

**SPLENDID RAILWAY STATION COMPETITION** **SEE INSIDE!**

# The BOYS' HERALD



No. 83.

ON SALE

EVERY TUESDAY.

May 28, 1921.



## **EARTHQUAKE AND RUIN!**

startling scene from our exciting story, "The Lure of Gold."



Another Splendid Complete Story of the Chums of Greyfriars School!



“Boy Wanted!”

Another splendid school story here next week, and don't forget “The Lad from the Lower Deck!” also starts

Generous Bunter!

“YOU fellows seen this?” Billy Bunter rolled into No. 3 Study, in the Greyfriars Remove, with an open newspaper in his hand.

Jack Drake looked round. Dick Rodney, who was deep in mathematics, had no attention to spare for Bunter. Ogilvy and Russell were poaching eggs over a spirit stove in the fender. They went on poaching eggs.

“I say, you fellows—”  
“Well, what is it, Bunter?” yawned Drake.

“Looks to me,” said Bunter, impressively, “as if there's money in it.”

“In what?”  
“This advertisement.”

Bunter laid the paper on the study table before Drake, and indicated the advertisement with a fat and rather grubby finger.

Drake glanced at it carelessly. The paper was the “Friardale Gazette”—not a very interesting sheet, as a rule. There were plenty of advertisements in it—the circulation was not extensive, so quite imposing advertisements could be put in it for a shilling a time. And so the information conveyed to the public by the “Friardale Gazette” was chiefly to the effect that Boker's pickles were the best, that for hats you couldn't do better than drop in at Snooks', and that you would be wise to go to Mr. Mould's for an elegant and inexpensive funeral.

But the paragraph indicated by Bunter's grubby finger was quite different from these.

It was in a column headed, “Personal.” And it ran:

BOY WANTED.

Clever schoolboy required to do easy French translations for a reasonable remuneration. Payment on approval of work done. Write stating name, age, salary required, and enclosing sixpence for postage of books, etc.—Box 99, Friardale Gazette Office.

“My hat!” said Drake. “Easy French translations—why, any chap in the Remove could do that.”

“Just what I was thinking,” said Billy Bunter. “I brought this along for you to see, Drake, because you're rather a dab at French. So is Rodney. So's Ogilvy. So's Russell. This study ought to make something out of it, I think.”

“Hallo, what's that?” asked Ogilvy, looking up from the spirit stove with a ruddy and rather smoky face.

“Cash!” said Bunter, impressively. “Chance for you, Ogilvy—you being a Scotchman, you ought to be keen on it.”

“You silly owl!” said Ogilvy, ungratefully.

“Let's look!” said Russell.

Even Dick Rodney left his mathematical problem. That advertisement in the village paper excited quite a considerable interest in No. 3 Study.

“Clever schoolboy, eh?” said Russell. “Well, that fits me.”

“You and I and all of us,” said Drake laughing. “We have to do French translations for Monsieur Charpentier, for nothing. Rather a good wheeze to get paid for 'em.”

“Topping!” said Rodney. “If—”  
“If what?”

“If they pay anything.”  
“Oh, rot!” exclaimed Bunter warmly, turning his big spectacles on Rodney with a reproachful blink. “That's jolly suspicious, Rodney. Why shouldn't they pay? They wouldn't advertise for French translations if they didn't want 'em, I suppose.”

“Looks to me as if they're advertising for sixpences,” remarked Rodney drily.

“Oh, really, Rodney—”  
“Well, you have to send a tanner,” said Russell thoughtfully. “But of course, you couldn't expect them to send us the books to translate post free.”

“They say a reasonable remuneration,” remarked Ogilvy. “I wonder how much!”

Dick Rodney returned to his mathematics. But the other three fellows gave their attention to the advertisement. As it happened, funds were low in No. 3 Study. Such things did happen.

Certainly Jack Drake and Co. had not thought of earning any cash to supply that deficiency. They had not thought it possible. But here was a chance, shoved right under their noses, as it were.

They had a Lower Fourth knowledge of the French language; and translating was easier than speaking it, anyhow. And there were plenty of dictionaries and grammars from which help could be drawn.

“I say, you fellows, you ought to put in for it!” urged Bunter.

“Trying it yourself?” asked Drake.

Bunter hesitated.

“Well, I'm not well up in French,” he said. “I can do lots of things, but French ain't one of them. Besides, I've been disappointed about a postal order, and unless one of you fellows would lend me sixpence—”

“Pass!” said Ogilvy.

“Ha, ha, ha!”  
“Well, I'm not going in,” said Bunter. “But I thought of you fellows at once. It's a chance for this study, though, of course, I'm going to mention it to Wharton and his set. I couldn't

leave them out, being old pals of mine. Take a copy of the ad, if you want it.”

“No harm in that, anyway!” remarked Drake.

And he took up a pen, and scribbled out the advertisement on a sheet of impot paper.

Billy Bunter gathered up his “Friardale Gazette,” and rolled out of No. 3 Study. There was a fat smile of satisfaction on his face, as if he rejoiced in having done a good deed. He rolled away to No. 1 Study, to let Harry Wharton and Co. into the good thing.

Jack Drake ran his hands through his pockets. He turned out the not very magnificent sum of sevenpence-halfpenny.

“Cash is short!” he remarked. “But this will buy six stamps. I'm going to have a shot for it.”

“Same here,” said Russell. “I've got fourpence in stamps, and somebody will lend me twopence.”

“I will, old scout,” said Ogilvy. “I've got ninepence.”

“What about you, Rodney?”  
“Busy!” answered Rodney briefly.

“Oh, rats! You're always swotting.”  
The eggs had been poached for tea, but No. 3 Study postponed tea. Three fellows sat down at the table to write letters—stating age, name, and salary required.

Ten minutes later, three letters, each containing sixpence in stamps, were dropped into the box in the school wall.

Drake and Co. had been first in the field; and they might justly hope to get the pick of the easy French translations at reasonable remuneration. Which cheered them up considerably.

It wasn't every study in a public school that could earn money when it was hard up; and it was rather pleasant to feel that they could be counted among the wage-earners of the country.

And after tea in No. 3 Study, a very unusual sight might have been witnessed by any fellow looking in. Three juniors were very busy with French—Ogilvy was digging into a grammar. Drake was mugging up the “Henriade” and Russell was perusing a French dictionary as if it were the latest number of the “Gem.” And when Rodney made a remark, Russell said quite sharply:

“Shuttez-vous up!”

On Parle Francais!

“DONNEZ-moi le livre, s'il vous plait.”

“Excusez moi.”  
“Mais je dis—”

“Taisez-vous!”  
“Vous etes un fathead!”  
“Allez et manez coke.”

Such were the extraordinary remarks that might have been heard all over the

Greyfriars Remove on the following day. French had caught on.

Billy Bunter, with an open-hearted generosity that was rather surprising in Bunter, had paraded the advertisement of "Box 99" up and down the Remove. Every fellow had seen it, and nearly every fellow was interested in it.

It was as Bob Cherry remarked, just in their line—dans leur ligne, as Bob said, practising his French, justement dans leur ligne.

A fellow in the Remove who couldn't do easy French translations was liable to be ragged in the French class: It was Monsieur Charpentier's duty to see that they could do such things.

Even Billy Bunter could translate La Fontaine. Even Fisher T. Fish could grind a weary way through the Henriade.

It was, as Bob Cherry said, as easy as falling off a form—aise comme tomber d'un chaise, Bob said, in French that was not, perhaps, likely to obtain even a reasonable remuneration.

Harry Wharton was good at French, and so was Nugent, and Bob considered that he himself was pretty good. Johnny Bull had rather a contempt for all languages that were not English, and Hurree Janset Ram Singh was only good at the weird language spoken in Bhanipur—though he had been heard to remark that his goodfellowness at both French and English were terrific. Three members of the Remove Five decided to "go in" for the new job, and they were the first after Drake and Co.

Then the idea spread along the passage.

Fisher T. Fish guessed that he was going to annex the spondules, some. Squiff, the Australian, was heard asking for stamps up and down the passage. There was quite a run on stamps. That day, a dozen fellows at least, dropped into their Form-master's study, to ask him to oblige them with a few stamps. Mr. Quelch obliged them, wondering what this sudden outbreak of correspondence might mean.

That afternoon, as it happened very fortunately, there was a French class. As a rule, the Remove did not enjoy French. Monsieur Charpentier had found them trying sometimes. But on this especial afternoon, the good, little gentleman was delighted with his class. Billy Bunter was the only slacker.

The other fellows seemed to be thirsting for knowledge.

Even Skinner forgot to pull the French master's leg, even Snoop and Stott listened to him as if the words that fell from his lips were pearls of price.

At least twenty letters were posted that day, in which various members of the Remove stated their names, their ages, and the salary they required. Neither did they forget to enclose the sixpences.

Box 99 was due to receive an unexampled number of letters, probably to the surprise of the "Friardale Gazette" staff—which consisted of Mr. Tiper, and his boy.

After lessons, instead of scudding down to the cricket-field, the Removites repaired to their studies or to the common-room. There they were deeply interested in French. Bolsover major persisted in reading the Henriade aloud in the common-room, interrupting himself at intervals with such remarks as:

"Is 'heros' singular or plural, Rodney? 'Regne' is third person, ain't it? What do you mean by putting 'et' twice over? What a rotten, silly language."

The juniors were rubbing up their French most industriously, all ready for the easy translations they had to do, if "Box 99" accepted their services.

"I guess you galoots are wasting your time," Fisher T. Fish told the fellows in

the common-room. "Don't the ad. say quite plainly, 'Clever schoolboy required'? I guess there's only one galoot here that fits to that description, that galoot is a galoot about my size."

"Shut up!" roared Bolsover major.

"You're interrupting me."

"I guess—"

A French dictionary whizzed through the air, and smote Fisher T. Fish on his sharp chin. He made no more remarks, and contented himself with sniffing.

The industry displayed by the Remove that day was really remarkable. Bolsover major hated all forms of mental exertion, and he had quite a personal animosity for French. Now he was simply wallowing in it. His chum, Dupont, who was a French fellow, helped him kindly; but to judge by the way Bolsover read out the Henriade, he required more help than Dupont was able to give him. In the middle of his abstruse studies, a sudden thought struck Bolsover major, and he looked up rather grimly at Dupont.

"Of course, you're not going in for this, Nap!" he said.

"Hein?"

"As you were born to the lingo, it wouldn't be fair to the other fellows," said Bolsover major argumentatively.

"I have zink—"

"Now look here, Dupont—"

"Verree good," said Dupont meekly.

"I not goes in for him, isn't it. I helps you, my shum."

"Now that's what I call chummy!" said Bolsover major approvingly.

And Bolsover major proceeded to mangle the Henriade in a way that might have provoked Voltaire to transmit a message of remonstrance through Mr. Vale Owen.

When Billy Bunter blinked into No. 1 Study at tea-time, he found Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Bob Cherry there, book in hand.

"Ain't you fellows going to have tea?" asked Bunter.

"Had it in Hall!" answered Nugent, without looking up from "Les Trois Mousquetaires."

"Oh, dear!"

Bunter had to go to his own study for tea, where tea was frugal. He found Peter Todd and Dutton at French, too.

That evening, indeed, French seemed to be the spoken language of the Remove passage. If a fellow looked into another fellow's study, he was generally greeted with the remark:

"Allez-vous-en."

"Bunkez-vous!"

"Buzzez-vous off."

And more letters, addressed to "Box 99" at the "Friardale Gazette" office, were put into the letter-box that evening. There was no doubt that the advertiser, whatever might be the amount of translations he wanted, could have all his needs supplied by the Greyfriars Remove. And some of the more sanguine fellows were already spending—in advance—the reasonable remuneration they were going to receive—perhaps.

#### Stamps For Sale!

"YOU fellows want any stamps?"

Billy Bunter asked that question the next day, after lessons.

Billy Bunter had walked down to Friardale when lessons were over—rather an unusual exercise for the fat junior. He came in dusty and puffing, but with a fat grin of satisfaction.

His question was addressed to Harry Wharton and Co. in the quad.

"Stamps!" repeated Bob Cherry.

"Yes. I've fetched some in case the fellows want any," said Bunter.

"You have?" ejaculated Harry Wharton, in astonishment.

Bunter nodded.

"Yes; I'm an obliging chap, you know—"

"Never noticed it before!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"The obligefulness of the esteemed Bunter is not usually terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a shake of his dusky head.

"You want any stamps, Drake?" called out Bunter, turning disdainfully away from the Famous Five.

"No, thanks."

"You, Rodney—I say, Rodney, you haven't gone in for the translation bizney yet, have you?" asked Bunter.

"You'd better have a tanner's worth of stamps, you know."

"Thanks, I don't want any," answered Rodney. "I'll see how the other chaps get on with the giddy translations first."

"That's rather mean, you know. Better take the plunge," urged Bunter.

"Fathead!"

Billy Bunter grunted and rolled into the schoolhouse. He left a good many astonished fellows behind him. It was really remarkable that William George Bunter should have taken the trouble to fetch stamps, in case the fellows wanted them, he had never been famous for unselfish consideration towards others. It was rather remarkable, too, that he had had the ready cash for the purpose. Certainly, it was just like Bunter to bring the stamps along when they were no longer wanted.

After tea that day, William George Bunter looked into every study in the Remove passage, and asked the fellows whether they wanted any stamps.

He disposed of some—about a dozen twopenny stamps, and an equal number of penny stamps.

But it appeared that he had more for sale.

Having realised three shillings in cash, Bunter rolled down to the tuck-shop, and stood himself an additional tea to the exact value of three shillings.

Then he came back to the schoolhouse, and blinked into No. 1 Study, where Wharton and Nugent were beginning prep.

"You fellows writing home to-night?" he asked.

"No."

"I dare say you'll be writing home to-morrow."

"Possibly."

"Well, you'll want some stamps."

"My hat! Are you still selling stamps?" exclaimed Wharton.

"I've got a few left."

"Keep 'em, old top."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You must have spent a lot of money on stamps," said Frank Nugent, with a curious look at the fat junior.

"Sure you don't want some, Franky?"

"Quite sure."

Bunter gave a grunt, and rolled on to the next study. He had no luck there, and he rolled on to No. 3. He found four juniors at preparation, but the prep. was interrupted by discussion on the subject of Box 99, and the easy French translations.

"Pretty nearly time we heard from the advertiser," Russell was remarking as Bunter rolled in. "I looked at the last post in, but there was nothing for me."

"The books and things may be along to-morrow morning," said Ogilvy. "It seems that they're going to send us books to translate. Of course, that's if they accept our services. May want to see a specimen of translation first."

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2:

"Anyhow, they'll have to acknowledge our remittances," said Drake. "That's only business."  
 "I say, you fellows—"  
 "Hallo, Bunter! Still selling stamps?" grinned Drake.  
 "The fact is, I've got a few left," said Bunter, blinking at the chums of No. 3. "I got them to oblige the fellows, really, thinking that they'd be going in for this translating business."  
 "Most of us had written before today," said Rodney.  
 "You hadn't though, and some of the chaps hadn't," said Bunter, "and I've been showing that advertisement in the Fourth, too. By the way, I shouldn't expect an answer too soon, if I were you."

"Why not?"  
 "Well, the chap may be very busy, you know, with such a lot of letters to answer," said Bunter. "May be getting replies from lots of people, as well as from Greyfriars. Most likely he attends to letters in rotation, and it may be weeks."

"If it's weeks before I hear, I shall jolly well buzz down to the 'Gazette' office, and say something," said Ogilvy warmly.

Bunter started.  
 "I—I shouldn't do that, Ogilvy. You— you might offend the—the man, you know, and not get any translations to do."

"I shall chance that, if I don't get an answer by the end of the week," said the Scottish junior. "If the advertisement is only a spoof, I'm not going to be done."

"Oh, it's quite above board, you know."

"How do you know, Bunter?" asked Rodney. "You haven't risked a tanner on it yourself, anyhow."

"Well, I think it's really genuine," said Bunter hastily. "But do you fellows want any stamps?"

"Oh, bother your stamps," said Ogilvy.

"My dear old bean," said Drake. "If you're loaded up with stamps you don't want, you can take them to the post-office, and they will cash them for you."

"I've done some there, but they don't like taking separate stamps—I—I—I mean—" Bunter stammered.

"Separate stamps!" repeated Rodney. "If you've been buying stamps, haven't you bought them in sheets?"

"Nunno—yes—I mean yes—of—of course," Bunter's fat face crimsoned.

"I—I mean—that—that is to say—"  
 Rodney's eyes dwelt on him like a gimlet. There was strong suspicion in Dick Rodney's face.

"I'll have some of those stamps, Bunter," said Rodney suddenly, with a change of manner.

Bunter's face cleared.  
 "Good man!" he said. "How many?"  
 "Five shillings' worth," said Rodney.  
 "Good."

It was evident that Bunter was glad to sell. He fumbled in his pockets, and turned out the stamps—singly, or in twos and threes. There was no sheet of stamps among them—in no case were more than three twopenny stamps attached together.

The juniors stared at the rather rumpled and grubby collection that he offered to Rodney.

"My hat!" ejaculated Drake. "Did they give you a lot of loose stamps like that at the post-office?"

"I—I—they—the fact is—"  
 "Well, what is the fact?" asked Rodney.

"The—the fact is, I—I jerked 'em apart to have 'em ready for the fellows, if they wanted any," explained Bunter. "I don't mind how much trouble I take to oblige my pals, you know."

"That's awfully good of you, Bunter," said Rodney with sarcasm.  
 Sarcasm had the same effect upon Billy Bunter as water upon a duck. He nodded cheerily.  
 "Exactly," he said. "I'm a good chap, you know, to fellows I like. That's why I'm so popular."  
 "Ha; ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. There's your stamps, Rodney, now shell out the five bob," said the Owl of the Remove gruffly.

Dick Rodney handed over the five shillings, and Bunter rolled out of the study. As Rodney threw the door shut after him, Bunter's voice was heard from the passage.

"I say, Mauleverer, do you want any stamps?"  
 Apparently Bunter still had stamps to sell!

Dick Rodney collected up the loose, grubby stamps Bunter had laid on the table. His chums regarded him rather curiously.

"What on earth do you want that thumping lot of stamps for, Rodney?" Drake inquired.

"I don't want them, as a matter of fact, though they'll get used up in time," answered Rodney.

"Then why did you bag them from Bunter?" asked the surprised Drake.

"Just to look at them," answered Rodney quietly. "You see that they're all detached. Bunter never bought them like that."

"He says he separated them."

"But he didn't," said Rodney. "Bunter came into possession of these stamps in their present state. He's been selling stamps all the afternoon—ever since he went down to Friardale."

"That's when he got them," said Russell.

"No doubt about that."

"Look here, what on earth have you got in your noddle, Rodney?" asked Jack Drake, rather mystified.

"Just an odd coincidence," said Rodney. "On Monday no end of fellows sent sixpence in stamps to 'Box 99,' of

the 'Friardale Gazette.' On Tuesday the letters must have been received there. On Wednesday Billy Bunter has no end of loose stamps to sell."

"Eh?"  
 "What?"  
 "He's let out that he's put some in at the post-office, which he wouldn't want to do if he'd just bought them there. But, of course, they won't take a whole stack of grubby loose stamps at a village post-office," said Rodney. "So Bunter's hawking them round Greyfriars to get the cash on them."

Drake stared.  
 "But—but you don't think—"  
 "That advertisement in the local paper cost about a bob," said Rodney. "And there was no name given."

"Oh, my hat!"  
 "Anybody could put it in, and call at the paper office for all letters addressed to 'Box 99.'"  
 "Great Scott!"

Prep. in No. 3 Study was rather late that evening. Jack Drake and Co. had another matter to think about, and if William George Bunter had known the subject of their cogitations, the fat bosom of William George would have quaked with alarm.

Letting in the Light!

"I SAY, you fellows—"  
 "Hallo, hallo, hallo!"  
 "Want any stamps?"  
 "My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Still selling stamps?"

It was Friday now, a couple of days after that discussion in No. 3 Study. That discussion had been followed by Dick Rodney writing to "Box 99, Friardale Gazette," and enclosing six stamps. But not a word had been said outside the study.

Now it was Friday, and Bunter had walked down to Friardale after lessons. He came in perspiring, and with stamps to sell.

"I've got a few," said Bunter, blinking at Bob Cherry. "The fact is, my pater's sent me a remittance, and he's done it in stamps. I think I mentioned



The juniors stared at the rather rumpled and grubby collection of stamps in Bunter's fat hand. "My hat!" ejaculated Drake. "Did they give you a lot of loose stamps like that at the post-office?" "The—the fact is, I—I jerked 'em apart to have 'em ready for you fellows, if you wanted any."



it to you fellows that I was expecting a postal order."

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"Well, it's come in stamps, that's all," said Bunter. "I'd like to get rid of some, if you don't mind."

"You fat duffer, you could have taken them into the post-office while you were in the village," said Harry Wharton.

"I did, you know, but they wouldn't cash them."

"Why on earth not?"

"Too lazy, I suppose," said Bunter. "Pampered Government officials, you know. Just because the stamps were loose."

"Your pater sent you a lot of loose stamps?" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"I—I—not at all—of—of course not—they—came apart in the—the post, I suppose," stammered Bunter. "They took some at the post-office, and then they told me they couldn't be bothered. Cheek, I call it. But you fellows will want some sooner or later—so—"

"Hallo, more stamps to sell, Bunter?" asked Dick Rodney, coming along with Drake and Russell and Ogilvy.

"Yes, old chap; not so many as before, there weren't so many answers—I mean—my pater sent me some stamps instead of a postal order, I can give you about four bob's worth."

"Bring 'em into the common-room," said Rodney.

"Righto."

"You fellows come in," said Rodney, as Bunter rolled in. "I think we're going to hear something about 'Box 99.'"

Rodney went on to the junior common-room with his chums, and the Famous Five followed, rather mystified. There was a dozen other fellows in the room, some of them busy with French exercises, getting ready for the job that was so long in coming to the numerous clever schoolboys who had applied for it.

The failure of "Box 99" to reply to the many applications had rather damped down the enthusiasm for French. But most of the applicants for easy translations at reasonable remuneration were still hopeful.

"I'm waiting for you, Rodney," said Bunter blinking round. "Here's your stamps."

"How many have you got?" asked Rodney.

"Four and six worth."

"Oh, all right; if that's all you've got, that's all I want. Let's have a look at them."

Rodney gathered up the loose grubby stamps from the table, and began to examine them very carefully.

Billy Bunter blinked at him in surprise.

"Don't you think they're good, you ass?" he demanded.

"Quite."

"Then what are you nosing over them for?"

"To find three stamps that I marked on the back, when I sent them along to 'Box 99' on Wednesday," answered Rodney quietly.

Bunter gave a jump.

"Wha-a-a-t—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What's that? What the thump did you mark your stamps for, Rodney?"

"So that I should know them again, of course."

"But Bunter can't have the stamps you sent in to 'Box 99,'" said Harry Wharton, puzzled. "He's got no connection with the advertiser in the 'Friar-dale Gazette,' has he?"

"I fancy so!" grinned Rodney.

"Here, stop him!" Jack Drake made a jump as Bunter scuttled towards the door, and caught him by the collar and whirled him back.

There was a yell from Bunter.

"Leggo! Yoop! I—I say, you fellows, I—I've got to see Mr. Quelch."

"Mr. Quelch can wait!" said Drake grimly.

"I—I mean the Head! I—I can't keep the Head waiting, you know—Leggo, you beast."

Drake's grip was like iron, and Billy Bunter wriggled and expostulated in vain. Dick Rodney held up three attached twopenny stamps. He showed the backs of the stamps, and on the

gummed backs were visible little crosses made in indelible pencil.

"They're the stamps!" he said. "I sent those three in with my letter on Wednesday, and three chaps saw me mark them first."

"Little us!" said Ogilvy.

Harry Wharton looked bewildered. "But—but how has Bunter got hold of them, then?" he exclaimed. "I suppose he hasn't been burbling 'Box 99' at the newspaper office?"

"Ha, ha. No. He's called at the newspaper office for the letters, that's all."

"What?"

It was a roar from twenty fellows.

Billy Bunter quaked.

"Catch on?" asked Drake, with a chuckle. "Dear old Bunter put that advertisement in the paper, and then brought the paper along to show to us, so that we couldn't miss it. There hasn't been any answer from the advertiser about the giddy French translations, because there's no translations to be done. That was Bunter's little dodge for bagging tanners."

"What?"

"Bunter, you fat villain—"

"Scalp him!"

"Yaroooooooooop!" roared Bunter.

What happened next was comparable only to a volcanic eruption or a Labour conference. Billy Bunter scarcely knew what was happening. But he knew that whatever it was, it was not nice.

When the indignant Removites had finished with Bunter, he lay gasping, with nearly all his buttons burst, his jacket split, his collar gone, his hair like a mop, mixed with ink and coal-dust, and he was gasping, and gasping, as if for a wager. It was a good quarter of an hour before Bunter was able to limp away, groaning, and all that evening, deep groans of anguish could be heard proceeding from No. 7 Study in the Remove. The spoofed Removites had lost their money; but there was little doubt that they had had their money's worth!

THE END.

Another grand story next week.

## OUR TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION!

PRIZES FOR ALL CONTRIBUTIONS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE.

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

### Took Some Doing.

"I can't do it! I can't!" cried the strong man to his wife.

He had tears streaming down his face as he looked at the round, white body in the cold water. "I can't do it! I can't! It's not a man's job!"

His wife, with a glance of cold contempt at her husband, picked up a stainless knife and continued to peel the onions.—Money Prize awarded to J. Talbot, 22, Carter Lane, London, E.C.4.

### Poor Little Rabbit.

It was little Dora's first trip upon the sea. The undulating rolling of the vessel began to make her feel quite miserable. Clinging a large doll in her tiny arms she stood by her mother upon the rolling deck.

"Mamma!" she gasped suddenly, her face turning paler.

"Yes, darling?" said her mother anxiously. "Are you feeling sea-sick?"

"No, mamma," replied the little girl. "But I don't think perhaps that the rabbit we had for dinner was quite dead."

—Money Prize awarded to Miss E. Hudson, 5, Boulsworth Grove, Kelfer Lane, Colne.

### This Wins Our Tuck Hamper. He Wasn't Green!

Some wonderfully clever boys were once blessed with a super brilliant inspiration. They thought it would be a great joke to take in the famous naturalist which resided in their neighbourhood.

They killed a centipede, and glued to it a beetle's head, the wings of a large Red Admiral, the feet of three daddy-longlegs, and then took it to the great man.

"We found this in the cornfield, sir," they warbled. "Can you tell us what it is?"

The professor examined it carefully. The crude result of the boys' handiwork made him chuckle.

"Er—did it hum when you alighted upon it?" he smiled.

"Oh, yes, sir," they answered.

"It hummed like old billyho!"

"Then, undoubtedly," said the naturalist, "it is a humbug!"

Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been sent to F. Duggan, 3, Victoria Road, Clontarf, Dublin.

### They Both Stuttered!

A gentleman came up to a dustman and began:

"C-c-c-c-could you t-t-t-tell me the w-w-w-way t-t-t-to C-C-C-Canel Bridge, m-m-m-m-my m-m-m-man?"

The dustman made no reply.

The gentleman stuttered out his question again. But the borough representative might have been deaf and dumb, or made of stone for all the attempt he made to reply.

After repeating his question for a third time the gentleman gave it up and turned away. The dustman said never a word. After he had gone a considerable distance the dustman's mate turned round to his companion and asked him why he didn't answer.

He was somewhat amazed at first, but eventually saw the point when the dustman answered:

"D-d-d-d-d-o y-y-y-you think I-I-I-I-w-w-wanted a p-p-p-punch on the nose f-f-f-for m-m-m-mocking the old f-f-f-fool?"—Money Prize awarded to Stanley Kent, 3, Ledbury Street, Peckham, S.E.15.