

BIG MONEY PRIZES FOR BOYS! (SEE INSIDE.)

The Greyfriars  
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**"THE TERROR OF THE RANGE!"**  
Our Baffling Wild West Mystery Story—Inside.



## OUR RIPPING LONG COMPLETE STORY OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

Shoulder to  
Shoulder!**Bob Cherry Puts His Foot Down!**

**G**ENTLEMEN—  
“Hear, hear!”  
“I have only a few words to say—”

“Good!”  
“Shut up, Johnny, and give a chap a chance to speak!” exclaimed Bob Cherry warmly.

“Get on with the washing, old scout,” said Frank Nugent. “Wharton will be waiting for us—”

“We don’t want to miss the fight,” said Johnny Bull. “Can’t you talk some other time, Bob?”

“You ass!”  
“The postponefulness of the esteemed speech is the proper caper,” suggested Hurree Janset Ram Singh. “The scrappifulness of Wharton and Drake is the item on the programme—”

“Will you let me speak?” bawled Bob Cherry.

“Hear, hear!” said Squiff.

“Go it, Bob! Shut up, Inky!”

“I was going to say—” resumed Bob Cherry.

“How long will it take?” inquired Johnny Bull.

“Order! Dry up, Johnny, and let him get it off his chest,” said Squiff.

“He won’t be happy till he gets it.”

“But—”

“Silence for the chair!” rapped out Vernon-Smith.

Bob Cherry was beginning to look excited. Immediately after lessons that day, he had shepherded that group of juniors into the Rag, to address them upon a subject that was apparently important.

But he found them rather restive. The fact that there was a fight on, seemed to interest most of the juniors much more than a speech from Robert Cherry.

“Gentlemen!” said Bob, calming himself. “It’s about Wharton’s fight with Drake that I’m going to speak. Drake’s been japing Wharton, and getting his hair off. Well, it was a harmless joke enough, and Wharton shouldn’t cut up so rusty.”

“Better tell him that!” chuckled Smyth. “He will want to scrap with you next!”

“Drake is a cheeky kid,” went on Bob. “But he’s a good sort enough. We’re not going to see a fight over a silly trifle like a practical joke. It makes Wharton look rather an ass to be taking it so seriously. I’ve called you fellows together, because you’re all friends of Harry’s—I want you to back me up in stopping it before it begins.”

“That sounds a bit Irish,” remarked Vernon-Smith.

“You know what I mean, ass. The scrap isn’t going to take place, and it’s up to us to see that it doesn’t.”

The juniors looked serious at that.

They had all chuckled over the pulling of the Remove captain’s leg by the new junior; and they all felt that Harry Wharton would have acted more wisely to laugh over the joke with the rest. But nobody felt inclined to reason with Wharton on the subject.

“Better let ‘em rip!” said Johnny Bull. “Wharton will only knit his giddy brows if we interfere—you know his way.”

“He won’t listen to us,” said Nugent. “It’s no good talking, Bob. It’s all rot, of course, but there you are.”

“I know he won’t listen,” said Bob. “I’m not thinking of arguing with him. I’m thinking of chipping in. They’ve gone behind the gym, now, and he will be beginning.”

“Well, we’re going to rush them—”

“Eh?”

“And give ‘em a good bumping for playing the goat,” said Bob. “We’ll do the same whenever they begin.”

“Oh, my hat!”

“If they want to scrap, they can scrap with the Highcliffe rotters,” said Bob. “Ponsomby and Co. ragged Bunter only yesterday.”

“What does Bunter matter?”

“Nothing; still, Pon ought to be punished. Anyhow, we ought to stop those two asses punching one another, and I think it’s up to us.”

“Wharton will be no end waxy.”

“Let him!”

Vernon-Smith chuckled.

“Righto, then,” he said. “I’ll back you up. It’s all rot to have a slogging match over a practical joke.”

“Come on, then,” said Bob.

Bob Cherry, satisfied at having gained his point, led his flock out of the Rag.

“Where’s Wharton, Bunter?” he called out, as he sighted the Owl of the Remove in the passage.

Billy Bunter gave a fat grin.

“Just marched off, with his noble nose in the air,” he replied. “Frowning like—like— Who was that chap who defied the lightning? Right up on the high-horse! He, he, he! Drake and Rodney have gone with him—they’re behind the gym, now, I think. I say, you fellows, I hope Drake will lick Wharton, don’t you? Yaroooooh!”

Bunter wound up with a loud howl, as Bob took him by the collar in passing and sat him forcibly on the floor. Bunter’s kind wishes for Wharton did not meet with the approval of Harry Wharton’s chums—though just then they were feeling rather impatient with their leader.

Bob Cherry and Co. cut across the quad, and they came round the gym, with a rush.

They were only just in time.

Harry Wharton and Jack Drake were facing one another, with the gloves on, and a dozen fellows were standing

round looking on. Rodney was Drake’s second, and Ogilvy was acting for Wharton, as his own special followers had not appeared on the scene. But they appeared now—with a rush that broke up the ring.

“Stop!” exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Wharton stared at him.

“What do you mean? We’re just going to begin.”

“You’re not!” explained Bob.

“Having held a meeting on the subject, we’ve decided that there’s no reason for a fight, and it’s not going to take place!”

“Don’t be an ass!”

“My dear chap, it’s you that are the ass, and we’re going to stop you,” said Bob. “Take those gloves off—and you too, Drake!”

Jack Drake laughed.

“What the thump are you interfering for?” he asked. “I don’t care a rap one way or the other; but—”

“Nuff said! Take those gloves off!”

“Rats!” retorted Drake.

Harry Wharton set his lips. His temper was already very sore, and he evidently was not pleased with this intervention.

“Stand back, Bob,” he said quietly.

“I’m not allowing any interference here.”

“Beware the thunderbolts of Jupiter!” exclaimed Skinner of the Remove. “His Highness will wither you with a glance, if you don’t mind your p’s and q’s.”

“Shut up, Skinner,” growled Bob.

“Now, Wharton—”

“Stand back!”

“Will you take those gloves off?”

“No!”

“Collar them!” exclaimed Bob.

“Look here—”

“Hands off!”

But Bob Cherry and Co. meant business. Four rushed on Harry Wharton, and four on Drake. And the next moment the two intended combatants were being bumped on the hard, unsympathetic ground.

**Unavoidably Postponed!**

**L**ET go!” roared Wharton furiously.

“You rotters!” roared Drake.

“You silly duffers!” yelled Harry Wharton.

“He, he, he! Give ‘em some more!” hooted Billy Bunter. “Give Wharton another! Bump him! He, he, he!”

“Carry ‘em home!” said Bob Cherry.

“If they won’t keep the peace, they’ve got to be made to toe the line! Carry on!”

In four pairs of hands, Harry Wharton was rushed away in one direction, and in another four, Jack Drake was carried off. Drake had given up struggling, and he was laughing as he was rushed across the quadrangle.



"Are you going to keep the peace?" inquired Johnny Bull, as the four juniors halted and held Drake's head over the basin of the fountain.

"Oh, certainly," said Drake. "As long as Wharton does, anyhow. Never was such a peaceable chap, as I am."

"Let him go, then," said Squiff, laughing.

And Jack Drake was released. Dick Rodney joined him, with a smile on his face. Rodney was glad enough that the conflict had been prevented. A fight between two champions like Wharton and Drake would have been a serious matter, and which ever way victory inclined, both the combatants would certainly have received very severe punishment.

"I'm glad it's off," said Rodney. "Wharton may have got over his tantrums by to-morrow, and there needn't be a fight at all. It's rather ridiculous of him to cut up rusty like this over a jape."

"I fancy he won't let it stop at this, though," answered Drake. "Still, I'll keep my distance, if he does. I'm not specially anxious for a first-class scrap. I've still got some marks left from scrapping with Bolsover major."

The peacemakers had had easy work with Jack Drake, whose good humour seldom failed him; but their task with Wharton was not so easy. The captain of the Remove was plumped down on a bench under the elms, and Bob, Nugent, Hurree Singh and Vernon-Smith stood round him, on guard. The look that Wharton gave them was not a pleasant one.

"What does this foolery mean?" asked Wharton, a little breathlessly. "Haven't I explained?" asked Bob cheerily. "You're not going to fight Drake over a fag joke."

"I shall do as I please," Bob shook his head. "Not while you've got your old pals to see that you don't!" he answered. "We're going to bump you every time you begin."

"Look here, you silly ass—"

"Slang your old chums as much as you like, so long as you keep the peace," said Bob good-humouredly. "But you're not going to fight Drake."

Harry Wharton made no rejoinder. He rose from the bench and walked away, and if he had gone in the direction of Drake, his devoted chums were prepared to collar him again.

But he went into the school-house, and they were relieved.

"All serene," said Bob Cherry. "Didn't I tell you it was a good idea? Old Wharton will get over it by to-morrow, and no harm done."

"Hum! I hope so," said Nugent. Frank Nugent was rather doubtful, and he looked a little curiously at his chum, when they met at tea in No. 1 Study.

But the captain of the Remove was quite cheery, and Nugent was relieved to see that there was no sign of the sulks.

Neither did Wharton make any attempt again that day to seek Jack Drake. They were both in the common-room that evening, and did not approach one another.

Bob Cherry smiled with satisfaction. He felt that this drastic line he had taken had been a success.

Probably he would not have felt so satisfied if he had seen Harry Wharton draw near to the new junior, when the Remove were going up to their dormitory, and had heard the Remove captain's words. Wharton's eyes gleamed as he spoke to Drake, but he spoke very quietly.

"I'm sorry we were interrupted to-day," he said. "Those asses have made up their minds to stop the fight,

and they'll chip in again if they see us meet. To-morrow's a half-holiday. Will you turn up on Courtfield common?"

Drake shrugged his shoulders. "Any old thing," he answered carelessly.

"You know the turning of the path to Highcliffe—there's an old hut there—"

"I know it."

"To-morrow at three, alone," said Harry.

"Right!"

That was all that was said. But it was evident that Bob Cherry had congratulated himself too soon.

#### Fallen Among Foes!

**YOUR** deal, Gaddy!"

Ponsonby, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe, blew out a little cloud of smoke from his cigarette.

Gadsby shuffled the cards. There was a gathering of the "blades" of Highcliffe, in the old hut on Courtfield common. Ponsonby, Gadsby, Monson, Vavasour, Merton and Drury, were all there, and cigarettes were going strong. It was Wednesday afternoon, a half-holiday at Highcliffe, as at Greyfriars; and Ponsonby and Co. were enjoying their half-holiday in their own peculiar fashion. Poker was the game, and there was quite a great deal of cash visible on the old bench that served as a table.

"You've got all the luck, Pon," grumbled Vavasour. "Absolutely, you know. Four queens last time!"

"Pon was dealer," remarked Drury. Ponsonby turned on the speaker with a glitter in his eyes.

"What do you mean by that, Drury?" he demanded.

"Eh? Nothin'!"

"You said—"

"I mentioned that you were dealer. You were dealer, weren't you?" said Drury innocently.

"If you mean—"

"Pony up, and don't rag," said Gadsby. "Now then, how many cards do you want?"

Ponsonby scowled as he put his "ante" in the pool. He often had excellent hands when he was dealer, but perhaps it was blind chance.

"Two!" he snapped.

The others drew their cards, and looked at them, and Vavasour threw his down on the bench.

"Rotten!" he remarked. The rest of the Highcliffians went on, however, and cash mounted up in the pool.

Vavasour strolled to the doorway, and stood smoking a cigarette and looking out across the common, while he waited for the round to end. He gave a sudden start, and removed the cigarette from his mouth.

"Greyfriars cads!" he ejaculated. "Oh, gad!"

Ponsonby jumped up, and looked out of the doorway uneasily. Ponsonby and Co. were on the worst terms with the Removites of Greyfriars. If the Famous Five of Greyfriars had happened along and found the cheery nuts gambling in the old hut, it was quite probable that the merry blades of Highcliffe would have been chased like rabbits across the common. To Pon's relief, only two Greyfriars juniors were in sight.

The nearest was Harry Wharton—he was coming directly towards the hut. Fifty yards behind him was another junior, in a Greyfriars cap, who Ponsonby did not know by sight.

"How many of the cads?" called out Gadsby. "We don't want any raggin' now."

"Two!" answered Ponsonby. "Then let 'em rip!"

"One's Wharton," said Pon. "Oh, gad! What a chance for us," said Monson. "The cheery cad turns up his nose at us when he comes over to Highcliffe to see Courtenay. It's gettin' a bit smoky in here—let's go an' see Wharton."

"He's rather a beast," said Vavasour doubtfully. "I don't like scrappin' with a brute like Wharton."

"Six of us," said Ponsonby. "This is a giddy opportunity that's too good to be lost. Never mind the cards now. Lie low, and be ready to jump on him if he comes into the hut."

"Good egg!"

The half-dozen Highcliffians waited, peering cautiously round the corner of the doorway.

The captain of the Greyfriars Remove came straight on, and it looked as if he intended to enter the hut. But he stopped a few yards away, and turned his head to look back.

Ponsonby was puzzled. "He's waitin' for the other chap to come up," he whispered. "I don't know the other fellow—new kid, I suppose—"

"I've seen him before," murmured Gadsby. "His name's Drake—a new kid in the Remove. What are they up to here?"

"Blessed if I know," said Ponsonby, perplexed. "They can't have come here for a scrap—they could scrap nearer home, if they wanted to. But Wharton looks like it."

"Wait an' see!" chuckled Drury. Harry Wharton had his back to the old hut, as he waited for Drake to come up. The Highcliffians' remarks had been made in whispers, and had not reached his ears. He clearly had no suspicions that the lonely old hut was occupied. Ponsonby and Co. watched him quietly, waiting to see what would transpire.

Jack Drake came up with his elastic stride. He nodded coolly to the captain of the Remove.

"You're here first," he remarked. "Yes," said Harry. "But I'm early. You're in good time."

"I had to shake Rodney off," said Drake laughing, "and I suppose Bob Cherry had a fatherly eye on you?"

Wharton did not laugh. "I managed to get clear," he answered. "No need to waste time now we're here, Drake."

"Not at all."

"If you're ready—"

"I haven't brought any gloves," said Drake. "Have you?"

"No!"

"Ob," said Drake. "I thought you would. Do you want to scrap with the bare knuckles, then?"

"I don't care."

"Vell, I don't care, if you don't," said Drake, rather sharply. "It's a bit beary to fight like a pair of prize-fighters, that's all. But if you want it without the mittens, I'm your man."

"I don't see any help for it," said Harry Wharton, colouring a little. "I never thought of the gloves."

"Oh, it don't matter." Jack Drake threw off his jacket, and pushed back his cuffs. "Shall we get behind the hut—we don't want to be in full view of the road, I suppose."

"Just as you like."

Harry Wharton spoke rather slowly. As a matter of fact, the hot temper of the previous day had subsided; he had not really let the sun go down on his wrath. He was beginning to feel rather uncomfortable, that he had made a mountain out of a molehill, as his hasty temper sometimes led him to do; and that there was something ridiculous in carrying the trivial dispute to this length.

But nothing would have induced him



to admit it. There was just a trifle of the "What I have said, I have said!" about the captain of the Remove. He was quite in a mood to accept the olive-branch if offered by Drake; but he did not think of offering it himself. And Drake did not think of offering it. He had accepted Wharton's invitation to a scrap on the common, and he had come there to carry out the contract; and that was all there was about it.

Harry Wharton followed him round the hut, so that the building screened them from the road a little. Neither wished to make the fight an exhibition for any chance passer-by. Wharton knew, too, that his chums would soon miss him, and that it was probable that Bob Cherry and Co. would come scudding along on their bicycles looking for him before long. It would not take Bob long to guess what the simultaneous absence of Wharton and Drake meant.

"No seconds, and no time-keeper," said Drake. "We shall have to keep time for ourselves."

"Call time whenever you want to," said Harry.

"I'll keep time!" said a rather startling voice.

Cecil Ponsonby stepped from the hut, with his followers at his heels.

Wharton started. "Highcliffe cads!" he exclaimed. Jack Drake glanced at them. He had heard of the feud between the Remove and Ponsonby and Co., but he had not yet been mingled in any of the numerous rags and scraps that it caused.

"Good," he said carelessly. "I don't know who you are, but you can keep time if you like."

Ponsonby closed one eye at his comrades. The Highcliffians, strong in numbers, were in a merry humour, feeling themselves masters of the situation.

"This is goin' to be a real fight," said Ponsonby. "I'm goin' to see that there's no shirkin'!"

"Yes, rither!" grinned Gadsby.

"Absolutely!" chuckled Vavasour. "Bare knuckles, an' stand up to it," continued Ponsonby, with great enjoyment. "First chap that shirks will get a wallop!"

"That's not in the programme," said Jack Drake quietly.

"I'm arrangin' this programme," explained Ponsonby coolly. "You Greyfriars cads have got to toe the line."

"Keep your distance, Ponsonby," said Wharton, with a frown. "Drake, if it's all the same to you, we'll leave this over for a bit. I don't want to make an entertainment for these cads."

Jack Drake nodded.

"Just what I was thinking," he replied. "I can't say I like their looks, and if what I've heard about them is half of it true, they're cads enough to rag us when we've knocked each other into a cocked hat. It would be rather a safe spec. for them."

"You must be a giddy thought-reader," chuckled Gadsby.

"I see—that was your game, was it?"

"Absolutely!" said Vavasour.

"You see, you're in our hands," said Ponsonby, with a smile. "We've got a lot of scores against the Greyfriars Remove. A chance like this doesn't often come our way. Now, are you ready to begin?"

"No!" said Harry Wharton curtly.

"Not till you cads have cleared off, anyhow."

"Shirkin' already!" grinned Ponsonby.

"But I'm the chap that's givin' orders here! You're goin' to fight, and you're goin' to put your beef into it, and we're goin' to see that you do it. Otherwise, you get the

raggin' of your lives, and you can take your choice."

"Absolutely!" chortled Vavasour.

Wharton knitted his brows.

He was aware that the Highcliffians would not let the opportunity pass for ragging their old enemy; he had been aware of that from the start. And hefty as the captain of the Remove was, the odds were very heavy. Ponsonby and Co. had drawn round the two Removeites, as if to cut off any attempt at escape; but Wharton was not thinking of running.

He looked at Drake.

The two Greyfriars juniors had come there to fight out the dispute that had been stopped at Greyfriars. But in the presence of the common enemy, their own dispute sank into the background.

Drake understood Wharton's look, and he nodded.

"Shoulder to shoulder," he said.

"Good man!" said Wharton cordially.

"So you won't fight?" sneered Ponsonby.

"Simultaneous attack of cold feet, what? I didn't know you were a funk, Wharton—Yooooop!" yelled Ponsonby, as the captain of the Remove made a sudden step towards him, and smote with his open palm.

Smack!

Ponsonby staggered under the smack, as he yelled. It left a red mark on his cheek.

"That's my answer to that!" said Harry Wharton coolly. "Now come on if you like, you cads!"

Ponsonby recovered himself, his eyes glittering with rage. He made a gesture to Drake.

"You can cut off," he said. "We don't want you! Wharton's our game. Cut off while you're safe!"

"Thanks," drawled Jack Drake.

"Well, are you goin'?" snapped Gadsby.

"Oh, no; I'm not going!"

Drake stepped quickly to Harry Wharton's side.

"Stick your back to the wall, and let 'em come on," he said hurriedly.

"Shoulder to shoulder now, old bean."

A shove sent Vavasour and Merton aside, and the two Greyfriars juniors reached the wall of the hut, and put their backs to it. With their hands up they faced the enemy. Ponsonby and

Co. gathered round them in a half-circle, but they hesitated to rush. They were six to two, but the two looked very dangerous.

"Come on, dear boys," said Drake, with a laugh. "You don't seem so jolly anxious to go over the top after all!"

"Come on!" hissed Ponsonby.

He led the rush.

The next moment there was a wild and whirling combat in progress.

#### A Fight Against Odds!

**J**ACK DRAKE and Harry Wharton stood shoulder to shoulder to meet the rush, and they hit out, hard, as the Highcliffians closed in on them.

Ponsonby went over with a crash; and Gadsby sprawled beside him. Merton was the next down, yelling.

Drury caught Harry Wharton round the body, and jammed him against the wall, yelling to his comrades for help. Ponsonby and Co. were up in a moment, and rushing on. Drake, grasped by Vavasour and Monson, struggled furiously in their grip, as he was dragged away from the wall.

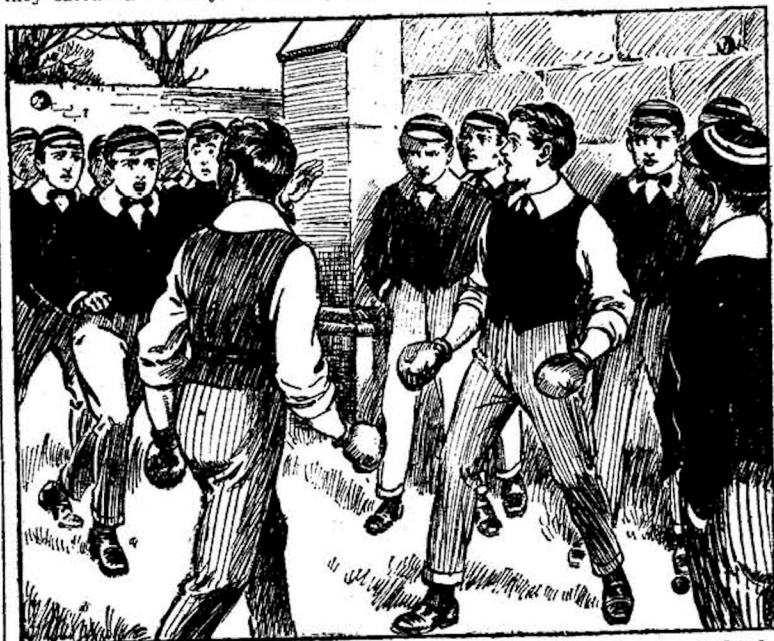
Wharton struck down at Drury, and hurled him off, yelling, but at the same time, Ponsonby, Merton and Gadsby gripped him. Blows rained upon the captain of the Remove, as he struggled with three assailants. And Drury staggered up again and added his attack.

Heavy as the odds were, the captain of the Remove was putting up a redoubtable fight, and Ponsonby and Co. had their hands full.

Jack Drake was faring better with Vavasour and Monson. In the clutch of the two, he was dragged from the hut; but a terrific upper-cut on the jaw sent Vavasour spinning, and he sat in the grass, clasped his damaged jaw, and moaned dolorously. Vavasour was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and he had had enough—more than enough.

Drake turned on Monson, and drove him back under a fierce assault, till Monson was stretched in the grass, dazed and dizzy. Then Drake spun round to rush to Wharton's aid.

The captain of the Remove, resisting



Harry Wharton and Jack Drake were facing one another. Rodney was Drake's second and Ogilvy was acting for Wharton, as his own special followers had not appeared on the scene. But they appeared now—with a rush that broke up the ring. "Stop!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We've decided that there's no reason for a fight, and it's not going to take place!"



gallantly, was down now, and the four Highcliffians were sprawling over him, pommelling savagely. Ponsonby and Co. cultivated elegant manners and customs, and prided themselves on being of the nuts nutty; but on occasion, they could act like hooligans, and their hooligan instincts were rampant now. It would have fared very hard with Harry Wharton, if Drake had not chipped in promptly to his aid.

Drake came up with a rush, and piled into the combat again with terrific vim.

A right-hander fairly between the eyes hurled Ponsonby from his victim, and stretched him groaning in the grass. In another second, Gadsby was swept away by a drive under the ear.

Wharton tore himself loose from the other two and jumped up, gasping for breath.

His nose was streaming crimson, and one of his eyes was closing. Pon and Co.'s hooligan tactics had told upon him severely. But he was still game.

"Come on!" panted Drake. For the moment only Merton and Drury were on their feet, and they backed away hurriedly as they were attacked. Before their comrades could come to their aid, they were driven back under hefty blows, and sent spinning into the grass.

Ponsonby and Gadsby were up by that time, staggering rather wildly, and the Greyfriars juniors turned on them.

Gadsby jumped back to avoid the rush, and fairly took to his heels. Vavasour was already scuttling away.

"Ow!" gasped Ponsonby, as he went down once more, knocked off his feet by Drake's vigorous right.

Monson and Merton and Drury closed in again. But they were met in a vigorous style, and they backed off again, defending themselves. Ponsonby scrambled up—to see the three retreating dismally before the two—and instead of joining in, Ponsonby took the path across the common after Vavasour and Gadsby.

That was enough for his dismayed followers.

The three dodged and ran; gasping and spluttering as they went; and did not stop till they were at a safe distance to dab their noses.

Harry Wharton reeled against the wall of the hut, gasping for breath. He had kept it up to the end, till the enemy were in flight; but he was quite spent. Drake sat on a knoll and pumped in breath with his handkerchief to his nose. He had hardly looked for victory in the unequal fight; and he was glad enough to see the backs of the enemy.

"Oh! Ow! Wow!" gasped Drake. "We've beaten them, anyhow! Is my nose still there, Wharton?"

"Is mine?" gasped Wharton. "I—I feel rather as if I've been under a motor-car. But we've licked the rotters!"

"Three cheers for the Remove!" panted Drake. "Oh, my nose! Ow, my eye! I say, you're going to have a black eye, I think!"

"You've got one!" answered Wharton, with a faint grin.

"Oh, my hat!"

Drake rose, feeling his eye tenderly. In the distance, Ponsonby and Co. were disappearing from sight. It had been a great victory; but it had cost the victors dear. They felt rather like Pyrrhus of old, when he had defeated the Romans; that another such victory, and they were undone. Still, it was a victory.

"There's a pond yonder," said Wharton, at last. "We—we'd better bathe our chivvies a bit, before we go in."

"Yes, rather."

They bathed their faces and helped one another so far as was possible, to remove signs of the conflict. But there were a good many signs that could not be removed, and that were likely to take a considerable time to wear off.

"You look a pretty picture, old sport," said Drake, at last, when they had done all they could.

"Same to you!" said Harry.

"We came here to fight," grinned Drake. "I suppose we should have looked very much like this if we'd done it?"

Wharton coloured. "You've stood by me like a brick," he said. "You could have cleared off if you'd like—they offered you the chance."

"Likely, wasn't it?" grunted Drake. "Well, we came here as enemies, and you weren't bound to stand by me—and—and—"

Wharton's colour deepened. "I sha'n't forget it, Drake. I—I was rather an ass to cut up so rusty over a joke, and—and I'm sorry I did. I—I can't say more than that."

"Quite enough, too," said Drake cheerily. "I'd much rather be friends than enemies, and surely we've had enough scrapping this afternoon to last any reasonable chap for a good time to come. And, I'm sorry I said you had a swelled head, old scout—I didn't really mean it."

The two juniors—quite reconciled now—walked back to Greyfriars together, rather slowly. They were likely to feel the effects of that battle against heavy odds for a good time to come, hardy as they were. They had nearly reached the gates of Greyfriars, when there was a whir of bicycles on the road, and Bob Cherry and Co. rushed up and jumped off their machines.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob.

"So you dodged us, did you?"

"And you've been scrapping?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Bump them!" said Johnny Bull.

"We told them we would and we will! Collar both of them—"

"Hold on!" gasped Drake. "You silly asses, we've had enough from Ponsonby and Co. for one day—"

"Haven't you been scrapping?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Only with the Highcliffe cads," said Harry Wharton.

"We came out to scrap, but we ran into six Highcliffe cads, and they gave us all we wanted!"

"And a little over!" remarked Drake.

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Serve you both jolly well right—especially you, Harry!" he said.

"Admitted!" said Wharton.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You're talking sense for once!" exclaimed Bob, in surprise.

"Better late than never," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Come on, Drake—we've got to see what we can do with our chivvies—they want attention."

"What-ho!" said Drake. And the rivals of the Remove walked on together very amicably.

Bob Cherry looked after them, and grinned.

"Well, that's all right," he said.

"All's well that ends well. Let's go and look for Ponsonby."

"Hear, hear!"

And the Co. mounted their machines and peddled off at a great rate, and ten minutes later, they had the pleasure of chasing Ponsonby and Co. in at the gates of Highcliffe, in dismal disorder—what time Harry Wharton and Jack Drake were repairing damages in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars.

THE END.

Another of these ripping school tales in next week's "Boys' Herald." Don't miss it!

## GOSSIP ABOUT GREYFRIARS

An Interview with Coker Minor

YOU'VE heard of Reggie Coker, of course? An undersized little brat—a fellow with more brains than brawn—the very antithesis (good word, that!) of his brother Horace.

Greyfriars has had a good many bombshells dropped on it in its time, and one of the biggest bombshells of all was when Reggie Coker arrived on the scene and was promptly planted into the Sixth. Of course, we all regarded it as an awful insult. And you must admit that it was a slight on the really brainy fellows—like myself—who were still struggling in the Remove, or Lower Fourth.

Anyhow, Coker minor went into the Sixth, and he stayed there. To give him his due, he's got a certain amount of grey matter, but he hasn't the biceps of a sparrow. (I'm not sure whether a sparrow's blessed with biceps or not, but you can see my point.)

Well, when I went along to interview Reggie Coker for the BOYS' HERALD, I felt confident that I should not meet with personal violence, for Reggie's one of those feeble fellows who can't say "Bo!" to a goose.

As I entered Coker minor's study, I fancied I heard a sound of scuffling. But I must have been mistaken, for Reggie was seated peacefully at the table, sweating.

"What do you want, my dear fellow?" he asked, in his high-pitched, girlish voice.

"I represent the BOYS' HERALD," I said, "and I want to ask you a few pertinent questions."

"Sure you don't mean impertinent ones?"

"You can take 'em which way you like. I want you to tell me, so that I can pass the information on to my readers, how you came to get into the Sixth? How did you wangle it? Did you have some influence with the Head? Is he an old college chum of your pater's? Or do you know some secret in connection with his past?"

I paused abruptly, for I fancied I heard an angry snort not far away. But my imagination must have been playing me tricks.

Coker minor regarded me with an irritating smile.

"Answer me, you undersized dummy!" I exclaimed. "How did you manage to get to Greyfriars at all? I wonder they didn't send you to the Zool! You and that idiotic brother of yours would be in your element in the monkey-house!"

Before I could continue my scathing remarks, a burly figure sprang out from behind the screen. It was Coker major! He had bobbed behind the screen on my entry, thinking I was Wingate of the Sixth, whom he was anxious to avoid just then.

Snorting with rage, Coker major proceeded to address me—with a cricket-stump! So I didn't escape the personal violence, after all.

Blow these big brothers! They're always bobbing up at the wrong moment!

Next Tuesday's "BOYS' HERALD" will be a splendid number. But you must go to your newsagent and get your copy early! There will be a big rush for it!

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