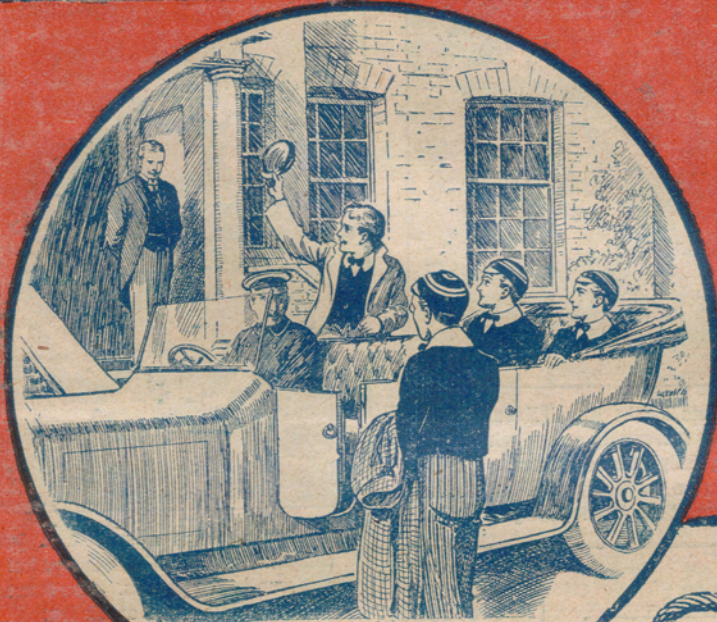


GREAT NEW SCHOOL STORY PAPER!

The **Greyfriars** **1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>**  
**Herald** No. 1.  
(New Series)  
November 1, 1919



*Light-heartedly, Jack Drake went off with his chums, unconscious of the bitter blow about to fall upon him!*

NEW LONG  
SCHOOL STORY  
BY  
OWEN CONQUEST

MANY  
GRAND  
TUCK HAMPERS  
GIVEN AWAY!



Our Photographic Supplement

# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19

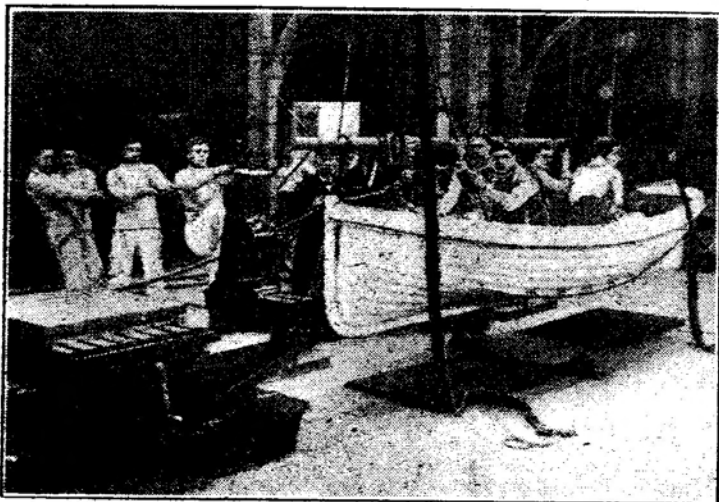


Readers of The GREYFRIARS HERALD are invited to send up their Amateur Photographs and Snapshots. Full prices will be paid for all Photos used.

Address: The Greyfriars Herald, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



## OUR FUTURE ADMIRALS.



With a long pull and a strong pull, the cadets at the Royal Naval College, Keyham, Devonport, hoist the sea-boat. They thoroughly enjoy their training in seamanship and look forward to becoming fully-fledged officers. It is lads such as these who will one day take our monster battleships and fast-moving Destroyers into action for the honour of the White Ensign.

## WELL OVER!



A captain clears a gate in a jumping competition at Ranelagh Camp, but loses a stirrup in the process. The horse looks quite proud of his feat.

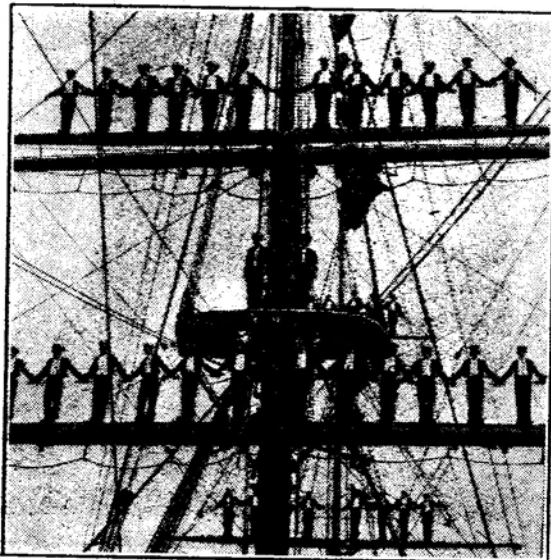
## GOT HIM!



A cavalryman at the Netheravon training school gets home a splendid thrust. The Army is now offering splendid opportunities of a healthy open-air life for boys with a good chance of visiting interesting foreign lands.

## SEND UP YOUR HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS.

## MANNING THE YARDS.



The boys of H. M. Training Ship "Worcester," off Greenhithe, give a display on Prize Distribution Day.



HARRY WHARTON  
EDITOR  
The Greyfriars Herald



FRANK NUGENT  
Sub-Editor.



TOM BROWN  
Special Representative



VERNON SMITH  
Sports Editor



LORD MAULEVERER  
Fashion Editor



MARK LINLEY  
Sub-Editor.



BOB CHERRY  
Fighting Editor

OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL  
Contributors  
from  
Other Schools

# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## THE GREAT REVIVAL.

WHO said that the War killed "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD"? The War, and the consequent shortage of paper, certainly checked our gay career; but here we are again, bouncing up with the resilience of an indiarubber ball!

For many weeks past the Editor of the Companion Papers has published stirring announcements heralding our reappearance. These announcements provoked a flood of enthusiastic letters from all parts of the British Empire. The writers clamoured—nay, insisted—that "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" should resume its place in the realm of boys' literature; and so—here we are again!

## IT'S UP TO EVERYBODY!

TO all of you—the old readers and the new—I extend a hearty welcome. You all realise, of course, that the welfare of this paper rests in your hands. It is up to you, if you appreciate its contents, to make it a bumper success. The fellow who gloats over its features in the privacy of his bedroom, and never breathes a word about the "HERALD" to his chums, will not be doing the right thing by his favourite paper. We want energy, loyalty, and enthusiasm! We want to see "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" do something more than merely mark time. We want to see its circulation rival those of its godparents, "THE MAGNET," and "GEM." We are not content to linger half-way up the tree. We want to be at the top! So rally round, boys and girls! It's up to you!

## WRITE TO YOUR EDITOR ABOUT IT!

NOW that our first Peace Number is launched, I shall expect to be bombarded with letters from readers all over the world. You may start bombarding as soon as you like! If you have any suggestions to make for the improvement of "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD"—for we don't profess to be the Perfect Paper—or if you seek advice on any subject ranging from white mice to matrimony, write to your Editor about it! Address all letters to:

The Editor, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

And—don't forget to rally round the "HERALD"! HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A. DARCY

Our  
Weekly  
Cartoon.  
  
Specially  
Drawn  
by  
FRANK  
NUGENT.



No. 1.  
"TYPES  
WE  
MEET."  
—  
THE  
PRACTICAL  
JOKER—  
Sometimes  
the jest ends  
unhappily  
for the jester.



# My Weekly Interview.

No. 1. The Editor of the  
"Greyfriars Herald"

I CAN'T write stories; I'm not a potty poet like Penfold; and I can't sketch for toffee. And yet I wanted to do something for "The Greyfriars Herald." I insisted upon it. I told Wharton that if he didn't find me a job on the staff of the paper I'd knock spots off him.

Wharton, as you know, is our worthy and respected editor. He regarded me with a puzzled frown.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"That's just what I want you to tell me!"

"Can you write comic verse?"

I shook my head sadly.

"I'm afraid my verse would be a jolly sight too comic to suit your readers!" I said.

"Can you tackle a pirate serial?"

"Groo!"

"Could you manage 'Our Gallery of Silly Asses'?"

"With you as number one?" I asked pleasantly.

Wharton glared.

"Don't be a funny ass!" he snapped.

"Certainly not!" I said blandly.

"I know you don't like too many rivals in the field."

Wharton looked as if he would eat me. But he kept his cannibalistic tendencies in check, and said:

"Look here, I know a job that will suit you down to the ground. You can write up an interview each week."

"Whom have I got to interview? The ex-Kaiser?"

"Don't talk rot. There are plenty of peculiar people at Greyfriars, St. Jim's and the other schools. I want you to interview them at the rate of one per week."

"One what? One guinea?"

"One person, fathead!"

"Oh!"

"You can set the ball rolling by interviewing Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jim's."

"Good! Will he stand me a free feed, do you think?"

"Most likely."

"And will 'The Greyfriars Herald' undertake to pay my travelling expenses?"

"You can go to St. Jim's by bike."

"Haven't got one."

"You can hoof it, then."

"Oh, can I?" I said warmly. "If you think I'm going to do the ploughman-homeward-plods-his-weary-way business, you're quite off-side! And even if I did consent to walk, I should want some money for refreshments at every wayside inn—I mean, tuck-shop."

"Oh, very well!" growled Wharton. "You can go by train."

I brightened up at once.

"That will be two pounds," I said.

"Two pounds!" hooted Wharton.

"Why, the fare to St. Jim's is only a few shillings!"

"I shall have a taxi from here to the station," I said sweetly, "and shall travel first-class. I shall purchase a luncheon-basket at Wayland Junction. I shall charter another taxi to convey me from Rylcombe Station to St. Jim's."

"Oh, will you?" grunted Wharton. "Here's ten bob. You can take it or leave it."

I ruefully pocketed the money.

"You wait!" I said. "I shall include you when I come to write my 'Tales of Mean People.'"

"Get out!" said Wharton. "I'm busy!"

"Look here——"

"I'm tired at looking at a fellow with a face like a squashed mince-pie. Buzz off! And mind you let me have that interview with D'Arcy within twenty-four hours."

I slowly retreated from the editorial sanctum. A waste-paper basket accompanied me to the door.

Glancing at my eighteen-carat brass watch, stamped in every spring, jewelled in every movement, I saw that I should just about be able to get to St. Jim's and back by locking up time.

When I told Wharton I hadn't a bike I spoke the solid truth. I am a descendant of George Washington, who could never lie. (I suppose he went to sleep standing up, like a horse.)

It was correct to say that I hadn't a bike—of my own. But I had received permission to borrow Bob Cherry's, and I went to the shed and dragged it out into the Close (the bike, not the shed.)

Then, with Wharton's ten bob burning a hole in my pocket, I started on my ride to St. Jim's.

I made ripping progress, and manage to reach St. Jim's at tea-time.

The ancient porter shuffled out of his ancient lodge. He glared first at me, then at the bike.

"Wot I says is this 'ere——" began the porter.

"My dear man," I said, "kindly conduct me to the country seat of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy!"

The porter nearly choked; but he recovered himself as I pressed a shilling into his horny palm. (He didn't know it was a French shilling with a hole in it!)

"Step this way, sir!" he said affably.

And I stepped.

(Next Week's Interview: ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY.)

## RALLYING ROUND THE "HERALD."

St. Jim's, Rookwood, and Highcliffe Promise their Support

I.

Harry Wharton to Tom Merry.

"My dear Merry,—You are doubtless aware by this time of the revival of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' which, in a bigger, brighter, and better form than previously, will be published every Tuesday.

"Although there are plenty of people at Greyfriars who possess literary and artistic talent, I feel that the St. Jim's fellows ought to have a finger in the pie, and I shall be delighted if you and your chums can see your way clear to contribute occasional stories and articles.

"Please let me know if I may count on your support.

"Yours ever,

"HARRY WHARTON."

II.

Tom Merry's Reply.

"My dear Wharton,—All the budding authors and artists at St. Jim's have already got their noses to the grindstone!

"We are putting in a four-hour day for the purpose of turning out stuff; and there will be no lack of contributions from this quarter.

"It is good to know that the 'Herald,' which was checked by the war just as it had got into its stride, is coming out once again to delight the hearts of thousands. And not the least delighted of all will be,

"Yours ever,

"TOM MERRY."

III.

Telegram from Harry Wharton of Greyfriars to Jimmy Silver of Rookwood.

"Greyfriars Herald' definitely reappears. Will you help?—WHARTON."

IV.

Jimmy's Reply.

"Rookwood will be there. Rely on us, old chap.—SILVER."

V.

Telephone Conversation between Harry Wharton of Greyfriars and Frank Courtenay of Highcliffe.

"Hallo! That you, Courtenay?"

"Yes. Who goes there?"

"Wharton of Greyfriars. I suppose you know that the 'Herald's' coming out again?"

"What-oh!"

"Will you write for it occasionally?"

"Will a duck swim?"

"And the Caterpillar?"

"When he gets one of his rare bursts of energy, I'll persuade him to knock off a short story."

"Splendid!"

"You can rely on Highcliffe to do its share. Jolly good luck to the 'Herald,' Wharton!"

"Thanks so much. Good-bye!"

(And so, with all hands to the pump, "The Greyfriars Herald" pursues the even tenor of its way. And I'm prepared to wager an "even tinner" that its success will be greater than ever.—Ed.)

# JACK DRAKE'S RESOLVE

The first long complete school story of a Grand New Series specially contributed by

## OWEN CONQUEST

Author of the Famous Rookwood School Stories



"Buck up, Drake!" said Vernon Daubeny. "Your pater's in bed long ago, and you can tip the man not to mention how late you got in!"

"Jack's father is here!" said a quiet voice in the doorway, as Mr. Drake switched on the electric light.

### The Last Day at Home.

"JACK!"

Jack Drake did not seem to hear.

He was standing at the window, with his hands in his pockets, looking out, with a rather eager expression upon his handsome, sunny face. The dining-room window commanded a view of the drive; and Jack Drake was evidently expecting an arrival.

Mr. Drake was seated in a deep arm-chair by the fire, which was burning low. For a long time his gaze had been fixed on the handsome, sturdy figure at the window, though Jack Drake was quite unconscious of it. The boy had, indeed, forgotten that his father was in the room. Several times the father's lips had opened, as if to call to his son, but he had closed them again. When he spoke at last, his voice was low, and almost tremulous, and it did not reach the ears of the schoolboy at the window.

"Jack!"

There was the hoot of a motor-horn in the distance, and Jack Drake uttered an exclamation.

"That's old Daub at last, I suppose. Time he was here, too! He's jolly late."

"Jack!"

"Hallo! Did you speak, dad?"

Jack Drake glanced round, but his gaze returned to the window again immediately.

"Come here, Jack!" said Mr. Drake quietly.

"Ye—e—es."

Jack reluctantly left the window. He started a little, as he came towards his father, and observed the old gentleman's face. Mr. Drake was a little pale, and there was a deep wrinkle in his brow.

"Anything up, dad?" asked the schoolboy.

"Yes, I have to speak to you, Jack—very seriously."

"Oh!"

A slight worried, and somewhat obstinate look, came over the schoolboy's face. His look showed plainly that he expected a parental lecture, and that the prospect did not please him.

"Sit down, my boy."

"I—I say, dad—"

"Yes, Jack?"

"I'm expectin' old Daub every minute, father. If—if you're going to keep me a long time—" Jack hesitated.

"I'm afraid I shall have to keep you some time, Jack."

"I—I say, the Head hasn't been grousing, has he, father?" asked Jack. "You haven't said anythin'

about it during the vac. I don't see why the Head should worry about me specially—"

"Your headmaster's report last term was not a very favourable one, my boy," said Mr. Drake, with a sigh.

"I'm goin' to do better this term," said Jack Drake. "I mean it! Last term there was the cricket, and—and lots of things. Perhaps I slacked a bit. But I can tell you, dad, old Daub used to call me a sap."

"A—a what?"

"Sap—chap who works too hard, you know," said Jack with a grin. "If the Head's groused about me, I wonder what he's said about old Daub?"

"Who is old Daub, Jack?" asked Mr. Drake quietly.

"Daubeny, you know—Daubeny of the Shell," explained Jack. "Awfully good sort, old Daub—in his way, of course. The biggest buck at St. Winifred's—no end of tin. We get on no end, though I'm only in the Fourth. That's the chap who's calling for me to-day, in his pater's car. I—I believe I can hear the car outside now."

The St. Winifred's junior stole a look at his father as he made this remark. It was a hint to the old gentleman to cut the lecture short. Drake of the Fourth was quite prepared to face lectures from his father, as he faced wiggings from his Form-master, and an occasional "jaw" from the Head, but he considered that they ought to be short. As for the lectures, wiggings, or "jaws" making any difference to his conduct, that idea had not crossed his mind, so far.

But Mr. Drake evidently did not intend to take the hint. He motioned to Jack to sit down, and the junior reluctantly sank into a chair. He groaned inwardly, realising that he was in for it.

"It's school again to-morrow, Jack," said Mr. Drake, after a pause.

"Yes, dad. That's why we were going to make the most of to-day," said the junior rather dismally. "Old Daub's come twenty miles in his car for me, and it's jolly good-natured of him. I expect Egan will be with him, and Torrence—I want you to see them, dad."

From outside there came the noot of a car. Mr. Drake did not seem to hear it, but Jack half-rose—and sat down again. A sulky expression was coming over the junior's face. It really was too bad for the pater to select this moment for a lecture, just when old Daub and his comrades were calling for him.

"It's school again to-morrow," repeated Mr. Drake. "My dear boy, I am afraid this term will be very different from the last—"

"I—I'm going to slog this term, dad," said the junior. "I am really. I'll buck up old Daub, too—it's time he did some work. We'll make a regular grind of it. It will be rather a lark, too, and surprise the fellows. I can fancy old Toodles' fat chivvy, when he sees me grinding Latin in the study. It will give him a fit."

And Jack grinned.

"My poor boy!"

"Eh?" Jack Drake started. "I—I

say, there's nothing really wrong, is there, dad?"

"Yes," muttered Mr. Drake.

"Oh, my hat!"

There was a brief silence. Jack Drake's eyes wandered to the door. He was expecting an announcement that Daub and Co. were waiting for him. But there was something in his father's look and manner that struck him, in spite of himself, with a sense of uneasiness.

"Is it—is it about the money?" he asked, at last.

"Money, yes!"

"I—I know I did get rid of some last term," said the junior remorsefully. "I don't quite know how it went. I'm going to be more careful this term, and keep inside my allowance—well inside. In fact, I'm thinking of saving something."

"You don't understand, Jack, and it is a bitter task to me to explain," said his father. "But you must know—before you return to St. Winifred's. You must know how—how matters stand. I—I am afraid it will be painful to you, my boy, after what you have been accustomed to. But—but—I haven't told you before, because I would not spoil your holiday. But—"

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

A youth in very elegant Etons glanced into the room through an eyeglass.

"Jack, you boulder—oh! Excuse me, Mr. Drake," said Daubeny of the Shell, colouring a little, "I didn't know you were here, sir. Please excuse me for showin' myself in. I've called for Jack—"

Mr. Drake rose to his feet.

"Come in, my boy," he said. "Jack, I will speak to you later. Enjoy the last day of your holiday, my dear boy. You may go!"

"Oh, Daub won't mind waitin' a tick or two," said Jack, generously. "You buzz off, Daub, and I'll be after you in a brace of jiffies."

"Righto!" said Daubeny.

"No, no, no!—go with your friend, Jack," said Mr. Drake; "I will see you when you return."

"Just as you like, dad."

And Jack Drake followed his friend. His father stepped to the door, and looked out. A big Rolls-Royce was halted on the drive, with two youths seated in it. Daubeny and Jack Drake came out to join them. Jack's face was bright and sunny now; he looked like a fellow who had not a care in the world—as, indeed, he had not at that moment. His father's brow clouded, darker and darker, as he watched him take his seat in the big car, and glide away with his laughing companions.

Long after the car had disappeared Mr. Drake stood staring from the door with a sombre brow. He turned at the sound of a quiet step.

"You have told him?" It was Mrs. Drake. "You have told him, John?"

Mr. Drake shook his head.

"His friends called for him, poor boy—let him enjoy his last day," he said. "It's never too late to tell him news. Let him enjoy to-day—to-night will be soon enough for him to learn that his father is a ruined man."

#### The Last Flutter.

"LET her rip, Rawlings!"

"Yes, sir."

The big car was out on the road now, and the chauffeur proceeded to let her rip.

Vernon Daubeny, of the Shell at St. Winifred's, was in great spirits. His two companions, Egan and Torrence, were equally merry and bright. The three "Bucks" of St. Winifred's were evidently bent on making the most of the last day of the vacation; and Jack Drake was quite prepared to help them in that noble object. Drake was not looking quite so cheery as his companions, however. Something of unusual seriousness in his father's manner had penetrated through his happy carelessness, and he was in a rather more thoughtful mood than usual.

Drake was not much given to reflection, as a rule. His lines had been cast in pleasant places. He had found the pathway of life made easy for his feet, so far: he was a rich man's son, and he had fallen among a wealthy and easy-going set at St. Winifred's, and found himself very comfortable among them. He had "slacked" at school, without exactly intending to do so—he was always going to turn over a new leaf in that respect. The new leaf had not yet been turned over—it was still going to be.

It was not, as a matter of fact, easy for a member of the honourable society of the "Bucks" to settle down to work. Drake had dimly realised, once or twice, that he had not made a good start at St. Winifred's, and that it would be wiser to see a little less of Daubeny and Co.; but he was too easy-going and good-natured to find fault with his friends, or to think of making a change. If he joined in some of the somewhat shady escapades of the "Bucks," it was chiefly from good-humoured indolence; and there were some he did not join in. But even where he disapproved, he did not feel inclined to set up in judgment on his comrades.

As the big car rushed on Drake was thinking, haunted somehow by that sombre, troubled look on his father's face. His companions exchanged glances, and smiled.

"Penny for 'em, old top!" remarked Torrence, tapping the Fourth-former on the shoulder.

Drake started, and coloured a little. "I was just thinkin'——" he murmured.

"You haven't thanked me yet," said Daubeny, with a grin.

"Thanked you?"

"Yaas: for rescuin' you from the griffin."

"The—the griffin!" stammered Drake.

"I was in the nick of time, you fellows," Daubeny explained. "The griffin had Drake cornered, and was spinnin' a lecture at him. I could see what was on, an' my heart bled for him—it did really! I can't say how glad I am that I dropped in. Our pal—our sufferin' pal—was rescued from the griffin's claws—"

"Oh, chuck it, Daub!" muttered Drake, with a flush. "If you're speakin' of my father—"

"No disrespect to the old gent, I'm

sure," said Daubeny, negligently. "Tell the truth, now: weren't you landed for a sermon?"

"I—I—"

"The Head's been pitchin' a tale!" said Daubeny. "I guessed it, because he pitched a tale about me. I've been through it. The pater had me on the carpet. Lookin' me through an' through, you know. Wastin' my time at school—idlin' with idle companions—that's you chaps."

"Oh, my hat!" said Egan.

"Us!" said Torrence. "Us idle!"

"You!" said Daubeny. "You two an' Drake. You're my idle companions, an' I hope you're properly ashamed of yourselves. I'm glad to see Drake lookin' thoughtful an' repentant."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall have to be careful next term, though," said Daubeny with a shake of the head.

"Just what I was thinkin'," exclaimed Drake. "After all, it's a bit rotten to see the pater lookin' cut up."

"I mean we shall have to be careful not to get spotted."

"Oh!"

"Can't be too careful, in fact," said Daubeny. "I had no end of a fag to bottle up the pater. He asked questions—no end of questions. But I had a good yarn for him, fortunately."

"What yarn did you spin, then?" asked Egan curiously.

Daubeny laughed.

"Owin' to the change of quarters of the school, it was difficult to settle down to work," he explained. "After all, it was a change. They found out that the foundations at St. Winifred's were rocky, and the whole school had to clear out—dash it all, it was a sudden change!"

"I was countin' on a long holiday!" said Torrence ruefully. "But the Head blocked that—trust him!"

"The Head's a grim old bird," said Daubeny. "Nobody could guess what he would do: for everybody knew there wasn't a building to be had in the country, for love or money, where the school could be carried on—and the diggin' and delvin' at St. Winny's may last for years before we can go back. But who'd have thought of the old boy transferrin' the school to a giddy old ship anchored in a river?"

He was downy, the Head was. I dare say he knew we were all expectin' an extra holiday, and was glad to nip it in the bud. Not that the new quarters made any difference to me—I like them, in fact. But it was a good yarn for the pater. Sea-sick at first—"

"Sea-sick!" yelled Torrence.

"That's it."

"But the old barge doesn't move an inch!"

"The pater doesn't know that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jack Drake did not join in the roar of laughter. His brow clouded a little.

"Dash it all, Daub, you oughtn't to have told your pater that!" he exclaimed.

"Why not? It dried him up."

"Well, it wasn't true."

"Eh?"

"It wasn't true, was it?" grunted Drake.

"My only sainted aunt!" cried

Daubeny. "Is that our old pal Drake speakin', or have we landed Good Little Georgie in the car by mistake?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Torrence and Egan.

Drake flushed uncomfortably. "Well, there's a limit, you know," he muttered. "I wouldn't have spun my pater a yarn like that."

"Is that firstly?" asked Daubeny. "Eh?"

"Get on to secondly, old bean," said the nut of St. Winifred's encouragingly. "Silence, gentleman, for the sermon by John Drake, Esquire. Go it, Drake—My dear young friends, I beseech you to take warnin' in time—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, rats!" said Drake. "Where are we goin'?"

"But we haven't had the sermon." "Don't rot, I tell you," growled the Fourth-former. "What are we going to do to-day? You said you had a stunt for the last day of the vac."

"So we have, old top. We're goin' to paint the town red to-day, and wind up the vac in style," said the Shell fellow impressively. "A regular beano, before we go back to the old barge and become good little boys again. We're going to meet some fellows at the Lobster Pot, an' have a gay time."

"That's near the old ship—"

"Oh, we sha'n't run into any of the beaks," said Daubeny carelessly. "Nobody on the old boat in vacation time, exceptin' the caretakers. Anyway, the Lobster Pot is a good distance from the school. We're meeting a couple of chaps from Highcliffe School—one of them's a cousin of mine—you know Ponsombey? They're on vac, and killin' time, and we're goin' to help them. You've come heeled, Drake?"

"I've got some money. But—"

"We sha'n't be disturbed at the Lobster Pot," said Daubeny. "We'll get lunch there, an' somethin' to wash it down, and some billiards afterwards—an' a game of poker in a quiet room—an' then we all pile in the car, an' finish up at a theatre in town—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Glorious, old boy!" said Torrence.

"We're fairly goin' to make the fur fly, this time," said Daubeny, polishing his eyeglass. "We shall have to keep our end up against those Highcliffe chaps. They pride themselves on bein' rather goey at Highcliffe. I think we can put them up to a wrinkle, though."

"Hear, hear!"

"I—I—" began Jack Drake.

"Don't you like the prospect?" asked Daubeny in amazement.

Drake flushed hotly. He hardly knew why he did not like the prospect.

Somehow, that strange, sombre look on his father's face haunted his mind. On any other occasion he would have entered cheerily enough into Daubeny's reckless scheme. Now, somehow, it did not appeal to him.

"You fellows won't mind if—if—" he began, awkwardly.

"If what?"

"If I don't come."

"Won't we, though?" said Daubeny with a laugh. "We will rather! You've got to come, old bean. Can't do without you. Don't worry; I can see what's the matter with you—this is what comes of takin' lectures from a giddy griffin. But we'll give you somethin' to cure all that; won't we, you chaps?"

"What-ho!"

"But—but I'd rather clear off, really—"

"Goin' to walk back ten miles?" grinned Daubeny. "My dear chap, don't play the goat. Of course you're comin'. Can't spare you."

"Don't go back on your old pals,

a fresh log, his brow grim and sombre.

"You had better not wait up, Mary!" he said quietly.

"I—I think I will wait until Jack comes. Where can he be, all this time?" said Mrs. Drake uneasily.

"I had no idea he intended to remain out this evening. It is possible that the car may have broken down—at a distance—" Mr. Drake set his lips. "If he has remained out, till this hour, without any reasonable excuse—"

"It is his last day at home, John; you will remember that."

"I remember that, and other things, Mary; you need not fear that I shall not be kind to our boy. But—you had better go to bed."

Mrs. Drake sighed softly, and rose. When she had left him, her husband walked to the window, drew aside the blind, and looked out into the night. The stars were glimmering in the cloudy October sky.

"Where can he be—at this hour?"

The man paced restlessly to and fro. The communication he had intended to make to his son that morning, and which had not been made, weighed heavily upon his mind.

The minutes ticked away as he restlessly paced the library. Half-past twelve. The thought of an accident was in his mind now; and yet—what accident could have happened?

The sudden hoot of a motor-horn broke the silence, and Mr. Drake started. There was a sound of footsteps and low voices, mingled with suppressed laughter without. Jack Drake had returned, and apparently his friends were with him.

Mr. Drake hastily left the library, and hurried to the door. He did not want the bell to ring at that hour. He threw the big door wide open,

and looked out. In the dim starlight, three figures were visible on the broad stone steps.

"Hallo, the door's open!" It was Vernon Daubeny's voice, rather thick in utterance. "Buck up, Drake—your pater's in bed long ago, and you can tip the man not to mention how late you got in!"

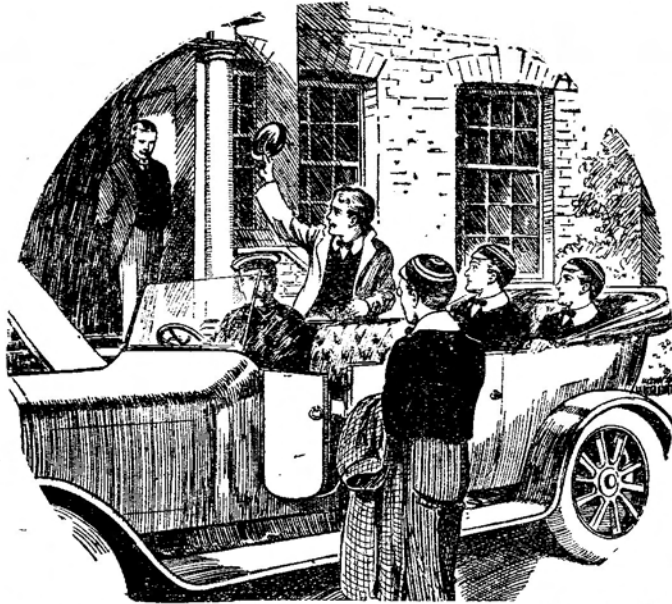
"Jack's father is here!" said a quiet voice in the doorway.

"Oh, by gad! It's your pater, Jack."

Mr. Drake switched on the electric light. Jack Drake came in with a flushed face, and Daubeny and Egan raised their caps politely to the stern-looking old gentleman.

"Good-evenin', sir—sorry to disturb you so late, but we thought we'd better bring Jack home in the car—no trains runnin' now," said Daubeny, cheerfully. "We won't come in, thanks—the car's waitin', an' we've got miles to go. Good-night, sir!"

"Good-night!" said Mrs. Drake grimly.



Lightheartedly, Jack Drake went off with his chums in the big car, unconscious of the bitter blow about to fall upon him!

Drake," murmured Torrence.

"After we've come twenty miles to fetch you, by gad!" said Egan.

"Draw it mild, old fellow."

The big car rushed on.

Jack Drake opened his mouth—and closed it again.

"Oh, all right," he said at last.

"After all it's the last day of the vac. But look here, you chaps, I'm really goin' to sap next term."

"I don't think!" grinned Daubeny.

His comrades chuckled, and the big Rolls-Royce sped on its way; eating up the miles, till Vernon Daubeny announced at length:

"Here we are!"

**Black News.**

"**J**ACK is very late!"

It was Mr. Drake who spoke. The hour was certainly very late. Twelve o'clock had struck, and the servants had long gone to bed. Mr. Drake stirred the fire, and threw on

The "Bucks" of St. Winifred's disappeared in the gloom, and the buzz of the starting car was heard a few minutes later. Mr. Drake closed the big door, and fixed his eyes upon his son. The schoolboy's face was flushed, but it looked very tired, and his flush deepened under his father's searching glance.

"I—I'm sorry, dad," he stammered. "I never meant to be so late. We—we had a jolly long run in the car."

"Where have you been?"

"We—we wound up in London. At a theatre. No harm in that, dad. Last day of the vac, you know. I—I never supposed you'd sit up for me. I say, dad, I'm really sorry."

The schoolboy stammered out his explanation; and then stood, with his head a little bowed, waiting for the storm to burst. But the storm did not burst.

"Go into the library, Jack," said Mr. Drake, very quietly.

"Yes, dad."

Mr. Drake switched off the light in the hall, and followed his son. He closed the library door, and stood for some moments regarding the sheepish-looking junior of St. Winifred's.

"You have been smoking, Jack," he said abruptly.

"I—I—"

"Your clothes reek with tobacco."

"I may have had a cigarette or two, father."

"Have you been drinking, too?"

"Oh—no!"

"Your companions had."

"That silly ass Ponsoby—he would stand champagne," said Drake. "I just sipped it—rotten stuff! I say, pater," his face broke into a frank smile, "you don't think I'm squiffy, do you?"

"I am very glad to see that you are not squiffy, as you call it," said his father. "I did not know you were in the habit of smoking, Jack."

"Oh, not in the habit—dash it all! But—but a chap didn't want to look soft, before those Highcliffe bounders—it's not done me any harm, father. And—and Daub said he'd run me home in the car, and I never thought we'd get back so late. It's a shame to have kept you up."

"Sit down, my boy!"

Again the junior had expected the storm to burst, and the kindness in his father's tone startled him. He sat down mechanically. Mr. Drake stood leaning on the mantelpiece, regarding him.

"I am afraid you have fallen among bad companions at St. Winifred's, Jack."

The junior shifted uncomfortably.

"They're all right, dad—jolly good fellows! There isn't much harm in any of them."

"They are rich, I suppose?"

"Oh, rollin' in it," said Drake with a smile. "Daub's the wealthiest fellow in the school. Some of the Sixth are jolly civil to old Daub."

"Then I imagine you are not likely to see so much of their society in the future."

"Why not, dad?" asked the school-boy in wonder.

"They probably do not consort much with the poorer juniors?"

"Well, no—the fellows are split up into sets at St. Winny's—Daub's lot

are the rich set. But—we're not poor, dad."

"We are poor, Jack."

"What?"

"This is what I was about to tell you this morning, my boy, when your friend called for you."

Jack Drake stared at his father blankly. He could not take in the sense of the words all at once.

"Poor!" he repeated. "Us poor!"

"Wha—a—at do you mean, father?"

"I mean what I say," answered his father quietly. "We have been rich, Jack; but we are poor now."

"Oh, gad!"

"You had to know it, Jack, before you returned to school. I could have told you some weeks ago, but I left it till the end of the vacation, to spare you as long as possible."

"But—but—" Drake looked dazed. "Poor—us!"

"I have had heavy losses, owing to the war," said his father. "While you have been at school, Jack, I have not been happy. I have been struggling with adversity—and I have failed. Even this house will not remain to us. I am already in negotiation for its sale."

"Our home!"

"It will not be our home more than a few weeks longer. It is only with the greatest difficulty that I have been able to pay your fees for another term at St. Winifred's."

"Father!"

"You know the truth now, Jack."

"Oh," muttered the junior. "Oh, gad!"

He rose to his feet, and stood looking at his father. There were lines of suffering in the man's face, but the boy did not notice them then. He was thinking of himself—of his changed prospects. The blow had almost dazed him.

"Us—poor!" he muttered. "I've always held my head up at St. Winny's. I've been in the best set there. I—I—I'm going to be a poor rotter like Toodles, or Sawyer—I couldn't stand it, father! I couldn't! I—I'd rather not go back to St. Winny's at all."

"My dear boy—"

"But it's impossible—it's impossible!" exclaimed the junior. "It can't be so bad as that—it can't! Oh, gad! What will the fellows say? I sha'n't be able to look Daub in the face—oh, it's too rotten! It's a shame—a shame—a rotten shame!"

The junior sank back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. The long and reckless escapade of the day had tired him out, and the blow was too much for him. Still it was himself he was thinking of—himself, and the difference it made to him. Mr. Drake's face grew more sombre as he saw the passionate tears trickling through the fingers that covered the junior's face.

"Pull yourself together, Jack. There is still a chance for you at St. Winifred's," he said quietly. "It depends on yourself. You have been idle and careless; but there is good stuff in you, I am assured of that. You must face the future seriously, my boy. You can remain at St. Winifred's—only on one condition. Your name has already been put down for the Foundation Scholarship—"

"My name?"

"Yes—and if you gain it, you will stay at St. Winifred's for three years longer. You must work, my boy—the days of idleness are past—"

"Get the Foundation!" The junior looked at his father again, almost scoffingly. "That's a cert for Estcourt—"

"Who is Estcourt?"

"Oh, a swot—a sap!" said Drake scornfully. "A fellow who lives to work, and enjoys it—the Foundation is his; everybody knows that. Lot of chance of my stayin' at St. Winny's, if it depends on that."

"It depends on that, Jack—and upon yourself. You can work if you choose, and there is no reason—"

"It's a shame—a shame!" burst out the boy. "It's not fair to me—it's not fair! Oh, it's a shame!"

Mr. Drake drew a deep breath.

"You will go to bed now, Jack. I shall see you again in the morning—before you start for St. Winifred's."

Afar in the night, Daubeny and Co. were carolling cheerily, as the big car carried them on in the darkness. Jack Drake thought of them as he almost tottered to his room. What would they think of him? What was life going to be like at St. Winifred's now? He threw himself upon his bed, but not to sleep, his heart was too full of passionate bitterness and resentment for that. It was long ere his eyes closed.

#### OFF to School.

**J**ACK DRAKE'S face was pale when he came down in the morning, and it had a worn look. He was still feeling the effects of his reckless day out, and the want of sleep. But it was the change in his prospects that weighed in his mind. He had always been reckless with money; he had held his own with the best fellows at the school. How was he going to stand the change? And he was beginning the term nearly "stony," too—Ponsoby of Highcliffe had cleared him out the day before, at poker. What a fool he had been! Reflections upon his folly, however, did not afford him much comfort. He came down in a black and resentful mood, and didn't even notice his mother's look of affectionate concern. His own wrongs, his own grievances, filled his mind to the exclusion of all else.

He hardly touched his breakfast; and afterwards, he listened in dull silence to what his father had to say—hardly hearing what he said. He had heard enough; he knew that he was poor, that he was going back to St. Winny's to be a disregarded bounder like Toodles, or a hanger-on of the fast set like Raik. That was more than enough.

Or a "sap" like Estcourt—to swot and slave for a scholarship. He laughed scoffingly at the thought. And that was his only chance! It was a shame—a rotten shame!

The cab came to take him to the station at last. His box was on the vehicle; he was ready to go. His father came into the hall. Mr. Drake's face was cold and severe.

"Your mother is in the library, Jack. You had better go in—"



Drake wondered why his mother did not come to the door to see him off, but he went into the library. His mother was alone there; and the boy started as he saw her. Her head was bowed on her hands, and he heard a faint sob.

"Mater!"

Drake ran towards his mother.

At that moment the cloud of sullen self-compassion seemed to roll suddenly from his mind. It was as if a glimpse of light had come suddenly to him. He caught his breath as he ran to his mother's side.

"Mother! what's the matter? What—what are you crying for?"

Mrs. Drake looked up through her tears.

"My poor, poor boy! It is hard on you—cruelly hard! But—but you'll think of your father, Jack, and of me, and do your best at school. For our sake, my dear boy, more than for your own."

"I—I—of course I will! I—I say, mater, don't blub, you know," muttered Jack miserably. "I—I say, I've been a beast—I was only thinking how hard it was for me—I say, don't blub—"

Mrs. Drake smiled faintly.

The boy's arm was round her neck now.

"What an awful rotter I was!" muttered Jack remorsefully. "I was only thinking—and I ought—oh, mater!"

"You are my own dear, good boy," said his mother softly.

"It will be awfully rotten for you—giving up the house, and all that—oh, mater! And I was only thinking—" Jack set his lips. "I say, mater, I've been an awful ass. But—but it's going to be a bit different this term. Don't you worry about me. That rotten schol—I mean, that schol, the pater was speaking of—I'm going to bag that. That will help, won't it?"

"It will help a very great deal, Jack, if you are successful."

"I'm going to be successful. I'm going to slog," said Drake. "I can do it—I've always meant to, only somehow—but I mean it this time. I—I wish the pater had told me yesterday, when he started—I wouldn't have gone playing the fool with that silly crowd. I didn't really want to—I came jolly near telling Daub I was fed up. I say, mater, I'm really going to work hard, and play the game, and you will see that I shall bag the schol. I really mean business this time. If it will help you—and the pater—I'll do anything—anything—"

"Keep to that, my boy," said a deep voice, and Jack Drake turned, to see his father. "Keep to that, for your mother's sake."

"I'm going to, father. You believe me, don't you, mater?"

Mrs. Drake kissed her son, smiling through her tears.

"I believe you, Jack—I know you will do your best. God bless you, my boy! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, mother!"

The schoolboy turned away, his eyes heavy with tears. At the door he said good-bye to his father.

The cab rolled away from the door.

"Oh, I've been a rotter!" Jack

Drake was muttering savagely, as the cab whirled on towards the station—"a rotter! The poor old mater—and dad, too! What would they say if they knew what kind of a rotten fool I was—only yesterday! I shall have to keep clear of Daub. I—I wonder if he'll want to keep clear of me when he knows I'm hard up! Let him! I don't care! I'm going to work as—as hard as I can. The poor old mater! I'll jolly well show her that she can trust me."

The arrival of the cab at the station dispelled his thoughts with a jerk. Immediately, a porter hurried forward, touched his cap respectfully, and secured Jack's box. The Drakes were well-known to all the station staff as wealthy and generous patrons.

"Going back to School again, worse luck, eh, Master Drake?"

Jack smiled rather grimly.



"Pull yourself together, Jack. There is still a chance for you at St. Winifred's," said Mr. Drake quietly. "Your name has been put down for the Foundation Scholarship!"

"Yes, I'm going back to dear old St. Winifred's," he said, "and somehow I'm looking forward to this term in a way I've never done before."

Jack followed his box into the station, chatting affably with the porter the while. He was determined to show a brave front to the world and he was starting well. No one could have glimpsed from his manner that he was the son of a ruined man.

A few minutes later Jack Drake was in the train, speeding away for St. Winifred's. He was glad that he had a carriage to himself, as the journey began. He was thinking—thinking hard—of his new prospects, and of his new determination—a determination that he meant nothing should shake. There would be difficulty—there would be temptation, but he would win through. With a troubled mind, but with a high heart, Jack Drake faced his new life at St. Winifred's.

THE END.

(Don't miss reading "THE BOYS OF THE BENBOW"—next Tuesday's grand story of Jack Drake. Order your copy at once!)

## SKINNER'S DOUBLE EVENT

(Continued from page 17)

"You will doubtless remembah that I came here one evenin' last week. Owin' to an unfortunate slump in my exohequer, I was unable to meet my bill. Things are different now. Last week I was a poverty-stricken wreck; you now behold me rollin' in riches!"

And Skinner jingled something in his trousers pocket. It might have been a bunch of keys.

The proprietor said nothing, though he was obviously impressed.

"Fortune has beamed on me to such an extent, by Jove," continued Skinner, "that I insist—I positively insist—that you have dinnah with me this evenin'!"

The proprietor demurred, but Skinner was so insistent that he finally gave in. He seated his plump form between Skinner and Johnny Bull.

Skinner gave orders on a lavish and extensive scale for all three.

Outside on the pavement we nearly collapsed.

Skinner without a penny in his pocket—for he had blued Bolsover's half a crown long ago—was ordering about three pounds' worth of refreshments!

It wasn't until later on that we tumbled to Skinner's wheeze.

The wine list was produced, and Skinner discovered the proprietor's particular weakness. He ordered three bottles at various intervals, and the wines were well mixed. The proprietor went from Heidsieck to Pommard and from Pommard to the best tawny port.

Skinner and Johnny Bull sampled best black coffee, while the proprietor made free with the wine. He did not consume the lot, of course; but he got through half a bottle of each, and he was soon leaning across the table, his fat red face beaming, murmuring sweet nothings to Skinner.

That young rascal waited until the proprietor was fairly oozing with good nature; and then he very tactfully suggested that his guest should turn himself into a host, and pay the bill.

We waited breathlessly for the proprietor's reply. Not for one moment did we imagine that he would concede to Skinner's impudent suggestion.

But the unexpected happened.

The proprietor, literally bubbling over with generosity, agreed to pay; and Skinner hastily cleared out, before he could change his mind.

Johnny Bull followed more slowly. There was a stunned expression on Johnny's face.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" was all he could say.

"Rather neat, wasn't it?" chuckled Skinner. "I'll trouble you for five bob!"

Johnny Bull paid up, and we stood staring at Skinner in a fascinated sort of way. We wanted badly to bump him, but we couldn't—not just then, at any rate. His amazing nerve had taken our breath away!

THE END.

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Miss Phyllis Howell, of Cliff House, is fifteen to-morrow. The nobility and gentry of the Remove—in other words, the Famous Five—have been invited to the birthday celebrations. Lord Bunter de Grunter is requested to keep off the grass.

—o:—o—

Thomas, the kitchen cat, celebrated his birthday yesterday, sardines and milk having disappeared from No. 1 Study.

—o:—o—

Mr. Gerald Loder was knocked down by a taxi-cab yesterday in Courtfield High Street. The taxi is progressing favourably.

—o:—o—

Lord Bunter de Grunter will devote the week-end to fishing for information.

—o:—o—

Mr. George Bulstrode, the celebrated author of "Rats!" "Go and Eat Coke!" etc., is preparing a further volume for the press.

—o:—o—

Mr. Percy Bolsover has arranged to meet Mr. Richard Russell in a six-round contest with the gloves. Mr. Bolsover's remains will be sent home to his sorrowing parents in a match-box.

—o:—o—

Mr. Johnny Bull has been awarded the D.S.O. (Distinguished Sloggers' Order) for services rendered in connection with the recent feud with Highcliffe. Mr. Cecil Ponsonby, of the latter school, is reported wounded and missing.

—o:—o—

Mr. Dick Penfold, who turns out verse uncanny, is smitten with a cold, and lies within the "sanny."

—o:—o—

Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout has purchased a new motor-cycle. Local farmers have insured their chickens!

—o:—o—

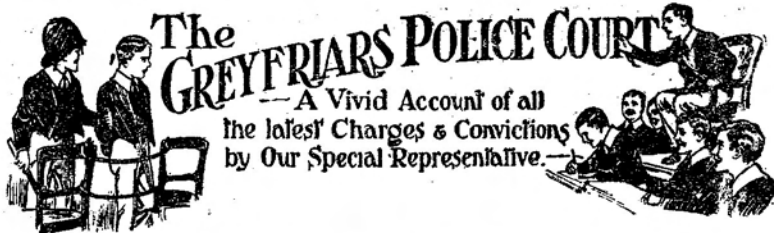
Mr. Harry Wharton is handing over the editorship of "The Greyfriars Herald" to his friend and colleague, Mr. Robert Cherry. (Time Mr. Robert Cherry woke up!—Ed.)

—o:—o—

Mr. Tom Dutton's new play, "The Humau Doorpost," will be produced in No. 7 Study this week.

—o:—o—

Mr. Robert Cherry celebrates his fifteenth birthday on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday week. All invitations to study feeds should be addressed to Mr. Cherry personally.



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

—A Vivid Account of all the latest Charges & Convictions by Our Special Representative.—

Quite a crop of cases came before Mr. Justice Wharton at the Greyfriars Police Court this week.

Stimulated by a glass of weak lemonade, his Worship opened the proceedings at 6.37 p.m. precisely.

### Concerning a Slacker.

Lord Herbert Plantagenet Mauleverer, an elegantly-dressed youth, was charged with being found asleep on the School House steps, without visible means of subsistence.

Magistrate: Who are the witnesses in this case?

P.-c. Johnny Bull testified to the fact that he discovered the accused lying in a state of somnolence on the School House steps.

Magistrate: "Somnolence" is a good word. I'll back it both ways! (laughter.)

P.-c. Bull: I ordered the accused to move on, your worship. He said, "It's too much fag." I warned him that anything he said would be used in evidence against him. He replied with a deep-throated snore.

Magistrate: Do you mean to say he had the effrontery to go to sleep again?

P.-c. Bull: Yes, your worship.

Magistrate: You surprise me! I should have thought the sight of your face would have kept him awake! (Loud laughter.)

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., who appeared for the defence, said that the charge, like P.-c. Bull's face, was preposterous.

Magistrate: What do you mean by that?

Mr. Cherry: A fellow has a right to sleep when and where he likes. If your worship chooses to curl up in the coal-cellar, or take forty winks in the fire-place, no one can prevent you. I submit that my client was acting within his rights.

Magistrate (to accused): What have you to say in your defence?

Accused: Nothin' at all, dear boy!

Magistrate (severely): Don't address me in that familiar manner! Is it true that you were found on the School House steps in a recumbent—

Voice from the Audience: Good old dictionary!

Magistrate (angrily): Who made that interjection?

Mr. Cherry: Don't all speak at once! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: Silence! Or I'll clear the court!

Accused: Might I suggest, dear boy, that you get on with the washin'?

Magistrate: Were you, or were you not, asleep on the aforementioned steps, as alleged by the ditto aforementioned constable?

Accused: Guilty, old thing!

Magistrate: Then you are sentenced to—

Foreman of the Jury (Mr. H. Vernon-Smith): Hold on, your worship! Don't we have a say in this?

Magistrate: You're dead in this act! What's the use of a jury, anyway?

Foreman of the Jury (threateningly): I'll jolly well—!

Magistrate (sternly): Silence! I will preserve order in this Court, or know the reason why! The accused is sentenced to six hours' imprisonment in his study, with fifty alarm clocks of German make around him, buzzing at their top note!

Accused: Oh, begad!

Magistrate: Where's the Court usher? Oh, there you are! Bustle about and produce the next prisoner.

### Reports in Brief.

Master Richard Nugent, a whimpering child, was charged with doing grievous bodily harm to a fried kipper by stabbing it with a penholder. On being sentenced to two days in the Second Division, accused asked the magistrate if he couldn't make it a fortnight in the Southern League.

Master George Tubb was charged with stealing a piece of coal—the property of Mrs. Keeble—for the purpose of washing his face. On his promising not to do it again, accused was bound over to keep the piece.

Mr. George Bulstrode was charged with molesting behaviour of Mr. Wua Lung, a gentleman of Chinese extraction, by threatening to cut off his pigtail. Accused, who bore a good character, was released, bail being furnished by Mr. Donald Ogilvy to the extent of 2d.

Mr. Oliver Kipps, the eminent conjuror, was charged with being concerned in a raid on No. 1 Study, and with removing therefrom a treacle-tart, the property of Mr. Justice Wharton.

Magistrate: It cuts me to the heart to see a hitherto well-behaved person like Mr. Kipps straying from the path of virtue. Do you admit stealing the tart, Mr. Kipps?

Accused: Of course not! Some silly ass had stuck the tart in a chair, and I inadvertently sat on it. When I got up and left the study, I took the tart with me. P.-c. Johnny Bull saw it clinging to my trousers, and he promptly placed me under arrest.

Magistrate: On this occasion I will give you the benefit of the doubt, but don't try these sort of conjuring tricks again!

The court then adjourned.

# OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

Money Prizes  
for all Contributions Printed on  
this Page.  
Send your effort on a Postcard to-day.

To clean a study carpet, take a small wet tea-leaf and roll it well over the carpet. Then remove tea-leaf and store in a dry place. Take the carpet to the cleaners and you will be surprised with the result.

Mr. Capper: "Temple! How dare you come into the class-room in such a dishevelled condition? What have you been doing?"

Temple: "Please, sir, ten of us arranged to jump on Loder, the prefect, at a given signal, but I was the only one who jumped!"

Mr. Quelch, (showing class an experiment): "Now if anything goes wrong, we and the whole building will be blown to pieces. Now come a little nearer, please, in order that you may follow me more closely."

The Editor: (reading one S. Q. Field's contributions): "The storm king hurled his torn and tumbling torrents over the broken and dismembered edifice." Now, Squiffy, what does that man?"

S. Q. Field: "I mean that the last flood we had washed away Gosling's wood-shed!"

Mrs. Coker (proudly to lady friend): "Do you know, my dear, my son Horace is playing football for Greyfriars?"

Lady Friend: "Is that so? What position does he hold?"

Mrs. Coker: "I'm not sure, but I think he is one of the draw-backs!"



"I shall have to give you something to smile at soon, Jones!"  
"Thanks, but I do not need it, sir! I read the Greyfriars Herald."

Dear Sir,—Can you see any reason why the fags of the Second Form are always behind in their studies.—Fag-master.

Answer.—Certainly. In order that they may pursue them.

Dear Sir,—As Harry Wharton and Johnny Bull are both great footballers, will you settle an argument and tell me which is the better kick?—Dick Penfold.

Answer.—Johnny is. He misses the ball closer.

Dear Sir,—The fellows in my study seem to think I have no right in the footer eleven. Now, if I were to score a goal one of these days, would you call it a crime?—Billy Bunter.

Answer.—No, Billy. We would call it a miracle.

Dear Editor,—Please tell me the best method of raising turnips for our allotment.—Tom Dutton.

Answer.—Just take hold of the tops and lift.



Picture of Smith major, who has had a joke accepted by the Editor. Smith major is waiting for the postman to bring that silver shilling along.

Dear Sir,—I am worried almost to distraction by our school books. Please tell me how to make light of my troubles.—Herbert Mauleverer.

Answer.—Apply a match to them.

Dear Sir,—I am badly troubled with St. Vitus dance. Please tell me how I can rid myself of the trouble.—Monty Newland.

Answer.—Go into a churchyard at midnight with an infernal machine. Set the machine for five seconds and sit down on a stone and count six. Relief is quick and certain.

Alonzo Todd (after a brilliant stampede over the keyboard): "Well, Peter, how do you like my execution?"  
Peter: "I'd like to be present at it."

Mr. Prout: "Now, Coker, how do you account for the Milky Way?"

Horace Coker, (remembering his nursery rhymes): "I suppose the cow jumping over the moon had something to do with it, sir."

## OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor  
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Following the example of some of our leading newspapers, we have arranged for our football reports to be contributed by a different person each week. The writer need not necessarily be a player, which is all the better, for the onlooker sees most of the game. This week's report—as the spelling will testify—has been written by BILLY BUNTER.—H. VERNON-SMITH.

### GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. HIGHCLIFFE

By Billy Bunter

This match was played in fine weather on saturday. There was grate applause as the two teams took the field. (It would take more than twenty-two fellows to shift our footer ground!—Ed.)

The Remove team was very weak, owing to the fact that W. G. Bunter was not included in the side. It is quite safe to say that this is why the Remove lost. (I think it very unsafe!—Ed.)

Going in first on a good wicket (Help!—Ed.) the Highcliffe feloes swept down the field like a navver-lanche. In less than three minnits from the start, Frank Courtenay scored a grand goal. The ball crashed into the net at a grate rate, knocking Bulstrode over on root. (It is now Bulstrode's turn to knock somebody over!—Ed.)

Highcliffe continued to go grate guns, and while the game was still young (Good old Methusalem!—Ed.) the caterpillar shot with both feet and added to the score. (Since this amazing performance on the Caterpillar's part, he has developed into a butterfly!—Ed.)

When the interval arived, it was 1-2 time. (Marvellous!—Ed.)

When I returned to the field, lowd cheers went up. One of the feloes told me that Whartoh had just scored a goal for the Remove. But that wasn't why the crowd cheered. They were cheering my reappearance, of course. (Oh, of course!—Ed.)

In the second 1/2, the Remove got it properly in the neck. They could do nothing rite. (Something like Bunter, then!—Ed.)

Johnny Bull, at back, plade like a nellyfant.

Peter Todd plade a grand game. (I must say this, becaws Peter's just had a remittance, and there mit be something doing!)

Bob Cherry was like a bool in a china-shopp.

Harry Wharton's play brought tears to my eyes. (I hope to bring a few more shortly!—Ed.)

As it was, Highcliffe put on two more goles, and one easily. When the wistle went, the score was fore to won.

(Our contributor seems to have got things slightly mixed. It was the Remove who won the match, the score being 4-1 in our favour. Bob Cherry suggests paying Billy Bunter for this contribution at the rate of two thick ears per day!—Ed.)

# THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of the Fifth Form)

## The Redskins Are Out

"WHAT'S that under the sunset, Joe?" Kit Desmond pointed away over one of the swellings of sun-browned, parched prairie that stretched like a boundless rolling sea far away into the sunset.

"Can't see anything," replied his brother, shading his eyes against the red light as he laid his long barrelled rifle across his saddle bow.

"Wait a minute, till the dazzle is out of your eyes. Then you will see right enough!" answered Kit, a well-built, sturdy boy of fifteen, who bestrode his horse with the seat of a born scout. "Look yonder, just at the tail of that string of bushes. Then up to the horizon!"

Joe could see now. Just a puff of dust going up from the plain, and a tiny dot that seemed to rise and fall.

Joe was new to the great plains of the Far West, and his eyes were yet untrained to their vast distances. But he knew that this distant dot was a man and horse travelling at full speed out of the Great Unknown West towards which they had been toiling for months past.

He looked backwards over his shoulder.

"We'll close in on the column, Kit!" said he. "Those were the orders that Silas Cobb gave us."

Kit had already wheeled his jaded horse and Joe was swift to follow his example.

Three miles behind them, a long trail of white dots showed the prairie schooners or waggons which were toiling along over the vast waste, a long string of slowly moving waggons, white tilted and carrying heavy loads of furniture and gear belonging to the pioneers who were heading the great movement of the white races westward to drive the Red Man from his hunting grounds.

The column of waggons were in the Bad Lands now. They had been warned that they might expect any day to be attacked by one of the skirmishing bands of Red Men who were slowly and sullenly falling back before the strides of civilisation.

And the Red Men were bitter against the Palefaces. Already they had felt the pressure of the advancing hordes of white men. The great buffalo herds, by which they and their ancestors had always lived, hunting and slaying wastefully, had already



The two Redskin braves were plainly visible against the bright starlight, sitting their ponies like statues of bronze. They were Navajo scouts on the look-out for the convoy!

become scarce. Away there in the east where the violet sky took the reflection of the sunset prairie lands which they had remembered as free and boundless were already dotted by countless farms. When the white man moved, he moved swiftly, behind the waggons came the track and over that track was laid the mysterious endless steel rails of the railway.

The Red Men knew that they were being driven back to the Western Ocean, the mighty waste of waters which the Palefaces called the Pacific Ocean and here were white men and ships behind them.

So, in the Great War Council of the Tribes, they had sworn war to the death against the Paleface invaders of their country and neither man nor woman nor child might look for mercy at their hands. For there is no more cruel foe in the world than the Redskin on the warpath.

The two brothers had volunteered to ride ahead of that wearily moving column of waggons to act as scouts and guides.

It was their duty to pick out the best line of country and to avoid the dry watercourses that cut up the dry prairie in awkward ditches for the heavy waggons and their tired spans of oxen to cross. They had also to keep a sharp eye for dust, for a dust column might mean a little dust storm rising in a small whirlwind from the heated

plain, or it might mean the approach of a band of Redskins.

Silas Cobb, the leader of this convoy of emigrants, had already learned to trust these two British boys who had asked permission to travel with the train of waggons soon after they had left the Mississippi behind them.

They had told him their story simply and honestly. Their mother in England was dead, and they had come across the Atlantic from Liverpool in one of the famous Black Ball clipper packets to seek their father, who was to meet them at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Their father was coming from the Far West, crossing the Continent to meet his boys halfway, and they were to take up some of the new lands into which the pioneers were pouring.

The two "Baby Britishers," as they were called, had shown up well when the convoy had come near being overwhelmed in the Arkansas River.

Speedily they had gained the hearts of all the women and children in the convoy and, notwithstanding their newness to the West, had betrayed the makings of two pioneers of the right sort, though their ages were only fifteen and thirteen.

But at Pine Bluff the boys had met with news of disaster. The military officer in command of the post had brought them the dread news that their father had been taken prisoner by the Redskins six months before. For some mysterious reason of their own they had not scalped John Desmond. The companions who had travelled with him had all been put to the torture and scalped, but the last that had been seen of their father was as a prisoner of the Redskins, borne away lashed to an Indian pony and bound for one of the countless strongholds of the Apaches in the desert of the West.

The American officer at Pine Bluff had taken a fancy to the two well-spoken, clean-limbed English boys. He was ready to adopt them as troopers of the American Army which was then forming after the Great Civil War between the Northern and Southern States.

But the boys had begged that they might go forward into the unknown West to deliver their father from the hands of the Redskins.

So they had remained with the convoy during its long march across

the plains of Indian Territory and Oklahoma. And, little had they dreamed as they rode along beside the slow moving oxen that the great clumsy wheels of those great waggons were grinding into the virgin earth the track that would be followed speedily by the great trunk line of the Canadian Atlantic and Pacific Railway.

They had been thinking of all these happenings as they rode watchful into the eye of the sunset.

But all thoughts save of hostile Indians were now driven from their minds as clapping spurs to their jaded horses they galloped back to the head of the advancing column.

The men soon saw them coming. The leading spans of oxen were halted to give the tail of the column, stretching a mile or two back over the prairie, time to close up.

Long lantern-jawed Kentuckians and loose-limbed farmers from Tennessee came riding forward to meet them, each man holding his rifle ready across his saddle bow. And Silas Cobb headed the little band.

Real Kentucky was Silas, six feet three of bone and sinew with a long gaunt, sunburnt face and lank grey hair.

Silas was a taciturn man and spoke little.

"Injuns?" he asked anxiously as the boys rode up to him.

"I don't know," answered Kit. "There's one rider coming this way and he's coming fast."

"Where away?" asked Silas waving his hand in a gesture that embraced the whole of the western horizon.

"Right under the sun!" responded Kit, giving the exact quarter in which he had sighted the mysterious rider who was hidden from them by a slight fold in the ground.

Silas rode forward till he had breasted this slope.

Shading his eyes he sat his horse like a general surveying a battlefield with his staff in attendance.

And Silas, indeed, was a general. Twelve times he had led convoys safely through the dangerous country to the harbour of the West and though he had many a brush with bands of marauding Indians, it was his boast that he had never lost the life of a woman or child entrusted to his skill and care.

His quick eye caught sight of the little column of dust at once.

It was certainly a single rider who was travelling in wonderful style, for he was riding like a man pursued.

But there was only that tiny column in sight.

Had the rider been followed by Indians a second and larger column of dust would have been visible through that clear, limpid air, for, even a band of Redskins cannot move without raising a dust on the fine powdered clay of the true prairie.

"White man!" remarked Silas curtly. "No Redskin rides that fashion and no Redskin owns a horse that kin shift like a cyclone! But close back on the column, boys. There's Palefaces with hearts as black as any Redskin. An' I don't

like the Paleface who rides out of the Red Man's Land!"

The riders fell back on the head of the column.

The anxious faces of tired women looked out from under the tilts of the great lumbering waggons, for a quiver of excitement had run down the whole convoy at the movement of the men to the head of the column.

Mothers hugged their babies more tightly in their arms and even the glow of the sunset could not tinge their pale faces for the dread word was passing—"Indians!"

But it was no Indian who came racing up to the men at the head of the column and reined in a horse which took the eyes of the men as much as it's rider.

This was a tremendously powerful jet-black steed, a perfect English charger whose dainty hoofs and small head betrayed Arab blood. The tremendous breadth of the foam-flecked chest showed staying power, the powerful hocks were those of a hunter.

It was truly the horse which

his saddlebow were holsters for pistols, a rare thing in a Western outfit. At the same time a heavy calibre revolver swung in a pocket from his waist while he carried a superb rifle slung across his back.

There was no gainsaying the fact that the equipment of the stranger was workmanlike in it's perfection. But, all the same, Silas eyed him suspiciously. The man was too well mounted and too well armed for his liking.

And already there were plenty of bad characters in league with the Redskins. Horse stealers, Mexican greasers, murderers and other fugitives of justice all found a welcome in the Redskin lodges provided that their hands were turned against the Paleface and his dreaded law and order.

This man might be a spy.

Silas quietly laid his rifle across his arm.

"Wal, stranger," he said slowly. "Who may you be? Where do you come from and where are you gwine in such a hurry?"



The stranger circled round the boy at full gallop, firing with his revolver. Kit felt the card he was holding up quiver in his hand, and there, in the middle of it, were three bullet-holes, accurately placed to form the shape of the ace of clubs!

claimed attention before the rider, for such a horse as this was never before seen in the West.

A Redskin would have sold his soul for the chance of stealing it and even the weary, heavy-lidded eyes of the tired convoy riders lit up at the sight of such a splendour of horseflesh.

The rider sat loosely in his saddle enjoying the attention his mount was receiving. A faint smile fitted across his bronzed, clear-cut face. He was dressed as a cowboy but in no extreme of fashion. A wide-brimmed Stetson hat shaded his face, a black shirt, plain leather chaparejos, or "shaps," as cowboys call their leather divided aprons, covered his legs. Under the buffalo robe that was strapped across

The stranger smiled at these blunt questions.

"My name is my own, sir. I come from the west and I am riding east. I am riding in a hurry because I picked up the trail of a band of Navajo Indians this noontide and I picked up your dust a couple of hours since. So I came to warn you that the Redskins are abroad and on the warpath."

"And how do you know they are on the warpath?" asked Silas, still suspicious.

The stranger slipped his hand into his pouch and produced a black-barred eagle feather, together with a grease stick made of a mixture of tallow and burned bone.

Silas's thin lips tightened at the sight of these objects.

#### The Ace of Clubs.

THE eagle feather was one fallen from the headdress of a chief. The regular strands of thread, which had bound it in the headdress, still marked the quill with slight indentation which was tinged with a trace of the red dye which the Redskins make from the partridge berry to dye their thread.

And the stick of lampblack and tallow was one of the grease sticks which the Navajo warrior carries on the war-path to renew the bars of war-paint that mark his nation and his band or regiment.

Silas was too old a hand on the trail to mistake the meaning of these tokens. There was red dust, too, on the stick of grease paint which told him that the stranger was not lying when he said that he had crossed the trail of the Navajo war party at noon. The soil at the spot where they were was of a white chalky marl. But on the far side of Deer Springs, for which he was making to camp that night, the soil was impregnated by iron and therefore reddish in colour.

He handed them back to the owner. "Who are you, anyway, stranger?" he asked repeating his question. "An honest man should carry a name in these parts. I am Silas Cobb."

The stranger drew a small white card from his pocket and handed it to Silas.

And Silas's face reddened as he saw that it was blank, and that it bore no sign or name. Besides, visiting cards were unknown in the Far West save by hearsay. There were a new race of men coming into the West who wore single eye-glasses, and used English racing saddles, who sometimes carried visiting cards.

These were the British, a strange race to these American pioneers who did not understand them and who did not like their haughty ways. The pioneers laughed at these new adventurers and called them "Johnny Bull" and always made a point of asking them if they wanted marmalade with their breakfast. And these were the men who used visiting cards.

"There's no name on this card!" remarked Silas Cobb. "I expect a name in exchange for my own, stranger, and when I give mine, you got to give yours!"

The stranger laughed.

"I carry my printing outfit with me," said he, "and I print them if I can find a 'prentice with nerve enough to help me."

His blue eyes wandered round the group of brown, sun-bronzed faces and settled on Kit Desmond.

"Hey boy," said he, "take this and hold it up in your hand, high above your head."

Kit liked the look of the stranger and did as he was bid.

The stranger clapped his spurs to his horse and started to ride at full speed, circling round the boy at thirty yards distance.

Suddenly he whipped out his revolver and fired.

Kit felt the card quiver in his hands.

The convoy riders started and threw forward their rifles. They thought that the unknown was trying some trick on the boy.

But Silas lifted his hand. He knew better.

Two shots followed in quick succession.

And Kit, who had held the card steadily as the bullets whistled over his head, looked up in wonderment at the card.

There, punched in the middle of it, clear and distinct were three bullet holes each accurately placed to form the shape of the ace of clubs.

"Well done, youngster!" he exclaimed. "You have a steady nerve and a steady hand. What's your name?"

"Desmond," replied Kit—"Kit Desmond."

The stranger started slightly.

"Are you John Desmond's boys," he asked, "you and that other youngster?"

"Yes, sir," replied Kit. "We have come out from England to find our father who is a prisoner in the hands of the Navajoes and we mean to do it!"

"Then listen to my name," laughed the stranger. "You've found the right man to help you, for I have sworn to get John Desmond out of the hands of the Navajoes if I have to shoot every Redskin from Mexico to Canada!"

He turned his horse and rode up to Silas handing him the bullet riddled card.

There was no doubt now as to the stranger's identity.

Silas's jaw dropped as he looked at the card.

"Gee-whizz!" he exclaimed. "I ought to ha' knowed! The Ace o' Clubs! The trademark o' Buck Dixie—the scout!"

The stranger laughed.

"Buck Dixie is me!" said he.

The effect of the name was immense. Buck Dixie was a name to be conjured with not only in the West but as far as Mexico on the South and Alaska on the North.

He was a man more often heard of than seen. He was here, there, and everywhere, one of the most trusted servants of the United States Government.

The rough pioneers gazed at him open-mouthed. He was their hero. They had sung of him by their camp-fires and were never tired of hearing the endless stories that were told of his deeds of prowess.

A party of English schoolboys introduced to Robin Hood himself could not have been more entranced than these men who saw in the flesh the hero of their dreams.

Yet it was rumoured that Buck was an Englishman—an Englishman with the brain of a Redskin, who could circumvent the Red Man and beat him all the time. There was a legend told of Buck that he could not eat his breakfast till he had shot a Redskin.

But Buck cut their admiration short.

"You have got to reach Deer

Springs to-night!" said he. "And it's going to be a race who gets there first—you or the Redskins. You will be attacked and you will have to make a strong defence. You can expect help in forty-eight hours from now."

Silas nodded. Buck Dixie's orders were law to him.

"Have you got water, in case you don't fetch the springs?"

"Not too much!" replied Silas shaking his head.

"Then husband every drop!" replied Buck. "In forty-eight hours you can look for me—and there is your enemy!"

He pointed towards the sunset horizon.

Miles away rose a faint cloud tinged red by the sunset—blood red and sinister.

The convoy riders needed no telling. They knew that it was the dust-cloud raised by a large war party of Indians who were yet twenty miles away heading for the only water within a hundred miles.

The Red Men knew what they were up to. Deer Springs were the key to all that country. They knew there was a convoy in that country and that they must come to those springs or perish with thirst.

There is one great rule of the West. When travelling for water it is death to turn back.

The issue was plain. The convoy must go for water and fight for it or they must die of thirst—men, women, children and animals on the sun-baked plains where even the grass was parched to dust by a long drought.

Silas ordered the column forward. The weary oxen threw their weight slowly on to their yokes. Whips cracked and the great wheels creaked.

Buck waved his hand and clapping spurs to Starlight, his horse, which was as famous as himself, he swept by the convoy like a whirlwind and, in a few minutes was lost to sight in a great fold of the prairie.

The convoy lumbered on and the last of the sunset died away.

The boys rode forward as scouts as stars twinkled out in the great spaces of the sky.

They rode in dead silence, steering by the planets.

But they had other guides than the stars.

Here and there on the prairie, they had a glimpse of dark shapes of prairie rats and other small animals all heading in the same direction as themselves towards Deer Springs, for animals, like men must drink or die.

Presently they reached a deep fold in the ground which was almost a valley. It was the bed of some great watercourse long since dry, and from it rose a great rolling down which reminded them of the great South Downs of England.

Of a sudden when they were in the dark fold of this hollow Kit slipped from his horse and, at a touch from him the intelligent creature, trained to Indian warfare, lay down.

Joe followed his brother's example just in time.

Horses and boys lay indistinguish-

able from a small clump of brush by which they had dropped as two grim figures rode into sight on the crest of the hill.

They were plainly visible against the bright starlight even to the feathers that adorned their head-dresses.

They were two Redskin braves, Navajo scouts on the look out for the convoy.

They sat their ponies there, like statues of bronze, gazing into the immensity of the night in the direction from which the convoy was approaching.

Then they wheeled their ponies and were gone so suddenly that the boys could hardly believe that they had

come in touch at last with the enemy they were pledged to fight to the last bullet.

Kit waited for a few moments after those two grim figures had disappeared as he shook his fist at the spot where they had stood.

They brought their horses to their feet. These good old steeds were from the Blue Grass country of Kentucky. They knew the peril of the Redskin as well as the boys and there had been no fear that they would betray their masters by neighing as the scent of the Indian bow-nosed ponies came down wind to them on the faint breath of the night breeze.

And how softly those two good nags travelled as the boys sped back to

warn the convoy that they were in touch with the Redskins at last!

The column closed up. It cleared the valley where the boys had sighted the Indians and had got within a quarter of a mile of the springs when suddenly hideous yells rent the air whilst here and there little spurts of flame stabbed the darkness.

Redskin and Paleface had arrived at the water together and the fight for the springs was commencing.

There will be another splendid, long instalment of this exciting story, in next Tuesday's issue of "The Greyfriars Herald." The Editor will be grateful if you will hand this copy on to a non-reader so that he or she may read this first instalment.

## HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

A rousing appeal in verse to all our friends

By DICK PENFOLD

Now the war is dead and done with  
And Peace returns to reign,  
We'll scatter sparks of fun with  
Our little Mag. again!  
The paper shortage over  
And all restrictions past,  
Our readers are in clover,  
We've reappeared at last!

We're bigger than aforetime;  
We're better, too, I hope:  
When we came out in war-time  
We hadn't too much scope.  
Our pages have expanded,  
And brighter is our mirth;  
Together we are banded  
To give you money's worth!

In sending forth this issue,  
"New Series—No. 1,"  
We confidently wish you  
A feast of joy and fun.  
Your loyalty and laughter  
Your keen support all through,  
These are the things we're after,  
We mean to get them, too!

Through almost every doorway  
Our little Mag. will steal;  
To Spain, Japan, and Norway,  
New York, and gay Castille.  
Moreover, if we're lucky,  
Our fame shall spread afar;  
To Kansas and Kentucky,  
Texas, and Kandahar.

Now, Tom and Jack and Gerald,  
Rise in your mustered might,  
Back up "The Greyfriars Herald"  
And speed it in its flight!  
Tell all your friends and neighbours  
We're on the scene again;  
Then our united labours  
Shall not have proved in vain!

## BILLY BUNTER'S BRAIN-WAVE

(Continued from page 18)

something in the nature of a distraction.

And presently the distraction came, in the person of Uncle Clegg.

Gosling, the porter, opened the door of the Form-room, and Uncle Clegg came charging in, like a raging lion. Quelchy nearly fell down.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this abrupt intrusion, Mr. Clegg?"

The grocer hurled his bowler hat on to the floor, and flourished a copy of "The Greyfriars Herald" in Quelchy's face. He tried to speak, but the only result was a peculiar clucking sound, as of a broody hen.

"Dear me! You appear to be very annoyed, Mr. Clegg," said Quelchy. "I trust you have not been libelled in 'The Greyfriars Herald'?"

Uncle Clegg found his voice at last.

"That—that young rascal," he raved, pointing an accusing forefinger at Billy Bunter, whose face had turned a sickly yellow, "arranged to insert a full-page advertisement in this paper on my behalf. I paid him a pound, and there's no sign of the advertisement!"

Uncle Clegg nearly choked. There was a gasp from Quelchy—a gasp which was echoed round the Form-room.

"He told me," continued Uncle Clegg in furious tones, "that he was the editor and the advertisement manager of this paper! He urged me most strongly to advertise my goods—and this is the result!"

Quelchy's expression became almost as volcanic as Uncle Clegg's.

"Bunter!" he rumbled. Billy Bunter rose gingerly in his place, with his fat knees fairly knocking together.

"Ow! I—I wasn't—I didn't—I never—" he stammered.

"You have been guilty of a most serious offence—that of obtaining money by false pretences! You led Mr. Clegg to believe that you were the editor and the advertisement manager of 'The Greyfriars Herald'—and you are neither!"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Billy Bunter.

"You will refund to Mr. Clegg the sum of one pound, Bunter."

"I—kik—kik—can't, sir!"

"What do you mean, boy?"

"I—I've blued it all at the tuck-shop, sir!"

Quelchy picked up a cane. "You may leave this matter in my hands, Mr. Clegg," he said.

This was a hint for Uncle Clegg to go, but he didn't take it.

"I'm going to stay and see justice done!" he said grimly.

And then Gosling opened the door of the Form-room for the second time, and a dozen furious tradesmen, each flourishing a copy of "The Greyfriars Herald," rushed into the room.

Quelchy stood thunderstruck. "What—what does this wholesale invasion mean?" he exclaimed.

And then the tradesmen poured out their tales of woe. They described how they had been let in by Bunter; and the fat junior was fervently wishing that the floor would open and swallow him up.

"Am I to understand, gentlemen," said Quelchy, "that you paid this boy various sums of money to insert advertisements in 'The Greyfriars Herald,' and that he has not done so?"

There was a vigorous nodding of heads.

"He let us down!" hooted Mr. Parker.

"He swindled us!" roared Mr. Burke.

"A flogging will meet the case," said uncle Clegg. "But mind it's a stiff one!"

I will draw a veil, as the novelists say, over the scene which followed.

Suffice it to say that Billy Bunter could not sit down for some time afterwards, and his fat face wore a doleful expression whenever we chanced to meet him.

But we had precious little sympathy to waste upon Billy Bunter. He had sown the wind, and he had reaped the whirlwind, as Nugent eloquently put it.

The tradesmen went away perfectly satisfied. And I don't think Bunter will ever pose again as the editor and the advertisement manager of "The Greyfriars Herald."

THE END

# SKINNER'S DOUBLE EVENT!

A Splendid Short Complete Story by  
MONTY NEWLAND



I.

"SEEN the restaurant that's been opened in Courtfield?" We were in the Rag, discussing things in general and footer in particular, when Skinner of the Remove asked the question.

Judging from the chorus of replies, Skinner was rather out-of-date with his news.

"Queen Anne's dead!" said Bob Cherry.

"Why don't you move with the times, Skinny?"

"We knew about the Elysian Café weeks ago!" said Harry Wharton. "There were advertisements in the local paper saying it was going to open shortly."

"I guess it's time you woke up, Skinny!" said Fisher T. Fish.

Skinner bowed his head before the storm.

"A thousand apologies, gentlemen!" he said, in the mocking way which makes him such a detestable beast. "I was unaware of the existence of the place until I passed it on my bike this afternoon."

"Did you drop in for a glass of port and a Flor de Cabbagia cigar?" inquired Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Joking apart," said Frank Nugent, "the Elysian Café is a topping place! They've got a staff of chefs and waiters from the West End, and the place is lavishly furnished. Mauly's study doesn't come near it! It's worth paying ten bob to be able to sink down among the cushions on the settee!"

"Of course," said Johnny Bull, "the place is intended for the Royalty and the landed gentry. The prices are much too steep for school-boys!"

"That's so," said Wharton. "We should want something extra special in remittances before we could trot

inside and sample the good things. I'd rather like to go, though."

"Same here."

"The sameness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh, the Indian junior.

The various descriptions of the Elysian Café—all of a glowing nature—fairly made our mouths water. We are not a set of Billy Bunters, but we like a dainty and tempting feed now and again. And the fact that the new Courtfield café was a jolly expensive place only increased our desire to investigate the menu.

"To-morrow evening," said Skinner thoughtfully, "I intend to have a jolly good blow-out—or tuck-in, whatever you choose to call it—at the Elysian."

We stared at the cad of the Remove.

"Talking out of his hat, as usual!" said Bolsover major.

Skinner chuckled.

"I mean what I say," he declared.

"Rats!"

"You haven't the cash, to begin with!" said Wharton.

"That makes no difference."

"But how can you have a jolly good feed without cash!" hooted Bolsover major.

"It can be done," said Skinner, "and it shall be done! I'm willing to wager you half a crown, Bolsover, that I have a jolly good feed at the Elysian Café to-morrow evening without paying a cent!"

"Done!" said Bolsover promptly.

"Does your pet uncle happen to be the proprietor, Skinny?" asked Bob Cherry.

And there was a laugh.

Skinner shook his head.

"I don't even know the proprietor's name!" he said.

We stared even harder at Skinner. He was a mean beast, and not the sort of fellow to throw half-crowns away. Yet it looked as if he would

have to part with his money this time.

"You'll come in with me, of course, Bolsover?" said Skinner. "You can have a glass of milk and a bun, while I'm pitching into the menu."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Trust me to be there!" said Bolsover, with a grin. "You might as well hand over that half-dollar in advance, Skinny!"

"Rats!"

At this juncture, Wingate of the Sixth announced that it was bed-time, and we trooped up to the dorm.

There was considerable excitement in the Remove next day on the subject of Skinner's wager.

"Of course, he won't go through with it," said Wharton. "He'll wriggle out at the last moment."

And that was the general opinion.

But Skinner showed no signs of backing out. That evening he went over to Courtfield with Bolsover major, and a crowd of us followed on our bikes. We were going to wait outside and see what happened.

Skinner and Bolsover were togged up in their Sunday best for the occasion, and they strutted into the luxurious café as if the place belonged to them.

Dinner was being served, and a number of fashionably-dressed people, most of whom were unskilled munition-workers (retired), were seated at the tables.

Waiters glided to and fro on the soft carpet, and ever and anon came the popping of a champagne cork.

The proprietor, fat and blonde, drifted up to the table which Skinner and Bolsover had commandeered.

"Goot-efening, young gentlemen!" he said.

The man's accent was suspicious. He might have been a Swiss. He might not.

Bolsover major unblushingly ordered a glass of milk and a bath-bun. The proprietor frowned, but his frown melted away as Skinner proceeded to give orders on a lavish scale.

From our point of vantage on the pavement, we could see Skinner enjoying himself. He was tackling one course after another, and we fairly gasped, for we knew he was not in a position to pay for what he was consuming.

Bolsover disposed of his bun and milk, and surveyed Skinner with hungry and fascinated eyes. Skinner, however, munched away in blissful unconcern.

"My hat!" muttered Bob Cherry, "Skinny's bill must be well over a quid!"

"And he can't possibly pay it!" said Wharton.

"Fetch the ambulance, somebody!" said Nugent. "The silly ass will be slung out on his neck!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner had finished his orgy by this time, and one of the waiters made out the bill, and presented it to him.

We crowded into the entrance to the café to await developments. Skinner's table was quite close, and we could see and hear everything which passed.

Skinner scanned the bill, and sur-



veyed the waiter as if the latter were something out of cheese.

"I wish to see the proprietah!" he said, with an affected drawl.

"Very good, sir."

The waiter glided away, and a moment later the proprietor loomed in the offing, so to speak.

"That was a toppin' dinnah, by Jove!" said Skinner, still adopting the aristocratic drawl. "A really first-rate dinnah! Unfortunately, however, a little difficulty has arisen Owin' to a sudden reversal of fortune, I find I am not in a posish. to pay for what I have eaten!"

The proprietor pointed to Bolsover. "Your friend," he said, "has he no money?"

"I believe he has sufficient to pay for his milk and bun," said Skinner. "Nothin' more."

The proprietor clenched his hands, and glanced round the restaurant. He dearly wanted to pitch Skinner off the premises neck-and-crop; at the same time, he didn't want to make a scene, and thereby offend his patrons. If he sent for a policeman, there would be a worse scene still.

Skinner, in his artfulness, had counted on this; and he did not seem a bit surprised when the proprietor merely hissed:

"Get out!"

A moment later, Skinner and Bolsover joined us in the street.

Skinner turned to his companion with a beaming smile.

"Half a crown, please!" he said.

And Bolsover paid, though he found it difficult to look pleasant.

## II.

**S**KINNER was chuckling all the way back to Greyfriars.

"You were fairly done that time, Bolsover, old man!" he said.

Bolsover made a noise like a ferocious bull.

When we got back to the school, Skinner exploded a bombshell.

"I'm willing to wager," he said, "that I succeed in doing the same thing again!"

"Impossible!" said Bob Cherry.

Skinner, however, was persistent.

"I mean what I say!" he declared.

"I'll go into that café again, and have a jolly good feed, like I had this evening, for nix!"

"Oh, come off!" growled Johnny Bull. "You're talking out of your hat, Skinny!"

"Will you make a wager with me, Bull?"

"Like a shot!"

"How much?"

"Five bob," said Johnny Bull carelessly. He felt confident he would be on the winning side; and so did we.

Skinner made a note of it in his pocket-book; and about a week later we all set out on our bikes again for the Elysian Café.

On this occasion, Johnny Bull went in with Skinner.

The proprietor scowled when he caught sight of the fellow who had duped him. He was on the point of ordering him off the premises, when Skinner beckoned to him.

"Good evenin'!" he said affably.

(Continued on page 9.)

# BILLY BUNTER'S BRAIN-WAVE

A Capital Complete Tale - - By BOB CHERRY



## I.

"I SAY, Bob, old chap, will you lend me your bike?"

I was having tea in No. 1 Study with the other members of the Famous Five, when Billy Bunter fired that question at me.

"This establishment," I said, "lends nothing but thick ears! Buzz off, porpoise!"

Billy Bunter did not buzz off. He advanced into the study, and edged up to the tea-table. Johnny Bull thought he had designs on the plum cake, so he promptly transferred it to the window-sill, out of Bunter's reach.

"I say, Wharton—"

"Get out!" said Wharton curtly.

"Look here, I want to borrow—"

"You're always wanting to borrow!" growled Nugent.

"The borrowfulness is terrific," said Hurree Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, "but the esteemed promptful repayment is not nearly so terrific!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bill Bunter drew himself up to his full circumference.

"Oh, really, you beastly nigger—"

We bristled up at that. We weren't going to hear the esteemed and ludicrous Nabob of Bhanipur called a nigger by anybody—least of all by an inflated bladder of lard like Billy Bunter.

At Wharton's signal, we rose as one man, and five boots clumped upon Billy Bunter's person.

The fat toad disappeared into the passage with a yell that would have done credit to a Red Indian.

"Yah! Beasts! Stingy cads!" came a voice from without.

Johnny Bull rushed to the door, but Billy Bunter had decamped out of range.

"Bunter's always on the cadge!" I remarked. "If it isn't cash he wants to borrow, it's grub; and if it isn't either of those, it's a bike!"

Wharton walked to the window.

"Bunter's bound to collar somebody's bike without permission," he said.

"I'm going to keep my eyes open, and see that he doesn't bag one of ours."

"Good man!" said Nugent.

For a couple of minutes or so, nothing happened. Then Wharton gave a sudden exclamation.

"There's a bike just emerging from the shed!"

"By itself?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"No, Bunter's behind it, pushing it out."

We crowded to the window at once, with the object of identifying our own property, if necessary.

"It's a jolly nice bike Bunter's bagged," said Wharton; "but it isn't mine."

"Of course not!" said Nugent. "If it's a jolly nice bike, how could it possibly be yours?"

"Look here, Franky—"

"Oh, dry up! Everybody knows that you bike's a cross between a gridiron and a Tank!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, it's not my bike, anyway!" said Johnny Bull, in great relief.

"Nor mine," I said. "Is it yours, Inky?"

"No, my esteemed chum. My bikeful machine has been piercefully punctured in fifteen places!"

"My hat!"

"I know whose bike Bunter's got hold of!" said Nugent suddenly. "It's Bolsover major's!"

"In that case," said Wharton, "we won't interfere."

Had the borrowed bike been Squiff's, or Vernon-Smith's we might have had something to say in the matter. But we didn't feel called upon to protect Bolsover major's property. Bolsover isn't a pal of ours.

We watched Billy Bunter pushing the bike towards the school gates.

"Wonder where he's off to?" said Johnny Bull.

"He looked jolly excited about something," said Wharton.

We returned to the tea-table, wondering what Billy Bunter's little game was.

Barely had we resumed our seats, when a loud bellow, like that of an angry bull, sounded in the Close.

We rushed to the window once more.

Bolsover major, with his big fists clenched, and with fury in his boot-like face, was executing a sort of waltz-dance.

"Who's boned my bike?" he shouted. "It's missing from the shed!"

Billy Bunter was out of sight by this time.

"If I catch the rotter," said Bolsover, in homicidal tones, "I—I'll burst him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

## II.

**B**ILLY BUNTER scorched away in the direction of Courtfield.

Bunter isn't an athlete. Life's biggest tragedies, according to Bunter, are Form-masters, soap and water, and physical exercise.

On this occasion, however, Bunter rode at a furious pace. His fat little legs revolved at a dazzling rate; and the perspiration streamed down his flabby face, and dripped on to the handle-bars of Bolsover's bike.

A great wheeze had taken root in Bunter's brain—a wheeze for making money.

We didn't know about this wheeze at the time, of course, or we should have put our united feet down upon it at once. It wasn't until afterwards that the facts leaked out.

Billy Bunter had resolved to put his little scheme into execution while it was red-hot, so to speak. Hence his hurry.

When he reached the old-fashioned High Street of Courtfield, he left Bolsover's bike in the gutter, and rolled into Uncle Clegg's shop.

Uncle Clegg loomed up behind the counter.

"Well, Master Bunter?"

"Look here," said the fat junior, plunging into his subject at once. "The Greyfriars Herald's coming out again!"

"The—The Greyfriars Herald?" stammered Uncle Clegg.

"Yes; it came out once before, if you remember, and it was biffed in the eye by the paper shortage. The paper restrictions didn't kill it—they merely put it to sleep, and now it's revived again."

"I am very pleased to hear it, Master Bunter. Now I come to think of it, I remember the little paper very well. It was edited by Master Wharton, I believe?"

"That's so," said Billy Bunter. "Of course, Wharton was a feeble

sort of an editor. He only got the job through personal favouritism. They've chucked him out now, and I'm going to run the show."

"You!"

"Yes," said Bunter, blinking at Uncle Clegg through his big spectacles. "I'm going to be the editor and the advertisement manager. And it's in the latter capacity that I'm calling on you this afternoon."

"Oh!"

"You wish to advertise your goods, I take it?" continued Bunter. "The rates are a quid a page. If you're wise, you'll take a full page. Payment to be made in advance."

Uncle Clegg pondered a moment.

"It's the chance of a lifetime!" said Billy Bunter. "It will bring you no end of custom. Sweet are the uses of advertisement, as Shakespeare says."

"Very well, Master Bunter. You may reserve me a full-page in the first issue of 'The Greyfriars Herald.' The advertisement may be the means of enabling me to dispose of my superfluous stock of dog-biscuits."

Billy Bunter produced a pocket-book, in which he made an entry.

"One pound, please, Mr. Clegg!"

Uncle Clegg didn't relish this part of the transaction, nevertheless, he opened his till, and fished out a pound's worth of silver, which he handed over to the so-called "advertisement manager."

Billy Bunter's face beamed like a full moon.

"Thanks very much!" he said, slipping the silver into his pocket. "I hope to do a big business with you in the future."

And, nodding genially to Uncle Clegg, the fat junior rolled out of the shop.

His little scheme was succeeding beyond his wildest dreams. If he went on at this rate, he would soon be rich—rich beyond the dreams of avarice, almost.

His next visit was to the butcher's.

To Mr. Parker, the butcher, he pitched precisely the same yarn that he had pitched to Uncle Clegg. He seemed to know it by heart.

Mr. Parker was impressed.

"Take my tip, and advertise!" concluded Bunter. "You can't do better than call the attention of the reading public to Parker's Priceless Potted Pork. The rates are a quid a page. Get your tame artist to draw a sausage, and stick your name underneath."

"I'm not a sausage!" roared Mr. Parker.

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Parker," he said. "I'm not suggesting that the sausage should represent you. I'm merely urging you to advertise your stuff. If you haven't a comic artist on the premises, you can leave out the sketch, and have solid chunks of prose."

Mr. Parker was still further impressed.

"I'll take half a page," he said.

"Good!" said Billy Bunter. "And I'll take ten bob!"

And he did!

The fat junior then proceeded to the tailor's shop next door.

With honeyed words, he persuaded the tailor to take a full page.

Mr. Burke besides being a snip, was also something of a poet. He drew out an advertisement on the spot, and it ran as follows:—

"If you seek a lasting treasure,  
Try our raincoats, made to measure!  
When the rain pours through the roof,  
Hide beneath our waterproof!  
If you wish to look a 'nut'  
Come to us—we're never shut!  
Come and see the latest fashion,  
That's the stuff to put your cash on!  
Moth and mildew never lurk,  
In the garments made by Burke!"

"Good poetry, that!" said Billy Bunter, running his eye over the lines.

"Mind you display that verse to the best advantage," said Mr. Burke.

"That will be all right. You leave it to me. I'm a dab on setting out advertisements," said Bunter.

Mr. Burke handed over a pound note, and Billy Bunter literally walked on air as he left the shop. Cash was simply pouring into his coffers. None of the tradespeople doubted that Bunter was the advertisement manager of "The Greyfriars Herald," and when they saw that people like Uncle Clegg and Mr. Parker had arranged to advertise their stuff, they promptly followed suit.

For the next hour, Bunter did a roaring trade. He got advertisements from the Courtfield Cinema, and from a couple of chemists, a draper, a dentist, and an undertaker.

Recovering the bike from the gutter, the Owl of the Remove rode back to Greyfriars, with a beaming smile on his face, and a heap of notes and silver in his pocket.

The beaming smile vanished, however, as Bunter rode into the Close.

Bolsover major rushed towards him like a cyclone.

Bolsover wasted no time in words. He rushed at Billy Bunter, hitting out right and left.

There would certainly have been a dead Bunter lying about in the Close had not Wingate of the Sixth made a timely appearance.

## III.

**W**E noticed that Billy Bunter had a great deal of spending-money during the next few days, and we couldn't understand it.

Nugent had declared that Buntly had burgled a bank; and Wharton suggested that he had happened upon the hidden treasure in the Smuggler's Cave.

Anyway, Bunter's spare time—and a good deal that was not spare—was spent in the tuckshop, and he threw money about like water.

We were jolly busy at the time, preparing "The Greyfriars Herald" for press, and we didn't inquire too closely into Bunter's sudden fortune.

And then came the Monday morning when our first issue appeared.

Quelchy was conducting morning lessons in the Remove Form-room. We were bored to death with Latin, and would have given anything for

(Continued on page 15.)

Our Photographic Supplement

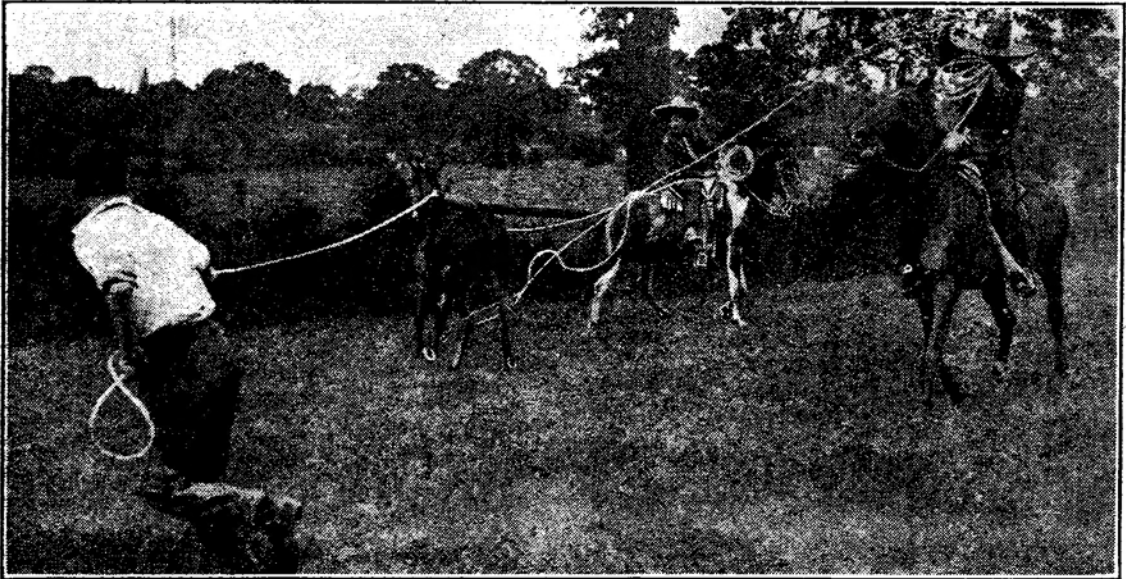
# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



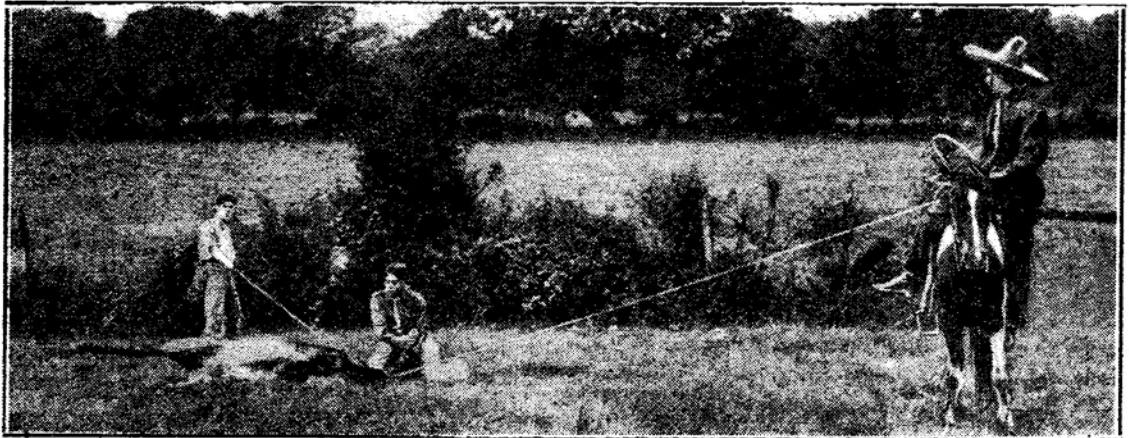
Readers of The GREYFRIARS HERALD are invited to send up their Amateur Photographs and Snapshots Full prices will be paid for all Photos used

Address: The Greyfriars Herald, The Fleelway House, Farningdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

### TAMING TROUBLESOME MULES.



Mexican cowboys in this country have been training vicious mules owned by the Government. Note the lasso securing the mule's hind legs.



Fixing a saddle to the mule while he is securely held down. The process is not very enjoyable for the mule, but his behaviour has brought it upon himself.

SOME OF OUR READERS ——— SEND UP YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, PLEASE!



L. H. Summerfield, (Tunbridge Wells).



A. Osborne (Birmingham).



Miss A. Wayland (Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts).



A. C. Turner (A keen reader).



Clarence Maguire (Carmarthen).



# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

### 1st PRIZE £5. And 10 Other Prizes of Tuck Hampers.

This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple task. Below you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I, myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the First Prize of £5 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my own. The other prizes which consist of tuck-hampers crammed with most delicious tuck, will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit. If there are ties for the first prize, this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share.

Should more than 40 readers qualify for the tuck-hamper prizes, these will be added to.

You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page.

Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, November 4th.

Remember that my decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely binding.

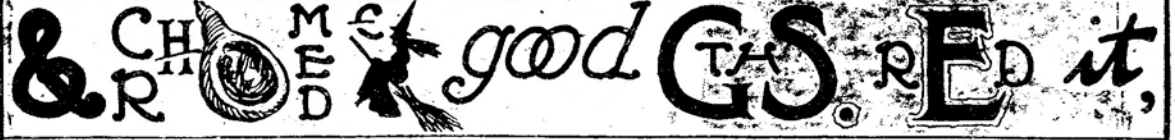
I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 1, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE CAREFULLY

Address.....

### CAN YOU READ THIS LETTER? OUR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION.



*Presented with No. 1 of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, November 1st, 1919.*



*Photo by permission of the Overseas Club.*

**OUR POPULAR PRINCE.**