

SPLENDID "GRAND NATIONAL" STORY!

The Greyfriars
BOYS' HERALD

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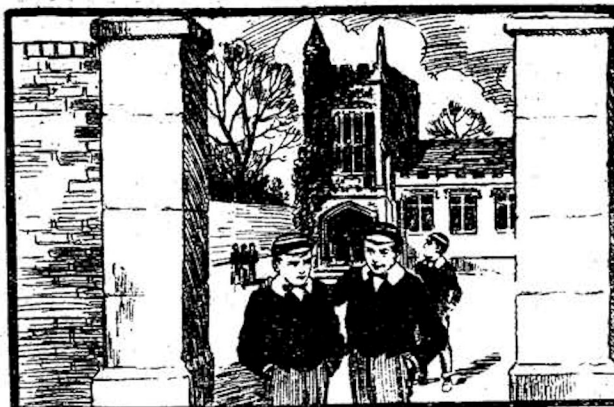
EVERY TUESDAY.

March 19, 1921.



THE RACECOURSE CONSPIRACY!
Great Complete Racing Story Inside.

ANOTHER OF OUR POPULAR LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES.



The Bounder Out-Classed!

A Grand, Long Complete School Story Introducing Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Mr. Quelch Puts His Foot Down!
THE Remove were restless. Mr. Quelch couldn't help noticing that.

Afternoon lessons were drawing to a close in the Lower Fourth Form-room at Greyfriars. But the close was not coming quickly enough. Every eye in the Form wandered to the clock, and to every eye, the big hand seemed to crawl.

Something, evidently, was "on" to follow lessons that afternoon; something in which the juniors were more deeply interested than they were in the valued instruction Mr. Quelch was imparting to them.

Mr. Quelch was annoyed. From the Form-master's point of view, all attention should have been concentrated upon the words of wisdom that were falling from his lips. Extraneous matters should not have entered into the thoughts of the Removites at all. Eyes should have been fixed with sedulous attention upon Mr. Quelch. Instead of which, they wandered incessantly to the clock.

From Harry Wharton, the captain of the Form, to Billy Bunter—from the sublime to the ridiculous, as it were—every fellow in the Remove was eager for the hour to strike.

Jack Drake, perhaps, was rather indifferent. And Vernon-Smith had not lost his usual impassive look. But they were the only possible exceptions.

Billy Bunter jerked a big silver watch out of his waistcoat—with some difficulty, for the waistcoat fitted like a drum—and blinked at it through his big spectacles. Then he ventured to rise and speak.

"Please, sir—"
 Mr. Quelch's eye, often likened by his pupils to a gimlet, fixed on William George Bunter.

"Well, Bunter?"
 "The clock's slow, sir."

"What?"
 "My watch is four, sir," said Bunter. "Shurrup, you fat idiot!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Silence, Cherry!"
 "Ye-es, sir," stammered Bob.

"Bunter! The clock is perfectly correct," said Mr. Quelch. "No doubt your watch is fast."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Bunter, confidently. "My watch never gains, sir—it's a regular corker, sir, for keeping time. It's really four o'clock, sir."

"It is five minutes to four, Bunter."
 "Oh, really, sir—"

"You seem particularly anxious, Bunter, to leave the Form-room!" said Mr. Quelch in a very quiet voice, which was a signal of danger to any fellow less obtuse than Billy Bunter.

"Oh, no, sir!" said Bunter at once.

"I—I'm enjoying lessons, sir—I always do—I—I was really thinking of you, sir."

"Of me?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir," said Bunter, blinking at him. "Now time's up, sir, I'm sure you ought to rest. Shall—shall we go now, sir?"

The Remove waited breathlessly for Mr. Quelch's reply to that. Only Bunter would have ventured upon such a remark. It was a case of fools rushing in where angels feared to tread.

"No, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice. "You will not go. You will be detained for one hour after lessons, Bunter."

"Oh, crumbs!" ejaculated Bunter in dismay.

"Do not utter ridiculous ejaculations in my presence, Bunter."

"Nunno, sir! I—I meant to say 'oh dear, sir!' gasped Bunter.

"Silence!"

Mr. Quelch's gimlet-eye swept over the class. Every fellow in the Remove tried to avoid catching it.

"I have already observed," said Mr. Quelch, "that my Form seems very restless this afternoon. Evidently your thoughts are not in your lessons. Every boy has glanced at the clock two or three times during the last quarter of an hour. Wharton!"

"Yes, sir!" murmured the captain of the Remove.

"As head boy of the Form, I request you to explain this."

"Oh!"

"What is the meaning of this restlessness, Wharton?"

"I—I—" stammered Wharton.

He really could not tell Mr. Quelch that a fight was to take place between Drake and Vernon-Smith immediately after lessons; and that it was expected to be a record combat. Mr. Quelch was quite certain not to look at that matter as the Removites looked at it.

"Well, Wharton?"

"I—I—er—hem—"

"You appear to have some difficulty in explaining, Wharton," said the Remove master, sarcastically. "Perhaps Bunter will enlighten me. Bunter!"

Billy Bunter looked alarmed.

"I don't know anything about it, sir," he exclaimed hastily. "I haven't heard a word on the subject."

"What subject?"

"Smithy's fight with Drake, sir."

"Oh, you crass idiot!" murmured Jack Drake.

"Oh, really, Drake—"

"So there is a fight arranged, and my Form are too-busy thinking of it, to give me their attention," said Mr. Quelch quietly.

Dead silence.

The cat was out of the bag now, with a vengeance.

"Drake and Vernon-Smith, stand up."

Jack Drake and the Bounder rose to their feet, flushed and uncomfortable.

"You two boys intend to fight with one another after lessons?"

"Hem!"

"Ahem!"

"Answer me, Vernon-Smith! 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Yes, sir," said the Bounder, reluctantly.

"Very good! I forbid you to do anything of the kind," said Mr. Quelch.

"This affray is not to take place."

"Dished!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"You hear me, Vernon-Smith?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And you, Drake?"

"Yes, sir!" said Jack Drake.

"If my command is disregarded, both of you will be very severely punished," said the Remove master. "And now

Billy Bunter had to wedge in again. He had a happy knack of speaking at the most unfortunate moment.

"It's four now, sir."

"Exactly," said Mr. Quelch. "It is now four o'clock, and the Form will continue lessons until five o'clock. We will take Latin grammar!"

"Oh!"

Dismay—and Latin grammar—fell upon the Remove.

Nobody glanced at the clock again. There was a deadly dread in every breast that, on the slightest sign of restlessness, lessons might be continued till six o'clock.

The Remove groaned inwardly, and resigned themselves to their fate. It was all—or nearly all—Bunter's fault, of course. Untoward happenings were often Bunter's fault.

Five o'clock came at last, and the Remove, tired and troubled, were dismissed. And in the corridor, as soon as they had escaped from the Form-room, there was a general rush to kick Bunter.

To Scrap or Not to Scrap!

ROTTEN!" said Bolsover major.

"Too bad!" agreed Skinner.

"Like Quelch's dashed cheek to interfere, I think," remarked Stott.

"Yes, rather."

It was really annoying to the Remove fellows. They had looked forward all day to the meeting arranged between Drake and the Bounder.

Drake had shown his quality as a fighting man by defeating Bolsover major. And Herbert Vernon-Smith was known to be a splendid boxer and as hard as nails. A "mill" between the two would have been a record entertainment—some of the sporting spirits had been making bets on the probable result. And now it was all off.

Skinner especially was disappointed; he had a grudge against Drake, and had hoped to see him well licked by the Bounder.

The only fellows that seemed pleased were Redwing and Rodney. They were respectively the seconds of Smithy and Drake. They were glad the combat was forbidden. But the other fellows weren't; and even the Famous Five, who took a scientific interest in the scrap, were rather disappointed.

"It ought to come off, all the same," said Skinner. "After all, it's not Quelchy's bizney. And he needn't know."

"I guess they're both glad to crawl out of it," opined Fisher T. Fish. "Now if it was little me, I calculate I'd go ahead, some. No Form-master in mine!"

"If it was you, Fishy," said Bolsover major, "you'd buzz off before the gloves could be put on. Shut up!"

"I guess—"

"Shut up!" roared Bolsover major, autocratically. "Now, you fellows, my idea is that this scrap ought to come off."

"Hear, hear!"

Drake and Smithy have been scowling at one another ever since they went over to Highcliffe yesterday," continued Bolsover major. "Nothing like a scrap to put chaps in a good temper again. Let's go and see Smithy."

A dozen fellows followed Bolsover major to No. 4 in the Remove. They found Vernon-Smith and Tom Redwing there, finishing tea. The Bounder glanced up at the crowd that filled his doorway, and raised his eyebrows.

"Hallo, what's this demonstration about?" he asked.

"About your fight with Drake," explained Bolsover major. "We think it ought to come off."

"And never mind Quelchy!" said Skinner.

"Blow Quelchy," said Ogilvy.

The Bounder laughed.

"I'm agreeable," he said. "It's for Drake to say. He seemed mighty keen on it yesterday. If he's as keen on it to-day, he won't find me backward in coming forward."

"We'll tell him that," said Bolsover major. "Come on, you fellows, we'll go and see Drake."

And Bolsover major led his flock away. Vernon-Smith went on with his tea calmly, affecting not to see the look his study-mate fixed on him.

"Smithy!" said Tom Redwing at last, abruptly.

"Yes, old top? Like some cake?"

"No. I wish you'd keep clear of Drake. Quelchy putting his foot down on it gives you a chance, without appearing to back out."

"I don't want to keep clear of him."

"You were in the wrong, Smithy."

"You've told me that before," answered the Bounder, imperturbably.

"I'm your chum, Smithy, and I speak plainly. You oughtn't to have taken Drake over to Highcliffe, to see Ponsobny—you knew he wouldn't want to get landed among those gambling cads. You're in the wrong, and you ought to let the matter drop, if it's possible."

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"It depends on Drake," he said. "I sha'n't go looking for him. You seem to forget that he challenged me, and wouldn't take 'No' for an answer."

"He's a good-natured chap, and doesn't bear malice. If the fight's put off, he'll forget all about the offence in a few days. Let it drop, and don't take any notice of Bolsover's meddling."

"I don't like the fellow," said the Bounder coolly. "He preached at me. I don't like bein' preached at—I'll stand it from nobody but you, old bean. You give me enough, anyhow. I'd much

rather fight Drake, than not—I want to give him a thumpin' good hiding."

Tom Redwing did not reply; but Smithy thought he could read his thoughts in his face. He flushed angrily. "You think Drake could lick me?" he exclaimed.

"I didn't say so, Smithy."

"But you think so?"

"I don't know—I think you're about equally matched," said Redwing. "It isn't an easy task to lick him, anyhow. He's not a weedy waster like Skinner. He will stand up as long as he can, and you know that he licked Bolsover major. Only a very hefty fellow could do that."

"Well, if he can lick me, he's welcome," said the Bounder surlily. "I'm going to give him a chance, anyhow."

He rose from his chair.

"Where are you going, Smithy?" exclaimed Redwing.

"To see Drake!" answered the Bounder grimly.

"But—look here—"

But the Bounder was gone.

Unavoidably Postponed!

DRAKE!"

"Now, then—"

"About your fight with Smithy—"

Jack Drake raised his hand with a smile.

"One at a time," he said. "Don't all talk at once. And put the soft pedal on, Bolsover, please. Your voice can be heard a mile or two."

"Look here!" roared Bolsover.

"Shush!"

"For goodness' sake clear off, the lot of you," exclaimed Dick Rodney, with a glare at the crowd of juniors in the doorway of No. 3. "What the thump bizney is it of yours, anyhow?"

"Well, it would have been a good fight," remarked Ogilvy.

"Rats!"

"Worth seeing, you know," said Russell.

"Fathead!"

"That's all very well!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "But we think the fight ought to come off, unless Drake's got cold feet—"

"You silly owl!" began Drake.

"Smithy says he leaves it to you, Drake," said Bolsover major. "Now, it's up to you."

"But Mr. Quelch!" said Drake doubtfully.

"Bless Mr. Quelch!"

"Bother him!"

"Here, Wharton," called out Bolsover major, as the captain of the Remove passed along the corridor. "Tell Drake he's called upon to stand up to Smithy as arranged, and bother Quelchy."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Much better idea to call it off, I think," he answered. "Quelchy would be ratty if he found it out."

"Oh, rot!"

"Here comes the Bounder!" called out Squiff. "Now, Smithy—"

"Now for business!" grinned Skinner.

Vernon-Smith looked into No. 3 Study with a grim smile on his face. Jack Drake's glance met his, like the crossing of steel.

"Go it, Smithy!" piped Billy Bunter.

The Bounder lounged in, his hands in his pockets, his manner careless and mocking.

"You called me some pretty names yesterday, Drake," he observed.

"I still think they apply to you," answered Drake at once. "I haven't altered my opinion in the slightest."

"Good! Then there's only one way to settle it," said the Bounder.

"Hold on," interposed Harry Wharton. "Have you a little sense, Smithy! Mr. Quelch knows—"

The Bounder snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"That for Mr. Quelch!" he answered.

"He will hear of the fight," said the captain of the Remove. "Both of you will get into a fearful row."

"I don't care!"

"Then you're a silly ass!" exclaimed Wharton sharply. "You've no right to drag Drake into a row, anyway."

"If Drake is afraid of Mr. Quelch, he can back out!" sneered the Bounder.

"I can't force him to fight."

Drake's face flamed with anger.

"You won't find that I need any forcing," he exclaimed hotly. "Yesterday I called you a blackguard and a rotter, Vernon-Smith. I repeat the same to-day. You are a blackguard and a rotter, and I mean to give you a hiding for the trick you served me at Highcliffe. Is that plain enough for you?"

"Quite!" said the Bounder calmly.

"Go it!" chirruped Bunter.

Drake was on his feet now, his fists clenched, and his eyes glittering. Vernon-Smith made a stride towards him.

Wharton caught the Bounder by the arm.

"Stop it!" he said curtly.

"Hands off, Wharton!"

"You can't fight here—there'll be a prefect on the scene within two minutes."

"I don't care!"

Vernon-Smith jerked his arm away from the captain of the Remove, and rushed towards Jack Drake. Drake's hands were up like lightning to meet him.

One blow came home on Drake's cheek, leaving a deep red mark there, and then a straight drive sent Vernon-Smith tumbling backwards.

It was a hefty blow, and the Bounder spun from it, and measured his length on the study carpet.

"My hat!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Phew!"

"Smithy's down!"

"Well hit, Drake!"

The Bounder scrambled up dazedly, his face black with passion. He was gasping for breath, enraged as much as surprised by that hefty drive that he had been far from expecting. He was about to hurl himself at Drake, who stood ready to receive him, when there was a call from Johnny Bull in the passage.

"Cave!"

"Quelchy!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

There was a rush to escape.

Mr. Quelch rustled along the passage, and stopped at the door of No. 3. Vernon-Smith and Drake had dropped their hands, and cleared, so far as they could, the black looks from their brows. But their aspect was palpably hostile, as the Remove master looked in, and Mr. Quelch frowned.

"So you have forgotten my command!" he said icily. "I ordered you two juniors not to fight."

No reply.

"As this is Drake's study, I blame you, Vernon-Smith—you should not have come here."

The Bounder looked obstinate and sulky, but did not speak.

"You will be detained on Saturday afternoon, Vernon-Smith. Now go back to your study immediately, and remain there."

Still in savage silence, the Bounder quitted No. 3.

"Let there be no more of this!" added Mr. Quelch, with a glance at Drake. And he rustled away.

Dick Rodney closed the study door after him. Drake was breathing rather hard as he sat down. Russell and Ogilvy began their prep. at the study table, but they were thinking less of prep. than of the Remove feud.

"Blessed if I don't think you'll lick him, Drake," said Ogilvy. "That was

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"Blessed if I don't think you'll lick him, Drake," said Ogilvy. "That was

a hefty right of yours—old Smithy went over like a ninepin. If he's not fed-up with what he's got, you'll lick him."

"Smithy's not fed-up," said Russell, with a shake of the head. "He will be on the warpath in the dorm. to-night."

Drake settled down to his prep. with a wrinkled brow. He was quite prepared for a scrap, as soon as the Bouncer began; there would be no avoiding it on his side. Meanwhile, Vernon-Smith had gone down to the common-room; and he was in no mood for prep.

The Bouncer was not in a pleasant temper.

He avoided his study-mate, Tom Redwing; he was in a mood to have quarrelled with his best chum.

Some of the Removites were not very tactful, and their remarks made the Bouncer writhe. His fall in Drake's study was just ill-luck, in Smithy's own opinion; but most of the fellows who had seen it, drew quite a different conclusion. There was a general opinion that Jack Drake was the better man of the two; and that Vernon-Smith was booked for a licking if he persisted in the affair.

Nothing more than that was needed, to make Vernon-Smith persist to the bitter end.

He bitterly resolved that he would show the Remove which was the better man, and he was waiting eagerly for dormitory, in order that the matter might be put to the test.

If he had secret misgivings as to the result of the combat, he crushed them down. He was going to defeat Drake, and then—then he would be willing to shake hands with him. But if Drake defeated him—the Bouncer's eyes glittered as the thought forced itself into his mind, and he drove it away again savagely.

He did no prep. that evening, chancing it with Mr. Quelch for the morrow. Jack Drake came into the common-room later, with Rodney, and the Bouncer crossed over to him.

The juniors gathered round at once, in anticipation of trouble. But the Bouncer kept his hands in his pockets.

His eyes glittered at Drake's calm face.

"Quelch seems to be honouring us with his attention, Drake," he said. "We can't scrap under his eagle eye. After lights out in the dormitory will suit you. I suppose?"

"Better leave it over till to-morrow," answered Drake. "I suppose there's no breakneck hurry in the bizney, is there?"

"It can't very well be left over till to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"Because if you won't fight in the dormitory to-night, I shall give you the coward's blow, and I dare say that will be enough to make you willing to begin!" sneered the Bouncer.

"Shut up, Smithy!" growled Bob Cherry, in disgust.

Drake's eyes flashed.

"In the dormitory, then!" he said quietly, "and now clear off, and let me alone, Smithy—I'm fed-up with you."

Vernon-Smith turned his back on the new junior, and walked away.

There was much anticipation in the Remove as bedtime drew on. The fight that had been unavoidably postponed was coming off at last—after lights out. For once the Removites were not sorry when Wingate of the Sixth came into the common-room to shepherd them off to bed.

The Fight in the Dormitory!

WINGATE saw lights-out in the Remove dormitory, and when he retired, all the Form were settled in bed. They looked peaceful enough when Wingate left them and closed the door.

But scarcely had the prefect's footsteps died away down the corridor, then there was activity in the dormitory.

A dozen juniors sat up in bed, and there was a murmur of voices.

"Go easy!" called out Bob Cherry, cautiously. "If Wingate hears you and comes back—"

"Give him five minutes!" said Bolsover major.

The five minutes seemed long ones to the Removites. Five minutes had barely elapsed, when Bolsover major rolled out of bed and struck a match. He lighted a candle and stuck it on his washstand.

Skinner followed his example, and several other fellows followed. There was soon quite an illumination in the Remove dormitory.

Harry Wharton and Co. turned out of bed, and so did all the rest of the Remove, excepting Billy Bunter and Lord Mauleverer. They preferred watching the exciting entertainment from their pillows.

"Got the gloves?" asked Harry Wharton. As captain of the Form, Wharton was constituted master of the ceremonies.

"Yes, they're here!" answered Dick Rodney.

"I don't want gloves!" snapped the Bouncer.

"Don't be an ass, Smithy!"

"He wants Drake's knuckles again, same as he got them in the study," grinned Snoop. "Better have the gloves on, Smithy! Better for you, old scout." Smack!

The back of Vernon-Smith's hand caught Snoop across the face, and Sidney James Snoop staggered against a bed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Smithy—"

"Why, you rotter!" yelled the astonished and indignant Snoop.

"Hold your tongue, then!" said the Bouncer between his teeth. "Mind

your own bizney, Snoop, or you'll get another."

"You—you rotten bully," gasped Snoop. "I—I'll—"

"You'd better keep your paws to yourself, Smithy," said Harry Wharton coldly. "You'll have enough to do with them soon. You're going to have the gloves on. Here they are."

"I've said I don't want them."

"I don't care either way," said Drake.

"You're going to have the gloves on, because the fight won't be allowed to proceed without them," said Harry Wharton coolly.

"Nobody will stop me," said Vernon-Smith.

"You'll be stopped fast enough if you don't put the gloves on."

"Smithy, old chap," whispered Tom Redwing. He helped the Bouncer on with the gloves, and Smithy made no further demur. Jack Drake donned the gloves quietly.

"Now, then," said Harry Wharton, taking his watch and glancing round. "Two-minute rounds and one-minute rests. Clear back and make a ring, you fellows. And don't kick up a row, or we shall have Wingate here again, and Quelchy!"

"Order! Silence!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"Shush, you ass!"

"Only keeping silence, old chap!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fellows ready?" asked the captain of the Remove.

"Yes," growled the Bouncer.

"Quite!" said Drake.

"Shake hands, then—"

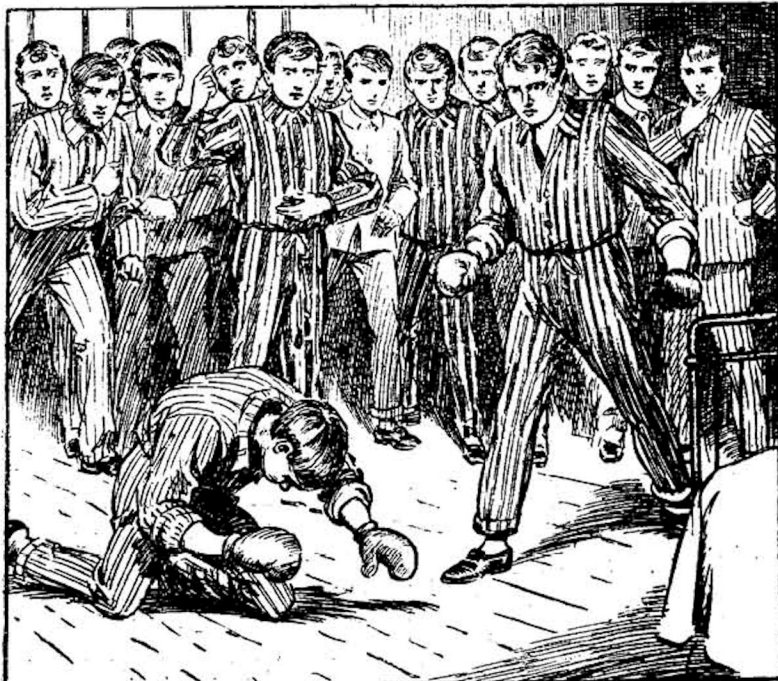
"I'll shake hands with that cad after I've licked him," said Vernon-Smith

"Oh, rats! Time!"

At the instant call of time, the Bouncer rushed forward to the attack. But Drake was quite ready.

He backed a little, but the Bouncer's rush was stopped; and then they were going it hammer and tongs.

Both Redwing and Dick Rodney watched rather anxiously. Each was anxious for his principal; but Redwing,



Harry Wharton, watch in hand, was counting. As he reached nine, the Bouncer, with a dizzy brain and a haggard face, made another effort and got as far as his knees. But he could get no further. He reeled sideways and fell again.

though he wished to see Smithy victorious, could scarcely be proud of his chum at that moment. Smithy was flagrantly in the wrong on the dispute in the first place; and it was he who had persisted bitterly in the contest coming off. It was quite probable that Drake would have forgotten the offence given, and allowed the whole matter to slide, if the Bounder had not persisted. Probably it was chiefly because he was in the wrong that Smithy was so bitter. He had been called a blackguard and a rotter; and it was the truth in those epithets that gave them their sting.

"Time!"
Punishment had been given on both sides in the first round. But Drake was much cooler and more collected than his adversary, and he had the advantage of the first exchanges.

In the second round he improved it; in the third, Vernon-Smith went heavily to the floor.

Skinner looked deeply disappointed. He had hoped to see Drake licked; but the prospect of that seemed rather dim now. In Smithy's place, Skinner would not have come up to the call of time again.

But the Bounder was made of sterner stuff. When Harry Wharton called time for the fourth round, the Bounder came up promptly.

In three more rounds the honours seemed easy; but in the seventh, the Bounder had the advantage. Jack Drake went down under a terrific uppercut, that landed him fairly on his back, with a crash on the floor of the dormitory.

Vernon-Smith stood panting, and waiting for him to rise.

"Time!"
Dick Rodney ran to help his chum. Drake looked a little dazed as his second raised him, and helped him to a knee.

Rodney's face was anxious. There were few fellows in the Remove who could have gone on, after that crashing blow.

He sponged Drake's heated face.
"By gad!" muttered Drake. "That was a corker. I shall have to see that he doesn't do that again! My hat!"

"Time!"
It was the eighth round, and Jack Drake came up slowly. The Bounder's eyes were gleaming with triumph now. Half his animosity vanished at the prospect of victory. But with grim determination he pressed on to finish Drake's defeat.

But Jack Drake was not defeated yet. Through the round he stalled the Bounder off with care and caution, not giving him a chance to come to close quarters, and not taking chances himself. And the call of time gave him rest he badly needed.

"Ninth round!" murmured Bolsover major. "By gad! They're sticking it! Isn't this worth sittin' up for, you fellows?"

"Good men, both!" said Squiff. "Why not chuck it now, you fellows?"
"The chuckfulness is a wheezy good idea, my esteemed friends," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Neither Drake nor the Bounder heeded the suggestion. As Wharton called time, they stepped up for the ninth round.

It was clear then that Drake had recovered, and he pressed the fighting in his turn.

The Bounder did his best, but he was nearly at the end of his resources. There was a buzz round the ring, as a straight drive on the jaw sent Vernon-Smith spinning.

Crash!
"Phew!" gasped Bob Cherry.
"The Bounder's out!" said Skinner, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"And serve him jolly well right!" muttered Snoop.

Drake waited.
The Bounder made a herculean effort to rise, but sank back again on the floor. Harry Wharton, watch in hand, was counting.

As he reached nine, the Bounder, with a dizzy brain and a haggard face, made another effort, and got as far as his knees. But he could get no further; he reeled sideways, and fell again.

"Out!"
Wharton slipped his watch back under his pillow. The fight was over; Herbert Vernon-Smith was counted out!

Dick Rodney drew a deep breath of relief. Redwing went quietly to his chum's side to help him.

The Bounder staggered up, leaning heavily on Tom Redwing's arm.

"I'm not finished yet!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "I'm going on—"

"You're counted out!" said Wharton curtly.

"I don't care!"
"Smithy—" began Redwing.

"Let me alone!"
The Bounder, with a white, savage face, made a blind rush towards Drake, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing.

"Look out, Drake!"

But there was no need to look out. Vernon-Smith staggered before he reached his enemy; his strength was spent, and he came down heavily on his knees. Tom Redwing ran to him.

"Smithy, get to bed!"

"Hang him!" muttered the Bounder, huskily. "I'll fight him again to-morrow. I'm not licked—it was a fluke."

"What rot!" snorted Bolsover major. "You're about as thoroughly licked as a fellow ever was, and it wasn't any dashed fluke; you're licked because Drake's the better man."

"Liar!" snarled the Bounder.

"Why, you cheeky rotter—"

"Hold on, Bolsover," said Harry Wharton quietly. "You can't row with Smithy now. Turn him into bed, Redwing."

"Let me alone—I don't want any help!"

And shaking off his chum's helping hand, the Bounder staggered to his bed, and sank down upon it panting. Bob Cherry began to blow out the candle-ends.

Drake came over towards the Bounder. "Look here, Smithy," he said. "We had a row, and we had a scrap; but there's no need to feel like a Hun about it. Give us your fist, and let's forget all about it."

"That's a good tip!" said Bob Cherry. "Play up, Smithy!"

Vernon-Smith drew a hissing breath. "I'll shake hands with you, when I've given you what you've given me, Drake," he said between his teeth. "Till then, keep your distance—you've licked me, you cad, and I'll make you suffer for it—and if I can't lick you, I'll try some other way."

"Oh, rats!" said Drake coolly, and he walked away, and proceeded to tuck into bed.

Darkness reigned in the Remove dormitory once more. There was a buzz of voices from bed to bed, as the juniors discussed the fight, and every word was gall and wormwood to the Bounder of Greyfriars.

Long after the other fellows were asleep, Vernon-Smith lay awake, aching, throbbing, with restless eyes staring into the darkness; and the thoughts that passed through his excited brain would have surprised and alarmed his Form-fellows, if they could have known.

THE END.

Another grand long story of the chums of Greyfriars next week.

A Chat with Tom Redwing

By our Special Representative.

"SHAKE a leg, you lubbers! Hoist the topsail! Heave the main deck overboard!"

Tom Redwing, of the Remove, stared at me in blank amazement.

"What are you burbling about?" he demanded.

"You're a sailor's son, aren't you?" I said.

"Yes."

"Well, I thought it only proper to address you in nautical language."

"I'll address you with my boot if you don't clear out!"

"Stay your hand, Thomas," I said, dropping into a chair, "and tell me all about your seafaring adventures. Have you ever sailed the Spanish Main? Have you ever been a pirate?"

Tom Redwing snorted.

"A lantern-jawed, fierce-looking merchant like you would make a ripping pirate!" I went on.

"Br-r-r!"

"Surely you can trot out some adventures with which I can entertain the readers of the BOYS' HERALD? You've been to sea, I take it?"

"Yes."

"Good! How far have you been?"

"I've cruised round the world."

"My hat! That sort of experience make a land-lubber like me feel jolly envious! Ever been swallowed by a shark?"

"Ass! I shouldn't be alive to tell the tale if I had!"

"Well, that's true enough. What's it like on board ship?"

"Run away and pick flowers!" growled Tom Redwing. "I'm waiting to get on with my prep."

"But you've told me practically nothing!" I protested. "I'm dying to know what it's like on a rough sea!"

A Practical Demonstration

TOM REDWING rose to his feet. A covert grin lurked about his features.

"You really want to know what it's like on a rough sea?" he asked.

"Yea. Give me a demonstration of what it's like in the Bay of Biscay."

"Right you are!"

And, greatly to my surprise, Tom Redwing gripped me by the collar, and marched me out of his study.

"Hold on!" I gasped. "Where are you taking me?"

The sturdy sailorman's son made no reply. He marched me out into the Close, and halted near the fountain.

Then he beckoned to Micky Desmond and Ogilvy, who were standing in the offing.

"This fellow wants to know what it's like on a rough sea," he explained.

"Help me to show him, you chaps!"

And then, before I could realise what had happened, I found myself struggling in the icy waters of the fountain.

"Gug-gug-gug!" I spluttered wildly.

"There you are!" said Tom Redwing. "You can imagine you're being drenched with spray in the Bay of Biscay."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With great difficulty I extricated myself from the deep, wide bowl of the fountain, and, shaking myself like a drenched terrier, I rushed at my assailants with clenched fists.

But they fled. And the sound of their merriment floated back to me as I squelched my way into the building.

THE END.