

MONEY FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS!

**SEE
INSIDE.**

The
BOYS' HERALD

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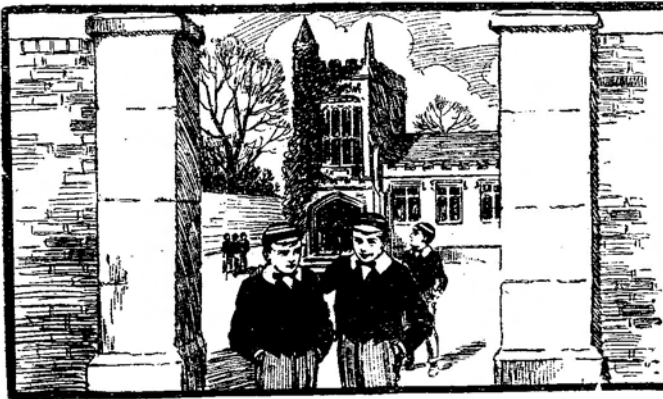
April 16, 1921.



THE LURE OF GOLD!

The above is a thrilling incident from our Great New Serial.

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



The Finger of Scorn!

A Grand, Long Complete School Story of Greyfriars. Another Splendid Story Next Week.

Sentenced!

JACK DRAKE sat up in bed, as the rising-bell clanged out over Greyfriars School. The April sunshine glimmered in at the high windows of the Remove dormitory.

Drake generally awoke in a cheerful mood, and turned out actively. But on this particular morning, he sat in bed, with a sense of heavy trouble on his mind; of which he could not, for a moment, remember the cause.

Harry Wharton and Co. turned out of bed, and Bob Cherry happened to glance at Drake. But instead of giving him the usual cheery nod or grin, Bob looked uncomfortable, and turned his head quickly. The other members of the Famous Five carefully avoided looking at Drake.

Then he remembered. Back into his mind came the recollection of the previous day's happenings—the banknote that had been discovered in his study; his trial by the Form in the dormitory over-night. The Remove had found him guilty; and from that moment, Jack Drake was an outcast in his Form. The Greyfriars Remove wanted nothing to do with a thief.

The colour surged into Drake's face, as he sat and looked about him. Every fellow—with one exception—was against him. He caught Lord Mauleverer's eye, and his lordship—the kindest fellow in existence—coloured and looked away. He glanced at Tom Redwing—who avoided his glance. Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, looked him full in the face, and smiled; but it was not a pleasant smile. It brought a deepen colour in Drake's cheeks. Ogilvy and Russell, his study-mates in No. 3, gave him contemptuous looks. They believed him guilty, with the rest.

Dick Rodney came towards his bed. "Turn out, old chap!" he said. "Rising-bell's gone, you know."

Rodney spoke loudly enough for all the dormitory to hear. He wanted the whole Remove to understand that he was sticking to his chum. He was quite prepared to share "Coventry" with Jack Drake.

"I say, you fellows!" squeaked Billy Bunter. "Rodney's speaking to Drake!"

"Shut up, Bunter!" grunted Bob Cherry.

"Ain't Drake in Coventry?" demanded Bunter.

"Yes, ass!"

"Well, then—"

"Shut up!"

Jack Drake stepped from his bed. There was a bawl from Bolsover major.

"Rodney! You're not to speak to that fellow!"

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Rodney. "You'll be sent to Coventry, if you do, along with him."

"Oh, rats!"

"Do you hear that, Wharton?" bawled Bolsover major. "Is Drake barred by the Form, or isn't he?"

Harry Wharton knitted his brows. "You'd better chuck that, Rodney," he said. "I know what you feel like, as Drake's chum; but no fellow is called upon to stand by a thief! Drake is cut by the Form, and you ought to line up with the rest."

"So I would, if Drake were a thief," answered Dick Rodney. "Only a blackguard would be friendly with a thief. But Drake is nothing of the kind, any more than I am, or you are."

"You heard the evidence—"

"Hang the evidence!"

"Well, you can hang the evidence, if you like," said Frank Nugent. "But the rest of the Form won't, and don't! You know very well that if the matter were reported to the Head, he would expel Drake on the evidence."

Dick Rodney had no reply to make to that. He could not help feeling that Nugent was right; though his loyal faith in his chum did not waver.

Jack Drake glanced round defiantly. "You're welcome to report the matter to the Head, if you choose," he exclaimed.

"Nobody wants to do that," said Harry Wharton quietly. "We don't want all Greyfriars to know there's a thief in the Remove; and we don't want a member of this Form expelled from the school. If you have any decency, you'll ask your people to take you away."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "Please yourself," he answered.

"Your life won't be worth living at Greyfriars, so long as you stay."

"The Head ought to be told, and he ought to be booted out!" growled Bolsover major.

"I'm not sure that I shall not go to the Head, myself!" said Drake. "I don't mean to let this matter rest where it is. Somebody pinched that note out of No. 1 Study, and planted it in my desk. I'm going to find out that chap who did it!"

"And I'm going to help!" said Rodney.

"Oh, rot!"

"The less you talk like that, the better!" grunted Johnny Bell.

"What's the good of denying plain facts?"

"The plainfulness of the facts is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"The esteemed and rascally Drake ought to retire from the scene."

"You'll see whether I shall run away!" said Drake disdainfully. "I'm going to get at the truth, somehow."

"Well you're barred by the Form, now," said Harry Wharton. "Nobody in the Remove will have anything to do with you. If Rodney sticks to you—"

"He will be barred, too!" said Squiff.

"Hear, hear!"

"You can do as you like," snapped Rodney. "I'm sticking to my chum, who's worth all the rest of the Form put together."

"You cheeky cad!" roared Bolsover major. "Bump him, you fellows!"

"Let him alone," said Harry Wharton. "If he sticks to Drake, he will be barred along with him. That's enough!"

And after that not a word was spoken to either of the chums.

Drake and Rodney left the dormitory together, with clouded faces.

They were well aware that the Remove were in earnest, and that the sentence of the Form would be carried out without mercy.

In the quadrangle, in the bright morning sunshine, they walked in silence for some minutes. Then Drake turned abruptly to his chum.

"You'd better think this over, Rodney," he said quietly. "The fellows mean business; and from their point of view, they're not to be blamed. I can see that. Anybody would believe me guilty on such evidence. I'm not fool enough to find fault with that. But you—"

"I don't!" said Rodney.

"You've known me longer than the others," said Drake, with a faint smile.

"But they mean business; and I may never pull through this. I haven't the faintest idea who was rotter enough to plant that banknote in my desk. I may never find out the truth—and that means Coventry for me as long as I stay here. That's no joke, and I don't want you to be landed in it as well."

"You can't help it!" said Rodney coolly. "I'm sticking to you!"

"It will be pretty hard on you, old chap."

"Rot!"

"I'd rather—" Drake began hesitatingly.

Dick Rodney interrupted him.

"Eesh! We're sticking together, and somehow or other we'll find out the facts, and the fellows will be sorry enough then."

"I—I hope so," muttered Drake doubtfully.

The two chums came in to breakfast together. Icy looks and silence greeted them at the Remove table. In the midst of a crowd of fellows, the chums

of the Remove were as alone as Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday, on their desert isle.

Bunter is Too Kind!

I SAY, you fellows—"
Billy Bunter blinked round cautiously before he spoke. It was after lessons that day, and Drake and Rodney were in the quad, chatting in low tones, when the Owl of the Remove rolled up. The day had not been a pleasant one for Drake.

He had called his pride to his aid, and repaid scornful looks with scornful looks; but he felt his sentence keenly. It was not only that he was barred; but the juniors believed him guilty, and in that belief was the bitterest sting.

Drake and Rodney glanced at Bunter in surprise as he came up. The fat junior had been one of the keenest in upholding the sentence of Coventry. Bunter was not famous for sympathizing with any fellow who was down, that was quite sufficient reason for William George Bunter to be down on him. Yet here he was, bestowing a genial smirk upon the two ostracised juniors.

True, he blinked round with great caution to make sure that he was not observed.

But the Owl of the Remove was too short-sighted for his caution to be of much avail.

Four or five fellows could see him quite plainly, though the Owl did not observe them looking at him.

"I say, you know," went on Bunter, sinking his voice. "I'm awfully sorry for you, Drake."

"You can keep your sorrow for somebody who wants it!" snapped Drake. "Sheer off!"

"Oh, really, Drake—"
"Go and eat coke!" added Rodney.

Bunter frowned. This was really a rather ungrateful reception of his kind overtures.

"I—I say—" he stammered. "Do you mean that you've developed sense enough to understand that I did not take the banknote?" demanded Drake.

Bunter winked. "Oh, come off!" he answered. "Of course you took it! But I can make allowances for you. I dare say you were badly brought up. Probably your people never taught you to be honest. The fact is, I'm rather inclined to be kind to you!"

"You fat idiot!"

"Oh, really, Drake—"
"Sheer off!" said Drake angrily.

But Billy Bunter did not sheer off. He had an axe to grind, so he remained where he was, still with a friendly smirk on his fat face.

"The fact is," he continued. "I'm going to speak to you sometimes—when the other fellows ain't looking, of course. I can't go against the Form! But I'm going to show you some kindness."

Drake grinned.

Three or four juniors were starting towards the spot from different directions, evidently with the intention of dealing with Bunter for speaking to the barred chums.

The Owl, in blissful ignorance of the fact, rattled on, encouraged by the relaxation of Drake's features.

"That's my intention, Drake. I'm a kind-hearted chap. I'll let you come to my study sometimes, when Toddy and Dutton ain't there. I'll drop in to tea in your study—no, that wouldn't be sane, as Ogilvy or Russell might drop in. But I'll come with you to the tuck-shop in Friardale—we can have tea there. What do you say?"

"You fat chump—"

"And there's another matter," pursued Bunter. "I'm expecting a postal-order to-morrow morning—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"If you'd care to lend me the ten bob, I'd hand you the postal-order as soon as it comes—Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder.

He spun round, and blinked at Bolsover major, in alarm.

"I—I say, I wasn't speaking to Drake!" howled Bunter.

"Why, you fat villain, I heard you!" snorted Bolsover major.

"Nunno! You—you're mistaken. old chap; as if I'd speak to a thief!" gasped Bunter.

"The—the fact is, Drake was speaking to me—begging me to let him off, you know; but I disdained to reply—"

"Bump him!" said Skinner.

"Yarooooh!"

Drake and Rodney walked away. They had no sympathy to waste on the hapless Owl of the Remove.

Bolsover major and Skinner, and Fisher T. Fish, grasped Bunter, and he bumped on the ground, with a fiendish yell.

"Give him another!" chuckled Skinner.

"Bump!"

"Ow! Yow! Wow!"

"Now are you going to speak to those cads again?" roared Bolsover major.

"Yow-ow! I wasn't—I didn't—I never—oh, dear!"

"Jump on him!" said Bolsover.

"Yaroooh!"

Billy Bunter leaped up and fled.

Jack Drake was not honoured with any more of Bunter's conversation. Even for the sake of a feed at Uncle Clegg's, or a loan on an expected postal-order, the Owl of the Remove did not care to run the risk. But Drake did not feel the loss.

Face to Face!

"SMITHY!"

Tom Redwing spoke in a low voice, and the Bounder of Greyfriars did not seem to hear him.

Vernon-Smith was seated in the arm-chair in his study, his hands driven deep in his pockets, staring at the fire.

There was a deep wrinkle in his brow; he appeared to be plunged into gloomy thought, and several times Tom Redwing had glanced at him, from the study table where he was working at his prep.

Redwing had finished prep., and still the Bounder had not moved.

"Smithy! Aren't you going to do your prep.?"

The Bounder shook his head irritably.

"No!"

"But it's got to be done, old chap."

"I can scrape through in the morning, somehow. Hang prep.! Hang lessons! Hang everything!" said the Bounder moodily.

Redwing's sunburnt face was deeply clouded as he looked at his chum. He could guess only too well what was troubling the Bounder of Greyfriars. From the first accusation against Jack Drake, Redwing's suspicions had grown—and they had strengthened ever since. He felt—he knew—that Drake was innocent—that the appearances against the unfortunate junior had somehow been contrived by the unscrupulous Bounder, in revenge for his defeat at Drake's hands.

It was a bitter thought to Redwing; for his friendship with the Bounder was deep and strong. No two fellows could be more unlike than the simple, frank sailorman's son, and the hard, cynical son of the millionaire. Yet there was

a strong bond of friendship between them. Redwing was the only fellow the Bounder of Greyfriars had ever really liked.

"Smithy!" said Redwing, at last. "I'm afraid I can guess what's in your mind. It's not too late."

The Bounder turned his head, and stared at him moodily.

"Not too late for what?" he asked.

"If you've done Drake wrong—"

"Who says I have?" broke out the Bounder savagely.

"I fear that it's so!"

Vernon-Smith shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"He licked me—humiliated me before all the Form," he muttered. "I told him I'd make him suffer for it. Let him suffer!"

It was as much as a confession, and Tom Redwing's lip trembled.

"Smithy, you can't let it go on!"

"Can't I?" said the Bounder grimly.

"I guessed how it was—I couldn't help it," said Redwing miserably.

"But you're not the sort of fellow for that, Smithy. Skinner, perhaps; but not you. You must have been out of your senses when you did it, and you can't let it rest. You're making me a party to it, now that I know the truth."

"You shouldn't have asked."

"You'll speak out now, Smithy, and let the fellows know that they've done Drake an injustice."

"And what would they think of me?" asked the Bounder, his lip curling sardonically.

"You must risk that. You can't let it go on. It's not good enough, Smithy."

"Rot!"

"Already you're feeling it more than Drake is," said Redwing. "He knows he is innocent; that helps him. But you—"

"Oh, give us a rest," said the Bounder gruffly.

He stared blackly at the fire. His chum's words were true. The Bounder knew that. He had believed that he was prepared to go to any lengths for revenge upon Jack Drake; but his revenge had left a bitter taste in his mouth. Instead of triumph, he had repentance and remorse, coupled, as yet, with a ruthless determination to go on as he had begun. For he had left himself no retreat. How could he confess that he had planted the bank-note in Drake's study? How could he let the Remove know that he had deliberately, unscrupulously, plotted to disgrace the fellow he hated, by foul means? Even the Bounder's iron nerve shrank from such a test. His repentance had not reached that length yet.

Redwing rose to his feet, with a sigh.

His own position was painful enough. To speak and betray his chum was scarcely possible; but to allow matters to go on as they were, with Drake under the disgrace of a shameful theft, was quite impossible. Redwing hoped—believed—that the Bounder would do what was right, yet he was haunted by black doubts. He left the study with a clouded face.

Vernon-Smith rose to his feet, when Redwing was gone, and paced the study restlessly.

His revenge, which he had planned so carefully, was Dead Sea fruit—it turned to bitter ashes in his mouth. Why had he done this wrong? Or, having done it, why could he not dismiss it from his mind, and go his way unreflecting—uncaring?

He knew that he could not. He knew that his success had brought a blacker cloud upon his own life than upon his victim's. He knew that he

could not rest until the wrong was righted.

There was a tap at the door, and it opened.

Vernon-Smith stopped his hurried pacing, and stared as Jack Drake stepped into the study.

"You!" he ejaculated.

Drake nodded.

"I've come to speak to you, Smithy!" he said.

The Bouncer was himself again, at once. His lips curled.

"You seem to forget that you're in Coventry!" he remarked sarcastically.

"Never mind that!" said Drake, closing the door. "What I've got to say won't wait!"

"You can go ahead, if you like!"

"I mean to!"

Drake rested his hand on the table, and looked across it at Herbert Vernon-Smith.

"I've thought it all out," he said quietly. "The banknote was taken from No. 1 Study, and put in my desk—while I was in my room. That's what fairly knocked me out in my defence. I was in my study all the time the fiver was missing, and until it was found there."

"Looks like a dead cert, doesn't it?" smiled the Bouncer.

"It does. But as I did not take the banknote, I know I did not put it there," said Drake. "Now, my study had been ragged, and the four of us were setting it to rights. You and Redwing came in to offer to help. I was surprised, as you and I had been on bad terms; but I didn't want to keep up the grudge, if you were willing to let it drop. I'm not so surprised now—now I've had time to think over it!"

Vernon-Smith shut his lips hard.

He could guess what was coming now. He did not speak; but his eyes glinted at Jack Drake.

"The banknote must have been hidden where it was found, by someone who came into my study while it was missing," continued Drake. "I've been over that, with Rodney. Ogilvy and Russell—were there, and Rodney, myself—and you and Redwing. Nobody else came in before Wharton's crowd came along after the banknote, and it was found in my desk. One fellow out of six put it in my desk!"

"The Remove have already decided which fellow it was!" sneered Vernon-Smith.

"I did not; Rodney did not, and it's pretty certain that Ogilvy and Russell did not," said Drake calmly. "They were my friends, till this happened. So it rests between you and Redwing!"

"Really?"

"I can't suspect Redwing, he's a harmless chap, and has never had any grudge against me," said Drake.

"That leaves it to you, Vernon-Smith!"

The Bouncer yawned.

"You see, I've thought it out, and worked it down to a fine point," said Drake. "Only one fellow of the six had a chance of putting the note there—and you're the only one with a possible motive for doing it. You hated me for licking you—you told me so. That was your way of getting level. When you came into my study and offered to help set it to rights, you had Nugent's banknote in your pocket, and you slipped it into the Latin grammar in my desk!"

Drake did not ask a question—he made a statement; and he made it with complete conviction.

Jack Drake was no fool; and now that he had had time to consider the matter carefully—in all its bearings—he had come to the only possible theory

that accounted for the finding of the banknote in his study.

Vernon-Smith breathed hard.

"No good my denying it?" he asked.

"None!"

"Then I won't take the trouble!"

yawned the Bouncer.

"I believe Redwing knows the truth," added Drake. "He spoke up for me at the trial in the dormitory—he's looked worried ever since. He knows that you've done this, Vernon-Smith."

"You're not quite the fool I took you for, Drake," said the Bouncer coolly.

"I've thought it out. Now I want to know what you're going to do?" said Jack Drake. "You've made the Remove believe me a thief. I'm an outcast in the Form. I want you to speak out."

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"You won't?" asked Drake.

"My dear man, you can walk up and down the Remove passage telling this fairy tale, if you like. If you get anybody to believe it, I shall congratulate you. There's the door!"

Drake looked at him steadily.

"I don't believe you're scoundrel enough to keep it up," he said. "You're a pretty hard case, I know, Vernon-Smith; and from what I've heard, you used to be a bigger rascal before I came to Greyfriars. But I can't believe you're rascal enough to keep this up permanently. I want to give you a chance. You seem to have been awfully bitter about your licking—I don't see why; if you had licked me, I should have taken it without malice. But you're a different sort. All the same, I don't believe you're such a villain as you make yourself out to be."

"Thanks!" drawled the Bouncer.

"I'm giving you a chance to own up, and put the matter right," said Drake.

"Tell the fellows what really happened, and set me right with the Form, and so far as I'm concerned, the matter ends."

"Do you see that door?"

"Yes."

"Get to the other side of it, then!"

Drake's eyes glinted.

"If you won't do the decent thing,"

he said, "I shall have to take my own measures."

"And what may they be?" sneered the Bouncer.

"I shall give everybody notice of what I have found out, of course."

"What you think you have found out, you mean."

"The Form can decide on that. At all events, I shall try what effect that will have, before I go further."

Drake paused a moment; but the Bouncer did not speak.

"You've no more to say?" he asked.

"Nothing!"

"Then I shall go ahead!"

With that, Drake quitted the study, and the door closed behind him.

Vernon-Smith drew a deep, hissing breath.

His victim knew the truth, now! Vernon-Smith had shrunk from the ordeal of a confession, though all his better nature urged him to it. Was it possible that the matter was to be taken out of his hands now—that by Drake's own efforts the truth was to be made known, and that instead of Jack Drake, it was at the Bouncer that the finger of scorn was to be pointed?

Doubting Thomases!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"

"What the dickens—"

It was after prep., and most of the Remove were gathered in the common-room. Jack Drake came in with Rodney, and not a glance was turned in his direction. So far as the Remove were concerned, Drake had no existence at all now.

But a good many glances turned upon him when he mounted upon a chair, as if to address the assembled juniors.

"I say, you fellows, Drake's going to speak!" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Wharton—" began Drake.

The captain of the Remove looked at him, in silence, and then turned his back.

"Bob Cherry—"

Bob did not answer.

The colour came into Drake's cheeks. The sentence passed on him was very real; there was no relenting on the part of the Remove. But the outcast junior had to face the icy silence.

"Wharton! I've got to speak to you, and all the fellows! You found me guilty at the Form trial last night! I



Drake and Rodney were gasping and panting as they came up the Remove passage. Vernon Smith stood in the doorway of his study, and he smiled as he saw them. Drake looked at him. "Your time's coming, you plotting cad!" he said breathlessly. "This isn't the end."

suppose you want to know if the truth has been found out?"

There was a movement of interest now. Harry Wharton turned round and fixed his eyes on Drake.

"You're going to accuse some Remove fellow?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Go ahead; and if you don't prove your accusation, you'll get a Form ragging for making it! Name then!" said Wharton.

"Herbert Vernon-Smith!"

"You accuse Smithy?"

"Yes."

"What utter rot!" said Johnny Bull.

"Where's Smithy?" bawled Bolver. "He's not here! Just like that cad to accuse him behind his back!"

"I'll wait till Vernon-Smith is here, if anybody chooses to fetch him," said Drake. "I've told him already what I'm going to tell you fellows. Let him come and face it out."

"I'll fetch Smithy!" said Billy Bunter officiously. And the Owl of the Remove rolled out of the common-room.

The juniors waited.

Billy Bunter returned in a few minutes; but he came alone.

"Where's Smithy?" demanded Sniff.

"He says he won't come—he's busy," answered Bunter. "I told him what Drake was accusing him of!"

"And what did he say?"
"He said he had no objection to the Remove having fairy tales told 'em on an evening!"

Some of the juniors chuckled.

"Well, as Vernon-Smith will not come, I'll go ahead!" said Jack Drake. "This is what happened. Smithy had it up against me for licking him. He picked up the note in No. 1 Study, and he came along to my room and offered to help me set it to rights, after the ragging. He did that to get a chance of planting the note on me. Excepting my study-mates, only Redwing and Smithy came to the study before the banknote was inquired after. It was one of those two, and I do not suspect Redwing."

"I dare say Redwing is much obliged to you!" remarked Hazeldene sarcastically. "You don't suspect Mr. Quelch, or the Head, by any chance?"
"I suspect Vernon-Smith!" answered Drake quietly. "More than that—I

know that it cannot have been anybody else."

"That may be your opinion," said the captain of the Remove drily. "I don't fancy that it's anybody else's!"

"Rather not!" said Bob Cherry emphatically. "Why, the silly owl might spin the same yarn about anybody—Redwing, or Ogilvy, or Russell—or any fellow that had dropped into his study."

Jack Drake glanced over the crowd of faces. He read disbelief and scorn in every one. Only Redwing stood with his eyes on the floor, his brow darkly clouded.

"Any more details to add?" asked Wharton.

"Only that I believe Redwing knows that I've stated the exact facts!" answered Jack Drake.

"Rot!"

"Tell him he's lying, Redwing!" said Hazeldene.

Redwing flushed painfully.

Every instinct in him urged him to stand by Jack Drake at that moment, to declare that what he had said, was true. But the thought of his chum was in his mind. He could not betray his chum—he could not repeat what Vernon-Smith had admitted, relying on him to be silent.

"Speak up, Redwing," said Harry Wharton, in surprise. "You know that Drake is accusing Smithy falsely, I suppose?"

"I—I'd rather not chip in," said Redwing haltingly. "I—I—" he stammered, and broke off.

"Call yourself a chap's pal, and let a cad run him down!" howled Bolver major. "Yah! Why don't you tell Drake he's a liar?"

Redwing walked out of the room without answering.

"That's dashed queer," muttered Bob Cherry, with a startled look. "Surely—it's not possible—"

"Redwing doesn't know anything about it, anyhow," said Wharton. "If he believes what Drake says, he ought to be jolly well ashamed of himself!"

"He knows it's true!" said Drake.

"Rot!"

"Rubbish!"

"Gammon!"

The Remove fellows closed up round Drake.

"Gentlemen of the Remove," said Harry Wharton, raising his hand. "We gave Drake a chance to accuse any-

body he liked, and prove it. He's accused Smithy—and he can't prove it. He's going to get a Form ragging. Collar him!"

There was a rush, and the next moment, Jack Drake was struggling fiercely in the grasp of the angry Removites.

His blood was up now, and he hit out right and left as the juniors collared him.

Johnny Bull and Frank Nugent went down, gasping, under his doughty blows. But the rest closed on him like a tide.

Dick Rodney rushed loyally to his chum's aid.

The odds were too great for him to be of any assistance; but he did not stop to think of that. He was at Drake's side in a moment, hitting out with all his force.

"Collar 'em!"

"Rag them!"

"Bump the rotters!"

The Removites were angry now, and Drake and Rodney had short shift. They fought gamely to the end; but they were down at last, collared in a dozen pairs of hands. And then they had the Form ragging. It was not a gentle process.

The vials of wrath had descended upon the heads of the two hapless juniors who had set themselves against the Form. For ten minutes, they seemed to be in the middle of a tornado.

Then the Removites left them—sitting on the floor, their collars gone, half their buttons burst, dusty, dishevelled, breathless, and gasping. It was some time before they were able to limp away, and when they went, derisive laughter followed them.

They were gasping and panting as they came up the Remove passage afterwards. Herbert Vernon-Smith stood in the doorway of his study, and he smiled as he saw them—a mocking smile. Drake looked at him.

"Your time's coming, you plotting cad!" he said breathlessly. "This isn't the end."

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

THE END.

Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. in next week's "Boys' Herald." Order your copy EARLY.

OUR TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION!

PRIZES FOR ALL CONTRIBUTIONS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

For the best storyette printed on this page a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck will be awarded. Money prizes will be given for all other contributions used. When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard, and addressed to "Boys' Herald," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.—Editor.

His Truest Words!

A very short-sighted gent, viewing pictures in an art gallery, stood in front of a full-length mirror. Suddenly he turned to his wife and said:

"Well, my dear, I think this is the ugliest portrait I have ever seen."

Wife: "Come along, you stupid man! That's your own reflection in the mirror!"—Money Prize awarded to Arthur Kershaw, 49, Hainault Road, Leytonstone, E.11.

A "Pretty" Game!

Two village teams were playing a local match, and the spectators were getting a trifle excited. There were several among them who wished to do their utmost to urge each team to victory. Some of the enthusiastic shouts were crouched as follows:

.....
 ● This Wins Our Tuck Hamper. ●
 ● The Fateful Ring! ●
 ● "Take back your ring!" ●
 ● The young man winced at the ●
 ● hot words issued from her sweet ●
 ● lips. She was very beautiful to ●
 ● look upon, and her loveliness ●
 ● seemed enhanced by the flush of ●
 ● her anger and scorn. ●
 ● "Take back your ring!" ●
 ● As one in a trance, he took the ●
 ● ring from her fair hands. ●
 ● "Take back your wretched ●
 ● ring"—she seemed to hiss the ●
 ● words this time—"and if I can't ●
 ● be allowed to have one like Mrs. ●
 ● Wobbly, I'll do all my cooking ●
 ● on the fire in future." With that ●
 ● repartee she sailed out of the gas ●
 ● company's office.—Tuck Hamper ●
 ● awarded to Edna Tampen, 61, ●
 ● Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.6. ●
 ●.....

● "Lovely, Smithy!" "Grand, Jack ●
 ● son!" "Pretty, Arthur!" "Bonny, ●
 ● Bertie!" etc.

A disgusted stranger turned to one of the excited spectators, and asked:

"Is this affair a football match, or a beauty training competition?"—Money Prize awarded to M. Lethgow, Collin Place, Main Street, Cambuslang, N.B.

"Corsican."

Mr. Latham: "Trimble, can you tell me of what parentage was Napoleon the Great?"

Baggibus: "Er—of Cors-I-Can!"—Money Prize awarded to A. W. Dickinson, 16, Highbury Road, Headingley, Leeds.

The Courage of Dick O'Dare!

(Continued from page 17.)

his eyes caught a gleam of light on some black, rushing water below him. With the energy of despair he made a frantic effort and drew himself up again as the Chinamen rushed at him to send him hurtling to destruction. In the nick of time he gained his feet, and, avoiding a savage blow aimed by Yen Foo, he leaped on to the table.

Dick's brain worked like lightning. In glancing upwards he had noticed a small skylight of black-painted glass in the ceiling of the room. Without a second's hesitation he clutched the brass claw and drew himself up.

How he managed to scramble through the skylight he did not know, but, after violent efforts, he emerged on to a flat roof, his hands bleeding profusely from cuts on the jagged glass that adhered to the side of the aperture.

From the flat portion of the roof there was a tiled slope boarded by a gutter. It was ticklish work sliding down this portion of the roof, but Dick managed to get his feet safely against the gutter, and, leaning back on the tiles for support, rapidly worked his way along to where a drain-pipe joined it. Fifty feet below was the street, and

the drain-pipe suggested a possible, though desperate way of reaching it.

Yen Foo hesitated; then he, too, slid down the roof. Dick heard him coming and glanced back. In bringing up against the zinc gutter the mandarin's foot twisted and he shot forward. His fingers clutched the air wildly in an effort to save himself, and his knife dropped from his lips. Next moment an agonised shriek rent the air, and Yen Foo went hurtling to his doom.

Clinging to the roof, his face pale as death, Dick heard the awful shriek and the thud of the body as it struck the roadway. For fully two minutes he dare not continue his descent, but then he summoned up every ounce of his courage and climbed cautiously down.

By this time a small crowd, consisting of several Asiatics, some sailors, and two policemen, had surrounded the silk-clad body of the smuggler.

One of the men in blue took charge of Dick, and to him Dick hastily related the story of his adventures. While Yen Foo was being removed by an ambulance, the police and Dick got a telephone message through to the nearest police-station. Within half an hour more than a dozen members of the gang were safely behind lock and bar.

At the police-station Dick O'Dare was given a slap-up dinner by the superintendent. It was the first food he had

tasted for over twenty-four hours, and he did full justice to the spread.

In the afternoon following his experiences, Dick returned to his lodging-house with a light heart, and with a good deal of silver supplied by the police jingling pleasantly in his pocket. On arriving home his faithful little terrier, Stumpy, bounded out of the house to greet him. Then the tall figure of a man appeared in the passage.

"Dick!" cried the man, hastening forward.

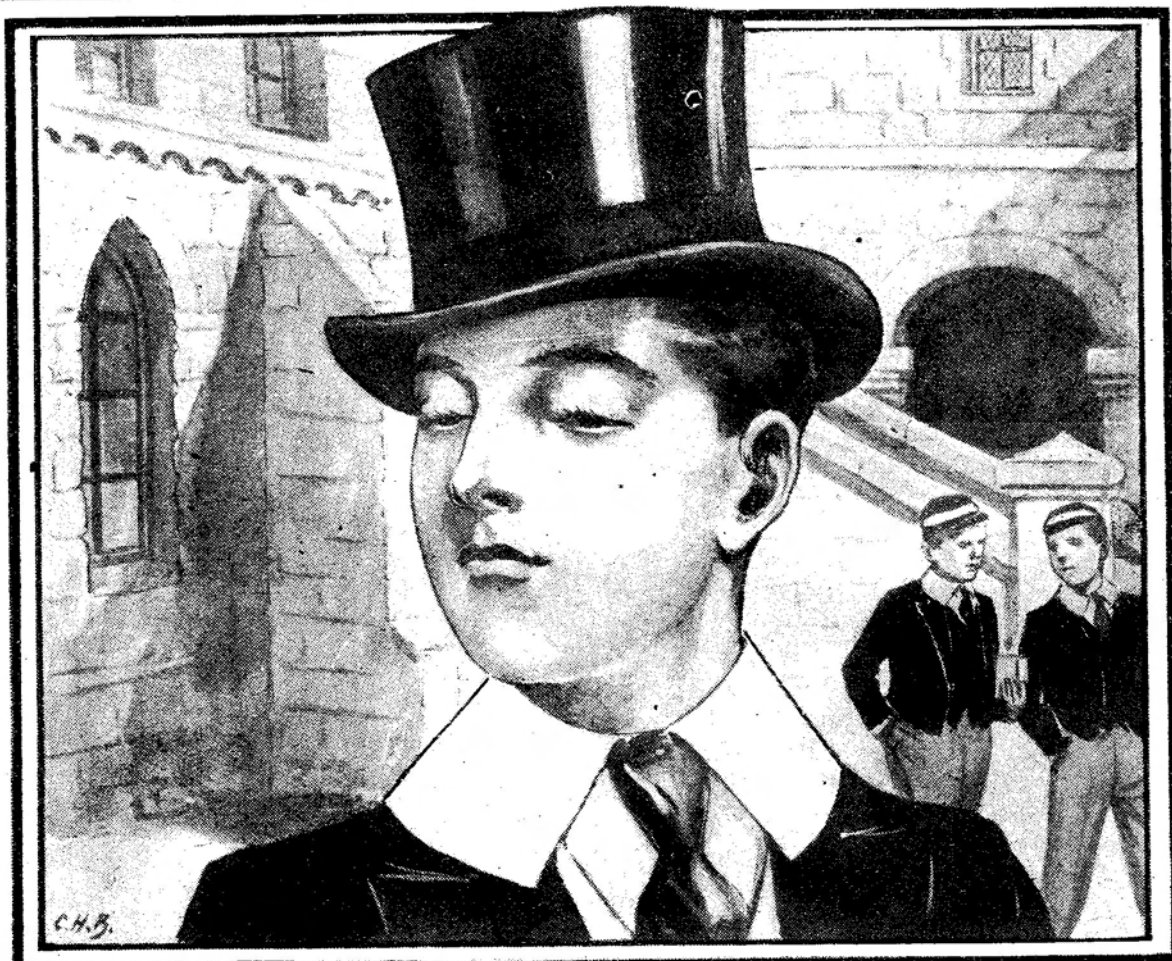
"Dad!" With a cry of surprise and joy, the lad clasped the hand of his father. "I thought you were still abroad. When did you get back?"

"This morning," said Mr. O'Dare, smiling at his son's astonishment. "I sent you a message to the old address in Blackfriars, but apparently you did not receive it. The sea air has made another man of me. I am as fit as a fiddle, and, what is more, I have met someone who has offered me a partnership in his firm, in return for my services."

"Oh, good egg!"

And thus in the fulness of their happiness we will leave Dick, his father, and faithful little Stumpy. But we can't help wondering how long Dick will hold down a nice, quiet office job before looking for further trouble?

THE END.



THE "BOYS' HERALD" BOYS.—LORD MAULEVERER: "Manly, the millionaire" of the Remove at Greyfriars. (Another splendid portrait next week.)