

SPLENDID, LONG, COMPLETE STORY OF "STRINGER & CO!" — INSIDE

# The BOYS' HERALD

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**FRANK STURDY BREAKS ALL RECORDS!**

An exciting incident from next week's instalment of

**"THE LAD FROM THE LOWER DECK!"**





# Wun Lung's Pie!

A Grand, Long, Complete School Story introducing Wun Lung, the Chinese Junior of Greyfriars.

### In Hot Water!

**O**OOCH! I'm hungry!" Thus Billy Bunter as he sauntered along the Remove Form at Greyfriars. Bump!

He had collided with somebody. Who the unfortunate person was did not interest William George in the least.

"Beasts!" he ejaculated, as he continued to amble along the passage. "Fat lot of good a fellow going along to Hall nowadays if that's all they've got to give him. Hardly enough to keep body and soul together!"

There was a clatter of feet and a hubbub of voices as the Greyfriars juniors came trooping out of the dining-hall and separated in various directions for their studies.

Most of the juniors were laughing and chatting, and seemed in the best of spirits, but there was one among them who was not.

Billy Bunter, otherwise known as the Owl of the Remove, was not so. He was suffering from an acute pain in the region of his waistcoat.

"Suppose it's what I must expect," he mumbled. "What with the scarcity, together with the poorness, of the food we get now, I don't know really what the country's coming to. Oooh!"

He had partaken of a thorough good feed, too, in the estimation of others, but not so in his own.

Skinner, who had sat next to the Owl of the Remove, could not understand how he himself had eaten six slices of bread for his tea. He distinctly remembered having helped himself from the breadplate on six different occasions. Surely his appetite was not getting the upper hand of him?

He passed the remark to Snoop as the two, together with Stott, who were on their way to Study No. 11.

"I must be getting quite a glutton in my old days," he said half wonderingly. "Don't think I've ever made such a hearty meal at tea before."

"Haven't noticed anything out of the ordinary," remarked Snoop. "A good feed will do you the world of good. A lot of our big men have large appetites. Bunter no doubt will be a big—"

"Don't rot!" interrupted Skinner furiously. "Bunter is a great fat clam, and will be so until his dying day!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Snoop and Stott together.

"Dry up!" said Skinner. "It's no laughing matter. What if I finished up in the sanatorium? Overeating, you know—"

"Yes, but," broke in Snoop again, "you've miscalculated. How many slices did you eat?"

"Six, I think," answered Skinner.

There was silence for a while, and then Stott spoke.

"By the way," he said, "that reminds me. I remember that fat porpoise who sat next to you asking for more bread, but before the plate was re-filled I noticed that he had obtained a slice from somewhere, and your plate was empty. You and I had taken a slice a-piece almost together, and before I started on mine you were asking for more. I thought it was rather funny myself."

At this juncture the three cronies had nearly overtaken the Owl as he slowly ambled his way along towards Study No. 7.

"Famished is hardly the word," they heard him mutter to himself. "Don't know what I should have done had I not borrowed from my pal, Skinner. As I shall be supplying a good feed when my postal-order arrives, I shall certainly ask old Skinner to honour me with his presence. He's turned up trumps with me many a time."

William George had not intended Skinner and Co. to hear this. It was rather unfortunate for him that they did. Another step forward and three pairs of hands grasped him by the shoulder.

"Ow-yow!" he yelled. "Wharrer marrer?"

"You great fat toad!" shouted Skinner wrathfully. "What do you mean by it, you thief? Explain yourself!"

"Grooh! Shurrup!" wailed the Owl of the Remove, as Skinner's hand gripped him like a vice. "Lemme alone!" "I'll spifficate you!" thundered Skinner, scowling at the fat Bunter.

"Ow-yow! Help! Rescue, Remove!" howled the porpoise in a high-pitched voice.

"So you helped yourself to my grub," began Skinner, "and I've been thinking I'd eaten so much."

He shook the Owl viciously.

"Help!" cried Bunter, wriggling in Skinner's strong grasp. "My glasses, Skinner. If they fall off they'll get broken. It will be twelve and six up your shirt then. Leggo!"

Skinner took no heed of Bunter's yells.

"Drag him along to my study, you chaps," he ordered. "A little chastisement will do him a lot of good."

Stott and Snoop answered to a man. Stott grasped the fat Owl by the shoulders, while Snoop held on to his legs. Skinner's boot was ready to play a prominent part on his anatomy, if necessary.

Bunter was carried along the passage, yelling and screaming. Each scream brought him a playful kick from Skinner's foot.

"Ow-yow! Grooh! Oooh!" sounded the voice of William George Bunter, as it travelled the whole length of the corridor.

"Dry up, you fat rotter!" shouted Skinner threateningly.

"You'll bring Mr. Quelch on the scene in a minute."

"Ow-wow-wow!" broke forth Bunter again, as Skinner's fingers dug further into the Owl's podgy neck.

"I'm ch—o—king, Skinner, really I am. Stop it; you're killing me!"

Bunter's wails seemed as though they would bring the house down. There was a screeching of chairs, and doors opened on both sides of the corridor. Half-startled faces popped out from the opening doors to ascertain the cause of the trouble.

Bunter was being dragged along as if he were a sack of coals, and his yells brought juniors from all quarters.

They swarmed around Skinner and Co. as they held the squirming Bunter, all anxious to hear the cause of the rough handling the Owl of the Remove was undergoing.

"Yarook! Oh! Grooh!" roared the porpoise, as Stott relinquished the grip on his shoulder, and his back met the floor with a terrific impact. "My back's broken! O—o—oh! My shoulder's out of joint! Call Sammy; I fear I'm dying!"

"Stick it!" laughed Bolsover major, craning his neck to get a glimpse of the squirming junior. "It will bring your fat down!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors could not refrain from laughing at Bolsover's consoling words.

The only person who did not laugh was William George Bunter himself.

### Wharton's Kindness!

**H** ALLO, hallo, hallo!" sounded the dulcet tones of Bob Cherry. "What the dickens is the matter with Bunter?"

The Famous Five came rushing out of their study to ascertain the cause of such an unseemly disturbance. Billy Bunter lay full length on the floor in the midst of a crowd of grinning juniors.

Harry Wharton pushed his way through the crowd and reached the fat junior.

"Lend a hand here," he shouted to Johnny Bull. "Catch hold of his other arm and we'll stand him on his feet."

Johnny Bull laughingly obliged, and the fat Owl was hoisted in the air. There was a jar as his feet met the ground.

Most of the juniors had melted away to their studies by this time, but the Famous Five still hung on, as did Skinner and Co.

"Well," said Bob Cherry, after the noise had subsided somewhat. "What's all the blessed rumpus over?"

"Ow!" wailed Billy Bunter in anguish. "The beastly cads have been hurting me."

"And serve you jolly well right, too!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, unsympathetically. "Nothing less than you deserve. Now then, tell me all about it!"

"Well, Harry—"

"Don't 'Harry' me!" interrupted Wharton furiously. "I'm Wharton to you, if you please."

"Wharton, old man," continued Bunter peevishly, "those beastly cads, Skinner, Snoop and Stott, have got their knives into me. They have been treating me most brutally."

Skinner and Co. stood spellbound as Bunter went on.

"I had some toffee I was eating. You know that what a fellow gets here to eat would not feed a tame mouse. Well, I had just taken the slab of toffee from my pocket, when Skinner's eyes fell upon it. Of course, greedy like, he wanted it."

"You rotter!" broke in Skinner.

"Beastly outsider!" snorted Stott.

"Liar!" expostulated Snoop more bluntly.

"Order, please!" shouted Johnny Bull. "One man at a time. Fair play's a jewel, you know."

"The esteemed and ludicrous Bunter is unquestionably departing from the truthfulness," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh in his weird and wonderful English. "He hasn't an atom of jewelfulness in his honourable carcass."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The captain of the Remove turned towards Skinner.

"What has Bunter actually been doing?" he asked.

"What hasn't he been doing, you mean?" returned Skinner. "As captain of the Remove, you should put a stop to all this."

"Yes, but—"

"If it's beyond your power, Wharton, admit it," continued the sneak of the Remove. "You're not afraid of your position as captain of the Remove, are you?"

Harry Wharton clenched his fists, staring hard at Skinner the while. It took a lot to upset Wharton, but when once roused it spelt ill for the guilty party.

"So that's your mind towards me, is it?" said Wharton coolly. "If you think you could make a better show than me, I'll resign my position in your favour."

"I've tried; but—"

"The fellows wouldn't have you," finished Wharton heatedly.

Skinner drew in a deep breath at this.

"Do you think Bunter will ever reform, when you keep on encouraging him like this?" Skinner went on again. "The fat rotter stole my bread, and now I'm about to wollop him you step in!"

"Was I aware of what injustice Bunter had done you?" asked Harry quietly. "Besides, it doesn't need three of you to lam him. I've had occasion to speak to you before about this business. You can leave the matter to me to attend to. I know Bunter is a thief, but—"

"Oh, really, Wharton, you don't mean—"

The captain of Greyfriars wheeled round upon the Owl of the Remove.

"Shut up!" he roared. "You've done sufficient damage already. Thank your lucky stars I've come and saved your bacon. Remember this, though, if I hear any more of these low-down tricks, I'll make it my business to see you suffer for it."

"But I say—" broke in Bunter unflinchingly. "If you think I would take anything belonging to another chap, you're greatly mistaken. It's far beyond my dignity. As Skinner's pal, I expect to share—"

"Your p—p—pal!" Skinner fairly stuttered with rage. He knew he could not strike Bunter in Wharton's presence. He turned on his heels, and, with Stott and Snoop, left the Remove Form captain with Bunter.

Wharton looked at the Owl of the Remove and pointed to No. 7.

"I'll give you until I count three. Scat!"

"But I say—" ventured William George.

"One—" began the leader of the Famous Five.

"Listen to reason!"

"Two—" continued Harry, counting.

Bunter could see no help for it. He took one look at Wharton, and then turned and dashed headlong down the corridor as fast as his fat little legs would carry him.

He did not stop until he reached the end of the corridor. He recovered his breath, and glanced back at Wharton.

"Yah! Beast!" he shouted, and moved off again.

He reached his study in a state of complete exhaustion and opened the door.

The two Todds, Peter and Alonzo, and Dutton, the other occupant of the study, had not yet returned.

Bunter waddled into the room and beset himself in the big armchair in front of the fire.

He had not sat there long ere his usual famished feeling

came over him. He glanced around him; but nothing in the way of food met his gaze.

"Ah! The cupboard!" he muttered to himself.

He stalked over to the cupboard and turned the handle. The door did not open.

"Locked!" he growled angrily. "And the rotters have taken the keys away with them. Never mind, I suppose it's empty, the same as it was when I first looked in this afternoon."

He was just debating in his mind whether to break the lock open, when it occurred to him that Peter often carelessly left the key in the pocket of an old jacket that hung behind the study door.

The coat was there now!

Billy Bunter made a sudden dash, inserted his fat hand in one of the pockets, and there, sure enough, was the key.

He withdrew his hand hastily, the key held tightly in its grasp.

Retreating back to the cupboard, he inserted the key in the lock and gave a gentle turn. The door swung open, and there before his eyes were comestibles of all descriptions. Without further hesitation he set to work.

His round eyes beamed with delight as he munched away at the good things.

In the space of a very short time all that was left was a few crumbs.

"Serves them right!" he said, extracting a handkerchief from his coat pocket and wiping his mouth. "They shouldn't keep these feeds such a deadly secret!"

Having satisfied his appetite, he stepped stealthily from the study and made to secret himself in the Close. He passed his study-mates en route; but no words were exchanged.

#### Further Trouble!

"S OMEBODY'S been at the cupboard!"

Thus Peter Todd in the Remove Form at Greyfriars.

He had just returned from the library in company with Alonzo and Tom Dutton, the other two occupants of Study No. 7, when, to his amazement, his eyes alighted upon a very much opened door displaying an empty cupboard and two even more empty shelves.

"All the grub's gone!" he almost shouted, turning to his cousin Alonzo. "Whoever has had the effrontery to come here during our absence, steal the grub, and then bolt?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Dutton, the deaf junior.

Peter stared hard at the laughing Dutton.

"I can hardly see what you've got to laugh at!" he roared.

"You calling Alonzo a dolt! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I didn't call him a dolt!" roared the enraged Peter. "I just mentioned the fact that our grub had gone and the thief bolted!"

"Whose jolted?" asked Dutton, rolling up his sleeves in a warlike manner. "I was never of the opinion that we were real friends!"

Alonzo dashed between the two and separated them in time, and laying his hand upon the deaf junior's shoulder, he bawled in his ear:

"Listen to reason! The cupboard's empty and the grub has flown!"

"All right!" said Dutton, understanding at last. "But don't shout at me, I'm not hard of hearing!"

The hubbub subsided at last, and the three juniors sat down to hold an inquiry.

"That reminds me," began Peter, the leader of Study No. 7. "We passed Bunter on our way to the study here. He had rather a guilty look upon his fat face, too."

"It's undoubtedly the work of the porpoise," spoke up Alonzo. "We had better track him and find out. What say you, Dutton; coming too?"

"No! Don't feel at all blue!"

The two Todds could see it was a hopeless task to question Dutton at all, but thought it wise to track down W. G. B. and ascertain as to whether he had wolfed the missing grub.

Peter slipped his arm through that of Dutton's, and with Alonzo taking the other, the three set off down the passage in quest of Bunter's fat hide.

Loud roars of laughter reached their ears as they neared the end of the passage leading to the stairs. It was coming from Study No. 13, which apparently denoted that Bob Cherry was having an "At Home."

The three halted outside the study and listened. Could the podgy William George be in there?

They could plainly hear the voices of the Famous Five. "The painfulness in the interior of the esteemed Bunter's alimentary canal will be terrific!" expounded the well-known voice of Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the others in chorus.

This merriment was followed by the screeching of chairs upon the floor.

The three juniors in the passage held on with bated breaths. It had come to the minds of each that the

awful Bunter had strewn further seeds upon stony places. "Gentlemen!" sounded the dulcet tones of Bob Cherry. "We have come to the conclusion that Bunter, who is none other than a rotter, purloiner and a glutton, is to be reformed once and for all!"

"Hear! Hear!" "Thrasings seem hardly punishment enough for him; but," continued Bob, "with the aid of our worthy friend, Wun Lung, who, I know, will do us well and proper, we will stem the tide of the fat young imbecile! Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's suggestion of a well-doped, but none the less tempting pie, made up in his own native way, would answer the purpose to a nicety!"

The little Chinese was huddled up in the armchair in front of the fire. A quick glance showed that he was not asleep, for his left eye was wide open, while the other one was closed.

There was a gleam in the open eye as Harry Wharton stepped over to him. It showed plainly that he had taken in all the conversation between the Famous Five.

The captain of the Remove tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"I say," he said genially, "suppose you've heard what we've been talking about, eh?"

"Yessie, Whalton," he answered, stretching himself lazily in the chair. "Me healee velly much. What you tinkee?"

"Well," said Wharton, "now to business. As you've heard that our fat fraud of a Bunter has been up to his old tricks again, we want you to make a nice little pudding which we are going to place where our fat porpoise is sure to look."

"Velly well," answered the little Chinese, his almond eyes glittering, "me doee job plopperly. Buntel velly much pain and sickee. Buntel no wantee any mole food fol a week. He goee sanatorium, what you tinkee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "It will do the fat bounder good," remarked Johnny Bull.

"He will consider first before touching other people's grub again," chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Yes, rather," answered the Famous Five in unison.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" shouted the dulcet tones of the curly-headed Bob Cherry, as a heavy tap sounded on the study door.

Tap! Tap!

"Come in!" shouted Harry Wharton.

"Maybe our ludicrous friend, Bunter," murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur. "If so, the lickingfulness of the esteemed fraud will be—"

"Terrific!" finished Bob Cherry.

Peter and Alonzo Todd, together with Tom Dutton, who had listened to the turmoil in the passage for so long, thought it wise to give up their search as justice was already being prepared for W. G. B.

Peter turned the handle of the door, and the three entered the study.

"What's the little game?" asked Bob Cherry.

"My dear Cherry," began Peter Todd, "there is no game whatsoever. We merely heard you talking of dealing out a none too severe punishment, the culprit being the one whom we are seeking at the present moment. During the absence from our study, grub to the extent of six men's rations has been taken away. We have no hesitation in declaring the thief to be Bunter. We were about to track down the thief ourselves; but as you are about—"

"My dear Peter, I trust that you will do nothing of the sort," said Alonzo, in a tone of mild reproach. "My uncle would be shocked—nay, disgusted—if you took things in your own hands."

"Ass!" said Peter politely. "Wharton, as captain of the Remove Form, I ask you to deal out the necessary punishment."

**A Summons From the Head!**

**B**EASTS!" Billy Bunter, the Owl of the Remove, was muttering to himself as he sauntered along the Remove corridor the following morning in search of Harry Wharton.

Bunter had been ejected by many boots from the interior of Study No. 7, and was giving vent to his feeling in the above manner.

"Beasts!" he muttered again as he reached the study occupied by the Famous Five.

He tapped gently at the door, but no answer came to his knock. His second tap was answered by a slight cough, which to the mind of the porpoise was a sufficient "Come in."

"H'm!" he coughed, trying to attract attention. "Are you fellows busy?"

"Yes," answered Harry Wharton, the leader of the Famous Five. "Also very short of tin."

"Postal-orders not cashed here," added Bob Cherry.

"Perhaps the esteemed postal-order can be cashed boot-fully!" brought in Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, and what's wrong?" demanded Harry Wharton, when the laughing had ceased. "Get it off your chest, and quick!"

Bunter set his glasses firmly on the bridge of his fat little nose, and stared at the Remove captain as if fearing to speak.

"I say, you fellows," he began, after a little consideration. "It's really coming, you know."

"Yes," replied Wharton, "and you'll very soon be going. Now, buzz off before I count three."

"But listen—"

"One—"

"Oh, really, you fellows."

"Two; are you going?"

Tap! Tap!

The handle rattled and the door opened. It was Trotter, the page, who entered the study.

"Is Wharton here?" he asked, looking round.

Bunter knew the reason of Trotter's unexpected visit and fled.

Wharton paid no further heed to Bunter, but spun round and faced Trotter.

"Yes, I'm here," he replied, his face blushing up.

"What's the trouble?"

Trotter saw the anxious look come across the usually sunny face of the captain of the Remove.

"Oh, Dr. Locke wants to see you in his study at once."

"Oh!"

"Crumbs!"

"What's the matter?"

"Is the Head waxy?"

These, and many more, were the questions fired upon the interrupter as he stood holding the door half open whilst he delivered the message.

"Why, what's the trouble, kid?" asked Wharton, somewhat unsettled, his face changing from a crimson hue to a deathly white.

"He's just been having a conversation with the house-dame. What they are talkin' about I cannot say. But he seems very distracted. I was sittin' a-readin' the 'Boys' Herald' when I 'ears me bell a-ringin'. I up and runs to the 'Ead's door. 'Trotter,' he says, somewhat excitedly, 'go at once and tell Wharton I want him.'"

"Yes!" broke in Wharton, anxiously.

"Noticin' him in the presence of Mrs. Kebble, and seemin' she wore a worried look also, I guessed as 'ow somethin' was radically wrong. What the trouble is I cannot say. All I knows is as 'ow the 'Ead wants you to 'urry."

"She'n't be a minute, you fellows," said Harry, pushing the fellows aside, as they crowded around Trotter. "I must go and see what's wrong."

He left the study hurriedly, with Trotter following in his wake.



The almond-eyed celestial carried out Wharton's scheme to the letter. He chuckled as he supplied the various "ingredients" in with the beef. "Velly nice pie," he muttered. "Do gleedy Bunte lots of good. Gualanteed to cule his appetite once and fol all. "What you tinkee?"



Within a very short time the two reached the Head's study. Harry Wharton tapped gently on the door.

It was immediately answered with a gentle "Come in!"

The captain of the Remove entered the study as though he were walking on hot bricks.

He was not generally a nervous fellow, but the Head's startling summons had most certainly unnerved him this time.

The Head glanced up as the Shell captain entered. He gave a slight cough and fixed a piercing look upon Wharton. "Wharton," he said quietly, "I have rather an unthankful story to relate to you."

Wharton stood still, a slight tremor going through his body. He straightened himself up to hear the worst.

"I have a visit, as you see, from Mrs. Kebble," began the Head as he twirled his watch and chain between thumb and finger. "She informs me that a daring theft has been made upon her stores. That is, that the food that is issued for the school in general has been raided, almost the entire stock in hand having vanished. She presumes it is the work of one of the juniors belonging to the school."

The Head covered his mouth with his hand, emitting a slight cough.

"Now, Wharton, what I want you to do is to keep a sharp lookout, and if you hear anything that will lead to the discovery of the school's missing rations you must let me know immediately."

Wharton shifted uneasily before replying.

"Had I better keep this a secret, sir?" he asked.

"No," answered the Head kindly. "Perhaps with the aid of some of your friends you might track down this unmitigated scoundrel. You may now go."

Wharton wheeled round and the door closed behind him.

He made straight way for Study No. 1 to disclose the most startling news to his chums. The Famous Five were still congregated there anxiously awaiting the reason of the Head's startling summons of their leader, when Wharton's returning footsteps were heard.

The door opened and the captain of the Remove sauntered in, his face flushed, his eyes sparkling.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" came the voice of Bob Cherry. "What's up?"

The Famous Five gathered round their leader like one man.

"Out with it now," cried someone. "Get it off your chest. Has the noble Head resigned?"

Wharton drew a chair up to the table, and with his hand he banged for silence.

"Chaps!" he blurted out. "Things are getting more serious. The latest addition to the many recent raids is that Mrs. Kebble's stock has vanished. Who the culprit is she cannot state. Dr. Locke asks for our assistance. Does anybody here think he could pick on the vagabond or could anyone make a statement in any way?"

There was a hushed silence. A pin dropped would have startled the whole of the occupants of the study just then.

Suddenly there was a movement from Frank Nugent, and all eyes turned in his direction.

"May be only my fancy," he said, breaking the silence, "but it reminds me of something. Why did that fat porpoise, Bunter, chase out of here so suddenly when Wharton was called for? There must have been something up, as he nearly knocked me over in his attempt to flee."

"Ah!" chorused his many listeners.

Remembrances of the past were brought back to the juniors as if by magic.

Like one man the whole crowd rose, and, with Wharton at their head, made for Study No. 7, the home of William George Bunter.

There was no tapping; no such thing. With a deft kick Wharton sent the door flying back on its hinges.

There was a sudden gasp.

"Ow! Yow! Grooh!"

Peter Todd, who had had unfortunately been bending down to pick up some impot paper which had blown off the table, had caught the swiftly opening door full on his person, and was sent sprawling on all fours upon the unsympathetic linoleum.

He looked up in astonishment as the party of juniors rushed into his study.

"Why the— Who the—" He could get no further.

"Where's Bunter?" came the cry.

"Bunter? Why. I haven't seen him for this last half-hour," answered the half-startled Peter, regaining his breath. "Maybe he's wandering in the Close. He told me he was expecting a postal-order and was going down to wait for the postman. I know he was telling the truth, because he even asked me to cash it for him in advance."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Co.

"Shush!" called Wharton, trying to bring his colleagues into order. "This is no laughing matter. This business has got to be settled up. The culprit found and a just punishment meted out to him. Come, let's have a look

round the Close. It is nearly time for Boggs to arrive, so we might possibly spot Bunter."

The juniors walked down to the Close in a body, bent on finding the fat porpoise and thumping some news or other from his fat hide.

"Look!" shouted Bob Cherry, as his foot rested on the concrete setting of the Close. "There he is. That's the fat porpoise. You could discern him a mile off. After him!"

The juniors looked in the direction indicated by Bob's outstretched arm, and there, sure enough, was Bunter, a bag in his fat hand, the contents of which he was greedily helping himself to.

He looked round as he heard the sudden rush of feet. Hurriedly he crunched up the bag in his fat hand to thrust it into his pocket. But, alas! He was too late!

The Famous Five were upon him in a twinkling and the bag snatched from his fat grasp.

"I say, you fellows," he gasped piteously, "that's mine, you know. I've just been down to Mrs. Mible's and bought that; really I have."

There were only a few crumbs in the bag when Wharton looked into it, but the name of the dealer took the junior's eye almost immediately. "Laurence and Laurence," it read.

The juniors stood spellbound. The realised in a moment what it meant. Laurence and Laurence were the merchants who supplied Greyfriars with all their provisions. Many times that old provision cart bearing the name Laurence and Laurence on the side had been standing outside the old school while the driver was delivering his wares.

The truth was undoubtedly out, and Bunter was the culprit.

Harry Wharton thought for a moment. Should he report what he had found out to the Head? He knew what a fool the Owl was, and knew well enough the action was not carried out deliberately. With a frown he collected together the Famous Five and returned to Study No. 1 to discuss ways and means.

#### The Bait, and What it Led to!

CAYENNE, mustard, pepper, salt, spice, codliver oil, ink, and glue.

These and many others were the ingredients that lay on the table before Wun Lung, the Chinese occupant of Study No. 13.

The almond-eyed celestial was carrying out Wharton's plan of campaign to the letter.

The crust was already made, also some steak had been par-boiled. Both were ready at hand. All that was wanted now was to insert the various "luxuries" in with the par-boiled beef, cover it over with the crust, and then bake.

The baking part was quite easy. Wharton would pay a visit to Mrs. Kebble and speak to her in a kindly way, and she would be only too pleased to oblige by placing the pie in her oven.

Wun Lung chuckled over the scheme as he finished decorating the pie with a fork as he had seen his fond parent do.

"Velly nice pie," he muttered. "Do gleedy Buntel lots of good. Gualenteed to cule his appetite once and fol all. What you tinkee?"

He was still chuckling to himself when there came the tramping of feet along the hall. Hurriedly he covered over the precious pie with a cloth which was lying nearby.

He opened the study door and glanced out, and was at once relieved to find it was the Famous Five.

He opened the door wide and beckoned the Five to enter. "Well," said Wharton, "and how's the pie getting on?"

"Vely well, tankee, Whalton. You all light?"

Wharton grinned at the Chinaman's peculiar manner.

Wun Lung stepped over to the table and uncovered the pie which had hastily been put away at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Vely nice pie. Buntel eatee gleedily, soon havee vely much pain, and sinkee in chair vely sick. He takee no molee glub from chum's study any mole. What you tinkee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five could not help it. They burst into roar upon roar of laughter as they pictured to themselves the state of Bunter's inner man after doing justice to so fine a looking feed.

Harry Wharton held his hand up to order silence.

"Chaps," he said, "you agree with me in saying that this will do Bunter more good than taking him before the Head? We all know he's a fool, but there's more than splinters in a block of wood, as you all know."

Cries of: "Yes, rather!" "Hear, hear!" "That's the stuff to administer unto him!" greeted the captain of the Remove's words. Therefore the plot was to be carried out.

Harry Wharton picked up the basin containing the precious pie and tucked it under his arm. A second later, and the door closed behind him.

He made straight for Mrs. Kebble's abode. Reaching the housewife's apartment, he gently tapped on the door.

Continued on next page.

# 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.

## THIS WINS OUR TUCK HAMPER!

And So It Was!

As the steamer was moving out of the harbour at Athens a well-dressed lady approached the captain and pointed to the distant hills.

"Could you tell me what is that white stuff up there?" she asked.

"That is snow, madam," replied the captain.

"Well, I thought so myself," agreed the lady; "but a gentleman just now informed me that it was Greece!"—Tuck Hamper filled with delicious tuck has been awarded to P. V. Mitchell, 45, Acme Road, Watford, Herts.

### "Stumping" Good!

"Two penn'oth of glue, please," asked an urchin of an oilshop assistant.

"Certainly, young man. What sort of glue would you like?"

"I dunno, 'zactly, but it must be summat what's jolly strong!" replied the boy.

"Well, sir, we keep all varieties—'Stickit,' 'Grippit,' and 'Holditite.' Which kind would you like?"

"Any of 'em," replied the youth. "It doesn't matter as long as it keeps the bails nice and tight. You see, we're playing a team from round by the gasworks to-morrow, and our team bats first, so we ain't taking no chances!"—Money Prize awarded to C. Sparkes, 293, Bryn Road, near Wigan.

### "Ph-hew!"

"There isn't much in the English language which I don't understand," boasted a long-haired individual at his club one evening.

A friend picked up his remark very quickly.

"I'll give you a test, then, old chap," he said. "Let me dictate this paragraph to you."

With a self-assured air the boaster picked up a pencil and paper, and prepared to write. But his expression changed somewhat when he heard that remarkable paragraph. It ran:

"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a rather dark hue accosted Hugh and said:

"Have you see my ewes anywhere, old man?"

"If you will wait till I have hewed this yew tree I will go anywhere in Europe with you to find your ewes," said Hugh Hughes obligingly.—Money Prize awarded to F. H. Rowley, 98, Three Shires, Oak Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

## WUN LUNG'S PIE—Continued from previous page

His knock was treated with a gentle "Come in!"

He stepped on to the threshold, laying the delicious-looking pie on the table.

"Well," came Mrs. Kebble's gentle voice, "and what can I do for you, Master Wharton?"

Wharton tendered the pie, begging Mrs. Kebble to be kind enough to bake it for him. The good old dame cheerfully told him that she would.

"It will be ready in an hour's time, Master Wharton," she said demurely, "if you would mind calling back again then."

The captain of the Remove thanked her most kindly, and hurriedly left her.

He wended his way back to Wun Lung's study in rather a cheerful frame of mind, knowing that within a very short space of time all plans would be laid for catching the terrible Bunter.

Wharton found his chums still chatting in Study No. 13 when he returned. Wun Lung, whose almond eye was glittering with delight, was laying huddled up in the easy-chair, the only furniture the study possessed.

Once inside the study, ginger-pop was handed round, and the juniors all drank to the success of the Bunter cure.

It was shortly after this that lunch-time arrived; then came a steady pour of juniors to the Hall. Dinner was the meal that was looked forward to more than any other meal at the school.

Chatting cheerily, the juniors one by one sat in the places

### Didn't Want Much!

Sandy McNabb took a sixpenny ticket in a raffle for a brand new pony and trap. For the first time in fifty years luck came Sandy's way, and he proved to be the winner.

But was he pleased when the pony and trap was brought round to him? Not a bit! Sandy surveyed it gloomily and muttered:

"I told ye it was g'ang to be a swindle!"

A friend stared at him in surprise, and asked:

"What's the matter with it, Sandy?"

"What be the use of a brand new trap, a stubborn pony, and no jolly whip?" murmured Sandy in reply.—Money Prize awarded to George Butler, 66, Greyhound Road, Hammersmith, W.6.

### British Workmen Exemplified!

Some navvies were working on a railway track. One man having weak eyes excited the sympathy of his friend George. "Rough luck on Bill having such weak eyes," said George one day.

"Why?" queried another. "E don't want very good eyesight for a job like this."

"No," replied George. "But 'e can't see when the foreman isn't looking, so 'e 'as to keep on picking all the time!"—Money Prize awarded to John Russell Bunt, Pitts Farm, Ningwood, nr. Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

### Almost the Same!

A gentleman travelling in Scotland was making a hobby of collecting different sorts of insects.

At a house where he called for refreshment he was met by a talkative maid.

"Thank you," he said, when she set down his slight repast. "Now, my girl, have you ever seen a horse-fly here?"

"A horse fly!" exclaimed the maid.

"Yes," said the bug-hunter.

"Nay, sir," replied the maid, "but I've seen a cow 'op clean over a fence!"—Money Prize awarded to Reggie Macfarlane, 10, Jamieson Street, Capetown, South Africa.

### Energetic Goods!

One busy day in the parcels office at Edinburgh Station a lady handed over a small dog for conveyance by train. The dog apparently did not fancy travelling in a guard's van, and made designs to get away. After a few minutes' struggle the itinerant how-wow succeeded in slipping its collar, and immediately bounded away through the office door. A frantic porter gave chase, but the dog eluded him, and raced farther and farther away. At last the porter gave it up, bawling out to the people ahead:

"Hi! Stop that blinkin' dawg! It's a parcel!"—Money Prize awarded to Albert Mackie, 42, Lilybank Road, Dundee.

allotted to them. At the head of the table was the ever watchful Mr. Quelch. Grace was said, and there was an appetising smell as the dinner was brought up.

Curiously enough, the menu for the day was pie, but not the kind that had been prepared for the Owl's benefit.

The Famous Five, all seated near each other at the table, shared the delicious-looking pie that was placed before them. Wharton took the dish, and in turn served each with a portion of the tasty-looking pie.

There was a clatter of knives and forks as the juniors got on with the meal, all unconscious of the great big blunder which had been enacted by the housewife. Busy as this good old soul had been, she had dished up the faked pie with the rest, and, as it happened, this was the very one that had been handed round to the Famous Five!

Chasing about, together with the excitement that the juniors had undergone that morning, had given the whole of them large appetites, and so they ate with a will. So heartily did they eat that they did not even notice the peculiar taint that was attached to their feed. It undoubtedly would tell in the end!

The meal over and without suspicion, the juniors, after having been excused, left the table in high spirits. Wharton beckoned to Bob Cherry that he was making a call to get the prepared pie.

"Sha'n't be a tick!" he whispered, and he hastened off.

A cricket-match had been arranged for the afternoon, that being a half-holiday, so there was an excited babble on the chances of the two teams.

Continued on page 19.

**WUN LUNG'S PIE**—Continued from page 17.

Bob Cherry, Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, once inside the study made to get their bags in readiness. Shortly after, Wharton returned carrying something under his arm. Sure enough, it was the pie! It was uncovered and laid on the bottom shelf of the cupboard, within easy reach should the Owl of the Remove happen to come along.

"That's settles it, I think!" said Harry Wharton, picking up his cricket-bag and beckoning to the others to follow. "If we get away now, Bunter will soon learn of our absence, and is bound to come scouting around. He will certainly meet with success, too."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co. "The successfulness of the esteemed purloiner will be three-fold," murmured the dusky Nabob of Bhanipur. "He will suffer much wakefulness, and will lack sleepfulness." "Rather!" echoed the others.

It was down on the cricket field that the tale began to unfold itself. Firstly Frank Nugent began to complain of a little difference of opinion taking place underneath the region of his waistcoat. Then Johnny Bull complained of a like pain. This was shortly followed up by Harry Wharton himself falling upon his bended knees, evidently doubled up in acute pain.

"Yaroooh! Grooooh! Ooooh!" Such were the weird expressions which came from the mouths of the unfortunate Five. They groaned and they bumbled, but without avail. The pains had come and did not intend to leave them. They sat this way and lay that way, but no relief came.

"It's no use, chaps," said the captain of the Remove, with a wry face, "I shall not be able to play this afternoon. I—I think I had better return to the study, as I hardly f—feel well." And he went.

He was immediately followed by Bull, and this junior in turn was immediately followed by Hurree Jamset Singh. Soon the Famous Five were all returning their weary way homewards, their faces pale and their looks speaking of much pain.

They passed William George in the corridor, but did not heed him. This worthy was wearing a cheerful smile, and his fat face gleamed upon them with satisfaction. As the trap had been set, so the mouse had nibbled. Billy Bunter had scented the pie during the chums' absence, and had made very short work of it. It was extremely lucky for him such accidents had happened. The Famous Five had made a rod for their own backs, and they were to live to feel the soreness of it.

It was only about half an hour afterwards that Dr. Locke was notified of the sad plight of the occupants of Study No. 1. He was on the scene in next to no time. He considered the juniors conditions critical, and had the doctor wired for right away. Ten minutes afterward Dr. Short drove up in his car, and was directed to where the juniors were.

"Grooh! Ooooh! Um!" were the only answers he could get to his inquiries as to how the unfortunate occupants of the study felt. Taking out his gold watch, he took each of their pulse-beats in turn. Then, confronting the Head, who wore a somewhat worried look, he ventured:

"These poor unfortunate lads must be admitted to the sanatorium right away. By what I can make of it, they have eaten something that has disagreed entirely with them, and in that case need the necessary treatment. Will you see they are sent away now, Dr. Locke, as I'm sure these poor fellows are in great pain."

At Dr. Locke's orders the juniors suffered themselves to be led away into the sanatorium, where they received the kindly attentions of the authorities therein.

It was some time afterwards when the truth came out, but when it did and the juniors were able to leave their beds in the sanatorium, they were bent on leaving the Owl of the Remove severely alone. The grinning Bunter had undoubtedly scored heavily this time! They would all remember their parts in "A pie—and some 'pies'" for many days to come.

THE END.

There will be another grand, long story of the chums of Greyfriars School next week, entitled: "Bunter's Cheque!" Be sure you do not miss reading this fine school yarn.

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