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INSIDE.

# The Greyfriars BOYS' HERALD

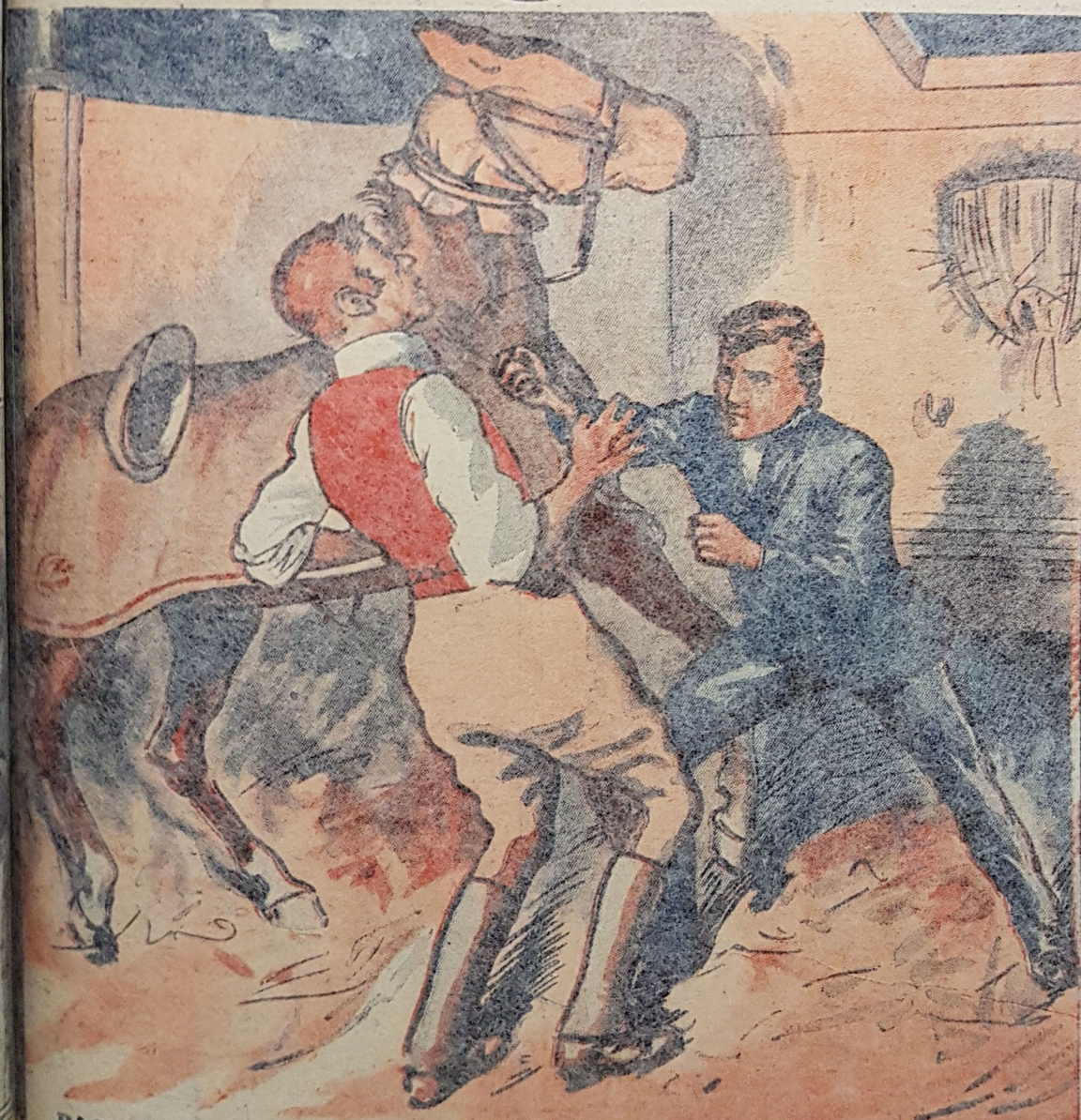
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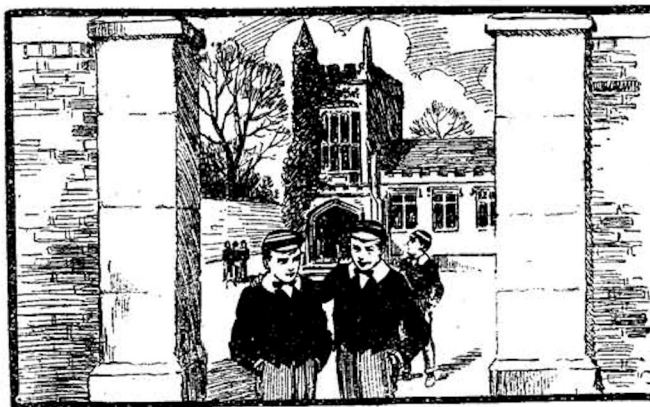


**PACKED WITH SPLENDID ADVENTURE AND SCHOOL STORIES.**

The above is a thrilling incident from "Prince Splendide's Chum."



ANOTHER OF OUR POPULAR LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORIES.



# The Rival Ragers!

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

**A Lesson Needed!**

**C**HEEK!" Five Remove fellows made that remark at once. Harry Wharton and Co. had come into No. 1 Study, in the Remove passage, to tea. But they forgot tea, as soon as they were in the study. An inscription daubed on the looking-glass over the fire caught their eyes at once. It was daubed in ink, in large capital letters, and its purport was distinctly exasperating to the Famous Five of Greyfriars. It ran:

**NOTICE!**

**THIS STUDY HAS TOO MUCH NECK! DROP IT!**

By Order, **J. DRAKE.**  
**DICK RODNEY.**  
**DONALD OGILVY.**  
**R. RUSSELL.**

"Of all the nerve!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "I've told you chaps that those new kids will have to be sat upon!"  
"Yes, rather!" agreed Frank Nugent. "The sat uponfulness should be terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh.  
"Cheeky asses!" grunted Johnny Bull. "It's time an example was made of them."

Bob Cherry looked thoughtful. "Drake isn't a bad chap," he said. "Rodney's quite a decent kid. And Ogilvy and Russell are old pals. I think that for their own good, they ought to be sat upon. It would be an act of kindness!"

"Let's go and be kind, then," suggested Nugent, with a grin.  
"What about tea?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Tea can wait!" answered Harry Wharton. "These new kids are getting their ears up. Drake isn't a bad sort, but he doesn't know that new kids should be shy and retiring, and only speak when they're spoken to."

Bob Cherry chuckled. "I don't remember being like that when I was a new kid," he remarked.  
"That's different. Ordinary rules don't apply to us!"

"Hear, hear!"  
"We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us!" chuckled Bob. "Quite right—hurray for us! Let's go and give Drake and Co. a little lesson, and make 'em put their ears down. I've heard that there was trouble when there were two kings at Brentford—and there isn't room in the Greyfriars Remove for two top dogs. Somebody's got to take a back seat. It couldn't possibly be us!"  
"No fear!"

"The no-fearfulness is great," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh emphatically. "Let us go on the warpath and enlighten these ridiculous and misguided youths."

And the Famous Five, leaving tea over for the present, quitted No. 1 Study, and stepped along to No. 3. Vernon-Smith was coming down the passage, and the cheery Co. glanced at him rather curiously. The Bounder's brow was dark, and his lips set in a tight line. There were still marks about him from his fight with Jack Drake, and it was well-known in the Remove that Smithy had not forgotten or forgiven his defeat.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Wherefore that amiable smile, Smithy?"

"Oh, rats!" grunted the Bounder. Evidently he was not in a good temper.

"I've been looking for you, Smithy," said Nugent, pausing in the passage.

"Well, now you've found me?" said the Bounder ungraciously.

"I'm beginning to get in the cricket subscriptions," explained Nugent.

"Nothing like starting early, you know. Saves a lot of dunning fellows later on. So—"

"Oh, bother!" snapped Vernon-Smith. And he swung on to the stairs, without wasting any more words on the Famous Five.

Nugent coloured a little. This was rather a cavalier way of treating the secretary and treasurer of the Remove club.

"Old Smithy can't get over it," said Bob. "Bit of an ass, I think; nothing to be ashamed of in being licked in a fair fight. But let's get along and sit on those innocent kids who are getting their ears up!"

Bang! Bob Cherry opened the door of No. 3 Study by the simple process of planting a heavy boot against it forcibly.

The door flew back with a crash.  
"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob into the doorway. "Here we are again! We've come to educate you!"

There was no reply, however; the study was unoccupied.

"Gone out!" said Wharton, laughing.  
"Never mind, we'll leave them a keepsake!"

"Bound to do our duty, now we've come," said Bob. "We'll rag the study, and put up a notice! Begin—I'm hungry, and we can't waste too much time on these kids at tea-time."

The Famous Five started at once. They were quite good-humoured and genial; but they did their work quite thoroughly.

As Bob had remarked, there was no room for two top dogs in one Form. The Famous Five being top dog, all

rivals had to be crushed. A rather severe lesson was needed, in the opinion of the Co., and they proceeded to administer it.

They had had some experience in this kind of thing. It was not the first time that trouble had arisen in the Remove passage. Indeed, that passage was the most unruly one at Greyfriars; it was seldom that the cheery Removeites ceased from troubling, and the weary were at rest.

In a remarkably short space of time, every article of furniture in the study was up-ended, and the carpet was draped gracefully over the table-legs, and the clock and the books and the papers were deposited in the coal-locker—the coal, by way of variety, being decoratively arranged on the mantelpiece.

Nothing was broken—the Famous Five had a scrupulous regard for property—but everything that could be displaced, was displaced, and the result was startling to the view.

Finally a message was chalked on the looking-glass, to catch the eyes of Drake and Co. when they came in to tea.

**SPECIAL NOTICE!**

**DISCIPLINE MUST BE MAINTAINED! HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON!**

Signed, **HARRY WHARTON.**  
**BOB CHERRY.**  
**FRANK NUGENT.**  
**J. BULL.**  
**HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH.**

And then the Famous Five strolled away to No. 1 Study to tea, with the happy and comfortable feeling of duty well and conscientiously done.

**Tit For Tat!**

**R**EADY for tea, what?" Jack Drake made that remark, as he came in at the gates of Greyfriars, with his chum Dick Rodney.

The two new juniors had been for a long ramble by the sea, and they were rather late in returning. It was close on lock-up when they came in at the gates—rather dusty, and very hungry.  
"Yes, rather!" assented Rodney.  
"Let's hope that Ogilvy and Russell have tea ready."

"And let's hope that they haven't scoffed it all!" grinned Drake. The two juniors hurried across the quadrangle to the Schoolhouse.

The Famous Five were inside, and they glanced at the two and smiled, as they came in.

Drake and Rodney came quickly up the big staircase, unheeding the Famous Five. Their thoughts were on tea.



On the landing they passed the Bounder, who was sitting on the window-seat with his chum, Tom Redwing, talking in a low tone. Vernon-Smith gave them a black look.

Jack Drake paused. Ever since his fight with the Bounder, he had been treated to black looks from Smithy, and he did not like it. Drake's frank and rather careless nature made it incomprehensible to him how a fellow could nourish bitterness in this way.

"Hallo, Smithy!" he said, quite cordially.

The Bounder stared at him without replying.

"Look here, old scout," said Drake. "What's the good of keepin' this up? We had a fight last week—it's over and done with. I don't bear any malice. Why should you?"

"Is that all you have to say to me?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Well, yes. That's about all."

"Then you can clear off!"

Drake flushed angrily.

"I'll say another word or two, then," he exclaimed. "I think you're a sulky ass to keep up a silly grudge like this! You ought to have more sense! Your scowling is becoming a standing joke in the Form. But you can scowl till you tie your face in a knot, for all I care!"

And Drake went on his way, impatiently.

The Bounder's lip curled bitterly.

"Dash it all, Smithy—" muttered Redwing.

"Don't you begin preaching!" said the Bounder. "I hate that fellow, and I don't want to be jawed about it. I'm not a Good Little Georgie, like you, Redwing. When I hate a fellow, I hate him!"

"But, Smithy—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" said the Bounder rudely.

Tom Redwing quietly rose from the window-seat, and went downstairs. He did not want to quarrel with his chum; but in Smithy's late mood it was not easy to avoid it.

The Bounder sat alone in the dusky window-seat, his brow black, communing with his own bitter thoughts.

Meanwhile, Drake and Rodney had gone on to their study. A fat junior grinned at them near the doorway.

"I say, you fellows! He, he, he!"

"Well, what are you cackling at, Bunter?" asked Rodney.

"You haven't seen it yet?"

"Seen what, ass?"

"Your study!" grinned Billy Bunter.

"What's the matter with our study?"

"The question is what isn't the matter with it?" chuckled Bunter.

"You should have seen Russell and Ogilvy when they came in. They've gone to tea with Mauleverer. It will take you some time to get tea in your study! He, he, he!"

And Bunter rolled away, chuckling.

"What the thump has happened while we've been out?" exclaimed Drake.

He threw open the door of No. 3.

Then he knew what had happened.

The study looked as if two or three cyclones had smitten it, and played with it at their own sweet will.

Drake and Rodney stared into the wreck, blankly.

"Why? What—?"

"My hat!"

Drake caught sight of the inscription on the glass. Then he understood.

"The cheeky rotters!" he shouted.

"This is their answer to the message we put in their study!"

"Rather an emphatic answer!" said Rodney, with a faint smile.

Drake's eyes glinted.

"It's war, then!" he said. "I don't mind. Look here, Rodney, you begin

getting things to rights here while I move along to No. 1."

"You're going to—"

"I'm going to wreck the dashed study from end to end, and floor to ceiling!" said Drake. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander! I fancy they'll get tired of this game as soon as we do."

"Righto!"

Jack Drake hurried along the passage to No. 1. From down the Remove staircase, Bob Cherry hailed him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Drake glanced down the stairs. Bob gave him a sweet smile from the distance.

"Keep out of No. 1, Drake," he called out.

"I'm just going in!"

"You'll leave on your neck, then!"

"We'll see!"

Drake stepped into the study and slammed the door. Bob Cherry's powerful voice boomed out.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Come up, you fellows!"

"What's the row?" called out Wharton, from below.

"The giddy enemy at the gates!"

"Oh! We're coming!"

There was a rush of the Famous Five up the stairs. Harry Wharton turned the handle of the door of No. 1 Study. But the door did not open.

"Can't be locked," said Nugent.

"I took away the key."

Wharton shoved at the door. But it remained fast. The back of a chair was jammed securely under the lock, and the door was as fast as if it had been locked and bolted. The five Removites hammered on the panels.

"Come out of that, Drake!" shouted Wharton.

"Rats!" came Drake's voice from within.

"What are you up to?"

"Wrecking the study!"

"My hat! You cheeky ass!" roared the captain of the Remove. "Let us in at once! Do you hear?"

"I hear!"

"Open the door!"

"Rats!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! He's going it!" murmured Bob Cherry, as a terrific crash resounded in the study.

Crash! Clatter! Clatter! Crash!

Undoubtedly Jack Drake was "going it."

#### Smithy's Temptation!

CRASH! Crash! Crash!

Table and chairs were going right and left. Fender and fire-irons seemed to be wildly jazzing.

Drake was evidently putting his beef into it.

Outside, in the passage, the Famous Five raged.

They simply could not get into the study; the stout oaken door was too strong to be burst in, even if they could have ventured upon such a drastic step.

And the chair jammed under the lock held it tight shut.

Crash! Crash!

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Nugent.

"The cheeky ass!" gasped Wharton.

"Wrecking our study—my study—the Form captain's study! Oh, crumbs!"

Words failed the indignant captain of the Remove.

"Ahem! We—we wrecked his study!" murmured Nugent.

"That's different; that was a lesson!"

"So is this!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"I suppose this will be called the second lesson! The cheeky owl!"

"The cheekfulness is terrific; but—"

"We can't stop him!" said Bob.

"We'll scalp him afterwards. You two can come along to No. 13 for prep."

"I—I—I'll slaughter him!" gasped Wharton.

Crash!

"Hallo, that sounds like my desk going!" exclaimed Nugent. "Drake! Drake, you potty ass!"

"Hallo, old top!"

"Mind that desk—that's where I keep the club funds!" shouted Nugent.

"There's money in it. If you burst it open—"

"Oh, I sha'n't burst it," answered Drake cheerfully. "Just pitching it over that's all!"

"You—you—"

"We'll scalp you!" roared Johnny Bull.

Crash!

"We'll snatch you bald-headed!"

Crash!

The threats that were howled through the study door did not seem to worry Jack Drake very much. He went on his destructive course regardless.

Bob Cherry glanced rather oddly at his chums. The Famous Five had descended on No. 3, to give the occupants thereof a lesson. Somehow, they had not quite realised that study-ragging was a game for two to play at.

No. 3 Study had not really taken its lesson in the proper spirit of humility—so far as Jack Drake was concerned, at all events.

Crash! Clatter! Thud!

"Come to think of it, we were rather asses!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Of course, it's rather cheeky of Drake, to hand out tit for tat like this. But, he's doing it!"

"No doubt about that!" groaned Nugent. "My desk wasn't built to be chucked around in a study, either."

Crash! Clatter!

"We'd better find some other way of educating them," said Bob. "They may begin on my study next, or Johnny's! Well, we can't get at Drake, and I fancy he's all the worse while we yell at him. Let's get it!"

Crash! came from within the study.

Harry Wharton and Co. suppressed their feelings as well as they could, and turned away to the stairs.

They realised that threats howled through the keyhole only acted as a spur upon the study-ragger. He was best left alone, since he could not be got at.

But it was with deep wrath that they went downstairs. Vernon-Smith, who was still loafing in the landing window-seat, looked at them with a sour grin.

"Drake ragging your study?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry Wharton. "We ragged his, you know," he felt bound to add.

"He seems to be putting his beef into it," said the Bounder. "I can hear the row from here. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, scalp him!" said Bob.

The Bounder eyed him.

"You could lick Drake, I think," he remarked.

"Possibly," said Bob Cherry drily.

"But I'm not going to fight Drake to please you, Smithy. Cut it out!"

And the Famous Five went down to the common-room, leaving the Bounder with knitted brows.

It was a quarter of an hour later that the door of No. 1 opened cautiously, and Jack Drake looked out into the passage. He did not want to run into the arms of the Famous Five.

But the coast was clear, and Drake slipped out, and went along to his own study.

That study was far from being restored to order; but Rodney had got some of the things into their places, and the hungry chums were able to set about getting a late tea.

Vernon-Smith left the window-seat,



and strolled up the Remove staircase and looked into No. 1 Study.

He grinned sourly at the sight that met his gaze.

No. 3 Study had been severely ragged; but No. 1 was in a far more wrecked state. Drake had considered it judicious to pay the debt with interest. He had not meant to do any serious damage, but furniture could not be toppled about without some damage resulting. Nugent's desk was a rather old and seedy affair, and its crash on the floor had rather hurt it. Two drawers had fallen out, and papers and letters were strewn among overturned furniture and coal on the carpet.

The Bounder eyed the ruins with a grim satisfaction. In his bitterness towards Drake, he was glad to see the beginning of what might be serious trouble between the new junior and the leaders of the Remove. If he could make that trouble more serious, the Bounder was not likely to fail to do so.

He gave a sudden start.

Drake had left the light on in the study to reveal the havoc in full when the owners returned. Amid the overturned furniture and scattered articles, books and papers and other things, the Bounder caught sight of a crisp slip of thin paper.

It was a banknote.

Vernon-Smith stepped into the study and picked it up. It was a Bank of England note for five pounds.

It was easy to guess how it had come there. Nugent's desk had contained it. It was part, or all, of the junior club funds. The desk drawers had been pitched out, when it crashed over, and among the articles scattered forth, was the banknote.

Vernon-Smith stood with the crisp note rustling in his fingers. His first thought was to take it to Nugent, at once, to be placed in safety.

But another thought shot into his brain. A thought that made him start, and change colour.

His hand closed almost convulsively on the five-pound note, concealing it from sight, and he glanced round hastily at the open door.

No one was in sight.

The Bounder's eyes glittered, and his breath came thick and fast. A struggle was going on in his breast. He hesitated; and it was said of old that he who hesitates is lost.

His face hardened.

Quietly, deliberately, he slipped the banknote into his pocket, and stepped out into the passage.

The Remove passage was empty.

Vernon-Smith walked easily along to his own study, and entered. Tom Redwing was already at prep; he glanced up at the Bounder as he came in. To his surprise, Vernon-Smith nodded with a genial smile.

"Going to do your prep., Smithy?" asked Redwing, greatly relieved to see his study-mate in so good a humour.

"Yes; about time, isn't it?" yawned the Bounder. "Redwing, old man, I'm sorry I spoke roughly on the stairs—only my little way, you know."

Tom Redwing laughed.

"All serene, old chap," he replied. "But—but I wish you'd try to feel a bit more kindly towards Drake. You needn't like him, but you might be civil, Smithy."

"So I will," said Smithy, with a strange look at his chum. "What's the good of keeping up old grudges?" "I'm jolly glad to hear you talk like that, Smithy," said Tom Redwing, his face brightening. "It's more like your old self."

"Well, I had a thundering licking, you know," said the Bounder. "It wasn't pleasant to be taken down before

all the Form. You can't expect me to love Drake for it. But—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Bygones might as well be bygones. Look here, Drake's study has been wrecked. Let's go and lend those chaps a hand to put it right."

Redwing stared. The change of mood in his chum had surprised and pleased him; but he had never dreamed that the Bounder would extend the olive branch to his enemy in this way.

"Do you mean that, Smithy?" he exclaimed.

"Of course, I do, old scout!"

Redwing jumped up.

"Come on, then! Prep. can wait!"

And the two juniors went along to No. 3 Study, Redwing smiling cheerfully—Smithy smiling too, with a smile that was not very pleasant to see. Redwing tapped at the door of No. 3, and looked in. Drake and Rodney had finished a hurried tea, and were getting to work again on setting their study to rights. Prep in the study in its present state was impossible. Ogilvy and Russell had come along from Lord Mauleverer's study to help; and the four juniors were busy.

"Can we lend a hand?" asked Tom Redwing.

"Welcome as the flowers in May!" answered Jack Drake cheerily.

"There's lots to do—I think we shall never get all the coal collected. But who's with you?"

"Smithy; he wants to help too."

Vernon-Smith showed himself in the doorway, behind his chum. Drake glanced at him in surprise, but his look became cordial at once.

"Trot in, Smithy!" he said. "Lots to do, if you feel industrious."

"I'd be glad to help," said the Bounder.

"Good man!"

There were six juniors at work now, and the study was speedily ship-shape once more. The Bounder was industrious and indefatigable. He seemed in high good humour.

No. 3 Study were able to get to prep. at last; and Smithy and Redwing took their departure. And the banknote was no longer in the pocket of the Bounder of Greyfriars.

The Mystery of the Banknote!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Trot in!" That was Bob Cherry's greeting, as Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent appeared in the doorway of No. 13.

Mark Linley looked up with a smile. "Lots of room," he said.

"The roomfulness is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"We'd like to do our prep. here," said Harry with a rather rueful smile.

"Nothing doing in No. 1, till we get it to rights. It looks like the after-effects of an air-raid when I looked in!"

"We'll all lend a hand after prep.," said Bob. "We'll get it in order before dorm.; and we'll scalp Drake, to-morrow!"

Room was made for Wharton and Nugent at the study table, and they sat down to their work.

Prep. had to be done, or there was likely to be a painful explanation with Mr. Quelch, in the morning.

Prep. was duly done; and then the Famous Five foregathered in No. 1 Study to repair the extensive damages. Several fellows, who had also finished prep., came to look on, with grinning faces. The peculiar contest between No. 1 and No. 3, excited considerable merriment in the Remove. The Famous Five had given Drake and Co. a severe lesson; but the lesson had come home to roost, as it were; and there was much speculation as to what the next step would be.

The leaders of the Form could not take it lying down; but it was pretty clear that study-ragging was not a profitable investment. The Famous Five were spread over three studies, so that Drake and Co. could do three times as much damage as they could; and there was no doubt whatever that he would do it, if his quarters were ragged again.

Some other method, evidently, had to be found for putting the new junior in his right and proper place—according to the views taken by the great chiefs of the Remove. As for Drake, his view was that he was in his right and proper place already, and he considered that it was the Famous Five that needed taking down a peg or two. On that

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subject the rivals of the Remove were not likely to see eye to eye.

"Well, it looks a pretty sort of muck-up!" remarked Bob Cherry. "But many hands make light work. Pile in!"

"He, he, he!" came from the passage. "I say, you fellows, I'm not going to help. I dare say you wish now, Wharton, that you had lent me a bob on my postal-order this morning!"

"Kick, Bunter, somebody!" called out Bob Cherry.

"Certainly!" said Squiff.

And Squiff kicked Bunter, who roared. The Owl of the Remove rolled away without making any further agreeable remarks.

"You fellows have got a tidy job before you!" remarked Bolsover major, grinning in at the doorway.

"Lend a hand," suggested Nugent.

"No, thanks—but I'll watch!" chuckled Bolsover. "It's really as good as a cinema!"

"Oh, rats!" grunted Johnny Bull.

The Famous Five right-ended the table, and extracted the carpet from a heap of chairs, and sorted out books and papers from the coal, amid a running fire of remarks and laughter from the crowd outside the door. They were soon feeling rather cross.

Nugent's old desk had suffered rather severely, and it stood a little crookedly when it was set up. The drawers were put in, with some difficulty, and the various articles they had contained were picked up one by one.

"This is past a rag!" growled Nugent. "The money's scattered about the floor somewhere. Lucky I changed it into a banknote, or there would be a night's work before us to find it all."

"How much was there?" asked Wharton. "I've picked up a half-crown."

"I've found a shilling," said Bob.

Frank Nugent consulted a memorandum-book.

"Five pounds three and six!" he said. "Nearly all in one banknote. I changed it yesterday for Mauleverer. Lucky I did—I shouldn't like to have to search among this for five pounds in silver."

"Keep your eyes open for the fiver," said Harry. "I haven't seen it yet."

"You ought to keep a money-drawer locked, Nugent!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Ass! I did keep it locked! The lock burst when the desk went over—it wasn't a strong one!"

"Lucky the fire was out," remarked Squiff, in the doorway. "Your dashed note might have blown into it, if it had been going."

"Phew! Yes! Drake would have had to make it good then."

Squiff chuckled.

"He might have charged it up to the chaps who started ragging studies!" he suggested.

"Oh, rats!"

The Famous Five laboured on, dusty and perspiring, and the study gradually assumed a more normal appearance.

But the five-pound note did not seem in a hurry to come to light.

The loose articles were collected and put away, but the fiver remained undiscovered.

"Dash it all!" exclaimed Wharton, at last. "It will be dorm, soon, but we've got to find the beastly thing."

"You've laid the carpet over it," said Bolsover major consolingly. And there was a chortle from the passage.

"I—I suppose we must have," said Bob Cherry doubtfully. "Certainly it's nowhere about."

The prospect of lifting the study carpet again, and searching under it, was a dismaying one. Even Nugent, the best-tempered fellow in the Remove, looked annoyed and exasperated.

"Oh, let's get to it," said Johnny

Bull. "It's got to be done! My only aunt Selina! What an evening!"

Up came the carpet again, the furniture being stacked aside. But another disappointment awaited the anxious juniors. The floor was scanned inch by inch, but the banknote was not to be seen.

"It's not here!" said Bob. "It's not in the study at all. What the merry thump has become of it?"

"Can't have blown out of the window!" said Nugent. "The window was only open a few inches at the top!"

"And there was no fire—"

"But it's not here," said Harry Wharton. "We've gone over every inch of the beastly place. Is it possible that that howling idiot, Drake, has hidden it somewhere, to startle us?"

"He wouldn't be such a fool!" said Squiff.

"Well, it's not here."

"Sure it was in the desk at all, Franky?" asked Bob.

"Of course, I'm sure!" said Frank, rather acidly. "It was in the money drawer, and locked up. The drawer fell out when the desk was broken, and that idiot, Drake, ought to have seen it!"

"Dash it all—!" said Harry Wharton. He paused, and a startled look came over his face. "It—It's not possible—"

"What's not possible?" grunted Nugent.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Banknote missing, hey?" boomed Bolsover major. "Who's bagged the banknote? We shall call this study the Thieves Kitchen, in future!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, you silly owl!" roared Bob Cherry. "The banknote's not stolen. It's lost. Drake's put it somewhere to give us a turn, of course—perhaps taken it to his own study."

"That's rot!" said Bolsover major.

"Well, it's gone, you silly ass! Don't we keep on telling you that it isn't here?" snapped Bob Cherry.

Bolsover shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Fellows don't take banknotes for a joke," he said. "Even Bunter wouldn't be idiot enough to do that. If a fellow walks off with a banknote in his pocket, it's because he means to keep it!"

The Famous Five exchanged glances.

Bolsover major had, as a matter of fact, voiced the unspoken thought in their own minds. It was almost inconceivable that any fellow could be foolish enough to take away money for a joke. By doing so, he could not help laying himself under the suspicion of theft. But if the banknote had not been taken for a foolish joke, why had it been taken?

There was a short silence; and the faces of the Removites were very grave. Bob Cherry broke the silence.

"Let's go and see Drake!" he said abruptly. "If he hands over the banknote, we'll take it that it was a fool joke on us, and say no more about it."

"And if he doesn't—!" muttered Wharton.

"We shall know what to think! But he's bound to hand it over, there's no thief in the Greyfriars Remove. Let's go and ask him at once."

"Righto!"

And the Famous Five started for No. 3 Study; and at their heels followed Bolsover major and half a dozen other fellows in a state of almost breathless excitement. For the matter had become very serious now.

There will be another grand long story of Greyfriars School next week, and a splendid art portrait study of one of the boys of Greyfriars. See that you order your copy EARLY.

## A Chat with Jack Wingate

By our Special Representative,

"SEEN young Wingate?" I inquired of Tubb of the Third, whom I met in the passage.

Tubb nodded.

"He's in Hoskins' study," he said. Now, Hoskins is the tame musician of the Shell, and I could not help wondering what a fag like Jack Wingate wanted in his study.

"What's he doing there?" I asked.

"Stealing!" said Tubb.

I gave a violent start.

"What is he stealing—and how do you know he's stealing?" I inquired of Tubb.

But that bright youth had passed on. I hurried along to Hoskins' study, and met Wingate minor in the act of emerging therefrom.

"Look here, kid," I said sternly. "I wanted to interview you for the 'BOYS' HERALD,' but that must wait. Tubb tells me you've been stealing!"

For the moment, Jack Wingate looked bewildered. Then a twinkle came into his eye.

"That's so!" he said.

I surveyed the fag with stern disapproval.

"What have you stolen?" I demanded.

"A march!"

I remembered that Hoskins, being a musician, often composed—or rather, perpetrated—marches, some of which had been published from time to time by editors who didn't understand music. And Wingate minor had stolen one of them!

"You'll come with me!" I said.

And I marched the fag along to Mr. Twigg's study.

Twigg looked up impatiently as we entered.

"What is it, what is it?" he asked testily.

"I have a painful duty to perform, sir," I said piously. "This misguided pupil of yours has stolen a march from Hoskins' study."

"What?"

"He's bagged a stirring piece of martial music, sir, which might have made history!"

"I haven't!" interposed Jack Wingate, with a grin. "I admit that I stole a march. Hoskins is giving a big celebration this afternoon, and he wanted somebody to fag for him. Paget was jolly keen, and so was I. And I stole a march on Paget, and got there first!"

Twigg tried to keep a straight face, but in vain. He fairly exploded with mirth.

"Go away, you ridiculous boy!" he said, waving me to the door. "And do not be so ready to jump to conclusions again!"

Looking daggers at Jack Wingate, I went!

THE END.

### NEXT WEEK!

The first of a splendid series of official PORTRAIT STUDIES of the BOYS OF GREYFRIARS will be presented in the

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