake, in a tone of polite inquiry.

"I never allow fags to cheek me,"

continued Coker.

"I never allow the Fifth to cheek me," remarked Drake.

"What?"

"Deaf, old scout? You should bring your ear-trumpet."

"You cheeky young ass—why, I'll—I'll—"

Coker made a stride towards the new junior. "You're going through it, Drake, not that I bear any grudge, I'm above that I hope—but I'm a firm believer in keeping fags in their place. Cheeking the Fifth is outside the limit—jolly near Bolshevism, in my opinion. I'm going to lick you, chiefly for your own good."

"That's really kind," said Drake, with a laugh. "But now I see you, I see that my memory was all right."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

"You are the lanky chap with a face like a gargoyle," explained Drake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Horace Coker took a harder grip on the handle of the bat. Coker was not considered a beauty by his dearest friend—only his affectionate Aunt Judy thought that Horace was good-looking, and she was prejudiced. But there were really several degrees of plainness between Coker and a gargoyle.

"I came here," said Coker, breathing hard, "to give you a licking, Drake, to teach you your place. If you get it harder, you can thank yourself. I was going to give you a dozen. I'll make it two dozen."

"Thanks."

"Another word of cheek, and I'll make it three dozen," roared Coker.

"Make it a round gross," suggested Drake.

"What?"

"Or a thousand! Go the whole hog while you're about it," said the new junior, cheerfully.

Coker wasted no more time in words. He made a rush at the new junior, to clutch his collar with his left hand, his right being occupied by the fives bat.

Coker's intention was to jerk the Removite across the table, and then "lay on" the bat with vigour. To Coker it seemed that this was exactly what the cool new junior wanted.

But opinions differed on that point.

Jack Drake backed quickly, and as Horace Coker closed in on him, Dick Rodney thrust out a ready foot, and the Fifth-former stumbled over it.

Before he could recover himself, Drake made a spring, and bumped into the stumbling Fifth-former, sending him reeling.

Coker, to his great surprise, crashed to the floor, and the bat flew from his hand.

In one moment, the burly Fifth-former would have been on his feet again, raging. But he was not given that moment. Drake and Rodney were on him together, and the burly Horace was flattened out on the floor, face down.

with a knee driving into the small of his back.

"Why, I—I—I'll—!" spluttered Coker, in amazement and rage. "I'll—I'll—gerroff! Grooogh! Gerroff! I'll—"

He struggled furiously, and he was so big and burly, that the two juniors together had difficulty in pinning him down.

"Lend a hand, you duffers," shouted Drake. "Here, Bunter, sit on his head."

"He, he, he!"

Billy Bunter chuckled, but he did not offer to sit on Coker's head. He preferred to keep at a safe distance from the enraged Horace.

But Ogilvy was ready. He sat cheerfully on the back of Coker's head, and Coker's nose ground into the carpet like a gimlet.

"Grooogh!" came from Coker, in muffled accents.

"Jump on him, Russell!"

"What-ho!" grinned Russell.

Russell stood on Coker's legs. After that, the great Horace, burly and muscular as he was, struggled in vain.

"Pick up the bat, Rodney," said Drake, still with his knee grinding in Coker's back. "The dear boy came here to give me a dozen! We'll let him off with the same. Go it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you young villain—if—if you dare—!" spluttered Coker.

"Go it, Rodney!"

"I'm going it!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Reversing the Programme!

OH! Ow! Oooooooooop!"

With Ogilvy sitting on the back of his head, Coker's yells were rather muffled. But they were very loud. They rang through the Remove passage, muffled as they were.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Coker was strong on discipline, and he prided himself on what he called "a short way with fags." But for the fags to take a short way with Coker was astounding—to Coker! He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses.

But he had to believe the evidence of the fives' bat! It was whacking away with all the strength of Dick Rodney's arm—which was fairly muscular.

Whack! Whack!

"He, he, he!" howled Bunter, and he shouted into the passage. "I say, you fellows, roll up! Coker's being batted! He, he, he!"

There was a rush of Removites to the doorway.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Is carpet-beating going on here?"

"Coker-beating!" explained Drake.

Harry Wharton looked in, and chuckled. Behind the captain of the Remove, appeared a dozen other fellows. Even Lord Mauleverer came along to see Coker "batted."

Coker's wild howls were answered by roars of laughter from the Remove.

"I—I—I'll spifficate you!" roared Coker, struggling wildly. "I'll smash you! Yaroooh! Gerroff! Yoop! Help!"

Whack!

The passage was crammed with juniors now, staring into the study, and roaring with laughter.

"Hallo, he's had the dozen," said

Drake. "Ring off a minute, Rodney! Have you had enough, Coker?"

"Yaroooooh!"

"I don't know Coker language. Does he mean 'yes' or 'no,' you fellows?"

"Probably 'yes,'" said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Speak out, Coker! Don't be bashful!"

"I'll pulverise you!" roared Coker. "Gerroff my neck."

"Give him another three, Rodney."

"You bet!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Have you had enough, old scout?" queried Drake.

"Ow! Ow! Oh! Ah! Yes!" spluttered Coker.

"Good! Will you go away quietly now, like a good little boy?"

"I'll smash you!"

"Give him another dozen, Rodney!"

"Righto!"

"Hold on!" gasped Coker. "I—I—I'll go—I'll go if you like—oh, crumbs—I'll go."

"Quietly?" asked Drake.

"Yo-ow-ow! Yes!"

"Let him up," said Drake.

Coker of the Fifth was released.

He staggered to his feet, ruffled and dishevelled and crimson. He stood rather unsteadily on his feet; the batting had told upon him. He glared at Jack Drake with concentrated wrath.

"You—your cheeky little beast—"

Drake pointed to the door.

"Hook it!" he said.

"Kick him out!" roared Bolsover major of the Remove.

"What's a Fifth Form cad doing in our passage? Kick him out!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Collar him!" shouted Johnny Bull.

Coker of the Fifth glared round him, rather apprehensive now. The great Coker never stopped to count odds—which was rather unfortunate for him in some cases—but he realised now that he had landed himself into a hornet's nest.

"I—I—I'm going!" he gasped. "I—I'll deal with you another time, Drake."

"Any time you like, old sport," said Drake. "Bring a fives bat with you when you come—it will be wanted, you know."

"Kick him out!"

Coker made a rush for the passage.

It was crowded with Removites, and they did not seem prepared to allow the invader of their quarters to escape unscathed.

Coker had to run the gauntlet to the stairs; and by the time he escaped down the staircase, he was feeling as if he had been in a motor-car collision. When he arrived in his study, the state he was in astonished Potter and Greene, his study-mates.

Jack Drake and Co. returned to their prep. in a cheerful humour. Probably there was going to be further trouble with Coker of the Fifth, but the prospect did not worry them. Bolsover major looked into the study, with a surly expression on his face. There had been trouble already between the bully of the Remove and the new boy, and there was no love lost between them. Jack Drake gave him a cheery nod, however.

"We've kicked Coker out," said Bolsover major. "All the same, I fancy he's right in thinking that what you want is a licking, Drake. You're too cheeky by half."

"Same to you, old top."

"You've got a lot too much assurance about you for a new kid," said Bolsover major. "I don't like it."

"Lump it, then!" suggested Drake.

"If I take you in hand myself—"

roared Bolsover.

"You're welcome."

Bolsover strode into the study.

"Here, chuck it," exclaimed Ogilvy.

"We've got to do our prep.—we're late already. Get out, Bolsover."

"That cheeky cad—"

"You can scrap in the gym. another time, if you want to scrap. Get out of this study."

"I'll please myself about that!" snorted the bully of the Remove.

"All hands!" said Ogilvy. "Collar him and pitch him into the passage."

Four juniors advanced together on the bully of the Remove, and Bolsover major backed into the passage. Dick Rodney kicked the door shut after him.

Bolsover re-opened it the next moment.

"I'll talk to you in dorm, Drake," he snapped.

"My dear chap, don't—you're a bore, you know—"

Slam!

Bolsover major departed, and No. 3 study settled down to prep. at last.

—

Bolsover Asks For It!

JACK DRAKE rose to his feet, and stretched himself. Prep. was over, and the juniors were free until bedtime.

"What about a run round the quad before dorm?" asked Drake.

"Right," said Rodney.

The two chums left the study, and strolled out into the starlight of the quadrangle; Ogilvy and Russell going to the common-room. It was a clear, cold night; and Drake and Rodney enjoyed a trot round the old quad, after the labour of prep. in the warm study.

As they trotted along the grassy path in the shadow of the school wall, a voice came to their ears from the gloom.

"You two can come with me."

It was the voice of Coker of the Fifth.

"Cover!" murmured Drake.

The two Removites backed quietly into the deep shadow of the wall. Coker and Potter and Greene, of the Fifth, were coming along the path, talking as they came. The chums of the Remove did not want to run into Coker and Co. in that secluded spot. It was only too probable that Horace Coker would have taken dire vengeance there and then.

"Oh, let it drop, Coker," said Greene.

"Those Remove fags ain't worth troubling about. Besides, they always keep their end up."

Coker snorted.

"I've been batted!" he said. "Me, you know—a Fifth-former! I'd like to know what Greyfriars is coming to, when a Fifth Form chap is batted on the trousers by a scrubby gang of fags. I've got to punish them, if only for the sake of the dignity of the upper forms."

Potter grunted. He had a strong suspicion that Coker was thinking less of the dignity of the upper forms, than of the ache left by the batting.

"No good rooting about in the Remove passage," said Greene. "It only means a row and a rag."

"I've got another idea. We'll drop into their dorm after lights out."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I know which is Drake's bed," pursued Coker, evidently much taken with his idea. "I'll take a cane with me, and give him a jolly good licking, see? That's what he wants—it's really for his own good, in a way. Fags can't be allowed to cheek their superiors—it ain't good for them. I can find Drake's bed in the dark easily enough—in fact, I've made a note of it; it's just opposite the door, and there'll be some starlight. Before the Remove know what's happening, Drake will have had a thundering good licking, and we can retire without any undignified scrapping with fags."

"Good!" said Potter. "You won't want us—we shall only be in the way."

"Might blunder, you know, and cause some undignified scrapping," said Greene

gravely. "This is a thing you can handle best on your own, Coker, with your well-known tact."

"Well, if you think so, Greene—"

"No doubt about it—"

Greene's voice became inaudible in the distance. The three Fifth-formers had passed, without observing the two dim figures in the black shadow of the wall.

Drake and Rodney did not move till the steps of the Fifth-formers had died away.

Then they came out into the path again, grinning. They had not been able to help hearing the remarks of Coker and Co., as the latter passed them.

"Forewarned is forearmed," grinned Drake. "I fancy Coker will find me wide awake when he comes to the dorm. I'll take a stump to bed with me."

Rodney chuckled softly.

"Same here," he said.

The two chums came into the school-house smiling after their trot. It was close on bedtime now, and they joined the Remove on their way to the Lower-Fourth dormitory.

Billy Bunter gave them a fat grin.

"Bolsover's got his rag out," he remarked. "He's going for you in the dorm, Drake."

"Alas!" said Drake, gravely. "I wonder if there's time to make my will before going to bed."

"He, he, he!"

Wingate of the Sixth shepherded the Remove to their dormitory, and left them to turn in. Bolsover major shut the door after the captain of Greyfriars had departed. Then he came over to Drake, who was sitting on the edge of his bed, taking his boots off.

"Now, you cheeky young cad—" began Bolsover.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, more trouble?" called out Bob Cherry. "Let the new kid alone, Bolsover."

"Mind your own business, Bob Cherry!"

"Chuck it, Bolsover," exclaimed Harry Wharton, "what the thump do you want to pick a row with Drake for?"

"You picked a row with him yourself the first day he came," sneered Bolsover major. "Ain't anybody but your noble self allowed to row with him?"

"Go to bed," said Frank Nugent. "Wingate will be back in a few minutes—"

"You shut up!"

Drake sedately went on taking his boots off. Bolsover major gave an aggressive glare round the dormitory.

"Tain't the first time a new kid has been ragged," he said. "I like to see anybody stop me ragging him! I'm going to duck that young cad!"

"Well, Drake can look after himself," said Bob Cherry. "If he can't, I'll lend him a hand."

"Rats!"

Bolsover major grasped the new junior, as he sat on the edge of the bed, and jerked him towards the washstand. The Removites looked on breathlessly. Drake had already shown his fighting quality, and all the Remove expected to see a terrific scrap on the spot.

They were surprised and disappointed. Jack Drake made no resistance. He seemed as wax in the powerful hands of the Remove bully.

Bolsover major, rather surprised himself, jerked the new junior to the washstand, and proceeded to duck his head in the jug of cold water there.

Still Drake did not resist.

Dick Rodney made a step forward to help his chum, but he paused. He was perplexed, but he knew that Drake must have some reason of his own for not offering resistance. He was ready to help his chum if his help was wanted—but apparently it was not wanted.

Splash!
Drake's head splashed in the jug, with Bolsover's grasp on the back of his neck.

"Ow! Grooogh!"
The bully of the Remove released his victim, and stepped back, with a laugh of contemptuous disdain.

Drake, still calm and quiet, seized a towel, and began to towel his streaming head.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, in wonder.

There was scorn in the looks cast at Drake by all the Remove. A fellow who would take such bullying tamely was a surprise to them.

"That's a lesson for you," sneered Bolsover major, contemptuously.

"Thanks."
"You'll get some more like that if you don't mind your p's and q's."
"I'll remember."

Bolsover major gave a mocking laugh, and turned away.

Drake picked up the water-jug.
"Look out, Bolsover!" shouted Skinner.

But Bolsover was in no danger. Drake, jug in hand, stepped to Bolsover's bed.

There he up-ended the jug, and the water swamped on the bed.

"Why, you young rotter!" roared Bolsover major, in amazement and consternation. "You've soaked my bed through."

"Well, you ducked my head," said Drake. "One good turn deserves another."

"Why, I—I—I'll—" Bolsover spluttered. "You silly young fool, do you think I'm going to sleep in a drenched bed?"

"Do you prefer the floor?"
"I prefer your bed," said Bolsover major, going to it.

"I say, you can't have my bed, you know," exclaimed Drake.

"Can't I?" sneered Bolsover major. "Well, come and turn me out of it, that's all. You're welcome to try."

Drake paused.
"I won't do that—" he began.

Bolsover chuckled.

"No, I fancy you won't!" he said. "You can try if you like! I warn you that I shall thrash you till you can't squeak. But come on and try."

"What's the good?" said Drake. "You're too hefty for me, you know."

"I fancy so."

"If you insist on having my bed, Bolsover—"

"I do, you fool."

"Well, you will have to have it then. I suppose, but it's rather hard lines on me."

Dick Rodney burst into an irrepressible chuckle.

He understood now.

Bolsover was blissfully ignorant of the fact that Coker of the Fifth had planned to visit that bed, in the dark, with a cane, and thrash the occupant thereof. That was a discovery Bolsover major was to make later.

Bolsover stared at Rodney, surprised by the chuckle.

"Oh, you think it's funny, do you?" he said.

"Yes, rather," said Rodney. "You'd better turn into my bed. Drake, after Wingate's gone. You can't sleep in Bolsover's."

A few minutes later. Wingate of the Sixth came in to see lights out. Every bed was occupied, and the Greyfriars captain bade the juniors good-night and departed. Then Drake stepped promptly out of the drenched bed, and joined Rodney. There was not much room, but it was an improvement on the one he had left. From Drake's own bed,

now occupied by Bolsover major, there came a sneering chuckle.

"Drake, you young cad—"

"Hallo, Bolsover, you rotter!"

"You've had a lesson. Do you want me to come and give you another?"

"No, thanks."

"I'm going to see that you don't get your ears up."

"Thanks again."

"You're a rotten funk, anyhow."

"More thanks."

"Yah! You're not even worth kicking," said Bolsover major, scornfully.

"Right! Good-night."

And Bolsover major gave a final contemptuous snort, and settled down to sleep.

What Coker Caught!

HORACE COKER chuckled softly. It was past ten o'clock—an hour at which it was pretty certain that all in the Remove dormitory would be fast asleep. Coker opened the door noiselessly and listened.

From the silence of the dormitory came a rumbling sound, which, at hearing, hinted of an air-raid in the distance; but after a moment, was recognised as the snore of Billy Bunter.

And Coker chuckled—though inaudibly. All had gone well—as far as Coker knew. Quietly and surreptitiously he had stepped out of the Fifth Form dormitory, with most of his clothes on, and a cane in his hand. With equal surreptitiousness he had stolen away to the Remove sleeping quarters.

Now he had arrived!

He knew Drake's bed—as he had mentioned to his chums, he had made a special note of it. Coker rather prided himself upon the efficient way he did things. He wasn't the fellow to make a mistake about a bed.

He stepped softly into the dormitory, and closed the door with scarcely a sound.

A dim starlight fell in at the high windows—clear enough for the intruder to see his way about, and distinguish one bed from another.

It was the bed nearest the door that

Coker wanted—the bed he knew to belong to Jack Drake. He grinned as he stopped at the bedside, gripping his cane—a thick, stout cane borrowed from a prefect's study.

The junior who had had the astounding nerve to think of "batting" Coker, was at his mercy now. For his own good—and for other reasons—Coker was going to give him the licking of his life.

But he would not begin while the fellow was asleep—Coker was a considerate chap, in his own way. Such a proceeding might have had dangerous results to the nervous system. Coker decided to awaken his victim by jerking the bedclothes off. On a winter night, it was quite cold enough to waken a sleeper very suddenly if the bedclothes went.

Coker got a grip on the blankets, and tugged.

Nearly everything came off the bed in one powerful whisk.

There was a sleepy grunt, and the junior in the bed started up into a sitting position, spluttering with astonishment.

"Groogh! What—oh—ahrrer marrer—why. I'll—who's playing tricks—I'll—I'll—yaroooh."

Before Bolsover major could splutter any further, Coker's grip was on the back of his neck. Coker's powerful arm twisted him over.

Whack!

The cane rang across Bolsover major's lower limbs, protected only by his pyjamas.

"Yarooooooooooooop!"

The loud and prolonged yell that Bolsover major gave echoed through the Remove dormitory from end to end.

Lash! Lash!

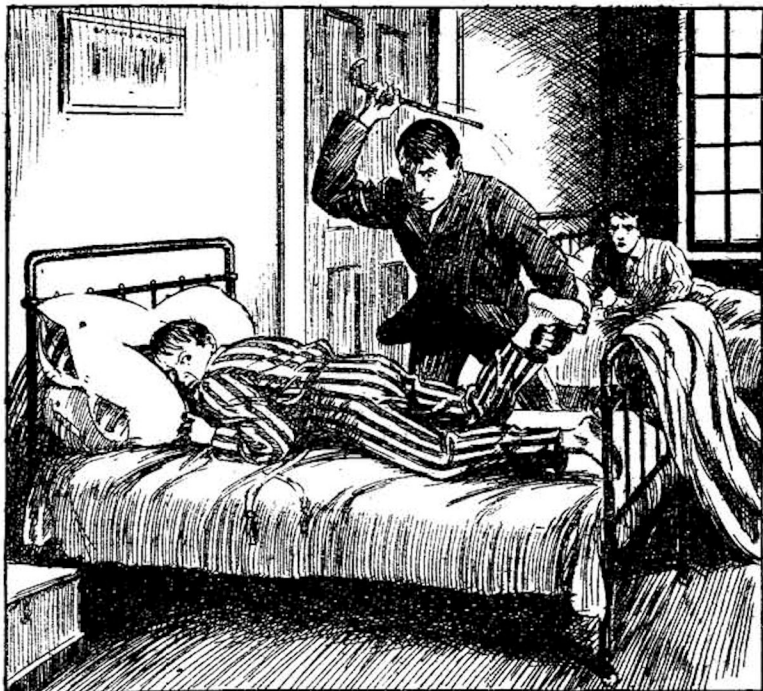
Bolsover struggled savagely, yelling wildly. But burly as he was, he was helpless in the big Fifth-former's grip.

"I told you to expect it!" gasped Coker, as he lashed away with the cane.

"I warned you—"

"Yaroooh!"

"You'll bat me, will you—bat a Fifth-former!" chuckled Coker. "My



Before Bolsover major could splutter any further, Coker's grip was on the back of his neck, and his powerful arm twisted him over. Whack! The cane rang across Bolsover major's lower limbs, protected only by his pyjamas.

dear chap, you'll learn better when you've been a bit longer at Greyfriars! Take that, and that, and that—"

Lash! Whack! Lash!
"Yow-ow-ow! Help! It's Coker! Help!" shrieked Bolsover major.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Coker!" shouted Bob Cherry. Bob was out of bed with a spring, grasping his pillow.

All the Removites were wide awake now; even William George Bunter had ceased to snore.

Voices were calling on all sides, to know what was the matter. Bolsover major's frantic howls were answer enough.

"Rescue! Yoop! Coker's—you rotter, leave off—oh, dear! Help!"

Harry Wharton leaped from his bed. "Back up," he shouted.

Whack! Whack! Whack!
"There," panted Coker. "That's a lesson for you, young Drake! Now I'll give you a rest."

"Yaroooh! You silly idiot, I'm not Drake—" shrieked Bolsover major.

"Eh?" gasped Coker, starting back.

"You mad potty duffer, I'm Bolsover—" shrieked the bully of the Remove, writhing on the bed from the anguish of the thrashing.

"Oh, my hat!" stuttered Coker.

"Go for him!" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Wharrar you doing in Drake's bed if you ain't Drake?" gasped Coker, in bewilderment. "I—I—"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Drake.

Coker realised his error. But he had no time to repair it. He had given Bolsover major all the "licks" there was time for. Removites were crowding round him in the gloom now with pillows and bolsters.

Coker beat a rapid retreat to the door. He had only time. As it was, he received a hefty swipe from Bob Cherry's pillow, as he escaped, and he stumbled in the passage, and went on all fours. He picked himself up and fled.

"Coker—it was Coker!" gasped Bob.

"The cheek-raiding our dormitory all on his lonely own! Whom was he going for?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Bolsover—that you tootling, Bolsover?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bolsover.

"Why, I'll smash him to-morrow—somehow. He's licked me black and blue—the beast had a cane—he thought it was Drake in this bed—yow-ow-ow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Drake. Dick Rodney echoed his shout of merriment. Bolsover major had received what he had asked for; for there was no mistake about that.

"Dash it all, it's not a laughing matter, if Bolsover's been walloped with a cane," exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha! It is! Are you sorry you bagged my bed, Bolsover?"

"Why," exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You—you knew—"

Drake yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha! Of course I knew! Do you think I should have let that over-

grown ass bully me, if I wasn't pulling his silly leg?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You knew?" raved Bolsover major.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Of course I knew," chuckled Jack Drake. "I knew Coker was coming here to-night to lay into me with a cane—I knew he knew my bed—and so I let you bully me out of the bed, dear boy. Perhaps you won't be so keen on bullying another time."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a howl of merriment from the Removites. They understood now why the bully of the form had had such an easy time with the new junior.

Bolsover major understood, too—now. His knowledge came a little too late to be of any use to him.

"You—you—you cad, it was a plant!" he gasped.

"Exactly!" said Jack Drake, coolly. "And now I've got a jolly good mind to turn you out of that bed. Still, as you've had such a thundering licking, you can keep it for the night. Don't be such a rotten bully another time. Bolsover, and you won't collect up thrashings by mistake."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I—I—" Bolsover major gasped with rage. "I—I don't feel like thrashing you now, Drake—ow—ow—but to-morrow—I'll thrash you till you can't squeak, to-morrow! Ow! Wow!"

"Hear, hear!" said Drake, cheerily. "Shut up now, and let's go to sleep."

"Ow! Wow! Wow!"

The Removites chuckled themselves to sleep—but it was a long time before slumber visited Bolsover major. Horace Coker had done his work well; never had the bully of the Remove received so terrific a licking. And the fact that he had himself to thank for it was no solace at all. Even the prospect of vengeance on the morrow did not console him much. Bolsover major was the only fellow in the Remove who failed to see the comic side of Coker's catch.

THE END.

Another of these splendid long school stories next week. Look out for it!



by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

The best of all the Tarzan stories, telling of the wonderful adventures of the son of Tarzan in the savage haunts of the wild animals who inhabit the jungle. Do not miss the opening chapters in WEDNESDAY'S

BOYS' CINEMA WEEKLY 2

The Cinema Adventure Paper

OUR TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION!

PRIZES FOR ALL CONTRIBUTIONS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE

For the best storyette printed on this page a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck will be awarded. Money prizes will be given for all other contributions used. When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard, and addressed to "Boys' Herald," Gough House, Gough Square, London E.C.4.—Editor.

C(S)ENT.

Mr. Quelch: "Bunter, what is the meaning of fifteen per cent.?"

Bunter: "Well, sir, if a lady went to a fishmongers and ordered sixteen kippers, and her husband went and ordered fourteen, how many kippers would there be altogether?"

Mr. Quelch: "Thirty."

Bunter: "How many pairs, sir?"

Mr. Quelch: "Fifteen pairs."

Bunter: "Well, there you are, sir, fifteen pair sent!" (15 per cent.)—Money Prize sent to Wm. Fitzsimons, 34, Dalrymple Street, Liverpool.

THE THIRD TIME.

"Nugent minor!" thundered Mr. Twigg. "This is the third time I've punished you this week. What is the matter with you?"

"Well, sir," said Nugent minor, "I read in a book that all the good die young. I'm taking no chances!"—Money Prize sent to Jack Whatley, 844, Shettlestone Road, Glasgow.

THE "SOFT" ANSWER!

This contribution wins our Hamper filled with delicious tuck. Have you won one yet?

Mother: "You have been fighting again, Bobbie?"

Bobbie: "I couldn't help it, mother. That Stapleford boy gave me some of his cheek."

Mother: "That was no reason for your fighting him. You should have remembered that a soft answer turneth away wrath; and given him a soft answer."

Bobbie: "You bet your boots I did! I hit him with a chunk of mud!" Hamper filled with delicious Tuck, sent to John Pleskin, 12, Ship Alley, St. George's Street, London, E.1.

THAT'S A FACT!

"I s-s-say—" gasped Billy Bunter, as he clung desperately to the arm of a

skating instructor, while rinking one afternoon at Courtfield. "What do you reckon is the hardest thing—whoop!--about roller-skating?"

"The floor!" replied the instructor, and moved onwards.

Billy's feet soon swept from beneath him, and he found that it was so.—Money Prize sent to Frank Waring, "Madura," Springbank Crescent, Dunblane, near Stirling.

HOW TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Mrs. Bunter: "Billy, I left six peaches on that dish, and there is only one left now. Have you taken any?"

Billy: "No, mater, I haven't touched one of them!"

Mrs. Bunter: "Why, there are the stones in your pocket, and you've just told me you haven't touched one of them!"

Billy: "Well, mater, the one I didn't touch is the one that is left on the dish!"

Money Prize sent to Elena Ferrarini, Central Piers, Morecambe, Lancs.

THE CASE OF THE PINK RAT!

Are you reading these amusing stories of **HERLOCK SHOLMES, THE WORLD'S WORST DETECTIVE?**

THE magnificent yellow motor-car swung down Shaker Street and drew up smartly before the house in which Mr. Herlock Sholmes and I had our apartments. Three minutes later Mrs. Spudson ushered in a burly gentleman in a blue reefer suit.

"Mr. Sholmes! Thank 'eavins you're hin!"

At the exclamation Herlock Sholmes raised his lean form from the depths of his armchair.

"Be seated, my dear sir," he said; "my services are at your disposal. If you are a Labour M.P. in difficulties

"I ham not, Mr. Sholmes," said the man, dropping heavily into a chair. "I'm Bill Slack o' Poplar, well-known in local dockin' circles. I've come to ask your 'elp. I've seen 'em again!"

His voice rose to a wild howl of fear. "See what again?" asked Sholmes.

"The pink rats!"

Herlock Sholmes and I regarded the burly visitor severely.

"Pardon me, sir," I said, "I am the qualified medical practitioner of this establishment. You wish to consult me, I presume?"

Mr. Slack brought down a fist the size of a ham on to the padded arm of his chair with a thump which sent the dust flying.

"No," he roared. "I'll 'ave you know I'm a member of the Pussyfoot Anti-Wet League! That's jest it; no sooner do I talk about them there pink rats than people think my favourite exercise is liftin' glasses."

"Perhaps, Mr. Slack," murmured Herlock Sholmes soothingly, "you will favour me with more details about yourself and the matter which is troubling you."

Mr. Slack wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow with an enormous red handkerchief, and made a great effort to compose himself.

"Well, it's like this 'ere, Mr. Sholmes," he said. "Some months ago I was approached by a depytation o' riverside employers and foremen wot offered me a job as a dockhand, un-loadin' ships and sich like. After smokin' a doped cigar given me by one o' the bosses, I agreed to work from eleven to four for ten pun a week, providin' o' course, that a motor-car was sent to take me from my 'ome to the docks an' back."

Mr. Slack moistened his lips. Mention of work out of hours was naturally distressing to the cultivated sense of this hardy old Briton.

"Anyway, I started in at the Poplar docks," he continued, "and as me and my mates didn't strike no more'n six times durin' the year, we made plenty of money. Then one night, a fortnight ago, I saw the pink rats, and, like a idiot, told my mates about 'em. Since then I've been the laughin' stock o' the whole waterside."

"And you hadn't touched a drop, Mr. Slack?" murmured Herlock Sholmes sympathetically.

"Not a drop," said Bill Slack vehemently. "Yet no less than three times I've seen them there pink rats on the wharf. Each time they appeared in

the same place in Number Four Shed, South India Dock, while I was alone, restin' alongside o' my work. My reppytation is bein' ruined, Mr. Sholmes. Even the Pussyfoot Anti-Wet Society has asked me to resign. Only by trackin' down an' capturin' one o' them there pink rats in the flesh will save the family name o' Slack from the slur o' bein' coupled with nasty remarks about D.T.'s and 'bats in the belfry.'"

"But, surely, Mr. Slack," I suggested, "you would do better to consult a rat-catcher, not the greatest living detective?"

"Ratcatcher!" snorted our client.

up the bulky sacks and discussing the chances of Woolwich Arsenal beating the Wapping Wanderers on the morrow. Bill Slack led the way into a far corner of the shed.

"That's the spot I saw them there pink rats," he said, "near the pile o' malt sacks."

Herlock Sholmes wasted no time. He drew us into hiding behind the sacks. What his plan was I could only surmise, but I guessed it would entail a long vigil.

But nothing of the kind. The famous detective made a noise like a piece of cheese, and immediately a large rat darted into the open. I gave a gasp of amazement, and Mr. Slack clutched his throat, for that rodent was as pink as the pills for pale people!

Next moment Sholmes brought his walking-stick down with a thud, and the four-footed intruder gave a loud squeal and rolled over.

As my amazing friend lifted the rat by its tail for the purpose of examining it, Mr. Slack darted forward and gripped his hand. There were tears of relief in the honest fellow's eyes. The vindication of the name of Slack had been accomplished!

"Listen!" said Sholmes. "Take this creature and show it to your pals of the Pussyfoot Anti-Wet Society, and then send it along by parcel post to me. But don't keep it too long. There is more in this than meets the eye."

Leaving the overjoyed Mr. Slack, we made our way by bus back to Shaker Street.

"My dear Sholmes," I exclaimed, "you should report this discovery to the Royal Zoological Society! A pink rat—"

"To the President of the Society for the Investigation of the Migratory Habits of

Rodents, you mean, Jotty," said Sholmes. "Were you as keen a student of the daily newspapers as I am myself, you would know that a number of rats were captured by Professor N. O. C. Parker of Woolwich, who painted them pink and set them free again. The idea was to learn how far, and to which parts of the country, the rodents migrated. Purple, yellow, and blue rats have also been loosened in various other places, to the consternation of local toppers. I have no doubt the President of the S.I.M.H.R. will be duly grateful to us for informing him that some of his pink rats have found their way across the river from Woolwich to Poplar. But we must send also the defunct specimen as proof."

Another amusing adventure next week.



Herlock Sholmes lifted the rat by its tail for the purpose of examining it.

"At the docks they've tried ratcatchers, traps, cats, dogs, and poison; but dock rats are too cute for sicklike things. Besides, it ain't ordinary brown rats I want caught; it's one o' them there sheshul pink 'uns."

"The case is rather out of my usual line," said Herlock Sholmes, rising. "Nevertheless, I will undertake to elucidate the mystery, not merely on account of the fact that you can afford an exceptionally heavy fee, but because of the novelty of the case interests me. Come, let us proceed in your car to the South India Docks."

Although it was nearly four o'clock when we reached popular Poplar, the docks presented their usual animated appearance. A large steamship was unloading malt opposite Shed No. 4, and a number of dockhands were busy holding