

GRAND TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!

The Greyfriars Herald **1¹/₂**

No. 2.
(New Series)

November 8, 1919.

THE BEST PAPER FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FULL OF EXCITING STORIES AND SPLENDID ARTICLES



**"THE BOYS OF
THE BENBOW"
BY
OWEN CONQUEST**

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Our Photographic Supplement

THE BOYS' PICTORIAL

Continued on Page 19

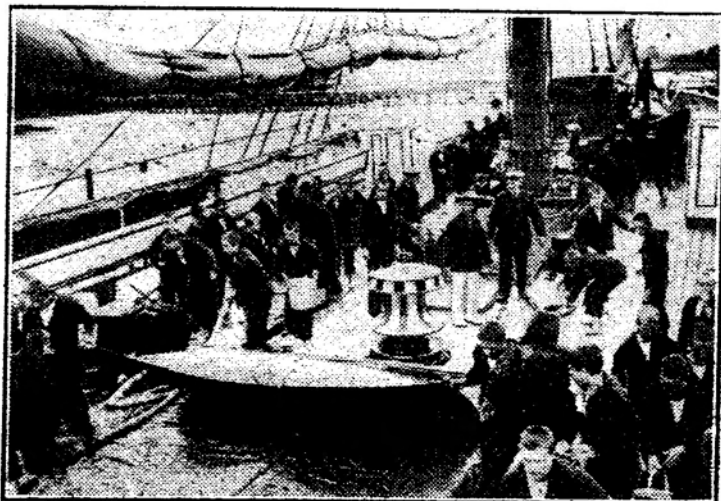


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TO THE PUMPS!



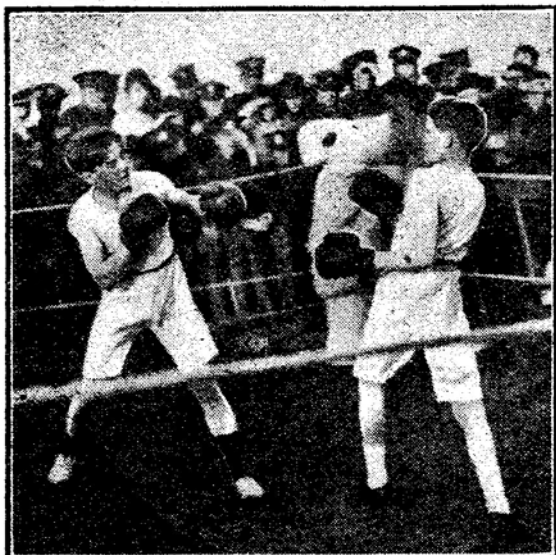
To the sound of the bo's'n's pipe, the boys of the Naval Training Ship, "Mercury," on the River Hamble, carry out fire drill. They are being particularly smart, for the photograph was taken on the day of the inspection of the ship by Admiral de Chair, the Admiral Inspector of the Training Reserve.

ON DUTY!



A boy in camp at Marlborough acts as sentry over a road, with a rifle that appears to be quite a few sizes too large for him.

SPARRING FOR AN OPENING.



Two boys in the Schools Training Camp don the padded mitts for the amusement of themselves and their chums. Each is a trifle cautious while he sizes up his opponent.

SEND UP YOUR HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS.

OFF DUTY!



This Marlborough boy believes that "a stitch in time saves nine," and so does a little sewing before kit inspection.



HARRY WHARTON
EDITOR
of Greyfriars Herald

The



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Sub-Editor



TOM BROWN
Special Representative



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from
GREYFRIARS

OCCASIONAL
Contributors
from
Other Schools

Editorial

By Harry Wharton.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER

FORGING AHEAD!

IT is too early, as yet, to speak of the reception which was accorded to No. 1 (New Series) of "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD." I have little doubt, however, that it was a jolly rousing reception, and that thousands of boys and girls have eagerly awaited the arrival of No. 2.

A good kick-off is half the battle; and not for one moment does the Editorial Staff mean to relax its efforts. Our programme for the ensuing weeks will be a full and flourishing one. I am already submerged in a welter of short stories, comic articles, sketches, and poems; and to me, as Editor, is allotted the task of separating the wheat from the tares. The best—and only the best—will be published in "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD." Contributions which fall short of the standard required will either be returned to the senders, or consigned to the yawning depths of the waste-paper basket. Sounds heartless, perhaps; but we are out to make this paper a bumper success, and to run it on sentimental lines would be sheer folly.

A CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY!

THE Editor of the Companion Papers asks me to announce that any reader of the "HERALD," whatever his rank or station, may contribute to our pages. Before sending in contributions, however, readers will be well advised to study the length and style of the present features, so that they may see exactly what is wanted. Stories and articles should be short, snappy, and full of life. We have no use for long-winded, Alonzo Toddish dissertations (good word, that!).

If you feel, therefore, that you have a talent for writing, go ahead; but here are three "don'ts" which you should observe:

1. Don't expect to see your contribution in the following week's issue.
2. Don't threaten the life of the Editor for failing to meet your demands.
3. Don't be discouraged if your maiden effort comes back to you. You may miss the target with your first shot; with your next you may score a bulls-eye!

Au revoir until next week!

HARRY WHARTON.



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER

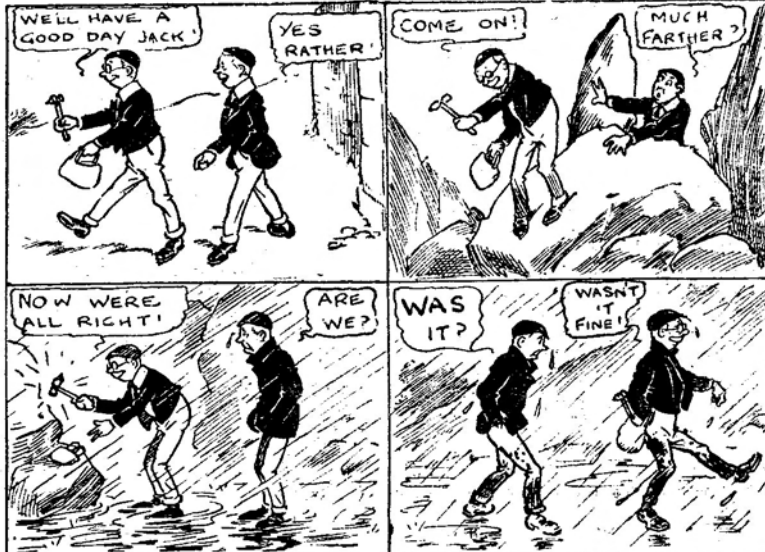


ARTHUR A. DARCY

Our Weekly Cartoon.



Specially Drawn by FRANK NUGENT



No. 2. "TYPES WE MEET."

The fellow who collects fossils, bits of rocks, etc., who persuades one to accompany him on one of his rambles, promising an enjoyable half-holiday. This is probably the kind of enjoyment one gets.

My Weekly Interview.

This Week

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy



"DELIGHTED to see you, deah boy! Step wight in!"

Encouraged by this cheery greeting, I advanced into No. 6 Study on the Fourth-Form passage at St. Jim's.

"To what, pway, do I owe the pleasuah of this visit?" inquired Arthur Augustus.

In a few mumbling words I explained that I was the special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald."

"I have been detailed by the editor to—see you," I stammered.

Arthur Augustus reclined at ease in the armchair.

"Take a good look, deah boy!" he said.

I surveyed my guest with admiration and awe. He was indeed the glass of fashion and the mould of form. His clothes could only have been cut in the finest tailoring emporium in Bond Street. His shoes were of patent leather, and were surmounted with spotless spats. His tie was wrought in divers colours, and from it glittered a most dazzling tie-pin.

Nor was this all. The great Gussy did not resemble the village blacksmith, of whom it was said that

"His hair was crisp and black and long;

His face was like a pan,"

or words to that effect. Gussy's hair was carefully brushed back over his noble head, and from it issued a strong scent of paraffin-oil. His features bore the repose of Vere de Vere, and a monocle depended from his glowing eye.

"Am I indeed in the presence of the Great One?" I murmured.

"Weally, deah boy—"

"Verily, thou art of the nuts nutty. From which pawnshop, might I ask, did you obtain this weird and wonderful rig-out?"

Arthur Augustus bristled up.

"I am not in the habit," he said stiffly, "of visitin' such low wesorts as pawnshops. My Bond Street tailah is responsible for my clobber!"

"Well, it's certainly very dazzling," I said. "Sort of hits you in the face. You remind me of that fellow in Longfellow's poem—King Robert of Sicily, you know."

My companion melted at once.

"You mean the johnnay who was

'Appawwelled in magnificent attire, With wetiuee of many a knight an' squiah?'"

"That's the merchant," I responded. "My hat! I only wish I could make myself half as elegant as you! How is it done?"

"Perfectly simple, deah boy.

You buy ninety-nine suits—"

"Eh?"

"An' wear sixty for the wintah, an' thirty-nine for the summah!"

"Great Scott!"

"You wear one suit for lessons, another for walkin'-out, a fweh one for cyclin', an' a different one again for studay-waidin'. You also wear a special dinnah-jacket, an' you change your fancy vest thirteen times a day."

"A most unlucky proceeding!" I remarked.

"Not at all, deah boy!"

"And which suit are you wearing now?" I inquired.

"This," said Arthur Augustus, beaming with pride, "is my vewy best dwess-suit."

"Oh! I was hoping it was your walking-out garb."

"Why, deah boy?"

"Because I want you to walk out as far as the tuck-shop, and treat me to a few glasses of ginger-pop. I've biked all the way from Greyfriars, and I've got a shocking thirst."

My host rose at once.

"We will wemedy that at once," he said. "Why didn't you tell me befoah? I will awrange for you to sample Mrs. Taggles's vewy stwongest gingah-beer. Pway come with me!"

Together we went along the passage, very snug and inviting. I noticed that Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther—the Terrible Three—were hanging around outside.

My suspicions were confirmed when we reached the tuck-shop. The door was a little way ajar, and when you see a door a little way ajar you begin to wonder what's on top of it.

"After you, Gussy," I said.

The swell of St. Jim's pushed open the door of the tuck-shop, and then

Swish! Swoooooosh!

A sticky compound of soot and ink and treacle, which had been poised on the top of the door, came down with a rush, almost obliterating Arthur Augustus from view.

You should have heard Gussy splutter! You should have seen the Terrible Three's chivvies! They had intended that little booby-trap for me. "Gwoooogh! My togs! They are ruined!" gasped Gussy.

I saw that he was not in a position to stand treat just then, so I paid for my own ginger-pop. And then, with a cheery nod to the baffled practical jokers, I set out on my homeward journey, leaving Arthur Augustus to sort himself out as best he could.

(Next Week's Interview: BESSIE BUNTER, of Cliff House.)

TROUBLE ON THE TELEPHONE

By DICK PENFOLD

Dr. Locke: Give me Friardale 218.
Operator: Sorry, sir; you'll have to wait.

Dr. Locke: But my time is very precious!

Operator: China tea will now refresh us!

Dr. Locke: Will you please attend to me

Ere you have your cup of tea?
Operator: Sorry; can't be done, you know!

(Kindly pass the sugar, Flo!)

Dr. Locke (in exasperation): Have you nothing else to do

But to screen yourself from view, With a cup of China tea

Resting on your languid knee?
Operator: You are rude, sir! Just you wait!

Dr. Locke (shedding pools of perspiration): Give me Friardale 218!

Operator: Rats!

Dr. Locke: Take the tea-cup from your lap—

Telephone: Buz-z-z-z-z! Snap!

Dr. Locke: Really, miss, you've deafened me!

Operator: Don't be rude in future—see?

Dr. Locke: I am most annoyed with you!

Operator: Keep your wool on, sir—you're through!

Voice over the wires: Are you there?
Dr. Locke: Of course I am!

Pray, is that the Reverend Lambe?
Voice: No, it's Colonel Egremont.

What the thunder do you want?
Dr. Locke: Really, I am sorry, Colonel—

Voice: These mistakes are most infernal!

Dr. Locke: Sir, it is the operator!

Voice: Why the dickens don't you slate her?

Dr. Locke: Friardale 218, at once!

Operator: Sha'n't be long, you dear old dunce!

Voice: Who's that silly fathead ringing?

Dr. Locke: Really, your remarks are stinging!

Voice: Speak up, chump; I'm very busy.

Do you want to talk to Lizzie?
Dr. Locke: Oh, my head is in a whirl!

Voice: Lizzie is our chorus-girl!

Dr. Locke: Is the Reverend Lambe at home?

Voice: This is Courtfield Hippodrome!

Dr. Locke: Give me Friardale 218!

Operator: Line's engaged; you'll have to wait!

Dr. Locke: Miss, your rudeness overpowers!

Operator: Sha'n't be more than fifteen hours!

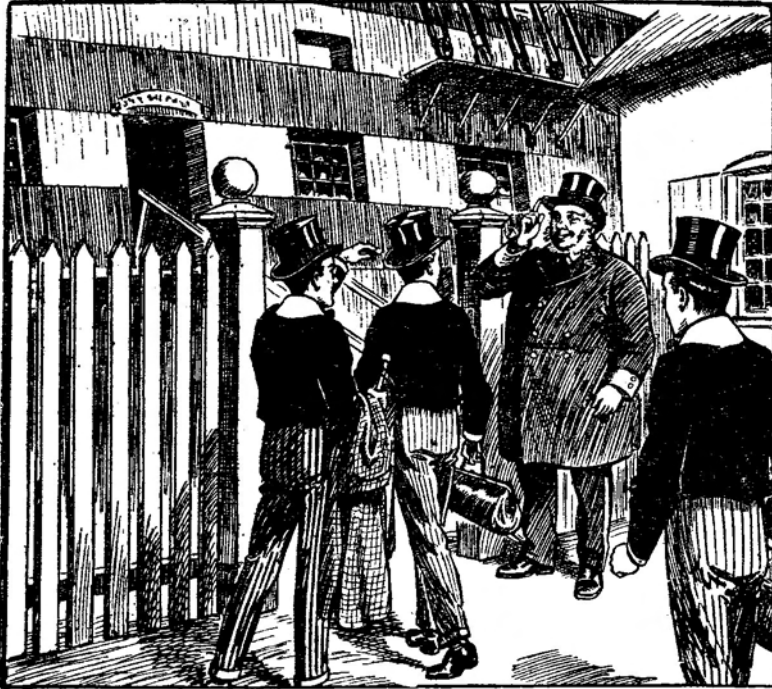
(Sudden collapse of Dr. Locke. Next morning the special representative of "The Greyfriars Herald" discovered a broken and disconnected telephone lying in the Close!)

THE BOYS OF THE BENBOW

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

OWEN CONQUEST

Author of the Famous Rookwood School Stories



Old Coots, the porter, was leaning against the gate, smoking his pipe. He touched his hat to the juniors as they came up. Vernon Daubeny waved a gloved hand to him. "Anybody arrived yet, Coots?" he asked.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. A New Chum.

"THIS right for Kingsford Junction?"

Jack Drake started.

The St. Winifred's junior had been plunged in a deep and gloomy reverie, as the train rattled on. He had had the carriage to himself so far, and he had hardly noticed that the train had stopped in a station. The carriage door was opened, and a boy in Etons was looking in.

Drake glanced at him, not over-pleased by the interruption to his thoughts, gloomy as they were.

"Yes," he grunted.

"Thanks."

The new-comer stepped into the carriage, closing the door after him. The train moved on.

He sat down in the corner seat opposite Jack Drake. The latter regarded him rather curiously. It was the opening day of the term at St. Winifred's, and St. Winny's fellows were converging on Kingsford Junction from all points of the compass. Drake wondered whether the stranger was a new fellow for the School on the River.

He was a fellow of about Drake's own age, with a rather handsome and slightly sunburnt face, good-natured in its expression. He was very neatly and carefully dressed, but Drake, who was one of the best-dressed fellows at St. Winny's, did not need telling that his clothes had

not been made by a London tailor. And he was wearing a cap—quite a contrast to Drake's own glossy topper. Toppers were not much worn at the School on the River but it was invariable for a fellow to turn up on the first day of term in a topper. If this fellow was going to St. Winny's, he was breaking an unwritten law.

Perhaps Drake had had, after all, enough of his own gloomy reflections for he found himself interested in his companion, as the train ran on towards Kingsford. The lad opposite glanced up, met his eyes, and smiled. "I dare say you're going to St. Winifred's, too," he remarked.

Drake nodded.

"So you're goin' there?" he asked.

READ THIS!

Jack Drake has fallen among a very wealthy and easy-going set at St. Winifred's, which includes the three "Bucks," Vernon Daubeny, Egan and Torrence. On the last day of the vacation at home, however, he learns that his father is a ruined man, and that his own name has been put down for the Foundation Scholarship of the School. Resentful at first, Jack finally sets out with a high heart to face his changed life at the School on the River.

"Yes, are you a new boy, too?"
"No fear! I was at St. Winny's before it was shifted to the old ship in the Chadway," said Drake. "I started there in the Second Form. I'm in the Fourth now."

"I'm going into the Fourth. My name's Rodney—Dick Rodney."

"Mine's Drake."

"Jolly curious thing, a school on a ship, isn't it?" said Rodney, cheerfully disposed for conversation. "No end of a lark."

"It's a bit out of the common," said Drake. "They found out that the foundations at St. Winifred's were unsafe, and the school had to be shifted in a hurry. Some of us expected a long holiday, but we didn't get it. The Head lost no time in getting new quarters. Know anybody at St. Winny's?"

Rodney shook his head.

"No; what's the name of the ship?"

"The Benbow. Old wooden war-ship, you know," explained Drake. "A good bit more than a hundred years old, but as sound as a bell. It went through a lot of sea-fights in Nelson's time. It was used once as a training-ship; but it was going to be broken up, and the Head snapped it up for us. The old cabins are turned into masters' studies and there's no end of new studies rigged up between decks. It's a jolly place, quite as jolly as St. Winny's in the old days—"

Drake paused, and his brow clouded. St. Winny's was not likely to be very jolly for him now, in his changed circumstances. He was going back there to work—to work hard for the first time in his life. He had promised to work his hardest to win the Foundation Scholarship. He did not regret the promise—yet, at all events—but it weighed upon his mind.

In a short time now he would find himself among his old comrades—Daubeny of the Shell, and his merry set.

How was he going to face them—to let them know the truth—that he was now one of the poorest fellows on board the Benbow—as poor as Tuckey Toodles or that rank outsider, Raik?

His cheeks flushed at the thought.

"Oh, it's rotten!" he muttered, aloud. "It's rotten! Rotten! I—!" He broke off again, as he met Rodney's surprised glance, and his flush deepened.

"What's rotten?" asked Rodney. "You were just saying that it was jolly."

"Oh, nothing!"

"Seems to me it's ripping," said Rodney. "I was jolly glad when I heard that the school was on a ship. My father was a sailor."

"Was?" repeated Drake.

"He went down at Jutland," said Rodney, very quietly, and then he changed the subject immediately. "I suppose there are all sorts at St. Winifred's—poor as well as rich."

"Oh, yes!" said Drake. "I'm one of the former sort."

"You!" ejaculated Rodney in astonishment.

"Little me!" said Drake bitterly. "Wouldn't you have guessed it?"

"No, I certainly shouldn't," answered the new junior in surprise.

"You don't look it by any means. I dare say I do; but you certainly don't."

"I haven't exhausted my old wardrobe yet, you see," said Drake, in the same bitter, sardonic tone. "When I have, I shall look the part as well as I live it. So you're poor too, are you?"

"Quite!" answered his new companion with a smile. "I'm being taken at St. Winifred's at half-fees, as the son of an officer fallen in the war. But for that I couldn't be taken at all. It's a glorious chance for me; I'm going to make the most of it."

"Oh, you like work?"

"Not exactly—but I can work. I know I'm going to work hard enough to stop being a burden on the mater's pension," answered Rodney cheerfully. "If I can manage that by burning the midnight oil, I shan't spare it. It won't be all games for me at St. Winifred's."

"And you feel cheery about it?"

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't!"

Dick Rodney gave the elegant, well-dressed, handsome junior of St. Winifred's a very curious look.

"But surely you're pulling my leg," he exclaimed. "I should have taken you for a chap who's never known the need of money."

"You'd have been right up to yesterday," said Drake miserably. "Only yesterday I was chuckin' away quids—never dreamin' I'd ever be short of tin. And then—oh, it's rotten!"

He stared fiercely out of the window, his brows knitted, at the woods deep in the brown of autumn.

"I'm sorry!" said Rodney. "It must be a bit of a change for you."

"A bit of a change!" echoed Drake savagely. "It's more than that. I wonder what the fellows will say—chip me very likely, some of them! What will Daub and the rest say when they know my father's a ruined man? Turn their backs on me, as likely as not! Oh, it's rotten! It will be the talk of the school for days, I dare say."

"It does seem rough."

Drake glanced sharply at the new junior; but he read only kindness and sympathy in his look. The fellow was a stranger to him; but he could sympathise; and Drake more than doubted whether he would get anything but patronising commiseration, if not the cut direct from the "Bucks" of St. Winifred's, his old comrades. In his lonely despondency, he felt his heart warm towards the poorly-dressed, sunburnt lad opposite.

"By gad!" he said, "you're goin' to work, Rodney—and I've got to work now, whether I like it or not. I can't keep on with that gang of slackers if I'm goin' to sap, even if they wanted me to. Look here, if we could dig together—that's a good idea!—we could keep each other up to the mark, what?"

"I'd like nothing better," said Rodney cheerily.

"It's a go, then?"

"Certainly, if you like!"

"Good man!"

The two juniors shook hands.

There was something in Rodney's

frank face that inspired confidence. Half unconsciously, Jack Drake found himself telling his new friend of what had happened to him—of the crushing blow that had fallen upon his father, and upon his own prospects. Of his promise to his mother, and his determination to keep it, come what might. And his determination to keep that promise grew stronger as he talked.

Instinctively he realised that this quiet, resolute lad was the friend he needed at St. Winifred's—the fellow whose association, and example, would keep him up to the mark, and help him to keep his word.

And the two juniors were chatting away cordially, as if they had known one another for whole terms, when the train stopped at last, and a porter's hoarse voice sang out:

"Kingsford Junction!"

Back to School.

THERE was a crowd on the platform at the junction.

St. Winifred's fellows of all sorts and sizes, crowded the station, waiting for the local train that was to bear them to the school.

Drake looked out as he threw open the carriage door, exchanging smiles and nods with fellows he knew.

"Here's the St. Winny's crowd, Rodney," he said. "Hallo Toodles! So you've turned up again, as slovenly as ever!"

"Hallo, Drake, dear old boy!" said Tuckey Toodles affectionately. "Let me give you a hand down, my dear old chap!"

And a youth with a spotted collar, and baggy knees, came scudding up to the carriage door. Evidently that youth thought a great deal of Jack Drake, and regarded him as a fellow whom it was delightful to honour. He extended a decidedly grubby hand to him.

"I've missed you awfully in the vac, old fellow," he said, "you can't imagine how pleased I am to see you again."

"Never mind, your pleasure won't last long, Toodles."

"Won't it?"

"No, I'm stony!"

"You stony?" ejaculated Toodles.

"Quite."

"You've been backing horses in the vac," said Toodles with a shake of the head. "I told you so, Drake! Never mind; rely on me! I'll see you through!"

"But I mean it," grunted Drake. "Stony—don't you catch on? Stony? You know what stony means?"

Toodles gave him a sharp, searching look. Then he appeared to realise that Drake was speaking in earnest.

"Excuse me—I'm looking for dear old Daub!" he exclaimed hurriedly.

And the slovenly youth melted away in the crowd.

Jack Drake laughed—a bitter laugh.

"Who's that chap?" asked Rodney.

"That's Toodles of the Fourth," said Drake, with a curl of the lip.

"He shares my study on the Benbow. Last term he would have let me tread on him, if I'd wanted to. This term—pah!"

He jumped from the carriage, and Rodney followed him out. There was

a surge in the well-dressed crowd, and three elegant fellows came to join Drake—Daubeny and Co. of the Shell.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Daubeny. "Lookin' for you, Drake."

"Here we are again!" grinned Torrence.

"The car's waitin', old boy," remarked Egan.

"The car!" repeated Drake.

Daubeny of the Shell nodded and smiled.

"Yaas, we're not goin' by the local train. Too jolly slow! We had to wait for you, old top, so I improved the shinin' hour by telephonin' for a car. Thoughtful of me, what? Come on!"

"But—" began Drake.

"Oh, come on!"

"I've got a friend here," said Drake, "a new chap—Rodney—"

The "Bucks" of St. Winifred's glanced carelessly at Dick Rodney. Daubeny jammed his eyeglass a little more tightly in his eye, as if to take a better survey of him. Rodney coloured a little. He was aware that

these well-dressed, wealthy fellows "sized him up" at a single glance, and were surprised—and not pleased—to find that Drake had made friends with him. There certainly was no room for a poor scholar in Daub's expensive set at St. Winifred's.

"Awfully sorry, there's only room for four in the car, an' we're four," drawled Daubeny. "I'm sure your—ahem—friend will excuse us, Drake. This way, dear boy."

"But—"

"We can talk in the car, you know—dashed crowd here. Let's get out of this."

Vernon Daubeny took Drake's arm, and Egan took his other arm. Rodney did not speak or stir.

Drake gave him an irresolute glance.

"You'll excuse me, Rodney?" he stammered.

"Certainly!"

The next moment Rodney was lost in the crowd. Jack Drake was marched out of the station by his affectionate chums.

His cheeks were burning.

He was aware that he had treated Rodney shabbily; and after that friendly talk in the train the new fellow had probably expected Drake to stand by him, and help him through his first day at a strange school. It had been Drake's intention to do so, and to make arrangements for Rodney to "dig" with him on the Benbow.

And here he was, walking out of the station with his laughing comrades, and Dick Rodney already lost to sight. Drake hesitated, but his comrades did not even notice his hesitation; they walked him on. And all the time Drake knew, rather than suspected, that his greeting would have been very different if Daub and Co. had only known the facts. They would have left him to Rodney's society willingly enough then.

Outside the station, in the autumn sunlight, a big car was waiting, with a chauffeur standing by. Drake paused.

"I—" he began.

"Jump in, old top!"

"That chap—Rodney—"

"Now, my dear fellow," said Vernon Daubeny, "don't be funny. Have you been cultivatin' a new an' remarkable sense of humour in the vac? You haven't made friends with that fellow?"

"But I have——"
"Did you notice his clothes?" demanded Daubeny.

"Bother his clothes!"
"Who the merry thump is he?" said Egan. "Some poor rotter shovin' himself into the school on a scholarship?"

"Looks like it," said Torrence. "What's St. Winny's comin' to? Dash it all, Drake, don't play the goat! Think of your friends before you chum up with a pushin' outsider like that."

"But——"
"The dear old boy is soft," said Daubeny. "Always was! Just the sort of good-natured ass a pushin' boulder would fasten on to, poor old chap! But we're goin' to rescue him."

"Hear, hear!"
"Look here!" began Drake hotly.

Daubeny waved his hand.

"All serene, Drake! We're rescuin' you from undesirable acquaintances. Jump in! This way!"

Half-resisting, Drake was helped into the car. He cast a glance towards the station, but Rodney was not to be seen. Jack settled down on the soft cushions of the car. After all, it couldn't be helped. He would see Rodney later, on the ship, and explain. The chauffeur was at the wheel, and the big car glided away. There was a pounding of footsteps in the road, and a crimson-faced junior rushed in pursuit.

"Hold on, Daub! Stop for me!" bawled Tuckey Toodles. "I've been looking for you everywhere."

"Look again, old top!" replied Daubeny with a chuckle. "Room for one more, old fellow—dear old boy——"
"Seat!"

The car put on speed, leaving the unfortunate Toodles hopelessly behind. He stood in the road and shook a grubby fist.

"Yah! Snob!" he howled.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The car glided on, and turned into a country road. In the distance ahead a gleam of the river could be caught now and then—the silvery Chadway, rippling on its way to the sea. Jack Drake felt his spirits rising as the big car rushed on. For the last time, he felt himself his old self—one of the best set at St. Winifred's.

And in the car there was the opportunity he wanted of explaining to his old comrades the change in his for-

tones. He had to tell them sooner or later and he had been feeling an anxious impatience to tell them and get it over and done with. What reception the news would get, he could hardly imagine; but he had an instinctive feeling that the cordial smiles would fade away, and the cheery atmosphere would take on a freezing temperature. But it had to be!

But the task was difficult—unpleasant. His companions were chatting away in the old style—talking of their exploits in the vacation—evidently never dreaming that Jack Drake was no longer one of themselves.

Drake sat silent. He was waiting for an opportunity, he told himself—a favourable opportunity. But when opportunities came, he did not take them.

After all—A new thought came into his mind. He was ashamed of it, but it lingered. After all, why need they know?

weren't, why should he put them to the test and expose himself to cool insolence. After all, the least said, the soonest mended. Already he was bitterly regretting that he had talked so freely to Dick Rodney in the train. But Rodney did not look like the tattling sort; he would keep his mouth shut—especially if he was asked.

"Penny for 'em, old nut," said Daubeny, with a grin.

Drake started and flushed.
"I—I was thinkin'——"
"Don't!" said Torrence solemnly. "I'm going to work this term," said Drake feebly. "I—I'm thinkin' of goin' in for a scholarship."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I mean it!" exclaimed Drake.

"Poor old Jacky!" said Daubeny, with deep commiseration. "The old folks at home—what? Roman parent, and all that! I understand—I've been there! But it will wear off, Drake—it will wear off in a day or two. The giddy stern parent's out of sight now—out of sight, out of mind, you know. Cheer up!"

"We'll help you to forget all about it, old boy," said Torrence.

"Depend on us!" grinned Egan. "We'll stand by you, Jack. We'll see that you don't injure your health faggin' after disgustin' scholarships! Leave them to rank outsiders like Estcourt."

"But——"
"Light up, dear boys," said Daubeny, producing his cigarette-case. "No danger of bein' spotted by the beaks here. Hallo, Drake, aren't you smoking?"
"N-u-no!"

"What rot! Light up!"

And the four juniors were smoking as the car ran on. The cigarettes were pitched away at last, as they came in sight of the tall mainmast of the Benbow showing over the trees.



Rodney of the Fourth looked down on the fallen "nuts" grimly. "Want any more?" he asked.

He was not called upon to make his private affairs the talk and tattle of the Benbow. They knew nothing yet—why need they know? Without telling anyone of his changed circumstances, he could work—work hard—and keep the promise he had made at home. He could do that without ceasing to be "somebody" in the Lower School—without dropping into the unconsidered insignificance of fellows like Toodles, and Raik, and Sawyer.

Why need he explain? He could dodge expensive "stunts," somehow the plea of work could cover all that. Why need he explain?

He did not confess to himself that he dreaded the cold stares, the ironic smiles and shrugs of the "Bucks" of St. Winifred's. Perhaps they were good pals after all, and if they

Straight From the Shoulder.

DAUBENY AND CO. were the first of the St. Winifred's crowd to arrive. They turned out of the car where the lane ended on the open bank of the Chadway. Brown woods shut in the view on all sides; over the trees, in the distance, there was a blur of smoke from the village of Chade, where the local train stopped. Before the juniors lay the shining Chadway, glistening in the autumn sun; on either side the eye followed long silvery reaches between wooded banks. Close ahead of them lay the old Benbow at her moorings.

Changed as the good old ship was from the old days when she had

swept the seas under Nelson's flag, she was a goodly sight for the eyes to rest upon. The great masts still stood, with most of their spars, though the canvas was no longer there. Where the guns had looked out in former days were now the windows of school-boys' studies, tier over tier. Round the great hull of the old warship the river rippled and murmured. Jack Drake's face lighted up as he looked at the ship. He was glad to be back at St. Winifred's again—at the School on the River. He breathed more deeply as he caught the salt flavour in the wind up the river, from the distant sea.

"After all, it's jolly!" he said.

"Oh, yaas!" assented Daubeny. "Jolly enough. We're goin' to have some good times this term, my boy. There's difficulties here we never had at old St. Winny's—not so jolly easy to get out after lights out—but where there's a will there's a way."

"Oh, quite!" yawned Torrence.

"That won't bother me, Daub. I'm not goin' in for breakin' bounds this term."

Daubeny smiled.

"Wait an' see!" he answered.

They passed the football ground, on the river bank, and sauntered on to the big gangway that gave admittance to the Benbow. The gangway was a permanent construction from the bank to the lower deck of the Benbow. There was a gate at the entrance, and a timber cottage, where the old porter at St. Winifred's had his dwelling. The gate stood wide open now, and old Coote, the porter, was leaning against it, smoking his pipe. He touched his hat to the juniors as they came up. Vernon Daubeny waved a gloved hand to him.

"Anybody arrived yet, Coote?" he asked. "We're early. Head turned up?"

"Not yet, sir. Mrs. Tweedie's on board, and Mr. Packe."

"Good old Packe!" said Daubeny, "I suppose we had better go an' pay our respects to Packey."

"Oh, yaas!" said Egan.

The juniors walked on board.

They found Mr. Packe on the main deck. That gentleman was master of the Fourth Form of St. Winifred's. The juniors saluted him very respectfully, and Mr. Packe signed to Drake as his companions walked on. The Fourth-Former dropped behind, with a sulky look already growing on his face. Mr. Packe had on what the juniors called his lecturing look.

"I am glad to see you are looking so well, Drake," said Mr. Packe. "I have heard from your father. It appears that you are entering for the Foundation Scholarship this term. Your name is down."

"Yes, sir."

"I trust, Drake, that you will make a very different showing this term from last. I was surprised when I found that your name was entered. But if you really intend to work, my boy, you have my best wishes, and you can count upon any assistance I can render. I hope this means a new start, Drake—a new and better one."

"Oh," said Drake, rather surprised by that kindness from the

usually cold and self-contained Form-master. "I—I'm very much obliged to you, sir. I'm going to do my very best."

"I am glad to hear it, Drake. I believe you have every chance of success if you do that."

"Thank you, sir."

Drake followed his companions. The juniors found Mrs. Tweedie, the matron, in her room at the after end of the lower deck, where they delivered the usual doctors' certificates for inspection and left their bags. Then they strolled along to Vernon Daubeny's quarters. The Shell studies were forward on the lower deck, and the Shell went three or four to a study—there was no room to waste on the Benbow. The old portholes had been enlarged to windows, and the rooms were well lighted. Daubeny and Co. shared No. 3—and Jack Drake, the previous term, had spent as much time there as in his own quarters in the Fourth. Wooden bulkheads divided the rooms, and the bulkheads in Daubeny's room were adorned with pictures, mostly of a rather sporting variety. There was an expensive carpet on the floor, and a gilt-framed mirror over a dressing-table. Daubeny glanced round the room with some satisfaction.

Then he called down the passage.

"Boy!"

A grinning youth in buttons answered the call.

"I see you've been lookin' after my quarters," said Daubeny. "Good man! Have you got what I told you?"

"It's in the locker, sir."

"Good! You can cut, Tony!"

"Ye-sir."

"What's Tony been layin' in for you, Daub?" asked Egan.

"Only a few smokes. An' some tuck. Hallo, there comes the giddy mob!"

There was a sound of buzzing voices on the bank, and the tramping of feet on the gangway. St. Winifred's had arrived—at least, a good contingent of them.

"Sit down, Drake!" said Daubeny. "Nothin' to go up for. Our friends will call an' pay their respects. Call-over won't be for some time; the whole mob isn't here yet."

"I—I was thinkin' of that new chap—"

"What new chap?" Apparently the great Daub had already forgotten the existence of Dick Rodney.

"Rodney, you know—"

"That shabby bounder at the station? Never mind him!"

"He may be shabby, but he's not a bounder," said Drake, colouring. "The fact is, I think I'll get along to my quarters."

"No hurry for that!"

"I'm going to get Rodney into my study, you see," explained Drake. "We've arranged to dig together this term."

"By gad! Has the blessed outsider fastened on you to that extent?"

"It's not like that—"

Vernon Daubeny waved his hand. "It is like that—just like that, dear boy," he interrupted. "We can't have this. My advice is to give the bounder a wide berth."

"I can't! I don't want to, either. We're going to work together—"

"You—sap?"

"Yes, if you like to call it that."

"Old man, we were lookin' forward to such good times this term," said Egan, quite pathetically. "You're not going back on your old pals?"

"But—you see—" It was on Drake's lips to tell his old pals the reason why he was "going back" on them. But he did not. The longer he put off that difficult task, the more difficult he found it to face.

Daubeny closed one eye at Egan.

"Leave him to me," he said. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Drake. You squat down here, and I'll go and find your new chum an' bring him here. We'll make much of him, an' make him one of ourselves. There!"

"You're a good sort, Daub," said Drake gratefully, much relieved.

"Don't mench, old fellow. You come with me, Egan. You others look in the locker an' get out what's there."

Daubeny and Egan left the study. In the corridor without, Egan looked at his companion very dubiously.

"I suppose you're spoofin'," he remarked; "you're not goin' to ask that shabby outsider into our quarters, Daub?"

Daubeny's lip curled contemptuously.

"Hardly," he answered. "Drake's soft, that's all; an' I'm goin' to put a spoke in the wheel. That shabby cad has fastened on him—I know the kind he is. I've seen these traces of the goody-goody stunt in Drake before—he hasn't always been easy to handle. We're not goin' to let him fall under bad influences!"

"Bad!" murmured Egan.

"That's the word. Come on, we've got to find that fellow Rodney."

"Not to ask him to the study?"

"I fancy he wouldn't care to come to the study, after what I'm goin' to say to him."

Egan chuckled and followed his comrade up to the main deck.

They found themselves in the midst of a crowd of buzzing St. Winifred's fellows. There were friendly calls to Daubeny on all sides—Vernon Daubeny was a great man in the Lower School. He received some friendly nods, too, from the Fifth and Sixth-Form fellows. But Daubeny did not heed his friends; he was looking for Dick Rodney. He found the new junior at last; in company with Tuckey Toodles; for whose company, however, he did not seem to be showing any great yearning.

"I'll show you the way, Rodney, dear old boy," Toodles was remarking. "You come down here—these steps—to the stewards' quarters—"

"But I don't want to see the steward."

"That's where you get the tuck—the canteen, we call it," explained Toodles, "like the tuck-shop at old St. Winny's, you know. I'll tell you what to get, and what to pay for it. I'll see you through, you know."

"Thanks. I don't want—"

"Oh, here you are!" said Daubeny, tapping Dick Rodney lightly on the shoulder.

Rodney glanced round, looking at him inquiringly.

"Well?" he said.
 "I want to speak to you, kid," said Daubeny.

"Speak away, then."
 "Come along with me a minute or two, will you? Egan, dear boy, will you kick Toodles down the steps."
 "Certainly!" said Egan.

Tuckey Toodles scudded off without waiting to be kicked. Rodney, in some surprise, allowed Daubeny to lead him along to the form-rooms. The junior form-rooms were aft, on the main deck, and that part of the old Benbow was quite deserted. In the form-room passage, out of sight of the St. Winifred's crowd, Vernon Daubeny stopped. He turned his eyeglass upon the surprised face of the new boy, with so insolent an expression, that Rodney flushed angrily under his gaze.

"What do you want with me?" rapped out Rodney.

"Just a word or two, my fine fellow," said Daubeny, in a drawing tone. "I find that you've glued yourself on to a friend of mine. You needn't trouble to tell me who you are—I've sized you up. I know your sort. I've no doubt it suits your book to tie yourself on to one of the wealthiest fellows in the school, takin' advantage of his good nature. I've got a warnin' for you. It won't work."

Rodney's face was crimson.
 "You cheeky cad!" he burst out.
 "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," answered Daubeny, coolly. "It won't work! I'm not havin' my pal Drake plundered by a shabby outsider, my fine fellow; I tell you I know your game. You'll keep your distance. You squeezed some sort of a promise out of Drake to take you up, an' let you into his study, an' all that. You've got to sheer off. Drake's ashamed to own up, really, but I've seen how the matter stands—"

"Ashamed!" exclaimed Rodney.
 Daubeny nodded.

"Ashamed of havin' made friends with a sneakin', shabby cad!" he said deliberately. "He's asked me to let you know you can't dig with him. I'm lettin' you know—an' statin' my own opinion at the same time."

"Oh, quite!" yawned Egan.
 Rodney's eyes blazed.

"If Drake gave you that message, he's as big a cad as you are!" he exclaimed. "But I don't believe it. You're lying!"

"What!" shouted Daubeny.
 "Lying!" said Rodney quietly. "I don't believe a word of it!"

Daubeny eyes blazed. He let his eyeglass drop to the end of its cord, and pushed back his cuffs.

"Listen to me, you shabby cad," he said between his teeth, "you've got to let Drake alone, do you understand?"

"That's for Drake to decide," said Rodney, disdainfully. "I certainly shan't take any orders from you."

"Mind, if you're seen speakin' a single word to Drake again, you're goin' to get the lickin' of your life."

"You'd better begin now, then, for I'm going to look for him," answered Rodney, coolly.

"That's enough! Back up, Egan—

we'll give the cad a raggin' to begin with, to teach him manners."

"Oh, quite!" chuckled Egan.

Dick Rodney backed away a step or two, casting a glance along the form-room passage. There was a buzz of voices in the distance, but there was no one in sight.

"So that's why you got me here?" he exclaimed scornfully.

"Mind he doesn't cut, Egan—"

"I'm not going to cut!" said Rodney. His hands went up as Vernon Daubeny made a rush at him.

"Would you?"
 The Shell fellow was nearly a head taller than the new junior. He rushed on him, to corner him in the end of the passage where a window looked out on the river, and there to hammer him to his heart's content.

But Daubeny of the Shell was a little out of his reckoning.

He found his lunging blows knocked aside, and something that seemed like a lump of iron—but which was Rodney's clenched fist—came on his nose with terrific impact.

Daubeny of the Shell staggered



The two juniors shook hands.

back, with a red spurt from his noble nose.

"Ow! Oooch!"
 Rodney, his hands still up, eyed him warily. Daubeny dabbed his nose with a cambric handkerchief, which came away crimson. His eyes were burning with rage.

"Back up, Egan, you ass!" he muttered.

"I'm with you, Daub."

And the two "Bucks" of St. Winifred's rushed on Rodney together. The new junior backed away a couple of paces, his hands up, his eyes watchful. There was a squeak from the end of the passage. It came from Tuckey Toodles.

"Hallo! My hat! Go for him, Daub, dear old boy! Shall I help you? I'll see you through."

Crash! Bump! Rodney had stopped backing, and his fists were in rapid play. Two to one, the angry "Bucks" should certainly have succeeded in "downing" the new junior. But it did not happen. The sailor's son was made of sterner stuff than the elegant "Bucks" of the Shell. His fist came home on Daubeny's already injured nose, in the same place, and the great Daub uttered a howl of anguish as he went headlong to the floor. At the same moment, Rodney received a drive from Egan—hardly noticing it. He returned it with a hot attack; and in

a few seconds, Egan of the Shell was sprawling beside his leader.

There was a chorus of gasps and howls from the fallen "Bucks."

Rodney of the Fourth looked down on them grimly.

"Want any more?"
 "Ow! Ow! Gerraway! Ow!"
 "Gerraway, you hooligan! Ow!"

Dick Rodney shrugged his shoulders, and walked away up the passage—and Tuckey Toodles melted away as he came. And Rodney, with a smile on his face, strolled back to the main deck.

THE END.

("JACK DRAKE'S ORDEAL" will be Next Tuesday's rattling yarn of the School on the River. The time to order your copy is—NOW!)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

By MONTY LOWIHER
 The Mirth-Maker of St. Jim's

A. A. D'A.—You want to know how to mark table-linen? Try upsetting the gravy!

"Half-Back."—We are grieved to learn that Knox of the Sixth received such a severe biff on the back of the head with a football that the "bawl" came out of his mouth!

"Adolphus" (Rookwood).—Sorry to hear you lost your best Sunday topper during the storm the other night. It must have been a great "blow."

"Coker the Joker" (Greyfriars).—
 "How can I avoid sooperfluous here on my upper lipp?" Shave, my dear fellow, shave!

P. Mellish.—Sorry to hear that someone has taken your fretwork-vice. At the same time, we are glad to note this sudden improvement in your character. You've lost your vice!

"Baggy."—Should advise you not to eat too many dates, unless you want to grow up to be an almanac!

G.A.G.—What is the difference between a sailor and a pugilist? One is lashed to the mast, and the other mashed to the last.

Bob Cherry (Greyfriars).—Hallo, hallo, hallo! We seem to be getting a whole crop of conundrums! Why is Loder of the Sixth like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to!

Bessie B. (Cliff House).—So you intend doing some fancy-work for a local bazaar? The news surprises us, for we were under the impression that you didn't fancy work!

"Reddy" (New House).—The famous expression, "Oh, ask me not again!" must have been originated by Fatty Wynn, after he had eaten a record feed!



The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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



The Box-room Quarter Sessions opened on Wednesday before a packed house.

The most tempting item on the menu was the case in which Mr. Richard Penfold, the court poet, was the central figure. Accommodation was limited, the Grand Jury taking up its position in the first place.

A POET'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

Mr. Richard Penfold and his "Sugary Peach."

Mr. Richard Penfold, who had been remanded since Armistice Day, in order that further evidence might be collected by the Jotland Yard sleuth-hounds, appeared in the dock. There was considerable excitement in court when he shook his fist at Mr. Justice Wharton.

Magistrate: Be careful, my boy, or you will be charged with contempt of court!

Accused: Contempt of my grandmother!

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., the prosecuting counsel, said that the case was one of the gravest which had ever been dragged into court. The charge against accused was that he had corresponded with, flirted with, and made overtures to, Miss Phyllis Howell, a young lady residing at Cliff House School. No person has a right to fall in love unless he is over forty years of age, and possessed of an unlimited amount of splotch. The age of the accused is nearer four than forty, and his total resources amount to one-and-fourpence-halfpenny. Even the much-talked-of "love in a cottage" could not endure on such a pittance. Had the accused lost his heart to any other young lady—Miss Bessie Bunter, for instance—the charge would not have been pressed. In making overtures of affection to Miss Howell, however, he has poached on my own preserves. Miss Howell is not yet in love with anybody—she is much too sensible for that—but when she does fall in love, it will be with an eminent barrister—myself, for example. She will have no use for the likes of Mr. Richard Penfold.

Magistrate: My learned friend is taking a good deal for granted.

Mr. Cherry: Your learned friend is right on the wicket! Miss Howell is attached to nobody; but let it be clearly understood that I have first claim. If any fellow says otherwise—

Magistrate: Cut the cackle, and trot out the evidence!

Mr. Cherry: I have here several letters, written by the accused, and discovered by the members of the Greyfriars Secret Service. The authorities from Jotland Yard also took a hand. The first epistle—

Accused (indignantly): I strongly protest against my private correspondence being read in court!

Magistrate: You can protest till you're black in the face, my son, but

it will make no difference. These letters form a vital part of the evidence. Carry on, Mr. Cherry!

Mr. Cherry: The first letter begins "Dear Phyllis," and concludes "Your sincere friend, Dick." The accused was sparring for an opening. Eventually he made use of the most gushing terms of endearment. The fourth letter commences, "My Sugary Peach" (laughter) and ends, "Your devoted old bean, Dick." (Renewed laughter.) In the fifth letter, the accused fairly reaches his top note. Just listen to this flowery performance!

"I dream of you, my Phyllis,
When the rising-bell at morn
Clangs out its warning summons
To the weary and forlorn!
I dream of you, my Phyllis,
At morning, noon, and prep.
Am I fond of you, fair Phyllis?
My heart makes answer—'Yep!'"

Magistrate: That is worthy of Fisher T. Fish at his best. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: I should like the court to pay particular attention to the following verse, which proves that the accused, thanks to this love-affair, has acted like a slacker:

"When Quelch's gimlet optics
Do pierce me through and
through,
What do I care, my Phyllis?
My thoughts still turn to you!
When on the field I wallow
In football's muddy game,
I love you better than the goals
Which bring me praise and
fame!"

Magistrate: How any level-headed fellow can love a girl better than a game of football is beyond me.

Mr. Cherry: I could go on quoting indefinitely from these letters. They are all in the same strain—gushing and tender and soul-sobbing. The gentlemen of the jury will have no difficulty in arriving at a verdict of guilty—

Mr. Richard Russell, K.C. (for the defence) hercupon rose. The prosecution, gentlemen, he announced has failed utterly. The accused is taxed with corresponding with, flirting with, and making overtures to Miss Phyllis Howell.

Mr. Cherry: Deny it if you dare!

Mr. Russell: I do deny it, most emphatically! I have known my client for many terms, and he is not the sort of person to indulge in the Romeo and Juliet business.

Magistrate: Then how do you account for the letters which my learned friend has read aloud?

Mr. Russell: Those letters are part and parcel of a humorous article

which Mr. Penfold was in the act of writing for "The Greyfriars Herald." The members of the Greyfriars Secret Service, together with the Jotland Yard officials, pounced upon them, and foolishly regarded them as actual letters written by my client.

Magistrate: But the accused referred to the letters just now as his private correspondence!

Mr. Russell: That was because he didn't want parts of his humorous article to be read in public before "The Greyfriars Herald" appeared.

Mr. Cherry: Are you trying to pretend that the accused has never used terms of endearment to Miss Phyllis Howell?

Mr. Russell: I am sure he hasn't! Magistrate: Then Phyllis isn't his "sugary peach," after all?

Mr. Russell: Of course not, your worship! Only a silly ass like Mr. Cherry would think otherwise!

Mr. Cherry (heatedly): My only aunt! I—

Magistrate: Shush! Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence of both sides. You have heard extracts from letters which might or might not have been intended for Miss Phyllis Howell. That is for you to decide. Kindly climb up the chimney, one by one, and consider your verdict!

Foreman of the Jury (Mr. H. Vernon-Smith): If it's all the same to you, your worship, we'd rather stay where we are!

Magistrate: All serene, then! After a heated debate, lasting two hours and twenty-five minutes, the jury rose.

Magistrate (after being duly awakened by the court usher): Yaw-aw-aw! He's guilty, of course?

Foreman of Jury: We cannot agree, your worship.

Magistrate: Who is the obstinate member?

Foreman of Jury: Mr. George Bulstrode, your worship.

Magistrate: Just stick his head up the chimney until he makes up his mind!

Foreman (grinning): With pleasure, your worship!

Mr. Bulstrode was then thrust head-first up the chimney, amid cries of "Agree, you ass!" and "Fall in with our views!" At length, Mr. Bulstrode signified his agreement by kicking half a ton of soot into the faces of his fellow-jurors.

Foreman of Jury: Yah! Groo! Gug! We find the accused not guilty, your worship!

Accused: There would have been a few thick ears flying around if you hadn't!

Magistrate: Run away and pick flowers, my dear fellow! I am afraid you have been put to some inconvenience to attend court—

Accused: I should jolly well think I have! I had to engage Mr. Richard Russell, K.C., for my defence, and his fees are very high—fourpence-halfpenny, in fact.

Magistrate: Poor old chap! Help yourself liberally from the Waifs and Strays collection-box at your elbow!

Mr. Penfold was loudly cheered on leaving the dock.

(More Reports Next Tuesday.)

OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

Mr. Quelch (suddenly, to Percy Bolsover): "Who killed Julius Caesar?"

Bolsover, (tremulously): "I—if you p-p-please, sir, it wasn't m-m-me!"

Mr. Lascelles: "I wonder if you can give me a definition of a vacuum, Bulstrode?"

Bulstrode: "I can't express it, sir, but I have it in my head!"

Mr. Twigg: "Now, Nugent minor, answer the following question: If twelve boys plan to go to the circus, and four of them are told to stay at school, how many will attend the circus?"

Nugent minor: "Twelve, sir!"

Mr. Quelch: "Late again, Bunter! What excuse have you this time?"

Billy Bunter: "The slippery passages, sir. Every time I took a step I slipped back two."

Mr. Quelch: "Then how did you get here?"

Billy Bunter: "I started back for the dormitory, sir."

Thump! Rattley! Bang! Crash! went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, John?" shouted his father.

"Teacher gave me a book, 'First Steps in Music,'" said John.

"Well," replied his father, "just you step a little lighter on the keys."



BILLY BEETLE (poking his head out of the envelope): "I heard someone say this was an 'express' letter, but I haven't felt so much as a movement yet!"

Lord Herbert Mauleverer has compiled the following rules on table etiquette:

1.—Never eat peas with a knife without sand-papering the knife carefully.

2.—Never consume mulligatawny soup unless the gramophone is playing.

3.—Never consume soup with a fork for fear it leaks out and you fumble the soup.

Theatre manager: "Things don't seem to work together in your series of dramatic representations."

Actor: "They don't. When I play tragedy, they are a farce; and when I play farce, they are a tragedy."

The High Jumper: "Did I break it, doctor?"

Doctor: "I will be plain, sir. The arm is broken, collar bone crushed, skull fractured and—"

The High Jumper: "No, no! But did I break the—"

Doctor: "The what?"

The High Jumper: "The record!"



ASTRONOMER (reading): "A new star has been discovered, my son."

BERTIE (a lover of the Cinema): "Who is she, pa?"

Mr. Quelch: "An abstract noun is the name of something, we can think of, but cannot touch. Now give me an example, Penfold."

Penfold: "A red-hot poker, sir."

Shoeblick (to Billy Bunter at Courtfield railway station): "Shine yer boots, sir?"

Billy Bunter: "No thanks; I've got no money."

Shoeblick: "Come on, I'll shine 'em so as you can see your face in 'em."

Billy Bunter: "No, I tell you."

Shoeblick: "Yah, coward!"

Wingate (referreeing for juniors): "Look here, Skinner, if I see you trip anyone again, I'll order you off the field. I've been watching you all the time."

Skinner (impudently): "I thought so. I knew you weren't watching the game!"

Mrs. Kebble: "Why, Wun Lung, how did you catch that cold?"

Wun Lung: "Me dlinkce out of velly damp glass, I tinkee."

OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Orr Sports Editor
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Partly for the sake of novelty, and partly because our Sports Editor—Mr. H. Vernon Smith—is greatly over-worked, we are inviting football reports from casual spectators—and others. These reports may not reach a high journalistic standard, but they will certainly prove interesting.—H. W.

GREYFRIARS REMOVE V. THE ESTEEMED UPPER FOURTH

By HURREE SINGH

Having been crockfully injured, and unable to shoot for goal kickfully, I could not playfully turn out for the Remove in the above matchfulness. However, I watchfully surveyed the esteemed game from the touchful line, and am reportfully describing it in the best English language. (Carry me home to die!—Ed.)

Wharton and Temple, the esteemed and respective skippers, graspfully shook hands, and Wharton won the tossfulness. A gustful wind blew down the field roarfully, giving the Remove a greatful advantage.

In the first minute Wharton scorefully obtained the goalfulness, and his esteemed Cherryful chum performed the same caper.

The worthy Temple began to tear the hairfulness.

"We're two goals down in as many minutes!" he utterfully said. "Buck up, you fellows!"

The esteemed Upper Fourth played up with the mighty mainfulness after this. Dabney flukefully scored the goalfulness, and then Temple addfully obtained another. That made the scorefulness level. (Go hon!—Ed.)

"We shall lick these cheeky fags now!" said Temple grinfully. But he was countfully reckoning his chickens before the esteemed hatchfulness, as the English proverb hath it.

The scorefulness remained the same until half-time, when lemons were suckfully devoured.

The esteemed Upper Fourth had the wind in the second half. (They had the wind up, too!—Ed.) Again and again they swoopfully descended upon the Remove goal, but Bulstrode fistfully punched out the ball time and againfully.

The time flew fastfully. The game waxed hotfully. The excitement of the esteemed and ludicrous crowd was terrific. And so was the mudfulness!

Ten more minutes remained for playfulness, and the scorefulness was still equally level.

"Play up, Remove!"

As the last few seconds tickfully passed, the Cherryful chum racefully darted away with the ball, and bootfully secured the winning goalfulness.

Truly the age of miracles has returnfully come back, for the Remove won, in spite of the fact that I, Hurree Singh, took no part in the playfulness! (Probably that's why we won!—Ed.)

Verily, as the English poet observefully remarks, a football is a thing of booty and a toy for ever!

THE RED MAN'S TRAIL

A stirring serial story dealing with adventures amongst Redskins

By Mr. PAUL PONTIFEX PROUT

(Master of the Fifth Form.)

READ THIS FIRST.

Kit and Joe Desmond, two British boys whose father is a prisoner in the hands of the Redskins, are accompanying a convoy of emigrants across the prairies. Towards nightfall a horseman gallops up and warns them that a band of Redskins are moving towards Deer Springs, the only water for many miles. Silas Cobb, a Kentuckian and a leader of the convoy, demands the name of the stranger, who proves himself to be none other than Buck Dixie, the famous scout. Buck rides away, promising help in for y-eight hours, and the convoy moves on. As they near the springs, hideous yells rend the air and spurts of flame stab the darkness. Redskin and Paleface have arrived at the water together!

(Now read on)

Kit and Joe Desmond, peering through the gloom, saw the shadowy figures of the Navajo braves circling at a respectful distance round the convoy of waggons.

Their Indian ponies were travelling fast, and they were firing rather wildly at the white tilts of the waggons, which showed up plainly in the gloom.

Kit Desmond suddenly brought his rifle to his shoulder, and fired. An Indian threw up his arms and toppled heavily from his pony, which kept on following round in that wide circle, riderless.

The shadowy shape of the Indian did not rise from where it had fallen.

"That's one!" muttered Kit grimly.

Another of these ghostly shapes, which were about three hundred yards distant, rolled over from his pony. For a moment the boys thought he had been killed. Had the light been a little better, they would have seen that this Indian was merely taking cover behind the body of his pony as it galloped on in that wide ring of yelling braves.

There was a flash from under the horse, and a bullet raked through the top of Joe's hat, tilting it slightly on his head.

Joe had seen the flash in the darkness, and he followed that Indian with the sight of his rifle, which he had rubbed with a touch of phosphorous.

The rifle cracked as the Indian pulled himself up by the mane of his pony. And this time there was no feint when the savage rider dropped once more from the blanket on which he was seated.

The horse raced on riderless, and the feathered brave lay very still where he had fallen.

"One to me!" said Joe calmly.

Amidst the cracking of whips and



Uncle Baldy listened intently, his ear close to the ground. "Those varmints are going to make another attack," he muttered.

the lowing of the oxen and the creaking of the great wheels, the waggons were brought together to form a laager, their poles swung inwards so that the bodies of the waggons protected the animals and the occupants of the laager.

The boys fell back into this circle, and tethered their horses. Then, slipping under the bodies of the waggons, they fired rapidly on that circle of rapidly moving braves, who, taking advantage as much as they could of the folds of the ground, were firing inwards on the laager.

Luckily for the pioneers, the guns with which the Indians were armed were mostly trade guns, and the powder which they were using was home-made stuff, or American black powder adulterated with the output of the Redskin munition factories, which, consisting as they did of a few stone pestles and mortars, were not of a very high order.

The result of this was that the shooting of the Redskins was bad, nearly all their shots flying high over the tilts of the waggons.

Indeed, the boys saw one Redskin pitch head foremost off his pony, shot by a Redskin bullet which had been fired by some brave on the other side of that grim, narrowing circle of riders.

The Indian game was plain enough. The circle of riders and ponies was already narrowing, drawing in a tighter loop about the waggons.

Travelling at high speed, in bunches

of two and three, the Navajo braves relied on their invisibility in the night to protect them.

On the other hand, all their fire converged on that circle of waggons, and the bullets were flying thick over and across these.

Now and then they would rip through a waggon tilt or smack into the goods stowed in the vehicles.

Silas Cobb and his riders fired from under the waggons, keeping down the Redskin fire and keeping off the deadly closing of that circle of men and horses.

They knew that gun-fire would be followed by a more dangerous volley than bullets if they allowed their enemies to close in too much, for each brave was armed with bow and arrows, and there was more danger in a plunging shower of these deadly shafts than in that desultory shooting.

The boys were called into the circle to assist in getting the women and children out of the waggons and into a place of safety.

All was confusion. Frightened and white-faced women were clinging distractedly to their crying children and refusing to leave the shelter of the goods in the waggons.

But they had to be got out of these in case of a rush of braves, which would be the final phase of the Indian attack.

The boys worked fast and swiftly. Unloading a number of sacks of flour, they built these up quickly as a breastwork in the centre of the circle enclosed by the waggons, which formed a small hillock.

The aim of the Redskins was now growing better. An ox, hit in the middle of its forehead by a stray bullet, rolled over in its yoke.

Joe, carrying a sack of flour on his back, felt the smack of a bullet into his load.

"Hurt, old chap?" gasped his brother anxiously.

"No!" laughed Joe, as he struggled along like an ant, staggering under his load. "It's the flour-sack got that bob-tailed slug."

Quickly the breastwork was raised, and the women and children were huddled under it, the two brave boys encouraging them, laughing at the women's tears and heartening up the children, who were frightened by the hideous yells and cat-calls of the attacking savages.

Much has been written about the famous Red Indian war-whoop. But any set of yelling savages or hooligans

all over the world make about the same noise.

Women and children were all there. Not one of them had been hit or lost in the confusion.

"Come, mother!" called Kit cheerfully to one woman who was almost paralysed with fear. "No need to be afraid o' those red vermin. The children are all safe, and no bullet can get through those flour-sacks. Dig!"

He gave the woman a shovel, for he knew how action overcomes fear.

With pick and shovel they started digging a trench within the breastwork of flour-sacks. And the woman, forgetting all her fears and only moved by a wild desire to protect her children, started digging like a true pioneer.

She was a frontier-born woman, and she made the sand fly in fine style once she had overcome the terror that held her spellbound.

And the sight of her digging, heartened up the other women. They cried to their children to keep close under the shelter of the breastwork of flour-sacks, and all set to work like furries, digging a trench that would shelter them if the Indians rushed the waggons and the men were driven back to this last stronghold.

"We are all right, boys!" gasped the woman who had been frightened so badly. "Leave this job to us now. We'll see it through. Go you an' shoot with the men!"

And the boys were glad enough to take their rifles again and to return to the fight, leaving the women to carry on the engineer work.

But before they left the shelter of the little fort, they each nicked a notch in their gun butts, the record of their first Redskin claimed in open warfare.

They had paid their footing to the Far West. They could now claim to have bagged their Redskin and to take their place amongst the grim ranks of the Palefaces who were contesting the right of way of civilisation against savagery.

But before they dropped below the waggons to start firing, the boys hastily collected all the available water kegs and cans from the convoy.

They were under no illusions. The convoy had failed to reach Deer Springs, and this water was held by their enemy.

By rights, the springs should have been surrounded by that circle of waggons, and their Redskin enemies shut out on the waterless prairie. Then the shoe would have been on the other foot. But the small springs, which were little more than a water-hole, were a quarter of a mile away, and, to all intents and purposes, the convoy might have been fifty miles from water.

Buck Dixie had said that forty-eight hours must elapse before he could bring them help, and there was barely water for twenty-four hours in the laager.

And the boys gave an exclamation of dismay as they rolled one of the largest drums of the precious fluid into the protection of their little fort.

A bullet had smacked through the tin drum, and eight of ten gallons of the water it contained had been lost.

They left the women digging, and, dropping on hands and knees under a waggon, joined the fight.

That circling cloud of shadowy braves was not having it all its own way. The new rifles of the pioneers were accurate weapons in the hands of men who had shot for their dinners all their lives, and, even in this uncertain light, they made good shooting.

Redskin after Redskin was rolled over, as the circle tightened and they grew more visible, in their endeavours to get near enough to discharge a flight of arrows over that wall of waggons.

The Red Indian was ever a cowardly fighter, hating anything in the shape of a frontal or direct attack, unless in overwhelming numbers.

And the fire of the new-fangled

on the stock of his rifle, a notch with a pip atop to show that he had bagged a chief.

Uncle Baldy was a character, a wizened-up little man from Alabama, who wore a wig and false teeth. Uncle was a dead shot and a scientist, who was never so happy as when he had a chance of assaying for gold, botanising, or messing about with chemicals.

The circle widened at the fall of the war chief, and drew away altogether till not an Indian was visible.

"That's ended the first attack!" said uncle, with a chuckle. "Now, you two young Johnny Bulls, what do yo' think of fightin' Redskins?"

"It's hot work!" exclaimed Kit, wiping his forehead.

Uncle Baldy chuckled again.

"Twill be hotter still presently,



Baldy leaped out from the cover of the waggon to meet a Redskin, who came yelling through the fiery storm, swinging his tomahawk.

Springfield rifles of the convoy riders was a revelation to them in its rapidity and accuracy.

Thrice the circle tightened in on the waggons, the war chiefs whooping on their braves.

One of these Navajo leaders, more courageous than the rest, tried to ride up close enough to discharge a flight of arrows.

But Uncle Baldy, the convoy rider, who was lying flat on his face under the same waggon as the boys, marked this figure.

His rifle rang out, and the war chief, feathered from head to heel in the black-barred eagle feathers of his rank, rolled out of his saddle.

"Dat rooster's mine!" said uncle, with a grin, and, rolling comfortably over on his side, he reloaded and cut a careful chip with his hunting-knife

sonny!" said he. "The varmints have hauled off. They have found that we are stronger than they thought for. If I know aught o' Injuns, they'll attack us next on foot, taking cover on the ground. Then, if they are beaten off again, they'll wait for their reinforcements and for our worst foe to help them."

"Who do you mean?" asked Kit.

"Thirst, sonny!" replied Uncle Baldy curtly. "Do you notice that nothin' makes men so thirsty as th' excitement o' fightin'?"

The boys realised the truth of Baldy's words.

The excitement of that rattling fight after the long day's march had parched their mouths and throats till they could hardly speak. The reek of the powder and the dust beaten up from the prairie had increased this thirst

till their tongues were sticking to the roofs of their mouths.

But Uncle Baldy was an old warrior. He felt about in the darkness under the waggon, and pulled a few leaves of a plant that was growing on the dry ground.

"Chew these, boys," said he. "'Tis prairie sorrel, and it takes th' sting out o' thirst."

The boys chewed the leaves, which were slightly acid and aromatic with the taste of lemon thyme. Then Baldy handed them a couple of pebbles which he took from his pocket.

"Put these under your tongues, boys. They are thirst stones. A chap from Arizona giv' 'em me. An' they are great for quenchin' thirst—good as a whisky highball!"

The stones were cool, and the acid freshness of the sorrel helped.

"We got to take care o' the water for th' women an' kids!" said Baldy. "An' the wounded!" he added. "Fer a wounded man wants a powerful lot of water, an' those red varmints hold the springs!"

The word passed round amongst the circle of the waggons that things were going well. Only one man had been wounded by a raking shot through the shoulder, and, thanks to the fort of flour-bags and the trench in the middle of the circle of waggons, none of the women and children had taken any harm.

Uncle Baldy listened intently, his ear close to the ground.

"They've had a skinnful, boys, they varmints!" said he gleefully. "Their horses are tethered by the spring, and they are having a pow-wow. That means they are going to make another attack on foot!"

"How do you know that?" asked Kit, mystified by this strange old fellow, who seemed to visualise exactly what was going on over there in the darkness.

"I kin hear their ponies stammin' in their hobbles!" responded Uncle Baldy. "This hyar rock that crops through the ground is ironstone, an' it carries sound better 'n water!"

Then he lifted his nose in the air, sniffing it like a dog.

"An' I smell their bacca coming down wind!" said he. "When a Red Injun is smokin' the calumet he is talkin'. Come along o' me, boys. We'll get ready to give 'em a surprise!"

He led the boys to his waggon, and hauled out a box.

"Rockets!" said he, with a delighted chuckle. "Rockets o' my own makin'! I was savin' 'em up to give the kids a display when we reached the Promised Land, but I reckon we'll hev to use 'em on these red fellers! They'll sarve to illuminate the shootin' in th' next attack. That'll be a knife an' tomahawk show, done in little rushes, with a coverin' party o' rifles an' arrows."

And, followed by the boys, Uncle Baldy passed right round the circle, handing out rockets to his astonished and amused comrades, who, old Indian fighters though they were, had never heard of fighting Redskins with fireworks before.

But when they realised that these rockets would cover the ground with burning stars for yards around, they

realised the value of this new weapon of war.

"When they let go their whoop, light up, boys!" said Uncle Baldy, showing exactly the angle at which the rockets should be rested in the spokes of the waggons to give them the right trajectory. Then he assisted to pull tables from the waggons to make a roof over the women and children in the flour-bag fort, to save them from the plunging flight of arrows which might be expected.

Uncle Baldy had the makings of a general in him. The teams of weary oxen were lying down. These he covered with heavy buffalo robes and the dew-stiffened curtains of the waggons, which, made of stout canvas, would almost turn an Indian arrow falling from the skies, since the strands of the canvas had swollen with the moisture of the dew.

"Lick the canvas, boys, an' get a drink!" said Uncle Baldy.

And before they covered the oxen, the boys licked the damp canvas, and were astonished to find how this little moisture eased their thirst.

Then they returned to their posts amongst the waggon-wheels, where the rockets were resting ready, crouching behind a table which Uncle had dragged from his own waggon. The table was turned up on its side as a bullet shield, and uncle chuckled again as he knocked down three angled loopholes in the table top.

"'Tis lined with steel, boys!" he said, "and I made it for fightin' as well as eatin'!"

And, snug behind uncle's bullet-proof table, the boys realised that they were in the company of a truly resourceful leader.

Uncle lit his pipe with a flint and tinder.

"The varmints won't attack for another hour," said he. "They work their attacks by the stars. I know 'em! Navajoes goes by Venus, an' th' Apaches goes by th' Great Bear."

The boys waited whilst Uncle smoked his pipe placidly.

From his pocket he produced an earthen bottle.

"'Tis a little invention o' my own!" said he modestly. "For close fightin', just a bottle full o' powder an' a short fuse—a sort o' bomb. I've long had a kinder notion that th' fightin' o' the future will be done with bombs. Anyway, I reckon the brave that gets this in his stummick won't have no more stummick for fightin'!"

The great circle of waggons was very silent as the stars in the dark sky above rolled on. Now and then could be heard the whimpering of a tired child in the flour-bag fort, or the restless stamp of a hobbled horse.

"Now they are gettin' on th' move!" announced Uncle, with his ear close down on his telephone of ironstone rock. "See, boys, the dew an' dust are makin' a sort o' ground mist. That's what the varmints was waitin' for. They'll come crawlin'. Shoot low, an' don't shoot till ye see a Red Injun face. They're deployin' now to attack on all sides in onst. And when they start they'll yell. Redskins can't fight wi'out whoopin' over it. But the rockets 'll give 'em th' whoopin' cough!"

A hoot of an owl sounded through the silence of the night.

"That's them!" chuckled Uncle. "Yon's a wood owl. There's no owl that hoots that way on th' prairie!"

Shots started again. This time the aim was low, and they came slapping against the sides and through the wheels of the waggons. A waggon spoke was splintered close by Jack's ear, and a bullet, smacking on their table with a clang, showed the wisdom of Uncle Baldy's inventions.

Then the hideous war-whoop rose all round the circle of waggons.

"Here they come!" said uncle calmly, and, pulling his pipe to a red glow, he applied it to the touch-paper of a handy rocket.

There was a fizz, a rush and a roar, and the rocket whistled forth, cutting low over the face of the prairie. It hit the ground in the midst of a group of crawling Redskins, who, losing their heads at the rush of this fiery visitor, leaped to their feet and signed their own death warrant as it burst into a galaxy of bright stars, illuminating the ugly painted bodies with a ruddy glow.

Kit and Joe fired together.

There were six Redskins in the group. The boys, deafened by the detonations of their own rifles, could not hear who else fired. But the six half-naked figures dropped in a bunch, lying still, whilst the red stars of the spent rocket glowed around them, sending up small pillars of smoke, like the smoke of a funeral pyre.

"Six!" counted Uncle, and let fly another rocket.

The rockets were now lighting up the surrounding prairie like day, revealing the bobbing heads of Indians, crawling like snakes and writhing as the fireworks, hissing like reptiles, burst in amongst them.

The war-whoops turned to a deep "Wah!" of wonderment and fear.

A Redskin, scared out of his wits by the rockets, ran back, only to be tomahawked by a war chief who was shepherding on the attack and acting as a sort of military police.

Then the war chief himself leaped into the air as a rocket of extra long range shot in between his legs and, bursting with a loud report, covered him with burning green stars.

That finished the war chief. He stayed to stop no more fugitives from the combat, but ran like a hare, smoking and singeing and covered with stars.

And Uncle Baldy gave a croaking laugh, for it was his rocket.

The Indians offered a fair target as they crawled on in face of the dreaded rockets, so awed that they forgot to give forth their war-whoop.

It was fine shooting in that uncertain light, but many a feathered head dropped as the bullets crashed home on those painted figures that were so like reptiles in their gliding movement.

Arrows were whistling over the waggons now, dropping quivering in the circle of the waggons. And the Indians shot cleverly enough lying in a recumbent position, and taking every cover that the old rain gullies in the parched prairie afforded.

Most of them had found some sort

of cover now, and their attack hung fire.

"They did not dare show themselves whilst that stream of 'fire serpents,' as they called the rockets, was lighting up the ground.

They had lost heavily, and they dared not run back or come on.

But Uncle Baldy's firework show could not last for ever. Presently the rockets began to decrease in number, and the intervals between their firing to lengthen.

"It's th' Roman candles that'll fix 'em. They don't know 'bout the Roman candles!" said he in a low whisper behind his hand.

The hoot of the owl sounded again.

With a whoop, the Redskins rose and rushed the waggons.

But horror piled on horror. Almost at point blank range, fires shot out at the warriors, and great green, red and white balls that burned and scorched, burst in their very faces.

Baldy leaped out from the cover of the waggon to meet a huge buck who came on yelling through the fiery storm, swinging his tomahawk.

The buck raced down on Baldy, who held that earthen bottle and applied its fuse to the pipe in his teeth.

The boys drew their breath. They saw the tomahawk uplifted.

But Baldy, with a swift movement, hurled the bottle at the chest of the brave, who disappeared in a blinding flash of "Baldy's big medicine."

(Another thrilling, long instalment of this splendid, "Wild West" story in Next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." "Rope in" all your chums and "hit the trail" at once to the newsgagents to be sure of getting a copy.)

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

The Viscount Alonzo Todd is 15 today.

Lord Mauleveer is resting this week-end.

Thomas, the dearly-beloved cat of Mrs. Kebble, is recovering from the indisposition caused by Bolsover major's catapult.

Mr. Harold Skinner, who was publicly caned by Mr. Quelch last week, is now pronounced to be out of danger.

Lord Bunter de Gruenter is slowly surviving from the effects of his latest bilious attack.

Mr. Gerald Loder has rented "The Cross Keys" for the winter season.

Mr. George Tubb was unfortunately prevented from attending the funeral of his tame rabbit by an attack of whooping-cough; otherwise this would have been the ninety-ninth funeral attended by Mr. Tubb in four days.

Mr. Horace Coker's new play, "A Fool There Was," will be performed on Saturday evening, with Mr. Coker playing the leading part.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the Nabob of Bhanipur, is restfully reclining in the studyfulness, having sprainfully twisted his ludicrous ankle in the esteemed football game.

THE MYSTERY BOX

A Capital Complete Tale - - By MARK LINLEY



Wingate, candle in hand, and followed by a startled, wondering crowd, dashed down the stairs.

Bunter on the Trail.

"I SAY you fellows!"
 "Outside, Billy!"
 "Buzz off!"

But Billy Bunter did not "buzz off." His eyes blinked greedily behind his big spectacles as they spotted the box lying on the table of No. 1 Study, and round which the Famous Five were gathered. The box had only a few minutes before been brought up by the carrier from Court-field. And as usual when a parcel or box arrived at Greyfriars, it wasn't long before it was followed to its destination by the Owl of the Remove.

"Oh, really, Cherry. I heard you say something about a box. I'm expecting a box by post myself—really, I am!" protested Bunter earnestly.

"Are you really?" said Bob Cherry pleasantly. "But this box came by passenger train. Still," continued Cherry thoughtfully, "if Bunter is expecting a box, it would be a jolly shame to disappoint him. What do you chaps say? Shall we give it him?"

"Certainly!" came the grinning chorus.

"Very well, then," observed Cherry resignedly. "Are you sure the box we are about to give you is the one you're expecting, Billy?"

"Yes, really, Cherry, old man," smirked Bunter, eagerly stepping towards the table. "I'll take it now."

"Here you are then," said Cherry, giving the fat youth a playful slap on the ear. "There's your box, and now take it outside with you. We're busy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums of No. 1. Study roared at the comical mixture of amazement and anger on Billy Bunter's face. But W. G. B. did not join in the merriment, and it was obvious that

the box he got was not the one he was expecting.

"Yow! Wow! What did you do that for?" yelled Bunter. "Oh, Cherry, you beast! Oh my ear!"
 "Why, don't you like it?" exclaimed Cherry in surprise. "Well, try this one, Billy."

But Billy did not stay for that one. At the door he turned a red furious face at the juniors.

"Yah! Beasts!" he howled viciously. "Keep your box, you stingy rotters!" Then Bunter banged the door.

But, of course, he didn't go away. When Bunter was on the trail, he did not give in so easily. He hadn't the slightest doubt that the box was full of good things to eat. And he was determined that W. G. B., should have some—somehow.

Bending down he applied his eye to the keyhole.

He couldn't see much—just the leg of the table and a corner of tablecloth. He could hear whispering inside, and he put his ear to the keyhole instead. Then the whispering suddenly ceased and the occupants of the study were suspiciously quiet.

This fact ought to have warned Bunter. But it didn't. And once again the unfortunate Owl got it in the ear. It wasn't a box this time however, but a squirt-full of ink which someone—someone evidently well aware of Bunter's propensities for eavesdropping—had inserted in the keyhole.

It was such a surprise for Bunter that he overbalanced. His head struck the passage wall with a force that made him yell involuntarily. But silence was not so imperative just then, for the door of No. 1 was already open, and framed in the doorway were the grinning faces of

Wharton, Nugent, Cherry, Bull and Hurree Singh.

"Hallo! Hallo! Haven't you gone yet, Billy?" grinned Bob Cherry in pretended surprise. "Here, there's just a drop of ink left. I'll—"

But Bunter didn't wait! The sight of Cherry advancing squirt in hand was enough for him. With surprising agility, considering his bulk, he scrambled to his feet and scudded along the passage.

A Ruse that Failed.

I took Billy Bunter quite ten minutes vigorous application of soap and water to remove the ink from his countenance. But at last the Owl emerged from the bathroom feeling much cleaner, but by no means happier.

Some fellows would have dropped the trail then. But not so Bunter. He wandered disconsolately along the passage, and despite his late unfortunate experiences, his footsteps were drawn irresistibly towards the end study. For some time he hovered around the door, like a moth fluttering around a candle flame. Then he took the plunge and applied his ear to the keyhole.

But more warily this time. And almost the first sound he heard made him jump.

Creak! Creak! Undoubtedly the sound of a box being opened!

"Got him!" came Cherry's excited voice. "Now for it! Have we time for just one before bedtime, Harry, old man?"

"Just about, as we've finished our prep," came Harry Wharton's voice clearly. "But buck up! The bell will go in a minute!"

Then came a sound that Billy could not quite place. Nor did he worry much about that. The thought of those greedy bounders inside scoffing all the tuck themselves!

Billy Bunter groaned in anguish of spirit. He fancied he could hear Cherry's teeth cutting through a choice piece of plum cake; while he was certain he could just hear the gurgle of ginger-pop—or was it homemade wine?

"If I could only get them outside the study for five minutes," murmured Billy enviously.

Then Bunter suddenly straightened himself and his face broadened in an expansive grin. Next moment he was tiptoeing towards a large cupboard at the head of the stairs.

The cupboard was empty. But it was a tight squeeze for a fellow of Bunter's bulk. Bunter crouched down inside and pulling the door to, got to work. And a moment later, Mr. Quelch's voice—echoed down the passage.

"Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, Bull, Singh, come here at once!"

Bunter chuckled gleefully as the door of No. 1 Study flew open and the occupants filed out.

They viewed the deserted passage in great surprise.

"Do you hear me? Come here at once, boys!"

This time the voice appeared to come from downstairs. Wharton led the way to the top of the staircase.

"Old Quelch's in a blessed hurry.

What the merry dickens does he want, I wonder?" he grumbled.

Bunter heard the remark from his hiding-place, and chuckled. But Bunter had chuckled too soon. He hadn't bargained for accidents. Almost before the five reached the head of the stairs, by a strange coincidence, who should come up but Mr. Quelch himself.

"Well, Wharton, what is it?" he queried; for not one of the fellows moved to let him pass.

"Why, you called us, sir," answered Wharton in surprise.

"Called you. Nonsense!" answered the master testily. "You must have imagined it! Get off to your dormitory at once! It is already past bedtime!"

Next instant the mystified juniors were staring after the master as he stalked along the passage his gown whisking behind him.

"Well I'm jiggered! This is a go!" gasped Wharton. "I'd swear I heard—"

Wharton stopped suddenly. From the cupboard came a half-stifled sneeze. Wharton grinned as he heard it.

"Bunter!" he breathed softly. "Not a sound, you fellows. We'll give the fat fraud ventriloquism!"

On tiptoe Wharton slipped to the cupboard. And an instant later a startled gasp came from Billy Bunter as the cupboard door was pulled open.

"Out you come, you fat fraud!" said Wharton grimly.

Billy Bunter blinked apprehensively at the victims of his ventriloquial skill, and hesitated. It was far from comfortable crouched up inside. But he had an idea it would be very uncomfortable outside.

"Really, you fellows—" he began. He was not given time to say more.

Ungentle hands gripped him and he was yanked out and rolled with a bump on the passage floor.

"Yow! You beasts!" he yelled. "Oh, you've broken my back. Yow! Wow! I'm hurt."

"I'm not surprised. And we'll hurt you much more yet," grinned Bob Cherry. "Bump him, you chaps. We'll teach him to play his little tricks on us."

Bump! Bump! Bump! Three times the Owl of the Remove was bumped—each bump eliciting a corresponding howl from the victim. Even then they hadn't finished with Bunter.

"Now," said Wharton, when the operation was over. "That will perhaps teach you not to be so beastly inquisitive, and also not to play your little games on No. 1 Study. And now to bed, you chaps, or Quelch will be turning rusty."

Billy Bunter rose to his feet, dusty and angry. Then his little eyes glimmered behind his glasses as the others made a movement along the passage. Instead of following them he began to stroll unconcernedly in the opposite direction. But he jumped as Wharton's hand gripped his shoulder.

"Nimno! No you don't, Billy! You'll come with us, old son! We aren't leaving you to eat us out of house and home. Not much! And if it's that box you're after, then to save you further trouble; I'll give my

word that it'll not be much of a feed you'll get out of that."

"Yes, it will!" grinned Cherry. "It'll be a record feed for him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter snorted. He didn't see anything to laugh at in Cherry's remark—though he did understand it afterwards.

"Who wants your rotten box?" he sniffed. "Why can't you chaps go to bed if you want to? I—I've left my hanky in the Common-room. I'll follow in a min—Wow! Yow!"

With one accord the Famous Five fell upon the fat youth and rolled him over. They were getting fed up with Bunter's artful dodges.

"Catch hold of his legs, someone!" grinned Cherry. "It's Billy's bedtime. So off he goes!"

The next moment, Bunter was being solemnly frog-marched along the passage. Then with sundry bumps and howls from the victim, the procession wended its way upstairs. Nor did the chums of the Remove leave Bunter until he was safely tucked under the sheets.

The End of a Perfect Day.

BUNTER lay in bed and fumed. His little ruse had failed. In fact, it had been an unfortunate night altogether for the Owl, though his night's adventures were not over yet by any means.

For besides being sore and angry, Bunter was hungry—very hungry. And when Bunter was hungry, sleep was not to be thought of. But how to appease that hunger? Bunter's thoughts were centred on the mysterious box in No. 1 Study, the contents of which he had no doubt would cure his sleeplessness.

For an hour and a half Bunter concentrated on the problem. Then he decided that the time for action had arrived. Sitting up in bed, he blinked cautiously round the dormitory.

"I say. Any of you fellows awake?"

No answer. The only sound was the soft breathing of the Removites. For some minutes the Owl listened. Then he rolled out of bed. He grinned in the gloom of the dormitory as he carefully felt for his glasses and jammed them on his podgy nose. After that, he put on his slippers and tiptoed to the door.

Bunter chuckled softly as he blinked out in the silent deserted corridor. With infinite care he tiptoed to the head of the stairs and began to descend. At the bottom he stood and hesitated.

In the great school all was dark and silent. Billy wasn't very brave in the dark. It was also very cold, and Billy shivered in his thin pyjamas.

"Beasts!" murmured Billy Bunter. "Keep the whole box-full to themselves, would they! The stingy rotters wouldn't care if I starved. Burr!"

Bunter regained his courage with this thought and went on. At the door of Study No. 1 he stopped and softly pushing open the door, blinked inside.

The room was dark and shadowy. But Bunter could faintly make out the shape of the table and—yes, the

box lying on the table just as the Famous Five had left it.

Billy chuckled and rolled in. What happened after that Billy never could really remember—or he did not wish to remember. He had a recollection of fumbling about the box in the darkness. Then followed a sudden whirring sound that made Bunter's hair stand on end. It just sounded like the noise Billy imagined a bomb would make before it exploded. And Billy didn't wait to see if this was a bomb. With a yell of terror, the fat youth shot out of the door.

And had it not been for a loose bit of carpet, Billy would perhaps have got clear away. As it was Bunter sprawled over the carpet and struck his head against the door with a bang that brought a million stars before the terrified junior's eyes. Then the whirring sound ceased. It was not followed by the crash Bunter expected, but by the loud tones of a man's voice.

Coming suddenly in the silence of the night, it was startling enough for all that. So that when the voice in a clear tenor began to sing something about the end of a perfect day, Bunter lost his head completely. With a wild yell of terror, he leapt to his feet and bolted.

Poor Billy had lost his specs. And it was a marvel how he found the stairs in the darkness. But he managed it. And leaving the clear, clarion tone of the singer to echo and re-echo through the silent school, he bounded up those stairs two at a time.

But again Bunter's luck was dead out. The noise, of course, had aroused the whole school. Fellows were crowding out into the passages, and alarmed voices were questioning everywhere. And one of the first roused was Mr. Quelch.

Bunter met him at the top of the stairs. The meeting was unfortunate, for Bunter was in a hurry to get up-stairs, and the master was in a hurry to get down. It ended in both going downstairs. It was fortunate for Mr. Quelch that Bunter was underneath when they reached the bottom.

"Good gracious! Oh, help! Oh, dear! Who was that?" gasped the Form-master weakly, sitting up on the passage floor.

Bunter also sat up but he did not answer. He was gasping and puffing like a stranded porpoise, and could not have answered had he wished. But there was no necessity as Wingate, candle in hand, and followed by a startled, wondering crowd, dashed down the stairs. And the light soon revealed to Mr. Quelch's astonished gaze the fat pyjama-clad form of Billy Bunter in all its beauty of outline.

Wingate and Coker stopped to help the dazed master to his feet, but most of the fellows, headed by Harry Wharton and Co., scudded along the passage to No. 1 Study where "A Perfect Day," was well into its second verse. The Famous Five at least were nearly exploding with suppressed mirth. The noise of the gramophone had alarmed them at first. But it hadn't taken them long to guess what had happened.

(Continued on page 18)

GUSSY'S GOOD TURN

A Splendid Short Complete Story by
SIDNEY CLIVE



Taggles, the porter, smothered and begrimed from head to foot with coal dust, came charging out of his lodge like a fanatic.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—This story was originally in the column of "Tom Merry's Weekly," but by the courtesy of Tom Merry I am able to publish it in "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.")

ONE volunteeah is worth ten pswessed men!"

Thus Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with an impressive glance round the crowded Common-room.

We stared blankly at Gussy. "What are you jabbering about now, ass?" growled Jack Blake.

"Weally, Blake, as I was sayin', one volunteeah is worth ten pswessed men!"

"And a stitch in time saves nine!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

"And evil communications corrupt good manners!" added Digby.

"Weally, deah boys—"

"Oh, cut the cackle, and come down to the footer!" said Tom Merry. "We're keeping the New House waiting."

"Bothah the New House!"

"Eh?"

"Blow the New House, to put it a twifle more vulgahly," said Arthur Augustus. "I wegwet, Tom Mewwy, that I shall be unable to play this aftahnoon."

"What the thump—"

"You see, I have a dutay to perform."

We stared harder than ever at the elegant Gussy.

"A duty?" echoed Jack Blake. "What sort of a duty, duffer?"

"Are you going up to London, to give the House of Commons a few-tips on how to run the country?" inquired Monty Lowther.

"Pway don't wot, Lowthah! I am goin' ovah to Wayland—"

"What on earth for?" demanded Tom Merry.

"To buy coal."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Which?"

"To buy coal," repeated Arthur Augustus firmly.

Manners tapped his forehead significantly.

"Mad!" he said. "Mad as a hatter or a March hare!"

"Mannah, you wottah—"

"Why should you want to buy coal, you burbling chump?" hooted Jack Blake. "There's a scuttie full in the study."

"That is not sufficient for my we-quiahments, deah boy."

"But what—"

"Let me explain," said Arthur Augustus. "I heard Taggles wemark this mornin' to the gardenah that his coal-cellah was empty. An' he said it was likely to wemain empty. You see, coal's a tewwifc pvice just now—

nearly four pounds a ton in some places. An' it's not fair that our wesppected portah should suffah. It's not wight that he should have to shivah all the wintah in fwont of an empty gwate. Taggles is not goin' to be without coal—not if I can help it!"

"So you're going to do Taggy a good turn?" chuckled Monty Lowther.

Arthur Augustus nodded.

"I intend to take a wheelbawwow to Wayland, an' buy as much coal as I can get," he said. "They won't let me have a gweat deal, but it will be enough to fide Taggles ovah for a week or so."

Tom Merry gave a snort.

"Leave it till after the match, fat-head!" he said.

Gussy shook his nob's head. "Nevah put off t'is evenin' what you can do this aftahnoon!" he said. "I want some of you fellahs to come ova to Wayland, an' give me a hand."

"Nothing doing!" grunted Blake. "I should think not!" said Tom Merry warmly. "We've got to concentrate on licking the New House."

"Then you're not comin'?"

"No jolly fear!"

"Vewy well. I will go alone."

"But what about the match?" roared Tom Merry.

"You will have to get somebody in my place, deah boy. Julian would like a game."

"Yes, rafter!" said Dick Julian.

So the footballers went on their way, leaving Arthur Augustus to carry out his benevolent scheme.

The swell of St. Jim's procured a wheelbarrow from the wood-shed and set out for Wayland.

In the ordinary way, Gussy would regard it as "infwa dig" to push a barrow; but he was animated with the thought of doing Taggles a good turn, and, although he had to run the gauntlet of a grinning crowd in the Quad, he did not waver in his purpose.

Arthur Augustus was very hot and very dusty by the time he reached Wayland. He visited, in turn, a couple of coal depots, and each let him have a hundredweight, which was duly paid for.

The two sacks were dumped into the barrow, and Gussy, with that glowing feeling which a philanthropist usually gets, retraced his steps to St. Jim's.

There was no sign of Taggles, the porter, as Gussy pushed the barrow round to the back of the lodge. This was all to the good. Gussy was anxious to do good by stealth, so to speak. He didn't want to parade his generosity in front of Taggles.

"I'll open the cellah-flap, an' empty the sacks down it, an' Taggles will be none the wisah!" reflected Arthur Augustus. "It will be a pleasant little surprisepacket for him latah on."

Gussy opened the flap, and heaved one of the sacks out of the barrow.

The coal merchants had evidently seen Gussy coming, for the sack contained nothing but coal-dust. There wasn't a respectable knob of coal in the whole lot.

"Heah goes!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

And he tilted the sack of coal-dust over the flap.

A deluge of black dust shot down into the cellar. And as it did so a roar arose—a roar which would have done credit to half a dozen ferocious bulls.

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus, in dismay. "Suahly there is nobdy down in the cellah?"

But there was!

A painful pause followed, and a few moments later Taggles, the porter, smothered and begrimed from head to foot with coal-dust, came charging out of his lodge like a fanatic.

Arthur Augustus nearly fell down.

"Bub-bub-bai Jove!" he stuttered. "Taggles! I am awfully, feahfully sowwy—"

But Taggles did not wait to hear Gussy's apology. Brandishing his grimy fists in the air, he rushed away toward's the Heads study.

Arthur Augustus followed, in great trepidation.

"Taggles! Taggles, deah boy! I—I mean—"

But Taggles rushed on like a cyclone.

The Head nearly had a fit when the porter, looking like a Christy minto towards the Head's study.

"Bless my soul! Who—who are you? Why, goodness me, it is Taggles!"

"The young rip!" shouted Taggles. "The young 'ooligan! Look at me, sir! Jest look at me! Smothered from 'ead to foot with coal, as ever was!"

The Head frowned.

"You appear to have been the victim of a practical joke, Taggles!" he said.

"Wot I says is this 'ere!" spluttered the exasperated porter. "Young rips like Master D'Arcy deserves to be flayed alive!"

"Calm yourself, Taggles!"

At this stage Arthur Augustus entered the study. The Head's eyes were fixed upon him sternly.

"D'Arcy, are you responsible for Taggles's present condition?"

"Yaas, sir! But—"

The Head's brow grew thunderous.

"This is outrageous, D'Arcy! I shall punish you most severely!"

"But—but I was doin' Taggles a good turn, sir!" stammered Gussy.

"Do not dare to jest with me, D'Arcy!"

"I shouldn't dweam of it, sir! I would as soon jest with my own gwand-mothah!"

"Whatever possessed you, that you should indulge in such a senseless and dangerous practical joke!" exclaimed the Head.

And then Gussy explained. He told the Head of his charitable intentions—described how he had given the footer a miss in order to go over to Wayland and buy coal—and finally, how he had pitched a sackful of the household commodity into the cellar, little dreaming that Taggles was standing beneath the open flap.

Dr. Holmes found it difficult to repress a smile.

"I accept your explanation, D'Arcy," he said, "and I am satisfied that this calamity was caused unintentionally. I shall not punish you—unless Taggles insists upon it."

But Taggles was considerably mollified by this time. He was a little touched, too, to think that Gussy had given up his game of footer in order to replenish the porter's coal-cellar.

And when Arthur Augustus slipped half a crown into his grimy palm, Taggles was something more than mollified. He grinned affably—just like a corner-man in a nigger troupe.

"Which we won't say nothin' more about it, sir," said Taggles.

"Very well, Taggles. I should advise you to go and cleanse yourself," said the Head. "Your present appearance is—ahem!—hardly prepossessing."

Taggles and Gussy quitted the Head's study, and a yell followed the porter as he trudged back to his lodge.

But Taggles didn't seem to mind. He was wondering how much liquid refreshment could be procured for half a crown.

Tom Merry and Co. encountered Arthur Augustus on their way back from the footer ground.

"How did the match go, deah boys?" inquired Gussy.

"We won," said Monty Lowther, "thanks to your absence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did Taggles get his coal all right?" asked Tom Merry.

Arthur Augustus explained what had happened, and the Quad rang with laughter when the footballers heard of the startling climax which had crowned Gussy's Good Turn!

THE END.

THE MYSTERY BOX

(Continued from page 17.)

"Quick!" gasped Wharton. "Light the blessed gas, someone, for goodness' sake, and help me stop the giddy gramophone. Oh, my hat!"

Frank Nugent produced a match and lit the gas. And next moment "A Perfect Day" came to an untimely end with startling suddenness.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The stopping of the gramophone was the signal for a wild yell of merriment, and the Remove passage rang with it again and again. But it soon stopped when Mr. Quelch appeared, his brow black with anger.

"Stop! Do you hear, boys?" he stormed angrily. "Stop this disgraceful noise. Have you all gone mad? Wharton, what do you know of this amazing business? And whom does this—this machine belong to?"

"The—the gramophone belongs to us, sir," stammered Harry Wharton. "We clubbed together and bought it! It only came last night. We unpacked it and put a record on hoping to have a tune before going to bed. But, er—just when we had wound it up and were going to start it, we were, ahem—called away. And we went straight to bed without touching it again, sir."

"H'm! But somebody did start it, and I presume that it must have been Bunter?"

"Perhaps it was a mouse, sir," suggested Cherry, foolishly. "I've heard of—"

"Cherry," snapped Mr. Quelch icily. "You will do me a hundred lines to-morrow for impudence. And now enough of this. Wingate, be good enough to see these boys to bed, at once. Bunter!"

"Yes, sir," said Bunter miserably. "You will come to my study at nine to-morrow morning, when I will deal with you!"

Bunter rolled after the others, feeling that life was not worth living. He thought so more than ever the next morning when Mr. Quelch dealt with him.

And Bunter made a solemn vow never again to go on midnight grub-raiding expeditions.

And no doubt he won't—until he is hungry again!

THE END.

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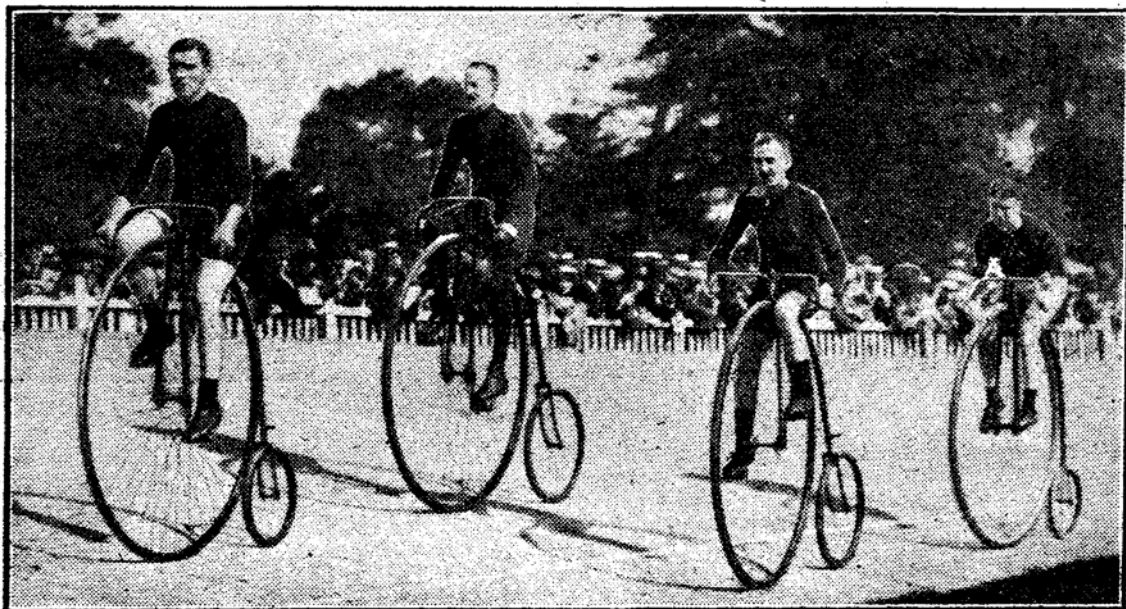
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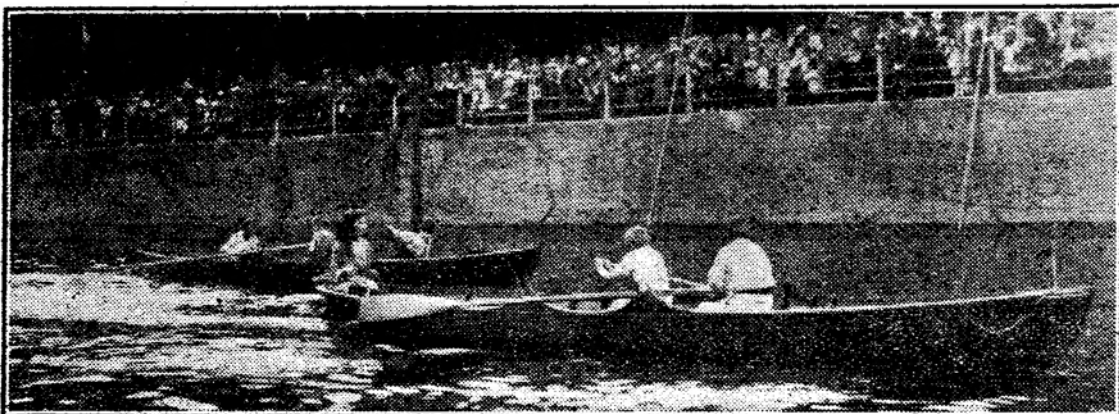


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