

MONEY and TUCK HAMPERS GIVEN AWAY! SEE INSIDE

The Greyfriars
BOYS' HERALD

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SPLENDID ADVENTURE and SCHOOL STORIES Inside.

The above is a thrilling scene from "The Courage of Dick O'Dare"—See Inside.

OUR RIPPING LONG COMPLETE STORY OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.



Pulling
Bunter's
Leg!

D Bunter Expects!
 "DRAKE, old chap—"
 "Buzz off!"
 "I'm expecting—"
 "Bow-wow!"
 "A postal-order—"
 "Rats!"
 "For five bob!" said Billy Bunter calmly.

Jack Drake and Dick Rodney were wheeling out their bicycles, when William George Bunter stopped them in the gateway of Greyfriars. The two new juniors at Greyfriars were going for a spin that sunny February afternoon. But the Owl of the Remove was thinking of a far more important matter than a bicycle spin.

"Bound to come by the afternoon post," said Bunter, blinking at them through his big-spectacles, with a look of owlish seriousness. "Or to-morrow morning by the latest. If you wouldn't mind lending me—"

"Now, look here, Bunter!" said Drake, in measured tones. "We haven't been long at Greyfriars. But the first thing we heard of when we came was your postal-order. It's the chief thing we've heard of ever since. We're fed-up on that postal-order. See? Drop it!"

"Oh, really, Drake—"
 "Drop it!" said Rodney. "Chuck it! Give it a rest! It's worn out! Wait till another new chap comes!"

"Oh, really, Rodney—"
 "And now get out of the way!" said Drake.

"I say, you fellows—"
 "Do you want me to wheel this bike into you?" demanded Drake.

"I say, old fellow, that postal-order—"

Drake wheeled his bike on. As Billy Bunter did not move, the front wheel came into sudden contact with his portly person—suddenly and forcibly. There was a howl from Billy Bunter, and he sat down.

"Oh!"
 "Take a rest, old barrel!" said Drake.

"Ow! Yow! I'm hurt!" roared Bunter. "Help!"

"Drake!" Loder of the Sixth came in at the gates. "Drake! What do you mean by pushing your bicycle at Bunter?"

"I meant to push him out of the way, Loder," answered Drake coolly.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bunter. The arrival of a prefect on the scene was a sufficient hint to William George to make the most of his injuries. "Yow-ow! My leg's broken! Ow!"

"Stop!" snapped Loder, as the two juniors were passing on. There had been trouble already between Drake and the bully of the Sixth, and Loder did not mean to lose this opportunity. "You

fags must keep your horse-play within limits, as you will find. Take a hundred lines. Drake!"

"Look here, Loder—"
 Loder raised his hand.
 "And go back and write them out at once!" he said.

Jack Drake looked rebellious. Billy Bunter, forgetting for a moment that he was seriously injured, grinned.

"Come on, Drake!" whispered Rodney; and Drake, with feelings too deep for words, wheeled his bike in again.

Loder walked on loftily. Billy Bunter got on his feet, and emitted a fat chortle.

"He, he, he! Serve you right!"
 Drake and Rodney put up their machines, and repaired to No. 3 Study. The bike spin was unavoidably postponed; the command of a Sixth Form prefect was law.

Jack Drake's handsome face was very grim as he sat at the study table and ground out his lines. Rodney sat in the window-seat and waited for him to finish.

"Rotten hard luck, old chap!" said Rodney sympathetically. "Loder's had his eye on us, and he was glad of a chance."

Drake grunted.
 "It was that fat owl's fault! Bother him and his blessed postal-order! If he says postal-order to me again I'll burst him!"

Drake's pen travelled over the paper at a great rate.

But a hundred lines were a hundred lines; and it was some time before Drake was ready to take them to Loder's study.

When he arrived there with his impot, Loder was not there; and he left them on the table. Then he rejoined his chum and they went for their bikes.

"A blessed hour wasted!" growled Drake.

"I say, you fellows—"
 "Clear off!" roared Drake, as Billy Bunter blinked into the bike shed.

"Are you asking to be slaughtered, you fat chump?"

"My postal-order will—"
 Drake seized a bike pump and made a jump at the fat junior.

"Ow!"
 Billy Bunter fled.

The chums of the Remove wheeled out their machines, and this time there was no stoppage. They mounted in the road, and pedalled away towards Friardale.

There was a thoughtful expression on Jack Drake's face, and a glimmer in his eyes.

"That fat idiot is growing a bore with his blessed postal-order," he said. "He never knows when to stop. I've got an

idea." He chuckled. "Let's stop at the post-office in Friardale, Rodney."

"The post-office? What for?"
 "To get some postal-orders."
 Rodney stared at his chum.

"What the thump do you want postal-orders for?" he inquired.

"For Bunter."
 "Bunter!" ejaculated Rodney. "Yes; he's been expecting a postal-order so long, that it's a pity he shouldn't get one," said Drake, laughing.

"You ass—"
 "Only a tanner one—"
 "Oh!"

"Payable at an office a good distance from Greyfriars—"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "It will be worth while watching his face when he gets it," said Drake.

"Here we are!"
 He jumped off his machine outside the village post-office. His purchases were soon made, and a few minutes later was dropped in the box.

Billy Bunter had been expecting a postal-order for a long, long time. And—much to his astonishment—he was going to receive one at last!

The Postal-Order That Came!
ANY letters for me, Wharton?"

Billy Bunter asked that question the following day, after morning lessons. Harry Wharton and Co. were looking over the rack for letters, when the Owl of the Remove rolled up.

"Expecting a postal-order, Bunt?" asked Bob Cherry, with deep sarcasm.

Bunter nodded.
 "You've hit it, old chap," he answered. "From one of my titled relations, you know—"

"The marquis or the duke?" asked Johnny Bull.

"The baronet," answered Bunter calmly. "A very wealthy old fellow, who's shown me a lot of kindness—"

"Unremitting kindness!" suggested Bob humorously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Exactly," said Bunter, quite insensible to Bob Cherry's playful pun.

"Sends me no end of remittances. Is that letter for me, Wharton?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Wharton.

"There is a letter for Bunter. Here you are, Tubby!"

Billy Bunter caught the letter eagerly. Bunter had stated so often that he was expecting a postal-order, that he almost believed the statement himself. He jabbed a fat thumb into the envelope and tore it open.

"Gather round, my infants!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Prepare to behold Bunter's postal-order. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

"Oh, really, Bunter—"
 "Break it gently, Bunter!" chuckled

Nugent. "Don't show it to us all at once!"

"If you fellows think there isn't a postal-order in this letter—"

"We know there isn't, you spoofing porpoise!" growled Johnny Bull. "Don't you understand yet that that chicken won't fight?"

"I say, Wharton, will you—"

"No!" said Harry Wharton, without waiting for Bunter to finish.

"Why, you beast, you don't know yet what I was asking!"

"Yes, I do," chuckled the captain of the Remove. "You want me to cash a postal-order that's coming by the next post!"

"I want you to cash the postal-order that's in this letter!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, that's a different matter!" said Harry Wharton. "Hand out the postal-order, and I'll hand out the cash. But the postal-order has to be handed out first."

The Famous Five chuckled.

They had not the remotest idea that there was any postal-order in Bunter's letter; as Bob Cherry would have said, the age of miracles was past.

To their amazement, William George Bunter drew a postal-order from the envelope. There was no letter inside; but undoubtedly there was a postal-order. The Famous Five stared at it as Bunter held it up triumphantly in his fat paw. Bob Cherry leaned on the wall and breathed heavily.

"Fan me, somebody!" he murmured.

"He—he—he's got a postal-order!" babbled Nugent. "It's come!"

"The comefulness is terrific!" gasped Hurree Singh. "O day worthy to be marked with a white stone!"

"A—a—a postal-order!" stammered Wharton. "Bunter's got a postal-order! My only hat!"

Bunter grinned gleefully.

He had already noted that the postal-order was for the princely sum of sixpence, and that it was payable in Courtfield—which was a good long walk from Greyfriars. It was very doubtful whether Billy Bunter would have undertaken that walk for the sum of sixpence.

But sixpence, without the walk, was very welcome.

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" roared Bob Cherry, in a formidable voice. "Walk up, gents! Come and see Bunter's postal-order! The only one on record! Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a rush of Removites to the spot.

"Bunter—"

"A postal-order!" gasped Peter Todd.

"Gammon!"

"Spoof!"

"I say, you fellows, I've told you a lot of times I was expecting a postal-order—"

"You have!" chuckled Squiff.

"Quite a lot of times! Millions of times, in fact!"

"Billions!" said Ogilvy.

"Trillions!" chuckled Russell.

"It—it's only for sixpence," said Bunter. "Hand out the tanner, Wharton, please; you've agreed to cash it."

"Only sixpence!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Is the duke hard up?"

"Couldn't the viscount squeeze out more than a tanner?" said Nugent.

"This is rather mean of the marquis!" said Johnny Bull, shaking his head.

Harry Wharton felt in his pocket for a sixpence. He received the postal-order in exchange.

"Hallo! This dashed thing is payable in Courtfield!" he exclaimed. "I'm not going to Courtfield for a tanner!"

Bunter chuckled.

"Just as you like about that," he said airily. "Thanks for the tanner!"

And William George Bunter rolled away cheerfully, to expend that small but useful coin at Mrs. Mimble's shop forthwith.

Harry Wharton stared at the postal-order in great disgust.

"Have it framed, and hung up in the common-room!" suggested Bolsover major. "Keep it as a curiosity."

Drake and Rodney came up, smiling.

"What's the news?" asked Drake.

"Has Bunter got a postal-order at last?"

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"Tanner—payable in Courtfield!" said Harry Wharton. "Anybody like to give me fourpence for it?"

"You!" exclaimed Drake.

"I—I've cashed it for Bunter—before I saw it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Rodney.

Drake jumped.

"Oh, you ass!" he exclaimed. "Lot of good a fellow spending sixpence on pulling Bunter's leg, with asses like you butting in and spoiling the joke!"

"You!" howled Wharton.

"Did you think it came from Bunter's uncle, the duke, or his cousin, the earl?" snorted Drake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So that accounts for the milk in the coconut!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Under the circs, it's not worth framing."

"I'll give you threepence for it, and try again," said Drake.

"Done!" said Wharton, laughing.

And the postal-order changed hands. Meanwhile, Billy Bunter was enjoying himself—to the extent of sixpence. Mrs. Mimble knew him too well to allow the account to run as far as sixpence-halfpenny. Bunter came along to dinner with a satisfied smile and a smear of jam on his fat face. So far, the Owl of the Remove had had the best of the joke—there was no doubt about that.

A Nice Afternoon For Bunter!

I SAY, you fellows—"

It was Saturday morning, and the Remove had been dismissed by Mr. Quelch. Harry Wharton and Co. were discussing the football match that was to take place that afternoon, in the interval before dinner, when the Owl of the Remove joined them.

"I think I told you fellows I was expecting a postal-order," remarked Bunter, blinking at the Famous Five.

"I think you did," assented Bob Cherry.

"The thoughtfulness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter."

"Well, it's come!"

"Again!" chuckled Bob.

"I don't know what you mean by again, Bob Cherry. I suppose you know that I get remittances pretty often. Will one of you fellows cash it for me?"

"Where's it payable?" asked Wharton, laughing.

"Oh, quite near—"

"Let's see it—"

"It's only for sixpence—" said Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is the duke still going in for economy?" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"We're not cashing any more postal-orders," said Harry Wharton, with a shake of the head. "Ask Drake."

"I say, you fellows, you might oblige a chap!" urged Bunter. "I can't walk to Courtfield, can I?"

"Why can't you?"

"Well, I mean I don't want to. And—and my bike's out of order. You know you refused to mend it for me, Bob Cherry. You can't deny that I asked you several times. I pointed out to you at the time that you were selfish."

"Why can't you mend your own bike?" boomed Bob Cherry.

"It's no good yelling at a chap because he mentions that you've acted selfishly. You've landed me now without a bike, and I think you ought to cash this postal-order for me."

"Go and eat coke!" snorted Bob Cherry.

"I say, Nugent, you're not a selfish beast like Bob Cherry—will you—"

"My dear chap, I'm worse than Bob!" answered Nugent. "Bob's only said no, and I'm going to kick you as well."

"Yaroooooh!"

Billy Bunter beat a rapid retreat, with the sixpenny postal-order still clutched in a fat finger and thumb.

Bunter had already hawked that postal-order up and down the Remove, without finding any takers.

Everybody in the Remove, excepting Bunter, knew whence it had come—only the Owl remaining in blissful ignorance. Nobody saw any reason why they should make the journey to Courtfield Post Office instead of Bunter—in fact, Bunter was shocked at the amount of selfishness he encountered that morning in the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars.

Mrs. Mimble, at the tuck-shop, would not look at it. It was payable to W. G. Bunter, at Courtfield Post Office, and Mrs. Mimble declined even Bunter's offer to accept a threepenny tart for it.

Bunter came in to dinner with a frowning brow.

It really was hard lines, he felt, that when his postal-order had arrived at last, it should prove to be a white elephant in this way. He anathematised the sender for not making it payable in Friardale. Who the sender was he had no idea—it was the second time he had received a sixpenny postal-order unaccompanied by a letter, and he did not even know that it was the same order. Its arrival at all was rather mysterious—but Bunter did not give much thought to that. His thoughts were occupied with the problem of exchanging it for current coin of the realm to the value of sixpence.

After dinner he joined Drake and Rodney as they went out, and caught the former by the sleeve.

"Drake, old chap, I suppose you've got a tanner about you—"

"Several!" answered Drake.

"Will you—"

"No!"

"You might give a chap a tanner for a tanner order!" said Bunter, reproachfully. "Look here, I'll take fivepence."

"You'll take a dot on the boko if you don't let go my sleeve."

"Fourpence!" said Bunter desperately.

Drake chuckled. Evidently William George was far from guessing that he was speaking to the sender of the postal-order.

"Not a merry brown!" said Drake.

"Walk to Courtfield—it will do you good."

"I can't! I—I'm lame to-day," said Bunter. "I—I hurt my leg in a fall from my bike yesterday—"

"Go on your bike, then," said Rodney.

"Can't! It's crooked—I haven't been able to use it for weeks."

"Ha, ha ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. Look here, Drake, you bike down to Courtfield for me, and I'll stand you half the postal-order. There!"

"Buzz off, you fat bluebottle."

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled out into the quad in a state of troubled and anxious thought.

It began to look as if he would have to negotiate the three miles to Courtfield personally, or lose that remittance. He drifted round to the bike shed to look at his bike—but he shook his head over it hopelessly. It was indeed in a hopeless state; a bike could not be neglected for whole terms without getting rather "rocky." With one pedal gone, and the other twisted, with a break in the chain, and one burst tyre, the bike did not look useful for a six-mile spin.

"I—I wonder if I could borrow a bike!" murmured Bunter, glancing round at the stands. "There's Ogilvy's—that's a rather nice machine—" He lifted Ogilvy's bike off the stand. It was sheer ill-luck for Bunter that Robert Donald Ogilvy came in just then to take out his machine.

"What are you doing with my bike?" roared Ogilvy, in a voice resembling that of the Great Huge Bear in the pantomime.

Bunter jumped, startled, so suddenly, that he let go the machine, and it went with a terrific crash to the floor.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter. "I—I say—I—I was only going to mend a puncture for you, old chap—"

Ogilvy stared a moment at his curled-up machine, and then leaped at Billy Bunter: Bunter dodged him frantically round the bike shed, and two or three more machines went over as he fled among them. But Ogilvy caught him at the door.

"Take that—"

"Yooop!"

"And that—"

"That" was Ogilvy's boot, and the Scottish junior seemed to be under the impression that he was kicking for goal from midfield. Billy Bunter's roar would have put the famous Bull of Bashan to the blush.

"Yarooop! Help!"

"And that—"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Ogilvy landed Bunter outside the shed with the last drive, and went to pick up his machine. William George Bunter tottered away. He was feeling hurt. In the quad he came upon the Famous Five going down to football.

"I say, you fellows, will one of you lend me—"

"A football-boot?" asked Bob Cherry. "Certainly! Stand steady—why, the silly ass has cleared off."

Skinner of the Remove was mounting his bike at the gate, and Bunter, as he spotted him, bore down on him at full speed.

"Skinner! I say, Skinner, old chap—"

"Bow-wow!" said Skinner. "I'm not cashing any postal-orders—"

"I—I want a lift into Courtfield—"

"My bike doesn't carry two tons," answered Skinner pleasantly.

"I say, old chap, you might give me a lift behind," said Bunter, persuasively.

"I simply must get to Courtfield. I—I'll hold on, you know—"

"Well, get on!" said Skinner unexpectedly.

"Thanks, old chap."

Skinner grinned. He had not the slightest intention of carrying Bunter's terrific weight behind him on his bicycle; indeed, he was not at all sure that the bike would have stood it. But he had no objection to expending a few minutes in pulling Bunter's leg.

Bunter got one foot on the foot-rest, and took hold of Skinner's shoulders from behind. Skinner started before Bunter's other foot was ready. The fat junior swayed to and fro, as he was dragged away from the wall by the aid of which he had mounted.

"Hold on!" he gasped.

"You hold on!" said Skinner.

"I'm not—yow—safe yet—"

"Dear me!"

"Stop, you beast—"

"That's all right—you're as safe as you're going to be, old nut," said Skinner agreeably; and he proceeded to make his bike wobble.

"Beast!" yelled Bunter. "Lemme get down."

"Who's stopping you?" inquired Skinner. "You'll be down soon, dear boy. I'm expecting you to go any minute."

"Yaroooh."

Bunter went!

Unfortunately for the practical joker in front of him, Bunter fastened a desperate clutch on Skinner's hair, as he went.

So Skinner went too!

There was a crash of the bicycle, and Bunter and Skinner rolled on the hard, unsympathetic road together.

Bunter roared, and Skinner howled.

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm killed!"

"You fat idiot!" shrieked Skinner.

"Oh, dear! My back's broken!"

"And now your neck's going to be broken!" hissed Skinner.

Skinner was damaged, and Skinner was furious. He staggered up and hurled himself at Billy Bunter.

Thump! thump! thump! thump!

"Yooop! Help! Murder! Fire! Thieves!" yelled Bunter.

Thump! thump! thump!

"There!" gasped Skinner. "Now I feel better." And Skinner, feeling better, assembled his machine and rode off.

Bunter sat in the road and roared, and was still gasping long after Skinner was out of sight. He did not clam'ber upon his feet again till he spotted Loder and Carne, of the Sixth, come out at the school gates, and start towards Courtfield.

Then Bunter gained the perpendicular with an effort, and intercepted the two great men of the Sixth.

"I—I say, Loder—" he began.

"Hallo!" grunted Loder, looking

down at the dusty Owl with great disfavour.

"You—you're going to Courtfield, ain't you, Loder?"

"What the thump does it matter to you?" snapped Loder, greatly incensed at being questioned by a fag of the Lower Fourth.

"I—I say, will you take a postal-order for me, and c-c-cash it at the post-office in Courtfield, Loder?"

Loder looked at him.

For a moment or two he could scarcely believe his ears. He—Gerald Loder, of the Sixth Form—a prefect of Greyfriars—was asked to perform an errand for a Remove fag! It was time for the skies to fall!

"Will I—what?" stuttered Loder, recovering the use of his voice at last. "Will I—by gad! No, I won't fag for you, Bunter—not quite! But I'll give you a thundering good hiding for your cheek!"

Loder had a walking cane in his hand, and he proceeded at once to suit the action to the word.

His cane rang round Bunter's fat circumference.

"There—and there—and there—"

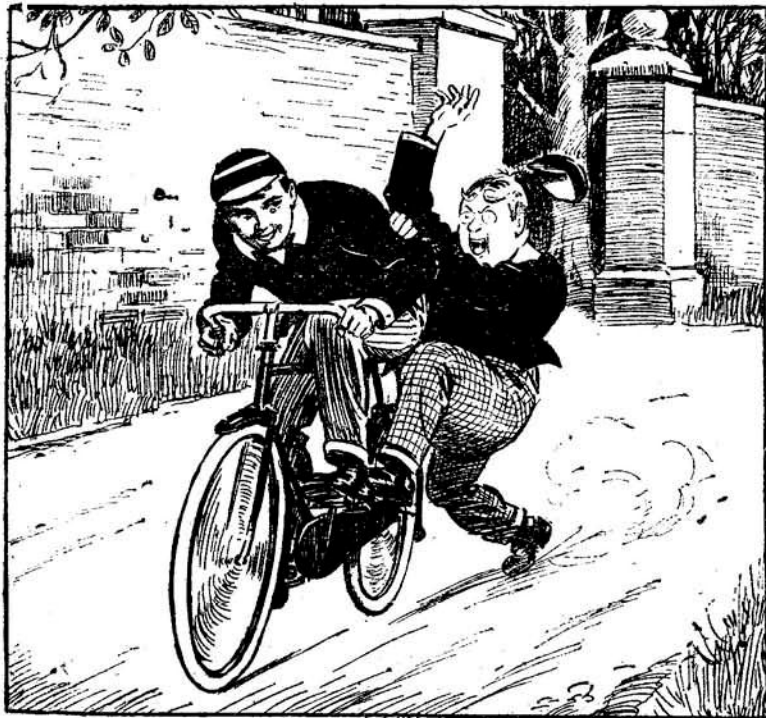
"Ow! Wow! Yah! Beast! Oh, crumbs!"

Bunter dodged and ran for his life. Loder followed him a few paces, making active play with the cane.

The Owl of the Remove dodged in at the gates and sprinted. He did not stop till he had put the quadrangle between himself and Loder of the Sixth. For the next hour or two, William George Bunter was chiefly occupied in rubbing various parts of his fat person where he felt a pain, and mumbling dolorously. And the postal-order was still uncashed!

The Borrowed Bike!

JACK DRAKE came into the junior common-room after tea, with Rodney, and smiled at the sight of William George Bunter. Bunter was seated in an arm-chair by the fire, slowly but surely finishing a large chunk



Bunter got one foot on the foot-rest, and took hold of Skinner's shoulder from behind. Skinner started before Bunter's other foot was ready. The fat junior swayed to and fro. "Hold on!" he gasped. "I'm not—yow—safe yet!"

of toffee. The toffee had been a large chunk—but Bunter had travelled through it—and he was lingering over the remains with relish. Drake and Rodney had been out of gates that afternoon, rambling on the cliffs, and both of them were interested to know how the Owl of the Remove had progressed with his unnegotiable postal-order.

Bunter blinked at them through his big spectacles sourly.

Drake gave him a cheery nod. "How's the postal-order getting on?" he asked.

"Which one?" asked Bunter carelessly. "I got such a lot of postal-orders, you know—with my rich relations, I—"

"The tanner one," said Rodney.

"Oh, that! That's cashed."

"Walked to Courtfield after all?" asked Drake with a smile.

Bunter shook his head.

"Ha, ha! Did you mend your bike?"

"I did not!" answered Bunter with dignity. "I would have, but Toddy refused to let me have his new tyre to put on it—you know you did, Toddy—"

"I did, old pippin," assented Peter Todd.

"And Russell raised a mean objection to my taking a pedal off his machine," said Bunter. "He knew I needed a new pedal. The selfishness of some fellows makes me ill, it does really. I had to borrow a bike to go to Courtfield."

"Must be some awful ass about if anybody lent you a bike," commented Drake. "And did you survive the six miles on a bike?"

"Only three to Courtfield!"

"But you had to come back, didn't you, ass?"

"I got a lift in the carrier's cart coming back, luckily," said Bunter.

"My hat! The carrier took you and your bike on board!" ejaculated Rodney.

"Oh, no! I didn't tell him I had a bike, or he mightn't have given me a lift," said Bunter sagely. "I put the bike behind a hedge just outside Courtfield, when I saw the carrier's cart coming along."

Drake stared.

"And you left it there?"

"Left it there?" repeated Bunter.

"Of course! What else was I to do with it, I'd like to know?"

"You left a bike on the road, all on its own!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Certainly Not!

Mother: "Tommy, how did you get your face so dirty?"

Tommy: "I have been playing football, mother."

Mother: "You don't play with your face, do you?"

Tommy: "Well, mum, you can't play without it."—Money Prize awarded to Miss Bella Moore, R.S.O., Derby.

The Auctioneer and His Cigars.

A lusty-lunged auctioneer was holding forth in the market-place of a small town. Taking up a box of cigars he shouted:

"You can't get better, gentlemen. I don't care where you go you can't get better!"

"No," replied a cynical voice from the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week, and I'm not better yet."—Money Prize awarded to Reggie McComb, 1, Edenberry Gardens, Crumlin Road, Belfast.

"I suppose I couldn't sit down there and watch it, could I?" asked Bunter sarcastically.

"My only hat!" said Harry Wharton.

"Well, the fellow who lent you his bike knew what to expect, I suppose. Ten to one some tramp will come along and nationalise it."

"If it's pinched, that's not my fault," said Bunter. "I asked at least a dozen fellows to go to Courtfield for me. They all refused. They can't deny it. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"Well, a wash would do 'em good!" commented Rodney.

"Oh, really, Rodney—"

Jack Drake chuckled.

"Well, I never thought any chap would be ass enough to lend you a bike, Bunter," he remarked. "If I had I shouldn't have wasted sixpence in sending you a postal-order."

Bunter started.

"You sent it?" he howled.

"Yes, ass! Not your uncle, the duke."

"Not your cousin, the marquis!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Little me!" grinned Drake. "I thought a walk to Courtfield would do you good."

"You awful beast—that's why it was made payable in Courtfield, was it?" said Bunter warmly. "Why couldn't you lend me the tanner and save all the trouble you gave me?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I call it inconsiderate," said Bunter, "and inconsiderate fellows always have to suffer for it. If you lose your bike—"

"Lose my bike!" repeated Drake.

"Well, Wharton says some tramp may pinch it—"

"Mum-mum-my bike!" stammered Drake. "You—you said you'd borrowed a bike—"

"Yes; I borrowed yours."

Jack Drake seemed transfixed. Apparently he found it difficult to realise that Billy Bunter had taken out his bike, without permission, and had left it stranded on the Courtfield Road.

"You—you—you—" he gasped.

"You—you took my bike—and—and left it on the road to save the trouble of riding it home—"

"Well, I'd had a couple of upsets," said Bunter. "One of the pedals was twisted, and the chain had come off. I suppose you don't think that I'm going to slog about riding a bike with a twisted pedal, do you? But I shouldn't

be surprised. Some fellows are so selfish—"

Bunter did not stop to finish.

Jack Drake was rushing upon him with a face of thunder, and Bunter had just time to whip out of the armchair and avoid the charge.

"I say, you fellows, keep him off!" yelled Bunter, as he fled round the table.

"What's the matter? I haven't done anything, have I? Yaroooooh."

Drake came round the table after him like greased lightning, amid shrieks of laughter from the Removites.

But fear lent Bunter wings.

He dodged out of the common-room and fled for his life, with the enraged owner of the borrowed bike foaming on his track.

The wild chase went on up the staircase—and then came a sound of a fall in the Remove passage—and a continual heavy sound as of someone beating a carpet.

But it was not a carpet that was being beaten!

Judging by the wild yells of woe, it was Billy Bunter.

It was not till Wingate, of the Sixth, came up the stairs, two at a time, ashplant in hand, that the carpet-beating ceased. Then Jack Drake went to look for his bike—and Billy Bunter crawled into his study and collapsed in the armchair. And for a good hour afterwards, Bunter's voice might have been heard uttering ejaculations, and his ejaculations were chiefly:

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

Fortunately, Jack Drake found his bike before a tramp found it. He had to wheel it home, as it was too dark for repairs, bikes generally needed repairs after Bunter had used them, and Drake's was no exception. When he arrived with it at Greyfriars, he had the pleasure of receiving a hundred lines from Mr. Quelch for absence from calling-over.

Exactly who had the best of the postal-order joke Drake could not quite decide—but the Removites generally agreed that it was not Drake. There were, as Bob Cherry remarked, more kicks than ha'pence in pulling Bunter's leg.

THE END.

Another grand long story of Greyfriars School next week.

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.

This Wins Our Tuck Hamper!

Extraordinary!

A youth owned a small shop, and his father visited him and said:

"Jack, you need a new blind for your window."

"I cannot afford one," replied the son.

About a week later the father again called on his son, and this time he saw a new and expensive blind up at the window.

"Where did you get your blind from?" he asked.

"Oh!" replied the son. "I put a box for the Blind on the counter."

—Tuck Hamper awarded to N. B. Menin, 17, Cherryburn Gardens, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Real Irish.

Pat had been sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour. On the first night of his imprisonment he was heard knocking violently on the warden's door.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded the warden.

"Praise may I go home?" asked Pat.

"No, certainly not," answered the warden. "I thought you were given fourteen days!"

"Shure, sor, I was, but the magistrate said nothing about the nights!"—Money Prize awarded to Master Aidan Daws, 17, Adelaide Street, Dereham Road, Norwich, Norfolk.

True, O King!

Bernard Glyn: "The quickness of the hand deceives the eye."

Harry Noble: "And sometimes blackness it, too, old sport!"—Money Prize sent to Miss E. M. Warren, 42, Ponsenby Avenue, Belfast.