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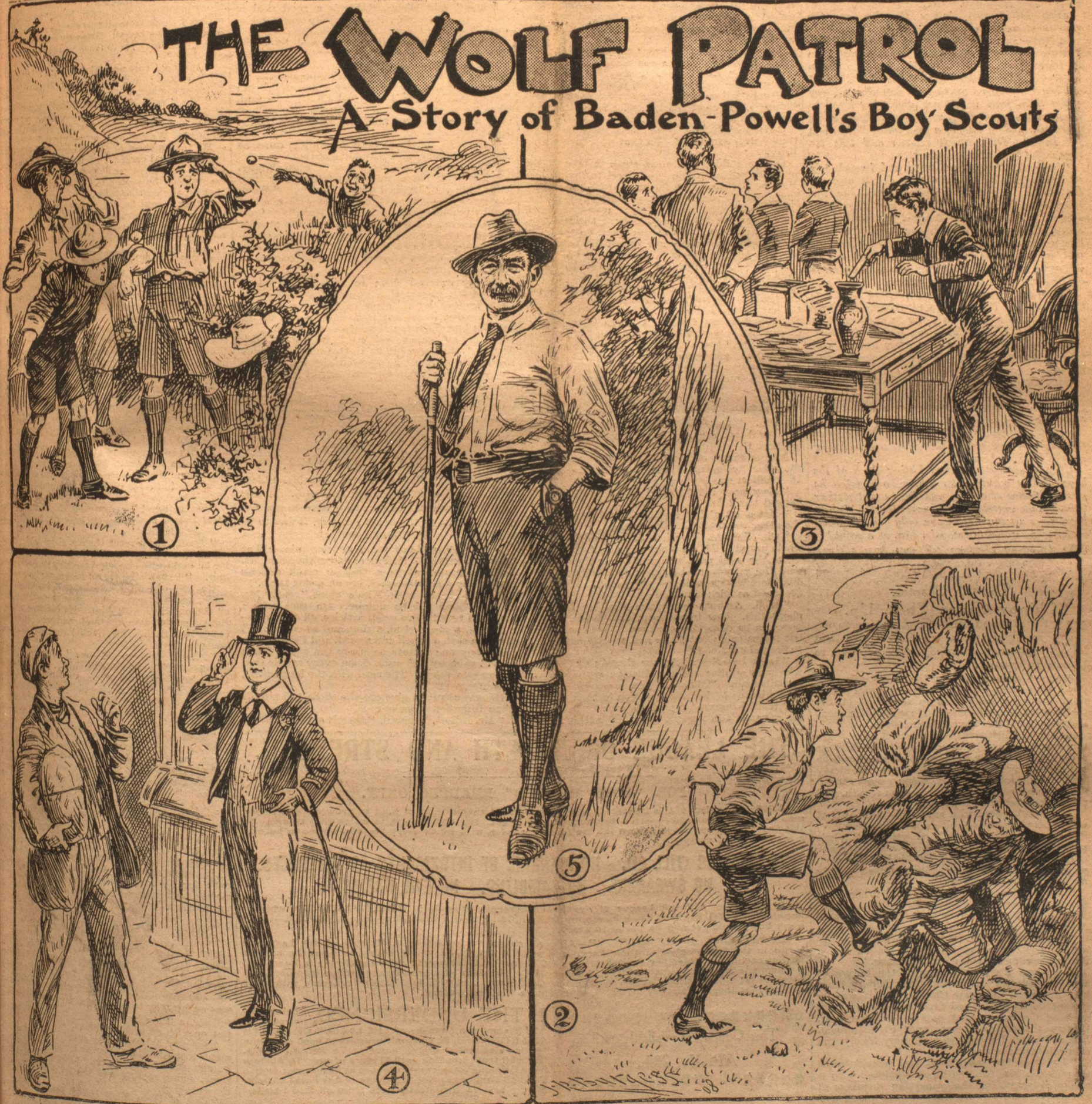
EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S
 STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.

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EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 25, 1908.

THE WOLF PATROL
 A Story of Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts



(1) No Chippy was there; only his old hat cleverly arranged on a stick. And while they stared there came a swift fusillade of balls from an ambush. (2) Billy gave the stack a kick, and it collapsed, and revealed Chippy. (3) The party in the study kept their backs to the writing-table. Within five minutes the eight votes were in the vase. (4) Chippy was taken utterly aback, for Dick stepped forward and gave him the full salute. (5) Lieut.-General Baden Powell in the uniform of the Boy Scouts. (From a photograph by Halfstones, Ltd.).

Trevelyan gave a whistle, and then burst into loud laugh. Grahame gave him a vicious look. "So you think that's a laughing matter, do you, Trevelyan?" he asked. "Ha, ha! Yes, rather!" "The confounded cheek—" "Oh, the youngsters in that study are always up to something, Grahame." "It's a parody of the Sixth Form notice." "I don't see that it matters." "It shows an utter want of respect for the Sixth." "Oh, I don't know. I believe those youngsters respect all the Sixth who deserve respect," said Trevelyan blandly. Grahame gritted his teeth. "Then you mean to say that you are going to pass over this cheek of theirs? You're going to take it lying down?" "I am certainly not going to make myself ridiculous by taking any notice of it," said Trevelyan quietly. "I suppose you'll take that paper off the board?" "Certainly not. The juniors have the right to put their cricket notices on the notice-board. Why should I interfere with them? If they are really playing a match with Redclyffe Juniors on Wednesday, they have every right to announce the fact in the usual way." "They are calling it the opening match of the season." Trevelyan laughed. "Well, so it is, if it's played on Wednesday, and ours doesn't come off till Saturday." "Oh, if you're going to take it in that spirit—" "It's the right spirit, I think, Grahame. The Sixth would look utterly ridiculous if they entered into a dispute concerning precedence with the Fourth Form. Let the notice remain where it is. As for the opening match of the season, as they call it, so long as they play up and give a good game, I shall be satisfied." And Trevelyan walked away, laughing. "Good old Trev!" exclaimed Pankhurst. "I say, that's a really ripping idea, though. Where did you bone it from, Poindexter?" "I guess I didn't bone it from anywhere, Panky. I thought of it all on my lonesome. I reckoned the Sixth were putting on too much side." "Hear, hear!" said Gatty. "Good wheeze!" exclaimed Price. "The first eleven fill up a little too much of the public eye, that's a fact, and better men are looked over." "Ha, ha! Still, there's something in it," observed Pankhurst. "Of course you want me to captain the Cliveden side against the Redclyffe lot?" "I guess we don't want anything of the sort, Panky. You can play, if you like." "Now, don't be an unreasonable ass, Poindexter. I don't mind your being conceited at other times, but it's a question of the honour of Cliveden Junior Cricket Club now, and you ought to be willing to allow the best man to become captain." "I guess I'm quite willing to allow that. Dick Neville's captain of this cricket club, and he takes the bun this time." "I'm really sorry to see you throwing away your chances like this, Puntodger," said Pankhurst, in a tone of mingled remonstrance and regret. "Ha, ha! We don't mind, I guess." "I suppose I had better play," said Pankhurst thoughtfully. "It's playing under difficulties, with one of you fellows for cricket captain, but for the honour of the Form, I suppose we ought to do all we can to pull the game out of the fire." "Quite so," said Price. "So long as you don't shove it into the fire we shall be satisfied," said Poindexter. "But seriously, we want you to play, of course. You see, I've put your names down in the list of the eleven." "Good!" said Pankhurst cordially. "We'll play, and we'll help to walk over the Redclyffe lot. But I hear they're a tough crowd." "They are; but I guess we shall be tougher." "Quite so." The juniors trooped into the dining-hall to breakfast. Silence was supposed to be observed during the meals—at least at the junior tables—but there was a suppressed buzz all the time. Poindexter's idea had caught on. The thought of playing the opening match of the season, and relegating the Sixth Form match to the second place, was distinctly pleasing to the juniors of Cliveden. Some of them were rather uneasy as to how the Sixth would take it. If the top-Formers had made a row on the subject, there might have been warfare; for though the Fourth could not, of course, openly resist the Sixth, they could make themselves very troublesome. As a matter of fact, there were several seniors who were inclined, like Grahame, to look for trouble; but they realised after a little reflection that they would come out of such a contest decidedly second best. The Wednesday match might have been forbidden, the notice might have been removed from the board, but the Sixth would then have taken up the position of angry rivals to a junior Form, and a more absurd position could hardly be imagined. Trevelyan's good humour and good sense carried the day. The Sixth took no notice, and the juniors went on their way rejoicing. The notice remained on the board, for all the world to read, and most of the masters came to have a look at it and smile over it. Even Dr. Rayne, the Head of Cliveden, came to the hall while the boys were in class, and read the notice, and laughed heartily. Poindexter had scored a success this time,

and it could not be denied, even by Pankhurst and Price, that the Old Firm had been cast into the shade. "Never mind, Pricey," Pankhurst remarked that evening. "Puntpusher has scored by this new wheeze; but we'll score in the match on Wednesday afternoon. We'll put up the game of our lives, and leave the Combine in the shade. That's our programme." "Quite so," said Price. The Combine were also exchanging views on the same subject. "We've got the pull over those red-headed bouncers now, you see," said Lincoln G. Poindexter. "What we've got to do is to keep it. We shall manage that by playing the game of our lives on Wednesday afternoon, and leaving Panky and Price out in the cold. That's our little game." "Right!" said Neville heartily. "That's what we'll do, too." "Faith, Puntpusher, and it's a janius ye are," said Micky Flynn.

The 6th Chapter.
The Opening Match of the Season.

NEEDLESS to say, the Combine were very careful about the cricket practice that day. Every leisure moment of the juniors was spent on the cricket pitch. It was no sinecure to have a place in the Fourth Form eleven. Neville, the cricket captain, was a task-master whom there was no escaping. Poindexter and Flynn backed him up well. And so did the Old Firm, for that matter. Rivals they might be in the Fourth Form at Cliveden, but when it was a question of upholding the school colours against outsiders, they were at one.

The Combine and the Old Firm were the backbone of the team. But the other six members were good men and true, and they practised so assiduously that when the time came for the match, they were in the finest possible form. The juniors anxiously watched the symptoms of the weather. If it had turned out a rainy day on Wednesday the whole scheme would have been wrecked, as that was the only half holiday before Saturday, when the Sixth Form match with Redclyffe Seniors was to take place. If the junior match did not take place on Wednesday, it would not be the "opening match" of the season.

The anxiety of the juniors will therefore be easily understood. But it was without foundation, as it proved. The weather was glorious, and remained so. Wednesday dawned a clear, bright, dry April day, and the junior cricketers gleefully greeted the sun. Poindexter was first up in the Fourth Form dormitory, and he gave a crowd of satisfaction as he glanced out of one of the high windows into the Close.

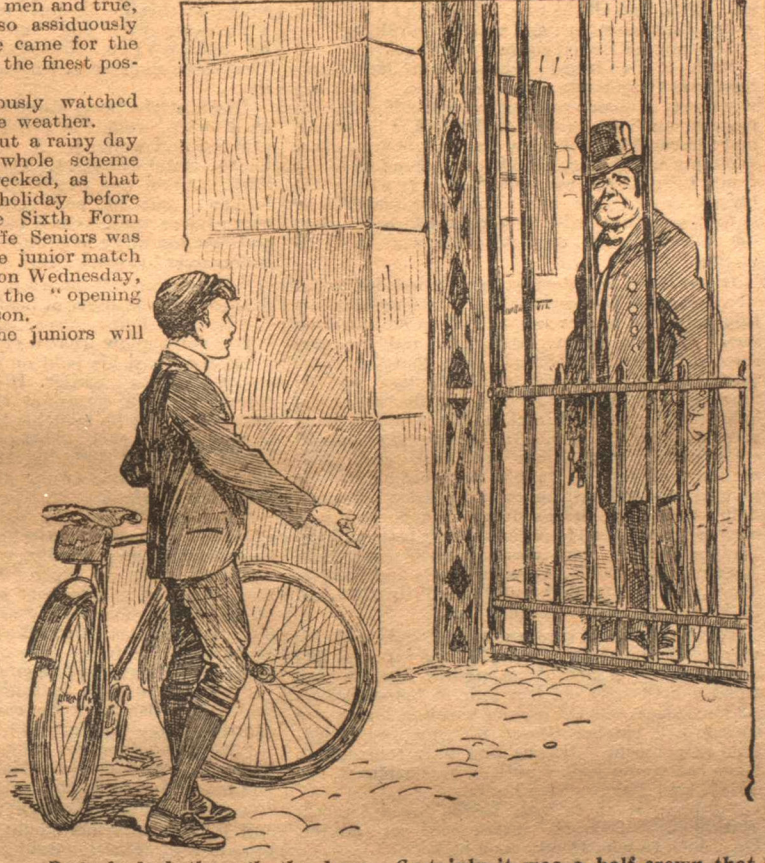
"First-rate weather," he exclaimed. "First-rate, ripping, non-skidding cricketers' weather, by Jingo! Up with you, kids, and we'll get in some practice before school." And the Fourth Form eleven turned out without waiting for the rising-bell. They trooped downstairs, and at the door encountered Trevelyan also an early riser, just going out for a trot round the Close. The captain of Cliveden greeted them with a stare of amazement. "Hallo! What are you kids doing up before rising-bell?" he exclaimed. "Anything wrong in the Fourth Form dormitory—a fire, or something of that sort?" "I guess not," said Poindexter. "We're going to get in some early practice at the nets, that's all." "Good idea, though rather unusual with you—" "You see, we've got a big match on," explained Poindexter, with perfect coolness. "The opening match of the season, you know, with Redclyffe Juniors, this afternoon." Trevelyan laughed heartily. "Well, go on, you young rascals," he said. "And mind you beat Redclyffe, that's all." "Oh, I guess we'll do that," said the Chicago chum confidently.

And the Fourth Form eleven were soon busy on the pitch. They were really creditable young cricketers, and in excellent form. Neville and Poindexter were the best batsmen of the team, and Pankhurst was far and away the champion bowler. It would require a good man on the Redclyffe side to stand up long against his bowling, as Poindexter told him with a hearty slap on the shoulder. Morning school seemed like a dreary farce to the young cricketers. Lines fell pretty thickly for inattention in class, but they did not care. They were thinking of the level green, the sunny sky, the white flannels, and the cheerful click of bat and ball,

School was over at last. Poindexter and Neville hurried down to Little Side to look at the pitch. The American chum had expended half a crown in the form of a tip to ensure the pitch being carefully rolled, and he had every reason to be satisfied with it now. It was in a condition as perfect as could be looked for. "Ripping!" said Neville. "I guess so," agreed his chum. "Lemme see—stumps are pitched at two o'clock. Let's buck up over dinner and get ready for the Redclyffe fellows."

The Cliveden juniors were quite ready for the Redclyffe fellows when the latter arrived in a brake from their school, with a flag flying, and Burke discoursing sweet music on a mouth-organ. They were a fine-looking set of lads from Redclyffe, and Burke, their skipper, was a powerfully-built Upper Fourth fellow, with broad shoulders and a determined face.

The Cliveden fellows greeted the brake with a hearty cheer, and Poindexter shook hands heartily with Burke. The stumps had been pitched, and all was ready for the match, and a crowd was collecting round the ropes, growing thicker every minute. Poindexter nudged Dick Neville as he saw Trevelyan come down and take up his stand to look on, with a good-humoured smile on his face. "Good old Trevelyan!" said Dick Neville. "He doesn't mind the Sixth being shoved into second place, you see. Grahame would have made trouble if he could." "I guess so. We'll give Trev. a jolly good game to watch, anyway, and show that we're worthy to play the opening game of the season for Cliveden." "Yes, rather." Burke won the toss, and elected to bat first. There was a cheer from the crowd as eleven figures in spotless white issued from the dressing-



Rags looked through the bars. Certainly it was a half-crown that glimmered now in the road. The porter grinned. "I am a poor man," he remarked. "I can't afford to lose a half-crown. I suppose I must hopen the gate to get it, if you won't 'and it in through the bars."

tent, and took up their positions in the field. Neville and his men were looking very fit. Burke and a thick-set slogging looking fellow opened the innings for Redclyffe. Dick Neville tossed the ball to Pankhurst. "Give us a good start, Panky," he said. Pankhurst nodded. "I'll do my level best, Neville." And Pankhurst went on to bowl against Burke's wicket.

Burke was a fine batsman, and his men expected great things of him; but he did not have much chance of showing what he could do, in that innings. Perhaps there was an element of luck in it, but certainly the ball that Panky sent down was rather a tricky one, and, at all events, it escaped Burke's mighty swipe, and sent the bails flying. There was a roar from Cliveden. "How's that?" And the umpire grinned. "Out!" Burke made a grimace, but he bore it well. He carried out his bat for a duck's egg, and another fellow took his place. The Redclyffe batsmen showed themselves very wary of Pankhurst. They hardly attempted to run while he had the ball, contenting themselves with stopping the leather, and keeping their wickets up. The score for Redclyffe, in spite of the disastrous beginning, went steadily up at a fairly average rate. The innings lasted a little over an hour, and the total taken by the Redclyffe batsmen was 34. "Good!" said Poindexter, as the last wicket fell to a ball from Micky Flynn. "All down for thirty-four! We've got to do better than that. Buck up, Cliveden!"

The 7th Chapter.
Well Won!

AND Cliveden did buck up! The Cliveden innings opened with Poindexter and Neville, and there was a general movement of interest as Burke went on to bowl.

He bowled against Poindexter's wicket, and the first three balls the American chum contented himself with stopping dead on the crease. Then he began to hit out. A boundary, and then another boundary, and then a three, showed the quality of the Chicago chum's batting, and the air rang with Cliveden cheers.

It was in vain that the Redclyffe bowlers plied him with every variety of bowling. Poindexter stood it all, and Neville, at the other wicket, kept his end up in equally fine style. The partnership lasted half an hour, and was productive of thirty-two runs for Cliveden, and then Poindexter was caught out at slip by a Redclyffe fellow, greatly to the relief of the Redclyffians.

Deafening cheers followed Poindexter as he carried out his bat. The Cliveden total for one wicket down was only two runs short of the Redclyffe score for a whole innings, so the home crowd had reason to be satisfied.

But it was soon seen that the rest of the batting was not up to the form of Poindexter's. When Neville's wicket went down the score stood at forty, and then the home wickets fell faster. Burke had been able to make little impression upon Poindexter, but he did great execution among the "tail" of the Cliveden team, performing the hat-trick later on, amid loud cheers.

But in spite of all the efforts of the Redclyffians, the Cliveden score, with such a good start, crept up higher and higher. And when Poindexter announced last man in, the score stood at eighty.

Last man in retired from Burke's bowling with a duck's egg to his credit, so the score was still eighty at the close of the Cliveden innings. But the juniors had reason to be satisfied. They had more than doubled the score of the visitors, and unless the Redclyffians did better in their second innings than in their first, the home team would win with an innings to spare. "Hallo, there's first man in, and it's Burke again," said Poindexter. "Get into the field, kids, and mind you play up like county cricketers."

"What-ho!" And the Cliveden eleven streamed out into the field again. Burke opened the Redclyffe second innings with a very determined cast of countenance. He had evidently made up his mind that Pankhurst's bowling should not touch his wicket this time, and he was successful. Two wickets fell in the first ten minutes to Pankhurst's bowling, but Burke's was not one of them. He was making the running, and piling up the score at a rate delightful to the Redclyffians, but rather alarming to the home side, who wanted to win by an innings.

But Burke's time was coming. Poindexter was fielding at point, and on the look-out for chances. Burke had knocked off twenty-four off his own bat, when there was a sudden "pat" a moment after the ball had left his bat—and then the leather flew into the air from the hand of Poindexter, to be caught again in his palm as it came down straight as a die.

And there was a roar from Cliveden throats. "Well caught!" And Burke carried out his bat. His was the sixth Redclyffe wicket down, for a total of thirty-five. Next man in knocked off eight, before he was caught out at mid-wicket by Price. Seven down for forty-three.

Neville tossed the ball to Pankhurst again. "Go on and knock 'em, kid." And Pankhurst grinned, and went on. And he did "knock 'em!" He took his little run, and sent down the ball, and there was a clatter of falling bails. "Out!" Next man in looked out very carefully for Pankhurst. But his looking out did not do him much good. The ball came down like an arrow from a bow, and the middle stump was whipped out of the ground before the unlucky batsman knew what was happening.

"Well bowled!" "Last man in." Last man in came in looking nervous, as well he might. And he had good reason—for the next ball laid his off stump on its back, and there was a roar. "The hat-trick! Hurrah!" "Good old Panky!"

Redclyffe were all down for forty-three, and Cliveden Juniors had won the match by an innings and three runs. The minute after the wicket had fallen, the field was black with a crowd of yelling juniors, and Pankhurst was carried off in triumph. Other hands caught up Poindexter, and the two were borne shoulder-high round the old Close of Cliveden. Loud rang the shouts, and as loud as any was the genial cheer of Trevelyan.

It was a great day! Redclyffe had put up a good match, but they had been beaten by finer cricket, and Cliveden was jubilant. The opening match of the season had been, as Poindexter described it, a howling success. They made much of the Redclyffe fellows, and the visitors went off at last in their brake satisfied with Cliveden hospitality, if not with the result of the match; and at Cliveden the juniors kept up the celebration all the evening. It had been a glorious victory, and it had brought forward the Fourth Form, as the Combine remarked, into a proper prominence in the school. And it was a long, long time ere the juniors ceased to chuckle gleefully over Cliveden's Opening Match!