

A WONDERFUL SUCCESS!

The **Greyfriars** <sup>1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub></sup>  
**Herald** No. 3.  
(New Series) November 15, 1919.



**MAGNIFICENT  
SCHOOL TALE  
BY  
OWEN CONQUEST  
INSIDE**

**CAN WE SEND  
YOU ONE OF  
THESE TUCK  
HAMPER?**

(See page 20.)



Our Photographic Supplement

**BOYS'****THE PICTORIAL**

Continued on Page 19



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

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

**FRIEND OR FOE?**

This week some cinema snippings constitute the pictures on this page. Above, William Farnum is seen in "The Rainbow Trail," gazing across the ranges at some moving objects.

**GUN PLAY!**

Tom Mix, in the picturesque garb of a broncho buster, does a little healthful exercise with his brace of "shooting irons."

**SAD BUSINESS.**

The noted film comedian, Harry "Snub" Pollard, is seen feeling very sorry for himself because he has to work for his living.

**SEND UP YOUR HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS.****UNPAID SUPERS.**

In a photo-play recently, Tom Mix had to make a speech from horseback. But that the film was made in an American city, where cinema stunts are common, the crowd would have been bigger.

# The Staff



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# Editorial

By Harry Wharton.

## A WONDERFUL SUCCESS!

I am now able to state that No. 1 of the New Series of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD sold "like hot cakes." Indeed, so insistent and universal was the demand for copies that several readers had to go empty away. I have no sympathy to waste upon the disappointed ones. They have been urged enough, goodness knows, through the medium of "The Magnet" and "Gem," to order their copies in advance. They didn't do so; they thought it didn't matter; and—they have got left!

Of course, it is very gratifying to learn of the success which has marked our re-appearance; but it would be very foolish of me to allow such a success to turn my head. The novelty of a new paper often produces a big circulation, which sometimes proves to be merely "a flash in the pan." It is pleasing to know that we have got off the mark in style; but the matter must not rest there. The colossal circulation of No. 1 must be maintained. More, it must be still further increased.

Just imagine what would happen if every single boy and girl in the British Empire bought THE GREYFRIARS HERALD each week. Our circulation would not be numbered by tens of thousands, as it is at present, but by millions! Think of it! Millions of boys and girls rallying round one paper. The bare thought is enough to turn one giddy.

## PULLING TOGETHER!

And yet—why not?

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD aims at giving its readers value for money. It lightens the schoolboy's leisure; it cheers the fellow who returns home after a hard day's work. It appeals with equal force to the public schoolboy and the breadwinner. It unites, in one vast family, readers of all ages and dispositions. It fills a gap in boys' literature left empty by the war. It is out to help and to advise, to cheer and to encourage. It is a progressive paper. It is not content to jog along in a careless, happy-go-lucky fashion. Its ambitions are far-reaching.

And so, let us pull together one and all, to make THE GREYFRIARS HERALD not merely one of the best boys' papers on the market, but the best. Let it be recommended far and wide as an ideal tonic for the "blues." Let its merits be made known throughout the English-speaking world. And then, at no distant date, I shall be able to proclaim the glad news that the circulation of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD tops that of any other boys' paper on the market!

HARRY WHARTON.



DICK PENFOLD



MURREE SINGH



BILLY BUNTER



TOM MERRY



JIMMY SILVER



ARTHUR A'DARCY

Our  
Weekly  
Cartoon.

Specially  
Drawn  
by  
FRANK  
NUGENT



No. 3.  
"TYPES  
WE  
MEET."

THE  
CHEMISTRY  
ENTHUSIAST:  
Who, after half-poisoning his friends with experiments, unexpectedly concludes the entertainment as shown in the fourth picture.

# My Weekly Interview.

## No. 3:—Bessie Bunter



I WAS not best pleased when the editor sent for me, and instructed me to interview Bessie Bunter, of Cliff House.

I had only seen Bessie once or twice—from a distance; and distance had not lent enchantment to the view.

"Can't you choose a more fascinating subject for an interview?" I asked. "A tame boa-constrictor, for instance?"

"You're to go to Cliff House and interview Bessie!" was the relentless reply.

"And supposing I refuse?"

"No work, no pay!" said the editor firmly.

"You haven't paid me yet for that article I wrote on Arthur Augustus D'Arcy," I reminded him.

"I should jolly well think not! Why, you ought to have paid me for putting it in!"

"If you talk to me like that," I said darkly, "I'll dot you on your editorial boko!"

"Shush! You're too bloodthirsty by half for a special representative. Now, run along to Cliff House, there's a good fellow, and let me have your report by this evening."

So I went. After all, I reflected, Bessie Bunter might not be such a terrible person as I had pictured her to be. In any case she could be no worse than Billy. Billy was the limit and the last straw rolled into one. With rapid strides I set out for Cliff House.

In the gateway of that famous establishment, I encountered Marjorie Hazeldene and Clara Trevlyn. They smiled as I lifted my hand to raise my cap, and found it was not there. I raised my right eyebrow instead.

"Good-afternoon!" I said. "Can you tell me where Bessie Bunter is?"

"The one and only Bessie?" smiled Clara. "You'll find her in her study."

Marjorie gave me the necessary directions, and in due course I arrived at the study, which seemed to be filled by Bessie Bunter. I wondered, as I went in, how the other occupants of the study could possibly find room.

"I suppose they have their meals in the coal-scuttle," I reflected.

Bessie greeted me with a fat grin. "Come in!" she said, between two

mouthfuls of horrible-looking toffee. "Have you brought me a message from Billy?"

"Billy," I said, "is in the pink. He is sitting up and taking lots of nourishment—as usual."

"Is that all you came to tell me?"

"Nunno! As the special representative of 'The Greyfriars Herald,' it is my task—I mean pleasure—to interview you."

Bessie fairly purred with pleasure. "How ripping!" she exclaimed.

"You seem rather a nice boy, except for your face. If your nose was put on straight, and your eyes were blue instead of green, and your teeth weren't like tombstones, you'd be almost good-looking!"

"Thank you!" I said, writhing under the lash of her words.

Bessie heaved herself to her feet. Her grin expanded.

"You may take me for a walk, if you like," she said.

"Ahem! I—I'm pressed for time—"

"Nonsense! You ought to feel very bucked. It isn't every boy who has the pleasure and privilege of walking out with me. Come on!"

Bessie Bunter jammmed on her hat, and together we quitted the study.

I groaned aloud.

Supposing any of the Greyfriars fellows saw me out in Bessie's company? Supposing I was spotted by Coker of the Fifth, or Temple of the Upper Fourth? I should never hear the end of it!

"We—we'll go across the fields, if you don't mind," I stammered.

"I do mind!" said Bessie emphatically. "The fields are much too muddy for a young lady."

"Quite. But they're not too muddy for you."

I could not resist this sword-thrust. My sarcasm, however, was quite wasted on my plump companion.

Bessie had her own way—she seemed to be quite accustomed to having her own way with the fellows—and accordingly we took the main road to Friardale.

Had I guessed what Fate had in store for me, I should promptly have taken to my heels.

We spoke no word until we reached the village street. Then Bessie said:

"I say, I'm awfully peckish!"

I pretended not to hear.

"Famished in fact!" said Bessie. I was silent.

"Starving!" hooted Bessie in my ear.

"Really, Miss Bunter—" I protested.

"If you were a nice boy," said Bessie, "you'd take me into the bunshop for tea."

"My—my funds will not run—" I stammered.

"Oh, yes, they will!" said Bessie cheerfully, as she headed for the

bunshop. "You'll be surprised how quickly they run! Come along!"

And then followed one of the most painful half-hours I have ever experienced in my life.

Bessie Bunter seated herself at one of the tables, and ordered what she called a "light afternoon snack." The waitress called it something quite different. And so did I!

I will draw a veil, as the novelists say, over what followed. Suffice it to say that the bill, which was handed to me on the conclusion of Bessie's orgy, almost made me swoon. I could not pay it. I did not attempt to pay it. I just sat and goggled at it.

And then, to my unbounded relief, the editor of "The Greyfriars Herald" came in.

"You've let me in for something this journey!" I growled. "Look at this bill!"

Wharton looked at it, and, what was more to the point, he paid it.

Without a glance in the direction of Bessie Bunter, who had nodded off to sleep in her chair, I staggered from the shop.

And neither things present, nor things to come, nor principalities, nor powers, nor the united persuasions of a thousand editors shall induce me to interview Bessie Bunter again!

THE END.

## OUR PERSONAL COLUMN

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Newspapers)

By BOB CHERRY

Mr. Horace Coker completes his twentieth term at Greyfriars to-day. He is still in the Fifth Form, and is likely to remain there!

Lord Mauleverer will lecture in the Rag on Friday evening on "How the Poor Live."

Mr. Richard Nugent's annual neck-wash will take place on Monday (weather permitting).

The Viscount Alonzo Todd is suffering from a compound fracture of the right eyebrow.

Mr. Samuel Tuckless Bunter, having shifted twenty doughnuts, fifteen mince-pies, twelve chocolate éclairs, and six jam-puffs, is dangerously ill with consumption.

We regret to record the deaf of Mr. Tom Dutton.

Mr. Gerald Loder is enjoying a "nap" this week-end at his usual haunt, "The Cross Keys."

Mr. William Gosling is slowly recovering from the shock of having been tipped to the extent of twopence by Lord Bunter de Grunter.

Mr. Mark Linley, the eminent writer, has delivered himself of a new novel, entitled "From Mill-hand to Millionaire." Both author and book are doing well.

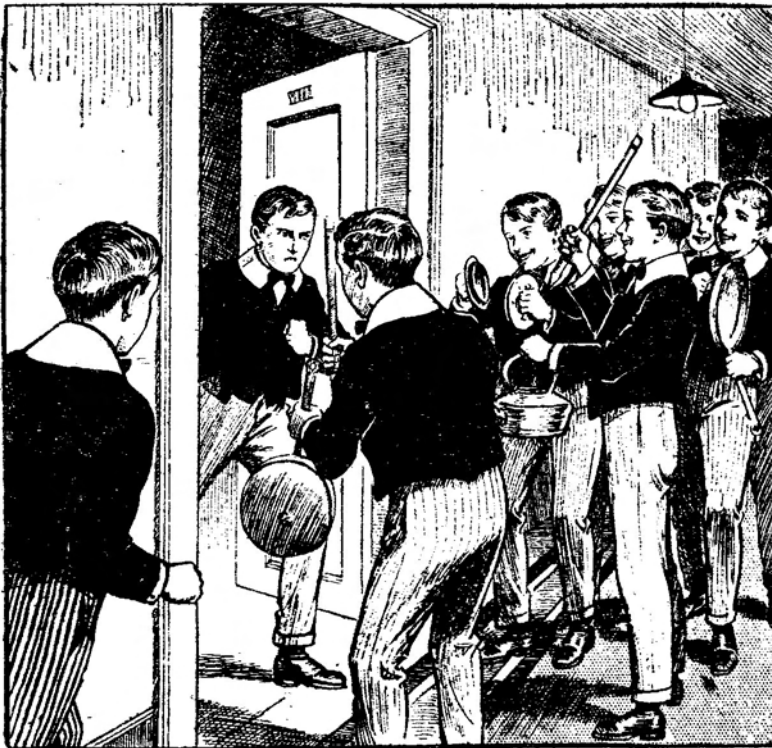
A public execution will take place in Big Hall on Wednesday morning, with Mr. Harold Skinner in the chair. The axe will be wielded by Mr. Horace Henry Quelch, M.A. The victim is requested to provide his own chopping-block.

# JACK DRAKE'S ORDEAL

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

## OWEN CONQUEST

Author of the Famous Rookwood School Stories.



The juniors were joyfully debating how long it would be before old Drake chucked it. They were determined that he should chuck it first. The door flew open at last; Jack Drake's handsome, worried face appeared, and was greeted by a roar of laughter.

### Tea in Daub's Study.

**T**UCKEY TODDLES put his head into No. 3 Study, in the Shell quarters on board the old Benbow, and looked round him with a propitiatory grin. Toodles, of the Fourth, had a most expansive grin. His mouth was not small, and when he grinned, it seemed to extend almost from one large ear to the other.

"Old Drake here?" he asked. Jack Drake, of the Fourth, was seated in Vernon Daubeny's handsome and luxurious armchair, staring rather glumly out of the window upon the rushing river, on which the shades of autumn twilight were falling. Torrence, of the Shell, was unpacking a big cake on the table.

Drake did not look round, but Torrence gave the cheerful Tuckey a stare, and pointed to the door.

"Seat!" he said briefly. Instead of "scatting," Tuckey Toodles came into the study.

"Drake, old chap—" "What do you want?" grunted Drake.

"Dear old chap, I'm sure you're glad to see me after the vac," said Toodles, affectionately. "You needn't glare at me, Torrence; I suppose I can speak to my own study-mate if I like?"

"I've brought back some new curtains for the study, Drake."

"Oh, rot!"

"I've put them up," said Toodles.

"Esteourt helped me. I say, they looked awfully rejerky."

"Awfully what?" ejaculated Torrence.

"Rejerky."

### READ THIS!

During his vacation Jack Drake learns that his father is a ruined man and his own name has been put down for the Foundation Scholarship of St. Winifred's. Returning to the school, which is held in an old wooden warship, the Benbow, on the river Chadway, he meets a new fellow, Dick Rodney, and promises to share a study with him and work hard. The three "Bucks," Vernon Daubeny, Egan and Torrence, not knowing that Jack is poor now, accuse Rodney of sponging, and the two former attempt to rag him, but with well-directed blows Dick Rodney sends the two cads to the deck.

"Oh, my hat! Do you mean recherche?"

"No, I don't," answered Toodles, obstinately. "I mean rejerky. You Shell fellows are pretty weak on French. Are you coming along to tea, Drake? There's been grub going in the dining-room, but—"

"No." "Well, I'll stay and have tea here with you, if you like," said Toodles. "I'm so jolly glad to see you again, dear old boy. Where's old Daub?"

"Daub will be in in a minute, and you'll get old Daub's boot if you're still here," grunted Torrence.

"How is his nose?" asked Tuckey.

"His what?"

"Nose."

"You silly ass! What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Torrence.

"What's happened to Daub's nose?"

"The new fellow punched it, you know," grinned Tuckey. "Haven't you seen him since young Rodney punched his nose? He's taking a jolly long time to bathe it. He, he, he!"

Jack Drake sat suddenly upright in his chair.

"Has Daub been rowing with the new fellow?" he exclaimed.

"Didn't you know?" Tuckey

Toodles swelled a little with importance, as the bearer of startling news.

"Yes, rather! Daub and Egan—they got the new fellow along the form-room passage, you know, and started on him. He, he! And he knocked them out! You should have seen Daub's face when he sat up and rubbed his nose. Quite rejerky. He, he!"

Jack Drake frowned.

"What the thump did they want to quarrel with the new chap for?" he exclaimed.

"Daub went to ask him to join us here. Rodney's a decent chap enough. He didn't look the quarrelling kind."

"He wears jolly old clothes," said Tuckey Toodles, with a shake of the head.

"Raik says that his Etons are home-made. He, he!"

"Raik's a cad, and you're another," growled Drake. "Shut up, you grinning image!"

"Hallo! Here's Daub!" said Torrence.

rence.

The study door opened, and Vernon Daubeny, the head of the Shell and the great and admired leader of the "Bucks" of St. Winifred's, came in. Egan followed him in, scowling.

Both the Bucks looked as if they had been in the wars.

Daubeny had spent a considerable time attending to his nose after the encounter with Rodney, of the Fourth. Daub was very particular about his personal appearance, and a swollen nose could not be supposed to add to any fellow's beauty. But his efforts had been of little avail. Daub's Greek nose was swollen and red—fiery red. It was more Roman than Greek at the present moment, and the colour was striking. Tuckey Toodles burst into a most irritating laugh as he saw it.

Daubeny's eyes glittered at Toodles. He was not in a mood for Tuckey's cheery laughter.

He took Toodles by the collar and spun him to the door.

"Oh, I say!" howled Toodles. "I

say, Daub, dear old boy—oh, crumbs!"

Toodles bumped on the deck outside. Vernon Daubeny slammed the door after him. He was evidently in a vile temper, and Torrence suppressed his smiles. Jack Drake sat and stared rather grimly at the great chief of the Bucks.

"Toodles says you've been rowing with the new kid," he said.

"Hang the new kid!"

"I told you I'd made friends with him."

"And I told you the fellow was a low cad, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for makin' friends with him," growled Daubeny.

Daub's usually graceful manner seemed to have suffered along with his Greek nose.

Drake rose to his feet.

"If that's the kind of talk I'm to hear in this study, I may as well travel," he remarked. "About time I looked at my own study, anyway."

"Sit where you are, old top," said Torrence pacifically. "Don't mind old Daub—he's ratty."

"Look at my nose," hissed Daubeny, glancing at himself in the gilt-framed mirror. "Your precious new pal's done that."

"Well, it does look rather a prize-packet," said Drake, with a smile. "What did you row with the chap for? You said you were goin' to ask him to tea."

"He rowed with me."

"Because you asked him to tea?" exclaimed Drake incredulously.

"Because he's a low hound," said Daubeny; "a poverty-stricken cad who oughtn't to be admitted to St. Winifred's at all. I was civil enough to him, wasn't I, Egan?"

"Oh, quite!" said Egan.

"He didn't look to me like a quarrelsome chap," remarked Drake, rather perplexed.

"Well, you know him better now. Hang the fellow! No need to talk about him. Let's have tea."

Jack Drake hesitated, but he sat down again. He was, in point of fact, feeling a little remorseful about Rodney. He had made friends with the new fellow on the way down, and had intended to "see him through" his first day at St. Winifred's. But his old friends had claimed him; and perhaps he was glad to be claimed.

There was a very easy-going strain in Drake's nature; he was in the habit of taking the line of least resistance—in other words, of letting things slide if they seemed to offer a prospect of trouble. Certainly he had not found that that method led to less trouble in the long run; but it was his way.

The Bucks sat down to tea. It was a very festive tea, and Jack Drake felt his spirits rise. The sense of trouble he had brought with him from home was lifted; the painful consciousness that he was no longer a rich man's son, like his comrades, was banished from his mind. The talk in Daubeny's study ran on the topics usually current there—chiefly horses—and Drake was soon feeling his old self again.

Daubeny rubbed his nose occasionally; it was still very painful, and Egan had to give some attention to his eye. Under the influence of his

surroundings, Drake soon found himself feeling resentment against the new junior. What had the fellow quarrelled with his friends for, after all?

There were cigarettes after tea; but Drake declined an invitation to banker before call-over. He left the study at last, and went along to the Fourth-Form quarters, which were aft on the main deck of the Benbow.

#### A Secret to Keep.

"OLD clo'!"

Dick Rodney jumped.

That remark was addressed to him; there was no mistake about that. He was coming along the Fourth Form studies, looking about him for No. 8, which he had learned was Jack Drake's study.

In the open doorway of that study stood Tuckey Toodles. And it was Tuckey Toodles who made the remark that struck Rodney all of a sudden.

Tuckey grinned his expansive grin as Rodney stared at him.

"Where did you get them?" he inquired.

"Where did I get what?"

"Your clobber," said Toodles, agreeably. "Did the mater make them out of the pater's old things? He, he, he!"

Rodney looked fixedly at the cheerful Tuckey. His clothes were not exactly in the finished style of St. Winifred's, but they were a good deal neater and cleaner than Tuckey's own.

"You cheeky little tubby rat!" said Rodney, in measured tones. "Do you want me to shake you?"

"Oh, I say! Only a joke, you know," said Tuckey, in alarm. He remembered the way he had seen the new fellow handle Daubeny and Egan, and he backed into the study promptly. "Here, you sheer off!"

Rodney followed him in.

"You sheer off!" howled Tuckey. "I don't want anything to say to you."

"I'm not going to touch you, you young ass," said Rodney. "I was looking for this study. This is No. 8, isn't it?"

"Yes; my study," said Toodles.

"Oh, yours, is it?" said Rodney. "I understood it was Drake's."

"Drake's my study-mate. We're great pals, dear old Drake and me," said Toodles, loftily. "Inseparable, you know. Like brothers."

"Queer taste of Drake's, if that's the case. Anyway, I'm coming into this study; I fixed it up with Drake coming down."

"Oh, come off!" said Toodles, winking. "Not too thick, you know. Drake wouldn't have anything to say to you."

"Why not?"

"Drake's one of the richest chaps at St. Winifred's. I heard what old Daub said to you. You're trying to fasten on to Drake because he's rich. It won't work, my pippin," said Toodles, shaking his head with owl-like seriousness at Rodney. "It won't wash. Take my tip. No good."

"I think I shall have to shake you, after all."

Toodles jumped away.

"Here, you keep off, you blessed old clo' merchant. Oh! Ah! Leggo!" Rodney grasped the junior by the

collar, and shook him. He did not shake very hard, but Tuckey Toodles' voice rose like unto the voice of the Bull of Bashan.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Help! Rescue! Yah!"

There was a step in the passage, and Jack Drake appeared in the doorway. He glanced at the two juniors in the study in surprise, and his brows knitted.

"Well, what's the game?" he asked abruptly.

"Yow-wow! Draggimoff, Drake, old chap!" howled Toodles.

Rodney released Toodles, and turned to Drake with a rather flushed face.

"Only shaking the cheeky little cad," he said. "He's not hurt."

"Yow-wow."

"I don't see what you want to start shaking my study-mate for."

"Well, he checked me."

"I only called him an old clo' merchant!" howled Toodles, taking refuge behind Drake.

"Oh, you did, did you, you sneaking little rotter," said Drake. "Hand me that stump, Rodney—"

"Oh, I say!"

Toodles retreated from the doorway into the passage. Rodney laughed.

"Well, here I am, Drake," he remarked.

"I can see you."

Rodney looked at him rather curiously. Drake's manner had changed very considerably since that friendly and confidential talk in the train.

The new junior coloured a little.

"We fixed it up for me to share your study," he said rather awkwardly.

"Oh, I forgot!"

"You forgot!" ejaculated Rodney.

"Ye-es. The fact is—" Drake hesitated. "Look here, Rodney, you've started here by fighting with my two best friends. Now I find you shaking my study-mate. You seem to have rather a temper."

Rodney looked at him steadily.

"I was keeping to the arrangement we made coming down," he said. "But if you don't want me in this study, Drake, you've only to say so. I can apply for a study in the usual way. It doesn't matter to me."

Drake did not answer.

"To put it plain, so that there can't be any mistake, I sha'n't stay here unless you ask me to," said Dick Rodney very quietly.

"Oh!"

Rodney waited a few moments, and then, his flush deepening, turned to the door. Drake stood aside for him to pass. But he broke the silence the next moment.

"Hold on a minute, Rodney."

Rodney turned round.

His face had lighted a little, in the belief that Drake was about to ask him to remain and share the study. But Drake's expression showed him at once that that was not his intention.

"I—I—I told you something in the train," muttered Drake, the crimson creeping into his cheeks, and his eyes on the floor.

"You told me your father was ruined, and that you are now as poor as I am," answered Rodney. "We arranged to dig together, and to work hard together. You've changed your mind."

"You haven't mentioned—to anyone—about—"

"About what you told me?"

"Yes," muttered Drake.

"I shouldn't be likely to. I haven't had much chance here yet of chattering, if I wanted to. And I shouldn't, anyway."

Drake drew a deep breath of relief.

"You haven't said a word?"

"Certainly not! Do you know that you're insulting me by asking?"

"I—I don't mean that. But—but I don't want you to say anything. I prefer nothin' said."

Rodney watched his downcast, flushing face, and there was something very like scorn in his look.

"You mean you're sorry you told me—or anybody—and you want to keep it dark," he said. "That's your bizney. Of course, I sha'n't say a word. It's no business of mine, and I'm not a tattler."

"Thank you!"

"You've nothing to thank me for," said Rodney drily.

He left the study with that. Jack Drake stood hesitating. He made a step as if to follow the new junior, but stopped again. Rodney's footsteps died away down the passage.

#### Working Under Difficulties.

**D**RAKE!" There was a bang at the door of No. 8 in the Fourth, and Jack Drake gave a start.

Raik, of the Fourth, looked in.

"Gone to sleep?" he exclaimed, laughing. "Don't you know it's call-over?"

"Oh, all right!" said Drake, rather confusedly.

Pierce Raik looked at him curiously, and then at the table. There was an assortment of books on the table, and a sheaf of impot. paper. Two of the books were open, and Drake had a pen in his hand.

"Not working?" ejaculated Raik.

"Eh? Oh, yes!"

"Sappin'—first evenin' of term!" exclaimed Raik, incredulously. "Why, there's no prep to-night."

"No; I know. But—just lookin' over the books—" stammered Jack.

"Rather a new taste, isn't it?" grinned Raik.

"Well, why not, if I choose?" exclaimed Drake, so angrily that the junior in the doorway started, and stared at him.

"Keep your wool on, old nut!" said Raik. "Please yourself! But it's call-over now, and you'd better tumble up. I'm goin'."

"I'm comin'."

Drake closed his books and put down his pen, and followed Raik rather slowly. Call-over was on the

old quarter-deck of the Benbow, and it was being taken by the Head in person. As Jack Drake joined the rest of the Fourth, he became aware that curious glances were turned on him, and that some of the fellows were grinning. Raik had already imparted the startling news that Drake had been discovered "sapping" on the first day of term. It was no wonder that Drake's Form fellows were surprised and amused.

"What's the game, Drake?" whispered Vane, of the Fourth. "Goin' potty in your old age?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Drake gruffly.

"Raik says he found you sappin'."

"Raik's an ass!"

"Oh, then it isn't so!" said Vane.

"I thought he was pullin' my leg. Raik's always pullin' somebody's leg."

"Why shouldn't it be true?"

keep grave even in the presence of the reverend Head.

After call-over, when the ranks broke up, Jack Drake went down at once to his study, and he was followed by a chorus of chortles.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Newson, of the Fourth. "Drake sappin'—and on the first evenin' of term, too! What does it mean?"

"Must be some very deep joke!" said Raik, with a shake of the head. "Why, even Estcourt won't be sappin' this evening."

"Drake's settin' us all a good example for the beginnin' of the new term!" said Sawyer.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Toodles! Where's Toodies? Toodies, you greasy image, you're Drake's study-mate. What's the matter with him?"

"Balmy in the crumpe, I suppose," said Toodies. "Pullin' our leg!

Blessed if I know! Drake's changed. He hasn't even noticed the new curtains I've put up in the study. And they look awfully rejerkly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We can't have this, you fellows," said Raik, looking round. "Estcourt does enough sappin' for the old Benbow. We can't have Drake goin' back on his principles like this."

"No fear!"

"Let's rout him out."

"Hear, hear!"

A crowd of chuckling juniors swarmed round No. 8 in the Fourth. The door was closed. Pierce Raik approached the door, and held up his hand for silence. Breathless with curiosity and suppressed merriment, the juniors listened. There was a sound of a scratching pen from within the study.

Amazing as it was, it was evident that Jack Drake was al-

ready at work again. Drake, the easy-going slacker, who had been an example of careless idleness to the Fourth, was actually sapping on the first night of term, when even hard-working fellows like Estcourt did not think of work. Unless it was some very deep joke, the Fourth could not understand it.

"He's goin' it!" said Raik.

"Listen!"

Drake's voice came from the study. "Oh, hang it! Blow it! Bother it! Oh, dear!"

The new sapper apparently did not find his self-imposed task easy. There was a roar of laughter from the juniors as they heard him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Newson kicked the door open.

Drake was at the table, with books open before him, a pen in his right hand—he was running the left through



"Cut me loose, you chaps!" panted Drake. "I'm getting cramped—I've been tied up for an hour." "Oh, gad! A rag of the merry fags?" asked Daubeny.

growled Drake. "We come here to work, don't we?"

"Eh?"

"What's school for?"

Vane, of the Fourth, did not answer that question. He only stared blankly at Jack Drake, with astonishment in his face.

"Hear him?" murmured Raik.

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Tuckey Toodies.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cheese it!" growled Drake.

"Silence there!" rapped out Lovelace, of the Sixth, the captain of St. Winifred's.

The juniors were silent, but they were still grinning. The Head's deep voice was calling the names from the roll now, and attention had to be given to Dr. Goring. But the Fourth Form were in possession of a huge joke, and it was all they could do to

his thick curly hair. There was an expression of desperate concentration on his face. Poor Jack was keeping the promise he had made at home—struggling hard to keep it, at all events. And he was beginning at once!

He glared up irritably at the sight of a dozen grinning faces crowding round the doorway.

"What do you fellows want?" he snapped.

"Only to look on, old top!" said Raik, affably. "We've simply come to see the sights."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buzz off, there's good chaps!" said Drake. "I've got to work."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fourth Formers.

"Go it!" said Raik. "We won't interfere! Silence, there! Order, you chaps, for the sapping! This is worth watchin'. Go it, Drake! Now then! Arma virumque cano—got that?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"All Gaul was anciently divided into three parts!" said Newson, in a chanting voice. And there was another yell.

Drake jumped up.

"Clear off, you silly asses!" he exclaimed. "How can a chap work with that thundering row going on?"

"Work? Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I mean it, you chumps. I'm going in for the Foundation Scholarship this term."

There was a shriek.

"Pile it on!" roared Raik. "Go it! Tell us something more!"

"It's a fact!"

"A fact? Oh, my hat!"

"Give us some more facts," chirruped Vaue. "Facts are stranger than fiction, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jack Drake glared at the merry juniors. There was no one there who took him seriously, seriously as he was trying to take himself. It was, indeed, a rather sudden change for the easy-going slacker of the Fourth.

"Now, look here, you chaps!" began Drake helplessly.

"Don't play the goat, old fellow," said Vaue. "We're going to have a sing-song in common-room. Come on."

"I can't come."

"Why not?"

"I'm working."

That reply almost sent the Fourth into convulsions. They howled.

Jack Drake jumped up and seized a cricket-bat from a corner of the study. He made a rush at his tormentors.

"Now then, out you go!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Chuck it! Oh! Ha, ha!"

With vigorous lunges of the bat, Drake drove the juniors from the study, yelling like hyenas. He slammed the door after them, and settled down to P. Vergilius Maro—as well as he could. But it was not easy.

"Sap!"

**B**ANG! Bang! Bang! From the starlight on the upper deck, the voice of Lovelace, of the Sixth, shouted down.

"Now then, not so much row among you fags!"

"Only a celebration, Lovelace," squeaked Tuckey Toodles. "First night of term, you know."

"First night, Lovelace!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Well, not too much of it, anyhow," answered Lovelace, and he walked away.

"First night" covered a multitude of sins at St. Winifred's. It was the right of the juniors, from time immemorial, to kick up a terrific shindy on first night, and the prefects did not intervene unless driven to it. After his remonstrance, Lovelace walked off and closed his ears to the din that proceeded from the Fourth Form quarters.

"It's all right," chuckled Raik. "Keep it up."

"Go it! Where's that kettle?"

"I've got the kettle. You try the saucepan lids."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang! Crash! Crack! Bang!

It was an impromptu concert of the Fourth. Generally there was a celebration on first night in common-room. But the astounding news that Drake was working on first night had run through the Form, and the juniors had agreed heartily to hold the celebration, on unusually terrific lines, just outside Drake's study door.

Raik called it a concert. But stumps and bats, kettles and saucepan lids produced a kind of music which could not possibly have gratified any ears but those of an extremely modern German composer. Wagner was a joke to it; even Richard Strauss had never produced anything quite like it. "Elektra" was softly melodious in comparison.

Crash! Bang! Rattle! Crack! Whizz! Bang!

An unfortunate youth, turning over a new leaf and settling down to serious work for the first time in his life, found himself rather handicapped by that concert outside his door.

But for a time Drake made no move. He hoped that the Fourth would get tired of their little game, and seek some other entertainment. But the Fourth showed no signs of getting tired.

Their taste for Straussian music waxed rather than waned. The din outside No. 8 Study became stunning to the ears.

The juniors were joyfully debating how long it would be before old Drake chucked it. They were determined that he should chuck it first.

The door flew open at last. Jack Drake's handsome, worried face appeared, and was greeted by a roar of laughter.

"You thundering chumps!" began Drake.

"Enjoyin' the music, old top?"

"We're doin' this for your sake, you know—cheerin' you up while you're sappin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Will you clear off?" shouted Drake. "Look here, if you're not quiet, I'll ask one of the prefects to chip in."

"Rats!"

"Go it!"

Crash! Bang! Whizz! Rattle! Crack! You silly asses!"

"Come along to the common-room, Drake! Don't be a goat!"

"I can't!"

"We're going to keep up this concert till you do, old nut."

Crash! Bang!

"Look here, I'm not going to stand this," yelled Drake. "I'm serious!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you I mean it! Clear off, or I shall go for you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang! Bang! Bang! The concert started again.

Drake's eyes blazed. For the most part, the juniors were only acting in a spirit of thoughtless fun; but Drake had been through a good deal of worry that day, and his temper had suffered. He made a sudden rush out of the study, hitting out right and left.

The instrumental part of the concert ceased suddenly. But the vocal part was louder than ever. There were yells on all sides. Two or three of the fellows went spinning over.

"Now clear off!" panted Drake.

"Why, you cheeky cad!" howled Newson, sitting up and clapping his nose. "Collar him! Rag him! Mop him up!"

"Collar the cad!"

There was a rush back from the Fourth Formers, and they swept into the study, carrying Drake before them like a cork on the tide. The study seethed with excited juniors.

Drake struggled helplessly in the crowd.

"Rag him!" yelled Raik, rubbing his eye, where one of Drake's fists had landed. "The cheeky cad—cuttin' up rusty like that! Rag him!"

Jack Drake was collared on all sides. Some of the juniors were angry now, and all were in a mood for a "rag."

Raik, with one eye blinking painfully, directed the operations.

Tuckey Toodles' new curtains were jerked down from the window—regardless of a howl of protest from Tuckey—and whipped into strips in a twinkling. Jack Drake was jammed into his chair, resisting vainly in the grasp of many hands, and the strips of curtain tied him there. His legs were secured to the legs of the chair, his hands to the back of it, and he sat breathless and helpless, glaring at the raggars.

Vaue put a couple of pens behind his ears, amid howls of merriment, and Raik added a blotch of ink to his nose. P. Vergilius Maro was crammed down his back.

Then the Fourth Formers surveyed him in the electric light, roaring.

"There's a picture for you!" roared Raik.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You rotters!" gasped Drake.

"We'll label him!" said Raik.

He daubed on a sheet of impot paper, and pinned it across the hapless junior's chest. The Fourth Formers roared as they read in large letters:

SAP!

Then they crowded out of the study, to repair to the postponed celebration in the junior common-room, without Drake's assistance. Jack glared after them, wriggling in his bonds.

"Let me loose!" he howled.

"Not till bedtime!" chortled Raik.



"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Toodles! Come here, Toodles!"  
 "Toodles is coming with us,"  
 grinned Raik, taking Tuckey by the ear. "Come on, Toodle-oo! This way."  
 "Ow! Leggo! I'm coming!"  
 "Rodney!" shouted Drake. "Are you there, Rodney?"  
 "No, he's not here," said Raik. "And if he were he wouldn't be allowed to chip in. Grin and bear it, old boy; and don't be so handy with your fists in a chap's eye next time!"

"Oh, you rotters!" gasped Drake.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 There was a bang as the study door closed on him. Drake was left alone in the study, the juniors, roaring with laughter, crowding away to the common-room.

For several minutes Drake wrestled with his bonds, but they were tied too carefully to come loose. The ragers meant to leave him there till bedtime, and unless help came, there he was certain to remain.

Shouting for help was an easy resource; but he did not shout. It was more likely to bring a prefect of the Sixth than anyone else, to inquire what the matter was, and, angry as he was, Drake did not want to land the ragers into trouble. He thought of Rodney again, but he did not call. After the caddish way in which he had treated the new junior, his pride prevented him from calling to him for help, even if he were within hearing, which was doubtful, as he had not heard the first call.

Drake gritted his teeth, making up his mind to take Raik's advice, and "grin and bear it."

Sapping for that evening was certainly over.

Footsteps passed the study several times, but no one entered. From a distance there was the sound of voices raised in a "sing-song." The junior celebration was going on. Fourth and Third and most of the Shell were gathered at the sing-song.

Daubeny and Co., certainly, were not likely to join in a noisy and harmless celebration. They had no use for a sing-song. It was pretty certain that they would find more congenial occupation in banker or bridge in their study, with the door carefully locked against a surprise.

Drake thought savagely that he might as well be with them, enjoying himself in the old study, as trussed up in his own room like a turkey, staring at his unused books.

Footsteps stopped at the door at last, and it opened, greatly to the junior's relief.

Three elegant figures appeared in view.

"By gad!" ejaculated Vernon Daubeny, staring blankly at Drake.  
 "What the merry thunder—"

"Looks like a rag!" grinned Torrence.

"Oh, quite!" yawned Egan.  
 "Cut me loose, you chaps," panted Drake. "I'm getting cramped! I've been tied up half an hour!"

"Oh gad! A rag of the merry fags, what?" asked Daubeny.  
 "Yes. Get me loose."

"That new bounder had a hand in it?"

"No; Raik and the rest. Cut me loose, there's a good chap!"

"Certainly, dear boy!"

Daubeny took out and opened a little pearl-handled penknife, with leisurely movements that were exasperating to watch.

"Get a move on, for goodness' sake!" snapped Drake.

"Yaas, old top! I'm hurrying, ain't I?" Daubeny began to saw with the penknife across the twisted strips of curtain. "We called in for you, old fellow—a merry little party in my study, an' you simply must come."

"Simply must!" said Egan, solemnly.

"Won't take no for an answer," said Torrence, shaking his head.

"I—I was working!" said Drake, haltingly.

All his keenness for work—such as it was—was gone now.

"Sappin'!" grinned Daubeny. "Is that why they ragged you?"

"Yes, the silly fools!"

"Serve you right—sappin' first night of term!" said Egan, indignantly. "By gad! We'd better leave



From the hatch on the upper deck, the voice of Lovelace, of the Sixth, shouted down: "Now then, not so much row among you fags!"

you like this, if you're goin' to sap—"

"He's not!" said Daubeny, pausing, however. "You're comin' with us, Drake?"

"Yes, if you like. Hang the sapping!" growled Drake. "How can a chap work when he gets this kind of thing in the neck? I—I'll make a beginning to-morrow. That's soon enough, goodness knows."

A couple of minutes later he was in Daubeny's study, and all thoughts of "sapping" were banished from his mind. Sapping was not exactly compatible with banker, and it was the latter that occupied the irresolute fellow's attention for the remainder of that evening. Jack Drake had lost the first round.

THE END.

Next Tuesday's rattling yarn of the School on the River will be "THE LAST FLUTTER!" Don't miss it!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

By MONTY LOWTHER

The Mirth-Maker of St. Jim's

Gerald K. (Sixth Form).—I am surprised that you should whine because a number of "cheeky young rascals" bowled you over in the quad the other evening. You must learn to endure hard Knox!

Gerald C. (Fifth Form).—In reply to your query concerning the Dishem Stakes, I should say that the blame is partly yours and partly the bookie's. It cuts both ways.

"Jackie."—I note with approval your limerick:

"That noble young nut named Augustus

Has often turned ratty and 'cussed' us.

We're glad, goodness knows, We don't pay for his hose!

If we did it would jolly soon bust us!"

Yaas, wathah!

"Inquirer" (School House).—Why was Gordon Gay? Because he saw Tom Merry, I expect!

G. F. K. (New House).—Yes, I am quite aware of the fact that the New House fellows are babies when it comes to playing footer. You see, they're always so fond of dribbling.

G. A. G. (School House) writes as follows: "U are a silly ass, monty lowther, and I will seragg you, by George!" Verry well, G. A. G. I shall be pleased to meet you in the Jim at any time!

"Reddy" (New House).—Why was Ratty ratty? Possibly because he saw Wynn win.

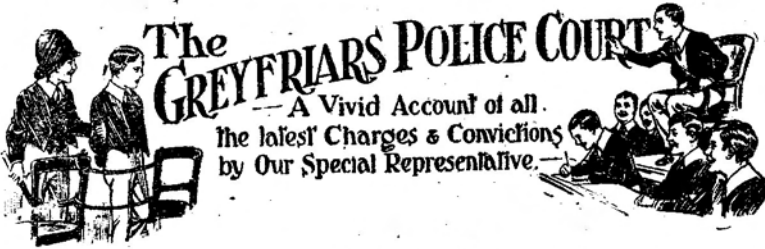
A. A. D'A.—So you intend to give us a tenor solo in the common-room on Saturday evening? Good! We will make a "note" of it!

Johnny Bull (Greyfriars).—Tenor solos seem to be quite the rage, for you tell me that several were rendered at Greyfriars recently. What did Hurree Singh?

"Queryist" (Shell).—Still they come! What is the difference between Cain and the captain of St. Jim's? I should say that one killed Abel and the other's Kildare!

"Alonzo" (Greyfriars).—A special edition of "The Greyfriars Herald" will shortly appear, and will consist of brief replies to your 2,896 questions!

Frank Courtenay (Highcliffe).—Glad to hear you captured a brand-new football during your raid on a rival school. A thing of booty is a toy for ever. I think it was Keatings who first sprinkled those words on to the field of literature!



## The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

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

A number of interesting cases came before Mr. Justice Wharton at the recent Assizes. His worship arrived late, and in the interval the jurymen amused themselves by playing marbles.

### A Hard Taskmaster.

The first culprit on the list was Master Richard Nugent, who was charged with neglect of duty, and impertinence to his fag-master, Mr. James Walker, of the Sixth Form. Mr. Walker himself conducted the case for the prosecution.

Magistrate: Now, then, old sport, tell us all about it!

Mr. Walker: That cheeky young cub has repeatedly refused to obey orders! He is supposed to wake me up in the morning, light my fire, and lay my table. He has declined to do any of these things.

Magistrate: H'm! Is that all you've to complain about?

Mr. Walker: I haven't finished yet. The other evening I sent the accused down to Friardale for a box of Silver-flake cigarettes. I gave him a shilling for that purpose. And when he returned, what do you think he brought me?

Magistrate: Ask me another! I'm no good at conundrums.

Mr. Walker: He had the brazen cheek to buy me a lot of silly tracts about tobacco being the root of all evil!

Magistrate: And I don't blame him. A fellow of your age ought not to smoke.

Mr. Walker: Sir Walter Raleigh says—

Magistrate (sharply): Please remember that you are taking part in police-court proceedings, not a debate on the Elizabethan period! You can stand down. What has the accused got to say on the subject?

Accused: Walker's a brute and a bully! I refuse to fag for him any more!

Magistrate: State your grievances in a nutshell.

Accused: I'm fed-up with fagging! I've had to slog all day, and half the night as well! I shouldn't mind if fags had a two-hour week, with food and clothes thrown in, and a thumping good screw!

Magistrate: What does Mr. Walker pay you?

Accused: A farthing an hour, and he deducts a penny for every article of crockery I break! Last week, when I smashed up the happy home—quite by accident, your worship—I received fourpence-farthing in wages, and had to pay out five-and-nine-pence!

Voices from the audience: Shame!

Mr. Frank Nugent, the eminent barrister, who defended his brother, said that if anybody deserved to stand in the dock at that moment it was the prosecutor.

"Such treatment is scandalous!" said Mr. Nugent, in ringing tones. "Besides working hard all the week, a fag is heavily out of pocket. Either the rate of pay for fags must be raised, and the conditions bettered, or the police-court will be full of these sort of cases. And if the jury brings in anything but a verdict of 'Not guilty,' I'll knock their silly heads together!"

Magistrate: Not for one moment should I dream of influencing the jury in any way, but if they don't return a verdict of "Not guilty," I'll pulverise them!

The jury, without leaving their seats, promptly returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Magistrate (to accused): You will leave this court without a stain on your collar—I mean character!

The verdict was received with loud applause.

### Bunter and the Penknife.

William George Bunter, who had on several previous occasions been sentenced to death, but who was still very much alive and kicking, was charged with purchasing a penknife, to the value of 1/34d. (one shilling and threepence-halfpenny), from Mr. Fisher Tarleton Fish, of New York City, and with failing to keep up the payments.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C. (instructed by Messrs. Slippery Fish & Co.) appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. S. Q. I. Field, at the request of Lord Bunter de Grunter, conducted the defence.

Mr. Cherry: The facts are as follows, old scout—

Magistrate: "Your worship," please!

Mr. Cherry: The facts, your worship, are, your worship, as follows, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Will my learned friend refrain from being a silly ass?

Mr. Cherry: Certainly, your worship! I know you hate competition! (More laughter.)

Magistrate: I will not tolerate this continual laughter in court! If you people can't behave, you can clear out! No charge is made for admission to these festivities, and you ought not to abuse the privilege. Carry on, counsel!

Mr. Cherry: Fishy had a little knife—a ripping thing, you know—

Magistrate: And everywhere that Fishy went, that knife was sure to go! (Muffled and discreet laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: This knife of Fishy's was, to use his own words, a gilt-edged, superb, eighteen-carat affair, jewelled in every link, studded with gems in every movement! It was not a common or garden knife, as used for sharpening pencils. It could perform the functions of a corkscrew, a tin-opener, an electric torch, a periscope, a battering-ram—

Magistrate (sarcastically): And an alarm-clock, I suppose?

Mr. Cherry: Exactly! It was a noble knife, manufactured by the Home-made Steel Company, of New York. It had been in Mr. Fish's possession for eight years—

Magistrate: Great Scott! Then it must have developed a beard and side-whiskers! (More discreet laughter.)

Mr. Cherry: The barrel-like person who stands in the dock had designs on that knife. Every time he met Mr. Fish he said, "Give you tuppence for it, Fishy!" At length Mr. Fish informed him that he was prepared to sell the knife for one-and-threepence-three-farthings. The accused beat him down to one-and-threepence-halfpenny. He paid Mr. Fish a halfpenny—the first instalment—since when he has paid no other.

Magistrate: Perhaps he found that the knife wasn't all it was claimed to be?

Mr. Fish: See hyer, your worship! I guess—

Magistrate: The Form-room is the place for guesswork, Mr. Fish! Pray be seated.

Mr. Cherry: The knife fulfilled all its functions—

Accused (in shrill tones): It didn't! It was a fraud—a spoof—a wash-out! The blades were made of cardboard, or something! They bent when I started to use 'em. Of all the mouldy swindles—

Magistrate: Did you ever have occasion to cut a cake with it?

Accused: Yes, your worship. Only last night, in No. 1 Study—

Magistrate: Ah, now we know who burgled our cake! That offence will be added to the present charge.

Mr. S. Q. I. Field, for the defence, described Mr. Fish as an extortioner, a bloodsucker, and a swindler.

"Having palmed off his rusty old blunderbus on to my client," said Mr. Field, "he at once proceeded to dun him for the money. I can think of nothing more outrageous—"

Magistrate: Except your face! (Laughter.)

Mr. Field: He will have his little joke, bless him! Gentlemen of the jury, it isn't a scrap of use your bringing in a verdict of "Guilty" against my client, as he is not in a position to pay the balance of the amount. He has no visible means of support—

Magistrate: His legs seem fat enough!

Mr. Field: As I was saying, my client has no visible means of support. He will remain in that unfortunate plight until his postal-order arrives—

Mr. Cherry: "It may be for years, and it may be for ever!" (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Now, Mr. Foreman, what about it?

Foreman of the Jury: We find the accused guilty on both counts. We believe that he had no intention whatever of paying for the penknife. We also believe him guilty of cake-stealing.

Magistrate: Good enough! The accused will pay the balance of one-and-threepence to Mr. Fish, in sixty weekly instalments of one farthing. He will also replace the cake he appropriated from No. 1 Study.

The accused was understood to mumble, on leaving the dock, that his worship would be unlucky!

# OUR SILVER SHILLING FEATURE

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

## Unfortunate.

First Tramp: If it wasn't such a long way off, Mike, we might go to the South Sea Islands, where there are coconuts and bananas all over the place which can be had for nothing.

Second Ditto: Well, I suppose they've got to be picked?

First Ditto: Yes, of course.

Second Ditto (disgustedly): Ugh! I thought there'd be some drawback about it!

## Unusual.

Stationmaster: I think somebody will get into trouble over that train starting three minutes late from the station here.

Assistant: Why? Are any of the passengers complaining about it, sir?

Stationmaster: No, but the refreshment-bar manager says he'll make it hot for whoever is responsible. The passengers actually had time to eat what they had paid for!



SHORT: "He must have been a brave man during the war. He tells me he saved a life."

LONG: "So did I—my own."

## Very Brief.

A large audience was gathered to hear a noted dean give an address on a subject of topical interest.

The chair was taken by a local celebrity who fancied himself as a speaker, and who held forth for nearly an hour in introducing the lecturer of the evening. At last he finished, and announced:

"The dean will now give his address."

The dean, an irritable little gentleman, sprang to his feet quivering with impatience.

"My address," he snapped, "is 'The Deanery, Greychester, and I'm going back there immediately!'"

## A Gentle Hint.

Fred: I say, Ted, old chap, what are you going to do when you leave school?

Ted: I don't know yet.

Fred: I think you'd make a splendid bookkeeper, you know.

Ted: Indeed? What makes you think that? My smartness at figures, I suppose?

Fred: No; the way you've hung on to that copy of "The Greyfriars Herald" I lent you!

## Missing.

Two men met at the corner of the street, and stopped to have a little neighbourly chat.

"Oh," exclaimed one of them suddenly, "have you heard that old Watson, the bank-manager, is looking for a clerk?"

"Why, it was only last week that he engaged one," said the other.

"Yes," replied his friend—"that's the one he's looking for!"

## Not all Honey.

"Young man," said the magistrate severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife was most brutal. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

"If you do, your honour," replied the prisoner at the bar hopefully, "it will break up our honeymoon."

## Like Master.

Mrs. Brown: Jane, has the master come in?

Servant: No, mum; it was the dog that was growling.



WORKMAN (after watching golfer for thirty minutes trying to get the ball in the hole): "All a minute, old chap. I'll make the 'ole bigger."

## He Knew.

Visitor (consolingly to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink over the new carpet): Tut-tut, my boy! It's no use crying over spilt milk!

Tommy: Of course not. All you have to do is to call the cat to lick it up. But this happens to be ink, so mother'll do the licking!

## His Chance.

Judge (angrily): The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be turned out of the court!

Prisoner: Hooray!

## OUR FOOTBALL COLUMN

Conducted by Our Sports Editor  
H. VERNON-SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—No responsibility is accepted for any mis-statements or inaccuracies in these reports. They are not written by experts—quite the reverse, in some cases—and the opinions expressed by the writers are not necessarily shared by the Editor.—H. W.

## GREYFRIARS REMOVE v. ST. JIM'S

By ALONZO TODD

My Uncle Benjamin declares that football is a bracing, exhilarating pastime for young and old. I have never seen any decrepit old gentlemen on crutches taking part in the game; but doubtless there somewhere exists a Methuselah Football Club.

Personally, I must beg to differ from my venerable avuncular relative on this point. If football were a gentle pastime, like draughts or ludo, I should have nothing to say against it. But it is brutally, abominably rough. As a spectator of the above mentioned match, I was shocked—nay, disgusted!

The first part of the game, during which Harry Wharton affectionately clasped Tom Merry by the hand, was both delightful and touching. But alas! Scenes of the wildest hooliganism followed.

"The Remove are attacking," said somebody at my elbow.

"Yes," I said with a sigh. "It's a cruel war!"

In a very short time, the players were totally unrecognisable owing to the mud which enshrouded them. I presume that the side which collected the greater quantity of mud would win the game.

The only person who was not plastered from head to foot was Bulstrode, who stood in a sort of net, watching the proceedings.

Presently, however, there was a combined rush on the part of some of the players, and Bulstrode was savagely bundled into the net.

"Goal!" shouted everybody.

And then I saw the unfortunate Bulstrode emerge from the net clasp- ing a muddy ball.

The revolting scene of barbarity continued until a sort of armistice was arranged, and the warriors refreshed themselves with lemons.

"Are they going to fight on?" I inquired.

"Of course, fathead!" said Bols- over major, whom I regard as a very rude and ill-mannered person.

His eyes were feasted upon the battle, which had been resumed.

Choking back a sob, I hurried from the ground.

I have heard since that the Remove won the match by two goals to one. I suppose this means that they collected more wheelbarrows full of mud than their opponents.

Football is a game fit for a Bolshe- vist, and I shall strongly urge its abolition. Ludo is quite as exciting, and far less dangerous.

# 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 midnight, none other than Buck Dixie, the famous scout, comes up with them and gives warning of a band of Indians. Then, promising help in forty-eight hours, Buck gallops away again. Near Deer Springs, the only water for many miles, the convoy is attacked by the Redskins, and a fierce fight ensues. A chief rushes up to tomahawk Uncle Baldy, a leader with a taste for fighting and chemistry, but Uncle throws a home-made bomb, and the warrior "goes West" in a dose of "Baldy's Big Medicine."

THE ears of the boys sang and buzzed, and their eyes were blinded by the explosion of Baldy's bomb.

Three pounds of gunpowder, tightly encased in a heavy earthenware bottle, laced with leather thongs, is calculated to produce a considerable explosion, and Baldy remarked on this as he ran back to the boys and once more took up his position under the waggon.

"I kinder calk'lated on some disturbance!" said he, grimly: "but three pounds o' good powder is too much for them bombs. A pound is enough ter blow a Redskin from here to th' happy hunting grounds. So that's two pounds o' powder wasted!"

But the two pounds of extra powder which had despatched that Redskin buck to the happy hunting grounds were by no means wasted.

The explosion finished the panic which was stopping the attack of the Red Men. The savages could not stand the showers of harmless coloured stars which played about their ears from the Roman candles as well as they could have stood rifle fire.

They turned and ran, and, as they ran, the rifles of the convoy riders wrought havoc amongst them.

For the first time, a cheer went up from the grim circle of the Paleface waggons.

The first round in the battle for the Deer Springs had been won, and soon, through the night, came the sound of wailing from the lodges of deerskin which were pitched on the far side of the springs.

The Indian attack was broken.

Uncle Baldy lit his pipe.

"Fightin' s over for to-night, boys!" he announced comfortably, as he ran the cleaning-rod down his rifle. "We ha' put the crimps into the Red Man,



"It's Teekoopi all right!" said Uncle Baldy, with great satisfaction. "Now we shall have all the news!"

an' he's got a stomach full o' Paleface medicine that'll last him till th' mornin'!"

"Do you think they will go away now?" asked Kit.

"Go away!" ejaculated Uncle Baldy. "Not they! Does a wolf pack go away when it settles on th' trail of a sledge? Look!"

He pointed to a red flare which sprang up near the Indian camp, lighting up the queer comelike shape of the deerskin lodges, where the squaws were wailing the dead and screaming for vengeance.

The fire was answered by another red dot of flame far away on a rising billow of the prairie. Then another smudge of red glare, more distant, lit the night sky.

"They're signallin' for reinforcements!" mumbled Uncle Baldy. "This hyar party we been up against is only a scoutin' party. By noon to-morrow we'll be up against th' whole Arrowhead Nation of th' Navajoes—fifteen hundred strong, with Black Snake in charge!"

"Who is Black Snake?" asked Joe, as interested as though he were seeing a play, instead of taking a hand in one of the most desperate encounters in the history of the frontier.

"Black Snake is the real bad medicine, Joe!" replied Baldy. "He's th' High War Chief of th' Arrowhead Nation of Navajoes. That's as good as commanding an army corps.

"The Navajoes are divided inter

twelve nations, each av 'em worse 'n the last, an' th' Arrowheads are the roughest house o' the lot. Yonder buck that got my bomb in his chest wuz an Arrowhead," added Baldy reflectively.

He puffed awhile at his pipe.

"Yes, sonny," he remarked. "To-morrow is goin' to be our busy day. Reckon I'll put up a few more o' them bombs. We'll be needin' 'em!"

Then suddenly he pushed forth his rifle.

"Hallo!" said he. "We hain't killed 'em all!"

A figure that might have been that of a wounded Indian was crawling towards the waggons, and Uncle Baldy covered the feathered head with his rifle.

But though his finger was on the trigger, he did not fire.

"Hold yo' fire, boys!" he called to the men in his immediate vicinity. "I've a mind that it's Teekoopi!"

The Redskin crawled on boldly, regardless of the rifles that were covering him at almost point-blank range. And wonderful was the way that he got over the ground, crawling snake-like on his face.

Presently he stopped, and there sounded the noise of a cicala or grasshopper, a sharp chirping noise.

"It's all right, boys!" called Uncle Baldy, laughing. "You may be sure that when Buck Dixie is around the shadow won't be far off!"

He answered the grasshopper call, and the Indian, rising boldly to his feet, glided up to the waggon where Baldy was taking cover, and, sliding in beside the boys, seated himself.

"How do, Teekoopi?" remarked Uncle Baldy cheerfully, as though it was the most ordinary thing in the world that Teekoopi should march straight out of the enemy's camp.

The new-comer was an Indian boy, painted in the hideous war designs that marked an Arrowhead brave.

That he ranked as a warrior was betrayed by the scalp that decorated his belt.

Behind the shelter of his upturned table, Uncle Baldy struck a light and held it up before the stranger's face.

The boys regarded with curiosity a solemn-faced, black-eyed boy with the true hawk visage of a Red Indian tempered by some far-away strain of white blood.

"It's Teekoopi all right!" said Uncle Baldy, with great satisfaction. "Now we shall have all the news."

But Teekoopi was not communicative. He sat still as a bronze statue, regarding the two Paleface boys gravely.

"Huh!" he remarked at length. "That's Teekoopi's 'How d'ye do!'" explained Uncle Baldy. "You can shake hands with him, boys," he added. "He's no Navajo, but a real Soshone an' Buck Dixie's own boy. Buck saved him when he was a babby out o' an Indian massacre, an' he's trained him himself. He's the real boy sleuth, an' his English name is 'Laughin' Shadow.'"

"He doesn't seem to laugh much!" said Kit, regarding the solemn stranger by the light of a candle which Buck had now boldly lit behind the shelter of his fighting table.

"That's where the laugh comes in, sonny!" answered Uncle Baldy. "This kid's never laughed in his life never learned how to smile. He's like that there King of England o' yours, who lost his jewels in the Wash an' never smiled again."

The boys did not take the trouble to correct Uncle Baldy's English history for him, and Uncle Baldy did not take the trouble to ask Teekoopi for news from the camp of the enemy. He knew that a Redskin won't be hurried any more than a policeman, and that he always tells his news in his own time.

"You kill six-two, to-night!" announced Teekoopi after a silence. "Heap Red Man hurt!"

Then he jerked his thumb in the direction of the body of the brave who had encountered Uncle Baldy's bomb.

"Him heap dead!" he remarked laconically.

"I stretched him wid a bottle o' lightning!" said Uncle Baldy.

"Wah!" remarked Teekoopi. "Him stiff man. Goo t'ing he go happy hunting ground. If not—"

Teekoopi touched the scalping-knife at his belt significantly.

"Him suspec' me!" said he.

"Got the wire on ye, did he?" asked Uncle Baldy. "Then he of you had got to die quick. Did any more o' them varmints suspect ye?"

Teekoopi nodded.

"Me come away!" said he. "Or me die!"

Uncle, after a proper pause, carried this Intelligence officer away to Silas Cobb, and Teekoopi confirmed what Uncle Baldy had suspected. The main body of the Arrowhead nation, under the leadership of the worst Redskin chief on the frontier, Black Snake, was encamped a day's march away. But already the signal fires were flaring across the prairie.

Before noon they would have Black Snake upon them, with fifteen hundred red ruffians, all intent on wiping out the convoy in one terrible massacre.

And there was another enemy to deal with—perhaps a more dreaded enemy than Black Snake and his nation, and this enemy was thirst.

But the Redskins would not attack again that night.

Uncle Baldy thought this out.

Uncle Baldy was nothing if not daring.

He had overhauled the water supply available, and saw nothing but disaster unless it were replenished.

Every gallon of water counted in the fight against time.

Buck Dixie had declared that he would arrive with relief in forty-eight hours. But there was not water for forty-eight hours in the laager.

Water meant life to the fighters. By the look of the sky to-night, the morrow bid fair to be a day of blazing heat.

But Uncle Baldy's brain was working overtime; in fact, his head became so hot with the ideas that were surging through it that he pulled off his wig and fanned himself with it.

"I've a notion, boys," said he—"I've a notion that I'm going to expound to Silas Cobb whin he's posted the sentries."

It was nearly midnight by the time

men from th' convoy to the springs pass ther cans, an', by ther time ther varmints get over their fright, there's water fer to-morrow inside the fort, as ye might say!"

"Show me!" said Silas Cobb, still incredulous. "I'm not going to risk half a dozen lives on a Jack o' lantern!"

"Gimme time to git ther feathers off that brave I demolished wid me bottle o' lightnin'," said Uncle Baldy, "an' I'll scare you, Silas Cobb, let alone th' Redskins!"

And away he went to steal the trappings of the buck he had laid out with his home-made bomb.

Then he retired to his waggon, and searched amongst his chemicals.

Uncle Baldy, great inventor that he was, had anticipated the invention



For a moment the Redskin sentry stood there paralysed by fear, as with the stately gliding walk of the Red man, the ghostly figure made slowly towards the tents where the wailing was going on. Then he loosed a yell like a foghorn!

Silas Cobb had performed this duty, setting a cordon of sentries outside the waggons.

Then Uncle Baldy and the boys sought him out by the camp fire and expounded the great notion.

It was an entirely novel notion in Indian warfare, and the daring of it made Silas Cobb's jaw drop, whilst his gaunt face filled with awe for the daring experimenter who propounded the scheme.

"What?" he exclaimed. "D'ye mean to tell me that ye can stampede a war-party of Redskins with a dummy ghost?"

"That's ther proposition!" replied Uncle Baldy steadily. "I scare up ther Redskins while the boys rush the springs an' fill ther cans. A string o'

of luminous paint. There was a can of this phosphorescent mixture in his wondrous outfit of chemicals, and swiftly Uncle Baldy, under the cover of the waggon-tilt, stripped himself, dressed himself in feathers and deer-skin breeches and mocassins, and got to work with the paint-brush.

Kit and Joe and Teekoopi hung about outside the waggon whilst Uncle Baldy dressed his part.

And they staggered back as the curtains of the waggon parted and Uncle Baldy showed himself, framed in the darkness of the tilt.

There stood the ghost of the Redskin buck, horrible and gleaming with a flickering glow of phosphorescent light from head to foot.

"Oh!" gasped Kit,

"Ah!" gasped Joe.

"Wah!" grunted Laughing Shadow, startled for a moment out of his Indian stoic calm. "Heap fire-water brave. All fire! Wah!"

"Tis a paint av me own invention!" said Uncle Baldy modestly, as he stepped down from the waggon. "I'd a notion that it would serve for painting cow-posts to be seen in the dark, and it makes a man smell like a box of wet lucifer matches. Keep by me, boys," he added hastily, "or one of them convoy riders will be shootin' me for a ghost Redskin."

And there was some truth in Uncle Baldy's fears.

A convoy rider popped up from under a waggon, where he had been cleaning and oiling his rifle.

At the sight of the grim, luminous figure of the Redskin brave, he gave a yell of fear, and darted back under the waggon like a shot rabbit.

"Don't fear!" called Uncle Baldy. "Don't fear, Jake Stagers. It's neither ther whisky bag nor a Redskin ghost. 'Tis old Uncle Baldy workin' a stunt!"

The convoy riders stared at the grim, shining figure, with its gleaming head-dress of feathers and sinister shimmering clothing, all aflame with blue light. Some of them gave startled cries. But when they heard Uncle Baldy's voice sounding from the evil-looking shape, they yelled with laughter, and surged about him.

"Bully for Uncle Baldy!" they cried, and they crowded round, hustling him towards the spot where Silas Cobb, wrinkled and careworn, sat by the fire smoking.

"Je-hoso-phat!" was all that Silas Cobb said. "Baldy, ye're great! Try it!"

There was no lack of volunteers now.

The plan was simple enough. Uncle Baldy, unshrouded in the great black velvet cloth which he used in the practise of the new-fangled arts of photography or daguerreotyping, would work his way up to the outskirts of the Redskin camp, keeping himself covered with the velvet mantle ere he revealed himself.

There is no material more absorbent of light or more invisible at night than black velvet, and on this mantle Uncle relied on getting up close to the first Indian sentinels.

It depended on these, and how they took the sight of the apparition, whether the long string of water-passers would extend itself to the spring.

If Uncle Baldy succeeded in stampeding the Redskins, the boys would press forward to the springs with buckets, and these would be passed from hand to hand along a chain of running men, who would pass the empty buckets out of camp and pass the full buckets back.

To the boys and Teekoopi, the Laughing Shadow, would fall the post of honour at the spring, where they would fill the buckets as fast as they could dip them.

A Navajo death-howl from the ghost would be the signal to start, and two death-howls would show that it was time to retire.

Soon all was ready. The boys blackened their faces before they

started from the shelter of the laager, and crawled out on to No Man's Land, that lay between it and the Red Indian lodges by the springs.

The wailing of the squaws still sounded from these tents, and as they crawled out, the boys found that the Redskins had removed most of their dead from the scene of the battle.

They crawled half-way between the two camps before they sighted their first Indian sentry. Then they lay still in the dark shadow that was thrown in a fold of the ground by the bright fires which the Indians had lit around their tents to keep away the spirits of their dead whilst the squaws were wailing them.

It was on this Navajo superstition that Uncle Baldy was relying for his sensation, for the Navajoes believed that, before the final departure of the spirits of the dead to the happy hunting ground, they would seek to take with them some of their living friends as companions. Thus, to see the ghost of a Redskin recently departed spelled death.

The wailing of the women was supposed to draw the ghosts, but the fires were supposed to keep them away, for they were disposed in a circle—a magic circle designed by the medicine man of the war-party, or the surgeon-major.

From where they lay, the boys could see the outline of the Redskin sentry, black against the light of the fires.

Then of a sudden he ejaculated a deep guttural "Wah" of fear and astonishment, for a dismal death-howl sounded through the darkness. About thirty yards away to his left there suddenly showed an apparition of the buck who had met his death by the bottle of lightning.

It was the dead brave himself, but, gleaming ghostly and terrible, consumed by a pale blue-green light which glowed and paled.

For a moment the Redskin sentry stood there paralysed by fear, as, with the stately, gliding walk of the Red Man, the ghostly figure made slowly towards the tents where the wailing was going on.

Then he loosed a yell like a fog-horn, and, dropping his gun, and yelling a warning that the spirits of the dead were approaching.

It was really a very brave action that Uncle Baldy performed.

He stalked towards the Indian camp, slowly and without hurry, regardless of what fear might send him, in the shape of a volley of arrows or a shower of bullets.

But not a gun spoke or arrow flew from bowstring.

A mass of Indians rushed forward at the cry of the sentry. Then they came to a sudden stop at the sight of that shining ghostly figure which approached them so slowly.

They called the dead buck by name, hiding their eyes lest the sight of him should kill them, and begging him to go away.

But the ghost came on with calm deliberation, and without hurry.

A squaw yelled a warning, and the panic was complete.

With a yell of fear and a helter-skelter rush, the Redskins raced out of camp.

"Come along, Joe," whispered Kit.

"Let's get ahead of the rest of the chain, and we can have a drink before the buckets are up."

Thirsty!

The boys realised what thirst meant as they neared that coveted water. They could smell the water, and, crawling up to it, they plunged their faces into it, drinking it with their hands in greedy gulps.

They felt suddenly revived and alive.

Never in all their lives had they tasted such a drink as that muddy water, stirred up by Indian ponies and braves in that miserable water-hole. It was glorious—delicious!

But soon came the buckets.

The yelling mob of Indians were still falling back before the awful figure of the ghost brave.

The boys dipped for dear life, taking the empty buckets and handing back the filled buckets. And soon the spring began to diminish.

The Indian ponies had drunk freely of it, and the squaws had long since taken the best of the water in their tightly woven baskets of willow bark, which, pitched inside, are used by wandering Redskins for water-vessels.

But there was enough water left in the water-hole to break the thirst of the next day. The boys dare not advance to the next water-hole, which was in the direction which the mob of Redskins had taken.

And presently the yells of fear altered their note.

The scared Redskins had suspected a trick.

A shot rang out through the darkness, which was followed by two very lively Navajo death-howls—a signal from Baldy that it was time to pack up and go.

"Run fer it, boys!" called Baldy. "The game's played out. The varmints have smelled a rat!"

The Redskins had certainly smelled a rat, for guns cracked in the darkness, and arrows came whistling through the air, quivering in the parched soil around them as they hurried back with the ghost of the departed Chiune.

But the fear of the ghost was still on the Navajo braves. They dared not advance beyond the magic circle of their fires, and a husky cheer went up as the last of the water-carriers toiled into camp.

And, as the boys and Baldy sat down with that last bucket of water between them, handing it round and drinking from it as from a loving-cup, Laughing Shadow came as near laughing as he had ever come in his life.

"Heap good spirit!" he grunted, pointing to Baldy. "Heap good water!" he added, pointing to the bucket.

"An' the best drink I've ever had!" added Uncle, as he drained the bucket. "Th' mud makes it almost as satisfyin' as cocoa!"

Another splendid long instalment of this exciting Redskin story will appear in next Tuesday's "Greyfriars Herald." Meanwhile, "round-up" all your chums and tell them about it, so that they, too, may have a treat.

# MOBBY'S MISADVENTURE

A complete story of Highcliffe School, specially written for "The Greyfriars Herald"

By FRANK COURTENAY



## I.

"TOO much fag," observed the Caterpillar.

"Rats!" I retorted. "You've jolly well got to come! And if you don't come of your own free will, I shall use a little gentle persuasion!" The caterpillar sighed.

"Now, do be reasonable, Franky," he urged. "A fancy-dress ball is all right in its way—very amusin' an' divertin'—but the preparations for it simply sap a fellow's energy. I was never blessed with overmuch energy, myself. You, Franky, were born with more than your fair share. But that's no reason why you should always be bullyin' me. Without mincin' my words, I'll say straight out that I sha'n't come!"

"You shall!"

"I sha'n't!"

"You jolly well will!"

"I jolly well won't!"

"Look here, Caterpillar——"

"Look here, Franky——"

We glared at each other breathlessly.

Before the argument could continue, Flip Derwent came into the study.

"You fellows going to the fancy-dress ball at Courtfield?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said.

"Speak for yourself, Franky," said the Caterpillar. "I have already declared that I'm not goin'. That, like the editor's decision, is final."

"Why aren't you coming along, Caterpillar?" asked Flip Derwent.

"Too much fag changin' into a costume."

"What utter rot!"

"Besides, I should never be able to make up my mind what to go as. I'm too scraggy to tog up as a Beefeater, an' I can't scowl in the true Napo-

leonic manner. I'm not imposin' enough to be Oliver Cromwell——"

"Why not Guy Fawkes?" I suggested.

"Now you're bein' rude, Franky!"

Flip Derwent came to the rescue.

"You'd make a ripping Joan of Arc, Caterpillar!" he said. "You've got a smooth face, and big, soulful eyes——"

"Oh, help!"

"And Lazarus, in Courtfield, has got some Joan of Arc clobber that'll suit you down to the ground! You simply must come!"

The Caterpillar gave in.

"Have it your own way, my dear fellows," he said. "By the way, what are you goin' to be?"

"The Three Musketeers," I said.

The Caterpillar stared.

"But there are only two of you!" he protested.

"Smithson's goin' to make a third," said Flip. "Hallo! Talk of angels!"

The door opened again, admitting Smithson of the Fourth. He was looking very excited—the indignant sort of excitement.

"Who's been ruffin' your feathers, dear boy?" inquired the Caterpillar.

"Ponsonby!" growled Smithson.

"Our old friend Pon? What's he been up to now? Has he asked you to join him in burglin' a bank?"

Smithson gave a snort.

"He says he's going to the ball in the costume of the ex-Kaiser!" he exclaimed.

"My hat!"

"That's Pon's idea of a joke," said Flip. "He rather fancies himself strutting around the ball-room with a long, twirly moustache, and a German eagle on his helmet."

We shared Smithson's indignation. It was just like Ponsonby to want to create a sensation by appearing in public as Mr. William Hohenzollern. "Of course, he'll have to be stopped!" said Smithson.

"Of course!" said Flip.

The Caterpillar demurred.

"It would be silly to stop him," he said. "Let the merry merchant go ahead. Let him swagger into the ball-room shouting 'Got'strafe England!' and then the crowd will lynch him!"

"My hat!" said Smithson. "I hadn't thought of that. Of course, everybody will set on him!"

"Precisely!" said the Caterpillar, with a smile. "Pon will find that his life isn't worth livin'. At a signal from you, Franky, we'll wipe up the ball-room floor with him!"

"We'll imagine he really is the ex-Kaiser," said Flip Derwent, "and smash him accordingly!"

"That's the ticket!"

"There will be crowds of fellows in the ball-room," I said, "and some ladies, too. Most of the Greyfriars chaps will be there, and likewise the Cliff House girls. It's only right that Pon should be made an example of before the whole lot of them!"

"The Greyfriars fellows will probably lend a hand," said Smithson.

"Poor old Pon!" murmured the Caterpillar. "By the time we've finished with him, he'll be like a burst tyre! He'll be heartily sorry he ever thought of riggin' himself out as a Hohenzollern. He'll wish he'd come to the ball disguised as a doughnut, or a chrysanthemum."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not a word of our intentions!" I said warningly. "If it gets to Pon's ears that he's going to be mobbed, he'll change his mind about turnin' up."

"We'll be as mum as mice!" declared Flip Derwent.

"Having arranged that part of the programme," I said, "lets come along and see old Lazarus about our costumes."

"Too much fag——" began the Caterpillar.

But we jerked him out of his chair, and he accompanied us, willy-nilly, to Mr. Lazarus's store, where the costumes were duly hired.

"Might as well put them on now," said Smithson. "The ball starts in an hour or two."

So we donned our strange apparel; and half an hour later the Three Musketeers might have been seen swaggering away in the direction of Highcliffe, and flirting with Joan of Arc as they went.

## II.

IT was a gala night. The ball-room in Courtfield was thronged with fair women and brave men, who in reality were school-boys and schoolgirls.

The Caterpillar, as Joan of Arc, made a profound sensation. He's not bad-looking, and quite a lot of people were under the impression that he was really a girl.

The Greyfriars fellows were there in full muster. We couldn't recognise all of them because of their costumes.

but Billy Bunter, as Falstaff, was easily distinguished, and so was Bob Cherry, on account of his big feet. Bob was supposed to represent Dick Turpin; but he was more like a village policeman, so far as his boots were concerned.

At quite an early stage of the proceedings, Billy Bunter found his way to the vestibule, where there was plenty to eat and drink. And by the time he returned, with smears of jam adorning his plump cheeks, the dancing was in full swing.

"No sign of the ex-Kaiser yet," murmured Smithson.

"I'm not surprised," said the Caterpillar. "Pon prefers to come in by himself, so that he can be the cynosure of both eyes. It will be a dramatic moment—very!"

We danced with sundry young ladies from Cliff House, but they must have thought we were jolly unsociable. Our eyes were fixed on the door half the time.

And presently it opened!

A buzz of excitement ran through the ball-room—excitement which speedily swelled to anger.

William Hohenzollern had arrived!

Pon seemed surprised at the hostile nature of the reception. He had probably expected a chorus of admiration, for his attire was certainly very resplendent.

Instead of admiration, however, groans and hisses arose.

"Get out!"

"Go back to your kennel!"

"We've had enough of Kaiser Bill!"

"You're not wanted here!"

"Buzz off!"

The Caterpillar, Flip Derwent, and Smithson were waiting for me to give the signal to attack. I could not give it at once, as I was dancing with Phyllis Howell; but I muttered an apology to that young lady and strode towards the newcomer.

"Chuck him out!" I exclaimed.

There was no lack of volunteers.

Half the fellows present made a combined rush at Pon.

He gesticulated wildly, but we did not heed. He tried to raise a protest, but his voice was lost in the uproar.

We swarmed round him, whirled him off his feet, and carried him bodily into the street.

"Tear his uniform off!" shouted somebody.

Willing hands tore at the gaudy tunic. It was ripped open, and the buttons flew in all directions.

The impersonator of William Hohenzollern was having a very sorry time of it. He was bumped and bruised, and his resplendent uniform was soon a thing of rags and tatters. He had other clothing underneath, but not Etons; and we began to wonder what Pon could be wearing.

When the work of destruction was in full swing, I happened to look up, and there on the pavement, surveying the scene with a bland smile, was Ponsonby!

"My only aunt!" I gasped.

Pon was in Etons, as usual, and I rubbed my eyes, wondering if I was dreaming.

"What's up, Franky?" panted the Caterpillar, pausing in the act of wrenching off the victim's helmet.

"We've got hold of the wrong

passenger!" I exclaimed. "This isn't Pon at all!"

"Not Pon! What the merry dickens—"

"Pon's standing there watching us!"

"So he is, by gad! Then I wonder who this merchant can be!"

"We'll soon see!" said Smithson.

The German helmet was forcibly removed—likewise the moustache. Then we fell back almost speechless with amazement.

The person whom we had given such a rough handling was Mobby—Mr. Mobbis, our Form-master!

"Mobby!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Carry me home to die!" gasped the Caterpillar.

Mr. Mobbis lay sprawling on the pavement, wildly thrashing his legs in the air. His face was mottled with fury; his eyes glittered in the light of the street-lamp.

"You—you young ruffians!" he fumed. "This is your doing, Courtenay! I will see that you are expelled for this!"

We went forward and assisted the unfortunate Mobby to his feet.

But the mischief had been done. All the apologies in the world could not have saved us from Mobby's wrath.

And we didn't intend to apologise, either. In rigging himself up as the ex-Kaiser, Mobby had been fairly asking for trouble.

After a time, he succeeded in sorting himself out. He was a lump, bedraggled figure; and his wrath was equal to that of Jove of old.

"The Highcliffe boys who have taken part in this outrage," he snarled, "will return with me at once to the school!"

"Shall we?" murmured the Caterpillar, looking at me.

"Might as well get it over," I said.

So we set off in the wake of the furious Form-master.

Ponsonby gave a chuckle.

"You'll get it in the neck for this, by gad!" he said.

"Dry up, Pon!" growled Smithson irritably. "Blessed if I can understand why we collared Mobby instead of you!"

"The explanation, dear boy, is quite simple," said Pon smoothly.

"I knew that Mobby intended to go to the fancy-dress ball as the ex-Kaiser, and I set a rumour afloat that I was going to do the same. I knew it would get your little backs up, and that you'd make arrangements to kick me out; and you've kicked Mobby out instead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, bump him!" said Flip Derwent, in tones of exasperation. "Of all the dirty tricks ever played, I think Pon's latest takes the cake!"

Regardless of the fact that Mobby was calling us, we rushed at Pon, and bumped him until we rattled every bone in his body. Then, feeling somewhat relieved, we tramped on to Highcliffe.

Mobby went straight to the Head's study.

Dr. Voysey nearly had a fit when the Three Musketeers, Joan of Arc,

and various knights and courtiers invaded his study.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

"What does this mean, Mr. Mobbis?"

"It means," snarled Mobby, "that I have been the victim of a violent and unparalleled assault! On my arrival at the ball-room at Courtfield, clad in the uniform of the late German Emperor, these young scoundrels fell upon me and savagely attacked me!"

Mobby paused, pumping in breath.

"Excuse me, sir," drawled the quiet voice of the Caterpillar, "but I think I ought to say that it was a case of mistaken identity. We had no idea that we were attackin' Mobby—I mean Mr. Mobbis, sir. We were under the impression that it was Ponsonby, of our Form."

"That is a lie!" spluttered Mobby.

A chorus of protest arose.

"Shame!"

"What De Courcy says is the truth, sir!" I chimed in.

The Head nodded.

"I do not doubt De Courcy's word—" he began.

Mobby fairly exploded.

"You take the word of that young rascal in preference to my own?" he hooted.

The Head frowned.

"Pray be good enough to refrain from raising your voice in this study, Mr. Mobbis! I can see that you have received a certain amount of rough treatment; but you have only yourself to blame. It was most indiscreet of you to appear in the ball-room in the role of the late German Emperor. He is the least popular man in the world at the present time, and it would be impossible for anyone to impersonate him with safety. Can you wonder at the fact that you were assaulted? The wonder is, to my mind, that you were not treated far more severely."

Mobby glared at the Head for having slanged him in our presence.

"I take it," he said, "that you will cane these boys?"

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" said Dr. Voysey. "I am satisfied that it was a case of mistaken identity, and that no blame attaches to these boys. They may return to Courtfield."

"Thank you, sir!" we said gratefully.

Mobby appeared to be on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"Am I to receive no compensation for this outrage?" he stormed. "Is this glaring enormity to go unpunished?"

"That will do, Mr. Mobbis!" said the Head coldly. "The matter is now closed."

Mobby looked almost murderous. He glared at the Head; he glared at us; and then he flounced out of the study.

And the Three Musketeers, Joan of Arc, and the merry company of knights and courtiers trooped gaily back to the ball-room at Courtfield, chuckling hugely over Mobby's Misadventure!



# TUBBY'S FREE FLIGHT

*A screamingly funny complete tale, specially contributed to the "Greyfriars Herald"*

By **ARTHUR NEWCOME** of **ROOKWOOD**



**I**

**T**HE Fistical Four at Rookwood—to which select community I have the honour to belong—were at tea in Jimmy Silver's study when Tubby Muffin, the human barrel, rolled in.

"I say, you fellows," he began. "Can one of you lend me—"  
 "A thick ear?" asked Lovell.  
 "With the greatest of pleasure!"  
 "Don't be an ass! I want to borrow—"

Jimmy Silver turned out his pockets. A lump of prehistoric toffee fell to the floor with a thud; and that was all.

"I've fallen on stony ground, Tubby," explained Jimmy.  
 "And so say all of us!" remarked Raby. And he, too, turned out his pockets, revealing nothing but emptiness.

I followed suit, and so did Lovell.  
 "You can see for yourself that there's nothing doing," I said. "We're on the rocks, and we're not expecting any remittances until next week. Now buzz off!"

"Oh, really, Newcome! I want to borrow—"  
 "It's the cake he's after!" said Jimmy Silver, thinking he understood. "You can't borrow that, Tubby, without borrowing the fret-work saw and the study poker as well! The beastly cake's as hard as a brick!"

"I want to borrow—"  
 "We've heard that part," growled Lovell. "How does the chorus go?"  
 "I want to borrow a stamp!"  
 "Oh!"  
 "Why the thump couldn't you have

said so in the first place?" granted Jimmy Silver.

"You wouldn't let me get a word in edgeways! Trot out a stamp, one of you."

"What sort of a stamp?" asked Raby.

"A three-halfpenny one."  
 "Right you are. Tuppence, please!"  
 "What!" howled Tubby.

"I always charge tuppence for a three-halfpenny stamp," said Raby calmly. "when I turn myself into a walking post-office, I expect to get a margin of profit out of it."

"You're a prophet's ear, that's what you are!" said Tubby Muffin scornfully.

"A—a what?" gasped Raby.  
 "A prophet's ear—a fellow who always goes in for handsome prophets!"

"Ha, ha, ha! He means 'profiteer'!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, cut the cackle, and gimme that stamp!" growled Tubby.

"My terms are cash on delivery!" said Raby.

"Ahem! I—I'm short of coppers at the moment—"

"That's all right I'll take the tuppence in Treasury Notes, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "I—I—the fact is, I've mislaid my wallet containing a wad of notes, stammered Tubby Muffin. "If you could let me have the stamp on tick—"

"It'd cost you tuppence-ha'penny that way," said Raby. "I'll accept five weekly payments of a ha'penny."

"All right! Shy over that stamp!" Raby did so.

"What's it for?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"I'm sending in my Free Flight coupon," explained Tubby.

"Eh?"  
 "The Daily Muse is offering free flights to its loyal readers—of whom I'm one," said the fat junior. "You send in a coupon, and if you're lucky the editor sends you a ticket entitling you to a passenger flight in an aeroplane."

"There seems to be a jolly big 'if' about that!" I remarked.

"Well, you never know your luck," said Tubby Muffin. "I've often thought how ripping it would be to sample the air at ten thousand feet. I had a cousin in the Air Force—"

"If he was as fat as you, I suppose he was in the Kite Balloon Section?" said Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "He was one of the best pilots who ever breathed!" declared Tubby. "As daring as you like! But then, a Muffin never knows fear."

We stared at Tubby in some amazement.

"You mean to say you wouldn't funk going up in a 'plane?" exclaimed Raby.

"Of course I shouldn't! I'd regard it just as you fellows regard a bike-ride."

"And supposing you crashed?" said Jimmy Silver.

"And little bits of Muffin were strewn about the meadow?" said Lovell.

"I should report the pilot to the authorities for reckless flying!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How the dickens could you report him, when you'd be in the never-never land?" chuckled Raby.

"Oh, crumbs! I'd never thought of that. Still, crashes are rare these days."

"You'd better make out your last Will and Testament before you go up," I said.

"What's the use of talking rot?" said Jimmy Silver. "Tubby won't go up. He won't get the chance. That coupon of his will be chucked into the editor's waste-paper basket, and forgotten!"

But Tubby Muffin was very optimistic about it.

"Just you wait and see!" he said. And, after a longing, lingering glance at our cake, Tubby went out to post his coupon.

We quite forgot about Tubby Muffin and his aeronautical ambitions, until one day we received quite a shock.

The postman brought a letter addressed to Reginald Muffin, Esq., and bearing the crest of "The Daily Muse" on the back of the envelope.

"Good!" said Tubby, with great satisfaction. "It's come!"

"And we crowded round him as he drew out the letter, which ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,  
 We have pleasure in enclosing herewith a ticket which will entitle you to a free flight in an Avro aeroplane. You should report to Lieutenant Flapwing at Coombe Aerodrome on the 8th instant.

Yours faithfully,  
 "The Daily Muse,"  
 per pro J. Jottings, Sub-editor."

Tubby Muffin's countenance, on

reading this letter, turned a sickly yellow.

"What's up, Tubby?" inquired Jimmy Silver. "Feeling queer?"

"It—it's excitement, you know!" faltered Tubby.

We chuckled. Tubby's excitement was nothing more or less than "blue funk."

"When's the eighth instant?" asked Raby.

"To-day," I said. "And it's a half-holiday, too! How jolly appropriate!"

"We'll come along to the aerodrome with you, Tubby," volunteered Jimmy Silver, "and hold your hand if necessary."

"You can come with pleasure," said Tubby, recovering himself a little, "but I sha'n't need any assistance."

"Wonder how long the free flight lasts?" murmured Lovell.

"Ten minutes," said Raby.

"Ample time for Tubby to break his neck!" said Jimmy Silver.

"We'll collect you up afterwards, Tubby," I said, "and send your remains home to your sorrowing parents in a matchbox!"

The fat junior assumed an air of recklessness and bravado, but we knew he was not feeling happy. He had swanked to us that he was crazy keen on going up in an aeroplane; but the keenness seemed to have worn off a good deal—though Tubby would not have admitted as much for worlds.

At dinner, Tubby's appetite suffered. He refused a fifteenth helping of milk-pudding. Mr. Bootles surveyed him in some alarm.

"Are you ill, Muffin?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"I notice you have not eaten so much as is your custom."

"Excitement, sir," explained Tubby briefly.

"Indeed! And what, pray, are you excited about?"

"I'm having an aerial joy-ride this afternoon, sir."

"Muffin!"

"It's a fact, sir," said Jimmy Silver. "Muffin's bagged one of the free flight tickets advertised by the 'Daily Muse.'"

Mr. Bootles beamed.

"This is indeed a stroke of good fortune, Muffin! I trust you will enjoy yourself among the clouds."

"Groo!" grunted Tubby.

And although he still kept up his devil-may-care manner, his jaw dropped when he thought we weren't looking, and we could tell that his mind was full of what the novelists call "vague forebodings."

## II.

I BELIEVE Tubby Muffin would have given Coombe Aerodrome a wide berth if he'd had half the chance.

But we were careful not to let him out of our sight, and after dinner we marched him off towards the village.

Acting on our advice, Tubby was wearing no less than three overcoats.

"You'll find it a trifle nippy at an altitude of ten thousand feet," Jimmy Silver had said; and accordingly the fat junior had "borrowed" three coats. He looked like an inflated balloon, and it was as much as he could do to roll along.

As we came in sight of the aero-

drome, Lovell drew a curious-looking document from his pocket.

"What on earth's that?" asked Raby.

Lovell chuckled.

"I've drawn up Tubby's last Will and Testament for him!" he said.

"Oh, really, Lovell—"

"Listen!"

And Lovell declaimed the mock "Will" aloud.

"I, REGINALD MUFFIN, being about to shuffle off this mortal coil by taking a short cut to earth from the clouds, do hereby give and bequeath all my worldly goods as follows:—

"Firstly, to Arthur Edward Lovell, the friend and companion of my youth, who has on several occasions been kind enough to stuff me with jam-roll, I leave all the floor-space I took up at Rookwood, in the hope that he will be able to plant a good-sized orchard thereon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Secondly, to my old pal Jimmy Silver I leave all the debts I have contracted during my stay at Rookwood—"

There was a fresh outburst of laughter from everyone except Tubby Muffin, who was scanning the aerodrome with a look of terror.

A number of mechanics were engaged in bringing out an Avro machine from its shed.

The pilot, whose face was almost hidden by the fringe of his fur cap, sauntered up to us.

"Is Master Muffin here?" he inquired.

"This is the chap!" said Jimmy Silver, pushing Tubby forward.

"With the aid of a microscope, you might just be able to get a glimpse of him!"

The pilot grinned.

"This way, Master Muffin!" he said briskly. "You are my first passenger to-day. They're getting the 'bus ready."

"Is—is it safe?" faltered Tubby.

"Well, I shouldn't go so far as to say that. A wing fell off in mid-air the other day, and I was pitched into a tree. But, of course, one gets used to that sort of thing. It's quite possible you'll be lucky enough to escape with a few bruises—"

"Ow!"

"Buck up! My time's precious." But Tubby Muffin refused to buck up. Instead, he collapsed suddenly on the grass.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned. "I—I've come over queer! It's lack of nourishment, I believe. I—I don't think I'll fly to-day, thanks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" we roared.

"I—I'll dispose of my ticket by auction," continued Tubby. "What offers?"

We were all stony, so none of us could bid.

"My hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Here's the chance of a lifetime going begging, and—"

The pilot ran his eye over us.

"I think I can squeeze you all in," he said thoughtfully. "You're only kids."

We fairly whooped with delight.

"It's against the regulations," said our benefactor, "because you haven't got tickets—but come on!"

Needless to say, we were aboard that Avro in a twinkling of an eye.

Lieutenant Flapwing was a nice fellow, in spite of his name, and he set out to give us a good time.

Of course, it was all tommyrot about the plane being unsafe. She was as safe as houses.

There was no looping and no stunting—I suppose the pilot felt too big a sense of responsibility for his human cargo—but we circled round the Rookwood district, and noted all the familiar landmarks. The sensation was glorious, and we were all sorry when the brief joy-ride was at an end.

"You're a sport, sir!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Hear, hear!"

"One of the best!" said Lovell.

The pilot waved aside our thanks.

"It was a pleasure," he said. "If circumstances are favourable, I might give you another trip later on."

"That would be ripping!" I said.

We bade the pilot adieu, and I looked round for Tubby Muffin. But the fat junior had disappeared.

We next met him in the junior common-room at Rookwood, where he was holding forth to a crowd of fellows concerning a breathless and thrilling flight he had just experienced. So absorbed was Tubby in his story that he failed to notice our sudden entry.

"She skimmed the sky like a bird!" Tubby was saying. "Of course, there were moments when my heart was in my mouth. When the engine gave out, the pilot said to me, 'It's all up, kid. Do you feel funky?' 'Not a bit!' I replied. And I didn't. I kept wonderfully calm as we shot downwards through space—"

"You awful fibber!"

It was Jimmy Silver's voice, and Tubby Muffin nearly fell down.

"Oh, crumbs!" he gasped. "I—I—"

"Muffin's romancing, as usual, you fellows," said Jimmy. "He hasn't flown in an aeroplane at all!"

"Oh, really, Silver—" began Tubby feebly.

"He deserves a jolly good bumping, for telling such astounding whoppers!" snorted Lovell. "Lend a hand, you fellows!"

And Tubby Muffin was duly deposited—not once, but several times—on the floor of the common-room. He looked a very complete wreck by the time we had finished with him.

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm hurt!" he groaned, blinking at us in reproach.

"Serve you jelly well right!" was Raby's unfeeling verdict.

And thus ended Tubby Muffin's flight. As Jimmy Silver remarked, it was merely a flight of the imagination.

THE END.

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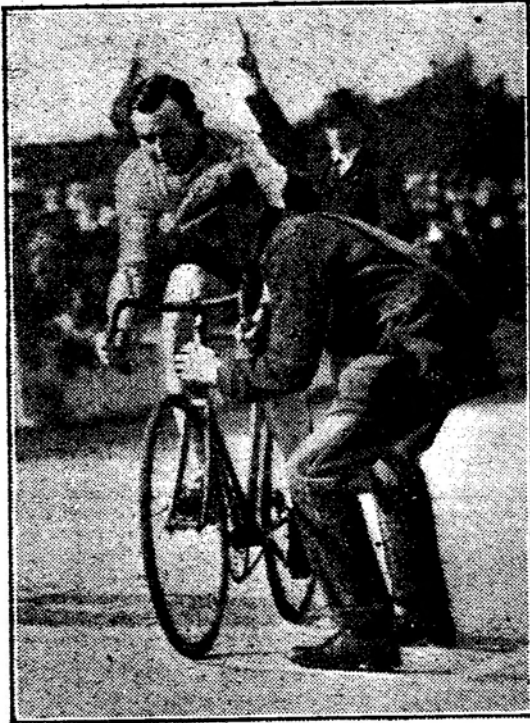
# THE BOYS' PICTORIAL



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

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

THE START!



The way to give a cyclist a flying start. The foot of the assistant must not encroach over the white line, and a quick, straight heave forward must be given with the crack of the pistol. In a short-race a good start is half the battle.

YOU DIRTY BOY!



An open-air dousing is no joke these cold mornings, but two schoolboys in camp at Marlborough, who believe in the old adage that "cleanliness is next to godliness," assist a reluctant comrade to a thorough "clean-up" with honest soap and water.

SOME OF THE LOYAL READERS OF THE OLD GREYFRIARS HERALD.



N. Partridge.  
(Walsall).



Thos. Hewson.  
(Deptford).



Wm. Smith.  
(Birmingham).



Jack Lewis.  
(Australia).



M. Beigler.  
(Stepney Green).



F. Collins.  
(Beccles).



Fred Bryan.  
(Homerton).



A keen  
Heraldite.



H. Irvine.  
(Longfleet)



Willfred Sibson.  
(Leeds).



# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!



## GREAT NEW COMPETITION.

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

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

Should more than 10 readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to. You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page. Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to: No. 3, TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, November 18th. Remember that my decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely binding.

I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 3, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding

Signed.....

Address.....

WRITE CAREFULLY.

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

**D** chem, chem, **T** THE PRESENT **T** IS **W**e **1**

**#** **T** **2** **4** Reading is a fine PASTIME

**I** **DD** **S** **2** **m** **A** **k** **3** **R** **E** He played the grandest music I've ever heard. **W**HILE TOM'S CABIN

**T** **4** the **50**, **HA** **VE** Jim has FREQUENT telephone calls daily **S**P **L** **N** **D** **I** **D**

**N** **U** **S** **I** **N** **s** **t** **o** **f** **4** **U**. **S** **O** **d** **e** **r** **y** **50** **m** **i** **n** **u** **t** **e** **5**

**C** **O** every Your **F** **R** **I** **N** **I** **S** **H** **A** **R** **E** **W** **H** **A** **R** **E** **30** **C** **W** **T**

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