

WONDERFUL NEW SERIAL STARTS TO-DAY! SEE PAGE 10.

The BOYS' HERALD



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"THE LURE OF GOLD"
Starts Inside.

MAGNIFICENT FREE PHOTOGRAPH OF CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE CREW.

Our Magnificent, Long Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars School.



Drake Under A Cloud!

Have you seen the splendid portrait of Bob Cherry on page 19? Another portrait next week:

Accused!
DON'T stand on ceremony!" Jack Drake made that observation in a rather sarcastic tone. His visitors were not standing on ceremony.

Prep. was just over in No. 3. Study in the Greyfriars Remove. Prep. had been rather late that evening and it was close on bedtime. Ogilvy and Russell had gone down to the common-room; Jack Drake and Rodney were chatting over the fire, when the door was hurled open.

Bob Cherry strode in, with a grim brow, and after him came Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove. Behind the two juniors, were Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh. And behind them, half a dozen Remove fellows loomed up in the passage. And all of them were looking excited.

The Famous Five all came into the study; and Jack Drake eyed them coolly. His hand strayed carelessly to the poker. If a "rag" was intended, he did not mean that rag to be a walk-over for the Famous Five.

Dick Rodney annexed a fives bat, which was handy. The chums of the Remove rose to their feet.

"Didn't a kind uncle ever give you a tip about knocking at a door?" continued Drake.

"No time for rotting," said Bob Cherry, tersely. "We've come here on business."

"I'm ready for business, old scout. I may mention that this poker has been in the fire, and the end is hot."

"This isn't a rag—" began Harry Wharton.

"Oh, good. I thought it was!" said Drake, blandly. "I'll keep the poker in hand, in case you change your little minds, and turn it into a rag."

Some of the juniors in the passage chortled. But the Famous Five were grave and grim. The matter in hand was serious.

"You've been ragging No. 1 Study—my study, Drake!" said Wharton.

"Admitted!"

"You turned everything inside out, and busted Nugent's desk—"

"Sorry Nugent's desk was busted," answered Drake politely. "He shouldn't have such a jolly old desk. That desk ought to have been given to a ragman long ago. It toppled over at a touch. I believe it broke. Sorry! You should have reflected upon these sad possibilities before you ragged my study this afternoon."

"You mucked up our study pretty thoroughly," said Rodney warmly.

"What the thump did you expect after that?"

"My dear chap, they expected us to take it lying down," said Drake, with a

smile. "Now they are undeceived. I really think I handled No. 1 Study pretty effectively."

"You cheeky ass—"

"Same to you, and many of them!" yawned Drake. "I think I've been rather moderate. All of you had a hand in ragging this study—and I've only paid my debt to No. 1. I'm considering whether to begin operations on Bull's and Cherry's studies. I'm willing to leave the matter where it is, if you fellows are. This is an accommodating study."

"Never mind the study-ragging," said Wharton. "We haven't come about that—"

"My mistake again! Have you come to supper? We've got a sardine left—"

"Look here—"

"It's a fairly old sardine, and we decided not to touch it at tea-time. But you are welcome to it."

Harry Wharton looked keenly at Drake. His manner was genial and good-humoured; certainly there was no sign of a guilty conscience about him. The captain of the Remove decided to come straight to the point.

"This is a serious matter, Drake," he said. "Nugent kept the junior club funds in his desk, and the money was knocked out when the desk was burst, and the drawer fell out."

"Hardly a safe place to keep money, I should think. But I suppose you can pick it up. You haven't come here to ask me to pick it up for you, I suppose."

"Ask further along the passage," grinned Dick Rodney.

"No, there was five pounds three and six in the desk—a half-crown, a shilling, and a five-pound note," said Harry.

"The silver has been found, but we can't find the fiver."

"Better look again."

"It's no good beating about the bush," broke in Frank Nugent. "The five-pound note isn't there, Drake."

"The study has been searched, in and out, all over, everywhere," said Bob Cherry, categorically. "It's not there, Drake. We've come to the conclusion that you've taken away the fiver for a silly joke, and we've come along to collect it. Hand it over, and the matter drops."

"That's it!" said Harry Wharton. "Do you think I'm the kind of silly ass to take away money for a joke?" said Drake.

"You must be, as it's gone."

"Well, I'm not!" said Drake curtly. "I haven't seen the five-pound note, and don't know anything about it."

Wharton's face set.

"The money fell from the desk when you knocked it over," he said.

"It may have. I was rather too busy upsetting things, to notice whether it did or not."

"Well, it's gone!"

"May have blown into the fire!" suggested Rodney, whose face had become rather anxious now. He realized that the matter was grave.

"No fire in the study," said Nugent shortly.

"That's so," agreed Drake. "I remember the fire was out when I was there."

"Might have blown out of the window—"

"The window was open only an inch or two at the top."

"That's so," said Drake again.

"Well, we want the fiver!" said Bob Cherry.

Drake's handsome face hardened a little, and a glint came into his eyes. He looked steadily at the Five.

"I've told you I never saw the note, and don't know anything about it," he said. "I suppose that's enough."

Harry Wharton shook his head. "It's not enough," he said. "The money belongs to the junior club, and Frank Nugent is responsible for it. It's got to be found."

"Find it, then!" said Drake with a shrug of the shoulders. "It's no bizney of mine."

"I've told you it's not in the study."

"Do you think it's in this study?" exclaimed Drake angrily.

"Yes."

"Why, you rotter—" shouted Drake. "Do you dare to suspect me of bagging it?"

"No good shouting," said the captain of the Remove, quietly. "You turned out the study, the banknote fell out of the desk and it's vanished. It was taken away. You were there! We're willing to believe that you took it for a fool joke."

"I did not touch it, or even know that it was there."

"That's not good enough!" Drake breathed hard.

"Then you think that I have stolen the banknote?" he asked.

"I think you have taken it—in fact, I know you have," answered Wharton.

"If you don't return it, of course—"

"Hand it over, and stop playing the goat, Drake," exclaimed Frank Nugent, anxiously. "There's enough of this fooling."

"I've told you I don't know anything about it."

"Oh, rot," said Bob Cherry. "Hand it over."

"Shell-out, and don't be a fool!" growled Johnny Bull.

"The shell-outfulness is the proper caper, my esteemed Drake," murmured Hurree Singh, gently.

Drake pointed to the door.

"Well, what does that mean?" demanded Wharton.

"It means get out of my study," snapped Drake savagely. "If you've come here to call me a thief, get out, or you'll be chuck'd!"

"Is that all you've got to say?"

"That's all."

"Then it won't do," said the captain of the Remove, grimly. "We've come here for the five-pound note, and we're not going without it."

Jack Drake's eyes blazed, and he made a stride towards Wharton, his fists clenched.

Bunter Objects!

HOLD on!" It was Vernon-Smith's voice. The Bounder of Greyfriars pushed through the breathless juniors at the doorway, and came in. He stepped quickly between Drake and the captain of the Remove.

"Well, what are you chipping in for?" exclaimed Drake, ungraciously.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the Bounder coolly. "Lots of time to punch noses, if the banknote can't be found. I have a suggestion to make—"

"Go ahead!" said Wharton.

"Drake appears to have pitched the banknote out of its place without noticing it," said the Bounder. "In that case it must have lain about the study after he left. Somebody may have gone along and seen it there, and picked it up."

Wharton's brow cleared a little.

The suspicion that Drake had taken the banknote was unpleasant enough to the captain of the Remove, and any other suggestion was welcome to him.

"It's possible!" he said. "But—any fellow who picked it up to put it in safety would bring it to the owner, I suppose."

"Ask Bunter!" said Vernon-Smith, with a grin.

"Oh, Bunter!"

"Bunter, of course!" exclaimed Bolsover major from the passage. "If Bunter got an eye on it, we can guess where it is."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Call Bunter here!" exclaimed Wharton.

All the faces in the study looked relieved now. Jack Drake gave the Bounder a rather grateful look. So far as he could see, Vernon-Smith had chipped in from a kindly motive; which looked as if the Bounder had forgotten and forgiven his defeat at Drake's hands, which had rankled so long.

"Jolly good idea of yours, Smyth!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "The study was empty some time after Drake left it, and, of course, the banknote was lying there all the time—"

"That's so," said Wharton. "If Bunter saw it—"

"He would annex it!" said Johnny Bull.

"Give the chap a chance," said Drake. "Bunter's a fat bounder, but I shouldn't like to call him a thief."

"Oh, Bunter's Bunter," said Bob Cherry. "He doesn't know when a thing isn't his own, if he wants it. If he saw the fiver, he would reckon it was his because he found it. We all know Bunter. Where is he?"

"Bolsover's bringing him in," said Tom Redwing in the doorway, with a smile.

"Yaroooh!"

That was a roar from Billy Bunter, as Bolsover major propelled him along the Remove passage by the collar. Bolsover was not gentle in his methods.

"Leggo!" roared Bunter. "I say, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Here he is."

"Roll him in."

"I've got him!" said Bolsover major.

"He's got the banknote right enough—he tried to dodge me."

"Yaroooh! You beast, everybody tries to dodge you, because you're such a beast," howled Bunter.

"He's guilty!" said Bolsover major. "Plain as anything. Now shell-out that fiver, Bunter!"

And the burly Removeite span Billy Bunter into the study. The Owl of the Remove brought up against the table, and clutched at it for support.

"Yah! Beast!" he spluttered. "I don't know anything about it. I haven't got it! I'm expecting a postal-order, but I don't know anything about a fiver. Ow! Wow."

"Bunter—" began Harry Wharton. Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big glasses, breathlessly, and indignantly.

"Yah! Wharrer you playing at?" he gasped. "As captain of the Remove, Wharton, you ought to give Bolsover a licking for handling me like that. I would give him one myself, only—"

"Have you been in my study this evening, Bunter?"

"No!" answered the fat junior promptly.

"After Drake ragged it, and before we came along from Bob's study!" said Frank Nugent.

"No!"

"A banknote was on the floor—"

"I didn't see it," said Bunter. "I went straight across to the cupboard!"

"What?"

"I mean, I never went into the study at all. Besides, you needn't kick up a fuss—there wasn't anything in the cupboard."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see what you fellows are cackling at," growled Billy Bunter. "I haven't been near the study at all."

"So he's been there!" said Vernon-Smith. "Perhaps the fat sweep has got the banknote about him now!"

"I haven't!" roared Bunter. "I didn't know there was a banknote. If I had known, I should have—have looked for it, of course, to—to give it to the owner!"

"It's his old tale of findings-keepings," growled Johnny Bull. "He's let out that he was in the study. He's got it!"

"I haven't!" yelled Bunter.

"Turn out your pockets," said the captain of the Remove. "I'm sorry, Bunter; but we know your tales about findings-keepings; we've been there, you know. You're not to be trusted."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Turn out your pockets!"

"I—I can't!"

"Why can't you?"

"I—I mean, I won't!"

Bunter's fat face was crimson.

All eyes were fixed upon him suspiciously now.

Evidently he had a strong disinclination to turn out his pockets; and equally evidently, it was because there was something in them that he did not wish to be seen by the Removeites.

"Well, you've got to show up," said Harry Wharton grimly. "If he won't turn out his pockets, turn them out for him."

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Collar him!"

Billy Bunter made a wild jump for the doorway.

But the doorway was crammed with Removeites now, and there was no exit for Bunter. Half a dozen hands shoved him back, and Bob Cherry's powerful grasp descended on the back of his collar.

"Now, then—"

"Turn his pockets out!" said the Bounder. "Ten to one he's got the banknote. If he hasn't, it will have to be searched for further." But Bunter's the man to begin with."

"Yes, rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh emphatically.

"I—I say, you fellows," mumbled Bunter. "I haven't got it—don't know anything about it. D-d-don't you turn out my pockets. I—I've got something very private in them."

"Banknotes, for instance?" said Rodney.

"Nummo! I—I've got some—some letters from—from ladies, you know!" said Bunter, with a smirk. "Awfully tender, and all that—"

"You lying toad!" said Bob Cherry, and he administered a shake to the fat junior, which made Bunter splutter and gasp.

"Go through him," said Wharton. "You can do it, Bolsover, as a disinterested party."

"Righto!" said Bolsover major. "I'll bet you I'll find it!"

"I—I say, you fellows—"

Headless of Bunter's espostulations, Bolsover major began to turn out the fat junior's pockets.

A bag of bull's-eyes first came to light. "Anybody missed any bull's-eyes?"

grinned Bob Cherry.

"I have!" shouted Kipps, from the passage. "I wondered how they'd got out of my study."

"I—I say, they're mine!" howled Bunter. "Bull's-eyes are very much alike. I haven't been near Kipps' study. Besides, I meant to pay him for them out of my postal-order—"

The bull's-eyes were handed over to Kipps. From the next pocket there came to light a packet of toffee—half full.

"My toffee!" howled Bolsover major, staring at it as he held it up. "The fat bounder's bagged that in my study."

"I—I only borrowed it!" gasped Bunter. "I—I was going to—to give it back to you, Bolsover, really, you know. I—I just borrowed it—to—to lock at—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major slipped the prize into his own pocket, and then continued with Bunter. But the fat junior raised no further objections.

"There's nothing else," he said.

"You can chuck it now."

"We'll see!" grunted Bolsover.

But the remainder of the goods that came to light were Bunter's own. Nobody laid claim to a little bag of aniseed balls, and a half-squashed lump of chocolate, and a cube of marzipan, in which were embedded two or three pen-nibs and a marble.

Certainly there was no sign of a banknote, or money of any sort.

"That seems the lot," said Bolsover major, at last.

Bunter gave a lofty blink round the study.

"I hope you'll apologise now, Wharton!" he said, with a great deal of dignity.

Wharton frowned.

It was pretty clear now that Bunter's objections to being searched was founded upon the bull's-eyes and the toffee.

"You fat idiot!" said the captain of the Remove. "Kick him out, you fellows!"

"I say, you know— Yaroooh!"

The juniors in the doorway parted, leaving a lane for Bunter. The Owl of the Remove was promptly kicked out. He disappeared into the Remove passage with a roar.

Found—A Fiver!

SILENCE fell in No. 3 Study, as Billy Bunter's roar died away down the passage. The juniors looked at one another.

Bunter was cleared—and suspicion reverted once more to the junior who

had ragged No. 1 Study—Jack Drake. The Bounder stepped quietly back, as if indisposed to take any further part in the proceedings. But all the fellows had noted that he had spoken up for Drake. Tom Redwing, his chum, was looking at him very curiously. He was glad to see that Smithy's bitterness towards his conqueror appeared to have vanished; yet he was puzzled.

"Well, now we're where we started," said Bob Cherry, at last. "It's clear enough that that fat idiot, Bunter, didn't bag the fiver. Of—of course, as it was lying about the study, any fellow might have happened along and picked it up, as Smithy pointed out. We— we can't jump to the conclusion that Drake had it, simply because he was there."

"You did jump to that conclusion, all the same," said Jack Drake acidly. "Well, what was a fellow to think?" exclaimed Bob warmly. "What did it look like?"

"Oh, rats!" snapped Drake. "If somebody's taken it, there's a thief in the Remove," said Harry Wharton. "I suppose it's as likely to be Drake as any other fellow."

Drake's eyes glittered. "I suppose then, it's as likely to be you as any other fellow!" he said.

"What?" "Why not?" said Drake. "You wore in the study, and you may have picked up the fiver and put it in your pocket!"

"Why, you rotter!" gasped Wharton, his face crimson.

"I'm not saying you did; in fact, I believe you're incapable of anything of the kind. But you're quite as likely as I am to do it. Or Nugent! How do we know that Nugent hasn't embezzled the club funds, and started this yarn to cover it up?"

"What?" yelled Nugent. He made a stride towards Drake. The latter eyed him coolly.

"Keep your wool on," he said. "I'm not suggesting anything of the kind. But if you accuse me of stealing your blessed banknote, I shall suggest it fast enough."

"Dash it all, there's something in what Drake says!" said Bob Cherry awkwardly. "If we sling accusations at him, I suppose he can sling them at us. We're above suspicion, of course—"

"And so am I, I hope," said Drake savagely.

"Well, you've a right to say so, I suppose, same as we have," said Bob. "How the merry thump is this going to be settled?"

Wharton bit his lip hard. He was bitterly annoyed by the attitude taken up by Drake; but he had to admit that it was reasonable enough. If any fellow was to be suspected because he had ample opportunity of bagging the banknote, suspicion fell as strongly upon the Famous Five themselves as upon Drake. This had not occurred to the chums of the Remove before; but they saw it clearly enough now.

"Fair play all round!" said Bolsover major, not sorry to put in a word against No. 1 Study. "Everybody who had a chance of pilfering is under suspicion until the note turns up."

"Yes, rather!" said Skinner.

"Rot!" exclaimed Wharton angrily. "But it's got to be settled, and Smithy's suggestion is the way. There'll have to be a search!"

"I only suggested searching Bunter," said the Bounder quickly.

"If Bunter can be searched, others can be searched," answered Wharton tartly. "I'm quite prepared myself."

"Oh, this is rot!" broke in Squiff. "As if you—"

"Fair play all round!" boomed Bol-

sover major. "Begin with Drake, and go on to the others, till it's found! That's fair!"

"I don't mind!" said Drake, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously. "Well, that seems fair!" said the Bounder. "Pick out some reliable chaps to do the searching."

"Mauleverer will do," said Wharton. "Come in, Mauly!"

Lord Mauleverer was looking in among the crowd. He came in as the captain of the Remove called to him.

"Begad!" said his lordship. "This isn't a pleasant thing, you know. I'd rather—"

"Play up, Mauly!" "Oh, all serene, dear boys; anything to oblige," said Mauleverer.

"I'm an obligin' chap. Where do I begin?"

"Drake's under suspicion—"

"No more than you are!" snapped Drake. "I leave it to the fellows," said Harry Wharton coldly. "Shall Mauly begin with Drake or not?"

"Yes, yes!" "Oh, go ahead!" said Drake. "I don't care a twopenny rap whether you begin with me or not!"

Lord Mauleverer began in a rather gingerly manner.

In an apologetic way, Mauly turned out the lining of Drake's pockets. Several pound notes were there; but no banknotes. It was soon clear that the fiver was not about Drake.

"Nothin' doin', dear boys," said Lord Mauleverer.

The Bounder opened his lips to speak; but closed them again as Jack Drake spoke.

"I've got a desk here," said Drake. "Mauly had better go through that, and make a thorough job of it."

"Oh, really—" protested Mauleverer.

"Go it, Mauly!" "Oh, gad! All right, dear boys. Give me the key, Drake, old bean."

"It's not locked." "Lord Mauleverer turned up the lid of the desk: "Nothin' there!" he announced.

"You howling ass!" said Bob Cherry, in measured tones. "You haven't looked yet!"

"Turn the things out, fathead!" Lord Mauleverer turned out the rather untidy assortment of papers and books in the desk.

Vernon-Smith, as if tired of the scene, strolled out of the study. Tom Redwing touched him on the arm.

"Won't you stay to see the finish, Smithy?" he asked.

"No. There's nothin' doin'!" said the Bounder. "I can't help thinking that Bunter has it, all the time!"

"Oh, really, Smithy!" came a protesting voice from down the passage.

"You really think so?" asked Redwing.

"It seems most likely. I've got some lines to do," said Vernon-Smith. "You can come along and tell me when it's over." And the Bounder sauntered away to his own study, whistling.

Meanwhile, Lord Mauleverer continued the search of Drake's desk. Books and papers were lifted up and shaken.

From the interior of a dog-eared Latin grammar, a rustling slip of paper fluttered to the carpet.

There was a shout at once. "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"Look!" "What's that?"

Lord Mauleverer stooped and picked it up. Jack Drake stared at it blankly.

"It—it's a five-pound note," said Lord Mauleverer, in a faltering voice.

Dark Suspicions!

A FIVE-POUND note!

"Drake, you awful rotter

"Hidden inside a book!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "My hat!"

Rodney gave a startled glance at his chum. Drake's face was blankly amazed. He seemed deprived of the power of speech as he stared at the crisp fiver in Mauleverer's fingers.

"Hold on," said Harry Wharton quietly. "It's a question of the number of the note. Drake's well-off, and may have a fiver of his own—"



From the interior of a dog-eared Latin grammar, a rustling slip of paper fluttered to the carpet. There was a shout at once. "Look! What's that?" Lord Mauleverer stooped and picked it up. "It's a five-pound note," he said, in a faltering voice.

"I've got the number of mine," said Nugent quickly.

"You needn't bother about the number," said Drake, finding his voice at last. "That note's not mine."

"Drake!" muttered Rodney.

"I hadn't a fiver," said Drake. "I had one last week, and changed it. That one doesn't belong to me."

"You admit that?" said Wharton.

"I don't admit it—I state it!" answered Drake, pulling himself together.

"I want to know which one of you planted that banknote in my desk, with a view to starting this little comedy."

Wharton crimsoned.

"You—you dare to suggest—" he gasped.

"I don't suggest anything. I say that that note has been put in my desk, and as you fellows have come here and kicked up a row about it, I suppose you did it," said Drake icily.

Bob Cherry clenched his fists furiously. "You rotter!" he panted. "You dare to say that, because you're bowled out and shown up to be a thief."

"Better shut up, Drake," said Squiff contemptuously. "You're not likely to make any chap here believe a yarn like that."

Wharton controlled his rage with difficulty.

"Look at the number," he said, as calmly as he could. "We can't make any mistake about this. Read out the number, Mauly."

"000111," said Mauleverer.

"That's the number!" said Nugent. "I made a note of it—I always do with banknotes. I've got it written here in my memo book."

Lord Mauleverer handed the banknote to Frank Nugent. It was evident to all that this was the missing property of the Remove junior club.

Frank folded it up carefully in his pocket-book. There was a dead silence in the study again.

Drake's face was very pale.

He realised clearly enough the position in which he stood. His hasty retort had done him more harm than good in the eyes of the Removites; one moment's reflection, too, had convinced him that Harry Wharton and Co. were quite incapable of having "planted" the banknote in his desk to be found there. But how had it come there?

Harry Wharton glanced round at the silent juniors.

"You fellows will know what to think,

I believe," he said. "But I'll mention that we haven't been in Drake's study till we came here to claim the note. We couldn't have planted it on him, as he suggests, if we had wanted to. I'll ask Rodney to bear me out in that."

Dick Rodney nodded.

"I've been here all the time," he said, in a low voice. "But—but Drake didn't really mean that. He spoke hastily—"

"He'd better think before he speaks again," said Bob Cherry savagely. "Come away, you fellows—we're done here."

"I tell you I've never seen that banknote before!" said Jack Drake.

No reply was made to that. Harry Wharton and Co. quitted the study in silence, and the door closed on them.

The crowd of Removites broke up, discussing the affair in low tones as they dispersed. Tom Redwing made his way to his study, his face strangely pale. There was not a doubt of Drake's guilt in any mind but one—and that one was Redwing's. But Redwing dared not utter the terrible thought that was torturing his mind. He found the Bounder in his study, finishing his lines.

Vernon-Smith looked up with a smile, but he did not quite meet the eyes of his chum.

"Just finished," he said lightly. "Anything turned up about the missing fiver, Redwing?"

"It's found!" said Redwing huskily.

"Oh, good! Bunter—"

"It wasn't Bunter."

"Not Bunter?" The Bounder raised his eyebrows. "Who was the happy man, then?"

Redwing closed the study door. He came towards his chum, and looked at him across the table fixedly.

"It was taken out of Drake's desk, hidden in a book there," he said.

"Drake, after all?" said the Bounder casually. "I should hardly have thought he was that kind of chap."

"Neither should I!" muttered Redwing.

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders. "You never know a fellow till you find him out!" he remarked. "Are they going to report it to the Head?"

"I think not."

"Then Drake will be dealt with by the Remove," said Vernon-Smith. "I suppose he will manage somehow to get out of Greyfriars. The best thing he can do."

"Smithy!"

"Well, what's the row? What are you blinking at me like that for?" demanded the Bounder irritably.

"Smithy! You—you haven't—you—you couldn't—," Tom Redwing's voice trailed off.

"You're speaking in riddles, old bean. Are you driving at anything in particular?"

"You hated Drake, because he licked you. You said so, Smithy, old chap." Redwing's look was almost beseeching. "You went into Drake's study to help them set it to rights—and it was you really who suggested the idea of a search, Smithy! You—you couldn't—you—you couldn't have had a hand in this, Smithy?"

The Bounder's face hardened. "If I couldn't, why ask me the question?" he said.

"Smithy, you didn't, did you?" Tom Redwing's face was white; he was tormented by the fearful suspicion that he could not drive away. "I know you were bitter against Drake. But you couldn't, Smithy. If you did, it's not too late now to set it right. For Heaven's sake, Smithy, stop it before it goes any further!"

The Bounder lounged to the door. "Just on bedtime," he said. "Wingate will be after us soon. Coming?"

"You haven't answered me, Smithy."

"Nothin' to answer. You're talkin' rot. I'm goin' down now," said the Bounder, with a yawn.

And with his hands in his pockets, he loafed out into the passage, and his careless whistle died away towards the stairs.

Tom Redwing remained alone in the study—his face white, his heart throbbing painfully. Vernon-Smith had not given him a direct answer—why?

Why? In spite of his deep regard for his chum, Redwing could not help the black suspicion that took root in his mind, and he groaned aloud in anguish of spirit. In his heart of hearts, he knew that Jack Drake was innocent, and that it was the Bounder, in his bitterness, who had plotted to blacken the name of the junior who had defeated and humiliated him. He struggled with the conviction that forced itself upon him—but it remained.

Next week, read the amazing sequel to this story. Get your copy of the "Boys' Herald" early.

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Big Winner.

Waiter (speaking down tube): "Wild duck, one!"

Cook (from below): "Corks! Just my luck! I backed Sparrowshanks!"—Money Prize awarded to W. G. Harding, 30, Ashford Road, East Ham, E.6.

Not Very Encouraging!

The host was showing his author friend the room in which he was to sleep during his visit. Indicating the book-case, he apologised.

"I'm afraid you'll find them a pretty mouldy lot," he said.

The author ran his eye over the books in question. One seemed strangely familiar. He extracted it from the case, and, handing it to his friend, remarked regretfully:

"That one took me two years to write!"—Money Prize awarded to W. G. Furze, 24, Dalrymple Road, Ashley Road, Bristol.

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● This Wins Our Tuck Hamper. ●

● Gussy, as Usual! ●

● Jack Blake, with his chums ●
● Herries and Digby, had been waiting ●
● for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy ●
● for an hour and a half. At last, ●
● patience well-nigh exhausted, ●
● Blake strode up to the dorm, and ●
● found Gussy still engaged in dress- ●
● ing.

● "Aren't you ready yet?" de- ●
● manded Blake angrily.

● "Bai Jove!" cried Gussy ●
● angrily. "What evah makes you ●
● keep askin' me that, Blake, when ●
● I've been tellin' you for the last ●
● hour I shall be weady in a ●
● minute?"—A Tuck Hamper filled ●
● with delicious Tuck has been sent ●
● to B. Dobbin, 27, Derg Street, ●
● Belfast.

.....

"Luciferous."

The director of a local football club was in need of a centre-forward. Suddenly a figure rushed into the office.

"Have you found one?" cried the director.

"Yes, sir!"

"What is his name?"

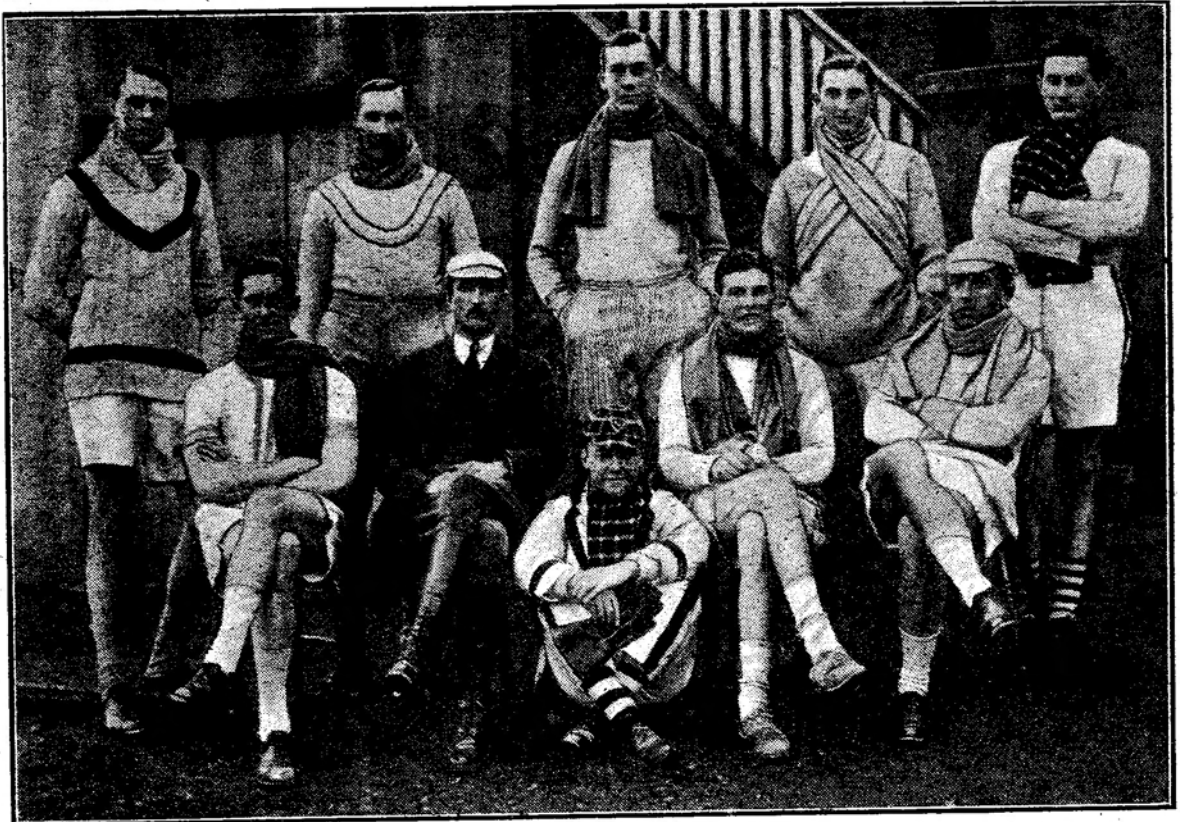
"Bryant!"

"That won't do!" cried the director. "We have a May, and if we have a Bryant they will be selling too many matches!"—Money Prize awarded to Jack William, 22, Oxford Cot, Gladstone Road, Farnboro', Kent.

Courting Disaster!

Mrs. Newly-Wed: "Oh, mamma, Jack threw a whole sponge-cake at me. One that I had made all myself, too!"

Her Ma: "The awful brute! He might have killed you!"—Money Prize awarded to Fred Wood, 9, Lingard Terrace, Marsden, near Hudds, Yorks.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, 1921.

H. B. Playford.	A. G. W. Penney.	A. D. B. Pearson.	Hon. J. W. H. Freemantle.	A. B. Ritchie.
J. A. Campbell.	G. E. Tower (Coach).	P. H. G. Hartley (Stroke).	H. O. C. Boret.	
L. E. Stephens (Cox).				



THE "BOYS' HERALD" BOYS.—No. 1. BOB CHERRY.
(Another splendid portrait next week.)